Baltimore Afro-American

OUR CREED

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

"We are Americans and, as Americans, we would speak to America."
—Frederick Douglass

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.—1840-1922
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"No hand can make the clock which will strike for me the hours that are gone." CHARLES DICKENS.

The non-drastic Mr. Cole

Housing Administrator Albert M. Cole has clarified the position of the Eisenhower Administration on the question of integration in housing built with Federal aid.

The official position, according to Mr. Cole, is integration is not "possible nor desirable at this time."

The Housing and Home Finance Agency, administrator made this clear in a recent letter to U.S. Senator Prescott S. Bush (R.,-Conn.).

Mr. Cole's answer was in response to letters to Senator Bush from Mrs. Frances Levenson, executive director, National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, and Hyman Haven of the same organization.

Both housing officials accused the Federal Government, through HHFA, of supporting the spread of segregation in housing.

Although he reviewed in considerable detail HHFA's program, Mr. Cole practically admitted the truth of the charges by merely observing that the assertions are "familiar to me."

Then, referring to NCAD's position that segregation should not be permitted in any housing built with Federal aid, the housing administrator stated:

"I do not believe that so drastic a step is possible or desirable at this time."

In support of this position, he expressed the belief that:

Federally required integration would result in "many communities" rejecting low-rent housing.

Such a program of racial integration could not be enforced.

"The problems of racial discrimination are so peculiarly local . . . complex and deeply rooted in local tradition."

Finally, he defined HHFA's program of moderation-by-being-been "expressed so well" by President Eisenhower at a recent press conference.

Perhaps Mr. Cole and the Administration define this housing policy as one of moderation.

They are wrong. To the contrary, it is a policy of confusion and, maybe, disaster.

By failing to take a positive position on housing desegregation, the Administration is creating the same type of vacuum which followed its failure to support the May 17, 1954, Supreme Court ruling on school integration.

Now the racial bigots and merchants of intolerance are rushing in to fill the void created by Executive indifference.

If the spreading housing segregation is not contained, soon there will develop a phalanx between the suburban North and the dissident South.

The now embryonic "manifesto Bloc" would become a permanent fixture of the Congress.

Such institutions as the U.S. Supreme Court, free elections and, perhaps, the Federal Constitution would be the objects of a continuing all-out attack.

Throwing free of limitation due to racial and religious prejudice, like freedom of speech, press and assembly, are cornerstones for our way of life.

We cannot have one without the other.

Take away anyone of them and eventually the others will tumble.

Either through naivety or design, HHFA and Mr. Cole are indulging, under the guise of moderation, in a dangerous practice.

Tribute to a lawyer

Maryland gave to the nation one of its most distinguished constitutional lawyers — Thurgood Marshall, chief of the NAACP's legal staff.

Maryland also gave to New Jersey another able lawyer, Isaac H. Nutter of Pleasantville, who at the age of 77, announced his retirement recently after a fascinating career as a criminal lawyer in Atlantic City for half a century.

A native of Princess Anne, Md., he went to Atlantic City in 1905 and two years thereafter was admitted to the bar, where he won the respect and commendation of judges and opposing lawyers as counsel for the defendants in 56 murder cases.

He timed his retirement in keeping with his reputation, making the announcement soon after he won acquittal for a maid who was indicted for the murder of her sweetheart.

Three of Mr. Nutter's most notable cases won nationwide attention.

He argued three appeals for defendants convicted of murder in one week before Justice Hugo L. Black of the Supreme Court and won acquittal for all three.

Impressed, Justice Black invited Nutter to stand before the bar and paid him this compliment: "These three trials and summations are the greatest I have ever experienced as a judge."

He was defense counsel for Harry Bischoff, former Postmaster and Mayor of Atlantic City, and for Enoch L. Johnson, then sheriff of Atlantic County, both of whom were tried for violation of the election laws. Both were acquitted.

Despite a large practice, Mr. Nutter gave unselfishly of his leisure time to serve the NAACP, the YMCA, the Shiloh Baptist, Methodist and other community organizations.

Like all members of his profession who have never lost the common touch, he was a friend of the underdog, serving with devotion and very often at a personal sacrifice many whose civil rights were violated.

He was a counselor and "father" to many young lawyers of both races, including those who served their clerkship under him.

He has been a credit to his profession, and an inspiration to the community. May he find in his years of retirement the peace and contentment he has so richly earned.

Over the first hurdle

U. S. Solicitor Simon E. Sobeloff cleared his first hurdle last week when the Senate Judiciary Committee by a vote of 9 to 2 sent his name to the Senate floor.

