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.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, Orchard Lake, Mich. Address inquiries to the college.

Ten scholarships totaling $6950 are available.

ST. MARY-OF-THE-WOODS COLLEGE, St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Inc. Address inquiries to the college.

Thirty-seven scholarships totaling $17,700 are available

ST. MARTIN'S COLLEGE, Olympia, Wash. Address inquiries to the college.

Twenty-nine scholarships totaling $8593 are available.

ST. OLAF COLLEGE, Northfield, Minn. Address inquiries to the Director of Public Relations.

Two scholarships for $175. Several scholarships for $200.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, Jersey City, N. J.. Address inquiries to the college.

Thirteen scholarships totaling $4100 are available.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, Winooski, Vt. Address inquiries to the college. Fifty-two scholarships totaling $7200 are available.

ST. LAWRENCE JUNIOR COLLEGE, Mount Calvary, Wis. Address inquiries to the college.

Ten scholarships totaling $2000 are available.

ST. NORBERT COLLEGE, West De pere, Wis. Address inquiries to the college.

Ninety-two scholarships totaling $27,535 are available.

Over The Editor's Shoulder

The arch-villainess of marital life has always been "The Other Woman." Outraged wives have condemned her as a preying vulture who exists only to wreck happy homes.

Dr. Frank Caprio's latest article in his Marital Infidelity series is devoted to a deep study of the other woman. Using his vast experience as a prober into the human mind, this famous psychiatrist shows us what makes the husband stealer tick.

As he has powerfully shown in other articles, mental imbalance is a major reason why some women feel compelled to trespass on the property of other women.

We suspected all along that women who deliberately set out to take a man away from his wife and family are meptally disturbed. Their sense of fair play and value have tilted too far out of line. Dr. Caprio proves this in no uncertain terms.

There is another breed of "other woman," those poor souls who are led into a triangle by married men who don't tell the truth. Dr. Caprio discusses their plight in this article with his usual frank approach.

You'll find a lot you never knew about "husband stealers" when you read the article on page ten of this issue. You'll also find a lot about husbands who allow themselves to be stolen.

Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion of yesteryear, was one of the most fabulous personalities American has ever known—inside the ring and out.

He lived high, wide and fast. He wore his crown with arrogance. He said "yassuh" to no one. Jack Johnson was all-man and he could fight prejudice with his fists and with his will as well. He had glaring faults, he also had strong points to recommend him.

Because he stood up and fought for Jack Johnson come what may, a lot of people hated him. A famous sports authority tells the real story of this much maligned and misunderstood champion. It makes exciting reading from the first word on. It is on page 3.

What would you say the Seven Wonders of the Modern World might be? With so much scientific progress in the past half-century, there is a wealth of wonderful things to choose from.

The telephone, radio, penicillin, television, huge bridges. You could go on all day and still not get the seven wonders that suit you best.

The AFRO made a survey. Famous people whose their candidates for the Seven Wonders. Turn to page 7 and see if you agree with them. Better still, make up a list of your own and start a lively discussion at home.

Personality is something you cannot explain. But when we say lovely April Patterson has "it" we think everyone will know what we mean. Take a look at Apa3 on page 4. She is really something for the boys.

Legal Adviser

By ROBERT WATTS
Baltimore Attorney

These answers a[re] state of Maryland [unless] effect in most other [states].

Aust I have a license?

I take in laundry by hand or power, [an]nual license for each [place].

If you employ less than 5 people, it cos[ts] $5, if you employ over 5 but less than 10, [it] costs $15.00.

I plan to open a [bu]siness and will sell to the public various [items such as old clothes, dishes, etc. Do I ha[ve] to have a license?

A.—Yes. The law [re]quires a trader's license for any person or [cor]poration which shall offer for sale any [goo]ds, chattels, wares or merchandise.

You apply in Bal[timo]re City, to the Court of Common Pleas, [Wor]cester County, to the Cler[k of] the Court.

If your goods, w[hich are] not worth over $1,[000] $1,000 to $1,500 it [costs] $1,500 but not more [than] $20, if not more th[an $1,500] so on.

I am going to [buy] and sell ice and w[ant] a license?

A.— Yes. You m[ust] are a hawker or pe[dd]lers and fish in the [streets] and vegetables that [are perishable].

If you are to tra[vel] if you use a horse [and wagon it costs $150,] if you are to use [two] horses or a truck it costs $200 per year.

