Through The Years

A Chronology Of Major News Events From the Files Of The AFRO-AMERICAN

Fifty Years Ago
1902

Press: AFRO readers were urged to support all colored journals for the elevation of the race as the Booker T. Washington plan.
Dormitory: Rockefeller Hall, new three - floor dormitory for boys at Tuskegee Institute, was near completion.
Voters: Under Richmond, Va.'s new constitution, compelling voters to pay poll tax by Sept., a majority of the colored vote was barred out. Of the 8,843 who registered, only 760 were colored.
Doctor: Dr. V. Bowen of Philadelphia moved to Frederick, Md. to set up his practice in the office of Prof. George T. Day.
Dedication: Bad weather caused dedication of Grace AME Church, in Catonsville, Md., to be postponed until a later date.
Lynching: Utt Duncan was taken from a county jail in Columbus, Miss. by a mob and hanged on a nearby telephone pole.
Strike: Riot broke out in New Orleans, La., due to street car strike there.
Parade: Remnants of Civil War armies of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Slocum, marched down Pennsylvania ave. in Washington.
Education: At the 22nd annual session of the Farmer's National Congress, which met in Macon, Ga., a demand was made that education be provided for those interested in agriculture and that the field be titled as a 'profession.'
Citizenship: U.S. Circuit Court passed ruling that a citizen of Puerto Rico is not a citizen of the United States.

Forty Years Ago
1912

Appointment: Dr. C. H. Marshall, prominent physician in Washington, was unanimously appointed by the six judges of the Supreme Court of D.C. to the board of education.
School: Louisiana state legislature requested that the property of Southern University be sold and the proceeds go to build an industrial and agricultural school in rural section of New Orleans.
Housing: Validity of the housing segregation law in Baltimore was contested by W. Ashbie Hawkins and George W. McMechen, attorneys, when John Gurry was indicted for violating the law when he moved into the 500 block of Laurens st.
Church: Plans for a new $35,000 church building were made by members of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Pittsburgh, Pa.
Progress: Scientists in England, Germany, France, United States and Brazil cited the fact that the colored race was the only group which has offered true competition to whites in sciences, arts, literature and mathematics.
Promotion: Capt. Charles Young of the Ninth Cavalry was promoted to rank of major in the regular army and assigned to post of military attache in Monrovia, Liberia.
Death: Mrs. Annie Waters, wife of late Littleton T. Waters, first colored man licensed to preach in Eastern Shore, died. She was one of the oldest members of Waters AME Church in Baltimore, having been active in the church 50 years.
Sign: At the meeting of the International Congress on Hygiene in Washington, a placard was exhibited stating that all city colored persons are infected with loathsome diseases, the result of immorality.
Religion: The Rev. Andrew Jones, better known as Prophet Jones, prophesied that there would be a great calamity in Baltimore if the people continued to seek entertainment in the theaters and bars instead of attending church every night.
Employment: Booker T. Washington, president of the National Business League which met in Chicago, stated that there were openings in the South for 5,000 dry goods stores; 8,000 grocery stores; 3,500 drug stores; 2,800 shoe stores and 1,500 millinery stores.

Thirty Years Ago
1922

Abroad: Dr. R. R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, accompanied by Major Allen Washington, of Hampton Institute, sailed for Europe where he gave a series of talks in Scotland, England and France.
School: Francis M. Russell became superintendent of Douglass High School in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Religion: Fear spread through the Washington organization of the Ku Klux Klan, which had been holding small initiations on the outskirts of the city, when a delegation of 35,000 Catholics, colored and white, marched through the city streets exhibiting its strength. The paraders represented the Holy Name Society in Washington.
Tonic: Dr. von Schrieder's new tonic, Herbs Of Life, cited as a godsend to any sufferer was a complete sell-out throughout the country. The Baltimore branch of the Herbs Of Life Medical Co. had to hire an extra force of 700 persons in the bottling and labeling departments to meet the demands of the customers.
Reunion: Separated during slavery when sold to different masters, Mrs. Mary Scott, Fairfield, Md. saw her sister, Mrs. Harriet Brown, Ballsville, Va., for the first time in 57 years.
Legislation: Delegation of the National Equal Rights League met with Senator Lodge, R.-Mass., urging his support of the petition requesting President Harding to call a special session of congress for action on the Dyer Anti - Lynch bill.
Lawyers: Admitted to the Washington Bar Association were John W. Love, Baltimore; Campbell C. Johnson, Washington and Walter Mazyck, South Carolina, all graduates of Howard University.
Puzzler: The question that stumped Commissioner McDonald in U.S. Court of Washington when Charles Luck was caught transportating two colored girls from Springfield to Harrisburg, Pa. for immoral purposes was: "Can this man be charged with white slavery?"
Labor: Representatives of Northern industrial concerns went to Washington to recruit colored labor from the South.
Sports: Fritz Pollard, former football star at Brown University and former coach at Lincoln University, played halfback position with the Milwaukee Professionals.

