THE AFRO-AMERICAN

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

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OUR CREED

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

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

—Frederick Douglass

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.

All-Out Numbers Probe

After three weeks of the grand jury's "liral level" investigation of gambling in the city, the State's Attorney has announced that several white sporting figures will be summoned for questioning.

The men named had all been questioned by the U.S. Senate Crime Investigating Committee, as had been William (Little Willie) Adams, with whom the local probe began.

It was obvious that until now, as the AFRO pointed out, the State's Attorney and the grand jury were making the Baltimore racket probe an all-colored show.

In Maryland, 80 per cent of the numbers game is controlled by white operators, and only 20 per cent colored.

The colored numbers players were being raided, and arrested and jailed. They are the little fellows.

The big operators who happen to be white were going along untouched...

Now, Mr. Sodaro has given out the names of some of the larger fry. There are more.

If the numbers racket is to be cleaned up, we say bring in everyone concerned. Let's include the numbers writers,—the numbers barons and the higher-ups who have been paid off to guarantee protection.

Why is it that certain numbers headquarters have existed so long without arrests? Who placed the bets, who paid off, who put up the bail, and what lawyers were hired by syndicates?

Shouldn't the public know what policemen, patrolmen, sergeants, lieutenants and captains took bribe money?

If the grand jury proposes to take the cover off Baltimore vice and rackets, we say blow it off completely.

Let's quit making the minority groups the scapegoats for city-wide vice and corruption.

Liquor Board's Solicitude

Throughout the years, the Liquor Board has beef granting tavern licenses which restrict the patronage to white or colored persons only.

But now, adopting a sudden "liberal" attitude, the board wants a court case to determine whether such patronage restrictions are legal.

Reason for this sudden solicitude is the current changeover of certain neighborhoods from white to colored residents. The tavern operators with licenses to serve white patrons only find their business falling off as their white customers move out of the community.

So, more and more often, they are asking the Liquor Board for permission to change their license so they may serve their new colored neighbors.

The court test idea occurred to the Liquor Board when the New Area Neighborhood Association vigorously objected to license changeovers of two liquor establishments in the above-North Ave. section.

Faced with the overwhelming protests from the people who live in the area, but hesitant about offending the tavern keepers, the board wants to pass the hot potato on to the courts by questioning the legality of the restrictions which have been in effect all those years.

We are unqualifiedly opposed to segregation in any form and would like to see racial restrictions in all phases of Baltimore life removed immediately, permanently and effectively.

But as the New Area Association points out, a court decision removing such restrictions at this time would not serve our best interests unless there were also a stipulation specifically outlawing discrimination in service at all liquor establishments in the city.

Without such stipulation, the white taverns could be changed over to colored patronage whether the neighborhood wanted the tavern or not. But at the same time, the larger nightclubs in the downtown areas could continue to bar colored customers.

Heretofore, the Liquor Board has been adhering to the wishes of the neighborhood residents in the handling of liquor licenses. Until and unless restrictions are removed with the provision that all patrons must be served in all clubs alike, we'd just as soon let well enough alone.

Park Insult No Mistake

More than 200 employees of Glenn L. Martin airplane factory and their friends were turned away from Carlin's Amusement Park last week because they are colored.

The United Auto Workers, Local 976, of the Chevrolet assembly plant in Dundalk hired the park more than a year ago.

They sold tickets to both colored and white workers of the Martin plant through its Local 738.

After the colored guests were turned away, union officials said an error had been made all around.

That is no excuse for insulting people. No mistake was made. Everybody in Baltimore knows Carlin's Jim Crow policies.

If there was a mistake, it was in the Chevrolet workers hiring Carlin's Park in the first place, and then agreeing to use the park without its being open to all union members alike.

Unless are not operated whereby you take off, today and put on tomorrow when it is convenient. A white group which humiliates the colored workers simply to enjoy an evening at an amusement park might also be expected to sacrifice their interests at the bargaining table.

The Chevrolet and Martin union leaders might take a leaf out of the Maritime Union's books.

Not so long ago, a first mate on one of the ships refused to hire two colored waiters and called them offensive names. The entire crew refused to come back to work until the first mate was released.

Hodge Podge

By BOB MATTHEWS

Went down to the watermelon patch the other day with the express purpose of getting a watermelon.

