Across The Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

East-West Vulnerable.
North Dealer.

NORTH
♠ Q J 8 6
♥ K Q J 10
♦ Q J 8
♣ A 3

WEST
♠ K 4 2
♥ 2
♦ A 9 6 2
♣ 10 8 7 6 4

EAST
♠ A 10 5 3
♥ 9 7
♦ 7 4 3
♣ Q 5

SOUTH
♠
♥ A 8 6 5 4 3
♦ K 10 5
♣ K J 9 2

The Bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 NT	Pass	2 ♥	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	6 ♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening Lead: Two of Diamonds.

Was a ring-side kibitzer at a rubber bridge match recently where one player was heard to declare: "Don't ever bid a void suite to me."

Two deals later, this week's hand came up, our loquacious friend sat in the North seat. Obviously, his partner didn't heed his exhortation for the bidding went as listed above.

North, with exactly 16 high-card points and a fairly well balanced hand opened one no-trump, East passing and South responding 2 hearts.

After North supported the heart suit, South disobeyed instructions and promptly bid his void suit—spades. North wisely realized that the bidding wasn't to stop short of game, showed the club ace.

This was enough for South who promptly bid a small slam in hearts. (kindly note— no artificial co ntion was employed in reaching the slam c tract).

West chose u underlead his diamond ace, declarer taking he trick in the open hand and extracting umps in two rounds, West discarding a cl

The ace and g of clubs were then cashed, and when the c en fell on the second round, the jack cashe declarer discarding a spade in dummy.

A fourth clu as ruffed in the open hand and the queen f diamonds returned. This fell to West's a and the contract was in the bag.

Ironically en gh, North was forced to admit that the bi f the void spade suit was the instrumental fa r in reaching the slam. Had the North-Sout pair attempted to reach a slam through Gerber or Blackwood convention, knowle e that the partnership was missing two ace would certainly have thwarted their effort reach slam.

Helpful Hints

A place-mat der is a pleasant gift or a useful accessor or your own linen closet. A practical type made of washable, gaily-colored floral pape lined in pristine white with feminine ribbo ies. It'll keep as many as 36 mats and do s flat, unmussed, and clean. Whenever the c er becomes soiled, just suds it clean with a almost dry soapy cloth. This means a well-w ng out cloth.

One thing al ut cleaning silver can't be emphasized too ften: it takes polish and soap and water o make silver look its best. Sticky smudges hould be washed off with hot soapsuds b re polish is applied.

FOR WATER B LLES

The wasp-wa will go right into the briny this summer inched by figure-flattering belts that take n the water. Some are all elasticized, othe are contour belts in pastel fabric. They ta to suds, of course, as readily as they do to vater—and so can be kept sparklingly cye atching right through the season.

Legal Adviser

By ROBERT WATTS
Baltimore Attorney

Who has the right of way at an intersection?

A— Under the law, the car or vehicle approaching an intersection from the right has the right of way.

What are the speed limits on an open highway?

A— In Maryland, the speed limit on a dual highway is 55 miles per hour and 50 miles per hour on any other highway.

What are the penalties for speeding?

A— The fine for speeding is not less than $10 and not more than $100. However there is a special provision for exceeding 70 miles per hour which is a fine of not over $1,000 and a jail sentence of not more than 1 year and not less than 30 days or both.

Since drivers usually forget the poor pedestrian, I believe that the car or vehicle always has the right of way. Is this true?

A— No. At all intersections, the pedestrian attempting to cross the street has the right of way unless traffic is controlled by a traffic light.

Between intersections, the vehicles have the right of way.

Am I required to stop behind a school bus?

A—If you are driving outside the corporate limits of a city or town of more than 5,000 people you must stop both for a bus going your way and for one going in the opposite direction.

Most drivers forget that they must stop for an on-coming bus that stops.

This is to protect school children getting off the bus and applies to school busses which are clearly identified.

You must stop at least 10 feet from the front or rear of the bus and remain there until the bus starts again.

What must I do when I hit another car or person?

A— You must first stop and render any aid you can, then give your name, address and number of your driving license.

Within 48 hours you must send a written report to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles if anyone is hurt or if damage done exceeds $50.

If you collide with an unattended car and cannot find the owner, you must leave a written notice on the car giving your name and address, etc.

Over The Editor's Shoulder

Just in case you missed the first part of the Jack Johnson story that started in last week's issue, you won't want to miss this week's installment.

It's amazing how misunderstood the first colored heavyweight champion was. You'll find it on page 7.

The Marital Infidelity series deals with "The Deadly Triangle" this week. They're some good tips on how to deal with a triangle situation included.

