A NEW ANGLE

Cub reporter Jim Stanley knew it wasn't a big assignment. After two months on the Richmond AFRO, he hadn't impressed the city editor even with his name. On the bus heading downtown Jim pulled a pencil from the inner pocket of his jacket and made a few notes.

The ed had suggested an interview and he sketched out some questions: name, educational background, honors . . . Suddenly he stopped and peered out of the window to the range of snow-tipped mountains above the clean, square buildings of the business district. He picked up the pad and blacked out his notes. He grinned. Sure, that was the angle!

A Pretty Girl

There was a pretty, young girl behind the counter.

"Your name, please."

"James Stanley, furniture salesman. That is, I was."

"Fill these out in ink, please."

Jim took the forms to the desk, pulled the chair a little to one side so that he could steal an occasional glance at the girl, and began answering the questions that covered every activity of his life from his childhood hobbies and high school activities to his present address and whether or not he smoked.

He calculated on the time it would take for the counselor's interview and wondered about the wisdom of putting so many hours on an ordinary assignment.

But Cy Wells had sent him. Let him regret it if it took all day.

The Long Wait

The girl took the sheets of questions Jim handed her and delivered them to the back office. Jim sat down on the bench. It was 11 before he was summoned for his interview.

The job counselor was a tall, spare man with graying hair and a nose, Jim reflected, that suggested a pointer's. Jim tried to look as he thought a man would who had just lost his job. Maybe if the city editor found him out the look would come natural.

Question; Answer

"Furniture salesman?"

"Ah—yes, sir."

"I take it you're not too happy in that line of work?"

"Well to be honest, I'm not," Jim confessed.

"I'd like to have you try a few tests. Here's an aptitude test — takes about an hour. Personality test—45 minutes. Job placement test—about an hour."

At the desk in the inner room, Jim looked through the first folded sheet. Three hours of tests! Well if this was what they asked of applicants it was the information that he was after.

He looked at the first question: "If you were on a street corner and a man, beside you suddenly pulled out a gun and shot a pedestrian, what would you do?" Jim grinned. At the AFRO they would call that a break!

At three o'clock the cub reporter handed in the last of the tests and sat down again on the outer bench, awaiting a consultation. Half an hour later he was called in.

The job counselor was studying a sheet of notes as he motioned to Jim to sit down. He put the sheet down and fixed his long nose on Jim.

"I've gone over your tests. Selling furniture isn't your line. Ever thought about journalism—newspaper work?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess I never thought about it."

Work Recommendation

"How'd you like me to give you a recommendation? What paper would you be interested in? Something around here?"

"Yes," Jim said, "How about the AFRO?"

Jim thanked him, glanced at the material on his desk, and looked briefly around the room as he left. Cy Wells would get a laugh out of it when the recommendation came through. Well, at least he'd remember the name of Jim Stanley.

He reached the newspaper office at five, relieved to see that the city editor had left. At the desk he shared with two other cub reporters, Jim began his story.

Copy Rolls Out

The copy seemed to grow from the battered platen of the typewriter without his help. By six o'clock he was only beginning.

It would be a longer story than he thought. At eight he gathered up the sheets, kissed them fondly and left them on Cy's desk.

Jim felt keen the next morning as he walked into the office of the AFRO. There was a message on the desk to see the city editor. He knew that this was it.

Cy Wells swung his chair around to face the cub reporter. In his hand was Jim's story of the night before.

Work Recommendation

"Too long," he said, bluntly. "Too much detail. Dry. Cut it down. As a reporter you'd make a good furniture salesman."

He thrust the pages impatiently at Jim.

"One more thing. The job counselor down at the employment office called me this morning. He's got an applicant down there who has everything it takes to make a good newspaper man. Better get on the beam, son, or he'll have your job!"

"I REMEMBER"
BY THE OLD TIMERS

Readers are invited to "write up" their memories for this column. Contributions should be sent to The Old Timers, AFRO Magazine, Baltimore 1, Md.

From Mrs. Kathryn Bennett, Middletown, Pa.: I remember the Hokey Pokey Man who came around every evening during the summer. For a penny we could get a big, cooling and refreshing Hokey Pokey, with bright colored cherry flavoring poured over it. I always got cherry, although it smelled and tasted like hair tonic.

Liberia's Highest Award

The Order of the Star of Africa

One of the highest honors the Liberian Government can confer upon an individual is membership in the Order of the Star of Africa.

The award was created by an act of the Liberian Legislature in 1920 to be conferred only upon those who have rendered distinguished service to the Republic of Liberia, or to Africa, in the fields of public service, literature, the arts or science.

The President of the Republic is Grand Master of the Order, during his term of office, and the Secretary of State is Chancellor.

The Governing Council, chosen by the Grand Master, is composed of one member of each of the five different grades of the order.

The Grand Master and Governing Council decide upon the design of the decoration and the manner in which it is to be worn.

