Baltimore Afro-American

"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.

The Baltimore AFRO's Platform

1. *Fair employment practice (FEP) laws and enforcement power. Begin with city, county, state and federal governments.*
2. *100,000 registered voters in Baltimore City.*
3. *A judge on the Supreme Bench and in the Federal District Court.*
4. *Integration in the state's reform schools and penal institutions.*
5. *Public hotels and restaurants open to all well-behaved citizens.*

Of dubious legality

With unseemly haste, the City Council, at the request of Mayor D'Alesandro, in thirty days figured out a new tax on advertising and passed it into law in two meetings.

The speed with which the City Council acted and the impatience and discourtesy it showed to the speakers representing interests opposed to the tax, are unworthy of a city the size of Baltimore.

Specialized taxes or any other kind of restriction on the freedom of the press are, with sound reason, generally viewed with disfavor this country.

* * *

TAXES ON newspapers are generally decided upon by political bosses who are hostile to the press and desire to curb its influence.

There is ample evidence to support the belief that the Baltimore action was no exception.

Manifestly, any tax on advertising applied only to media in Baltimore city puts that media at a decided disadvantage in competing with other publications outside of Baltimore city and is, therefore, discriminatory.

Any national advertiser outside of the city will get less for his money when he advertises in Baltimore media than he receives if the advertising were placed outside the city where no tax is assessed.

For example, Ford Motor Co., the Coca-Cola Co. or any national concern will get less space for its money in Baltimore than it will in other communities whose officials were wise enough to stay from the confiscatory D'Alesandro impost.

* * *

THE D'ALESANDRO tax, of course, was not original to the mayor.

A total of 28 cities and/or counties and state have considered a tax similar to that sponsored by the mayor and passed by city council last week.

All of them except one after careful and prolonged debate turned it down and in that case the tax passed by a state legislature was held to be in violation of the United States Constitution.

That is one reason we welcome announcement that the D'Alesandro tax will be challenged in the courts.

We are confident that it, too, is of dubious legality and will be so declared at the first available opportunity the judiciary gets to pass upon it.

Optimistic Mr. Glenn

The United States Census of 1920 showed there were 108,322 colored persons in Baltimore.

By 1930, this figure had increased by 34,384. In 1940, the increase was 23,689 and in 1950 it was 58,704.

David Glenn, industrial secretary of the Baltimore Urban League, last week estimated that by 1960 Baltimore's colored population would be 306,000, an increase of 80,901 over 1950.

With ten year increases of 34,384, 23,689, and 58,704, Mr. Glenn appears to be extremely optimistic in his 1960 estimate.

He has had company.

In 1947, the Census Bureau estimated there were 284,383 colored persons in Baltimore. Three years later it discovered it was wrong.

The 1950 actual count was 225,099.

* * *

THE CITY of New York spent a million dollars for a special census hoping it would show an increase in population entitling it to more representatives in the state legislature.

Instead, New York's special census showed a population decline.

The Baltimore City Health Department now estimates that there are 280,000 colored persons in Baltimore, which represents an increase of 55,000 over the 1950 census figure.

We would like to think that Baltimore is increasing as rapidly as Mr. Glenn estimates, but there is nothing we can do about it except to wait until the 1960 census figures are available.

An enlightening story

The 94th annual edition of the minutes of the Washington Annual Conference of the Methodist Church was published this week.

It lists 41,207 church members in Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, and 10,921 children in church schools every Sunday.

Estimated value of church buildings, land, parsonages and equipment is $9,949,000.

The annual budget of expenditures is $1,254,000 for 167 churches.

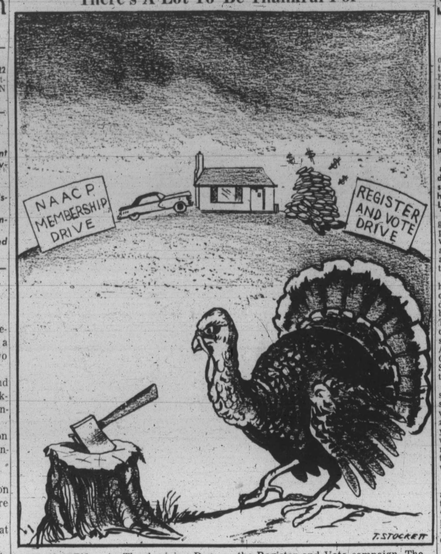
These minutes are more than a journal proceedings of the conference. They are a history of the progress of the Methodist Church and it is done with pride and affection.

It is an enlightening story and will be told in great length in the AFRO Magazine Section.

We could wish that other religious denominations in the city would make accurate historical records available.

It is the only possible way the public could get a complete history of the membership in the churches in the State of Maryland, the number attending Sunday schools and the value of church property.

