Pickens in South Finds Racketeers Stealing Homes

Whites Rob Dupes of Land and Cash Down in Dixie

Birmingham Teacher Has Two Houses Stolen; Agents "Regret" It.

PEASANT IGNORANT OF FLA. LYNCHING

Teacher Dumb on the N.A.A.C.P. and Pickens.

By WILLIAM PICKENS

NEW YORK (ANP.) — Colored people in the South are losing much property through tricks, film-flam schemes and by cheating through the law of contract.

A Birmingham school teacher has had two houses stolen off her lots and the authorities pretend not to be able to do a thing about locating them. The woman secured a position in Tennessee, leaving her property in the hands of a white Birmingham real estate agent. When she went back on a visit, she found two of the houses missing, with only regrets from her agents.

A woman in Georgia had exactly ten thousand acres of land stolen in a trick played on her. The woman's husband, who had died some time previous, did not leave a will. The woman went to a white attorney who advised her to bring all of her husband's deeds, contracts, letters and other papers. This the woman did, along with all evidence of having secured and paid for the land. The woman left the papers with the attorney, but did not get a receipt. The widow later learned that she and her husband had never owned a foot of the land. Word has passed around the legal fraternity and no other lawyer will help her with the case.

When I was driving through Georgia, between Atlanta and Albany, I stopped at a schoolhouse. The teacher was a black woman of vacant stare. This teacher had never heard of the N.A.A.C.P. or of the Crisis.

As I was traveling from Marianna, Fla., scene of the century's worst lynching, I met a typical peasant woman. It developed that she lived within twenty miles of the scene of the lynching, but four weeks later, the woman had never heard of it.

Dance Halls

By LINDY LOU

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

What a grand and glorious Christmas it was. Sunshine and moderate weather that made nobody's feet cold or wet.

Christmas matinee dance at the Strand Ballroom was chalked up on the credit side of the Del Monte Club. They had a lovely crowd and a wonderful time. It only club is capable of "whooping 'em up." It always is the Del Monte Club, and are they popular with the girls! Here's one for the boys for future activities. That's a real tip.

"Christmas Night in Harlem" went over in a big way. The Strand drew in nearly a thousand people. Bubby Johnson's orchestra did its share and believe me, nobody had "ants in his pants" at the Strand.

Across the way at the New Albert Casino, the Bluebirds played for the Tom-Cats Club. The Bluebirds fly over from Washington every now and then, and it is rumored that Ike Dixon is the booker of this end. So many people ask for the address of this orchestra and so, to save time and memory, just see Mr. Dixon.

'Twas the night after Christmas and all through the Strand the boys and girls danced to the tunes of the band. The Blue Boys were playing, as only they can, while the glad feet danced merrily and thrilled every man. There were your friend and my friend, his friend and her friend, "jitterbugs" and dancin', having fund without end.

Among the hundreds on Wednesday night were Arrete Hurd, looking very sweet for somebody; Annie Dent wearing black and white; Elizabeth Hawe Moorne, very smart in a tuxedo ensemble of black and oyster white satin. Mary Curtis was attractive in a Christmas outfit; and so was escort Harry Lee.

Add to this couple Lillian Allan and Webster Boone. Gladys Johnson was chic in green, while Gabelle Brown was the same way in black. Gudora Taylor wore a street dress of black and white crepe. Carrie Washington also wore black and white in a most becoming manner. Goldie Douglass was in the eye, too, and from out of town was Sue Collins who was stunging in green and brown.

The Varsity Club turned out in full, said club being the honor guests of the Wednesday night affair. Gossip over in the corner said that the ma of one P.L. was looking for her, and that the little chick was trying to duck going home early. Don't you cry, Pauline, you'll be a big girl, bye-and-bye.

More gossip says that Ivan Epps entertained the Outdoor Girls after their meeting on Tuesday night. Oh, boy!

Have you heard of the Peppy Debs? Edith Minor is the prexy and Catherine Fitzgerald, business manager. They're honor guests next Wednesday night at the Strand.

