ACROSS THE

Bridge Table

With Robert Matthews

Patience and fortitude, with a dash of favorable distribution spelled success for declarer in this week's hand. The hand was taken from a recent duplicate match and was sent in by Miss Lucille Burns of Baltimore.

A five club contract was reached by most declarers, with the shining exception of our South player in this week's hand. In view of the North-South vulnerability; our North realized that most of the players would probably stop at the game contract.

After hearing South's artificial pre-empt 4 club call, he realized that his hand must contain either a singleton or a void. If it also contained an ace, slam possibilities were not too remote.

Accordingly, he employed the Blackwood asking convention, elicited in information that one ace was reposing in the fist of our to-be declarer, and leaped to the fore with a small slam contract.

The spade queen was led which East allowed to hold after viewing the lone spade 3 in the open hand. West exited with the diamond jack, declarer capturing trick with the dummy ace.

At this juncture, our declarer went into a brown study and reasoned that a 3-3 split in the heart suit would bring in the contract. He therefore led a low heart, cashing his singleton ace in the closed and returning the trump king.

When both followed to the suit, a low club was led to the board's ace and another round of hearts played, declarer ruffing in the closed hand.

The dummy was again entered via the diamond king and still another heart returned, declarer ruffing with a high trump to retain that vital entry. The hope for 3-3 split materialized and the contract was cinched.

Dummy was entered through the trump eight and the losing spades discarded on the now established heart suit.

North Dealer

NORTH
♠ 3
♥ Q 10 7 6 5 4
♦ A K 9
♣ A 8 2

WEST
♠ Q 10 6 4
♥ K 9 6
♦ J 10 7 4 2
♣ 9

EAST
♠ A K 8 5 2
♥ J 3 2
♦ Q 5 3
♣ Q 4

SOUTH
♠ A
♥ A J 9 7
♦ 8 6
♣ K J 10 6 5 3

The Bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♥	1 ♠	4 ♣	Pass
4 NT	Pass	5 ♦	Pass
6 ♣	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead: Queen of spades

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 20 cents in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted or general handling: ALBERTINE ASHE, AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore 1, Maryland.)

ENOCH NEEDS PAL

I'm a lonely man, 40, brown-skinned and wanting to meet a real nice lady around 30, like church, clean sports and everything nice.

ENOCH

HE'LL MARRY SOON

I am 52, a Christian man, employed, good habits and not bad to look at. I am anxious to meet a woman 45 and real nice. I will marry soon if suited.

MR. ZALES

PLEASINGLY PLUMP

I am a lonely woman, 5 feet 2, pleasingly plump, and I have a small family. I'm anxious to meet a true, sincere man who understands and will write me at once. I need companionship.

MRS. HENRIETTA

HE'S A MINISTER

I am a minister 37, 5 feet 10, love music and a clean life. I want to meet some nice, sincere, intelligent woman around 37 who likes church.

BURLINGTON

SEEKS SINCERE MAN

I am 5 feet 5, brown-skinned, in my late thirties, like church, clean fun and a happy life.

I'd like meeting a man in his forties who wants to accumulate something in life, someone employed, sincere and understanding.

MRS. ROE

NEWARK GIRLS WRITE

I am 47, 5 feet 5, a widower and employed. I want to meet some very nice lady 35-40 living in or around Newark, N.J. Some one who can appreciate a man who will do everything to make her happy.

MR. JUNIOR

SHE'S A DREAMER

I am looking forward to meeting a business or professional man 33-40, 5 feet 10, of good character, employed and nice. I'm 33, tall and slendge, considered intelligent. I like most recreational, civic and religious activities.

A DREAMER

LONELY WIDOW

I am a Christian woman 68, intelligent but lonely since my husband died. I'm seeking a true companion near my age and type who is employed or has income for a comfortable living.

MRS. GERALDINE

LIKES SMART GIRLS

I wish to meet an attractive lady of the smart set, under 30 with some income. I am 39, 5 feet 9, single, unemployed, but available, willing and able.

