Baltimore Afro-American

THE BALTIMORE AFRO-AMERICAN, NOVEMBER 9, 1957

"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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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.*

Scrub them clean

Scrub until it's clean

Beginning as an investigation of morality charges against police officers of high rank, we now have an inquiry in the possible perjury, shakedown and payoff activities of other members of the department.

Fears that the police department as the entirety would be discredited are not warranted, because we do not believe the great majority of the members of the department is crooked.

But it is important to get all, or at least most, of the crooks.

* * *

THE POLICE department or any other department is as good as its leaders.

There is no such thing as poor patrolmen. There are only poor sergeants, lieutenants, captains and inspectors.

In the old days, Tom Smith's barroom looked like Lexington Market on Saturday mornings. It was filled with market baskets of food designated for high police officers.

Today, where there are numbers headquarters, houses of prostitution, bookie establishments, or in instances where police regularly enter homes without warrants, it is still the high police who are responsible.

* * *

IT IS IMPORTANT to note that stimulus for the present clean-up comes from the criminal justice commissioner and that it has had the cooperation of Police Commissioner James Hepbron.

Nobody wants the thing dragged out, but it isn't often that a city has sufficient courage to give its police department a bath.

So we suggest that it do a good job while it is about it and as a result law enforcement will remain bright and shining clean for a long time.

An ill-considered tax

In its search for additional revenue, the D'Alesandro administration has come up with the idea of a punitive advertising tax.

Years ago some one said the power to tax is the power to destroy. The proposed levy on advertising appears to be the best illustration of this truism yet conceived.

For the twin bills introduced in City Council last Monday not only pose a double-barrelled attack on the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, but even the years could actually put local advertising revenues out of business.

The first measure would place a 7½ per cent tax on the purchasers of newspaper, radio, television, billboard and other types of advertising.

The burden of collecting it would fall on these media.

And then to rub salt into the raw wound, the city proposes to levy a two per cent tax on the gross advertising receipts of these sellers of advertising space and time.

The scheme would clearly place local advertising outlets at a distinct disadvantage.

The advertising buyer, faced with this burdensome tax, would only have to place his advertising in an outside publication distributed in Baltimore to escape payment.

This Mayor D'Alesandro's tax plan would penalize local publications and advertising media, in favor of out-of-town media which contribute nothing to the city in taxes, or to Baltimore's economic prosperity by way of wages and supply purchases.

Imposition of this tax could lead to a recession in business not only for the advertiser, who would suddenly find the cost of selling his wares prohibitive, but for the advertising outlet as well.

The D'Alesandro plan, we think, is not only ill-considered and unwise, but could in the long run cost the city more than it is estimated to produce.

It should be abandoned.

Salute to market opening

Only a hand full of Baltimoreans around today can recall the opening of the old Lafayette Market back in 1871.

Through the years, however, many of the residents of the northwest section of the city shopped there for bargains in vegetables, meats, poultry and other foodstuffs.

Then, early one morning in May, 1953, a fire swept through the historic marketplace, gutting the business establishment and leaving homeless approximately 51 families living adjacent to the site.

Yesterday, four and a half years later, the new Lafayette Market held is formal reopening with dignitaries on hand to view the half million dollar structure.

We salute the merchants who tenaciously refused to let a $2 million conflagration floor them for the full count.

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 condemn injustice, race prejudice and the cowardice of conformity.
—JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920.

Keep the case open

The Anne Arundel grand jury has been given a police report on integration violence at Deale, Maryland, and the burning of a fiery cross at the governor's mansion.

No arrests have been made. But, according to the county chief of police, the investigation is continuing.

If it is pushed with vigor the culprits will be found. And we hope that Governor McKeldin will continue to insist that the case be kept open.

Thinking Out Loud

By RALPH MATTHEWS

A USE FOR SPUTNIKS

ONE OF THE EXCUSES offered for America's lag in the missile race is that our country could see "no practical value" in sending rockets whirling around the earth. In a capitalistic economy, "practicality" simply means the chance for somebody to make a fast buck. Nothing else matters.

After listening to the complaints registered by alumni of many colleges over the sorry state to which athletics has degenerated, especially football, I believe I have hit upon a scheme which will be a boon to science, finance and education alike.

