*J. Saunders Redding's*

# Book Review

*The best writing done in 1952.*

These are the books I liked in 1952.

"The Sin Of The Prophet," by Truman Nelson — a historical narrative which reveals — with truth and humor and compassion—those subtle relationships in life, those causes and effects which are likely to escape us when we read either history or romance."

"Spartacus" by Howard Fast — "It is probable that when we are again willing to listen to ideas and opinions at variance with our own, we will rate Spartacus as an important American novel, second only to Fast's Citizen Tom Paine."

"States' Laws On Race And Color," by Pauli Murray—"Though as a lawyer herself, Miss Murray was originally bent only on determining 'the extent to which racial practices are controlled by law throughout the country,' she has produced a book that fills a great need for the layman."

**Distinguished Study**

"Origins Of The New South," by C. Vann Wooddard—This ninth volume in a projected ten-volume history of the South must be rated a "distinguished and careful study."

"The Puritan Heritage," by George M. Stephenson—"The best history of the Protestant movement in the United States that I know of."

"Invisible Man," by Ralph Ellison—"a writer of power. . .Though he owes something—and perhaps a great deal—to the Russians, and especially to Destoevski and Gogol, Ralph Ellison can write, make no mistake about it."

"Music Out Of Dixie," by Harold Sinclair. This book "has in it a quiet surge of life. It has a good, coarse flavor. It is as sincere as the exciting rhythms that Dade Tarrant, its hero, pounds out of a piano and pours through the bell of a clarinet.

**Significant Work**

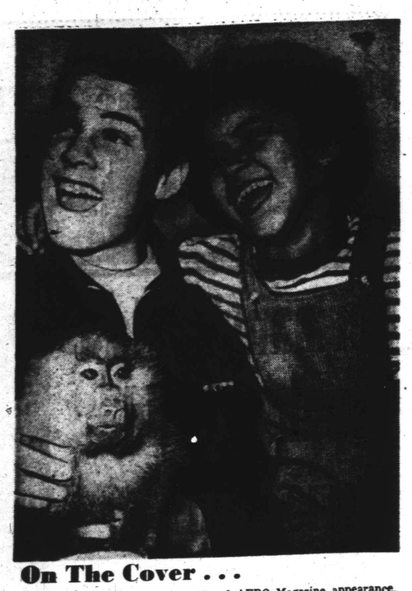
"The Woman Of Rome," by Alberta Moravia— ". . .what the author has done simply, lucidly and with great power is set forth: the elemental struggle between those forces which are natural, good and human and those forces which are unnatural, evil and destructive . . . a significant work of art."

"The New Stars: Life And Labor in Old Missouri," by Manie Morgan— "The weddings, the funerals, the discussions, the depictions of every day relations between man and wife, children and parents, black and white, the family group and society—these give the book its vitality, its absorbing interest."

"Citizens Of The World," by Stringfellow Barr— "This reviewer, who seldom says this, says now of "Citizens of the World" that it is must reading; and this reviewer hopes that those who make and execute international policy will read it..."

"Clara," by Lonnie Coleman-So-called 'colored material' is the "material which, when properly handled, most tellingly reveals the intellectual and emotional chemistry of human nature . . . one of the very few novelists to realize this fact is Lonnie Coleman."

"Laughing To Keep From Crying," by Langston Hughes—"When he (Langston Hughes) is good, he's superb, and in "Laughing To Keep From Crying" he is good."



## On The Cover . . .

ELFI FIEGERT makes her second AFRO Magazine appearance. Last fall, she was shown in scenes from the German movie "Toxi." Since then, Elfi has been voted the outstanding child film star in all of Germany. Her fame is assured, for as our correspondent tells it, German newspapers are printing almost every word this young actress speaks.

An example: "Movie producer R. S. Stemle tried to explain a scene to five-year-old Elfi. He said 'Imagine you're hungry and are standing in front of a window filled with cakes and candy. You have not a single penny. Look real desperate.' "

Elfi smiled and told him "But Robert, you're wrong. I've got a movie contract and some money and I'm not hungry. We had dinner an hour ago."

