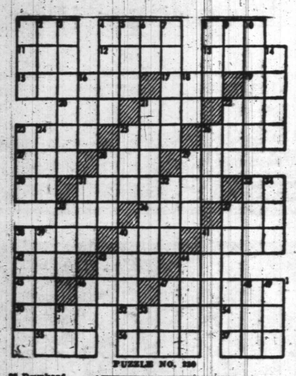
Crossword Puzzle

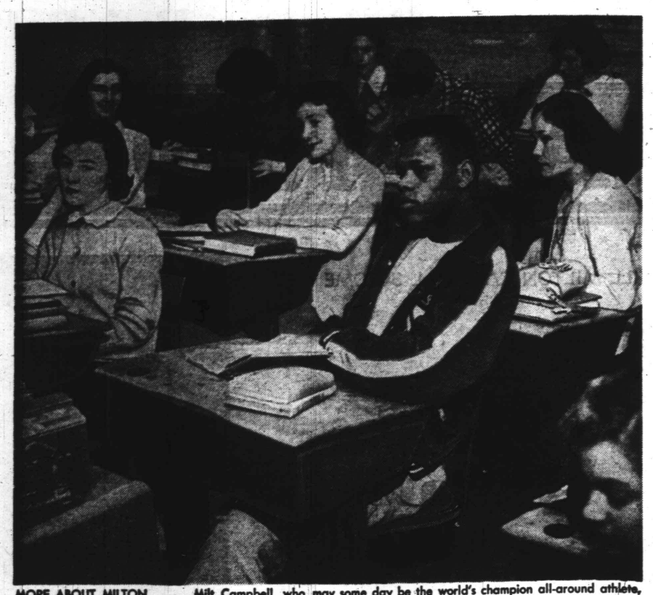


PUZZLE NO. 230

HORIZONTAL
1 Edible seed
7 To season
13 Spatula
14 Make mistake
15 Glacial ridges
16 Knowledge
18 Outcast
19 Lubricant
20 Kind of fish
21 High mountain
23 To stroke
25 Igility
28 As it stands (mus.)
29 To decline gradually
30 Rabid
32 Verve
33 Siamese coin
35 Thing in law
36 Proper
37 Ambary
38 Twist
39 Printer's measure
40 Garden tool
41 Man's name
42 Watering place
43 Terry
45 Danish territorial division
46 To agitate
48 Native metal
49 Poem
50 Distant
51 Japanese measure
52 Paid athlete
53 Indian tents
55 Close
56 Container
58 Condiment tree
59 Relare
60 Charge
61 Transferred

VERTICAL
1 Enthusiasm
2 Period of time
3 Out-and-out
4 Washing compound
5 Kind of trap
6 Musical note
7 Region of which ancient Troy was capital
8 Entire
9 River of Italy
10 Unalmoved
11 Kind of
12 Bread
13 Sensation
17 Amusement
22 Drunkard
23 Mournful
24 Group of Greenland Eskimos
26 Chess pieces
27 Depression
28 Fish eggs
29 Monk's title
31 Small bed
33 Worthless
34 Worried
39 Slender
40 Soul
44 To deface
47 To hasten
47 River
48 Carried on
50 Spasm
52 Spirit of the Zodiac
54 Who as one's own
55 Juice of plant Corylaceae
57 Of ether
58 To cut down
60 A lover
61 Cooled lava
62 Napa, Zillo tribe in India
63 The sesame
64 Common point
65 Occupied a seat

ANSWERS



MORE ABOUT MILTON . . . . Milt Campbell, who may some day be the world's champion all-around athlete, will finish Plainfield, N.J. high school soon. College coaches from all parts of the country are clamoring for this modern-day Hercules. To his classmates, young Milt is a good joe and a modest joe to boot. See cover story, page 2.

Sunday's Sermon

REV. ROBERT H. HARPER

Jesus' Law of Doing Good (Temperance)

Lesson: Matthew 12:1-14
Golden Text: III John 11

The lesson, through the teaching of Jesus concerning the Sabbath, shows that conduct is to be judged by the extent that it lifts or destroys good life. This is inferred from His statement that the Sabbath was made for man. The observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath was not established to be a burden upon men but to be a blessing to them.

In the incident in the field and later the occurrence in the synagogue, Jesus exposed the narrow spirit of the Pharisees, and their extreme exactions concerning the keeping of the Sabbath, and showed that the Sabbath was not intended to be a burden to men but to bring good to them.

