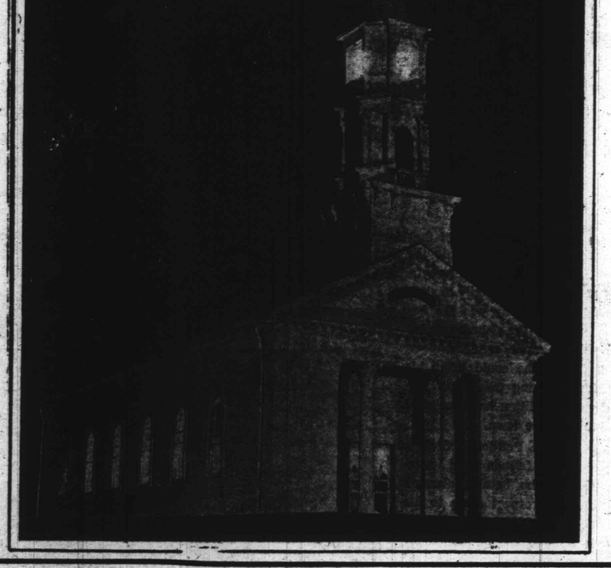
A DEDICATION FOR 1953

This is the Year
that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's
mystic gates.



THE NEW YEAR PARTY—OR:

'I Shoulda Stood In Bed'

A Holiday Yarn

By RALPH MATTHEWS, JR.

I shoulda stood in bed. Honest! My friend Benny calls, the morning of New Year's Eve, and says; "Come to my party."

I say: "Sorry, Benny, but I'm turning over a new leaf early. No more riotous living."

Benny asks me "What's riotous mean?"

I explain to him. Benny's my friend, but he's not the brightest guy in the world.

Benny says "Just this once won't hurt you none." And before I know it, I'm thumbing through the closet trying to find a suit to wear to a New Year's Eve party.

Always Play Safe

Then there's the question of a broad—pardon me, a girl, to take. If there's one thing that gets me, it's showing at some affair and having to scrounge around for feminine companionship. So I play safe and always bring mine with me.

Well there's one girl I know who would like to go to Benny's party. Candy. That's her name, Candy Brown. She's as flighty as a broom-happy witch but I overlook all that, seeing as how Candy is put together like a movie starlet. You can't have everything, I always say.

Candy says she'd love to go and help me bring in the new year. We leave for Benny's about 10 that evening. Candy is wearing like a dress so tight it must have been painted on her. In a word, she looks good.

We arrived at Benny's. All the gang is there. In the living room, couples are dancing, in the dining room, some of the gluttons are already tearing into the smoked ham and turkey Benny has provided.

In the kitchen, some more people are trying to empty all the vats before midnight. There's noise and excited chatter spinning around the room like machine-gun fire. There's the tinkle of glasses and the throbbing beat of the record player and it all adds up to a lot of fun.

Everyone Is Happy

Everyone is happy over the deal. Everyone but me. For one thing, in the hustle and bustle, I lose Candy. I look in the dining room, she's not there. Finally, I spy her over on the divan in the living room.

She's talking softly to some guy in a green suit. If there's anything I like less than a green suit, it's a guy wearing one who monopolizes my girl.

"Let's dance Candy," I say. She looks up and pouts. Oh, Sid, I'm kind of tired. I'll sit this one out." Then she goes back to talking to this Dapper Dan in the green finery.

I get the general idea. Candy doesn't want to be bothered.

Short On Eggs

Someone shoves some egg-nog into my paw. I gulp it angrily, then another and another. One thing, Benny's egg nog is short on eggs long on nog. Before I know it, my head is on the roof.

I take a walk outside to clear my wits. I'm mad with

(Continued On Page 13)

$610,000 Grant To Trade School

ATLANTA (ANP) — The Olin Foundation was scheduled last week to formally present a $610,000 grant to the Carver Vocational School here for expansion of facilities, according to Miss Ira Jarrell, city school superintendent.