5 Ranks

The five ranks, in order of precedence, are:

Grand Band; Grand Commander; Commanders; Officers; Chevaliers.

Grand Master William V. S. Tubman recently conferred awards of the Order of the Star of Africa on nine Americans.

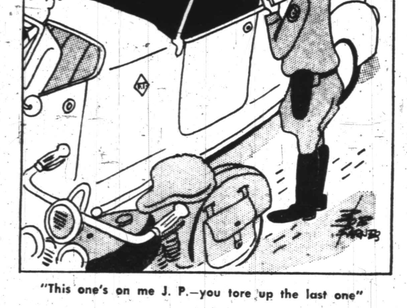
They were: James Rives, former head of the Technical Cooperation Administration, and Dr. Thomas P. Thayer, geologist with the Liberia Mining Company.

Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways, for contributions to the economic progress of the Republic; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, Carl Murphy, president of AFRO-AMERICAN and Major General James S. Slowell, USAF who were President Truman's special representatives at the inauguration of President Tubman last January; Robert F. Hecht, chairman of the Board of the Mississippi Delta Steamship Lines, which run from Monrovia to New Orleans; Theodore Brett, President of the same company, and Otto Schoenrich, New York attorney, who was instrumental in starting the Liberia Mining Company.

In Washington, Ambassador Clarence L. Simpson, acting on behalf of the President and the Government of Liberia, presented the Grand Band to Mr. Harvey S. Firestone Jr., and the awards of Commander.

Membership in the Order of the Star of Africa remains in force for the lifetime of the person honored.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"This one's on me J. P.—you tore up the last one"

U. S. Flag Flies In Canada

Cool 55-Degree Temperature Observed In A Land Where People Are Devout, Courteous

AFRO's Herbert Frisby on annual tour of the far North finds Canadian police used mainly for cocky Americans —American bases everywhere and U.S. troops too—no race prejudice in Labrador. Mr. Frisby has previously written dispatches from Alaska, the Yukon and North Canada as an AFRO War Correspondent.

By HERBERT M. FRISBY

St. Johns, Newfoundland

"Who will be the next President of the United States?" - a question I've been called upon to comment on by nearly every other resident of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

They know I'm a foreigner - my race gives me away on that score.

The local police have discovered I represent an American newspaper (the AFRO).

Wild West Conventions

Movies of the "wild west scene" of the recent Republican National Convention have arrived here and are attracting crowds and invoking varied comments about the ways of "the American people."

They tell you a newspaper even prints news before it happens, so your newspaper knows now who will be the next President of the U.S.

Their concern is really over our "Foreign Policy" - what it will be and what effect it will have upon Newfoundland's existence.

For, as one businessman put it "we Newfoundlanders, subjects of the British Crown, will realize that our island is the "Gibraltar of the U.S.A. - The Guardian of the Atlantic."

U.S. Bases

From the statement you can easily see what's in their thinking.

1. That in the event of World War III, the enemy will attempt to use Newfoundland as a spring board or base from which to invade Canada and the United States.

2. That we are preparing for just that since we have established so many bases in Newfoundland.

3. That during the last war German submarines did visit and bomb ships in Newfoundland harbors. And finally will our foreign policy be such as to stimulate or prevent a recurrence of attacks upon Newfoundland?

You can see that the Newfoundlanders are thinking like the Alaskans.

Bombs

And, now, what's behind this - "You know, the U.S. does not force the enemy to it to be bombed. All of her allies have taken the beatings for her. All she's actually missed is money, with which she financed the wars. You can see that the future Foreign Policy of the U.S. must be of great concern to them.

I find here that there have been no tears shed over Taft's defeat. They term him an isolationist and to them, isolationism seems to forecast trouble for Newfoundland.

On the other hand, they are skeptical of Eisenhower, because he is a professional soldier.

Think Republican

I've tried to sound out several businessmen as to their thinking and concern on the Democratic side. Well, you don't get much. They seem to think a Republican President will be our lot in November elections.

But the Newfoundlanders are worried.

Now as to Newfoundland - it is no longer an independent country. It is now a province of Canada.

Its position, off the coast of North America, makes it of vast strategic importance from a military angle, to the security of both Canada and the United States.

During World War II both countries secured the right to establish and maintain military bases at various points in this province.

U.S. Flags Fly

As one travels from Port Aux Basques, port of entry to St. Johns over the Newfoundland Railway, he observes flags of Canada and the U.S. flying at many locations. In the town, one sees more U.S. than Canadian soldiers.

By the way - General Bradley is on a tour of inspection here, now.

Newfoundlanders claim that the first meeting of Prime Minister Churchill and the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt took place off the coast of Newfoundland and that there, they found the Atlantic Charter.

55 Degree Temperature

Climate - It's cool here during the summer. At this writing, it's around 55 degrees F during the day and topcoats are required in the evening. Heat is turned on in the hotels late in the evening and early morning.

