"Their neighbors won't bother you. Just don't throw no wild parties or nothing."

STARS YOU

Here's how stars shine for you next week:

Sunday—The morning good for an energetic attack on household chores or gardening. Relax and take a family trip after midday. Good news from a woman friend whose cause you have been supporting. Lucky numbers, 265, 651; color, white.

Monday—Better to side-track routine detail and go for the big chance today. Restrained forcefulness in an interview with superiors or important clients will bring off a profitable deal or promotion. Lucky numbers, 336, 122; color purple.

Tuesday — Difficult to make progress. Success will only come through taking the unexpected line. If dependent upon machinery, take extra opportunities in small retail trades. Lucky numbers, 413, 208; color, blue.

Wednesday—Fine for interview with people of importance and for new undertakings. But don't be put off afterwards by a discouraging suggestion. You will enjoy a happy evening with family or friends. Lucky numbers, 110, 907; color, gold.

Thursday—Best to keep to the beaten track to-day and not listen to side issues or get into arguments. Good for those concerned with land, coal or produce. Evening hours will bring a pleasing suggestion for entertainment. Lucky numbers, 536, 177; color, grey.

Friday—Excellent opportunities in women's trades, the art and entertainment worlds. Poor day for new ventures or financial speculations. A social event will bring a happy reunion. Lucky numbers, 211, 106; color, silver.

Saturday—A fractious sort of day. Give work a miss if possible, unless in the journalistic or mail-order line, where there are chances not to be missed. Not good for gardening or outdoor sports either. Take it easy. Lucky numbers, 534, 111; color, brown.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Here's a forcast of the trend of events in your life. Look for yours under your birth sign:

ARIES (March 21—April 20).—Be prepared to accept a new responsibility, which will come as a reward for the enthusiasm you have shown.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21).—Recent awkward conditions at work will now give place to a more congenial trend and income prospects will be brighter than for some time.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21).—You will be faced with an unexpected expenditure, but it would be unwise to take on a hire-purchase commitment. If you cannot pay your way immediately, try to arrive at a compromise.

CANCER (June 22—July 23). — An unexpected cash gain will enable you to go ahead with a home improvement. If you assert reasonable independence in this it will be respected.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23) — Correspondence will be important in your affairs this week, and with inspiration working well you will advance in esteem. If in own business, a new way of prompting sales will occur to you.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23).—In a plan you are trying to carry through you will be well advised to reconsider the wording of a letter. Make it more diplomatic, and investigate the bona fides of some proposed associates.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23).—A good chance will arise for creative effort in a matter giving you much scope for ingenuity. Your partner's suggestion will help on the financial side.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22).—Not a good time to take risks in a money matter. Undue optimism could cause at least a temporary setback. If called upon to arbitrate in a religious or moral question you will get a better settlement by avoiding personal prejudice.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22).—A new friendship at work will bring you into closer touch with those who can advance you. An existing association will prove to have a wider scope than you thought, bringing you nearer to realizing an ambition.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—Steady perseverance will pay you best this week, but you can also accept a new activity with some success. You know what is wanted, so go ahead and say so.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19).—Things will crowd on you now, but with confidence you will be able to handle them all. In fact this will be a fine opportunity to show what you can do. A personal money problem will be settled with the help of a friend from overseas.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20).—There will be small vexations. A financial arrangement falls through, and an error of judgment will irritate your partner. Best to be frank, cut your losses and devote your energies to recovering lost ground.

NEXT WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

Do you have an anniversary next week? Here's what's in store:

Sunday—For a time you will be discontented with your present job. Things will improve later in the year and you will then be able to clinch a romantic attachment or make domestic life easier.

Monday—A certain lassitude in the New Year will be stimulated by an exciting scheme which will dominate the remaining months. A cause you had thought lost will be reopened for discussion to your material benefit.

Tuesday — A year of testing for personal and other loyalties. Your larger schemes may be frustrated, but the little gains will mount up comfortably.

Wednesday—A big opportunity will develop about mid-year which will turn out well. But up to then you will be preoccupied by dissension at home in which you will suffer disadvantage unless you make a firm stand.

