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

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

A heartless business

"There is no Santa Claus!"

That is just about the meanest thing any unthinking adult can do for that matter a smart alec teenager can tell a child.

It smashes with one evil blow all of his childhood illusions. It destroys his faith at a time when hope is the one thing to which he desperately clings.

This tearing down of the myth of Santa Claus is a heartless and cruel business.

• • •

THE JOLLY old man in his red, white fur-trimmed suit has brought so much delight to children throughout the ages that it is difficult, even for youngsters growing into adolescence, to surrender their beliefs in his existence.

None of us is too old not to look back with nostalgia to those happy years when we, too, firmly believed in old St. Nick.

We just knew he would arrive in his sleigh, drawn by eight reindeer and loaded down with delightful answers to all of our December requests.

• • •

IN OUR child mind's eye we could clearly see his load of shiny new skates, golden sleds, bright red wagons and silken-cheeked dolls, who cried, "mama" and closed their eyes in sleep the minute they were put to bed.

The physical impossibility of Santa pushing his 300-pound figure down our narrow chimney, while holding his big bag filled with things that delight childish hearts, didn't bother us at all.

We believed he did it, and that was enough.

Our best behavior was during the month of December. The week before Christmas all of us approached the angelic.

And if perchance we slipped and momentarily relapsed into the usual naughty ways, how quickly mothers were to remind us that Santa always passed by the homes of bad children.

That reminder was enough to get us hastily back into line.

• • •

WITH WHAT longing did we address our desires to old Kris Kringle! And how careful were we to see that the letter was properly stamped and directed to Santa's headquarters at the North Pole.

With what joyful anticipation did we look forward to Christmas Day! That was one morning when mother needed no repeated calls to get us out of bed.

On that day, we were up before she was, rushing downstairs before we had dressed, confident that Santa had delivered everything for which we had asked.

And though in most instances we did not receive all of the things we asked for, this fact was quickly forgotten. We were so overjoyed with those toys which Santa did deliver.

• • •

THOSE WERE delightful days, free of the grim realities that were to assail us later in adulthood.

It is for that reason that we term it criminal for anyone to rob a lot of this joyous period of his life. Let him dwell as long as possible in his childhood world of make-believe.

He will have to leave it soon enough. And once he leaves, there is no return.

How to keep Christmas

Peter Marshall has a word for it in his sermon, "Let Us Keep Christmas," first published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company in 1952.

Mrs. Marshall who at one time was chaplain of the U.S. Senate until he died in 1949, remarked that there was no need to search for stories new and different. There is only one story, she said. "... and no modern author can improve it."

It is contained in the Gospel of Luke and it says, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

• • •

"LET'S not permit the crowds and the rush to crowd Christmas out of our hearts," said Mr. Marshall. "We all feel the pressure of approaching Christmas.

"The traffic is terrible.

"You can't find a parking space ...

"The stores are crowded ...

"Mob scenes make shopping a nightmare.

"You are thinking about presents—wondering what in the world can get for so and so.

"You think of friends and loved ones who are hard to shop for.

"You can't think of anything they need (which is rather strange when you take time to consider it).

"Maybe there is nothing in the store that they need.

"But what about their love—what about love itself?

"and friendship ...

"and understanding ...

"and consideration ...

"and a helping hand ...

"and a smile ...

"and a prayer?

"**YOU CAN'T** buy these things in any store, and these are the very things people need.

"We all need them. Blessed will they be who receive them this Christmas or at any time.

"So we will not 'spend' Christmas ...

"nor 'observe' Christmas.

"We will 'keep' Christmas—keep it as it is ...

"In all the loveliness of its ancient traditions.

"Christmas is not in the stores, but in the hearts of the people.

Look up! look up!

On Christmas Eve, 1956, as in all previous years since the birth of our Savior, our Christian millions will be thinking of the Star of Bethlehem.

They will be looking up.

Someone said, "The reason people are not seeing more flying saucers is that so few people are looking up these days."

