AFRO Seeks Inclusion of All in Civilian Defense

Inclusion of colored citizens in a city's program of civil defense was requested by the AFRO, Thursday, as Mayor D'Alesandro set up a Committee on Civilian Defense Organization.

The committee includes Robert O. Bonsell, banker; Arthur B. Price, president of the City Council; Paul L. Holland, director of public works; and George Carter, deputy director.

To Review Present Program

The Mayor said that the group was being set up to review the present civil defense program, and to make recommendations for strengthening the program.

The AFRO asked Mr. Price to include in the thinking of the newly-appointed committee the complaint of colored citizens that the present civilian defense program has not included them to any great extent.

LEE W. TIPTON NAMED DEFENSE AGENCY DEPUTY

Col. David G. McIntosh 3d, director of the Maryland Civil Defense Agency, has announced the appointment of Lee W. Tipton, World War I veteran, as deputy for fiscal supplies and equipment.

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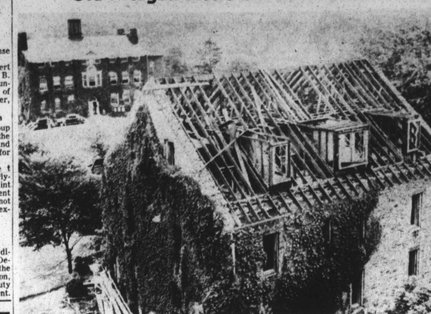

JEFFRES HALL

Morgan Halls Bow

(Continued from Page 1)

chased it, commented:

"Time Marches On"

"In the next five years you will not be able to recognize the campus as it is today, of course, I am glad to see the changes, but they indicate that I am not getting younger and time is marching on."

Mr. Carter, son of a Lutheran minister, was graduated from Morgan in 1916 and since has served as business manager and assistant to the president. He worked for the school as a student and has a total of 39 years of service.

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FLASH! Truck Kills 3-Year Old

3-year-old Wilbert Garlick was killed today (Friday) when run over by a truck in the rear of his home at 500 Oxford St.

The child was taken to University Hospital after he was caught under the wheels of the truck, according to witnesses, was backing up where the boy was playing.

He was the son of Mrs. Mary Garlick.

Hubby Freed in Slaying of Rival

A 46-year-old man was acquitted, Tuesday, on charges of killing a roomer whom he surprised being intimate with his wife.

Wilbur Carroll told police that he became ill after he left for work on April 27 and returned home unexpectedly to find his wife and the roomer, Jesse Barnhill, 45, engaged in a sex act in the kitchen.

The husband added that when Barnhill reached for an axe, he (Carroll) reached for a kitchen knife and stabbed the roomer in the chest. All three lived in the 700 block W. Redwood St.

Wife Would Not Talk

The wife, Mrs. Leotha Carroll, was held as a State's witness, but stood on her Constitutional rights and refused to testify in her husband's case.

Police found both an axe and a knife in the kitchen of the home. Judge Robert Franco acquitted Carroll on a self defense ruling.

Ministers Support HST Peace Effort

An appeal for a "just and permanent" peace was forwarded to President Truman and Trygvie Lie, secretary-general of the United Nations, this week, by a group of 27 Baltimore clergymen.

In their message to the President and UN chief, the ministers stated that "we heartily support your efforts for a cease-fire truce, and pray that it may culminate in a permanent just and enduring peace."

Speed Korean Truce

The pastors asked that the President to emphasize the possibility of a negotiated settlement of the Korean War and to resolve other existing international tensions through peaceful means.

Clergymen who signed the statement include:

Rabbis Uri Miller and Israeli Goldman, the Reverends F. E. Miller, Frank J. Frye, James W. Beale, Percy Adams, F. Franklin Auld, David Mannd, Cedric Mills, Charles Olewine, Howard Amoss, J. S. Taylor;

The Revs. A. J. Ferguson, Joseph Pedrick, Frederick Holden, A. P. Lemon, R. D. Lyles, Green Harris, H. Octavius Graham, Bert S. Moore, James H. Matthews, M. C. Phillips, Eby Ledion, E. W. White and John Hammond.

