THE AFRO AMERICAN

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By the late John H. Murphy Sr.

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OUR CREED

We believe that America can lead the world every from racial and national antagonisms when it extends to every man, regardless of race, color or creed, his human and equal rights, because no man, fearing his own, 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

Ignorance is one thing that costs even more than an education does.

School Picture Brighter, But Some Phases Still Dark

Coexistent with the beginning of school this Fall is speculation by the conscientious parent on the conditions under which his child will learn the three R's and the quality of instruction he will receive.

Some substantial gains in school facilities serving the colored community have been made this year, and the School Board recently announced 56 new appointments, of which are for entirely new positions.

There is reason to believe things are looking up.

Some 70 new classrooms have been made available to colored children. The Fannie O. Barbour School, constructed at a cost of a million dollars, adds 26 class rooms. The George W. Carver School (Cherry Hill) will add 22

County Teachers Behind the Times

The story of a young child's adventure and bewilderment upon leaving Mother and home for the first time is the whole picture of school opening upon us this week.

So delightful as that story may be to elder persons, so distressing it may be to the young kids, it is but one facet of the educational picture sealed off every September.

Another fact, which should be distressing to citizens of this State, is the announcement of separate orientation and organization meetings for colored and white teachers in the schools of Baltimore County.

Baltimore City stopped such separate meetings long ago.

It was acknowledged in Baltimore that the orientation of a teacher is not a matter of complex. The program of a good school system is not, and cannot be, tempered by race. There is no need for two meetings to tell two separate groups of teachers how to teach the same basic thing.

If Baltimore sees no need to have separate meetings for its teachers, certainly there is no reason why such a practice is necessary in the county.

Innovations by Clean Blockers

The 1951 Baltimore Clean Block workers added two improvements to the campaign.

The Gilmor Homes introduced the idea of planting one vegetable among their flowers.

In one case, it was a peanut plant, in others it was a potato, tomato, pepper, or a gourd plant. The gourd was of special interest to children, who watched its growth and measured its size each day.

A Sara Ann Street block found a new way to install window boxes by suspending them below window sills by chains.

This improved the appearance of the window boxes and prevented their soil from splashing against window panes during heavy rains.

Each year since the campaign began 17 years ago, clean blockers themselves have brought helpful suggestions to improve the appearance of their areas.

In the beginning they asked how the block would determine which block was better if all were clean. They suggested the white washed bitts fences and later substituting of wire fences for the rundown wooden planks.

Later on, the clean-up was extended to alleys and cellars.

Next came the painting of outside trim, the front steps and even the bricks.

Finally came "the window boxes with petunias as the chief flowers" and then the painting of benches and outside chairs in bright red, yellow and blue to match the window boxes.

Poet's Nook

When My Summer's Gone
By PAUL D. McALLISTER

When geese begin to Southward fly
And leaves fall slowly down,
When nature takes an autumn look
And green is turned to brown,
When tourist camps and beaches close
And kids go back to school,
When squirrels rob their nuts—
Ah! all the days are cool—
You'll know my favorite season is gone
Which I am to find,
I watch my flowers as they die
Alas, my summer's gone!

Hodge Podge

By BOB MATTHEWS

Atlantic City, on Labor Day Week end—America's playground—came to life. It has to be seen to be believed.

Where Cadillac cars are as common as sand on the beach and money a mere medium of exchange.

Where characters meet to outdo Fact and "Let's Party" the password.

Where day and night merge into the whole and sleep is wasted "party" time.

Where beach attire is worn everywhere—by day—and darkness is a fashion destitute phenomena.

Where the whisky flows like water and food just gives you strength to keep the party going.

Where characters met to outdo each other with fabulous deeds . . . the man on the beach who daily surrounds himself with a bevy of lovelies and serves sparkling bottle-gundy in silver goblets . . . of the man who while selling up one barrends Aka man Friday to duplicate the stunt simultaneously across the street.

When boy meets girl and white meets black with ne'er a raised eyebrow nor untoward glance.

Where the streets are named for states and every state is represented by beautiful girls.

Kentucky Avenue—nerve center—in one short block is concentrated more activity and nightlife than the average city—can boast.

Where the unofficial headquarters of Ian Atlantic City, open 24 hours per day—overflows 24-hours per day—with two bands, headliner Timmie Rogers, Larry Steele's chorus lovelies—where the breakfast show (6 a.m.) is more crowded than the evening shows.