Not being adept in the art of selecting this fruit, thought I'd better seek the advice of experts.

Started a campaign consisting of one simple question:

"How do you tell whether or not a watermelon is ripe?"

After tabulating the total results of the poll, the majority said to thump them. A few others said to look for a melon with a regular shape.

Didn't pay too much attention to this last bit of advice because I've had melons that tasted pretty good that looked actually lumpy.

Armed With Facts

Armed with these facts, I sallied forth to tackle the situation determined to 'bring 'em back ripe'!

Arrived at the scene to find quite a crowd gathered around the watermelon boats. Thought: "This is a good chance to observe the technique of others."

Sure enough, people were feeling the melons and thumping away for dear life.

Finally it was my turn. I strode briskly around the boat, peering intently at the pile of melons.

Selected one that seemed to have more personality that the others—reared back—and administered a resounding thump!

A Hard Object

Discovered immediately that a watermelon is indeed a hard object. After the pain in my fingers subsided, tried again—this time not quite so vehemently—the melon gave forth a nice full sound.

Just for comparison thought I'd thump a few other melons.

They sounded exactly the same as the first one to me. Something was lacking in my watermelon education—they hadn't told me what to listen for.

Decided to trust my fate to the owner of the boat.

"Say!" I queried, "How do you tell whether or not a melon is ripe?"

With a sly grin, he spat over the side and drawled:

"Me! I just plug 'em!"

A.P. Randolph in Europe

(Translated from L'Afrique et le Monde)
By FREDERICK H. DEMOND

Europe extended a cordial welcome to A. Philip Randolph, president of the International Association of Pullman-Car Porters, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. The enthusiasm was so great in Milan, Italy, July 6, 1951.

Mr. Randolph was one of the most distinguished representatives of America at that convention.

In August, 1925, he founded the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters which he led to success after many bitter fights with its foes.

Today, this great Association includes not only railroad workers in the United States, but also those of Canada and Mexico.

Established Magazine

Mr. Randolph was born in Florida, but went to New York to live before the outbreak of World War I. In a short time he established "THE MESSENGER," the first magazine published by colored Americans. This weekly played a great part in what its editor called the "Emancipation of the colored worker in the United States."

It was through the influence of Mr. Randolph that the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order which was designed to enable colored Americans to take active part in the war effort, not only on the battle fields but also in industry.

Considered Leader

For more than 30 years this great man has been considered as one of the race's strongest leaders in the area of labor and management. Newspapers throughout the United States know him and respect him.

This, his first trip to Europe, will afford him first hand contact with labor leaders of several countries, and enable him to strengthen the bond of friendship which unites the American worker with the European worker.

Good Joe

By PAUL D. MCALISTER

Somebody always writes about Some one who's climb to fame Was done in such a way, that they Would meet a wide acclaim. There isn't very much to say You don't already know About the former heavy king, Joe Louis, unassuming Joe. He beat the best that could be found. They felt his hammer right, And all that he would blush and say Was, "Just a lucky night." Perhaps some day his gloves will hang, And dust therein will grow, But always will some kindly spoken words Be said of our good Joe.

Hold On to Shore Property

The Eastern Shore has always been the most backward section of the state. Its isolation on the other side of the Chesapeake Bay has been the main factor for this situation. In the earlier days, it was plain wilderness.

Coming down from the north, those who traveled the Eastern Shore were going up a blind alley. Fifteen to twenty miles of Bay between the Eastern and Western shores kept the two areas far apart. The Bay was equivalent to a high mountain.

It was frequently more convenient and cheaper to go from Baltimore to Elkton (45 miles) and then 75 miles down the Eastern Shore to Cambridge, rather than attempt to go across the Bay on a ferry.

By straight line from Baltimore to Cambridge is about 60 miles.

All of this is going to be changed now by two bridges, one the $44,000,000 bridge linking Delaware and New Jersey, which was dedicated last Thursday and next year our own Chesapeake Bay Bridge which will enable north and southbound traffic to skirt the big towns and get into New York and New England.

It is estimated that two million more people will be traveling through the Eastern Shore every year, some of whom are going to stop, and spend some money in Maryland.