Free Mother on Neglect Charge

Mrs. Pearl Elizabeth Holder, familiar wheel chair figure in the streets and churches of Northwest Baltimore, was acquitted, this week, on charges of deserting and neglecting two children.

The charges were brought in Juvenile Court by Henry Holder, husband of the 42-year-old woman, who accused her of deserting the children on May 27, and of being unfaithful to him.

Along with his finding that there was no evidence of Mrs. Holder's being intimate with the man she employed to push around her wheel chair, Judge Charles E. Moylan found also that it was at the husband's request, that Mrs. Holder left the home.

Separate Addresses Given

Mr. Holder's address was given as 605 N. Brice St., and the wife's as 2341 Madison Ave. It was said that they separated on the May date after an argument about money.

Taking into consideration the fact that Mr. Holder is a seaman, and Mrs. Holder is handicapped and separated from her husband at this time, Judge Moylan placed the children in the care of the welfare department and ordered the father to pay $120 a month toward their support.

Have Twin Boys

The children include twin boys, aged four, and a six-year-old. It was said that the welfare department will place them in foster homes.

Mrs. Holder described herself as a "minister of the gospel."

Morgan State Registrar Makes Inspection Tour

Edward N. Wilson, registrar of Morgan State College and Professor Frank Coleman of Howard University were among the first group of college presidents and officials to arrive at Fort Meade for a 3 day inspection tour.

They will inspect the activities of the ROTC units from their schools. On the program was a two hour demonstration designed to give the students an idea of the research and development of new equipment, weapons and material

Ten Weeks Work Fails to Raise Boland Plane

For 10 weeks now, Jesse Boland, 300-pound Richmond, Va. spiritualist, and his two sons have been attempting to raise their 40-ton seaplane from the bottom of the Patapsco River in Baltimore Harbor.

But the plane, is still submerged, have been delayed by weather (either too hot or too wet) and by a series of mechanical failures.

Mr. Boland said he plans to raise the plane "very soon now," and to prepare for his peace flight to Moscow.

MT. OLIVET CHRISTIAN TO OBSERVE WOMEN'S DAY

Mount Olivet Christian Church, Fulton Ave., and Pennsylvania St., will observe its annual Women's Day on Sunday, July 22, 1951.

Guest speaker for the eleven o'clock service will be the Rev. Margaret Gray Allen, an outstanding evangelist, who is known throughout many States for her great work and soul-stirring message. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Alston, a well known evangelistic singer.

This will be the first Women's Day observance in the new church.

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Paratrooper Parsons Welcomed by Army

Any young ministers, not yet 36 years old and sound of limb who seek to combine high adventure with religious work will be welcomed by the Army for training as "sky pilots."

A "sky pilot" in military circles, is a chaplain associated with an airborne infantry unit. Now airborne infantry units are familiarly known as "paratroopers" no matter where they might drop in time of war, these men need chaplains to look after their spiritual needs.

Must Jump With Troops

In short the Army is looking for ordained clergymen who want to volunteer as "sky pilots" and don't mind jumping from airplanes with the rough and ready paratroopers.

Headquarters Second Army, Fort George G. Meade announced this week, that virtually all eligible clergymen serving as chaplains have been called to active military duty.

Chaplaincy procurement officers are making a drive to sign up personnel stressing the need for young clergymen. Chaplains are not required to become "sky pilots" if selected unless they volunteer for such duty.

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★ BALTIMORE AFRO AMERICAN ★

The Baltimore YMCA Should Act Now Or Take Out The "C"

If the classical tragedy "Gorboduc" had been taken for a model, the English drama could never have attained Shakespearean greatness. Our drama would then have been crippled by following the classical rules, which prescribed unity of place and time in the plot and action.