Of course, people are not looking up enough and because of this they are missing so much that those who do cast their eyes skyward would like to share with them the beauty of this world and the universe around us.

THE LOOK downward which has enveloped the peoples of so many nations of our earth causes them to see only mud, the lower and dirt.

The vast expanding sky seemingly is seldom noticed. Never is so little effort paid off in so much pure gold as the habit of looking up—spiritually, morally, politically and economically.

Day and night the sky forever enchants us with its matchless show.

It is ever fraught with breathless interests, from the time when the phantoms of the false morning hangs its mirage in the east, to the time when, sinking low in the celestial concave of a lyrian tinted west, the sunset glows and sparkles in a wild, swing, rhapsodic extravagance of color—as if all the artists of the world had dipped their brushes there to paint a symphony of rainbows.

FROM THE depths of a blue that no artists can successfully capture, where the sun sails like a golden galleon through a sapphire sea to the great white fleets of friendly clouds, the interest never lags—and there are no commercials.

Sometimes we fancy a great mountain range that no man shall scale and see in those snow-crowned peaks the profiles of men, the forms of beasts and geometrical shapes not to be found in the pages of books.

The night sky defies words to describe. Language becomes inadequate to convey the picture. In those awful depths of mysterious space, incomprehensible, illimitable, are imprisoned worlds and systems without end, whose light greets us across the endless reaches.

Mrs. Santa Claus'

Our pre-Yuletide bunch of holly goes to Mrs. Anna Belle Coleman for her unusual holiday project which she has conducted for many years.

It is at this season of the year that Mrs. Coleman collects, repairs and prepares to distribute some 300-odd gifts to a widely scattered circle of people living in our city.

This project is not sponsored by any organization.

It is just an operation of community goodwill motivated by old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness Christmas urge to spread cheer.

Details of Mrs. Coleman's thoughtful gesture of neighborliness appeared in our news columns earlier this month.

We mention it here to point up the importance of her acts of unselfish service—and with the hope that her spirit may be reaching around this time of year.

City Desk Memo

By CHESTER M. HAMPTON

The character who told the "most fabulous lie" of the current fibbing season didn't invent anything new. Remember, he's the guy caught with a stolen car in Cayce, S.C. (which doesn't seem to be a good place to be caught even without a stolen car).

He told the good Cayce officials that he was sent down there by the Baltimore NAACP to "stir up trouble among the white people" by making scenes in various situations.

• • •

THIS JOKER reminds me of a couple of slicks operating two or three years ago in Bummin' ham, Ala. They set up offices for an organization which was to be the exact opposite of the NAACP.

They were to spread the doctrine that segregation and the southern way of life were very desirable, they told the local city officials. With this start, they began taking up a collection among said officials and local businessmen to finance the launching of the organization.

They did right well. Fifty bucks here, a hundred there, and twenty-five somewhere else soon mounted into the four-figure bracket.

Then the editor of a local semi-weekly paper laughed (in print) at the gullible whites and the jig was up. The two slicks were run out of town and were last seen heading in the general direction of the Windy City.

• • •

THE SUCCESS of other rabble-rousing individuals and organizations in reaching the wallet of the prejudiced southerner is something amusing to see.

Here you have astute politicians and hard-headed businessmen, too shrewd to be taken in on any other confidence game or swindle, yet falling hook, line and sinker for any silly scheme to retrieve that which is lost—the "good old days" before the Civil War.

Another thing that is both touching and amusing is the fact that these southern rednecks who clamor for the maintenance of the southern 'heritage' didn't have a blessed thing in 1850 either.

Slavery really worked a hardship on the poor white man—and if he could only see it—when the slave was emancipated, he was too. With slaves doing all the skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled labor, there was nothing for a poor white boy to do but starve.

• • •

AND JUST as he's letting his slick politicians spill the wood over his eyes on the segregation issue, he's letting them fool him to the point of the labor union issue.