The German newspaper did not print the producer's answer to his precocious little star.

In the picture above, Elfi is with Paul Busch, a German youngster who performs in his family's famous circus. The monkey's name is "Charly."

ACROSS THE

# Bridge Table

**With Robert Matthews**

North-South Vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠—Q 8 3 2
♥—8 5 3
♦—K 8 6
♣—7 4 2

WEST
♠—K
♥—A 10 9 7
♦—A J 10 5
♣—A J 8 3

EAST
♠—A 4
♥—K Q J 6 4
♦—7 4 3 2
♣—Q 6

SOUTH
♠—J 10 9 8 7 5
♥—2
♦—Q 9
♣—K 10 9 5

The bidding:

| South | West | North | East |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pass | 1 ♠ | Pass | 1 ♥ |
| Pass | 2 ♦ | Pass | 2 ♥ |
| Pass | 4 NT | Pass | 5 ♦ |
| Pass | 6 ♥ | Pass | Pass |
| Pass | | | |

Opening lead: 8 of spades.

There is one factor, present in every bridge game, that cannot be covered in manuals or text books. It is a factor that oft-times spells the difference between a losing and winning score.

Am referring to those instances when one must play the opposition instead of the cards. Declarer's problem was made considerably easier in the play of this week's hand because the South player habitually betrays his holding of a key card through a nervous mannerism.

The bidding was somewhat on the aggressive side although a small slam contract was reached in logical sequence.

South chose to open his fourth highest spade and on viewing the dummy hand, declarer realized that the minor suit holdings must be made to produce 5 tricks.

Accordingly, he entered the open hand via a heart and led the club queen. South displayed his nervous tic while pondering the card then ducked declarer allowing the queen to hold.

Reasonably sure of the location of the club king, declarer now led a diamond, South covering with the queen and declarer capturing the trick with the ace.

The diamond jack was then led, North putting up the king and South following to the trick. North then had no choice but to return a club, South putting up the king and declarer cashing the ace.

The open hand was then entered via the heart suit and the ace of spades cashed, declarer discarding a club.

Trumps were then extracted and the closed hand entered via a diamond and the contract was assured.

# Lonesome Hearts

*by Albertine Ashe*

(If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50 cents in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted or general handling: ALBERTINE ASHE, AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore 1, Maryland.)

**LONELY WIDOW**

I'm a lonely widow, 50, looking for another true companion, a smart Christian gentleman who wants an honest woman. I will answer all letters.

LADY MAY

**PLEASANT MATRON**

I'm a lonely, true Christian woman, 68, but friends say I don't look my age. I want some fine gentleman around my age who is thrifty, pleasant and sincere and who wants a real companion.

LUZETTA

**ANNABELLE SEEKS MAIL**

I am a lonely widow, 66, a fraternal and civic worker. My only hitch is loneliness. Will a gentleman my age and type write me? Only those who are sincere and understanding need answer.

ANNABELLE

**UNDERSTANDING DIVORCEE**

I am seeking a man with high moral standards around 50 years old, an honest and a real companion. I am a divorcee, 50 years old, easy to get along with and very understanding.

CAROLINE

**SHE'S A NURSE**

I am a nurse, age 30, nice personality, just lonely for real companionship and devotion. I would like meeting a man 35-50, sincere, employed, understanding and with clean habits.

ROSALEE

**NOTICE**

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

# The Kids' Kolumn

This week I will tell you how to make braided mats or rugs, that have many uses. Small mats may be used as pot holders. Middle sized mats may be used under flower pots, lamps, etc. If you have enough material, you will be able to make a mat large enough to be used as a door mat or a bathroom rug.

**Only 4 Items**

You do not have to buy anything to make the articles suggested in this column. For this project you will need only four items. I am sure mother can supply you with the following:

Some brightly colored rags.
Needle and strong thread.
A pair of scissors.