The ancients held that the play should not represent actions which would, in actual life, require more than 24 hours for their performance. If one of the characters was a boy he had to be represented as a boy throughout the entire play.

The next act could not represent him as one who had grown to manhood in the interval.

The classical rules further required that the action should be performed in one place, or nearby.

Anything which happened at a great distance had to be merely related by a messenger, and not acted on the stage.

Had these rules been followed, English drama would have prevented the growth and development of character, for it is not the single unities, Shakespeare, the genius of Shakespeare taught the dramatic world to disregard the unities. Shakespeare had not a receptive human mind and diverse distance and understand the change wrought in man.

At the beginning of "As You Like It," Oliver is an unnatural, cruel brother; but events change him, so that in the fourth act, when he is asked if he is the man who tried to kill his brother, Oliver replies:

"Twas I; but 'tis not I."

This lesson from the development of the drama has come to mind as the Interim Report by the National Study Commission on Racial Practice in the YMCA has come to hand.

Excerpts from the report of the general secretary of the Baltimore YMCA setup read as follows:

"This Association is located in a border state, having 12 branches, three of which serve colored persons. Each one of the, three is different—one is a building operation, another a college student unit, and the third a community (non-equipment) type program.

"This Association includes colored persons on many of its metropolitan committees and on all its special-task city-wide committees. Colored representatives of the branches serving colored persons are members of the Board of Directors, as provided in the constitution of this Association.

"There is interracial staff fellowship in the area of city-wide meetings and the assignment of staff persons to Association responsibilities. There are also records of inter-branch membership participation in all city-wide Association programs.

"Each branch building operates its physical departments and general services for its own membership and their friends. Interracial groups are served meals at special meetings in both the colored and white Association buildings."

The report of the general secretary of the Chicago YMCA reads as follows:

"1. That any qualified person shall be eligible for membership in the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago without discrimination because of race, color or creed.

"2. That participation of a member of the Association in all departmental or city-wide activities conducted under the auspices of the Association shall not be denied because of race, color or creed.

"3. That the patronage of restaurants, cafeterias, or soda fountains operated by the Association should be available to all persons without discrimination because of race, color, or creed.

"4. That accommodations in Association residences shall be open to members without discrimination because of race, color or creed.

"5. That an athletic team shall not be denied the right to participate in any league or tournament, operated under the Association's auspices because of race, color or creed of any of its members."

The Philadelphia North Branch YMCA reports: "Interracial practice began December 15, 1949. Change was brought about by the determination, by staff and board members, that the refusal of membership because of color was unChristian and unjustified."

San Francisco reports: "Interracial practice began in 1853." Emporia, Kansas, reports: "This Association began interracial practises in 1946."

Paterson, N.J., reports: "Interracial practises began in 1943."

The National Study Commission has asserted that "there is no local Association in any part of the country which may not take some forward step looking toward the realization of the Association's ideals for an inclusive brotherhood."

The Chicago Association and those of the four other widely separated cities cited here seem to understand the business they are about. The lesson of the evolution of the drama would not be foreign to them. They have laid aside the practices of other times and embarked upon the kind of Christian program this nation needs.

The Baltimore YMCA is quibbling. It has done little; and from all appearances it proposes to do nothing more. It is as dated as "Gorboduc."

Unless the Baltimore YMCA opens the door of all its branches to everybody, it ought to take the "C" out of its name.

Hodge Podge

By BOB MATTHEWS

Put up a couple of swings and a see-saw in the back yard — thought I would help keep my brats happy and at home.

With perfect logic I reasoned: "If they have a place to play and something to play on—they'll stop running through the house 'slaying' cowboys and Indians."

"Twas a beautiful theory."

Instead the backyard has become the gathering place for every child between three and eight years of age in the neighborhood.

Must say I thought that the brats aren't prejudiced one whit.

The white kids in the neighborhood are welcomed and given equal opportunity to fight for possession of one of the swings.

