Child's History

This famous book is a general history of the world from the beginning of things to the present, which a child as young as nine years of age can read and understand without any supplementary help or explanation.

It presents the history of mankind as a good storyteller presents his plot, so that young readers will see history as a flow of events, not a miscellaneous collection of isolated, unrelated facts.

It characterizes men and their times so that they stand out sharp and clear in the memory.

Best Introduction

In the more than twenty years since its original edition was published, this splendid work has come to be recognized as the best possible introduction to world history for young people.

It has been read by many thousands of girls and boys — and their elders in school and in the home. It is now presented, in part in serial form, in the AFRO magazine beginning next week.

A Child's History of the World is as fascinating as a fairy tale.

Although told in language so simple a 9 year old can understand, it will appeal equally to older people.

Umfa-Umfa And Itchy-Scratchy

You will want to follow eagerly the history of mankind from Umfa-Umfa and Itchy-Scratchy (cave men) to the Tomb Builders, The Wandering Jews, to The People Who Made Our ABC's.

There are installments on The End of the World, the Camel Driver, who became a god, Bibles made of Stone and Glass, Thing-a-ma-jigger and What-cher-a-call-it or a Magic Needle and a Magic Powder. A King who Lost his Head, and a Prince who Ran Away.

Red Cap and Red Heels would be a great Catholic cardinal and a great king of France.

The Upside Down installment deals with the American and French Revolution when the world was really upside down.

If you want to know about the seven wonders of the world or the man who wrote the 23rd Psalm, or why people built castles, or the Gas House Gangs and tough Mug Mikes who acted more like wild beasts than human beings, you will have to read these installments of Child's History as they appear weekly in the AFRO magazine.

Slice Through Steel

You will want to read also about the colored people who made knives so sharp they could cut a hair floating on water or slice through a bar of steel.

These colored people gave the world coffee and alcohol and were the first to invent calico, make a clock or start a library.

Almost they conquered the world.

Watch for it next week.

First installment of A Child's History of the World.

TYPICAL—Illustration in "A Child's History"—Babylonians looking at a sun eclipse.

Scholarships

Want a scholarship? Going to college next year?

The AFRO continues a list of colleges and universities in many parts of the country which have scholarships available to graduates of high schools

BRIARCLIFF JR. COLLEGE, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., 27 scholarships totaling $19,225

BRIDGEPORT ENGINEERING INSTITUTE, Bridgeport, Conn., 5 scholarships totaling $830.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, R.I., scholarships ranging from $100 to $800.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, Bryn Mawr, Pa., a number of scholarships covering free tuition or cash in amounts up to $1,000. Loan and other opportunities for self-help available.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, Lewisburg, Pa., 171 scholarships totaling $31,356.

BUTLER UNIVERSITY, Indianapolis 7, Ind., a limited number of half-tuition scholarships awarded to entrants. May be retained throughout four years if required average is maintained.

CAL-AERO TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, Glendale, Calif., 4 scholarships totaling $5,880.

CALDWELL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, Caldwell, N.J., 7 scholarships totaling $1,350.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, Oakland, Calif., 60 scholarships totaling $7,904.

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Pasadena, Calif., scholarships ranging in value from $300 to $600 are available and a few for $1,000 per academic year.

CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, San Luis Obispo, Calif., 34 scholarships totaling $3,500.

CALVIN COLLEGE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 18 scholarships totaling $4,920.

CAMBRIDGE JR. COLLEGE, Cambridge Mass., 5 scholarships totaling $1,210.

CAPITAL UNIVERSITY, Bexley, Columbus, Ohio, scholarships ranging from $50 to $200 a year.

CARDINAL STRITCH COLLEGE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 11 scholarships totaling $4,350.

CARLETON COLLEGE, Northfield, Minn., 207 scholarships totaling $35,000.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.; several four-year scholarships, $2,700 maximum, $800 available for freshman year. Ten other scholarships, full tuition plus $300 for freshman year. Renewable.

CARROLL COLLEGE, Waukesha, Wisconsin, 62 scholarships totaling $16,500.

CARTHAGE COLLEGE, Carthage, Ill., 225 scholarships totaling $18,000.

CASE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Cleveland, Ohio, 291 scholarships totaling $97,000.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D.C., 2 scholarships totaling $2,700.

CAZENOVIA JR. COLLEGE, Cazenovia, N.Y., 16 scholarships totaling $2,850.

CEDARCREST COLLEGE, Allentown, Pa., 11 scholarships totaling $3,600.

CEDARVILLE COLLEGE, Cedarville, Ohio, 34 scholarships totaling $3,400.