It's pitifully hard for labor unions to get a foot-hold in Dixie — not because the cheap southern laborer doesn't need the organizations, it's just because his (political and business) leaders have tied unions and desegregation up in a tight little bundle.

They show him that it is his duty to resist desegregation — and in so doing, he cuts his own throat by resisting the unions. If he weren't such a vicious little animal, he'd be pitiful.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

When a certain Southerner announced that he was "a favorite son" one of his enemies roared: "That's the greatest unfinished sentence in the history of the Southland."

Thought for the week

"Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child."

Poet's nook

DECEMBER MAGIC

There is magic in December—
A promise from the start:
Though bleak and cold the weather
There is warmth within the heart.
Flaming sunsets fringe the days—
Bringing lovely wintry nights;
Which seem to gather radiance
From snows of dazzling white.
There is magic in December—
A shining peace prevails
Which makes us all remember
Wondrous old-world Christmas tales!

LUCILLE AGNIEL CALMES.

SONG OF A MODERN MADONNA

I hold my son . . . as she held hers.
My son, too, is a miracle of God's creation,
Making my mother's heart sing . . . even in the fear
Of uncertainty. My son, too, wears borrowed clothes:
He sits in the dust of a borrowed land,
He feeds from a borrowed bowl filled with borrowed milk.
He is my firstborn . . . and I hold him in love.
As she held hers, who mothered the Son of the One God.

DORIS DAPNELL

Rev. King's leadership

Dear AFRO:

Anyone who has heard the Rev. Martin Luther King speak would be inspired to follow the man in whatever he advised. We indeed are fortunate to have such leadership at this time. His effective guidance will do much to erase the blot of second-class citizenship.

HOWARD MARTIN

The Reporters Report To The People

Along the way

By STEVE DUNCAN

The news that Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong arrived in London early this week to appear with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra for a Hungarian relief fund show is indeed heartening.

Freedom-loving peoples the world over are sympathetic to the heroic struggle the brave Hungarian souls have been engaged in.

Satchmo—ambassador without portfolio but beloved by jazz fans everywhere lent considerable prestige to the fund rally. Through his efforts thousands of Hungarians will be able to escape the yoke of tyranny, and entrance into the "promised land."

• • •

BUT HURRY, Satchmo, and come on home. Return to the place where charity begins.

At this hour, too, your generous and unselfish help is needed here by millions of American born and bred citizens whose souls also cry out for the sweet taste of freedom.

You and I, Satchmo, are starkly aware of the hopes and dreams of colored people in such places as Clinton, Montgomery and your own New Orleans.

Almost every low down blues note you play with such emotion and finesse on your trumpet is a haunting wail from these people. The blues are the freedom-chants of the downtrodden.

• • •

WE KNOW, Satchmo, that the Hungarians today really know how it feels to be down and out, to have the blues. And our hearts bleed for them during these trying times.

Some people may think me selfish but there is so much to be done on the home-front.

So, if you can, Sachmo, why not stand on the levee in New Orleans or Mobile or Memphis and toot your horn so pretty that it'll blow the you-know-what blues outa this land!!

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Laugh of the week: The joke firemen are telling about one of their comrades who was off to the races when those separate but equal signs were ordered taken down recently in city fire houses.

The lanky firefighter who was called on the carpet only a few weeks ago for missing a fire, was the first to use a wash bowl that had been on the forbidden list.

His actions were so swift that the boys swear the fire house captain asked him to "please let the ink dry on the orders before you go in there."

• • •

SERMON OF the week: The one delivered by Magistrate Meredith Hoffmaster for the benefit of that tall attractive North Ave., barmaid.

The cutie testified she gave her boyfriend the gate because "My father didn't approve of us living together."

She asked the court Tuesday to get back her expensive skirts, sweaters and radio.

• • •

THE boyfriend, she said had entered their love nest with his private key and made away with the duds while she was at work.

The sermon on the evils of man and woman living together outside of matrimony didn't seem to hit home with the young lady at all much to the disgust of the magistrate.

