In Korea, Our Hymns Are Favorite Songs

Writer Hears Native Tots Singing Christian Carols

By DOUGLASS HALL

INCHON, Korea — Pfc. Carver Barnes, son of a Baptist minister in Kalamazoo, Mich., feels that in addition to sending more ammunition to this land, Korea could also use a few American songs.

"I am interested in organizing a choir to show these Koreans that we have music we're proud of," said Private Barnes. "I wrote my music teacher today and told her what wonderful musicians the Korean people are."

Barnes, who is serving as a military policeman, hopes that some day he can assemble a choral group and present real renditions of American music for Korean audiences.

Sing Christian Hymns

Already I've found that the Koreans have made fine progress in the use of Christian hymns and American folk music.

Many Koreans can do an excellent job of singing spirituals.

I've run across a book written in both Korean and English, "The Best 100 Songs." Some songs include "The Last Rose of Summer," "Ave Maria," "Because," "Sally In Our Alley," "Deep River" and "Largo."

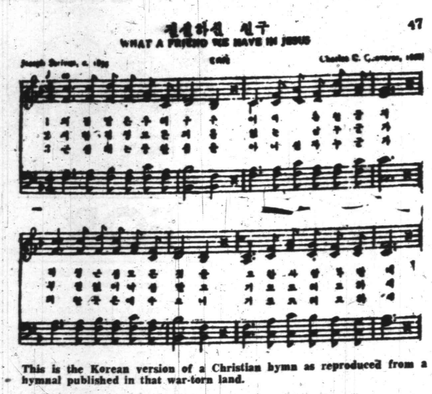
Korean singers can interpret much of the world's best music.

Tots Learn Carols

Quite often, I visit a little Methodist school not very far from my headquarters. The children there are already preparing for a Christmas party. For the occasion, they are brushing up on Christmas Carols.

Serving side by side with American soldiers are Koreans. They eat, sleep, play and fight together. They also sing together. A hymn book with words both in Korean and English is being furnished Army chaplains by the United Nations command.

As Private Barnes said, we should send more of our songs. Music makes friends wherever it is heard.



This is the Korean version of a Christian hymn as reproduced from a hymnal published in that war-torn land.

Tricks With Soap 'N Suds

Wash a small area at a time when you shampoo rugs or wood furniture with thick, soapsuds. Then always start within the washed area until the entire surface is clean.

Wall-washing is easy if you swab with a long-handled sponge mop, squeezed first out of rich soapsuds, then out of clear water for rinsing.

Never press a perspired washable dress for "just one more wear." The heat from the iron may react on the chemicals to cause a permanent stain or weaken the material. It's safer to suds out the perspiration before pressing.

To be really fastidious, your hairnets should be as clean as your hair. It's simple to suds, rinse, and dry your "night cap" nets and after-shampoo nets often. When dry, they stretch right back into shape again on your head.

Canned goods are handled by many people and gather dust before reaching you. It's an excellent sanitary measure to wash the tops of food cans with a soapy cloth. This helps to protect the contents against contamination in case the cover slips inside when opened.

A sink ought to be as thoroughly clean as your well-washed dishes —and that includes the work areas that surround the kitchen sink. Nothing less than immaculate cleanliness is safe where food is being prepared.

The season's top fashion gloves are making a great point of their washability, even in the smartest dark colors. That goes for leathers as well as fabrics.

Through The Years

A chronology of major news events from the files of the AFRO-AMERICAN

1902

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

In the Nov. 8, 1902 edition of the AFRO-AMERICAN, a story told of Mrs. Julia Hanson, 86, who died leaving $35,000 to Catholic charities in Washington, D.C. Her two nieces opposed the will, stating in court that Mrs. Hanson was mentally incompetent when she filed the bequest.

ATROCITY

In Sardis, Miss., over 7,000 hate-ridden whites gathered to watch a man lynched. A white man, accused of murder along with him, was spared by the mob.

LOW PRICES

In November of 1902, eggs were 23 cents a dozen, chicken, 11½ cents a pound, and you could buy a whole steer for $7.25.

POLITICS

An AFRO Editorial condemned the Republican party for ignoring the wishes of colored voters. "We will not be led to the slaughter," the editorial angrily told the politicians.

STAMP FACE

A 13-cent stamp, with a portrait of the late President Harrison, was issued.

BROTHERLY LOVE

At Frostburg, Md., the local Odd Fellows chapter prepared a fine banquet for a visiting official from England. All the guests assembled but the official never appeared. The Odd Fellows ended the banquet quarreling as to who was to blame.

AGE 132

Mrs. Ella Stewart, of Chicago, died at the reported age of 132 years. She had lived at the time of the Boston Tea Party and the first Continental Congress. She was the oldest resident of Ill.

