A Matter Of AFRICAN HONOR

This short story of African life, and one man's revenge, written by an African, is touched with rare humor, spine-tingling suspense

By ADEYEMI S. AMARAN

Johnny shook his head and gnashed his teeth. He was a small man wit ha hard, pock-marked face and wiry hair that was turning grey in patches. It was his fifty-fifth year.

He sat on the mud divan by the wall, his eyes on the wife who was preparing the supper, but his mind busied on some serious thought.

The wife found it a bit of a job stooping to poke and fan the fire. She was a large, corpulent woman in the late thirties, already blessed with five children. The youngest clung to her back like a giant lizard.

Again she stooped painfully to poke the fire. The smoke caused tears to well in her eyes. The fire blazed. Sparks flew out, crackling like exploding toy rockets.

Johnny heaved a sigh and beat a tattoo on the floor with his toes. The wife walked up to him. She knew her man enough to know that these signs meant trouble.

'Nothing Wong'

"Anything wrong?" the wife inquired. He did not answer.

"Anything wrong?" she repeated in a higher yet more tender tone. He was startled from his reverie. "Eh? What?" He queried. "You look so gloomy", the wife remarked. "O nothing wrong" he explained, and added "I'm rather hungry."

She hastened to the fireside. She was a hard-working and devoted wife, and she detested the sight or thought of a hungry husband. She had an active imagination and always put herself in the place of the other fellow. But while she pounded the "foufou" she kept worrying.

She could not resist the thought that something more fierce than hunger troubled her husband. Why had he exerted so much energy in sharpening his machete that day? He had begun at dawn and stopped just before dusk, breaking for breakfast and lunch only. By evening, the blade shone like glass in the sun.

She thought of removing the knife from his reach, but could not be certain where he had hidden it. She pounded away. The father called his children around him and caressed them lovingly. His eyes filled and tears streamed down his cheeks. The children would never starve as long as she was there, he thought. But the thought of fatherless children and a widowed wife in sackcloth! It mattered little. Something greater was at sake. Honour was a stake the family's honour. He had borne enough reproach because of this skeleton in the cupboard. He would shield his children from that disgrace. He kept thinking.

His grandfather had fallen in a feud with another family, scores of years ago. The dispute had been settled and compensation already paid them by the other family. Yet cruel men always delighted in reminding him of the stigma they said his family bore.

"A family that sells its progenitor for money—what a family!," they were in the habit of jeering. For years, he had borne his shame, silently eating out his heart. But there is a limit to endurance.

Johnny decided that the honourable thing to do was to avenge his Grandfather, rather than perpetuate his shame. It was a matter of honour.

That night he ate his dinner with great solemnity. He neither talked (as was his wont) nor did he eat so fast, as when the soup was to his taste.

He went to bed earlier that night. At first, he was all questions to his wife. Did she know that Nwankwo had not paid for the yams he bought Did she remember how much the money-pot which they buried in the centre of the house contained?

"Are you going on any journey?" she demanded, tiring of the unending enquiries. "Yes and a long one too He! He!" he laughed bitterly. Those were his last words.

Okolo, the grandson of his father's killer, was a well known farmer in the village. Johnny had never set foot on any of Okolo's farms, but he had gathered detailed information as regards the location of each. Okolo was always early on his rice farm. Alas Johnny thought: neither he nor Okolo would live twenty four hours longer.

His Last Harvest

It was November and the rice was nearly ready for harvest. Gossip had it that Okolo's crops were the best again this year. As Johnny made his way to the farm early this morning, he smiled sardonically at the thought that this year's harvesting would have to be done by another, not Okolo.

He knew, of course, that there would be no getting away with it himself. He would die too. But his would be a painless death — a sort of sleep; 'Just the neck in the noose and let go.'

He could do it himself. Not the Government hangman, But Okolo — he would carve him like a chop for dogs.