Conversation Piece

The other day, however, the race question did rear its ugly head. But No. 1 son, age 4½, replying to thorily on admissions to the yard put an immediate stop to it.

Know it isn't polite to eavesdrop but I'm glad I overhead this conversation:

Eight-year-old: "How come you let those white kids play in your yard?"

No. 1 son: "What white kids?" (innocence is indeed bliss.)

Eight-year-old: "That girl over there—she's white."

No. 1 son: "Who her!—She's not white."

Eight-year-old: "Oh, yes she is!"

No. 1 son: "She isn't either — can't you see she is wearing a pink dress."

And as far as No. 1 son was concerned that ended it.

(Personal—Thanks to Mrs. E. G. Wilson, 1328 McCulloh St., for the crab salad recipe. Sounds delicious.)

Elmer Henderson, Home Town Boy Who Made Good

Dr. Elmer Henderson, whose funeral was held Wednesday was born 84 years ago at Mt. Gilboa in Baltimore County and received his first formal education in a one-room school held in Mt. Gil M. Bos AME. Church.

At the age of 15 he finished Baltimore Normal School and went to Hartford County to teach school. When 17 years old, he was superintendent of all the Sunday Schools in the Hagerstown District of his church and traveled constantly from church to church in Western Maryland.

At 19 he became a teacher in School 109 in Baltimore City, located at Fremont and King Sts.

At the age when many young people of today are finishing high school or entering college, young Henderson was doing a man's job. He had to, because his father died early leaving his mother to support and educate two children.

From humble beginnings this son of a Methodist preacher rose to become the city's first assistant superintendent in charge of colored schools.

Dr. Henderson's elevation to this post came in 1945 as the climax of a long political struggle to gain representation on the Board of Education and the board of superintendents.

Forty-four years ago, the late Dr. J. H. N. Waring was principal of what is now Douglass High School (an all virtual) Baltimore's first colored schools. He came from Washington.

It was many years afterwards that the Strayer Survey's original recommendation for a colored assistant superintendent was watered down to a supervisor, and Francis M. Russell was called in August, 1923 from Cincinnati to fill the job.

He was succeeded in 1925 by the late Dr. Francis M. Wood from Kentucky who was subsequently promoted to director. The board and Superintendent David E. Weglein still opposed an assistant superintendent.

Under Mayor Theodore McKeldin and a more sympathetic board of education, Dr. Henderson "the home town boy" became the first assistant superintendent in charge of colored schools.

His selection was a happy one. He came from the common people. He never lost the common touch. He had taught in public schools and Sunday Schools for over forty years. He was accustomed to adoration, discipline and order, business, possessed strong religious convictions and practiced them in daily living.

Into a new position which the community had created after many years of struggle, he carried the city's high hopes and fulfilled its expectations.

His epitaph as expressed by the superintendent of schools, Dr. William H. Lemmel, is entirely appropriate. "Baltimore is a better city, because he lived and worked here."

Park Board in Need of Some Encouragement

By JOSEPHUS SIMPSON
Night Managing Editor

Spurred into activity by the burning rays from the spotlight of local and nation-wide criticism of its mouth-eaten policies, the Baltimore Park Board has finally, with fear and trembling, relented a bit in its racial policies affecting parks and playgrounds.

Believing as I do that the city's park board is honest in its obvious fear of progress towards democracy in Baltimore, I herewith extend to members of the board my congratulations on their actions in designating at least a few places in the city where democratic sports may be indulged in.

I think, honestly, that the members of the board, from President James C. Anderson down, want to do the right thing but are fearful of the consequences. I think that they need encouragement, not censure. They are like novices about to be initiated into a secret order—unfamiliar and timid.

Go Whole Way At Once

As an old hand at the game of "exploring the unknown," both in and out of secret orders, my advice to the board is that it go the whole way at one fell swoop next time it makes a move. Piecemeal action makes one but the one afraid—like poking one's toe into the water to determine if it's cold.