Yes, it's true

By GARFIELD HINTON

One of my favorite Christmas carols is John Henry Hopkins' "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Written in 1857, this beautiful hymn tells of the three wise men from the East. Some call them the Magi.

Among the ancient Persians, the Magi were considered capable of predicting the future by studying the stars. One brisk night, these three wise men saw a mysterious star shining in the heavens with such unbelievable brightness.

As if by 'magic' they were impelled to let this bright star guide them to the humble manger that housed the infant King, so that they could worship Him.

They took to the Little One, their most precious gifts: myrrh, frankincense and gold.

OF COURSE, no one today knows what the wise men looked like, or exactly where they came from. Most of the masters who painted them, however, took for granted that they represented the three races of mankind.

Otie, Caspar, who brought a gift of myrrh, has been called an Ethiopian.

The three wise men, richly dressed, followed a bright star to the 'little town of Bethlehem.' There, they kneeled before a male Child, Who, they believed, had come to bring 'peace on earth, goodwill toward all men.'

Twenty hundred years after that 'star of wonder' lighted the skies, perhaps mankind can still find peace and goodwill, if like the three wise men, he will humble himself before the star's 'perfect light.'

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

Red Cross Appeal

Dear AFRO:

The Red Cross will conduct a nation - wide appeal for $5,000,000 for the relief of Hungarian refugees in Austria as well as thousands suffering in Hungary.

The Baltimore Red Cross Chapter has been asked to raise $65,000 as its quota in this appeal.

The American Red Cross, working through the International Red Cross, will be responsible for the relief of refugees in Austria, and it will also channel aid through the International Red Cross into Hungary.

FREDERICK L. WEHR
Baltimore Chapter Chairman

Hit jackpot

Dear AFRO:

The story on your women's page in your national edition really hit the jackpot. We have received orders from Durham, N.C., Petersburg, Va., and Augusta, Ga.

The picture was most effective and the results gratifying. Have received eleven letters and anticipating more.

Thanks very much.

Merry Christmas and viva la AFRO!

BEATRICE TRAVIS
Travis Shoes

Thanks to AFRO

Dear AFRO:

I express my deep appreciation for your invaluable assistance to M/Sgt. Charles E. Jensen Jr. in augmenting our Armed Forces during the past year.

I enjoy your continued assistance to our manpower problem so that all of us may enjoy this and all future festive seasons with a feeling of happiness and security.

ROBERT E. GAMBRILL
Colonel, AGC

Says it's 'unfair'

Dear AFRO:

I am writing you concerning the refugees coming into our city of Baltimore.

I think it is very unfair for the United States to let those Hungarians come into our country and have jobs already waiting for them.

There are citizens already here that need jobs to support their families.

The people that run these factories will train them, but if one of us goes to see about a job they are always filled up, or the jobs are for whites only.

MRS. JUNE LOCKHART

Dodger fan no more

Dear AFRO:

Ever since I have been interested in major league baseball, I have been rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers because Jackie Robinson was on their team.

In the old days, when Jackie was still the only colored player in the majors, and at the peak of his popularity, I was among the teenagers who danced to "Did You See Jackie Robinson Hit That Ball."

Baseball to me was synonymous with Jackie Robinson. Jackie Robinson synonymous with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Now that the two are divorced, it seems almost unthinkable to root for the Giants, and equally as distasteful to be a fan of the Dodgers who no longer have Jackie on their team.

(Mrs.) MARY MERCHANT

My Friend

Whenever I'm worried, troubled
and blue,
It is He whom I surely hurry to.
He always approaches when-
even I seek,
He listens patiently while I
speak.
My friend is the Master of this
great wide earth,
He's also your friend who loved
you from birth.
He looks down upon us and
wishes each day
That the people He made would
more often pray.
Blessed be He whom I love so
true,
Blessed be those who love Him
too.

'Political gangsters'

Dear AFRO:

The jailing of the Atlanta NAACP leader is another harsh reminder of the nature and extent of the political chain gang in this country.