I suggest that we take all of the presidents of colored colleges and pack them into a long-sized Sputnik and shoot them off to the moon. This, I confess would be a dirty trick to play on the Moon people, but it should win the plaudits of the humane societies who think it cruel to use dogs for this purpose.

Many people are concerned over the possibility of bringing the dog back to earth alive, but in the case of college presidents this would be of no great concern.

I WILL CONFESS that this idea of sending what passes for education over space is really a compromise proposal. It may not win popular support because most of the old graduates of CIAA schools, who have discussed this matter with me in recent weeks, lean heavily toward hanging them.

However by lining up those who believe that hanging is too good and too merciful a fate for cheats among those fence-sitters who are averse to actually throwing them down like dogs and burning them at the stake, we of the Sputnik persuasion may pile up a majority sufficient to carry the day.

IN LETTERS being distributed this week to thousands of old grads around the country by the charter members of the "Let's Save Football in Our Colleges Society" are attempting to appeal to the better nature of our disgusted followers who are dangling precariously on the borderline of violence.

Only by exhorting patience have we been able to prevent them from storming the ivy towers and dragging the presidents out by their heels and inflicting great bodily harm.

THIS DEEP UNREST has been building up for several years. It reached revolutionary proportions when the discovery on the part of the rank and file that the poor calibre of football teams is not accidental nor an act of God. They now know it has been precipitated by the overt acts of the college presidents themselves.

For years they have been systematically whittling away the athletic programs of their institutions by de-emphasizing sports and gearing their whole programs to turning out scholars, difficult task, which makes college cuinivting to students and destroys completely the allegiance and emotional interest of the alumni in athletics.

This will have dire repercussions at the time when the future of our schools hangs in the balance.

The day has long since passed when we can look to well intentioned philanthropists to underwrite our schools and the directors must turn, as they have tried to do via the United Negro College Fund to solicit support from the rising middle class.

Even the hooligan element can work up some enthusiasm and deep loyalties for his local college if it wins games, and thereby ties the institution to the life of the community. But they care nothing at all about an establishment that devotes all its energies to turning out eggheads who widen the gap between the school and the masses.

* * *

WE HAVE in our files distressing reports which show that in some of our colleges things have come to an alarming pass where it is necessary for students to maintain a "B" average in order to be eligible for the football team.

It takes no great visionary to see where this will eventually lead. Already the teams in most of our colleges have degenerated to a sorry point.

This is so true many football fans are ashamed to wear their school colors in public, and would rather be caught dead than go back to a homecoming game. Coaches go around in disguise to keep from being lynched, but it really isn't their fault.

Most of our college teams of which we were once so proud could easily be vanquished by any second rate high school eleven.

This is because even in the formative days of our athletic development, the coaches had the good sense to shy away from the intellectuals, using them sparingly only when they could be surrounded by enough dullards to keep them from crippling the team.

NOW DUE to the ascendency of the intellectual cult on our campuses, the order has been to the status of twiddle winks. Reversed so that all of the good players are consigned to the bleachers, while the bookworms are on the field. This reduces our once beloved game.

We of the Save Football Society want a return to the good old days when all a guy needed to get through college was a lot of beef and the wit to keep from running in the wrong direction.

This over emphasis on scholarship which has become a fetish with our college presidents is based on fallacious reasoning and has no support in historic fact.

* * *

ALL THEY have to do is look over most of our doctors, lawyers, teachers and other professional men turned out by our colleges and universities during the past generation. They will see that most of them made it without a brain cell working.

They have since become the leaders in our communities. They are riding around in Cadillacs, some gouging the less fortunate out of rents, serving on civic committees which require no great wisdom, and being generally useful. They acquired just enough knowledge to tide them over until graduation day. But, God, could those guys play football.

BUT WHAT happened to the brilliant students, the pets of the pedagogues, the idols of the intelligents?

Most of them either died young from regular hemorrhages or they destroyed themselves after discovering that the world has little use for people who are too smart and generally bestows its greatest gifts on the ignorant or the mediocre.

Those who survived wound up back in college at starvation wages, teaching others the same accumulation of nonsense from which they could not earn a living.

I still think Sputnik is a good idea.

