RUN RIGHT TO Read's
"Drug Stores Worthy of Your Confidence"

GAMES and TOYS!

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It's So Easy With A
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You CAN SPEND		YOU PAY EACH MONTH
	$75	$5
	$76-$150	$10
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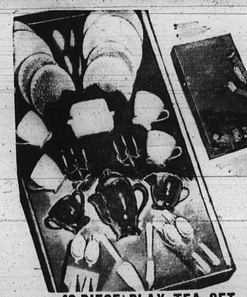
POPULAR GAMES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

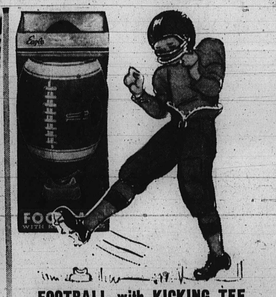
MANUFACTURER'S LIST PRICE	READ'S PRICE	MANUFACTURER'S LIST PRICE	READ'S PRICE
$3.00–Video Village	$2.47	$3.00–Head of Class	$2.66
$4.00–Concentration	$2.99	$4.00–Make a Face	$2.99
$5.00–Stratego	$3.77	$2.00–Password	$1.47
$7.00–Summit	$5.99	$5.00–Monopoly	$3.77
$7.00–Square Mile	$5.99	$4.00–Clue	$2.99
$4.00–Camouflage	$2.99	$3.00–Sorry	$2.66
$2.50–Candy Land	$2.27	$3.00–Careers	$2.66
$2.50–Uncle Wiggily	$2.27	$6.00–Deluxe Monopoly	$4.99
$3.00–Game of States	$2.66	$2.50–Scrabble for Juniors	$1.97
$2.50–Parchesi	$1.97	$2.50–Bridge for Juniors	$1.97
$3.50–Scrabble	$2.47		



40-PIECE PLAY TEA SET
★ Sturdy, colorful non-toxic service for 4
★ 4 Plates, 4 Cups, 4 Saucers, 4 Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Spoons and Serving Pieces
★ Toaster, pretend toast, shiny metal finish teapot, sugar, creamer and pair candelabra.
$1.99

U.S. Armed Forces BATTLE FRONT SET
★ A complete military action play set
★ Realistically detailed—Unbreakable plastic
★ Over 100 pieces—including, exploding bridge, tank, weasel, cannon, tank and military figures
LIST PRICE $5.00 $3.99

AVIATION PIONEERS
★ Unbreakable models of ★ Tri-Wing Fokker ★ DeHavilland Bomber
★ Mail Plane ★ Barnstormer
★ Propellers Rotate—wheels roll—pilots included.
LIST PRICE $3.00 $1.99



FOOTBALL with KICKING TEE
● OFFICIAL SIZE
● Built to take rugged play
● Fun for every boy
$2.44

LAY THEM AWAY NOW ON READ'S EASY LAY-AWAY PLAN!

GIVE-A-SHOW PROJECTOR
Projects 35mm slides magnified to 5 ft. square on any light surface. Includes 112-slides for 16 complete shows. (Battery operated).
LIST PRICE $5.00 $3.57

Plastic RIDE 'EM TOY Kiddy Car
★ 15 Inches High—15 Inches Long
★ Strong, Sturdy, Colorful Plastic!
★ Just what the little youngster wants and will enjoy for a long time.
$1.99

FROSTY SNO-MAN **SNO-CONE MACHINE**
★ Pop in ice cubes, out comes shaved ice—Pour on flavored syrup (included) for a real treat
★ Sturdy plastic, rustproof grinder, cups, shovel included.
LIST PRICE $5.00 $3.44

ROMPER ROOM Sparring Partners
★ Inflatable heavy gauge plastic
★ Poke him in the nose, push him, knock him down—he pops right back up
★ 36 inches tall
$2.27

RUN RIGHT TO Read's
DAY IN AND DAY OUT—YOU—OUR CUSTOMER—WILL SAVE—
FOR AT READ'S-DAY IN AND DAY OUT-THE VALUES ARE BETTER!

Do What You Want, If You Know How

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

"You should do what you want to, but you should know what you are doing."

The author of this advice offers proof positive that it works. He is doing what he wants, and if results are any standard of measurement, he knows what he's doing.

This introduces Raymond Victor Haysbert, young man on the move—UP!

Businessman, financial expert, teacher, and valuable pillar of the community are titles the native Ohioan wears well and with justification.

Mr. Haysbert is general manager, treasurer and board member of the Park's Sausage Co., 2460 Woodbrook Ave.