CENTENARY JUNIOR COLLEGE, Hackettstown, N.J., 34 scholarships totaling $7,500.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

A GOOD MAN, by Jefferson Young, Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. 230 pp.

In this, his first novel, Jefferson Young essayed a task at which better-known and more experienced writers have failed. First, he chose a tough theme. The theme is, or certainly has to do with, the indestructability of human goodness.

(As the author pursues it in **A Good Man,** it is both more simple and more complex than a statement of it.)

He chose a tough story. The story is of a man's wish to paint his house white and of the forces that thwart him.

Mr. Redding

(And again to state it this way is to do an injustice.) Mr. Young succeeds admirably.

The theme is tough partly because of the cynicism which is the prevailing attitude of the age, and partly because many contradictory elements are involved in the concept of goodness.

Conception Of Goodness

For the purposes of his novel, Jefferson Young conceives of goodness as consisting in certain primary and homely virtues—patience, humility, forbearance, integrity and courage.

Such a conception of human goodness does not allow for much human conflict. Indeed, it tends to minimize it.

In stories where "goodness" is the theme, the dramatic conflict too frequently opposes personified abstraction to personified abstraction and/ or symbol to symbol.

Everyman, which is no longer read, is an example. Clarissa Harlowe — also no longer read and almost completely incredible when it is read — is an exception.

A Tough Theme

But both stories were what no story should ever be — sermonizing. Human goodness is a tough theme simply because it tempts one away from imaginable reality into metaphysical abstractions. Jefferson Young is not tempted.

It is this because the basic materials of it — the Southern setting and mores and characters — have been treated so long in so particular a way that readers have come to expect certain results from a conjunction of these materials.

In the Southern setting one has come to expect violent emotions to break out into physical violence and the violence to purge itself, generally, it has some consummating holocaust.

Even Faulkner — original eye and absorptive heart that he is — has kept such expectations alive. To deceive these expectations is to risk incredulity.

It was a risk which Jefferson Young took and won. He has the Southern setting. He has black people and white people, and he has some of them act as they are expected to act.

But how different all else is! How simple, true and tender! What innocence the story has!

Take the central point of conflict: a man wants to paint his house white. A white-painted house is the symbol of his nameless aspiration, his manhood and his goodness.

Everyone understands this — some without understanding why they understand, and none articulating it very well.

Everyone, according to his nature, and not to his color, is either fearful and opposed, or hopeful and co-operative. Fear and opposition win.

Even Louella, the good man Albert's wife says, "I ruint your chance to paint the house. 'Cause I been 'fraid for you and me and them chillun." So the house is not painted. But next year perhaps, for in the end, simple goodness will win.

Albert's goodness is an active goodness, a motivating force in him. It moves him at almost every turn. It makes the conflict —which, incidentally builds up to a surprising degree of tension. It makes the story.

And the story is told as simply as it deserves, as simply a only a true artist can tell it. Jefferson Young does not condescend either to his characters or his readers.

He has a fine, true ear for the vernacular and he plays no tricks with the language. He plays none with the plot. As an esthetic experience, **A Good Man** is as fine a first novel as the last ten years have produced.

As an expression of an attitude toward life, **A Good Man** is as salutary as the balm of Gilead.

Across The

Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

East-West Vulnerable

East Dealer

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

WEST
♠ A 4
♥ K J 7
♦ J 7 4 3
♣ K 10 9 8

EAST
♠ 9
♥ 10 8 6 5 4 3 2
♦ Q 8 6 2
♣ 7

SOUTH
♠ J 8 7 5 3 2
♥ A
♦ K 10 9 5
♣ A 6

The Bidding:

East	South	West	North
Pass	1 ♣	Pass	2 ♣
Pass	2 ♠	Pass	4 ♣
Pass	6 ♣	Dbl.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening Lead: Jack of Diamonds

This week's hand occurred in an individual play duplicate match recently, and from later reports, caused one player sleepless nights.

He sat in the South seat, and pondered in retrospect, whether the small slam contract could have been brought in.

Unfortunately, he was the victim of an alert defender in the West position.

The bidding would pass scrutiny under most systems currently in favor, although at one table, the East-West pair made a noble sacrifice, bidding 5 hearts after the North-South combination had reached four spades.

After a favorable lead of the club ace, they came off with only a one-trick set.

They would have scored a top on the board, too, had it not been for the West defender in this week's hand.

After East's pass, South properly opened one spade, West passing and North calling two clubs. After a spade rebid by South, North took the bull by the horns and leaped immediately to game.

Holding two aces, one of which was a singleton, South carried on to the 12-trick contract, West doubling.