Before you read this column again, 1934 will be a thing of the past. In fact, you won't read it again until next year. Sounds like a long, long time, doesn't it? Well, beginning with next week, the Wednesday night class will start celebrating its first anniversary at Douglass. There's going to be festivities as certainly as it is the fun on every Tuesday night. Don't miss one week!

The Glad Rag Dolls are going to break up things at the Strand on Friday night. The Blue Jays positively will play.

I have seen the handsome prizes to be given away by the club. There is one for their "Glad Rag Man," a lovely boudoir lamp and submit any suggestions or complaints the members of their class have before the council.

The suggestions are considered and complaints investigated by committees appointed from the council. The president has an adviser in her sponsor (or cabinet), with which she confers on all matters. Meetings are called at given intervals and all decisions are reached by vote.

The Students' Council constitutes the judicial body also, although the principal and vice-principal supervise and advise in the cases.

The Safety Patrol may be likened to an executive body. It is organized much the same as a police force, but its purpose is to guide, not enforce.

There is a Girls' Monitor Patrol, which acts as guides mostly for the girls.

The pupils are taught the value of thrift along with the methods of thrift, through the school bank. Two persons are elected from each class, who are teller and bookkeeper for that class.

This is under the supervision of Mr. Maxwell and officials of the Mutual Savings Banks.

New Year Greetings from the Rev. Briddell

"As 1934 is blending into the past the solar system is revealing the wonders of God's world and man's thought changes are giving to advanced ideas. At the doorway of the New Year stands Jesus, who will dominate life, and in Him is the hope of the world.

"In their program people look toward Him to give cheer to the weary, heavy-hearted, and burdened minds. However humble we feel as we behold Him in the vastness of the universe, we may be assured that we shall find comfort. In relation and valley we never are alone.

"Let us not forget the things which are behind but look forward to things which are in the future. Let us go forward."

(Rev.) C. W. H. BIDDLE,
Christ's Institution Church,
Baltimore.

BELIEVE ME

By MALCOLM B. FULCHER

(BILL SMALLWOOD, AFRO D.C. Social Scribe, Pinch-Hitting for Ole Marse-Fulcher)

MISTLETOE.

In days of old as Christmas time,
When bells ring out a tiding-chime,
With merry tidings laden,
The simple lad, with love aglow,
Hung up a sprig of mistletoe
To lure a bashful maiden.

But now when Christmas breezes in
They use a bowl of drugstore gin
And all the gang is merry.
They do not hang the mistletoe
As in days of long ago—
It isn't necessary.

BILL SMALLWOOD.

* * * * * * *

NA83 49 NPR NEW YORK NY 19 430A
BILL SMALLWOOD
AFRO-AMERICAN

WASHINGTON
IF NOT TOO RUSHED DO COLUMN THIS WEEK STOP IF RUSHED DO IT ANYWAY STOP REPLY IMMEDIATELY STOP
MALCOLM

NA61 32 DPR RELAY VIA HW NY-TD.WASHINGTON DC DEC 22 LLCT

JALCOLM FULCHER
AFRO-AMERICAN
NEW YORK NY

VERY RUSHED STOP JUMP IN EAST RIVER STOP GOOD LUCK HOPING YOU DROWN
BILL

* * * * * * *

That being that, I zipped my japana jacket zipper directly and started to bed—and guess what happened? Yours truly was awake. Reluctantly, up to scribble a note on my pad. Write that note in the morning. But I sit here like a darn nut, freezing in the a.m. chill, and still sitting here. Now, I'm getting slightly! After all, he is a right good old mutt. Well—just this once. Something tight and airy so he won't be bothering me again any time soon. Yeah, that's what he thinks). Darn it, why can't I stay mad at people? Just an old softie. Look at myself, in that mirror! Yaaa! Ya old ninny! Let a mug like Malcolm sit you down at a machine at a time when real was the one thing you need. Crazy? Boy, you're screwy!!!

* * *

I argue furiously with myself: Maybe the poor boy is in pain and can't bat a column down. Maybe that Theatre Union work has got him on the run, maybe—yeah, maybe. Anyhow this will be the last time, d'ya hear? (From the three readers, So what?) OK. Now, then, Male: I'm a trifle disappointed in you Gothamites who sit idly by without a murmur when some irresponsible talker begins chiding your town. Just tonight—or last night, I guess, a group of us were expressing our opinions.