It is now up to the Senate to act without further delay in confirming him to the position he was appointed to by President Eisenhower twelve long, long months ago.

The Dixiecrats by their disgraceful stalling tactics have not only delayed the nomination of an able public servant, but have managed to hold up the work of the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals which is badly in need of his services.

Fortunately, Mr. Sobeloff has been sustained by his own ability to see through the schemes of the prejudiced Dixiecrats and their Republican compatriots, plus his own sense of humor.

He has sidestepped all attempts to draw him into the controversy by telling the story:

A minister rushed into a confirmed man's cell and urged him to renounce the devil and all his works.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Sobeloff has the condemned man replying, "But in my position, I cannot afford to offend anyone."

Cheers for Dixon

It was an extremely timely and progressive move on the part of Councilman Walter Dixon to put before the City Council a resolution endorsing an "open-door" policy of Baltimore hotels.

Mr. Dixon was not seeking to get hotels to remove racial barriers purely on behalf of colored persons. An "open-door" hotel policy is necessary to the city as a whole.

Aside from giving the city a "black eye" internationally when colored Americans and foreigners are insulted by Baltimore desk clerks, the white-only policy of local hotels is also losing untold amounts of revenue for the city.

Baltimore's position as one of the foremost cities in the nation, both historically and scenically, should rank it as a prominent convention city.

Yet, this potential revenue is lost because many all-colored and integrated organizations refuse to meet in cities where such segregation is practiced.

The issue of open hotels is not, then, just a colored question. It is a city question.

That Mr. Dixon's fellow councilmen did not take positive action on the resolution is short-sighted and out of step with the progress being made in other areas of race relations.

Referring the matter to the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations, an organization which is not a part of the Council, is not the positive, forthright way to handle a moral (and economic) problem.

We certainly hope that Mr. Dixon will not give up the fight which he has righteously undertaken. When the Council reconvenes after its summer vacation, we hope that Mr. Dixon, aided by Fourth Ward Councilman Solomon Lewin and Albert Alpert, will press the issue through to a happy conclusion.

The only action necessary for the Council to take is to throw the full moral weight of a unanimous endorsement "decrying discrimination against the hundreds of colored guests of Baltimore hotels.

City Desk Memo

By CHESTER M. HAMPTON

More on parades.

Not long ago, I wrote about parades—and specifically cited the 232d Army's kilted bagpipers. This colorful organization, I said then, was one of the most stirring I had witnessed.

This was not meant to cast aspersions on any other marching groups—especially the Elks. Perhaps no other group of parade-goers is able to communicate such a special gaiety to the watching crowds — and they are getting better all the time.

When the Elks national convention was held in Atlanta recently, Exalted Ruler Robert Johnson decreed that there would be no drunks in the parade — and no drunks were there.

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THE PARADE LOST not a bit of its special flavor — in fact, it was the best Elk parade I had ever seen.

This maturity in parade behavior was mirrored recently when the Tri-State Elks Association met in Salisbury. And sobriety was not the only improvement noted.

There were many girls, teenagers, young women and older women in the parade—yet, with but few exceptions, they managed to march down the street without the flip-switching, shake-dancing and who - knows - what - else - to - call-it that had been noted in former parades.

The emphasis seems to have shifted — now, instead of having 17-year-old majorettes trying to imitate night-club exotic dancers and burlesque queens, the various lodges and temples have tried to develop precision marching and colorful maneuvers.

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AND THIS improvement has not been confined to the public behavior of the organization. Of increasing importance in the last decade have been the civil liberties and educational interests of the Elks.

At the Salisbury meeting, in fact, the Tri-State group wholeheartedly endorsed the proposal of Exalted Ruler Johnson that the NAACP work through the Elks organization in states (Alabama and Louisiana) where the NAACP has been 'outlawed.'

This raises the Elks far above the purely social, fun-making status that many non-Elks had relegated it to. More and more, the Elks of the nation are making their presence count in the fight of colored Americans for first class citizenship.

And they still have fun! There's still the hearty "Hello, Bill" for conventioneering brothers.

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THERE STILL are the grand balls, the cocktail parties and the hotel-room gab-sessions that are dear to the hearts of all convention-goers.

And it may be that they enjoy these sessions even more now than they did in the past. For now they can have their fun without any nagging consciousness that nothing constructive was left undone.

Now they can come together with real sense of purpose — and relax with a real feeling of having accomplished something.

So hats off to the Elks and to their record of better results and pleasanter fun.

(And hats off, too, to Clay Claiborne, former AFRO staffer now serving as Grand Press Secretary of the Elks.)

Not Very Convincing

"A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES" —PRO. 17:17

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

People, places, things...