PRINCIPAL OUSTED

Dr. Bruce Evans, principal of Armstrong High School, Washington D.C., was fired after 15 years of service because Roscoe C. Bruce, assistant superintendent, did not think much of his ability. Dr. Evans appealed his dismissal.

CHRISTIAN ST. 'Y'

In Philadelphia, plans for a $100,000 YMCA building to be erected on Christian st. were submitted.

PASTOR SHOT

The Rev. William H. Berry, Methodist pastor of Frederick, Md. was shot to death by Alonzo Bell, one of his church's members, after Bell's wife turned to the pastor for advice. The Bells had been arguing.

LEFT FACE

In the November election, some 75 per cent of Baltimore's colored voters deserted the Republican party and voted for Teddy Roosevelt for President.

SOLD DAUGHTER

On Nov. 10, Miss Nora Moore, 17, of Philadelphia, Pa., was found tied to railroad tracks near Clearfield, Pa., a few minutes before the train was due. She told police her mother had sold her to a man who spirited her away.

After plying her with drink, said Miss Moore, the man left and she awoke to find herself tied to the tracks.

Price Rule Questions

Q—Can you state briefly the purpose of OPS price controls?

A—OPS price controls, which first became necessary when our defense program took away from consumer products a heavy amount of materials at a time when more wages and more employment meant more money to spend, has two big purposes.

These are, first, to restrain inflationary rise in the cost of living and in the cost to business of its raw materials, and, second to reduce the cost to the government, which is paid by every taxpayer, of the price of rearmament and of defense.

Price controls are meant to help keep prices and cost in healthy relationship. With the help of consumers in the way they buy we can protect our standard of living now and contribute to our future ability to buy the things we want.

Q—The only thing that worries me about price ceiling suspensions (is what we will do if prices start moving up again.

A—OPS is committed to a policy of continuous watch over price movements of things how suspended from ceilings. In the event that prices threaten to go through the former ceilings, price controls would be put back on. The ceiling price regulation still remains for emergency use.

FACTS ON PRICES—

OPS has authorized retailers to end free delivery of small parcels.

OPS reminds everyone that there are ceiling prices on automobiles, gas and oil and automotive services and that everyone should look for these ceiling prices in their garages and service stations.

OPS Director Tighe E. Woods emphasized the fact that while prices of some things permit suspension of ceiling prices that those price controls can go back on the moment they may be needed again. Most cost of living items continue to be under price control, however.

International Whirl

By MABEL ALSTON

MANNHEIM - FEUDENHEIM, Germany—If you come to Darmstadt and want to know of interesting places to visit, you will only have to go a few kilometers to find one of the most historic spots in Germany, "Frankenstein's Castle."

Don't let the memories of such horror pictures as "Frankenstein" or "The Bride of Frankenstein" frighten you out of an interesting and educational tour.

To get to the weird place is a day of horror within itself. The winding roads leading to it are narrow and unprotected from the deep ravines below. The partly destroyed castle is perched on a hill about as high as the Washington Monument.

How men moved enough material up such a treacherous mountain to build a castle of immense walls and towers is beyond imagination. The tower is so high you can view Frankfurt, Germany, approximately 30 kilometers away, from its parapets.

Weird is the word for the little tunnels for entrance and exit through the thick walls. The original name plate of Dr. Frankenstein is still at the entrance of the gate. I am almost positive that they still have the same toilet facilities because they are indeed crude.

Brings Doctor To Mind

The gnarled great oak tree with its billowing branches suggests impending danger lurking in its shadows. It is easy while standing beneath it, to visualize Dr. Frankenstein dashing along the grey stone-walled fortification in a long dark cloak and a group of angry townsmen in pursuit.

This year, the castle is 900 years old.

Warrant Officer and Mrs. Columbus Simms and their son Charles, live in the shadows of the castle. Mrs. Simms is instructor in the information and education setup in Darmstadt. The Simmses were stationed at Ft. Knox, Ky. prior to coming to Germany. They adopted their four-year-old son Charles while residing in Frankfurt.

Visiting in Feudenheim recently were Capt. and Mrs. Daniel Thomas of Darmstadt. Major and Mrs. Frank M. Christmas of Am Scheimenbucklestrasse entertained them.

Guests during the evening were Major and Mrs. James Toliver; Col. James Fowler of Schweitzingen. Mrs. Fowler was on the sick list and could not attend; Capt. and Mrs. William E. Wright, of Baumholder, and Lt. J. D. Rutledge.

Down Darmstadt way last week, Capt. and Mrs. Durrell Blalock, gave a birthday party in honor of their daughter Derryl. Guests were Major and Mrs. James Toliver with daughter Patricia from Feudenheim; Capt. and Mrs. Henry Norman and daughters of Frankfort; Capt. and Mrs. Dan Thomas.