Cut or tear the rags into strips about one inch wide if you're going to make a small mat. If you want to make a large mat, cut the strips into two inch wide strips. The wider the strip, the heavier the mat will be.

**Mix Colors**

Braid three strips of material together. If you have many colors, mix them. The mat will look very pretty. Sew the ends of the braids together. Make lots of braids, sew the ends adding the end of one braid to the beginning of another.

Using heavy doubled thread, wind the braids into a flat circle and sew the edges of the braid together. Continue winding and sewing until you have used up all your braid or until you have the size mat you want.

It would be wise to keep all the materials needed for this project in a large box or carton.

**Say kids. What would you like to read about in this column? Send your suggestions to AFRO Children's Editor, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Maryland.**



# Your Legal Advisor

By SAMUEL G. KLING
Baltimore Lawyer
Author
HANDY LEGAL ADVISER

Q. I was employed as a maid until a few days ago. Some days I would come in from a half hour to an hour late. My employer didn't like that and when I came in late again this week, she fired me. This happened on a Wednesday. She only paid me to that day. Can I sue her for the full week's wages.

**A. No. Where a person is rightfully discharged, he only has to be paid his wages to the time he was fired, in your case Wednesday.**

Q. What should you do when served with divorce papers?

**See Lawyer**

**A. Consult a lawyer. While you don't have to fight the divorce unless you want to, it's always a good idea to see a lawyer whenever you're served with legal papers, including divorce, so that you may be properly advise as to your legal rights, division of property, custody of children, and other matters.**

Q. I gave six new sheets to a laundry recently and I was told by the manager that they had been lost. The manager offered me $8.00 though I paid $24.00 for them about two months ago. Should I accept the $8.00.

**A. Not if you're smart! Most laundries make such ridiculous offers simply because they know the laundry manager, that unless he pays you $20.00, you're going to sue. And do so if he doesn't!**

Q. A friend of mine gave me a wrist watch for a Christmas present. Now, after a quarrel, he wants me to return it to him. Do I have to?

**A. No. Such a gift was made merely to secure your favor and no strings attached.**

Q. I married a man whom I later discovered had been in prison. I didn't learn this information until about five years after we were married, and I have since left him. Can I have the marriage set aside?

**A. Yes. Where on of the parties was tricked into marriage by fraud, the other party can have the marriage ended.**

Q. About a year ago I hurt my back while working on the job. I was awarded $1,500 compensation. I now feel that my back is much worse than it was when I got my money at the State Industrial Accident Commission. Can I do anything about it?

**A. Yes. You have a right to have your case re-opened within three years after you have been given an award by the State Industrial Accident Commission. If a specialist finds that your back is worse now than it was at the time you were given $1,500, you would be entitled to additional money. By al means see a lawyer to take care of this matter for you.**

# From Our Readers . . .

DEAR AFRO:

We wonder if some of your readers could suggest ways of using Christmas Cards once received. They are too lovely to throw away.

We will watch the Magazine for their replies.

(Mesdames) N. Taylor, S. Snead and B. Watson
Seaford, Delaware

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next week's AFRO Magazine will have an article "What To Do About Christmas Afterwards." Some of your post-holiday problems will be answered in this feature.

# To Cherish

By Richard Wilson

**A Short Story**

They had been friends since childhood. James was two years older than Betty; in their play he was always the leader. It remained so when they reached maturity. She looked up to him, depended on him, trusted him. But she never refused his challenge.

**3 Minute Fiction**

When they were children he resented this. Girls were not supposed to be as agile or as physically adept as boys.

**Grudging Respect**

Betty never suspected his resentment. As they grew older it gave way to a certain grudging respect; later to frank admiration. He came to understand her purpose:

She loved the things he loved, she loved him, she felt that winning and maintaining his respect was the first step toward winning his devotion.

Without ever mentioning it a perfect understanding and contentment came to exist between them.

