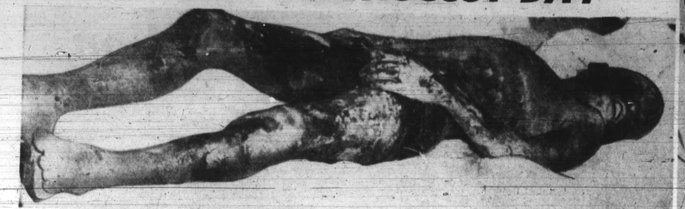
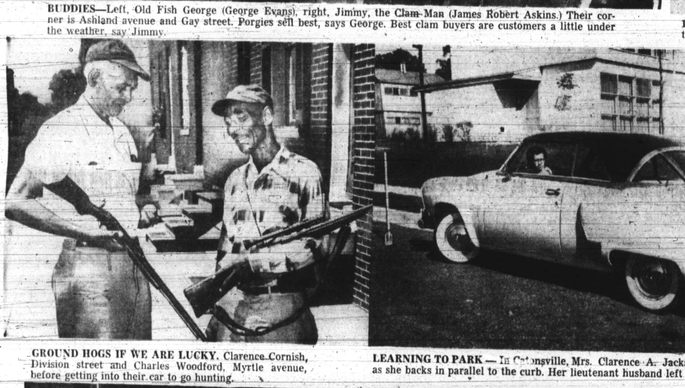
IT HAPPENED ONE AUGUST DAY



MUD-COVERED BODY of drowned Charles Rogers, 1831 Lorman st. recovered from 13 foot puddle of water. Boy drowned almost in full view of workmen excavating site for Carver Vocational School.

BUDDIES—Left, Old Fish George (George Evans), right, Jimmy, the Clam-Man (James Robert Askins.) Their corner is Ashland avenue and Gay street. Forgies sell best, says George. Best clam buyers are customers a little under the weather, say Jimmy.

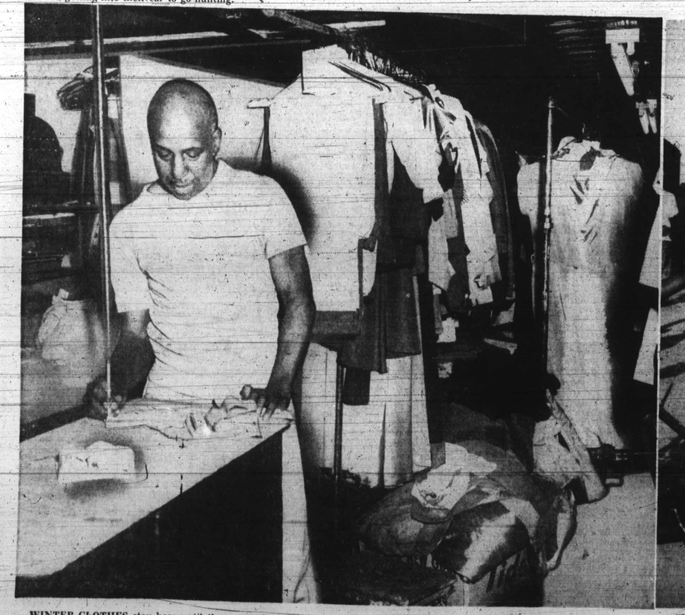
10 CENTS WORTH of gas sold by Junior Wilkins at Amoco filling station, Dolphin Street, to these motor scooters. 10 cents worth runs the scooter 2 miles, produces an hour's fun.



GROUND HOGS IF WE ARE LUCKY. Clarence Cornish, Division street and Charles Woodford, Myrtle avenue, before getting to their cargo go hunting.

LEARNING TO PARK — In Catonsville, Mrs. Clarence A. Jackson watches her markers as she backs in parallel to the curb. Her lieutenant husband left Fort Meade for Tokyo.

KNOWING WHEN to get on your knees, Bernard Gaither, Severna Park, Md., says if you wait until cement gets too hard it's no use trying to make it smooth.



WINTER CLOTHES stay here until they come for them. Papa Preston Campbell, 1829 Ashland ave., says some customers are not in a hurry. "We clean their clothes in spring and they come back for them when it gets cold."

