J. Saunders Redding's

Book Review

Claude McKay's Best Poems

Selected Poems of Claude McKay, with an Introduction by John Dewey and a Biographical Note by Max Eastman. Bookman Associates, Publ., 34 E. 23rd st., New York. 112 pp. $2.75.

In 1948, we read, a small knot of sad-eyed people stood in the static postures of bereavement and grief around a hole in the ground while a vested priest, huddled against the cold that seemed to blow from everywhere, sprinkled a handful of dirt on the coffin that lay at the bottom of the gaping pit. A woman standing in the group spoke in a voice barely audible.

"Goodbye," she said "goodbye, Claude McKay."

But McKay's was only a temporary leave-taking, as we who read of it well knew—remembering.

"I shall return again, I shall return
To laugh and love and watch with wonder-eyes
At golden noon the forest fires burn,
Wafting their blue-black smoke to sapphire skies . . .

In his last years McKay had been neglected—more shame to us!—though all through the '20's and '30's he had been hailed as a leader of a new revolt and all but worshipped as "the fount and source of a lyric renaissance," and the fame of his lyrics was world-wide.

He was in utter destitution when he took his leave, for though Home to Harlem had made him reasonably well off, he failed to take money seriously. He was sick for many years, and in sickness he took his leave. . . . how tired I was!

Now for a day I put my burdens by,
And like a child amidst the meadow grass
Under the southern sun, I languid lie.
And feel the bed about me kindly deep,
My strength ooze gently from my hollow bones,
My worried brain drift aimlessly to sleep,
Like softening to a song of tuneless tones."

Though much of his contemporary fame rested in the clean, angry sonnet, "If We Must Die" and the novel Home to Harlem, Claude McKay was first a warm and sensuous singer. Other things he was, of course—essayist, editor. But who, reading him again, can doubt to what his finest talents were given?

"So much I have forgotten in ten years,
So much in ten brief years! I have forgot
What time the purple apples come to juice,
And what month brings the shy forget-me-not.
I have forgot the special, startling season
Of the pimento's flowering and fruiting
What time of year the ground doves brown the fields
And fill the noonday with their curious fluting.
I have forgotten much, but still remember
The poinsettia's red, blood-red in warm December."

Or:

"Applauding youths laughed with young prostitutes
And watched her perfect, half-clothed body sway;
Her voice was liked the sound of blended flutes
Blown by black players upon a picnic day.
She sang and danced on gracefully and calm,
The light gauze hanging loose about her form;
To me she seemed a proudly-swaying palm
Grown lovelier for passing through a storm.
Upon her swarthy neck black shiny curls
Luxuriant fell; and tossing coins in praise,
The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls,
Devoured her shape with eager passionate gaze;
But looking at her falsely-smiling face,
I knew herself was not in that strange place."

Or:

"And so to God I go to make my peace,
Where black nor white can follow to betry,
My pent-up heart to Him I will release
And surely He will show the perfect way
Of life. For he will lead me and no man
Can violate or circumvent His plan."

This volume of selected poems is a tribute to one of the finest lyrists that America has had the honor and the luck to help nurture. Some of the poems were selected by the poet himself, but others were chosen for this volume presumably by Max Eastman, McKay's friend for many years, who also appends a biographical note.

John Dewey wrote the introduction. It must have been one of the philosopher's last works, and it speaks more eloquently than I can of the warmth, the tenderness and the spiritual richness which are the components of McKay's genius.

McKay's **Songs of Jamaica, Spring in New Hampshire** and **Harlem Shadows** are all out of print, and hard to come by, and expensive even when one happens, after diligent search, to find them. There was a need for a reprinting of McKay's best poems, and this volume satisfies that need.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

"Ya' put a rock inside, soak 'em in water, freeze 'em—and then say ya' didn't know it was loaded!"

Lonesome Hearts

by Albertine Asko

(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 ASKE, AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore 1, Maryland.)

