Lonesome Hearts

by Albertine Ashe

Of 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.)

HE WANTS REAL PAL

I am a hard-working man, 5 feet 9, good habits, interested in meeting a girl 21 and up who wants a real pal. She must be sincere, upright and willing to do the right thing.

SHARPS

SEEKS RIGHT GIRL

I would like meeting a nice lady, 25-30, who likes sports and the nice things of life. I'm a man, 44, employed, been married and have a daughter nearly 5. I'm seeking the right girl.

PERCY

LIFE AND LOVE

I am a Christian man, 28, who believes in a straight life, love, harmony and happiness, and I would like meeting a very fine girl near my age and type.

HAYES

SINCERE SINGLE GUY

I am a single man, brown-skinned, 5 feet 10, employed and sincere, wanting anxiously to meet a nice girl, 23 or around, who likes my type.

CARROLL

BIG MAN

I am a man, 42, 5 feet 11, nearly 200 pounds, single and employed wanting a nice girl friend who will be true, sincere and understanding.

ALTAMONT

WORKING MAN

I am a young man, 19, employed but lonely for a real, true companion. She can be a young mother, sincere, wanting true companionship.

WABASH

GIRLS, WRITE GOLDIE

I am 30, 5 feet 11, a Christian, employed and lonely. I'm anxious to meet a girl near my age and type, who likes nice things and a clean life.

MR. GOLDIE

WANTS RELIABLE MAN

My friend died a few years ago, leaving me lonely for the companionship of some sincere person around 55, living near Baltimore or Washington. I'm 49, 5 feet 5, I live a Christian life and want a refined, reliable, working man to answer soon.

LEAFY

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

YOUNGEST POLIO PATIENT—Frederick Brooks, Moulton, Texas, became the youngest patient to be admitted to Southwestern Poliomyelitis Respiratory Center of the City-County Hospital at Houston. He was born May 11, 1952 and became a patient at five weeks of age. For more about POLIO see page 7 in this week's AFRO Magazine.

ACROSS THE Bridge Table

With Robert Matthews

Although bridge is a partnership game, sometimes it becomes necessary to fight it out alone, oftimes with gratifying results.

This week's hand came up during a rubber bridge setto recently. The West player picked up his hand and almost fell under the table.

North viewed his own hand, spied the 17 points it contained and properly opened one diamond. South raised to 2 diamonds, and West leaped to the fore with a 6 club call.

To this department, this bid seems a bit timid. West seems to roar in like a lion and get frightened at the crucial moment.

In view of partner's pass and South's very weak raise, (also disputed) chances are very good that the North hand will pass and a possible game lost.

As it happened, North bid 4 diamonds allowing our West to reach a game contact, North doubled.

Then the worm turned. After being practically forced into a game bid, West upset all the dope and re-doubled, "just to make it interesting," he announced.

North led the diamond king which declarer captured with the ace before his face broke into a wide grin when he spied the jack of spades in the dummy hand.

Trumps were picked up in two rounds, then the queen of spades led. West was in—he needed only to let the queen ride if the spade king was not put up.

In the actual play, North put up the king and returned the ace of hearts, declarer ruffing. Declarer then cashed his ace of spades, entered dmmmy with the now established spade jack, exiting with a heart.

Declarer then got greedy, hoping for a overtrick, he then ran the rest of his trumps, leading his five of diamonds. North was equal to the task however and held on to the queen.

Moral: If you're going to be aggressive, don't get cold feet!

(ASIDE: To Mr. J. J. Brooks Sr., Roanoke, Va. — Thanks for the letter, holiday spirit — (s) ya know!)

NORTH
♠—K 9 3
♥—A K 3
♦—K Q 10 4 3
♣—7

WEST
♠—A Q 6
♥—
♦—A 5
♣—A K Q 10 8 4 3 2

EAST
♠—J 9 5 4
♥—Q 9 7 5 2
♦—7 6
♣—6 5

SOUTH
♠—10 7 2
♥—J 10 6 4
♦—J 9 8 2
♣—J 9

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♦	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
4 ♦	Pass	Pass	4 ♠
6 bl.	Pass	Pass	5 ♣
Pass	Pass	Pass	Re-6 bl.