The grant is the largest single private fund ever given to an Atlanta school. It will provide funds to erect and equip a large building to expand courses at the school.

Among the new courses will be landscaping, plastering and lathing, woodwork, upholstery, radio and television repair, food services, painting and decorating, dry cleaning, drafting and business machine operation.

Founded by a munitions firm with national offices in Alton, Ill., the Olin Foundation makes grants to deserving institutions to foster improved educational facilities and faculties.

William A. Perry School Dedicated

SAVANNAH, Ga.—Dr. William K. Payne, president of Savannah State College, delivered the dedicatory address for the William A. Perry, quarter-of-a-million-dollars elementary school before some 500 parents, citizens and students in the beautiful school auditorium in Brunswick, Ga.

The school is a 16 class-room building with a spacious combination auditorium-gymnasium-cafeteria, with adequate lunch-room facilities and the entire school is equipped with modern conveniences. Mrs. P. M. Massey, an alumna of Savannah State College, is principal of this beautiful school.

Among other people appearing on the program were Rev. H. H. Battle, pastor of First A. B. Church; Curtis Bryant, president of Perry School PTA; W. P. Holmes, president of Glynn County Civic League; J. S. Wilkerson, principal of Risley High School; Genoa Martin, manager of Seldon Park and Rev. L. W. Strickland, pastor of Grace Methodist Church.

Now, let's try this "Elsie Circle 8-3469" one.

Across The

Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

East-West Vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠—K J 10 6 3
♥—Q 10 7
♦—J 7
♣—Q 8 3

WEST
♠—Q 5 2
♥—A J 9 4
♦—K 9 4 3
♣—10 4

EAST
♠—4
♥—3 2
♦—Q 10 8 6 2
♣—K J 9 5 2

SOUTH
♠—A 9 8 7
♥—K 8 6 5
♦—A 5
♣—A 7 6

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Dbl.	1 ♠	Pass
2 NT	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead: ten of clubs

One of the handiest opening bids in current bridge circles is the "short club opening." It is also the most mishandled and misunderstood.

The occasions the all too numerous when one player will be heard to remark to his partner after the hand has been played: "I didn't realize you were using the short club opening!"

At parties, or wherever the scoring is on an individual basis, it's usually a good idea to ascertain before the beginning of play systems and conventions to be used for the round.

The main advantage of the short club opening is that it allows partner to respond at the one level if there is no intervening bid.

In this week's hand, the South player was faced with what could be a difficult choice for an opening bid. The hand had the required point count for a no trump opening bid, and no re-biddable suit was in evidence.

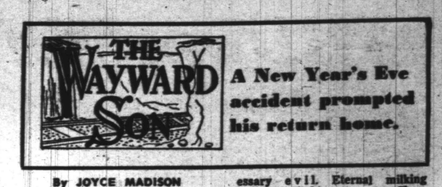
He opened one club and West, hoping for a part score contract made a take-out-double. East passed, a bid that doesn't have the complete sanction of this department in view of his 9 points and reasonable control of clubs, plus a singleton.

South temporized with a 2 no trump jump bid, and proceeded to game after North's rebid of shades.

The play after West's lead of the club 10 presented no particular problem to declarer who put up the queen from the board, East covering with the King, the trick being captured with the ace from the closed hand.

Declarer then successfully finessed against the spade queen and extracted trumps in two more rounds. "A low heart was then led and whether or not West put up the ace, the contract was assured.

He then need lose only a diamond and the club tricks.



A New Year's Eve accident prompted his return home.

By JOYCE MADISON

Earl stepped off the mine lift and took a deep breath of chill December air. Guess a fellow raised on a farm never gets over hankering for fresh air, he thought. He lighted a cigarette and looked out over the city below.

It sprawled like a huge Christmas tree, a thing of beauty by night, but drab and colorless by daylight. Butte, Montana, the richest hill on earth — and that hill honey-combed by men carrying away her riches.

Earl started down Excelsior street and then took a short cut toward his rooming house. Tonight was New Year's Eve and he had a date with Min. His pay envelope was in his pocket.