Following graduation James entered a brokerage office. Two summers later he joined his family at Granite Beach where they were spending July and August. Betty's folks lived in the next cottage and Betty was there with them.

**There came a day in late August when they sat together on the beach and watched the westering sun dip toward the horizon. Suddenly, James sat upright.**

"Look," he said, "let's swim across the bay to the headland, cut through the vacant lot and ride home with Dad from the golf club."

**Dangerous Feat**

There was a challenge in his voice. For an instant Betty hesitated.

Few there were who had the strength to swim against the currents caused by the outgoing tide in the bay and reach the headland in safety. It was a dangerous feat at best.

She looked at James and smiled. "All right," she said, "let's." Of the few who could accomplish that feat James stood head and shoulders above the rest.

It was second nature with him to thus challenge, it was equally second nature with her to follow.

They raced down to the water and plunged in. "Last one across is a crooked banana!" he yelled, then struck out.

They had been swimming most of the afternoon. The second plunge is always the coldest. In addition, the water had a decided chill today. Before they had covered 50 yards James realized that the currents were stronger than he had at first supposed. But these obstacles only gave a zest to the undertaking that caused the blood to course in the veins.

**Strong Currents**

He traveled another 25 yards and then looked back. Betty was farther behind than he expected. He trod water awhile, waiting for her to catch up.

When she drew near he saw that her lips were blue; that her stroke lacked its customary vigor. She smiled at him and came on.

"What are you waiting for? Scared?"

**Her voice, too, had a forced gayety to it. He frowned. A sudden thought crossed his mind. It was followed by another and then a dozen more. A feeling akin to horror took possession of him.**

Betty swam abreast. She was very close. He could see that her teeth were chattering.

"Look," he said suddenly. "We'll have to go back."

She stared. "Back? You mean?"

**A Proposal**

"I've got to quit. Being cooped up in an office all day long has robbed me of what it takes, I guess."

He managed a smile. Betty started to say something, but James turned and headed for the beach.

Fifteen minutes later, when both had recovered their breath, James said: "Betty, will you marry me? I mean, right away? This fall?"

"This fall?" She laughed. "Of course I will, James, if you think it best."

He kissed her. He felt greatly relieved, happier. It hadn't made any difference. She was still the same, still ready to follow wherever he led. Out there in the bay he had a moment of panic. For the first time he had realized the full responsibility of her trust. It was, he decided, something to cherish, never to forget.

## Peter Piper says...

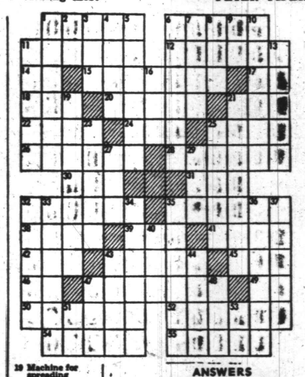
Inigo Impey itched for an Indian Image?
Did Inigo Impey itch for an Indian Image?
If Inigo Impey itch'd for an Indian Image,
Where's the Indian Image Inigo Impey itch'd for?

PETER PIPER

## Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Mad
5 Kind of tapestry
13 Disprove
15 To Jiggle
14 Aloft
18 Argued
19 Negative
20 Hard-shelled fruit
20 Distance measure (pl.)
22 Spider
26 Roman road
27 It is (contr.)
28 Tropical plant
29 Treat
30 Job
31 Hasnil
33 Away
35 Ridge
37 Clearance
38 At this place
39 Hawaiian wreath
41 To carry
42 Indian mulberry (pl.)
43 Precedes
45 Negative prefix
46 Roman number
47 Recompense
49 Slang: to defeat
50 To soften in temper
52 Robber
53 Cupcake
56 Concluded