Twenty Years Ago
1932

Politics: Colored delegation of the Republican Planning Committee attended a six - hour banquet at the White House as guests of President Hoover.
Investigation: Six U.S. senators assured the NAACP that they would support the resolution calling for a probe of slavery conditions in the Mississippi Flood Control project.
School: 14 students, including professors at Howard and Fisk Universities, enrolled at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass.
Dentists: Census report showed there were 1,930 colored dentists in America, 27 of whom were women.
International: Liberia sent petition to League of Nations headquarters in Geneva, Italy, asking to be allowed to work out its own solution as a national entity. Liberia also refused the League's proposal of white rule.
Population: Colored population in Buxton, Ia., was four times greater than that of the white population. The city was governed almost entirely by colored.
School: 500 students enrolled at Howard University.
Resentment: Robert R. Church, GOP boss in Memphis, Tenn., reported that he was through with President Hoover.
Sports: Carl Murphy won the green jug in Morgan Park Croquet Club, Baltimore, by defeating the Rev. David Croll, vicar of St. James P.E. Church, with a score of 5-0.
Boxer: Pennsylvania Boxing Commission reinstated George Godfrey, heavyweight boxer, after a two-year suspension for foul in the Carnera fight, July, 1930.
Birthday: Robert Nathaniel Dett, director of Hampton Institute of Music, celebrated his 50th birthday.

Ten Years Ago
1942

Stage: Marian Anderson accepted the DAR invitation to sing at Constitution Hall provided there would be no segregation in the seating of the audience and that she could sing there in the future when on tour.
Letter: Lewis Jones, Texas graduate of Morehouse College, wrote letter to U.S. Attorney refusing to report for induction in the army because of its jim crow practices.
Shelter: New Jersey was the first state to prohibit discrimination in air raid shelters. Violaters were subject to $500 fine, or six months in jail, or both.
Employment: New York enforced a new state law prohibiting discrimination in war industries by ordering the Brewster Aeronautical Corp. in Long Island to remove the race and religion questions from the job application. In Baltimore, the B and O railroad freight house refused to hire colored freight handlers.
Books: J. Saunders Redding's book, "No Day Of Triumph," was released. Mr. Saunders was head of the English department at State Teacher's College in Elizabeth, N.J.
School: 2500 students enrolled at Wilberforce University and Howard University reported having its largest freshman class in history with over 350 students from 33 states and Africa, Bermuda and South America.
Housing: Because dormitories at Wisconsin University were turned over to soldiers and sailors taking special courses there, regular students who sought housing in private homes found racial discrimination.
Death: Mrs. Hattie Calloway Washington, sister - in - law of Booker T. Washington, died at Tuskegee Institute.
Scholarship: Emerson J. Brown Jr., Baltimore, was refused a scholarship from Morgan College to attend Howard University since the University of Maryland Law School was opened to all students.
YWCA: Baltimore YWCA bought the building in the 1900 block of Madison ave. from the Baltimore Hebrew organization.
Boxing: Sugar Ray Robinson defeated Jake LaMotta for his 125th straight win in the 10-round battle at Madison Square Gardens in New York City.

Dodgers Fans' 'Cherce' One Of Six Children

Joe Black, the third of six children born to Joseph and Martha Black, first saw the light of day on February 8, 1924. He has four sisters and a brother.

Educated in the public schools of Plainfield, N.J., he was graduated from Plainfield High School in 1942, his scholastic career being marked with outstanding achievements in football, baseball, basketball and track.

He entered Morgan State College, Baltimore, Md., in 1942 and was there for two years, going into the armed forces in July, 1943. After three service years, Black returned to Morgan in September, 1946, and resumed his athletic work, being named all-CIAA end in 1946 and 1947.

Career Begins

His professional baseball career began in the Venezuelan League in 1947. There he played in the company of such outstanding major league performers as Roy Campanella, who now is his catcher on the Brooklyn Dodgers; Don Newcombe, Luke Easter and Harry Simpson, of the Cleveland Indians; Saul Rogovin, of the Chicago White Sox, and Max Surkont of the Boston Braves, among others.

Joe played with the Baltimore Elite Giants for four years in the Negro National and Negro American leagues, before being sold, along with Jim Gilliam, to the Dodgers in 1950.

Family Man

Twice married, he has a daughter, Ann, 10 years old, by his first wife, and a son, Joseph Frank, four months, by his more recent union with the former Miss Doris Saunders.

Joe, Doris and Joseph Frank now make their home at 102 Decatur st., Brooklyn, N.Y., a long pitchout from Ebbets Field were the "man of the family" is making history on the hurling staff.

$3,500 For Hero On 'Joe Black Night'

Cash and gifts totaling approximately $3,500 were presented Joe Black on "Joe Black Night" at Ebbets Field, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers, recently.