I became a trifle tired—yes, distinctly bored, with the honored visitor who dropped in on New York, probably cast one furtive glance around, and then said: 'Oh, it's a fine place indeed to come to for a while; but—I wouldn't live there if you paid me!' Wouldn't live there, indeed! It's a wonderful place to live in. It is a privilege to be a New Yorker.

It is the most electrical city in all the world. It changes its color, its tone, every day. Winter holds it in its icy arms now, but there are spring mornings when those who do not see the wonders of your skyscrapers silhouetted against your unbelievably blue skies are blind.

I once walked downtown with a friend one afternoon, just in from London, who looked heavenward and said: "If only poor old London could have one day like this a week! Do you people here appreciate your weather?" I do, but do you real New Yorkers? I appreciate it so much that when summer annually approaches I find myself wishing I could stay right there, for New York is about the best report I know. It seldom remains hot for more than a week on a stretch, and if it becomes unbearably stifling, there are many places where one can escape and hear the sea roaring, the breakers crashing upon the sand. Or there are peaceful hills in Connecticut or over in Jersey, if one prefers them.

* * *

But in case one has to remain in your town, there are cool, moonlight picnic spots along the Hudson where one may enjoy an evening under the stars and moon, and hear only the rumble of your town upon the wide stretch of water and above a night wind that is cooling and refreshing. Or one may take a Staten Island boat where the temperature is thirty degrees cooler than the streets, and enjoy a cool supper on the water in an unmolested peace, as in Paris, and watch the panorama of the city as it moves along. Name another American city where so much is constantly happening to refresh the spirit.

You have grand opera in the winter and fall and no less than a hundred and fifty legit theatres where the best plays are produced; and the talkie theatres are golden dreams of pleasure. There are museums that can scarcely be matched on the continent of Europe, and lectures on every conceivable subject, if one cares for them. As for the restaurants and hotels, they're so thick along your boulevards, Malcolm, that one would have to live there for twenty years to know one could try them all, going out practically every evening. Even one of your smaller restaurants would be a place around which the whole life of a smaller city revolved, if it were placed in some hinterland.

* * *

TO READERS OF THE AFRO-AMERICAN AND BELIEVE ME:

Allow me at this time to extend to each and everyone of you a wish for a very prosperous New Year. You have been extremely nice to me during the past year and I hope that 1935 will continue along these same lines, and if there be any changes, let them bring us closer together. I want to give you what you want and I want your help and advice.

If the column is giving you what you want, let me know. After all, it is YOUR column, created and maintained for you and by you. Without your support, there could be no column. So here's hoping that your Christmas has been all that you wanted it to be and your New Year will be more than that. I am your favorite correspondent,

MALCOLM B. FULCHER

Good luck and God bless you.

two lovely dolls for lucky girls. I do not know what their "Glad Rag Man" will get or who he is. That's news to be learned at the dance.

As I told you before, this will be the best and the most novelty dance of the season. Juanita Hall is selling the tickets. Virginia Gross, Delores Stanley, Ernestine Gross, Marie Golding are names that give you an idea of what to expect. Slipping, isn't it?

If I had a million wishes, I'd give them all to you for a "Very happy and contented New Year." So, until next time, good-bye and good dancing.

Doings at Douglass

By K. C.

Once in the history of public schools it was thought that the only thing necessary was to teach the fundamentals and the pupil would acquire anything else needed for his vocation.

Aside from the lesson, nothing else was taught. Pupils came to school; the lessons were taught; the pupils went home, did homework, perhaps, and that was all.

Now, things are different. The following paragraphs are to tell what goes on in the Frederick Douglass High School other than the regular program.

The Douglass slogan is, "To make the most of life." This maxim is applied to the extra activities as certainly as it is applied to the regular schedule.

"The children of today are the citizens of tomorrow." The pupils, therefore, are taught the procedure of government and have their own student government.

The legislative body is known as the Students' Council and is made up of one representative from each class. The representatives are selected by the homerooms.

