THUNDERHEAD

"There was a report . . . then the sergeant's jawbone snapped."

Part III Of James H. Hill's African Adventure Thriller

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: The Mau Maus, protesting against European oppression are staging guerilla warfare in South Africa, and in Pretoria, SIR LESTER MORGAN, one of the leading citizens, has been killed by a native's knife shortly after his wife dies from a native dart. NDAMI, Mau Mau leader, masquerading as the Consul-General, orders a detachment of Fusiliers to a trap at Freeman's Jump, on the Limpopo. Not one of the soldiers escapes. NOW READ ON:

"The Lion Roars"

There was no beer-drinking or skittles-playing in the Exeter Room of the Hotel Pretoria two days after the tragedy at Freeman's Jump. Sir Edwin Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, Sir Evelyn Baring, Kenya's newly-appointed governor, Richard Carstairs, Consul-General of Pretoria, and quite an assortment of military brass had gathered to compare notes and to decide upon a course of action.

In the meantime, the Crown's Africa Rifles, under the guidance of Britain's Lancashire Fusiliers, fresh off the H.M.S. Kenya at Nairobi, were rounding up hundreds of natives suspected of being Mau-Mau converts and/or terrorists.

Powerful—Aggressive

Hans Brukner, an old Boer, and a septuagenarian was neither with the military nor the government officials, but because he had spent his whole life in the Transvaal, his opinions concerning natives were sought and respected.

He listened balefully as the Tanganyika Governor ticked off the armed might he was bringing into this territory; and to Sir Evelyn Baring, who had made wholesale arrests in the last forty-eight hours.

Hans was a big man, with a hint of great power still in his stalwart frame, and aggressiveness in his eyes. He didn't interrupt the counsel once; but when the speeches had begun to reiterate stated premises, he was summarily called upon.

The old Boer rose to his feet, twirled the long ends of his gray mustaches. "Gentlemen — Hoperable Sirs," he began in faultless English "we are faced with a fact that we refuse to recognize." The annoyed faces frowned at him. "The African has come of age, and we have brought him to this state."

A mutter of protest started from a major, but the presiding general motioned him to silence.

Hans smiled indulgently at the major, as though he were condescending to a child. "We have drilled in him the moral truth of the Golden Rule without extending to him the real benefits of it. We have taught him that it is right and good to love thy neighbor as thyself; to do unto others as we would have others do unto us; and he has been amenable to these ideas; but we have asked him to practise them only among themselves, his fellows, while we took his land, his labor, his liberty."

Colonel Jonathan Brooks could stand no more of this. "We'll put them in their place if we have to wipe out every one of them, the murdering dogs!" He was still stinging from the debacle at Freeman's Jump. "We'll not temporize with them on equal terms!"

An assenting hubbub followed Brooks' declaration; but now Hans Brukner merely shrugged broad shoulders, spread his hands. "I was asked for an opinion, colonel I'm giving it."

Called Black Mongrels

"... not the kind of talk we need. You think we're going to tell our men—men who've lost friends and brothers at Kimberley, Tanganyika, Freeman's Jump, to go out and invite the black mongrels in to tea? To talk out our difficulties over fish and chips?"

The old Boer stood his ground. "It's very near like what you're going to be called on to do before this thing blows over."

General Carruthers, the chairman frowned at that. "Explain yourself, Mr. Brukner."

Hans smiled. "Of course. Now if this were a mere black insurrection, I'd say you were taking the proper steps, although I don't think you'd win in the long run. But as it stands, you're fighting an Afro-Indian Coalition. We're fighting boundless native strength and unfathomable Indian patience.

"You will recall that of all the problems with which Jan Smuts had to deal, the most exasperating was Satyagraha, or Soul Force, instituted by Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. Call it passive resistance or what you will; but just how do you propose to beat ten thousand people who willingly go to our jails rather than suffer the indignities imposed by our pass system.

