THE AFRO-AMERICAN

FOUNDED IN 1892
By the late John H. Murphy, Sr.

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"We are Americans and, as Americans we speak to America ..."

—Frederick Douglass

OUR CREED

We believe that America can best lead the world away from racial and national antagonisms when it extends to every man, regardless of race, color or creed, his human and equal right. Having no man, fearing no man, the Colored Press vitalizes to help every man in the firm belief that all are hurt so long as anyone is held back.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Let's Raise the $400

The annual Maryland State Softball tournament this year is separated in two divisions—one colored, the other white.

Normally, the AFRO would be constrained to discuss any promotion conducted in this manner. Separate divisions mean segregation. There are no two ways about it. However, it is the feeling here that under the existing circumstances, the condition can be overlooked.

Enterprising leaders, many months before the softball season began, devised a way to circumvent the bars which held fast against them for so long. They gained membership in the Amateur Softball Association of the U.S., the supreme governing body of softball play in the nation.

Through this new-found influence these leaders brought pressure upon the Maryland authorities to have teams compete in the annual tournament.

The Maryland State officials, while not opposed to the interracial proposal that had been thrust into their laps, had their hands pretty well tied by the jim crow policies of an reactionary Park Board.

They remained tied until some one promoted the idea of setting up two tournaments, with the champion of each representing the state in later competition.

Since that time, of course, the Park Board has relented. Now, all the qualifying teams could be playing in the same tourney. But when the tournaments were set up, interracial competition was not permissible on premises supervised by the Board.

But while this barrier has been successfully hurdled, there still is left an obstacle which must be overcome by teams in the Baltimore Metropolitan tournament. The tournament winner will need funds to finance the trip to Williamsport, Pa., for the regional contests on Labor Day.

According to one responsible Recreation Department official, the cost will be in the neighborhood of $400. The tournament teams have tried to raise the money without success. A benefit dance was a flop. Pass-the-hat collections at three tournament games totaled less than $25.

Civic contributions take care of the expenses of the victorious team in the white tournament.

For colored teams, here is a 20-year fight finally won. It would be a travesty on civic pride if it should go for naught.

Probes, But No Improvements

When the present day history of Baltimore is written, the word "probe" will stand out by itself.

During recent years, we have witnessed much ado and fuss about official investigations into everything from "baby farms" to numbers.

The grand jury has examined welfare brutality, conditions in penal institutions, vice and gambling.

The State's Attorney's office has looked into the narcotic evil more so than any other illegalities.

City Hall has examined welfare funds, departmental finances and certain unofficial acts of city employees.

Now comes the Liquor Board with another probe. It seems that the board wants to find out what nightspots are "fronts" for illegal activities.

All of which makes good reading, and creates excitement and confusion among the population.

We cannot help but express the earnest hope, however, that some day, one of the many "probes" that our officials launch, will result not only in shocking revelations, but in concrete improvements for the city.

Slow Down for Schoolchildren

Local schools and colleges will be re-opening within a few weeks.

Thousands of school-goers of every age will throw into the city's streets, morning, noon, and afternoon.

They need your protection. Considering the rapid rise in automobile fatalities, it will be the duty of every driver to see that his car is being driven at a reasonable rate of speed and is always under control.

It will be wise to invent your own "stop" or "slow" signs when approaching an intersection or when nearing a school zone.

Do not figure on what the other fellow is going to do.

Remember, a life snuffed out, even through carelessness, cannot be relighted.

Maimed bodies cannot be restored without leaving the victim handicapped or deformed for life.

Advise others to be careful.

The child they kill might be your own.

Alas, Poor Snowball

The snowball, a concoction of shaved ice and sweet flavoring, has long been one of the delights of Baltimore's torrid summers.

But now, we note with sorrow the snowball has fallen victim to scientific progress and has become a product of the big Business interests.

Scores of Baltimoreans will regretfully the daily trips to neighborhood snowball stands that enterprising citizens had set up on their front steps or in their cellars.

At these modest open-air shops (or sometimes basement snowball emporiums) the proprietor made each snowball to order with a hand ice-shaver.

We remember that this hand-made concoction was a labor of love, though unsanitary.

