They Stole Our Best Land

Kenya, East Africa, where British nobility hornswoggled natives out of their rich cattle lands, 100,000 acres at a gulp. The Capital city, Nairobi, 'stinks' with color bars.

Mau Mau Underground Leader in Chains . . .

What Is Behind The Native

Revolt In Kenya

From George Padmore's Book, "Africa, Britain's Third Empire." Reprinted From The New Times, Ethiopia.

KENYA, the most notorious of the East African colonies, is a land of pukka sahibs. It has the greatest proportion among its inhabitants of ex-soldiers, generals, colonels, majors, of any country in the world.

To link up Uganda with the coast, the British Imperial Government constructed a railway from Mombassa to Kampala and encouraged European colonization. The settlers were granted extensive plantations along both sides of the railway. The Kikuyu and other African tribes occupying the highlands were gradually squeezed out to make room for homes for settlers. Today most of the best lands and fertile parts of Kenya are owned by white immigrants who are still pouring into the country.

The White Highlands

Lord Delamere, the first leader of the settlers, himself secured in the original share-out over 100,000 of the best acres. Others securing extensive properties were Lord Francis Scott, uncle of the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Earl of Plymouth of Spanish non-intervention fame, who acquired 350,000 acres. East Africa Estates Limited, of which Viscount Cobham, former private secretary to the High Commissioner of South Africa, is director, received 350,000 acres, and the East Africa Syndicate was granted 100,000 acres adjoining Lord Delamere's estate.

99-Year Leases

The status quo was then legalized by the Crown Lands Ordinance, which gave the Government the right to grant 99-year leases to European settlers estates of 5,000 acres at the price of a penny per acre.

The basic feature of the Ordinance is the exclusion of non-Europeans from acquiring properties in the fertile Highlands.

The Colonial Office gave its endorsement to this racial segregation policy, which aroused the most vehement opposition among the African section of the population.

They sent several delegations to London to submit their protests, but without success.

They were told Kenya is a "white man's country."

White Man's Country

Under the Kenya Order, the Highlands are officially reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of Europeans. It is illegal for any other ethnical group to own land there

This enactment brought the total area of land owned by Europeans to 12,750 square miles, while 5,000,000 Africans are obliged to make do with 43,500 square miles. What is left for "Native Reserves" includes vast stretches of bad land.

Those Africans who are unable to find accommodation within the Reserves live as squatters on European plantations, only 6 per cent of which is in actual cultivation. The blacks give 180 days free labour to the landlords for the privilege of living on the land which formerly belonged to them.

Place Established

The land question among the Africans became so sore that since 1922 one Royal Commission after another has been sent to Kenya to investigate their complaints. Kenya is known as the "Land of Royal Commissions."

On the strength of the Hilton Young Commission report of 1930, the MacDonald Labour Government issued a Memorandum on Native Policy in East Africa, which solemnly pledged the Imperial Government not to countenance the alienation of another inch of Kenya land from the Africans. But the Labour Government spoke too soon and too confidently.

Sacred Promise Broken

Within a year of the publication of this "sacred" promise, European prospectors discovered gold on the land set aside for the exclusive use of Africans in the Kavirando Reserve.

What a dilemma arose! Prospects of a golden harvest versus a sacred promise to African tribes.

It was not surprising that gold won. The Kavirandos were moved off the land, and a new law, granting concessions to Europeans to come in and exploit the gold, was passed by the Kenya Legislative Council.

"The Africans were simply deprived of their land without any adequate compensation," indignantly protested the Africans in an appeal to the Colonial Office for justice.

Cattle Confiscated

In the following year, the blow fell on the people of Wakamba Reserve, to the East of Nairobi. Large numbers of their cattle were forcibly rounded up and sold at very low prices to Lebig, a large meat packing firm, whose representative happened to be conveniently on the spot.

Three months after the introduction of the 1939 Order in Council, officially designating the Highlands "White Man's Country," the Wataita people were forcibly evicted from their land at Taita Hills.

30,000 Driven Out

The pressure on African land continued. Over thirty thousand men, women and children of the Ol-Engruone settlement were served in 1948 with removal orders from their homes.

Their cattle and goats were confiscated on the ground that the natives had disobeyed the order to request their landlords to go and get pyrethrum at a European Keringet Estate.

News In Kenya Is Bad

200 Arrested

NAIROBI, Kenya (East Africa) — Officials of Kenya, a British colony, continued to round up Africans, who want Africa for Africans, arresting nearly 200 natives Sunday. November 9, as police and troops prepared for a big combined operation to ferret out members of the Mau Mau, an anti-white cult, from their hideouts.

Two British Socialist members of parliament ended a nine-day fact-finding tour of Kenya by condemning the colonial administration. Fenner Brockaway and Leslie Hale blamed the present tense situation on African land hunger, low wages, and the increased cost of living.