ALFRED

MARRIAGEABLE MAY

I am a widow 45, 5 feet 2, brown-skinned, seeking the companionship of a gentleman 45-50, professional, business, minister or civil service employee. Write soon and give full details about yourself.

MAY

SOMEONE TO COME HOME TO

I am a lonely man, employed, 28, wanting everything nice, including a wife to come home to. She must be true, 20-33, kind, lovely and wanting a nice fellow for a beau.

ALEXANDER

LIKES BALTIMORE MEN

I'm 36, single and would like to meet a nice gentleman between 36-40, who likes church and other nice things. I want someone in Baltimore or near.

ESTHER

WILL GO STEADY

I am a lonely boy 20 not bad looking, intelligent and employed. I'm seeking a nice girl friend 18-20 who is willing to go steady if suited.

SAMUEL

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

GIRLS NAMED ANN

I am a college man, brown-skinned, 5 feet 8, and weigh 165. I would like correspondence with a college girl 24-32 whose name is Ann. Write.

MAURICE

SINGLE GIRL

I am single 26, 5 feet 2 brown-skinned, like sports, music, dancing, movies and church. I'm interested in meeting an ambitious gentleman around 26 and up who is interesting.

VIVIAN

PRAYERS HEEDED

After Sunday morning services in a Boston church, a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat. When she returned for her purse, it was gone, but she quickly found it in the possession of the clergyman himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," he said. "You must remember that there are some in the congregation so simple that they might consider it an answer to prayer."

Silent Lips

Wife: "Darling, what was the first thing about me that attracted you to me?"

Husband: "You had your mouth shut."

LAFF OF THE WEEK

Six girls in the office recognized it right away.

Next Week . . . . . .

Air Force jet pilot, Major Vernon Haywool, a native of Raleigh, N.C., who now trains fighter pilots at an Arizona air base, is the subject of an article to be featured in next week's AFRO Magazine section, Here Major Haywood entertains his son, Vernon, Jr., with toy jet planes. Watch for this story.

A New AFRO Magazine Feature

FAMILY PROBLEMS

By Ann Morris

Dear Ann:

My husband and I have two lovely daughters, upon whom we have lavished our efforts, time and funds. We have been happy to do this.

Our older daughter is married to a nice boy, but one who is neither brilliant, progressive nor ambitious.

New don't misunderstand. We want our daughters to be married to the men they love, but not having had a son, it was our hope that we might be compensated by having a son-in-law who could carry on in the field which my husband has given his life to develop.

Do you think I am wrong to make such suggestions to my child who still has to select a husband?

Mrs. T. A. S.

Dear Mrs. T. A. S.:

I do think that you would set yourself a task to pick a husband for your daughter, and a bigger task to pick a husband in a specific profession. But I do not think your suggestion is amiss.

In fact, I think parents are far too casual in their attitude toward helping their daughters to select husbands. You wouldn't trust your daughter to spend $500 on a coat if she had no experience in buying, would you? You would go right along to the shop with her!

Yet, many parents trust to luck that a totally inexperienced girl will do the wise thing when it comes to the most important step in her life.

There is another thing, too. You don't go looking for a diamond in a dime store. So, what about seeing to it that your daughter is occasionally in places where she will meet the kind of young men you speak of? (I have some suggestions along this line too, if you will send me a stamped and addressed envelope.)

Never discount propinquity. It will be just as easy for your daughter to fall in love with a desirable young man as for her to fall in love with an undesirable one.

Don't feel that you are being cold-blooded in this matter. It doesn't help a marriage to have the wife constantly comparing an unsuccessful husband with the successful father around whom she has spent her life.

The marriage has less handicaps when the two are of about the same status.