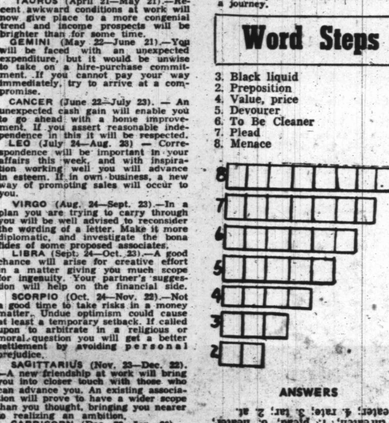
Thursday—A steady year ahead, not brilliant, but more stable. A temptation to speculate in the later months will fail to beguile you. An exciting idea next summer is worth following up, but keep it dark until things are settled.

Friday—Renewal of an old association will bring great happiness into your personal life. You will lean much on this when facing material setbacks.

Saturday—The events 12 months ahead, but full of disappointments and frustrations. You will be better off if you turn your back on these and take a journey.

Word Steps

3. Black liquid
7. Preposition
4. Value, price
5. Devotee
6. To Be Cleaner
7. Plead
8. Menace



ANSWERS

5. Bitumen; 7. plead; 6. neater; 5. eater; 4. rate; 3. tar; 2. at.

Veterans' Whirl

By VERNON JARRETT

Are colored veterans sleeping in fox-hole style while some $200,000,000 is available in direct home loans at the Veterans Administration?

What about another $2,000,000 available through the Federal National Mortgage Association?

This is no pie in the sky. The money was put there by an act of congress — the Defense Housing Act of 1951. It may be gone before enough colored awaken to it, but there's still time to act.

Meanwhile, colored vets have yet to get a clear picture of those choice "near - but - yet - so - far" 4 per cent and 4½ per cent private loans insured by the VA and Federal Housing Administration respectively.

How It Works

Here's the general pitch on the VA:

This Federal body not only will insure 4 per cent loans made through private lending agencies, it also will make direct loans to veterans who can get certificates of eligibility. Direct loan applications must show that private lenders have refused to make the 4 per cent loan.

While the Defense Housing Act of 1951 extended the VA's power to make loans, applications are NOT restricted to critical defense areas. Last spring congress refueled this VA fund with an additional $125,000,000, which should bring the total available cash to roughly $200,000,000. Applicants had to be in before July, 1952.

During the recent National Urban League convention, this reporter was given a similar VA fund estimate by Neal J. Hardy, assistant administrator, Housing and Home Finance agency, which directs all Federal housing assistance.

The 1951 Act further authorized the Federal National Mortgage Association to make advance commitments to buy from original lenders up to $2,000,000 of government-insured home mortgages on homes in defense areas. While applicants are NOT restricted to veterans, their locale must be officially "critical."

DALE CARNEGIE

★ AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING" ★

CATER TO OTHERS' INTERESTS

Milan Leggett, Dallas, Texas, one day was at work when a man walked in and introduced himself as representing the light and power company of his city. Milan is employed with a broadcasting station and its electrical service had recently been switched from another company to the one his caller represented, and he had come to see what their total power consumption was so that a contract could be drawn up for their electrical service. The two men made the rounds of the building, and Milan told the other man just what the power drain of the water cooler, water pump, and air compressor was. He explained the transmitter and stated how much power it required. As they stepped outside and looked up at the towers, he gave the figures for the tower lighting system.

CARNEGIE

During this time he noticed that his visitor was fascinated by the transmitter, so he explained its operation as best he could. They went from one end of the transmitter to the other and he told why they were necessary. He showed the large tubes that cost $400 each, and again as they stepped outside he explained why they had five towers and why they were a certain height.

Before his caller left, he gave Milan his card on which he wrote his residence phone number, and said: "If you ever have a power failure or other trouble with our electrical service call me. You can call the trouble division, but if you call me, perhaps I can expedite matters." This meant that someday he might be able to save Milan's company a loss of revenue by expediting power line repairs. Since this courtesy was volunteered, Milan is sure that talking in terms of the other man's interest is what prompted it.

SHE FOUND HER TREASURE

A SHORT STORY

By TRAVIS JOHNSON

The week that Shirley Mason spent at her cousin Ruth's farm was like a chapter from a fairy story.