Plainfield, N.J., admirers of the mound star of the Flatbush Flock sponsored the night in honor of their native son. And, in addition to a check for $2,000, Black received the following:

Pagoda Set

A pagoda set consisting of smoking stand, ash tray and cigaret lighter; a toaster set, loafer jacket, traveling kit, overnight bag, sport jacket and two plaques, one from the Plainfield Post of the American Legion and one from the Plainfield installation of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Tourist Alarm Clock

Also included among the gifts were a tourist alarm clock, from Epsilon Chapter of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity; a wrist watch from employes of the Plainfield Tool and Gear Plant, where his father Joseph Black Sr., works; A wrist watch from members of the Little League, kids' baseball organization of Plainfield; a 3-suiter from the New York Chapter of the Morgan State College Alumni Association, plus a raft of telegrams and congratulatory letters, one of the latter from Dr. Martin D. Jenkins, president of Morgan College.

GI Mailbag

Q—I have just filled out my application for training under the Korean GI Bill. Am I supposed to send it to the VA in Washington?

A—No. Send your completed application—along with a photostat or certified copy of both sides of your discharge or separation paper—to your nearest VA regional office. VA's Central Office in Washington does not process the applications.

Q—I have just returned to active duty and have surrendered my permanent NSLI policy for cash, so I now have the free indemnity protection of $10,000. My aunt was the beneficiary of my NSLI policy. Does she remain the beneficiary of my indemnity protection?

A—No. You must make new designations of beneficiaries. Under the law, they may be persons only within the following categories: wife, child or children, parent or parents, brother or sister.

Muslims Commend, Correct AFRO

Dear AFRO:

Your article, "Mohammadenism," (we prefer Islam) in the AFRO Magazine Section (Sept. 20th) has been brought to my attention. In my opinion, your paper has done a splendid job in its venture to give a fair picture of the world's great religions in the series in which you have discussed Islam.

The AFRO has published a picture of the Holy Prophet Muhammad. No picture of the Holy Prophet was made during his life or in the earlier centuries of the inception of Islam.

Any such picture alleged as that of the Holy Prophet is purely fictional and product of some Western mind.

Since the Muslims know that these pictures which are made for the purpose of portraying the Holy Prophet Muhammad are untrue, they resent such attempts and feel hurt by their publication.

The Taj Mahal

The other picture of Taj Mahal has been described in the AFRO as a Muslim Mosque. Actually it is the tomb of the Queen Mumtaz Mahal, built by her husband Shah Jehan.

The article says that the Prophet Muhammad set himself as a dictator after his flight to Medina. Islam has never believed in dictatorship. The Holy Quran describes consultation as the pith of a government. Again and again the Holy Prophet said that he was only a human being as others.

The AFRO also says that later he returned to Mecca and, from there, ruled all Arabia. True, that he did conquer Mecca, without any bloodshed, but he kept Medina as his Center, from the time of the Flight til his death.

Verbal Revelation

Giving a description of the Quran (Koran), the article says that in this book God sometimes speaks through the mouth of the Holy Prophet. We Muslims believe that the Holy Quran is, from beginning to end, the verbal revelations of God. The utterances of the Holy Prophet are compiled separately and are called Hadith.

The Holy Quran is not arranged according to the length of the chapters. Contrary to the general contention of the Western writers many shorter chapters come earlier in the book and longer ones later. The Quran was given a certain organization by the Holy Prophet Muhammad and has been kept absolutely intact both in its text and organization all through 1,400 years.

No Marriage Bans

Under the subtitle, "Misinterpretations of Koran Passages," it has been given to understand as if a Muslim is not allowed to marry an unbeliever. This is incorrect.

The Holy Quran, in the verse referred, has prohibited marriages only with the idolatrous people. As to the Christians, Jews, or any people who believe in a God-head, the Muslims have been explicitly permitted to marry with.

Nowhere in Islam is there an injunction permitting five women. Under some circumstances it allows up to four wives but such conditions have been clearly defined in Islam.

The Pilgrimage

The pilgrimage is not incumbant on every Muslim. The injunction of the Holy Quran says very clearly that it is enjoined only upon those who can afford the trip.

The article in the AFRO, no doubt well written, has skipped two rather important aspects about the teachings of Islam.

Firstly, Islam accepts and believes in the truth of all prophets of God including Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Jesus. The Muslims believe that they were all true messengers of God and all of them brought the Truth and Guidance.

It is the people, however, who later change and interpolate the teachings and make them obscure.

Equality Of Man

Islam not only vehemently believes in the Equality of mankind, irrespective of caste, creed or race, but has consistently practiced it through the course of its history.

Unlike most of the American churches, the Mosques are open for all races and nationalities. There is no color-preference in Islam, no idea of any superior race.