"MY BEST SELLER IS PEANUTS," says Early Brooks, whose tricycle cart is gay with color. But every thing sells—pin wheels, penny candy, and bubble gum cigars. Special corner Chase and McDonugh street.

BALTIMORE AFRO-AMERICAN

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr. — 1840-1922
Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Publishing Co., Inc.

"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 accords to every man, regardless of race, color or creed, his human and equal rights. Nothing 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.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; let us now commit it to life.—EDWIN MARKHAM.

What The AFRO Stands For

A seat for every child in a modern school building that is not overcrowded.

A teacher for every 35 pupils.

The right of every child to attend the school closest to his home, if there is room.

The right of every child to secure instruction in any course which is offered in the curriculum of Baltimore public schools.

Death's shadow over meeting of Park Board

The Park Board meets Saturday to consider the situation whereby Baltimore provides six outdoor pools for her white citizens and only one for colored.

The white pools are scattered throughout the city. Some sections have more than one.

The only outdoor pool maintained for colored is located in Druid Hill park, a fact citizens have complained about all this summer.

Four weeks ago an East Baltimore youth drowned in the Patapsco River where he was swimming. The only outdoor pool available to him was many miles away in Druid Hill Park. There was and is a pool in northeast Baltimore, at Clifton Park, but it is reserved exclusively for whites.

Tuesday two more boys drowned in holes where the city is digging foundations for the new Carver school.

Although they lived in northwest Baltimore where Druid Park pool is located, the colored pool was still approximately three miles distant from their homes.

Whatever the outcome of Saturday's Park Board meeting it can hardly have any immediate result this year. The city's outdoor pools all close following Labor Day.

But 1954 is ahead. And with only a single colored outdoor pool planned, and that in Cherry Hill (although no contracts have been awarded), the members of the Park Board should consider opening all pools in Baltimore to all citizens.

We can imagine the shadows of the three drowned youngsters will be hanging over Saturday's meeting.

Retirement with praise

A 60-year-old federal undercover narcotics agent retires from his risky but necessary vocation September 1 after 30 years of government service.

Joshua L. Taylor used the alias of "Cyclone" Thompson and posed as a narcotics salesman from West Virginia to weave a net of criminal evidence against many a slimy dope peddler, who has since been lodged behind bars.

In Washington, Chicago, Norfolk, Richmond, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, north, east, south and west he has labored, to slow down the nefarious trade of narcotics which has become one of the nation's major headaches.

This week federal and local police co-workers gathered to surprise Mr. Taylor with gifts and words of praise on his impending retirement.

He has also been commended by federal and state judges and prosecutors for his work which was sometimes methodical, often dangerous, always laudatory and ever appreciated.

Boyd M. Martin, district narcotics supervisor, said of him, "He was thorough, honest, dependable. We got convictions in cases he brought in. His prisoners pleaded guilty.

"He was popular . . . a good supervisor, especially in training younger agents.

"What we liked most were his high moral standards.

"Because of men like him Baltimore's enforcement of the narcotics laws is in better shape than at any time in the past 38 years."

Praise from the chief of U.S. enforcement officer is praise indeed.

Four more weeks before autumn

Saturday, is August 22. Just four more weeks and autumn will be here.

For those who like summer most prefer this season.

Days are not unbearably hot and still, humidity isn't high.

Early morning's dew is on the grass and the skies are clear and air fresh. It feels good going to work.

Mid-days are hot and when the sun goes down after the long daylight hours the evening winds freshen and it is perfect for sleeping.

Some nights in July were so hot they drove us out on the park benches for air.

August is always much kinder. Whether you get away for a vacation or stay here at home, it's all the same.

August is a good month for living.

Gasoline won't mix with alcohol

Sgt. Robert L. Taylor is dead. He will never know how he died.

The 23-year-old GI was a native of San Antonio, Tex., attached to the 865th Army administration unit, Navy School of Music, Anacostia.

He was killed while walking back to the base with three fellow music school students, when a car climbed the curb at the 11th st. bridge.

A sailor has been held for the grand jury on charges of homicide and traveling at an unreasonable rate of speed.