The instant that the toe touches the water, the teeth begin to chatter if the fluid is a bit cool. The chattering continues as other parts of the body are immersed, but bit by bit, over a long interval, that seems like a month. All that misery could have been avoided by a simple plunge into the pool.

This thing of embracing democracy is also akin to what some of us who still have our cheeks consider the "ordeal" of going to the dentist to have our teeth extracted. Most of us want the dentist to draw one tooth at a time; fearing that if he attempts more than one would "hurt too much."

Any modern dentist will tell you that yanking out one tooth will "hurt" just as much as jerking out a half-dozen of them. If one "hurting" will eliminate six of them, why insist on six "hurts" to get out six teeth? Why not let one hurting suffice for removal of all six?

I think that I have said enough here to convince not only the park board membership, but the most timid child that water does not seem so cold when one plunges into it and that having teeth drawn is no longer an ordeal. Modern science has taken the "hurt" out from dentistry.

I would remind the park board members that just as medical science has taken the "hurt" out of the practice of dentistry, so has social science removed the pain from the practice of democracy. The "a s s e m b l y line" method of doing the job has been adopted in both fields.

The Stars Won't Fall

The park board members should, thus be assured that the stars will not fall all at once nor the moon turn to green cheese if Baltimore's play areas are opened to all of its citizens on an equal basis—a thing that should have been done when they were first established. That would have been the Christian thing to do.

However, since we've waited all these years, fearing to do that which we knew all along was right and proper, let's crawl out of our cocoon of fear and look this progressive and modern world straight in the face. We'll think a few times to be sure, but our eyes will soon get accustomed to the picture that is true democracy.

As the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt told the nation back in the dark days of 1933, when banks were bursting like Fourth of July fireworks all over the nation—and financiers were leaping from windows, seeking death as a moth seeks the flame—"we have nothing to fear but fear itself."

Work Bench

By Clarence Mitchell

By terrapin playground, Michael DiSalle, OPS director, and Russ DeRow, his assistant, make a good team in the ticklish field of price control.

The papers have told you about Mike, so I can devote my space to Russ. It is a measure of their informality that most people like to refer to them in the abbreviated manner that I have just used.

Russ has seen success in the business end of a newspaper as well as the labor field. One of several bright feathers in his cap is the organizing of the Dochler-Jarvis Corporation in Chicago.

After a successful stint as an executive of the National Youth Administration, Russ worked for the Doehler-Jarvis people. Soon he became a key man in the casting division of the CIO.

Was First Treasurer

He organized the workers in 1943 and became the first treasurer of his local. With a file cabinet minus by NYA's experience with industry, he pressed for inclusion of a non-discrimination clause in the union contract with the company.

Unlike some weak sisters who have left the movement, Russ did not try to disavow the good points of the agency he once worked for. He knew that NYA had done a splendid job of training a great many colored people for machine slop jobs.

This function had long been neglected in the labor movement on the theory that there was no need to train for skilled jobs because colored folks are not open to colored applicants.

He Broke the Ice

With his non-discrimination clause in his pocket, Russ used James Webb, a former NYA trainee who was just coming out of the Army, as one of the first colored and die maker apprentices to go work for the company.

Today, Mr. Webb is a journeyman tool and die maker. This occupation is a high bracket in the industrial aristocracy of the United States.

Today, colored machinists, steamfitters and other skilled workers help to make the wheels hum in the Doehler plants. The company, now specializing in auto accessories has plants in Toledo, Ohio, Batavia, N.Y., and Jersey Town, Pa. All are covered by the non-discrimination clause.

Before he left the company, Russ became a member of the National Doehler Council. This is a union management group handling industrial problems for all the plants.

Reporter's Roundup

Scratch Pad

By MAE MORRIS MEDDERS

Some of my best friends are Democrats.

And some more of my best friends are Republicans who were Democrats before Governor McKeldin started setting precedents.