"Under the same set of circumstances we would have revolted long ago. A pass to buy food; a pass to ride a train; a pass to go to the latrine—and at the same time we're teaching freedom and love of liberty—that it is right to die for these principles." He paused, shrugged. "Well,gentlemen, the African is dying for these principles; is sacrificing himself to our prisons for these principles.

I was right here in the Transvaal in 1913 when Gandhi led twenty-seven hundred Indians across our border, nullyifying Smuts' immigration laws. Our jails couldn't hold twenty-seven hundred Indians, and they came unarmed; but committed to the belief that Indians had as much right to the Transvaal as the Europeans. As long as we were able to keep the Indians and Africans suspicious of one another; separated, so to speak, we could handle each; though I'm sure that Western Civilization will never quite be able to cope with Oriental wisdom."

Absolute Quiet

The assemblage was quiet now, hanging onto Hans' every word. Except for the old Boer's voice, there was no sound.

"I remember one thing that Gandhi said when he went back to India to receive the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal for his work in Africa. He said, 'Western Civilization is a triumph of gross materialism and brute force.' And I can't help but agree."

He sat down heavily, still smiling his patient smile.

General Carruthers was the first to break the long silence that followed. He was a bulbous man with iron-gray hair and a booming voice. "Mister Brukner's views are quite understandable, gentlemen. Mr. Brukner has lived in the Transvaal all of his life; has amassed several fortunes from the Kimberley Mines and the Rand, and can afford to be charitable, seeing that his days are numbered in any event.

"Everything he possesses he has gotten through native sweat and British arms, and now he proposes that we—the younger generation Britons—who also want to make a place in the sun—extend the olive branch to these black heathens!" He smashed his fist against the desk.

"I say we root out every Mau-Mau in the whole continent and slaughter till they get sick of it!" His eyes flamed as they went around the room. "If they crowd our jails we'll keep 'em in barbed-wire compounds; we'll commandeer kraals; we'll keep 'em in bivouack under our rifles. We'll make 'em sick of it!"

Hans Brukner reached across the table and got his hat. As he left the Exeter Room he said: "It'll be interesting to see who gets sick first."

In the Swahili tongue, Mau-Mau means "Secret Ones," and they began to learn to what degree of secrecy when they began to run down leads to alleged adherents. In the days that followed, stake-bodied lorries ran through the streets of Pretoria, New London, Tanganyika, Durban, Kimberley, laden with shackled natives suspected of being Mau-Maus. The British answer to the Indo-African rump movement was moving into high gear.

Consul General Killed

Colonel Jonathan Brooks no longer spent the majority of his time in the Exeter Room, drinking warm beer and regaling his friends. The hot weather and insects had led to the discovery of the consul-general's body in the airshaft of the Archives room, and Carstairs was not consul-general pro tem.

The wives on Winibeck road were doing all their house-work and gardening these days because all houseboys had been summarily discharged—one had even been dispatched by an irate burgher.

Meantime, Ndami and a hundred followers sought refuge in a natural, brushcovered cave high in the Drakensberg Mountains—a refuge inaccessible to anything but a helicopter—or bombs.

It had been a harrowing day for Ndami's group. They had been pursued and shot at; and though none had been injured, four had been captured. Vigilante parties, aiding the police and military authorities combed the hills and valleys for signs of Mau-Maus.

It was evening, and the meal was finished; the cook-fires dying. Ndami looked old, haggard, frustrated. After invoking the blessings of the Almighty he sat in the center of his men.

"This is no good," he said. "For four days they've rounded us up, carted us off to jails and pig-sties, and run us to cover. There is something in the Bible they gave us that speaks of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Saul, the Bechuana Bantu was the first to speak up. "Then you suggest we collect some eyes and some teeth?"

Ndami shook his head. "I'm suggesting that we make them release some of our number—at least those in the vicinity of Pretoria."

"And how do you plan to bring about such a concession?"

"By kidnapping the consul-general, and holding him as hostage."