VERTICAL
1 Estimation
2 Continental (abbr.)
3 To sprout
4 Hazy
5 Entries on left side of an account
6 Toxicity
7 Female ruff (pl.)
8 Radical
9 Dry
10 Spanish title (pl.)
11 Pertaining to old Teutonic alphabet signs
12 Mechanical man
16 Fourth calif
19 Machine for spreading hay (pl.)
21 Prudence
23 To lift
24 Confidence
27 To soak
29 Tool
31 Seal of office
32 Depended
34 Tally as snow and rain
36 To perforate
37 Fed with fuel
38 Purport
40 Spike of grain
44 Moon (var.)
46 Anon
47 Jewel
48 To bray
51 Behold
54 Symbol for tellurium



ANSWERS

## Looking For Someone?

MRS. ETTA PAGE JOHNSON of 2011 Druid Hill ave., Baltimore, Md., is looking for her sister, MISS LU ELLEN PAGE, who moved to Washington, D.C., from their hometown of Boliver, West Virginia, some 35 years ago.

Miss Page is believed to have married. She is in her late fifties and has worked as a cook.

MRS. VIOLA RICKS, Route One, Box 68, Virginia Beach, Va., is looking for her brother, CREE JOSEPH SILVER BODINSON. He is thought to be in Atlanta, Ga.

## Arithmetic

ADD
094 and 617
831 anl 415
ADD
48 and 90
72 and 113
SUBTRACT
365 from 102
773 from 261
MULTIPLY
530 by 217
743 by 062

## LAFF OF THE WEEK

You know something? . . . Some morning you're going to read your OWN obituary in that paper.

A Short Short Story

# Late Warning

**She Turned The Tables On Him With A Vengeance**

By ROSCOE EPSTEIN

Helen sat with her elbow resting on a corner of the desk and her chin cupped in her hand.

"And that," she said, "is your way of saying it's all over? You're giving me the go-by; letting me down without trying to hurt my feelings? Well, this is a shock! And yet I should have known. Men of your stripe haven't been exactly missing in my young life!"

Don Lamont, who sat on the opposite side of the desk, tapped a cigarette on his thumb nail.

His fingers trembled slightly as he applied the match; the screen of smoke from his cigarette served as a curtain from behind which he could scrutinize the girl, at the same time shielding his own face.

But the screen was soon wafted away, and the full power of the girl's eyes were upon him.

**Nothing To Each Other**

Don Lamont dropped his gaze.

"No need to take it so hard, Helen. After all, we mean nothing to each other."

"So that's it. I'm a show girl, and you're the son of an eminent citizen of our fair city. That combination doesn't work, eh? You're letting me down—after all we've been through together. People are beginning to talk, and you're afraid. Well you did have the courage to face me with the news."

**"You make me feel like a criminal, Helen. After all, I was loyal to you during the time we were—or—engaged."**

"Which means?"

"Which means, if I wanted to be nasty, I could point to several, shall we say, irregularities, in your devotion to me."

"Such as?"

"Grant Edwards, I have reason to believe you played around with Grant a good deal, supposing, of course, that I was unaware of the fact."

"Have you spoken about the matter to Grant?"

"Of course not. Grant is a gentleman His family and mine have been friends for years. I—that is, Grant would never understand that it was serious between you and me. He wouldn't believe that it mattered to me whether or not he was interested in you."

**'You're Despicable'**

"Don, you're despicable! You're vile! Your mind is so rotten that you've come to believe other people's minds are no better. Fortunately I've been able to see through you, to realize what a weak, sniveling, minus-sign you really were. I've been able to read the handwriting on the wall, and I've prepared for it."

A slow, red wave mounted in Lamont's cheeks. He stared at her stupidly, incredible, shocked.

"Helen," he said at last, "I'm glad you said that. I'm glad you've shown your true colors before it's become too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Too late to warn Grant, to apprise him of the true type of girl you are, to advise him to stop seeing you before you involve him with some underhanded method!"

**Helen was on her feet. And now Lamont saw that she was laughing, saw that her sorrow had been all a ruse, saw that she had been playing with him. There was only contempt in her eyes, contempt and aloof pity.**

She leaned forward and tweaked his chin, "Little boy, you'd better run home now and tell mamma you've been naughty." She stepped back, abruptly began to laugh. One hand on the door; the other, slim and graceful, she extended outward so that the youth could see the white gold band that encircled the third finger.