AFRO MAGAZINE CONTENTS

ARTICLES

BROWN BABIES ARRIVE — Germany's first war babies to be adopted by U. S. parents fly across the seas to their new home.
pages 1 and 3

TRAIL BLAZER — The true story of Jim Beckwourth, colored cowboy, who led expeditions across the frontier and later became chief of an Indian tribe.
page 5

THE CARPET BAGGERS — The South hated these Northerners but the freedmen found them to be friends.
page 9

PLAIN TALK ABOUT BREAST CANCER — Science is making great strides in the detection and cure of this malignant disease.
page 10

PICTURE PAGES

FAYETTEVILLE, N.C. and HOPEWELL, VA. — Two more communities become subjects for the AFRO roving photographer.
pages 6-7 and 12

A White Man Tries To Put Himself In Our Place

This piece is written by a white reader. He thinks the white group will destroy itself and take us with it. He writes about the situation, saying if he were colorel, this is how he would see it.—THE EDITORS.

Like many another relationship in the world, the cohabitation of the colored and white races has not been without its share of irony.

In this respect the colored person's struggle for equality with the white races appears to point up still another.

The emerging facts seem to prove that in this direction we have already succeeded too well for our own good.

In fact, to be bracketed with the white man at all from now on is going to be very hazardous business.

The white man has indeed become a dangerous colleague. His propensity for carnage and destruction is taking on new and more frightful dimensions year by year. We have only recently seen the German in a 10-year stint, (and as a mere side-line to war) knock off some six millions of his fellow humans.

Too Slow, Inefficient

And mankind's chief objection to that slaughter appears to be that it was too slow and inefficient.

However, thanks to the efforts and devotion of scientists, means have now been found that will achieve a like result within the space of a single flash: One bomb to a city and all is over—life and landmarks together.

Furthermore, great pride is taken in these achievements, and a nation unable to match the performance is considered backward and unfortunate indeed!

There are those, of course, who refuse to believe that such weapons will ever be resorted to by a "civilized" people. Their doubts, however, can easily be laid.

In the first place, these weapons are being manufactured with the utmost urgency and on the clearest of assumptions that other nations are embarked on the same sinister task and earmarking their wares especially and in turn for us!

In the second place, when the first A-bomb test was made in New Mexico in the summer of 1945, the war had narrowed down to a single enemy—Japan, a nation already on its knees.

Living Targets

Here then was the time for a conquering nation to show magnanimity and compassion—an unrivalled opportunity, in fact, to extend the hand of friendship and mercy.

But no.

The bombs had been made (at admittedly fearful expense), and it was thus unthinkable to waste them on anything less than living targets.

With the subsequent destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, vanished also the moral prestige of the victors, a loss for which the substitute can only be a further reliance on force and more destruction.

How is one to account for this colossal lust for slaughter? Is the philosophy of "live and let live," in spite of his cultural and religious heritage, beyond the white man's comprehension?

Do the aspirations of other peoples, merely by differing somehow from his own, so frighten and confound him as to preclude all recourse save in violence?

Has he been a butcher so long that no life is worth a hoot to him, including his own? Whatever the answer, the result to our own people is the same.

If our white brethren, now living by the sword, elect also to die by the sword, then we, as part of their society, are perforce doomed with them.

And while it can hardly be called insolence in us to resent having to live under what looks more and more like a death-house sentence, neither can we argue that there was no warning.

The writing on the wall has been there for a long while.

We should have taken the thing at the first gory signs and cleared out of the larger cities altogether.

We might have taken refuge then with the Indians. Perhaps now, it's too late.

Out Of Court

A rich farmer applied to an attorney about a lawyer. The lawyer said he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he gave the farmer a letter of recommendation to a professional friend. The farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together.

"If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other.

"And make 'em agree like brother and brother."

This letter cured both parties, who promptly settled their difference without recourse to courts.

When Wolves Meet

One night the stewardess on a plane had her hands full. No sooner did she break away from one heart case—a character who gave her the number of his hotel room and promised to have the place strewn with American Beauty roses—than another wolf waylaid her.

"Little girl," he purred, "you might as well tell me where you live, because I'll find out anyway." She whispered an address, and added something about American Beauty roses.