There's A Lot To Be Thankful For



NEWS ITEM— As Thanksgiving Day approaches we can find a great deal to be thankful for: High on the list are the successful NAACP drive and the Register and Vote campaign. The latter has helped to add 4,240 new registrants to Baltimore's voting list.

Readers Say

Vox Populi

Dear AFRO:

People of Baltimore are you awake? Do you fully realize the time has almost come?

Are you planning an attempt to increase public understanding of the reasons for registering now, that every available person, regardless of financial, social or economic condition, may exercise his franchise and vote next November?

Do you believe that if proper approach is used the general public should be able to recognize the advisability of maintaining a rough balance between the duties of mankind and the duty of mankind; or is vacuity to be personified by the lack of persuasion of the intellect?

Confidence is usually generated by an urbane fellowship and an interest in the cares and woes of the indifferent and the diffident. Therefore, be practical!

People generally react to the treatment they receive. The execration that the ebb of humanity has inflicted upon the ballot can and will be destroyed only, when true citizenry, with real facts, and and an understanding heart, with God as pilot dare to venture from door-to-door, dive to-dive, and den-to-den explaining the power of a single vote with a bright and cheerful air.

Let all of us, from all walks of life, be cognizant of the lightening effects that have been produced by the magnitude and intensity of the new creation of direct inflationary pressures, needs, and desires which have been thrust upon us in these bashazard times.

Because of this—your, apparently insignificant vote, becomes most important in putting the right man—with the right plan—in the right place.

RALPH C. HENZSLEY

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

When Westinghouse took over one of the local television stations recently the powers that be announced to the public the breath taking news that a number of improved programs would be scheduled.

One of these "improved"— note the word improved! is quotes — was something called the "Bandstand" which consists principally of a group of mooney-eye limp-kneed teenagers shoving each across the dance floor to the strains of such asinine tunes as "Jailhouse Rock" and "Wake Up Little Susie."

The cameras take in their gyrations and grimaces that pass for facial expressions with the result that you have a program as full of interest as a bowl of oatmeal left on the kitchen table overnight.

No matter how you slice it, how can you get excitement out of teenagers performing dances, some of which would be better off left in the jungle. Then too, a surprising number of the male participants bear a striking resemblance to the All American Boy, Elvis (If He Could Only Sing Like He Can Shake) Presley, even down to the sideburns.

But the teenagers, and you should forgive the next expression, flip over the program which would indicate that we are raising a generation of youngsters whose concept of what constitutes good entertainment does not augur well for the future of the entertainment world.

A GENTLEMAN called up in all seriousness late one night this week to announce that Gypties have modernized their powers of mental telepathy. Now they are using the science of electronics, combined with old-fashioned telepathy to tune in on people's thoughts.

The caller's purpose in passing on this vital information was to ask that it be forwarded to the Police Department so that the guardians of the law could use the Gypties to get a line on the thoughts of the underworld.

With no comment I pass the information on as requested and tell my informant that the next time he wants to reach me, don't bother about the telephone, just get a Gypsy—I'm tuned in.

ONE OF THE craziest stunts ever performed by mortal man was the one a motorist pulled Wednesday night in the vicinity of Franklin St. between Eutaw and Paca. Sts.

His tire went flat and instead of pulling his car to the curb he halted it right in the center of Franklin St. and proceeded to change the tire right there.

Cars whizzed by like bullets out of a machine gun but he kept right on working. I shudder to think of the mess there could have been if one of these heavy trucks that frequent Franklin St. had failed to swerve in time.

That's what you call real nerve, or should it be sheer stupidity. One thing, I wouldn't want to be holding an insurance policy on a character like that—he's dangerous.

* * *

SENATOR JOHN MARSH, ALL BUTLER has come up with a gem of an idea that should be peacefully buried in a deep hole as soon as possible.

What the good senator wants the U.S. to do is to shoot down the satellites that the Russians send up, whenever they are shot into the sky.

Just what this is supposed to accomplish, except make the U.S. look silly and give some gunners target practice, the good senator never said.

We do assume that he had some purpose in mind. However, our advice is that the next time he gives birth to a brain storm such as this that he count to ten, then to 100, then to 1,000 and forget the whole thing.

If You Ask Me

By B. M. PHILLIPS

People, places and things...

Edward Percy Gordon was one of those rare persons you encounter in life — a perfect gentleman.

His kind, unfortunately, are becoming rarer in this age of jets and satellites.

And, his sudden death on Friday at the age of 69 shocked his relatives and friends. He had not been seriously ill so the fatal heart attack was unexpected.

The night before, he had presided at the meeting of the Ten Men, a savings club of which he was president.

On Friday morning, he was apparently in good health as he left for his job in Guilford (he was a companion and man-Friday for Frank B. Beasman.

