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These Homes Include The Following Features:

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- ⊙ **Houses Brought Up To Tract Requirements**

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Models at Carey & West

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(HISTORY, from page 2)

only 'duty' and 'orders,' and have never failed to obey either. Yet some years ago I met an ex-sergeant of Senegalese sharpshooters, named Mahmady n'Diaye, dressed in a magnificent livery, who was the valet at the famous hotel Adlon in Berlin. But that he was a deserter was not entirely his fault, as you'll see.

"In 1920 his battalion occupied the city of Mainz in the Rhineland. The commandant of this battalion was named Desgrieux. . . One morning as Desgrieux was signing papers his orderly, who was naturally also a Senegalese, entered, saluted, and said:

"Major, there is a white lady who wishes to speak with you.

"Who is she, and what does she want?"

"I do not know, sir. She is German. I don't understand that kind of monkey talk. She doesn't speak French. She talks like a savage."

"A German woman. The major disturbed in his daily routine, was troubled. What did she want? Was she going to complain of one of those cases of 'rape' of which the German papers were speaking so vociferously, although up to now not a single one had been proved. If it were so, good God, what trouble it was going to cause. And in his own battalion, too. If the man was guilty he was going to have him shot. To the orderly he snapped: 'Show her in.'

"The woman entered. She bore a child in her arms and from its color it was evident, alas, what had taken place between her and one of our brave defenders from the banks of the Niger and the Volta. Looking at the woman the major noted that she was not only good-looking but well-dressed.

"You have a complaint to make?" he demanded.

"Sir," she replied in that tone of profound respect with which officers of superior rank are addressed in Germany. 'I came for permission. . .'

"What do you say? What permission?"

"Permission for my marriage with Sergeant Mahmady n'Diaye, the father of my child. My father strongly wishes it, my mother strongly wishes it, and I desire it also."

"Very good." Then the major said to himself: "It is clear then that it is this animal of a

Mahmady who doesn't wish it. Good soldier. Excellent sergeant. Twelve years of service, about to obtain French naturalization even at the price of giving up his own personal status, and in consequence renouncing his Mohammedan faith. But in spite of all this if he doesn't marry this girl I am going to give him fifteen days in prison and have the general increase it to two months."

"To the orderly he said 'Bring Mahmady here at once.'

"So," said the major when Mahmady arrived, 'You do not wish to marry this girl. You're a bad soldier and a bad father. What sort of man are you? Have you no affection for your son?'

"Me?" demanded Mahmady in surprise. 'You say, sir, that I do not wish to marry her. Why I want to right away. I am French, and I want her to be French, and my son, too. He is a little black, it is true, but that won't matter.'

"To the major it was clear that all were agreed on the marriage, 'Well,' said he, 'why do you come to bother me? Get out all of you, and get married whenever you will.' Then he suddenly remembered that permission for such a marriage must come from headquarters. So this explained why this couple, hoping to have a rapid and favorable response, had appealed to him.

"And he was not mistaken. Eight days later he received the following reply from headquarters: 'Because of the circumstances and the propaganda being waged in Germany as well as in other lands against the black troops in the Rhineland with regard to the feminine population --although this propaganda has no foundation whatever--it is necessary to exercise the greatest care in giving a permission to marry. This matter will have to be taken up in Paris. The demand of the sergeant, and his fiancee, together with that of their parents, must accompany the application.'

"It developed that Mahmady had no parents living, and that those of the German woman demanded nothing better than to have this Senegalese as a son-in-law. Major Desgrieux, therefore, sending for the couple, told them that he hoped for a happy solution to their problem in a short time.

"But they waited for a long time. Then when the child grew until it could babble both French

and German there at last came the following reply:

"The desire expressed by Sergeant Mahmady n'Diaye, medaille militaire (high French decoration for valor) and that of Miss X. . . of German nationality, raises a grave question of international law. Can a native of one of our colonies marry a German woman? The Minister of War does not wish to accept the advice of his own legal counsels. He has taken up the matter with the League of the Rights of Man, itself, so as to have every guarantee of independence and to protect himself. The unanimous opinion of the legal counsels is that a Frenchman has a perfect right to marry a German woman even as a French woman has a perfect right to marry a Negro. But there is a doubt when it is a question of a native from our colonies who is only a French subject, and is not naturalised, or is not French by virtue of law. It appears, therefore, that it is preferable in order not to cause any international dispute, that the request of Sergeant Mahmady and Miss X. . . be denied."

"Major Desgrieux laid the missive on his desk, feeling that Mahmady was going to make an awful fuss. And he did, whilst Miss X. . . and her parents added to the flow of the Rhine with their tears. Moreover, Mahmady, this old soldier so faithful to discipline and to the sobriety imposed on him by Islam began to drink abominable, after which he cursed to the seventh generation the children of Mme. Piblique, Queen of France, those of the major, his colonel, his general, and of Marshal Foch himself, relegating them all to that part of his body least worthy of consideration. In consequence he was reduced to corporal and condemned to two months in prison, which he served.

"But on the day after he was not at roll-call. Without consulting the Minister of War or the League of the Rights of Man he had simply slipped into that part of Germany not occupied by the French, where without delay he married.

"And this is how I met him at the Hotel Adlon dressed in a uniform more gorgeous than that he would have worn had he continued in the noble corps of Senegalese sharpshooters. He was a naturalised German and was the proud father of three children, dark-skinned, it is true, but very legally Germans."