Then for a moment he seemed to hesitate. He thought 'To hang up there stiff like a rod, with the flies buzzing around one. A vulture or two might turn up and tear up ones insides and gorge themselves. When all the flesh had fallen out, the wind would whistle through the bleached bones. Awful!

He pulled himself together. 'No,' he told himself. "It is an honourable death. Besides a corpse has no feeling. Okolo would be in agony before he became a corpse."

The path-way was wet with dew that fell like rain in drops down upon the undergrowth from the branches. Johnny was elated, thinking that the trees were shedding tears at his departure from human earth. The grass and overhanging bushes entangled his feet as he strode, as if trying to dissuade him from his purpose. He slashed at them with his shining cutlass. They cut like water.

Onward he marched, brandishing his weapon and muttering imprecations at the damned brood descended from the killer. The blot was going to be erased, there and then. The bush was misty, but he soon satisfied himself that he was arrived at his would-be victim's rice farm.

A lone crow cawed a mournful note from a nearby tree. Johnny looked up and around but did not find the bird. He took the cry for a knell inviting Okolo to his death, and of course, himself also.

He paused. In spite of it being morning, and a raw cold one at that, sweat was pouring from his face. He stopped and mopped his face with his coffee brown loin cloth. He was on urgent business; every minute mattered. He tried to think how he would tie the noose when he had dispatched Okolo. While in the middle of this thought, he sighted Okolo standing on a tree stump only three yards away from him.

The Man Had No Weapon

He wore an old threadbare coat and a large sombrero much battered at the edges. Smoke curled out in thick puffs from his pipe. With his arm akimbo, no doubt meditating the bumper harvest. He had no weapon on his person, not even a walking stick. His face was turned away from the direction from where death would pounce on him.

Johnny shot out like an arrow and laid on him savagely with the machete. Okolo reeled as a blow gashed his neck open. He fell face-downward. Johnny with redoubled vigour attacked his defenseless victim who was taken so suddenly that fright and astonishment assisted by pain robbed him of all speech, except the mumbling of a few dying sobs.

Soon Okolo was in pieces. His blood flowed. Johnny looked at his instrument of vengeance. It was red from tip to hilt. He looked at the scattered pieces of flesh. He spat on them and cursed. He waved the machete round and round over his head and congratulated himself.

Then the crow cawed again. This time, he was reminded that it was now his turn—the suicide plan. Vengeance had been done. The other act would complete the here picture. Yet he hesitated. He surveyed the bloody scene. The crow cawed. The sun climbed higher every minute. Others might come along soon and notice him.

At the third crow-call, he made the noose and chose his tree. He climbed with a very heavy heart. Images of his children's happy faces and his lunch danced before his eyes tantalizingly. But he had to climb. On and on. He hesitated again.

Suicide seemed a bitter cup to drink when it came this close to the lips. But it was better than a prolonged trial, the curse of every man and woman, and an execution to be witnessed by all and sundry.

Half way up the tree, he cast one glance downward to look his last on those pieces of flesh and those puddles of blood that once enveloped his victim's spirit.