The Roving Photographer has visited a summer resort and has come up with a good coverage of "Arundel-On-The Bay." Watch for this soon.

Judging from the letters we've received, there seems to be quite an interest stirred up over the "Brown Babies."

Next week we will bring you pictures on nine more German brown babies who are available for adoption. There's also a story on the mothers of these children included.

The excerpts from "A Child's History Of The World" takes you back to the fall of the Roman Empire—Page nine.

Poetry

RENDEZVOUS

By LYLA MYERS

Do you recall where we made love,—
The tall pine trees,—the moon above,—
The mocking bird, whose song so sweet
Graced moments spent in our retreat?
If you forgot,—you may return,
And never for my presence yearn;
In other arms know peace, each night,
In other lips find new delight.
But if you should remember well,
Pass quickly by; for if you dwell,
My voice will speak to you, my dear,
My arms will hold you very near.

Scholarships

Want a scholarship? Going to college next fall?

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

UNION COLLEGE, Schenectady, N.Y. Address inquiries to the admissions office.

Scholarships available ranging in value from $100 to $800 a year. Apply not later than April 1.

UNION JUNIOR COLLEGE, Cranford, N.J. Address inquiries to the college. Four scholarships totaling $680 are available.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Richmond, Va. Address inquiries to the seminary. Seventeen scholarships totaling $8,159 are available.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, New York, N.Y. Address inquiries to the seminary. Two hundred and one scholarships totaling $83,120 are available.

UNION UNIVERSITY, Jackson, Tenn. Address inquiries to the university. Six scholarships totaling $4,477 are available.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, University, Ala. Address inquiries to the university. One hundred and thirty-eight scholarships totaling $24,275 are available.

UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA, College, Alaska. Address inquiries to the university. Forty-eight scholarships, totaing $8,500 are available.

U. OF ARIZONA, Tucson, Ariz. Address inquiries to the chairman, Committee on Scholarships and Awards. Five scholarships

U. OF ARKANSAS, Fayetteville, Ark. Address inquiries to the university. Thirty scholarships totaling $3,395 are available.

U. OF AKRON, Akron, O. Address inquiries to the university. One hundred and twenty-five scholarships totaling $10,415 are available.

U. OF BIDGEPORT, Bridgeport, Conn. Address inquiries to the university. Sixty scholarships totaling $12,700 are available.

U. OF BUFFALO, Buffalo, N.Y. Address inquiries to the university. One hundred and eighty - three scholarships totaling $32,729 are available.

U. OF CALIFONIA, Berkeley, Calif. Address inquiries to the university. One thousand and twenty - eight scholarships totaling $280,050 are available.

U. OF CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles, Calif. Address inquiries to the committee on Undergraduate scholarships and prizes, administration Building. Two hundred to 250 University scholarships awarded annually. Fifty to 60 Alumni Scholarships, value from $100 to $300 annually for undergraduates only. Apply not later than March 1.

U. OF CHATTANOOGA, Chattanooga 3, Tenn. Address inquiries to the president of the university. Six scholarships of $200 available, renewable.

U. OF CHICAGO, Chicago 37, Ill. Address inquiries to the College Admission Counselor. More than 200 scholarships ranging from $300 to $1,200 a year. Apply not later than March 15

U. OF COLORADO, Boulder Colo. Address inquiries to the chairman of the Undergraduate Scholarship Committee. Ten scholarships to entering freshmen, $45 a semester. Apply during fall semester.

Special Days.....

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

The laying of first successful Atlantic telegraph cable between England and America was completed on this date in 1866. Cyrus W. Field, was the man who organized the overseas telegraph company responsible for connecting two continents. The project left him bankrupt.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution ratified on this date in 1868, granted to all persons born or naturalized in the U.S. equal protection of the laws. Its initial aim to guarantee colored Americans the rights of citizenship.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

The Feast of St. Martha is observed on this date. She was the sister of Lazarus and Mary Magdalene. She is the patroness of housewives and cooks.

JULY THIRTIETH

Charter Day. An annual Virginia celebration commemorating the failure of Union soldiers to capture Petersburg during the Civil War in 1864.

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Feast of St. Ignatius De Loyola. St. Ignatius was the founder of the Jesuit Society. He died in 1556, was made a saint in 1609 by Pope Paul V.

Bretton Woods Agreements. A plan for stabilizing international money systems worked out among Allied nations was accepted by the U.S. in 1945 on this date when President Roosevelt signed an act ratifying the agreements.

The Deadly Triangle

The other woman suffers deeper hurt than the wife in most triangle situations. The husband selfishly continues to enjoy his home comforts and love of the other woman besides.