Refused To Chide

And He refused to rebuke his disciples for plucking and eating grain on the Sabbath, and he freely ministered to the man with the withered hand.

Apply the principle that conduct is to be judged by the extent that it lifts or destroys right life to strong drink. The apologists for strong drink should show us what good there is in it. They cannot. If it does not uplift human life, it should be condemned. The economic ruin wrought by drinking alcohol as a beverage is bad enough. But the spiritual ruin it brings is worse. One of the old readers of our older generation taught us also that he who declines the first drink will never become a drunkard.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

"Brother! Wait'll you see what they unloaded on her today!"

Lonesome Hearts

by Albertine Ashe

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

NOTICE
Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

WIDOW BELLE

I am a widow 38, dark brown, a Christian worker, intelligent and reliable. I'm anxious to meet a sincere, honest man a little older than I am. I like nice things and nice people and will be a good companion always.

BELLE

BRAD SEEKS GIRL

I am 45, light brown, 5 feet 8, employed, like clean fun and a happy life and I'm interested in marriage. I'd like to meet a nice girl 5 feet 5, 30-40, who is true and wants an understanding man.

BRAD

WANTS YOUNG MAN

I would like meeting a clean cut young man, employed, sincere and understanding who likes a plump girl friend, 31. Write soon. I'm lonely.

MAXIE

LONELY MAN

I'm a lonely man, 47, 5 feet 8, working and I want to get some place in life. I would like to meet the right girl, 35-40, nice looking who likes the things I like and is living near New York City.

WASHINGTON

PLAIN, HONEST WOMAN

I am 45, and a lonely widow. My husband died over 10 years ago and I would enjoy real companionship again. If you are sincere, honest, employed and want to meet a plain, honest woman write.

FLOSSIE

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

Who Wrote What?

Listed numerically here are the names of six well-known authors, while listed alphabetically are the names of some of their works. Can you pair each author with the writing for which he is famous?

1. Hawthorne.
2. Poe.
3. Tennyson.
4. Bryant.
5. Longfellow.
6. Whitman.

A. The Children's Hour.
B. O Captain, My Captain.
C. The Scarlet Letter.
D. Crossing the Bar.
E. Thanatopsis.
F. The Raven.

Reversible Words

The answer in each instance here is a five-lettered word which would read backward as it does forward. As a clue, we have given you the middle letter of each word and its definition. It's up to you to furnish the word.

1. V — even.
2. D — a lady.
3. G — epiclike narratives.
4. F. — to ascribe.
5. I. — Individual musical parts.
6. N — a doctrine.

ANSWERS

WHO WROTE WHAT: 1-C; 2-F; 3-D; 4-E; 5-A; 6-B.
REVERSIBLE WORDS: 1. Level; 2. Madam; 3. Epic; 4. Refer; 5. Solo; 6. Tenet.

Our Readers Say...

Dear AFRO:

In the magazine section of your newspaper you had a story, "I Married A Roman Catholic," by Peter Findley.

I thought the story was very good, but there is one paragraph that I am doubtful about. It is the sixth one. First, I would like to know to what religion this man's first wife belonged? In the sixth paragraph you have stated that had the marriage ceremony been civil, it would have been ignored as never having existed.

My husband and I were both Protestants and had a civil marriage, yet the priests in this town tell me that this marriage is recognized, and that I would not be able to marry a Catholic.

Your statement in the story, "I Married A Roman Catholic," is just the opposite to what the priests around here tell me, so I would appreciate it, if you would check this fact and let me know as soon as possible what you have learned.

DOROTHY BROWN
Meriden, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: — The AFRO asked Mr Findley, author of the article in question, to give an answer to this letter. Here is his reply reprinted in full.

The questions posed by Dorothy Brown are very interesting. While this is the first time I have heard of a Roman Catholic priest recognizing a civil marriage as valid, it is not the first time that I have encountered evidence that the Roman Church is not nearly so much the same all over the world as has been claimed.

The religion of my first wife has no bearing on the situation, as I stated in my article. However, she was a Methodist.

The position of the Roman Church, as stated to me by the Bishop when my wife and I discussed our impending marriage with him, is that no marriage exists if it has been solemnized only by a civil officer, that is, if there was no religious ceremony.