Neither Blood Nor Flesh

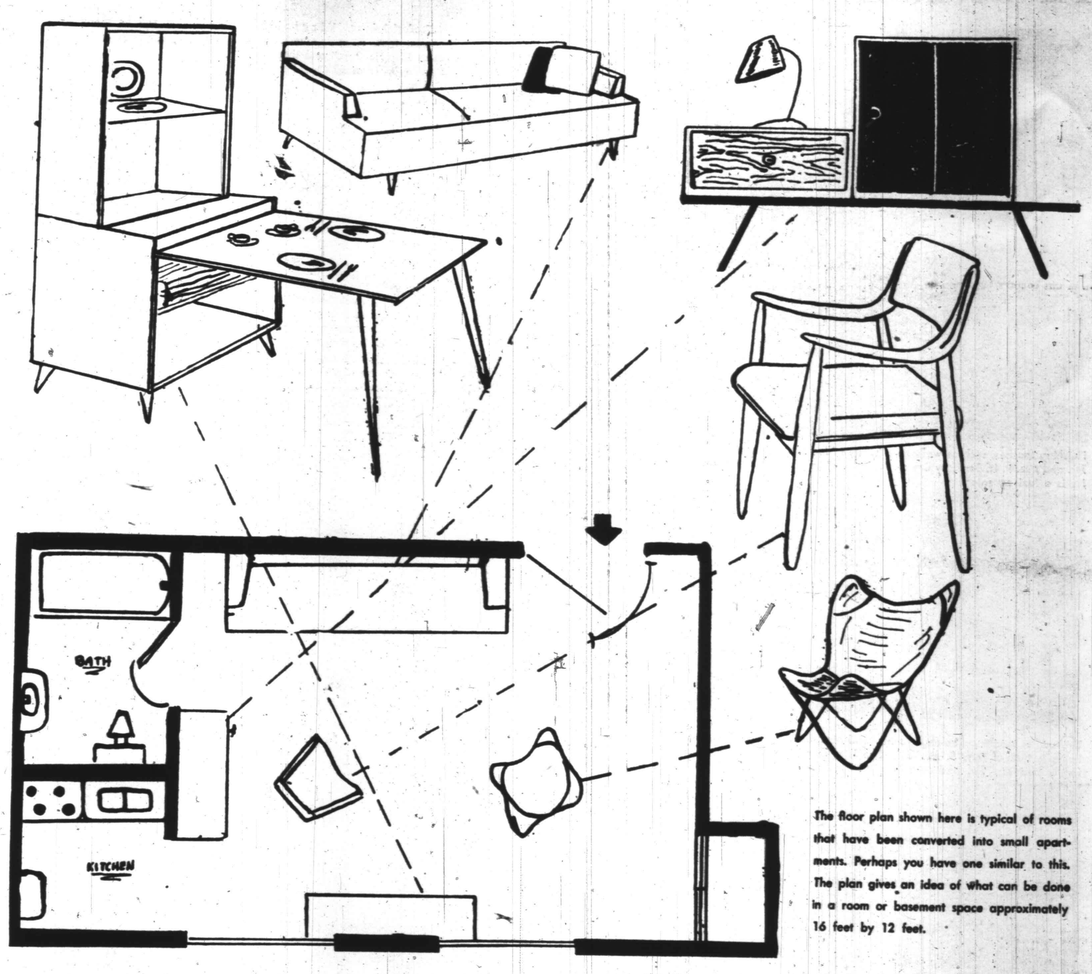
He saw no blood. He saw only the much cut hat, some rags and dry grass cut and strewn this way and that. He hesitated, rubbed his eyes, and looked more closely. Unmistakably, there was neither blood nor flesh to be seen.

He hastened down the tree, with cautious steps, quivering with fear mixed with primitive joy and surprise. He approached to verify if appearance was reality.

His heart jumped and he gasped for breath. There was nothing but grass, fragments of a clay pipe and pieces of cloth and mutilated sombrero all lying about the ground that bore the imprint of many deep machet cuts. Had he mistaken the scarecrow for its master? There was not enough time for surprise or happiness on the spot. He heard the talk and chatter of farmers in the distance. He disappeared.

That day, the weaver birds had their biggest feast for the old guard was absent from his post. They twittered and ate and chatted; and twittered and asked again where their old enemy had gone. They hoped, he might never return.

How To Live Well In One Room



The floor plan shown here is typical of rooms that have been converted into small apartments. Perhaps you have one similar to this. The plan gives an idea of what can be done in a room or basement space approximately 16 feet by 12 feet.

Here are decorating hints showing how studio apartments can be utilized to best advantage. This might suit your home improvementneeds.

