Cecil Scott Heads League Pending Filling of Post

Cecil Scott, industrial secretary, will serve as acting executive director of the Baltimore Urban League pending the replacement of Alexander J. Allen Jr., who this week took the executive post with the Pittsburgh League.

Edgar W. Ewing, president of the Baltimore organization, said Wednesday that the board hopes to find a successor to Mr. Allen by May, but that the new executive director must be a graduate of a school of social work and have a good social work background.

The name of the post, Mr. Ewing explained, has been changed from that of executive secretary to executive director.

Through National Office

He pointed out that all applications will come through the league's national office, and although several have come from persons in smaller cities, selection for the Baltimore job requires extreme care because of the city's peculiar problems and multi-industry set-up.

The successor, Mr. Ewing went on, must possess the qualities of supervision and administrative ability as well as training in social work. This social work training, he added, is brought into full play when field work students come to the league for experience.

Mr. Allen, executive secretary in Baltimore since 1944, left on Wednesday, and is moving into a post considered as the top one for a league secretary.

Vacant for Year

It has been vacant for over a year since A. Maurice Moss left to become assistant to Lester Granger in the national office.

Starting pay for Mr. Allen in the Pittsburgh job is $5,600 a year and offers a larger opportunity for community service. This is a $600 increase over the Baltimore salary.

The Baltimore position starts at $4,000 and increases to $5,000; the Pittsburgh job starts at $5,000 and goes to $6,000.

The staff there includes an industrial secretary and field secretary. The league has organized its workers into block units which serve as a liaison between the community and the board.

Mr. Allen joined the Baltimore staff as industrial secretary in January, 1942. He assumed the post of executive secretary in November, 1944, when J. Harvey Kerns resigned.

Worked in Pittsburgh

Formerly, Mr. Allen was a worker in the industrial department of the Pittsburgh League, and a member of the research staff of the Pennsylvania State Temporary Commission on Problems Affecting Colored People.

He is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, and the son of AME Bishop A. J. Allen. In 1940-41 he was an Urban League fellowship student. He holds a B.S. in social administration from Wilberforce University, a B.D. from Yale University, and a master's from New York School of Social Work.

His wife is the former Elizabeth V. Banks of New Haven, Conn., and their children are Alexander J. 3rd, age 6; and Leslie Marguerite, 3.

Scoutmaster

One of Baltimore's more popular scoutmasters is Jackson Scott, who heads Troop 279 of Enon Baptist Church, a scoutmaster for nine years, Mr. Jackson is also a member of the church Brotherhood, the Peerless Glee Club and the American Woodmen. He lives at 914 Edmondson Ave.

Cold Germ at Day Village; 3 in Allen Family Stricken

Striking down the wife, mother and two children of Alexander J. Allen, Urban League executive, the cold germ Virus X has felled about 20 residents in the Day Village community within the last two weeks.

The lone hospital case reported was that of Mr. Allen's mother, Mrs. A. J. Allen Sr., who was carried to Provident Hospital Thursday when her illness turned into pneumonia. Wife of an AME Bishop, Mrs. Allen now is reported as "doing nicely" but must remain in bed for a week.

Meanwhile, Mr. Allen's wife, Elizabeth, and their daughter Shirley, are confined to bed at their home with the cold germ. The Allen's, scheduled to be in Pittsburgh Thursday where he is to assume the position of the Pittsburgh Urban League's executive secretary, has postponed his move in order to nurse his family. He is leaving the executive secretary's post in Baltimore.

He said this morning (Friday) that he hopes now to leave on Sunday.

Cases Taper Off

Physicians in the area reported that the presence of the germ, which is a form of influenza, was first noticed two weeks ago.

Dr. Harold Nichols, who is associated with Dr. Arthur Johnson, said he knew of 15 cases, but that Thursday was the first day in two weeks that no new cases had been reported.

Dr. William C. Wade added that it is hard at this time to determine the extent of the Virus X because the physicians yet must confer on the matter.