Testimony at a coroner's inquest was that the sailor admitted he "was drunk and driving too fast.

There are saddened hearts in San Antonio today for Bob Taylor. In Washington, he was another figure in the book—D.C.'s traffic fatality.

He died draped across a bridge railing—with his boots off. One shoe was found 100 feet away.

Alcohol and gasoline do not mix. Something all drivers should know.

Our safety laws and the public

Four men went to jail here this week following their convictions for driving while drunk.

New York City's traffic commissioner declared this week that he plans to outlaw the widespread practice of jaywalking, making it an offense punishable by fine to cross the street in the face of moving traffic.

The Maryland States Road Commission has been asked to act to relieve the traffic fatality situation on Route 301 in Anne Arundel county where 54 of 188 accidents in the Edgewater jurisdiction have occurred this year, resulting in six deaths, three over the past week end.

Newspapers are crowded daily and weekly with statistics telling of street and highway accidents, fines for speeding, drunken driving and other traffic violations which add to the accumulation of records in our traffic bureaus.

Too many of us fail to even consider the minimum safety laws until tragedy strikes close to home, often then too late.

In this issue of the AFRO is a story telling how a woman was killed in an auto accident on leaving the funeral home where the body of her sister lay.

Thus, instead of a single funeral, a double one was held in East Baltimore, attended by some 1,000 persons.

The AFRO's Safety Campaign, conducted through the month of August, is to encourage our readers to become more safety conscious. Accidents will happen, it is true, but they can be reduced to a minimum if all of us pay stricter attention to the traffic laws.

This holds true for the pedestrian as well as for the operator of a motor vehicle. It also holds true for other occupants of an automobile other than the driver.

Many an auto crash is caused by the antics of other riders in the car who, by their by-play divert the attention of the driver.

As long as they make cars there will be accidents. But the accidents can be reduced to a minimum.

It is up to you, the public, to see that they are.

One monument takes 14 years

Next time you get discouraged, look at the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial in Boston Commons.

Saint Gaudens, the sculptor, took 14 years to complete it. He wanted the figures of the colored Civil War soldiers just right.

When he delivered his work he was paid for doing it. But it is worth fourteen years of work. You can stand and look at it for hours until you see those colored soldiers move, hear the tramp of their feet and the roll of the drum.

Some of us give up quickly because we can't do everything in a hurry.

Yes, 14 years is a long time, but another sculptor loved perfection so much that he took 27 years to complete 2 bronze doors on a Baptistery in Florence, Italy.

And you and I, we want everything finished by yesterday.

Something smells in Bladensburg

Some strange "police work" was reported in nearby Bladensburg, Md., this week, with the alleged beating of a 19-year-old youth while he was being questioned by officers of the law.

As a result of the youth's allegations, Police Chief Bryan Dorsey and Pvt. Elmer Thompson, both white, are each under $500 bond on charges of assault. They face a trial magistrate in Upper Marlboro on September 4.

Meanwhile, the FBI is investigating, and there are rumors of still another beating of a citizen by a Bladensburg policeman.

Curiously enough, Dorsey is the same police officer who was involved in the tossing of a tear-gas bomb into a dilapidated Bladensburg home occupied by four adults last December.

Clifton L. Bartley, then chief of police in Bladensburg, told the AFRO he was present and ordered Dorsey to toss the bomb because he wanted to "scare" the four residents out of their unsanitary and unsafe dwelling.

It wasn't long afterwards that some other reports came out about Bartley and he resigned. He was promptly replaced by Dorsey who, in his promoted status, is now charged with being present when the 19-year-old youth was allegedly beaten.

Like Bartley, who did not actually hurl the tear - gas bomb, Dorsey is not accused of beating the youth. According to the charge, which he denies, he just pulled down the shades, closed the doors, and stood by while the assault proceeded.

He was still on the job this week, apparently with the approval of the mayor and town council who appointed him.

As a matter of fact, a local newspaper has quoted Mayor Otis L. Stevens as saying that he doesn't "see where that makes any difference," when informed that a criminal charge had been placed against Dorsey.