Steak And Aches

He would pay his room and board and with Min's help would throw the remainder. They would start with a steak dinner and end up somewhere when the dough was gone. That was the way they had spent Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day he'd lie in bed with a headache.

Mom wouldn't approve of throwing the wad the first night. Mom would say Min was not a lady. But Min was a pleasant relief from the mine and the rooming house.

He shared one large room with some dozen other miners, whose silicosis coughs racked the night. The mine, the bar, the bunk—that was his life. Better than the ranch though. The ranch furnished endless drudgery from sun-up to sundown. The mine was only for forty hours.

It was a dry winter and he was making good time on the short cut. The gravel path was lost in darkness. His miner's helmet sat cockily on the back of his head as he hurried along, sliding sometimes on the down grade.

He Fell

Suddenly the path gave way under him and he was falling through space. An old mine shaft! There were plenty of them in Butte.

He spread-eagled his arms and they caught solid ground in front, leaving him suspended over the pit. His toes fought for a hold, but the ground was frozen and he could make no impression. He flailed against the wall, his shoes slipping like a spinning tire.

His arms were tired from the strain and his fingers raked the gravel trying to cling to something.

His whole life flashed before him. Happy carefree days of childhood. They seemed carefree now. Perhaps chores were a necessary evil. Eternal milking swilling, pitching manure. Chopping holes in the ice for the stock, hauling feed. Never start for town but some of the stock were out and had to be caught. Always something.

So he ran away and came to Butte. Never been back. Three years now. He was a hard rock miner. Friendly Butte? Not to a boy away from home. Forty hours in the mine. Forty in the bars. Forty in the rooming house. What'd he do with the rest of his time? Always had plenty 'til now. It was running out pretty fast. His arms were getting numb. He would have to let go and then...

Heard The Bells

St. John's bells chimed out the hour. One! Two! Three! Great booming tones. Four! Five! Six.

Six o'clock was winter supper time on the ranch. He could picture his parents sitting at the table. Evening devotions. His father's voice, "Lord, we thank Thee for Thy many mercies..."

He would mention all the family by name and ask a blessing for each. And the wayward son? Earl knew well enough his father would seek the Lord's protection for him.

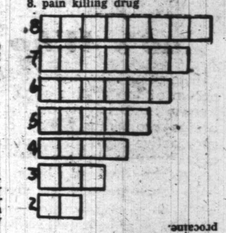
A calm settled over his strained nerves and he could think clearly. Since he fell forward into the pit and his arms were resting on the far side, it must be narrow. He kicked behind with one foot and struck earth. He braced himself with both feet, and with a mighty push scrambled over the edge.

Sick from the ordeal, he lay quietly for a long time. Finally he sat up, lighted his miner's lamp and threw the beam into the hole. Then whistled softly and looked about, recognizing the site of a burned gas station. He had been dangling over the grease pit, his feet only a few inches from the bottom.

Suddenly a longing for the ranch and family possessed him. He jumped to his feet and ran down the hill. If he hurried he could catch the bus and be home for the New Year.

Word Steps

2. preposition
3. to center on target
4. Biblical character
5. musical instrument
6. Mariana island
7. ground
8. pain killing drug



Answers: 2 at; 3 aim; 4 Cain; 5 piano; 6 Saipan; 7 terrain; 8 procaine.

Arithmetic

ADD
213 and 420
642 and 118
ADD
99 and 47
28 and 86
SUBTRACT
026 from 964
271 from 516
MULTIPLY
720 by 168
911 by 636

J. Saunders Redding's

BOOK REVIEW

When is a novel really a novel?

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Have You Been to the River? by Chancellor Williams. Exposition Press. 386 Fourth ave., New York. 256 pp. $3.00.

In the same paragraph of advertising copy on the dust jacket we are told that Have You Been to the River? is the "story of Charles Ames David... but chiefly it is the story of Liza Jackson." This is bosh.