Saul's ebony scalp crawled back. "And how do you propose to do that?"

The others listened eagerly as Ndami unfolded his plan. "Remember Cook-Chesney, the Fusilier sergeant

(Continued on Page 8)

Outstanding Colored Canadians

Windsor, Ontario is a democratic city. Minority citizens are succeeding as government officials, policemen, politicians.

Dr. Roy Perry, a Windsor alderman, is the first colored man elected to the city's governing body in over 25 years.

By J. E. BELLIVEAU
(Reprinted from the Toronto Star Weekly)

James Watson, who looks much younger than his 41 years, is considered one of the most brilliant city solicitors in Canada. Sometimes when he is representing his municipality in Ottawa or Toronto, those who meet him for the first time are momentarily startled.

Watson is used to this introductory attitude, for he is a colored man. Outside Windsor, colored city solicitors just don't exist in Canada and probably nowhere in the United States.

When Dr. H. D. Taylor, a physician, who is a member of Windsor's public school board, was chairman of that body he often experienced the same surprised welcome, for he, too, is a colored man.

Dr. Roy Perry, a Windsor alderman, visited Los Angeles last year because he wanted to study city affairs even on an unofficial visit. It so surprised Los Angeles citizens to receive a colored alderman from Canada that they gave him a reception befitting the lord mayor of London, and newspaper photographers accompanied him on a tour of civic plants.

Unusual Ability

Though colored residents make up less than two per cent of Windsor's 120,000 population, their achievements in public elective and appointive offices are out of all proportion to their numbers. And it isn't only Windsor's traditional tolerance that makes this so, it is the unusual ability of the people concerned.

Dr. Perry could have taken with him to California not only a black-skinned city solicitor and board of education member, but a colored city sanitary inspector and a crack detective.

The colored president of the Brewery Workers' union, Harold Johnson, could have gone along, as well as Lyle Talbot, a union newspaper writer.

Windsor, a city composed largely of minorities in language, nationality and religion, has never known many of the barriers of intolerance which have marked other places.

People are accepted for what they are rather than who they are. Beyond this, however, has always existed a soft spot for the colored man.

When the Abolitionists in Ohio and Michigan were spiriting runaway slaves along the "underground railway" through Detroit and into Canada by way of Windsor, there existed a conspiracy of kindness against the laws protecting the traffic in slaves below the border.

The tradition that began in those days of peril for the colored people has grown stronger, if anything. James Watson is the grandson of a slave. It is true that his ability is unusual, but if it were only the equal of that of others eligible for the position, Windsor's city council probably would bend over backward to see that he had the chance.

Chatham, 40 miles from the border city, was the terminus of the underground railway, and it was the place where John Brown called the historic convention to draw up a new constitution for the U.S.

It was there plans were made for an assault on Harpers Ferry and the ultimate freeing of 4,000,000 colored slaves. Windsor was the first Canadian point of arrival for many, and a lot went no farther.

But southwestern Ontario generally came to be the habitation of most of Canada's colored population. At one time there were almost as many colored people in Chatham as there were white.

Not always has there been perfect harmony in matters concerning the colored populace in Windsor and, even now, there are those unpleasant occasions when an individual proprietor may refuse to serve colored patrons in his tavern. But Lyle Talbot, president of the colored Community Council, says things are improving all the time.

Like Mr. Watson and Dr. Perry, he agreed that one important thing is to be recognized in Windsor: any colored person who prepares himself for a better position will have little trouble in the labor market.

Jim crow has walked in Canada before now; he has been abroad in the southwestern Ontario town of Dresden, which has a large colored population and was near the home of the famous Josiah Henson, the prototype of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom." It is only the truth to say that in Windsor jim crow has never been tolerated.

A colored residential section has developed in Windsor but, unlike colored families in U.S. cities in particular, any colored family that wishes to go elsewhere finds no restrictions. A great many of them have always lived away from the colored area; they are scattered all about Greater Windsor.