They do recognize any marriage which has been solemnized in a religious ceremony by a preacher or priest, regardless of the denomination of the clergyman. The one exception is the case where one or both of the participants to the marriage had never been baptized. By The Roman view, that individual has not lived.

My suggestion to Dorothy Brown would be that the best chance of clarifying the entire situation is to ask an appointment with the Bishop in her area, and ask his official ruling.

PETER FINDLEY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here Are The Details About TheAFRO Ideal Mother Contest

That kindly soul in your community who has brought up her children in a manner that sets a fine example, whose children have made contributions to bettering the lot of mankind; that, in a nutshell, is what makes an Ideal Mother whom you can nominate for the 1953 AFRO Magazine award.

You can help the AFRO Magazine find a mother who typifies all the fine characteristics of the parents honored nationally on Mother's Day.

All you have to do is send in your nomination. It may be your own mother or a friend or merely someone you know or have heard of.

Contest opens: February 21. Contest closes: April 18. Contest results: May 16.

Rules

Description, biographical information and reasons for nominating Ideal Mother must not exceed 200 words. All entries must be accompanied by a clear glossy photo of the nominee. (No photos will be returned.)

Nominations should include Ideal Mother's age, schooling, number of children, their occupations, and Mother's activities.

Send entries to AFRO Magazine Ideal Mother Contest, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Maryland.

Prizes

All-expense trip to Baltimore and Washington as guest of the AFRO. Guest of honor at a tea sponsored by the AFRO.

Complete Spring Outfit. $25 cash award.

The Shadow . . .

(Continued From Page 7)

stow's secretary; of arresting Swope, the deposed peep, who admitted to casing Ammons and swiping the gun, but insisting that Barstow had done the actual killing.

"A revenge killing, it shapes up like," Morrow said. "Swope also claims Gundersen was blackmailing Barstow; so by killing Gundersen and putting the blame on Ammons, he knocked off two birds with one shot. I've sent two men up to the Cliveden to pick up Barstow."

The ashes dribbled down the front of Cay's robe, but he didn't notice. "Good work, Morrow! Can you get a couple of men to shake down Gundersen's place? You can? Good! Maybe we'll pick up something to tie in with the blackmail angle for murder motive. I'll meet you over there in 20 minutes."

Irene Cay waddled out into the hallway. She was an unpretty sight in pin-curlers and pint-sized gown. "Charles Alexander Cay, you mean to say you're going romping off on some cops-and-robbers errand this time of morning?"

"You don't understand, dear. This is murder—and an innocent man's life's at stake."

She continued to harass him while he hurried into his clothing, slipped into his ulster and put on his hat. "Good night, Irene!"

Leveled Gun

Ted Barstow's eyes reflected unadulterated hatred as he raised the gun to bear on Paul Ammons.

Paul's stomach had contracted to the size of a baby's fist. "You didn't expect to find anyone here did you, Barstow."

Lois Varney was very upset. "Mr. Barstow, please put that gun away!"

A wild light came into the night-club owner's eyes. "Keep out of this, Lois—and keep your mouth shut."

Paul sneered. After all, he didn't have a thing to lose now. **"You mean keep quiet about the plot between you and Gundersen to work over my brother! Work him over because he beat your time with a German girl!"**

Barstow caught his breath—like you do when somebody throws cold water in your face. He strode over to Lois, and the girl cringed against the wall.

Jenks waggled the ancient .44 and said: "Now, see here, mister, I'm the custodian around these parts, an'—"

"Shut up!" Barstow snapped. His left hand lashed out as quick as a snake, caught Lois flush on the cheek. "So you've been running off at the mouth."

Lois gasped, lost her footing and fell in a very undignified, though interesting position.

Jenks' old .44 roared then, and though it was aimed in the general direction of Barstow, the bullet angled up into the ceiling, snapping a chandelier chain in its erratic flight. The kick from the old .44 must have been considerable, for it jerked Jenks' wrist and clattered to the floor.

Barstow, aware of the new menace, moved over to retrieve the pistol, oblivious to Paul and when he bent to pick up the fallen weapon, his face collided with Paul's thick-soled number tens.

Lois Varney picked herself up off the floor and called Barstow something unprintable.

Footsteps On The Stairs

The shots had attracted attention now, and there was considerable hubbub outside. Added to this was the racing of feet up the stairs.