NOTICE
Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

WIFE WANTED
I'm a bachelor, 35, kind, congenial, understanding and employed. If you are eligible, interested and around my age and type, please write at once.
MR. MIKE

PLEASING DIVORCEE
I am 33, a divorcee, medium brown - skinned and pleasingly plump intelligent and at present a student nurse. I would like letters from an intelligent man, 30-45, a Christian, employed, can be a minister, professional or student, most of all be sincere.
CECELIE

WANTS HONEST GIRL
I want an honest, devoted girl friend, someone lonely with a hope that might lead to marriage, interested in the better things of life. I'm seeking someone, 23-30, fair, neat, high school education, hard worker, looking toward a brighter future.
LOVEABLE 39

SEEKS NEW LIFE
I am separated from my husband, working and seeking a true, hard working companion, 40-45, some one who enjoys clean sports, clean living, and a true household. I'm 37, devoted and understanding.
MRS. HALSEY

WOULD MARRY SOON
A widow, 52, brown-skinned, nice looking; wants to meet a real Christian gentleman around 52, who wants to get places and enjoy a happy life. Will marry soon if the right one answers.
FAITHFUL

MEET BIG BOY
I'm a man 22, brown skinned, 5 feet 10, with clean habits, dependable, thrifty and sincere. I'm anxious to meet a nice, dependable true friend around 25.
BIG BOY

WRITE TO MILLY
I am 26, attractive and tall, like music, sports, church and nice company. I want a true companion around my age and type, sincere, devoted and willing to marry.
MILLY

LIKES DIXIE GIRLS
I'm 24, been married but separated. I'm a hard working man who needs a companion. I want to meet a real girl friend, 18-22, nice, light, dependable and living in the South.
SAMUEL

LOOKING FOR MATE
I would love to correspond with a man around 50 who is understanding and employed. I'm 48, industrious and seeking a good man to make my husband.
ROSALEE

YOUNG AND AMBITIOUS
I am a young girl, 21, 5 feet 4, employed, love church and clean sports, considerate and understanding. I would like to meet a nice, intelligent, dependable companion who is near my type and interested in planning for the future.
BILL

SHE'S A WIDOW
I am a widow, 46, with 2 children 5 and 8. I live in a rural area, like church and I'm intelligent and smart. Hoping for companionship with a man who likes the things I like and will work toward a successful future for us.
BETTIELOU

LONELY CHURCH WOMAN
I'm a lonely widow, 55, not bad looking, interested in church and church activities. I hope to meet a Christian man around 60, who believes in a clean life and wants a true mate.
PETTIE ELIE

HAIL "MIRACLE" WAY TO RELIEVE BUNION PAIN . . REDUCE SWOLLEN HUMP

CHICAGO (special)—A sensational advance in miracle science was hailed in the startling announcement of a simple treatment developed to stop Bunion Pain almost at once, and reduce the aching, enlarged hump at the sides of the big toe, then you walk in comfort. Hundreds of letters have been received telling of prompt comforting relief as swollen bunion gets smaller and smaller until sufferers may wear regular shoes again.

Called "FAIRYFOOT", it is a simple home remedy—applied in a second—and almost overnight relieves terrible, stinging, itching Bunions. The ugly swelling is reduced, so you can wear the smart shoes you like. FAIRYFOOT offers a free sample to anyone who requests it—without cost or obligation. Address Dept. 183 , FAIRYFOOT, 1223 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill. A post card will do—but write today for your free sample.

Across The Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

This week's hand was sent in by Mrs. L. Robinson of Baltimore, who includes the post script: "This kind of hand couldn't happen, but it did."

She goes on to say that she was the South player in this particular rubber session and the contract was defeated on this deal.

As far as the bidding was concerned, 'twas a soul of simplicity. After West's pass, North with 14 points in high cards and distribution, opened one club, East doubling.

South wasted no time and hopped right up to a game try in spades.

West led the heart nine, and here declarer made her first mistake. She ruffed the trick in dummy, and returned a low diamond. ruffing in the closed hand.

She then led the spade king, West capturing the trick with the ace and immediately returning a heart. East taking this trick with his ace and returning a low heart in answer to his partner's high-low echo signal.

West then led the diamond jack, declarer putting up the king, East the ace, and declarer forced to ruff in the closed hand. Defenders then need only sit back and wait the manna of the setting heart tricks.

Several lines of play are open which would bring in this contract, had South taken stock of the situation.