Of the Belmont where Bill Davis moves you and grooves you with Hammond Organ.

Of the Weeke's where inhibitions are left behind and the Griffin Brothers hold sway in the place into a howling turmoil.

Of the Paradise where Johnny Sparrow's band radiates such a torrid beat that if there's no room on the dance floor, you dance in the aisles.

Of the Jockey Club where the third set entertains and the rest rooms are guarded.

Of the Little Brown Jug where the Washington crowd hangs out.

The Boardwalk and the beach—a kaleidoscope whirl—gaudy umbrellas—foaming surf—and humanity—stretching as far as the eye can see—all playing homage to Sol.

In the words of a youth observing the happenings:

"Everybody wants to go to Heaven, but nobody wants to die."

South Has Future; Stay There, Union Organizer Urges

NEW ORLEANS — John Dial Jr., national representative of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, CIO, advises the colored men to stay in the South.

Dial says that running away from the South does not solve the problem. It is the richest part of the country, he emphasized, "and the colored man having already made a heavy investment there should remain and make it pay off."

He said that a false allusion exists as to the people of the North and the West openly accepting "the colored man on equal terms. This is true in theory," said Dial, "but on the West Coast we experienced the same hostility with which we had been familiar in any part of the southland."

French Enjoy Life, Take Annual Vacation in August

Protestant Churches Closed on Sundays During Period; French Take 2½ Hours for Lunch, Won't Serve Dinner Until 7 p.m.; Plushed Seats in Elevators

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Juanita Jackson Mitchell, Baltimore attorney, visiting Europe, tells the day-to-day story of the trip she is making with her mother, Mrs. Lillie M. Jackson, president of the Baltimore NAACP, and her sister, Miss Ann Jackson, a senior at Morgan. The travelogue to come in subsequent editions of The Afro-American.)

AUGUST 12

Today is Sunday.

All the protestant churches here are closed for the month of August, while the French people are on their annual vacation.

It is to be said for the Catholics that churches never close their doors.

This is the fascinating characteristic of the French. They believe in enjoying life and taking it easy.

Shops Bar Windows

Many shops on the main streets are barred and shuttered with conspicuous signs bearing these words: "Fermeture Annuelle Jusqu'au Lundi 3 Septembre" — Annual closing until Monday, Sept. 3.

The French believe in taking vacations.

They go to the mountains in nearby Switzerland or to the seashore and beach resorts on the famed Riviera or to the little rural villages and farms from which many have come.

They Simply Shut Down

Interestingly, they do not rotate vacations so that some are here in August to keep the shops open. They simply shut down as if to say "Money isn't everything."

The protestant churches shut down because so many of the French have left town.

2½ Hours for Lunch

Again, the French believe in taking two and one-half hours for lunch. From 12 to 2:30 are the lunch hours here.

Small shops close up and go to lunch. Then they come back and remain open till seven.

Dinner is from 7 to 9.

The French do not believe in rushing through their meals. They want around and talk and chatter. They enjoy their food.

Many times since we have been here, we had waved to the waiter at least five times to bring our check. He nods each time, then he brings it a half hour later.

I honestly believe that they wouldn't care if you went on out without paying. They act as though they are saying to themselves:

"These crazy Americans are always rushing. We'll teach them patience."

No Dinner At 4:30 p.m.

Now you either conform to their customs or else.

We tried twice today in two restaurants to get our dinner at 4:30 p.m. Each time, the managers barred our way to the dining room.

Dinner is not served until 7 p.m. and you can't get dinner till 7.

Instead, they politely wave you to a seat in their sidewalk cafe out front where you can sip tea and eat sandwiches, coffee and pastries, to soothe the hunger pangs until dinner time.

Seats in Elevators

Even in elevators their desire for comfort is experienced. Our hotel, which is only six stories high, has a leather covered bench encircling the interior of the elevator so that those who desire to rest themselves may do so on the way up or down.

And, of course, Ollie Stewart has told you about the outdoor comfort stations. Very practical are the French.

The Famous Opera

AUGUST 13

Last night we were seated in a box in the famous Paris Opera. House hearing Pushkin's story immortalized in Moussourgsky's opera "Bons Goodnov." The music was beautiful.

The Opera House is smaller and more intimate than New York's Metropolitan Opera House or Baltimore's Lyric Theater, and a thousand times more beautiful.