So when Cay and Morrow and two other plainclothesmen entered the Gundersen Apartment, Lois was belaboring Ted's skull with the spike heel of her left shoe; and her face flamed in four transverse lines where his hand had struck.

There wasn't much after that. Paul exhibited his credentials, turned over the pictures and bank books, and showed them where the blackmail loot was. He kept the keys, however. He didn't want to become involved in even a technical charge of some kind. Cay was both happy and penitent.

Sigrid was waiting downstairs in Herbert McLanahans cab when the group came down. She called out to Paul as the others—the four cops, Lois, and Ted climbed into police cars.

Herbert McLanahan scratched his head dubiously, his saturnine face wrinkled.

"You mean keep quiet about the plot between you and Gundersen to work over my brother! Work him over because he beat your time with a German girl!"

Sigrid reached into her purse, handed him a twenty-dollar bill. "That's my brother-in-law," and when Paul climbed wearily inside, "Take us to the Tombs, will you. You can just follow the police."

Herbert McLanahan shook his head, muttered something about the characters you pick up in the early A.M.'s.

J. Saunders Redding's

New Literary Trend Fills Two-Fold Need

Book Review

New World Writing — Seldon Rodman et al (Editors). New American Library, 501 Madison ave., New York. 352 pp. $50.

The first **New World Writing**, issued last year, was considered in some circles to be merely an interesting publishing experiment, combining the features of a good magazine and an anthology of new work. From this point of view it was a happy success, and no doubt the publishers were duly gratified.

But from another point of view the first **New World Writing** was even more successful. It proved an excellent medium for the work of new writers (who too often are not sufficiently encouraged by the conventional publishing media); it aroused interest in names that were unknown or little known to the reading public; and it sold well on the newsstands of drugstores, railroad stations and airports.

Encouraged by this success, the New American Library now has issued a second **New World Writing**. It should have a tremendous success for the plain reason that it is even better than the first. It is more inclusive geographically. British, French, Italian, Greek, West Indian and Indian as well as American writers are represented in it. It is more inclusive as to form, containing short stories, excerpts from long fiction, drama, radio scripts, and criticism. Finally, it is not weighted on the side of the avant garde—a term which has come to mean less a position than a method and a mood. There are some unusually "cerebral" and esoteric things in **New World Writing**, but this publication makes no fetish of the obscure and the strange, as so many of the **"little magazines" did before** their piecemeal and unlovely deaths.

Stick To Painting

Only Pablo Picasso's play, "Desire Trapped by the Tail," is definitely an intellectual deviate; and after reading it one is inclined to agree with Gertrude Stein who once told Picasso that he should stick to painting.

Most of the writing in **New World Writing** is good—some of it very good. James Baldwin contributes from his forthcoming novel, a chapter that makes one impatient for the spring when **Go Tell It on the Mountain** will be published in full. Herbert Gold, James Jones (author of **From Here to Eternity**) and Calder Willingham (author of **End as Man**) have interesting pieces.

Jones' "None Sing So Wildly" is the lead story, but one wonders why this should be so, since it is less noteworthy than at least a half dozen others.

Far and away the most interesting pieces are the critical pieces by Alwyn Lee on Henry Miller, Robert Cantwell on William Faulkner, and Charles Fenton on Ernest Hemingway.

New Critical Approach

They were interesting to the reviewer because each one seems to be another clear indication that the influence of the Tate-Wilson-Ransom school of purely aesthetic literary criticism is at last waning, and that the Brooks-Cowley school of historical and realistic criticism is beginning to take hold.

The first school contributed to the obscurantist tradition so precious to the '30's and '40's. The second, one hopes, will revive lucidity and elevate communication to its proper place in literary art.

The publishers plan to issue **New World Writing** twice a year. It fills a double need—it keeps readers abreast of new writing by new and old writers and it encourages the kind of literary freedom that ordinary publishing media tend to discourage.

Across The

Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

East-West vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠—A 2
♥—A Q 10 7 6 3
♦—K 10 6
♣—6 2

WEST
♠—10 8 5 3
♥—J 9 5
♦—Q 9 2
♣—10 9 4

EAST
♠—J 9 7 4
♥—4 2
♦—J 7 5 4
♣—Q 5 3

SOUTH
♠—K Q 6
♥—K 8
♦—A 8 3
♣—A K J 8 7

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♥	Pass	3 ♣	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	6 ♥	Pass
7 ♥	Pass	7 NT	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead: 3 of Spades

The difference between a champion and an also-ran is that ability to make a gamble, then make it pay off.