"But I wouldn't say anything to Grant," she was saying. "I wouldn't tell him all those nasty things. He might not like it. In fact, I'm sure he wouldn't. For, you see, all this past month during which you've been punishing me by letting me alone Grant and I have been married!"

## 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 2. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 12. Now take the result 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.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E | E | O | O | R | I | N | T | I | R | T | N |
| I | e | c | h | n | t | i | t | i | e | s | m |
| T | N | E | O | N | T | I | R | O | N | E | R |
| c | a | r | m | s | e | o | r | s | e | r | y |
| I | N | O | R | E | T | O | R | I | N | E | T |
| d | k | c | n | o | y | o | l | i | u | c | e |
| O | T | I | R | E | N | O | R | I | T | E | N |
| o | t | m | u | r | n | s | e | s | r | s | i |
| N | I | I | N | I | R | O | R | N | E | R | E |
| d | k | e | e | m | i | r | i | e | s | D | X |
| R | O | O | T | O | T | I | E | E | N | E | N |
| i | e | r | m | P | o | o | m | s | o | s | R |
| R | I | T | E | R | O | T | E | N | N | O | N |
| e | y | r | e | e | e | s | l | e | r | a | e |



an oldtimer recalls

# how a mob broke up an AME confab

**Florida whites looking for a gold-toothed criminal stopped trains, threatened pastors and burned a man at stake.**

By JOHN JASPER

Three decades ago, I learned first hand that a Southern white mob cares not for the law and that those sworn to uphold the law care but little for their obligation when the race is concerned.

The race riots in Rosewood, Fla. during those days, in which whites and colored were killed and the homes of all colored people burned, as well as the outbreak in Oklahoma, were but instances of the usual Southern custom.

Down in Taylor County, Fla., a colored man named Wright was accused of assaulting and murdering a white school-teacher early in December, over 30 years ago.

**Church Worker Slain**

He escaped and the roads were picketed and the woods scoured for him. As he formerly lived at a place named Madison, every approach to the town was watched by armed whites.

The secretary of the stewards' board of the AME Church at Madison did not put his hands up quick enough on the night of December 5th, and was shot dead.

**Colored Ministers Threatened**

The AME Conference was to hold its sessions at the church to which the dead man belonged. As the jim-crow train bringing the ministers to Madison approached the town, armed whites boarded it.

"Every N—r open his jaws," commanded the whites as they leveled pistols at the ministers (the reason for such action being that Wright had been reported to have a gold tooth).

On the morning of December 8th, the conference opened with many of the ministers trembling for their safety. Just after the conference sessions began, the Circuit Court judge, the county judge, a brother of the Governor, the county prosecutor, the president of the First National Bank and other whites walked into the church.

**Angry Whites Interrupt Services**

The bank president constituted himself the presiding officer and proceeded to introduce some of the whites, leading off with the Circuit Court judge.

The judge began to harangue the ministers, by asserting this is a white man's country, that the whites are in control of the administration of the law and would continue supreme.

"I am sorry for the little thing that happened last night (referring to the killing of the innocent church steward), but we must capture Wright."

He then went on to say that things were in such a state of upheaval that he did not know whether or not the ministers could be protected from the mob.

The county prosecutor charged colored people with shielding criminals and demanded that the ministers aid in turning Wright over to the "authorities."

**Bishop Hurst Answers Mob**

As the whites arose to leave, Bishop John Hurst, who was in charge of the conference, told them that the African Methodists during the fifty years of the existence of the denomination in Florida had always stood for law and order.

He also said that colored people abhorred the lynch law. He denied that the colored people shielded their own criminals in order to defeat the administration of the law.

"Guarantee that the man will have an orderly and fair trial by due process of law and these ministers and myself will help you scour the woods for the criminal."

Scowling faces from some of the whites indicated that they did not relish his remarks.