Students will recall from previous lessons that the chilly Labrador current from Labrador and Greenland, with its icebergs, comes along the coast to counteract the effects of the Gulf stream that comes up this way from the south.

The People — They are mostly English and Irish. Very few colored, except military personnel or sailors from merchant ships which dock here, are encountered.

The people according to American patterns, are usually devout, well behaved, courteous, and generous. It's a pleasure and real experience to go into their stores —"sir," "yes sir," "with pleasure" or "no cost at all."

Policemen serve mostly as public relations officers, good will. They carry no arms, night or day. At night they carry night sticks in addition to handcuffs.

They tell me that policemen are really not needed except to deal with obstreperous foreigners, and of these, most would be Americans. He just seems to want to upset affairs and take over matters.

Coming across the Cabot Strait we had aboard several highly seasoned American drunks. In my cabin for 4 persons, I was the only sober one. Sleep was impossible. The Chief Steward remained on duty most of the night.

En route to St. Johns by rail one of them almost succeeded in causing a wreck by interferring with the emergency cord. When called down by the conductor he countered with "Don't talk to me. I am an American." Well, he was arrested upon arrival of the train at its destination.

Occupations - Fishing is the chief line of employment and bulwark against starvation. And it's the cod mainly. Everywhere you go, you see them. They are salted, dried, frozen, stored away for local consumption and shipped to foreign markets. It is a common sight to observe a wagon loaded with dried codfish, stacked similar to a load of cut wood.

Great care is given the livers. They are processed here for their oil and vitamin contents. The cod tongues are salvaged by small boys, sold to restaurants, which serve them as delicacies. No wonder Newfoundlanders are such hardy people.

Newfoundland is wealthy in forests and these support the next important industry - manufacture of newsprint from wood pulp. The island boasts of having the largest paper mill in the world at a town called Corner Brook. This place is a sight to behold.

Money - this is a sad topic for Americans visiting Newfoundland or other parts of Canada. "Now the shoe's on the other foot," is a favorite jab at Americans getting U.S. currency changed into Canadian.

Once upon a time every U.S. dollar was worth $1.10 in Canada. Ten dollars got you $11.00.

It's all over now. U.S. Currency has depreciated. Every $10.00 bill (U.S.) now nets you only $9.67 here. Sometimes the loss is as much as 5 per cent. In other words, $100.00 U.S. is only worth at most $96.70 here. Then subtract also sales tax and education tax and you don't have much left.

Customs - Night Life? There's none. The home is the center of all social activities. Marriage is at an early age and families are large. Dress is very simple. Anything elaborate will be worn by tourists.

The dotted line shows the sea route Mr. Frisby is taking to reach his destination in Labrador.

HERBERT M. FRISBY

Most buildings are of frame type and generally painted in what we call drab colors. The Catholic influence is immense and very impressive in cemeteries. There's a monument topped with a cross, on nearly every grave. People care for graves like they cultivate gardens.

And at the close of every movie program, the picture of the Queen of England is flashed on the screen while the audience rises and sings "God save the Queen."

There are no public schools here; all are denominational although they do get a little support from public funds. Education is generally limited to the 12th grade.

Prejudice - I've encountered none from Newfoundlanders. Certain types of Americans, visiting or employed here show a tendency to stare, giggle, or marvel at my "brass" in going into restaurants or socializing with white people here. The other day one of the latter attempted to tell a story about an American Negro and was stopped by the proprietor.

"Old Dobbin," the draught type, holds his own in competition with automobiles, most of which are like Henry J's in size.

Lunch Hours - all business is suspended between 1 p.m. and 2:15 p.m. as employees go home to lunch.

Neon signs - there are none about in the business district which grows creepy after 5 p.m. on account of its emptiness.

Travel - If you plan to come this way and are deeply attached to your American patterns of travel, be sure to have enough dough to travel de-luxe or no lower than first class. Second or coach class around here is not at all satisfactory sometimes, from what we are accustomed. It is degrading, comparable to "cattle class."

Outlook - I am told that the outlook, barring another war, is very good for Newfoundland and Labrador. More modern ways of living are being introduced. The Canadian National R. R. has taken over the narrow gauge railroad, and is improving both road bed and rolling stock.

It has purchased the former Newfoundland Hotel and is rehabilitating it. My temporary quarters here are really luxurious.

Enormous mineral deposits have been discovered in Labrador. These promise to offer serious competition to iron and steel industry in the U.S.

The belief here is that America's mineral deposits are nearly exhausted, and that we soon will have to rely upon Labrador for these items.

American capital, they say, is trying to get control here, and this is one of the alleged reasons for decline and depreciation of the U.S. dollar in these parts.

Well, I board my freighter tomorrow for 52 points of call along the northern Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. This is the whaling season, so the trip should be quite exciting. I understand we can call at a whaling and sealing station enroute north. Eskimo areas will be touched also.