Fine poems by a new poet

J. Saunders Redding's Book Review

The Naked Frame, by Gloria Oden. Exposition Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Unpaged. $2.00.

This reviewer wishes he could say simply that, for all its unpoetic title, The Naked Frame is a book of good verse, and let it go at that.

But to say only this is simply to strike a gross average, and this will not do, for there are pieces in this volume that are as good as any this reviewer has read by a new poet in a decade—and that is to declare that some of these verses by Miss Oden are very good indeed.

Having uttered this judgment, the reviewer is forced to go beyond judgment into explanation, and explanation is sometimes a handicap to enjoyment; and, as anyone who professes interest in literature can tell you, poetic enjoyment labors under enough handicaps.

Some of these handicaps have been erected by poets themselves. They have lately been making their subjects too difficult, their purposes too obscure and their forms too eclectic to produce in readers anything save puzzlement, frustration and impatience.

In the days of greater esthetic simplicity it would have seemed contradictory to say that a poet "breaks through the barrier of words," for in those vanished days poetry was, among other things, exact and concrete and intense; it communicated.

The poet was supposed to break through the barrier of words, and it was no compliment to say that he had done so. But now it is a compliment—and so this reviewer says it of Miss Oden, a new poet who arouses a sense of the significance of experience, of actuality, of the world of her own existence.

Communicates 'Love'

I do not know that I can say what I mean more clearly than by a repetition: Miss Oden is "exact and concrete and intense" about an experience that is itself intense and concrete. The experience is love, but it is a love that goes beyond the particular and idealized emotions ordinarily associated with it. The reader participates in much more than the poet's experience of love.

The Naked Frame is no imitation of This Is My Beloved. Miss Oden's readers participate in the speculations, the convictions, and the moral judgments which are the significant components of all true emotional experiences. Readers participate in these because unlike in much modern poetry, they are set forth concretely, in controlled images.

And so is all else—physical as well as "spiritual" — in Miss Oden's best pieces. Her images and her symbols are generally so right, so exact and yet so sensitive that one marvels that so new a poet could create them without at the same time producing a sense of straining cleverness.

Miss Oden's verse is fluid, effortless, natural. It is not merely competent:

It is, as has been said, good and very good.

" . . . There is not here a
need to bid me lift
A supplicating palm to some-one now.
Love, I have wed you as is wed the sun
By its named flower, who awaits its rise;
Yet, though it leaves me blinded and undone,
I cannot turn from you those loving eyes. So even here . . ."

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A New AFRO Magazine Feature

FAMILY PROBLEMS

By Ann Morris

Dear Anne:

Sometimes I think I am the most miserable of women, though I have many things to be thankful for.

But despite a good home and a job that gives me adequate income, the attitude of my husband keeps me in constant unhappiness. I have done everything I know to keep my marriage together. I have, at times, carried all of the financial burden. I have made it possible for him to obtain a good education so that he now has a good position.

I have forgiven neglect and overlooked infidelities. But during the two past holidays he left home for a week each time without so much as saying that he was going to be away for the evening.

What am I going to do with such a husband?

Anxiously,

Mrs. H.F.H.

Dear Mrs. H. F. H.

In the first place, I think you have done too much already.

You have demonstrated to your husband that you are his superior in too many ways. You outearn him, you outthink him and subconsciously he knows that in your mind he is "just another child" to be taken care of. Therefore he acts as a spoiled child would.

No one can tell you what to do with your marriage and your husband. You will have to make up your mind whether or not there is enough happiness with him to balance the unhappiness he gives you.

If once you decide that you still want him, then adjust your attitude. Stop putting every thought on him. Stop "taking care," find other outlets, and treat him as a "delightful visitor who is fun to be with" . . . but one who must carry his share of the load as well as consider his family his responsibility.

If you can no longer take the unhappiness, wash the whole thing out of your mind, including him. This may be a little difficult. For like a major operation there is fear and pain in breaking up a marriage. But the majority of the patients survive.

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Nat Love

(Continued from Page 1)

1869, Nat set out on foot for Dodge City, Kansas, then the main receiving point for the great herds of longhorns driven overland from Texas. There in the West's toughest cowtown, he ran into a Texas outfit with several colored trail hands.