There is going to be a land boom. Even land way back from the highways is going to be needed for residential properties.

Colored residents of the Eastern Shore who own property anywhere in the area of the big roads should hold on to it. They may be tempted to sell now because they can get a price double what homes and farms brought two years ago.

If they can afford to keep their property, in the next 10 years it will be worth 10 times what it is worth now.

Anybody who owns farm land or residential property on the Eastern Shore in the area of the new highways should pay the taxes on it another 10 years and forget about any idea of selling it.

What Is Death Like?

By CARL MURPHY

What is death like?

We are getting some ideas.

Fay Young, Chicago sports writer, tells of undergoing an operation at a hospital on Tuesday and when she woke up it was Thursday.

He thought it was still Tuesday, knew nothing about what had happened after he was given an anesthetic.

Persons injured in accidents or war sometimes remember nothing for months. Then memory comes back again, picks up where it left off.

When Hearts Stop

Even patients whose hearts have stopped beating for 15 to 20 minutes on an operating table, once revived, have no knowledge of what occurred during the period they were unconscious.

Generally the feeling, if anything, is one of pleasure because the unconsciousness was preceded by pain in case they were injured by fear and pain in case of an operation.

Returning consciousness is accompanied by the joy of knowing that whatever happened to them, (accident or operation) they survive, and in most cases, feel better than they are rid of what ailed them and will be well again.

The time between one and death is a fraction of a second.

One minute you feel the physician's needle, the next you know nothing, remember nothing.

What do you think about when you are about to pass out?

A friend of mine in Providence Hospital this week had the answer. He said:

"You get down to the place where there is nobody but you and God."

French Station at Cherbourg Cleaner Than American Station

Jacksons Find Six-Course Lunch Costs $6 — French Out to Please U.S. Tourists — Two Old Ladies of Cicero 'Explain', the Cicero Riot to Foreigners

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Juanita Jackson Mitchell, Baltimore attorney, visiting Europe, tells the day-by-day story of the trip she is making with her mother, Mrs. Lillie M. Jackson, president of the Baltimore Branch of the NAACP. This is the third installment of a series of the travelogue to come in subsequent editions of Your Favorite Newspaper.)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9

8 a.m. — The sight of the green shores of France looming up in the gray mist of morning is a sight I shall never forget.

Here was the France we had studied about in our school books, read about in the press and seen in the movies.

The decks of the Queen Mary were lined with travelers catching a glimpse of the French mainland.

Two little tenders came steaming out from the shore to our giant vessel. The dapper French immigration officers came aboard to examine our passports and collect our landing permits. This took about one and one half hours.

Then we were loaded on the little tenders and went chugging toward the Cherbourg quay, while the majestic Queen Mary sailed away in the morning mist.

Beats Union Station

The French railway station certainly beats our Pennsylvania R. R. Station in Baltimore both in beauty and cleanliness. Although sections of it still show gaping holes, signs of the terrible bombing it took during the last war, it was scrupulously neat and clean.

The French railway trains are just like the ones we see in the movies. On one side were lined up plush-lined trains for the first class passengers. These left 20 minutes earlier than our second class trains, which were plain but comfortable.

The train coaches are divided into compartments with seats for 8 each — four on each side of a large picture window running the width of the compartment.

A Jolly Group

It was such a jolly group with us in our compartment.

A charming Italian - American couple returning for the first time in 22 years to visit their relatives. She was dark in hair and coloring, coming from Southern Italy.

Their two children are married, so Mom and Pop are taking their dream trip home.

He has an artist's supply shop in New York. She is a modiste. They are Mr. and Mrs. Antonetta Villa, 82 New York Ave., Baldinu, Long Island.

Two Ladies From Cicero

All the way from Cicero, Illinois, that community made notorious by the recent riots against the colored veteran, were two cheerful old ladies.

One, easily in her late seventies, with four married sons, Mrs. Antoinette Buelinso (Catholic), 1418 56th Ave., was returning after 41 years to Brussels, Belgium.

The other in her early seventies, Mrs. Mary Maes, 1405 So. Lombard Ave., (Protestant) returning, likewise, after 32 years to Belgium.

They spoke Flemish and Mrs. Maes, who looks like the ladies in the Dutch paintings, also speaks French.