And, with a doctor and missionary as travelling companions, and observing each in the discharge of his respective duties, this should provide interesting material to pass on to you later and as they occur.

Does Prayer Work?

Too many people are inclined to give orders to God.

Prayer isn't the gimmes. Prayer isn't a trick to change the mind of God, but a way to adjust ourselves to the mind of God.

Prayer is a channel of communication, like a telephone line to the forces of creation. We don't get what we want every time we pick up the spiritual telephone, any more than we get what we want anytime we pick up the phone in our office or home.

But one thing we are sure to get every time—help.

It may come in the form of a strengthened will, a lighter heart, a clearer head, the courage to do what we have to do, the steadiness to carry us through, the ability to face up to life.

No Rabbit's Foot

Prayer isn't a rabbit's foot.

It won't guide the surgeon's knife during an operation.

A noted surgeon said, "In operative cases, prayer reduces muscular tension. It lowers the blood pressure and lessens the danger of heart strain. The patient responds much more favorably to anesthesia. For a patient calmed by prayer, in contrast to one ribed up by dread and anxiety, the chances of successful surgery are greatly increased.

A family of hungry peasants on a cold night knelt on the floor of their miserable hut praying for bread.

Two men came by and taunted them, saying, "You'll never get any bread that way."

Then the two men decided they'd have some fun with the peasants by going back that night and dropping some loaves of bread down the chimney of the hut.

When they returned the next morning, they found the peasant family radiant with smiles and the father told how the bread they had prayed for had been given to them.

But the men said, "Oh, you stupid fellows. You think your prayers brought that bread? Why, we climbed up on your roof and dropped that bread down your chimney."

The peasant father smiled up at them and said, "Well, we got it, didn't we?"

'He Didn't Come Back . . .'

(Continued From Page 1)

er one "scooping" him.

Not Unusual

The reader may be interested in knowing that this is not an unusual arrangement among newspapermen working on the same assignment.

For instance: correspondents at the U.S. State Department habitually clamp down a "lid" on State Department news from time to time.

This is done by agreement that after a certain hour in the day or night, any story which breaks will not be rushed into print until a specified later hour at which time all correspondents will be back on the desks at work. During the interim the reporters can relax without the fear of losing their jobs because some competitor has beat them on a story.

Insurance

We both were heavily covered by insurance policies from Lloyd's of London (about the only insurance company which will cover a war correspondent) but when we took off from Washington Hinton insisted that we take additional insurance on ourselves by buying the regular insurance offered at the airport.

"Your family can use the money," he jokingly said to me.

So we both bought additional insurance at 35 cents per 5,000 dollars.

But at San Francisco when we made ready for the hop to Hawaii, we found that the insurance rates for the overseas travel was considerably higher and I began to balk on buying more.

But once again, family man that he was, he said to me, "Come on Hicks, this is just $20,000 more for your family in case anything happens." I toed the line with him and paid the higher rates.

Tested Life Belt

On the way to Honolulu while I drank Scotch and Soda in the bar of the Pan American World Airways Strato-Cruiser at altitudes of 27,000 feet, Hinton busied himself with memorizing every detail of the instructions given passengers as to what they should do in an emergency.

He took the Mae West lifebelt out of his seat, studied it thoroughly and briefed me on its use when I came back from the bar.

When we arrived at Honolulu our gentlemen's agreement was automatically ended and he automatically set about hunting for his first story. He was that kind of newsman.

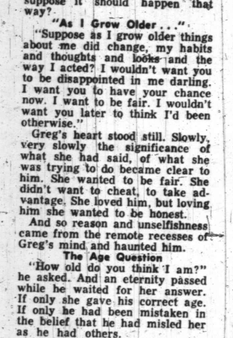
The First Story

I began looking for a story too, but I thought I'd combine a little pleasure with business so while Hinton went out to find the first colored soldier brought back to the Tripoli General Hospital in Honolulu from the Korean War, I decided to look up Edith, the first colored Navy nurse who I understood was assigned to the hospital in Honolulu.

The long and short of it is that Hinton found his man and got his story. I didn't find Edith. I thus had to fall back on my last experiences in San Francisco and ended up writing a piece called Mona Lisa and Blues in the Night which luckily was well received.

Plane Catches Fire

Things began to happen for us 10 minutes after we took off from Honolulu and headed for Wake Island. The number two motor on our plane caught fire and as we sped through the air a sheet of flame lit up the whole right side of the plane.



A. HINTON

Most of the passengers on the plane were seasoned war correspondents but virtually everyone on the plane got panicky but Hinton. I remember how he calmly put on his Mae West and helped me struggle into mine as our pilot grappled with the big plane in an attempt to return to the field at Honolulu before it was destroyed.