The friendly relationship between snowball maker and snowball eater was a joy. Not only did you see your delicacy custom-tailored to individual appetite but the whole process was done in the homey surroundings characteristic of the good neighbor.

Now this has passed. A large share of the snowballs nowadays are made at soda fountains. The ice is ground in a machine, tumbled into a tray and the flavor pours from a spout. It is over in seconds. There is no "heart" in this new-fangled system.

Snowballs taste about the same, but we cannot help mourning the vanishing sidewalk stands where snowball merchants chatted with their hearts, and their minds bent on pleasing our stomachs and coin our brown.

We are near the end of another Baltimore tradition.

Hodge Podge

By BOB MATTHEWS

By SHIRLEY M. KYLE
(Substituting for Bob Matthews on vacation)

There is an old saying that everyone talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it. Frankly, as far as I am concerned, there is NOTHING anyone can do about it.

Take for instance this crazy atmosphere we have been having for the past week or so. I wish this humidity would take a vacation and relieve me of my sinus trouble. I'm tired of my runny eyes and nose. The KLEENEX company is really getting a lot of business from me.

And you know why? Well it's very simple. At night before I climb in bed, I raise my windows and neatly fold the covers back at the foot of the bed. For about six hours, I sleep very peacefully.

Then about two hours before I have to get up, I am awakened by a very cold breeze which has found my bare feet a comfortable place to rest, and I find myself breathing frantically through my mouth. So, I get up and close the windows jump back in bed, and yank up those covers.

All Gone

At 7:30 I get up and open the windows again to let in the gleam of ing sun. But there isn't any. Oh! Sun is still sleeping behind the clouds and that icy breeze begins to flow in. Down come the windows, and I grab a sweater before leaving the house.

Of course, by the time I leave work, I look like a fool with my little woolen sweater, and when I get home, my room is like a miniature furnace. So once again I go through the process of raising windows. But my icy intruder has buried himself somewhere.

Then, when it's time for me to turn in, it's much too warm to use blankets, and I usually fold them at the foot of the bed. And you know the rest. I wake up two hours too early.

Now, if you'll pardon me, I have to go to the drug store to get another box of KLEENEX.

Poet's Nook

MEMORY MADNESS

By PAUL D. McALLISTER

My temper was raging, my manner was vile,
My Mood was a fury to see,
My friends were probably ashamed of the fact
That they knew any one such as me.

I swore like the devil, I cursed with delight
And look off afoot for the nation.
For I had forgotten to purchase some gas
As I started today on vacation.

LIKES AFRO CARTOON

Dear AFRO: Never have I seen a cartoon that has been more effective than the one in the your paper of Aug. 7, "Would He Approve of This Arrangement?"

It is so very true among us today, and I do think that a campaign should start among all papers and organizations to have posters made of this wonderful cartoon and placed in every church, school and other place of importance all over the world.

Here's hoping for many more of such high calibre cartoons.

EDWARD G. THORNTON

If You Ask Me

B. M. Phillips

Evidence that many Baltimoreans are anxious to get away from everyday problems was seen on the Avenue Wednesday evening. Between midnight and the two o'clock curfew, some sections of the street resembled a carnival as boxing fans from Philly, Washington, Wilmington and New York joined localites in celebrating after the Joe-Louis-Jimmy Bivins fisticuffs at the stadium.

Not that the fight was any great shakes or there was any thing in particular to celebrate.

A 1 a.m. traffic at Pitcher St and Pennsylvania Ave., was at a standstill. Cadillacs knocked bumpers, shiny new convertibles screeched to a stop as the merry-makers vied for parking places near their favorite night spot.

Fellow Crowd

Even if you didn't live in Baltimore there was no way for you not to know that the popular gathering places that night were Gamby's and the Casino. All you had to do was follow the crowds.

In Gamby's, the people, localites as well as out-of-towners, seemed to be waiting for something. Some said Joe was expected to put in an appearance there or at the Casino (he didn't show).

There was some mild excitement in Gamby's as Manager Brooks Dozier seated songstress Pearl Bailey and her party which included Mesdames May Bowers and Kate Curtis of Jersey Shore. Pearl, who is enroute to Kentucky where she'll appear at the Beverly Hills Club, was in for the bout.