Another "Boston" Massacre

NAIROBI, Kenya (East African — The massacre of fifteen Africans by police occurred at Kirawara last Sunday as the Kenya government put into effect a new policy aimed at forcing the Kikuyu tribe to end what colonial authorities call the "Mau Mau terror."

In all, twenty Africans were reported killed—five by alleged Mau Mau raiders. The five Africans murdered near Nyeria, northeast of here, were described as "loyal" Kikuyu-tribesmen working on a British farm. Two of them were said to have been decapitated.

Natives have been threatened with seizure of their bicycles, cattle or crops if they fail to tattle on the underground leaders. All natives must carry a pass. Courts have been ordered to increase penalties.

The Revolt Spreads

CAPE TOWN (South Africa) — Nov. 11 — C. R. Swart, Justice Minister, declared today recent rioting by natives in South Africa is a projection of Mau Mau terrorism in Kenya, East Africa.

In the last three weeks, 45 persons have been killed and about 140 injured in outbreaks of violence in various South African cities.

This Is Kenya

By JURAMAL

NAIROBI, Kenya — A European who admits killing an African is unanimously acquitted by an all-white jury.

Any native guilty of an offense against a European is given the severest penalties.

No white jury would convict a European since local opinion is against equal punishment for white and colored for the same offense.

Jomo Kenyatta, native president of the Kenya African Union, was arrested in bed and sent into exile in the desert.

He married an English white girl during World War II when he led a delegation to London to ask for reforms. She has been forced to remain in England because the British will not tolerate mixed marriages.

Kenya is like Georgia and Mississippi in the USA.

Crown Colony, and the new Queen in Buckingham Palace and the British Government in London bear great and direct responsibility for its welfare and particularly for the declared policy of the British Government that "the interests of the African natives must be paramount . . ."

Unless London acts wisely, astutely and quickly, abandoning the white-wash brush, to alleviate the undeniable basic grievances of the Africans of all categories, an eruption having repercussions far beyond the borders of Kenya should be no cause for surprise.

Scandal In Kenya

By S. P. BOKH

Here's how England denies representative government to the East African peoples of Kenya.

There are 53 members of the Legislative Council.

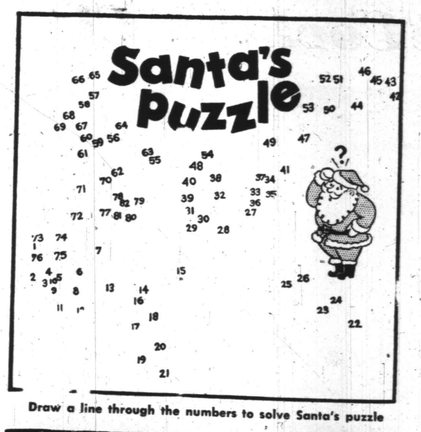
The 30,000 Europeans have 39 seats.

The 90,000 East Indians have six seats.

The 24,000 Arabs have 1 seat and the five million natives have 1 seat.

To add insult to injury, the 5 million natives are not permitted to nominate their representative. The government does that.

Santa's Puzzle



Draw a line through the numbers to solve Santa's puzzle

STARS YOU

Here's how the stars shine for you this week.

Sunday — Not much Sunday spirit about. There will be family arguments leading to high feelings unless you exercise restraint. Best to plod doggedly away at household tasks or odd jobs. Evening will be pleasanter in a negative way. Lucky numbers, 314, 423; color, brown.

Monday — A great deal of discussion today without much being decided. Some advantage will be gained, however, in spite of opposition. Mental outlook somewhat confused. Lucky numbers, 312, 136; color, purple.

Tuesday — A really awkward day, best devoted to clearing up routine matters, and making arrangements for future, especially concerning women's affairs. A quiet evening will bring a more hopeful outlook. Lucky numbers, 918, 827; color, red.

Wednesday — Now you can get going. Good for major financial transactions, and for solid unspectacular progress; particularly if connected with the land, or electrical apparatus. A public meeting or lecture is likely in the evening. Lucky numbers, 178, 726; color, grey.

Thursday — Get business interviews in early to-day, as resistance will develop later. Good for discussing an advertising plan. But the emphasis will be on social affairs, which will be on a high level. Lucky numbers, 346, 754; color, white.

Friday — Morning worries over money will be lifted by a successful deal or stroke of good fortune. Those who trade in liquids or drugs should do well. Some unexpected bad news will be lightened by sympathy and co-operation at home. Lucky numbers, 206, 621; color, silver.

Saturday — Though you will get little co-operation from others, you will enjoy an active day in sport, motoring or cycling. Going off on your own will make you popular, but may avoid worse friction. Lucky numbers, 413, 145; color, brown.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth sign below for your forecast for the week ahead.

