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. Hating no man, fearing no man, the Colored Press strives to help every man to the firm belief that all are hurt so long as anyone is held back.

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr. — 1840-1922
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"We are Americans and, as Americans, we would speak to America."
— Frederick Douglass

"You will never find time for anything. If you want time, you must make it." —CHARLES BUXTON

The National Guard

Governor McKeldin last week promised an NAACP delegation prompt consideration of its petition to integrate the Maryland National Guard.

The petition, presented by NAACP attorneys, was signed by 14 officers of the Guard who saw service in the Korean War.

Strangely enough, only the jim crow unit of the Maryland National Guard saw service in Korea. None of the white units were called upon. These men served in and commanded integrated units in Korea, but came back to their home state to find:

1. That out of the scores of armories provided by the State of Maryland, only one Armory in Baltimore is open to them.

2. That they would be limited to a transportation or truck company, while the white fellow citizens have access to a medical unit, a fighter squadron, infantry, artillery, engineer and armored tank units.

The training which is available to white persons in the National Guard in these areas is of use to them in civilian life and in further military training.

The petition correctly points out that Congress has declared the National Guard a first line in interest of the nation and under the Armed Forces Reserve Act of 1952, the U.S. Army and Air Force are now no longer segregated.

3. That segregation in the Maryland National Guard violates the Constitution of the United States.

4. Segregated guard units hamper Maryland's defense and prevent it from operating at maximum efficiency.

5. That no law in the statute books requires separation of the National Guard, and, finally, that the Governor, who is Commander in Chief, may direct integration by Executive Order.

Whether or not the national government has the power to order integration of the state guards has been debated. Congress has taken the position that this is a state matter.

Since there is no question about the authority of the Governor to give the necessary orders, his announcement that he will give prompt consideration and reply to the petition, is greatly encouraging.

The picture becomes clear

The reason why President Eisenhower so vigorously resisted amendment of the military reserves bill so as to make integration mandatory now begins to appear.

The President was across a barrel.

He wanted the Dixon - Yates deal to go through so that private power interests could get a foothold in the government - operated TVA area.

All the Southerners, who had profited through the use of Federal money to build and operate TVA, bitterly opposed Mr. Eisenhower's private power scheme.

They were all set to give him a rough time.

It was necessary for President Eisenhower to still the snarling dogs so he threw them the bone of opposing anti - segregation amendments to the reserves bill.

But it was not enough.

And this week Mr. Eisenhower was forced to cancel the Dixon - Yates contract.

Crushed in the middle of this power struggle were the legitimate interests and aspirations of colored Americans, who are determined to end the practice of segregation in National Guard units.

We know the President is opposed to segregation. He has said so and on several occasions backed up his words with action.

But if we want to know in this instance why he was willing to sacrifice our interests in the Congress, all we have to do is look behind the scenes to see how the South blackmailed him into compliance with its ideas.

Cleanliness is next to godliness

If the street cleaning department does not collect your garbage, sweep your street with regularity, a proper complaint to this municipal department will receive a prompt answer.

But there are some things we must do for ourselves.

This modern age makes it possible for us to reach in our pocket and take out a candy bar, or a piece of gum or a cracker, or, if you are out driving, to drink cold coke from a bottle, eat ice cream from a paper cup, or drink a beer from a can or whiskey from a miniature.

Modern science is wonderful.

By the use of aluminum foil or cellophane or paper containers, you can take many articles of food along with you and eat them on the streets.

But the disposal of the cellophane and tin foil, paper and bottles is another problem.

Look at the streets as you walk through them these hot summer days and note how many pedestrians and autoists unthinkingly litter them with paper and cellophane and tin cans and bottles.

If we had twice the street cleaning force it could not keep our sidewalks and alleys and streets free of trash and debris.

It is time we began to think of a clean city on the individual basis.

The city can be clean if each of us manifests the necessary personal restraint, not because it is against the law, but because we like cleanliness.

We do not throw trash on the floor in our homes. We should not do it in the streets.