I plan to sell re[al estate], do I have to have a license?

A.— Yes. You a[re a Real Estate] Commission. It is n[ecessary to associate with] a real estate brok[er who will help you ob]tain the license.

You will also h[ave to obtain a bond of] $1,000 since you [will handle money. You must] give evidence that [you are trustworthy. You] must be a salesma[n at least 2 years before] you can be a brok[er.]

I plan to open a [barbe]r shop. Do I need a license?

A.— Yes. A licen[se will cost $5 if you em]ploy less than 5 peo[ple, $15 if you employ less] than 5 but not mo[re than 10 people, $50 if] you employ up to [20 people.]

I plan to open [a restaurant], do I need a license?

A.— Yes. It costs [$10 per year if the number] of people is the to[wn is less than 8,000. If] more than 8,000 p[eople live in the town, it] costs $25 for each [office of business.]

I plan to install [a soda fountain], do I need a license?

A.— Yes. In town[s with over 1,000 people,] it cost, $10. In to[wns like Baltimore which] has a population [over 1,000 people, it] costs $25.

Word Worth Quoting

When success t[urns] facing failure.

It often show[s a fine command of] language to refra[in from using it.]

If we had cons[iderably more] considerably more [sympathy, we could ad]vance the cause o[f Christ considerably more] rapidly.

There never wa[s a truly great man whose] heart was not b[ig er than his head.]

The same wind [which uproots the mighty] oak may complete[ly fail to destroy the lowly] bush in its shado[w.]

If you want a [survival, get on fire, and] people will come [to see the fire.]

—JOHN WESLEY.

The eternal law[s of justice and of morality] are paramount to [all human legislation. The] violation of these [laws is certainly within the] power, but it is n[ot among the rights, of na]tions.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Happiness is [not attained through self-]gratification but [through fidelity of purpose.]

—HELEN KELLE.

The man who m[akes] to correct it make[s another mistake.]

It is easier to [stop the Sabbath holy if] we have kept th[e weekdays respectable.]

Faith is to bel[ieve what we do not see;] the reward of fa[ith is to see what we be]lieve.

—ST. AUGUSTINE.

God pardons lik[e a mother who kisses an] offense into everl[asting forgetfulness.]

—HE[NR]Y WARD BEECHER.

Helpful Hints

Most straw acce[ssories—shoes, hats, bags—] can be cleaned w[ith a thick soap lather applied] with a rough wa[sh cloth or soft hand brush.] Wipe this off with [a clean damp cloth and let] the straw article [dry well in a breezy spot] fore wearing it a[gain.]

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Convoy To India, by Al Ethelred Blakeley. Trilon Press, 33 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 214 pp. $3.00.

Al Ethelred Blakeley is described in the publisher's announcement as a "poet, composer, musician, actor and newspaper correspondent"—a list of occupations exacting enough to use up more concentrated energy than most of us are blessed with.

REDDING

But in 1942 Mr. Blakeley found himself in Uncle Sam's army and some months later, "leaving for the seven seas," he decided to become a diarist as well.

Now having "weathered successfully the horrors of war" and in "the earnest hope" of making "a valuable contribution to the establishment of a peaceful world," he has decided to publish his "notes, observations and impressions." Convoy To India is Mr. Blakeley's report.

It is an angry, bitter report and, for all its cliches, purple patches and crushed emotions, is honestly written. But Mr. Blakeley is monoptic—he sees with only one eye and he sees only that that is close to him.

Defiant Critique

And what is closest to him is his color. Note after note is a bravely defiant criticism of the United States Army, and the British Army and their officers and men.

Incident after incident records the cavalier mistreatment of colored soldiers by both the great allies. This mistreatment was so obvious to the people of India (as it has always been to us in America) that their papers gave exhaustive coverage to it. One Indian woman wrote, for instance, as follows:

"You (white Americans) were horrified at the sight of mixing of black and white. When you were told that one of the white girls happened to be a full-fledged Indian (and it didn't mean from Wahoo, either) you turned to an Indian at a nearby table and asked him if Indians allowed such a thing!

"You asked an Indian with a dark complexion whether he minded his women dancing with dark men! Soldier, aren't you slipping some?

"And so we thank you, 'pale face,' because in spite of the fact that you are fighting for democracy, you are still suffering from that dread fever—anti-Negro — a fever which is a hundred times more dangerous than any jungle malady.

"We shall not accuse you of possessing a color complex, because in your own words, you do not consider colored 'folks' . . ."