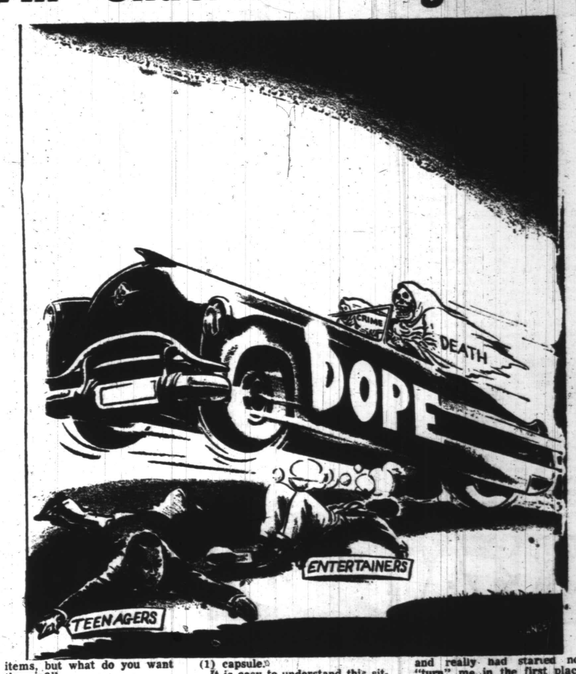
All men are equal before God and have equal opportunities in the society, claims Islam, and practices it.

KHALIL AHMAD NASIR,
Editor, THE MUSLIM SUNRISE

Confessions Of An Undercover Agent

DOPE PEDDLERS LINGO

SCORE—Obtain dope
ITEM—Capsule of dope
PANIC—Drug shortage in area
JUNK—General term, drugs
CUT YOU IN—Introduce you
FREEZE—Refuse a sale
BE DOWN—In jail
ON STUFF—Using dope
SPLIT—To leave a person
ARTILLERY — Needle or equipment for taking a shot of dope
PINK LADY—Seconal capsules
COASTER—Cocaine user
MISS HATTIE—Heroin
MONKEY ON THE BACK—Pain incident to stopping use of dope
MOJO—Dope
BOOT AND SHOE—Beggarly drug addict — also occasional small peddler.
BLOW—To sniff narcotic drugs
ALL LIT UP—Under the influence of a drug
CECIL—Cocaine
JOLT—Shot of dope
BIRDEYE—Small injection
JOY POP or POPPER—Occasional user
HOP HEAD — Regular user of dope
KICKING THE GONG AROUND —Smoking opium



By JOHN JASPER

Don't sit around moping or horoscoping; if you can score, you can get "all lit up" be it "item," "stick," "weed," "toy," "sugar," "snow," or just plain "junk."

If the "panic" isn't on you can score for fifty cents; but if the "panic" is on you will pay, and pay dearly if you "score."

The "panic" comes only when the long arm of Uncle Sam's agents reaches out to break up the narcotic traffic. And that long arm is continuously reaching out in most American cities.

Some people collect postage stamps, others old masters. I collect "junk," and my method is the ultra-modern method used by the Federal Government to investigate the dope traffic.

Pennsylvania Avenue

In the city where I was reared, the street which was most popular among colored people and the one which I regarded more sentimentally than any other is Pennsylvania ave. in Baltimore, Md. Along Pennsylvania ave. from Biddle to Pitcher sts. you can buy dope, and if you are a known addict, you won't have much trouble scoring.

In Philadelphia, known addicts can get all the dope they can buy in the area around Broad and South sts.

In Washington around 7th and T sts.

In Richmond around Second and Clay.

In Newark along West Kinney, and in the resorts during summer near any night club which advertises entertainment.

Dope "pushers" get to know most addicts and constantly provide illegal narcotics to satisfy their need.

Cut You In

Addicts have no trouble making it easy to make a "buy" unless purchased, but if you are plain John Doe (citizen) you won't find some known addict "cuts-you-in."

I got out in, and I have been buying dope ever since; but the difference is that when I make a "buy" I do it with federal funds, and the seller ends up in jail.

My debut into the society of dope addicts as an undercover agent began in one of the feenamed cities.

At the Federal Bureau of Narcotic's offices are kept thousands of case records, and there I got my introduction to the people who carried on the worse crime to invade the human race.

Those first days, I made a study of the pictures kept in the rogues gallery, and read case records of dope traffic in my district. Those pictures indicated that dope addicts could not be detected on sight, and probably never by observation. It is only through personal contact that users of narcotics can be established.

Pie Man

My first field assignment resulted in the conviction of "Pie Man."

Pie Man "froze" on me! Pie Man wouldn't "turn" me! Pie Man wouldn't let me "score;" that is, Pie Man wouldn't sell me dope on my first encounter with him.

On a hot day in summer accompanied by a narcotic informer, who was also an addict, I made my first visit to Pie Man's place of employment, for the purpose of buying some dope. The informer was doing business with Pie Man, and he was to "cut" me in. As we entered the bar, where he worked as a bartender, Pie Man froze. He pretended that he didn't know the informer, and although he served us several drinks, he avoided all conversation.

My informer said, "This cat ain't acting right! Does he know you?"

I assured him that I had never seen Pie Man before, but suggested that we make no attempt to score. We sat there for several hours and made no conversation with him. As we departed, Pie Man gave us a smile of relief, and said, "Come again!"