* * *

To me, the name Edward Leroy Gordon will be synonymous with gentleman — he was a genteel, quiet in manner, kind, every ready to offer his seat, a match or himself.

And, he looked the part of a gentleman — whether he was dressed for work, or meetings of the various Masonic orders with which he was affiliated.

His three small children (two sons and a daughter) have a wonderful heritage. If they are half as fine as their father —half as considerate of others, half as willing to give themselves for the benefit of others, they too will be wonderful individuals.

Somehow, it seems that during the past several weeks, death has taken a heavy toll.

Funeral services were held on Saturday at Ames Methodist Church for Henry Johnson, 82, a lifetime member of the church, who was known to hundreds in church circles as "Mr. Church Man."

It is going to be hard to attend a meeting of the Washington Annual Conference of the Methodist Church and not look up and see Mr. Johnson.

He was lay leader of the West Baltimore District of the church, Ames Church's delegate to every annual church conference and one of the pioneers in organizing the West Baltimore district.

Mr. Johnson joined Ames Church when he was 7 years old — and so that means he held membership there for 75 years and he was the oldest active layman in the church in this area.

The 1,000 persons who attended his funeral heard him eulogized as 'one of the giants among laymen,' and 'a man whose ambition was to be an outstanding Christian.'

Methodists and friends of Methodism who were privileged to know Mr. Henry Johnson and to see him represent his church at the various conferences will long remember him as a Christian gentleman.

And those who believe as Henry Johnson did will understand and know that in his Father's heaven, he is continuing his Christian tasks he started down here.

More people and things...

Mrs. Florence Williams, her only living sister, was too ill to attend funeral services Wednesday for Miss Agnes Lansey, the retired teacher.

Drop Mrs. Williams a card at 1632 Division St.

Birthday greetings Nov. 23rd to Dr. Ruth Brett Quarles, Morgan State College prof. Your cards will reach her at 2205 Southern Ave.

Thanksgiving Day candles for Mrs. Della Scott, 1535 W. Franklin St. She will be 84.

November 27 belongs to Miss Hattie Tyler, 1323 W. Lanvale St., and send November 29 greetings to Mrs. Sarah Sterling, 906 N. Gilmor St.

* * *

People are talking about that East Baltimore branch of a shoe store chain which welcomes you and you and you to buy shoes for your children but won't admit your kids to its kiddie barbershop in the rear.

One brown-skinned mother, whose son has blond curly hair is still trying to figure out how the manager can tell her we can't know how to handle that kind of hair' when he hadn't seen the hair. (The youngster had his hat on.)

But, this much, she says, she is not puzzled about—she knows where she won't be buying her child's shoes from now on!

People are also talking about that situation in a Turner Station school area where pupils from a high school have reportedly arrived home in an intoxicated condition.

There is a move afoot to find the adults responsible. Some high school pupils spent a day undergoing questioning at the police station.

True story—a white-looking Army vet reports this week he went to look at a house in the Forest Park section and was courteously received by a next door neighbor.

This was the conversation, he reports, took place; after the neighbor advised she would move if any colored residents came in the block:—

Neighbor—Are you Jewish?
Army vet—No.
N.—Are you Gentile?
A. V.—No.
N.—Well, what are you?
A. V.—I am a Negro.
N.—Well, I'm sorry, but I still feel the same way.

P.S.—The neighbor lives with her son who sells a household product at a firm which you and you and you patronize!

JUDGE HERMAN Moore of the U.S. District Court, Virgin Islands, who retired this week, was honored by 300 guests at a banquet there.

Visitors included 16 judges, two from the U.S. Court of Appeals on the mainland.

Judge Herman Moore of Howard and Boston University, was a former law partner of Congressman William H. Dawson in Chicago.

He retires on full salary, which is the same as that of a Congressman or Senator and will continue to spend his winters in the Virgin Islands.

The Moore mansion in St. Thomas is situated 1000 feet above the city with a superb view of one of the finest harbors in the West Indies.

Citizens presented him a plaque. The local golf course is also named in his honor.

In a long distance call to friends in Baltimore yesterday, Judge Moore said, "The temperature here is 85 degrees and the sun is shining on both sides of the street."

* * *

Members of the Business and Professional Women's Club worshipped Sunday morning at the Pennsylvania Ave. AME Zion Church, and they are still talking about the impressive 15-minute meditation period conducted by the pastor.

The Rev. G. M. Edwards is the minister here. During the meditation period, the choir and worshippers quietly sing or hum the old hymns and they give you, as one member put it, "quite a spiritual uplifting."

B. and P. members at the worship service were Mesdames Lena Lee, president; Jeanetta Wilson, Dora Braddy, Sarah Sterling, Mattie Gwathmey, Marian Banome, Hattie Tighman, LeRay Stokes;

And, Mary Crump, Scott, Georgia Boston, Rosalie McGuire, Hattie Tyler, Ann Bennett, Sarah Diggs, Ann Blair, Margaret Bryan and Miriam Gwynn.