Hard-pressed for a suitable lead, West chose the "top of nothing" jack of diamonds which declarer captured with the dummy ace, returning the spade king.

West pondered a while before taking out the trick with the ace, then made the key play of the hand, he returned his four of spades.

Although the same purpose would have been served had he led a small heart. West could have no way of knowing of declarer's singleton heart holding.

Thus, to protect his hand, he shrewdly led his remaining trump.

Declarer was now faced with the perplexing problem of two finesses, the failure of either one spelling his doom.

He decided to brazen it out with a pseudo-squeeze and captured the spade lead with the eight in the closed hand.

He then led a low diamond, ruffing in dummy. The closed hand was then entered via the heart ace, and another diamond ruffed in dummy.

Dummy's remaining heart was ruffed in the closed hand, and three rounds of trumps played, followed by the king of diamonds and the ace of clubs.

West, however, proved equal to the task. Still on the alert, he realized his king of hearts had become valueless in view of declarer's ruff of the suit, and accordingly held on to his king and another club.

There was one North-South pair at the session who played the hand at five clubs.

'Porgy And Bess' Not Insulting

"Porgy and Bess" is neither an insult to colored people nor a disgrace to America, so says R. Hayes Strider, acting head of the Department of Music at Morgan State college, in a release to the AFRO this week.

Mr. Strider

Mr. Strider says: "My defense of Porgy and Bess is an easy matter.

"The play has the unanimous backing of every major critic in the large cities of the United States, Europe, and England, where the production has appeared.

"The play possesses the qualities essential to great drama, namely, sincerity and simplicity.

"The largest assembly of available talent is currently playing to standing room only audiences.

"The play guarantees a large cast, and still greater orchestra, steady employment.

"We are too sensitive and opposed to stereotype characters. The high calibre of the individual performers counteracts any would-be degrading stereotyped characterization of colored Americans.

The time of the play is set as the past, but it might well be 1953.

"Wakes for the dead are common throughout the south and in many colored settlements in the north.

"Burial saucers" are used today.

"Sporting Life," portrayed by Cab Calloway, is a common character in the south.

"I challenge anyone to turn off into the alley tenements of Baltimore's Pennsylvania ave., Philadelphia's South st., Washington's 7th st., Brooklyn's Fulton ave., Manhatttan's Eighth ave., on a hot summer day or night and deny the fact that life in the rough is not more interesting than fiction.

"Attend any night court and witness the show of a lifetime free of charge."

Editor's Note: Mr. Strider is director of the college bands of Baltimore and is now on leave to study under a scholarship.

He has taught at Savannah (Ga.) State College, Alcorn (Miss.) A. and M. College, Alabama A. and M. College, Lincoln-Grant School, Covington, Ky. and was supervisor of music in Lexington, Ky.

The Cause Of It All

The AFRO said editorially last year when plans were being made to send "Porgy and Bess" abroad that it would be a mistake.

It is not the kind of play which is representative of colored people. Its minstrel-show language is not the kind of thing our boys who are serving in an integrated army want to hear and they're not going to fall over those performers who insist on giving them that kind of entertainment.

Our men in the armed forces have proved they can fight and live with other soldiers and a play which holds colored people up to ridicule sets them apart from their comrades and defeats the very purpose for which they are fighting.

"Porgy and Bess overseas are doing colored Americans a disservice because this vehicle pictures colored people as dope-loving, crap-shooting imbeciles.

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON THIS CONTROVERSY? We would like to know. Write and tell us if you think "Porgy and Bess" should continue because it gives colored artists a chance to perform.

. . . . or if you feel that the opera itself is too derogatory in tone and not worthy of its performers' talents.

Send letters to AFRO Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Legal Adviser

By ROBERT WATTS
Baltimore Attorney

I purchased a new car. Is it absolutely necessary that I have insurance before I can drive it?

ANS: No, you can drive the car but it is not advisable to do so for under the law if you have an accident you must (if you are not insured) post money with the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles the amount of damage in cash or bond, or your license and registration card will be taken from you. Always get insurance though it is not necessary before you operate a car.

My car was parked on the street while I was in the house and it was struck and damaged. Must I post money with the Commissioner?

ANS: Yes, you must either get a certificate from your insurance Company, or post the amount of the damage or your license and registration card will be taken from you. This is difficult for the average person to understand but under the law the commissioner does not determine who is at fault. Only the court can do this.

As the result of an accident I had to post money with the commissioners, when do I get this money back?

Ans: You may get the money immediately if the other party to the accident gives you a signed and notarized release. If suit has been filed and the court rules for you, you may get it back by taking the judgment to the commissioner. Otherwise the money remains with the commissioner for one year if no suit is filed, or until final judgment if suit is filed.