If you have finished with your package of cigarettes do not crumble the paper and throw it on the sidewalk.

If you take out a bottle of coke to drink, don't throw the bottle in the first alley.

If you use a paper handkerchief, put it in your pocket until you get home.

The best index of the character of a neighborhood is the cleanliness of its streets and alleys.

That's not true always. Many times neighborhoods have evil habits, but passing autoists are the thoughtless ones.

If you want to be a good neighbor, do not throw your litter and trash on our streets and sidewalks.

East Baltimore weeds

The Monument Street area, designed by the city's Commission for Redevelopment, is in a sorry mess.

Weeds three feet high are allowed to grow in the center of the city.

Any individual lot owner, who permitted such a growth of weeds on a vacant lot owned by him would be ordered by the city authorities to conform with the law or face police action.

Why does the city violate the regulations that it imposes on the individual citizens?

The answer isn't that the Redevelopment Commission hasn't the money. A city as rich as Baltimore can order workers from the Park Board to that section tomorrow and thereafter cut those weeds as often as necessary during this summer period.

Sick in mind

A 2-year-old Sioux City girl was snatched from her crib, assaulted and beaten to death minutes after being tucked in bed by a doting mother.

The criminal was a sex deviate.

Such a person is like an alcoholic or neurotic, or, one who is constantly in the divorce court, or one who repeatedly has automobile accidents. All need psychiatric help.

A mentally ill person usually does not become dangerous suddenly.

First people recognize him as being odd, then queer and his family shields him as much as possible and apologizes for him. Treatment is postponed until he runs afoul of the law.

What is needed now is that we stop being ignorant or afraid of mental cases.

At the first sign of queerness, mentally disturbed persons should be brought under the care of a doctor at home or be sent to a mental disease of institution.

The mind just as we treat diseases of the body, we will always have these outbreaks.

Leaving town

If you are closing your home and leaving town for vacation, here are a few tips on keeping it and its contents safe and in good condition:

Insect pests won't "take over" during your absence if you leave the house clean and use a good household surface spray on rugs, in closets and along baseboards.

Don't leave soiled dishes, garbage or refuse to attract cockroaches or ants, for example — or soiled wool clothing to attract clothes moths and carpet beetles.

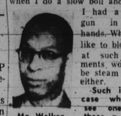
Probably the best insurance for your refrigerator or home freezer is a neighbor who will check these appliances every day or so.

If you leave the name, address and phone number of your repair man over the appliance, your neighbor can get help at once if he finds anything wrong.

Little Things

By JESSE H. WALKER

I'm a pretty easy fellow to get along with, slow to real anger, but there are few occasions when I do a slow boil and wish I had a shotgun in my hands. What I'd like to blow off at such moments wouldn't be steam alone either.



Mr. Walker

Such is the case when I see one of these gay, happy jokers standing in front of his home waxing, washing, and polishing his new '58 Olds while the grass in the front lawn is as high as the hump in a camel's back.

His hedges are challenging the heights of a California Redwood, the front porch furniture hasn't had a paint job since it was bought 10 years ago, the windows of the house are a murky gray and the flies on dress parade as they stream through gaping holes in doors and windows.

But does Power Steering Phil notice the condition of his home? No, sir. He's more interested in that streamlined jalopy parked in front of his slowly deteriorating house.

* * *

IT'S A SAD commentary on our age that so many of us show more care and love for a machine which, at best, we don't even intend to make love to over a period of two to three years at the most, than we do for our homes.

Such people, I say, have gangrene of the perspective. These values are warped. Fortunately they still remain in the minority. But their ranks are growing too fast. If you don't believe me, take a walk around the city (any city for that matter) and keep your eyes open.

This is not to be taken as a knock on all car owners. Far from it. An automobile today has almost lost its luxury status for everyone; it's a necessity. The auto, like people, is here to stay unless, of course, another of man's inventions reduces us all to dust.

But I'm thinking that while we're out on the street simonizing these beauties by two-tone jobs that we shouldn't forget to mow that lawn and trim those hedges.