After West opened with the heart nine, declarer should have guessed this to be either a singleton or doubleton lead, since it could hardly be the top of a sequence and the suit was unbid. At any rate, declarer could be reasonably sure that West did not hold the Ace—queen of hearts, since he would not logically lead away from a tenace.

If he was underleading the ace, then East must hold the queen, therefore the proper play was to allow the heart to continue, discarding a diamond in the open hand.

In all probability, East would capture the trick with the heart ace and continue the suit, most likely with the queen. Again, declarer should allow the suit to continue, for if West held the singleton nine, to over-ruff the dummy hand, necessitates the play of the ace.

If West holds another heart, then dummy ruffs the heart and cashes the ace of clubs, allowing declarer to discard another heart. If West holds a singleton and ruffs with the ace, then declarer has control of any return by West and an entry to the club ace through the spade 10 in the open hand.

He then needs only to apply a pseudo-squeeze, running down the complete spade suit, and cashing the heart king.

This is the line of play that first occurred to me. I would be intensely interested in knowing how you would play the hand. Drop a card to "Bridge Table," AFRO Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore 1, Md. The best solution will be printed in this space.

East-West vunerable
West Dealer

WEST	NORTH	EAST
	♠—10	
	♥—10	
	♦—K 8 7 5 3 2	
	♣—A Q J 6 5 2	
♠—A 8 7 2		♠—
♥—9 5		♥—A Q J 8 3
♦—J 9 4		2
♣—K 9 7 4		♣—A Q 10 6
	SOUTH	
	♠—K Q J 9 6 5 4 3	
	♥—K 10 7 6 4	
	♦—	
	♣—	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	1 ♣	Dbl.	4 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Opening lead: 9 of hearts.

...JOKE...

Misfit

"Do you smoke?"
"No."
"Do you drink?"
"No."
"Do you eat hay, then?"
"No."
"Gad! You're not a fit companion for man or beast."

First AFRO Ideal Mother Entries Arrive

A young New York city woman is the first AFRO reader to name a candidate for the 8th annual Ideal Mother Contest which is now underway.

Naming her sister as her choice for the AFRO Ideal Mother award, Miss J. B. of NYC noted in her letter that "my sister, a widow of 40, has reared a family of nine," including a son who served with the Navy in the last war.

Miss J. B. goes on to list how the children of her nominee have all become worthy citizens under their mother's guidance and says that this ideal mother has "worked hard and deserves some good things."

Other contestants have followed suit, sending in detailed descriptions of their candidates for the Ideal Mother award.

For those of you who may have missed the details in this AFRO annual contest and would like to see a mother you know win the many prizes and honors, list of contest rules follows:

WHO IS SHE?

That kindly soul in your community who has brought up her children in a manner that sets a fine example, whose children have made a contribution 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 parent honored nationally on Mother's Day.

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

The contest is now underway. Contest closes, midnight April 18. Letters dated before midnight April 18 will be considered.

The winner will be announced in the AFRO Magazine edition, dated May 9. 1953 and the winning mother will be feted in Baltimore and Washington, the week ending May 16.

FOLLOW THESE 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.

The contest ends midnight April 18. All letters postmarked before that time will be consdeired by judges.

PRIZES GALORE!

The AFRO Ideal Mother Contest winner will get an all-expense-paid trip to Baltimore and Washington as guest of the AFRO.

She will attend the Delta sorority mother-daughter luncheon to be held May 16 and a tea in her honor will be given on May 15 by the AFRO.

Complete Spring Outfit. $25 Cash Award.

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

Scrambled Stars

Here are the scrambled names of some famous stars of the screen. If you'll rearrange the letters in each group, you'll be better able to recognize that movie personality.

1. Mainly morn ore.
2. La land ad.
3. Rob Kreed rah.
4. Get bay belt.
5. Who'll I lead, min.
6. Rave an drag

Mathematwister

Here's a twister that may have you counting on your fingers. Can you figure just how many different pickets of six men each it is possible to form from a platoon of 50 soldiers?

Verse Verse

The answer to each of these is a two-word rhyming phrase. For example: "Inferior rhyme" comes out WORSE VERSE, and "sad friend" is GLUM CHUM. Now you try it on these:

1. Cowardly man.
2. Mature smoking implement.
3. Sorrowful boy.
4. Erroneous melody.
5. Low-lying headgear.
6. Leading robber.