ARIES (March 21—April 20)—Your prospects will be brighter than for some time. With added initiative and drive you get excellent results. A solution will now be found to a domestic difficulty.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)—Your financial position will not be helped by an argument with your partner. The interference of a stranger should be regarded with suspicion.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21). — If you clear up some correspondence you will find a tip for a profitable speculation or investment. An idea of your own would also be worth trying.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23).—In a week of conflicting emotions you will find that silence can be golden. When argument weakens you will be able to impose your own decision, based on true sentiment and not sentimentality.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23). — Now you will be able to reopen a negotiation in a held-up plan, with profitable results. A change of routine will prove helpful. With credit standing higher you can easily settle an outstanding account.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23). — An exciting week, with promotion or other increase in income. Perhaps you will buy a car or TV set. Your partner will be in fine fettle.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23). — A pleasant atmosphere at work and in the home will make life more enjoyable. Good chance of romance for the unattached, and much social activity for all.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22) — You will be spurred to extra effort by competition, and a reorganization of work will allow a new interest. But avoid argument with immediate superiors, who may offer some resistance.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22). — An opportunity will arise for exercising your capacity for leadership. You will be in high spirits over the realization of a personal or romantic ambition.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 —Jan 20)—The illness of another will increase your responsibility and bring a temporary financial strain. A week of hard work, in which bold action will pay better than caution.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19).—Emotional tension will cause discord at home unless you restrain a sudden impulse. Stand your ground with determined good humor, and don't be influenced by a quick reversal of opinion.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20).—You will have a chance of profiting by peculiar circumstances. But take care not to be involved in a compromising situation. Keep your own course and confide in no one.

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

Here's next week's forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:

Sunday—Don't expect to do more than hold your own by steady work this year. Some frustration may be felt but it would be unwise to risk new ventures.

Monday — Early in the next 12 months an unexpected change will make life more pleasant. Material prospects will brighten. There may be a voyage for you, and certainly a happy social advancement.

Tuesday — Now your mettle will be tested and will need all your vigour to overcome handicaps. But remember that difficulties can be turned to good account and even if you do not see the reward this year, determined effort and courage are never wasted.

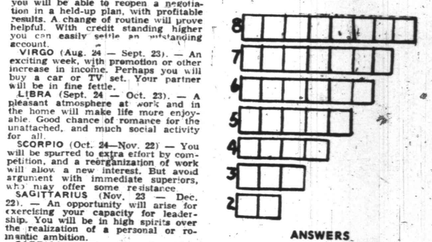
Wednesday — Should begin a year of splendid progress in which you will be able to realize many ambitions: advancement in worldly position, more cash, success in social matters and affairs of the mind.

Thursday — The year will not quite come up to early expectations and you will be faced with a period of economy and restraint. But you will take your way into a better position, for which you will owe much to feminine influence.

Friday — A romantic encounter will color the early months and cause some inattention to your material interests. An unpleasant turn of events will jolt you back to reality, and you will end the year well pleased with business and social prospects.

Saturday — You must rely on your own efforts during the coming year, as there will be little help forthcoming from others. Fortunately your energy and enterprise will be strong enough to overcome apathy and opposition.

Word Steps



1. head scarf
2. ie 3. tie 4. pier 5. chief 6. Vienna 7. foreign 8. kerchief

ANSWERS

GI Mailbag

Q — A friend of mine, the widow of a service man who was killed in Korea, is planning to remarry soon. She has been getting indemnity payments as a result of his death. Will the payments stop after she remarries?

A — No. The remarriage of the widow will have no effect on the idemnity payments, and she will continue to receive them.

Q — Is VA medical treatment available to World War II veterans studying under the GI Bill?

A — A veteran student is entitled only to such medical treatment from VA as he would otherwise get by virtue of his military service. The World War II GI Bill makes no special provision for medical treatment of trainees.

Q — I recently received a gift of several hundred dollars from my son. In figuring out my annual income — for purposes of getting a VA pension — do I count the gift as income?

A — Yes. Gifts are counted in determining annual income for pension purposes.

Q — I lost a leg in service, and I recently obtained an automobile with special attachments, with VA paying $1,600 toward the cost of the car. Is the car exempt from taxation by my State, because it was purchased with federal funds?

A — No, unless the State law provides for such exemption. Even though VA paid part of the cost of the car, you still are required to pay city, county or State taxes, if they are called for.

The Only Cure For A Cold

People who think they can "shake off" a cold by working it off or ignoring it are making a big mistake, says Victor H. Lindlahr, noted food commentator.

A cold isn't something that hangs onto your body cells like a barnacle, declares Lindlahr in the Journal of Living magazine. It's a conflict between the body chemistry and a virus.

A powerful yet simple weapon to help ease the discomforts of a cold is rest. Going to bed at the first sign of symptoms is an active and positive way to fight an on-coming cold. When you rest or sleep, the body's defense mechanism can handle the cold virus more effectively.