There are many examples of this sort of thing, and they are true and there is nothing wrong with them. Nevertheless one gets the feeling that Mr. Blakeley often misses the boat—that he fails to provide the proper context in which his experiences and reflections had their growth and from which they should have gained increased significance and impact.

Broader View

For instance, when an Indian native tells Blakeley that British soldiers aren't "much better than Americans, but to me they simply don't matter," why should Blakeley think "it wise to change the subject"

If it is conceded, as it certainly must be, that Convoy To India is a report that could have been written only by a perceptive and sensitive man, then it must also be admitted that Mr. Blakeley's very sensitiveness tricked him into giving his record an emotional and intellectual imbalance that is perhaps appropriate enough to a private diary but that hardly does for a published one.

Across The

Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

West Dealer.
Neither Side Vulnerable.

NORTH
♠ A 5 4 2
♥ Q 7
♦ A 7 6 4 3 2
♣ 5

WEST
♠ 8 3
♥ 5
♦ K J
♣ A J 10 8 7 6 4 2

EAST
♠ K J 10 8 7
♥ K J 6 3 2
♦ 8 6
♣ 9

SOUTH
♠ Q 6
♥ A 10 9 8 4
♦ Q 10 9
♣ K Q 3

The Bidding:

West	North	East	South
3 ♣	3 ♦	Pass	3 NT
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Opening Lead: Ace of Clubs

The first one to pin down a proper response to an opening pre-emptive bid will make bridge history.

Perhaps no other bid is more misunderstood or misused that pre-empt opening. Text books vary widely on its use.

Some systems claim that the bid should only be made on a hand containing less than 10 high-card points. Others say the hand should not 11 total points including distribution.

Then, there is the problem of a four pre-emptive bid. No rule has been set for this bid, but it is supposed to show greater point strength than a three opening bid.

Through it all, most players lose sight of the main purpose of the pre-emptive bid. It's main purpose is to kill off some of the bidding space of the opponents. A pre-empt bidder should figure on no more than a 500 set if he becomes declarer.

In this week's hand, West chose to pre-empt with a holding of 12 points in high cards and distribution, a bid we don't recommend from this corner.

North was undismayed and overcalled in diamonds. East, while holding enough strength for a free bid, chose to pass.

South, with a double stopper in clubs gambled at a three no trump bid, reasoning that North would not let the no trump hold without some sort of stopper in spades.

West opened the ace of clubs and continued one round, south capturing the trick and returning the diamond nine.

West put up the jack which declarer allowed to hold, West exiting with a spade. Declarer again ducked in the open hand, East put up the king and continued the suit making the necessary nine tricks readily available.

Special Days.....

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Destruction of Jerusalem — Jews throughout the world observe by fasting the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and his Roman armies in A. D. 70.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Feast Of St. Mary Megdalen — Christians observe this feast on this date. Authorities disagree over Mary's identity. Some say she was sister of Lazarus and Martha and others, that she was woman who annointed Jesus' feet before crucifixion.

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

Death Of John Rutledge — Rutledge of South Carolina was second Chief Justice of Supreme Court. He died on this date in 1800.

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Pioneer Day In Utah — Utah as a political community took shape upon the arrival of Mormors led by Brigham Young to Great Salt Lake Valley on this date in 1847. Salt Lake City was founded at this time.

'A Jet For A Horse

By Julia Lock

The three Migs appeared out of the overcast as if by magic, over Uihung. Lieutenant (Mace) Carter inhaled sharply, and his brown face went slack under the headgear. Flak and more Migs had cripped his "Mudhen" less than fifteen minutes ago over Tabu, and he was limping along a good five miles behind his section.

He pressed his gloved hand against the throttle with a prayer, hoping to urge a little more speed out of his F-86, but it was no go. The torch was giving off an irregular guttering sound as though enemy bullets had clipped a few fins off the jet's turbine.

Worse, his radio had been knocked out during the first minutes of the melee, and his aerial was trailing in the slipstream.

The Migs angled down out of the black thunderhead like avenging falcons, their flame-tailed tubes screaming, their swept-back wings leaving a half-dozen vapor trails as they knifed their way toward Carter's ship.

He pushed the column forward, and the Mudhen's nose dipped toward the greenish-brown hills of Uihung. He hoped, grimly, that the radar outpost near Kimpo was vectoring him and his predicament, and would perhaps dispatch some remnants of his own flight section to his rescue.