Natives Of Philly

Capt. and Mrs. Blalock are natives of Philadelphia, Pa., Captains and Mesdames Norman and Thomas are from Springfield, O. Lt. and Mrs. Leon Wilburn of Darmstadt were the week-end guests of the Tolivers of Feudenheim. Lt. and Mrs. Wilburn are natives of Pla.

Col. and Mrs. James Fowler of Schweitzingen, are the proud parents of a son, born recently at the 130th Station Hospital of Heidelberg.

In Wurzburg, Cap. and Mrs. James Walker, are still beaming about the addition of a little son James Jr. Mrs. Walker is the former Dean of Women of Spellman College of Atlanta, Ga. Capt. Walker is with the Air Force. More about the Walker's later.

They sat together, locked in each others arms, under the twinkling stars. She whispered into his ears:

"I'd love to have a little home of my own."

He squeezed her shoulder in enthusiasm. "Wouldn't that be great," he exclaimed. "Then we could get married."

Hi Stepper

Little ANN ARMSTED of New Haven, Conn., struts up Fifth Ave. during a recent American Legion parade in New York City.

Puzzler

Sightseeing

Imagine you are seeing the sights the world over, in what city would you be while you were looking over each of the following famous thoroughfares, sections or edifices?

1. The Alamo. 2. Moro Castle. 3. Peachtree Street. Piccadilly Circus. 5. Champs Elysees. 6. The Colosseum. 7. The Rialto. 8. Chateau Frontenac.

Word Changes

Change one word into another word, one letter at a time, each time forming a new word, until the desired word is reached. Don't change the order of any letters. For example: Change MAN into BOY in three moves. Thus: MAN, may, bay, BOY. Now you try it on these:

1. Change HANDS into HILLS in four moves.
2. Change WINE into BEER in five moves.
3. Change NORTH into SOUTH in seven moves.
4. Change EAST into WEST in three moves.
5. Change HAIR into CHIN in four moves.

ANSWERS

SIGHTSEEING: 1. San Antonio, Texas. 2. Havana, Cuba. 3. Atlanta, Ga. 4. London, England. 5. Paris, France. 6. Rome, Italy. 7. Venice, Italy. 8. Quebec, Canada.

WORD CHANGES: 1. HANDS, hinds, hints, hits, HILLS. 2. WINE, wins, bins, Ben's, bens, BEER. 3. NORTH, forth, forts, torts, toots, tooth, sooth, SOUTH. 4. EAST, vast, vest, WEST. 5. HAIR, pair, pain, cain, CHIN.

Word Steps

2. Diphthong
3. body of water
4. burn
5. flower
6. make prisoner
7. beams
8. change

ANSWERS

2. not, 3. son, 4. sear, 5. aster, 6. arrest, 7. rafters, 8. transform.

Why I'd Like To Live In The White House

By PEARLIE COX

I took a look through the new White House, remodeled at a cost of $5,000,000.

If the average American woman could live there for one day or four years she would in all likelihood die of pride.

I would like to live in the White House because I'd grow more and more patriotic. And why not, pray?

When I entered the Green Room, the Seal of these United States greeted me even from the floor, being woven into the smooth-fitting rug.

A patriotic mood came over me too when I looked at the East Room's grand piano with its three gold eagles, wings up - spread, serving as legs.

And at the curtain poles in the Blue Room, made of wood, gilded, and surmounted with eagles.

You couldn't even forget allegiance to the U.S.A. when bath time arrived. For, decking the sides of the 19 tubs are gold and silver eagles, etched in glass by Herman Perlman, the glass having been brought from Germany after the war.

Electric Clocks

Even the electric clocks, in addition to curing me of all my tardiness, would serve to preserve my patriotic impulses. Doesn't a big gold eagle support a clock on a mantelpiece? And doesn't the Grandfather's Clock on the stairs, have stars across its face?

Kitchen Crazy

If I lived in the White House I'd go kitchen-crazy, I s'pose, what with hundreds of modern gadgets on hand, dozens of aides at my command, and with me being a recipe-maf.

Think of an icebox especially kept for fish; think of stainless steel sinks and drainboards; a table that keeps this as warm; and glass walls all around to let in the precious light.

Besides, if I ever grew homesick for Mississippi cooking, I could cross the hall and use the original kitchen, now a conference and broadcasting room, but still with its old fashioned fireplaces, its spits and kettles and such.

Pink Tinted Walls

I'd like to live in the White House because I could be so-oo hospitable. If a friend, for example, stayed for a day or maybe a week, I'd let her sleep in Miss Truman's room. Think what those pink-tinted walls, that ivory furniture, and those quilted chintz fixings in matching hues, would do for Edna Pope, for Flora Franklin, Catherine Smyer, Josephine L. Johnson, Elsie Austin, Thomasina Norford, Sue Carpenter, Eloise LeCompte, Niki Keets, Helen Brown.