More and more home-owners, seeking the extra income a rented room or apartment will bring, are renovating portions of their homes as one-room apartments.

Such flats if decorated sensibly and furnished in good taste will have bachelors, career girls, students and others who need little living space, crying to rent them.

The first step toward making one room livable is to see if private bath and kitchenette can be installed. To make such an apartment livable, the area for bath and cooking space should leave space for a room at least 10 feet by 12 feet.

In the picture above, sketches of the type of furniture which works best in small quarters are shown. Most important is a sofa or studio couch which converts to a bed for sleeping. During the day or when company comes it serves as sitting space.

Versatile Furniture

Cabinets should be simply designed, thin, and capable of serving several functions. The buffet which extends into a small dining table shown at upper right is an example.

A small apartment is no place for fat overstuffed furniture. Chairs like those shown above are just as comfortable and require much less space than Grandma's huge old easy chair.

SPACE, every inch of it, is important, Two chairs, a sofa-bed and two low-slung cabinets are all the furniture necessary. Over-furnish, and the room becomes little more than a jail cell.

Overcrowding gives the occupant a feeling of being trapped.

When decorating, use light colors on walls, floors and ceilings. Painted walls are better than wallpaper for small rooms. Yellow, light blue, in fact, any pastel color helps make the room look much larger.

Use Right Colors

A favorite trick with interior decorators is to paint a small room in a bright yellow and paint the ceiling in an even lighter shade. Never paint the ceiling darker unless it is unusually high. Dark colors make ceilings look lower. Paint the woodwork the same shade as the walls.

If the room has one window, the window can be made to look much wider by placing draperies on either side of the frame and by letting the draperies cover the whole window wall.

One of the best ways to make a tiny living quarter seem larger is use large mirrors on the walls at each end. It gives the illusion of space with a capital S.

Simplicity is what counts in making small spaces look larger.

If possible, use a light shade of carpeting. Wall-to-wall rugs help make the room seem bigger. Never paint the floors dark. Try experimenting with pastel floors.

If your floors are old and hard to refinish, just paint them a dashing shade of red or light blue enamel, wax vigorously and the room will have a brand new personality.

If you prefer to lay tile, remember that light tile makes the floor space seem wider, dark tile closes everything in.

Perhaps your basement can be converted to a plan like that shown above. Remember that a bathroom must be at least six feet square and as much space is needed for the kitchen. Line all utilities, if possible, against one wall.

Notice how the kitchen sink and stove are side by side in the floor-plan sktech above. The closer such facilities are to each other, the less you have to pay for plumbing.

Inexpensive Lighting

One lighting fixture close to the ceiling will keep this whole room bright. Use small lamps for reading or dimmer light.

Keep these tricks in mind, when you start regarding your basement or guest room or enclosed porch with an eye to renovating.

Good sense in decorating pays dividends and because good sense means doing things simply, it usually is the most inexpensive way.

Wililam Tubman Jr. And Cousin Are Young Scholars

Liberian President's Son Studies At Yank School

By GEORGE D. FORSYTHE

North of Boston, on the left of the highway, is Governor Dummer Academy, the country's oldest boarding school. Founded in 1763, its students, for the most part, are sons of well-to-do parents who pay heavy tuition for the training of their children.

William S. Tubman Jr., the son of the president of Liberia, and his cousin Marshfield Yancey, two representatives of the world's youngest colored republic are included among the student body.

These 18-year-olds, who have been in this country for only two years are completing their senior year of general education before enrolling in secondary schools.

William, a tall slim youth, is looking forward to entering Harvard where eventually he hopes to attend the Law School for a degree in International Law. Marshfield, who is the more mechanical-minded of the two, calls an acceptance into Massachusetts Institute of Technology, his "old dream."

WILLIAM TUBMAN JR.

Follows Same Pattern

The transferrence from Liberian to American schools offered no difficulty since the Liberian system of education is patterned after that of the United States. Both boys had attended St. Patrick's Catholic School in Monrovia.