"Baby, I'll be there with both arms full of 'em," he promised. I'd have given a lot to see what happened when Wolf No. 2 turned up at the hotel room of Wolf No. 1.

Comet's Tail

(Continued from Page 4)

phoning, ringing alarms; silent, silent all. Was nobody—nobody—he dared not think the thought and hurried on.

Suddenly he stopped still. He had forgotten. My God! How could he have forgotten?

Looked For A Car

He must rush to the subway—then he almost laughed. No—a car; if he could find a Ford. He saw one. Gently he lifted off its burden and took his place on the seat. He tested the throttle. There was gas. He glided off, shivering, and drove up the street. Everywhere stood, leaned, lounged, and lay the dead, in grim and awful silence.

On he ran past an automobile, wrecked and overturned; past another, filled with a gay party whose smiles yet lingered on their death-struck lips; on past crowds and groups of cars, pausing by dead policemen; at 42nd street to avoid the dead congestion.

He came back on Fifth avenue at 57th and flew past the Plaza and by the park with its hushed babies and silent throng, until as he was rushing past 72nd street he heard a sharp cry, and saw a living form leaning wildly out an upper window. He gasped. The human voice sounded in his ears like the voice of God.

"Hello—hello—help, in God's name! wailed the woman. "There's a dead girl in here and a man and, see yonder dead men lying in the street and dead horses—for the love of God go and bring the officers—" And the words trailed off into hysterical tears.

A Long Pause

He wheeled the car in a sudden circle, running over the still body of a child and leaping on the curb. Then he rushed up the steps and tried the door and rang vigorously. There was a long pause, but at last the heavy door swung back.

They stared a moment in silence.

She had not noticed before that he was colored. He had not thought of her as white. She was a woman of perhaps twenty-five, with darkly-golden hair, and jewels. Yesterday, he thought with bitterness, she would scarcely have looked at him twice.

He would have been dirt beneath her feet. She shorted at him. Of all the sorts of men she had pic ed as coming to her rescue she had not dreamed of one like him. Not that he was not human, but he dwelt in a world so far from hers, so infinitely far, that he seldom ever entered her thoughts.

Yet as she looked at him curiously he seemed quite commonplace and usual. He was a tall, dark working man of the better class, with a sensitive face trained to stolidity and a poor man's clothes and hands.

His face was soft and slow and his manner at once cold and nervous, like fires long banked, but not out.

So a moment each paused and gauged the other; then the thought of the dead world without rushed in and they started toward each other.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

J. Saunders Redding's

Tyro Novelist Hits Harlem

Book Review

Trespass, by Eugene Brown. Doubleday and Company, Publishers; 575 Madison ave., New York. 192 pp. $2.25.

The number of novelists who in the last twenty - five years have gone to Harlem for the material of their first novels runs into the hundreds, and proves at least that the writer's instinct for the dramatic can be quickly satisfied by taking the A train.

But Harlem bristles with dangers. The unwary writer can be and often is trapped by his own fixed misconceptions, or blinded by the surfacy glitter, or—if he is as sensitive and as probing as he shold be—stunned by the impact of the squalor and degradation of ghetto life.

If it is the first that happens to him, then he writes a vicious libel. If it is the second, his book will turn out pleasant, perhaps acid-sweet, perhaps sensational, but meaningless. And if it is the third, the resulting book is likely to be labored, sermonizing, and burdened with the altogether obvious.

A few recent first - novelists, notably Owen Dodson (Boy at the Window) and Ralph Ellison (Invisible Man) — have escaped the ambushes laid in Harlem; and so good a first novel in Trespass that this reviewer wishes that its author, Eugene Brown, could be added to the list.

Trespass has seveal things to recommend it to the discriminate reader.

It does not arouse the feeling that the novelist had to remember to depict his Harlem characters as human beings; no hint that he considered them some misbegotten species of animal life displaced from a strange planet.

Trespass has simplicity, a basic simplicity of concept and story that is the heart of all good narrative. This is not to say that, like a folk tale, Trespass is without complexity. Quite the contrary.