With the help of an automatic fire extinguisher the pilot was able to subdue the fire to the extent that we were able to land on a wing and a prayer and as soon as we struck earth the word came down that we were stuck in Honolulu for at least three days because the military had taken all other available Pan American planes and we would have to stay until ours was repaired.

Thought Of His Wife

As soon as I hit the ground I thought first of filing the story back to my paper on the close call we just had experienced and was in the process of doing this when Hinton checked me.

He put it to me fairly and squarely. He said he knew that it was a good story and that it should be written. But he asked me not to write it because of the anxiety it would cause his wife and family. He then told me how concerned she had been about his flying over the ocean and how much worry it would cause her.

I tore the story from my typewriter — feeling ashamed that I had not thought first of my family as he had. The story was not written until weeks later.

New Plane Not New

We spent three days on Wakiki Beach at the expense of Pan American during which time I had a ball and Hinton had time to bring his diary up to date, which he carefully kept each day.

When the word got around that we were to leave on the same plane which had caught fire, many of the passengers vowed that they would not do so. Air line officials then spread the word that we had a new plane ready.

But when we arrived at the airport Hinton and another man checked the plane and definitely established that it was the same one that we had had the mishap in. Many of the passengers refused to board it. Though he was greatly concerned about the whole thing, Hinton did not falter when his name was called and we again mounted the plane and headed for Wake Island.

We reached Wake without incident and left in a few hours for Tokyo where we again landed without mishap and settled down to the serious business of getting to Korea.

Quick Insight

I can never forget his insight into people and the careful way he observed things.

We had been in Japan only a few hours when he said to me. "Hicks, you know all this talk about how MacArthur has won the Japanese over to our side is bot air. I can't believe it. I look at the way these people bow to Americans and I always get the feeling that they are doing this not because they want to, but because they feel it's the best way to get along for the time being. Frankly, I think these people hate us."

Today, two years after his death, I am reminded how right he was. Only today I noticed that the Japanese are tearing down all English language street signs to show their contempt for us.

The amazing thing is that Hinton could have sensed this in just a few hours in Japan while MacArthur and some of his aides never were able to see it.

Stopped for Shower

The time eventually came for us to go to MacArthur's headquarters and pick up our papers which authorized us to fly to Korea by military aircraft.

We were scheduled to be there at 3 o'clock and Mac's headquarters closed at four o'clock. Something I was never able to understand.

I was getting "jumpy" by this time and when I called Hinton to come with me to get about 2:30 he said he would have to take a shower before he was ready.

I pleaded with him that if he took a shower he would be late but he told me that he would not think of going without taking one, so I warned him to hurry and set out alone—without a shower.

He didn't make it in time and when I returned with my papers he told me that he had called and been notified that he would have to take the plane behind mine—one leaving a few hours later.

My plane was leaving at 4 the next morning and those of us correspondents who were on it decided not to go to bed that night, but to stay up and have one last fling in Tokyo before going off to the wars.

Celebration

I'll never forget it. Scotch was a $1.50 a bottle and I bought plenty. Hinton did not drink but he agreed to have one last highball with me before we met again in Korea. We had the highball about midnight and he went to bed as was his custom.

About 3 a.m. a group of us roared into his room again at the Tokyo Correspondents' club on Shimbun Alley. We woke him up. He got up, dressed, took one more highball with me, shook hands, and bade me good luck and goodbye.

It was the last time I ever saw him. I went on to Korea, landed under fire at Taegu, hopped a ride to Sangju, hooked up with the 24th Infantry Regiment of the 25th Infantry Division, and a half hour after I was there the word came down that the unit was surrounded by the enemy.

We remained surrounded for three days until the First Cavalry Division broke through and relieved the enemy pressure on us. Then I hitch hiked back to Taegu and Eighth Army headquarters to file my first story from the front.

False Report

When I arrived at the press headquarters the first thing to greet my eyes was a sign which said: "Among the correspondents killed in the GHQ plane crash of July 26 was James L. Hicks of the AFRO - AMERICAN Newspapers, Baltimore."

I asked a colonel what the notice meant and he told me that the GHQ Courier plane had crashed into the ocean off the coast of Oshima and that only one man had survived. He told me there was a colored correspondent named Hicks aboard the plane.

He didn't need to tell me more. I knew it was not I. I knew it had to be Hinton. It was.

The Jinx At Work

His body was never found. I went back to Tokyo. Air Force officials said they felt it was sabotage but the plane had disintegrated in mid air to the extent that not enough of it could be found to determine anything. It remains a mystery to this day.

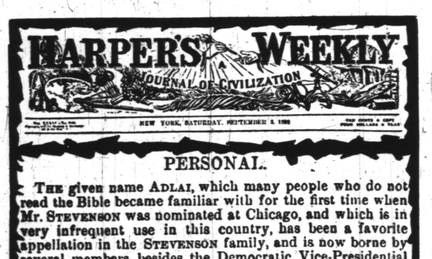
Days afterwards when I was back on the Korean battlefront, struggling harder than ever to stay alive, one of the ironic things about his death struck me:

As thoughtful as he had been of his family, and as careful as he was to provide extra insurance for their care, his family was never able to get anything but the money provided for them by the policy from Lloyd's of London.