The cowboys challenged him to ride an outlaw mustang named Good Eye in their remuda. The 15-year-old boy mounted the hellion and rode the bronc "til the fight went out of him."

He had shown the makings of a cowhand and was soon hired at 50 dollars a month by the Pig Pen outfit whose riders were to return to Texas after delivering a herd of steers.

On the way Nat saw his first Indians and received his baptism under gunfire when Chief Victorio and a hundred Apaches attacked the 14 cowboys.

'Too Scared To Run'

Nat thought his time had come to die when he saw the Apaches charging and he was "too badly scared to run." Then his saddlemates yelled to him to draw his gun. It was the first time that he'd ever pulled a trigger. But as he wrote in his own autobiography:

"I unlimbered my artillery and fought like a veteran."

For the next 21 years, Nat Love's life was bound by the range. Bound by the roll of hoofs across the prairies and by endless hours in the saddle. He met other colored cowboys like himself and began to realize that his own people had played an illustrious part in the winning of the West.

He learned to read the brands burnt on steers' hides easily as scholars read the words in books.

At a glance, he could tell if a brand had been altered by the roving bands of rustlers and soon the great cattle kings of the West were sending for him whenever there was a dispute involving brands.

Nat rode out stampedes and lived through many more attacks by desperately - hungry Indians who demanded beef from the Texas herds crossing their reservations in Indian Territory.

On one drive from Dodge City to Wyoming, the Indians ambushed the punchers. An Indian shot Nat's horse squarely from under him. The cowboy jumped on a horse that had belonged to a comrade slain in the battle. He escaped from that cyclone of searing lead and flying arrows.

He had been nicknamed "Red River Dick" for the broad stream which legions of Texas cattle swam on their way north. He became "Deadwood Dick," after he won two spectacular cowboy contests in the same day.

Won Two Rodeo Prizes

A big crowd of punchers met in Deadwood, cow capital of Dakota Territory, on July 4, 1876. National Independence Day was to be celebrated with a bronc roping contest in the morning and a shooting match in the afternoon.

Some of the West's best cowboys, six of them colored, entered. A $200 prize awaited the best man. Twelve snorting mustangs were brought out. Nat roped, saddled and bridled the pony assigned him in nine minutes from the crack of the gun while the runner-up took 12 minutes and 30 seconds to conquer a bronc.

"I never had a horse pitch with me so much as that mustang," he wrote, "but I never stopped sticking my spurs in him and using my quirt on his flanks until I proved his master. Right there, the assembled crowd named me 'Deadwood Dick' and proclaimed me the champion roper of the Western country."

That afternoon, Nat walked away with double honors in the shooting matches. Firing from the hip, he placed 14 shots straight in the rifle match. His score was 10 out of 14 in the pistol contest. The previous title holder registered only eight.

Two months after winning his new laurels and his new name, Nat was captured in a surprise attack by Indians at Yellow House Canyon near the present site of Lubbock, Texas.

Wounded 14 times, he kept fighting until his last cartridge. He killed five and wounded three in the bitter battle.

Chosen Chief's Successor

Luckily his captors were Indians with a large percentage of colored blood traceable back to slavery when the red tribes had often adopted black runaways from the plantations.

Instead of slaying Nat, they hailed him as a brave warrior, gave him the ceremonial name of Buffalo Papoose, and ear-marked him for the daughter of Chief Yellow Dog. The tribe probably intended for him to become Yellow Dog's successor.

But a man can get a belly full of honors. Nat felt that being the champion roper and marksman of the West was enough distinction without the added honor of becoming Indian chief. To be chief would mean confinement on a reservation. After his hosts had healed his wounds with their own herb medicines, Nat managed to escape and make his way back to the ranch.

There his cowboy buddies took up a collection to buy him new clothes and guns.

As the years went on, the fame of the brave young frontiersman spread across the West. Wherever he went, he was known as a puncher who held his own whether against man or against nature.

He was present at Dodge City when a colored rancher named Kiowa Bill was shot down in a saloon fight. Nat emerged unscathed from that scrape. But more close calls came his way and his adventures came to be favorite anecdotes around the chuck-wagons.