She thought for certain she had found her dashing hero when Ruth introduced her to Leon Daily, her uncle's foreman.

"If," Ruth told Shirley, gaily, "you have designs on Leon, I'd advise discontinuing your campaign at once. Every girl I've ever had out here has fallen for him. But he is a woman hater. "Leon has only one passion," Ruth confided. "You'll never guess what it is." She paused, beaming. "Treasure! He loves to go treasure hunting."

"How exciting!" Shirley cried. "Let's organize a treasure hunt."

One Planned

"We always do when we have guests. We have one planned for tomorrow. Leon and some of the boys will go with us."

Ruth's treasure hunt began early next morning. The small cavalcade, consisting of Shirley, Ruth, her sister, Grace, Leon and two other farm hands, left shortly after sunup.

Shirley made it a point to avoid Leon. At noon when they stopped for lunch she ignored him entirely.

Shortly after noon they entered the hills. Travel became more difficult.

It was Shirley's weariness and her resolution not to complain that brought about the catastrophe. Her wearied brain failed to register a sharp pitch in the trail ahead. Unprepared, she fell when her mount plunged downward.

Comes To

When Shirley opened her eyes dusk had fallen. She was lying on a comfortable bed of boughs.

Ruth was talking to Leon a few feet away. "I should think you would have known better than to push on like that."

Ruth's face was distressed. "Oh, Shirley, Im so sorry. Leon—we—

Leon Hated Girls But Shirley Was Forewarned

should have known better. You've sprained an ankle, but it will mend in no time.

"I'm hungry as a bear, Ruth."

"Of course. You poor kid." Ruth moved away toward the fire, and out of the corner of her eye Shirley saw Leon watching her.

Apologizes

"I wanted to say, miss, how sorry I am." He paused, as if embarrassed. "You see - well it was my fault. I knew you were tired, but I kept going. Wanted to see if you were like the rest." He hesitated again, then rushed on. "I'm mighty proud to know you, miss. You didn't complain once. Not even when you fell. You're - well, different. I'd sure like to know you better."

Careless Gesture

Shirley gestured carelessly. "There was no reason to complain, Mr. Daily. As for feeling sorry for me you can set your mind at ease."

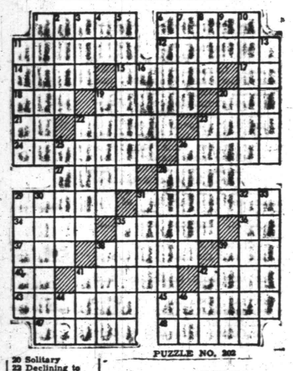
Leon twisted his hat.

"But you didn't answer my question, Miss. About knowing you better?"

Shirley arched her brows. "But can you really spare the time, Mr. Daily? After all, this treasure hunt seems to occupy most of your time and waking moments."

Leon looked deep into Shirley's eyes. "Miss Shirley," he said, "I reckon that I've done found that treasure I've been looking for all these years."

Crossword Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

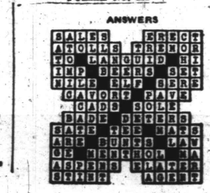
1 A song of praise
6 Am. major general in Rev. War
11 Quantity
12 Smoothed
14 Skillfully
15 Relish
17 Negative
18 To state
19 Parts of arms
20 To be ill
21 Spanish article
23 Establishes
25 Theme
26 Difficulties
28 Waste areas
29 Evils
30 To scorch
33 Classes
37 Cruets
38 Revel
39 Fruits
40 Alongside
41 Excess
46 Quotes
48 Word of disapproval
49 Plural ending
51 Circumference
53 Box
54 To beguile
55 Drew out
57 Spanish title
58 Classifies

VERTICAL

1 Metallic element
2 Associate
3 To regret
4 Sacred Hindu word
5 Those skilled in law
6 Piths
7 Wiles
8 Child's plaything
9 Printer's measure
10 Older
11 Urns
13 Numerical
16 Mobile
19 Goes bankrupt
20 Solitary
22 Declining to move
23 Harbors
25 Circles
26 Ponders
28 Quantity of bread baked at one time
29 Gowned
30 Gets up
31 Throw
33 Lifts
35 War horse
36 More terrible
38 Queen of Carthage
39 Truth
41 Weapon
42 Dog
44 French article
46 To set

PUZZLE NO. 202

ANSWERS



A Yank And A Frank

Expatriate Joe Henderson Recalls Paris When Rooms Rented For 35 Francs, Money Was Plentiful, French Invited Strangers To Dinner.