This was because he had gone to his death while traveling on military aircraft into the combat area. There were no insurance policies available at the military airport where he could have taken out the usual $25,000 extra insurance which he had insisted on buying on commercial airlines.

It was one of those things which makes war exactly what Sherman said it is.

THE END


HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892

PERSONAL.

THE given name ADLAI, which many people who do not read the Bible became familiar with for the first time when Mr. STEVENSON was nominated at Chicago, and which is in very infrequent use in this country, has been a favorite appellation in the STEVENSON family, and is now borne by several members besides the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. They spell it ADLEY, however, which represents the modern pronunciation of the word better than the regular orthography, and is entitled to consideration if Professor FRANCIS J. CHILD's dictum is true—that "any way of spelling is better than the ordinary way."

Here is a reproduction of an item in Harper's Weekly for Sept. 3, 1892, in which the Biblical origin of the given name of the Democratic presidential candidate is discussed.

Who Is 'Ad-Lay'?

(Continued From Page 1)

positions.

*The actions of the Governor's cabinet officers, such as Welfare Director Fred Hoehler, who ordered his staff "to have it clearly understood that discrimination in employmant or otherwise on the grounds of race or religion has no place in the operations of the Department of Welfare."

"Grass Roots" Work

*Finally, and perhaps most significant, the added stimulus given "grass roots" efforts: human relations groups active in a score of Illinois communities, private organizations like the Illinois Chamber of Commerce prompting a fair employment program, the continued effort of organized labor to wipe out bias within unions and industry and the spread of democratic practices in our schools:

—For the first time, many non-white children are able to go to the schools nearest their homes.

—For the first time in three communities outside Chicago, colored teachers are teaching children of all races.

The Stevenson credo: "The American dream belongs to every American . . . The answer to communism is democracy . . . And democracy is color blind."

Origin Of 'Adlai'

(Continued From Page 1)

chapter of the First Book of the Chronicles is stated:

"Over the herds that fed in Sharon was Shitrai the Sharonite: and over the herds that were in the valleys was Shaphat the son of Adlai.

Hebrew translators have offered this explanation of the meaning of the name:

Shaphat is from a Hebrew verb meaning to administer, to execute justice, to rule, to condemn, to punish.

The Arabic root verb was adhlal, which also means to be just or to judge.

MEANS JUSTICE

The Arabic is believed to have entered the Hebrew language when David conquered the Edomites and took over the Arabah, a territory of valleys directly south of the Dead Sea.

Shaphat was named by David to be one of the 12 great administrators of his government, charged with the grazing lands of the Arabah.

His name meant governor, the son of the Justice of God.

Adlai meant Justice of God, and the father of just judgments.

Gov. Stevenson, without commenting on his judgment of this explanation, recently sent it to a friend who inquired about the riddle of Adlai—the name.

The name Adlai is said to have been in the governor's family for more than 200 years.

The governor was named for his paternal grandfather, the first Adlai Stevenson, who served as Vice President in the second term of Grover Cleveland.

The governor's grandfather was named after Adlai Osborne, a forebear on his mother's side.

AFRO War Correspondents All Came Back—Here They Are, And What They Do

Ollie Stewart, AFRO Special Writer in Europe — Vincent Tubbs, AFRO Assistant Managing Editor — B. M. Philips, AFRO Managing Editor — Max Johnson, Soup Company Representative — Francis Yancey, AFRO Staff Artist — Art Carter, AFRO Assistant Managing Editor — Peyton Gray, Va. Beach Publicity Director — James Hicks, AFRO New York Correspondent — Herbert Frisby, AFRO Alaskan Correspondent — Ralph Matthews, AFRO Assistant Managing Editor

Notes from a--- VA. SCRAPBOOK

By B. T. GILLESPIE

RICHMOND, Va. — Commenting editorially on the coming Presidential election, the Richmond News Leader, declared itself for the candidacy of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Said the Leader, "The News Leader commits its support today to the candidacy of Dwight D. Eisenhower for the President of the United States."

The action of the Leader, in supporting the Republican ticket, leaves many Virginians no other choice but to vote the Democratic ticket, because they find themselves, always, in direct opposition to the Leader.

Commenting on the Democratic convention the Leader said "The speakers for the most part were fools; faceless and windy nonentities, whose fervent bellowing left no more impression than yesterday's breakers at Willoughby Split.

"Set aside a few phrases from Dewey's keynote, Stevenson's address of welcome, a line or two from Alben Barkley, (and get this) and the whole of John Battle's memorable address, and the balance qualities merely as so much sound."