Or they might like the guest room better with its tall poster bed and pretty pink canopy.

Mrs. Truman's Bedroom

If, on the other hand, dark-haired lovelies like Doris Christmas, Kitty Byars, Naomi McDowell, Hazel Adams, Dr. Ethel Sutton, Bernice Thomas, Mercedez Horne, Elaine B. Jenkins, Louise Mosby, Marian Cowan, Emily Polk were house guests for a while, they'd get Mrs. Truman's bedroom, with flowered draperies of beige and rose and brown, and its deep, red rug.

There'd still be many more rooms, and I'd pick Mr. Lincoln's, where a linsey - woolsey spread covers the bed; lace curtains hang at the windows; and an old-fashioned Brussels carpet covers the entire floor.

The New Stairway

I'd like to live in the White House especially at reception time; an air of elegance would envelop me. I'd think of the graceful descent I could make from living quarters to reception halls, because of the way the stairway's been changed.

The new arrangement permits me, coming down the stairs, to be always in view of the guests below.

My, my! How high I could hold my head if I could step proudly down those stairs as the Marine Band played a great strain!

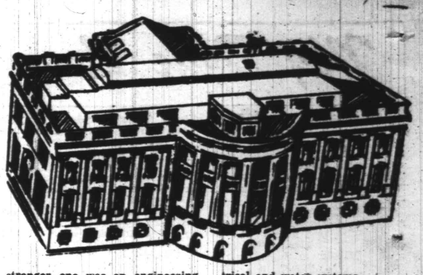
Nor could I keep from acquiring an exalted mood when I looked at those chandeliers, put in the East Room by Theodore Roosevelt. They add a noon-day's glow to the handsome gold furnishings.

Never Lonely

I'd like to live in the White House because I could never, no never, grow lonely. Even if the last diplomat had left the State Dining Room where the old oak panelings and the walls have been painted a cool, fresh green; if my family had gone to New York; and the guards were all off on a holiday whirl, I'd still have company.

For, talking to me from their place on the walls, would be Washington, Lincoln, Madison, Jefferson, Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt, yes many more presidents, and their ladies too, each with a special message.

Fit For A President



It has taken almost two centuries, $5,761,000 and a battery of architects and workers to remodel the White House.

The Executive Mansion was erected in 1792. It had originally 48 rooms and 14 baths. Now it has 54 rooms and 16 baths.

Many of the improvements are not visible but part of the construction. Two new basements have been dug out under ground.

Before these improvements were made, the White House was rickety as a corn-crib. To preserve the authentic and original architecture, the builders had to replace many sections of the White House, beam by beam.

One false move, one girder taken out the wrong place and the mansion would have come tumbling down.

The building was given a new foundation and shifting it from the old one to this newer and stronger one was an engineering problem that required great ingenuity.

The new White House has almost one million cubic feet of space inside. Also underground, along with two basements, is a huge utility area which contains air-conditioning, incineration, electrical and water systems.

Also, somewhere under the White House (just where is a secret) is an atomic-bomb shelter with concrete walls nine feet thick, double steel doors, eating and sleeping facilities and an air-purifying system which guards against radioactive particles.

It Takes All Kinds (To Be President)

General Eisenhower, who in 1941, was just a colonel, has landed the nation's highest office.

He is not the first soldier to do so by a long shot. Presidents of these United States have been in many professions, have had their political ups and downs. One President was arrested for speeding, another had to have a king-sized bath tub made when he moved to the White House. Three chief executives have met death at the hands of assassins and when President Truman goes out in January, he and Herbert Hoover, will be our only living past presidents.

When you examine the histories of the 34 men who have been elected President, you'll find that it really takes all kinds. Here's the run-down.

Eleven military men (all generals) have served as Presidents of the United States.

Other U.S. Presidents have been chosen from virtually every profession and occupation in American life:

Twenty-three lawyers, eight non-college men, four men who were born in log cabins, two bachelors, one tailor, one mining engineer, one writer, one newspaperman, one farmer, and one man who could barely read and write at the time of his election!

Taft Was Fattest

James Madison was the shortest president: 5 feet, 5 inches. Abraham Lincoln was the tallest: 6 feet, 4 inches.

President William Howard Taft was the heaviest Chief Executive —340 pounds. President William Henry Harrison served the shortest term of office, only 30 days; and President Franklin D. Roosevelt the longest period in history —12 years and 4 months.

Andrew Johnson was the President who never received any formal schooling. His cultured wife, Eliza AeCardle, contributed richly to his education, especially after he was elected President.

Johnson is the only American President who, after finishing his term in the White House, later was elected to, and served in, the Senate.