Reporting that he has seen four such cases, Dr. Wade stated that the prevalence of the attacks now is tapering off.

Democratic Dinner at Morgan Tonight

Representing a combined effort of Maryland democrats, a Democratic Dinner will be held tonight (Friday) 8 p.m. at the Morgan State College Refectory.

Free transportation will be provided to and from the dinner to persons who gather at 7 p.m. at the York Hotel, Dolphin St. and Madison Ave. The affair is being sponsored by the Citizens' Democratic Club, headed by Lloyal Randolph.

Governor Lane and Mayor D'Alesandro are expected to be among the some 700 guests.

Mayor Swears In Nicholas, Berry

Six appointees, including Dr. William Leroy Berry to the Baltimore Housing Authority, were sworn in Thursday by Mayor D'Alesandro.

Dr. Berry, member of the Provident Hospital staff and practicing physician for 25 years, succeeds Furman L. Templeton, AFRO personnel manager.

The other appointees are George S. Shriver, investment banker, and Gerald S. Wise, president of the Central YMCA board of directors, both appointed to the park board; Roszel C. Thomsen, president of the school board, and Dr. J. Ben Robinson, member of the school board.

Mr. Thomsen and Dr. Robinson represent reappointments. Dr. Robinson is also the school board's representative on the park board.

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Where . . . Dunbar High School Aud.
Caroline and McElderry Streets
When . . . . . . Sunday, March 5, 1950
4:00 P. M.
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Executive Secretary, Public School Association
Music: The Baltimore Chorale
— Composed of —
THE ELITE CHOIR
THE MARTHA MURPHY SINGERS
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(Gerald Burks Wilson, Director)
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HOLLIMAN'S STUDENT ORCHESTRA
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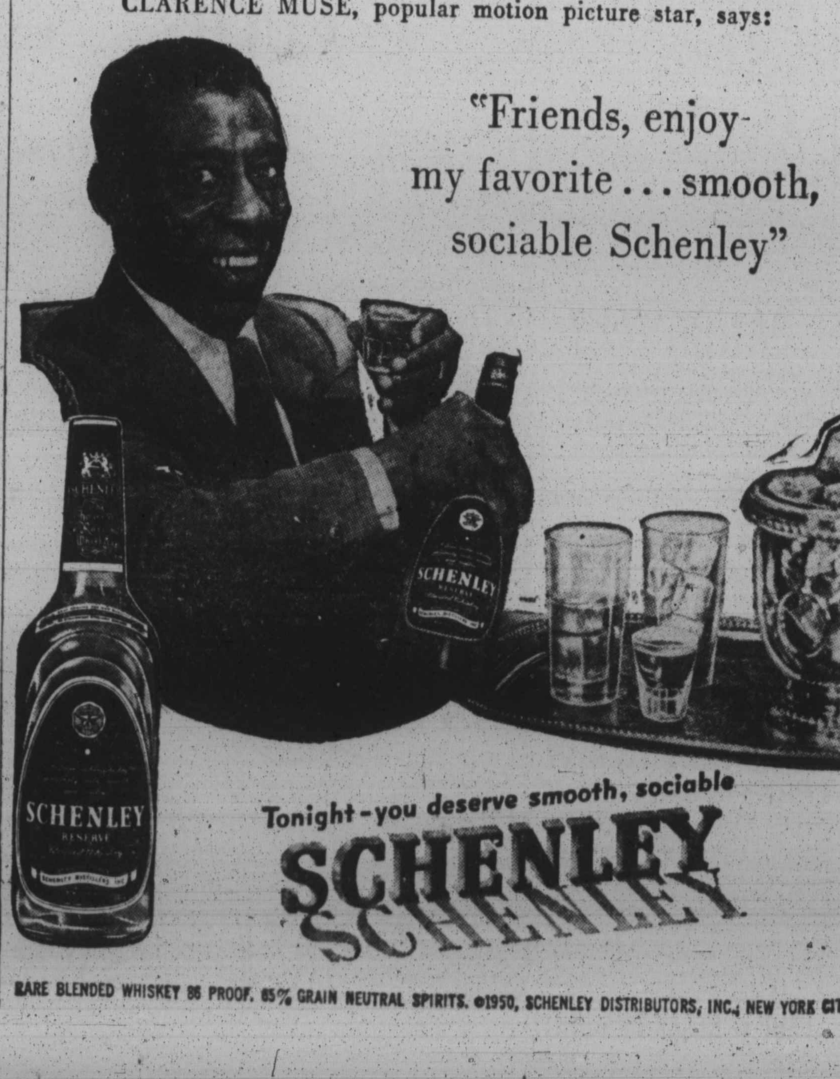