Dr. Perry and Dr. Taylor, for example, live in two of the best city residential districts and Dr. Perry told the writer that he has often been approached by real estate people wanting to sell him properties in more exclusive areas.

He has a beautiful home and is well satisfied to stay there but, unlike many colored people in many other cities, he knows that should he want to move he need fear no discrimination. It happens that Mr. Watson still lives close to where his parents lived, but he is about to build in a new housing development, and he will be welcomed.

Remembers Jim Crow

What sets Windsor apart from so many places is that a colored person may "feel easy" in his life there. Dr. Perry recalled times when he had lived in the U.S. as a university and dental student.

He remembers a time when he went to a moving picture theatre with a white friend and was refused admittance. He also remembers how the simple matter (for a white man) of getting a hair cut became a major problem for him.

In Canada this sort of thing never arose, but he said there are places which one of his color avoids. Toronto, London, Quebec and Montreal are among the larger cities which give the colored man his rights. A prosperous man like Dr. Perry may stay at the best hotels without fear of bing offended.

But, no matter how well things went in other Canadian places, Dr. Perry was always happy to return to Windsor, for there he could feel a freedom and an acceptance which carried a peculiar distinction.

Of course, Windsor is home to him, and Roy Perry has from his high school sports days been one of the city's most popular figures.

This was shown when he decided to take the advice of friends and offer himself for election as an alderman in the third ward. There is a fair proportion of colored people there, but they are a few among the many whites.

His election was never seriously in doubt, but at one point in his first campaign someone started the race question in a whisper. This only served to stir up the great majority of fair-minded voters and Dr. Perry, who ran against four white candidates, won by a four-to-one margin. When he returned after his first term, the people gave him a five-to-one total over his rivals.

There are only two colored dentists in the Essex County Dental association, but Dr. Perry was once president, and he has held every office in that association. Today he is chairman of the Windsor board of health as well as an alderman. In his private practice, which is an extremely brisk one, he has some colored patients, but they are only a small part of the total.

Able Man

Like Jim Watson, Dr. Perry is an unusually able man whose abilities would make him a standout in any company. His profession did not come to him without work and sacrifice, for he put himself through college and medical school, and there were times when he literally did not know the source of his next meal.

While in college he married, and there was a Christmas Eve when he had 60 cents with which to buy his bride a gift and to provide the festive dinner. He did both.

It may be that Jim Watson holds the most important position of any colored person in Canada, and for that reason he is "on the spot." He cannot afford to be anything less than exemplary to all public office holders; to his own people he must indeed be almost a paragon, for in a peculiar sense he represents all colored persons in Canada.

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Canada is noted for its beautiful women of all races. Here is a typical beauty queen. In 1949, pretty Berly Dickinson-Dash broke a precedent when 8,000 students at Montreal's McGill University selected her to reign as the school's winter carnival queen.

James Watson, Windsor's City Solicitor, is the only colored Canadian to hold such a position.

NYC's First Colored School Superintendent

Meet John King Of Brooklyn

By JAMES L. HICKS

When Brooklyn newspapers stated recently that a new housing development to accommodate 250 middle - class families would soon be ready for occupancy in the Caton avenue section of Brooklyn, N.Y. the announcement set off a chain reaction in the spacious, cheerful offices of John B. King, first colored man ever appointed to the position of an assistant superintendent of schools in the city of New York.

When Mr. King read the announcement he pushed a button on his desk and summoned three white women from his outer offices. Two of the women were secretaries, the third was his administrative assistant.

The quartet studied population charts and discussed the number of children in the average middle-class family in New York. When the discussion was over, Mr. King stepped to a huge map on the wall of his office and made some changes in the rows of pins stuck into the map.

"We'll be ready for them," he said as he returned to his desk.

Ready for whom? Why should the fact that 250 families have found a home, set off a flurry of activity in the offices of an assistant superintendent of schools located miles away from the proposed housing development?