Dr. and Mrs. Bernard N. Christmas Jr., expect that heir before the end of the month.

And, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin E. Smith (the former Jeannette Day May) are also beaming. Their addition is expected within the next two months.

And, Mr. and Mrs. James (Jimmy) White are deliriously happy at 1320 Ensor Ave. It's another boy. She is Peggy White, the very efficient chief operator at the Rose Davis Beauty Salon.

Baby put in his appearance on Monday at Johns Hopkins! Their first youngster, Jimmy Jr., is 14 months old.

Also walking on clouds are Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Esson (Lorraine) of 927 Warwick Ave. Their first child, a baby boy, was born Monday at Johns Hopkins.

Father is owner of the Esquire Barber Shop at E. Preston St. and Central Ave. Mother is a member of Public Welfare worker.

Mrs. Annie Mae Wallace observed an anniversary on June 6th—30 years as secretary to Dr. I. I. Maher, who has offices in the Md. Trust Building. How time flies!

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Visitors about this week include Mrs. Louise Hall, wife of Dr. James Hall, Chicago physician, and their daughter, Louise. They are visiting with Mrs. Hall's aunt, Mrs. Alice Keys, 822 Fremont Ave.

Mrs. Hall is the daughter of Louis H. Russell, Dunbar High School teacher of Washington, brother of Mrs. Keys.

Dr. Ulysses Boutne Sr., the veteran Frederick, Md., physician is still critically ill in Frederick Memorial Hospital.

Isaiah Brown, the well known South Baltimore undertaker of 108 W. Montgomery St., is critically ill in Johns Hopkins Hospital . . .

He underwent an operation on Monday but doctors report he has rallied well. Drop him a card. He is on a Halstead 2. Visitors are permitted from 12-8 daily.

You know, Mr. Brown has been an undertaker for 130 years. His father before him founded the business and served the community for 50 years.

Mr. Isaiah Brown, his brother Roland and a nephew Joseph, have carried on.

People about town are still oohing and aahing about that pretty wedding gown worn by a pretty bride this week. Had a price tag of 350 smackers!

More visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Friday of Atlantic City are here visiting relatives.

Wanna see kids having a good time at home? Drop in at the Madison Ave. YW or the Central YW or Forest Park any day and watch youngsters of both races enjoying the YW's camp. You'd think they had been going to school together and attending camp together all their lives—so relaxed—so natural!

Have renewed faith that today's high school youngsters are enterprising. Two of them —Francis Peterson and Emmanuel Vaughn, Douglass High students of the 1500 block N. Payson St., knocked at my door Saturday morning.

They had a lawn mower and wanted to mow the lawn. They did an excellent job. But I was tired—it was early, mind you, that's the first time a high school student has asked to do the job.

Together, we found others in the block who had need of their services. If they continue to be enterprising and honest as well as they did ours, they should have a nest egg before long.

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Up in Cumberland, Md., a Saturday ago, two Centreville, Md. teachers exchanged vows: Miss Lillian Charlotte Dawson and Casey Jones. They're honeymooning in Atlantic City and New York.

Met This week: Alvin J. T. Zumbrun, managing director of the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission. Very pleasant young fellow, and energetic too.

He succeeded Wallace Reidt, when he became head of the parole and probation department.

May issue of the Journal of the National Medical Association contains an article on thoracic surgery by Dr. Marcus W. (Mike) Moore Sr., of Baltimore's Provident Hospital.

He is presently with the Department of Surgery at the 116th USAF Hospital at Travis Air Force Base, Calif.

About a pleasant guy...

Any reporter will tell you that if you're kind and pleasant to people, they will treat you the same way.

Ace Reporter Jimmy Williams tells this week of a smiling fellow who got a break in Northwestern Police Station because he was "so pleasant." Read the story, and I bet you'll smile too.—

"I'm a working fellow and I don't think you ought to put me in jail."

"Well what would you suggest I do with you?"

"If I were you I would give me probation and I promise that you'll never see my face again."

Flashing a smile that spread form here to there, Samuel Barratt, 21, 1000 block Argyle Ave., exchanged these words on Saturday with Magistrate Linwood G. Koger Sr.—

Mr. Barratt's problem was that he had been arrested by Riggs Ave. and Parrish St., in what Officer Oliver Walker described as an "inebriated condition."

"I had an $18 hat and a $12 pair of shoes and I lost both of them, and I think that's enough," lamented Mr. Barratt in explaining to Magistrate Koger why he had no desire to spend any more time in jail.

"YOU'RE SUCH A pleasant fellow, I'm going to give you a break," said the magistrate.