Coat Was Give-A-Way

Later at the bureau's office, it was determined that Pie Man's attitude might reflect in that I wore a coat in a 90 degree temperature, when everyone else was in shirt sleeves. This agreed, I arranged with my informer to try again to score from Pie Man on the next day.

On the next morning, I found Pie Man's picture in the rogues gallery, and although he had no previous convictions, I learned from this file that he had been involved in a case handled by the local police narcotic squad for that city, and one of his accomplices was doing time for a conviction.

It was ascertained through cross references, that one of the two women arrested with Pie Man two years ago was still incarcerated, and with this information available to me, I decided to call upon him and with the help of my informer endeavor to score.

Have You Seen Sally

This time in shirt sleeves, I entered the bar, and ordered two drinks. My informer was of the opinion that Pie Man was not in the right mood to approach, but I was determined to "cut in." When he brought the drink, I asked:

"Have you seen Sally around lately?"

His reply was fast, "Daddy-O, I don't cop you, Sally? Sally?"

I answered, "Look Pie, what are you trying to do, freeze on me? You act like a square, you know a little gutty girl, named Sally? I thought that you were hip, but you act like you have never left the country. Yesterday, you acted real crazy, and now you talk like a real bust."

"Yesterday? Did I see you yesterday?"

"Were you blind yesterday? I came in to score and you acted like a real fool, and now you don't know Sally, well I like you!"

"Sally! Sally! Oh you mean Sally. Man she's down, got busted."

"Down? How long has she been down?"

"About four months, cat, cut the wrong man in on her and she fell. Feds got her."

The Freeze Melts

"No wonder you act like a fool. My girl's busted and you act like you don't know the time of day."

"Yesterday, man, I didn't see you yesterday."

I could see that he was lying, but his freeze had begun to melt, and I had at least got him to talk. I continued, "Everything happens to me. My girl's down; I'm sick and need some stuff — and you're acting like a fool!"

"What you need?"

"Ten items."

"Sorry, I ain't got ten items."

"You ain't got no brains either, I'm splitting with this town. What's the matter is the panic on?"

"Naw, man! ain't no panic, I just didn't know you, but if you knew Sally you ought to know she's been down for some time."

"How is she down? I know she was down, I been down myself, got out three months ago and been laying dead. But now I'm sick and need some stuff."

"Well it's like I told you, I don't have ten, but maybe I can let you have six."

"Six!"

I Take The Six

He was now endeavoring to sell me narcotics, and since this was the turning point, I would have to be exceptionally careful in order to score with Pie Man at all.

"Yes, sir, but if you'll meet me later, I might be able to get you the other four items."

"Man I'm so sick, I'll take the six items, but what do you want for the six?"

"Same thing, thirty dollars."

"Will you take twenty dollars for the six, and I'll give you ten for the four later."

He did not answer me, but pressed his fingers at the lower end of the fly of his pants and press the small white capsules out of the top of the seam. I gave him twenty dollars for the items, and quickly placed them into my watch pocket.

On Stuff

Pie Man smiled, "I saw you yesterday, but I didn't know you were on stuff!"

"I'm on stuff, but if I have to wait and score with you, I'd be pushing up tomb stones."

"It ain't like that daddy, see me on the corner after work — five o'clock, and I'll have the four items, and pick up that ten."

"At five, thanks Pie Man, and I'm going to split, because you act like the panic is on, and I don't want to get down. It ain't no life. See you on the corner at five."

Split means to separate, and with the six items tucked in my watch pocket, the informer and I left the bar.

Good Stuff

The next move was to get the dope received from Pie Man, down to the bureau's local office, so that a report of the undercover investigation and the purchase could be immediately recorded.

A brief test was made of a quantity of one of the capsules, and the remainder was sent to further analysis, and to collaborate the evidence in the case against Pie Man. The first analysis showed that Pie Man was peddling "good" stuff. The heroin was not cut too much. Unlike many other pushers the dope was well worth the underworld price paid for it.

The first part of this case completed, my next move was to follow through and try for the second "buy" on the designated corner at five.

Follow-Up Boys

These follow-up buys are the most disturbing part of an undercover investigation, for there is no way to ascertain how long a pusher will keep you waiting at the appointed spot.

Dope addicts have reported that they have waited as long as five hours to make a purchase of one (1) capsule.

It is easy to understand this situation, for when one develops a habit, it must be satisfied, and waiting to score is somewhat like searching for lost love.

There are other factors which compel addicts to wait on pushers. Among these can be the failure to score by the pusher from his supplier, or the investigations squads which sometimes makes the best spots too hot for transactions.

The case against Pie Man could have been considered closed, on the basis of one illegal sale, but it was duty to secure further evidence against him and we arranged for other agents to observe the transaction on the designated corner.

I was there at five, other agents placed themselves on the corner along the city bus stop, but in clear view of my position. Five o'clock passed, and Pie Man did not show. He didn't come at seven, and we decided to call it quits, at least for that day.

Out Hogging

His failure to show puzzled me. The next day I dropped in the bar to find out his reason for not showing on the corner. Undercover investigations are more successful if every event is followed through until terminated; and I was determined to get his reason for not keeping the previous arrangements.