(Continued from Page 8)

children, then we sat for hours at a sidewalk cafe, drinking and chatting.

"It was like that everywhere we went. People bought you drinks and invited you to dinner almost every Sunday, whether they knew you well or not.

Low Prices

"And the prices in those days. My God, you could get the best champagne in Chez Florence (which was about the highest club in town), for 125 francs a bottle. And I had a room for 35 francs a month—Imagine that!—but a friend made me move because she found another place for 25 francs a month.

"What a life I lived then!

"And in the old days you could walk the streets of Paris all day without seeing another colored person. The few over here then worked at night, either as musicians, entertainers or barmen, and slept all day.

"Money was plentiful and easy to get — but in the end most musicians wound up broke. A few had to be sent back home by somebody in the American Embassy.

"Okay. So now you know how things used to be. I'll tell you about the change, if you'll toss me another one of those American cigarettes. Thanks.

"Well, first of all, the French people don't have time to be friendly anymore. Between the two wars, they got rich, had a bank account. Now, even, the rich have to economize — and the poor have to scratch like hell to maintain a hand-to-mouth existence.

"High taxes and destruction of property during two wars have played havoc with the French economy.

"What's the French franc worth today? You have to give 350 at the bank to get one dollar — and 400 in the black market. There isn't a room in Paris that rents for less than 500 francs per day —and a decent one costs 1,000.

"Compare that with my 35 francs a month. Champagne in a place like Chez Florence now runs you about 5,000 francs, instead of 125. See what I mean?

More Colored Parisians

"However, one of the biggest differences is in the number of colored people you see today, in the places they live, and in the kind of work they do. There's a thousand now for every one in 1916, and they live all over town instead of being close to each other in Montmartre.

"I find my customers in fine apartments near the Arc de Triomphe, in the most expensive hotels and in homes along the Seine. Most of these are Americans. But look at all the dark skins from Algeria, Morocco, Guadeloupe and Martinique. France never had all these people in the olden days.

"And you don't get only musicians today, either. You get a world of students, a fair number of businessmen — and a lot of sticksters and black marketeers.

Apologizes

"Politics, too, can account for thousands of others. But it's the Americans who have made the biggest splurge in France since the last war. Look at the men who have gone into business near the Opera, off the Champs Elysees and on the Rue St. Honore.

"In the old days, you never even saw a black man walking along these streets. He would have felt as lost as a man in the Sahara on a bicycle.

"Yes, things have certainly changed. These new Americans have made the French forget a lot of lies they had been told for many years. You and the other journalists who have worked here have made a difference in the respect we get.

"But most of all, the new people in the Embassy in responsible jobs have created a sensation among the French. I know. When my good friend, Mitchell, was doorman, and the only colored at the Embassy, I talked to a lot of French people about the reason why.

"Now everybody knows that the reasons given before were not true. It has certainly made a difference."

Dunbar Graduate

Joe Henderson graduated from the old "M" street school in Washington, which has since become Dunbar. He was a classmate of Dr. John Francis, and later began the study of medicine in Illinois.

When his money ran out, he went to Mexico, and for a few years had a successful cleaning and pressing shop in Mexico City. The constant revolutions caused him to pull up stakes and head for France.

He arrived in Paris with a bulging money belt, and for a year and a half had no need to work. Then, when the dollars got low, he caught on as barman at Chez Florence, where Florence (after whom the place was named) and Palmer Jones, her husband, were the big attraction.

When "Bricktop" came over and opened her place, he worked as barman for her for 10 years.

Then he went into business for himself — the same business he now runs. Times may change and France may change, but Joe Henderson still sponges and presses at the same old stand. The only time he's given it up was when the Germans came.

The Biggest Liar?

A minister of a small church was on his way to service when he passed three dirty-faced lads gathered about an equally dirty dog. The minister stopped, asking:

"Why aren't you boys in church?"