First colored magistrate: first colored member of the State Board of Education: first colored member of the State Welfare Board — the list for changing party affiliation is forming every day on the right

No Changes Downtown

But down at City Hall, things aren't changing much. Only precedent one can find there is the newly - created Commission on Race Relations which took the Mayor two years to think about.

And the onl, colored persons around City Hall still are the elevator man, the shoe shine man, the mimeograph chauffeur and the Mayor D'Alesandro got a silly letter from white golfers objecting to the new, ruling okaying mixed play on the golf courses.

Seems that the white golfers saw "problems" in integrated play, and asked the Mayor to step in and stay the execution of the ruling, at least until they could argue against it a little longer.

By return mail, the Mayor "thanked" the writers and promised to give the matter his "thorough" consideration.

Now if I had been Mayor, I would have informed the white golfers politely, that the courses are public property, and all citizens have an equal right to their use.

Which explains the snot parsgraph why I'm not mayor.

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

Magistrate Avrum K. Rifman, Southern Police Court, is dispensing a brand of justice little-to-no known to the residents of that area.

He is intensely conscious of his judicial responsibilities to ALL citizens, and this is evidenced by two decisions he rendered last week.

In the first case two Social Security workers were sitting off a Northbos at Cherry Hill when sailors on the bus insulted them with the usual racial epithet. When the men replied in kind, a fracas started and police arrested all participants.

After listening to testimony the next morning, Magistrate Rifman dismissed the case against the government employees, and fined the sailors $5 and costs, but suspended sentence after the sailors shook hands and apologized to the men.

Wreck Incident

In the other case a young ship yard worker was driving in the 500 block S. Sharp St. when, after a very minor collision, he became involved in an argument with a white motorist who lived in the neighborhood. This dispute generated into a mob scene and police arrested the motorists, and two other whites.

Magistrate Rifman dismissed all charges against the colored motorist, who was roughed up pretty badly until he procured a crowbar from his car, and fined the white motorist $25 and costs, his neighbor $5 and costs, and dismissed charges against the other man. In announcing his verdict the magistrate explained it was "beyond the realm of credibility that the colored man was the aggressor."

President Martin D. Jenkins, Morgan State College, has already rap ten a letter to Gov. McKeldin praising Magistrate Avrum K. Rifman, and a briefly written postcard addressed to him at Southern Police Station would show your appreciation.

Mainstream

By RALPH MATTHEWS Jr.

Straight from the horse's mouth, I get the news that a through-bred colored children failed this past year in our fair city and some educators are placing the blame on television.

This is perfectly all right with me. The more blame placed on television, the better I like it.

According to some experts, TV stifles a child's natural development. Remember when kids used to be active inquisitive little people, full of questions about life's mysteries and eager to learn? All they want to do now is look; no matter what's on the TV set, they want to look.

They Just Sit

And sit. To watch TV you must sit. And when kids get to the point where they want to do a lot around, be quiet and look at Captain Video (that slob) go rip-roaring off into space, then I say it's time to get worried. Whoever heard of children sitting still? It just ain't natural.

According to my rich friends who have TV sets and who let me peek at them from time to time, there's a lot of good in television. I wouldn't know, the picture jumps around so much that it is hard to tell whether its good or not.

I would suggest that parents ration out TV to their kiddie like cod liver oil (in small doses) and concentrate on getting that reading and writing into their noggins.

Therefore, I'd like to go on record as being bitterly opposed to millions of tots being weaned on Hopalong Cassidy and Captain Video. Or for that matter, perish the thought, Milton Berle.

News Beat

By RUFUS WELLS

The biggest local news story this week was the disclosure that Lt. Ralph Amrien, non-commorated police officer, had borrowed $5,000 from Buzz King, convicted gambler. As a result of the transaction the police lieutenant has been suspended and will probably lose his high rating in the department, if not his job.