Wardens of persecution in Georgia would deny individuals the right to work within the framework of the American Constitution to correct wrongs and seek equal protection under the law.

While this war is aimed directly at the NAACP, all citizens, white and colored alike, are subject to the same treatment if they dare oppose the political gangsters in that feudal state.

The people of Georgia are prisoners of the state under a one-party system as much as people are in Russia under communism.

But the days of these American commissars are numbered, thank God and those who love freedom.

PAUL F. WHITBY

'Margaret Butcher' Day

"Margaret Just Butcher Day" will be a fitting expression of appreciation by the community she served loyally and graciously.

There is no reason why we can't easily purchase 5,000 copies of her latest work, "The Negro in American Culture." In fact, this volume should be a part of every home library in the District.

I feel certain the community will respond wholeheartedly to a testimonial for this wonderful person who has rendered magnificent service to all.

It will be an opportunity to wish her well and offer a gesture of real thanks from the depths of our hearts.

BILL MOSS

Why not impound the cars?

Dear AFRO:

Fines do not seem to get the answer to our traffic violations. Perhaps better results could be obtained by impounding the car from one to 30 days.

If drivers had to do without the use of their cars for a few days each time, maybe they would become more educated.

WILLIAM R. SULLIVAN

People, places, things . . .

Send a cheery Christmas hello to these shut-ins and say a prayer for them when you go to church this weekend:

Mr. Van Lear Redmond, 1810 Rosedale St.

He is the likeable youngster who until three months ago was a very capable printer in the AFRO composing room.

A sudden illness has confined him to bed. One morning last week he went to turn over and broke an arm. So, in addition to his ailment, he's bedded down with a broken arm.

And veteran AFRO printer Kenneth Brickhouse, 3300 Auchentorly Terr., who is still mending from that auto accident eight weeks ago.

• • •

And, cheer also to Edgar M. Ewing, the housing exec, 5905 Old Frederick Rd., Catonsville, who is much improved. He has been away from his desk since last October, when he was taken to Provident.

He is now at home. His mother, Mrs. Jennie Ewing, of Richmond, Ind., is here and will be with Ed and his wife until after the holidays.

Urban League Executive Furman L. Templeton is up in Hackensack, N.J., at the bedside of his mother, Mrs. Henrietta Templeton, 339 Stanley Place. She suffered a heart attack following a gallstone operation, and remains in a critical condition at Hackensack Hospital.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Reckling Jr., are in their pretty new home in the Forest Park area.

The James E. Denkinses were in Victoria, Va., last week, to bury his father.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis E. Harmon were in Chicago last week where he attended a dermatological meeting.

More people and things...

The John C. Catlins of 1612 E. Biddle St., are living apart. He's the well known plumber and fraternal worker. She's at 1004 N. Broadway.

Mrs. Ellsworth Rhetta (wife of Dr. Barnett Rhetta Jr.) is a patient at Hopkins, where she underwent an operation.

Henry and Willie V. Cummings, formerly of Mobile, Ala., were members received into St. James P.E. Church a Sunday ago.

Also, Mrs. Florence Hughes Carter, former member of St. Katherine's here.

• • •

Henry Jackson, clerk at the main Post Office, is a first, Bill Foreman has also been assigned.

Even though our men have been in the postal service for years and years and years, many of these so-called 'outside' office jobs have been closed to them heretofore even though they did the actual work 'inside' the office where they can't be seen. Silly, ain't it?

Which reminds me that often our mail handlers have to be mind readers.

We received at city desk this week a letter addressed as follows:

'Arfo of Aremica'!!

Donald L. Mathews is now a lieutenant in the Army. His wife, Lola, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Matthews, received notice this week of the promotion.

He is stationed with the Eighth Army Support Command near Seoul in Korea.

He has been over for 13 months and is due back in the states in early March.

• • •

Clever Kequejays' scored with their annual benefit drawing on Saturday and raised plenty of $$$$ for their pet charity, the Robert W. Coleman Association for the Handicapped, Crownsville and the Mental Hygine Society.