Apces Compton, Ann Wills and Mitchell Beal, its chief characters, are as complex, as strangely motivated, and as variable as they need to be—that is, as the illusion of reality demands. Yet they are drawn so skillfully, and so carefully and at the same time so unobtrusively is every action foreshadowed that nothing that happens to them or through them comes as a surprise.

Mitchell Beal, a white youth of good family, meets and falls in love with Ann Wills, an intelligent colored girl in the middle middle-class. More mature than the lover, Ann realizes the emotional hazard they face. Beall does not.

He thinks that nothing can harm them; that their love is exalted beyond danger and beyond the reality of the people they are. Beall is still a boy—a fact which Ann realizes, and she realizes also that she loves him too much to be the instrument of his ruin.

Her motives are right, but her methods are wrong, and in the end she decides "to debase herself in his eyes, to paint for him a last self-portrait of deceit and degradation." Being young, Beal will recover; Ann will not.

The reader knows that in a mercifully little while her body will die of tuberculosis, just as her soul has already died of renunciation.

Impertinent Characters

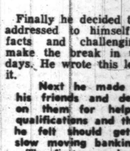
What traps Eugene Brown is his own unwillingness to sacrifice interesting but wholly impertinent material. Had the painstaking drawing of uncontributing characters like Big John, Doc, Giles, and Cullen and the episodes in which these have parts been deleted, the story would have been tauter.

The reader's attention would not have been called astray by the delightfully irrelevant. But to ask a first novelist to prune his work ruthlessly is perhaps to demand too much. And unless this reviewer is badly mistaken, Eugene Brown will shortly develop, as writer and artist, enough to make the most harrowing demands upon himself.

J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Dale Carnegie Says . . .

A problem was solved in a unique way for John L. Davis, 1980 Washington street, San Francisco, California. He was working for a Bank and Trust Company in San Francisco, and he definitely was in a rut. He was not getting ahead as fast as he had a right to feel he should. He worried about what step to take, yet he was afraid to quit and look for something better.



Dale Carnegie

Finally he decided to write a letter addressed to himself reviewing the facts and challenging himself to make the break in the next ninety days. He wrote this letter and signed it.

Next he made up a list of his friends and decided to call on them for help, giving his qualifications and the reason why he felt should get out of the slow moving banking business.

The first man he called on was a vice president of another San Francisco bank who said he would be glad to offer John a position in his bank. but they both felt that would not fundamentally solve the problem. In a few days this vice president telephoned John to come to see him, and told of a new investment trust just formed in San Francisco and said that they were looking for a security analyst.

John was admirabley qualified because of his work in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. He immediately went to see the President of the new company and was accepted for the position. Within three years he was a vice president and a director of the company, with a salary three times what he had been making at the bank.

He believes he really conquered his fear and stopped his worry by writing the letter to himself just setting the facts down in black and white and making clear his course of action. The call on his friend was motivated by the need for action to make the change in ninety days. The final result was what he had desired and that result was inevitable once he had written the letter.

The Carpetbaggers

Southerners Called Them Scoundrels But The Freedmen Called Them Friends

When the Civil War was ended, Washington set up provisional federal governments in the various states and at first denied the ballot to admitted rebels and those who had served in the Confederate Army.

The right to vote was extended to all loyal citizens and many colored persons were elected to local city, state, and county governments, to the U.S. Congress, and to the U.S. Senate.

The officers and men of the Confederate Army were the leaders in the South.

They opposed every movement of the so-called Reconstruction government headed by the Northerners to spend state funds to rehabilitate the South, especially to make public schools free to all and to give the ballot to colored people who had formerly been slaves.

A Term Of Derision

The battle to discredit the Federal control of the South gained little headway as long as Union soldiers were occupying the former rebel states.

The Northerners, many of them former Union soldiers, were termed carpetbaggers, as a term of derision.

Anyone who opposed returning control to the slaveholders, any design to keep the unionists and their broad program of civil rights in power was given the same label.