In the ordinary triangle problem the husband has no decision to make: he intends staying in his marriage. He loves his wife and his family. He lets the other woman know right from the start that there will be no question of divorce:

"I feel differently toward my wife from the way I feel toward you." If his wife learns of the affair, he is perfectly willing to break it off at once, rather than endanger his marriage.

When a husband or wife becomes involved with a love affair, and cannot or does not wish to give up either the marriage or the affair, the deadlock situation is what I term the "Triangle-Stalemate."

While there are triangle-stalemates in in which it is the wife who involves a lover, it is more frequently the husband who puts two women in this predicament. Living with his wife, he falls in love with another woman and has sex relations with both, if he is physically capable.

He cannot make up his mind between the two. He toys with the idea of divorce one week, and in the next decides to remain married to his wife and keep on with the mistress as long as she is willing.

Still later, he decides to get back to normalcy by giving up the other woman and ending the painful situation. Then he finds he cannot bear to say good-bye to the woman he loves—and so forth, ad infinitum.

The husband expresses these moods most freely to the other woman. He keeps her in a turmoil of painful uncertainty. She, in desperation, keeps urging him to come to some decision about her. "I can't go on this way. I cry all night when you go back to your wife."

He soothes her, begs her to be patient. "I don't want to shock my wife and get us all into a bad situation. I'll gradually let her know; then I'll tell her I no longer love her—that I want to marry you."

When his wife does learn of the other woman, she too confronts him with a choice: "You have to decide. Give her up, or I'll leave you."

The situation is baffling to the other woman. "He claims he loves me, and tells me that his wife is frigid, that they never have relations and he can't stand her. Yet, he stays with her."

Husbands who set up a triangle-stalemate situation are usually sick emotionally. They are rarely good husband material. I tell girls who become involved with these men:

"If he can't come to a decision, and he treats his wife this way, denying her things he gives you—how do you know he won't repeat the situation and get tired of you? The man who wants to have his cake and eat it, too, is generally in need of psychiatric help himself."

One indecisive male patient told me the sad story of 20 years of marriage to the wrong woman, and a love affair that seemed destined to drift on for another 20.

He had come to me for help because he and his mistress both felt depressed as a result of the stalemate in their relationship. Also, the mistress was giving way to long crying spells that worried him.

Abbott claimed he did not feel guilty about his love affair because he had given so many years of his life to his wife, in spite of not loving her. He felt he deserved some love, now that he was in his forties.

I asked him, "When did you first realize you did not love your wife?"

"In the first year of our marriage. I've been a martyr to that marriage. She was such a helpless type of girl—so dependent on me. I couldn't break her heart. Then the children came along."

"If you intend keeping on with your love affair, and you can't leave your wife, what is it you want me to do?"

"Well, doctor, I want your opinion. Do you think it would be right for me to divorce my wife after all these years and marry this other girl? My wife has given me plenty of cause.

In fact, she's made my life miserable. She's always complaining and having tantrums, like a child. She calls me up at the office, pesters me to come home early if she has a headache, foists the children's problems on me—it's like having another child. The woman I love is just the opposite."

He went on at great length about the sweetness of the other woman, how good she made him feel, how she boosted his ego, Abbott did not really want my opinion. He was continuing an old argument with himself—and one that he would never finish.

This man's thoughts were so bound up in his wife, unpleasant though they were, and his roots were so deep in the old marriage that it was very doubtful if he would break away, no matter what the charms of the love affair. The saddest figure in the triangle was the other woman. She was unwittingly another "child" in the life of this man.

From what he told me of his life history, I learned that he inevitably established a father-child relationship with any woman he cared about. Deprived of a kindly father himself, brought up by a narrow-minded uncle and aunt, Abbott had an unconscious craving to pass on to others what he had missed himself.

Through his church and charity connections he sponsored outings for underprivileged children. He wanted to be the generous father, the giver, the comforter.

Between his wife and his love affair, he was unable to make a choice. Both made the same appeal to his protective role, and he could not relinquish either beneficiary, the wife or the mistress.

I gave him what help I could. I advised him to try to taper off the love affair, gradually, before it wrecked his life and the girl's. Abbott was a very respected member of a conservative business firm.

A scandal would ruin him, break up his home, and have serious consequencer for his children. I promised to help his wife gain a little insight into her shortcomings, so that they could round out their years together in harmony.

Abbott was to have brought his wife to me for a talk, but instead, he telephoned. He told me he had decided not to ask her to come. She already suspected him of infidelity and he was afraid he would crystallize her suspicions. He assured me he intended to come to a final decision about his marriage and his love affair.

The decision turned out to be a draw. His wife weeps. The other woman weeps. Abbott still goes from one to the other, leaning first toward one decision, then toward another, unable to bring himself to do anything. The single woman drifts along, missing her opportunities for marrying and having a home of her own.