Between acts opera goers leave their seats and take a stroll on the promenade floor which is all gold and crystal chandeliers and marble. It was thrilling to walk up the famous marble staircase which has appeared in magazines and books all over the world.

Kareans Can't Be U.S. Citizens

We met a South Korean baritone, Frank Lee, who is a private teacher of voice in Paris. He was accompanied by First Lt. Yo-Kung Hoc, of the South Korean army, who had just completed the International Conference of War Veterans held in Japan last week. He was sent as a delegate by the Republic of South Korea.

Mr. Lee has a problem.

His Korean wife and seven-year-old son are in America. The son was born in America while the couple were studying there.

He is an American citizen, but under the Oriental Exclusion Act passed by Congress alien Japanese, Koreans and Burmese are not permitted to become citizens of America.

To Win Friends

He said that during the last war Congress amended the act to permit the Chinese and East Indians to become citizens, in order to win friends for America in China, India and Burma.

Lee can only come back to America as a perpetual student, and must take 12 hours of study a semester so that Syracuse University can entitle him to be able to remain. He doesn't make enough money to bring his wife and child over here and support them here. There's one for the State Department to solve.

MILAN
AUGUST 28

We leave here tomorrow night for Paris. We like it so well we will spend three more days there. This is London for the conference—over to Wales to visit my sister-in-law's relatives! We sail on Sept. 7. We will be at the Hotel Mayfair in London from Sept. 2 to the 7th. The weather was warm in Naples, but not as hot as Baltimore here in Milan. It is cool again.

July 1951 Famous for Celebrations

Dr. FREDERICK H. DEDMOND

Interest when the world enjoys several great celebrations in a period of twelve months, but during July of 1951, there were five great commemorations.

One of these holidays was purely American, while another was American with a French background; two others were strictly French, and the fifth was Spanish.

Taking these memorial occasions in the order of their occurrences July 4 comes first. It is the only one of the great dates that is wholly American, and marked the 175th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies from the mother country, Great Britain.

Paris Celebrates

On July 8, Paris, France celebrated its 2000th birthday. Even though no one has an accurate knowledge of the age of Paris, the French people had a wonderful time at the festivities arranged in honor of one of the world's greatest cities.

On July 14, Frenchmen everywhere celebrated "Bastille Day," just 162 years after the fall of the Middle Age prison, which was the most dreaded place of confinement over last years the French people.

The old film entitled "A Tale of Two Cities," gave a vivid picture of the storming of the jail, as its fall represented the beginning of the French revolution of 1789.

On July 24, there was a double celebration, with one phase taking place in South America and the other in Detroit, Michigan. This was the birthday of a great man and of a great city.

Simon Bolivar was born July 24, 1783 in Caracas Venezuela, seven years and twenty days after the declaration of American independence, the spirit of which led him to become the liberator of six countries: Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Venezuela, and consequently, Panama.

Simon Bolivar is generally acknowledged as the greatest figure produced by Latin America. He liberated four times as many millions of colonists as did George Washington. A single one of his creations—Colombia—which contains 113,000 square leagues of territory, is greater than all the conquests of Napoleon.

He is also known as the father of Pan-Americanism, as result of his calling the first international conference ever to be held in the western hemisphere, in 1826. Though his endeavors were not crowned with success, the movement was taken up again many years after his death, as the result of which we now have the great Pan-American Organization located in Washington, D.C., representing all Latin countries of the United States.

The fifth celebration of the month took place in Detroit, in honor of the city's 250th birthday. The word "Detroit" is French for "strait" means a strait, or a narrow passage of water connecting two larger bodies of water.

The narrow body of water which led the French to call the whole settlement Detroit, is now known as the Detroit River.

The colony of Detroit was founded by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac on July 24, 1701, with 50 Quebec, Canada.

It was originally a fur trading post erected by the French in order to protect their interest from the English. Detroit was ruled by the French until 1760, then by the English until 1796, when it was occupied by the Americans.

Incorporated in 1802

Incorporated as a town in 1802, Detroit became a city in 1815, (and thus it is the oldest city in the middle west.) Although its first Mayor, John R. Williams, was not elected until 1824. Detroit became the capital of Michigan territory in 1805 and continued so until 1847, ten years after Michigan became a state.

Early growth of the city was rapid. In 1820 the population reached 1,000 and in 1830 it had increased to 2,222 inhabitants. Advent of the railroad gave the city its greatest growth as more than 1,220,000 additional Europeans established residence there in the first 30 years of the 20th Century.