This week's hand occurred in a recent duplicate match and caused a great deal of teeth-gnashing when it was discovered that our South had come off with the top score on the board merely by using a little common sense.

At every table a slam contract was reached in hearts, at three tables, a grand slam, but the top went to that declarer shrewd enough to realize that holding all the aces and kings, plus a five-card suit in the South hand, there was also a reasonable play for seven no-trump.

When the hands were spread, it became obvious that seven no trump was a lay-down strictly of the text book variety.

The bidding was interesting, in that the case method of slam bidding was employed instead of the usual Gerber or Blackwood convention bidding.

So dependent have the present day bridge players become, that they seldom reach slam proportions without that "how many aces," bid.

North, with 14 points in high cards and distribution, properly opened one heart, East passing, and South jump-shifting, in view of his 21 points, to three clubs. North had no choice but to re-bid the heart suit, and South continued the partnership language by showing his ace of diamonds. "Well," thought North, "guess he'd like to know about this ace of spades." So he announced it through his four spade call.

That's all South was waiting to hear, he hopped right up to six hearts and North went into a study. He didn't study too long after realizing how valuable his unannounced king of diamonds and doubleton club might be.

He went all out with his grand slam in hearts, and nearly fainted from shock when South decided to try for a "top" by playing the contract at seven no-trumps.

The three of spades was led and after one look at the dummy hand, South stopped chewing his fingernails. It was a simple matter to take the trick with the spade ace in the open hand, return a low heart, capturing that trick with the king.

He then cashed the king of hearts to check against a possible 4-1 split in the suit. When both followed to the suit, he cashed his ace and king of clubs, the king and queen of spades, discarding a diamond and a heart in the dummy.

He next cashed the diamond ace and reached the now established hearts via the diamond king—that was it!

Let's Laff

While You Wait

(Man enters barber shop and takes off toupee)

Man: I want a shampoo and hair cut and I'll be back in a half hour.

'Cause For Blush

On one of the New Haven commuter trains out of Grand Central Station, a pretty young traveler was seeking some reading material when she spied a small head of magazines next to a portly gentleman, who had obviously monopolized them all.

Sauntering over, she leafed through them, selected two, and about to return to her seat, when she notices the elderly gentleman eyeing her intently.

"I hope you don't mind," she told him in frost-edged tones.

"Not at all, young lady," he said, "but bring them back when your're finished. My wife's been reminding me for three days to buy them for her in town."

No Mean Feat

An Armistice day meeting was being held in a one-horse town and the chief speaker was waxing more rhetorical than veracious concerning the exploits of the local hero.

"Let us never forget the valor of your Clarence McEffery," he roared. "It was he who killed the successful attack upon Lorraine! It was he who took Nancy by surprise! It was—"

"The brute!" ejaculated an old lady and left the hall.

The Reason

A tourist wondered why Mexican peons ride burros while their wives walk. When he asked the reason, a Mexican replied, But senor, my wife doesn't own a burro."

Perfect Grooming

How does that man keep his pompadour so perfect?

He was seared stiff once and his hair stood on end.

Moving Target

throwing things at me ever since we was married."

Magistrate—"Then why have you not complained before?"

Aggrieved One—"This is the first time she's hit me."

There Was Only One

Red Ball Express

Ollie Stewart says new U. S. Army truck system in France is shadow of its former splendor.

By OLLIE STEWART

ORLEANS, France — The U.S. Army has just announced that the Red Ball Express is back in action again, but I know better. And if you read something in the papers to this effect, don't you believe it — no matter who writes it.

There was one, and only one, Red Ball Express. It will be a long time — if ever — before we see such a phenomenon again.

With three American armies, one British and one French, all hightailing it across Europe in pursuit of the Germans, the Motor Transport Corps assembled some 40,000 men (most of them sent them barreling out after the armies. It was the largest concentration of motor transportation ever assembled under a single command.

Destination: Germany

Loaded with food, ammunition, gas, medicine, plane parts and fresh troops, these sturdy six-by-six trucks took off from Cherbourg and other ports in France, high-balled through France, Belgium and Luxembourg, and dumped their loads at supply dumps in Germany.