Hands Frozen To Gun

Once when his horse bolted, he was lost for two days and nights in a howling Texas blizzard. Before falling exhausted he shot a straw calf, ate its meat raw, and drank its blood. A searching party of cowboys found him with one frozen hand clinched around his rifle barrell, and the other glued tight to his saddle horn. After they'd brought him back to the bunkhouse, his skin peeled from his frozen face and the nails dropped from his toes.

He came to know all the celebrated Westerners—good and bad—of his time. None of them ever remembered that he'd been born a slave. Nobody ever treated him as less than an equal "because he sat his saddle straight."

Dodge City's famous marshal, Bat Masterson, was a close personal friend. That celebrated lawman let him go out of admiration after Nat had prankishly roped a cannon at old Fort Dodge.

Buffalo Bill and Yellowstone Kelly were good friends of the colored cowboy. Jesse and Frank James were charcters whom he encountered several times on the range as they were fleeing from posses after holding up a train or bank.

A brave bronco buster, his adventures are still recounted in what once was the Wild West

Even such a hard-bitten little racist as Billy the Kid, who boasted that he'd killed 21 men "not counting Mexicans and Indians," had a healthy respect for Nat Love and never tangled with him.

For 11 months, the two rode the same range in New Mexico, and once the West's boldest outlaw-gunman stood the colored puncher to a drink.

Saw The Kid Die

They met several times before the Kid was finally slain by Sheriff Pat Garrett. Nat last saw the outlaw alive when he was hiding behind some rocks, armed for battle. His last glimpse of the killer was when the Kid was lying dead at the ranch where Garrett slew him.

Romance came to Nat later than honors. He had been in no mood for marriage when the Indians paired him off with their princess. One woman came to mean more to him than all the prizes he ever won by racing horses and riddling targets.

Nat was in his thirties when he went to Mexico after a strong of horses. There he saw a bronzed young Mexican girl whom he asked for a drink of water and then a date. At first, she refused to consider a wild Texas cowboy. But when he made a second trip to her country, she came to the mess wagon looking for him.

They decided to be married in the fall. But the girl died in the spring.

Without her to court, Nat Love, tired and heart-broken, began "courting death."

"I vainly tried to forget her and my sorrow in the wild life of the Plains and every danger I could find," he wrote in his autobiography.

"——But it seemed to me that I bore a charmed life. Horses were shot from under me, men were killed around me, but I always escaped with a trifling wound at the worst."

In 1889, he met a pretty colored girl who was "not one bit jealous" of his first love lying buried in the city of Old Mexico. He married her, and the next year left the range forever.

Became A Porter

After settling in Denver, he became one of the country's first Pullman car porters. Tending passengers, he found, was quite unlike tending steers.

He said, "the difference between a Pullman car and the back of a Texas mustang is very great."

Generations before the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters emerged as one of the nation's major labor unions, the genial ex-cowboy attempted to start an organization for the benefit of his fellow employees on the railroad. He tried unsuccessfully to develop a welfare fund which would finance a home for retired porters.

After several years in the Pullman service, he became the trusted custodian of a Denver bank housing millions of dollars. Till his death at a ripe age, he remained one of the regions most honored pioneers and old saddlemates were always dropping into the bank to swap stories of the West's dramatic past with him.

He was a man among men. Even more, he was symbolic of the part that a great people played in settling and civilizing the most colorful and celebrated section of America.

The lives of other colored trail blazers and pioneers like him will be told by this author in coming issues of the AFRO-AMERICAN.

Letter From London

Hyde Park Corner — Young American condemns race prejudice in U. S. — Crowd shouts down protests of American woman — England flos its NAACP — Africans sure of explosion which will end white supremacy.

By MRS. E. T. MEYER

The first few days in London are heartbreaking.

Destruction is still visible everywhere and the damaged houses and churches remain standing, until they are demolished to be rebuilt.

Only precautions for safety are taken and it is a sad sight to see green weeds and red and purple flowers, yes, even small trees grow out of a third story.

But one gets used to all unhappy things and after a week it isn't quite as heartbreaking. Much of course is being rebuilt and there are many very nice housing projects to replace bombed-out dwellings.

London is full of people of a darker color, mostly Indians or people from other Asian countries, but there are also many Africans and West Indians. In Paris, one usually sees them only near the Sorbonne, the large University, but in London they are all over as they work here as well as study.