Help

To help speed up recovery, advises Lindlahr, pay attention to your diet while you have the cold. Citrus juices, hot lemonade and onion broth have been proved in the school of experience to be beneficial.

Most people lose their appetites when they have colds and coddle themselves with sweets and tidbits. This is a mistake, says Lindlahr.

The body needs plenty of high-grade proteins found in milk, eggs and meats to help form the antibodies with which it fights any infection, including colds.

Don't Get Up

Eggnogs made with milk or orange juice, robust meat or chicken broths, and simply prepared meats should be an important part of the diet to help relieve a cold.

Be careful not to skimp on the convalescent period, adds the Journal of Living article. If you don't give yourself time enough to get well, your tissues may be weak enough to allow the cold to flare up again.

Even a little work or effort undertaken before you are well may tax your strength and cause the cold to hang on. Once it gets entrenched, it may invite complications like sinus trouble, pleurisy or pneumonia.

Don't let familiarity with colds breed contempt for them

DALE CARNEGIE

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

Let God Dispels Worries

HOWARD D. HARMON, Mt. Crawford, Virginia, had an example in his youth who demonstrated for him the futility of worry. This was his mother. She worried continually. If his father was a little later coming home when he was away than she thought he should be, she worried because she thought something had happened to him. When Howard was out at work, she worried because she was afraid something would happen to him. And nothing serious ever happened to either of them.

CARNEGIE

So he made up his mind as a youth that he was not going to worry. Then came a time when he got into debt by helping another on a government contract.

In spite of his resolution not to worry, he became so worried a year later that he couldn't sleep at night. If he got to sleep, he would soon wake up and not be able to relax again. He came to the point where he couldn't make good decisions.

In desperation he turned to the Lord in whom he always had great faith. He thought of Heb. 13:5,6 which reads, "Let your conversation be without covetousness and be content with such things as ye have for He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

His mind dwelt on what Jesus Christ, our crucified Savior, had done for him. He would picture him in his mind's eye hanging on the cross. As he did, he relaxed, fell asleep immediately and slept well.

He has learned that if we put enough faith and trust in God our worries will practically vanish.

KIDS' KOLUMN

By RUTH ROBINSON

Here's how to make a good game with a box top and some buttons. Two or more players may play this game, and by keeping score, you will have a lot of fun.

To make this game, you'll need:

A box top
A ruler and pencil
Some Crayons
Buttons
A score pad.

With ruler and pencil mark off blocks about 2½ inches square. Your box top should be big enough so that you have at least 16 blocks.

Color the blocks different colors. Number all the blocks but skip around so that the numbers do not go 1-2-3 etc.

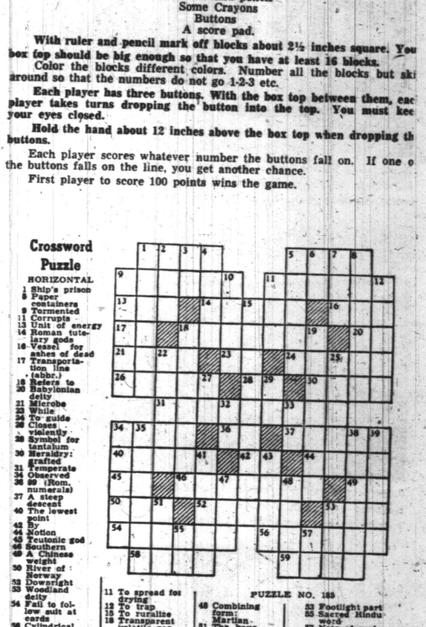
Each player has three buttons. With the box top between them, each player takes turns dropping the button into the top. You must keep your eyes closed.

Hold the hand about 12 inches above the box top when dropping the buttons.

Each player scores whatever number the buttons fall on. If one of the buttons falls on the line, you get another chance.

First player to score 100 points wins the game.

Crossword Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Ship's prison
5 Paper containers
8 Tormented
11 Corrupt
13 Unit of energy
14 Roman tutelary gods
16 Vessel for ashes of dead
17 Transportation line (abbr.)
18 Refers to
20 Babylonian deity
21 Microbe
23 While
24 To guide
26 Closer
28 violently
29 Symbol for tantalum
30 Heraldry: grafted
31 Temperate
34 Observed
36 50 (Rom. numerals)
37 A steep descent
40 The lowest point
42 By
44 Action
45 Teutonic god
48 Southern
49 A Chinese weight
50 River of Siberia
52 Downright
53 Woodland deity
54 Fall to follow suit at cards
56 Cylindrical
58 Male sheep
59 Bacteriologist's tube