When is it necessary that I file with the commissioner proof of insurance or post money or bond?

ANS: If you are involved in an accident where the property damage is $50 or more, or anyone receives personal injuries, you must comply.

I received a letter from the commissioner stating that I must post $300 or lose my license. Since I don't have $300 cash is there anyway I can keep my license?

ANS. Yes. Under the law if the other party agrees, you can obtain from him a partial release which in effect provides for weekly payments. You may retain your license by making regular and prompt payments but if you miss payments, your license will be taken from you. See a lawyer to have such an agreement prepared.

Veteran's Mail Bag

Q — May I attend a foreign school under the new Korean GI Bill?

A—Yes, so long as you meet the eligibility requirements of the new law, and so long as the school is an approved institution of higher learning. VA has the right to deny or discontinue a veteran's foreign training, if it finds that the training "is not for the best interest of the veteran or the Government."

Q—A veteran and his wife were both killed in an automobile accident. He had a $10,000 National Service Life Insurance, with his wife as beneficiary. He had named no secondary beneficiaries. What happens to his insurance?

A—The proceeds of his insurance policy would normally be paid, in one sum, to his estate.

Q—How much can a veteran borrow on his permanent National Service Life Insurance policy? Also, what's the annual interest charged on such loans?

A—A veteran may borrow up to 94 percent of the reserve value of his policy if the policy has been in force for a year or more. The interest rate is four percent per year.

Q—I am a World War II veteran, and I expect to get my degree in Business Administration, which I studied under the GI Bill. After I finish, may I take a course in accounting at a business school? Would such a course be considered a "normal progression" from my Business Administration training? The July, 1950, GI cut-off date applied to me, by the way.

A—You would not be permitted to take the accounting course under the GI Bill. The reason is that completion of your Business Administration course is not a prerequisite to enrollment in the second course.

Q—I have just filled out my application for training under the Korean GI Bill. Am I supposed to send it to the VA in Washington?

A—No. Send your completed application—along with a photostat or certified copy of both sides of your discharge or separation paper—to your nearest VA regional office. VA's Central Office in Washington does not process the applications.

Q—I have just returned to active duty and have surrendered my permanent NSLI policy for cash, so I now have the free indemnity protection of $10,000. My aunt was the beneficiary of my NSLI policy. Does she remain the beneficiary of my indemnity protection?

A—No. You must make new designations of beneficiaries. Under the law, they may be persons only within the following categories: wife, child or children, parent or parents, brother or sister.

Q—I am a World War II veteran and I am entitled to a GI loan, although I never used this benefit. I returned to active duty, and as a result of my recent service, I meet eligibility requirements for a GI loan under the new Korean GI bill. Will I be able to get two GI loan entitlements, as a result?

A—No. World War II veterans who re-entered service since Korea will have their unused loan entitlement under the World War II GI Bill cancelled after their discharge and will have it replaced with new entitlement under the Korean GI Bill.

In your case, you will have 10 years from the end of the present emergency to apply for a GI loan—rather than July 25, 1957, the World War II deadline for loans.

Q—I plan to enroll for training under the Korean GI Bill. Does VA want a photostat of just the front side of my discharge paper?

A—VA needs a photostatic or certified copy of both sides of your discharge paper, in order to process your application.

Handy Man

Q: Our 3-room camp on a lake has 3 unfinished upstairs rooms which become terrifically hot during the day but cool off at night. We want to insulate under the roof but wonder whether to use mineral wool bats (in which wasps might easily net) or aluminum foil (which would be easier to apply).

C. G. C. Laconia, N. H.

A: For eliminating heat-foil insulation — which seals out up to 85 percent of radiant heat rays of the sun—would probably be best, cheapest, and easiest to apply.

Q: I have a large picture window on the front of the house, which when the light is lit inside, attracts numerous bugs. Is there anything I could put on the glass to keep them off without obscuring vision through the window?

P. W. S., Nashville, Tenn.

A: You might try one of the aerosol - propelled DDT sprays which leave a colorless film on the window. It may not discourage all insects, and for the majority—particularly the soft - bodied ones you must you must repeat the spray after hard rains.

Q: I recently purchased a house with a pine paneled bedroom formerly used as an office. There were many shelves which, when removed, left marks and holes. How can I fill the holes, remove the marks, and get a natural finish?

R. B. Keene, N.H.

A: Fill the holes with plastic wood, then sand the entire surfaces until all wood is bare. Apply two coats of shellac, and when dry, apply a hot solution of 1/3 white beeswax and 2/3 turpentine. After 48 hours, buff heavily for a satin-like finish.