Hyde Park Soap Boxes

One Sunday afternoon, I went to Hyde Park Corner where it has been the custom for many years to let people mount soapboxes and speak their minds freely as long as they did not say things the law will not permit.

Usually the name of the organization they represent is on a board tacked on the stepladder. Some speakers speak only for themselves, they are fanatics with a cause or "crackpots" and they come week after week and present their case.

Often the listeners know them well and heckle them or make fun of them and the jokes get pretty rough at times especially at the cost of some unsuspecting female listener.

The speakers who speak on political subjects usually have two policemen watching them. The others who speak on religion mainly are left alone. Often the speakers themselves ask a policeman to remove a heckler who becomes obnoxious, but on the whole it really is a very orderly and amusing procedure.

I almost got myself in trouble, when I tried to contradict a young American who clearly spoke for a group dominated by Communists. He was telling how the colored people in America were still enslaved and treated like dogs and how many colored soldiers had been court-martialed in Korea because they and their officers refused to fight for an America which treated them so shamefully.

My protests that such was not so were drowned out by people who shouted "It is true, what he says, and what do you know about it?

As I had many things to do yet that afternoon I could not risk an encounter with the police, so I quit in disgust, hearing brave loyal colored soldiers slandered in such a disloyal way.

British NAACP

On one of the boards was the name of the British Colored Workers and Welfare Association. This group I had heard about and had meant to visit, so I spoke to the Secretary, R. V. Matthews and found out he had been in America and was acquainted with the AFRO.

This group is similar to our NAACP and Urban League. They find people places to stay at fairly decent prices (usually they get overcharged terrifically and have to crowd to pay the rent or they get a "no vacancy answer"), they find them jobs and try to get them better educated so they can fill more technical jobs.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Association provides legal aid when necessary. Mr. Matthews, himself, had been barred by the police to speak for a year, but he could be there and manage things.

In less than no time, I was surrounded by 30 people, mostly Africans, from many different African countries all eager to tell me the story of their own land and of their desire for independence.

Frightening Glimpses

In the following week I had a chance to talk to other Africans too from the African League and its secretary Mr. Jalius Langware, and I got a frightening glimpse of what is happening on that large continent and what a powder keg it is. Africa could explode at any time.

It is frightening, because the native population would be at a dreadful disadvantage when this explosion occurs and also frightening, because the white people there have not yet earned anything from what has happened all over Asia.

As these Africans told me:

"We do not want to push white people out of Africa, we need their technical skills, which we do not possess.

"But we do not want any more white supremacy and condescension. We want a political and economic partnership.

They're not afraid of the might of the white people. and last of all there will be violence."

They say: "First we still want to arbitrate, then we shall use civil disobedience and economic strikes and last of all there will be violence.'

They are sure all the Asian and other dark-skinned peoples of the world will take their side. This has already been so lately in the United Nations. And then the white nations will be compelled to be careful.

Among the Africans I talked to were people from the Gold Coast, Nyassa, Somaliland, Gambia and many other places.

The Gold Coast, of codrse, was given autonomy after a period of semi-autonomy and this has infuriated South Africa's Malan, as he claims that this has made the other groups clamor more loudly for independence.

But of course his terrific fear and intolerance have accelerated the unrest tremendously, while otherwise it might have lain dormant for several more years.

We in the U.S. hear very little about all this except when an organization like the Mau Mau begins to kill white settlers in Kenya. And we hear about South Africa.

But I had never before June heard of the Rev. Michael Scott, who pleads the case of the Herras, the native group in Southwest Africa, before the United Nations; or of the Central African Federation of Nyassa and the two Rhodesias, the British wanted to form which the natives rejected. They did not think the federation was bad as much as they want to do it themselves, and not have it imposed on them by the British.

(Continued Next Week)

In order to attend church together, we went to Mass one Sunday. . .

I Married a Roman Catholic

They had two strikes against them from the start but they made a go of inter-faith marriage... this pastor's son tells how.

Reprinted From The Central Christian Advocate, Nov. '52

By PETER FINDLY

The fact that I married a Roman Catholic is not unusual; actually, interfaith marriages are not uncommon in the United States. What is unusual about our marriage is the complete absence of friction on religious grounds, despite backgrounds that should have provided a good deal of conflict.