"We're seeing who can tell the biggest lie. The winner gets the dog as prize. You wanta take a chance?"

"The very idea!" exclaimed the outraged minister. "I have never told a lie in my life."

"Why go any further?" asked one of the boys. "Give him the dog, fellows."

This combination of the President and Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee will be broken up come January, 1953. Here President Truman shakes hands with Congressman Dawson during festivities at Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Oct. 30. At left is daughter Margaret.

Vice-President's Wife

(Continued From Page 1)

Baptist Church yard at Frankfort on ground given the church by the Colonel himself.

When Adline, one daughter, died in 1836, this is what the Colonel write to his friend Henderson.

"I thank you and all who administered to that lovely and innocent child in her final painful hour.

"She was a source of inexhaustible happiness and comfort to me. She was mild and prudent.

Adaline Was Wise

"She was wise in her counsel beyond her years and obedient to every thought and advice of mine.

"She was a great prop to my happiness here, but she is gone where sorrow and sighing can never disturb her peaceful and quiet blossom.

"She is happy and left me unhappy in mourning her loss; which perhaps, I ought not to do, knowing what a happy change she has made."

After the death of the first Mrs. Johnson, the slave wife, Colonel Johnson took two other slave girls as his mistresses number two and three.

Number three was of 19-year-old pianist. But both wives number two and three ran off with Indian lovers, the Colonel's carriages, his horses and his money and he had to send after them and bring them back.

Advocated Race Mixing

While it was common practice for high government officials to beget colored children and then sell them as slaves, Colonel Johnson stood out for race mixing as a solution to the slave problem.

In 1853, the Virginia legislature had voted down a resolution to emancipate all slaves.

What defeated it was Nat Turner's insurrection of 1831 and the bad interracial feeling that followed it.

Opposed Nomination

As early as April, 1831, a newspaper, The Washington Spectator, opposed nomination of Johnson as vice president, because his colored wife would be an "Esther at the foot of the throne."

"If by any chance the veep would become president, then a colored woman would dictate modes and fashions to the women of the country.

"This colored woman," says the Spectator, "would deliver her people from oppressive laws, make prejudice unpopular, and start a movement towards racial mixing."

Newspapers Criticized Him

The "Kentucky Tribune" declared if Colonel Johnson were nominated for "veep" it would mean "an African jubilee for the slaves."

The Trenton, N.J. Emporium made this wise crack:— "What hand when Colonel Johnson dies will be worthy to write his epitaph?

"If he expires in his wife's gentle embrace, we shall try our own hand at the epitaph thus: "Died in the Wool."

Virginia and South Carolina opposed Johnson politically because the Colonel was for freeing the slaves, mixing the races openly, educating both slaves and Indians.

Champion Of Labor

Johnson had a bill passed which halted the imprisonment of citizens for debt. This made him champion of the working men. He worked hard for temperance and opposed extension of slavery into Missouri and the West.

Van Buren and Johnson lasted only one term as president and vice president.

Hard times and a depression hit the country. Workers went without shoes. Women slept nights in the streets, begged for food during the day.

While the financial panic was at its peak, Samuel Swartort, Tammany collector of the port of New York, escaped to Europe taking $1,225,705 from the government.

The voters cried out for a change in 1841. Harrison and Tyler were elected to succeed Van Buren and Johnson. Johnson went back to Kentucky leaving the man soon he had rented on Capitol Hill.

Washington society remembered him as an orator and a liberal who preferred his red vest and red neckties to more formal clothes.

Liked Sarsaparilla

To them also Johnson was one who turned down hard liquor for "sarsaparilla" and wasn't ashamed openly to acknowledge his colored family.

As late as 1850 Colonel Johnson, at the age of 70, was unanimously elected to the Kentucky legislature because no one would run against him.

He died the same year.

Thirteen years later in 1863 the Democratic party in an attempt to win the colored vote from Lincoln boasted how it once had elected a man as vice president who had a colored wife.

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM—Look at this one. You'll hardly get another chance to see anybody but the President stir his own coffee. The place:- Hotel Theresa, New York, Oct. 22, when General Eisenhower and his wife had doughnuts and coffee with Harlem Republican leaders. ...