Today the city has a population estimated at 1,849,568 and is the fourth metropolitan district beats of 2,925,000, an addition of more than one-half million since 1940.

Mother's Third City

Detroit is the nation's third city in business and industry. In 1949 it passed both Philadelphia and Los Angeles in volume of bank debits to individual accounts, best single measure of overall business.

Only New York and Chicago surpass Detroit. In building last year Detroit was third among United States cities, and in retail sales, Detroit ranks fourth, and the metropolitan area population it ranks fifth.

Volumes could be written on all these events and places that have become the object of great attention in this one month of July, 1951, but it suffices to point up only some of the high spots and call to the attention of our readers some of the pleasant things that are taking place in a world torn by strife and misery.

The Donkeys Run the Bases 1 Anybody Need Any Pipe Cleaners?

Only Heard

POST MORTEM: — Lt. Ralph Ambrose, lately of the Baltimore police department, was the biggest man in physical size on the force. His size impressed me (quite favorably, you might point out) when I called at my home in November 1945, as I the first woman reporter to cover a State execution. Until then, women had been denied permission to attend hangings. I became the matron was available should they want to make enough trouble to make the proceedings. So the penitentiary officials placed me at the end of the line of witnesses where they could keep an eye on me.

This meant that when we marched into the long narrow execution chamber, I found myself at the extreme rear of the room. I also found myself behind the massive girth of Lt. Ambrose.

Showing consideration for my comfort and fearing that I might miss some of the hanging operation, he gallantly offered to give me a place in front. I declined the offer, huddled farther behind him and wished that he were twice as big.

—But, darn it, I still could see everything perfectly.

Making hike an early bird, State Senator Harry T. Phoebus, according to Samuel Turner, has announced that he will run for U.S. Congress in the 1952 elections. The senator is from Maryland's Eastern Shore.

PROGRESS IN TRAVEL—Bicycle Champ Goodblood (Mrs. Goodblood Wee-Wee) who has been traveling about the country for years with a bell proclaiming her as a bicycle champion, went to the Elks convention in Buffalo this year on a motorcycle instead.

Outstanding because of her 200-pound weight, Mrs. Wee and her bicycle have been featured in the Cavalcade of Wheels film presented by the association of Motor Vehicles.

Her longest bicycle trip was from NYC to California, accomplished in only three weeks. She has been arrested in the past for only two months.

Her home is at 814 N. Bond St. and since 1898, she has been a member of F.E.W. Harper Temple of Elks, headed by Miss Ida Cummings.

FAIR FAIR FEATURE—Aberdeen Proving Ground is furnishing the major part of the U.S. Army exhibit at the Maryland State Fair at Timonium, Md. which continues from Sept. 1 to Sept. 8.

They have sent seven pieces to the exhibit, including captured Russian weapons and Korean battlefields.

Civilian personnel in uniform will be admitted free to the Fair which is located on Route 147 (York Rd.), 12 miles north of Baltimore.

Some 500 Crownsville Hospital patients were entertained Sunday, Aug. 26 in a novelty softball game in which the players performed aboard trained donkeys.

The hospital reported the services of the donkeys who travel the Eastern Seaboard and are especially trained to run the bases.

Players included members of the Baltimore Orioles Club (Donkeys).

Having backed considerable publicity and criticism when he began giving table service to colored customers at the Arundel Ice Cream Store at Edmondson Ave., Sol Shapiro is lamenting the fact that his table customers now are so few.

Having lost the majority of his white trade, he is concerned that his colored customers don't take advantage of his invitation to come and sit down. He has received several complimentary letters about his liberal business policy, but business remains bad.

BOB-SLEDDER: — Anybody need any pipe cleaners?

Having recently been so gifted by a friend returning from Europe, my sister and I have taken to using handcarved cigarette holders.

The fad had its fascination until we discovered that the holders required regular use of pipe cleaners. So I was dispatched to the store.

"How much are pipe cleaners?" I asked.

"Five cents" was the answer.

Astonished to find something still selling for a nickle, I said like a veteran pipe-cleaning buyer, "Well, give me a dozen, they'll last."

When I got home, I discovered that the clerk meant not five cents a piece, but five cents a package for each. Let's see, now, that adds up to 120 pipe cleaners on hand.

Out of the MAIL BAG

Reservists Want Out

Dear AFRO:

We, a group of Maryland men who are of the Active Reserve who also wound up in Korea, want "out" on the grounds that nonessential inactive Reserves will be separated from the service by Dec. 31, 1951.