After the church service, members visited the Bloomingdale Rd. variety shop (Gwynn's Variety Shop at 1707) recently opened by Member Gwynn.

Notes On My Cuff...

Cleaning out an old pocketbook is a good way to find notes like the following which have almost gathered dust:

Billy Prestwidge, brother of Barbara Prestwidge of 'Name That Tune' fame, has recovered from spinal meningitis which gave his parents quite a scare.

The 1741 Druid Hill Ave. residence, long the home of the George B. Murphy Sr. family is now the property of the Warren Lansey family. Dr. Murphy's widow, Mrs. Grace Murphy, is a Morgan Park resident.

Mrs. Mamie P. Thomas of the N.M. Carroll Home, marked her 86th birthday (November 1) in Omaha, Neb., where she visited with her brother, Dr. Peebles who is confined to the veterans hospital.

* * *

James (Biddy) Wood (he's one of Sallie Blair's managers) is confined to his Elgin Ave. home with pneumonia. Sallie is fulfilling a Miami engagement.

William (Bill) Cross, the well-known headwaiter, entered Hopkins for surgery this morning.

Mrs. Myrtle Burns has given up her interest in that dream restaurant which was to be a new Club 1017.

She is now a teacher on the staff of the Bragg School.

Dorothy Coleman Lymas, guidance counselor in the Philadelphia schools has been a patient at Mercy - Douglass Hospital in Philly for the past three weeks. Drop her a line there.

A week before she entered the hospital, she buried her husband, John. He died at their Arch St. home following a brief illness.

* * *

Baltimore will shine on Saturday at the Delaware State - St. Augustine football festivities.

Mrs. Raye Greene Robinson, cute city teacher, will reign as 'Miss Alumni' representing Delaware State's Baltimore chapter. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Greene of Chester, Md.

Sam Monroe, the postal worker who retired recently because of a heart ailment, has been confined to Ft. Howard Veterans Hospital since Wednesday.

* * *

Gladys and Samuel Daniels (he's executive secretary of the Governor's Interracial Commission) have been in their Edgewood Ave. home (3802) since Friday.

Veronica Tyler, the Peabody student, now sings with the St. James P.E. choir. She sang the solo in 'Omnipotence' during the Sunday morning services. Beautiful!

Signs which stick with you: This one in the window of the very neat Sanders Barber Shop on W. North Ave. is an example: "We're not expensive, we only look it."

How about sending this column some signs which stick with you.

* * *

Here is the new zoot-suit language now that we're living with Sputnik, Whutnik, etc. in this space age:

"See you tonight, satellite" and "That's just the tick, Sputnik."

Thinking Out Loud

By RALPH MATTHEWS

HOW NOT TO INTEGRATE

As I recall it was Peter Grimm, the spinner of fairy tales, who gave us the delight, ful yarn about the king's fine clothes.

In this bit of fantasy, a vain and pompous monarch falls prey to a brace of rascals who pretended to weave him such fine garments that only the virtuous could see them.

Of course, they gave him nothing. They merely went through the motions of cutting and fitting and sent him forth dressed only in his birthday suit.

No one dared raise a word of criticism because to confess that they saw no clothes would have been self condemning and no one dared lose favor with the king. But a little child uninhibited by the guile and deceit of adults, cried, "But he hasn't got on any clothes."

* * *

NOW THIS little yarn is apropos of what is happening in Washington today as we plunge headlong into the glories of integration. We have put on the fine raiment of pomp and circumstance by parading downtown on the slightest pretext, spending our substance in riotous living while behind, in our own neighborhoods, the businesses are left in economic nakedness.

When I returned to the capital several months ago after an absence of a few years, I was regaled with glowing accounts of what wonderful progress we, the great minority, were making under the blessings of equality.

Thanks to President Eisenhower and the second emancipation, colored citizens, who were once confined to a ghetto existence, now were privileged to eat, dance, cavort and spend their hard earned dough wherever their fancy dictated. Truly, I was told the millennium had arrived and next to heaven, Washington was just about the best place that God had created.

Naturally, I was pleased about all this because I had smarted long under the old order when it was necessary to travel many miles away from the downtown area just to get a cup of coffee.

I note the invitations which pour across my desk, bidding me come to this affair and that one which will be held in the exclusive dining rooms, the grand dance emporiums of the better hotels, the ballroom of the National Airport, the larger theatres and movie houses and nightclubs, all of which costs my boss a pretty penny.

I enjoy myself in this atmosphere of regal splendor amid the waving palms, the plush upholstery and carpeted floors and revel in this opportunity to escape, but I have misgivings when the ball is over and I must return to the blight which all this pursuit of pomp and circumstance is wreaking in the section which once was our little world.