Only for visits do they come. They reminded us, for they announced proudly, "We are American citizens."

We sang French, Italian and American songs together. Then it was time for lunch. Back to the dining car we went.

Six-Course Lunch

A menu had already been placed for us. We ate slowly, at least six courses, winding up with fruit and cheese. Cheese! $6.00 in American money and we had had a wonderful lunch. Start early on auto trips. Pack your lunch, you wound up with $10.00 checks.

Such groans. But it had started. The French were out to fleece "the rich Americans." That is the story in France and Italy, we were told. One price for the nationals, another for the Americans.

To them, all Americans are rich!

Signs of War

The French countryside is like "out of the picture you've ever seen" of French villages coming to life—quaint, colorful, massive, no wood. Permanent and lasting one would say to himself until the sight of bombed villages jerked one back to the reality that nothing will be permanent as long as there is war on the face of the earth.

The French trains are old-fashioned and antique. It was not until we pulled into the larger cities of Caen and Mantes-Gassicourt that we saw newer looking trains. But nothing streamlined and modern like some of the American trains.

In our compartment chatter drifted along over many things. Until I asked of the voluble Mrs. Maes:

"The papers carried front page stories about your riots in Cicero. Why did the people do that?"

Everybody was so quiet.

Then Mrs. Maes broke out into a rapid stream of explanation.

"It wasn't the respectable people of Cicero. Only a few of these Bohemians, but Cicero got blamed for the rabble that came from little towns all around.

"But," concluded Mrs. Maes in comfort, "I hear he's not going to settle in Cicero."

"Oh yes," I chimed in, "he's moving in. Our association is helping him to buy new furniture."

"Oh, but it'll take a long time to get that building rebuilt," interrupted Mrs. Hosiens.

(The next installment of the Jackson Diary will appear in the next edition of the AFRO-AMERICAN.)

POLITICS

★ REPORTERS' REPORT TO THE PEOPLE ★

From the DEMOCRATIC Viewpoint

By LLOYAL RANDOLPH

Are you ready to vote in the 1952 election?

If you have moved from your old residence, have you checked with the Supervisor of Elections Office to see whether you are still in your same precinct and ward?

The elections in 1952 are important to all the people not only here in America, but all over the world. For the man who becomes President must be capable of formulating a policy on foreign affairs that will not jeopardize our economic, social or political existence in America.

Not only will you as a voter in 1952 be called on to elect a President, but to select and elect a Vice President, two senators - from Maryland, representatives to Congress from all districts in Baltimore City and the 23 counties. Therefore, in order to protect your interests it is necessary that the best qualified persons be elected to these offices of high responsibility.

It is your duty now to see that all of the people are on the books and properly registered as soon as possible.

Our people in New York City have the Hon. Adam Powell as their representative in Congress.

Our people in Chicago have William Dawson as their spokesman in Congress.

Why can't we here in Baltimore elect a qualified person in the Fourth District to Congress.

From time to time we have asked for jobs and appointments which carry salaries, and we have seen other minorities receive them and we are left at the post.

We have enough of our people who can easily become qualified voters in the district to begin new a door to door, block to block and district to district campaign so that when election day finally arrives, we can go to the polls and assure the election of a colored candidate to Congress.

We have everything to gain by increasing our Democratic registration.

All of our people who do not have a voter's card should go to the Court House and register as a Democrat, so that we can prove in the next election that the successful candidate is elected by our ballots.

You can only receive when you participate.

Elections are won or lost in the primary.

Begin now to campaign.

Be in a position to reward your friends and defeat your enemies by means of the ballot.

Mass Protests Fired Over Tampa Housing

TAMPA, Fla. — The colored citizens spearheaded by the local National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, have voiced vehement protest against the ousting by the Tampa Housing Authority of 118 colored families living in the area to be used for the new Robles Park Housing project.

From the REPUBLICAN Viewpoint

By MARSE S. CALLAWAY

Last week, I discussed the great privileges of registration and voting, and what they mean, particularly to our people.

I wish to continue the discussion, and state why the urgency to register and vote in the coming national elections, is greater than ever.

The free people of the world are now at the cross-roads of life in the future.

Which way shall we go?

Which road leads to a brighter life and continued enjoyment of the basic freedoms?