"Heh, heh - - - I've got a hunch he'll propose tonight, Dad!"

Morgan State College Honors Its War Heroes

Bronze Relief In Praise Of Corporal Carl Chavis, 800 Other Servicemen Who Fought In World War II, Will Hang In School's Memorial Refectory

BALTIMORE

Here is a photograph of the sculptor's finished plaster cast for the 5 by 10-feet bronze relief to be erected in the Memorial Dining Hall at Morgan State College, here, honoring 800 men of the school who served in World War II.

The bronze figure in the center is Cpl. Carl Chavis, a Morgan athlete, killed in action on the Moselle River on September 11, 1944.

Twice before, he had volunteered to cross the river and throw up a smoke screen so that his buddies could construct a bridge to get across.

Twice, he returned and neither time was he satisfied with the effectiveness of the smoke cover. On the third attempt he was killed.

Original Sculptor Dies

The original sculptor was Hans Schuler who, for many years, headed the Maryland Institute of Art. At his death, the work was taken over by Hans Schuler Jr.

The top line reads "Eight Hundred Men of Morgan Fought Against Exploitation, Oppression and Terror" and the bottom line "That Out of War, Freedom Might Sooner Become the Heritage of all Men."

The panel on the left reads:

MORGAN MEN
WHO MADE THE
SUPREME SACRIFICE
IN
WORLD WAR II

Cpl. Carl Harrison Chavis '46
Freshman 1941-'42 Star Football Player
Killed in Action, France, Sept. 11, 1944

LT. FERNAND E. P. PECOU
Chairman of the Romance Languages Department, Killed While Fighting With The Free French Forces in North Africa

LT. ALBERT CEPHAS '38
LT. PAUL W. TAYLOR '34
CPL. LEO AYERS '37
PVT. ROBERT SMITH '46
PVT. HAYES H. ALLEN '43
ALVA BENJAMIN JOHNSON '32
United States Navy, Killed in Pacific Battleship Action

The panel on the right states:—

CARL HARRISON CHAVIS
Cpl. U.S. Army Chem. Corps
Hero of the Moselle Crossing
Killed September 11, 1944
By Enemy Fire While Crossing the Moselle River For the Third Time in a Boat
As a Volunteer
He Carried Vital Material
To Lay a Smoke Screen
Which Made Possible
The Construction of
A Bridge

His Heroic Effort Inspired His Associates

The relief shows Corporal Chavis at the moment when he steps into an open boat to cross the Moselle with oil tanks and a carbine strapped to his back and other smoke screen material visible in the boat. Behind him is a jeep containing other men from his outfit.

At the bottom of the left panel is the seal of the College and at the right are the smoke clouds from the screen already set up by Corporal Chavis in his previous trips across the river.

Planned In '46

The bronze relief was included in the plans for Morgan's Memorial Dining Hall when the building was planned in, 1946.

An appropriation of $10,000 was made available by the Board of Public Works on January 16, 1951.

Immediately, associates of Corporal Chavis, experts in the War Department, and experts in the Signal Corps were consulted so as to be certain that the uniform, the carbine, and the oil tanks and the helmet would be faithful in every detail to the equipment used by Corporal Chavis in the Moselle River battle.

Officers Advised

John B. Funk, chief engineer and his assistant, James O'Donnell were especially helpful to the committee in completing the plans for the memorial.

Paul W. Pritchard, assistant chief in the Historical Office of the Army Chemical Center, here; Captain George Goddard of Day Village, Lt. John R. Beckett of Overland Park, Kansas; Lt. Col. Lyle G. Robertson of the General Staff Corp., were helpful in giving information about Chavis.

Corporal Chavis was awarded the Bronze Star medal posthumously on September 22, 1943, and the citation read was:—

CARL H. CHAVIS,
13136702, Corporal

"CWS . . . Chemical Smoke Generator Company. for heroic service in connection with military operations against the enemy in France on 10 September, 1944.

"Continually exposing himself to severe German small arms and artillery fire, Corporal CHAVIS discharged his duties of section leader in a manner of great distinction during operations on the MOSELLE RIVER.