J: What kind of paint is suitable to use on a concrete floor before a furnace where hot clinkers are occasionally dropped?

K. G. L., Elmhurst, Ill.

A: Metal - covering paints, such as those used on radiators, or tractor paint may serve the purpose. These are heat - resistant, at least. However, no paint is going to look well under such treatment, for more than a short while.

DEATH IS A PLODDER

gage upstairs. He was happily surprised to note that the Piccadilly employed colored girls to operate their elevators.

The one who carried him up reminded him of Lily—Lily Anderson. Lily hadn't been quite as tall, perhaps, nor as breasty, but she had the same sensitive mouth large, innocent eyes, the same delicate facial bones and velour planes. He felt a little relieved when she opened the door for him and th bellhop, and noticed that she wore no wedding band.

He was awakened promptly at eleven the next morning. He got up, shaved, showered, and had breakfast in the hotel dining room. He read the morning paper as he ate his meal.

Joe Stalin had taken a turn for the worse and had crowded the Cianelli Trial out of the top spot; but a two-column box proclaimed that Alexander Braithwaite was beginning to shatter the testimony of the prosecutor's witnesses.

Only brief reference was made to the law clerk, who had been killed while allegedly attempting to murder the man who had befriended him.

Richard couldn't finish his eggs. The food was suddenly tasteless. The Gothic clock near the entrance said the time was nearly noon. He wondered how it was going at the Haven. He must have stared at the clock a long time, because the waiter came over and asked if everything was all right.

Just No Appetite

"Fine, thank you. It's me. I guess I just don't have an appetite." He put some money on the table and told the waiter to keep the change. A moment later, he bought a street-guide from the concessionaire, and went upstairs for the brown paper bag.

At the First National Bank of New York he rented a safe-deposit box under the name of Robert E. Venger, and put the money in it. His mouth twisted in a grim smile as he dropped the key into his pocket. Robert E. Venger—an easy name to remember, and safer than his own. R. E. Venger. Revenger . . .

At the Empire Federal Reserve, he wired the Reserve Bank of Somerset County for fifteen hundred dollars from his account. He had to wait only twenty minutes for the transaction. Then he went to the District Attorney's office and called on Special Prosecutor Cyrus Briggs, who was handling the People's Case against Vittorio Cianelli.

Briggs was a lean man, with a long nose and deep-lined face. He had large teeth, and gray eyes that seemed to brood more than Richard's brown ones. Richard judged him to be in his middle thirties, and wondered if that long sad face ever wore a smile.

'He Was My Brother'

Richard introduced himself and added. "That law-clerk that was killed—he was my brother."

Briggs sat back in the chair behind his desk, a toothpick protruding from a corner of his mouth. "So you're his brother. What do you want from me?"

Richard said, evenly: "I think my brother was murdered."

Briggs made a deprecating sound deep in his throat, but his face didn't change. "Sure he was. Braithwaite murdered him for a lousy three hundred and eighty-seven dollars."

He leaned forward, knitted his fingers together and made a steeple of his thumbs. "Now look here, you—that sticky-fingered brother of yours tried to get away with a robbery and Braithwaite outfoxed him.

"Personally, I got no love for that Braithwaite. He's an iron fist in a velvet glove, and one of these days I'll catch up with him; but meantime, the Carroll Case is closed.

An Open And Shut Case

"We got too big a backlog now to be reopening closed cases—especially cases as open-and-shut as that one was." He took a deep breath. "Now if you got nothing else on your mind . . ."

"I'd like to see my brother's body," Richard said quietly. He reached into his pocket and brought out identification papers.

Briggs got up, stretched his lean frame. "I've got to go over there in a few minutes. The morgue, I mean. You can come along with me. Got a p.m. to see about."

Briggs was on the other side of the morgue room, while Richard, a lump in his throat, drew back the canvas coverlet from Conrad. An admixture of astonishment and pain was graven on the cold features.

Richard felt a towering rage inside him. Then he remembered something, reached down and turned the body over, his hands reluctant to touch the dead flesh.

Briggs came over then, still wearing his slouch hat and overcoat. "You're not supposed to do that, chum, brother or no."

Richard let the body slide back. "According to Braithwaite's testimony, Mr. Briggs, he ducked when my brother started firing, and returned the fire from a flat position on the floor."

Briggs shifted the toothpick to the other side of his mouth. "So?"

"So the bullets should angle up—not down, shouldn't they?"