ANSWERS

SCRAMBLED STARS: 1. Marilyn Monroe. 2. Alan Ladd. 3. Deborah Kerr. 4. Betty Grable. 5. William Holden. 6. Ava Gardner.

MATHEMATWISTER: It is possible to form 15,890,700 different pickets of six men each. The number of pickets is equal to the number of combinations of 50 taken six at a time. Multiply 50 times 49 times 48 times 47 times 46 times 45, and divide this result by the product of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

VERSE VERSE: 1. Yellow fellow. 2. Pipe pipe. 3. Sad lad. 4. Wrong song. 5. Flat hat. 6. Quiet thief.

Through Channels

A young writer sent a number of his manuscripts to a celebrated newspaper columnist, asing his advice as to the best channel for marketing the writing the manuscripts came back with this curt note:

"The one channel I can conscientiously recommend as the greatedt outlet for articles of this type is the English Channel."

Arithmetic

ADD: 653 and 940
ADD: 078 and 256
SUBTRACT: 031 from 849
MULTIPLY: 917 by 412
DIVIDE: 23 into 67

When You Serve This Lenten Meal "They'll Ask For Seconds"

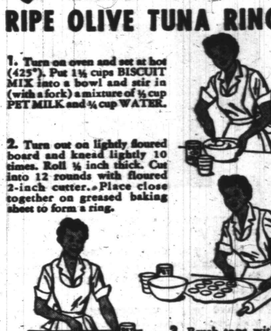
Better Biscuits...Smoother Sauce

. . . and both so easy to make, thanks to Pet Evaporated Milk. Better biscuits, because the Pet Milk and water mixture is richer than ordinary milk. Biscuits that have just the right golden-brown color because you brush the tops with Pet Milk before you pop 'em in the oven.

. . . smoother sauce? Yes, ma'am—and richer, too! Because Pet Milk is whole milk concentrated to double richness, it makes the kind of smooth creamy sauce you like. Makes it perfect every time, too.

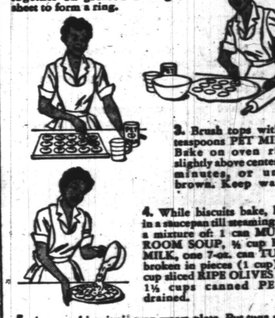
Mary Lee Taylor's HUSBAND-TESTED

RIPE OLIVE TUNA RING



1. Turn on oven and set at hot (425°). Put 1½ cups BISCUIT MIX into a bowl and stir in (with a fork) a mixture of ½ cup PET MILK and ¼ cup WATER.

2. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead lightly 10 times. Roll ½ inch thick. Cut into 12 rounds with floured 2-inch cutter. Place close together on greased baking sheet to form a ring.



3. Brush tops with 2 teaspoons PET MILK. Bake on oven rack slightly above center 10 minutes, or until brown. Keep warm.

4. While biscuits bake, heat in a saucepan till steaming hot a mixture of: 1 can MUSHROOM SOUP, ½ cup PET MILK, one 7-oz. can TUNA broken in pieces (1 cup), ½ cup sliced RIPE OLIVES and 1½ cups canned PEAS, drained.

5. Arrange biscuit ring on warm plate. Put tuna mixture in center. Garnish biscuits with slices of ripe olives. Serve hot. Makes 4 servings.

FREE! Brand-new book of recipes by Mary Lee Taylor—for delicious main dishes, desserts, other good things. Send today!

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St. Louis 1, Missouri
Please send me Mary Lee Taylor's new cookbook, "Dinner's Ready With Time To Spare."
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ENJOY THESE THREE SHOWS EVERY WEEK: THE ALL-STAR REVUE, Television's Big Comedy Show, Every Saturday, NBC-TV • TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES featuring RALPH EDWARDS, Every Thursday Night, NBC • MARY LEE TAYLOR, Radio's Favorite Food Expert, Every Saturday Morning, NBC.

Ray Felix- Can He Become "Mr. Basketball?"

Former LIU star, whose teammates were caught in the New York basketball scandals, having no campus to play on, has turned "pro." Coaches rate him the player to watch.