The only problem of any magnitude the boys had to surmount was the matter of diet. They were not accustomed to New England cooking, and while the two years spent here have eased the strain somewhat, Marshfield says it's still a problem.

Like all teen-agers, the boys are actively interested in sports. Marshfield, who is built like a good lightweight, is more concerned with wrestling and swimming. William, already a member of the soccer team, has an ambitious program of athletics ahead of him.

He is trying to utilize his height for the basketball team. Although he has never played it and has only seen a few games, he is trying for baseball in the spring. At the mention of hockey both boys quietly shuddered.

"I've seen the game and I like it," William said in his precise speech, "but it was played outdoors and it was so cold. Our team won, by the way," he added.

I'd like to skate, too," Marshfield offered, "but without the ice."

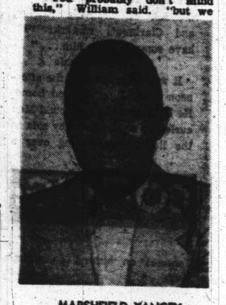
New England Weather

That was a natural opening gambit for this peculiar New England weather. It had followed to the letter Mark Twain's old saying, that if you didn't like New England weather just wait a minute. The day that had started sunny and comparatively mild had turned grey, with a sharp biting wind.

We sat in a large pleasant comfortably heated reception room. The wind, with nothing to stop it, punished the few trees around and threatened the windows. Outside a few hardy students in track suits and basketball uniforms ran across the grounds to the gym.

In the quietly amazed silence that followed William explained that he liked this part of the country but the weather sometimes was more than he could stand. This was hartily echoed by Marshfield.

"You probably don't mind this," William said. "but we find it terribly cold."



MARSHFIELD YANCEY

As a hearty New Englander I was frozen stiff.

"The fortunate part is that you have a variable climate," he continued, "whereas we have only one season, more or less. Our lowest temperature is about forty-five degrees."

We held a lively discussion on sports and academics with interests of English for William and Geometry for Marshfield, but at the mention of Liberia the boys were all seriousness. This was, indeed, their favorite topic.

Nine Years Of Study

The boys will finish their education in the States during a period that will cover anywhere from seven to nine years. They easily discounted the notion that they might desire to remain here after their degrees are obtained.

They chorused the statement that their reason for coming was to absorb here what could be beneficially applied to their own country.

They professed an intense liking for the United States and a healthy respect for it, but as they left the sentence dangling it was implied in shouting silence that there was a great pride and love for their little country.

Plans Engineering Career

Upon completion of their training, both boys are offering their services to their country. Marshfield, whose engineering interests run between structural and mechanical, hopes that perhaps he may help manufacture the first Liberian built automobile. William will stand up for Liberia's legal rights among nations.

Whatever these boys attempt I feel certain they will achieve, for underlying the natural exuberance of their youth there is a quiet determination to succeed.

Not personal success but success for their country. If they are respresentative of the new generation of Liberia, that country has a brilliant future.

Across The

Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

One of the hardest things to get across to the fledgling bridge player is "look before you leap."

Advanced players will look at the club holdings of the East-West hands, and immediately recognize a situation calling for the most elementary of safety plays.

Yet when this hand came up in a recent rubber bridge game, the contract was defeated because the West player failed to ask him one question: "what possible holding in clubs could harm me?"

The answer, obviously, is for all four trumps to be in one hand. Instead of making the safety play, he gambled on that old chestnut "holding nine cards, hit straight up with the ace, king, and queen."

The bidding, while a trifle ambitious, was not too far from the textbook. North properly opened with one diamond, East overcoming with a dubious spade call. South, on the strength of his club void and four diamond holding, supported the diamond suit.

West, with 12 points in high cards and distribution, upped the ante to three clubs, North passing and East carrying on to four clubs.