Briggs seemed to come alive. He examined the holes for the first time. His eyes lit up. "My God!" he said.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Continued From (Page 5)

Male Models Go To School

By VALENA MINOR WILLIAMS

For seven months, a group of ten men between the ages of 17 and 24 have been schooled in a fashion experiment by Jon McCullough.

Since the fourth or fifth lesson, it has been evident that the experiment is going to be a success.

A school for girl models was brought into existence in Cleveland during 1948 to satisfy a growing need for mannequins to model fashions in the various fashion shows.

It was noted at this time, that in many scenes a male model was needed to provide the necessary atmosphere. There were no trained men to model.

What good was a beach setting without a couple of stalwart men in the background — or a formal scene without a few impeccably tailored gentlemen in white tie and tails?

Added Flavor

To partially satisfy the need, a few picked men were trained before each fashion show. The audience loved the professional flavor the men gave the showings.

In 1950, an entire review for men patrons was staged with amazing success.

But it was not until a group of young men, specially trained for a recent fashion show, requested further training that McCullough began thinking about the possibilities of a male modelling school.

Fashion shows were not the only market for the professionally trained male model. Photographers, art students and fine arts artists, wholesale garment houses were all outlets.

Then there would be young men who would enroll in such a course just to knock off their rough edges.

How many men would welcome the confidence that comes with walking correctly, choosing clothes well, learning the niceties of good grooming?

Made Test Run

So a school was set up with Elliott Young as dean and Edward Jones as superintendent. The school is completing its test run with flying colors.

The men in the experimental course have met three hours one night each week since October.

They are ordinary fellows, coming from all walks of life.

Some are students, some work in industry, two work in a packing house, one is a hospital aide, one is a waiter. Because this first group would have to learn by trial and error, their training was tuition-free.

No Special Types

Operating on the theory that modelling requirements should be made to suit the model rather than the model suit requirements, there was no specific physical characteristics demanded of men in the experimental group.

They range from small to stalwart — from deep chocolate color to cafe au lait —from frankly boyish to worldly.

While they had much to be desired when they came to grips with the school's teaching procedure, they now boast that clean-cut American look.

"The hardest thing to teach these young fellows," said their instructor, "was to abandon that jitterbug walk most of them had affected."

They attacked this problem the military way and the men stayed "braced" for two weeks — erect, shoulders straight, eyes front.

Eliminated "Bounce"

They were taught to follow a foot pattern of two parallel lines, like a railroad.

"When the bounce in their everyday walk began to leave," smiled the instructor, "I knew we had it made."

Actual pose freezing followed this and the group hit its first major snag.

"Women can do lots of things with their hands," the instructor pointed out, "but what can a man do when he's showing clothes without looking like a sissy?"

They compiled scrapbooks of men in magazine advertisements and fashion pictures and found new ways to pose.

They adopted natural props, lighting cigarettes, carrying a camera, looking at a newspaper. When the hands were busy, the men found it easy to pose.

To make their bodies more expressive, they held pantomime classes where no words could be spoken, where everything had to be told through gesture and expression.

Hygiene Stressed

There were book studies and guest lecturers in various fields. The men learned about hygiene — a subject most men pass over lightly.

Cleanliness was important because as models, they would be wearing new store clothes that did not belong to them. There must be no trace of perspiration odor when they had finished wearing the garments.

They tried experiments with the various depilatories and deodorants. They studied allergies to help clear up complexions. They studied diet to maintain healthy skins and healthy bodies.

They were taught by a barber college teacher how to give themselves home facials, how to take care of blackheads and pimples, mustache types.

How to oil their bodies so the skin would be as handsome as their physiques. They learned the best care for their various grades of hair.

they had become different people.

A chiropodist gave them tips on pedicures, the removal of ugly callouses and corns. They received manicuring know-how from still another source.

Brushed Up Manners

And then they began to concentrate on a more abstract phase of polish: etiquette. "At first the fellows didn't understand where this fitted in, but now they do," their instructor says proudly.

"Now manners come naturally and the men are at ease in business introductions, in working with feminine models, and in fashion show escorting.

There is no longer that moment of visible panic when a fellow wonders whether he precedes or follows his company on stage," Jon adds.

"It makes a lot of difference when the man instinctively knows and doesn't have to waste time thinking about it."