Jackson Fought Duel

Only one President ever fought a duel . . . Andrew Jackson. In a pistols-at-dawn encounter with Charles Dickinson, a Tennessee lawyer, Jackson, though seriously wounded himself, shot and killed his opponent.

John Adams (the 2nd President) was the first President to live in the White House. Thomas Jefferson was the first to take the oath of President in Washington, D.C.

Only one President's son (John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams) has ever succeeded in boosting himself into the White House.

Two Westerners

Only two American Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Harry Truman, have been born west of the Mississippi River. And the first President not born a British subject was Martin Van Buren.

Much has been written about Lincoln's birth in a log cabin. A less publicized fact is this: Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan and James A. Garfield were also born in log cabins!

There have been two left-handed Presidents, James A. Garfield and Harry Truman. No minister in the full sense of the word has ever been elected President, although James A. Garfield was a lay preacher.

William Henry Harrison, a great Indian fighter and hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe, coasted into the White House on the strength of a lilting slogan: "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!"

One U.S. President, Ulysses Grant, was arrested for breaking Washington's speed limit. That came about after his unruly horses went tearing through the streets of the nation's capital at an "excessive speed."

As for the wives of U.S. Presidents, Dolly Madison is remembered best for her radiant beauty, Eleanor Roosevelt for her services in UN committees, and Mrs. Zachary Taylor because the White House didn't keep her from enjoying her daily smoke on her corncob pipe.

Two bachelors have been elected President. One of them, Grover Cleveland, was married some 15 months after taking over his duties as President.

Buchanan Was Bachelor

He was 49 at the time; his bride, Frances Folsom, only 21. James Buchanan remained a bachelor. Hence his title, "The Bachelor President."

Three American Presidents have been killed by assassins: Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley.

And only one President has been under 50 at the time of his election. That was Theodore Roosevelt, a young man of 42 when he entered upon his duties as President.

Andrew Johnson was a tailor, Theodore Roosevelt a writer, Warren G. Harding a newspaperman, Herbert Hoover a mining engineer, and Harry Truman, a farmer-haberdasher.

No other President has ever matched Grover Cleveland's feat. After one term in the White House, he failed in his bid for re-election. But after a four-year lapse, he succeeded in getting himself elected President for another term.

In Defense Of Frank Yerby

BY E. L. HARRIS

Chairman of Division of Social Sciences, Livingstone College, Salisbury, N.C.

The most interesting article by Dr. Ford on the writings of Frank Yerby (September 13th issue of the AFRO) poses a number of questions. Must the colored author recognize that he is a colored man first and an author secondly? Can he not be allowed to forget about the race question and all the symbolism that goes with it?....

Why must he be saddled with the "problem" every time he writes. Does the colored race — which does not contribute one tenth as much as it could to the NAACP — have the right to ask an author to sacrifice his success?

What are the colored people doing for Paul Robeson who cut himself off from $100,000 a year to fight their battles? It is now quite obvious from what source most of that came.

Richard Wright

Consider the case of Richard Wright. Two of his books — **Native Son and Black Boy** — were eminently successful, but are they elevating to the colored race? White people read them and made him economically independent. White critics — and some black ones — praised him highly. Yet you could give neither of these to your son or daughter to read as inspirational background for being colored.

More than one polished and erudite colored person has found **Native Son** revolting and **Black Boy** more revolting. The truth is these books contain the kind of stuff white publishers like to publish and white people like to read about colored people. You would have difficulty getting anything else published.

'Invisible Man'

The latest in the racial literary line is Ellison's **Invisible Man.** This well-written book with the grip that sustains has been well received by white critics. Is it racially elevating? No.

Even **Time Magazine** admits that colored people will not like it. one colored critic argues that it contains the same old line, the same old nonsense about colored people that whites have been reading for years. He wonders when the colored author will recognize that there are many good and able colored people in America, despite the problem.

Of course, when he does, he then faces the task of trying to get the work published.

PROFITS OR PROPAGANDA

What Should Colored Writers Write About?

Race Theme

It seems to me that the colored novelist who consistently deals with racial themes perverts his talents and ends up abusing somebody — usually colored, rather than white. Don't think for a moment that any white publisher is going to publish material that continually abuses his race. Also, propaganda might be literature, but it is seldom great literature.

Critics generally agree that the later novels of James Fennimore Cooper are not equal in story telling power to his Leather Stocking Tales. Why? Cooper used the later works merely as sounding boards for the exudation of his bombast and pet peeves. In short, he degenerated to the level of a mere propagandist.

Reader Taste Counts

The great Melville lost a good deal of his earlier popularity by ignoring the tastes of his readers in his later novels. He turned from writing to satisfy his readers to writing to please himself, to make his works examples of his own peculiar literary ideas. As a result he almost starved to death.