Taking stock of the situation, West felt that a non-vulnerable try for game shouldn't be too far remiss, in view of his singleton diamond and climbed right up to five diamonds, North doubling.

North wasted no time in trying to defeat the contract, leading out both of his aces, and following with the diamond king.

Declarer ruffed this in the closed hand and made the fatal mistake of leading his ace of trumps. When South showed out, the contract was doomed.

North-South Vulnerable
North Dealer

NORTH
♠ Q6
♥ A10
♦ A K 10 4 2
♣ J 9 7 2

WEST
♠ 8 4 2
♥ K J 9 2
♦ 9
♣ A Q 10 6 3

EAST
♠ A K 9 7
♥ 4 3
♦ Q J 3
♣ K 9 5 4

SOUTH
♠ J 10 5 3
♥ Q 8 7 6 5
♦ 8 7 6 5
♣

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♦	1 ♠	2 ♦	3 ♣
Pass	4 ♣	Pass	5 ♣
Dbl.	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead: Ace of hearts.

Had declarer stopped to realize that the only thing to defeat the contract was four trumps in the North hand! A simple safety play is the answer.

Declarer should have led either the ace or queen from the closed hand, then if one defender shows out, the suit is finessable from either direction. If the suit breaks 2-2 or 3-1, it won't make any difference.

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

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

Tuesday.—Good for entertaining in the home, though there is a danger of overdoing it. The older folk will be a great help. Many will receive extra spiritual comfort. Lucky numbers. 716, 253, color, green.

Wednesday.—Favorable for negotiation. Chance of making an important decision affecting worldly interests. Evening good for social advancement. A new and influential friend made. Lucky numbers, 110, 132, color, yellow.

Thursday. — Excellent for pushing new lines in women's interests and household articles. Finance for [illegible] will be found. A social plan will fall through. Lucky numbers, 412, 223, color, blue.

Friday.—Routine matters can be cleared up. Avoid journeys unless on business. Doubtful time for new schemes. Lucky numbers, 514, 231, color, brown.

Saturday. — Obstruction by older partners will yield to forceful argument. For once words will be more effective than action. Consider the advantage of a new machine for the home. Lucky numbers, 918, 270, color, crimson.

Sunday—Routine will be irksome, but there will be a chance of a fine new deal or contract. Examine financial and insurance matters. Arrange interview with banker or lawyer. Lucky numbers, 313, 213, color, purple.

Monday — Not a good day for strenuous exercise. Clear up personal correspondence. Make preliminary arrangements for Christmas. Home tension will be eased if you are more willing to compromise. Lucky numbers, 514, 300, color, brown.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth-sign for a forecast for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21—April 20.—Difficult conditions will make your position temporarily insecure. Probably you look round for another job, but there will be no change yet.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21). You can go ahead with signing papers concerning money. May be a legacy or new partnership. Your position will be threatened by a rash act, but danger will be averted by a woman's tact.

GEMINII (May 22—June 21).—An important business contact can be caught in an amiable mood now, and you should pull off a difficult negotiation. Take advice on another matter that is pressing you.

CANCER (June 22—July 23).—Associates will be awkward at first. When you have convinced them that you are right about a plan, full-co-operation will be given. Opposition from one quarter, made for dramatic effect, will easily be counteracted.

LEO (July 24—Aug. 23).—A financial gain will result from making up an old quarrel. This will help you to realize an ambition. Your work over a younger person will be taken care of by feminine intervention.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23). — A chance for you to sell some property and make a more favorable investment. Socially you will enjoy popularity, but at the cost of some uneasiness at home. If you are an employer, or in a senior position, a more tactful attitude will remove some discontent.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23).—Now you will find your position more assured. A very active week, with much correspondence, and a benefit resulting.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22). — Your steady industry will now bear fruit, and you can increase your pace. After delays and disappointments a plan can be put into writing. A new social opening will arise, but you will need to guard an impulsive tongue.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22). —Success of a plan will depend on whether your enthusiasm can overcome strong opposition. Another scheme will meet with family discouragement and for a time you will feel frustrated.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—Things will not go as you had planned, but you will find another way. A speculative enterprise will prove disappointing, though there will be a modified gain. The jealousy of another will defeat its own end and you will be offered a social honor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—The advice of friends will decide you against a suggested change which was tempting but risky. Your desire for adventure will be answered in a more satisfactory way. Don't be too impetuous in a romantic development.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20).—This is not your "lucky" week in worldly affairs, so you might as well face up to it. Impatient action will not help matters. You can at least take pleasure in a dear friend's happiness, which you could share if you had a mind to.

THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

Here is a 12 months' forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday.—A pleasant surprise will come in the form of additional income. You will make new friends, but one of them would be of doubtful value to you. Reject a proposition in the latter months.

Wednesday.—Worry over a personal matter will cause nervous tension for a time. Then you will learn where you stand and be happier. Material prospect will brighten toward the year end.

Thursday.—There will be early disappointments in your search for a better position. Don't worry, you will get there before the year is out.

Friday— Much of your time will be taken up with a new course of study. Hard work and moderate success in mundane concerns.

Saturday. — You can expect 12 months of alternate vigorous action and dull plodding. The result will be more stability and financial security. An interesting correspondence with one of the opposite sex will give you a new interest.

Sunday.—Introduction to an influential person will lead to a promising new offer. It will mean harder work, but you will not mind that. A fading romance will be revived and bring you renewed happiness.

Monday— Prepare for a year of struggle. Delays and lack of co-operation will test your patience and endurance. Much will depend on your ability to choose the right words in stating your case.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

Ever notice the sharp decline in apples right after the report cards are distributed?

FAMOUS TRUE ROMANCES:

Lady Nancy's Colored Lover

A wealthy British heiress turned against her mother and friends to be with a Yank musician who brought her to Harlem.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is true. It is based on news articles published in the AFRO in January, 1932.

By RALPH MATTHEWS JR.

Nancy Cunard, daughter of the man who founded the Cunard Steamship Line under whose flag the superships, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, sail today, was a vivacious young woman in 1932 and she did not care a fig for convention.

So bold was Lady Nancy that, having fallen in love with a colored American pianist, she not only wrote a book defending her love for him but publicly blasted her own mother for being a snob.

In love, as in all else she did; poetry, publishing or just traveling from continent to continent, Lady Nancy put her heart and soul into it and tossed caution to the winds.

Her affair with Henry Cromwell, an American piano player, was short, stormy and has been called one of the most publicized interracial love affairs since Anthony and Cleopatra.

Here is her story:

Miss Cunard was raised in the wealth and splendor of one of England's richest homes. She was a friend of royalty and of the great peers. But this white woman found the idleness, snobbery and the straight-laced life she had been born to, too stifling, too hypocritical for her tastes.

She Revolted

Like many another young person, she revolted against the conservatism of such an existence.

Casting aside her silver spoon and letting a little red blood mix with the icy blue of her proud family's veins, Nancy chose as her lover a simple colored American whose eyes nor blood was blue and who wanted only to be a fine pianist.

Henry Cromwell, formerly of Washington, went to Europe with Eddie South's band. He met Nancy and the love affair that followed made him forget career and everything else to devote himself to her.

They traveled together in France and in New York. In Harlem, they stayed at Hotel Grampion (no longer in existence). She was engaged in writing a book and sought atmosphere here.

Fuss and Forget

Even in the giddy nightlife of Harlem, Henry and Nancy made a striking couple. They kissed passionately in public, they openly proclaimed their love.

It was a mascap romance. Both had violent tempers which sometimes erupted into noisy scenes. But no matter how stormy the disagreement, they would kiss and make up.

Henry was a large man and though friends described him as good-natured and kind, when disturbed, he could throw his weight around. Nancy, a slim, wistful woman with wide eyes and full mouth, held her own.