We left the United States Jan. 8, 1951, a week prior to the announcement that no more reservists would be sent overseas. Since our arrival in Korea, some of us have been stationed in a rear echelon unit as construction engineers maintaining the area of Pusan and adjacent towns.

Upon recall to active duty in Aug., 1950, we returned under the impression of being extremes and trainers, since this was the primary purpose for maintaining active reserve units. Within four months and eight days after our recall, we were Korea bound.

The majority of the men of this unit are veterans of World War II who fought in places such as two Jima, Africa, China-Burma-India, Philippines and Sicily.

Now we are told that inactive Reservists, not essential, will be discharged by Dec. 31, 1951, and Active Reservists will be forced to serve out a hitch in Korea like Regular Army soldiers.

Must veterans of one world war be forced to go through with the Korean military adventure while youngsters who served one year of peace-time duty between 1946 and 1950 are left on stateside soil get go home?

Why not discharge us along with the Inactive Reservists, or at least take us back to the States to serve the rest of our 21 months tour of duty. Lastly, we have done our jobs whole-heartedly, but please pass the word and maybe something will come to pass soon.

DISGUSTED RESERVISTS

Minister Explains Gun

Dear AFRO: Your story concerning the minister pulling a gun on a youth did not tell the complete story, so I should like to explain the situation.

I operate a barber shop. This youth who was a customer said one day that he wanted a gun for sale and I recalled the request of the first youngster.

I approached the two to meet and make the transaction and I collected the money, but the gun was provided for sale by a white man whom I did not know.

When the youngster was dissatisfied because this gun failed to work, he appealed to me to see that his money was refunded, since he could not make contact with the gun dealer.

I felt it was my responsibility to make some adjustment, so I gave him a gun which I had around the house and which I was anxious to dispose of because I have a growing youngster.

I didn't realize at the time that the boy was a minor. Because he is college student and I have been shaving him so long, I never gave consideration to the question of his age.

—REV. ELLIOTT CRYOR

Rumors About Russia

Dear AFRO:

The rumor is that in Russia, one can never become rich or have any freedom.

Upon with this kind of thinking should read the papers, and compare this rumor about Russia with what is going on here in the United States.

I think Mr. Austin Scarlett and Mr. Willie Adams can verify that the Jim crow and discrimination used against colored people 365 days a year.

They have been used as the main targets in the lottery racket probe.

I don't know what goes on in Russia, but we colored people have experienced the Jim crow and segregation policy in the United State. The main thing here seems to be that no one can get rich, especially the colored people.

A CONSTANT READER

Tired of Slums

Dear AFRO:

As citizens, we are informing the public about some of the most deplorable conditions that exist among East Baltimore residents.

First, we are faced with the problem of having to move from the area which is being bought by the city for the redevelopment program. There are 2000 persons whose homes are at stake.

No homes have been built by the city for colored people in 12 years, yet we are supposed to be provided for.

We have started to fight with organizations and groups. We are tired of the slums, tired of paying high rents, the police brutality and the lack of crimes against colored men.

Let us as a race fight for what the American Creed and the Constitution stand for.

(Mrs.) FRANCES LEE
(Mrs.) RUTH C. JONES
(Mrs.) DOROTHY HOWARD
(Mrs.) MARGARET DOCKINS

Prayers for Peace

Dear AFRO:

Regarding your suggestion about prayers for peace, this service has been going on for years in the Catholic churches with special prayers after daily services.

JAMES P. KERR
2033 Caton Ave.

★ REPORTERS' REPORT TO THE PEOPLE ★

Scratch Pad

By MAE MORRIS MEDDERS

I hear tell that a certain numbers prisoner at the House of Correction went home under the assurance that his wife would be paid $40 a week and his bills would be taken care of.

For only 35 days had passed, and the prisoner was getting mad enough to write to the State's Attorney, but other prisoners begged him to wait a week longer.

Demaging Letter Mailed

He did, but when no money still was forthcoming, the damaging letter to the State's Attorney's office was mailed.

Within the same week, $200 was given to the wife of Dexters, husband's fine and $50 for herself. But it was too late. The State's Attorney's office had been alerted.

All Hearsay

All of this, as I explained in the beginning, is hearsay, but from someone who ought to know.