Screaming like a banshee, the Mudhen power-dived nearly three-thousand feet before Carter began to wrestle the column toward him.

The nose shuddered first, sending shards of metal against the plexiglass bubble. Carter ducked and kicked right rudder at the same time, yawing away; but the Mig's bullets stitched a macabre pattern along the port wing, thudded across the tail assembly.

He rolled the Mudhen over on her back, unlatched the cockpit hood, and plunged into space as the three red-starred Migs proceeded to rip sixty-thousand dollars worth of F-86 apart.

Carter plunged straight down, his hand firm on the cord ring. He didn't intend pulling that cord until he was between fifteen-hundred and a thousand feet above terra firma.

In six months of Korean aerial combat he had seen four pilots bail out if beleagured ships; blossom their 'chutes as soon as they were clear, and die dangling in parachute harness. Red pilots were no respecters of International Law, and shot them like sitting ducks.

The last thing Carter remembered was crashing into the stand of shell-torn scrub-pines on the east side of the Yaktong River. His shroud-lines had gotten fouled in the gnarled branches and pendulous force had slammed him against the trunk of a tree. He went out like a light.

The pungent odor of ammonia and an antiseptic smell were the first things he was aware of since coming back to consciousness. He was lying face-down on an Army cot and an ROK medico was busy applying a bandage to the scalp wound on the back of his head. The fog cleared rapidly from his mind then, and he asked: "What happened?"

The doctor's words were laced with a heavy accent. "You were shot down. Guard find you in tree."

Carter learned, too, that he'd been unconscious for better than half an hour, and that his base at Kimpo had been notified of his survival after the demolition of his F-86. He had a few abrasions, and a few scratches, and except for the burst scalp, which had been sewn and bandaged, he was virtually unscathed.

The crude infirmary in which he found himself was nothing but a large field tent with scarce supplies and poor facilities; but it was within two miles of an ROK airbase from which he could get transportation to Kimpo.

The South Koreans at the ROK Base flew the piston-engined F-51's and aside from the identifying divided circular insignia of their native land, the Mustangs bore large paintings of comic characters created by Walt Disney and Al Capp.

Carter had just gotten clearance from the ROK C. O. Captain Ho Suyung, when the alert sounded. The captain's English, even in the emergency, was soft and precise.

"I'm afraid, lieutenant, that you'll have to cancel your ride until the bandits leave. Better dig in somewhere. Don't want them to catch too many of our ships on the ground."

There was a grim expression on Carter's face. "Are there enough ships to go around?"

"More than enough." But at this moment an orderly entered the captain's quarters, saluted smartly, and rattled off something in his own tongue. The captain nodded curtly, and the orderly turned and departed. "You'll have to excuse me, lieutenant . . ."

But Carter followed closely on his heels. Greaseballs and mechanics were swarming over a dozen F-51's. Sloe-eyed, implacable ROK pilots ran toward the idling ships' 'chute-packs clubbing the calves of their legs. The C. O. himself was climbing in a harness on the field, and was donning headgear. Carter said: "Need replacements, I see."

Captain Suyung smiled, "Need everything." He started toward a pair of unmanned Mustangs at the far end of the field. "Better find yourself a hole, lieutenant."

Carter, still jogging beside him, "Could you find me some gear? I flew P-51 B's over Europe." He smiled him-self. "Besides, I've got to bag one Mig—for Julia."

The C.O. raised his brows questioningly, but he yelled to the supply-officer, and Carter was brought a set of gear.

When his wing-cannon raked the first Mig with thor-hammer blows, it occurred to Mace Carter why the ROKS had been so successful using piston-engined planes against Red jets.

On paper, a plane in the four-hundred-miles-per-hour class just doesn't belong in the same sky with one in the six-hundred-plus class; but try barrelling or rolling or screaming up in a chandelle in a supersonic job.

This was almost like trap-shooting, the jets being the clay pigeons, because if you side-stepped a thrust, they'd be ten miles away before they could turn around and come back at you. Meanwhile, if you side-stepped right, you could rake the whole torch as it screamed past.

Carter raked two that morning, and felt better about the Mudhen. The ROKS lost two Mustangs, but there were four Migs that wouldn't be returning to North Korea.

Later, in Suyung's quarters, the C. O. asked Carter: "Who's Julia?"

"My girl in Ohio, in the States."

"She would have been proud of you. Too bad we're not equipped with jets yet."