By JOSEPH A. OWENS

Who will be tomorrow's Mr. Basketball?

No less an authority than the present owner of that title, George Mikan, looks to a gangling colored youth to someday be his successor. Ray Felix, of the Bronx, is the name.

Felix, a 6'10", 230 pound package of scoring dynamite is currently pacing the Manchester British Americans to the pennant in the American Professional Basketball League. Scoring 402 points in his first 19 games this season, big Ray is outdistancing all other performers as the league's leading scorer.

Joe Lapchick, coach of the New York Knickerbockers, who operates the BA's as a farm team, is high in his praise of Felix. In fact, he believes that after Ray has made one tour around the NBA circuit next season he will be a more valuable team man than even Sweetwater Clifton.

William "Dolly" King, LIU basketball great of yesteryear, shown in this picture has always been Ray Felix's idol athlete.

May Be Opponent

However Lapchick may be faced with having to devise a defense to halt Felix next season. If the Knicks choose Walt Dukes of Seton Hall in the spring draft of college players from the New York area, then all the other teams in the NBA will be bidding for the services of the former Long Island university star.

The Felix case is a strange one. Though he is now playing pro ball for a farm team of the Knicks, he will become a free agent at the close of the season and placed in the player draft pool because he is still a college student and would be playing college ball today if it had not been for the infamous scandal at Long Island university during the 1950-51 season.

Ray had the misfortune of seeing his brilliant college career and All-American honor washed down the drain when his teammates aligned themselves with Broadway bookies and bigtime gamblers. That was the era of point shaving and fixed games. Ray, playing his heart out in every contest never suspected that his teammates were disloyal.

When the "crash" came, Ray was hurt. School officials broke off athletic relations with all other colleges. Though Felix was "clean," nevertheless, his collegiate career was finished.

Claire Bee, former coach of the Blackbirds, and one of basketball's greatest teachers, had this to say when the scandal broke:

"It is a shame that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. For instance, this big sophomore lad, Ray Felix has the makings of being an All-American. He has as much natural court ability as the other boys who achieved that fame at Long Island university, men like Dolly King, Jules Bender, Irving Torgoff, Dick Holub and Oscar Schectman."

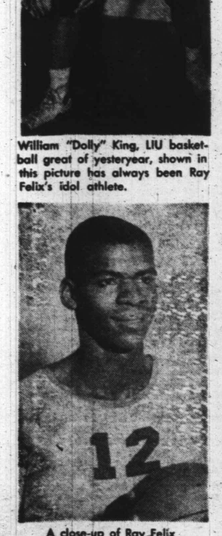
Highest Scorer

When Felix joined the LIU team in the fall of 1950 he became the tallest man there to ever don a varsity uniform. During his freshman year at the school, he was nothing short of sensational. In 30 contests he caged 626 points. All were in accord that the big boy from the Bronx was improving rapidly.

His speed and agility put him in a class all by himself. Most big men in basketball are described as clumsy and seemingly out of place. But not Ray. His giant-sized hands enable him to perform tricks of magic with the basketball.

Yes, the unassuming two time choice for all city honors in New York when he played at Metropolitan High and averaged better than 20 points per game would have been one of America's great college players IF . . .

"It was a very unfortunate happening," says Ray in his soft-spoken way when asked about the "fix." It is evident that though he was hurt deeply he has the will to forgive. His thoughts are now of the future and not the past.



A close-up of Ray Felix

Ray is working for his degree in physical education and will graduate in June. He plans to play several seasons of pro ball.

"You know a teaching career doesn't pay too much and I have my mom and five kid sisters to support," explains Ray who has carried the burden of the household since his high school days.

Helps Support Family

The money he earns playing two games a week with the British Americans has carried the load this winter, as Felix is reputed to be the highest paid player in the American League. During the off season he works at odd jobs in New York.

Training for the day when he will be teaching and more than likely coaching his school's basketball team, Ray is now coaching two teams in the Forest House Community Center in New York. The last released standings of the community league showed Felix's teams heading the loops.

Held Mikan Down

Felix's place with the country's top pro players was established when he played in two pre-season Hearst Fund Benefit games last fall. The first contest played at Chicago featured the College All Stars against the Minneapolis Lakers.