I am a Protestant, the son of a Methodist minister. Among my earliest memories are the evangelistic revivals and the camp meetings of the days that are gone. My brother is now serving as a Methodist minister. My sister's husband is a supply pastor serving a Methodist church. The first 20 years of my life were spent in and around Methodist churches. I have Protestantism in the marrow of my bones.

My wife was a Roman Catholic. In her family are several nuns and a missionary priest. Prior to our marriage, she had never been inside the doors of any other but a Roman Catholic church. She devoutly observed all of the duties of her church in complete obedience to the training of the years. When it was necessary for her to be at work on Sunday, she always left early enough to attend the Mass first. She was completely a Roman Catholic.

Given A Slim Chance

Most marriage counselors would give a marriage between persons of such divergent backgrounds slim chance for success. Yet, there is not and never has been any conflict on religion. And because I believe that our experience can offer a suggestion for others—perhaps even providing an outline from which the church can build a program for interfaith marriages—I am describing it here.

Before our agreement to marry, the differences in our religion had not been discussed. (We do not recommend that others follow our example here.) I was aware that my intended wife was a devout Roman Catholic. She knew that I was a Protestant and a Mason. Other than this we had no knowledge, and our love for each other grew without consideration of such differences.

When we determined to marry, the rules of the Roman Catholic church on such matters raised the religious question immediately. We could not be married by a priest of that church, since I had been previously married and divorced. There were questions about that previous marriage. Had the ceremony been religious or civil? (A civil ceremony would have been ignored as never having existed.) Had my former spouse been baptized? (The religious ceremony could have been ignored had one or the other parties thereto been unbaptized. The religious denomination of the ceremony of marriage or baptism has no bearing).

When these obstacles were encountered, there was no further possibility of marriage by a priest. The bishop himself ordered that the marriage should not take place. We still wanted to marry, and we were married in a civil ceremony, although neither of us was completely satisfied by that procedure.

The fact of our marriage, of course, automatically barred my wife from participating in the sacraments of her church. Yet, she maintained that she was a Catholic, and that she could not be anything but a Catholic. I did not argue this point; my own church devotion had been seriously lacking for several years. Yet, I hoped that my own church might prove adequate to take the place of the church from which she was now barred because of me.

They Compromised

Therefore, I proposed a compromise whereby we would attend church together, one Sunday at the Catholic mass, the next at the Methodist service, and attend both on occasions such as Palm Sunday and Easter. She agreed that we should attend together, and that regardless of the church we attended, we must attend every Sunday.

Although I could not become a Roman Catholic, being unacceptable as a convert, I also made plain my resolve that I would not be a Roman Catholic, not because my church taught against it, but because I could not accept the teachings of that church. I specified the unacceptable teachings, and used this excuse to give my wife the teachings of my own church. Of course, this also served to revive my own interest in the Methodist church and its teachings.

For five months we followed the alternate Sunday program, and attended both churches during the Lenten services. Although she could not receive the sacraments, my wife followed the Mass and used her rosary as always. I ripped our schedule so as to avoid the communion service in our Methodist church.

Fortunately, our pastor was not anti-Catholic in any of his sermons; in fact, he made frequent reference to Roman as well as Protestant authorities. This helped my wife considerably in overcoming her uneasiness in our services.

The break in this pattern came when the Roman priest devoted a sermon to the sin of participating in services other than Roman Catholic. Attendance at a Protestant worship service, according to this teaching is a sin. Joining in the singing of hymns, or the general prayer, at any function of a non-Roman Catholic church is a sin. From that day on, each Sunday my wife made some excuse to attend the Methodist church rather than the Roman. In time we just went Methodist every Sunday without excuses.

Twice we have moved to homes in new cities. Each time I have called on the Methodist pastor and explained our circumstances. I have asked that we take things slowly, that there be no "pressure" on my wife to move to the Methodist church. I've had wonderful co-operation; both pastors have visited my wife, assured her of being welcome in the Methodist church, and offered their help and instruction at any time she wishes to have it.

Nine and a half months after our civil marriage, my wife asked our Methodist pastor if he would perform the religious ceremony for us. He did so without any hesitation, on a Sunday afternoon before the altar of the church with just the three of us present. His quick willingness to do so has meant a great deal to her.