Later on, the former lightweight champ, Ike Williams, his wife and a party of six others, caused a mild sensation. The management rushed him to the nike to say a few words and there was a wild ovation for the little guy in the green suit.

"Blow, Blow, Blow"

Then it happened! The Lynn Hope Quintet was back on the bandstand, a startling contrast to the intermission pianist's music.

Amid cries of "blow, blow, blow," the turbaned Mr. Hope who is, I am told, a "mad man on the sax," proceeded to do just that.

Waxing warm to his listeners enthusiastic cries, he left the bandstand and for another ten minutes walked the length of the bar and the balcony, still blowing. It was 'mad,' and the place was 'rocking.'

One demonstrative patron was moved to dance and the crowd gave her encouragement. The whole place broke into wild applause as Mr. Hope, turban and all, came to the end of the tune.

"More, more," yelled the listeners, and straight up until two ayem, Mr. Hope waxed warm on "Somebody." It was the gasser.

Well, the fight may not have given the fans anything to chew the fat about but I can report from what I saw that it gave them occasion to celebrate and turbaned Mr. Hope helped them. All reel stereotypes.

The Administration of Justice Should Be More Enlightened

By VINCENT TUBBS

Much question is being made these days whether the administration of justice proceeds on a sound, scientific basis, and whether we are still blindly employing the methods of the barbarous past.

It is indeed a crying need that the administration of justice should be made more enlightened, and should accomplish as much good as possible in the circumstances of the individual case.

The end of law and order as we know it is said to be the adjustment of human relations in accordance with the ideal of justice held at the time by the community. This need for adjustment arises because of the conflicting interests of groups brought into relationship by the existence of a community in which they live their lives together.

Thus no system of justice can be entirely reduced to rule. The variety of possible cases is practically limitless and all attempts to provide for the proper meeting of the field of human action by predetermined detailed rules have proved, and must prove, futile.

This fact is responsible, in no small measure, for the general alarm and apprehension felt in many quarters of this community as a result of the "local level" crime probe presently commanding the attention of the Grand Jury and, so far, directed solely at colored persons.

The two moral sentiments with which law and order are closely associated and upon which all justice depends, are the conceptions of the right and the just.

Evolution of these conceptions has, of course, been an infinitely slow and gradual process, dating back to law among primordial men and as far as our present day investigation serves us we must conclude that these inductions were necessarily judgments upon numberless concrete states of fact.

But at last a rule of conduct fell to be right was evolved, because men desired the right and it must be right.

That this judgment were the result of social experience goes without saying, and conduct was said to be just because social experience showed that such conduct advanced the interests of the social community.

What was right was that which followed the analogy of acting.

However, the inevitable conflict of various "special interests" — predominantly those of Parrianism — has so distorted the mental processes by which this moral idea of the rightful had been arrived at that it is not well remembered in these times.

The ideals of right have become "the broken potsherds of the past."

But since law for primitive man was simply the generalized conception of the customs acted upon for ages, it must be apparent that the customs result in the moral ideas of what is rightful.

Furthermore, since law always has been and always will be made by the general opinion and acceptance of the community, it is idle to say that there is no necessary and organic connection between the sentiment of right and the administration of justice.

There is, however, another moral concept that enters into law, for it determines that a law should be a rule for all alike.

Every man of ordinary intelligence knows that there is a difference between right and justice. What the Justice of the Peace would have no little difficulty in explaining, but he knows that there is a difference; yet if he should analyze the conception of justice to the heart of it, he would be compelled to say that justice is the putting of all men on the same basis; in other words, justice requires a rule to be applied to all alike.

Going back to the primeval man in the social state, we have found that the natural condition is equality. Every man has the right to act as others do. Hence each man has the right to do act in the customary way in which other men are acting.

It is a truism that customary ways of acting never develop unless there is at liberty to act in that way. That is all that liberty means.

The question of whether gambling is good or bad has not been satisfactorily settled by the law. The law has modified its rulings to recognize degrees and forms of gambling which may or may not be acceptable according to the dictates of custom and the will of the people.

