Valley Of The Shadow

A German war bride, her husband and a poor loser with hate in his heart and murder in his eye are caught up in one of James H. Hill's most explosive yarns.

(WHAT HAS HAPPENED)

In celebration of his birthday, and his German bride's release from Ellis Island, ex-Lt. GEORGE AMMONS decides to treat his bride, SIGRID, to a round of Manhattan night spots. They go to the Club Velvet, where JOE PETERSON, a mutual friend, pianist with a combo, is playing. Soon after GEORGE and SIGRID arrive, a waitress brings him a note from TED BARSTOW, the club's owner, inviting GEORGE into his office.

SIGRID make George remember that BARSTOW is the blond G.I. GEORGE sayed for a nasty remark back in Munich, and is apprehensive about the invitation. GEORGE, however, insists that the owner merely wants to let bygones be bygones and enters the office. Shots ring out as soon as GEORGE is inside, and after a panic, in which JOE PETERSON rescues SIGRID, BILL GUNDERSEN, a Swede, a crony of BARSTOW is found dead in the office.

GEORGE is charged with his murder. The letter is taken down to headquarters and worked over, while JOE takes SIGRID to her brother-in-law, PAUL AMMONS. They tell their story and Paul is convinced that GEORGE is innocent. He calls headquarters and inquires if a paraffin test has been made on GEORGE, and is told that GEORGE has already confessed to GUNDERSEN's murder. NOW READ ON:

Part III "New Evidence"

"It is funny isn't it. You coming for your letters and me for evidence to clear my brother. The Swede had both."

A FOUR-PART SERIAL BY JAMES H. HILL

The homicide lieutenant's terse announcement left Paul Ammons momentarily stunned. He just stood there for a moment, his mouth open, holding the handset and looing at the cradle. It was as though he were looking at a telephone for the first time.

He was aware, too of the tension in the tris behind him; aware of their eyes boring into his back as he slowly replaced the telephone. His wife spoke first.

"What is it, Paul? What did he say?"

Paul turned slowly to face them. His hands were thrust deep into the pockets of the robe. In one belief instant, he noted the worried frown on Lucy's brow; the expectant look on Joe's face; and expression of grim resolve on Sigrid's. She was done with crying. He was sure of that.

"George—confessed."

Lucy came up out of her chair. "Oh, Paul, no!"

Sigrid clenched her teeth, compressed her lips; but it didn't keep her mouth from trembling at the corners.

"But that's crazy!" Joe said, looking up from the hassock. The attitude of his considerable body was like that of a great bird, undecided as to whether it should take off.

"Not as crazy as you think." Paul said with a sigh. "Maybe George did confess. Some of those apes on the homicide squad can make a man confess to anything, from the assassination of Lincoln to the killing of Louis Adamic.

"Cops, like the majority of other people, are lazy—always looking for the easy way out—just like some lawyers I could mention. Not so much interested in seeing justice done as they are in closing a case and putting the grab on a fee and paycheck. They get a suspect, they wring him dry."

He glanced at the China electric clock on the mantel. It was twelve-forty.

Lucy got up, pulled the beige peignoir together at the top. With a sigh of resignation she said: "I'll put the coffee on, Paul—and I'll fix you some eggs."

Sigrid and Joe looked up at her, mute query in their eyes. Lucy smiled at them.

"I married a Johnny Crusader, you know. Whenever he gets that look in his eyes and watches the clock, he's getting ready to put on his armor and clank away on his charger. But he does better on a full stomach." She paused. "Either of you care for anything?"

Sigrid shook her head numbly. "No—I cannot eat."

Joe got up from the hassock. "Me either. But what you gonna do, Paul?"

Paul moved toward the bedroom. "First I'm going to change in to street clothes. By that time, maybe I'll know." Only thing I'm sure of now is that the trail is hot now. If Barstows' the killer, or if he hired a gunsel, he hasn't had time to tie up all the loose ends yet."

Joe frowned, said helplessly. "I wish I could help."

"Maybe you can. This should have settled down at the Club Velvet by this time; and the evening should be passing in a 'business as usual' routine. Besides, they'll miss you at the piano."