After all, if the kids have to go hungry while you're making those monthly payments, the least you can do is give 'em a chance to see that road - hugging masterpiece from the living room window.

* * *

METROPOLITAN NOTES — Last Sunday night in New York City the famed Harlem Apollo Theatre was offering that Washington, D.C. expatriate, Hal Jackson, in a Rhythm and Blues show. But wasn't anybody buying. The theatre lobby was as empty as a subterranean cavern without tourists. The young lady in the ticket cage was biting her nails in boredom.

But up the street at Eighth Ave. and 125th St., there was a totally different picture. The sidewalk was jammed with gawking passers-by who stared in unison at the second floor of a two-story white building on the corner.

From that second floor was coming some of the pounding-est music we'd heard since Count Basie first escaped from Kansas City. And the sidewalk crowd was lapping it up.

Where was it coming from? From Daddy Grace's House of Prayer headquarters in Harlem. Man, they were rocking. Such sounds!

* * *

AND SPEAKING of Count Basie, if you haven't heard his rocking arrangement of "Every Day" with Joe Williams on the vocal you've missed a good one.

I haven't heard it too much in Baltimore yet but in New York it's every other number played on the jake boxes.

* * *

FASHION NOTES — I've seen some sorry sights in Bermuda shorts and some few individuals with the physical attributes to look good in these breeties. But the most incongruous sight was spied the other p.m. when I glimped a bald headed fellow wearing Bermudas — without a hat.

This particular fashion plate should have ordered a toupee with his shorts, or a hat at least. Without either he looked an overgrown Jim Farley in diapers.

* * *

NEWS ITEM — I see by the papers where the officials in the sorry State of Georgia have decided to fire any teacher who would dare teach an integrated class in the public schools.

Such infamous flaunting of a ruling of the highest court in the land should inspire a movement to "fire" the State of Georgia from the union.

With Alaska and Hawaii begging to be added to these United States, the 'Peachtree State wouldn't be missed as long as it would take to say, "Goodby Gawjuh, you all."

* * *

MOVIE NOTES — Baltimoreans who're worried over whether or not they'll have to be paying for their TV in the near future should take advantage of the several top-flight movies now in town.

There's "Not As A Stranger," with Bob Mitchum and Olivia DeHavilland, "Love Me Or Leave Me" with Jimmy Cagney and Doris Day, and Marilyn Yo Know Who in "The Seven Year Itch." All of these flickers are tops.

Besides, with George Gobel away from the channels for the summer, what's on TV anyway?

One Record-Breaker We Can Do Without

Speak Your Piece

Contributors to this department must sign their names and addresses to their letters if they wish them published. The AFRO will withhold publication of names if requested to do so by the writer.

About Boys' State

Dear AFRO:

At times it is impossible to show our appreciation for aid received from various individuals or organizations. Therefore I am writing this note to let each person concerned know that I am grateful.

During the week of June 19 through 26, the American Legion (Department of Maryland) sponsored a program called "Maryland Boys' State" at St. Johns College in Annapolis. The purpose of this conference was to learn about American citizenship.

I am so thankful that my son, Russell Hill, was chosen as a delegate to represent Douglass High School. This can be attributed to his counsellor, Mr. Felix Barre, Mr. Robert Brown, dean of the young men, deserves a great deal of consideration.

Most of all, I cannot forget the Walter Greene Post No. 14 which was responsible for the delegation.

Words cannot express my appreciation to each one concerned. There should be more conferences of this nature which would help develop our youths.

(Mrs.) RUDOLPH HILL,

Juvenile' series

Dear AFRO:

Your series on "Juveniles" makes good reading. I only hope the parents who should be following it and learning by it will read it.

It seems to me that if some has remained conspicuously silent over the fact that this city is the only one where the colored players are forced to be separated from their teammates.

Don't you think it's about time Tommy spoke up?

GEORGE BENNETT
Editor's Note: Yes!

'Words to Live By'

Dear AFR

I have been a regular reader of "Words To Live By" by the Rev. R. T. Newbold, pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church.