While covering crime stories in Western and Northwest Baltimore during the past five years, I have had occasion to meet Lt. Amrien and found him to be an efficient and courageous policeman.

"Rough and Tough"

I admit that Amrien is known to be rough and tough, when the occasion demands, but a policeman's job is not for a softie.

It is common knowledge to any cub reporter that coin policemen can accept money, or favors, from gamblers. This is done, in varying degrees, in every city in America.

It is unfortunate that Lt. Amrien borrowed $5,000 from a man he knew to be a gambler. But this can be said in the lieutenant's favor, he signed a receipt and paid the money back.

Most policemen who accept money from gamblers and numbers racketeers, do not sign receipts for the money, and have no intention of paying it back.

While I do not condone Lt Amrien's action in accepting the money from Mr. King, I do think the officer's record should be taken into consideration before he is judged.

A little investigation would undoubtedly show that other police officials are accepting money from gamblers, and not taking the trouble to sign receipts or pay the money back. They keep the cash and call it protection money.

Our Reader's Say . . . .

A Blind Man's Will

Dear AFRO: I am a native of Baltimore, and have been employed for Undertaker Phenix Pye, located on Pleasant St.

We used to bury the Sisters from the Oblate Convent. At the time the order was very poor. I wished that I could leave them something because they cared for —"rods & poor, homeless children.

On May 24, 1949 I had an accident in Philadelphia and as a result I lost my sight. I had some insurance policies and because of my disability, the companies gave me paid up policies.

I am willing to the Oblate Sisters of Providence Convent, a policy, in the amount of $250.

Also, I am willing to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Council of Pittsburgh, a policy, in the amount of $122.50.

To a very dear friend in Baltimore, who was so kind to me before and after my blindness, I leave the Southern Life Insurance Company, Greensboro, a policy, in the amount of $620.

JOHN M. HARRIS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

His Chum an Addict

Dear AFRO: I met a high school chum who Doctors say is a drug addict. Perhaps what my chum told me will help some mother's daughter or son to refrain from using the stuff.

He says that dope has gotten such a great toe-hold here in Baltimore that it will take a long, uphill climb between the police department and the FBI to stop the menace.

If all happened during his senior year in high while he was only 17. He went with a group of strange fellows to a "pad" where a lot of other high school boys danced after school. One of the fellows offered him a "reefer" which he mistook for a regular cigarette. He smoked it.

At the "pad" were several high school girls and boys plus older men and women. The table was lined up with morphine, cocaine, reefers, and heroin.

During the next three years, my chum borrowed, pawned and stole to satisfy his habits. Although he says rest and medical care helped cure him, the real reason was because he had his mind firmly set on it.

He says the best policy is never to start using the stuff. He would never touch it again even if someone offered him a million dollars.

The Bad Habit Club

Bakery's Policy Unfair

Dear AFRO: The Amrhein Brothers Bakery, local etat 832 W. Saratoga St., is situated in the midst of an entirely colored neighborhood. The greater percentage of its patronage is colored, yet you see no colored persons serving or waiting on customers there.

Inasmuch as they are thriving on business from colored residents, it would be a fine gesture if they would hire some workers from our group.

I wonder what would happen if the colored people stayed out of buying bread and dod business elsewhere?

I am sure they would be forced to change this policy in their hiring of clerks. Such action on our part would command the employment of some colored persons.

It would certainly let them know how we feel about the matter.

Community Protective Association
JODIE ANCE, President

Poet's Nook

THE PAD
(As seen and experienced by a dope initiate)

A sea of unscented smoke
with formless horrors floating
by in lilting motion.
And all reality distorted on grim
Moving hips—still hips . . .
Hips with hips
Eyes, no eyes, three eyes
And formless horrors
floating by—beckoning,
Lure me, seduce, dance
kiss, sleep
Anything! fly, float—anything!
A bright yellow light each time
a slave takes up his happy burden.
Then more smoke, more jazz-
dice-colored smoke.
A stormy sea with more horrors
more and more horrors dancing.
Kissing, flying, floating, undressing—something unholy
Young, fifty, old, sixteen.
Me, my wife, your wife, his wife;
Her wife, his husband—
All horrors in a sea of jaundice-colored smoke.