Then, taking time out only to gas up, the trucks hit the road again, all the way back to Normandy. They kept this up for almost a full year. I know. I was there. I rode the Red Ball Express. And the Army has nothing anywhere near like it in operation today.

I rode the Red Ball the first time with a company commanded by Lt. Ben Johnson (now major, stationed in Germany), famous runner who made history at Columbia University. It was a gas convoy of 30 trucks, trying to catch up with Two-Gun Patton and his Third Army — somewhere in Germany.

The route we took from Normandy (called the Red Ball Highway) was actually a selection of short cuts from beachhead to tanks — still, it was three times the length of the Burma Road. Our trip, which was average, covered about four hundred miles along a two-lane highway forbidden to civilians. Traffic was one-way. There was a second highway for the trip back.

Johnson's company was one of a hundred doing the same thing. Trucks rolled twenty hours a day, with four hours out for serving. Two drivers alternated behind the wheel — doing ten hours at a stretch, while the second driver slept and/or griped.

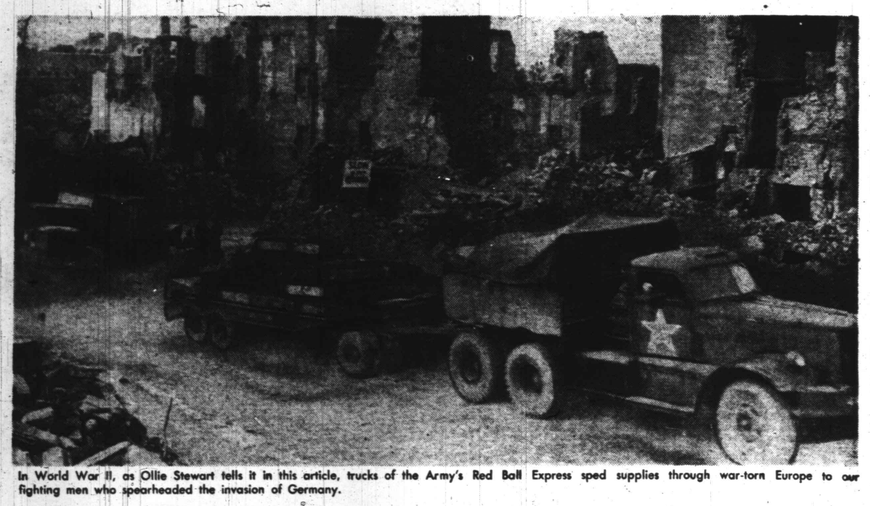
There were rest stations where the drivers were changed, vehicles gassed and oiled and cargoes inspected. Also spotted along the highway were medical aid centers and ordnance repair shops.

18-Hours In Jeep

When I joined the convoy, I rode in Johnson's jeep for the first eighteen hours. It was an open jeep and the month was November. We left the gas dump at three in the afternoon, and with only a brief pause for a midnight snack of cold bread and heavy cheese, we drove non-stop until five the next morning.

Thirty trucks strung out behind us with lights on, rolling through sleeping towns made an eerie sight. The noise woke people up and often they ran to the door in their night clothes to stare and sometimes to wave. It was safe to run with lights until we reached Germany. Only the officer in charge and the driver of the lead truck knew the convoy's destination. The rest just had to keep up.

Approaching a rest camp in the wee hours of the morning, Johnson pulled off the highway onto the shoulder of the road, and waved his hand for the trucks behind us to do the same. They all obeyed — except one, near the tail end of the line.



In World War II, as Ollie Stewart tells it in this article, trucks of the Army's Red Ball Express sped supplies through war-torn Europe to our fighting men who spearheaded the invasion of Germany.

This truck kept right on high-balling down the middle of the road. When he passed us, Johnson yelled at the driver, and we saw him straighten up with a start. The truck began to wobble — and piled up in a ditch twenty yards from where we were standing. The ditch was shallow and the driver wasn't hurt.

The driver was sleeping at the wheel when the trucks ahead of him were pulling off the road and stopping. Ironically, his hands had instinctively kept the truck on the road while he nodded. But the moment we woke him up, he became confused — and crashed.

I've always wondered how far down the road he would have gone by himself, asleep, if somebody hadn't yelled at him.

Incidents of this type, which were commonplace with the Red Ball Express, make me sure that the Red Ball of 1944-45 was something extra special in personnel, performance and initiative. Come another war, flying boxcars will probably redball through the sky. The six-by-six boys had their day — and they made it a good one. But their day was in the last war.