When the husband in an affair of this kind tells the other woman his wife is impossible to live with— but that he has gone on living with her for 20 years, then the other woman can be quite sure he will never marry her.

Only a neurotic man will continue for half a lifetime in a marriage with a woman who is impossible to live with—an incurable alcoholic, a shrew or a chronic cheater.

His relationship to the other woman will continue on an equally neurotic level, and quite possibly for an equally long period of time.

When the man is married to a wife who is incurably ill, or invalided, he and the other woman keep hoping for some act of fate to set them free. The husband can't face telling his sick wife outright that he wants to divorce her, and he finds himself hoping that she will die, or be taken out of his life by some convenient accident. He even dreams of her death, in many cases.

The resultant guilt, together with the strain of the whole situation, often produces illness in him. He and the other woman decide to leave it all in the lap of destiny, and they may go on for a dozen years, without his being able to make up his mind to divorce his wife.

Many times a young woman becomes involved with a man married to a mentally-sick wife because he has made out such a pitiful case for himself. His wife is in an institution, and doctors hold out little or no hope of her recovery. The husband tells the other woman that until he met her, he stayed married to his mentally-ill wife on the hundred-to-one chance that she might recover.

One young woman came to me after seven years of companionship with a man in this situation. Clifford's wife was an almost hopeless case. The young woman had felt so sure that Clifford would get a divorce and marry her, that she had made no secret of her affair with him. She had thought from week to week that he would settle the matter.

Instead, Clifford neurotically let it drag on. A normal man in this situation would tell the other woman:

"My wife will have to be in the institution a certain number of years before I can get a statement from the doctor that will release me. As soon as the time is up, we will be married."

But the neurotic man will unable to decide, even if he is legally entitled to freedom, as Clifford was.

When the young woman came to me, I asked her, "Are you here because you really want help in an impossible situation, or is it just to appease a sense of guilt? If I help you, I am going to recommend something you won't want to do.

"There is only one answer to this problem: break away from Clifford. He is neurotic and selfish. He has used up years of your life and offers you only more of the same thing—waiting.

"If the time ever does come when he is able to marry you, what kind of a husband do you think he would make if he has acted this way all these years? He has never had your interests at heart—only his own."

In all cases of this type I try to break up the affair and give the other woman a chance to start a new life on a normal basis.

Sometimes it is not easy. Clifford was very typical of the neurotic and selfish lover.

A man of his type will often become so frantic and bullying in the face of his loss, that he will make life miserable for the woman who tries to get away from him. He may even threaten to expose her past relations with him to any other man she goes out with.

The young woman had to practice a certain amount of deception to extricate herself from the trap she was in. The first step in breaking up such an affair is to taper off the physical relations.

The young woman told Clifford that she would be unable to have relations with him so often because she was suffering from various physical complaints, and her doctor recommended a period of continence.

For Clifford, his love affair gradually became a series of disappointments, sexually, and endless talk of "complaints" from the young woman. Eventually, he lost interest sufficiently for her to escape him altogether.

(To Be Continued)

From the book

'Marital Infidelity'

By Dr. Frank A. Caprio

Chapter Eight

About The Author

Dr. Frank S. Caprio is a practicing psychiatrist in Washington but his fame extends from the capital around the world.

His clinical writings in medical journals have received the highest acclaim. His books, delving into our emotional and physical problems with the files of his own cases for source material, include "Sexual Deviations" and "The Power of Sex."

"Marital Infidelity," is the doctor's latest book, published recently by Citadel Press. It will appear in full in your AFRO Magazine.

COMING Chapters

- CONFESSIONS AND FORGIVENESS—There is a solution to the problem of infidelity.
- WHO'S TO BLAME? — Are the women more guilty than the men? The wives or the husbands?

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The Violent Wedding, by Robert Lowry. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, N.Y. 255 pp. $3.00

Baby James was a colored fighter who killed a man in the ring before he got his shot at the middleweight crown.

Mr. REDDING

He didn't like to fight, but it was perfectly clear in his head why he was a fighter, and the reason had nothing to do with the "beauty and courage" Laine Brendon, the white girl who loved him, invested it with. He fought for money . . .

"'For this car and these clothes. That's all I'm in it for. I'm not in it because I like to hit somebody or get hit. You got to be real dumb to be in it for that—but I seen guys like that.

Punchy Heroes

"'They like to get hit so much they don't know where they are by the time they're thirty . . .Those are the brave guys. Not me. I don't like to fight . . You got me mixed up with some movie star or war hero.'" He didn't invent the fight game.