The informant also says that an affair, of the military in the same, the wife was fired from her job, not because of her connection with the affair, but because the place where she worked couldn't afford to have the cops hanging around talking to her.

The officers, you see, might have found out that the days had a little racket of its own. Now how about that.

GADABOUTING THE U.S.A. by AFRO Woman's Editor Lois Jones

Garrett lets you meet new and familiar faces in the glass in the news.

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

Parked on Mosher St., Wednesday afternoon, I saw the shinest, longest, and blackest hearse, I've ever seen.

Lonesome

The dars thing was so pretty, I had to stop and look at it. As I glanced under it, and saw bile coil springs, and airplane type shock absorbers inside, to slide the casket on, there were two long rails of costly chromium. Around the inside walls of this limousine were thick, rich layers of velvet.

Yessir, that hearse was so stately and prosperous looking, that the President himself, could have had a better one.

But I wonder why all the fol-de-rol.

Who ever rides in the back of that expensive coach, can't see, feel, velvet, feel the comfortable ride or even appreciate the chromium trim.

When a relative or loved one dies, many people go deep into "hock," or debt to give him the extravagant funeral. It seems the amount of money spent on the funeral is supposed to indicate how much the dead person was loved!

Usually that's a farce. Many times all the expensive trappings are used, merely to cover up the fact that the dead person didn't get the proper love or service while living.

It's about time we realized insurance is supposed to do more than cover burial expenses. It's all too supposed to provide some form of security.

I think it can all be traced back to familiar expressions, "keeping up with the Joneses."

Mainstream

By RALPH MATTHEWS Jr.

I've had a "mad" on against disk jockeys ever since the first one worried his way into a local studio during a pause between the

Matthew Jr.

recently, new fuel has been poured onto my smoldering resentment. Now, platter spinners not only play records fast and furious off commercials fast, but they also insist on injecting their personalities into the whole shebang.

Or have you heard the "Warm Piston" show? It can be heard slightly over a local station. You don't even have to turn the radio on to hear it. That "Warm Piston" boy has a powerful larynx.

The night I tuned in, WP's show began this way. First, a tremendous fanfare exploded through the loudspeaker, then the sound of an angry blast stifle my ear-drums. Finally, WP came in screaming his fool head off.

"Tighten your crash helmet, this is the Warm Piston Record Revue."

Then for five raving minutes, talk, big faster than I thought humans could without breaking a tonsil, Warm Piston put his all into why we should hit the right blast with Gooper's Supreme Beer.

And Eddie, you just haven't lived until you've heard Warm Piston's southern accented voice, more at a million minite clip. It sounds like the "Kingfish" with St. Vitus dance.

I still don't know what kind of music the Piston plays. It's called on me so loud about buying Gooper's Beer, I got frightened and ran out and bought a bottle. I haven't been near the radio since.

News Beat

By RUFUS WELLS

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.—Murder is always unpleasant business, and when the victim is a personable high school girl, it is even more so. Here in the picturesque rolling hills of Montgomery County State police are concluding their investigation of the murder of the most well-liked and popular girl in the county's history. A 15-year-old high school girl was shot to death when she refused to sever relations with a 28-year-old man with whom she had been friendly for two years.

According to testimony, the man took the rifle from one of his friends and shot the girl as she begged for her life. The case has all the elements of mixed-up lives.

Wells

Girl 15 at Tavern

The girl was dragged from a tavern by the man after he had searched for her all day. Why was a 15-year-old high school girl at a tavern on Sunday afternoon? Why the no effort made to break off the love affair when it began two years ago? (The girl was only 13 then.)

These are not questions for a reporter to answer. His job is to write the news as he finds it. But the questions come up in his mind.

And a question he thinks the senseless killings could have been averted. He believes that the atmosphere permits such provocative conditions to exist is as guilty as the man who pulls the trigger.

But he goes on to the next murder case and finds that the elements are the same in drink, sex, broken homes, and only names and addresses of the victims differ.

Sympathetic Scribe Loses His Pants

By RALPH MATTHEWS Sr.

SEOUL—When I first came to Korea and saw for the first time a land laid waste by war, my heart was touched by the plight of the dispossessed people.

During my first days, two expensive pens, which I found necessary for my work, had disappeared and I merely cursed myself for my carelessness in crawling in and out of jeeps and being in such over rugged terrain for my loss. Many other articles disappeared during those first weeks, but those I also charged to moving and shifting about under abnormal conditions.