If there is a Santa...

If there is really a Santa Claus—and I believe there is—I wish he would go down the following chimneys this Christmas and help make our city a better place . . .

Hotel Owners Association urging them to drop their 'white only' bars and serve all travelers who come . . .

Remind our neighbors who move out of the newer blocks when we move in that we don't want gas stations and other commercial interests in our blocks anymore than they did . . . and if they keep on pushing us more of us will move out in the suburbs with them . . .

Whisper in the ear of one of our young ministers so that he will be inspired to emulate the Rev. M. L. King, the messiah of the Montgomery boycott . . . so there can be a Rev. King here whom all will follow.

Because, after all, Santa, there's nothing wrong with our city that a few boycotts and passive resistance campaigns won't cure . . .

• • •

Put a note in the stocking of Katz Brothers, Myles and Jerome, urging them to open their doors of their White Coffee Pot Restaurants to all in the Christmas spirit. They need no law or suit.

And dear Santa, make those of us who are brown not feel too resentful when we see unfortunate Hungarian refugees befriended by our fellow citizens.

Help us to understand when these same fellow citizens, who will kick us in the face and keep us out of hotels, stores, restaurants and jobs . . . yes even jobs . . . which they give willingly to the newcomers from across the sea . . .

And a merry Christmas to you and you and you . . . don't forget to make some shut-in happy, help some child's eyes to glisten, give to some worthy family or project during this happy Christmas season.

A fantastic story

A Baltimore man arrested with a stolen car in his hometown of Cayce, S.C., told a strange story.

He said he was a member of the Baltimore branch NAACP.

The local office, checking present and past membership rolls, can find no record of his name.

And further, he said he had been sent South by the Baltimore NAACP to ride buses and demand service in restaurants as a test of the effects of Supreme Court decisions.

In the first place, the Supreme Court has made no determination of the right of colored people for equal treatment in public restaurants.

And secondly, the authority of the NAACP in Baltimore extends no further than this community's boundaries.

• • •

THIRDLY, the Baltimore branch, NAACP has its own problems here—so many that it wouldn't think of entering into the affairs of South Carolina.

That's left for the South Carolina state branch and the national office.

Criminals in the hands of the law often tell strange stories.

We haven't heard one like the South Carolina tale though since Pharaoh's daughter, attempting to explain her newly-born child, said she found it in the bulrushes.

Christmas Eve wedding sours, couple divorced

Their Christmas eve wedding 10 years ago has soured, Mrs. Mary Ruth Smith of 2500 W. Fayette St., testified in Circuit Court, last week.

Wed in Emporia, Va. in 1946, the wife said that her husband, Nathaniel, deserted her.

"He told me he wasn't in love with me any longer, packed up his things and left," she testified.

The couple are parents of four children, who are living with their paternal grandmother in Alexander, Va., the wife said.

She told the court that she was willing to have them remain with her husband's mother.

"YOU CAN'T WIN BY YOURSELF"
JOIN or RENEW Your MEMBERSHIP!
IN THE BALTIMORE BRANCH
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
Make Your Christmas Gift a membership in the NAACP—Membership $2 and up.
Use NAACP Christmas Freedom Seals on Your Mail. Get them at the Office—only 1 penny each. Rev. Marcus G. Wood, Chm. NAACP Christmas Seal Committee.
OFFICE: 402 DOLPHIN STREET
LA. 3-8503 — LA. 3-8504
Open Daily 9 to 5
All Workers are good to turn in all unused membership material and make complete reports now — So members can receive their membership cards from the New York National Office.
Season's Greetings To All
MRS. LILLIE M. JACKSON, Pres. DR. CHARLES E. WATTS, Treas. BOWEN N. JACKSON, Exc. Sec. MRS. ELAINE FIELDS, Off. Mgr.
REV. H. O. SERABIAN, REV. W. O. BRYSON, Jr., Assistant
REV. JENTRY McDONALD, Chairman, Membership Committee
DR. CARL MURPHY, Chairman, Legal Redress Committee

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Youth freed in Fayette St. 'double butcher' slayings

"He jumped up and I stabbed him. He fell and I hit him again. Then I told the girl, 'You might know too much,' and I stabbed her."