Joe looked momentarily stunned. "Yeah. Yeah. I never thought of that."

Lucy had gone. You could hear her running water in the kitchen. Sigrid had a good grip on herself now. She pulled her wrap about her shoulders. She said to Paul:

"Do you think they'd let me see George tonight?" Her voice was tight, strained.

"Not if they go according to form. If I'm not mistaken, George is a pretty sorry-looking sight right now. They'll be busy using compresses and unguents and fast poultices, so that by morning—say eight or nine—he'll look pretty human. The bruises might not even show by then." Paul felt compassion for her. "I'm sorry."

Her strained, accented voice was brave. "It's all right, Paul. I'll be all right . . ."

"I'll take you home, Sig," Joe said. "Where you staying?"

The girl grinned crookedly. "The Briston — in the bridal suite . . ."

Joe pretended not to notice the bitterness. "Come on. Let's get going!"

Twenty minutes later, Joe and Sigrid arrived at the Bristol. It was a fairly large hostelry on 48th, just East of Broadway. Joe escorted her into the lobby and took his leave. What he didn't know, however, was that as soon as he had driven off, Sigrid came out into the street again and hailed a taxi.

It took considerable manipulation to get the keys to the Swede's apartment. Paul had gone to the morgue, bribed the attendant with a double-sawbuck to be allowed to see the personal effects found on the corpus delecti, and to use the keys. It was not a new thing with Paul. He knew police and morgue-attendants in Manhattan and all five boroughs, as well as similar officials in Jersey City and Hoboken.

But Paul had to promise to get the keys back before the watch changed at seven the next morning. When he arrived, via ancient Chevvy, at the apartment house on Lispenard street, the super presented another problem. In the first place, the apartment house was indubitably one which catered to Caucasians.

In the second, the super, a stringy-looking man with a beak of a nose and skinny, elongated neck, was obviously unfriendly. Even at ten in the morning he would have been hostile. At one-fifteen a.m., he was almost venomous.

He had been sitting in the corridor by the phone booth, his lank figure comfortably settled in a hard-back chair which was propped against the wall. He was paring yellowed fingernails with a hunting knife, and there was an old .44 Smith and Wesson revolver hanging in a waist holster. If he'd been wearing a tengallon hat and cowboy boots, he might have looked like a leathery old cattleman in a grade B horse opera.

At the sight of Paul, his puffy, dark eyes narrowed, and the chair came forward with a loud thump as he frowned, put the knife on the floor and let his right hand move down toward the gun.

"What you want?" he demanded curtly. "Or maybe you got lost."

Hat In Hand

Paul Ammons never broke stride, and pretended not to notice the hand drifting toward the revolver. He had noticed in the lobby that the building superintendent's name was R. Jenks. He was aware, too, that here, before him, was an unregenerate bigot—a twentieth century holdover from the old South.

He was aware, too, that time was of the essence. In less than forty-five minutes, the Club Velvet; along with all of the legitimate night spots, would be closing. So he employed the technique which has opened so many "sesames" for some colored people who came in contact with this type of white.

He doffed his hat, grinned, and bowed very low. "I ain't lost, boss; but is you mist' Jenks?"

Jenks growled a curt "Yeah!" but the change in his manner was perceptible. His eyes mirrored their approval of the grinning man with hat in hand. The super sighed, and picked up the hunting knife. Paul walled his eyes so that the whites showed. Jenks smiled. "What you want, boy, this time o' mornin'?"

Paul pretended that he was so fascinated by the clean sharp blade that he was speechless. Jenks stuck the knife into a leather sheath which hung on the opposite side of his waist. He repeated the question.

Paul seemed to find his voice. "My boss, Mist' Gundersen, he flushed his keys down the john—car keys an' all. He got another set upstairs in his chiffrobe or dresser. He say I should see you, Mist' Jenks, and get those keys. He got a lady he goin' drive to Jezzy City soon's the club closes." Paul shook his head sadly. "I hope I fines 'em in time."

