Junior Page

Uncle Dudley's Corner

DEAR WIDGIES . . . Last week, we announced that the winners in our first and second Easter Coloring Contests would be announced in this edition. We're sorry to disappoint you, but, due to the thousands of entries which we received (and which are still pouring in) we have not yet selected the winners. So please be patient, and as soon as winners are selected, their names will appear on our Junior Page.

* * *

ON PAGE 2 of this edition, there is a delightful Easter story for all our readers. It is titled, "The First Candy Rabbit," and was written by Miss Dolores J. Dyson, who is a librarian in Aberdeen, N.C. We hope you enjoy reading it.

* * *

UNCLE DUDLEY doesn't know what's wrong with our boys. As usual, in the Easter Coloring Contests, we reveived many, many more letters from girls than we did from boys. Come on, fellows! Let's get rolling! . . . UNCLE DUDLEY.

More Pen Pals

Miss Gloria Hollingsworth, 16, 2468 Brenwtood Ave., Balto. 18, Md.

Miss Deloris Burns, 13, 564 S. Sumter St., Sumter, S.C.

Miss Louise Crawley, 15, RFD 6, Box 244, Richmond, Va.

Miss Audrey A. Belmear, 10, 2908 Virginia Ave., Louisville 11, Ky.

Richard Gilliam, 10, Rt. 1, Box 355, Farmville, Va.

Miss Laura A. Gilliam, 8, Rt. 1, Box 355, Farmville, Va.

Miss Brenda Finney, 12, Rt. 1, Box 161, Bassett, Va.

Miss Elvia M. Dickerson, 10, 419 Union St., Salem, N.J.

Miss Rebecca Opher, 15, 5 Center St., Cambridge, Md.

Miss Minnie P. Jones, 155, 518 E St., Blackstone, Va.

Miss Sue Mitchell, 11, c/o Miss Minnie P. Jones, 518 E St., Blackstone, Va.

Joseph Miles, 11, Rt. 1, Box 51, Leonardtown, Md.

Joseph M. Curtis, 12, Box 44C, Leonardtown, Md.

William Holly, 11, Rt. 1, Box 51, Leonardtown, Md.

Clarence Young, 12, Leonardtown, Md.

Miss Sylvia Hunt, 12, 1123 Etting St., Balto. 1, Md.

Miss Rubie Miller, 15, 854 Charlevoux St., Spartanburg, S.C.

Miss Jacqueline Ivey, 15, 296 Evins St., Spartanburg, S.C.

Miss Katherine Patterson, 12, 161 Hovey Ave., Trenton 10, N.J.

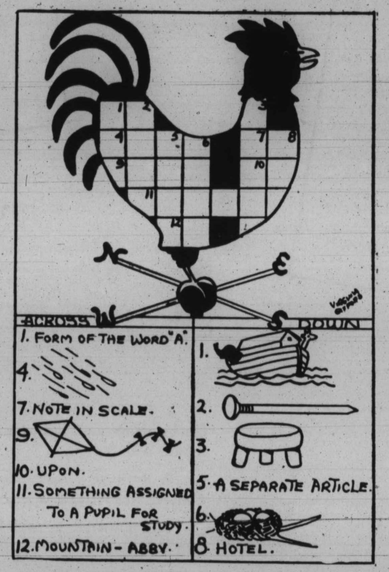
Arthur Fields, 102 Brooklyn Ave., Asheville, N.C.

Rudolph Benjamin, 144 Brooklyn Ave., Asheville N.C.

Fletcher Chisholm, 13, 148 N. Farson St., Phila. 29, Pa.

Miss Henrietta Moore, 13, 728 Norfik Ave., SW, Roanoke, Va.

Miss Doris M. Mayfield, 13, P.O. Box 161, Waynesboro, Miss.



(ANSWERS TO THIIS PUZZLE WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK)

Your Letter Box

DEAR UNCLE DUDLEY . . . I am 12 years old will be 13 in June. I go to Bruton Heights School, and am in the seventh grade. I love to cook and help clean house. I have four brothers and three sisters, and we have lots of fun together. I want to be a nurse when I get big . . . **JUANITA D. LEE,** RFD 2, Box 177, Williamsburg, Va.