* * *

IT IS IN these moments of meditation that I am forced to wonder when we put on the fine clothes of integration, are we truly dressed up as we think or are we like the foolish king, simply parading our own economic nakedness before the eyes of the world?

I wonder sometimes when I hear the members of some of our clubs and organizations say haughtily, "Oh, we would like to give our affair uptown, but re-a-l-l-y there is no place fit to give it. We just had to go downtown."

We just had to do no such thing. What we are saying, in so many words, is that now the bars are down, it flatters our ego to go downtown. We believe, erroneously, that the mere appearance at a swanky establishment, even at prices we can ill afford, helps us overcome a deep-seated inferority complex.

It is a hangover from the old slave psychology by which the act of moving from the cabin up to the big house somehow made one slave better than another.

He is still a slave and we, too, will still be slaves if we continue to spend all of our money downtown, matters not how exalted opinion it gives us to be seen in the swell hotels.

The reason is simply this. When we gave our affairs uptown, not only the rental agent, but all of the surrounding businesses got a little taste, just from the overflow. The restaurants where the pleasure seekers dropped in for a midnight snack, the night clubs, the bars and even the parking lot attendants picked up a little change. Now all that money goes into the downtown man's hands and there it stays, because they never come in our sections to spend a dime. Integration as it is working in Washington today is a non-reciprocal agreement, with all going out and nothing coming in.

To say that we have no turbojet planes, and for the hard to please brat, toy dogs that wag their tails and roll over.

Reporters Report

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Whenever the Post Office Department starts urging you to get those packages in the mail pronto, that's a sure sign that Christmas is just around the corner.

Another sure fire sign is to be found in the crazy things merchants start throwing in your direction around about now.

Glanced through one gift book recently and learned that this year I can provide my pals who love to eat with a variety of unusual foods.

Among the delicacies now on sale are: Chocolate-covered ants, fried bumblebees, barbecued Japanese snake meat, fried silkworms, salted Japanese cherry blossoms, fried butterfly cocoons, and lily bulbs in syrup;

Also, rooster combs in jelly, whaleskin, broiled octopus on a skewer, sea urchin paste, honey from bees fed exclusively on wild thyme, and French fried grasshoppers.

And there you are you lucky gastronomist, you.

THE MERCHANTS haven't forgotten about the little woman either.

For the lady who has everything, St. Nick will be able to bring along .22 caliber pistols in pastel colors to match their clothing.

The weapons are being sold at $49.50 a throw.

Junior this year can be treated to such items as satellite launchers which can shoot four satellites into space at once; turbojet planes, and for the hard to please brat, toy dogs that wag their tails and roll over.

Along the way

By STEVE DUNCAN

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. . ."

Rudyard Kipling, author of "The Ballad of East and West," would have been pleased with the happy events which occurred within the week in New Delhi (East) and Baltimore (West).

"Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat. . ."

The British bard, accused incorrectly of inferring that it could never happen, would have been tickled to death at the cultural exchange programs between this country and India.

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth. . .

Contralto Marian Anderson, on tour in India, sang to a full house in New Delhi. And, Shanta Rao and her Kathakali Dancers from India appeared in concert before a most appreciative audience at the Lyric Theatre Sunday night.

"When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!"

Assuming that Indians think we are as queer as we think they are, I am sure that Miss Anderson's tour there has punctured that myth. Miss Anderson, artist that she is, took her audience on a musical jaunt to Germany and France.

The Indian audience as they listened to the stirring spiritual renditions of this great singer felt a closer kinship to their colored brothers in America.

* * *

I MUST confess that I went to Sunday's performance totally ignorant of Indian music. My ignorance, however, got the better of me, and I am glad that it did.

Such cultural exchanges are good, reaffirming Bard Kipling's punchline that we bridge the gap when we face and understand each other.

New Northwestern CO is no stranger to district

By HERB MANGRUM

"I'm not a complete stranger in the Northwestern District, I've been here before."

That was the comment Tuesday of the new commanding officer of the Northwestern Police District as he talked about his 33 years service with the department.

For Capt. Julian I. Forrest, the transfer 10 days ago from the Northeastern District to Northwestern was taken in stride as another assignment in a career studded with assignments dating back to July of 1924.

In his new post he is responsible for keeping law and order in a 12.80 square mile area inhabited by more than 224,000 persons.

While in the Northeastern District, which he commanded for nine years, he was responsible for the policing of a 22.70-square mile area containing more than 285,000 citizens.

CAPTAIN FORREST is not the first member of his family to be associated with the Baltimore Police Department.

His father, the late William J. Forrest was the first desk sergeant in the department and was a former patrolman out of the Northwestern District.

His brother, William Forrest was an inspector prior to his retirement in 1956 after 43 years service.