Betting on horse races is acceptable at the race track. It is not acceptable at the corner newsstand or arcade.

In certain foreign countries, lottery is a national enterprise. Certain religious groups condemn games of chance on the one hand and sponsor "bingo games" on the other.

Much of the investigations of the Kefauver Commission as well as those of the present U. S. Senate Committee have been mainly to make public display of what the man in the streets has long known and welcome to consider the customs of our national community.

There is nothing "new" about the playing of numbers in Baltimore or any other community of comparable size. There is likewise nothing startling about the fact that certain individuals have respected such mantle from opponents of the games.

It is pointed out that "numbers playing" is but slightly different from the business of life insurance. The odds are the same. The only difference being that the player of numbers may collect while he lives whereas insurance pays off to the dead.

Thus a consideration of importance in the investigation of certain activities in our community might well give some attention to what the individuals involved represent and what they have elected to do with their benefits.

The insurance companies use their accumulated funds to pay death claims, to finance business enterprise, to erect homes, to finance homes and, in general, to aid the causes of community betterment.

This is not to say that all persons engaged in numbers operations have turned their wealth into such productive and beneficial channels.

This is not to say that all persons engaged in numbers operations are the type of persons desirable in a progressive community.

Another and very important factor figures in the picture now before the Grand Jury. That factor is American race prejudice, which has not figured too greatly in the administration of justice in the past, but certainly should if we are to proceed from the premise that every man has the right to act as others do.

Since the evolution of justice is only recently, and in far too few instances, reaching the ideal of equality, greatly the century-long cry of colored citizens for equal justice under the law, we are not in error in inferring that ancient white man's custom into the situation at hand.

Some comparisons are noteworthy.

It is significant that, almost without exception, none of the 33 persons called by the Grand Jury has a criminal record. None is a robber, burglar or murderer. None has been convicted of a felony.

Numbers writing is a misdemeanor.

Members of the white race engaged in the same activity in the community oftimes have long and extended records of other types of offenses against society.

It is significant that among the witnesses called by the Grand Jury are some of the most respected citizens in the colored community, whose appearance on the streets is cause for children to say with awe and pride "There goes so-and-so."

This is due to the fact that the restrictions that Baltimore places upon its colored citizens have forced upon them certain factors typical of a double standard. — To become educators of the youth of our community, our higher character or educational standards typical of colored members of the force. They are not screened so carefully. The requirements are not so strictly enforced where the other race is concerned.

Operating within the framework of double standard, that certering individuals who reach positions of wealth and affluence are seldom impelled by the same motives or interests as members of the other race.

They have behaved, principally, just as the insurance executives who turned the company's wealth back into the community to offer more opportunities in business, in housing and in the raising of living standards.

These considerations must be given to whether their acts are against the public good; whether, if a true offense to society is committed, the offense is in fact a mistake or if it is law itself is mistaken.

Certainly there can be no concern that there has been offense against the person of a numbers player. The act is entirely voluntary on the part of the individual. And there is the theory that impulsion for the bet is the hope for sudden wealth while the prize rather than wealth for a beneficiary after death as in the case of insurance.

Moreover, the widespread prevalance of the practise in the community and its general acceptance over many years has divorced from the mind of the man in the streets any ideas that the act is wrong—that it is not customary, and a part of everyday customs.

Denied the privilege of walking into a bank and borrowing enough money to start a business, to buy a house or buy a car, or unable because of low earning power to aspire to these things, many persons in this community have tapped the wellspring of numbers to attain them.

Where luck failed them, some sought out the operators who lent their help and money without rigid formalities. The instances are many and legend.

Thus, to the segment of society it serves, lottery has been more a windfall than an offense. It has been a mistake only if man's natural desire to improve his lot is a mistake. It would appear that the law, emanating as it should from the will of the people, is mistaken.

These are the facts — right or wrong, on which evaluation of the assault on the colored community, on what a Senator has called the "little guys" in numbers operations, need be considered.

This city refuses, wherever it can, to accept the moral concept that a law must be a rule for all alike . . . that every man has the privilege to act as every other man.