Pie Man told me that he was "out hogging," "doing things he had no business doing" and had forgotten all about "it."

I told him that I still needed the dope, but he informed me that he had an stuff, his girl had gone to New York to score, and would return that night by nine, and I could make the buy at that time.

The news that she was in the "city" trying to score, inspired the investigation and broadened the scope beyond Pie Man, and I alerted the office that the catch might be larger than what had been originally expected.

However his leads did not materialize, and it was decided by my superiors to arrest Pie Man because he lied too much and close the undercover investigation of Pie Man, the dope pusher.

He was arrested that day, and as things developed he took a guilty plea, and told me that somehow he knew I was a "bust," and really had started not to "turn" me in the first place.

The case against Pie Man, resulted in the elimination of one dope pusher, but hundreds are being brought before the bars of justice in this same fashion yearly.

Thirty At Once

I have been associated with many such dope pushers, and many of these undercover investigations have resulted in the arrest and conviction of as many as thirty pushers during one continuous investigation.

Illegal sales of narcotics is a menace to our society.

It is perhaps the one single underworld endeavor which has no "honor among thieves."

Addicts hate pushers and regard them and people who, by their actions caused them to develop the dope habit.

Addicts are in most cases happy to be arrested for they seem to resign to the fact that at least last they can break a habit which was slowly, but surely taking their lives.

Addicts will generally tell their source of dope supply, and in many cases will aid in securing convictions against dope pushers.

The reason is that most addicts take the position that they would not have formed the habit, if it were not for the pusher, and they seem to detest pushers and usually co-operate in breaking up the illegal narcotic traffic.

Flight Never Stops

The amazing situation is that the sales of illegal narcotics never stops. I have found that despite the periodic investigations carried on new pushers take up the chosen and continue the circulation of dope.

You can bet that within a stone-throw of where you are reading this article some one is getting "all lit up." Yes! that junker is all lit up and he got that "bindle" to "blow" of "jolt" found the "artillery" and is now a "hophead" "coasting."

If he isn't "coasting" he's just a "joy pop or popper" trying to "kick a habit," but the "main-liner" aches for "Miss Hattie" and the "monkey on the back" isn't caused by no "panic"

He needs plain "mojo" and with out money he is just a "boot and shoe" dreaming about "Cecil" but would make a "pick up" on "Pink Lady" for a "bang."

The End

The Woman Who Told

James Farrar Knew He Could Not Marry A Servant Girl — He Would Kill Her First!

A SHORT STORY
By EDWARD WORTHY

James Farrar knew that he must tell Susan that their affair was at an end, and yet how could he when she had just told him that she was to become a mother? The mother of his child; this ignorant girl of his association with whom he was ashamed. He wanted to cry out at such a fate.

They were seated in the little house situated in the rear of "the white folks'" yard. The room was clean and in order, despite the fact that she toiled for the Temples ten hours a day.

She was saying: "So you see, James, "we have to get married, quick."

Married—as though he would marry her, no matter what the circumstances. Educated men did not marry ignorant servant girls. She had always been so simple and trusting.

How could he tell her that he had been actuated by the desire for the company of a woman, that night he had walked home from the little theatre, on the other side of the village?

Career Ruined

He was shocked and saddened by her revelation, but marriage with her was unthinkable. His career would be ruined. To marry her would put an end to his ambition.

Surely he had been a fool to come back home—to this little Southern town, he thought. But he had wanted to see his mother before opening his law office in Chicago.

He had been offered the position of principal of the little county school for colored people. He had accepted because he knew he would need the money, and a year or two wouldn't matter much.

And then, this affair with Susan Sistrunk had offered him an escape from the monotony of his existence. He hated to hurt her, but he had no other alternative. "We are not going to get married," he said.

She said nothing; only stared at him as though she could not comprehend the importance of his words.

Different People

"Don't you see, Susan," he went on, "we differ so in everything. We are like two people of different worlds. We couldn't be happy together."

"I understand what you mean," she spoke at last. "I'm not good enough for you."

"I don't suppose," she went on bitterly, "that it means anything to you that you are the only man I ever loved and that I give myself to you wholely—and my love, and all the time you were scorning me.

"Well, you still have my love, and me too, if you want me, and I've got a claim on you, don't forget, and I'm not giving you up."

He had hoped that she was going to be reasonable, but she had chosen to be disagreeable. He could leave town, but always, if she went to law, he would have a charge of bastardy hanging over his head.

He had every reason to believe that she would go to law—she wasn't going to let him get out of it without a fight. But she had sealed her doom by her attitude.

Murder In Mind

James Farrar intended to close that chapter of his life forever. He intended to kill Susan.

Before he left her he had, apparently, changed his mind in regard to the marriage, and had invited her to go with him on a picnic—just the two of them.

He had always carried books with him, and he would read to her; she had always liked for him to read to her. Then they would eat the appetizing lunch, and with it consumed, they would find the canoe that was usually tied up there and he would paddle down the lake for a mile or so.