The new CO at Northwestern is the father of three sons, one of whom is a fireman, a daughter, and has five grandchildren.

An avid football and baseball fan, he resides in the 2600 block of Cecil Ave.

Captain Forrest was appointed to the police department in 1924 and was first assigned to the Northeastern District.

He placed first on his police entrance examination and eight years later was promoted to sergeant and was assigned to the old Western District which is now known as Pine St.

In 1944 he was promoted to lieutenant and was assigned to the Northwestern District and three months later to Western.

He was promoted to captain and assigned to the Northern District in 1947 and a year later to Northeastern when the late Oscar Cook was promoted from captain of that district to inspector.

In his last talk before officers of the Northeastern District, before turning over his command to Capt. Millard B. Horton, formerly of Northwestern, Captain Forrest thanked all of the officers for their cooperation and said:

"If I have had any success, if you can call it that, in this district, I owe it to you men, the lieutenants, the sergeants and the patrolmen."

CAPT. JULIAN I. FORRES
No stranger to Northwestern

Truck driver comes out of 14-day coma

"The day they told me he was coming around I felt like a new person.

"I still don't know when he will be able to come home but he already knows people and he says he would like to see his children."

This was the comment Tuesday of a more cheerful Mrs. Florence Gaines. Her husband, 39 - year - old truck driver George Gaines, 2135 W. Fayette St., appeared on the road to recovery.

FOR TWO WEEKS, since Halloween until this past Friday, Mrs. Gaines had been in a coma in Franklin Square Hospital where he underwent an operation for a blood clot on the brain.

Mrs. Gaines said she was told her husband was injured when he fell off the bumper of two cars while one was pushing the other to get it started.

His condition was reported at Franklin Square Wednesday as "steadily improving though he is not rational some of the time. He should be completely out of it in a few days."

Glenn predicts population rise

In a panel discussion Sunday night, David Glenn, secretary of community relations for the Baltimore Urban League, said that this city's colored population would grow from its present rate of 280,000 to 300,000 by 1960.

He said the largest amount would probably come from migrants. He said the birth rate and the longer life expectancy would account for the rest of the population rise.

Mr. Glenn's remarks were made during a panel discussion held at the Chizuke Amuno Synagogue.

THE INCREASING colored population of the city was explored by the panel as a contributing factor in the pattern of shifting neighborhoods.

Mr. Glenn added on Sunday that while the colored population is increasing by a large number, there are only 3,000 new homes being planned for their occupancy.

Other factors causing the shift in the makeup of neighborhoods are higher incomes enabling some to move into costlier homes and the urban redevelopment program which provides for the clearance of slums, he said.

Leon Sachs and Bernard Mandeson were also members of the panel.

Death row man asks reversal

ANNAPOLIS — A doomed man through his attorney, Dallas F. Nicholas, asked the Maryland Court of appeals last Friday to reverse his first-degree murder conviction.

Mr. Nicholas argue the appeal on behalf of John Wesley Elliott, 47, of 740 Bradley St., found guilty by two judges of the shotgun slaying of Lindsay Calhoun on Sept. 12, 1956.

Judges John T. Tucker and James K. Cullen on May 8 imposed the maximum penalty—death — after the Supreme Bench refused to grant Mr. Elliott a new trial. The jurists found the defendant guilty on March 13.

* * *

MR. NICHOLAS contended that the evidence in the case was legally insufficient to justify a first-degree murder conviction. He asked the Court of Appeals to reverse the conviction.

On the other hand, the State contended that the homicide was a "lying in wait killing," defined as first - degree murder under Maryland law.

Mr. Elliott, who wore a large religious metal during his trial, testified that he fired on Mr. Lindsay after the man threatened to "shoot it out" with him following a fist fight earlier that morning.

Mr. Lindsay was killed after applying for a license to marry Miss Maude Bell Beckwith, described as a former sweetheart of Mr. Elliott.

Here's how you can play 'Dear Santa'

The jolly old guy with the big, round belly and a merry twinkle in his eye is probably packing his bag this instant for his once-a-year trek all over the world.

All the young-at-heart are anxiously awaiting his arrival and will soon hang up the stockings which the obliging old man will joyfully fill.

As anyone knows, one has to write a letter to "Dear Santa" before he will visit, otherwise, he won't even know you've been good, or where you live, or what you want.

* * *

SADLY ENOUGH, as you might expect, there are some who won't write their letters to "Dear Santa," because they know their circumstances and probably can't afford even the stocking for the merry old fellow to fill.

They face a bleak Christmas with no one to turn to except you.

Wouldn't you like to play "Dear Santa" to some unfortunate neighbor or friend?

And, even if you can't play "Dear Santa," you can see that he won't forget some unfortunate family or person whom you know.