"I'm going to sentence you to 90 days in jail but I am going to suspend the sentence and place you on probation."

"Well thank you, judge," said Mr. Barratt as he kept flashing his smile. The magistrate added these parting words:

"You know, I like you, you're such a pleasant smiling fellow." Not to be outdone, Mr. Barratt responded:

"Well judge I like you, too."

And with these words he left the courtroom hatless, shoeless but still with a smile that spread from here to there.

Uncle Tom, Mr. Charley...

Here are some excerpts from a piece I read this week in a New York newspaper, by former AFRO writer Jimmy Hicks:

It's graduation time—and I've got a word for June graduates.

It was at Howard University back in the days when Howard was referred to as the "Capstone of colored education" and every student in the school tried to be a socialite and give the impression that he was rich and influential and that both his mom and pop back home were nationally famous in social circles.

How many of the students could bluff their way through four years of this kind of stuff simply by always telling other students of what "Big Big" people their families were back in the old home town, but never giving their teachers or anyone else the opportunity to meet them.

But every four years at Howard the little ivory towers which the students had built out of their little lies would be threatened with ruin because all of a sudden they would receive a letter from home stating that Mom and Pop and Cousin Kate were all going to get into the old family jalopy and drive down to Washington to watch their sweet degrees.

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THIS ALWAYS caused a crisis on the campus—especially among the girls.

It posed all kind of questions for them because of the little white lies they had been telling their classmates all year long.

Having told their classmates that Momma was THE social leader back in the hometown, it was only natural that the other students should expect Mom to roll up on the campus in the latest model Cadillac, clad in shimmering mink and speaking the king's English like Lady Astor.

And of course Poppa had been pictured to the other students as a powerful tycoon ruling a vast financial empire so he just HAD to look the part when he showed up on the campus.

• • •

BUT SINCE the students all knew Mom, at best could get to the campus by bus, and that she would be simply garbed in modest clothing when she arrived, and that Pop, if he was able to make it at all would be wearing the same old shiny blue suit he had worn for years—there was only one thing for the "socialite" students to do:

And that was to stop Mom and Pop from coming to the commencement at all.

This may sound a bit far fetched to some who never went to Howard but believe me when I say that I can recall a time when such students were doing such an effective job of keeping their Moms and Pops from coming to commencement exercises that President Mordecai Johnson made it the subject of one of his sermons one Sunday in Rankin Memorial Chapel.

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DR. JOHNSON, in his inimitable style told of the Howard graduates who had brought one of their diplomas represented bundles and bundles of washing which their mothers had turned out in some white woman's laundry room.

And he said that he knew that in many cases their father's had worked at menial jobs around the clock and had taken insults and humiliation to earn money to send them for their diplomas.

In one passage Dr. Johnson said, "Your father allowed white folks to kick him around and call him 'Uncle Tom' so that you could get an education and folks will look at you and call you 'Mr. Charley.'"

Dr. Johnson went on to point out how utterly small students were if they would accept hard earned money from their parents and then deny their parents the opportunity to see them graduate because they felt their parents might embarrass them before their classmates by such a little thing as splitting a verb.

WHEN YOU walk up and get that diploma, have Mom and Pop sitting right there in the front row to see you.

And when they hand it to you in your shining boy, walk straight down the aisle to where they are and get each one by the arm and let the world know that they are the ones who made it possible for you to be.

Remember that your day is THEIR day.

They might split a verb or two but remember—they were willing to be called "Uncle Tom" yesterday so that tomorrow you can be "Mr. Charley."

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.

Tidbits

By SHIRLEY KYLE

Attended my high school class reunion in Minneapolis Minn., this past weekend and was surprised to find that of the 50 girls who were graduated with me 10 years ago, only four pursued careers.

These include a nurse, a medical technician, teacher and yours truly, newspaper reporter.

The remaining 46 married and are now raising at least three youngsters each. Two of them have five apiece.

As you might guess, we four "old maids" ganged up on the moms, and did our best to show them the advantages of a happy single life.

But, we weren't successful. We were outnumbered and wound up wishing we had changed our surnames, too.

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NO DOUBT you read about the plane which crashed in four houses in Minneapolis, some years ago, killing eight children.

I saw these homes and they are a grim sight. The charred structures are still standing in midst of other newly built homes.

—Directly across the street is the landing field. I was surprised to learn that no provisions have been made to warn these families when a plane is in trouble.

Many of the residents in the area felt that the children's lives could have been saved if some sort of loud speaker system had been set up in the area to warn the parents.

At it was, no one came outside to see what was going on until they "heard the plane too was the roof tops."