Jenks gave a short, cackling laugh. "That Swede—that rabbity Swede . . . He got up. "C'mon, boy. It's up on the next floor. I'll let you in."

Paul tried to look ill-at-ease. "Cain't you help me look, Mist' Jenks? I got a awful knack of overlooking things."

"Well — for a few minutes, maybe." Then: "Oh — you tell him Miss Varney was here." He reached into his pants pocket, brought out a folded slip of paper.

"Tell him she'll be at this number — all night long." He laughed and slapped his thigh as he led the way upstairs. "Boy that Swede, get in a squeeze one of these days . . . ."

"He sure is a lady's man," Paul conceded.

Found The Motive

It was nearly two a.m. when Paul finally found that he was looking for. If he hadn't seen the one wire handle, standing up in the loam of the wicker plant box, he never would have found it.

Jenks had stayed with him only ten minutes, making a cursory search, commenting the whole while about the Swede's amorous escapades. Paul's pleading with him to stay was for the purpose of assuring the bigot that he was on the up and up.

Paul had come up with a big fat blank with the chifferobe, dresser, refrigerator, closets. Standing near the window, playing the beam of his pencil searchlight. Paul quickly uncovered the handle in the dirt caught the light. Paul uickly uncovered the handle on the other side and lifted the shallow tray of iris and hibiscus out. There was a metal box under one end of the tray—and a brick, of conforming size under the other, so that when the tray was replaced, it was level.

The small steel key on Gundersen's ring, fitted the lock on the box. His fingers trembled as he handled the brick-sized container. Paul twisted the key and the steel top sprang open.

There were two bank books in there and banded stacks of engraved lineness of President Ulysses S. Grant. There must have been at least ten thousand dollars in fifties. There were pictures, too—payoff pictures of Ted Barstow and three professional lovers; and from the complexions of the latter trio, you could tell that the pictures had been made in Harlem.

Doubtless, the wily Swede

(Continued On Page 11)

I REMEMBER THE

TYSON STREET MURDER CASE

A true story of three decades ago when a young mother's spurned lover found her after a six-year search, a hunt that ended in sudden death.

By Cliff Spencer

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is true. It was printed in the AFRO over 30 years ago. It is reprinted in entirety just as the story happened.

BALTIMORE, May 16, 1922

Six years' relentless pursuit of the girl he loved and lost ended for Brady Evans Sunday night.

Finding that his former Virginia sweetheart who had left her home when a lass of sixteen, had come to Baltimore and married another man, Johnson shot and mortally wounded her.

The shooting, which followed a relentless search for the girl since she had left Waidtown, Va., occurred in front of 882 Tyson st. where Mrs. Hortense Amat with her husband and two children lived.

Just what occurred immediately before the firing of the fatal shots no one knows. Hearing the report of the pistol, inmates of the home rushed out to find the prostrate body of the wounded woman lying on the pavement. Her assailant had fled.

Victim Gives Clue

After being taken to Mercy Hospital, Mrs. Amat stated that she had been shot by Brady Evans, a former suitor. She said Evans had accosted her as she was coming home in the evening about 7:30. She sank into unconsciousness before more details could be given.

Upon description given by Mrs. Sophie Crankhurst, sister of the woman, police officers have found that a man who had been living a short while at 120 S. Stockton st. had disappeared on the night of the shooting. At the time of this writing no clue as to the whereabouts of Johnson has been found.

Sister Verifies Story

Mrs. Crankhurst, sister of the murdered woman, told a reporter for this paper that six years ago, Mrs. Amat had been sent away from her Virginia home to live with her in Baltimore to avoid the attentions of Evans.

Two years after coming to Baltimore she was married to John Amat and was the mother of two children, Ruth, age 3 and Lucile, age 19 months.

Her mother, as well as Mrs. Crankhurst had thought the love affair of six years ago a closed matter. So far as they knew Johnson had passed out of her life if not out of existence.

Still a young woman of 22 years she was living happily with her husband and children at 822 Tyson st. when like the shadow of a ghost, this tragedy overtook her.