In the Melville case, we meet a problem that faces many an author.

Should he strive for the immediate scene, or for immortality? One thing is certain, while he is in the grave, he can not thrive on fame. But if he gains immediate success, he can drive a Cadillac and own a country estate.

Immortality is the result of hard work and sweat. You do not turn out such works every year. Yet, you might strive for years and gain neither immortality nor immediate success.

Yerby Is Practical

The path Yerby has chosen is the most practical and sensible. Regardless of a major magazine's definition of him as "King of the Drug Store Fiction," he has gained a measure of tremendous success which can be the envy of those who may be striving for more immediate success, but not for those who may be writing for more permanent, less fleeting fame.

He has gained this success because he does not hesitate to appeal to the same.

In my opinion this constitutes no crime.

If he ignores colored persons, or has little to say about them, that is no crime either. Certainly colored readers did not put him where he is today. He owes them precisely nothing.

Yerby's Position

Yerby has admitted — in a **New York Times Book Magazine Review** — that he writes for entertainment, that a novel should not be a social tract, that an author has a duty to his readers.

In these days of confusion more and more people read for sheer entertainment. Surrounded by enough problems in every day life, they have turned away from books that only serve to throw out more confusions. Yerby, knowing this, will not likely insult his readers' tastes in the future with a propagandistic pen.

This Hallowed Day

On This Day, Only Bitterness Remained For Laurie, For War Had Claimed Her Loved Ones; Could Happiness Come Again?

By VALENA MINOR WILLIAMS

It was really Wednesday but it felt like Sunday. It was Armistice Day, the day set aside to commemorate the peace that followed World War I.

Laurie sat in her favorite chair by the radio. She had listened to a couple of speeches and now the martial music blared in what seemed to her frenzied patriotism. Suddenly she could stand no more. She snapped off the radio.

How could there be flag waving and brass bands playing to observe an Armistice that had never been kept? It was like playing ostrich, ignoring World War II. It was like turning a back on Korea and the men and boys who had died there, who were dying there at this very minute.

Boys like her Joe.

Joe Was Gone

The house was quiet with the radio off. It had never been quiet when Joe was around. He was the kind of boy who had made noise all of his 19 years and as Joe grew older, more of his friends were around to make noise with him.

Laurie knew a great aching emptiness. Early in life she was robbed of her husband. Now she had no son.

She remembered how she had gotten the news of Joe's death.

She had just wrapped a package of food and special things for him. A pair of olive drab socks she had knitted. . . . "The winter is so cold, here, Mom!" he had written, . . . a small metal mirror . . . "Sometimes a guy forgets what he looks like, and I just might want to shave once, huh?" . . . a fruit cake . . . "Why do they only bake fruit cakes at Christmas, Mom?"

Fatal Door Bell Rings

The last bit of the long military address was written and she was reaching into the closet for her coat and her hat when the doorbell rang.

"Some of the Sunday School kids, I'll bet," she said to herself, as she went towards the door.

She always told the class when she was sending a box to Joe and they came around with the intuition that nine-year-old boys seem to have, knowing there would always be something good left over for them.

But it wasn't any of the youngsters. It was a man, a sober, middle-aged man. He held his messenger's cap in his hand and the look of sympathy on his face made it almost unnecessary for her to read the harsh words of the message.

She Cried

She didn't remember saying anything to the man or even closing the door. The telegram had read. . . . "regret to inform you that your son Cpl. Joseph Craig was killed in police action on August 31. . . ."

She cried.

Not for herself. Not even just for Joe. But for the thousands of mothers whose sons were dying in a land that most of them never even studied about in school.

But once the realization of her great loss sank in, Laurie made what people called "a wonderful adjustment."

She even sent the box she'd been getting ready to mail to Joe to one of his buddies who had written postscripts on Joe's letters. And she gave his childhood things away. She didn't keep them to weep over.

Blot Out The Past

The bike went to Pete, the youngster down the street whose paper route supplemented his family's meager income. The football and helmet went to Ben, the only boy in the family of five girls, who had a hard time being a real rough-and-tumble boy. Everything was gone except the pictures and the memories.

She even had Joe's room redecorated and rented it out to a nice young girl who worked in one of the downtown offices.

She had indeed, people, agreed, made a wonderful adjustment. But sitting by the silent radio now Laurie realized the adjustment was just external.

People couldn't know what was inside right now. There was bitterness and anger over losing Joe. This brooding had been growing in her and this awful Armistice day had given it a new intensity.

Lip Service

Such a to-do! Such lip service to a peace that wasn't worth the paper it was written on. And what did it all mean? It meant that stores were closed. It meant that most of the schools were closed.

It meant that at 11 o'clock that morning the people who thought about it bowed their heads for a minute or two. But primarily it meant a holiday to the people whose places of employment had shut down. A gala Sunday in the middle of the week!