Somewhat disappointed that the convention did not stampede for the nomination of Governor Battle, the Leader went on, "it was the very nature of the bedlam which made Governor Battle's address so remarkable to reporters on the scene."

These were pretty harsh words directed towards speakers like Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President Barkley, Governor Dever, President Truman and the acceptance speech of nominee Stevenson.

The Leader hasn't found it possible to accept Senator Sparkman on the ticket because he is a liberal. Many Virginians probably would not be so quick to go down the line for nominee Sparkman, were it not for the fact that he is opposed by the Leader.

This column has polled a few voters and came up with the following comments; G. T. Spruill, Petersburg, Va.: "During the last Republican administration, we were eating each other. . . I don't want any more of those days. I am going along with the Democrats."

Mrs. Oliver Hill, Richmond; "I am going to vote a Democratic ticket because they seem to put forth a sincere effort to improve the status of our race, and under their administration we have made greater advancement than any other time in history."

James Jackson, Petersburg; "the Democratic party saved us in 1933. I have confidence in the party and it seems to have the answer that the Republican Party failed to come up with when it was in power."

Richard Mann, Richmond; "Off hand, I am for Stevenson. I want to know more about both candidates, but I think it will be the Democrats for me."

Mrs. Helen Allen, Richmond; "I am going to continue in the Democratic column. Overall, they have done a good job."

Out in Omaha, colored residents are protesting against whites moving into their neighborhood. The shoe now being placed on the other foot, we have seen everything.

CAPITOL SPOTLIGHT

By LOUIS LAUTIER

WASHINGTON — Louis Bernheimer, operates a chain of colored and white movie theaters. Colored theaters are — the York, Sylvan, Academy, Senator and Atlas— white are — The Village, Newton, Vernon and Jesse.

The Village is across the street from the swank Rhode Island Plaza apartment house.

The Internal Revenue Bureau has filed an income tax lien against Hank P. Smith, 1827 Seventh St., NW, for $11,207.69. Income tax assessments against him are: 1947, $3,404.58; 1948, $2,578.70; 1949, $2,467.68, and 1950, $2,756.73.

Business Man's Wife

John W. Carter, the business man, gave a birthday party for his mate, Effie, at Longview Beach, near Colton (Md.) the other evening.

His guests included the George Hayases (Louise), the Billy Woodsons (Evelyn) and Billy's father, William A. Woodson Sr., and Evelyn's mother, Mrs. Evelyn Brooks; Thelma Gainey, the Harry Gravesees (Nell).

The Joe Dorsiers and their guest, a Mrs. Edwards of New Orleans; Retha Jarvis, the Windhon Harrises (Alice), Ray Shepherd, the John Carpenters (Vene), Corrinne Hall, the Oscar Haynesses, Bubby Bryant, Frank Owens and Clyde Turpin.

Louis R. Mehlinger, retired Justice Department attorney and veteran Army officer of World War I, is ill at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda (Md.) . . . It's a boy at the Arthur Hazels (Elizabeth James) in Arlington (Va.) . . . The Otto McClarrins (Justine — he's public relations director at Howard University — vacationed at Sun Valley (Idaho).

Ethel Henderson, a local charmer, was married to Henry Whyte, administrator of the Community Hospital at Wilmington (N.C.) the other Friday evening.

Dale Carnegie

★ Author of "How To Stop Worrying And Start Living" ★

Importance Of Relaxing

While serving in the army, Raymond P. Wilson, Muncie, Ind., was transferred from Seattle, Wash., to Phoenix, Ariz. All his friends had shipped out to other sections, so he found himself all alone.

Mr. Carnegie

Now, for the first time in his life, he was going to have the opportunity to do the things that required solitude. But he found it terribly hard to avoid people and he continued to have too many friends.

Up to the time of his discharge he still hadn't arrived at what he was seeking. He was wasting a lot of time.

A year later he arrived at his goal. But, it was like a raging fire he couldn't put out. He went into business for himself and began working day and night.

Always In A Hurry

He got to the point where he was always in a hurry and, when he would meet friends, they could feel his great rush and went on.

He would deliberately avoid people and their glances on the street. He even became bored with people and would pick out their faults and dwell on them.

At night he could worry about the problems of the morrow. Eventually he found himself unable to concentrate, or to think clearly. His mind seemed to be behind him in everything he did.

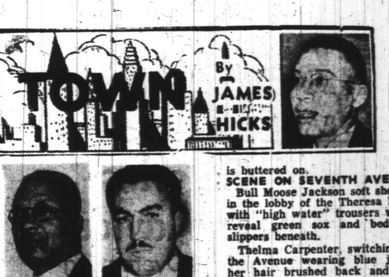
Finally, he took a firm hold on himself, gave himself a good talking to and began reading everything he could get his hands on that would help his situation. One day he read an article about relaxing; he began practicing.