The Senior Class has the honor of having the president of the council. The president has an adviser in her sponsor (or cabinet), with which she confers on all matters. Meetings are called at given intervals and all decisions are reached by vote.

The Students' Council constitutes the judicial body also, although the principal and vice-principal supervise and advise in the cases.

The Safety Patrol may be likened to an executive body. It is organized much the same as a police force, but its purpose is to guide, not enforce.

There is a Girls' Monitor Patrol, which acts as guides mostly for the girls.

The pupils are taught the value of thrift along with the methods of thrift, through the school bank. Two persons are elected from each class, who are teller and bookkeeper for that class.

This is under the supervision of Mr. Maxwell and officials of the Mutual Savings Banks.

A Christmas Visitor, or in the Wrong Vestibule

(A police court drama in three scenes)

Scene I

This scene is in the home of Mrs. Nellie Thomas, 810 George Street, at midnight. Mrs. Thomas has been aroused by a rattling of the front-door knob.

Mrs. Thomas: "Who is it that knocketh at my door at such a ghastly hour?"

Voice from vestibule: "Tis I, William Weems, filled with ye olde Yule spirits and I would fain enter for this is mine own dwelling."

Mrs. Thomas: "Help! 'Tis a foul villain! Police! Police!"

Scene II

Police have arrived and find Weems in the vestibule.

Cop: "What do ye here?"

Weems: "Avast! hearty bluecoat. 'Tis here at 512 Arlington Avenue that I have lived for many moons."

Cop: (Singing in the tune of "Jingle Bells") "To the station thou must go, thou must go, thou must go."

Scene III

This scene is in the Northwestern police station. The court room is bedecked with holiday finery and the magistrate sits in calm dignity handing out fines and sentences as Christmas tokens.

Mrs. Thomas (pointing to Weems) "Is this that is guilty, your honor?"

Magistrate (to Weems) "What sayest thou?"

Weems: "Twas but a mistake o' honored squire. I did not know where I was. Now I know not where art also mine watch, mine shoes, and mine shekels."

Magistrate: (flecking holly berries from his collar and removing an icicle from his from his coat) ras!) ... Sith coat) "Thou hast suffered enough; apologize and depart in peace."

Weems: (singing to the tune of "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen") "I ne'er trouble thee no more nor any other home."

Play ends with all singing "We Make Mistakes."

Examination Notice

Announcement of examinations for positions in the air and naval services of the Federal Government, now open at the local civil service bureau, Room 311 in the United States Postoffice, this week.

One of the examinations is for the position of loftsman in the navy yard at Charleston, S.C. The salary is $6.16 to $6.96 a day. Applications may be filed until further notice because of the small list of persons eligible.

Applications for the position of aircraft engineer in Philadelphia will be received until January 5. The salary scale ranges from $11.04 to $17.04 a day.

The position of draftsman is open in the engineering department of the United States Navy. The salary is $2,600 a year, and applications must be made not later than January 11.

Trade Unions' Head Speaks Here Sunday

Herbert Benjamin, national leader of the unemployed, Edward S. Lewis, secretary of the local Urban League, and Case Bailey, vice-president of the United Building Trades Federation, will be the main speakers at a mass meeting to be held at Lehmann's Hall, 844 Howard Street, on January 3.

The Baltimore Sponsoring Committee for Unemployment and Social Insurance is sponsoring the meeting, which is a send-off to the delegation elected by numerous local trade unions and other organizations to the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance to be held in Washington, January 5 to 7.

Sunday, there will be a conference at 1204 East Baltimore Street, called by fraternal organizations to discuss unemployment insurance.

WORLD TODAY

Gospel Sermon Sparks

Useful to Both Preachers and Laymen, Weekly by Messenger J. Gwynn

Subject:
USE JESUS'S PICTURE, NOT A CHURCH SHOW OFF

Text: Acts 5:42—And daily in the temple, and in every home they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.

INTRODUCTION—In this text we are told how the apostles of Jesus Christ worked to spread His gospel, and to win souls. It was mainly a house-to-house proposition. Preaching was secondary to the outcome of the house work. It was an example for all preachers and church workers today. Let the church drop about half of its show-off, big church and convention big-gun-ism and take up the Jesus Christ house-to-house proposition, and the world will soon turn to Jesus. Let the Christian Revengeful churchmen and women will be ashamed of a monkey show, trying to win souls to Christ.