* * *

DEAR UNCLE DUDLEY . . . I am in the 9th grade at Eliot Jr. High School, and my principal is Mrs. Willie A. Dodson. I am 14 years old and my birthday was Feb. 17th. My favorite teachers are Mrs. Irene H. Starnes, Mr. George Galloway and Mrs. Margaret Murray. I am a member of the Daisy Club . . . **MILDRED L. BROWN,** 1411 D St., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

* * *

DEAR UNCLE DUDLEY . . . I am 16 years old and a junior at Henderson Institute. My principal is Mr. L. C. Spencer. My favorite teachers are Miss Valentine, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Avert. I have many friends, but my favorites are my basketball teammates. My hobbies are writing and dancing . . . **DOROTHY CHAVIS,** 620 Orange St., Henderson, N.C.

* * *

DEAR UNCLE DUDLEY . . . I am in the 10th grade at Ruthville High School in Charles City, Va. My favorite teachers are Miss Boyd and Mrs. Carter. I am a member of the Choral Club and the N. H. A. organization. My favorite friends are Delores Robinson and Leatrice Johnson. The principal of my school is Mr. E. E. Scott . . . **ANNA A. JOHNSON,** Rt. 1, Box 201, Providence Forge, Va.

* * *

DEAR UNCLE DUDLEY . . . For Easter, my mother promised my sister and me that we would go to sunrise services at Memorial Stadium. Then we are going to a special Easter program at our church. Happy Easter to you, Uncle Dudley! . . . **JAMES DONALDSON,** Baltimore, Md.

Date Data For You

DEAR CHAPERONE:

I am a girl, 12, and I am in the 7th grade in a Philadelphia, Pa. school. There is a boy in my school whom I admire very much. He lives three blocks from me, and he is in my homeroom.

He always plays with me, and seems to like me. I think he is wonderful, but he is of a different race, creed and color. Do you think he likes me? Please give me some advice.

J.H.

DEAR J.H.:

Of course I would say the boy likes you, and from your letter, I can't understand why you should think differently.

Such things as race, creed and color should have no bearing at all on friendships. It is only when the individual sees fit to place them above the soul and the conscience that they begin to intrude.

You are friendly with the boy; he is nice to you. Apparently, it has never occurred to him that you, too, are not of his race or color. So if it doesn't bother him, why let it worry you?

The finest way to get along with other human beings is to treat them as you want to be treated.

Say nothing to your friend which would offend you if the shoe were on the other foot.

But don't do this because he is not of your race. Do it because it is proper, whether he were red, white or blue in color.

A deep friendship, one that is solidly based on mutual respect, hasn't the time to ponder over such things as you have written to me about.

Simply treat your friend as a friend, and I'm sure the results will be far more rewarding for both of you.

THE CHAPERONE.

ARITHMETIC

ADD:	397 and 759
SUBTRACT:	179 from 406
MULTIPLY:	174 by 390
DIVIDE:	8649 by 321

There's A Special Easter Story For Junior Page Readers On Page 12, This Edition!

Boys!

For every ONE letter Uncle Dudley receives from a boy wanting Pen Pals, he gets at least TWENTY from girl readers of our Junior Page. SHAMEI SHAMEI When Uncle Dudley was young, boys NEVER let girls get the best of them—especially when it came to writing letters. Come on, fellows! Show the girls that you can do it if you want to! Remember, our address is Pen Pals, c/o AFRO Magazine Section, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 3, Md.

Smiles

EDITH: Mother, I am glad you named me Edith.

MOTHER: Why?

EDITH: Because that's what everybody calls me.

* * *

MOE: Why did you shoot at your hunting partner?

JOE: I thought he was a deer.

MOE: When did you find out he wasn't a deer?

JOE: When he started shooting back at me.

The Orbit Of Doom

After all, you really couldn't blame the little man for being first surprised, then angry. Because he knew that no one – especially a man accused of treason – could possibly fly from Texas to Washington, D.C. in twenty minutes! Unless . . .

Part Two

Prophecy Of The Condemned

IT WOULD have been infinitely better for the nerves and sanity of the FBI clerk if he hadn't taken the flier off the teletype just twenty minutes before Steve Greer put in his appearance at the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The flier said: "Apprehended Stephen Greer this morning outside Gundersen Rest Home. Time: 11:25. Leaving Laredo Airfield with prisoner 5:15 this evening. Expect to land Bolling Field 10:30 tonight—Warren and Daviscount." The names were followed by their code numbers.

The clerk has no authority on aeronautical progress, of course, but logic told him that no one on earth had ever produced any kind of craft that could fly from Laredo, Texas to Washington, D.C. in twenty minutes!

Logic also told him that he was crazy to believe the man standing before him was actually Stephen Jerome Greer. Logic was the wonderful thing that gave the clerk fresh courage.