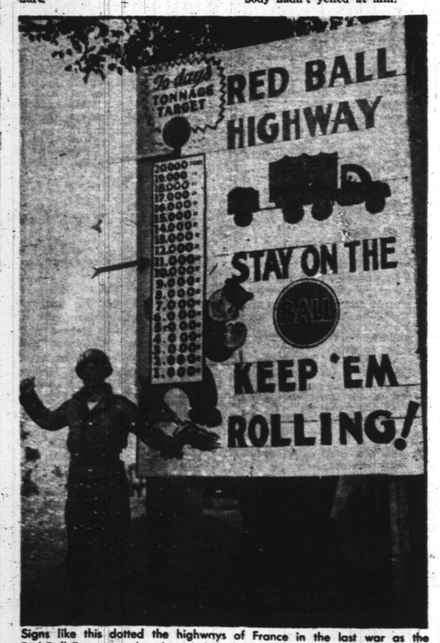
Trucks Are Passe

True, the Army's supply line of today, as of 1945, begins in France and extends to Germany. Everything from plane parts to PX items is unloaded in Bordeaux (southwest France) and sent across Europe to bases near the Rhine. But the Army doesn't depend upon trucks to move it all.

Freight cars carry the bulk of it. The railroads of France and Germany are better today than they were before the war, and the Army keeps them busy. The few trucks I've seen making short hauls are driven by French civilians or Poles in uniform.

No, Junior, don't let them fool you. There hasn't been a 30-truck convoy moving supplies from Germany, on a one-way highway forbidden to civilians, since 1946. Maybe not since 1945.

There's a Santa Claus, all right. But there isn't any Red-ball Express today.



Signs like this dotted the highways of France in the last war as the Red Ball Express truckers barreled through the bombed villages and towns with vital war materials.

What To Do About Adopting War Babies . .

(Continued From Page 5)

papers returned and completed as requested because they are the ones to judge whether your home, income etc., is sufficient to give these children a good home.

Another woman writes:

"I read in the AFRO about a little girl in need of a home, I would like to have her but please don't put her picture in the AFRO, because it might be embarrassing to the child and my family."

Any such letters as the above will also go unanswered. It was because of the farsightness of Carl Murphy, president of the AFRO - AMERICAN newspapers that the plight of these children was made known to the public.

Many families balk when they learn that an adult must accompany children under the age of 6 years. I have had to make any number of long distance calls in order to try to remedy this situation (it has been remedied thanks to the Scandinavian airlines).

Many people request that I go to the airport in Frankfurt and make arrangements with someone coming to the USA to bring the children in order to eliminate the extra fare. In the first place the airport is approximately 75 or 80 kilometers away, and it is impossible for me to leave my family to go and stand around an airport all day long hoping for some one to come along who will help me.

The next big obstacle is that these children cannot travel on military transportation. There are very few people, either white or colored, who are willing to be bothered with children.

Provide Information

Mrs. Walker, the AFRO will be pleased to help you with your problem but you failed to mention the address or the orphanage here in Germany, the name and address of the lawyer and also the names of the children.

If you send the necessary papers and are still interested in the little girl coming to America after reading about the expense involved, then write me immediately and I will do what I can.

The Displaced Persons Bureau was disbanded in July, 1952.

The quota list for persons of German decent moves up approximately every six months. I applied for two quota numbers in September, 1952 and the visas were issued in December 1952

Whether we like it or not, much of the fault for these children not being sent to America can be put at our very own door steps.

I REMEMBER—

Poro's St. Louis Heyday

Missouri city was center of thriving beauty aid industry years ago. A divorce caused its decline.

By OTIS THOMPSON

On January 3, 1927, Aaron E. Malone filed a petition for divorce in the circuit court of St. Louis. His action amounted to a coup de grace for a great show place in the "Show-Me" State.

The once famed Poro College building, completed in 1918 on profits from a million dollar beauty culture enterprise, still stands in St. Louis, but void of its proud grandeur that attracted thousands of visitors from all over the nation during the roaring twenties.

Gone is the fabulous roof garden where Poro students entertained; and the 800-seat auditorium in which many outstanding speakers appeared is today a cheap movie house.