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RIDING THE RAILS IN A CLUB CELLAR

C. Earl Anderson, sits at control panel, directing operations of his nine sets of trains. He has devoted entire front of club cellar to house his hobby.

Broken Dreams Spark Train Collecting Hobby

By BIDDY WOOD

A "secret" desire to be a train engineer, trampled on by the big boot of discrimination, has turned the club cellar of C. Earl Anderson into an integrated network of trains, tracks, signal towers and depots.

The imbedded love for the clickety-clack of wheels and the moaning toot of whistles found its way into the heart of Mr. Anderson when he was just a boy with childhood fancies and ideals.

"Dad, take me down to watch the trains come in," was a common plea in the Anderson household when Earl was a youngster.

The thrill of watching the big freights roll in or the steam engines puff in, filled his childish head with the fondest dreams.

"Some day I'm gonna run one of those," young Earl would say, as he watched the masses of steel chug in, shudder and then with an "ethereal" burst of steam come to a stop.

Earl Anderson never got his big chance to touch the throttle of a real steam engine or a sleek diesel. It seems his skin wasn't the right color.

Through elementary school, then high school and finally graduating from what was then the Coppin Normal School in 1935, the lad progressed, with the burning desire to be a trainman and the lure of the tracks still tugging at his heart.

But Earl, by this time, had become a teacher.

Into the classroom Mr. Anderson went, teaching the "three R's," the clickety-clack seeping in between "C-A-T" and "D-O-G."

In 1936, his obsession stronger than ever, the young teacher decided to buy a train, one that he could set up in his parlor and watch as long as he wanted to, even if he couldn't drive it.

From pictures he had seen of the Union Pacific Railroad home yards in Omaha, Neb., trains he had seen in the movies and the ones that sped across the country, Mr. Anderson decided that his first train would be a replica of one of the Union Pacific speedsters.

A replica of "The City of Portland" was the first in Mr. Anderson's collection, to be followed over a period of 14 years by: "The Gold Coast," "The City of Denver," "The Flying Yankee," "The Broadway Limited," "The Portland Rose," "The Northwest Special," "The Black Diamond", and "The Continental."

Today these trains stand poised in regal splendor, amidst settings that typify the home yard of the Union Pacific, ever ready for their master's touch.

Their wait is never longer than a matter of hours, however, for every afternoon when Mr. Anderson, who is a fourth grade teacher at School No. 153, comes home, he throws the switch that sends the sleek replicas whirling around at riotous pace.

On Saturdays and Sundays, when the school doors are bolted tight, eager kiddies scurry to the Anderson home to watch the head engineer, Mr. Anderson, throw the switch, see the trains dash around and around, hear the toot of the whistles and thrill to the cranes loading and unloading.

This spectacle on wheels, which the head engineer avers "is far from being complete," include:

Nine sets of trains, a representation of every type of engine, an electro-magnetic crane that picks up pieces of steel, loads and unloads switch controlled box cars that unload cans of milk and boxes, engines that puff artificial smoke;

Coal elevator that loads box cars, switch controlled cars that dump coal, lighted Union Pacific railroad terminal surrounded by a modern community, signal towers, freight depots, a lumber yard and automatic crossing gates that come down whenever trains are approaching or crossing.