All that you have to do is to sit down and write a letter to:

Dear Santa, C/O The AFRO-AMERICAN Newspaper, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

* * *

TELL DEAR SANTA the circumstances of the person or persons needing help and help make their Christmas the bright day it should be.

To Those of you who want to help in this project, follow the Dear Santa column to learn where assistance is needed.

With your help, this can be a very Merry Christmas for all.

Six-apartment request refused

The Board of Municipal and Zoning Appeals denied on Tuesday a request to allow six families to be housed in six separate apartments at 1508 Madison Ave.

Arthur Fletcher, of the 2300 block Harlem Ave., owner of the property, told the Zoning Board that the house at 1508 Madison Ave. was fitted with six apartments and five baths, and the request to house six families there, rather than five was being made, prior to installing a sixth bathroom.

Mr. Fletcher said he and his wife owned the property for 12 years, and two apartments and one bath were on the third floor, the floor in question, at the time of their purchase.

In other action, the Zoning Board approved an electric sign at 2340 Warwick Ave., and approved a display sign at 2201 W. North Ave.

Among scheduled cases to be heard next Tuesday is a request to erect a one - story masonry addition to the house at 1922 Edmondson Ave.

"MEET YOUR SWEETHEART OR MATE." Members every where American Colored Club, Box 6711-Y, Philadelphia, Pa.

RHEUMATISM

ACHES AND PAINS Quickly Vanish With RHEUMA-NOX. Thanks to a Doctor's Prescription, you now relieve those pains and aches that cause you so much discomfort. RHEUMA-NOX drives the uric acid out of the blood. Try Rheuma-Nox NOW, under a money-back guarantee from— ROBINSON'S CUT RATE DRUG STORE, 2139 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.

BICYCLES
SCHWINN, RALEIGHS and ROLLFAST
ALL MODELS
ALSO USED BIKES
ALL SIZES
ACCESSORIES
Work Called for and Delivered
LARGE SELECTION OF
TOYS
AT REASONABLE PRICES
OPEN 9-8 P.M.
SUN. 12-2
PRINCETON CYCLE Co.
5318 Park Heights Ave.
LI. 2-8974

YOUR CAR WASHED IN 3 MINS.
• ALL NEW EQUIPMENT
• SOFT WATER USED
SIMONIZE $12.00
• INCLUDING SEAT COVER CLEANING OR
• STEAM ENGINE
KWIK CARWASH INC.
229 W. CHASE STREET
Between Howard St. & Park Ave.

Automobile INSURANCE
SEE ROBINSON
WE SPECIALIZE IN ALL FORMS OF AUTO INSURANCE
JR 11 — SR 22 — SAVE 20%
NEW EASY TIME PAYMENT PLAN
MA. 3-8879—MA. 3-7763
C. ROBINSON INSURANCE AGENCY
2140 W. NORTH AVE.

Goldenberg's
YOUR MONEY BACK FOR ANY REASON
211-219 N. EUTAW ST.
4000-20 EASTERN AVE.
501-05 S. BROADWAY
631-31 S. BROADWAY
SELF-SERVICE SHOE STORES
5508 HARFORD RD.
525-27 N. GAY ST.
THIS ONE IS ON US!

44th ANNIVERSARY SALE!
READY SATURDAY 10 A.M.
LAST 2 DAYS!
MEMBER CHARG-IT BALTIMORE

BOYS' 1.10 PERFECT QUALITY FLANNEL SPORT SHIRTS
44TH ANNIVERSARY PRICE! WE'RE MATCHING IT! Washable Assorted Colored Plaids! 6 to 12
44¢

GROWING GIRLS' LACE-TO-TOE GYM SHOES
Sizes 4 to 9
1.25 PR.
• Foam Rubber Cushion Arch • White • Irreg.

BOYS' POPULAR BLACK LEATHER SNAP LOAFERS
SAVE $$ PERFECT QUALITY
1.99
• Elasticized snap • Pull-on • In a jiffy
Sizes 12½ to 3 as pictured
LIMIT 1 PAIR TO A CUSTOMER