Now In Chicago

The Poro system of today, with headquarters in Chicago, blazed the trail and still it leads," but when the $750,000 structure at St. Ferdinand and Pendleton avenues went into the hands of receivers of 1927 some of the magic of the name was skotched.

The building that was formerly Poro College is now partly occupied by the Poro Hotel. It also houses a luncheonette and several other small shops. In the remainder of the building is located the Lincoln University law school, established by the State after the Missouri ex rel. Gaines vs. Canada case.

The story of the rise and fall of Poro in St. Louis is really the story of a woman, Annie M. Malone.

For ten years, 1920 to 1930, the name of Annie Malone stuck many thoughts in the minds of different people; thoughts that ran from trying to duck prayer meeting in the minds of young Poro students to financial handouts sought by civic do-gooders.

Mrs. Malone was the object of much attention, not only because she was reputed to be a multi-millionaire, but she was known to be a gracious, kindly woman, ever ready to aid some individual or cause.

Poro College of 1953 stands at 4415 South Parkway in Chicago, a three-storied, grey-stone building once occupied by well-to-do whites.

The operation of manufacturing, packing and shipping of hair and toilet preparations developed by Mrs. Malone still goes on and she is there to watch it.

Sprawling Empire

The Poro system continues to be a sprawling empire with agencies and clubs in most major cities of the country. Nonetheless, the institution of today is far less an attraction than in days gone by.

St. Louis people remember, however, the deeds of Annie Malone. Hailing her as one of the few millionaires of that day they recall the many thousands of dollars in gifts she gave in support of yet flourishing organizations.

The Pine Street YMCA at one time received $8,000. Some $10,000 and a building site went to an orphan home, christened in 1945 the Annie Malone Orphan Home. A maternity ward at St. Louis' Barnes Hospital was donated and bears her name.

Other projects and groups that have profited by the Malone touch are too numerous to name.

Outside St. Louis, Howard University once received $10,000 for its medical endowment fund, and Wilberforce was another recipient of large sums. Both universities conferred master of arts degrees upon this benefactress in 1932 as did Kittrell and Western Colleges.

The fabulous Poro building and other properties went over to receivers shortly after Aaron Malone filed a petition for receivership after having sued for divorce.

In subsequent litigation, Mrs. Malone sought release of the business from receivers and all property held jointly by her and her husband. On March 9, 1927 the court ordered the receiver to turn over all properties taken.

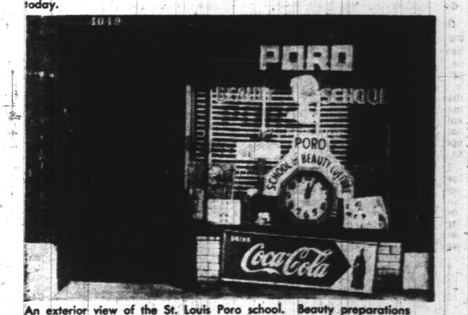
From that day the Poro institution in St. Louis wasn't the same and in 1930 Mrs. Malone moved to Chicago establishing Poro College in the 4500 block of South Parkway, then known as Poro block.

The present Poro Beauty School in St. Louis is operated by Mrs. Annie M. Keaton. In no way does it compare with the school of yesteryear. Poro Building is now owned by the Pendleton Investment Company.

From an obscure and sickly childhood, Mrs. Malone lived to build a financial empire using her own formula for enhancing the beauty of colored women.

The institution continues to stand, but like its cheerful though aging founder, in the shadow of its past.

The Poro College building, built in 1918, now houses the Lincoln University School of Law, a movie house, hotel and several businesses. The roof garden, once a grand attraction, is gone. It was there that Poro products were made. It was also the location of the Beauty and Chiropody schools. In 1919, a three-story annex was constructed, but the annex is not used today.



An exterior view of the St. Louis Poro school. Beauty preparations are shipped here from the Chicago building where Mrs. Malone presides over operations.

Mrs. Annie M. Keaton, director of the Poro Beauty School in St. Louis, holds classes five days a week in the small quarters at 4049 Delmar blvd. Similar schools are operated in most major cities and regular graduation exercises are held.

The Annie Malone Orphan Home in St. Louis functions today as a Community Chest Agency. Mrs. Malone donated a $10,000 building site and cash contributions to the St. Louis Orphans Home Building Fund. In 1945 during May Day exercises the home was rechristened with her name.