VERTICAL

1 Bulging cylindrical container
2 Prophet
3 English archaeologist
4 Establishes
5 Three-toed sloth
7 African antelope
8 Thoroughfare
9 Huge masses of ice
10 A river of Switzerland
11 To spread for drying
12 To trap
15 To ruralize
18 Transparent gelatin gum
19 Perforated plate for color decorating
22 Can swiftly
25 Toward the center
27 Symbol for tin
29 Article
32 Note of scale
33 Plural ending
34 To scoff
35 One who acquires by labor
38 To narrate
39 Wrote "Age Of Reason"
41 Bread made brown in oven (pl.)
43 Allowance for waste
47 Pronoun
48 Combining form: Martian
51 The hava
53 Footlight part
55 Sacred Hindu word
57 Note of scale

PUZZLE NO. 188

ANSWERS

The Lost Story of Jesus' Birth

(Continued from Page 1)

Which when Elizabeth heard, she ran and opened to her, and blessed her, and said, "Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come unto me?

"For lo! as soon as the voice of thy salutation reached my ears, that which is in me leaped and blessed thee."

But Mary, being ignorant of all those mysterious things of which the archangel Gabriel had spoken to her, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said, "Lord! What am I, that all the generations of the earth should call me blessed?"

But perceiving herself daily to grow big, and being afraid, she went home, and hid herself from the children of Israel; and was 14 years old when all these things happened.

And when her sixth month was come, Joseph returned from his building houses abroad, which was his trade, and entering into the house, found the Virgin grown big:

Then smiting upon his face, he said, "With what face can I look up to the Lord my God? or, what shall I say concerning this young woman?

"For I received her a Virgin out of the temple of the Lord my God, and have not preserved her such!

"Who has thus deceived me? Who has committed this evil in my house and seducing the Virgin from me, hath defiled her?

"Is not the history of Adam exactly accomplished in me?

"For in the very instant of his glory, the serpent came and found Eve alone, and seduced her.

"Just after the same manner it has happened to me.

"What Have You Done?"

Then Joseph arising from the ground, called her, and said, "O thou who hast been so much favoured by God, why hast thou done this?

"Why hast thou, thus debased thy soul, who wast educated in the Holy of Holies, and received thy food from the hand of angels?

But she, with a flood of tears, replied, "I am innocent, and have known no man.

Then said Joseph, "How comes it to pass you are with child?

Mary answered, "As the Lord my God liveth, I know not by what means.

Then Joseph was exceedingly afraid, and went away from her, considering what he should do with her: and he thus reasoned with himself.

"If I conceal her crime, I shall be found guilty by the law of the Lord;

"And if I discover her to the children of Israel, I fear, lest she being with child by an angel, I shall be found to betray the life of an innocent person:

"What therefore shall I do? I will privately dismiss her.

Then the night was come upon him, when behold an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and said,

"Be not afraid to take that young woman, for that which is within her is of the Holy Ghost; And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Then Joseph arose from his sleep, and glorified the God of Israel, who had shown him such favour, and preserved the Virgin.

Then came Annas the scribe, and said to Joseph, "Wherefore have we not seen you since your return?

And Joseph replied, "Because I was weary after my journey, and rested the first day.

Joseph Was Accused

But Annas turning about perceived the Virgin big with child.

BLACK MADONNA

Holiest of Spanish shrines is the Black Virgin of Montserrat, pictured above. Each New Year's Eve, 60,000 Pilgrims visit the shrine and gasp as the curtains are drawn aside. The white vestments and the light background make the face and hands gleam like jet. Jewels are priceless.

And went away to the priest, and told him, "Joseph in whom you placed so much confidence, is guilty of a notorious crime, in that he hath defiled the Virgin whom he received out of the temple of the Lord, and hath privately married her, not discovering it to the children of Israel.

Then said the priest, "Hath Joseph done this?"

Annas replied, "If you send any of your servants, you will find that she is with child."

And the servants went, and found it as he said.

Brought To Trial

Upon this both she and Joseph were brought to their trial and the priest said unto her, "Mary, what hast thou done?

"Why hast thou debased thy soul, and forgot thy God, seeing thou wast brought up in the Holy of Holies, and didst receive thy food from the hands of angels, and heardest their songs?

"Why hast thou done this?

To which with a flood of tears she answered, "As the Lord my God liveth, I am innocent in his sight, seeing I know no man."

Then the priest said to Joseph, "Why hast thou done this?"

And Joseph answered, "As the Lord my God liveth, I have not been concerned with her."

But the priest said, "Lie not, but declare the truth; thou hast privately married her, and not discovered it to the children of Israel, and humbled thyself under the mighty hand of God, that thy seed might be blessed."

And Joseph was silent.

Then said the priest (to Joseph), "You must restore to the temple of the Lord the Virgin which you took thence."

But he wept bitterly, and the priest added, "I will cause you both to drink the water of the Lord, which is for trial, and so your iniquity shall be laid open before you."

Then the priest took the water, and made Joseph drink, and sent him to a mountainous place.

Proved Not Guilty

And he returned perfectly well, and all the people wondered that his guilt was not discovered.