"Attached to the 5th Infantry Division, he crossed the river amid a hail of whistling shell fragments and bullets to supervise the operation of smoke generators in a mission to maintain a covering smoke screen over a proposed bridge site.

Killed, Sept. 11

"Disregarding his personal safety, he ventured around the area to supply his positions with oil and smoke pots, thereby successfully completing his assignment.

"On 11 September, 1944, while directing his section, Corporal CHAVIS was mortally wounded by enemy fire. His courage, leadership and his great devotion to duty reflect high credit upon himself and the Army of the United States.

"Entered Military Service from Maryland. Next of Kin: Mr. Lloyd J. Chavis (Father), 1227 Pearson street, High Point, N.C."

He also received the Purple Heart and the European-African-Middle-Eastern Theatre campaign medal.

The first sentence for the plaque approved by the Committee, was:

"In common cause with our countrymen, 800 men of Morgan served in every theater of the Great War with the hope that freedom from terror, from exploitation, and from oppression might sooner become the heritage of all mankind."

Finding it necessary to reduce the sentence above to approximately 70 letter spaces, the sentence was amended to read:—

"800 men of Morgan served in World War II to establish justice and to outlaw oppression, exploitation and terror everywhere."

OR

"800 men of Morgan fought in World War II with the hope that all men might soon be free from oppression and exploitation."

The amended one that was finally adopted is the one on the plaque.

Sculptor Schuler used as models for the two figures in the truck, the likenesses of Judge Morris Soper, president of the board of trustees at Morgan, and Dr. Dwight Holmes, president-emeritus of Morgan.

Squinty's Decision

By CHARLES HILL

3-Minute Fiction

The man who sat in a corner of the railroad station reading the newspaper, was not much to look at. The suit he wore lacked newness, as did his shoes and the battered felt hat.

Tha man who sat in the adjoining seat saw suddenly and for no apparent reason a change come over the face of his companion.

"What's happened?" he wanted to know.

Squinty Young thoughtfully folded the paper. "I just read where my old man died."

"Yeah?"

"The old man was worth a lot of money. And I was his only kid."

Beetle shifted back to his other hip and looked interested. "Ran away from home, didn't yuh?" he asked.

Squinty nodded slowly.

"Forget it then," Beetle advised. "The old coot probably made a will leaving it to some home."

"Maybe," Squinty agreed, still deep in thought. "Maybe. But it sure was a lot of money."

Board Freight

Two days later, a slow-moving freight deposited two dirt - besmeared and grimy-looking men in the coal yards just beyond the Littletown depot. The pair waited until the freight's caboose had vanished 'round a curve, then climbed back to the tracks.

Without a word Squinty led the way back to the depot and entered the wash room through the outside door. Ten minutes later when the two emerged it was to confront old Cal Hawkins.

The old man peered at the two strangers over the top of his spectacles, "Cracky!" he exclaimed "Ain't you Jim Young's boy, Paul?"

"Well, what if I am?"

"Cracky! I knew it. Old Cal never forgets a face." His eyes, behind their thick lenses, were suddenly shrewd. "Come back to claim your pappy's fortune, have yuh? Well, son, you better turn right around and go back where you come from. Old Jim left the whole kit and caboodle to Katie Armstrong."

"Who's she?"

"She's the gal he adopted after you ran away. She's deservin' of all he left."

Squinty sneered. "While his own son goes hungry, I suppose?"

With Beetle still in tow, Squinty struck out for the town's main street.

Presently they came to the town's only office building. With Beetle still following, Squinty mounted to the second floor, and entered an office.

An elderly man looked up and nodded. The elderly man was in conversation with a young girl.

The elderly man was sying: "Of course it was an oversight. Your father intended to sign the will. I witnessed it myself. It was just sheer negligence."

The girl's voice was troubled. "I do hope everything will turn out all right. Of course, if Paul is alive, the money rightfully belongs to him, even though father did intend I should have it."

She went out and the elderly man spoke to Squinty.

"Was there something I could do?"

Squinty's eyes were on the door, through which the girl had gone. He roused himself when Beetle nudged him.

"Eh? Something you can do? Well, no. No, we were thinking about putting across a little deal. But things have changed."