More than one friend saw her check her lover with a lusty right to the jaw when a rift reached the boiling point.

They returned to Europe after the Harlem foray and like most stormy romances, theirs died rapidly away.

Nancy's most shocking feat was not in crossing the color line drawn by the society from which she came but in her writing on the subject.

Angered by her mother's disapproval, Miss Cunard wrote and had published a pamphlet called "Black Man And White Ladyship."

A Wounded Tiger

It was a scathing document. Nancy, paragraph after paragraph, tore into her mother's beliefs with the fury of a wounded tiger.

High society in many of the world's capitals read Nancy's pamphlet with raised eyebrows and bulging eyes. She named names and she aired a lot of her own family's dirty linen for the world to view.

Nancy wrote:

"I have a colored friend, a very close friend. Nothing extraordinary in that. I also have a mother—whom we will at once call Her Ladyship. We are extremely different but we have remained on fairly good (fairly distant) terms for a number of years.

"I avoid her social circle both in France and in England."

Nancy went on to tell how her mother had reacted when she heard of her daughter's affair with Henry Cromwell.

"Is it true that my daughter knows a colored man?"

Then frantically, the elder Lady Cunard called Nancy and according to the daughter, said:

"No hotel would accommodate my black friend.

"That she could not feel chic in Paris any longer as she heard that all the chic Parisian women consorted with colored men.

"That she does not mind colored people now artistically or in an abstract sense but . . . oh, that terrible color.

"I am told that my mother was invited to a night-club, saw some colored singers, turned faint and left. . ."

Then Nancy dared her mother to describe what colored people really looked like, and pointed out that they ranged from "dark to as white as yourself but not so pink."

Sir Thomas Beechman. A British symphony orchestra leader who still lives, wrote to Nancy as a friend of the family, urging her to give up her colored friend.

She tossed him aside even more ruthlessly than she had done her mother.

She traced the history of the colored man from his proud African heritage to his second-class lot in America and asked her mother to take a visit to the U.S. and witness lynchings first hand.

In closing her article, Miss Cunard told her mother that "I hope we never meet again."

Nancy turned to left-wing politics, helped struggling young artists, became a patron of the arts in Paris and New York and chose her later men with the same rebellious spirit that first erupted when Henry Cromwell captured her heart.

After they broke up, Henry turned to his music again.

And that ended the affair of Lady Cunard's lover. Some of Nancy's British contemporaries haven't gotten over it as yet.

Their's was a short, stormy affair. They frolicked in Harlem and Paris, and made love in public. This was in 1931.

A New AFRO Magazine Feature

FAMILY PROBLEMS

By Ann Morris

Dear Miss Morris:

I read your column in the AFRO-AMERICAN each week and enjoy it very much.

I wonder if you can help me with this problem.

I love to sing, or at least try. So last summer I went to a booking office in New York. I was told there that I had possibilities and was accepted for grooming for night club and other social singing jobs.

After two months of rehearsal I was called by the manager into his office and told that a job had been found for me. I was also told that if I "did right" I would be on top in a year. Then he proceeded to try to make love to me. I left.

The same thing has happened twice since them. I have been told by a man friend that being intimate with such persons can make openings for me. I have encountered other girls with talent who have had the same experiences that I had.

It seems that there should be some decent people in show business. If not, then the world is a pretty sad place for females in the entertainment world.

Please, if you know of a place where I can work towards my chosen career without such personal sacrifices, please tell me.

RLG

Dear Miss R.L.G.:

Thank God for such young women as you. If more would maintain their independence of character the world would soon be a "better place for females in the entertainment world", and all other professions.

Stick to your principles.

In the meantime you will hear from the AFRO-AMERICAN theatrical editor. E. B. Reed who will give you some professional advice and make some contacts for you with theatrical persons of high standards.

Anne Morris