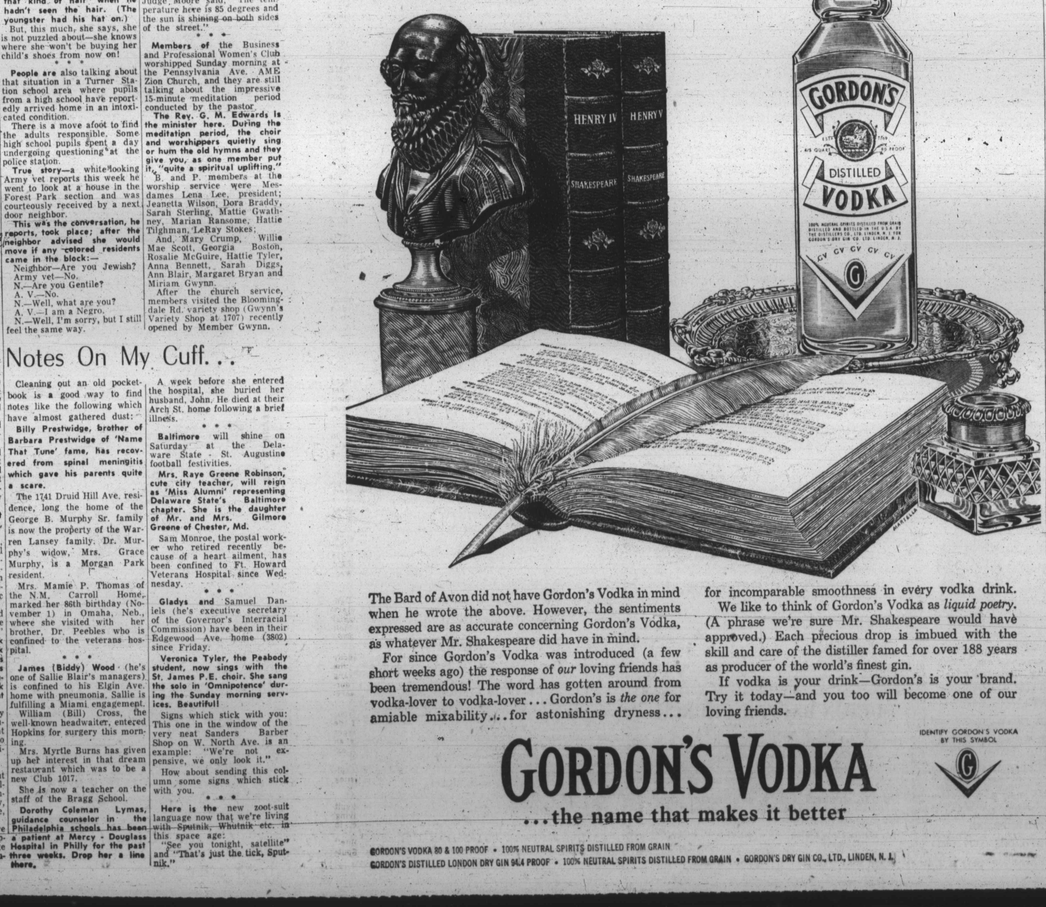
MEN'S PERFECT QUALITY KICK-OFF LEATHER LOAFERS
SAVE $$ 2.99 PR.
• Black Lining also in a customer.
SIZES 6½ to 12 As Pictured

WOMEN'S & GROWING GIRLS' LEATHER SADDLES AND HANDSEWN LOAFERS
SAVE $$ 2.79 PAIR
• Black & White, Brown & White, Saddle & Tan • Brown Kaus. Full Leather Sizes 4 to 9. Perfect Quality.

WOMEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS' FAMOUS MAKE INSULATED (FEET CAN'T GET COLD) BOOTS
WORTH 3.95 to 5.95 IF PERFECT
1.69 PAIR
Children's, 10 to 3. Women's, 4 to 8. White and red.

24.95 VALUE BABY GRAND PIANO AND STURDY BENCH
37 Keys
$16
• 37 Black and White Keys • Strums and Plays • Highly lacquered black and white finish • Accurately tuned.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."
William Shakespeare, King Henry VI (Act V, Sc. 3)



The Bard of Avon did not have Gordon's Vodka in mind when he wrote the above. However, the sentiments expressed are as accurate concerning Gordon's Vodka, as whatever Mr. Shakespeare did have in mind.

For since Gordon's Vodka was introduced (a few short weeks ago) the response of *our* loving friends has been tremendous! The word has gotten around from vodka-lover to vodka-lover . . . Gordon's is *the one* for amiable mixability . . . for astonishing dryness . . . for incomparable smoothness in every vodka drink.

We like to think of Gordon's Vodka as *liquid poetry*. (A phrase we're sure Mr. Shakespeare would have approved.) Each precious drop is imbued with the skill and care of the distiller famed for over 188 years as producer of the world's finest gin.

If vodka is your drink—Gordon's is your brand. Try it today—and you too will become one of our loving friends.

GORDON'S VODKA
. . . the name that makes it better

IDENTIFY GORDON'S VODKA BY THIS SYMBOL

GORDON'S VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 94.4 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

THE AFRO'S CREDO

A newspaper succeeds because its management believes in itself, in God and in the present generation. It must always ask itself:
Whether it has kept the faith with the common people;
Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured;
Whether it is fighting to get rid of slums, to provide jobs for everybody;
Whether it stays out of politics except to expose corruption and condone injustice, race prejudice and the cowardice of compromise.
—JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920.