The answer lies in the fact that as an assistant superintendent in the largest school system in the world, John B. King is somewhat like a "Mayor" of a city within a city. A city where the "Three R's" is the only politics, and education and advancement, through democratic learning is the goal.

Responsible For 27,000 Pupils

Mr. King's "city" is that part of the New York City school system known as "District 26 and 27." It covers the Red Hook, Gowanus, Sunset Park, Lower Flatbush and South Brooklyn sections of Brooklyn.

The leading citizens of this area are 27,000 school children ranging from kindergarten to senior high school, and 10,000 school teachers and principals with degrees ranging from a B.S. to a Ph.D.

Mr. King, as superintendent of the district, is "mayor" of them all.

Less than ten per cent of the 27,000 students in the district are colored, and 95 per cent of the 10,000 teachers and principals are white.

But there is no friction in the district for the "Three R's" knows no race, and education and advancement in a true democracy has no time to be concerned with color barriers.

This Mr. King was only being concerned with one phase of his job when he pinpointed the new housing development being built in his city within a city. These 250 new families moving into his district will have children and they must be educated in schools.

It is part of John King's job to estimate how many children they will have and to have teachers and classrooms ready for them when they move into their new homes.

It may be that Mr. King will have to recommend to the Board of Education that a new school be built, or that another school be renovated or enlarged.

If so, he must be prepared to sit down at a monthly meeting with the superintendent of the largest school system in the world — a system of 40,000 teachers with over eight hundred schools — and give clear and concise arguments as to the peculiar needs of the citizens of his "city."

Must Know The Trends

This meeting alone may require him to present up-to-the-minute data on population trends, housing developments, highway construction, the opening of private or parochial schools and any other influences that might bring changes in his district.

But all this is only a small part of John King's job.

In addition to worrying about new schools for the future, he must be immediately concerned with the 27 schools already under his supervision.

There are repairs to be made, teachers to be transferred or hired, new classes must be constantly organized, special educational programs must be developed to meet special community needs, and community contacts must be made and maintained.

The growth of teachers must be provided for, courses must be set up for in-service training programs, and of course there are the endless workshops and conferences.

John King, who started out to be a doctor, meets all these problems head-on and calls his work, "fascinating."

Where a lesser man would jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, King goes about his work with the calm and grace of an athlete who could teach his brother "Dolly" King to become an all-American basketball player.

He's been in the precedent-setting job a year now and John King knows what he is about.

Despite all the problems incident to his job, his goal is always there in front of him. That goal in his words is, "To develop an effective participating citizen."

How to do this? John King has the answer:

The child first must have "personal competence." He can gain this through skill in the "Three R's." This carries with it the ability to "express himself effectively, to have a good sense of "moral values" and the ability to use sources of "reference effectively including newspapers, magazines and books."

STAFF CONFERENCE—John B. King, first colored assistant superintendent of schools holds a meeting with members of his staff at his offices in Sarah J. Hale vocational high school in Brooklyn. Left to right, Miss Margaret Cooney, secretary; Mrs. Mildred Marks, secretary, and Miss Florence Fennelly, administrative assistant. With their help, Mr. King directs education of 27,000 pupils in 27 schools having 10,000 teachers and principals.

Passionate Devotion

Next there is "social competence" or "respect for people different from himself." This carries with it a "sense of responsibility to groups of which he is a member" and requires him to be able to "think as a member of that group."

King then requires the citizens of his city within a city to have a "passionable devotion to the American way of life — the Democratic way."

"If he has all this," Mr. King says, "he will be an effective participating citizen."

Born in Manhattan, 43 years ago, he has spent all but one year of his life in his beloved Brooklyn. His father, one of the first colored men employed by the giant advertising firm of BBD and O, died leaving his mother seven children to raise.

Mrs. King, the former Estelle Livingston Stansberry, daughter of the Rev. John B. Stansberry of the AME Church, set her heart and hand to educating her children.