Husband Never Saw Man

Mr. Amat, husband of the dead woman, said he had never seen or heard of Johnson. They have been married for four years. While his home is also in Virginia he met his wife here in Baltimore after he had adopted this as his home.

He is employed as a chauffeur and has relatives in Virginia and New York.

He sat in his home still dazed by the sorrow that had come to him and robbed two infants of the fond care of their mother.

"I was not here," he stated "and cannot understand the affair."

As he spoke, three-year-old Ruth clung to his chair smiling in childish innocence, unaware that a mother that she will never again see lies a murdered woman in the city morgue. Following the inquest he will bring her body home for burial.

Several Shots

Examination of Mrs. Amat showed that her assailant had probably emptied his pistol into her body. She was shot several times in the back and stomach. Several of the bullets completely pierced her body.

If there was a quarrel before the murder no one heard it.

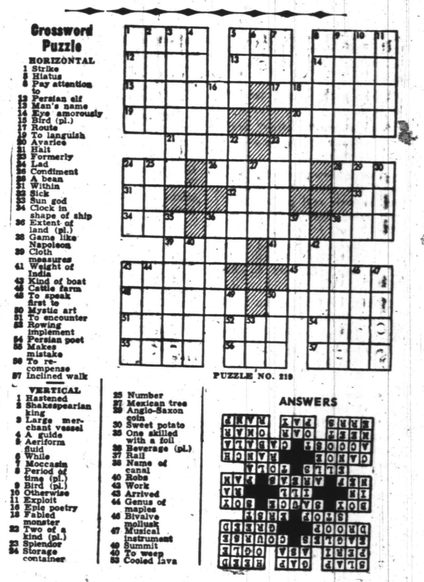
She died at Mercy Hospital Tuesday morning at 10:30.

After six years, he found his former sweatheart happily married and a mother. He shot her down in cold blood.

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Sorts
8 Hiatus
9 Pay attention to
12 Persian elf
13 Man's name
14 Exp amorously
15 Bird (pl.)
17 Route
19 To languish
21 Avaries
22 Hait
23 Formerly
24 Lad
26 Condiment
28 A bean
31 Within
32 Sick
33 Sun god
34 Clock in shape of ship
36 Extent of land (pl.)
38 Gains like Napoleon
39 Cloth measures
41 Weight of India
43 Kind of boat
46 Cattle farm
47 To speak firm
50 Mystic art
52 To encounter
53 Rowing implement
54 Persian poet
55 Makes mistake
56 To compensate
57 Inclined walk

VERTICAL
1 Hastened
2 Shakespearian king
3 Large merchant vessel
4 A plant
5 Aeriform fluid
6 While
7 Moccasin
8 Sense of sing (pl.)
9 Bird (pl.)
10 Otherwise
11 Exploit
16 Epic poetry
18 Fabled monster
20 Two of a kind (pl.)
23 Spelunker
24 Storage container
25 Number
27 Mexican tree
29 Anglo-Saxon coin
30 Sweet potato
35 One skilled with a foil
38 Beverage (pl.)
37 Rail
40 Name of canal
42 Robe
43 Work
45 Arrived
44 Genus of maples
46 Bivalve mollusk
47 Musical instrument
49 Summit
50 To weep
51 Cooled lava



PUZZLE NO. 219

ANSWERS

J. Saunders Redding's

Potentially Great Aesthetically Small

Book Review

Taste in literary expression can hardly be called an entity, and yet it has such distinctness and so gross a quality of experience for the sensitive reader that there are no degrees of it. A literary work is either in good taste or it is in bad taste. There is no in-between. There is never a total absence of it.

No does taste have to do with morality and the meaning of life. I cannot think of a single instance in which Casanova de Seingalt, immoral man that he was, ever broke the canons of good taste. And one would hardly call "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church" a moral poem, but the poet Robert Browning gives no offense to taste. On the other hand. Voltaire, who was nothing if not a philosopher, commits numerous offenses in this line; and some time ago I read (and reviewed in this space) a book by a clergyman, widely known as a very upright and moral man, that broke every canon.