Carter smiled, "You're lucky. I'd trade my jet for a horse any day—a Mustang, that is." He frowned. "Think I'll talk to my C. O. about it."

A Short Story

Attractive Harlem apartment shows Ida and Teddy Life's interest in art, home decoration. Reggie and Wendy think it's a mighty comfortable place to live, too.

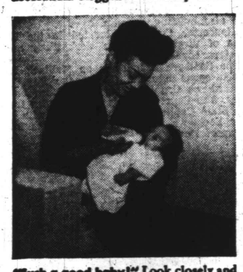
"Way up high!" It's just a *little* scary, up so high on daddy's shoulders, but Reggie wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world!

HAPPY FAMILY

The Pet Milk Photographer Visits THE THEODORE LIFE FAMILY of New York

One of these days, baby Wendy Life will be the best-dressed little girl in her neighborhood. Her mother, graduate of Pratt Institute of Costume Designing, already looks forward to making "little girl" clothes, along with her own and Reggie's. Teddy Life, a typographical draftsman, hopes Wendy will share her brother's interest in his own hobby—he's an amateur painter and a very good one, according to Ida. And Reggie? He just loves having a baby sister, even if she isn't quite big enough to talk and walk yet.

Ida Life, a graduate nurse retired from Harlem Hospital, is proud of the way her baby is growing on a Pet Evaporated Milk formula, just as Reggie grew on Pet Milk when he was a baby. But she's proud, too, of the good things she cooks with Pet Milk . . . Teddy and Reggie both think she's the world's best cook. And she's especially proud because she saves money on nourishing foods prepared with Pet Evaporated Milk, which costs less generally than any other form of whole milk.



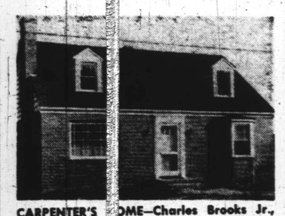
"Such a good baby!" Look closely and you'll see that Wendy's smiling at mother . . . she's been a happy, good-natured baby ever since birth.

Rocking horse, once Reggie's favorite toy, is almost too small for fast-growing little boy—he's already planning to hand it on to Wendy!

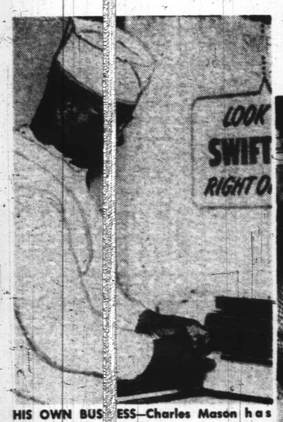
CHURCH GOING UP—Just completed and soon to be occupied by its membership is the new Rock Hill Baptist Church. The Rev. J. R. Manley is pastor.

Inside Chapel Hill, North Carolina

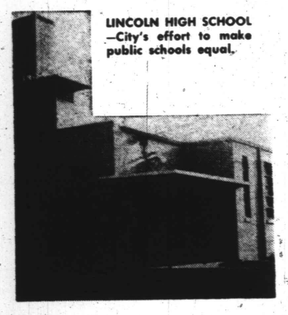
CITY OFFICIALS—Hubert Robinson, Chapel Hill alderman, looks over his scrapbook which covers a long career of work for racial progress.



CARPENTER'S HOME—Charles Brooks Jr., a carpenter, lives here with his wife.



HIS OWN BUSINESS—Charles Mason has operated his self-service grocery store successfully for three years in Chapel Hill.



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL —City's effort to make public schools equal.

BUSINESS WOMAN—Katrena Baldwin makes drinks for her mother, Mrs. Clara Baldwin in Chapel Hill's Hollywood Grill. Mrs. Baldwin operates beauty shop next door.

Old Order Is Changing

Chapel Hill is a university town, the site of one of the major arms of the North Carolina University System.

The other arm, N.C. State college, is located at Raleigh.

Chapel Hill, itself, serves as a type of pilot project in Carolina race relations.

Under the aegis of the Council on Negro Affairs, a colored alderman was elected in May—and he headed the ticket with admittedly large white support.

He is quiet, affable Hubert Robinson, for 23 years an employee of the University, and at present in charge of the maintenance department at Morehead Planetarian.

School Board Vote

The Council has a direct approach in civic affairs. They believe the interests of the colored citizens are tied in with the well being of the whole community.

Alderman Robinson recommended the Rev. J. R. Manley at the meeting of the council and school board as a member of the board.