And boys like Joe were dying in Korea.

As she looked around the room her eyes misted over. This was where the fellows had held their fraternity initiation, Joe's first year in college. This year Joe was dead.

When he was a little shaver, the front sidewalk outside was always full of scooters and skates and bikes, his and his friends. Their war whoops and Indian yells had shattered many a quiet fall afternoon.

Voices Past

But now everything was still. The house was still. Quiet and empty. She closed her eyes. She could almost hear the boyish voices of those years gone by.

"Why don't you watch where you're going with the bike, huh!"

"Aw, shuddup!"

"Where's the skate key?"

"You had it last."

Laurie lay her head back in the chair.

"Do you reckon we could get Mrs. Craig to bake us a batch of cookies? They sure are good, boy, especially those chocolate ones!"

No Dream

Laurie leaned forward with a start. She wasn't dreaming these voices. They were real! She walked over to the window. There were several small boys around her steps chattering and caucusing as all small boys do.

They were taking off skates, parking bikes, all talking at once with no one listening. They were the boys from the Sunday School class.

"Now why should she bake cookies for us?" one of them asked no one in particular.

"Well," said the tow-head at the bottom of the steps, "she likes us. I know she does. Anyway, I like her. And I'm going to ask her if I can rake those leaves."

"And if she should bake some cookies, well, that's okay, huh?" one of his buddies finished.

"Right!" There was a general scramble of feet up the steps. The doorbell rang. Laurie was quick to answer and she managed to achieve some measure of surprise as she said "Why, boys!"

The tow-head spoke up. "Mrs. Craig, we're supposed to be out playing. But heck, it seems so much like Sunday we all got to thinking about you . . . because you're our Sunday School teacher, y'know."

She nodded.

"So we came on over," another took up the story, "to see if there wasn't something we could do. Something constructive, like you always say."

Offered Help

"We could rake the leaves, and clean out the basement, and —" the other looked around—"take down the screens if you'd let us. It isn't really Sunday. We could work, couldn't we?"

"We wouldn't want any pay, we just love to be around a good-smelling kichen like yours." This was the tow-head.

Laurie laughed in spite of herself. Boys are wonderful, she thought, all boys. She herded them inside. She would find something for them to do all right.

She pointed at one of them. "Ken, you bring some logs in for the fireplace. Ed, you sweep the basement. Tim, you straighten out the garage. . . ." She gave them all little tasks. And as she started them off she said, "I have a job to do, too."

A Fresh Start

All of them looked hopeful. "I'm going to bake cookies, chocolate ones!"

With boyish yelps of glee they scattered to do their requested chores. Suddenly the house was no longer quiet or empty. Nor was Laurie angry. She was full of love once again, love for these boys and all the others like them. There was no room for bitterness.

"Thy will be done," she said softly as she turned the radio back on. In a few minutes she could hear noisy feet stomping, all marching in time with the loud military airs that were still being broadcast.

Laurie turned to the kitchen and wondered whether or not seven little boys' mothers were going to be very angry because she was going to spoil their appetites for dinner — but good!

COMING— Story Of A U. S. Vice President Who Insisted Washington Society Accept His Colored Wife

NKrumah, Man Of Ganah, God

Africa Looks To This Leader With Love And Loyalty

Through West Africa today, the name NKrumah and the word freedom mean the same thing.

No other man is held in such respect, love, fear and awe. In the minds of the African youth and farmers he is George Washington, Gandhi, A. Philip Randolph, Father Divine and Franklin D. Roosevelt rolled into one.

His very presence is reported to inspire men beyond their usual capacity.

One day in Kumasi, a group was discussing the failure of the Gold Coast Olympic team at Helsinki, when a serious and intelligent high school student interrupted to explain, "But if only NKrumah had been there, our team would have returned covered with victories."

NKrumah is loved, first of all, because he has taught the people self-respect. He did this by going to prison. Prior to his arrest there was great fear of the British, the police and prison.

For years the movement for freedom was retarded by servility and fear of imprisonment. Everyone who had been imprisoned was an outcast. NKrumah broke that illusion.

Not only did he "leave prison a good man" but he left prison to take power. One college student said "NKrumah has taught us not to fear. Now we can look the British in the face. Now we feel like men."

A New Spirit

I saw much evidence of a new spirit among the people. For example, it is customary for all British subjects, at home and abroad, to stand at attention at the close of public gatherings when "God Save the Queen" is played. Two years ago, the Africans stood in rapt attention on these occasions.

Today in the major cities of West Africa, the British are quite embarrassed when the moment the anthem begins, the Africans rise and walk with quiet dignity from the halls and cinemas.