Phog Allen coached the Stars and purposely sent Felix out to line up with the mighty George Mikan. Because of the vast number of players on the All Star squad Ray did not play a full game, however, he did play long enough to tally 10 points off famed "Mr. Basketball" and kept Mikan from matching that figure.

All Midwestern sports writers, fans, and the entire Lakers squad were high in their praise of Felix.

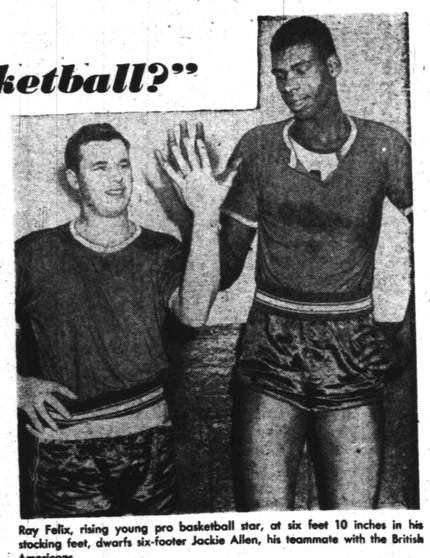
A few nights later, he played in a second Hearst Fund game at Madison Square Garden in New York. This time the Stars were coached by Johnnie McGuire of St. John's College. Again Ray's performance was outstanding.

Young Ray, watching his paychecks carefully, looks to the day when he can build a home for his mother.

"Through basketball," he says "I can see this dream come true."

Ironically, Clare Bee when coaching at Long Island often said Ray was potentially of great calibre.

The most popular player to ever play in the American League, Felix takes his fame in stride. He would much rather talk of the miniature-scaled model boats he builds than of his court playing.



Ray Felix, rising young pro basketball star, at six feet 10 inches in his stocking feet, dwarfs six-footer Jackie Allen, his teammate with the British Americans.

Bobby Knight, shown here, stars with Felix on the British American basketball squad.

"I wouldn't be able to put the ball in the hoop if it were not for the play of my teammates. Bobby Knight, I believe, is the finest floor man playing pro ball in the country. He proved it when he played with the Globe Trotters. I am sure glad that he is on our side," says Ray.

"Coach Puggy Bell has helped me a great deal this season. An old timer like him can really teach a young fellow a great deal of inside basketball. All the boys on this club are real team men.

Jackie Allen of Rhode Island, Ken Goodwin from the same school, Bob McLarnon of Holy Cross and of course Hank Dezonie."

The boy who has received plaudits from NBA coaches Red Auerbach of the Celtics, Ed referred to Felix as another Dolly King, with more scoring power. King, the granddaddy of all colored college players, was Felix's idol when Ray was in knee pants.

"It's awfully hard for me to think I'm half as good as Dolly used to be. That man was some ballplayer," concluded the sports' world's next candidate, Mr. Basketball.

'I Remember'

By OLD TIMERS

From the Old Cues, Chicago:

This is the last time I'll be writing you because I think this column is going to pot. I remember when old people used to use their brains planning a vigorous future, instead of sitting around in their senility longing for the good old days. The old dotards of today make me almost ashamed I am 92 years old. Certain tribes of Eskimos kill off the old folks as soon as they revert to infantile habits and can't contribute their keep—I'd do the same to ye old timers of this column—only I'd boil them in oil. Maybe when I'm 110 I'll long for the good ole days of the bustle and bloomer, but right now I'd rather watch Lena Horne on TV.

From Cass Cattrack, Bangor, Me.: I remember when Mary Worth, the nosy old biddy of the comic strips, sold apples on the street. Seems as if that was in the days of the depression, Hoovervilles and breadlines—before FDR.

From Piety Agnew, Boston, Mass., I remember when preachers condemned sin. Now they espouse it by their silence when speaking out against certain types of sin angers rich contributors to the collection plate.

Choice Of Words

As my friend and I were driving downtown, we were hailed by a traffic cop. "Hey, you!" he shouted. "Pull over."

We did. The next day the judge fined my friend $25 for speeding. She was anxious to keep her husband from learning of the incident. And so, since he regularly examined her checkbook, she marked the stub: "One pull over — $25."