So the priest said, "Since the Lord hath not made your sins evident, neither do I condemn you."

So he sent them away.

Then Joseph took Mary and went to his house, rejoicing and praising the God of Israel.

And leaving her and his sons in the cave, Joseph went forth to seek a Hebrew midwife in the village of Bethlehem.

"But as I was going, said Joseph, "I looked up into the air, and the fowls of the air stopped in the midst of their flight.

And I looked down towards the earth, and saw a table spread, and working people sitting around it, but their hands were upon the table and they did not move to eat.

They who had meat in their mouths did not eat.

They who lifted their hands up to their heads did not draw them back:

And they who lifted them up to their mouths did not put anything in;

But all their faces were fixed upwards.

And I beheld the sheep dispersed, and yet the sheep stood still.

And the shepherd lifted up his hand to smite them, and his hand continued up.

And I looked unto a river, and saw the kids with their mouths close to the water, and touching it, but they did not drink.

Meets Midwife

Then beheld a woman coming down from the mountains, and she said to me, "Where art thou going, O man?"

And I said to her, "I go to inquire for a Hebrew midwife."

She replied to me, "Where is the woman that is to be delivered?"

And I answered, "In the cave, and she is betrothed to me."

Then said the midwife, "Is she not thy wife?"

Joseph answered, "It is Mary, who was educated in the Holy of Holies, in the house of the Lord, and she fell to my lot, and is not my wife, but has conceived by the Holy Ghost."

The midwife said, "Is this true?"

He answered, "Come and see."

And the midwife went along with him, and stood in the cave.

Then a bright cloud overshadowed the cave, and the midwife said, "This day my soul is magnified, for mine eyes have seen surprising things, and salvation is brought forth to Israel."

But on a sudden the cloud became a great light in the cave, so that their eyes could not bear it.

But the light gradually decreased, until the infant appeared and sucked the breast of his mother, Mary.

Then the midwife cried out, and said, "How glorious a day is this, wherein mine eyes have seen this extraordinary sight!"

And the midwife went out from the cave, and Salome met her.

And the midwife said to her, "Salome, Salome, I will tell you a most surprising thing which I saw.

"A virgin hath brought forth, which is a thing contrary to nature."

To which Salome replied, "As the Lord my God liveth, unless I receive particular proof of this matter, I will not believe that a virgin hath brought forth."

Then Salome went in, and the midwife said, "Mary, shew thyself, for a great controversy is risen concerning thee."

And Salome received satisfaction.

But her hand was withered, and she groaned bitterly.

And said, "Woe to me, because of mine iniquity; for I have tempted the living God, and my hand is ready to drop off."

Then Salome made her supplication to the Lord, and said, "O God of my fathers, remember me, for I am of the seed of Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob.

"Make me not a reproach among the children of Israel, but restore me sound to my parents.

Angel Appears

"For thou well knowest, O Lord, that I have performed many offices of charity in thy name, and have received my reward from thee."

Upon this an angel of the Lord stood by Salome, and said, "The Lord God hath heard thy prayer, reach forth thy hand to the child, and carry him, and by that means thou shalt be restored."

Salome, filled with exceeding joy, went to the child, and said, "I will touch him."

And she purposed to worship him, for she said, "This is a great king which is born in Israel."

And straightway Salome was cured.

Then the midwife went out of the cave, being approved by God.

And lo! a voice came to Salome, "Declare not the strange things which thou hast seen, till the child shall come to Jerusalem."

So Salome also departed, approved by God.

Then Joseph was preparing to go away, because there arose a great disorder in Bethlehem by the coming of some wise men from the east.

Who said, "Where is the king of the Jews born? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

When Herod heard this, he was exceedingly troubled, and sent messengers to the wise men, and to the priests, and inquired of them in the town-hall,

And said unto them, "Where have you it written concerning Christ the king, or where should he be born?"

Sign Of The Savior

Then they say unto him, "In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written: And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a ruler, who shall rule my people Israel."

And having sent away the chief priest, he inquired of the wise men in the town-hall, and said unto them, "What sign was it ye saw concerning the king that is born?"

They answered him, "We saw an extraordinary large star shining among the stars of heaven and so outshined all the other stars, as that they became not visible, and we knew thereby that a great king was born in Israel, and therefore we are come to worship Him."

Then said Herod to them, "Go and make diligent inquiry; and if ye find the child, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

So the wise men went forth, and behold, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over the cave where the young child was with Mary his mother.

Then they brought forth out of their treasures, and offered unto him gold and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned in a dream by an angel, that they should not return to Herod through Judea, they departed into their own country by another way.

No encore—for Johnny

When Cato sang, women swooned. He was the great Mr. 'J' until dope made him a dangerous madman who turned on his pal and his faithful girl friend.