The joint groups voted 8-3 turning down the candidate, but the alderman was pleased that he got two members to go along with his judgment.

He hopes to do better in the future. Another project has been to take up the problem of the city's colored physician, Dr. Charles M. Thompson, practicing in the 450-bed State Hospital. A rule limits practice to teaching personnel at the medical school. University officials are considering the petition.

As a result Chapel Hill patients of Dr. Thompson must go to Durham's Lincoln Hospital for hospital service.

Keep Dignity

Chapel Hill citizens consider these problems more or less under their control when handled on the local level.

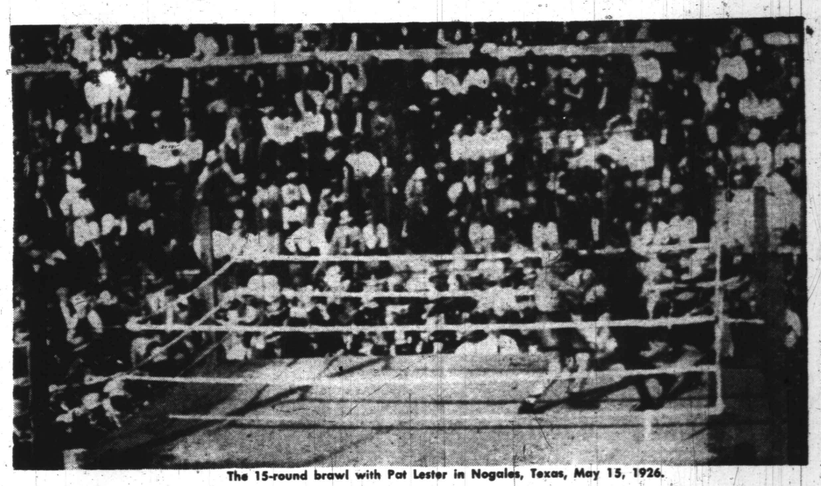
But they make it clear that whatever compromise is made in strategy, personal dignity must be maintained at all times.

Lincoln High School which serves Orange County and Chapel Hill has C. A. McDougald as principal. Two part-time police officers are employed.

Near Chapel Hill is the community of Carrboro, whose residents consider themselves a part of the university town.

The university is the hub of life. Already several colored graduates of the law school have taken their places with the barristers of the State.

JACK JOHNSON



The 15-round brawl with Pat Lester in Nogales, Texas, May 15, 1926.

The Untold Story Of:

JACK JOHNSON

In all the history of boxing—from Tom Molyneaux to Jersey Joe Walcott, from John L. Sullivan to Rocky Marciano—there has been no fighter who stirred as much controversy, sired as much hatred, or took the abuse that was receipted for by Jack Johnson, first colored heavyweight champion of the world.

On the surface, this seems strange in face of the fact that a calm, objective reading of the records proves that Johnson was a great fighter.

That he, in the highest tradition of humanity, loved and cared for his mother; that he was generous, smart, enterprising; that he felt such fierce pride in being champion that he probably would have cut off his right arm instead of losing that fight to Jess Willard at Havana on April 5, 1915.

The story of Jack Johnson is one of those delightful rags-to-riches tales on which America never ceases to dote, yet America never took Jack to its heart during his lifetime.

Because he was so far-and-away above the fighting hordes, America generally accorded him rank as an all-time star of the ring—but it promptly subtracted from what could have been an unmatched honor by labeling him a "bad boy," "a bad actor."

To win the title, Jack had to travel around the world, take the short end of the purse, and to settle a stalemating hassle, suggest that champion Tommy Burns' manager referee the bout.

That's how high the cards were stacked against him, that's the kind of chance he took. Yet, he won the title. Logically, he expected that as champion, he would find greater public acceptance, since he had returned the most prized bauble in fistiana to America's shores. But such was not the case.

Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight champion, was harassed and hounded through out his reign, second in length only to Joe Louis.' Continually he was insulted by open searches for "white hopes."

He was libeled without recrimination; he was arrested and jailed, forced to flee the country; he was asked to take a dive so that he could regain his freedom.

He was left out there virtually alone, forsaken by his own fellow Americans of African descent, who were quick to believe that Jack was "a bad actor," "a no good so-and-so."

Such was the campaign against Johnson in its intensity, nastiness, and rank injustice that after him there came no heavyweight champion until almost a quarter-century later when Joe Louis, a fighter of outstanding natural talents and tailor-made personality, came along.