This damaging information was contained in a statement admitted into evidence in Youth Court Thursday during the trial of a 19-year-old youth fighting for his life in a double murder case.

Norman Polski, prosecutor, told Judge James K. Cullen that the state was pressing for a first degree murder conviction of William H. Gerald, 311 S. Fremont Ave., in the fatal stabbing of Miss Louise Rice, 25.

Mr. Polski asked that Gerald be convicted of murder in the second degree in the death of Ernest Eaton, 56.

The victims were stabbed fatally at their home at 665 W. Fayette St. early on the morning of October 7.

Gerald was arrested the same day and gave police a statement in which he told of quarreling with Mr. Eaton over the man's alleged beating of Mrs. Essie Mae Sessoms, 1300 block Fremont Ave., who was a tenant at the Fayette St. address at the time of the dual deaths.

Daniel Mickens, 630 S. Fremont Ave., testified that he and Gerald went to the Fayette St. address after the bars closed to look for the defendant's girl friend, identified in court as "Shngg."

• • •

HE SAID they were admitted to the house by Mrs. Sessoms who "came to the door with her face all battered."

According to Mickens both Miss Rice and Mr. Eaton were highly intoxicated when he and the other man went into their room.

He related that they stayed only a few minutes and then went across the street to 667 W. Fayette St., the home of Gerald's uncle, Louis Register.

Mickens said he was leaving Mr. Register's house to go home, when Gerald told him that he was returning to 665 W. Fayette St. to find out if his girl friend had arrived.

Vernon A. Hollins, 2410 Madison Ave., testified that he was in his home around noon the morning of the stabbings and saw a young man he identified as Gerald enter the premise at 622 W. Fayette St. with a knife still in his hand.

Michael Friedman, court appointed defense attorney, was unsuccessful in his attempt to keep Gerald's damaging statement out of evidence.

• • •

THE DEFENDANT contended that officers frightened him into making a statement under the threat of beating him.

"One of the officers asked me what did I know about the case and I told him nothing," Gerald said. "He said he would smack my face in if I didn't make a statement."

Gerald said after first signing the three page statement, "I asked them to let me see it, but they said I'd see it time enough."

The three investigating officers denied making threats to the youth in order to get him to make a statement. They were: Sgt. Calvin Lutz, South western District; Detective Sgt. Alexander Baxter, and Detective Amos Isaacs.

However, Judge Cullen threw out the statement which was the only material evidence in the State had, and acquitted the youth.

"All the facts leave me with a very substantial doubt as to the guilt of this boy," ruled the jurist. "I'm going to adhere to the rules of criminal evidence and find him not guilty."

"These officers are not going around trying to pin murders on people," said Judge Cullen.

"I can't find a motive in the world for this murder," noted the judge . . . The only thing you have is the statement. You have nothing in the world but what he said in the statement."

MR. POLSKI theorized that Gerald stabbed the pair after quarreling over Mr. Eaton's treatment of Mrs. Sessoms. The judge, however, discounted this theory.

After the defense rested its case, Judge Cullen recalled Mrs. Sessoms to the witness stand.

The middle-aged woman said Mr. Eaton on occasion stayed with her and at other times he lived in another part of the house with Miss Rice.

Judge Cullen questioned Mrs. Sessoms closely about Gerald's visit to the house on the night of the stabbings.

Q—Did you hear him (Gerald) and Ernest arguing?

A—No, I did not.

Q—Did you see anybody killed there?

A—No, sir.

Q—Do you know of any ill feeling between William (the defendant) and Ernest?

A—No, not that I know of.

• • •

AFTER THE final arguments by Mr. Polski and Mr. Freedman, Judge Cullen retired to his chamber for about 45 minutes before announcing his findings.