By JAMES H. HILL

"Johnny was leaning back, his arms spread, his fingers flexing, riding his cloud, singing with fanatic zeal. Euphoria, that's what the psychiatrists called it, an exaggerated feeling of well-being."

All the way to the Old Wilks Place, Carter Lane kept telling himself that this was crazy.

Abandoned for the past half century, the Wilks Place was a rambling architectural monstrosity — part neo-Greek, part Gothic, part Florentine, sporting a weather - scarred Bullfinch dome behind a Romanesque parapet.

Carter and Johnny Cato and Shag Brown used to play cops-and-robbers in the place a score of years ago, and almost always, Carter was playing the cop.

Like tonight, with a real gun in his pocket. It was a .38 and a Police Positive, and it was a dead weight in the shoulder clip as he pushed through the scraggly brush toward the old farmhouse. It was weird and unreal. No make-believe this time.

He remembered Captain Shuster of homicide, and Captain Haberman of the Narcotics Division right after the body of Luke Tully, the booking agent, was found smashed against the rocks under the Lawson trestle bridge.

"Look, Lane," Shuster had implored. "I don't like asking you to bring in a guy you grew up with — your best friend; but you know why Johnny Cato killed. You know why he might kill again.

"And that girl's mother — she's been on the phone constantly since Johnny took her off two days ago. The papers are having a field day."

To Kill His Friend

Lane had nodded stiffly, his mahogany brow clouded with thought, trying to keep his shoulders square and his body erect —trying to be objective about a boyhood friend he might have to kill.

It wouldn't be just the routine formality of booking a pusher-sniffer, or, if necessary, killing him. No — it would be more than that. A kind of treachery. Like Brutus to Julius Caesar — like the kiss that infamous night near Golgotha. It would be a kind of vandalism, too — for Johnny Cato's voice, a rich and liquid baritone, was something to hear.

Sure, you've heard him — Cato the Greato, the "Body and Soul Man."

Maybe you even wondered how a man could hold a full note that long. Maybe you listened with more critical ears and tried to detect a falsetto when he hit the high ones.

If you were one of the few who never had a sore larynx, you wondered how he managed to sing at all.

Carefully, Carter Lane picked his way through the scraggly oaks and shagbard hickories, feeling a tension mounting in his stomach as he progressed.

Darkness was settling now, and he had more difficulty following the weed-grown path; but the instincts of boyhood persist a long time in the subconscious, and he was sure he was close to the farmhouse now.

He paused a moment, sniffed the air. A mirthless smile spread his lips. What if the house were abandoned? What if Marge Green, the nurse Johnny had kidnaped on the day of Tully's death, were dead, too? Where else could he hope to look for Johnny if he weren't in the Wilks Place?

Light in Window

But even as he mulled over these possibilities he saw a patch of yellow light through the brush when the wind blew through the trees. It was directly ahead. Some one was in the Wilks Place all right, and situated in the valley like it was, far away from well-traveled roads, the light wasn't likely to be seen.

Carter took another deep breath, patted the bulge of the .38 in his clip, and started toward the light. The night sounds of insects and birds assailed his ears as he plunged through the shrub.

And then it came — throaty and lilting — out of the square of yellow-lighted window. Body and Soul. Johnny Cato in his glory.

In his mind's eye, Carter could see the coffee-brown face, suffused and distorted, eyes staring and inhuman as he danced in a slow, writhing dance and grinned and sang.

Hopped to the gills — riding a rocket to Cloud Number Ten; but nobody knew it. Well — almost nobody.

Bad Throat

Luke Tully knew, of course. And that knowledge and an insatiable greed were the reasons why he was dead.

Carter's and Marge's and Johnny's parents and their doctor knew, too; but Marge had a woman's unshakable faith in her ability to rehabilitate her man, and she didn't care whether he ever sang again or not.

The doctor had advised Johnny to give up singing — even talking unnecessarily — if he didn't want to lose his voice altogether —or worse — cause cancer in his larynx.

But Johnny listened to his agent instead of the doctor, and was amazed at how perfectly heroin killed the pain in his throat. Not only did it kill the pain, but it sent him up in the clouds, gave him more confidence than he'd ever had before.

The trouble with Luke was that he wasn't satisfied with his ten per cent, now that he had Johnny singing better than he'd ever sung before. He kept cutting himself in for additional five per cent hikes (keeping Johnny in "snowballs.") until he was taking exactly one half of everything Johnny made.

Eighty percent of which was cleverly tax-exempt; because, on the record, Tully was only collecting his legal ten percent. Then the quality of the "snow" began to degenerate until Johnny Cato was sniffing seventy percent sugar-of-milk.

Thought Of Marge

Carter listened to Johnny's voice and shook his head sadly, fighting down a lump in his throat. He wondered what Marge would think of him if he had to kill Johnny Cato — even in line of duty. A cop's lot, he thought, is sometimes a sorry one.