He didn't invent Laine Brendon either. It was more as if she invented him, created him, just as she has created these marvellously living pictures that had won her an early recognition in the art world.

She created Baby James in nothing like his own image. Beauty he had, and courage, too, and skill. But he was driven by a thing she could ot understand now that she had lost it, and did not understand when she had had it once nd had it back, she thought, when Baby pl ged into her life.

The thing w a ruthless, sweet and painful lost to liv Thinking she had it back when Baby ca Laine painted again—and her best pictu s. But all it was was a false convulsiv surge of life such as the terribly wound kick and thrust and pant with the mom t before they die.

Slow Death

Laine died wly, in long drawn-out gasps of fruitless pa and passion that she could not cope with took her quite a time to die from many eath blows: loneliness when her husband w to war; desertion by a man she went off with me with; a sucking out of soul; drink. then her love for Baby James, and hi ot wanting it really because he knew that e you didn't buy was treuble. But he t it and played with it and in a moment tension did violence to it.

And Laine rendon died. She might have had the best thing had she had the love— not his, but h for him.

The Violent dding reads like the biggest headline on pa one of the biggest-selling tabloid. It has at kind of sharp and sudden impact.

It is up-to- e. That's a fault with it, but a fault yo don't remember. What you do remember lle you read is gossip—rumors, hints—and ou keep imagining that on the sport's pa there'll be pictures.

The Violent dding is absorbing entertainment, a r y first-rate job of graphic writing.

Big Attraction—People

At the southernmost tip of Maine, near the site of an ancient shipyard that built clipper ships, Green Acre, one of the country's most unique summer schools, opened its gates recently.

A small sign on Route 103 directs the motorist to "Green Acre—a Bahai Summer School." At the end of a gravel lane that leads past cottages and school houses is "Sarah Farmer Inn," the hub of the school's activity.

In this large white structure, with its dormer windows and long verandas, most of the students sleep and eat.

The program at Green Acre is a simple one: "to promote unity among all races and r ions." Founded by members of the Bahai World Faith nearly 50 years ago, this summer school attracts hundreds of students every year from dozens of foreign countries and almost every state in the Union.

The cool pine trees and nearby ocean draw many to this quiet retreat. Other Bahais and their friends come to Green Acre to study "Comparative Religions," "Group Dynamics," "Human Relations," "Techniques of Living," among other courses.

But the big attraction at Green Acre is people. It is the many colors and religious mixing harmoniously that give Green Acre its magic spirit.

As one visitor from Brazil said last year: "At Green Acre one finds the world of tomorrow—where colored and white—oriental and European—Latin and Nordic—learn to understand and work with each other."

Today, the teachings of Bahaullah are being practiced and taught by Bahai's in 130 countries and territories of the world.

Under the trees in a pine grove at Green Acre sit a group of young people studying the "Life of Mohammed." Next to a colored girl from North Carolina is a Japanese boy from Tokyo.

A pretty blonde lass from a Jewish background speaks, and her accent labels her from the Bronx. Another girl speaks with a Spanish accent.

Recreation Hall group at "Sarah Farmer Inn" in Eliot, Maine.

A young boy of Persian parentage excitedly discusses a point with his colored friend from Harlem. The teacher lives Maine and is the busy mother of four small children. Some of these students are Bahais; others are not. But these youngsters know that the "name" doesn't matter.

Green Acre is often called a "laboratory of human relations." Many come to the Maine school with an acquired fear of the other color.

When they discover that the color of the skin has nothing to do with a man's mind or heart, the fear is quickly replaced with respect and love.

This summer, from July 13 to September 7, Green Acre on the Piscataqua River (Indian name for "River of Light") is again playing host to hundreds of young and old from around the world.

From Mexico and India — from Alaska and Germany — from Iran and the United States — they come to talk and walk together through Green Acre's 120 acres of rolling pine woods.

After the classes, students will swim, hike, fish, play tennis or just lie on the cool grass. In the evenings some of the young folk will drive to the summer theatre in Kennebunk Port or hold a square dance in the Recreation Hall.

The older folk will gather around the big stone fireplace in the Inn to talk with their new friends from foreign lands and to discuss the new knowledge.

He Plays The Part Of A Colored Soldier

By GOLD DORNSEIF

Thirty-six films presenting the combined efforts of 26 ifferent nations have been shown during e International Berlin Film Festival in G many.

A 25-year-old Ge an movie star Claus Biederstaedt receive this country's most vaulable "Oscar" his distinguished and dignified leading ro of an American Negro-serviceman in "The reat Temptation."