In D. C., a Metropolitan police officer so charged is automatically suspended from the force, pending the outcome of a trial after which he can be fully reinstated, if found innocent.

This practice is fair to both the officer and the public, and we think it should also prevail in Bladensburg.

We also think that it is about time the citizens of that town woke up and demanded a general housecleaning where their police force is concerned.

Something smells pretty bad in the police department in Bladensburg and if responsible town officials themselves won't get to work on it, the citizenry should.

POLITICS

Democratic Viewpoint

By JOHN SPEAKS

WHY DEMOCRATIC?

Should you fight the strongest and oldest party in the State of Maryland, the City of Baltimore?

No! You can gain ten times by joining this party and participating in its activities.

The 4th District is the keynote to all Maryland's colored citizens; are you one?

Even the local Republicans concede the great progress we have made.

5 Per Cent Of Income

For example, in the past 15 democratic years our income has doubled — that means we enjoy over 5 per cent of the national income ($15,000,000,000 yearly).

Did you know that the national party is interested, helpful, and working in Maryland to raise our party standing?

In Washington and across the nation, our people are fast joining the FBI (Fired By Ike).

We should not live in the Fourth District like Indians on a reservation — we shall get representation from the people, by the people, for the people.

No Gain If Lost

Any gains from any party made in the Fourth District (our most solid potential) is no gain if it is to be lost in a few years.

We feel certain that the statewide election returns shall be Democratic. There lies the security of your vote.

By belonging and participating, we can have our men in the City Council, House of Delegates; our man or our candidate in the State Senate; and the three Democratic Committeemen elected from the Fourth District, one or two.

This means Americans working for us in the city and state government and in the Democratic party of Maryland.

This way we may keep the boundaries of the Fourth District intact and keep our gains, even increase them.

Form your local small Democratic clubs, awaken those living in the Fourth District. Register Democratic and vote.

Republican Viewpoint

By HARRY A. COLE

Without fanfare and undue publicity, President Eisenhower has undertaken the fulfillment of his campaign pledges to the American people. This is not only the mark of a great American who is interested in the welfare of his county men but it is more the true mark of political integrity.

Mr. Cole

He has not only proceeded to fill the vacancies created among our folk by a change in administrations but he has gone farther by finding new areas of employment.

He nominated Scovel Richardson as a member of the Federal Parole Board.

Justice Department

He opened the Justice Department by appointing our own Vernon Greene to a post under the U.S. Attorney General.

He has promised through Mr. Brownell and the Governor to appoint an assistant U.S. District Attorney.

Perhaps more significant than this is his fulfillment of his pledge to use whatever power that exists in the office of president to whipe away the last vestige of segregation in the federal government.

Creats New FEPC

This he began by creating a new federal FEPC which has broader and more sweeping powers than under the Democrats, in addition he appointed as Ernest Wilkins' attorney of Chicago as chairman of the committee to enforce the executive order.

These few things by themselves by no measure solve our problem, however, they certainly point up very clearly that Eisenhower understands that the people expect the president to keep his word.

He has gone forth to prove to them that the trust they demonstrated by their vote is not misplaced. He said what he was going to do and he has set out to do it.

This is only the beginning of his term of office. We should expect more and not in vain. However, we should do what we can to make the role easier for him by doing what we can to help ourselves.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

Woman (to bank teller)—If we could only use the $2,000 in my savings account to buy a new car we wouldn't have to pay any financing charges.

Teller—Then why don't you?

Woman—Because my husband would and how I saved so much money. If I told him, it would spoil his fun. When he began playing the horses, I offered to place the bets for him. Instead, I took them myself. When his horse won I paid him off, and when he lost I put the money in my savings account.

Poet's Nook

Hill Climb

A few have reached the top —
they said.
'Don't Go!' I heard them cry,
'For when you pass the clouds,
who knows
What's waiting in the sky?'
One falling rock will only mean
That earthward you will drop.
One slip, your conquest will be
lost.
You'll never reach the top'.
But deaf are ears like mine to
words
That bear no courage sound.
But brave or not, I ask myself,
How on earth will I get down?