I.—Jesus's Program Will Make Better Home Life:

a. It will set up family altars to God. Family prayer and worship are set aside by gossip, politics and money worship.

b. It will give Jesus a place in everyday occupations. This present-day stark world is sadly in need of the spiritual in its business endeavors. Read Rom. 12:11.

II.—Jesus's Program Will Bring Families Into the Church Life:

a. It will make the church life into the family. The family must be won to Christ; it is a waste of time to, for part of the family to live for the devil and a part of it to live, act and work for Jesus. Make an attempt at serving both God and mammon—but not possible.

b. It will give the family benefits immediately. The family will be interested in the church, and again the messed-up world will be shocked, and say, "Look how those Christians won't do it. Read Rom. 12:13.

III.—Jesus's Program Will Bring Safety to Community Life:

a. It will make the principles of Jesus Christ to neighborhoods. The true spirit of Christ is felt in such a way as to cause a community, when rightly exhibited, to say, "Let us go."

b. It will give the plain and simple life. The apostles did not appear as a bunch of sports, as many of our churchmen today — look and think. Read Rom. 12:16.

CONCLUDING LESSON — Let the church get off, sending those who wish to spend their money through holding big conventions, passing resolutions, and sending thousands are hungry and suffering at the church door and within its ranks. This is a lesson for all of our leading denominations, that have lost their grip on the sinner world. Remember, Jesus is the way. Amen.

Sub-Deb Chatter

By ANN

"PERPLEXING SEVENS" DANCE

The "Perplexing Sevens" Club threw one of their big affairs for the year Thursday night at the home of Ida Murphy. Good music was the music was awful tight, and there was plenty of love and Cupid having the time of his life. The lads and lasses decidedly got off.

Those present were:

Hilda Pauls, Juliet Dixon, Hermione King, Margaret DeMann, Frances DeMann, Frances Brown, Julia Mae Bragg, Dimples Scott, Bettye Murphy, Geneva Greene, Roberta Coleman, Mamie Brown, Harryette Brown, Mamie Phipps, Margery Beck, Rosa Nixon, Sylvia Faulkner, Inez Johnson, Ada Hackett, Evelyn Nixon, Margaret Byrd, Ethel Grant and Helen Mercer.

Fenton Mallory, T. J. Woolridge, Frank Phillips, Ober Mallory, Melvin Dyson, Claiborne Knighten, Elphert Keeta, Allen Cullins, Queener Willis, Floyd Hughlette, Woodland Guy Bailey, Jerome Brown, Meredith Birche, Harold Curtis, Bernard Scott, Lawrence Rhetta, Wilbur Radcliff, Milton Murphy, Thomas Bell, Frank Jones, Jordon, Clarence Purvey, William Murphy, Theodore Elliott, Walter Foreman and Earl Grant.

* * *

Compared with last Christmas, many folks will have you believe that this year was mighty poor indeed. Well, we won't go into that but the combined combination of Bobby Johnson, the Frank Jones and the Mignonettes sure woke up the home town up, Wednesday night. What, with all the members of the younger set home from college, it was bound to be a banging affair.

Twas noticed that the dance was smooth, but the sub-debs of this town do not have any conception of what to wear to a pay affair.

Major Jack of Howard, and Miss Mamie Fitz, of Arkansas, are in town visiting Mamie Brown, while Miss Henry Dietts is in town for the holidays visiting Barbara Brown.

Walter and Charles Foreman, of North Carolina, also are here visiting Ethel Grant.

At the Mignonettes: Jerome Todd was taking up quite a bit of Zida Nixon's time. Arthur Johnson and Bea Scott were very lovey-dovey. Brandon Wiggins and Edith Mae Page were loving, but that was expected.

Jerome seems to be happiness ahead or romance, should I say, for Inez Johnson and Theodore Jordon. Clarence Purvey escorted Margaret Scott. Twas noticed that quite a few of Nic young Messrs. and Mesdames turned out "together." Ober Mallory monopolized practically all of Margaret Byrd's time.