During the past few months I have found in his column some of the most practical suggestions I have heard from any source in a long time.

I willingly admit that some of the suggestions have been of help to me both personally and professionally.

My thanks to the AFRO and the Rev. Newbold.

A BALTIMORE TEACHER

Say-Hey Willie Mays

Dear AFRO:

I hope that everybody who watched that All - Star game Tuesday remembered to thank Willie Mays who sparked the National League and got them back into the game. His catch of Williams' hit and then his hit his first time up were like a shot in the arm for the Nationals.

If it hadn't been for Willie Mays, Mr. Stan Musial never would have had the opportunity to become the hero in the twelfth inning.

ALBERT GRISSOM

The city's shame

Dear AFRO:

Baltimore can brag all it wants to the rest of America about how fast it desegregated the public schools but until the downtown hotels and places of the Liquor Board stops handing out "white" and "colored" licenses, the parks and pools stop being segregated, and "all-white" restaurants located in what are now mixed neighborhoods continue to have the nerve to bar us service, I say the city has plenty to hide its head about.

(Mrs.) OLLIE LOWERY

Mayor and hotels

Dear AFRO:

When is Mayor D'Alesandro going to say something about the hotel situation in Baltimore? At least Governor McKeldin tried to get the hotels to open up their doors to all guests, regardless of race or color.

But the "mayor, who has bragged about bringing major league baseball to Baltimore, spinal

Reporters' Report To The People

Tidbits

By SHIRLEY KYLE

NET NOTES: Well, I watched my first tennis tournament last weekend and I've never been so tired from just a sittin' and a lookin.'

The Baltimore Racquet Club sponsored its 10th annual Open Tennis Tournament on the Auchentorly Clay courts in Druid Hill Park.

That is, the tournament started on those courts but when the rains kept interrupting the proceedings, the players moved to the cement courts near the reservoir.

Toughest match they say was in the final match of the veteran's singles division when Dr. Theodore Inge, of New Jersey, plays Baltimore's Caleb Queen.

NOW, if my tennis lingo were up to par, oops, that's golf, isn't it? I could tell you how Dr. Inge exhibited his masterful strokes to win the match. But since it isn't, well . . .

Most surprised player in the tournament was Washington's Edgar Lee, who along with Mrs. Eulina Thorton, of Los Angeles, Calif., went on to win the Mixed Doubles trophy.

Don't get me wrong, now. It wasn't the winning of the match which surprised Edgar, it was somewhat a personal thing.

As Edgar was driving to Baltimore last Friday to play in the tournament, he heard a newscaster announce that the day was July 8. Edgar's face broke into a sly smile and he decided to keep mum about the fact that July 8 was his birthday.

* * *

THAT'S HIT he didn't know was that during the day while he was playing on the courts, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gwendolyn Scott Lewis was rushing around the park making last minute arrangements for a surprise birthday party.

Edgar went to Mrs. Lewis' house that evening, where he and his wife were spending the weekend, feeling quite smug about the fact that no one knew about his birthday, not even the Mrs. (so he thought.) 'Tis said he was going to wait a few days and then remind his wife that she had forgotten about it, so that when her birthday came, etc. etc.

I might add that while Edgar was pleased about his own little scheme, he was much happier about the party.

* * *

P.S. As I said in the beginning, watching the tournament wore me out, so I'm now going to take a long rest. See you in two weeks.

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Portrait of a Southerner with no prejudices:

The occasion was a meeting of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers at the University of Maryland, Tuesday.

An address on integration and intergroup relations had just been completed by Dr. Gordon W. Lovejoy, professor of Education at Guilford College in North Carolina.

The audience was given 15 minutes to ask questions.

She was a nice looking blonde who from the beginning made it clear that she was a daughter of the confederacy.

* * *

SHE TOOK the floor not to ask questions but to give her viewpoint on the racial issue.

She in a Southern drawl she explained: "I'm from the Deep South. I was born and raised there. My grandfather was a slaveholder."

"We never felt bitter against the folks in our hometown.