Improved Speech

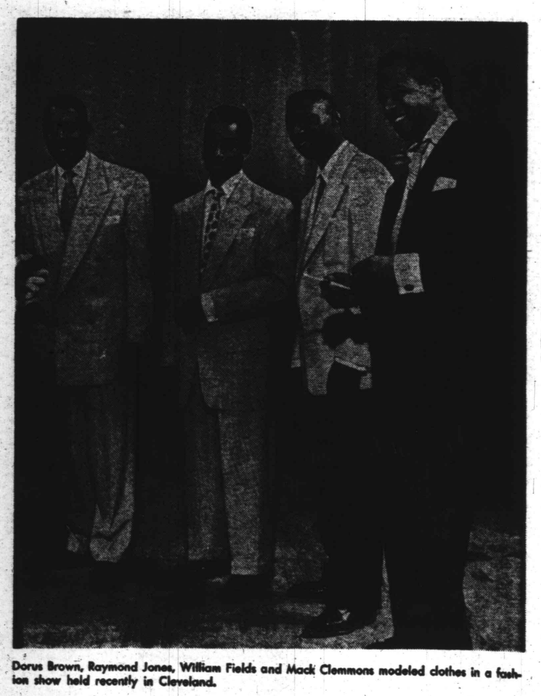
The men learned voice modulation and pitch. Their voices were taped and played back to them. Slurred, careless speech was sharpened. Too many slang phrases were supplanted by basic English.

The men even had several sessions of music appreciation. They became familiar with mood and salon music which are so often used as background for fashion modeling.

As news of the experimental class spread, the studio was amazed to find orders for photographic models coming in —even before the test run was completed.

Artistic and commercial photographers were anxious to use models who had some idea of body control and expressiveness.

Better job offers were made to several of the fellows because of the new impressions they made — because, really,



Dorus Brown, Raymond Jones, William Fields and Mack Clemmons modeled clothes in a fashion show held recently in Cleveland.

- That Shy Guy -

By CLARENCE SYDNEY

Bill watched as she moved by in the arms of the dark-haired man. She was perfect as far as Bill was concerned. With her laughing pixie - like face and her compactly well curved figure.

She was the type of girl he had dreamed of all his life, and never hoped to find. And now that he had found her, there was the dark haired man.

Bill watched them dance. He felt rather out of place at the party, but you can't refuse to attend when the invitation comes from the boss. It was the office anniversary party, and all the personnel from all the departments were there.

Being new in the office, he knew only the small group that worked in the audit section. There were Jack, Tony, Don, Martha, Fred, another man named Bill — and her. Her name was Lois, and he had said less than a score of words to her in the four days he had been with the company.

Danced Often

He watched her and the dark-haired man — he was named Jeff, and he was a vice president in the company. They danced well and Bill was painfully aware that they had danced together often.

Not like when Bill had asked her for a dance. Then he felt clumsy, Lois faltered and followed raggedly. She was quick to learn, and by the end of the number, she could follow his lead easily, but not as she followed Jeff out there now.

The music ended, and Bill glanced around to see where the couple had stopped. They were looking across the floor at him, and talking. They started over in his direction.

"How are you enjoying the party, Bill?" Jeff asked.

"Fine. Just Fine."

"Why not take Lois over for some punch? I have to see Mr. Baxter for a few minutes."

Bill was elated. "Would you like some punch?" he asked.

"Very much," Lois answered, and her smile made her whole face light up. When she smiled like that, Bill thought her the prettiest girl he had ever known.

Left Her Alone

They had the punch, they had a dance, and they had still another dance. Bill glanced around and saw Jeff standing off to one side, talking to the telephone girl. Jeff smiled and nodded as Lois and Bill danced by.

There was something in the smile, or the attitude of Jeff that got under Bill's skin. How could a man be so obviously confident of a girl's love to leave her with another man so long?

Bill made a decision. For tonight, he was going to change. He turned quickly to Lois. "How about us getting out of here? I'd like to talk to you. Ever since I first saw you, I knew, that you were . . ."

He broke off as a heavy hand pounded his back. It was Jeff, his face still wearing that aggravating grin despite what he had heard. And he couldn't have mistaken what Bill was trying to tell Lois. "How are you two enjoying the party?"

Lois smiled impishly. "Apparently Bill isn't enjoying it too much. He wants to leave."

Jeff laughed. "You know what Bill means. He would rather have you all to himself. Right, Bill?" He nudged Bill.

Bill felt his face flush hotly. Jeff grinned at Lois. Angrily he said, - "That's right. I want to tell her I love her, and . . ."

"Hey. Jeff broke in. "Wait a minute. Don't go telling me that. Get out of here. Go on, both of you. Tell her, Bill, not me."

Lois gripped his arm." Gosh sakes, yes. I want to be the first to hear it, anyway. Then you can go around telling other people." She started to lead him to the door.

Bill followed confused. "But Jeff. . . I thought that he . . . you . . ."