Until it does, it will be vulnerable to attack on its called the double standards and the upshots of those standards cannot be evaluated in the normal light of justice according to the law.

POLITICS

From the DEMOCRATIC Viewpoint

By LLOYAL RANDOLPH

If we hope to receive any worth while benefits out of the 1952 Presidential Election, now is the time to start.

We must now become politically active.

All teachers, ministers, business and professional leaders cannot afford to take the position that they have no interest in politics or that they must not become involved in politics.

It is to our leaders in the various professions and the churches that the little people look to for guidance.

If our leaders become more civic minded they will realize that the progress our group has made to a large extent is the result of court actions and the effective use of the ballot.

In any large city we are an important factor in politics when we control the vote.

Leaders Should Help

All our leaders in their various fields should begin now to see that every one whom he meets is a registered voter.

The doctor, after administering to his patient, can inquire whether the patient and his family are registered voters.

School teachers in their civics classes can tell pupils the value of the ballot and why parents should register and vote in all elections.

The dentist can influence his patients to become active voters.

The storekeeper is in a key position to talk to customers and inform them that this year they should be sure to exercise the privilege to select those who shall represent them for four years.

The leader who has the greatest influence on our people is the minister.

He is the one who should organize political science classes in his church so that the people can learn and have explained to them the various political issues, the character and ability of the candidate and the history of the political parties and the place of our people in politics.

Preachers an Asset

If the ministers would organize such classes, their people would then have an opportunity to learn how to use a voting machine so that their votes are more effective.

To become educators of the youth of our community, it is necessary that we believe the church should render its members.

More people attend church regularly than any other public place. Since the church is the center of community activities, then, as one method of educating voters, all our churches should become active in political service.

The classes could be held at least twice a month and conducted by a political science teacher in our high schools and colleges, or by some member of the church who is political minded.

We must reach the many people in Baltimore City and Maryland who are not registered voters.

I am positive that with full cooperation of all the leaders mentioned, we can build here in our State and City a strength that will assure us of jobs, and enactment of friendly legislation after the 1952 election.

From the REPUBLICAN Viewpoint

By MARSE S. CALLAWAY

What greater privilege has the average man today, than the right to register, to vote in a free election?

Our people are more aware of this truth, than others; because our forefathers were denied the right to vote at all.

But even in many places, we are disfranchised by devious means, preventing us from freely electing public officials.

The shame of those who fail to register and to vote, where they are permitted to do so, is the great shame about which I write.

We are a minority people, who are oppressed and denied equal rights and equal opportunities. We pay for freedom, and not for consideration as a people of equal stature with all others. We know we are right, for religion and the histories of civilizations teach us so.

Men Are Weak

But we also know that government is one of men—and sometimes evil men who seek to keep us in bondage—illiterate men who are irreligious and selfish—men without character who would succeed by using us as lowly paid servants.

There is now, and has been for sometime past, a way to correct these evils, but we fail to recognize and take advantage of such an easy way. That way is to register and vote in every election for decent, honorable men to public office. Such men guide our destiny and make our way of life easier; and our task of securing equality, a certainty.

Only 20 per cent of the people register.

Think of it!

And not all of those who do register, actually vote.

By the very failure of our people to register and vote, we have held ourselves back and largely contributed to the plight of which we always complain.

Don't blame other people—blame yourselves.

Your Responsibility

You who do not vote are responsible for the lack of character, good morals, and stability necessary to establish first class citizenship in our community.

Those who ask for help must help themselves.

We must not beg, for equal opportunities for ourselves and our children.

It is a truism that customary ways of acting never develop unless there is at liberty to act in that way. That is all that liberty means.

The question of whether gambling is good or bad has not been satisfactorily settled by the law. The law has modified its rulings to recognize degrees and forms of gambling which may or may not be acceptable according to the dictates of custom and the will of the people.

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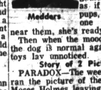
★ REPORTERS' REPORT TO THE PEOPLE ★

Scratch Pad

By MAE MORRIS MEDDERS

HUMAN INTEREST — A friend tells me another friend's dog who imagines every year that she has given birth to pups.



