Lonesome Hearts

(If you would like to correspond with a lonesome heart write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correspondence and address to all mail. Enclose 50 cents in coin and stamp(s), addressed envelope for each photo wanted. General handling — ALBERTINE ASHE, AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore 1, Md.)

WANTS BOY FRIEND

I want a nice boy friend. I'm 30, 5' feet 7, and want someone sincere, thrifty who is interested in marriage and would like to settle down. He should be around 36 and dependable.

BEDA

ENJOYS SPORTS

I would like meeting an attractive woman, 25-40, brown-skinned, who enjoys some sports. I am 43, 5 feet 6, dark brown-skinned, have been married and want to try again.

MR. FOSTER

LONELY WIDOW

I am a Christian woman, 42, 5 feet 5, wanting to meet a man, 45-50, good hearted and kind. I have been a very lonely widow for five years.

JINNIE

SEEKS HUSBAND

I'm looking for a good husband. I'm brown-skinned, 5 feet 2, 50 years old and am a nice house keeper. I'd like a man in good health, around 50, nice habits, living in the north.

RENAE

HARD WORKER

I'm tall, 27 and not bad looking. I'm a hard worker, have clean sober habits. I have two fine little fellows, 5 and 4. I would enjoy meeting a square shooter, a nice Christian girl, 23-27, about 5 feet 6 who wants a man my type.

SANDY

LIKES CHURCH

I'm 21, 5 feet 8, love church and refined pastime. I would like to meet a gentleman 25, with a bright outlook for the future.

ALDINE

WILL MARRY

I'm a young woman, 35, have been married but am now divorced. Would marry again when suited. I like nice things and care very little for night life. I would enjoy a man around 35, my type and employed. I will be a good, faithful wife to someone very fine.

JOANNE

LONELY FELLOW

I am a lonely fellow 32, 6 feet 2, wanting a real nice girl friend, someone who wants life to be a complete pleasure. I will be true, will you? If you are around my age and type, write now.

MR. HANDCOCK

CHRISTIAN WIDOW

I'm 43 years, have been married, am 5 feet 5 and a Christian. I would like meeting a sincere Christian man around 45,(not a divorce).

PEACH

LIKES CHILDREN

I'm 25, willing and able to marry the right one. I'm employed, single, love children and am sincere and understanding. I'd love meeting a nice girl friend, 18-26, who goal is marrying for love and enjoying life.

MR. BROOKLYN

WANTS COMPANION

I'm an Baptist, seeking companionship of a congenial, broad-minded man. He must be a sincere person, employed in business, looking for a nice wife.

CURLEY

PRACTICAL NURSE

I am 28, 5 feet 5, a practical nurse, have one daughter, 11, and am seeking a hard working man, my age—one who wants a devoted wife and likes children.

ESSYE

SERVICE MAN

I'm 22, like dancing, sports and all nice things. I want to meet a nice woman, 20-21, who likes some of the things I like.

SERVICE MAN

LIKES NICE THINGS

I'm a single woman, seeking a real company, good sense and personality, 42-55 and employed. I am 40, like nice things and clean, wholesome living.

CARLOTTA

TRUE PAL SOUGHT

Wanted, a true pal who wants someone with fine ideas and ideals. I'm hoping the girl of my dreams will answer, someone around 25, and very nice.

DAW DO

SEEKS CORRESPONDENT

I'm a lonely woman, 37, 5 feet 9, employed, good habits and a Christian. I prefer a reliable, hard working Christian gentleman, around 40-50, as a correspondent. Please answer.

CLARA

ALL SMILES

I am a widow, 42, looking for a good man around my age. I'm seeking someone so we can begin life anew. I like uplifting things. If you are sincere, rush me a note—I'm lonely too.

ALL SMILES

WANTS REAL PAL

I'm brown-skinned, 35, 5 feet 8, like sports and enjoy church. I'm seeking a real pal, 23-35, light brown-skinned, understanding and sincere. Will marry if she is the right one.