Readers Say

Tells of attack

Dear AFRO:

I wish to let the people of Baltimore know that I think something should be done about women being molested here. For it is now dangerous for a woman to go out in her own back yard.

This morning (Nov. 2) at 2 a.m. I was putting away some food in my refrigerator out in my yard when suddenly there were two hands clasped around or rather over my mouth so I could not cry out.

I struggled and tried to cry out, but to no purpose. This man was dragging me back into the back of the yard. I was too dark and I did not know just what to do as he held his hands tighter all the time.

Finally I conceived of an idea—I suddenly lunged backward as I was near a wire fence which had a two by four wooden brace to hold the fence. When I did this he lost his hold on me and I screamed for help and the police. I ran to the front door and a soldier went and got the police.

By the time they got there the man had gone. I could not identify him for it was too dark and I did not have any light out there (in the yard).

The police looked around but naturally did not see anyone. No one knows how the man got in the yard as there is no alley from my yard and all the doors were locked.

I thank God that He was with me and gave me strength to resist the man's attack. For he may have killed me and no one would have been the wiser.

A READER

Reporters Report

Noteworthy Along the way

By HERBERT MANGRUM

No matter how hard you may try it's impossible to get through the week without making some comment about the big police probe.

Around Central Police headquarters, I understand there was nothing but talk about the quiet little talk the commissioner had with his captains.

Some of the fellows swear that the little chat that sounded like an Army top kick addressing a group of recruits.

With the big boss on the way a number of foot patrolmen are looking forward to seeing chevrons on their sleeves and pinning bars on their shoulders.

* * *

PROBABLY the most eerie place in Central Tuesday was aboard the two elevators.

The lights on both went out and remained off for more than an hour.

Some teenagers have been looking at too many gangster movies.

How else can you account for the action of the sneering youth at the 5th Regiment Armory last week who allegedly took part in the theft of $90 from a woman's purse and then when caught coolly replied: "I'll tell my boys to bring it back."

A certain lawyer in town should have an easy time with the case I'm about to describe. It involves a 12-year-old girl who claims that she was assaulted by a curly haired man a year ago.

Recently she had a neighbor arrested. She claimed that he was the man. Only trouble is the fellow's head is as bald as a billiard.

The accused is well known to the girl's parents. They have been friends for years.

* * *

DON'T LET anyone tell you that the circus is for kids.

One visit to the Boumi Temple Shrine Circus at the Armory would have convinced you about who was having the most fun.

The kids never really had a chance to enjoy themselves.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

In some quarters the problem of Asian flu has been taken lightly, which I can tell you is quite a mistake after having been subjected this week to what, if it wasn't Asian flu, was something so close that why bother to even discuss the difference.

One minute you are feeling perfectly all right and then the next minute you are aware that your legs have turned, without reason, to melted butter and you know what people mean when they say "ache all over."

Muscles in your arms that you probably haven't used for years suddenly come to life with a stinging pain. You dose yourself with aspirin until you begin to get dizzy and then you wonder whether you have strength enough to walk across a room.

* * *

THIS IS FOLLOWED by a brand of chills that makes you think, someone has turned on an air conditioning unit in the midst of a blizzard. Then come the feverish spells when you see everything through a haze.

Half the time you are afraid that you might kick off from this life and the other half of the time you are miserable believing that you will survive.

Instructions on how to cope with the menace advise that you drink plenty of liquids which is pretty good advice considering that you can't swallow anything else.

You want to cough but every time you try, your throat feels as if ten sheets of sandpaper had been rubbed over the tissues. All in all it is a miserable feeling, which wouldn't wish on anyone, not even the Asians.

* * *

SOMETIMES taverns are the best spots to overhear brilliant discussions of current affairs that would put the experts to shame.

Naturally this week one of the main topics of conversation was Sputnik No. 2 or Muttnick, or Red Shirley, as they send one up it might have a bomb in it.

One gentleman, who was obviously a scientist because his suit was unpressed, was explaining to a bewildered listener what gravity is all about.

"Gravity," said the weighty one, "means what goes up must come down.

"Prices haven't," said his less brilliant companion. "That's simple," said the brain. "Prices aren't physical so they don't count."