Have You Been To the River? tells the story of neither. Except for short accounts of the careers of Father Divine and Aimee Semple McPherson, dragged into the last few pages, there is no story—no narrative, no telling—at all.

REDDING

The author has no conception of what narrative is; and though, as form, the novel has been put to some strange uses, Have You Been to the River? outdoes anything this reviewer has seen.

I'm afraid that the only accurate way to describe Have you Been to the River? is to say that it is a set of Father Divine printed sheets bound together. What it is beyond that, I've no idea. I'm as confused about it as the author must have been.

Have You Been to the River? starts with the mention of a Thomas Ridgely Moore, a candidate for the Ph.D., whose major professor charges him thus:

"'Find out what this is all about—that's your task.' Dr. Farrington looked up from the clippings and turned to Tom Moore. He spoke like a city editor sending a reporter out for a scoop. 'There is more behind this than meets the eye. What is it? What makes these movements tick? There seems to be something new here—something strange, unique... Find out. Join some of these groups....'"

So Tom Moore joins one of these groups, and meets Sister Eliza Jackson who comes into the world, progresses to adulthood, bears nine children, deceives and harries her husband, and goes out of the world again—all in the space of eight pages.

They All Go 'Bad'

The circumstance of Sister Eliza's demise fosters Tom Moore's acquaintance with the Jackson offspring, particularly. Becky, Mark and Matt. They have all gone "bad" in the only ways there are for colored people to go bad in. Mark and Matt are gamblers and Becky is a prostitute. But they're all handsome, smart cookies, for after all Becky had finished high school, Matt had had a year at Howard University, and Mark was just about the readingest man that ever was.

That they have profited from this extraordinary amount of intellectual stimulation is proved in page after page after page of conversation. Example:

"'I will not press you to discuss this further against your wishes,' Mark said. 'For I can see that even to talk about it is quite an ordeal for you. But I am naturally curious to know in what way my father's experience was comparable to your own.

"My mother, with all of her faults of ignorance, was nothing like your wife. I have no emotions on this point. I am trying to be objective.'

"'I have not only said, but emphasized, the fact you'll never find anyone like my former wife... But your father said a few things which caused me to tremble, and only because they were shockingly like my own experience.

Your Real Father?

"I shall mention only one, and that in the form of a question. Did you... Or, to state it more directly, has Mr. Jackson ever denied that he is the real father of all nine of you?'

"'He had no right to discuss such a thing with you!' Mark exploded, again attracting the attention of near-by passengers. Even the man sleeping in the next chair raised himself long enough to give a 'what the hell?' look before turning his behind to them and going back to his nap. Tom rose.

"'Let's go to the washroom,' he said..."

Have you been to the river? Yes, I have. But you don't really have to go so far to get rid of the book. You can go to the washroom.

WING FELLOWSHIP

The Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust, established by Harper and Brothers to provide assistance to writers, has granted its 33rd fellowship to Pauli Murray for the completion of the history of a colored family in America, with particular emphasis upon the various racial strains which produced it and the problems of adjustment which confronted it in the post-Civil War South.

Miss Murray was born in Baltimore, where her father was principal of a public school. Her maternal grandfather, one of the first students of Lincoln (Pa.) university, fought in the Civil War and later helped to establish schools for freedmen in Virginia and North Carolina. Her maternal grandmother was a slave.

She was admitted to the practice of law in California in 1945, and in New York in 1948. While engaged in law work, she has written numerous poems and articles which have appeared in magazines.

The Saxton trust was set up in 1943 in memory of Harper's chief literary editor who, for many years, encouraged writers of distinction, often when they were still unrecognized.

It is administered by three trustees: Martha P. Saxton, widow of Eugene F. Saxton, Amy Loveman, associate editor of the Saturday Review of Literature and member of the editorial board of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Harry Shaw, editor of Harper and Brothers.

The Trust offers fellowships with substantial outright grants of money to creative writers, especially those who lack established publishing connections or other means of financial assistance.