* * *

"AS A CHILD I had a mammy. She was like one of the family. We all loved her. Even now when I go back home she comes around to see me.

"I think folks in the North have the wrong impression about Southerners. At home we call folks n---- but not in the way that it sounds. It's used more in an affectionate way."

"I haven't been in Baltimore long, but when I arrived here I was surprised to find so much prejudice. Here it's ten times worse than the South."

Portrait of a Southerner with no prejudices? You be the judge.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

One of the city's magistrates is becoming "persona non grata" among members of the legal profession, many of whom are appealing his decisions right and left in the downtown courts.

This places the magistrate in a rather ticklish position since too many appeals of his decisions can reflect no good on the manner in which he is running his court, or do little to increase his reputation among his legal comrades.

They are highly critical of the reasoning used in reaching his decisions and at least one of them has made a practice of asking that all his cases be sent directly downtown instead of having them tried in the magistrate's court.

* * *

BILL WILSON, the terrific saxophone artist, is back in his home town after kissing the music biz goodbye. Bill has his own combo, the Organa, but that life on the road is rugged and discouraging, so now he is back home and doing a bang up job as a salesman.

Here's luck to him, but we will miss that mad music that used to come from the bandstand at the Comedy Club when Bill was really rocking the place.

Real reason that the assault case involving two prominent personalities never reached a hearing in Northwestern police court, is that the two principals reached a financial settlement that will last until their troubles reach the divorce court.

Recent visitors to Camp Druid Hill were Paul S. Williams Jr., Kenneth Adams, Aaron Harris, Charles Cook, and Leroy Johnson. All are members of Cub Scout Troop No. 298 at Providence Baptist Church.

IF YOU ASK ME

By B. M. Phillips

Find time before it's too late . . .

If you are one of those busy persons who can never find the time to send a birthday or anniversary card, call or write a sick friend or write a letter of appreciation for a kind thought or act you'll be inspired by this story told by Ardis Whitman in my favorite magazine, "Guideposts."

"Once in one of my father's little country churches a farmer's wife died, a plain good woman who had brought up a fine family of sons and daughters.

"They had all grown and gone away and after she had struggled on alone for a few years with the silent, gnarled man who was her husband, she simply collapsed over the washtub one day.

"At the funeral, her husband did not weep; and he made no sign of grief as he plodded silently to the grave.

"But when the ceremony was over he let the others go on and lingered behind to talk to his pastor. He had a small shabby book in his hand and now he held it out.

"'It's poems,' he said numbly. 'She liked them. Would you read one for her now? She always wanted us to read them together. But seemed as though I never had time. They was always things to do.

"'Every day on a farm they was always things to do. But I got to thinking, nobody's doing them today. I'm here, and nobody's doing them, and it don't seem to matter.

"'I guess you don't get it into your head what time's for until it's too late.'

"He was right. It is a matter of priorities — of what we are willing to pay for the gentle ties which we know in our hearts we would not forfeit for any amount of money.

"In our terrifying and impersonal world, what fools we are if we do not keep alive the little candles, the lovely light of sentiment."

This and that of many things . . .

Drop a card to Hilda Anderson Hill, who is confined to Brady Section, Room 419 at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she is recovering from an operation.

Mrs. Phillips

She is the Cardozo (Washington) High School teacher and native Baltimorean. She'll be in at least another week, says the hospital people are "absolutely wonderful" to her.

Californians who arrived this week, included these native Baltimoreans: Mrs. Zelda Webb Fairweather and her two-year-old Gail, who are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Webb on Gwynns Falls.

They motored East with Zelda's brothers, Mayfield, law student at the University of Washington in Seattle; and Rudy, a student at San Francisco State College. All will remain at home until September.

And by the way, Zelda has just shed her hubby, Al Fairweather, by the divorce courts. And it's a coincidence that the Army has shifted him here to Camp Holabird to take his basic.

He is in the CID (Central Intelligence Division.) Zelda, you'll recall, is a teacher in charge at that new Richmond, Calif. junior high school.