"WHAT DO YOU mean don't count?" said the less brainy one. "They count every time I go in a store. You know so much about gravity, let's see you make prices come down," he dared.

"Look friend," said intelligence personified, "I'll show you what I mean." With that he picked up a glass and threw it in the air.

As luck would have it the glass fell inside a chandelier and for all we know it is still up there waiting for gravity to take over.

After that somewhat crushing defeat had been admitted by the man with the brains, he left the place, probably raking Newton over the coals. Him and his theory.

ACHR PLEASED OVER WORKSHOP COVERAGE

The American Council on Human Rights held its "ACHR Workshop on Leadership Responsibilities and Techniques" in Washington, D. C., Oct. 19-20. We were very pleased that delegates from twenty-two cities in fourteen states were in attendance.

THOMASINA J. NORFORD
Chairman

If You Ask Me

By B. M. PHILLIPS

Notes about this and that..

Just in case you missed it in the Hagerstown, Md., marriage license list published in this newspaper on Tuesday, Frank Harmon, the onetime Morgan football center, now a successful businessman, was married last month.

Bride is 27-year-old Myrtle V. Brooks. Wedding took place on Sunday. The bridegroom gave his age as 45.

They are at home at 106 North St., Hagerstown. He is proprietor of the Harmon Hotel and the Brown Tavern there in Hagerstown, and one of the three Harmon brothers.

One brother is Dr. Walter (Squawk) Harmon of Detroit.

The other is Henry Harmon of Hagerstown.

* * *

Bless those Alpha Phi Alpha wives. They are turning $700 over to the NAACP on Sunday!

Presentation will be made at the Druid Hill Ave. home of Mrs. William L. Fitzgerald.

$500 will be for their life membership and the other $200 will go to the association's Freedom Fund.

* * *

AFRO printer Frank Payne and his wife, Bernice, are bubbling over. Since Wednesday morning, they have been parents of a seven-pound baby girl.

Their first daughter, Georgette, is 15 months old. Your cards will reach them at 2902 W. Lafayette Ave.

* * *

Their friends are hoping that Raymond and Carol Diggs will kiss and make up.

He is an army career man stationed at Ft. Meade. She is on the music faculty at Morgan.

Are the Tom Hawkinses (Anita) planning a reconciliation?

Lawyers for Jean Anderson and her ex-husband, Leonard C. Anderson, former Episcopal priest, are working out details for settlement of that suit she filed a month or so ago with a view toward resolving the matter of custody and support of the children.

* * *

Charles (Charlie) Burns weighed 240 pounds when he entered the Maryland Pen.

When he came out last week to testify before the grand jury he was down to 180 pounds. He is employed in the Pen's shoe repair shop.

By the way, knowitalls say that with the current police probe et al, Charlie stood a good chance of immediate release but the powers that be put the go-slow sign on the move, because he changed his not guilty plea to guilty when he was tried in Criminal Court.

* * *

Morgan's newlywed Ph.D.'s—Dr. Iva G. Jones, history prof, and Dr. Broadus E. Sawyer, economics prof, are now at home at 734 E. Cold Spring Lane.

Business and Professional Club women at their Tuesday meeting learned of the death last week in Brooklyn, N.Y. of Mrs. Alberta L. Person, for several years editor of the group's national magazine "Responsibility."

Mrs. Reba Smith, whom members of the Frontiers Club call the 'Lady Frontiersman,' because she has been the caterer for their luncheon meetings for 12 years) has retired from the job.

The club's newsletter says in tribute to Mrs. Smith, "Only those of the older members know of the sacrifices and patience with which she has served us. All of us regret to see her go and wish for her all of the joys and pleasures..."

New caterer for the group is Mrs. Willie M. DeShields (She and her husband, Franklin served the Everett Lane testimonial).

And that reminds me that Mrs. DeShields will be in Hopkins Hospital this week for an ear operation to correct an injury she sustained as a child.

People, places and things..

The C. C. Jacksons (Lucille) are in their new home at 2326 N. Longwood St.

Nice person met this week: Mrs. Edna Sullivan, wife of John G. Sullivan, the E. 22nd St. resident who is due to get that $28,000 sweepstakes prize.