Two Charming Daughters

All went out and made their marks in the world. Mr. King himself now lives quietly with his family at 1414 E. 49th street in Brooklyn.

Married to the former Elizabeth Bundick, the couple has two attractive daughters, Joan, 19 and Lynne 17. Joan is a sophomore at Brooklyn College and plans to teach.

Lynne is preparing to graduate from Midwood High in Brooklyn this year and enter Brooklyn College in February.

Mr. King apparently has discovered some secret days with more than 24 hours.

For, in addition to holding down possibly the biggest job any colored man has in the city of New York, he still finds time to be affiliated with such groups as the Brooklyn Council of Social Planning, the Urban League, NAACP, NY State Youth Group, Boy Scouts, Catholic Teachers, Comus Club, Alpha Phi Alpha, Youth United, and other groups.

For the past ten years he has been among the first ten "Man of the Year" honorees of Brooklyn and he deserves the honor every year.

Thunderhead

(Continued from Page 4)

we pulled out of the Limpopo? Remember my taking his uniform?" The others nodded, remembering Ndami's keen interest in the sergeant's body. But when he had finished relating his plan they all thought it suicidal.

However, Ndami spent a full two hours before his mirror, with grease-paint, spirit-gum and other paraphernalia peculiar to the make-up artist's trade. When he stood up, he was satisfied with the reflection the mirror threw back. Then he practised a very clipped British voice.

Nine O'Clock Curfew

Pretoria, as well as the other principal cities threatened by the Mau-Maus, was under martial law for two weeks. Under the set-up there was a nine o'clock curfew—something which the natives had to adhere to even in normal times. So, except for sentries and civil police, the streets were deserted when the lank Briton staggered into Pretoria, wearing the uniform of a Fusilier sergeant.

The mounted sentry on Vaard street spotted him first, and cantered down toward him. The sergeant was resting beside a lamppost now, apparently thoroughly spent. Before the sentry could dismount, the sergeant said: "I want to be taken to the Consul-General immediately."

The sentry was bug-eyed now, looking at the sergeant as though the latter were a ghost. "I say, weren't you with that detachment that was wiped out at Freeman's Jump?"

The sergeant nodded weakly. "Thanks to a bad bladder I wasn't asleep when it happened. Mau-Maus got me, though." He stopped short. "But I haven't time to give explanations. I must see Leverington—at once!"

The sentry's mouth popped open, then closed to a small, soundless, "oh." Then he said: "That's right, you didn't know. Leverington's dead. The Mau-Maus, you know. Skewered him with a panga and hung him up in an airshaft in his own office."

The sergeant stared at him blankly. "Am I to understand . . . . ."

"Like I said, sergeant, Leverington's dead. Carstairs is acting in his stead."

This seemed to deflate the sergeant. He shrugged his tired shoulders. "Then I guess he'll have to do. I must see him at once."

"Colonel Brooks is in charge of Military Operations here. Won't he do?"

"I said Carstairs, private!"

"Yes sir. Can you sit a horse?"

"Yes. I'll use yours. Is Colonel Brooks still at the Pretoria?"

"Yes, sir." The sentry climbed down, saluted. "He's all yours, sir."

"Fine. Where would I find the consul-general?"

No Help

"In his office, sir. He rarely goes home these days. Has to stay in touch with the situation at all times. Blacks haven't shown up for work all week."

With the help of the sentry, the sergeant managed to get in the saddle. The ride to the consul-general's office was a brief one.

He presented himself to the guard, who reacted as the sentry on Vaard street had done . . . with one major exception. After the brief shock of seeing the sergeant, the guard threw both arms around him.

"Why, Cooky, you old dog! Knew those blacks couldn't kill you!"

Something like a lead weight plummeted into Ndami's stomach. Of all people he had to run into a close acquaintance of Cook-Chesney's.