MR. EMERALD

GOOD INTENTIONS

An intelligent, Christian widow 39, 5 feet tall and fond of sports, would like meeting an intelligent businessman, 40-55, who has good intentions towards marriage.

LOVIE LEE

TEACHER WILL MARRY

I'm a teacher, 28, 5 feet 8, interested in marrying a minister or professor, 40-50, tall, with good habits. If you are sincere, write at once.

MRS. CHERRIE

WANTS COMPANION

I'm a lonely widow, anxious for a nice boy friend, 30-47 and employed. I'm 35, brown-skinned, 5 feet 6, enjoy most things and clean living. I want a home and real happiness.

MRS. BONAT

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

ONE-FIFTH OF NATION DREADS AWFUL AUGUST AND HAY FEVER

Hay fever sufferers—now estimated to constitute an "ill-nosed one-fifth of the nation"—worry about given up expecting any relief through medicine or nose-pulling projects as Awful August approaches with more.

Air conditioning, definitely is one answer.

Another remedy is Chlorimeton tablets which can be taken at a rate of one to three a day before meals on advice of doctor.

LOOKING FOR *Someone?*

JESSE ROGERS, Belhaven, N.C. is looking for his father, JAMES ROGERS whose home is in South Carolina.

Readers are asked to help MISS GENEVIE TAYLOR, 2092 Madison Ave., N.Y. locate her brother, JOSEPH A. TAYLOR, last known to be living in St. Mary's County, Md.

OWEN NIXON, 1015 S. 13th., St., Wilmington, Del., would like to get in touch with a friend, M/SGT. EDDIE L. STARKES, who was last heard from at Camp Stoneman, California.

MRS. ZORA C. HENRY, Akron, Ohio, is asked to get in touch with her niece, MISS NANNIE WILLIAMSON at Rfd. 1, Box 148, Sydnorsville, Va.

MISS GERTRUDE ROBINSON, 13th St., Winston-Salem, N.C. is being sought by JOHNNY FULLER No. 62033, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Miss Robinson will please notify Mr. Fuller or the AFRO-AMERICAN.

NATHAN WILES, Brooklyn, N.Y., would like to contact four men who served in the 1698 Combat Engineers Bn., during World War II. The men, believed to be living in Baltimore are: JOSEPH SIMMONS, CLARENCE BOYDEN, EDWARD BISHOP and ROBERT BROWN.

Every man is called to serve in some vocation. He should be anxious to use to the full the gifts and opportunities God has given him.

He should stick to his job and see in it a way of cooperating in God's plans. He should not despise his own or any other man's calling.

There is no kind of work that may not be done to the glory of God.

Regulate Work

Work can be a way of self-sanctification, provided we regulate it according to the rules laid down by God.

There must be respect for one's own integrity and a proper regard for the rights and needs of others. In every workshop or office—even in the kitchen—there must be a spirit of Christian love.

We must work in the conviction that work is a blessed thing through which we can serve God and neighbor as well as ourselves.

The Benefits

One may make the resolutions: one feels appropriate to one's own case. But there is hardly a person who will not benefit by pledging to make his daily offering of work more pleasing to God and more fruitful in spiritual benefits to himself.

To many this may be the most important resolve of their lives.

If millions of people everywhere rededicated themselves to a more realistic understanding of the spiritual benefits to come from doing one's work as God wills, there would be less friction and less discontent.

It might well mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of universal peace and neighborly harmony everywhere.

You cheated the undertaker with your broken-down car

BOOK REVIEW

Rock Bottom, by Earl Conrad, published by Doubleday and Co., 320 pp. Price $3.75.

By JAMES FOREE

Here is the tragic story of Miss Leeha Whitfield, whose earliest recollection of childhood was the lynching of her father on a plantation in Mississippi on a trumped-up charge which later was proven false.

Rock Bottom is the true story—unfortunately—of Miss Whitfield from her childhood in Mississippi until her present attempts to eke out an existence in Harlem. I say unfortunate because it records the life of colored people who are forced to live as a little more than animals in this 20th century.