Because he knows what he's doing, the slogan, "More Park's Sausage, Mom," has become the echo of a brilliantly successful venture.

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IN JUST 11 years the firm has grown from $30,000 infant to a financial giant grossing $3 million yearly.

Park's has become a household name up and down the East Coast.

Other ventures benefiting from the young man's apparent Midas Touch are the Park's Motor Rental Co., which rents commercial vehicles, and the Advance Savings and Loan Association, which reached the $1 million mark in assets recently.

He is vice president of the former and member of the board of directors of the latter.

The financially attuned young man also holds board membership on the Baltimore Investment Corporation, an interracial group of investors, and is president of the Baltimore Business Council.

He has headed the winning team of the YMCA Fund Drive two years in succession. NAACP and Urban League membership cards are among his treasured possessions. Industry's role in the Red Cross and Community Fund drive has been ably pushed through his efforts.

Still another community problem has excited his interest and ignited a new determination to do what he can to eradicate its attendant evils—alcoholism.

As a member of the board of directors of the Area Council on Alcoholism, the man in motion has first hand knowledge of the tragic toll it extracts in both money and human suffering.

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ADDED TO all his other accomplishments is another title which he wears with a sense of accomplishment—politician.

"I like to think that I attempt to be a political technician. I don't get involved in politics unless there is an issue involved. Otherwise, it's not worth my time," is the way he explains it.

In recent campaigns and elections he has been involved because there has been an issue, which, according to his way of thinking, is the most important issue of the day—the political emergence of Baltimore's colored citizens.

Affiliated with the New Area Democratic Club, Mr. Haysbert is executive secretary of the Fourth District Organization.

He was treasurer of the Harry A. Cole campaign in 1954; served in the same capacity for the Mrs. Verda F. Welcome campaign and election to the House of Delegates four years ago.

And when the Fourth District organizations united in a single force to unseat the machine in the May Primary, Mr. Haysbert was also involved.

• • •

AS TREASURER of the Fourth District Democratic Council, he views the election of Mrs. Welcome to the State Senate as the "most significant thing that has ever happened to colored residents of the city."

In it he sees the birth of a voice that will make itself heard in the councils of local, state and national government.

But he is uneasy with one aspect of this new advantage as manifested in the recent election.

"We have got to stop being so petty if the race as a whole is to benefit from our growing power in politics," he declared.

Along with the Welcome victory, Municipal Court Judge Robert B. Watts and People's Court Judge John R. Hargrove were defeated. Why?

"Because some of us were too busy fighting for personal gains and squabbling over personalities while the welfare of the group was being sacrificed," Mr. Haysbert said.

• • •

BEFORE REVERSING the "Go West Young Man" slogan nearly a dozen years ago, the suave and personable young man made sure he knew what he wanted and what he was doing.

Educated in the public schools of Cincinnati, he earned a B.S. degree in mathematics from Wilberforce University.

Convinced that you must have "depth" he returned to Wilberforce.

He took a B.S. in accounting from the same school which had become Central State College.

But as any young man knows, life is much more than becoming highly trained and making money.

He married the former Miss Carol Roberts, also of Cincinnati, and they are parents of a handsome brood of young Haysberts.

They are Raymond Jr., 16-year-old Edmondson High School student; Reginald, 14, City College pupil; Nikita (Nicky), 6 and Byran, seven months.

Mrs. Haysbert spends her time at the noble profession of charming housewife and mother. In World War II he served a 4-year hitch as an Air Force Master Sergeant.

• • •

THE TALL, dashing and energetic executive still finds time to impart his knowledge of business and finance to tomorrow's leaders.

He teaches an evening class in business, advertising, banking and finance at Morgan State College.

He is also a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity.

While discussing his multiple activities, it becomes apparent that the problem of alcoholism occupies a great deal of his thinking.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm no prude or paragon of virtue. But alcoholism is one of the most serious problems we're facing. It strikes at the very core of the thing that can best help us to progress . . . economics!

"But the evil doesn't stop there; look at the cost in human tragedy—broken homes, crime of violence etc.

"What would the tax rate be if we didn't have to finance the problems caused by alcoholism?" he asked at another point.

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DEFINING THE difference between alcohol and alcoholism and pointing out "there's nothing wrong with drinking, if it's done in moderation," Mr. Haysbert has this to say:

"When you can take care of it, that's alcohol, but when it takes care of you . . . that's alcholism."

One of industry's major problems is alcoholism, he pointed out, but few persons can realize it.

"It shows up in hangovers, locker-room drinking, loss time from work, job accidents and in many other ways."