Then Curtius Rhetta found a lot of sweet nothings to whisper into Evelyn Nixon's ear. Barnett Rhetta was laying his racket with a certain lady about town but I won't tell on her this time. The Carrie Wilson-Percy Mathews affair was "on." George Mason and Betty Weaver were On! My, Yes! Frank Wiggins and Margaret DeMann were inseparable, while the Sylvia Faulkner-Robinson's affection was Clara Mitchell. Bernice Coleman, Ike Keets, Bettye Murphy, Sylvia Faulkner, Thelma Bell, don't have to say any more. They speak for themselves.

It was Hughes Carter who brought Virginia Lewis.

Iris Wade and Harry Carpenter helped hold up the balcony with Bernice Grimage and Bernice Hill, giving them plenty of support.

David Rice found Elizabeth Mason Oh, so nice, and proceeded to show her what a good boy, home from State, only had eyes for Audrey Hall.

Alfred Gardner escorted Bernice Clark, while—wasn't that Courtney Carter again Friday?

Eunice Brooks and Melvin Dyson did not have anything on Melvin was so anxious to dance with Miss Eunice Brooks. Lillie Nixon and Elizabeth Conaway just got off.

At the "Perplexing Sevens" Ober Mallory and Julia Mae Bragg were the cute couple on the floor. Ethel Grant and Fenton Mallory were the objects of each other's affection, and practically danced on a dime all evening.

Ada Hackett came in escorted by Melvin Dyson, while Claiborne Knighten was getting acquainted all over again with Mamie Phipps. William Murphy made it very plain that Frances Brown is his choice. Then Milton Bruce and Madrene Brown made a peach of a pair.

Frank Radcliffe and Sylvia Faulkner got off, despite Gypsy Bailey's protestations. Sammy Taylor was with Rosa Nixon. Well, you know what for, and the Theodore Jordon-Inez Johnson affair was in full swing. Margaret Byrd and Clarence Purvey were taking up where they left off. Madrene Brown was being carefully escorted around by T. J. Woolridge and Barnett Rhetta and Mamie Brown was laying it on thick. After the dance most of the gang journeyed on over to the tacky party where the same affairs were still going on.

* * *

IN THE MAILS

Come some of the things the readers can do without: The first letter was signed "Disappointed," and said she could do without these so-called smooth guys shooting every game a letter from "Discontented," and says she can do without those people who gave Christmas presents they know nobody can use for them. In my advice to her is that it is the spirit in which the gift is given—not the gift. And since the object of my affection is still the same and we all need to join the good roads movement and mend our ways — and since believe it or not, I'm getting in more hot water for penning some of these lines, until next week, I'll be digging you.

Lawyer for Self; Eloquent Plea Wins Him a Jail Term

Although he gave a loud and graphic plea in his own defense when faced with the charge of assaulting and cutting Mrs. Hannah Jones, described by police as her assailant's former sweetheart, Edgar Harris, laborer, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, Thursday.

Harris was given an opportunity to cross-examine Frank Tully of the 1600 block of Madison Street, star witness in the case, but utilized the opportunity by telling the judge of the criminal court how the whole thing "was an accident."

"I was cutting at him," said Harris, indicating the witness, "and when I missed him, the knife struck her in the head."

At this point he imitated the swish of the knife, which was exhibited by the state's attorney, and made a foot long, by a quick swing of his arms that set court listeners to laughing so hard that the judge rapped for order.

Patiently the judge listened to the narration; but sentenced Harris without a quaver when the clerk which was punctuated with many cuss words which the narrator put into the mouths of his characters, ended.

Allen Raised $1651 for Year

Allen A. M. E. Church raised $1651 during the first half of the year, from June to December, a report of the church finances showed this week.

This amount, which did not include the running expenses of the church, was applied on the church indebtedness. The church, which figured in the news when a large portion of its congregation withdrew the first of the year, is pastored by the Rev. C. C. Brown.

Christ's Birth Topic at Preachers' Meeting

A discussion of the Virgin birth of Christ was led by the Rev. E. H. Beard, pastor of the Ebenezer A.M.E. Church, at the AME Ministers' Meeting, in Bethel Church, Monday.