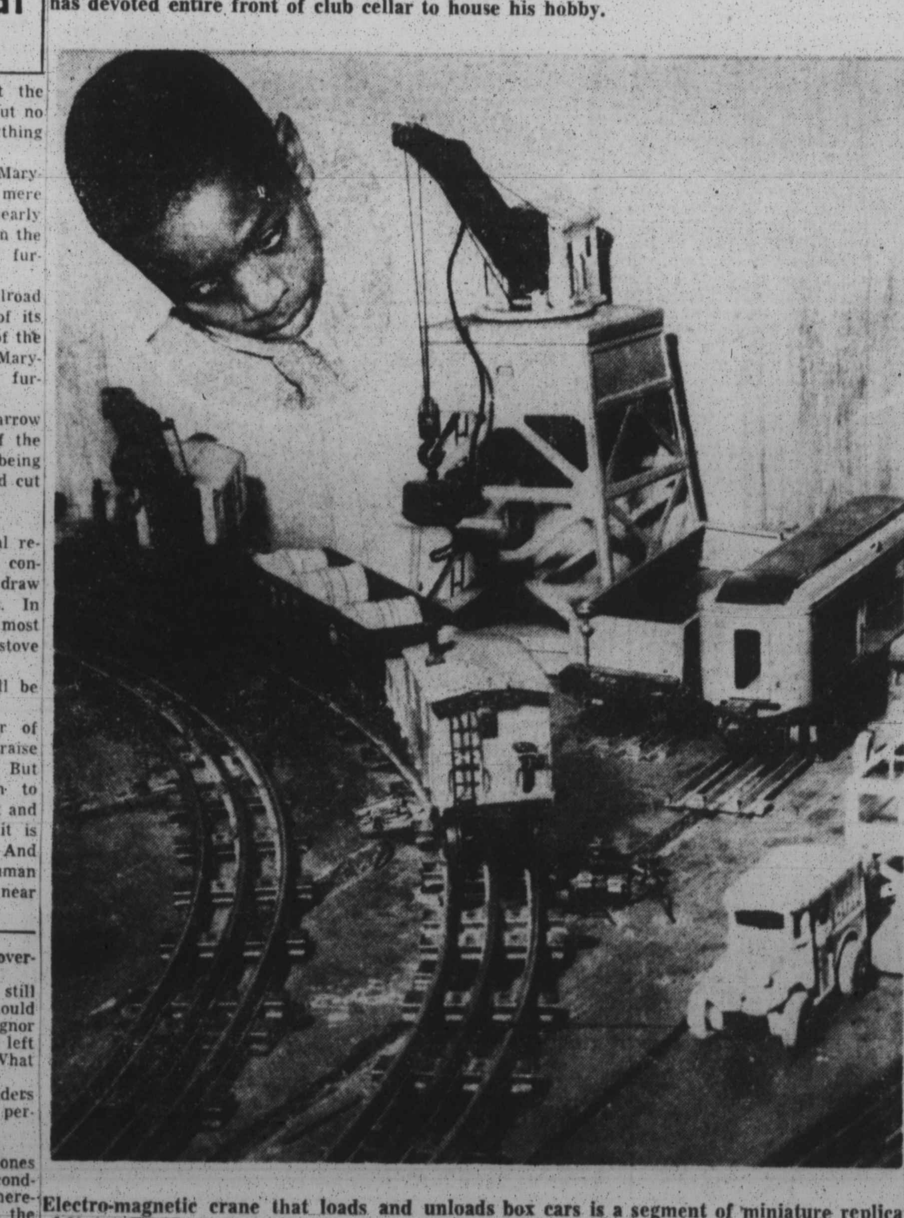
These and many more mechanical exhibits comprise the "railroad extravaganza" that fills the whole front portion of the Anderson club cellar.