* * *

REMEMBERING STEVE'S rogue's gallery photo which had been attached to the flier, the clerk had to admit to himself that the man standing before him, with the broken wristcuff in plain sight, was a dead ringer for the prisoner he knew to be aboard a north-bound Army plane.

"We have no time for crackpots here, mister," the clerk said, jerking a calloused thumb toward the exit. "You'd better get out of here with that gimmick on your arm before you get into trouble."

For a moment, Steve felt a pang of compassion for the clerk, whose austerity had returned with the onset of mundane reasoning. At the same time, he knew, that unless the terrestrial world was jarred out of its ancient thinking, it would be totally unprepared for the cataclysmic changes that might blow it into billions of pieces.

"Why don't you ring for the fingerprint file on Stephen J. Greer, if you believe I'm someone else?" he said evenly, watching each word hammer the austere mask into one of doubt and confusion. "You know, of course, that the underlying precept of dactyloscopy is that there are no two sets of fingerprints exactly alike."

The clerk cleared his throat, trying to dislodge the lump of fear that had risen up in it. "Okay, brother, you're asking for it," he said. The harshness of his tone, however, was a transparent veneer — too transparent to hide the fear that lurked in him now. Mechanically, he turned to the intercom board and called two departments.

Less than a minute later, Steve was flanked on each side by two shirt - sleeved agents, wearing shoulder holsters, and another official came in with a portable fingerprinting set and Steve's file card.

* * *

BRIEFLY, the clerk outlined Steve's behavior, and added, "All of us here know how dependable Agents Warren and Daviscount are, and I remember Mr. Hoover, himself, made special mention of it at Christmas time."

The fingerprint man was setting up his paraphernalia. Steve said, "Then radio the plane, and ask Daviscount if he's wearing the other half of this cuff." He would have held up the hand, but the two agents had tight holds on both his arms.

"Already taken care of," the agent on Steve's right said. "I've gone a step further and asked them to sweep out a nice padded cell at St. Elizabeth's for you."

"I hope," Steve said, "that it will be big enough for us all."

The fingerprint man said, "Let me have his right hand, Bynum." He took Steve's hand and rolled ink on the finger-tips. Then, carefully, he rolled each finger in a blank white spot prepared for it on a blank card. Then he did the same thing with the left hand, and, using a solvent, wiped the remaining ink off Steve's fingers.

There was a taut silence as the fingerprint man first studied the new prints under a simple magnifying glass, comparing each digital impression with the original card on the reporter.

* * *

STEVE NOTICED him give an involuntary jerk, lick his lips, and flash a glance at the agents and the clerk. But he said nothing until he'd gone through the results a second time. Then he took a deep breath and began to gather his material.

"I think I'd better make films of these and run them through the comparison projector," he said. He did not look at Steve.

"You can blow 'em up the size of the White House," Steve said, "and you'll find they're still identical. When the plane gets here, about five hours from now, you'll find more of my prints on the back of one of the seats."

He could sense the strange emotions running through the two big agents on either side of him — and one of them involuntarily squeezed his wrist — the one with the broken cuff.

* * *

CONGRESSMAN HENRY Sean McMullen was an ambitious man, and he had very carefully followed the exploits of Senator Joseph McCarthy, nailing down in his mind every thrust and parry the Wisconsin solon made.

It didn't bother McMullen that Senator Joe had finally run into a brick wall and censure vote. The senator had, during his initial forays, succeeded in usurping quite a bit of the powers of the President of the United States.

In McMullen's own mind, McCarthy would indubitably have been logical presidential timber in '56, had he been able to curb his aggressiveness and the grating bluntness of his tongue.

Like Shakespeare, McMullen observed the world as a stage, and the people who ran it, as the actors in the drama of life. McCarthy had merely learned the wrong lines, and been guilty of upstaging.

A man of medium height, McMullen was flabbily overweight from too much exercise with the knife and fork, but there was a kind of dignity and dedication to his florid, heavy-jowled face, with its blue eyes and proud nose, and the effect was heightened by the deep, booming sincerity of his voice.

He waited now in the foam - rubber swivel chair behind his desk, for the FBI attache to be sent in by his secretary. There was a frown on his pink brow, too. What, he wondered, did the FBI want to see him about?

A broad - shouldered, clean - shaven, gray-haired man, about the congressman's own height, was ushered into the office, and McMullen rose to greet him, dismissing the girl with a nod of his head.

"Name's Dawson," the newcomer said, gripping McMullen's fat hand in a hard hand. "The chief sent me here, himself, concerning this reporter, Greer."