Medders

During this period of "motherhood," the dog walks about surrounded by with toys. These she will tenderly gather about her as if they were pups, and if anyone comes too near them, she's ready to bite. Then when the mood wears off, the dog is normal again, and the toys lay unnoticed.

Story of 2 Pictures

PARADOX—The week the AFRO ran the picture of the Evangelist Moses Holmes leaving court after he had been banished from town, the Rev. A. L. Bailey commented that many persons thought him to be a man pictured in the background.

"I had a hard time convincing them that wasn't me," said the Baptist minister.

Little did the Rev. Mr. Bailey realize then that within three weeks, he too would be banished from the city for contempt of court, and would be the main subject in an AFRO picture of his own.

OPINION — Nobody asked me, but I like the Amos and Andy TV show.

In addition to being downright funny, the show gives me an opportunity to see characters I never see around Baltimore.

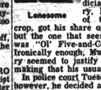
For instance, Amos and Andy characters have included a colored judge, colored court bailiff, colored police clerks, and colored plainclothesmen above the rank of sergeant.

One could hardly call THESE stereotypes.

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

Magistrate John L. Berry at Northwestern Police Court is coming through in fine style.



Lonesome

Every four years it's the usual policy for police officers, reporters, attorneys, and court hangers-on, to joking by pin a nickname on the newly appointed magistrates. Of course this is out of earshot of these judicial jokes. Berry like the rest of this terms' crop, got his share of nicknames, but the one that seemed to stick was "Ol' Five-and-Dime Berry," ironically enough, Magistrate Berry seemed to justify the label by making that his usual sentence.

In police court Tuesday morning, however, he decided a case on basic facts presented, and was not to the least swayed by a flowery summation by the defense attorney.

A 65-year-old man was charged with going to his ex-girl friend's house and beating her so badly she required hospitalization for 3 days.

Leaning on the rail with a confident smirk, the man gave his version of what happened. He said the girl owed him money, but under questioning by the magistrate he admitted that while they were going together he gave her sums of money and anything else she wanted.

The defendant contended also that the young lady hit him when he grabbed her, and it was necessary to use force to free himself. In turn testified she found it necessary to hite him when he wouldn't free her, which certainly is a justifiable reason.

Defense counsel in a final plea to the magistrate asked mercy for his client because he had never been in trouble before, had done something wrong, but was sorry for it.

Magistrate Berry listened to the eloquent pleas, asked the attorney was he finished, and gave his verdict with a cryptic "$50 and costs."

Mainstream

By RALPH MATTHEWS JR.

Matthews Jr.

How, I keep asking myself, do recording "artists" like the Orioles, Swallows, CapTans, Four Buddies etc. get to be recording artists? The gentlemen just can't sing. I'm not tone deaf, honest. There is a reason for having arrived at this conclusion. Listen. Remember the M.A. Brothers? They're still around and singing in harmony. Harmony has been their watchword for two decades. For singing easily, in good taste and tune, they've had fame and fortune showered upon them. There are other skilled singing groups. The Billy Williams quartet, the Delta Rythmn Boys, the Ravens. They all sing intelligently and keep in mind that good musicianship is just as important as showmanship.

Think of groups like these and compare them with the current crop of quartets which have sprouted up every time four fellows get together who think they can sing. The difference is like night and day.

Now, instead of harmony and good taste, we have poor imitations of what has been. Now, weak-voiced soloists who sing like they're being strangled and like each breath may be their last, surround themselves with three others who hum drearily out of tune in the background.

News Beat

By RUFUS WELLS

Wells

Jersey Joe Walcott, the old man of boxing, who won the world's championship on his fifth try, came to Baltimore Sunday and won the hearts of the young and old, the good and the not-so-good.

Though Walcott lacks the glamour of Joe Louis, he has as most universal appeal nevertheless. Young people like him because he is charm personified; middle aged people because he is a devoted family man; and the older "church" people because of his deep faith in God. And the sporting crowd likes Jersey Joe because he is a good fighter, capable of knocking out a man with either hand.

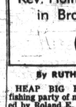
Mobbed By Crowd

When Walcott appeared at Beechwood Park he was nearly mobbed by the crowd that stood in the rain just to shake his hand. I asked Jersey Joe how he liked touring the country on personal appearances and he replied:

"It's hard, harder than training for a fight, but I love it. I like to meet the people, especially the young people, and to let them see what can be done if they have determination, perseverance and faith in God."