The fellowships are designed to enable such writers to complete books definitely projected in the fields of non-fiction, fiction, and poetry; writers receiving awards are free to make publication arrangements with any publisher they choose.

RALPH J. BUNCHE—FIGHTER FOR PEACE. By Alvin Kugelmass. Julian Messner Inc., 175 pages, Price $2.75.

Dr. Ralph Johnson Bunche, director of the department of trusteeship, United Nations, is the subject of a biography of a scholar, statesman, diplomat in the affairs of men and an educator.

J. Alvin Kugelmass, the author, traces the steps of the gifted Dr. Bunche from his adolescence as an orphan at the age of 12 to his adulthood and noted contributions (Nobel Peace Prize) up to 1952.

Dr. Bunche's grandmother, who reared him, stressed the point that with God there was no black or white. Young Bunche had no easy bed to rest his head, but fought his way up by sheer diligence and application.

A social scientist. Dr. Bunche is a living example of the fact that the colored man, all things being equal, can hold his own on both sides of the Atlantic.

Kugelmass is to be lauded for this simply written, but dynamic account which both adults and children may read, digest and be proud of the subject matter and content therein.

For full information contact your nearest VETERANS ADMINISTRATION office

Peter Piper says...

Francis Fribble figured on a Frenchman's Filly;
Did Francis Fribble figure on a Frenchman's Filly?
If Francis Fribble figured on a Frenchman's Filly,
Where's the Frenchman's Filly Francis Fribble figur'd on?

Gaffer Gilpin got a Goose and Gander:
Did Gaffer Gilpin get a Goose and Gander?
If Gaffer Gilpin got a Goose and Gander,
Where's the Goose and Gander Gaffer Gilpin got?

Humphrey Humbug had a Hundred Hedgehogs:
Did Humphrey Humbug have a Hundred Hedgehogs?
If Humphrey Humbug had a Hundred Hedgehogs,
Where's the Hundred Hedgehogs Humphrey Humbug had?

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT
2 3 4 5 6 7

You can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this month and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

O	R	N	I	E	T	T	R	I	N	O	T	E		
E	T	N	T	O	R	I	N	T	E	R	N	T		
I	O	E	R	T	O	W	T	T	O	E	M	I		
T	R	I	N	E	T	O	R	O	T	I	N	I		
O	E	T	O	T	R	E	T	T	R	T	E	R		
I	N	T	E	R	O	O	R	I	N	E	T	N		
O	I	E	O	I	U	I	E	E	O	T	E	E		
N	N	R	I	O	E	T	R	I	N	E	T	O		
E	I	T	E	T	O	E	T	O	E	H	T	T		
T	N	E	O	I	R	O	N	I	T	E	R			
E	O	T	O	O	W	E	E	A	Y	E	E	E		
R	N	I	O	T	E	R	O	I	N	T	E	R		
E	O	T	M	O	O	E	E	E	N	T	O	d		

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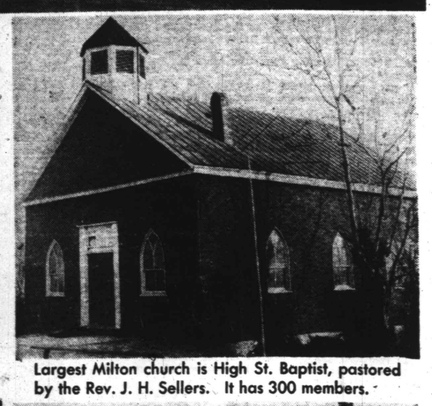
Milton, N.C., Home Of Quads

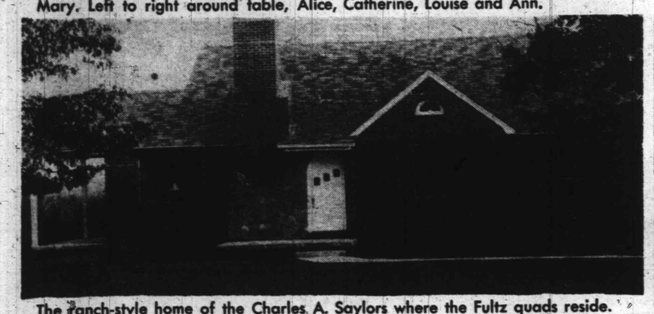
JUST AS TOM DAY, cabinet maker, brought fame to the small village of Milton, N.C., in the last century, Fultz quadruplets have put this Caswell County town on the map in 1952.