How are we to avoid choosing the road to stricter controls, socialism, communism, and other isms, which will continue to chip away from us our hard won and well deserved place in the world, where in free elections, we choose our leaders?

Answers Not Difficult

The answers to these questions are not as difficult as they may seem.

We, in America, have history behind us, which teaches us which road to travel.

The warning is clear.

We have strayed from the right road, by accepting false promises and free doles.

We have accepted the new theory that influence in high places, vast expenditures of money for non-essentials, and favoritism, are proper and just, in our democracy.

Truth is Simple

It seems so easy to take without payment, but we must think! Think of the reasons of the ancients.

To accept free hand-outs from our government means we return the favor.

We are expected to keep in office those who promise and give us the much greater power can be used for their own selfish desires.

We of the minority peoples must think clearly and make a decision to keep our freedoms, for we have the longest and hardest road to travel.

The Way Out

The way out, and the way to continued and respect and unencumbered liberty, is to return to the way of our forefathers who knew what real freedom was, and fought for it.

The way out is toward election of conservative government officials who are not only legally, but morally honest as well.

The coming elections provide for us one of our best opportunities to turn out of power those who have brought us to the brink of social ruin and an end to our free way of life.

If we do not now awaken to this very real danger, we will have lost without a fight, the basic truth that all men are created equal, and should continue so, through life.

Register and Vote!

Vote for honest men who hold their trust sacred, who keep their promise to save our economy from ruin, and our people from slavery.

Scratch Pad

By MAE MORRIS MEDDERS

Bail for "Little Willie" Adams and Walter Rouse on those numbers conspiracy charges is $10,000 each.

But for Maurice Braverman, attorney, who is charged with plotting to overthrow the U.S. Government, bail is only 5,000. Now which crime is worse? Or just how dangerous to society can you get?

Medders

Public Catching On

Speaking of Mr. Adams, seems that the public has taken hold of the word "conspiracy."

Captain "Maul" Emerson tells the one about the man he arrested for disturbing the peace, and the man refused to explain his unruly actions, telling the captain, "First thing you know, you'll be charged with conspiring!"

And speaking about numbers and the gambling probe, perhaps Austin Scarlett didn't show up Tuesday when he was recalled because the grand jury made him wait around for three days the last time.

"Fat Man"

Scarlett weighs over 250 pounds, but his frame took a licking every time he hauled it up and down those steep courthouse steps.

Maybe he figured that this time, he'd make one trip do for all.

State's Attorney Sodaro estimates that the probe is going to take at least another "two or three weeks."

Perhaps by that time the investigators will admit that colored people aren't the only ones in Baltimore who play and back numbers!

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

So now the wolves are after Magistrate Avrum K. Rifman, who has been sitting in Southern Police Court.

A local daily attributes the current attack on the popular magistrate to a 1937 business connection he had with George Goldberg, reputed to be a reporting figure. That's just for the record. I have covered Magistrate Rifman's police court since he was appointed in May, and think I know the real story.

Just last week—a white tavern owner accused Magistrate Rifman of being "partial" to colored people. He had just been convicted of using abusive language to a colored motorist.

Rifman not only gave us a fair shake, but lectured the white "boys" in the bargain. After seeing him do that time and time again, I knew it couldn't last.

A former magistrate, prominent in Democratic politics, told a Cherry Hill woman politician, "Judge Rifman won't be down here long. My people are raising hell."

I laughed when I first heard that remark, knowing we have a Republican Governor who appoints the magistrates.

I hope I didn't laugh too soon. We need more men in public office like Magistrate Rifman.

LIFE A FOOTBALL GAME

Miss Irma Jean Spencer, 1334 N. Caroline St., quotes "Life is not a parlor game. It's a football game; rough and tough!" by H. G. Canady. Miss Spencer said that "It should remind people that life is not a bed of roses."

Mainstream

By RALPH MATTHEWS Jr.

My grandfather, the Rev. Charles H. Matthews, was a man of strong conviction and because of this—did not always think or act the way mid-ministers are supposed to. For instance, he loved the movies and attended them regularly. This was during a time when pastors seen in such "places of sin" were regarded with suspicion. Matthews Jr. by tools who thought a clergyman should not enjoy himself.