**Gathered For The Lynching**

That same afternoon Wright was captured. The news spread quickly. White men, women and children came from miles around to witness the lynching. A railroad tire was secured and Wright fastened thereto. Leaves were placed around him and the sister of the murdered woman applied the torch.

Flames soon surrounded the man's body and he died without a struggle or emitting a cry. The fact that he went so bravely to death did not satisfy many of the whites, who were anxious to see visible evidences of their victim's agony.

AFRO artists depicts how dwellings were burned while mob watched.

# Outstanding Colored Canadians

(Continued from Page 9)

Because their number is small and because they have not been given full opportunities for development, he stands out among them. Wrong though it may be, Canadian colored people will be judged by him.

**Watson is conscious of this, of course, and it adds a burden to his work that another city solicitor would not know.**

The routine of the job—advising city council and civic officials, representing the corporation in the courts and before governmental departments and agencies, giving important decisions every day—is in itself enough to put any capable lawyer under a strain. To add the other factors is to call for extraordinary talents.

**U. Of Toronto Grad**

A graduate of the University of Toronto, Watson took the honor course in psychology and philosophy. Later, he was graduated from Osgoode Hall law school. When he first went to Toronto, sent by a father who as a laborer had saved for years to do this, he spent much time in hospitable and familiar surroundings created by his colored friends.

But he did not do too well in college. The next year he associated with his university colleagues, spent hours in "bull sessions" and found he learned much. As a result, he climbed to the top of his classes and stayed there until he was graduated.

**He was a pilot officer in the RCAF during the war. At first, he remembers, there was some doubt about him because he was a rarity, but when his fellow officers learned to know him they gave him their unreserved friendship.**

**Amazed At Porter's Knowledge**

While he was in law school, Watson travelled from Toronto to Vancouver and back as a Pullman porter to earn his living. In his many trips across the country he handed out lots of free legal advice, something people are always eager to have.

In the smoking rooms as he shined shoes, he would interject a word or two into a discussion and then watch the amazement of the paying customers at this porter's knowledge of the law.

He began a practice in Toronto with the noted colored lawyer, J. B. Spencer Pitt, but returned to Windsor where he felt opportunities might be greater. They were. Now, after six years as assistant solicitor and solicitor, he can say he has never been made to feel that his color made any difference. In Ottawa and Queen's Park he has been met with respect and sincerity.

Often, upon a first meeting, people are surprised to find him black, but their attitude is temporary. In his office as well as outside, he notices this, but only because he has become so accustomed to it, and he says people have never been rude. Once they have noted the fact, they forget it and business proceeds.

**Loyal Staff**

His own office staff has given him a loyalty most executives would prize. So have city hall officials who have always made Watson feel completely at home.

Though Watson doesn't mention it, some of his friends have noticed that he has, unlike other civic officials, never been invited to join a service club. No colored person in Windsor belongs to these organizations.

**Walter Perry**

Windsor's outstanding colored men cannot be cited without mentioning Walter Perry, a brother of Dr. Roy, because if ever there was a man-about-town known to almost every citizen it is the gregarious Walt.

Flamboyant where his professional brother is reserved, Walter has developed the city's annual Emancipation Day into one of the border's great functions.

There have been years when 30,000 to 40,000 attended, most of them coming from Detroit and other parts of the nearby U.S. The colored people from Detroit flock to Windsor at any time because they like the atmosphere they find. Actually, the stores do a big business with them because they find the Windsor clerks courteous and willing, as they often are not in Detroit.

Hundreds of colored persons work in the huge Ford plant in Windsor and in other industries, but few are in offices or in stores. Lyle Talbot thinks many more would be employed if they demonstrated their competence and went looking for the jobs. He feels that too many colored job-seekers have accepted a situation they thought existed and have never done anything about it.