Amounting to so 5,000 German marks ($1100.00) the so-cal "Bundesfilmpreis" is awarded only once ch year to one movie actor of the Bonn epublic and Mr. Biederstaedt's tremendo success here is considered as an even without comparison in the world's movie story thus far.

Boasting an all German cast "The Great Temptation" deals with the story of a German medical student who became a highly qualified surgeon in the former German Wehrmacht without having passed his final examinations for the doctor's degree.

Upon arrival in his home country the false doctor very soon becomes popular among his new patients and dares not reveal his lack of proper credentials.

High praise of German critics went also to colored - stars in "Member of the Wedding," Ethel Waters in particular, besides Julie Harris and others.

Columbia - Film representatives however told newsmen that "synchronization of this production won't pay on the German Market," maintaining the version of the average German movie fan being not interested in seeing colored actors.

This correspondent as well as countless well - educated Germans protest against such foolish declarations which do not reflect the truth.

Germans are indeed very curious about talented colored actors and productions showing the problems of people other than white.

It is not the German public that resents being shown colored - problems in films but rather a matter of prejudiced white American businessmen who dare not introduce such subjects to this country's tolerant citizens.

It was not during the Berlin Festival's screen competitions but at the same time in other German cities like Frankfurt that a Nazi - time master - race film was dug out of the shelves of 1944 and polished up as "brand new."

"QUAX — The Ruptured Pilot" is supposed to be a comedy accentuating the hilarious adventures of a German test pilot in Africa — actually dozens of idiotic colored people are shown praying to the white superman for mercy.

Writes one Frankfurt newspaper critic: "It is a shame for our country and we deeply regret that those who are responsible for the picture cannot be tried and sent behind iron bars for some time. . . ."

Death Comes By Air—

(Continued From Page 5)

Dutch start using anthrax spores, plague germs, typhus and dengue in Africa.

"And, don't forget, the same thing could happen in Chicago or Detroit—instead of bombing a colored family out of the neighborhood."

Clyde Vincent found himself leaning forward in rapt attention as Loboff put into words ideas which had sporadically broken across the strand of his consciousness.

Still he knew that basic Russian ideology conflicted with everything he'd been taught. No God, no hereafter, no action or utterance unless permitted by the state; no reading, no singing, no mating, nothing—unless the Party approved.

Loboff's "Pets"

Loboff caressed his beard and rose. "I have to make a report, Doctor. Please excuse me. These two officers—" he indicated Brodski and Czescik—"will assist you until other assistants are available." He nodded curtly, saluted.

Brodski and Czescik rose and returned the salute, then Czescik turned to Vincent. "Come with me," he said.

Vincent moved over to the central table before an array of equipment and seated himself. The officers stood over him, Brodski pointing to a reddish moving mass of ants under the glass top.

"Killer ants," he said. "Loboff's pets. A British doctor refused to cooperate with us a few months ago. His arm was shoved in up to the elbow." Brodski paused to grin at Vincent.

"In a matter of twenty minutes those ants had bared the bones in his hand and forearm."

A cold shiver went up Clyde Vincent's back. "I see," he said.

served the cause of the Russian Bear.

Microscopes And Slides

In company with Dr. Ivar Loboff, Director of Chemical Research at the labs, Clyde Vincent couldn't help but marvel at the multitudinous equipment, the great array of white-smocked technicians of both sexes, who peered tirelessly through microscopes, made slides, sacrificed animals, watched dials.

There were two other officers with them —huge men in uniform, who flanked Vincent on either side. Brodski and Czescik, the latter being a Sovietized Pole.

Loboff, a barrel of a man, who wore thick-lensed, rimless glasses, wore also a mustache and a stringy goatee, which gave him the appearance of an overweight Lenin.

He saw the obvious amazement in Vincent's eyes when they passed through the physical laboratory, where the colored bacteriologist saw the largest cyclotron he had ever known.

The director made a deprecating gesture with his hand. "This is just a mere toy now, my American friend. We have constructed an atomic pile that will give the bomb 12 times the destructive power of the weak things you dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. And while you people and the bumbling British are perfecting the hydrogen bomb, we're stock-piling them."

Vincent said nothing, but the bored look on his face now, told Loboff that he wasn't impressed. He knew that he, himself, must be a very necessary key to another phase of Soviet warfare, else he would have been ignored or liquidated long ago, instead of being brought painstakingly in good health to Prague.

The long section in the left wing of the old Kravchenko Mansion was their destination.

The bacteriological laboratory must have been forty feet long and about twenty feet wide, and at the e series of steel doors but which slid bac the walls.