Taste is not a peripheral not an extrinsic quality. No artistic expression of whatever kind is without it. No painting, musical score, play, poem, essay, novel ever lacks taste.

People say a thing lacks if one fails to react to the taste of a poem, say, it means only that the taste does not offend; and if the reader is sensitive, his failure to react means that the poem is in good taste.

In general we react consciously only to bad taste in artistic expression—the zoot suit, the bedizened woman, the lurid passage, the over-contrived. Day after day, and momently, good taste escapes our consciousness.

Here is a poem in the best of taste. I know of the poet only that he was English and that he wrote no later than the 16th Century.

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again.

Here are some lines in bad taste. I know of the poet only that he is a contemporary and that these lines come from a long poem called "Portrait of Man."

And now two sleepy people rest peacefully
In the dripping blood of their own love.

Unfortunately a person's own bad tastes cannot be offensive to himself. But even more unfortunate is the fact that now and then a person of bad taste will call himself a poet—and, indeed, may have some of the attributes of the poet and would perhaps really be a poet except for his tastes.

Carl Franklin has some of the attributes, though largely undeveloped, of the poet. He can sometimes hammer a line home with staccato rhythm:—

"Penny-eyed pimps stashed away in the night;" he often creates a picture:—
"Stars . . . . like diamond nails in a . . . . velvet gown?"

he is sensuous and warm. But his tastes?

"And see the male approach his mate
And sniff around erotic zones—
Then with his head upon her breast
That rises with a throbbing navel
He licks her tenderly.

Perjury

First Newsboy — "Chemmie's got a job as caddy for a golf club. Is dere much money in dat?"

Second Ditto — "De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra backin' up fellers when dey lies about de scores dey made."

Bail Out For Murder

Two men in a plane. One of them couldn't fly – the other had a ghastly trick up his sleeve . . . .

By GEORGE F. BROWN

Bill Jasper had it planned to the last tiny detail. There would not be one scintilla of doubt about an accident when the wreckage of the plane was found in the hills. Louis Wilbur's battered body would be found in the debris. And Bill would be sole owner of the lucrative sky taxi business the two of them had set up after the war.

Bill was a topnotch pilot. He could never understand why Louis would not touch the controls of a plane, not even try to learn to fly; he was young enough to obtain a license. When the subject of actual flight came up, Louis would change the subject. Louis preferred to handle the business end while Bill and two other pilots flew the craft. Business was good and would get better, what with special flights to New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati—places like those for people in a hurry.

A Thriving Business

Sightseeing flights over the city for a few minutes always brought in extra income. Skyways was good business.

Bill had attempted to buy out Louis (with borrowed capital) several times, but Louis demurred; Louis knew that in a few years Skyways would be a much more profitable enterprise. After a series of futile efforts, it struck Bill that he could get control of Skyways for absolutely nothing.

For weeks he had planned luring his partner into his net. Louis was not auspicious by nature, nor was he one to confide in others about himself. After six years, Bill knew him to be quiet and easy-going. Bill was glad he did not know Louis too well, it made his job easier.

Bill kept after Louis to take a flight with him to New York in order to buy a couple of two-seater planes at a good price. "You are the one to drive a good bargain," Bill pointed out.

Louis always found business too pressing to leave town on unscheduled flights. Bill admitted that Louis' methods earned money for the firm in all respects, but now he knew Louis' system as well as Louis himself and he did not need Louis anymore. All he needed was to get his hands on the business and he would make pretty music with Edna Jackson, who promised to marry him when his bank account looked attractive enough.

Now Bill had induced Louis to fly with him to New York in a two-seater job.

"This prospect is too good to let pass, Louis." "Let's go then," said Louis.

Bill gave the plane a final check after the mechanics told him the trim craft was in good shape. When the plane was in the air and pointed toward New York, Bill scanned the sky. "Beautiful day."

"Sure is," Louis agreed. "I think I'll look in on a company that can put two extra seats in our planes. We can double our loads until we can afford a couple of those Douglas passenger planes."