"I see," McMullen said, motioning to a chair beside his desk; but the fact was, he didn't see at all. The sole business of the FBI was to take Greer into custody. He, himself, was going to put on the big show for all the broadcasting and telecasting systems.

* * *

DAWSON SAT and crossed his legs, a feat the congressman had been incapable of since his days as a state senator. "I'll come to the point, Mr. McMullen," he said. "Mr. Hoover thinks it'll be to your best interests, and to that of the nation in general, if your committee investigated this Stephen Greer behind closed doors — like the recent Jelke hearings involving the girls."

McMullen rose up out of his chair, thunderstruck, looking for all the world like a bloated, twentieth century edition of Patrick Henry about to do the liberty - or - death routine. But before he could get started, Dawson held up a hand. "Just a minute. Let me explain."

And he went on to explain what had transpired between Greer and the two FBI agents, the uncanny appearance of Steve at the FBI office; the broken handcuffs; the indisputable evidence of the fingerprints.

"Our office in Houston has also been given access to the pictures and strange metals Greer and the colored minister, Franklin, allege they brought back from a planet called Septimus, and so far, the photos have stood up as genuine, and the metallurgical department of one of the great Texas schools has been unable to identify the metals."

Congressman McMullen listened to Dawson's words with misgivings, but the momentum which had pushed him on to his greatest political achievement, "The McMullen Treason Hearings," rolled like a juggernaut over whatever caution there was in him.

As he sat there behind his desk, supporting his pendulous chins in a pudgy hand, he wondered how he could tell the G-Man to go take a running dive into the Potomac, without appearing to be offensive. The show, he decided, must go on.

"I see," he said at last, "It was very thoughtful of Mr. Hoover to make the suggestion." He cocked an eyebrow. "You wouldn't know if this Greer ever dabbled in legerdemain, would you, Mr. Dawson?"

"We thought of that, too," Dawson said. "But he's never been a magician of any kind—amateur or professional — and frankly that flight from Laredo to Washington in less than twenty minutes is a bit fantastic, even if he wasn't handcuffed to one of our operatives."

Congressman McMullen got up in an attitude of dismissal. "Well, thank you very much, Mr. Dawson. I shall certainly give much thought to the matter."

Dawson rose, smiled, and offered his hand again. "It was the least we could do, Congressman. Quite frankly, we've never run up against anything like this."

"Nor I," McMullen said. "I'll certainly remember what you said about closed doors."

* * *

BUT WHEN Dawson was gone, McMullen told his secretary to call up the **Washington Post** and to connect him with Shirley Povich. After that, he would want to talk to Drew Pearson.

No American - styled Yogi was going to prevent his grand opening in the House of Congress. He interlaced his fat fingers in repose across his bulbous belly and smiled in happy contemplation. Henry Sean McMullen, he told himself, was a man of destiny.

He could not know, of course, that in the detention cell of a precinct house, not far from the House of Congress, a little brown man with luminous eyes and a lyric tenor voice, was plotting that destiny with Steve Greer. He could not know that Greer was at peace in his mind, knowing full well the investigation, which was being heralded by banner headlines, would never take place.

They allowed the reporters into the detention cell the next morning, after Greer had freshened up and eaten breakfast. Freshly shaved, and neatly groomed, Steve relaxed easily in a ladder - back chair that was cocked against the back wall of the cell.

He looked nothing at all like the haunted criminal about to be tried before one of the government's highest tribunals, for treason, and he shook hands with most of the reporters, most of whom he'd met when working on the Army's Flying Saucer project at the Pentagon.

He was an enigma to the otherwise calloused newsmen as he sat there in the chair, smoking a cigarette, and it was a long time before they tried an opening gambit.

"I don't get you at all, Steve, and I thought I knew you," a small, sallow - faced reporter with the **Star** said. "We went over a lot of those "Project Bluebook" sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects that Major Keyhoe wrote about in his book, but — but something's happened to you, Steve. What?"

Steve blew a cloud of smoke. "I'm the same

(Continued on Page 8)

What Has Happened

STEVE GREER, a newspaperman, is freed from an insane asylum at the insistence of Andy Bretonnel, his editor. Meanwhile, Tweh, the little brown man from the planet Septimus, meets Greer aboard an Army plane which is carrying Greer to Washington to face an investigations committee. Tweh frees Greer, puts the two F. B. I. agents under hypnosis, and carries Greer to Washington in the Makron, his space ship. Steve walks into the F. B. I. building and tells the clerk he has arrived via flying saucer.

By James H. Hill