The real tragedy, according to the executive, is that most persons don't realize when they are "hooked."

We usually think of the neighborhood drunk who finds himself in and out of the gutter as an alcoholic. But this is a mistake.

"He has passed the point of no return. The danger sign appears much sooner. When you reach the point where you can't get along without the noon nip, the dinner martini, or need a drink to 'unwind', you have problems.

"Although you don't recognize it, it's a big problem because alcoholism is a disease and it should be treated as such. If you must depend on alcoholism for recreation — and too many do — you have trouble and lots of it."

WHEN THERE is time — and he finds it somewhere —Mr. Haysbert pursues his favorite hobby, bowling. He bowls in three different leagues and is president of a mixed league.

The son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Haysbert, he attributes his drive and dogged determination to lessons learned from his father whom he described as:

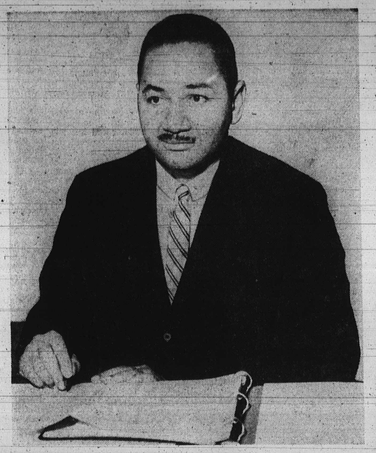
"A big man who came off the Mississippi Levee and could not write his name when he was 30. Yet he became an expert in boiler engineering."

En route to becoming a model of the new breed of young men in our midst, the young Mr. Haysbert worked as a bus boy, laborer, boiler stoker, salesman and teacher.

Each job taught him an unforgettable lesson:

"If you want to do something, and are afraid of getting into trouble, don't do it. But if you know what you want to do and what you are doing, dig in and stand tall."

Mr. Haysbert stands tall — figuratively and literally — because he's a young man on the move — UP!



AT WORK — Raymond V. Haysbert, general manager of Park's Sausage Company, scans the nerve center of the thriving firm, the records.

AT HOME — Mr. Haysbert relaxes with his handsome family including Mrs. Carol Haysbert holding baby Bryan, Nicky, and standing in rear Reginald and Raymond Jr.

BALTIMORE AFRO-AMERICAN
Feature Page
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POET'S CORNER

If I were king, "O, If I were,
I'd be a happy sort of man,
Who's Army would be trained to sing,
Of love throughout the land.
If I were king, no less than king,
I'd have a castle in the sky,
And I could wear a crown of stars,
And count the angels going by.
If I were king, each man I'd make,
A duke, a count, an earl,
And there'd be jeweled, velvet gowns,
For every blushing girl,
If I were king, there'd be no things
Like poverty and worry,
And there'd be peace and happiness,
In a royal hurry.
If I were king, I'd abdicate,
To write some verses by a bough,
And try to make you understand,
I do not want to rule somehow.

PAUL D. MCALLISTER

Is Voodoo Ebbing?

By WILBUR PENDER

Some call it black magic, others voodoo, and still others, liking neither of the preceding names, refer to it as just luck.

But by any name, what it really amounts to, is superstition.

Some people shudder when a black cat crosses their path, and others would not think of walking under a ladder. There are many people, who when they think an additional bit of luck is needed, cross their fingers.

But to call them superstitions would be asking for an argument.

In the words of one man:

"Of course I'm not superstitious, I'm just cautious. Why should I take a chance by walking under a ladder, when in just a few more steps I can go around it?"

This same individual continued to say:

"Not that there are such things as evil spirits, but on the other hand, if they do exist, Why tempt them?"

A WALK DOWN Pennsylvania Avenue, a few decades ago, would have undoubtedly turned up many shops specializing in good luck gimmicks and fortune telling.

These shops sold an amazing variety of oils, roots, incense, and potions designed to make the purchaser lucky in love and/or money affairs.

Some of the more sinister items bore such intriguing and suggestive names as "graveyard dust" and "bat's blood."

A customer could also get medical potions which were supposed to be able to cure any and all ills.

But today, there are only three fortune tellers left on the Avenue, and there is apparently only one store still selling articles with mysterious properties.

Even the manager of this store believes that the charm and hex business is on the way out.

"All I an say is that people are not buying like they used to," said the manager.

"Some of the older folks still come in for 'money-drawing incense,' and 'jinx-chasers', but the younger people don't believe in the stuff. It's sort of becoming a thing of the past."

• • •

IN A RECENT article in the New York Times Magazine, entitled "Putting a Hex on Voodoo," author Ronald Sullivan, however, insisted that the business was still good in New York.