The canoe and the lake all entered into his plans for the murder. He shuddered at the thought, but it was the best way out.

No one he knew ever saw them go on these picnics. He had always picked her up in a lonely spot and they had never met anyone on the country road that they knew. She had no kin to push a thorough investigation into her disappearance.

He could swim; Susan couldn't. To capsize the boat and swim back to the shore, once they were in the middle of the lake, would be an easy task for him, but for her it would be impossible.

Her body might be washed ashore, but with the stranded canoe about, who could say that she had not been alone when the boat capsized?

Can't Eat

Susan's sandwiches, pie and cake were as delicious as ever, but James Farrar found it difficult to swallow.

She came over to him as he lay on the ground looking up at the sky through the leaves and branches of the tree, and kissed him as she lay beside him and made a pillow of her arm for his head.

"After we're married," she said, "I'll learn to read and talk like you want me, so you won't be ashamed of me."

Her nearness peculiarly thrilled him; a cold chill passed through him, and he shuddered at what was to follow.

"Let's take some pictures," he suddenly exclaimed. He wanted to do something, yet he did not want to rush matters; he was nervous. He did not want to overplay his hand; he wanted to be composed or she might get suspicious and refuse to go on the water.

They were alone with nature—the trees, honeysuckle vines, the birds and creatures of the country their ecstacy and well being and and the lake. The birds thrilled, the ripple of the lake was audible.

Posed

She was posing, leaning against a large tree with her hands behind her head. He became conscious of the fact that she was not bad to look at. She had a well developed body.

Her hair was curly, but not without the application of the hot curlers; she had a surprisingly small mouth, and her skin was a smooth black, without a blemish. But it was her languid brown eyes that attracted your attention.

But they were of different worlds, he told himself, with his education and ambition, and she with her illiteracy; her only ambition was to have him for her own.

But he felt that he could never pull her up to his level, nor could she ever drag him down to hers. She must be gotten rid of once and forever.

After he had snapped the picture, she came over and threw her arms about his neck. He embraced her and held her close.

He could well afford to do this as this was his farewell embrace. An involuntary shudder passed through him.

"You do love me, don't you?" she asked, looking him in the eyes.

He placed his lips against hers.

"Funny thing," she mused, "at first I thought you meant what you said when you said you were not going to marry me. But when are we going to get married?"

"Tomorrow," he replied, and he smiled ironically.

Boat Ride

"But come," he said, as he disengaged himself, "let us take our boat ride so we can be getting back."

It wasn't really cool as James Farrar sent the canoe toward the center of the lake, but he congratulated himself for his thoughtfulness in bringing along the dry clothing that reposed under the back seat of the car; there was a breeze blowing, and after he swam ashore he would be cool. He had thought of everything.

He would clean up the remnants of their picnic after he got back to shore.

Nervous

They were nearing the middle of the lake. Cold sweat stood out on his forehead, and his nerves were in a bad way; he wished for a stimulating drink. But he had to go through with it, another opportunity like this might never present itself again.

He tried to work himself up into a fury at her. He tried to think of something that would raise her ire. He looked across at her. She was reclining in the other end of the canoe.

His wife! He smiled ruefully. He had a pretty good definite picture in his mind what his wife would look like—a woman of refinement and culture, but this woman, who failed to measure up to anywhere near these qualifications aspired to become his wife—the mother of his child—

Susan Sistrunk was watching him with a whimsical smile on her face. He was about to ask her what was amusing her when she said: "I told Mrs. Temple about us."

"You mean—you mean," James stammered, "that you told her where you were going today, and about—about—"

"Yes, everything," she put in.

James Farrar was stunned. There she was, seemingly, smiling knowingly at him, as though she was confident of her power. Could she have suspected his motive for inviting her to come here with him?

There secret was no longer a secret. He was checkmated, and somehow, he had a feeling that he wasn't sorry.

"It is time to be getting back," he said simply.

THE END

"He had a pretty definite picture in his mind what his wife look like, a woman of refinement and culture.

☆ Not So Loud ☆

A SHORT STORY
By ORLAN JONES

"There's plenty of reasons for not getting married right now," Brad said defensively.

"Name some," Linda demanded.

It was a funny sort of argument, this tiff between Brad Parker and Linda Hill. They were sitting on the sofa in the living room of the Hill home and they were thrashing the thing out in whispers.

"You just tell me why we can't get married," Linda fired back, carefully lowering her voice to a whisper again.

Not Enough Money

"Well, to begin with, I'm not making enough money. I'm just not in a position to give you the kind of things you are used to."

"Okay, that's to begin with. Now what other reasons have you got?" Linda urged.

"Well, I just don't think this is the right time to get married, that's all," Brad stammered.

He hadn't expected her to cry, but all of a sudden she was crying, and she was doing a mighty good job of it, too.

"You're holding something back," she sobbed, burying her head in his shoulder.