She is a caterer's chef at Sussman and Levy's delicatessen and confides that she has received an offer to go in business with the boss.

Mr. Sullivan, is a steward on the S. S. Organsoung and wears two pretty diamonds a one-carat and a three carat on his left hand.

Ted Jones, whom we mentioned in this space this week, is now a salesman at Penn Brothers where they are selling the new Edsel. He was formerly at McSweeney Pontiac.

* * *

New bachelor dentist in town: Dr. Walter C. Tutt who has opened offices in the Clifton Savings Bank Building at Broadway and Gay St.

He is a native of Washington and a June graduate of Howard University Dental School.

He says he picked Baltimore because he likes the people here and feels there is need for surgeon dentists.

And, hold on girls . . . he is also looking for a wife.

* * *

A month ago in this space we chronicled the arrival here of the family of Dr. Carl Johnson, the new anesthetist who joined the staff at Provident in July.

Remember we told how he had come here to Baltimore from Grassland Hospital in Val Halla, N.Y.?

Remember we said his pretty wife who is a trained nurse, and their two small sons would join him shortly and they would be purchasing the Ted Phifers' old Longwood St. home?

And remember that we said they expect a February heir and hope it will be a girl?

But it looks like Baltimore will not have an opportunity to know the Johnsons for all.

Dr. Johnson resigned his post as anesthetist to the Provident board last month here for a $15,000 position at Mercy-Douglass Hospital in Philly!

And, by the way, Dr. and Mrs. Phifer moved into their new Forest Park Ave. home on Tuesday.

Now that the Johnsons have changed their mind, the Phifers' Longwood St. home is now up for sale.

And it is pretty too!

* * *

Mrs. Lillian Parrott, was in Chicago last week for a conference of school principals.

Dr. Irene Diggs of the Morgan faculty, leaves June 16 for San Juan, Puerto Rico, where she will attend a seminar on the planetary system of the new world under the auspices of the Pan American Union, Columbia University and the commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

We Wives Club members walked in on Mrs. Warren Weaver (Ada) on Sunday and showered her with personal gifts. The Weavers' new infant was wide awake and enjoyed talking to the club members.

* * *

A beautiful, beautiful tribute—those are the only words I can think of to describe the dozens of floral pieces which banked the casket of Mrs. Frances Brooks.

She was the 71-year-old lifetime resident of Brooklyn, Md., who was buried on Thursday.

Neighbors, relatives and friends came from all around the Anne Arundel County community to pay their respects at the Elroy Wilson Funeral Home on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Brooks's home at 6118 Ritchie Highway was directly across the road from the funeral home.

If you have observed as many people in sorrow as newspaper people get to see, you will understand when I say I was impressed by the fact that her children—especially her daughter Ivy (she's Mrs. Sherlock Grinage) appeared at ease as they prepared for the burial.

That comes, I guess, from knowing that during a beloved relative's life-time you have done all that was possible to make them happy and so you don't lose yourself in tears, but go ahead and carry on the important duties which face you.

* * *

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Hodge, who left her social work post at Crownsville State Hospital a month back, to take a new post as medical casework supervisor at the Beth-El Hospital in Brooklyn, N.Y.

She tells me that because of her background in psychiatric social work, she handles clinics in psychosomatic medicine as well as pediatrics and obstetrics, as she began at the hospital.

And, she adds "I have learned how valuable and illness draw no color lines. Human beings are the same and respond accordingly, that is in terms of their own capacity to cope with their problems or to accept help."

Even though she misses good old Baltimore, there is compensation in still another way. She is nearer to her brother, Dr. G. A. Galvin of Ithaca, N.Y.

And, Dr. Galvin is some shakes too. Last month, he was unanimously named president-elect of the New York State Academy of General Practice.

He is a graduate of Meharry Medical School and interned at Freedmen's Hospital.

He is active on the staff of the Tompkins County Memorial Hospital and has been staff president and chairman of the hospital's medical board.

* * *

Belated birthday greetings, Nov. 5 to Mrs. Lena Patterson, 2746 W. Mosher St.

Nov. 9th, Jesse Hughes, postal worker at 2634 W. Lafayette Ave., will blow out his candles.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis E. Harmon, 2224 Madison Ave., mark their 22nd wedding anniversary on November 13.