The last time communion was scheduled for our church, I asked my wife to participate with me, or merely observe from her seat, as she chose. It was clear that I intnded to participate, either way. We had previously discussed the element of the confessional in relation to the Communion, very important to a Roman Catholic.

She's Almost A Methodist

Her choice was to observe the service but, as the communion was being served to others and the time came for me to go to the Communion rail, she whispered to me her decision to join me. My wife is now a Methodist at heart, and I anticipate that she will formally join the church with the next class of members.

From my experience, I offer these suggestions to Protestants for an intelligent approach to a Roman Catholic partner:

1. Avoid dogmatic generalities; use specific reasons for your objections to Romanism.

2. If you adhere to Protestantism and refuse Roman Catholicism, do so vitally and vigorously. Half-hearted Protestantism will never interest a devout Roman Catholic.

3. Be informed on the teachings of your own church. Don't attempt to remove the belief in the Roman teachings without substituting another teaching for it. You cannot make an intelligent objection to the Roman teaching if you do not know in particular what your own church can offer as a replacement.

4. Practice tolerance; do not criticize needlessly and without reason. By contrast, the intolerance of the Roman Catholic church will be accented by your tolerance.

5. Live up to your promises. Do not make a promise and then try to get out of it. A young couple of our acquaintance — he is a Roman Catholic and she is a Methodist — have experienced difficulties because she promised to rear her children in the Roman church and was married by the priest, yet, under her mother's influence, she balks at Roman Catholic baptism with each child's arrival. Make no promises unless you also make them to God, and keep those promises without question.

6. Adapt yourself to those practices which do not harm your beliefs. For example, we observe the meatless days of Roman Catholics. It is not only harmless to the tenets of Methodism, but I find that it is a prod to my consciousness of religion during the week. I observe these days whether I am in my wife's company or not.

. . . and the next Sunday went to services at the Methodist Church.

TRY YOUR LUCK AT:

BRAIN TWISTERS

By DON DOUGLAS

Get The Bird!

Each group here represents the name of some well-known bird. All you have to do is rearrange the letters in each case to form the correct name.

1. RAGS LINT.
2. HANG LIGNITE.
3. WHIRLPIOL WIP.
4. TAN SHAPE.
5. GONE PI.
6. WEE ROCK POD.

The Feminine Side

If you think you know women, prove it by writing down the feminine form for each of the masculine words in this list:

1. Sultan.
2. Ram.
3. Fox.
4. Drake.
5. Hart.
6. Monk.
7. Earl.
8. Gander.
9. Horse.
10. Sire.

Santa Claus

We know we get lots of nice things from SANTA CLAUS. Now, how many words of four letters or more can you get out of the letters in his name? We think 38 words would be a pretty fair score, but maybe you can get more out of SANTA CLAUS than this.

ANSWERS

GET THE BIRD: 1. Starling. 2. Nightingale. 3. Whippoorwill. 4. Pheasant. 5. Pigeon. 6. Woodpecker.

THE FEMININE SIDE: 1. Sultana. 2. Ewe. 3. Vixen. 4. Duck. 5. Roe. 6. Nun. 7. Countess. 8. Goose. 9. Mare. 10. Dam.

SANTA CLAUS: Alas, aunt, cant, cast, caul, claim, cult, cuss, lass, last, lust, salt, sans, scan, scat, slat, stun, talc, tuna, atlas, canal, causa, class, nasal, natal, scant, slant, aslant, casual, lacuna, sultan, uncast, assault, canasta, sultana, ulna.

Are The

Reds In Moscow Happy?

Reprinted From Realties

IS MOSCOW a modern city by our our standard?

Moscow is like many another American city. There is plenty of room, streets are 300 feet wide, at night the downtown area is ablaze with neon lights.

Are many cars in the streets?

It is nothing like the traffic in New York but it's there and severely regulated with traffic lights and traffic cops. The cars, that look like Fords, drive fast, and honk all the time.

Is Moscow clean?

The main streets are spotless; in the winter gangs of women sweep away the snow and in summer the streets are watered several times a day. In the winter, snow and mud pile up in the side streets and in the summer dust and rubbish collect.

Are the people happy, well-dressed and well-fed?