Miss Whitfield's autobiography is divided into four parts—the plantation period 1915-1927, the wander time, 1927-1938; the muck, 1938-1939, and the big muck, 1939 to mid-century.

Backing Story

The story is shocking and depressive, and many will doubt its authenticity. They will say things like this do not happen today, even in the deep south. One of the great values of this book is that it poignantly reminds this type of person, who perhaps is secure in his northern home and has been eating "too high on the hog," that there still is much to be done in the way of good neighborliness in the North and the South.

The plantation period concerns the life of Miss Whitfield from the time of her birth until she was 12 years old and forced to flee from her squalid home on a Mississippi plantation in the face of unwelcome attentions of a son of the plantation owner. At this time, she could neither read nor write.

She leaves, not knowing where she is going, but determined to head north, a place her father used to refer to as "silver if not gold." During this wander time she acquires the rudiments of an education, gets married, and has a child. This occurs in Virginia.

At this point, the reader's heart will pour out to Miss Whitfield who only adds more trouble to her already heavily-burdened shoulders when her husband turns out to be a useless scoundrel.

Goes South

When things became too hard to bear, she packs up and leaves. At this point, it is difficult to understand why she doesn't head north since she now can read and write. Instead she heads south and ends up in Florida in the "Muck," where life for colored people is at its worst.

Here colored people live as in slavery days. In reading this part of the novel, one gets the impression that once you enter the "Muck" it is impossible to leave. This is substantiated when several colored people attempt to purchase tickets away only to have the ticket agent call their boss who then had them sent back to him. However, when Miss Whitfield decides to leave, she simply hitches a ride on a series of trucks until she reaches the North.

When she arrives in Harlem, she finds that life here is truly not gold but it is silver compared to the south.

The story is good and worth reading, even though depressive. Many sensitive persons might find it a bit raw, but they will want to read it. It covers about all the areas of colored-white relations in the South.

Earl Conrad, the author, is a long-time crusader against racial prejudice. He has written many novels concerning colored people. One of his latest is Scottsboro Boy, written with Haywood Patterson, one of the Scottsboro Boys.

Signet Books

ELINDA (The Satellite) by Frances Clippinger. She knew all the tricks and used them. Original publisher, Random House. Price 35 cents.

MISTER SMITH by Louis Bromfield. The story of an escape from responsibility. Original publisher, Harper Bros. Price 35 cents.

GOOD READING, New edition. . . . Completely revised. A guide to the world's best books, edited by the committee on college reading. Atwood H. Townsend, chairman. Price 35 cents.

Daffy Dictionary

ALCOHOL: A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.

ALIMONY: When two people make a mistake and one of them continues to pay for it.

Arithmetic

ADD:
347 and 826
106 and 572
ADD:
97 and 84
14 and 27
SUBTRACT:
265 from 302
472 from 984
MULTIPLY:
716 and 534
930 and 175

YOUR brain budget

1. Emanate means which: (a) to swagger, (b) to postpone, (c) to bone forth?
2. Which city uses boats for street cars: (a) Venice, (b) Cairo, (c) London, (d) Moscow?
3. In which automobile part is petrol found: (a) carburetor, (b) radiator, (c) battery, (d) differential?
4. Which gives his awl to saving your sole: (a) priest, (b) doctor, (c) cobbler, (d) rector?
5. How many drumsticks could you get from a brace of duck: (a) two, (b) four, (c) eight, (d) 12?

ANSWERS

1—(a) To bore forth.
2—(c) Constance.
3—(c) Carburetor.
4—(c) Cobbler.
5—(b) Four.

FRESHMAN

BY RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

Walking back to his room through the crisp night Louie's cheeks burned with indignation.

At the corner of College boulevard he hesitated, wondering whether to go in and face his roommate now or wait until his anger had cooled.

Presently he decided on the latter course and continued up Campus drive toward the hill.

Angry

Bitterly he reflected on the events of the evening. When the student vigilance committee had summoned him before them he had no idea what he'd done that was not in accordance with the freshman rules.

Arriving at the committee headquarters the first person he saw was Eddy James sitting at the head of the table. Sight of this sober, cynical face explained everything.