Though the collection to date cost nearly $700, the exhibit is worth far more than that in dollars and cents. All of the collection was not purchased, the specially built platforms that support the trains and tracks being results of Mr. Anderson's own handiwork.

Maintenance is also his department, with the trains being oiled at least once a month and a well-trained ear constantly on the alert for squeaks and rattles. A wreck is not an uncommon occurrence either, on the "Anderson Lines."

Mr. Anderson and his wife, Mrs. Palestine Anderson, live in their newly acquired home at 2319 Windsor Ave. They have no children.

The trains, which are a part of their home, stay up year-round; and the former youngster with the wide eyes and the love of the tracks in his heart, is now the man who had turned his "secret" desire into a miniature reality.



Electro-magnetic crane that loads and unloads box cars is a segment of miniature replica of Union Pacific Railroad yard in Anderson home. Enthusiastic youngsters like George Turner, 11, constantly drop-in to view this extravaganza of tracks and wheels.

Sob Sister

School Daze—Dear Old Broken Rule Days

By Ruth Jenkins

The sound of a kiss between two 16-year-old high school pupils in Bethany, Okla., resounded around the country this week.

In defiance of school regulations, a boy pupil kissed a girl pupil as he crowned her basketball queen.

Fearing punishment, some students staged a walkout, several were suspended, and now indignant parents are planning court action against the school administration.

Seems as if the straight-laced religious sect which governs the school frowns on public kissing, cigarettes, beer and women in shorts.

Something Added to Curriculum

In other words, the three R's here mean only restrictions, repressions and rigor mortis.

Well, maybe cigarettes, beer and women in shorts have no place in a high school, but that kiss certainly helped to improve the school curriculum.

In geography, it put Bethany on the map; in history, it made some; and in arithmetic, it proved that the children taught to "multiply and replenish the earth" have learned that kisses go with that multiplication table.

Scratch Pad

Learn About Living Early
Mother Can Start It Off
No Short Cuts to Peace

By Mae Morris Medders

Got to talking with a minister the other day. He said the world can do with fewer professional women; what it needs is more mothers.

When you think about it, that's pretty sound reasoning. Not just mothers, in the sense of the word, but good mothers—that's what the preacher meant.

A mother at whose knee a child can learn the sense of truth, justice, love and honesty. A mother who can teach her children the values of human understanding, Christian principles and self-respect.

Can Help Them Set Goals

A mother who can encourage her sons to aim for perfection and her daughters to strive for the earthly divinity that she possesses.

And a mother with patience, humor, wisdom and the gumption to make her child understand that he or she is just as good as any other, and to see that he or she acts like it.

For the child reflects the attitude and opinion of the parent. And the adult subsequently reflects the habits and thoughts of the child.

Will Work for Peace

Equipped with the universal truths from childhood, mankind, at full growth, will see no need for wars, racial hate, conflict and poverty.

He will know, instead, that all men are brothers. He will recognize peace as the solution for the world and everything in it.

And his eyes will shine with the glory of God.

Strike Up The Band

By RALPH MATTHEWS JR.

Now that everyone else has commented on the Ingrid Bergman caper, I'll put in my belated two cent worth.

I had been so used to seeing Ingrid on the screen, portraying goody goody girls, saints and such, that it was beginning to get annoying; to me, that is.

I would sit through the latest Bergman tear-jerker and weep along with the rest of the audience as Ingrid went through her paces.

After drying my eyes, I'd get up wondering how one person can have so many troubles. Most of Ingrid's roles, as I remember them, had to do with sweet young lassies who either ended up dead or went through so much turmoil that death would have been preferable.

Life With, Bacall Better

It was sickening. After "Joan of Arc" I was ready to throw in the handkerchief.

I decided to stick with Lauren Bacall whose roles usually were concerned with bad girls who ended up good and rich to boot, not to mention staying alive through all eight reels.

Ingrid, I thought, must be a dull Alice-sit-by-the-fire whose Swedish blood had frozen in her veins.