Lois smiled and her face shone brightly. "You tell me first. Then we can tell him After all, I think the girl ought to know about it before her brother, don't you?"

Watch For These Towns

NEXT WEEK: Manassas, Va. and Lexington, N.C. will be featured in pictures in this section.

In coming editions of the AFRO Magazine, pictorial studies of these towns will appear:

Winchester, Front Royal, Harrisonburg, Staunton, and Waynesboro, Va.;

High Point, Hamlet, Lumberton, and Laurinburg, N. C.

The AFRO roving photographer will visit these towns in the near future. Watch for him!

Six New Americans Due From Germany

By MABEL A. GRAMMER

JUANITA RUTH SCHOLICH

Love, comfortable homes with Christian environments and wonderful mommies and daddies are awaiting the arrival of six little German-American children

The AFRO was instrumental in finding the marvelous parents for the little ones, and is anxiously awaiting the completion of the processing of the papers by the U. S. Consulate.

Shy and pretty little Juanita Scholich, and winsome, intelligent Janasch Monsees are telling everyone that they will go soon in an aeroplane to "our mommie and daddy in America."

Janasch is very anxious to know whether he will have a dog.

The children will have for their parents Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Young of Pine Bluff, Ark.

They have already sent a letter assuring Janasch that he has a very cute little fuzzy doggie. The Youngs are anxiously awaiting a call from the Scandinavian Airlines advising them that their children are ready for the long journey to America.

Dr. and Mrs. Young will probably be accompanied by their Parish Priest, Father Jans, to meet the children in New York.

They are also anxious to meet Jimmy Hicks, representative of the AFRO-AMERICAN newspapers and his friend, James Campbell, the photographer.

Only Son A Casualty

Dr. Young is a registered pharmacist and is at present engaged in the manufacturing of beauty aids. Mrs. Young established the DeLuxe Beauty College of Pine Bluff, Arkansas in 1945 and it is today one of the most outstanding throughout the southwestern states.

Their only son was a causalty of World War II.

Juanita and Janosch were born in Bad Hersfeld, a few hundred kilometers from Berlin. While many people were strutting in their spring finery at Easter time, the little ones of Hersfeld were shivering in weather two degrees below zero.

Both children have undergone a miraculous change since they have been at St. Joseph Kinderheim. They smile and talk about what they will do in America. Gone is that hopeless look.

Two lovely little sisters Ute and Irmgard Schaab of Bingenheim Hessen will have for their mommie and daddy Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fambrough of Bakersfield, California.

She's Motherly

Irmgard is 5 years old and a very motherly little girl. It is all because of the care she had to give her little 2-year-old sister Ute.

Irmgard has always had great fear that she and Ute will be separated and therefore when someone takes the little sister she immediately starts crying but when she is assured that they will always be together she stops crying but takes her sister's hand and tries to hide her.

Not only did the Fambroughs bring happiness to the two little girls but also to the mother who is now able to work, and take care of her little German girl.

She said "If I could write English I would personally thank the AFRO newspaper and Mr. and Mrs. Fambrough for giving us all a brighter future. Since I cannot, please thank them for me, and tell them that I shall forever pray for their progress.

A Big, Brown Doll

Ute is like a big brown doll, she has dark brown, curly hair and large dark eyes. Irmgard has perfectly straight ash blonde hair and a fair olive complexion.

Mr. and Mrs. Fambrough are native Californians and are in the Hardwood floor contracting business in Bakersfield.

They will come to New York to meet their daughters.

Peter Oberberger has known seven years of life in an orphanage, and it would be impossible to explain just what that can do to a child, especially the only colored child within hundreds of miles.

When he first came to me he would never hold his head up but since he has been told about his mommie and daddy in America he is one of the gayest children in St. Joseph Kinderheim.

His mommie and daddy are Mr. and Mrs. A. Haynes of Ontario, California. Mr. Hayes is

(Continued On Page 9)

AFRO Has Helped 10 Find Homes

When the adoption of the children featured in this edition is completed, sometime this month, the total number of German children who will have found homes through the AFRO's Mrs Grammer will number 10.

Already, two children have been adopted by a Washington, D.C. couple, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Cardwell. Two other children found homes in the Richmond, Va. home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Evans.

Mrs. Grammer is the former Mabel Alston, one time writer for the Washington AFRO. She is living in Germany with her husband, a warrant officer with the Army.

She started arranging adoption of homeless German children when she learned of their unhappy plight, and when AFRO readers began to flood this office with letters asking how they could adopt a "Brown Baby."

UTE SCHAAB

PETER OBERBERGER

IRMGARD SCHAAB

SCHONI (JOHNNY) KRUS