PAUL McALLISTER

Reporters' Report To The People

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

The man, an Annapolis physician, stood in the middle of the luxuriously appointed living room and pointed out an overhead iron — like chandelier to his guests.

"That was imported all the way from Italy, cost $500 to bring it here." Walking to the furnace room he lifted the lid of a freezer cabinet to display some fat hard - heads caught that morning by a fisherman in the area.

After a quick tour of the house, including inspection of one of the bathrooms that boasted a sunken tub almost as large as a swimming pool, the doctor strode to the wall - high picture window in the living room, squinted out, and suggested a walk.

As we walked down the beach, Dr. Theodore Johnson, president of the Arundel - on - the - Bay Improvement Association, strutted proudly as a peacock when pointing out an attractive home.

"You know we got the storm warnings about the hurricane; so not many people are down here this week end," he said.

At the end of the beach - way was a freshly - painted, rambling house that boasted an iron circular stair-case leading to a second - story patio. Guests could sit there in beach chairs and watch ships passing on the Bay as they enjoyed the cool, salty, breeze.

That was Dr. Leroy Berry's house and he was outside on the back lawn spreading some topsoil. Displaying that warm hospitality that made him famous throughout the Baltimore-Washington area, "Doc" Berry said: "Come on in, rest your feet, and wet your whistle."

Not hesitating to knock the dirt from his shoes, the doctor strode across the highly-polished living room to a well - stocked bar set up in the den. But "Doc" Berry and "Doc" Johnson found themselves standing alone at the bar.

The guests were staring with amazement at a display of modern furniture seldom seen even in best Park Avenue circles. But the center of attraction was a big tree stump — "washed up on the beach one day and my wife grabbed it."

The branches on each end had been planed flat and topping this piece of ingenuity was a cloud with the silver lining finally stopped over the family of seven who were washed out of their basement apartment several weeks ago by that torrential rain.

Thanks to several AFRO readers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Prilliman and their five children, age 10 months to 7 years, are now settled in their new home at 1515 Millman st. complete with furniture, clothing and toys.

If you recall, the rain storm swept into the family's basement apartment at 1936 Greenmount ave., destroying all the furniture, except the kitchen set, the clothing and the children's toys.

They were left with only a suit of clothes apiece. Moving temporarily, to a barren apartment at 2244 Guilford ave., they had to make do with two large beds, two bedside tables, a crib and icebox donated by the Catholic charities and neighbors.

Children Played Indoors

The children were forced to stay indoors to play because they didn't have a change of clothes. Mrs. Prilliman, who is expecting another child in November, hated to leave the house to do her marketing because she had nothing to wear.

Her husband, who is able to do only light janitorial work due to a serious back injury he received in 1951, could not earn enough to relieve his family of its plight.

Learning of the family's condition, the AFRO ran a story July 25, and since that time, clothes, furniture, and toys have poured into the office from you, the readers.

When Mrs. Prilliman stopped by the office this week to pick up another "load" she smiled and said, "I can't begin to thank you and all the readers who have done so much for us. We have more now than we ever had before. I never dreamed there were so many friendly people."

Well, Mrs. Prilliman, there's an old saying which I'm sure every AFRO reader lives by: "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Tidbits

By SHIRLEY KYLE

The cloud with the silver lining finally stopped over the family of seven who were washed out of their basement apartment several weeks ago by that torrential rain.

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BEEG circular plate glass top. In the den where the bar was located was a fireplace made from imported Swiss stone. Right in the center was a block of petrified wood — which glistened with polish until it shone like a jewel.

The rest of Doc Berry's house was just as tastefully furnished, but other houses in the area looked just as good. The residents of Arundel - on - the Bay are living — not just bivouacing for the summer.

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

More than once through this column I have said that there is always something out of the ordinary to be found in Baltimore's district police courts.

For the upteenth time I found proof of that statement Tuesday in a case involving a wrestler and a teenager at Northwestern. I think the affair turned out to be a dilly of a lesson for four reasons:

The youngster who brought the charge before the court was colored; the accused man was a Cherokee Indian; the No. 1 defense witness was an Irishman, and the attorneys were Jewish.

To a degree that was democracy in action. I found one fault with the procedure however. Like the UN, they talked so much and so long.