Subsequently, these ex-Confederates would get control of the Southern states; abolish the public schools for years for colored people, pass segregation and disfranchisement laws or read them into the state Constitutions.

Hated Northerners' Efforts

Their hatred of the Reconstruction work done by the ex-Union soldiers in the South has been perpetuated even today so that many misguided Northerners refer to the Reconstruction era as the carpet-bag period.

From the Columbia, S.C. FREE PRESS, April 5, 1865:

Who Are The Carpet-Bag Adventurers?

An Editorial

They are men, who since the war terminated, have emigrated to the South from northern states, and have become planters, merchants, lawyers and businessmen generally, for they have taken hold of any of the industries of the South which seemed to promise reward for well directed efforts, and was honest as a calling.

They brought with them large sums of money, have expended it in rewarding labor, restoring the waste places, and giving life and vigor to business.

Some of them bought plantations, others leased places, while others again furnished the capital for working lands jointly with northern owners.

And so in one form or other, they provided a large share of the means used in employing labor, buying mules, farm implements, forage and food in growing the crops of corn, sugar and cotton, that have been raised in the South since the rebellion was crushed out.

Industrious, Capable Men

As a class they are not only industrious, enterprising and unexceptional in character, but many of them are men of large experience in the business affairs of life, intelligent and influential in the communities in which they have hitherto lived.

Many of them were in the Union army, serving their country as soldiers and patriots, during the four years of that terrible war, when the Southern people were in arms for the destruction of the government.

They aided in saving the country from destruction and in our judgment that country will never forsake them, but will protect those who were loyal to the flag of the Union in the hour of its greatest trial.

Governments will be organized in the Southern States that will secure the rights of all these men, in spite of all the calumnies cast upon them, for they are just such men as this land, wasted by war, requires, in order to restore it to prosperity.

They are men whom interest and common sense would invite into any country, because of the benefits they are capable of conferring upon any place they adopt as their home.

But what do we see and hear as the treatment these men meet with in the South?

Why what else but denunciation and abuse poured out upon them from morning until night?

They are called by all the hard names known in the English language, and are falsely charged with all the offenses known in the calendar of crime, and by whom?

By whom—by the rebels, who undertook to destroy the government; who, by bringing on the war ruined the whole South; who are responsible for the half million of lives that were sacrificed, and for the poverty and distress that so generally prevail.

Yes, by men who owe it to the clemency of the government that they have not been tried for treason and had their property confiscated.

'Men Void Of Good Sense'

By men who seem to be as mad with passion, and as void of good sense now, notwithstanding all the lessons of war, as they were during the years immediately preceding the war—when no Northern man was safe a moment in the South, unless he degraded his manhood by adopting the sectional views of the Southern politicians, and lauding slavery to the skies.

By men who, having been conquered, and all their political heresies exploded as a consequence of war, and to whom, good sense, prudence and modesty would dictate to keep silence, are nevertheless, blatant with their denunciations of Northern men who reside in their midst.

In their mad course they seem determined to do the very thing that will prevent a recovery of the property in the South, for their conduct tends to drive every Northern man away, and prevents capital and enterprise from coming here.

Land Without Value

They know there is no value to their lands now and they seem willing there never shall be, nor any revival to trade or commerce.

A man who believes in the congressional plan of reconstruction, and aids that plan by his vote, and otherwise publicly supports it, is in the Southern man's mind wanting in all the characteristics of a gentleman; but on the other hand if a Northern man will so far degrade himself as to speak lightly of the rebellion, treat it as a mere difference of political opinion, that one side of the war was about as near right as the other, that Jeff Davis is a genial gentleman, and will never be tried for treason, for after all he only failed in "forming an Empire," that rebels ought not to be disfranchised, for their leaders are the only men who really understand how to manage governments, curse the colored race loudly, and follow the Southern practice of wearing a belt with a pistol at his side, think that all political honesty is confined to the Democratic party, that Congress hangs on the "verge of the government," that Mr. Johnson is a great statesman, and the country will be ruined if he is impeached, such a man is a "gentleman," a conservative, and is taken into the gracious favor of Southern rebels.