I asked one group of teen-agers why thy walked out. For a moment the oldest boy reflected. Then he said, "Because we do not recognize the British queen as our ruler. We must be free to make our own choice."

The freedom he works for is not of man's granting or withholding but an inherent part of the plan of God. This He must be consulted. His first act each day is to lay his plans before God.

His crowded day usually begins at 4 a.m. Already before he can wash and pray, the people have come to his gate to consult him. One morning I met him at 7 a.m. for breakfast.

Already he had received many people and done what he could to help them with their various problems. Still more people lined the verandah and waited at the gate to be admitted.

He was suffering from a cold that morning and had had only four hours sleep but he did not look tired and showed no irritation. One man who was quite ill with malaria insisted on seeing NKrumah.

He was sure no doctor could cure him. NKrumah took one look smiled at the man, helped him into his car and had him driven to the hospital. The man, who had been in great pain, went away smiling. Kuame NKrumah had "laid hands on him."

KUAME NKRUMAH, the West African political leader who is worshiped with almost religious zeal by natives who regard him as the new spirit of Africa.

Man Of Foresight

It would not be well to permit these stories of miraculous powers to obscure NKrumah, the sound, down-to-earth political realist.

Each move he makes is calculated to move his people a step closer to freedom. He is aware that political freedom has little meaning without economic freedom. Therefore when the housing problem became acute, he did not depend solely upon British capital.

He invited the Dutch prefabricating company, N. V. Schokbeton to the Gold Coast to build. The British were furious and have considerably obstructed the progress of the venture.

But NKrumah stands firm.

Critics talk of taking on too much and of wasting money pursuing idle schemes. But NKrumah knows that the Gold Coast must finally be a combination of industrialization and decentralized village hand-industries.

Looking Ahead

To achieve the latter, he sent to England and America 100 young men to study arts and crafts. The purpose is to bring new methods to crafts that are ancient in African history.

Imperialist rule has all but destroyed the old arts and crafts and NKrumah means to revive them, not merely for artistic reasons but because they are to become an essential part of the economic life of the people.

I met one of these students in a small town in Suffolk, England, before reaching Africa. He was a bright fellow. I asked him what he proposed to learn in England.

He said, "How to make good African pottery."

"How," I asked "can you learn that in England?"

His reply was revealing. "By keeping my eyes and ears here and my heart in the bush."

This year nearly 600 young men from the Gold Coast are studying abroad. About half of these are sent by NKrumah's government with the understanding that they will return home to build Ghanah.

Looks Inward

NKrumah knows that Ghanah (the Gold Coast) must be built from within, and that all that is mean and ugly must be cut out. Thus he struggles against superstition, ignorance, disease and tribalism.

Internationalist

He was deeply concerned about race relations in America. He studies the situation in Egypt. He is moved to joy by the decline of untouchability in India.

He is an internationalist and wants Africa to play her rightful role in international affairs, but he knows that this is impossible until Africa is free. Therefore, national freedom has priority.

NKrumah believes that it's God's will that Africa be free. This belief, coupled with his uncanny organizational abilities, have caused some people to accuse him of being totalitarian. For example, it was reported that he said that anyone who opposed his Convention People's Party is a traitor to the Gold Coast.

I do not believe he said this. However, I am convinced that he does believe that the CPP is an instrument, not of men alone, but of God. He organizes in God's name.

Of each week, Friday through Monday he spends with the people. He goes from town to town with a religious fervor and a youthful enthusiasm that attracts men to the holy mission. He has the intensity of a prophet who speaks in God's name. The people are touched in their hearts.

True Democrat

In England one often hears the charge that NKrumah is a dictator who came to power through coersion of the polls.

The best reply to this was made in the House of Lords late in August, when during the debate Lord Hemingford, a participant in the elections, first made it clear that he had voted against the CPP.

He then went on to confirm "the strict propriety in which the elections took place."

I believe NKrumah dictates to no man except himself. Everyone knows his dedication to duty. No three men in the Gold Coast work so hard. He is greatly concerned with housing, schools, health and child care.

Since assuming power his party has accomplished a great deal. They have passed into law a bill for free primary education, a $74,000,000 development plant, raised the budget for health services and child care. They are improving the deplorable housing situation.

A Man Of The People

In the meantime the British Government was busy improving the housing situation for NKrumah and his ministers. They built large modern houses for them in the well kept area in the predominately European quarter near Accra.

When asked when he would move in, NKrumah replied, "Never! I must remain in the city where my people are."

So there you can find him. You need only go to the gate and knock for Kuame NKrumah sits there waiting to help men and Ghanah

Before the advent of leaders like N. Krumah, meetings of West African politicians and white Colonial administrators (above) were unheard of.

Now natives hold parleys with British and other Colonials and present their demands with vigor. Such changes in attitude are part of the new spirit of Africa.