He Never Relaxed

Bill grunted. Louis was always thinking ahead, never relaxed. His troubles would soon be over and he wouldn't know a thing about it. When the craggy tips of the mountains rove into view, Bill fingered the ring of the ripcord of his parachute. He would jump before the plane was over the mountains so he would not injure himself when he hit earth.

Bill waited until Louis was absorbed in gazing out of the window, then he slowly eased up on the speed so the door on his side would open without the pressure making it necessary to force it. He set the controls so that the plane would nose down and leaped. He pulled the ripcord and the wind billowed out his chute.

The roar of the plane died away as Bill floated gleefully toward the ground. The wind whipped through his flimsy blue suit. Bill smiled. Even Louis would have suspected wearing a flying suit in a closed plane. He had it down pat.

When Bill hit the earth, he pulled at the shroud lines until he came to a stop. He unharnessed his parachute and walked to the nearest town. It was Amenville. Bill had flown this route so often that he could tell within a couple of miles where he would land when he jumped.

Bill called the police and the Civil Aeronautics authorities and reported the accident.

"I can't understand why my partner didn't bail out when I told him the plane was going down. I waited until the last minute and jumped. I didn't know that Louis Wilbur had not jumped until I hit the ground."

Clear Sailing Ahead

Bill smiled as he hung up. After the investigation, he would have clear sailing. Results of the wreckage would clear him. Louis was wearing his chute; he just froze and did not bail out. It was easy. No need to hang around until the authorities found the plane. After all, Bill himself did not know where the plane crashed. He could tell them where he had jumped, that's all.

Bill's clothes were pretty dirty and tattered from being dragged along the ground by the chute, but he caught a train for the ride back to Lewiston and took a cab to the Skyways field. All he had to do was sit tight.

When Bill walked into the office, the radioman gave him a hard stare and handed him a wire. Bill's face turned a dirty gray as he read:

BILL JASPER
SKYWAYS FIELD
LEWISTON, PA.
YOU THOUGHT I COULD NOT FLY. I WAS WASHED OUT AS A PILOT ON B-17's IN THE WAR. BUT I CAN FLY THESE TWO-SEATERS WITH MY EYES CLOSED. REGARDS.

"He would jump before the plane was over the mountain."

The Stars And You

DAILY FORECASTS

What to do and avoid each day in the coming week:—

Tuesday — Quiet occupations best. Good chance to go over personal accounts and plan future expenditure. Guard against accidents concerning water. Lucky numbers, 110, 328; color, gold.

Wednesday.—Rather sluggish Day. Correspondence will repay close attention. Avoid family dispute in the morning. Lucky numbers, 514, 423; color, brown.

Thursday — Events move swiftly and useful contracts or agreements can be completed. Just the day for successful interviews. Opportunities in insurance, advertisement and property deals. Lucky numbers, 716, 250; color, green.

Friday.—Go after the money today and you will do well. Early unpopularity will be reversed. Good time to buy new machines, put plans into operation. Lucky numbers, 312, 213; color, purple.

Saturday.—Money to be made in feminine goods and entertainment. see whether improved methods would help. Expose and kill any adverse rumours. Lucky number, 618.

Sunday.—A little more push required in matters hanging fire. Fairly good openings in luxury trades, cutlery and mail-order lines. Evening social event will be enjoyable. Lucky numbers, 918, 276; color, red.

Monday.—A morning in the garden or at household chores will give you a better zest for a dinner function. But be careful if you handle any sharp tools. Lucky numbers, 817, 368; color, grey.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Here's how the stars shine for you in the week ahead.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21). — Some irksome routine work will be rewarded by praise from a "higher up.' May mean promotion or a rise as well. The action of another will puzzle you and may cause some tension in a friendship.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21).—Financial gain should come through a literary effort or in repense to an advertisement. Correspondence with an influential person may lead to the offer of a better position. An unexpected development will cause you to take bold action which will prevent threatened setback.