Prayer of the week...

Here is a helpful prayer. It is reprinted here from Forward:

O God, give me strength to live another day. Let me not turn coward before its difficulties or prove recreant to its duties.

Let me not lose faith in my fellow men. Keep me sweet and sound of heart, in spite of ingratitude, treachery, or meanness.

Preserve me from minding little stings or giving them.

Help me to keep my heart clean, and to live so honestly and fearlessly that no outward storm can dishearten me, or take away the joy of conscious integrity.

Open wide the eyes of my soul that I may see good in all things.

Grant me this day some new vision of thy truth, inspire me with the spirit of joy and gladness, and make me the cup of strength to suffering souls; in the name of the strong Deliver, our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

IN DIVORCE COURT:

Walter A. Joneses end their marriage

Testifying that his wife, Mrs. Frances Jones of Charlottesville, Va., is a new mother, despite the fact that the last time he saw her was on New Year, 1955, Walter A. Jones divorced her, this week.

Mr. Jones, who gave his address as 651 N. Paca St., a printer at the AFRO-AMERICAN, was represented by William H. Murphy, attorney.

The couple are parents of two other children, whose custody the court gave to the mother. Mr. Jones volunteered to pay $12 per week for their support.

"I treated my wife very well," the husband testified before a Master of Circuit Court No. 1. "I took care of her and supported her and the children. She left me in March, 1948.

"We had an argument that night and the next morning when I woke up she had left. She took the children, a boy 5, and girl, 6. When I saw her later in Charlottesville she said she was never coming back."

A DIVORCE was also granted to Robert L. Saunders of 944 W. Saratoga St. from Mrs. Evelyn V. Saunders, whom he charged with desertion.

"She said she was fed up, that she didn't want anything more. She left and has never been back," the husband testified.

The couple, married on Feb. 8, 1946, lived together until Sept. 15, 1948, according to the husband. He was represented by Robert W. Watts, attorney.

MRS. CORRINE JONES of 718 N. Carey St., not only told the Court that she left Robert Jones, but that she refused to go back to him when he requested.

But she still won a divorce. **"I asked him to give me some money to pay rent and to get food for the children. We had a fight. The police told me to get a warrant for his arrest, but I didn't.**

"When he came back that night I again asked for money and we had another fight. I took my children and went to my sister's home.

"He asked me to come back. I told him that anybody who would throw me down stairs when I was pregnant I wouldn't go back to." the wife said.

The 22-year-old mother of four children, won the divorce, and the court kept Mr. Jones under an already standing order to pay her $15 per week support for the children.

The wife was represented by William Gosnell, attorney.

Herbert O'Conor will be cited

Colonel Harold Riegelman, New York attorney, civic leader, war hero, and humanitarian will address the 27th Anniversary Dinner of the National Conference of Christians and Jews at a downtown hotel on Wednesday evening, November 13.

On this occasion which annually honors a local citizen for outstanding service in the field of human relations, former Attorney General, Governor, and U.S. Senator, the Hon. Herbert R. O'Conor will be cited.

Mr. Cleveland will present a silver medallion and citation to Mr. O'Conor in recognition of his significant contribution to the civic, spiritual and private citizen toward the goals of brotherhood and equal opportunities for all persons regardless of race, religion, or native origin.

$28,000 SMILES—Mr. and Mrs. John George Sullivan, Baltimore couple notified last week they won $28,000 on Irish Sweepstakes, pose on steps of St. Ann Church with Father Paul Hettel, assistant pastor. The Sullivans live at 425 E. 22nd St., a block from the church where they worship.

Rev. George Crawley Jr. defends man in 1010 Nursery Lane killing

"Sonny is a victim of that environment.

"If he had not loved his father so much, he would not have been down there at 1010 Nursery Lane.

"Once before, the night before Easter it was, he went to 1010 Nursery Lane just ten minutes after I had paid him off. He was looking for his father.

"He was robbed in that very house. They took every penny Mills had on him.

"He started a fight and cleaned the place out."

"He was blamed for the incident although they robbed him.

"A victim of circumstances, he was given 30 days for larceny when it was someone who robbed him.

"I took the day off today to come down here and see that the same thing did not happen again."