He tried to brush past the guard, who had released him now, and was eyeing him curiously, his brow furrowed thoughtfully. Then in a half-whisper he said: "You're not Cook-Chesney. Can't be—not with eyes as black as a dinge's."

Ndami reached for Cook-Chesney's pistol, but the guard was faster. The Webley gouged into Ndami's stomach. "One o' them damned Torch Commandos, no doubt," the guard said. "The real Cooky would have recognized old Mike." He put a whistle to his lips, blew three short blasts; then disarmed Ndami.

An hour later, Ndami, bereft of uniform and make-up, was shoved into Colonel Jonathan Brooks' quarters. He was sullen and angry, and cursed himself for being seven kinds of fool.

Mike tossed Ndami's pistol on the coloney's desk. "Damned Mau-Maus'll go to any length—even impersonating whites," Mike said.

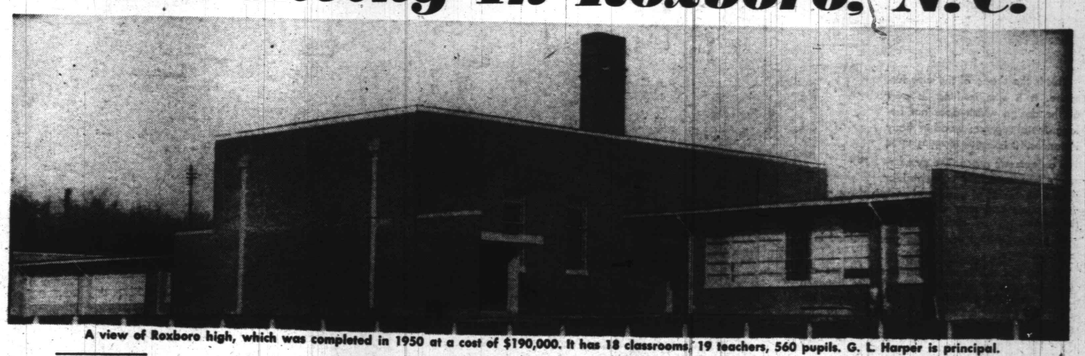
The colonel looked at the frustrated Ndami and smiled. "Then it must have been you who sent that order—you masquerading as Leverington, ordering us into a trap."

Ndami could virtually feel the ring of hostile eyes surrounding him. The colonel rose, leaned toward him, and spat in his face. A private, standing behind him, planted a boot in the seat of his pants.

Ndami growled and swung at a sergeant who was about to follow the colonel's example. There was a report like a rifle-shot when the sergeant's jaw-bone snapped. Then the others descended on Ndami, like vengeful vultures.

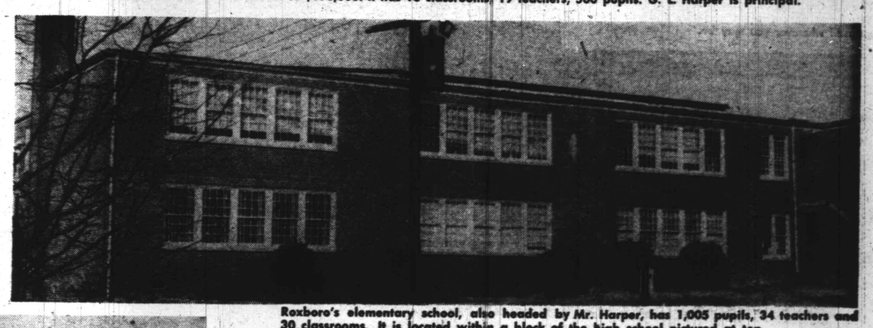
(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Good Living In Roxboro, N. C.