Esther, the coed he'd danced with, had been so attentive to at the Victory ball, was James's girl. He had seen them together. He remembered now. James was jealous, sore.

Louie's lips curled derisively, an expression designed to let Vigilance Committee know he, too, a James know how he felt toward a man who couldn't fight his own battles.

Big Bluff

This Vigilance committee business was a lot of bluff. James wanted revenge and this was his way of getting it.

The charges were simple enough. Louie had been too cocky, too arrogant. He was to understand that college freshmen were insignificant, unimportant; their chief function was to wait on sophomores.

Louie sneered and denied nothing. The trial was just about over. **The committee consulted and pronounced the charges justified. Louie's rather portions still smarted from the paddling he had received.**

All because he'd met a girl he liked and who liked him, he told himself bitterly. Thinking of her he felt a little better and suddenly remembered he hadn't learned her last name.

Well, that would be easy. The whole college grapevine knew about of him.

Darkly his thoughts dwelt on James again, Esther was James's girl. Or had been. And being a sophomore, James held the upper hand.

Moreover, tomorrow the whole campus would know of the indignity he had suffered at the hands of the vigilance committee. He'd be laughed at by everyone.

The thought made him more angry. Esther would hear about it—and what girl would want to have anything to do with a man who was being laughed at because he'd been spanked.

Half - way up the hill Louie paused. An idea had flashed into his mind. There was one way he could spare himself the humiliation of being ridiculed, and ridiculed he would be if he left.

He could lick the stuffing out of Eddy James. The vigilance committee would mete out merciless punishment when they heard about it, but—so what?

Everyone on the campus would admire him for having the courage. They couldn't help it.

Abruptly he swung about and hurried down the hill, turned at Dean road and ran toward the bright lights of the Alpha house. Luck was with him. Eddy James, alone, was in the parlor of the house.

"Hey!" Louie called.

James paused, squinting into the darkness. "Oh, it's you, Warner. Well, well." He came away from the gate and strolled up the road to where Louie was waiting. "Rather expected you, though not quite so soon."

Surprised

To Louie's amazement, James laid down the books he was carrying and matter-of-factly removed his coat. "Well, come on. Let's get it over with."

Louie blinked. James had squared off, lifted his hands. He stood at ease, bored, negligent. Louie's anger flared anew.

Savagely he kicked off his coat and directed a fierce blow at the other's face. James side-stepped neatly, grinning.

"Missed that one, old man. Try again and take your time."

Louie swung again, missing James's bobbing head by inches. Enraged, he lunged and swung hard for the other's stomach. But the stomach, uncannily, swung to one side and missed stopping the blow.

"You're working too hard," James grinned maddeningly. "Come, come; take it easy and watch your blows." He laughed. "A man as cocky and sure of himself as you ought to do better."

"And remember, a poor sport and one with so much false pride can't afford to lose."

Blinded with rage, ignoring the lesson his first attempts should have taught him, Louie lowered his head and rushed in blindly, both fists flying.

Something hard and swift-moving connected with his chin. Streaks of light flashed across his vision. He felt himself falling, felt reality slipping away from him.

Louie opened his eyes and found James bending over him. "The idea, Warner, is to be a good sport. This is college and you're a freshman. You've got to learn to take it."

Blinking Louie sat up. There was grudging admiration in his eyes. "Say," he grinned. "You're all right."

"But that doesn't even things up—not by a long shot. This, compared with what happened at the committee rooms, is personal, between you and me."

He unbend. "Good sport! Note! Why can't you fellows fight your own battles instead of bringing me up before the committee?

James stared at him curiously. "Wait a minute. I don't get this. What's it all about?"

"You know as well as I. You saw me out with your girl and got sore."

"My girl!"

James's face broke into laughter. "Well, well. So that's it? You're the frosh she's been mooning about. I get it now. You tried to lick me so you wouldn't be laughed at, so she wouldn't laugh."

He sobered. "Good sport! Note! Why can't you fellows fight your own battles instead of bringing me up before the committee?"