Squinty was pushing Beetle through the door.

"Hey, what's the idea? Where you going? Ain't you going to do nothin' about it?"

"Sure. Sure. I'm going to do something. A lot. On my way now."

"What you going to do?"

"We're on our way, son. On our way to really do something. We're going down and see that station agent: Going to convince him Im not Paul Young. Really do something. Get it?"

Natural Talent Made Her A Star

Hattie McDaniel Enjoyed Full Life Of Pearl Diving, Table Waiting On Her Way To Movie, Radio-TV Fame

Academy Award

By E. B. REA

Buxom and jovial Hattie McDaniel, who died recently in Hollywood, rode to the pinnacle of motion picture and radio fame through hard work and an unrelentless desire to become a successful actress. This she did the hard way, and it paid off.

During her struggles, Miss McDaniel had her moments of pearl diving and table-waiting. There were plenty of rain and sunshine interludes in her life.

Traveling with road shows made up her hardest years. Many a time she found herself stranded and broke when her show went on the rocks.

Possessed Natural Talent

Always, the urge to carry on lifted her above her surroundings. She would swallow her pride, get out and find a job — any kind—until things began to come her way again.

Hattie McDaniel was imbued with natural talent. She attended elementary school, but never took a dramatic lesson in her life.

This was demonstrated in all of her performances, whether on the stage, in radio or television.

Although most of Miss McDaniel's characterizations drew caustic criticism . . because of their stereotype leanings, she always insisted that they carried a touch of realism because she drew her humor or pathos from her own experiences.

From winning a school medal at the age of 15, doing a dramatic recital of "Convict Joe," to vocalist with a band — having a fairly good soprano voice — she became the first colored girl to sing on radio.

She became the first of her race to win the second highest award presented by the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences.

This was achieved in 1939 when she was acclaimed the outstanding actress of the year for her role in the screen version of Margaret Mitchell's novel, "Gone With the Wind," which co-starred Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Beulah

Miss Leigh won the top award for best actress of the year in the film which, itself was adjudged the best production.

Miss McDaniel accepted the honor with modesty and, a few years later, she rejoiced when the late James Baskette became the first colored man to win the award for his role in Walt Disney's "Song of the South."

First Salary $7.50

Miss McDaniel's first role as a bit player netted her $7.50 for the day's work.

Her natural talents soon earned her more bit roles and then her first movie contract in the film, "Can This Be Dixie?"

She was well on her way when Universal signed her to play the role of "Queenie" opposite Paul Robeson in "Showboat."

She appeared in more than 300 pictures during her screen career.

First Female Beulah

She took over the leading role in the "Beulah" radio show in 1947, becoming the third person to play the part, and the first woman.

She succeeded Bob Corley, who had continued it following the death of Marlin Hurt, who originated it, and was the first Beulah.

Of her first Beulah appearance, Miss McDaniel once said she had "stars in her eyes" and "butterflies in her stomach."

She always insisted that radio was more confining than her first love, vaudeville, and then movies.

Called Radio "Exacting"

"Radio is not physically harder work than any other entertaining media, but it is more exacting," she said.

Known for her religious, charity and self-sacrifices, Miss McDaniel was active during World War II, when she enlisted and served as captain in a women's corps.

Her success was attributed to her ability to live a character, which brought the same genuine feeling to both radio and the silver screen.

Unsuccessful At Love

She was not so successful in her marriage roles with both of her ventures going on the rocks.

She amassed a sizeable fortune and at the time of her death occupied a pretentious eight room residence in Hollywood.

The "ghost voice" of Hattie McDaniel will be heard on the "Beulah" show until the present film series runs out in January.

Hollywood remembers her for her lavish entertaining, but most of all for her exemplary life and the natural ability she contributed to her art.

IF YOU MUST TELL JOKES

For those who enjoy telling jokes and funny stories, a word of advice: Make them as short as possible. If you stretch them out you usually give the listener time to think of one to tell you.

Miss Daniels as captain in service during World War II. Women's Volunteer.

Miss McDaniel and her second husband, James Lloyd Crawford, from whom she was divorced.

Miss McDaniel in her first major role of Queenie in "Showboat."

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- I Want A Colored Husband
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