CANCER (June 22—July 23).—If you have recently taken on new responsibility you may find lack of co-operation early in the week, but a straight talk will clear the air. A very happy suggestion from another will bring a pleasant change in home surroundings.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23).—Listening to deceitful advice will cause you loss of standing if you do not give more weight to the counsel of friends. You can hold your own on conservative lines, but it would be wiser to avoid new investments or purchases. Pay more attention to home affairs.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23).—Likely to be a busy time for interviews and correspondence. Capital for a new plan will be easier to raise. Don't accept difficult conditions. A persuasive tongue will secure a more favorable arrangement.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23).—An exciting event in the home will overshadow work interests. All the same, a stroke of luck will make it a profitable week. You may have some trouble with your partner or associates, but a frank explanation will find them more understanding.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22).—You will feel fit to tackle extra responsibility. Plans for a journey may be diverted to visit an older relative who has suffered accident or illness. Your prompt action will save loss of property.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22).—Any hesitation you have felt about a financial matter will now be over. You can confidently decide upon an agreement or arrangement with your bank. Generally, a good week for those in business.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—You will be disappointed by the obstructive attitude of a male partner. Forceful argument may convince him, though too late for action to be taken this week. Cancellation of a social engagement will lead to happy consequences.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—A rather harassing matter will arise in correspondence, and an interview will do little to straighten things out. This may put your work behind. Help will come surprisingly from someone in your home circle.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20).—A chance of improving your position this week. Don't underestimate your powers in an interview. A firm attitude will create a favorable impression. Your home environment will be cheerful.

THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

Here is a six months forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday.—So far as your job is concerned the coming year promises well. You will stand a good chance of realizing an ambition. Social life will be on the quiet side, and your health may not permit strenuous activities.

Wednesday.—Your hopes of advancement are likely to suffer disappointment. Only slight progress will be possible in face of competition. Some tension in your home circle will test your patience.

Thursday.—The coming year will bring fine opportunities for you to improve your position and income. New ideas can be successfully tried out, and you will be more confident and convincing all round.

Friday.—Most things you touch will succeed. More sales, good investments, more money, increased popularity. But keep the ways you know. Your domestic situation will be particularly bright.

Saturday.—You will have petty irritations to face, and one or two inconvenient changes. Put your faith in a woman partner, who can help you to a valuable introduction.

Sunday.—There will be a number of opportunities for you in the coming 12 months, but you need a more decisive approach. Probably the necessary spur will come from your home circle.

Monday. — Though depressed at first by some bad personal news, which makes your work suffer, you should have a successful but hard working year. No easy money, but a good reward for industry.

How One American Occupation Family Finds

Living In Frankfurt, Germany

By GOLF DORNSEIF

"I like the Germans because they like me too," smiling Sgt. William (Bucky) Harris of the 1279th Eng. Combat Battalion told me while resting in a comfortable chair of his six room house at 2 Karl-Koenig-Weg in Frankfurt-Hoechst, Germany.

There are only two more colored families in this suburban residential area but the former sports instructor and his wife Evelyn have a wonderful time with their children William (Bucky) Jr., three years old and pretty two-year-old Philippa.

"Everybody around here has been very nice and friendly to me and the children," I don't think the Germans have anything against colored people in their minds."

Sergeant Harris, 26, and his wife, 25, are graduates of S.C. State College. He majored in physical education and Mrs. Harris took business administration. "Bucky" taught physical education at Brewer High School in Greenwood, S.C. for two years before he was drafted in December of 1950. Evelyn is a member of Delta-Sigma Theta Sorority, her husband belongs to Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.

"I'm intending to follow the old field after my discharge in September, 1953," the sergeant said. "I sure would be glad to get some convenient offers for a new job sometime soon." He has been overseas for more than 17 months while Mrs. Harris joined him with the kids only four months ago.

Harris, a native of Orangeburg, S.C. and Evelyn who hails from Sumter, S.C., were married in 1948 and lived with the husband's parents, Mr and Mrs. Phillip Harris of Orangeburg, S.C. because of the housing shortage. Evelyn's parents - in law are college instructors at S.C. State College. They send copies of the AFRO overseas regularly to the young couple in Frankfurt.