He was standing outside the window now, watching. Marge still managed to look crisp in her nurse's uniform; but it was pretty plain that she was scared. Johnny was leaning back, his arms spread, his fingers flexing, riding his cloud, singing with fanatic zeal, his throat muscles bulging enormously. Body and Soul. Down to his knees; then up in weird, serpentine gyrations, grinning like a gargoyle.

Euphoria. That's what the psychiatrists had called it. An exaggerated feeling of well-being.

There was a wooden smile on Marge's face; but her hands were folded in her lap. She was tired — tired and scared; but she didn't look scared enough to walk out on Johnny. There were the leavings of a recent meal on a bare table in the center of the dining room table; and there was an open cardboard carton setting in the very center of the table, bearing the label of a nationally-known drug company.

He wondered if Marge thought she could really effect Johnny's cure without hospitalization and psychiatric treatment. He wondered, too, if she still loved Johnny — or just felt sorry for him.

Then maybe it was his voice —or the memory of his voice. A million women were in love with his voice.

A ray of hope flickered in Carter. If Johnny came along quietly, it was ten to one he'd be committed to a psychiatric ward instead of the electric chair.

Song Ended

The song ended. Johnny standing with his legs apart, arms spread wide, grinning as though he faced a packed house. Patter of applause as Marge clapped her hands.

"You were great, Johnny, Great! But now you'd better rest. Your throat —"

"Best set of pipes in the business," Johnny croaked in a strange, hoarse voice, still standing in his finale pose.

"I know, Johnny," Marge's voice was soothing. "Now why don't you come with me — back to the city? Tonight, Johnny? Last night, before you went to sleep, you tied my wrists and ankles too tight. They still hurt."

Johnny straightened up, and the smile had left his face. Tears were in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Marge. God, I'm sorry! But I—I don't know . . . ."

"I won't turn you in, Johnny. I'll take you to the hospital, like I said. They can't book you for murder for killing Luke Tully. You don't murder lice; you exterminate them."

"I don't know . . . I don't know."

Carter Lane frowned outside the window, pondering a course of action. He'd tangled with dream-dusters before. One was a guy who weighed no more than a hundred-and-twenty soaking wet.

Yet he'd been all but overwhelmed by the pint - sized man's fanatical strength and artificial courage. The little guy had broken his jaw.

No Longer Friends

He went around to front of the house and tried the door. It was locked. He brought his fist up, hesitant. His knuckles sounded sharply against the old oak door.

"Johnny! Marge! It's me—Carter!"

He heard a quick patter of feet on the bare floors. Marge's no doubt. Then he heard her voice: "Oh, Carter, Carter . . ."

"No. He's a cop now! He came to take me in!" The voice was raspy — very raspy. "Carter's not my friend any more."

There were nondescript noises; then a thud, the sound of flesh being smacked. Marge's terrified scream.

Sweating, Cursing

The .38 was in Carter's hand and he was squeezing shots into the old iron lock before he was fully aware of what he was doing. He heaved his shoulder at the door, sweating and cursing.

The door finally swung inward, against the wall. Carter had a fleeting glimpse of Marge crumpled on the floor, her clothing in disarray, her smooth thighs exposed. Not at all like the ladies fall in the movies.

Johnny was backing away, laughing — laughing wildly, disconcertingly, disdainful of the gun in Carter's hand.

"Johnny, it's me — Carter. I'm still your friend, Johnny. I want to help you."

Johnny laughed and started forward, making strange animal sounds with his laughter. Johnny was big, too — with the height of Vaughn Monroe, the build of Lanza.

"That's right, Johnny, I'm going to put the gun away. Let's go to the hospital — like Marge says."

Marge Whimpered

Carter couldn't have shot Johnny if he'd wanted to — not the way Johnny catapulted through the air. The charge swept Carter off his feet, and he ended with his head against the doorsill, full of pain and only half-conscious. Vaguely, he heard a whimper from Marge; more insane laughter from Johnny as strong fingers plucked the gun from his hand.

Carter raised himself to his elbows, shaking his head, expecting to look down the black hole of his own pistol.

Then Johnny was crying, standing there with the gun in his hand, its muzzle aimed at the floor, crying.

"Don't cry, Johnny," Marge said, slowly rising from the floor, watching Johnny's gun-hand with terrible fascination. "Don't cry . . . sing Johnny for me. An encore, Johnny . . ."

The gun flashed up and roared. The sound reverberated through the old house; but Carter felt no pain. He just sat there, staring, while Johnny Cato sank slowly to the floor, blood spurting from his right temple. Carter's gun still gripped in his hand.

Carter got to his feet and helped Marge up.

Cato the Greato was bunkered up against the wall, grinning like a gargoyle, eyes staring.

Carter put his arm about Marge, who sobbed softly, her soft tan body trembling with grief.

"No more encores for Johnny," he said. "Let's get back to the city."