From E. L. Sperloder, Okmulgee, Okla.: I remember when pipe organs were operated by a man or boy back of the organ working a long pole up and down to keep enough wind in the organ to make music. One Sunday the music stopped, but the choir kept singing and the organist kept playing until the music came on again. The man at the pole had dropped off to sleep.

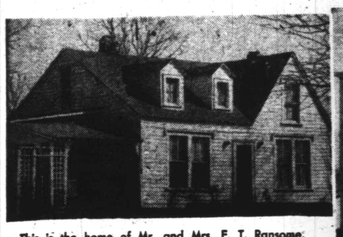
From D. P. Webster, Kansas City: I remember when a person died the church bell would toll out the age of the deceased, one toll for each year. Also, when the remains were leaving the church, the bell would toll until the remains were put to rest.

From Mrs. Leta Burdick, Coudersport, Pa.: I remember the cutter rides my brother and I took with our parents cuddled underneath the big buffalo robe. We had frequent flip-overs in the deep snow, but the inevitable soapstone helped to thaw our feet out again. I miss the sleighbells more than that old heavy brown veil Mother made me wear.

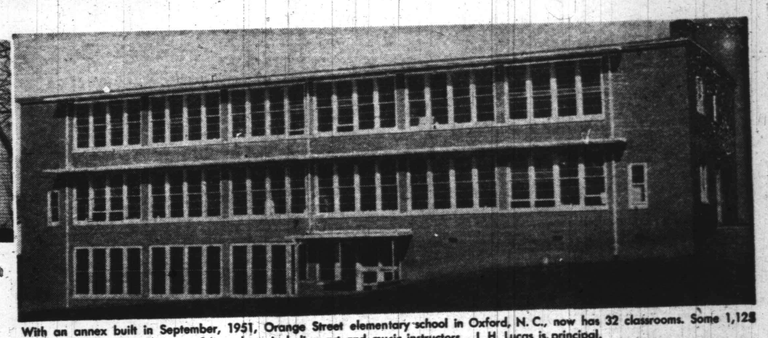
Mrs. Mabel Widdle, Somerset, Ky.: I remember when my mother and dad bought apples at 10 cents a bushel—a whole wagon load. They would invite the neighbors in to prepare the apples for drying in the sun, then clear one room and dance the old square dance until midnight.

From Dr. Ernest E. Smith, Sylva, N.C.: I remember when an engineer or fireman was killed in a wreck, the engine was draped in mourning for a certain length of time.

The Afro Visits Oxford, N. C.

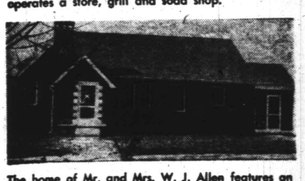


This is the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Ransome. She's a teacher, Mr. Ransome is active in civic affairs.

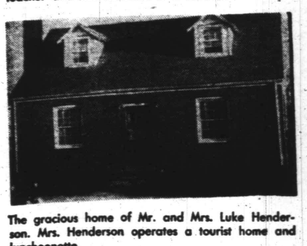


With an annex built in September, 1951, Orange Street elementary school in Oxford, N. C., now has 32 classrooms. Some 1,128 pupils are enrolled. There are 34 teachers, including art and music instructors. J. H. Lucas is principal.

A wide veranda sets off this home owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Dees, of Oxford, N. C. Mr. Dees operates a store, grill and soda shop.



The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Allen features an enclosed portico. Mrs. Allen is an Oxford schoolteacher and her husband is a barber.



The gracious home of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Henderson. Mrs. Henderson operates a tourist home and luncheonette.

Oxford, N.C., is located in Granville county in the heart of the Piedmont tobacco belt. The city boasts that it is the "oldest and best tobacco market in the state."

The argument is bolstered by the fact that its nine warehouses sold about 25 million pounds of tobacco at an average of nearly $55 a hundred pounds. That's top tobacco price in the area.

The town's population of 7,200, with half of them colored, has a big stake in the tobacco economy. Three plants employ 1,200 workers in redrying plants during tobacco season.

Churchmen and the medical profession are largely responsible for the two outstanding institutional developments in the city — the colored orphanage of North Carolina and the new Shaw eMmorial hospital.