The children, playing in their yards were burned by flames shooting from the damaged jet.

Better speakers

DEAR AFRO:

Year after year we have what is known as a "Clean Block Campaign" which is sanctioned by our own mayor and sponsored by the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers. The AFRO has done a great job on this idea and many others.

There is still another campaign I'd like to see and it is a "clean mouth campaign."

I find in recent years too many non-thinking people expressing themselves with the use of vulgar language in public places such as buses, theatres, etc.

In "Clean Block" it costs paint, effort and time. In a "clean mouth campaign" it would cost only a more civil tongue and respect for people around you. — FRED CULP.

Seeks parents

DEAR AFRO:

I am writing to see if in any way you can help me to locate my parents whom I have never seen. I was left with Mrs. Jane Harden when I was less than a month old.

"I was born 1922, Nov. 28, at Providence and Lombard St. hospital (University), Baltimore, Md. My mother's maiden name is Mammie Stiles. My father's name is John Reddick. He was born in Hanover, Pa., and my mother was from Richmond, Va.

She would be around 50 years old and my father 54, according to the full birth record. I have a sister about a year older than I. Her name is Frances Reddick. She is maybe married now but that was her maiden name.

At the time I was born they were living at the 1500 block Fremont Ave. I would appreciate this so much because it would be the happiest moment of my life to find them. Geraldine Reddick, 640 Pertinia Ave., Baltimore.

They were fine musicians

DEAR AFRO:

The deaths of Clifford Brown and Richie Powell leave a void in the jazz world.

Brown, a comparative newcomer was well on the way to an outstanding career in music. Richie Powell, brother of pianist Bud Powell, will also be sorely missed.

Just before his death, jazz followers were unanimous in praise of the youngers Powell, who was expected to eclipse even his brilliant brother.

—SALAAM ALAKIM

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DEAR AFRO:

WE WERE shocked to learn of the deaths of Clifford Brown and Richie Powell.

I am sure you know by now that Earl (Bud) Powell, older brother of Richie, was not among the victims. The loss of either of these great pianists is a great blow to the musical world.

But Cliff and Richie were so young, and on the verge of such greatness, that their untimely deaths will be felt even more so.

The disinfinitude will never appreciated the great contribution these two artists have made on the American scene with their freedom of expression which was displayed in so many ways.

—MARIA COPELAND

'Sick' of congressmen

DEAR AFRO:

It's nothing less than shameful the way the House Rules Committee stalled on the Eisenhower administration's civil rights program.

There's much talk nowadays about a "changing South" that will eventually put an end to the foolishness carried on by southern congressmen.

I certainly hope the day will soon come when such men are voted out of Congress. Their low-down ways make me sick on the stomach.

(Miss) EULA NORRIS

The Reporters Report To The People

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

"I reversed a Supreme Court decision twice last week."

This statement by a local magistrate with a wonderful sense of humor sent some reporters scurrying for telephones Tuesday morning.

The newsmen were ready to take the statement hook, line and sinker when they were called back and told, "It's a joke, son."

The magistrate kiddingly made the statement while talking to a desk.

When asked if he wanted his case tried in the local courts, the tipsy one requested that his case be heard by the Supreme Court instead.

When the magistrate made the statement about reversing the court decisions the fellow peeked up and replied, "Oh you did? Well you can try me then."

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A TRAFFIC stopper on Charles St., near the art museum Tuesday afternoon was the ancient model auto which jumped the curb and came to rest against a tree and a concrete railing.

Motorists were not too concerned about the wreck but they were busy reading these words printed on the side: "House of Prayer founded by Bishop C. M. Grace . . . Brakes failed; will be right back to pickup car."

Anyone lose a collie dog? A Mrs. Freeman of 2401 Chelsea Terrace is holding a beautiful pup that wandered into her home off Gwynns Falls the other a.m.

Don't go there with the intention of acquiring a wonderful pup now. Only the rightful owner gets the animal.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Passed by a rather interesting set of signs on Walbrook Ave. the other afternoon. They were outside an attractive home and one of them informed the public that the house had been "sold by Mr. Blank, a real estate dealer."

Down at the other end of the house was yet another sign that said the building was "for sale" by a different real estate man. Come now gentlemen, let's get together. I've lost ten minutes sleep trying to figure out is it or ain't it, said that it.

Not far from the Northwestern police station is a neat restaurant where the sign painter sorta goofed in the spelling department. Very professionally he has printed "delelatessen" when as we all know the word should be "delicatessen."

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THE ONLY REASON I know is that I looked it up in a dictionary. And this brings to mind the rather dull question of how in the heck can you find a word in the dictionary if you can't spell it.