He is no "carpetbagger adventurer." No, no, for with such men, rebels could easily get into power, and therefore they meet with a cordial welcome.

This print from an old magazine shows a Southern polling place during the state elections of 1867. Freedmen voted that year for the first time, thanks to the Northerners' efforts at Reconstruction. This is the real reason why Dixie scorned so-called Carpetbaggers.

They Fought Against Freedom

Here are some of the post-Civil War Southerners responsible for laws and notions which still stymie democracy in Dixie.

Josiah Turner, member of the North Carolina legislature in the 1850's and 1860's. Was responsible for the overthrow of the reconstruction government of North Carolina. Admitted that he did so by ridicule and bringing the Republican leaders into contempt by calling nicknames. Bonds for public schools he termed "carpetbag" bonds.

David Wyatt Aiken, Confederate soldier and a congressman, boasted that he overthrew the federal reconstruction government in South Carolina in 1876, which he called a "tragic carpet-bag regime."

Amos Tappan Ackerman, also a Confederate soldier, bragged that a small group of Confederates had organized to overthrow the reconstruction government in Georgia because one-third of the legislative membership was composed of ex-slaves and nearly all of the others were "carpetbaggers, adventurers and ex-Union soldiers from the North."

James Lusk Alcorn, Senator and Governor of Mississippi, descendant from a poor immigrant family from Ireland. He succeeded Hiram R. Revels, first colored man to occupy a seat in the U.S. Senate. He resisted all efforts to secure civil rights for colored people by federal legislation, defended separate schools, became a republican to get himself into power and then betrayed the colored people who voted for him.

His last disservice to his state was in 1890 when he supported the disfranchising clause of a new state constitution which barred hundreds of thousands of colored voters, even to this day.

James Foster Murphy, governor of Louisiana, defeated the "carpetbaggers" in his state in the 1870's and 1880's; and while governor in 1896 adopted a new constitution which adopted the infamous grandfather's clause designed to deny the vote to colored people who had been given the ballot by the so-called "carpetbaggers."

Thomas Jordan Jarvis, ex-Confederate soldier, a member of the legislature and governor of North Carolina in 1879. Contested every move of the reconstruction "carpetbag" government and hastened its overthrow.

William Thomas Clark, General of the Union Army and congressman from Galveston, Texas, born in Norfolk, Conn., worked hard for the crédation of political leagues among colored voters and to advance education of colored children. He was called in 1872 the "last of the Texas carpetbaggers."

John Marshall Stone, was twice governor of Mississippi and captain in the Confederate infantry during the Civil War. His first administration marked "the return of the power to the white race" and his second "gave a Constitutional basis for the perpetuation of white control in the provisions of the Constitution of 1890." Stone devoted all his activities to defeating the "carpetbaggers" friendly to colored people and gave the vote to white persons only."

War Babies Happy In New Home

Comfortable rooms, television, toys greet Eduard and Sonja on their arrival in Washington home.

By JAMES WILLIAMS

The well appointed and comfortable 14-room home of the Edward F. Cardwells at 1831 Kalorama rd., nw., has opened up a wonderful new world for the first two German brown babies to arrive in the United States for adoption.

The children have already discovered the magic of television and other wonders of America, but perhaps their greatest discovery has been the warm love they have received from the Cardwells.

It shows in the way the children smile at Mrs. Hattie B. Cardwell and softly call her "Ma-Ma", as the 4-year-old girl, Sonja, hesties close to her with a sigh of happiness.

Proudly Tells Name

It also shows in the way 5-year-old Edward proudly tells a reporter that his name is "Eddie Cardwell."

Perhaps the words are not quite distinct, as the children have only been in America since Wednesday, but even the barrier of language can not hide the pride in the boy's voice.

Each of the children has been provided with his own room. Edward's is painted green, while Sonja's is pink. The rooms are complete with furniture made for children.