Laughs Aplenty

The case was not without laughs. In quizzing the defense, Milton R. Rothstein, Attorney asked, "Now, sir, wrestling has been your vocation for years but just what is your avocation?" The reply was, "say that again." The word avocation pinned that fellow for the three count.

Odds and Ends: For the past 48 hours I have been wondering why no one saw those eight boys swimming in that makeshift pool off Preastman st., Tuesday. More than 20 men were working in the area when two of the lads lost their lives.

Strange as it may seem (this story is never believed by most Baltimoreans) I have never seen so many horses and wagons in one town.

As a displaced Texan I can truthfully say I never saw that many in the Lone Star State. What happens here?

Drove through the downtown area earlier this week and as things turned out I was sorry I did. The parking situation and all, you know, old chap.

I do believe that something was said about getting parking meters for Baltimore a few months ago. Did I hear wrong?

Can't knock the traffic situation too hard though, for there has been improvement. We are learning to do the Barnes dance right nicely, thank you.

HODGE PODGE

By Bob Matthews

Education is a really wonderful thing. It's a wonderful experience being able to read and write, although most people take it for granted.

But not Number One Son. Now that he has learned to read simple words and write (if that's what you can call it) he takes every opportunity to prove his ability to his sisters.

Proved it to me very graphically the other day.

Overheard a conversation between No. One Son and his sisters the other night. They were supposed to be asleep:

No. One — "How'd you like to have some chocolate milk?"

No. One Daughter — "Where you gonna get it from?"

No. One Son — "I fixed it, you just wait until tomorrow!"

This snatch of conversation should have alerted me, but I thought it was merely a child's imagination working overtime.

Thought he had thought up a new scheme to inveigle me into buying chocolate milk for the family.

Reckoned without the shrewdness of a seven-year-old.

Dragged myself out of bed the next morning and routinely trudged out to the front porch to bring in the morning paper and milk.

Bless Bess! prominently displayed in the middle of the porch was a glistening quart of chocolate milk.

How did it get there? Number One Son wrote a note for the milkman and left it in the bottle. I'll have to have a heart to heart talk with that milkman.

SOB SISTER

By RUTH JENKINS

News Item: A Detroit husband has filed suit for divorce, complaining that his wife gave him dry peanut butter sandwiches for lunch while their dog ate club steak.

Now on its face value, that looks as if the wife thought more of her dog than she did of her husband.

But perhaps the whole story is not told here.

Could be that the dog had had peanut butter for breakfast and who wants that for a steady diet?

Little things

By JESS WALKER

Sometimes in going about one's duties as a newspaper reporter one runs across people who don't appreciate your doing what is your job.

Some folks appreciate reading unsavory material about other folks until it concerns them. Then you're a bad fellow.

You can talk to many a John Doe about his neighbor and he'll be as talkative as a tobacco auctioneer. But when you ask him about his own affairs (as sometimes you're forced to do) he clams up like a card carrying Red before the McCarthy committee.

It takes all kinds of news to make a complete newspaper—good, bad, constructive, happy, tragic and even the kind that has to cuss someone out to get a decent break for folks who never had one.

All of this is to say that a newspaperman sooner or later gets a pretty tough hide and doesn't mind too much when folks cuss him out.

Such was the case Wednesday night when the writer, another reporter and a photographer appeared on the scene at Essex, Md., to investigate a case where a colored family had reportedly moved into a white neighborhood.

Seems the family, up to now unknown, either rented or planned to buy a house in this white neighborhood.

The residents, red blooded Americans all, didn't cotton to the new neighbors whose skin was of a different hue.

No violence broke out. Nah. Angry mutterings by the neighbors, a police car or two on the scene and the colored family took the hint.

They vamoosed, but quick.

But when the AFRO arrived on the scene, oh Brother.

The whole neighborhood took to the doorsteps to see what was going on. And when the photographer snapped a picture that was it.

One stevedorish looking gent called the photog and his companions some names which aren't printable in a family newspaper.

A matron with a voice out of an Erskine Caldwell novel, announced for all to hear that "They're a takin' pictures dawn ther."