Christmas, the Rev. Mr. Beard told the meeting, does not lose its significance whether one believes in the Virgin birth or not.

The ministers finally agreed that it does not matter whether Christ was born of a virgin or a married woman, since. He founded a great and lasting religion.

A Yuletide greeting was brought to the meeting by Bishop Monroe H. Davis, who has been absent from the city for a number of weeks.

Cops Playing Santa Find Meat Dish Heavy Problem

When Stanta Clauses at the Northwestern police station doffed their uniforms and decided to spread Christmas cheer in the homes of 700 poor families, they were stumped when it came to deciding what meat article would be placed in baskets.

Bright suggestions were in order, but with Jewish families saying "phooey" at the mention of pork, the Irish clamoring for corned beef and colored clans thinking of chicken, the cops had their hands full.

Finally, it was decided that colored beneficiaries would get ham the Irish fresh pork shoulders, and the Jews would get beef roasts. Everyone who wanted it got scrapple.

Canned Goods Given

Cans of beans, corn, tomatoes, and syrup were included in each basket. Hominy, coffee, pancake flour and milk were also on the list.

Special statistics compiled by the department under the direction of Lieut. Edward Steinoecker indicate that 5,000 pounds of potatoes, 1500 pounds of onions, 700 pounds of butter, 4,000 pounds of cabbage, 700 packages of oatmeal and 700 loaves of bread were also distributed.

A flying squad of trucks, manned by policemen and a score of delivery boys, carried the provisions directly to the doors of those in need.

New Features at the Bird's Nest

A gala New Year's Eve celebration is being prepared by Bertie Brooks and Christ Christ for their patrons at the Bird's Nest, with new features in the floor show.

The country store every Wednesday with its crop of big prizes is still a big drawing card.

Insurance Manager's Apartment Robbed

J. NELSON FORTUNE

While he was absent from the city, the apartment of J. Nelson Fortune, local insurance manager, was robbed Sunday.

Mr. Fortune was unable to give the exact value of the articles stolen, but he says that they are a clock, two pairs of trousers, a cigarette case, a pair of shoes, a necktie, and a few other things that belong to C. C. Fitzgerald, with whom the apartment is shared.

According to Mr. Fortune, nothing was left that would indicate the identity of the intruder.

Hi-Hat to Re-Open

The Harlem Hi-Hat, the East Baltimore night club, re-opens after a closing of several weeks. Emory (Deck) Bedford and his Hi-Hatters and Addibert Johnson are among the attractions. A large and ample program is in store for Year's Eve.

Baptists Lead in Fight on Gov. McAlister over Protest

Although the Baptist Ministers' Conference in its Monday session here finally voted to send a letter of commendation to Governor Hill McAlister of Tennessee, for his action in calling out National Guardsmen to prevent a mob from lynching E. K. Harris, Shelbyville suspect, it was not done without considerable opposition.

The Rev. W. W. Allen declared that the governor of Tennessee was only acting in accordance with what he had sworn to do, and therefore deserves no praise for doing his duty.

Says Letters Aggravate

The Rev. W. J. Winston expressed the opinion that letters sent to Southern whites by colored individuals in places farther north, usually "aggravated situations.

"There is no necessity," the Rev. Mr. Winston exclaimed, "for this conference to say anything one way or the other concerning the Shelbyville affair."

Other speakers, in condemning the proposal, stated that colored people were too sick to appear grateful to a white man for anything he does, even when he does only his duty, for which he is paid.

Objections were overruled and the Rev. J. R. Butler, E. W. White, G. P. Cunningham, W. W. Allen and D. Bryant were named to write and dispatch the letter of thanks.

Reports on School

The Rev. Wilfred J. Cerby, reporting on the Girls' Industrial School at Glenville, stated that services are held there regularly four Sundays in each month through the efforts of other agencies, but that the Baptists might conduct services on each fifth Sunday.

He also suggested that the conference organize a Sunday school, a BYPU and a big sisters' committee to look after the girls when they are released from the school.

The conference accepted the report and voted to organize the bodies as was suggested.