Likes Television

To date, their greatest source of entertainment has been the large screen television set in the tastefully furnished living room.

Edward has developed a taste for cowboy pictures and will sit through an entire picture in complete fascination.

He has already learned how to turn on the set and on Sunday he was engaged in the techniques of obtaining a clear picture.

At mealtime the children eat almost every type of food served, but their main passion is for fruit and milk.

Plans For Future

When they arise in the morning, the children wash and dress themselves, then make their own beds, with Mrs. Cardwell providing the finishing touches.

The Cardwells have made intensive plans for the future of the children and Edward is scheduled to enroll in school next Monday.

Last Wednesday, the children and the Cardwells had never met, but after four days together even a stranger can see that they are a real family.

Everyone is happy now. The Cardwells meet their adopted children, Sonja and Eduard, at the New York airport. Scandinavian airline attendants indicate that they are as happy as the new parents. They lavished attention on the tots during their overseas flight.

How To Adopt A War Baby

Adopting a brown German baby is a tough process ... desire for children, you won't be stopped by red-tape along the path.

... good a description of the child you would like, then obtain from the State Department or Immigration authorities, affidavits of support. If these are not available, make a financial statement of your income, property etc.

Foward this information to the U.S. Consulate in Germany by registered mail.

You must give the government complete information about your earning capacity, annual income and personal property. In short, you must show that you are able to provide for a child.

The Consulate will refer your request to authorized Germans who will interpret German law court certificates of consent and act as liasion agents between the child to be adopted and the mother.

Physical Exam Required

After your affidavit is approved by the Government and turned over to qualified interpreters in Germany, the boy or girl selected will be given a health examination.

Consent of the mother must be obtained and approved by a German lower court. The child is then placed in a Wisenheim (children's home) and you pay for his or her room, board, clothing and medical care until the U.S. government is ready to approve immigration.

You are given a number after making application with the U.S. Consulate and are placed on the waiting list according to the date your application was received.

It must be proved that the child's grandparents were born in Germany, all the legal documents must be translated into English and you bear all the expense of this legal work.

When a German woman marries, she automatically becomes whatever nationality her husband may be This follows through with the child.

Proving nationality is the most difficult step in the entire procedure and it takes from six weeks to six months for this proof to be obtained and processed.

It takes time, money and patience but if you really want children, it is worth it.

Eduard and Sonja leave the plane they flew the Atlantic in, accompanied by a Transatlantic Scandinavian Airlines hostess.

A Colored Student At Leyden

By MRS. ELIZABETH T. MEIJER

There are quite a lot of American students studying at different universities in Holland.

I discovered there were many reasons for this: study in Holland costs less money due to the favorable exchange rate; some go because prejudice keeps them out of some American schools, especially medical schools (many of them are Jewish), and some are kept out because of overcrowding.

I was greatly interested to find that the language difficulty did not seem to matter too much, as they all try to learn Dutch as quickly as possible and as technical terms are mainly Latin, this universal language makes it easier for them.

In Leyden I had the pleasure of meeting Eugene Commander of New York City (210 W. 153rd st.) who is studying medicine at Leyden university there. Mr. Commander had received his bachelor of arts in science at Long Island University and had taught general science in the public schools of New York City for some years when he decided to switch to medicine.

He does not find it too hard in Leyden. His exams are in English and he finds that many of the best textbooks are written in English. He likes Holland very much and finds the people very friendly. He has made many good friends here and has found a girl who does not speak English at all, so he must use his Dutch when he is with her.

Having lived in New York and having gone to school on Long Island he has never met with as much prejudice as would have happened if he had lived in the deep South, so he has not experienced this deep sense of relief that some other colored students feel once they are settled in Europe.

He told me that his strong spiritual background has always been a great help to him in overcoming difficult experiences.

He greatly enjoys the many trips he has made in Holland and to Belgium, France and Switzerland and hopes to do more traveling. Like everyone else in Holland, he uses a bicycle for his transportation. His only complaint was about the damp and chilly climate. He is looking forward to many more happy years in Holland.