The Fultz children, only identical girl quadruplets in the world, reside in the comfortable home of their legal guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Saylor. They are supported by the Pet Milk Co., which will have jurisdiction over them until they are ten. Photo at right shows main street.

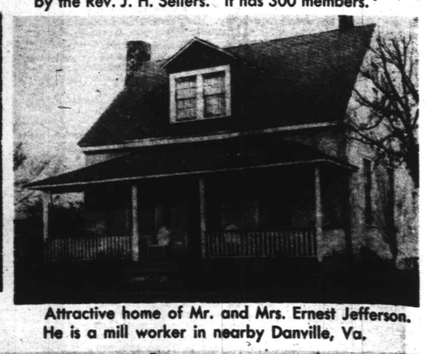
Milton's best known residents, the Fultz quadruplets. All have same first name Mary. Left to right around table, Alice, Catherine, Louise and Ann.



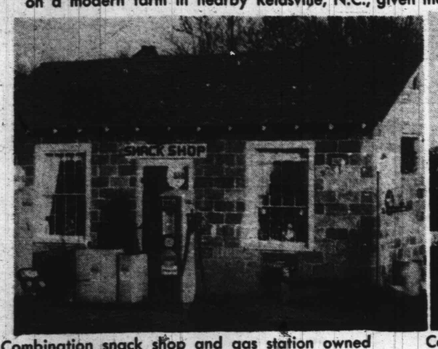
Largest Milton church is High St. Baptist, pastored by the Rev. J. H. Sellers. It has 300 members.



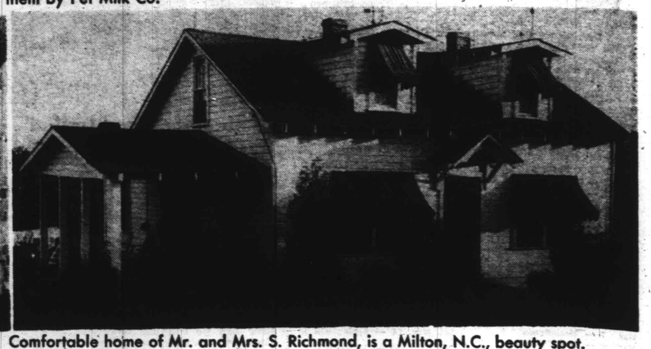
The ranch-style home of the Charles A. Saylors where the Fultz quads reside. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Fultz and their six sisters and brothers live on a modern farm in nearby Reidsville, N.C., given them by Pet Milk Co.



Attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jefferson. He is a mill worker in nearby Danville, Va.



Combination snack shop and gas station owned and operated by Herbert McCain.



Comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Richmond, is a Milton, N.C., beauty spot.

Supreme Court Hiring

'Equal Justice For All' Is Motto Above U.S. Supreme Court Building In Washington.

While the judges of the U.S. Supreme Court were pondering the constitutionality of segregated schools, last week, local citizens were pondering segregation in employment at the Supreme Court, above whose portals is carved in marble "Equal Justice For All."

They learned while visiting the court that a racial bar extends from the bench of the high tribunal right down to the maintenance employees.

On one side of this racial bar are the professional and clerical posts, the supervisory positions, and the jobs of elevator and uniformed guard—all held by white persons.

Facilities Open To All

On the other side of the barrier are the seamstress and barber, the messengers, the laborers and the charwomen. With the exception of one of the messengers, all of these employees are colored.

This segregation does not hold true in the public facilities of the Supreme Court. Visitors to the courtroom may occupy any seat that happens to be empty in the space reserved for spectators.