If you do know how to spell the word, then why do you need a dictionary? Oh well, suppose we just file this under the heading of unimportant business and forget the whole silly question.

Did you know that a woman is acting as minister of one of the city's largest churches?

That's right. Our Rev. Miss Era S. Ferrell, is the administrator of Emmanuel Christian Community Church. She has been acting since the death last March of the former pastor, the Rev. Wilbur H. Waters.

Along the way

By STEVE DUNCAN

You might call this the confession of an unsurprised (or unshaken) bachelor, but this Leap Year had nearly slipped by me unnoticed until I read the other day about the antics of a former coed at the University of Illinois on my own campus.

It appears that while enrolled in a certain course in psychology along with 149 other students the coed formed an attachment for her instructor a gentleman who has not as yet crossed the burning sands of matrimony).

This, friends, is nothing new. For, to my best recollection, my first big crush was on my kindergarten teacher whose name I've now forgotten. In my particular case, the romance never got past the apple-for-the-teacher stage.

But this modern lass, with the full force of the grand old tradition of Leap Yearism in her favor, went whole hog. Her unrequited pursuit continued even after she obtained what she went to school for in the first place, a college degree.

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SHE BOMBARDED the poor prof. with telephone calls, love notes and gifts. The Chaser recently went to the extreme point of getting the Chased a fancy birthday cake with his name inscribed in icing, no less.

Our gang is befuddled here (I think that's the word I want to use) look as much of this Leap Year-ism as he could stand. Then he sprung into action, but fast.

He went forthwith to a police magistrate and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the wicked of Dan Cupidity, charging her with disturbing his peace.

In retrospect, I'm darn glad I never enrolled in his psychology class. I wonder what courses does he teach? Child psychology, educational psychology, abnormal psychology . . .?

Yes, it's true

By GARFIELD HINTON

"Have you ever wondered what it's like to be in an airplane crash? I have and I have wondered what thoughts run through a man's mind immediately before the final crash and the unquestionable end.

The recent tragic crash in the Grand Canyon brought these things to mind all over again.

When a big airliner takes off, unless you are a seasoned air traveler, you feel a slight thrill.

Your heart may even skip a beat. After you've tightened your safety belt and the plane levels off at 10,000 feet or higher as the case may be, you just relax.

A charming hostess gives you the dope on air travel, offers you reading material, gives you meals, and makes you feel at home.

You look down at the clouds and say: I'm on top of the world.'

You sit back, open up the "New-Yorker," if you're the sophisticated type, or just snooze.

Suddenly the plane shakes, rattles and rolls. This is the time for the "New Yorker."

The hostess desperately tries to reassure you, but your heart is no longer just beating: it's downright rockin' 'n' rollin.

Maybe it happened so fast you didn't have time to worry.

Maybe just before the final "30" you asked for some more copy paper to start over again.

Maybe you said, "Please Dear Editor, one more chance. This time I'll treat every man right. Color won't matter." But, alas, it's too late.

For A Spiritual Blessing
Come To The Church Of Your Choice
HYMN OF THE MONTH:
'Sinner, What Hast Thou To Show?'

Baptist Training Union holds convention here

The 30th annual session of the Sunday School and Baptist Training Union convention of Maryland will be held Thursday July 12 and Friday July 13 at Fountain Baptist Church, Monument and Gay Sts.

The Rev. Dennis Barrow is host pastor. The feature speaker Friday evening, will be Dr. William D o w n e s, Cleveland, Ohio.

A panel on Friday morning will discuss "How May the Community Agencies Work Together To Marshal The Activities for the Advancement of a Personal Christian Faith."

Panel speakers will include: Dr. Furman Templeton, Mrs. Sarah Cooper, the Rev. B. L. Matthews, Mrs. Clyde Atkinson, Bowen K. Jackson and Mrs. Portia Yerby, moderator.

Daily Vacation Bible School started July 2 at St. MARKS NESTITUTIONAL Baptist It is held from 9 a.m. until Church. It is held from 9 a.m. until noon daily. Mon.' Day was held at the church June 24.

Senior High School graduation will be honored at exercises of KNOX Presbyterian Church will be honored at evening worship service on July 15. Church day camp begins Tuesday, July 10. The Sunday church school picnic will be held the preceding day, July 9.

VISITED HERE — Bishop Frank M. Reid of the Second Episcopal District of the AME Church recently paid his first visit to Baltimore as a bishop to attend the one day special session of the Baltimore Annual Conference at Bethel AME Church.