I returned to Tokyo and replenished my diminishing supply of soap, towels, shirts and whatnot, but I was proudest of two shiny new American-made fountain pens which were not only dear, but extremely hard to come by. Thus armed for journalistic combat, I returned to Korea.

Cheatsheet Driver

En route over the bumpy road from the airbase to Pusan city, I took occasion to mildly chastise my driver who was denouncing all Koreans as a bunch of thieves and scoundrels.

"Don't be hard on them," I admonished, "they are no worse than any other poverty-stricken people. Remember these people are mostly refugees who have been deprived of all by the war through no fault of their own. How would you expect those with hardly a shirt to their backs to be governed by the same standards of honesty which we prate about?"

My driver was silent, but his low estimate of Korean morality remained unchanged as he demanded me in the heart of the city and took his leave.

Enchanting Tots

I traversed the few short blocks to the Public Information Office enchanted and touched by the friendly faces of little tots who swarmed around me and paced my steps, offering every service from shining my shoes to selling me trinkets which they had retrieved from the streets.

I listened to the planes roaring overhead and somehow felt a sense of security in the fact that these demons of the sky, made in America, were in a large sense responsible for the confidence I saw about me.

My sympathetic heart was still bleeding over man's inhumanity to man when I was greeted by Major Glenn Fast, who immediately proceeded to pity me with leads for stories in the area.

"Just a minute," I said, "let me make some notes." At that moment my heart stopped bleeding over the Koreans because both of my brand new fountain pens were gone.

"Did any of those kids out there try to sell you a mirror?" asked Major Fast.

"Why, yes," I said, "a sweet-faced little girl, but what has that got to do with my missing pens?"

Old Pusan Trick

"Everything," replied the Major "That is an old Pusan trick. They offer you the mirror and push it up in your face so you think you good it is, but when they take it down slowly they have lifted your upper pocket vanished behind the mirror."

"But even if you should detect it, it does no good because the article is passed on to another member who vanishes and if you raise a howl you will only be accused of abusing innocent little children. Nearly every correspondent has had the same experience."

It wasn't until later that I discovered that my flashlight had also gone the way of all flash, to pardon a pun.

Long, Tiresome Trip

But we were indeed waited until I had made the long and tiresome trip up the center of the country on the rough roads from Pusan to Seoul.

The first thing I needed was a shower and while I was about it I gave my dusty, wrinkled clothes to our Mammyan (housekeeper) to wash.

An hour late, she was almost in tears and bowing apologetically as she informed me that when she returned to the roof to get the clothes she found no pants.

A correspondent can struggle along without a pen, but to be present in a devastated city without no pants reduces him to the bare essentials of his trade.

A Rare Sight

Thanks to the intolerable heat and the morons of the community in which most children work naked, a friend, a reporter in shirt and shorts is not a rare sight.

In fact, since the shorts were GI khaki many thought they were part of my uniform and that I was a very sensible person indeed, but by brass, textile or wintercraft I must come by a pair of breeches before I can return to Tokyo.

Before I do, I should return to Pusan and tell my jeep driver that he has made a convert to his "I Hate Koreans" cult.

Waitresses Quit After Cafe Row

WASHINGTON

Another example of racial intolerance occurring within a stone's throw of the State Department and the White House was reported this week.

The incident took place at Scott's Cafeteria, 200-18th St., N.W. and as a result three colored counter girls walked out.

Sought Coffee and Biscuit

According to Mrs. Annie White of 1208 Irving St., N.W., a man, of a hue lighter than a number of foreign attaches, who frequent the cafeteria daily, came into the cafeteria line and picked up some coffee and a Danish biscuit.

The manager, whom Mrs. White identified as Wallace Davis, approached the man with "Boy, what are you doing in this place? We don't serve colored here. Get out and don't come back, we don't want your trade."

After ranting like a Dixiecrat senator, the white owner matched the coffee and the biscuit out of the man's hand, poured the coffee on the floor and tossed the biscuit aside.

He then scolded one of the colored servers by saying: "As long as you work here, don't let me ever catch you serving another colored person."

Mrs. White explained that she was "very upset" because there was such a long line of customers waiting to be served. She continued to wait on them.

Expresses Dislike

When the last customer passed she went to Davis to remark: "I didn't like the way that you treated that gentleman."

Astounded, he retorted: "Well, what the hell have you got to say about it?"

She retaliated: "After all I am colored and I believe that you could have spoken to him better than that."