The barber-shop and the cafeteria are also open to customers without distinction as to race.

But when it comes to employment, it looks pretty much as if the kind of job you hold in the Supreme Court has a very close connection with the color of your skin.

Have Colored Law-Clerk

If you are not white, your chances of a job above the level of menial work are very slim, indeed. The highest rank you are likely to attain is that of messenger.

It is true that there has been in recent years at least one exception to this rule. Once upon a time, three or four years ago, Judge Felix Frankfurter of the Supreme Court appointed William S. Coleman Jr., a colored lawyer, as his law-clerk.

At present, though, all colored persons working for the Supreme Court fall into the following groups: messengers, about 23; barber, 1; seamstress, 1; laundry workers, 2; laborers, 19; and charwomen, 40.

Head Charwomen White

The 2 head charwomen are white, as are the 5 elevator operators, the 2 workers in the carpentry shop, the 33 uniformed guards, the marshal and his office staff of 6, the library force of 13 workers, the court reporter and his office staff of 16, and 9 secretaries and 9 law-clerks who aid the 9 Supreme Court judges.

A press relations officer, Banning Whittington, whose staff consists of himself alone, is also white.

"How does one get a job at the Supreme Court?" an AFRO reporter asked the press relations officer last week.

Jobs Are Appointive

Mr. Whittington said that these positions are appointive—that is, although they have salary ratings and a retirement plan comparable to those in civil service, there are no competitive examinations and employees do not have civil service status.

Perry Lippitt, marshal of the court, is in charge of personnel for the court and it is to his office that applications are made for jobs.

Not Much Turnover

However, it was pointed out, the turnover in employment is very slow and job-vacancies don't occur often at the Supreme Court.

Frequently, when a job is to become available, other persons in the department or office where it occurs may recommend a person for the vacancy.

If the person meets the job-qualifications, he or she is likely to be appointed.

A number of colored workers at the court obtained their jobs through the recommendation of friends or relatives already employed there, the AFRO learned.

Messenger Is Top Job

Hours of work are from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays. Charwomen work from 5:30 to 8:30 a.m. Working conditions are said to be pleasant.

"The only trouble," one colored laborer pointed out, "is that you can only advance just so far. You can't ever hope to be anything more than a messenger."

Even so, the AFRO discovered, messengers' jobs are prized. They get $3,400 or $3,500 a year, the worker reported, while laborers earn about $3,100.

The work of the laborers varies, however. Besides performing janitorial duties, moving furniture and other similar tasks, they may also be called upon to serve in the court check-rooms or to run an elevator during the absence of the regular elevator operator.

Similarly, some messengers at the Supreme Court have duties which are not ordinarily associated in one's mind with a messenger's work.

For instance, W. Harold Joyce, 54, who has been with the Supreme Court for over 33 years, has worked as a stationery supply clerk since 1935.

A.B. Degree From H.U.

Likewise, Leo Jackson, 44, who graduated fom Howard University with an A.B. degree in 1934, is classified as a messenger but is in charge of keeping Supreme Court records and files.

He succeeded the late William Custis Syphax, another messenger, in 1945, 10 years after Mr. Jackson joined the staff of the Supreme Court as a messenger in the robing room.

A member of the board of governors of the Derby Club and secretary of the usher board at 19th street Baptist Church, Mr. Jackson lives at 1908 New Jersey ave., nw, and handles real estate in his spare time.

(Continued On Page 7)

Leo Jackson, 44, a messenger at the U.S. Supreme Court, is shown at his desk in the file-room where he is in charge of court records and files. He stands under a historic 115-year-old clock which was formerly in the Supreme Court judges' robing room in the Capitol. Mr. Jackson, who graduated with an A.B. degree from Howard University in 1934, came to the Supreme Court as a messenger in 1935.

A seamstress at the Supreme Court is Mrs. Helen Jackson. She has been employed at the court since 1935 and is shown mending one of the court flags. She also mends robes for the Supreme Court judges, repairs uniforms, makes draperies, chair covers.