In Our Churches

Invitations are in the mail to the pastoral reception honoring the Rev. and Mrs. Kelly L. Jackson at METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, Lanvale St. and Carrollton Ave., on Thursday, July 12, at 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY will be Communion Day at MT. PLEASANT AME Church, Owings Mills, Md. The Rev. W. N. Edwards, pastor, will deliver the message at 3:30 p.m.

Sunday, July 15, will be missionary day at Union Bethel AME Church. The pastor will deliver a special message Sunday morning. And at 3:30 p.m., Mrs. E. B. Hinds will be the guest speaker.

The missionary society of the Randallstown circuit of the AME Church will meet Friday, July 13 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gray.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards attended the one day session of the Washington conference of the AME Church at Campbell AME Church in Washington, D.C., Monday.

Mt. Pleasant AME Church, Owings Mills, Md., is having an outing at Fort Smallwood; Md. Saturday, July 28.

The Rev. Luke G. Reynolds, pastor, GOSPEL TABERNACLE Baptist Church, and his congregation, will worship with the NAZARENE BAPTISTS church members, Sunday at 3 p.m.

The Daily Vacation Bible School of GOSPEL TABERNACLE CLE Church, will begin July 16.

METHODIST

Metropolitan Methodist Church

CARROLLTON AVE. AND LANVALE ST.

9:30 A.M.—CHURCH SCHOOL. Mrs. Bessie Harrison, Supt.
10:45 A.M.—CLASS OF INSTRUCTION. Henry-U. Ayers, Leader.
11:00 A.M.—HOLY SACRAMENT. Music by the Senior Choir and the Girls' Choir.
6:00 P.M.—METHODIST YOUTH FELLOWSHIP.
8:00 P.M.—HOLY COMMUNION Continued.
ALL ARE WELCOME
REV KELLY L. JACKSON, Pastor

COMMUNITY

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF GOD

1115-17 W. SARATOGA ST.

9:30 A.M.—Sunday School
10:36 A.M.—Broadcast.
11:00 A.M.—Morning Worship sermon by the Pastor.
8:00 P.M.—Evening Worship.
Broadcast each Sunday
10:30 - 11:00 A.M. Station WSID
ELDER C. GREEN, Pastor

PRESBYTERIAN

GRACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

One of Baltimore's Friendliest Churches
DOLPHIN AND ETTING STS.

SATURDAY, JULY 7TH.
1:00 P.M.—The Meeting of the Saturday Community Club (A program of recreation and Christian nurture for children and young people.)
SUNDAY, JULY 8TH.
9:30 A.M.—Sunday Church School.
11:00 A.M.—Worship Service.
Sermon Topic: "Taking A Look At Yourself."
WEDNESDAY, JULY 11TH.
8:00 P.M.—"Hour of Prayer Service."
Sermon Topic: "Studies From The Psalms."
We Welcome You Rev. Robert T. Newbold, Jr., Pastor

A Samuel Lightner Production
AIR CONDITIONED
COLISEUM
2201 N. MONROE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Sunday Eve., July 8, 1956
AT 7:00 P.M.
Featuring
★ Original GOSPEL HARMONETTES
PILGRIM TRAVELERS ★ DIXIE HUMMING BIRDS
SOUL STIRRERS ★ DAVIS SISTERS
★ FOUR BIRDS
Added Attraction:
LITTLE LINDA TUCKER, 8-year-old daughter of Ira Tucker of Dixie Humming Birds
PRIZES TO LUCKY TICKET HOLDERS
$25.00 - $15.00 - $10.00
CHUCK RICHARDS, M.C.
ADVANCE TICKETS $1.50
AT DOOR $2.00
TICKETS ON SALE AT
1803 E. BIDDLE ST. 210 N. CAREY ST.
1322 N. BOND ST.
No tickets sold after 12 noon on date of program.
For Further Information Call Ea. 7-6568 or ED. 6-2096

Services for Mrs. Pullen

Funeral services for Mrs. Hattie Pullen, 282 Brighton St., were held Tuesday at Trinity Baptist Church. The Rev. V. K. Stokes, pastor, officiated.

Burial was in Mt. Calvary Cemetery.

Mrs. Pullen, a dressmaker, died last Friday at Provident Hospital after suffering a stroke.

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A NATIVE of Mecklenburg County, Va., she came to Baltimore when she was six years old.

Besides her husband, Otis W. Pullen, she is survived by one son, Norman; two daughters, Miss Ora Pullen and Mrs. Sarah Ma Thompson; three grandchildren; two great-grandchildren and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

And he said that he knew that in many cases their father's had worked at menial jobs around the clock and had taken insults and humiliation to earn money to send them for their diplomas.