By another coincidence, we were first to meet two other Californians who will be living amongst us. Here's how:

Warrant Officer Jewell Goode and his wife, Mary, arrived in Baltimore from Los Angeles late Wednesday, for his new assignment with the ROTC unit at Morgan State College.

They stopped at a drugstore to to inquire about night's lodgings of DeWitt Howard, and were referred to our office. We put them on the right track and saw them housed in Morgan's guest house.

He is an Army career man—16 years—expects to be assigned here for at least 3 years so Baltimoreans will be seeing a lot of them.

Weekend visitors from New York here last weekend included the Rev. James E. Pollitt, pastor of Thesolonia Baptist Church; Mrs. Mable Marshall and son, Arnold Melrose; Mrs. Georgia Capers and Mrs. Zoda Silvertooth.

They were here to cheer up Mrs. Mabel Truesdale Caldwell of 1142 Myrtle Ave., who is recovering from a very serious spinal operation. She's much improved. Mrs. Caldwell maintains her membership in the Rev. Mr. Pollitt's church.

Ronald and Ruth Lighston write from Paris: "This is the last of our week's stay in Paris and its environs. Tomorrow we leave for Belgium, Holland and Germany.

"We plan a 10-day stop in Switzerland during which Ruth will attend an international study course on the influence of mass media of communication on children.

"We are leaving Italy and Spain for the last part of our trip and have left the last four days of August for a return to Paris."

Another new resident in our town—T. E. (Thomas Edward) Rast, formerly of Newport News, Va., who is the new branch director of the Integrated Red Shield Boys' Club at Arlington Ave. and Saratoga St. He's been on the job two months.

Speaking of Paris, reminds me that the AFRO's European correspondent, Ollie Stewart, is back in the French capital after a trip to Rome.

He says: "No matter what criticism has been made in the United States about the Uncle Tom element of 'Porgy and Bess,' the U.S. never had better ambassadors of good will than the 'Porgy and Bess' cast members."

Dining at the air-conditioned Madison Ave. YWCA dining room on Wednesday Mrs. Maude Washington Beckett, a native Baltimorean now living in Louisville, Ky.

She was lunching with Miss Emma Bright, and is housesitting with Mrs. Emma Bright.

Remember Mrs. Beckett? She is the widow of William H. J. Beckett, who taught physical education here in the high school at the turn of the century and later was physical education instructor in St. Louis schools. He died two years ago. Mrs. Beckett is the sister of Mrs. Gladys Pinderhughes.

Also dining at the YW: Mr. and Mrs. Horatio W. Jones of Princess Anne, Md. They were here for Mr. Jones to undergo treatment at Hopkins. Remember his sight was impaired by a tumor several years ago and he retired from the Md. State College faculty. He's doing nicely now, gets around well with a cane.

Jones (were their first name's Omega) you know, is home demonstration agent for Somerset County. With them were their four-year-old son, Horatio W. Jones III, who was dressed oh so-cute in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit; and a cousin, Edward Gale.

The Rev. A. J. Payne, Enon Baptist pastor, took two days off this week to rest and get treatment for an allergy.

Baltimore Urban League's current News Letter announces that David L. Gibbs is a new post—Community Education Secretary. Since 1952, Gibbs has been assistant director of industrial relations.

In his new capacity, he will work with agencies, individuals and organizations "to help the community help itself. Great attention will be given to the establishment and development of neighborhood associations and cooperation with other agencies as a means of enlisting citizen interest and participation in the solution of community problems . . . " Hooray!

In simple language, this means the Urban League is going to get down in the community and work with the little people, and not spend all its time bobnobbing with the industrialists, et al . . . and an orchid for the league's dynamic executive director, Furman Templeton, and his staff . . .

Dr. Morsell, man of many talents . . .

As usual, native Baltimorean, Louise Kerr Hines, can be depended on to remind this column of some interesting highlights in the life of an elder citizen.

She submits this week an article she wrote back in 1944 concerning the Rev. Samuel R. Morsell, 82, who was buried here on Thursday. He died Saturday at the Brooklyn, N.Y. home of his physician-son.