He then hotly commented: "Shut up! You can't tell me how to run my business. Just shut up!"

Walks Out

"Nobody ever tells me to shut up like that," she retorted and then she walked out.

Trailing behind her, she reported, were Mrs. Madeline Faulkner of 1700 First St., N.W., the lady whom he berated for serving the man, and Mrs. Florie Feathersome of 1922 Summit Pl., N.E., also a counter server.

Mrs. White told the AFRO that she felt that she could tolerate a job too easily to take the type of verbal abuse accorded her by Davis.

Indian Given Hero's Burial at Arlington

Victim of Iowa Bias Gets Benefit of AFRO Crusade

WASHINGTON

Sgt. 1st class John R. Rice, the Indian soldier who was killed in Korea and refused burial in a Sioux City, Iowa, cemetery because he was not of the Caucasian race, was buried in Arlington Cemetery Wednesday at 11 a.m.

Interment in Arlington was by President Truman's special invitation to the soldier's widow prompted by his announced belief that "National appreciation of personal valor should be limited by race, color or creed."

AFRO Opened Way

The way was paved for non-segregated burials in Arlington Cemetery by an AFRO crusade back in 1948 when the War Department's policy of segregating the graves of white and non-white soldiers was exposed.

A storm of protest against this practice developed throughout the country and on April 23, 1947, Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson issued a directive which nullified Provision 3 of the policy then followed by the Quartermaster Corps permitting them to segregate graves racially.

Provision 3 stated:

Orders Segregated Races

"In new National cemeteries or expansions of existing National cemeteries, separate sections will be established for the burial of the following:

(a. White Officers
(b. Colored Officers
(c. White Enlisted Men
(d. Colored Enlisted Men.)

Patterson's Provision

In his directive, Secretary Patterson said:

"The policy of providing uniform burial facilities without distinction as to rank or race of deceased veterans will be adhered to in National Army and Air Force cemeteries, a platoon of 18 man, a firing squad of 12 men, six body bearers who gave up their leave to carry the body, and an American Legion Honor Guard.

The family party consisted of his 70-year-old mother, who accompanied the body here and his widow and other relatives who arrived by plane at 5:00 p.m., Tuesday.

The caisson was drawn by six horses plus a lead horse. Col. J.R Beichline of the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans and Operations represented President Truman. Col. Mortimer F. Sullivan, chief of Staff of the Military District of Washington, represented the Army.

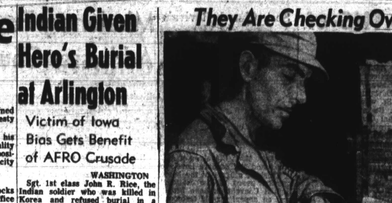
No colored soldiers and only one Indian participated in the rites.

Oddly enough, the Third Infantry Regiment, which escorted the body, is among the last Army units to fight in the war against the Indians in October, 1880, at Leech Lake, Minn.

Among the throng of nearly 2,000 witnessing the burial were: William Wan, dean of men at Howard University; Lawrence Oxley, veterans representative of the Department of Labor; Frank Coleman and Douglass Richardson, commander of the James R. Walker Post of the American.

About 75 colored persons attended the ceremonies.

They Are Checking Over the Ammunition



T/Sgt. Elmer J. Michel, left, checks over a shipment of .50 caliber ammunition with PFC Willie J. Bailey, 504 L. St., NW, Washington, D.C., as he prepares to take it to the 6141st Air Base Ving bomb dump to be stored. Sgt. Michel, usually is concerned with more dangerous high explosive bombs ranging from 100 pound practice type, to the 2,000-pound "block busters." The ammo" which he is checking will be used by gunners at Far East Air Forces Superforts on their missions over northern Korea.

Samuel Turner Hurt in Fall From Ladder

Samuel Turner, well-known Maryland Republican leader, is recuperating at his home at 2 Dean St., after a 20-foot fall from a ladder, Tuesday.

Mr. Turner was blacked unconscious by the fall which occurred at the S. Charles St. fruit company where he is employed.

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Field Communications Set Up

These men of the 40th Signal Construction Battalion, Camp Gordon, Ga., set up field telephone communications for their unit, Company "C", in the gigantic military maneuver, Exercise SOUTHERN PINE, staged at Fort Bragg, N.C. by the Army and Air Force. The map at left is setting up a field switchboard, while man at right installs a terminal strip. (U.S. ARMY PHOTO)

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