Another conviction that he harbored was the power of prayer. I recall how dinner used to get cold while Grandpop knelt at the table. One Sunday morning, he set a record by blessing the food for almost an hour.

If his prayers, he'd praise Roosevelt, darn Hoover, chastise white folks for being "silly old rascals" and bombast the Democrats (He was a Methodist).

Once he deliberately missed a conference of his fellow pastors and instead, spent the day in the synagogue across from our house. He and the rabbi passed the day talking about religion. In between their chatting, they watched the moon eclipse the sun through a telescope from the synagogue tower.

When grandmother asked how the meeting had gone, he snorted and said he hadn't the faintest idea.

"I'm getting too old to whoop and holler," he said. "That's all they do at those meetings anyway. I spent the afternoon watching God."

Now after a lifetime of watching God, this week, as it must to all men, death came to my grandfather.

News Beat

By RUFUS WELLS

By KEN CARTER

(Substituting for Rufus Wells who's on vacation.)

A few years back a catchy little ditty that went "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo. I don't want to leave the Congo" tickled the national fun bone and soared high on the Hit Parade.

We laughed and laughed and and thought, "Those crazy natives!" But wait! The man from the Congo has a point.

We shudder at the prospect of existing in a land of setse flies, pythons and man-eating lions, but, obviously, we fare no better trying to cope with the physical and psychological problems of our society.

A Balanced Scale

It's a scale, balanced on one side by sleeping sickness, malaria and the law of the jungle and on the other by mass hysteria, prejudice and recurring wars.

The little guy was probably sincere. It's conceivable that he would rather sit under the palms and take his chances with his natural foes—which he knows something about—than to live in a frantic "civilized" world atop a hydrogen bomb that has its time-fuse burning.

It is said that many truths come camouflaged in jokes, so maybe we die of laughter maybe we should take a planer in retrospect. Maybe we'd agree that the guy in the grass skirt has something there.

LOVER OF BIBLE

Miss Margaret Bailey, 526 Dolphin St., a lover of the Bible, uses many quotations from the Bible every day. The two which she likes to follow best of all is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Sarah Ann Street Wins Honor Flag

Part of the upper section of Sarah Ann Street which won the Clean Block honor flag last week.

Wilbert Hall is the captain, Mrs. Mary Hall, the adult advisor.

Poe Homes Clean Blockers on Outing

Out of the Mailbag

Proud of Pine Street

APRIL 7, 1951

I wish to add my objections to those previously sent in concerning the critical article on Pine Street.

My family lived at 226 N. Pine St. for 30 years. During that time the best families in Baltimore lived on Pine St. My family was and still is one of Baltimore's "best."

Pine St. has never been a "narrow lane" back of Lexington Market. It has always been a street. Just because it is not as it was years ago is no reason to say that it was always as it is now.

A part of it, even now, has kept its respectability. I am not ashamed that I once lived on Pine St., even though I have lived as far out as Cleveland Rd.

(Mrs.) EDNA W. CARROLL

Fewer Traffic Deaths

Dear AFRO: We are happy to report that there were 11 fewer deaths on Maryland highways in July 1951 than in July 1950; 44 being killed in July 1950 and 33 in July 1951.

This is a 25 percent reduction in deaths. With the continued help of your fine organization, we may be able to hold the line and not exceed last year's all time record of 497 killed.

However, we are running considerably ahead of last year, having killed 298 so far as against 256 last year.

Therefore we request that motorists abide by the following rules and avoid highway hazards.

Start early on auto trips-pack the night before. Don't speed, do not try to make up for lost time on the highways. If driving, don't drink; if drinking, don't drive.

THE MARYLAND TRAFFIC SAFETY COMMISSION

TIP FOR MATTHEWS

Dear AFRO: We were somewhat surprised at the humorous column Ralph Matthews carried in your edition of July 28, headed "Christian Science Does Not Work for Matthews," which was recently brought to our attention.

May we recommend that the next time Mr. Matthews pastes a Christian Science Reading Room, he accept the sincere invitation which is extended to all to come in, set down, and meditate on what he reads, rather than merely pausing for a fleeting moment by the window in the expectation of finding a breezy short-cut to an understanding of God.