The Rev. Junius Gray was the main speaker of the day.

119 on Douglass Evening School Honor List

A total of 119 students of the Douglass Evening High School made the honor roll for the first semester of the 1934-35 year, according to an announcement issued this week by H. M. Frisby, principal of the school.

Honor students in the academic and commercial classifications are divided into three groups, as follows: H-1, those with an grade less than 90; H-2, those with no grade less than 85, and H-3, those with minimum grade of 80.

Vocational students were required to maintain grades of 90 or above to make the honor roll.

The complete list of honor students follows:

Academic H-1—Christine Baker, Addie Bandy, William E. Duvall, Edith Francis, William Hunt, Odell Jackson, Robert Lanasuee, Wilbert Mosely, Andrew Wicks.

Academic H-3—Bessie Caldwell, Curtis Hurtt, Gladys Felton, Thomas Jackson, Ella Lane, Alonza Nickens, Flemmings Ruff.

Malinda Sorrell, John Summerville, Rosetta Tate, Gladys Thornton, Beula Uncles, Valmis Washington, Alvera Whitlock.

Academic H-3—Marion Aldth, Martin Bandy, Charles Barnes, Elizabeth H. Briggs, Louis Brown, Gladys Brown, Walter Carr, Wesley Chaplin, Thomas Corten, Pauline Davis, Elizabeth Dawson.

Norman Douglass, Arieas Dudley, Edna-Lee Felton, Mary Goode, Ruth Hamilton, Bernard Harris, Elizabeth Hartley, Hilda Mae Hoban, Grace Jackson, Nelson Jackson.

Nettie A. Lilly, Moses Medley, Beatrice Mitchell, Edward Rich, Hilda Robinson, Napoleon E. Taylor, Robert Tolson, Robert E. Lee Williams, Gertrude Jackson, Isabelle Wilson, Elsworth Wright.

Commercial H-1—Lillian Garner, Vondelear Hoggins, Ada Frazier, William Thomas.

Commercial H-2—Marie Fitzgerald, Gladys Hall, Ethel Hopkins, Florence Jenson.

Commercial H-3—Charles E. Allen, Hilda Blackwell, Adelle Buchanan, Erica V. Burke, Ann M. Dorsey, Alice Fallig, Cordelia Fauntleroy, Ada Frazier.

Evelyn Gray, Rose Gray, Florella Jenson, Robert E. Johnson.

Daisy King, Mary K. Lewis, Lillian Mayer, Robert A. Moore, Oscar Newman, William Nickens, Dorothy Page, Hilda Page, Florence Barber, Thelma Ward, Walter White, Harry Wilson.

Vocational

Home Nursing I—Zelma Bailey, Ruby Blackwell, Hettie Jones, Mary Bowling.

Dressmaking I—Margaret Bailey, Isabelle Bedford, Dora Blake, Martha Brown, Rosetta Carrington, Martha Carter, Roberta Clarke, Viola Matthews, Lillian Moore, Elizabeth Newman.

Dressmaking II—Sarah Shaw, Beatrice Smith, Ruth Thomas, Anna Taylor, Marie Taylor, Anna Thornton, Gladys Tynes, Agnes White, Carrie Wright.

Dressmaking II—Ellen Armistead, Bertie Kelly.

Cooking—Alexandria Dennis, Walter Parrish, Sarah Fye, Perry Jones.

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POETS' SCRAPBOOK

Letters

CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas Day brought presents, (Many) Christmas Day brought presents, And every year I feel so happy, And I'm glad I live in the South, Because they don't have the new Deal, Because they don't have the new Deal, Because they don't have the new Deal, Because they don't have the new Deal, And so if you are filled with sorrow, Because you don't have the new Deal, Just remember that Christmas Day, Because they don't have the new Deal.

PAULINE MURPHY,
Crisfield, Md.

ROOF'S JERSEY WELL WIN

Dear Roof's Jersey Well Win and Jake Jersey Well win—Jerseys will win—We are sending you a few lines to let you know we are still in the game—Rain, Rain, Go to Spain—Stop, Look, Listen—Stop, Look, Listen—Stop, Look, Listen