As a matter of fact, the increase of shops selling this merchandise is a result of the Commissioner of Markets in New York ordering them out of the public markets.

In the opinion of the commissioner, the venders of voodoo articles, were in violation of the law, "which bars misleading advertising on city property."

But who can say what is misleading?

Some people believe in voodoo and the black arts as a religion.

Voodoo originated on the West **Coast of Africa, many centuries ago and was introduced into Haiti and the** U. S., late in the 17th century with the advent of slavery.

The word voodoo comes from the name of one of its leading practitioners Vaudoux, a Haitian sorceror.

Its basic belief is that the spirits can be used to change the natural course of events for good or evil.

In the early days of slavery, the practice of voodoo was at its best. Slaves hating their masters or overseers would put a hex on them.

Today according to Mr. Sullivan, it has advanced with the times.

An example of this is a "powerful jinx-chaser" which can be brought in an aerosol can.

When the buyer is vexed with evil spirits, he just sprays the air, and the devils or demons are driven away like house odors with other familiar aerosol products.

Peace Corps Of One

By JACK L. HODGE

Thanks to a Baltimore chaplain, "a poor little deaf and dumb boy" in Korea has been changed from a juvenile delinquent into a well-behaved youngster.

And because of his success with the boy, Capt. Joseph T. Powell has been hailed by a Korean newspaper as "a messenger from heaven and an excellent emissary from the United States."

Capt. Joseph T. Powell

The lad, thanks to the 38-year-old Seventh-day Adventist chaplain, also has been given hope that he may be able to hear and be taught to talk.

He received the good news from an Army doctor who examined the youngster at the requrest of Chaplain Powell.

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THE PAPER noted that the youth until Captain Powell took an interest in him, had been arrested several times for stealing. He was such a behavior problem that no school would have him.

It was then, by chance, that Captain Powell met the youngster. He befriended the youth and persuaded officials at a school for the deaf and dumb to admit the youth as a student.

The chaplain paid for the youngster's uniform and agreed to pay for his room and board.

Capt. Powell showed genuine interest in the lad through regular visits, and the boy slowly began to come out of his shell, finally reaching the point where his teachers report that he works hard at his studies.

"He's no longer a bad boy," the headmaster reports. "He's now a good boy."

• • •

"THE POOR little deaf and dumb boy," as the Korean paper refers to the lad, hasn't been Captain Powell's only contact with Korean youths.

He has organized a Bible Class for some 100 youngsters. The youths also use the Bible to help them with their English.

Before going to Korea in July, Capt. Powell was at Fort Bragg, N.C., where for a year, he headed a religious center. In this capacity, he organized a Bible Class for 13,000 dependents of service men.

Some 150 co-workers assisted him in the project. He did such an outstanding job that he received several commendations.

• • •

THE BALTIMORE native also has a way with adults.

Captain Hong, a Korean Army chaplain assigned to the 121st Evacuation Hospital with Chaplain Powell, has become so attached to the American that they have adopted each other as brothers.

And in his latest tape recorded message home, Chaplain Powell has asked his parents to adopt Chaplain Hong as their son.

Chaplain Hong, 33, lost his parents during the Korean War.

The Korean chaplain is a graduate of one of Korea's largest universities, having finished at the head of his class. He wants to come to America and study at Andrews University, one of the schools attended by Captain Powell.

In the taped message, Chaplain Hong said:

"I hope some day to come to America where I can study, be a good shepherd (pastor) and return to Korea to work in the Seventh-day Adventist Union."

• • •

CHAPLAIN POWELL attended Baltimore Academy, Oakwood Junior College in Huntsville, Ala., the Seventh-day Adventist Missionary College in Washington and the Fort Slocum (N.Y.) School for Chaplains.

Married to Mrs. Alice Powell, the couple has two children.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence and Aletha Powell of 1406 Druid Hill Ave. The elder Mr. Powell rents limousines.

He has two brothers, Walter and Aaron, and two sisters, Mrs. Clara Hardy and Mrs. Helen Dean, all of Baltimore.

THE CHAPLAIN, serving his second tour of duty in Korea, has been in service for more than eight years. In addition to being in Korea since July, he has served 3 years in Germany, three years in Korea, a year at Fort Slocum and a year at Fort Bragg.

He also served as a pastor in North Carolina and Pennsylvania before the General Conference of the Seventh-day Adventist Church called him back into service.

There are only four Seventh-day Adventist chaplains in Korea. Capt. Powell is the only one of his race **there.**