In the article, Mrs. Hines wrote that Mr. Morsell was one of 13 members of the 1896 Baltimore High School class, then located at Saratoga and Courtland Sts.

Other living members of that class are Mrs. Florence Carter and Mrs. Constantia B. Beckling.

He was the person responsible for the first flag on the old high school building and the first books in the school library dealing with achievements of colored people.

It happened this way:— So called colored schools were not included when the city school board decided to raise flags on school buildings back in 1892.

Mr. Morsell took care of this oversight. He collected $60 for the purchase of a 24-foot flag, largest ever made in the city at that time.

He was chosen color bearer, and flanked by a color guard, the student body, parents and friends he raised Old Glory to the top of the pole. That was a great event back in November 1892.

When he noted the absence of books extolling the achievements of colored people in the school library, he interested the Literary Society in purchasing such books, and the collection became the basis of the school's library.

Dr. Morsell was a man of many talents. After graduation from high school, he taught in the Baltimore schools for four years, first as teacher, then as principal.

Then he decided that the ministry attracted him so he left the teaching field and enrolled in Oberlin College where he graduated in 1907. Later (1910) he took his divinity degree at Yale Divinity School.

Instead of entering the active ministry, he found his life's work was cut out for him in the YMCA field. His ministerial training came in handy when he established the Centre Ave. YMCA in Pittsburgh and put on an effective religious program in his 19 years there.

Then followed establishment of the White Plains YMCA under his direction, and six years of effective work as executive of the Druid Hill Ave. YMCA where he was retired in 1936 at the age of 60.

Think he was through serving his community? No indeed!

After retirement, he served as sales manager for Arbutus Memorial Park here in Baltimore; associate pastor of Dixwell Ave. Congregational Church in New Haven; and the Madison St. Presbyterian Church here where funeral services were held.

If anybody lived a full and prosperous life, Samuel Morsell did. I am grateful to Mrs. Hines for reminding me of his contribution to the early history of our community.

—Pratt sued

(Continued from Page 1)

MRS. DOROTHY PRATT

HARRY T. PRATT

alimony, Mrs. Pratt has asked custody of the son, maintenance and support for the child, counsel fees and court costs.

She added charges of adultery, saying that Mr. Pratt stayed away from home nights and at periodic intervals during which he conducted himself as a single man.

Mrs. Pratt also says that despite the fact that she is "faithful, affectionate, devoted and kind mate," he abandoned her on June 16.

The petition asks that the wife receive temporary and permanent alimony, averring that he earns between $75 and $150 per week while she is without means of support.

* * *

A RESTRAINING order, enjoining Mr. Pratt from annoying, molesting or attacking his wife was signed by Judge Deeley K. Nice of Circuit Court.

Mr. Pratt is the son of the late Harry T. Pratt, former principal of Douglass High School who at the time of his death in 1945 owned the Druid Landry. His mother, the late Mrs. Mary L. Pratt was also a city school teacher.

Mr. Pratt was convicted May 6 on a bigamy charge and won an appeal in June for a new trial on grounds that the privacy of his home had been invaded and the evidence was seized illegally.

Police testimony revealed that Mrs. Pratt was the—person who made a phone call which tipped officers off to the lottery operations at the Elgin Ave. address.

AT THE time of the raid last February police said the Elgin Ave. home was headquarter for a $120,000-a-week numbers operation which netted $5,040,000 a year.

Also arrested in the raid with Pratt were Alonzo (Slim) Myers, real estate man who helps in the management of the Club Tijuana and John W. Franklin, sportsman.

Both were convicted, lost their appeal for a new trial and have carried their case to the Maryland Court of Appeals.