Even the kids got into the act, warning us that "Then pictures ain't a gonna do you all any good."

Someone shouted, "take the license number of the car." Frankly, that one stumped me.

Our work completed, we left, but quick, with the din of abuse flowing into our ears.

I still don't know the family that originally planned to move into the house, the latter itself a lovely bit of Americana.

But, Mister, whoever you are, I don't think you're missing much in your former neighbors. I certainly wouldn't want to raise a kid of mine around people who cussed like them. Ta'ain't etiquette.

IF YOU ASK ME

By B. M. PHILLIPS

RECOMMENDED FOR VACATION AT HOME

If you have children or young friends under six years of age, and you're spending a vacation at home, you'll likely find yourself at a public park or zoo. And what fun it can be!

Mrs. Phillips favorite meeting place.

Hundreds of Baltimoreans have discovered the glories of the outdoors, and daily make the Druid Hill Park zoo a

Even when the temperature in midtown hits the 90's, the huge trees in the park provide cool breezes and you can enjoy a walk or rest in comfort.

If your legs are not as strong as your five-year-old's, you can rest on a bench beneath the huge maple tree and watch the forest pig as he lazily moves about his cage.

You also get an opportunity to learn firsthand that birds are persistent creatures who do not give up until they win.

A swallow took all of a half hour to open a peanut shell which he continued to drop from the maple tree until it was opened.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Many people who visit the zoo are interesting to watch as the animals and you can play a game of guess as you study them.

For example, you'll gaze interestingly at the one-legged war veteran who wheels a baby carriage and leans over to talk to the one-year-old as though he was another adult.

You surmise he's becoming acquainted with the child he missed knowing while serving in the Army.

You'll likewise wonder what makes the grey - haired man stand for an hour in front of the lion cage and conclude perhaps that he's shouldering a heavy burden and the quiet there helps him relieve his mind.

And then you smile and enjoy the children who run up and ask about the pig - tail monkey, the Red fox or the grizzly bear and you become a child.

You recall your own childhood as they eagerly open the cracker-jack box looking for the hidden prize and remember that not too many years ago they sold for a five-cent piece but today they're a whole dime.

And then you notice the placid look on the face of the invalid who can only move his fingers but seems to enjoy watching the people and the animals.

Yes, the park and the zoo are a haven for hundreds and hundreds of people.

If you have an hour one day soon, enjoy God's great outdoors right here at home. It won't cost you a cent.

THIS AND THAT

Charles and Emma Michaels, who hit the jackpot on the "Big Payoff," that TV show sponsored by Colgate, are Back in town.

They picked up their new Kaiser Manhattan on Friday, and are eagerly awaiting arrival of the mink coat and other prizes which the mailman is delivering to their Madison ave. home.

Dr. Clyde Dillard, new Morgan prof and his family will occupy a snazzy home in the 2600 block of Longwood. Transaction was handled by Edward Shipley.

Mrs. Maida Brannon, who is leaving Provident hospital where she was director of nurses, has been swamped with job offers but has not yet made up her mind which one to accept.

Farewell testimonial for YW executive Alice Arrington should be one of the biggest this city has ever sponsored. Date is Sunday, Sept. 13 at Morgan State college Refectory at 5 p.m.

Dr. and Mrs. William Watts (Pauline) are the latest purchasers of Arundel-on-the-Bay cottages. They completed arrangements last week.

GOOD READING

The Will Thomas autobiography, "The Seeking," is an inspiring and so true-to-life story of a family's search for real democracy within the borders of their native America.

You can secure a copy at your public library or by writing A. A. Wyn Co. 23 W. 47th st., N.Y. 36. Price is $3.50.

Speak Your Piece

Crime wave

Dear AFRO:

Immediately after Miss Naylor, of Enoch Pratt Librarian employer, was fatally injured, allegedly by Lawrence Terry a colored youth, a meeting was held deploring a crime wave in which the perpetrators were colored.

A few months later Clyde Winston, a young colored taxi driver, was brutally murdered on July 21 by two white youths but up to date no meeting has been called, such as was called at the instigation of the slaying of Miss Naylor. Why?