Through the years, many great heavyweights, similar to their brothers in baseball, didn't have a prayer of getting a title bout. All because America had not erased from memory the "great crime" of Jack Johnson, his desire to be a man among men.

And, as something of a tie-in, his love for women whose faces were pale and whose eyes most often were baby blue.

At least, that is the way it appears to me, and I am one who entered the project of discovering the truth about Jack Johnson with an open mind, with few if any preconceived notions, with a willingness to be confirmed either as a Johnson booster or a Johnson belaborer.

And, after assimilating all the first-hand knowledge available, which is considerable, after sifting the story, which is stranger than fiction, as I hear truth should be, I have concluded that Jack Johnson made only one outstanding mistake: he failed to get Booker T. Washington's formula for influencing people and winning friends in his unenlightened time.

Jack Johnson was born at Galveston, Tex., on March 31, 1878. He died following a North Carolina automobile accident some 67 years later while on his way to fill an army benefit engagement. In those years, he "lived more lives" than a dozen ordinary men.

The son of a Galveston public school caretaker, Jack came up the hard way, not much interested in school, unaware of his destiny, taking life just about as it came until his 12th year.

Then, unaccountably, he was hit by a burning desire to see Steve Brodie, the New Yorker who became famous by leaping off the Brooklyn bridge.

Resolved to meet Brodie, Jack ran away from home several times and went through many harrowing experiences before he finally did meet and become friends with his idol.

Jack's first difficulty was in just getting out of town, out of Galveston, that is. Several times he tucked himself away on freight trains he thought were headed to New York, only to awaken mornings and discover that he had been switched around Galveston all night.

Finally, giving up the trains as a means of transportation, he stowed away on a boat he thought was headed for New York. Discovered aboard, he was given a rough time.

Worse, the boat was going to Key West, Fla.! Arriving there penniless, he was forced to work as a sponge fisherman in shark-infested waters to earn his keep.

Subsequently, Jack stowed away on another boat, this one indeed headed in the right direction, but again he had not the benefit of the mental and physical agility which was to characterize his later life.

He was nabbed again and made a potato peeler. "I whittled many miles of potato peelings," Johnson once recalled, "probably in a manner not sufficiently artistic to please the cook, for he treated me cruelly and lost no opportunity to inflict severe bodily punishment upon me in addition to the arduous work of peeling potatoes."

Jack was beaten so badly that one day he ran to leap overboard, but was stopped by passengers, who made up a purse to pay his way to New York and were in other ways kind.

Thanks to them, he arrived in New York in pretty fair shape and immediately set about the city, asking excitedly: "Where is Steve Brodie?"

Johnson was to say that he found too many Steve Brodies. Here, there, everywhere were Steve Brodies. Guys were making fun of him. Jack would run up to a likely-looking candidate, ask "Where is Steve Brodie?" and the guy would reply: "I'm Steve Brodie."

Just a kid from the sticks, a wretched little son of a public school caretaker a long ways from home, Jack would sky his excitement, feel the rush of thrill that comes to one who has achieved a dream, then feel his spirits plunge heavily to rock-bottom with the realization that again he was the butt of a joke.

Finally—and one must realize that Johnson was born with persistence or tenacity or that good quality, stick-to-itiveness—Jack met a storied New York character named Chuck O'Connor.

A kingpin in the Bowery, O'Connor, dressed in derby and box-coat, took the little Texas urchin under his wing. They became good friends.

O'Connor fed and clothed Johnson and subsequently introduced him to Brodie. Johnson and Brodie also became good friends. As "the boy who ran away from Galveston to see Steve Brodie," the kid Jack Johnson, hardly 13, earned his first smattering of fame.

Johnson Ring Record 1899—1901

1899	
Feb. 11 — Jim McCormick, Galveston	D 7
Mar. 17 — Jim McCormick, Galveston	WF 7
May 6 — Klondike, Chicago	KO by 5
1901	
Feb. 25—Joe Choynski, Galveston	KO by 3
Mar. 7 — John Lee, Galveston	W 15
April 12 — Charley Brooks, Galveston	KO 2
May 6 — Jim McCormick, Galveston	KO 2
May 28 — Jim McCormick, Galveston	KO 7
June 12 — Horace Miles, Galveston	KO 3
June 20 — Geo. Lawler, Galveston	KO 10
June 25 — Klondike, Galveston	D 20