* * *

THE REV. GEORGT CRAWLEY Jr., pastor of St. Phil Baptist Church, gave the above testimony in defense of his former employee, James T. (Sonny) Mills, 28, 706 S. Eden St., who had been accused of murder.

The minister appeared before Judge Joseph Carter in Criminal Court on Friday to testify for Mills who had just been found guilty of second degree murder and sentenced to 12 years in the Maryland Penitentiary.

The slaying occurred at 1010 Nursery Lane on Aug. 16. Mills had gone reportedly to the house in search of his father, James T. Mills Sr., whom he had not seen in two months.

During a fracas in the house it was testified Mills and his Ernest Nelson Bond, 57, known as "The Bear," were hurled through the doorway taking the frame and the door with them.

It was testified also that Bond landed on the pavement in front of the house with the door on top of him and Mills on top of the door.

Bond died in Mercy Hospital on Aug. 18 as the result of a fractured skull.

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DESPITE THE downpour of rain the minister arrived in the crowded courtroom at 10 a.m. and sat throughout the four and one-half hour trial which began at 1 p.m.

The Rev. Mr. Crawley took the stand after the 12-year sentence he had been imposed by Judge Carter and after Mills' attorney, State Sentter Harry Cole, had told the court that Mills had acted in self defense during the Aug. 16 incident.

The minister pointed out to the court that four murders had occurred at the 1010 Nursery Lane address in the past two years.

* * *

IN FINDING Mills guilty of second degree murder but minutes before the Rev. Mr. Crawley testified, Judge Carter had stated that he blamed Mills of Bond's death.

After imposing sentence, however, he added:

"What about this man? I would like to know more about this man."

To answer the question Senator Cole called the Rev. Mr. Crawley to the stand.

As the result of the minister's testimony, Judge Carter stated that he would consider changing the sentence imposed on Mills.

* * *

ALSO TESTIFYING was Mills' father, who was visiting at the Nursery Lane address and was present when his son arrived there.

Mrs. Carrie (Peaches) Spriggs, 1234 E. North Ave., aunt of the accused man, also testified. She told the court that she had accompanied Mills to 1010 Nursery Lane to look for his father and that she witnessed the incident.

Testifying for the state was Mrs. Evelyn Brown, also a roomer at 1010 Nursery Lane who had been held at the City Jail since August 18 as a state's witness under $500 bail.

She told the court that she saw Mills "hagging Bear's head against the sidewalk."

Among spectators in the crowded courtroom were many neighbors and interested persons from the Nursery Lane area who were heard to say "something should be done" about conditions there."

Also recalling the early Baltimore history of the four-block area known as "Little Ireland" was Clerk of the Court James Cole who said, "It used to be called the Holy City in the day and 'holy hell' at night."

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NAACP campaigners report on memberships

During the NAACP Campaign membership report meeting Tuesday night, Mrs. Ida Russell, one of the captains of the 8th district, reported $222.50 for 103 memberships.

In the meeting held at the Sharp St. Memorial Methodist Church, other reports were as follows:

Mrs. Dolores Washington, reported $117.00 for 61 members of Emanuel Christian Church; Mrs. Odessa Gross reported $119.00 for 53 memberships representing John Wesley Methodist Church.

Mrs. Helen Booker, reported for First Baptist Church $153.00 for 22 members. Mrs. Hattie Hillen reported $120.00 for 50 members of neighborhood clubs.

* * *

THE NEXT membership meeting is scheduled to be held next Tuesday, at 8 p.m. at the Sharp St. Memorial Community House.

The third monthly mass meeting will be held Sunday, November 17, at Sharp St. Memorial Methodist Church. Scheduled to speak at the meeting is the Rev. Archibald Carey Jr., pulpiteer, orator and statesman of Chicago.

Also at the meeting, life membership plaques will be presented to the Bethel Baptist Church Wayland Baptist Church and the Arbutus Memorial Park Inc.

The ushers for the meeting will be furnished by the Hiram Grand Lodge of Masons. John Thornton is chairman of the ushers.

THE NAACP Register to Vote meetings are held 8 p.m. every Tuesday night at the Sharp St. Community House. The Rev. John L. Tilley is chairman.

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