Learns To Value Friends

While lying in bed at night he would start at the top of his head and relax every single part of his body, down to and including his toes. Also, closing his eyes tightly, he imagined he could see nothing but black, to help erase the visions of the day and yesterday.

BIG TOWN

By JAMES E. HICKS



THE MERCILESS TRUTH

The tumult and the shouting has died, the politicians and the bosses have departed and now that it is all over in the Chicago stockyards, only one thing is crystal clear to this column and that is—the colored politician is a man from nowhere, going home.

Let's look at it—and let's face it: General Eisenhower thumbed his nose at colored people on the thing they agreed was most important, FEPC. So what happened? So he goes to Chicago and colored politicians help nominate him.

Senator Nixon teams up with a colleague to write the Mundt-Nixon bill which colored people denounces. So what happened: So colored politicians line up and cheer as Ike selects Nixon as his running mate.

"Said Our' Harriman

Averell Harriman comes out with the only clean cut stand on civil rights in the Democratic convention. So what happens? Colored politicians line up to help defeat him and nominate Stevenson who promptly "rewards" them by selecting a Dixiecrat for his running mate.

And what happens to the Democratic platform?

Oh nothing, except that before the convention everybody agreed that the only way to get civil rights legislation through the Senate is to change the Senate rules so that a simple majority of Senators can invoke cloture and stop the Southerners from filibustering.

Filibustering Continues

So what happens? Colored politicians help the Democrats to write a platform which includes everything but a clause which would stop filibustering. Then just to make sure filibustering will continue, they nominate Senator Sparkman who, if elected, will preside over the Senate where all the filibusters are staged.

Then what happens?

The colored politicians rush home, waving their arms and holding press conferences shouting to us what they have done. Colored Republicans say they were doubledressed by Harold Burton. Buton said he was tripledressed by Hobson Reynolds.

Bill Dawson says the Democratic platform is great.

Adam Powell says it stinks and you and I should stay in bed on election day.

What does it all add up to? WEll, if you are going to be far and judge a man on the results he is able to show, you'll be forced to agree with me that the present crop of colored gentlemen who claim to represent you and I as political leaders do not appear qualified to represent us at a puppy dog fight, to say nothing of representing us at a national convention.

Men From Nowhere

In short, our colored political "leaders" are men from NOWHERE—going home! And if you and I don't do something about it soon, they are going to take us along with them!

HAROLD BURTON — A CLAYTON POWELL — HOBSON REYNOLDS — CONG. WM. DAWSON

HARLEMANIA

A Seventh Avenue halo to Congressman Adam Powell for not swallowing the nomination of Dixiecrat Senator Sparkman, hook, line and sinker and for having the courage to denounce him. But a thumb in our nose to the same Congressman Powell for advising colored people to stay in bed and not vote on election day after all of us have worked so hard to get colored people in the habit of voting.

No Parked Car

Across the bars of Harlem they are whispering that that alleged unnatural sex act attempt by a well known hair stylist did not occur in a parked car as some people would have you believe, but that it happened in a well known business establishment on Sugar Hill.

The romance between Society columnist Gerri Major and dancer Paul Mears may reach the bell ringing stage when Mears comes here in August to make plans for an appearance in the Follies Bergere.

As this is being written Dr. Channing H. Tobias is scheduled to appear at the Golden Gate on a program with Congressman Adam Powell which is designed to denounce the action of Congressman Bill Dawson and others as selling out at the Democratic convention.

If you read elsewhere that Tobias canceled his appearance and did not show, it will be because of the pressure which is being exerted on him right now by the Dawson crowd who are reminding Dr. Tobias which side his bread from his United Nations position is buttered on.

SCENE ON SEVENTH AVENUE

Bull Moose Jackson soft shoeing in the lobby of the Theresa Hotel with "high water" trousers which reveal green sox and bedroom slippers beneath.

Thelma Carpenter, switching up the Avenue wearing blue jeans, her hair brushed back and tied up on top with a rubber band and looking for all the world like the little bobbysoxer next door.

Billy Holliday is also here and gives the Harlem hustlers an eyeful each evening by strolling down the Avenue with two tiny white Mexican dogs on a double leash.

Wynonie Harris put on a show for the Sidewalk set last Tuesday wearing a big ten gallon Mexican straw hat and doing a dance on the sidewalk to tunes played by a portable radio, he carried in his hand.

Maybe it's the heat that makes people shove off on Seventh Avenue. Never a dull moment.

Madeline Green is in from Nassau where it is said she has romance with a handsome beach boy week on the rocks.

Hardest playing playmate in our town last week was Doris Washington, ex-New Yorker who is now a member of the American Embassy's official staff in Paris. But Doris is going back to Liberia and she played the town as if she'll never get back here again.

Fast Work

Street scenes: Diplomat cab 202 from Washington, D.C. racing up and down Seventh Avenue as if it was a racetrack.

Oliver L. Jones of Philadelphia, fanning his brown uptown after an all-day session downtown where he was the only