Then, lo and behold, she went to Italy, met Roberto Rossellini —and what happened is history.

Made Rita Seem Prude

Our goody-goody girl has more than outdone her sister-star, Rita Hayworth. Compared to Ingrid, Rita was a perfect prude.

Now that it has all happened and people have taken sides, I guess I'll have to reach a decision also. Somehow, I can't make up my mind.

Jimmy Fidler, in his recent broadcasts, has been having conniptions, giving Ingrid all Hades and sounding like somebody's maiden aunt about the whole thing. I don't think this is the right approach to the subject; there's no need to get hysterical about it as some have done.

This attitude only serves to heighten the scandalous affair and impress the young minds such people profess to be protecting.

Mustn't Be Too Casual Either

On the other hand, it does no good to say merely: Well it's her life, her baby; forget it. That's possibly a little too casual, especially if this attitude should reach our children.

Okay! What shall be the decision regarding Miss Bergman's faux pas? It seems to be a question of morals, and I know of few persons really qualified to judge social conduct. Half of this group has long been dead.

I'll conclude this way: It was most unfortunate that Miss Bergman had to be impulsive — who is hypocritical enough to deny the existence of passion? It was even more unfortunate that a sensation-hungry public got wind of her indiscretions.

Skeletons Enough at Home

And it is indeed tragic that certain people who evidently think themselves gods should be in a position to condemn without consideration.

These latter-day Anthony Comstocks should look to their own closets. They are probably overflowing with skeletons.

One thing bothers me. I still don't know just how I should judge Miss Bergman and Signor Rossellini; maybe it should be left to a much higher court. What do we mortals know?

All the same, society considers adultery immortal, which is perfectly right.

We Condone Worse Sins

Our American society condones lynching, jim-crowism and second-class citizenship. It is, therefore, Christian, according to the white folks, to treat a human being as inferior.

Come the Millennium

By Louise K. Hines

. . . and to me Brotherhood Week is like an annual dress rehearsal for a big drama which always fizzles out before opening night.

An interested public fashionably rain checks its prejudices. Some time-hardened barriers are eased back to take curious samplings of what would happen . . . if full democracy were given a chance.

Brotherhood Week is heralded by the press, radio, television, the church, the cinema, schools and social agencies.

For seven days the hollow words ring out. The proper gestures accompany them. There is a strained effort to realize that barriers are wrong, that fundamentally, people are the same.

Actors Get Muscle-Bound

But the "actors" become muscle-bound at the end of a week. They envision an avalanche of traditional disapproval at the end of the set time limit.

This show can't go on. So back into the pigeon-hole of good intentions it goes, beside its predecessors.

Troupers all, the Brotherhood Week proponents check off another routine performance and things get back to that unhappy normal. For some men, justice will begin and end with whom they are.

newsbeat

By Rufus Wells

Everybody's talking about the city's shortage of soft coal, but no one seems to be doing anything about it.

The flow of soft coal into Maryland has been reduced to a mere trickle, and as a result nearly 10,000 persons, not involved in the miners' strike, have been furloughed from their jobs.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad already has let some 7,700 of its workers go for the duration of the strike, while the Western Maryland Railway Company has furloughed approximately 1,100.

At Bethlehem Steel's Sparrow Point plant, five per cent of the workers—1000 men—are now being laid off because of a one-third cut back in coke production.

Must Innocent Suffer?

With stockpiles of soft coal reduced to an all-time low, consumers are being forced to draw heavily on hard coal supplies. In many local retail yards the most popular hard coal size—No. 3 stove variety—has been sold out.

Soon the coal shortage will be felt by nearly everyone.

Personally, I am in favor of unions, and of their efforts to raise the workers' living standards. But when union activities begin to jeopardize the income, comfort and health of innocent persons, it is time some action was taken. And I have a feeling President Truman will take that action in the near future.