MAUD BELL SMART

Carver playhouse

Dear AFRO:

Being a movie enthusiast, it is gratifying to know that at long last we have a modern, first-run playhouse. I have found the memorial to the late Dr. George Washington Carver to be a credit to the Carver Playhouse.

Aside from the lavishly furnished lounge, the decorations present an atmosphere of beauty and warmth. In addition to the main feature, the "film shorts" enabled my visit to the Carver Playhouse to be both pleasant and stimulating.

Congratulations to the proprietors for their efforts in making this possible, and here's hoping that this will serve as an inspiration to other theatre operators in the future.

Miss B. HOWARD

Thanks from Red Cross

Dear AFRO:

On behalf of our patients and staff, I want to convey to you our sincere thanks for the fine gift of television sets made by the AFRO and the Regent Theatre.

All the necessities for the care of patients are provided by the state, but we must depend on our friends for the luxuries. In other words, the state provides the bread and butter; you have helped to provide some cake.

Whether television sets are necessities or luxuries is sometimes open to argument. It is true they are not necessary to the maintenance of life.

But in an atmosphere such as a mental hospital, where the boredom of enforced inactivity is all too frequently the patient's lot, television is a welcome means of escape.

In addition, the contact with the outside world is often therapeutic.

Your thoughtfulness in providing extra money to keep the sets in repair is especially appreciated, as these sets get hard use. And a blank television screen is not helpful at all.

Let me again thank you and the people of the community who contributed to the fund for your kind and generous remembrance of our hospital.

Arnold H. Eichert, M.D.
Superintendent,
Crownsville State Hospital

Dear AFRO:

I wish to express to your organization our most sincere thanks for your splendid support since our Red Cross Center has been open.

We have always counted heavily on your cooperation, and have greatly appreciated the help you have so consistently given us.

We know you will continue that cooperation with other Red Cross programs for service to the military, and assistance to patients in nearby military, government and civilian hospitals.

Harry F. Ogden
Chairman,
Public Relations Committee
Baltimore Red Cross Chapter

Expressway dust

Dear AFRO:

We, the citizens of South Baltimore, are very much concerned about the over amount of dust created by the expressway along Russell, Barre, Lee sts., and Fremont ave.

Clothes in several cleaning shops become dusty, causing the proprietor to reclean the garments and the floors and tables in the homes along the route are constantly filled with dust.

City officials lay the dirt once a week, but this isn't sufficient. The Mayor and city officials should get busy at once to rid the people of this great menace.

GEORGE W. HILL

J. Edgar Hoover has right idea

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, believes that juveniles who commit crimes of the more serious felony type or those who are second offenders, should have their names published.

Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that too many juveniles who commit criminal acts, are protected under the guise of rehabilitation.

While in accord with "real rehabilitation," Mr. Hoover states that "there has been a tendency to go too far in withholding the publication of certain types of crimes . . ."

The FBI chief points out that in certain phases of juvenile procedures, legislation makes this impossible.

We agree that criminals—regardless of age—who are past the stage of rehabilitation, should be exposed.

It is our contention that the decent citizens should be alerted to evils of their community.

They then can take precautions to protect themselves.

Summer garden

Sweet William wanted Marigold,
And so Sweet William Aster,
Just like a Dande-Lion of old
To take a lord and master.
With a Bridal Wreath to grace
her head,
And Coxcombs in her tresses,
She picked an untrimmed Violet
frock—
The bridesmaid was a Daisy—
The Golden Bells chimed Four
O'Clock,
And the twinkling stars grew
hazy,
They pledged to stay together
'till death,
And spiders spun the copy;
Then, Thyme brought change;
and Baby's Breath,
Sweet William was a poppy.
In Rose and Phlox they came so
fast,
They overran the garden.
Now Poppy, Bleeding Heart
aghast,
Sees beauty fade, and harden,
And when he trims the family
trees
Or Pines for Morning Glories,
The youngster Sprouts, that blow
With ease,
Snapdragons at his stories.

SLOW DOWN AND LIVE

Speeding and reckless driving are the major causes of accidents on U.S. streets and highways. "Slow down and live" is a good motto to adopt.