There were three eme north end were a replete with every which were closed now, rubber equipment. into deep recesses in Vincent knew, had

Matte Of Time

Two girls in whit ong experimental tables, and glassine shield ssortment of glass-and- partition injecting uch of the glass-work, into hundreds of been made right here. from them, Vincent the only humans i

Loboff seated hin the center table a the other two men

When they were a hand airily: "As we have everythi not particularly int at all.

"At best it will before we develop bacilli you and Pr primitive laborato much to the Comm shoulders and spre a soldier, doctor.

A calm settled er Dr. Clyde Vincent, even in the Soviet ronghold. He folded his arms and crossed h legs, aware that Broadski and Czescik re watching his every move.

"One thing you don't understand, Dr. Loboff, is that I am a doctor. When I took the Oath of Hippocrates, I dedicated my life to healing—not destroying. The microscopic mons we developed were produced in anti nation of similar bacteria you might velop.

"And for every adly germ we were perfecting a deadlie germicide, harmless to man. Heretofore, hen famine and pestilence followed in the wake of war, many lives were lost before the pestilence burned itself out.

"We operated on the theory that if you controlled the germ with preventive vaccines and other antibiotics, war would have lost one of its most dangerous allies—pestilence."

An indulgent smile broke across Loboff's face, and he slowly shook his head.

False Dreamer

"An unrealistic bourgeois dream, my friend," Loboff said. He straightened up in his chair then and pointed a stubby finger at Vincent.

"Take you now—a colored American descended originally from Africa. You were raised in an American city where you couldn't go to the best universities. St. Louis, I think. You couldn't attend Washington or the University of St. Louis, simply because you are a black American.

"You interned at Homer-Phillips—Oh, we have a most complete dossier on you—almost from the time you were born. It develops that at the University of Chicago, you astound your instructors with your work in bacteria.

"The Americans pat you on the back—like Dr. Bunche and Dr. Julian—and tell you nothing's too good for you, but that the Russians are going to try germ warfare in Korea and you can help your country by developing and discovering new methods of thwarting germ warfare."

Loboff shook his head again. "Stupid, stupid doctor. Do you think for a minute that the British won't use those germs of yours against the Mau-Maus in Africa? Do you think that the Malan government won't use them in their pagan Apartheid, separating the races like colors on a chart? Why the blacks don't even have hand-guns, let alone germicides and vaccines.

"You thought that killing six million Jews in the gas chambers was monstrous enough; but wait until the British and

Continued Next Week

No Interpreters Needed When Germany Met Brooklyn

Brown babies make themselves at home in Jackie Robinson land.

By JAMES L. HICKS

The gutteral sounds of the German language were mixed with the famous Brooklyn brogue here as a group of Flatbush kids welcomed two brown German war babies to this country.

Photographer James C. Campbell and this reporter were given concrete evidence that language is definitely not a barrier to children at play when they entered the apartment at 555 Halsey st. in Brooklyn to "interview" and photograph the German babies recently.

The two latest arrivals were six-year-old Johan Grimpl and five-year-old Mary Louise Vietel who were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brown of 640 W. 25th st., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Mother In Europe

Mrs. Brown, an instructor at the Winston-Salem Teachers college, was not on hand to meet her two new children. She was in Europe on a previously planned tour, having left the week before.

In her absence, the children were met and placed in the custody of Mrs. Janie Santiago of 555 Halsey st., Brooklyn, who is an aunt of Mrs. Brown.

Despite these complications, however, when Campbell and this writer arrived at the Santiago home, they found that Johan and Mary Louise had "taken over" and were making themselves at home with the four children who live in the house under Mrs. Santiago's care.

Mrs. Josephine Avent, a niece of Mrs. Santiago met the reporters at the door. She led us to the back yard where we found the two German babes, the four children of the household, and four other children from the neighborhood.

Looking For Kitty

One of the neighborhood kids was down on his stomach in the backyard trying desperately to drag a cat from beneath a workbench. Down on his knees beside the boy and yelling words of encouragement in German was Johan.

Each time the lad tugged at the cat Johan would also tug and yell some word in German which probably meant "pull."

Mary Louise, just like a woman, was standing at a respectable distance clapping her hands in glee and lent encouragement to the daring hunters.

But, still like a woman, when the youth finally dragged the cat from beneath the bench, she yelled something in German and picked up her skirts and fled.

We finally got a group of the children together and they posed for pictures, babbling in German and racy Brooklyn brogue.

No Sadness

Mrs. Santiago was not at home. But Mrs. Avent reported that the two German children had just "taken over." She said neither had given any signs of crying since arriving and that they had immediately "taken" to the other children in the house, whom she listed as Peggy Ann Griffin, 9, Pecora Griffin, 8, Diane Griffin, 4, and Sammy Griffin, 7. They are children of a deceased niece of Mrs. Santiago's.