Teachers Turn Thumbs Down on Local Hotels

By NICK AARON FORD
(Ph.D., Professor of English, Morgan State College)

The recent annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English was one of the most encouraging experiences in American Democracy. The sessions were held at the Statler Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y., where most of the delegates, including me, were housed for the four-day period.

To me, the climax of the meeting was the announcement by the officials that an invitation to meet at Baltimore next year had been flatly turned down because there was no guarantee that colored delegates would receive equal accommodations and treatment at local hotels.

This momentous decision was made after the members of the organization had reaffirmed the so-called Minneapolis Resolution of 1948 in which the council went on record against holding meetings in any cities where equal facilities were not available for both white and colored teachers.

This is most remarkable when one realizes that only a dozen colored teachers were present at the national meeting which boasted a total attendance of approximately 2,500 teachers.

The invitation to meet at Baltimore was not rejected because of pressure from the colored delegates, but because there was a genuine desire on the part of the vast majority to let the nation know the council's stand on civil rights and human equality.

The National Council of Teachers of English has a membership of nearly ten thousand teachers, representing every State in the Union.

More than a hundred English teachers in the high schools and colleges of Baltimore belong to the organization.

It is a challenge to Baltimore teachers to rise up in righteous indignation at the state of affairs in our fair city which forbids the convening of a great, humane organization in our midst.

Unless we, as local English teachers, exert ourselves to the limit in an effort to remove this stigma, I don't see how we can face our colleagues in the North and the West with dignity and self-respect.

One of the most thrilling experiences of the session for me was to hear a young white teacher from Georgia say, in an unmistakable Southern accent, that despite the "restrictions of Governor Talmadge's classrooms," he always takes a stand for the benefit of his students on the controversial subjects of race and civil liberties.

Of all the teachers in the American schools, the English instructor has a greater responsibility for the practice and encouragement of the recognition of the dignity and worth of all human beings regardless of race or national origin.

The English teacher is the guardian and interpreter of the great American heritage in literature and art.

The greatest truths that have ever been uttered on the meaning of brotherhood and human worth have been uttered by the poets, dramatists, and fiction writers which English teachers are required to teach in every high school and college in the nation.

If English teachers had accepted their responsibilities for human relations and had striven to translate them in appropriate action during the past quarter of a century, there would be no city in America today where equal facilities would be denied colored members of the professions, as well as colored people in general.

English literature is required in every American high school. Two of the greatest English poets are William Wordsworth and John Milton, both of whom did their greatest writings on subjects pertaining to human freedom, human equality, and human brotherhood.

How anyone can truly teach Wordsworth or Milton without stressing these paramount aspects of their works I cannot understand.

American literature is also required in every American high school and college. Four of the most outstanding American poets are Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Whitman.

The major themes of each are the dignity of the individual, the freedom of the individual, the equality of all people, and the brotherhood of man.

How a teacher can truly teach the spirit of these men and remain callous to the practical implications for human relations is beyond my understanding.

But despite the awful shame such an indictment of English teachers causes us to suffer, there are many encouraging signs that indicate great hope for the improvement of the situation in the future.

One of the signs which I saw at the recent meeting of the council was the tremendous enthusiasm with which the audience of teachers, representing the South as well as the North, received an address by Sterling Brown of Howard University on a subject not connected with race.

Professor Brown spoke on "The Creative Impulse and Its Role in the Growth of Personality." Usually an audience, even a learned one, expects colored singers to sing at least one group of spirituals and speakers to speak on subjects pertaining to the race.

But as I walked through the hotel lobby after Professor Brown's address, a group of Catholic Sisters from St. Louis, accosted me to say that for them and for many who sat in their vicinity, "Mr. Brown's address was the highlight of the whole convention."

Another encouraging sign I observed was the eagerness of Southern teachers to seek conversation with colored delegates.

On several occasions men and women from Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri extended their hands to me in introduction and proceeded to draw me into interesting conversation.

Because of these recent experiences I am more determined than ever to accept my responsibility in the field of human relations.