In more serious Vein, may we respectfully invite your attention and that of Mr. Matthews to the words of Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, from "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures":

"Although this volume contains the complete Science of mind-healing, we believe that you can absorb the whole meaning of the Science by a simple perusal of this book.

JAMES WATT, Manager,
Washington, D.C. Office.

Plymouth Open Mon. & Thurs. Nights Till 9 P.M.

AUGUST SALE!

ROOM LOT WALLPAPER

SAVE HALF!

Consult our expert decorators. See exquisite Bridal Imports and room lot remnants. Each room lot contains 10 single rolls (5 double rolls) sidewall . . . enough to paper average 12 ft. by 12 ft. room. Choose from widest selection of newest colors and patterns.

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$3.78 $6.68 VALUES

Plymouth

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Clean Block Highlights

(From the Manager's Office)

Clean Blockers think they have a headache getting ready for finals August 31. I'll swap with anyone who wants to help the judges, take 20 phone calls a day, sign certificates, address envelopes, and well, I won't mention the other 99 items.

Seriously, I'm enjoying every minute of it. I'll be so pleased when the day of awards comes around, so I can see the happy faces when they receive their checks and prizes.

Homework

To prove the seriousness of this office, my assistant has suggested we take home the certificates which we will be unable to sign during office hours. You see, we had printer's trouble and didn't get them until late Wednesday. And there are 2,000 of them.

We promised to present them Friday (this morning) at the regular meeting. YOU DON'T DISAPPOINT GOOD CLEAN BLOCKERS!! AND THEY ARE GOOD

Projects Fete Workers

Wednesday found the McCulloh and Poe Homes without Clean Blockers. Management had packed lunches, called busses and hied them off to Oak Grove Park for a day's outing.

I found out Tuesday night why the unit block of S. Stockton St. really "ticks". I attended their weekly meeting. To swell their treasury, they pay weekly dues throughout the year. During the campaign season, they share and share alike. Hence every house in the block has paint, where needed, flowers and other needed repairs to give a perfect picture.

Back Yards Defended

No excuses were offered for the lack of added beauty to their back yards, but one neighbor said in defense of a criticism directed to them because their backs were as pretty as a "named" street. "Most of the people on that street are property owners. They have had their yards cemented, and wire fences installed, consequently their appearance is much better."

"We have planted flowers, painted the backs of our houses but we can't afford to have the yards cemented, or install wire fences. The landlords won't."

Really, the neighbors on Stockton St. need not defend any part of the street or homes. They have just cause to be proud. Cleanliness reigns supreme throughout.

If you want a treat for tired eyes, drive slowly through the unit block of South Stockton Street. Captain George Robinson will be glad to see you, so will advisor Samuel Downey. All the neighbors will smile.

Miscellaneous

Things that happened during the week: A visit from Mrs. Frances M. Wood, last year's campaign director, up from Richmond; Edgar Ewing and his St. Louis cousins, who got some wheerefores and whys of the C.B.C. with picture demonstrations to take home.

Sorry the party had not started when I visited the beautifully decorated Bruce Ct. Friday night. Another commitment forced the to go on.

"General" Herbert T. Miller of the Provident Hospital Fund, dropped in to extend wishes for continued success in our endeavors.

Orchids and Onions

Orchids to the representative of the Pepsi-Cola Company, who said, "We would like you to suggest names of some Clean Blockers for prizes to us for responsible employment. We have planted flowers in the backs of our houses during this Army career.

For their keen interest in the Clean Block Campaign, Clean Blockers from Poe Homes were taken to Oak Grove Park for an outing Wednesday. Shown in the picture with an adult advisor, Mrs. Elsie Chester, are Melvadean Jones, Myrtle Monk, Malcolm Jones and Annette Mack. Clean Blockers from the McCulloh Homes joined the group at the outing.

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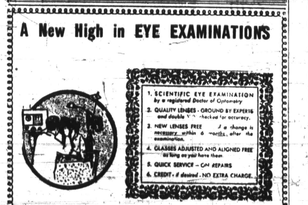

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Make your own 30-day Camel test — in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste). See how mild Camels are, puff after puff!

Frank Bauer, shipping controller of the N. Y. Yankees, says: "I've made the tests and Camels have what I want—rich flavor and mildness!"

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