Go To Movies

Brad cautioned her again about her mother overhearing them, and when that failed, he tried kissing away the tears, but that didn't help either. Finally he said, "Let's slip off to a drive-in movie where we can be alone to talk."

"No. I won't go to a drive-in movie with you. I didn't bring up this business about getting married. You started it, but I'm going to finish it.

"You say you love me, but I'm beginning to wonder. We'll decide this thing out right here and now."

"All right, all right," Brad said "but please keep your voice down. If you must know, I don't want to get married right now because of your mother."

Tries To Understand

Linda tried to understand the meaning of his words as she dabbed at her eyes. She was a pretty thing, even when her make-up was streaked with tiny rivers of tears.

"You mean because you work for mother," she said, letting her coice trail off to a whisper again.

"It's not what you think," Brad said "I get along fine with your mother. She's got the best optical shop in town, and I learned everything I know about the business from her and your dad. It's just that I couldn't be married to you and have her as my boss."

Linda let the words sink into her mind. She hadn't really thought of it that way at all. It was true that her mother owned the business, but she depended almost entirely on Brad to see that things were taken care of.

When Linda's father died, Mrs. Hill had remarked several times that the business would have failed if it hadn't been for Brad. And that was long before Brad had started dating Linda. She was nothing but a giddy school girl at the time.

Necessary Evil

Linda had always felt that her mother really dreaded taking over the business. It always seemed like a necessary evil.

It provided an excellent living, and as far as Linda was concerned, that's all there was to it.

"But mother couldn't get along without you," she said weakly, not really knowing whether it was true or not.

"She couldn't when your father died," Brad said, "but she can now. She knows that business from one end to the other, and I'm just one of the hired hands."

He would have said more, but the conversation was interrupted by the noise of a car backing out of the driveway.

They ran to the door, but the car was half way down the block before they got there.

Mother Hear?

"Do you suppose mother heard us?" Linda asked, a frightened look on her face. "It's not like her to go off like that."

"I don't know," he answered, "but I'm going to call a taxi and we're going out." He was a little relieved that the departure of Mrs. Hill had ended the talk of marriage.

His attitude changed to one of sheer joy when he found the note on the telephone stand.

"Dear Linda," it read. "I am going to Chicago. I always wanted to. Please drop by the depot later tonight and pick up the car. I will leave the keys inside.

Tell Brad that my lawyer will contact him and give him the power of attorney to transact business for the store. I'm sure he can handle things.

"Hate to rush off without saying goodbye, but I was afraid you would object if I told you about the trip. And I have so wanted to get away from the office for a while — maybe for good. Love, Mother."

"She heard," Brad said, folding Linda into his arms.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

What do you mean, NICE, hard-working boy? I was a sailor once myself.

Slot Machine Hopefuls At Beachwood

A group of fun-seekers in one of the amusement areas of Beechwood park look wistfully for an assist from Dame Fortune as they try their luck at slot machines.

Ike's Crusade Not New--Reporter

BY RALPH MATTHEWS

ABOARD THE EISENHOWER SPECIAL — It was difficult for me to realize just how long the Democrats had been in office until I joined the Eisenhower train last week.

But here in the changing faces of the correspondents I saw written the toll that time has taken since I began covering political activities 16 years ago.

At first I thought I was among strangers, but as memory penetrated the mist I began to recognize first one correspondent and another who had ridden with me back in 1940 when I was the first reporter representing a weeky paper to tour the nation on a presidential campaign.

Willkie Was Candidate

Willkie was the candidate and for the first few weeks I was left rigidly alone.

Here assembled were the aristocracy of the journalistic world, the White House corps, members of the famous Gridiron Club, which hobnobbed with presidents and kings, radio commentators, political columnists and pundits whose every word were scripture to millions of readers.

Into this valhalla of the journalistic gods I came silently and unsung and there I was left to wither and die, so far as they were concerned.

Elaborate Receptions

As the great train came into each city, the local press clubs would extend invitations to the visiting dignitaries to visit their clubrooms, where elaborate receptions were held.

The men would superciliously slip the invitations around and the car would quietly empty, leaving me alone with no hint as to where they were going.

And then, one day, my old friend, H. L. Mencken, came aboard. He changed the whole pattern by refusing invitations unless I was included.

Many of those same men are aboard today, but they are different men. Some are thinner, some fatter, some gray and some bald, but most of all, they are warm and friendly.

Forced To Think Of Willkie

I could not help thinking of Wilkie, especially when the platform collapsed under General Eisenhower in Richmond, Va. I wondered if I were a jinx to GOP candidates.

I recalled the hectic night when a rabid partisan threw an egg and struck Willkie in the face and I also recall while campaigning with Gov. Dewey four years later when our train was rammed by another in the state of Washington and we were transported by bus to Portland, Oregon.

Every year since then, Governor Dewey has called us all together to a meeting of the "Castle Rock Survivors Association."

Never Lost A Candidate

When General Ike fell through the platform, I asked myself what next, but found comfort in the fact that I have never lost a candidate yet.

And I also meditated on not only how the