She said Mary Louise had appeared a bit shy at first but that this had soon passed. Johan, she saw, was "quite a problem." He wanted to rush out into the streets and chase the autos. Mrs. Avent said the children had willingly eaten any food given them.

She said a visitor to the house made a hit with the kids because he could speak German. She said the children did not want him to leave.

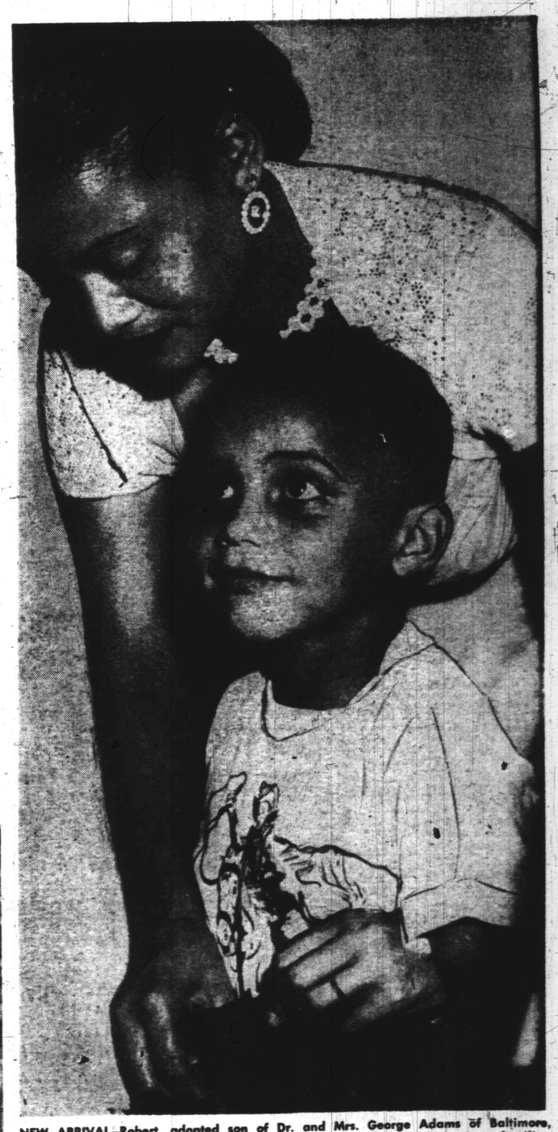
To Leave For N. C.

The two children will remain in the Santiago home until August when Mrs. Brown will return and take them to North Carolina. Mr. Santiago is a worker in a chemical company in Brooklyn.

As in the case of other German babies, Johan and Mary Louise came to the States through the efforts of Mrs. Mable Grammer, AFRO reporter in Germany, and through the cooperation of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers.

A third child arrived with Johan and Mary Louise. He is six-year-old Robert Ulrich, who was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. George Adams of Baltimore.

When brown German babies Mary Louise and Johan came to Brooklyn, they found that when you chased a cat, language didn't matter. They are the adopted children of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brown of Winston-Salem, N.C.



NEW ARRIVAL—Robert, adopted son of Dr. and Mrs. George Adams of Baltimore, is in the latest group of German children to be placed with American families. Mrs. Adams helps him straighten his togs.

Brown Baby's New Parents Thank AFRO

Dear AFRO:

The photographs are wonderful and are such lovely gifts. So many unexpected things are happening to us since May 28th. Often we are puzzled as to whether it's really us.

Then came the photos in the magazine section of the AFRO — our daughter with us! At last a threesome! They were so nicely done. We are delighted. As Renate would say it, "Thank you very much!"

As for Mrs. Grammer, she is an angel. Though I was panicky she was patient. She didn't promise to remove mountains but assured me that she would do what she could to make our dreams come true.

In less than three months after I wrote her in March, I felt two little dimpled arms around my neck and two precious lips were pressed firmly against my face.

It was only a matter of days when we heard "Mommy and Daddy." Unless you have dreamed and prayed for such moments you can't know the joy that we felt (and still feel). I find myself saying within, "Father, I thank thee."

We heartily suggest that childless couples contact the AFRO'S Mrs. Mabel Alson Grammer. She is doing a wonderful job.

We would like to acknowledge the wonderful help received from Mrs. Betty Phillips, Messrs. Lonesome and Phillips of the Baltimore staff of the AFRO-AMERICAN, the interpreter, Mr. Gorintz, and Messrs. James Hicks and James Campbell, of New York, AFRO correspondent and photographer.

Believe us when we say we shall forever be

Gratefully yours,
(Mr. and Mrs.) ELTON M. TAYLOR
(Berlin, Md.)