In one passage Dr. Johnson said, "Your father allowed white folks to kick him around and call him 'Uncle Tom' so that you could get an education and folks will look at you and call you 'Mr. Charley.'"

Dr. Johnson went on to point out how utterly small students were if they would accept hard earned money from their parents and then deny their parents the opportunity to see them graduate because they felt their parents might embarrass them before their classmates by such a little thing as splitting a verb.

WHEN YOU walk up and get that diploma, have Mom and Pop sitting right there in the front row to see you.

And when they hand it to you in your shining boy, walk straight down the aisle to where they are and get each one by the arm and let the world know that they are the ones who made it possible for you to be.

Remember that your day is THEIR day.

They might split a verb or two but remember—they were willing to be called "Uncle Tom" yesterday so that tomorrow you can be "Mr. Charley."

Auto victim buried in S.C.

The body of Specialist Third Class Bud T. Hardy 34, was shipped his home in Mapleton, S.C., where he was buried on Wednesday with full Military honors.

Sgt. Hardy died Saturday morning at 8:06 as he was on his way to his Fort Meade station. His 1956 car went out of control on Southwest Blvd. near Tomlay Rd.

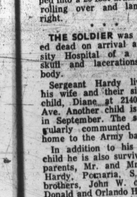
Police said the vehicle struck the left side of the curbing of the grass island and overturned the plot for a distance of 40 feet, jumped a curb and finally crashed into a 20 foot drainage ditch, rolling over and landing upright.

THE SOLDIER was pronounced dead on arrival at University Hospital of a fractured skull and lacerations of the body.

Sergeant Hardy lived with his wife and their six-year-old child, Diane, at 1 Pennsylvania Avenue. The child is expected in September. The soldier regularly commuted from his home to the Army base.

In addition to his wife and child he is also survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs Charles Hardy, Pocaria, S.C.; three brothers, John W. of Detroit, Donald and Orlando Hardy, both of Pomaria; and two sisters, Miss Sallie A. Hardy from Baltimore, and Mrs. Geneva Baxter, Pomaria.

PROMINENT TRUSTEE DIES



Trustee Cleveland Vaughan, well known in churches throughout Baltimore and the vicinity, died on Monday, July 2, 1956 at the Mercy Hospital.

Mr. Vaughan had been ill for four months. Funeral services will be held at the Gillis Memorial Community Church, Calhoun and Mulberry Streets on Saturday, July 7, 1956, at 1:00 p.m. Reverend Theodore C. Jackson is the pastor.

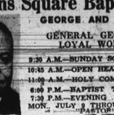
The Reverend S. Burgess of the Greater Harvest Baptist Church will officiate at the funeral service of Mr. Vaughan.

Mr. Cleveland Vaughan was a lifelong member of the Greater Harvest Baptist Church.

BAPTIST

Perkins Square Baptist Church

GEORGE AND OGSTON STREETS



REV. WARD D. PARKER, Pastor

GENERAL: GEORGE CARTER
LOYAL WORKERS DAY
8:30 A.M.—SUNDAY SCHOOL.
10:45 A.M.—OPEN HEART SERVICE.
11:00 A.M.—HOLY COMMUNION.
6:00 P.M.—BAPTIST TRAINING UNION
7:30 P.M.—EVENING WORSHIP.
MON. JULY 9 THROUGH SUNDAY, JULY 15
REVIVAL SERVICES
WE WELCOME YOU

NEW ST. JOHN BAPTIST CHURCH

1106 W. FRANKLIN STREET

REV. BROWN

8:30 A.M.—SUNDAY SCHOOL.
11:00 A.M.—SERMON BY THE PASTOR.
3:30 P.M.—WE WORSHIP AT WAYSIDE BAPT. CHURCH.
FRI. 8 P.M.—WEEKLY PRAYER SERVICE
Every 4th Sunday 3:30 P.M. Holy Communion
The Public Is Invited to Attend These Services
Mrs. E. Johnson Harvey, Church Clerk
REV. ANDREW C. BROWN, Pastor

Sweet Hope Free Will Baptist Church

219 N. MOUNT STREET

ANNUAL WOMEN'S DAY
9:45 A.M.—SUNDAY SCHOOL Mr. G. T. Boykin, Supt.
11:00 A.M.—SERMON BY REV. MRS. ELLA M. FRANKLIN.
3:00 P.M.—SERMON BY REV. MRS. IDA WALKER.
6:00 P.M.—YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE.
8:00 P.M.—CLOSING WOMEN'S DAY PROGRAM.
COME TO CHURCH EACH SU