The Champion has a tremendous following of young children. They swarm all over him, but he doesn't seem to mind. My impression of Jersey Joe—the father of six children—is that he likes young people and believes that they carry our only hope for a better world.

Rev. Holmes Now in Brooklyn



Jenkins

Welfred Hammond and Benjamin Burrell.

They were the guests of Capt. John McNapp on his 48-ft boat, the Dido.

Mrs. Annie Ross, Baltimore's grand old lady of 808 Druid Hill Ave. is looking forward to her 112th birthday on Aug. 25. Mrs. Ross voted for the first time at the tender age of 110 years.

Women Outnumber Men

On that subject, the women of America could outvote the men by 2,000,000 if they wanted to.

The Census Bureau reports that there are now that many more women than men of voting age in the United States. The 1950 census showed that the 21 and over age group includes 49,419,000 women and 47,499,000 men.

It is this preponderance of women which creates such quips as this:

When a single woman reaches the age of 30 years, she is more interested in a man's appearance than in his wealth or position. And the sooner he makes his appearance, the better.

CIVIL DEFENSE CALLING NURSES: — This month, a census will be taken of all professional nurses and all licensed practical nurses living in Maryland. The survey is to be conducted by local offices of Civil Defense Medical Services.

Nurses Needed for Civil Defense Only Head

By RUTH JENKINS

HEAP BIG FISH STORY.—A fishing party of nine persons, headed by Roland E. Lee of 818 N. Gilmor St. went to Bowers, Del., on Monday and made a catch of 307 pogies and a mullet.

The group included Mrs. Pearl Hammond, Mrs. Grace Campbell, Mrs. Alice Griffin, Walter Lee, James McLain, Lawrence Griffin, Wilfred Hammond and Benjamin Burrell.

A questionnaire will be sent to every known nurse, active or inactive, in the State.

On this form, she is asked to state her name, address, present employment, training or experience in special fields such as maternity or surgical nursing, specific nursing interests and possible availability for civil defense work.

22,000 Nurses in State

Nurses who do not receive the questionnaire through the mail should make themselves known to their local offices of Medical Services for Civil Defense. In Baltimore, the address is 2411 N. Charles St.

Approximately 14,000 professional nurses and 900 licensed practical nurses are believed to be living or working in Maryland.

Hear tell that the Rev. M. E. Holmes of outdoor evangelism fame is establishing himself in Brooklyn N.Y.

The Christian Center of Morgan College held its second funeral Tuesday, with services for Mrs. Alice T. Chandler who was a trustee of the center.

Its first funeral service was that of Mrs. D. O. W. Holmes in June 1948, shortly after her husband retired as president of Morgan.

SOB-SISTER?—Went fishing the other day. It was lots of fun. Caught plenty of fresh air. Caught plenty of sunshine. Just learning to cast a line, caught plenty of heck when I almost caught—my partner in the seat of his pants.

Caught something worse than that when I almost caught a passenger airplane and rocked the boat. Caught my shorts on the hook of the oar.

Caught myself thinking how stupid (intelligent) human beings must look to dumb animals as they sit for hours on end hopefully holding a stick with a piece of string suspended in water.

Fish? Well no, I didn't exactly catch any fish.

Out of the MAIL BAG

Musicians Appreciative

Dear AFRO: On behalf of the Bureau of Music, I wish to thank the AFRO-AMERICAN for the fine coverage given our Number 2 Park and Municipal Concert Band during the season just closed.

Your co-operation is indeed appreciated.

EARL F. FORMAN,
Superintendent

About Pine Street

Dear AFRO: I read the Pine Street article appearing in Friday's edition. You are 80 per cent right about Pine St., but I wish you were 100 per cent wrong. However, you never will be.

I admire the courage of the two housewives who wrote to you about this street. It is a national disgrace.

Much of the blame for this condition must be placed on the shoulders of the people themselves. Some of the people living on Pine St. are as much responsible for the condition of the street as the people who live on other streets.