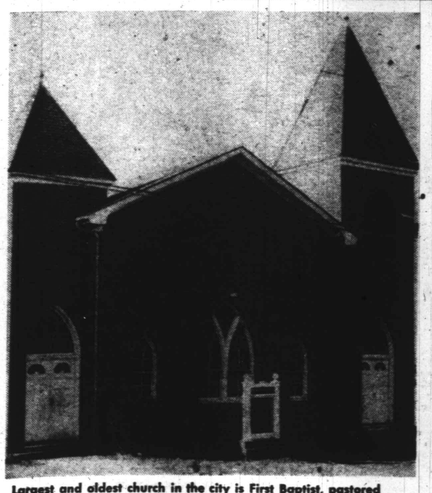


A view of Roxboro high, which was completed in 1950 at a cost of $190,000. It has 18 classrooms, 19 teachers, 560 pupils. G. L. Harper is principal.

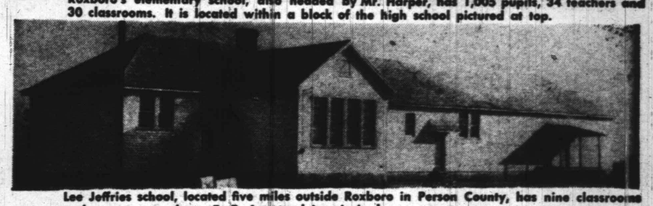
FOCAL POINT OF Person county is Roxboro, N. C., 30 miles from Durham, and a like distance from South Boston, Va. A farming center of 25,000, it has 10,500 colored residents. The city has broom and cotton factories and sawmills. Tobacco is the main crop. Roxboro's lone doctor and dentist are Drs. G. E. Tracey and James Owens. Head of the active Citizens' Club is M. L. Peace.



Roxboro's elementary school, also headed by Mr. Harper, has 1,005 pupils, 34 teachers and 30 classrooms. It is located within a block of the high school pictured at top.

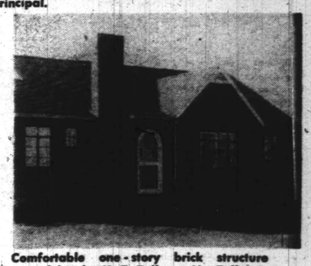


Largest and oldest church in the city is First Baptist, pastored by the Rev. S. L. Suitts. It has over 600 members.

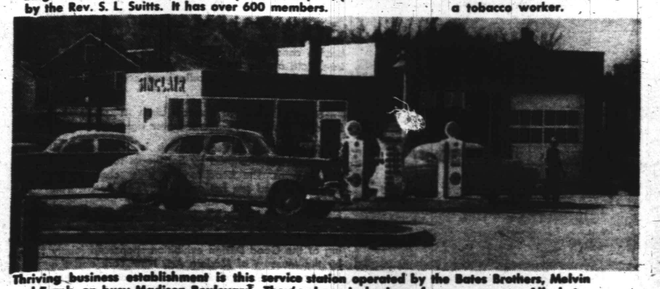


Lee Jeffries school, located five miles outside Roxboro in Person County, has nine classrooms and as many teachers. B. E. Armstead is principal.

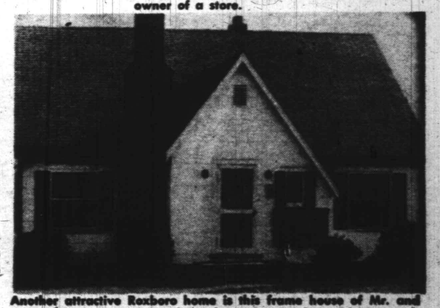
A white-paneled beauty is this home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gary. Mr. Gary is a tobacco worker.



Comfortable one-story brick structure owned by the H. E. Talleys. Mr. Talley is owner of a store.



Thriving business establishment is this service station operated by the Bates Brothers, Melvin and Frank, on busy Madison Boulevard. They've been in business for seven years.—All photos on this page by Scott Henderson, AFRO roving photographer.



Another attractive Roxboro home is this frame house of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Owens. He's a farm demonstrator, she teaches agriculture. Yule decoration in front depicts Three Wise Men.