People do not look unhappy. They do not look well-dressed, but that does not mean they are in rags. The clothing trade is monopolized by the state and the result is everyone is dressed in the same way.

Women Wear Wool

In the winter, women wear dark woolen suits; in the summer pink and white print dresses. One is just like the other.

There is no public lovemaking. Lovemakers only hold hands occasionally and to kiss on the public street would be regarded as shocking.

You don't see children. They go straight home from school or to public nurseries.

You don't see any old people either. The Russians explain it that they have had war and tough winters.

Few Saloons

There are not many bars there and they are not crowded. You only see drunkards on the street in the summer.

You never find anybody crossing the street in the middle of the block and there are few window shoppers.

Do you have to stand in line?

Oh, yes, you stand in line everywhere. Although there seems to be no lack of merchandise, you get in line to buy what you want, you get in another line to have the bill made out, and then get into another line to pay your bill, and then you get into another line to get your package.

There is no rush. Everybody seems patient, not that they are resigned, they just don't care.

Meals in a cheap restaurant take an hour and a half and in expensive places two hours.

Food Is Plentiful

What do you get to eat in the restaurant?

Food is plentiful. There is little variety. Russians eat a lot more soup, potatoes and soups. There is a whole range of soups from meat and fish soups, to cabbage, turnip, and milk soups and beet soup.

Sweets, apart from a few pastries or preserved fruits, are not to be had.

Beer is the usual drink.

What are the hours of work and working conditions?

Almost everybody works, women as well as men. There are women airline pilots and cops working on the street, climbing scaffolding and in the building trade.

Official work week is 48 hours and everybody works six days out of seven.

An ordinary worker is paid $30 to $40 a week. A highly skilled worker $50 to $100.

Stores do not open until 11 in the morning, but at 11 o'clock at night the food shops and hairdressers are full of customers and the streets do not start to empty until midnight.

Is there a housing shortage?

Everything is crammed. The rate of building lags behind the increase in population. Often enough the only home a newly married couple can get is a corner of an already occupied room partitioned off with a curtain.

No Rent

You don't pay rent. The state allots housing to workers and 8 per cent is deducted from their pay.

You cannot get a room in Moscow unless you have a job first.

What about morals?

Provision is made for children to be looked after, taught and amused while their father and mother are at work. In the evening on Sunday families get together.

If a man is asking for a divorce because he has a child by another woman and wants to marry her, he always gets his decree and it doesn't cost him much.

If by divorcing he will be leaving a wife who has given him children, the cost will be prohibitive.

There is no social slur on a man and woman living together outside of marriage and illegitimate children receive the same protection as legitimate.

Unmarried mothers get all the help they need. What the authorities want is a mass increase in population.

Abortion has gone out of style and has been illegal for many years.

Is recreation well-organized?

Collective recreation is one of the successes of the Communists. Every factory has its club where you can dance or listen to music or learn to play an instrument.

Children have club houses where there is a library and a chess room and a gymnasium for classical dancing.

What do Russian readers like?

Giant portraits of Stalin and the Communist emblems are on the entrances to all stadiums, public halls and theatres in Moscow. They are up both summer and winter. This is the Dynamo stadium.

Street life in Moscow. The Russians are calm, sober-looking people. They do not kiss or hold hands in public and drunks are rarely seen. The woman on the right was annoyed about being photographed.

What the Russians like least is reading newspapers. Works of Stalin are best sellers and after that the classics, Russian and foreign.

What about theaters?

Theaters are full of all classes. Ballet is admired most.

Are the Russian people happy?

They don't seem able to conceive of any other or any better kind of life than that they know.

What about religion?

Sixty orthodox churches have been reopened in Moscow and they are crowded on Sunday.

What do Russians think of us in the West?

Taught To Hate U. S.

Russians are not permitted to travel abroad. They are convinced that life in the West is a life of slavery and starvation for the common people, that the working class children go to school barefoot — when they go at all — that social security does not exist, that unemployment and exploitation reign everywhere.

Foreigners are so maligned that many Russians lose community respect by working for foreign firms.

America is always represented as Russian Enemy Number One and Russia as a sole defender of peace.

What about the subways and skyscrapers?

Russia has both but the city has plenty of broad flat land which doesn't need either one of them.

They were built to prove to the Russian people that they could do what other nations are doing.