As an excellent football and tennis player Sgt. Harris has seen many European cities like Berlin, Rome, Paris, Bruxelles, Salzburg and other lovely locales. Only recently he traveled with his wife Evelyn to Paris for some wonderful days of sightseeing and night clubbing.

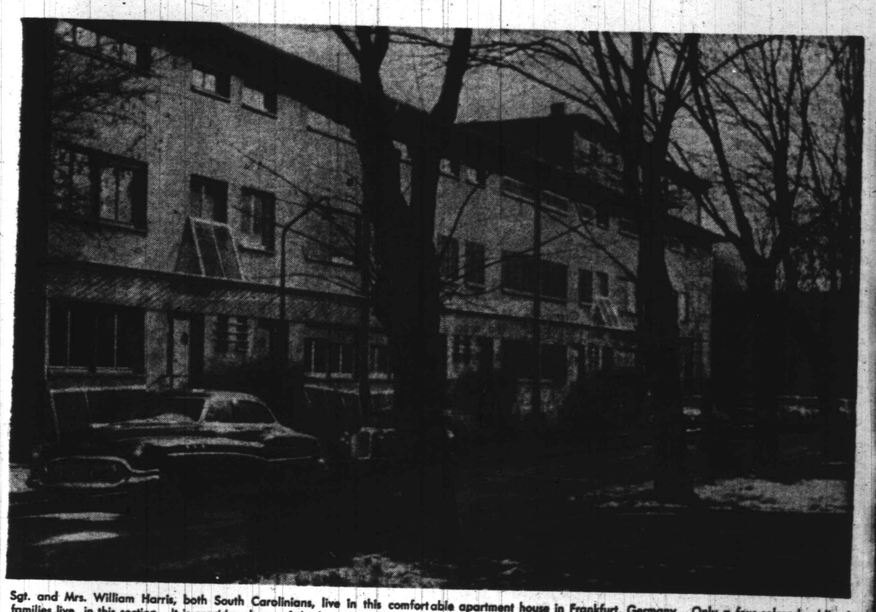
"I sure liked the Eiffel tower," Evelyn remembers. "I got dizzy looking down on Paris."

Here in Frankfurt, they prefer a Chinese restaurant, "Chez Tai Tung," to other inns because of the fine food served there. Owned by a Chinese dentist's wife, Mrs. Wang, the restaurant is frequented by well-to-do Germans as well as Americans who can afford the above average prices.

Generally speaking, most German bars and restaurants are much cheaper than Army-sponsored clubs of about the same category.

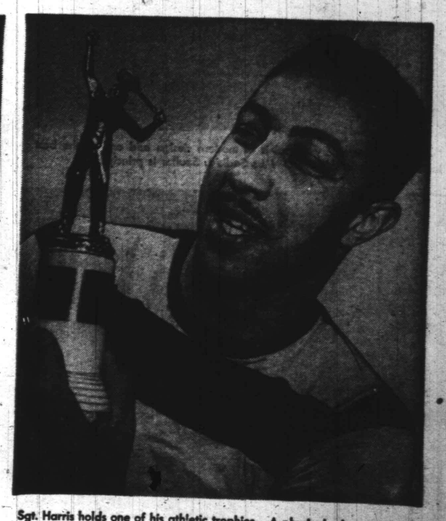
The only trouble Mrs. Harris encounters right now is getting a good maid as nobody wants to do housework in Germany as it is in most other countries. So far Evelyn has solved things by washing the dishes with Bucky's assistance.

For this occupation family, Frankfurt is fine.



Sgt. and Mrs. William Harris, both South Carolinians, live in this comfortable apartment house in Frankfurt, Germany. Only a few colored soldiers' families live in this section. It is considered one of the best in Frankfurt.

Mrs. Evelyn Harris, shown with her two children, finds little finds fault with Frankfurt but says she will be glad when her husband's tour of duty ends and they can retur n to the U. S. As a housekeeper, Mrs. Harris' biggest headache is finding household workers to assist her.



Sgt. Harris holds one of his athletic trophies. A physical education instructor before his entry into the Army, he was a star athlete at S.C. State college. Now he plays with service ball clubs.