The orphanage, which was founded in 1882 by Baptists and incorporated as a non-denominational venture in 1887, has gained increased financial support, from local residents. As a result, many homeless Carolina children can look forward to better things.

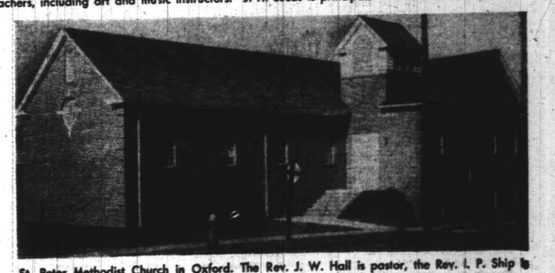
Shaw Memorial hospital with a 30-bed capacity, was opened early in February and is now in full operation. Dr. E. E. Toney who was one of the original incorporators of discarded Cheatham, hospital turned over the assets and equipment of Cheatham to the Granville hospital board. whose trustees operate the non-profit institution in the interests of the county's health

A. J. Anderson and Hampton Moss have recently been added to the Oxford police department.

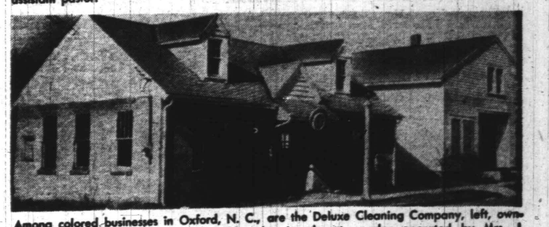
Oxford is the scene each year of the Shrine Talent and Beauty Pageant sponsored by the Irmran Temple No. 168, Shriners. J. R. Barnes is illustrious potentate.

Proceeds from the promotion benefit the Shrine Tuberculosis and Cancer Research Foundation, Inc.

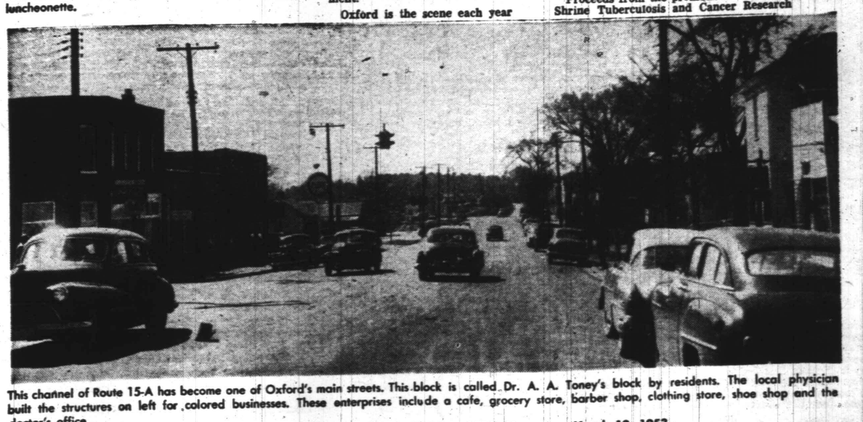
Arthur R. Dees is pageant director; Joseph B. F. Cutchins, co-chairman; and Eugene T. Ransome, Dallas A. Hawkins, and Jerome B. Branch, committeemen.



St. Peter Methodist Church in Oxford. The Rev. J. W. Hall is pastor, the Rev. I. P. Ship is assistant pastor.



Among colored businesses in Oxford, N. C., are the Deluxe Cleaning Company, left, owned by L. L. Shaffer, at right, the building housing beauty parlor operated by Mrs. J. E. Wells.



This channel of Route 15-A has become one of Oxford's main streets. This block is called Dr. A. A. Toney's block by residents. The local physician built the structures on left for colored businesses. These enterprises include a cafe, grocery store, barber shop, clothing store, shoe shop and the doctor's office.

NEXT WEEK

The AFRO roving photographer, Scott Henderson, visits Fredericksburg, Va., and Henderson, N.C. Don't miss these two full pages of pictures and comment on two growing communities.

In the near future, picture stories on Bolling Green, Va., and Roanoke Rapids, N.C., will appear in the AFRO Magazine.