FEEL YOUNG—FEEL SPRY—FEEL GOOD
TAKE
MANTONE
IDEAL TONIC FOR MEN and WOMEN
FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Follow the Trend of the Young Crowd
Have Soft, Natural-Looking
Straight Hair
THE MODERN WAY!
Perma-STRAIT
Count Basie recommends Perma-Strait
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The smart young crowd knows that hot combs, messy irons and harsh, lye straighteners are unsatisfactory and outdated! They use creamy Perma-Strait every 2 to 6 months to always have soft, natural-looking straight hair they can easily dress the way they want. No burn, no razor, no scalp irritation! Proved by over 1,000,000 happy users. Perma-Strait is best for your hair too!

CAMPER SCHOLARSHIPS—Members of the Bavlied's Club recently presented a check to send two boys to Camp Druid Hill. Shown with Dr. Louis Harmon, of the camp committee, are, left to right: Mesdames Berine Gail, Vera Flint, Audrey Pinderhughes and Doris Wallace of the club.

Bail set for man accused in cutting

Charged a week ago with stabbing Alexander Harris of the 1000 block McDonough St., Charles Buster Brown, 1300 block Madison Ave., was ordered held in bail of $500 Thursday in Northeastern Police Court.

Following a request by his attorney, the case was postponed by Magistrate Richard Gilbert until Sept. 8.

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Vandals fail to halt owner

With one possible sale hitting a road block because of vandals, Harry Sequin, owner of an attractive home at 2646 Berryl Ave., looked for a new buyer for the building this week.

Located in a predominately white neighborhood in East Baltimore, the house was about to be sold to a colored buyer, the Rev. Frank Williams, pastor of Christ Methodist Church, Chase and Washington Sts.

However, less than eight hours after the minister inspected the property, vandals broke out all the windows and attempts were made to enter the building.

* * *

FACED WITH THIS, the Rev. Mr. Williams halted payment of a $500 check given as a down payment on the house. He explained:

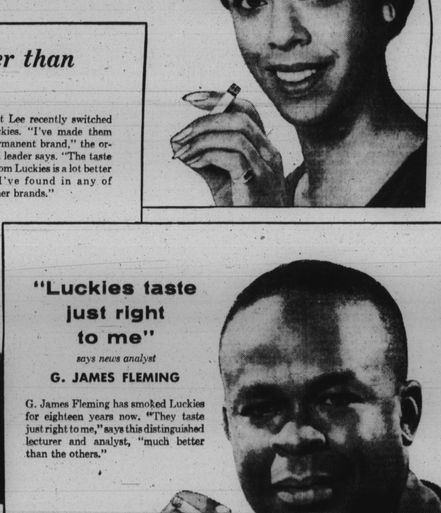
"I HAVE NO intention of letting them (his three children) reside in a neighborhood where there is friction or hard feelings."

Cancellation of the sale left the property on the hands of Mr. Sequin, who said he is willing to sell the property he values at $12,500 for $10,000.

Mr. Sequin told the AFRO that he was not a professional real estate man, and that he wanted to dispose of the property for personal reasons. He also said that he would sell the property to whoever wanted to buy, regardless of race.

"I LIKE THE BETTER TASTE OF LUCKIES' TOASTED TOBACCO"
says TV editor ARDEN HILL
"I didn't realize what I'd been missing till I changed to Lucky Strike," says NBC script editor Arden Hill. "Now I get the extra taste—the *better* taste—of Luckies' toasted tobacco. I like it."

"Luckies taste better than any of the others"
says symphony conductor
EVERETT LEE
Everett Lee recently switched to Luckies. "I've made them my permanent brand," the orchestra leader says. "The taste I get from Luckies is a lot better than I've found in any of the other brands."



"Luckies taste just right to me"
says news analyst
G. JAMES FLEMING
G. James Fleming has smoked Luckies for eighteen years now. "They taste just right to me," says this distinguished lecturer and analyst, "much better than the others."

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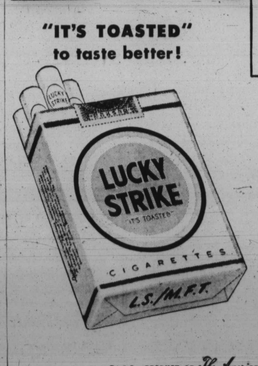

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