Upon his return to the courtroom Judge Cullen referred to picture of the murder victims taken at the scene by detectives and said it denoted a "terrific struggle.

"I can't imagine a man who inflicted these wounds without having any wounds on himself," observed the judge, pointing out that there was no evidence that Gerald had been involved in a fight when he was arrested.

The jurist also noted that the picture indicated that the victims were apparently in a compromising position when they were trounced upon by the murderer.

Before announcing his finding, Judge Cullen said, "I'm torn between the visible situation and the statement."

• • •

EVEN UNDER rapid fire cross-examination by Mr. Polski, the defendant steadfastly maintained that much of the information contained in the statement which he signed was not said by him.

At one point, Mr. Polski showed Gerald a picture showing Mr. Eaton sprawled on the floor and Miss Rice stretched out on the bed. The prosecutor demanded, "Is that the condition in which you left them that night?"

"No," retorted the defendant

Army officer in dope case posts $3,000 bail

A young Army Lieutenant with 12 years service entered a plea of not guilty on a narcotic charge Tuesday in Northern District Police Court and posted a $3,000 bail.

First Lt. Vernon J. Johnson, 30, of the 1500 block N. Caroline St., denied ownership of nine capsules of heroin and six bottles of untaxed liquor which police said they found in his automobile.

Lt. Frank Schmidt testified that the serviceman and a male companion, who was later released, were arrested as they approached a car with Texas license plates, parked at Hendlers Lane near Madison Ave.

Police said they acted after a telephone tip.

They said that Lt. Johnson, who is stationed at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, told them the capsules found in his car were purchased by an unidentified woman he had accompanied to Washington.

Police said that after Lt. Johnson denied ownership of he auto, they caught him trying to hide the keys to the car under a floor mat in the police cruiser.

AT PERSONNEL PARLEY

GREENSBORO, N.C. — **Mrs. Minnie B. Smith** of Bennett College attended the annual fall conference of the Southern College Personnel Association at the University of Kentucky, at Lexington, recently.

A teacher of history and social sciences, Mrs. Smith is also director of co-curricular activities at Bennett.

Here's a Beauty Tip for you from
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Thugs beware 'two dogs on force'

Purse snachers who plague Christmas shoppers and their figure on the congested crowds for fast get-aways, are in for some extra competition from the Baltimore Police Department this yule season.

Beginning Wednesday night two German Shepherds will walk beats and ride in radio cars with the officers on duty to spot the light fingered in our city.

In other words, the bark and growl will be added to the police whistle and siren in the current campaign to put the snatchers out of business.

Police Commissioner James W. Hepbron said the new canine recruits will be trained under the direction of Major L. Wilson Davis, of the Marine Corps Reserve.

He saw the man-dog team operation successfully carried out by the London Police Department.

John Kier heads Reindeer lodge

John Kier was elected director of Walter Batson Lodge of Reindeers at the meeting, this week.

Other officers named were: Samuel Torsell, vice director; Wilson Mack, director at work; Odis Young, lecture director; George Robinson, financial secretary;

James Meyers, recording secretary; Bernard Sye, treasurer; Irvin Emory, sergeant-at-arms; Melvin Battle, outer guard; Albert White, inner guard; George Williams, prelate; and Julius Cobbs, Clifton Chambers

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it's gift time!
it's STEIN'S time!
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Christmas is gift-time. Christmas is common-sense time, too. Any man will tell you that he'd rather have a useful gift . . . a practical gift . . . a year-round gift. And any man will tell you that if you "go to STEIN'S" you'll be giving him just what he wants . . . and you'll be pleasing him more . . . because you saved, too.
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SLACKS — Ivy Back-Strap Chinos 3.95
OR A STEIN'S GIFT CERTIFICATE
GIFTS, under 20
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SUBURBAN COATS — "The Jaguar" — All Wool 19.95
SUEDE ZIPPER JACKETS — Imported Leather 16.95
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RAINCOATS — Cotton Twill 17.95
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