D.JEROME PARKER

Reporter's Row

By Samuel Hoskins

You walk down Pennsylvania Ave. and it is like taking a stroll through Third Ward, Newark.

The people you see are strangers, none you've ever met before. The buildings are different. Yet, along "Avenue" there is something vaguely familiar to Spruce, Broome, Waverly, or Somerset Sts. You wonder. You ask yourself "what?" for wherever you go, and wherever, it is there.

Two Democrats

It pops up at the York Hotel as Loyal Randolph, local Democratic figure, and his wife, who still looks as if she is about to stroll across the stage into the floodlights, eat a mid-day meal at separate tables and chat idly across the breadth of the green-walled dining room.

(Their little daughter fleeces "papa" of nickels and feeds them to the juke box, playing th esame record over and over.)

Randolph, Democrat, brings the sudden memory of Charles Matthews, Third Ward leader, also Democrat.

And you see him (Charlie) dashing madly down the corridors of City Hall.

Randolph, Democrat and Matthews, too, Third Ward Newark and Northwest Baltimore—distant and yet not so distant at all.

Two Republicans

You meet Marse Calloway, shake hands and talk briefly at the six weeks which climaxed with a little man named Harry taking on and defeating the entire Republican Party.

Calloway laughs about it now, but that night in November, 1948, he was a long way from laughter.

But during the interim McKeldin executed a "Harry" on Lane which may account for the big Calloway smile.

Nevertheless, Calloway brings memories of his Newark counterpart, Toussaint Ware, who took the Third Ward GOP chairmanship from his former boss by the narrow margin of nine votes.

And remembering Ware, you also remember the night he paced the floor of his third story apartment in the Douglass-Harrison homes and secure writer. His statement was sworne, "I'll beat him—beat him it's the last thing I do."

Toussaint Ware and Marse Calloway—Republicans. In Sess's you run across Dr. D. O. W. Holmes, recent appointee to the State Board of Education. He is dining alone, partaking of both food and music they serve with the meals. You start to his table, but don't get there. You don't know exactly how you stop, but one just doesn't walk up and interrupt and expression like that.

So you sit at the counter, finger the menu and watch a grand old man eat slowly, listen to the music and perhaps, fondle a few memories of his own.

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Let's see, you think, he too, has a New Jersey counterpart—Dr. W. G. Alexander, of Orange, member of the State Board of Health. Except that Dr. Alexander is taller, they seem look alike.

New Jersey. Newark. Dwight, Jr. And down at 109 Sherman Ave., just outside the Third Ward there was another picture etched in a memory: Mrs. D. O. W. Holmes, Jr., holding young Holmes's baby, saying "God, I miss him."

Retired president of Morgan College, widower, and Dwight Jr., crumpled heap at the foot of a flight of stairs. And, yet, he goes on, like an old warrior chalking up more "firsts."

Music and Memories

Instead of interrupting a man dining with (perhaps) his memories you sit still and wave a subconscious salute.

Newark.—Baltimore. They meet again as the AFRO carries a picture of Mrs. Lillie M. Jackson and Mrs. Grace Fenderson. Mrs. Fenderson is president of the Newark NAACP and member of the national NAACP executive board. Everybody knows Mrs. Jackson.

Both are working and fighting for the same thing and, you think, determined to win because they are a pair with some of the irresistable-ness of Niagara Falls.

So, you walk down Pennsylvania Ave. and it is like taking a stroll through Newark's Third Ward.

More than that, it is like a breath of South Side, Central Ave. in L.A., the Second Ward in Houston, Memphis's Beale St., New Orleans's Rampart, of Marcus Bottom in Vicksburg, M