**One of the things that bothers him is that southwestern Ontario, with a large colored population, could be an example to the world but is not. It comes closer than most places, but there are bad blind spots.**

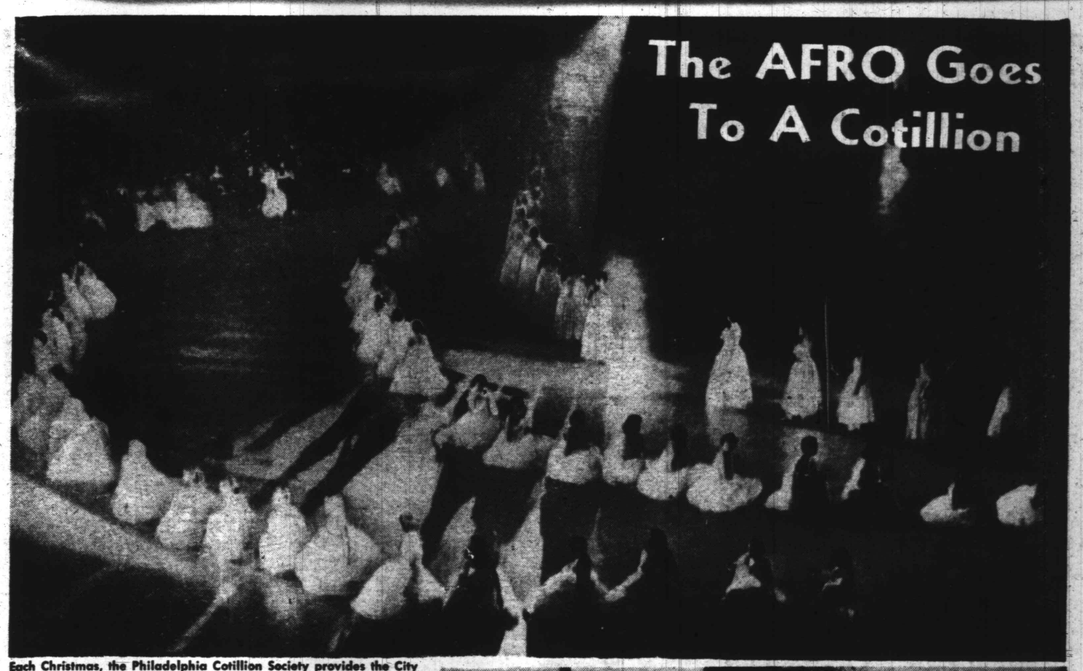
Motel operators who refuse accommodation to colored tourists and restaurants which refuse to serve them are among those bad spots, he holds.

When it was mentioned that Kenny Jacobs, the only colored student at Kennedy collegiate at the time, was elected president of the student council, and that many other colored pupils had been noted in sports and general high school affairs, Watson drew attention to a point not always realized. "When colored children are in schools and colleges in Canada, they know real equality; no distinctions are drawn. It is only when they enter the economic world that discrimination begins."

There is a plaque on a downtown building in Windsor which says: "Here the slave found freedom." Windsor has kept a great trust.



# The AFRO Goes To A Cotillion



Each Christmas, the Philadelphia Cotillion Society provides the City of Brotherly Love with one of its most talked-about social events—The Cotillion—an affair that combines all the excitement of a Mardi Gras and grand ball. At the Cotillion held last week in Convention Hall, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late President, received the Cross of Malta, the Cotillion's yearly award for outstanding work in human relations. Proceeds of the Cotillion performance this year went to CARE for the sending of food packages overseas. In the picture above, a view of the opening act in the Cotillion is shown.

Betsy Ann Dickerson, left, danced the part of the princess in the Dance of the Golden Flame, a highlight of the Cotillion. Choreography was by Joan M. Johnson, center and Mrs. Sydney King, right.

Dr. and Mrs. Edmund S. Presley portrayed the Emperor and Empress in the Golden Flame, a fantasy given as part of the Philadelphia Christmas Cotillion.

The Lithuanian Folk Dancers received a backstage briefing from Henry Barusexicius, center, just before their dance at the Christmas Cotillion. This was their first appearance.