Valley Of The Shadow

"Now, boy, you know you killed that man as sure as you're standing there."

EX-LIEUTENANT GEORGE AMMONS, decided to treat his new German bride, SIGRID, to a round of Manhattan night spots in celebration of his birthday and her release from Ellis Island. They decide first on the Club Velvet where JOE PETERSON, a retired friend and pianist with a popular combo, is playing. Soon after GEORGE and SIGRID arrived, a waitress brings him a note from TED BARSTOW, owner of the Club Velvet, inviting GEORGE into his office.

GEORGE doesn't remember BARSTOW, but SIGRID refreshes his memory about the white G. I. he keyed over in Munich. SIGRID, however, is suspicious about the note and wants to leave. GEORGE insists that the club owner merely wants to be friendly and enters the office. Soon after the door closes two shots ring out. NOW READ ON:

A FOUR-PART SERIAL BY JAMES H. HILL

Part II "The Indictment"

For a brief moment after the sound of gunfire came from the direction of Ted Barstow's office, a tense silence fell over the right wing of the Club Velvet — although the patrons within earshot were trying to make up their minds that the reports they'd heard had actually been gun shots.

Their indecision turned to certainty very quickly, however, when the scared blond young man in an expensive soup-and-fish, burst out of the door screaming:

"Help! He's got a gun! Call the police!"

Sigrid, however, sitting with Joe Peterson, was transfixed, motionless when the elongated figure of Barstow burst into view. She stopped shredding her blue lace handkerchief as the color drained out of her face. Her eyes were wide, bright, glassy; and Joe Peterson detected the symptoms of a fainting spell a split second before Sigrid slid sidewise out of her chair.

But a new danger arose now, as the audience began to panic. There were screams, shrieks, and mad, bull-like rushes for all exits.

War - training quickens a mans reflexes in a crisis; and Joe Peterson was up to it. When the wild, rushing horde bore down on him and the comatose Sigrid, he pushed a table over on its side, braced his feet and put his head and shoulders against its underside as he dragged the girl up beside him.

The first onslaught of the stampeding patrons pushed them two feet, but no further. As long as the table held they would be safe—and it looked as though the table would bear up.

A woman screamed as she went down before the surging mass of frightened humanit; a man cried out in a shriek of agony as well-shod feet pounded over his body. An elderly couple was trying to crawl under a booth table.

Joe peered cautiously around the edge of the table after the first terrible onslaught. A few people were still cowering nuder tables and hiding behind chairs. Coats, capes, and stoles of every kind and price range, were scattered about. Such is the havoc wrought by the human animal in the face of imminent death.

Police Arrived

Joe looked around, toward the dais. It was clear. Not a single musician in sight.

The police came then—eight of them — shrilling their whistles brandishing their guns. They ordered some of the crowd back in and converged on the door of Barstow's office. Ted Barstow was right in the middel of them, still apparently in a high state of excitement.

Inside the office, ex-Lieuten- George shook is head, still trying to clear out the cobwebs. It was no use. The floor, and the patrolmen's legs all swam in crazy gyrations; but his thinking was clearer now.

He heard Barstow's voice, angry, indignant. "The damn guy killed by best friend! Damn near killed me!"

All of this was very confusing to George. He remembered walking into Ted's office on the latter's impulsive invitation; then a moment after he'd entered, smiled, and extended his hand in greeting, something lurry came from the left and tried to fear off the port side of his skull. He tried to say something as he staggered to his feet, but only a groan came out. Barstow brushed past the sergeant and hung a haymaker on George's jaw. George collapsed like an unstrung doll.

"The dirty, murdering dog!" the Club Velvet's manager screamed. He started to aim a kick at George's head, but the sergeant restrained him.

"If he killed that man in there we'll see he gets his bumps, Mister. Stay out of it. You called us in; now you're out of it."

Barstow looked like he was guilty to cry. "But poor Bill—"

"Bill looks to be just as dead as he'll ever be. You'll answer to a manslaughter rap if you word that man ever any more."

George didn't know it, but he was lying at right angles to another man who was wearing a gray pin-stripe suit, awn-colored topcoat, and two bullets in his head.

He didn't know, either that the man was an ex-gunnery sergeant with the U. S. Air Force, named William "Boom-Boom" Gundersen, and that he'd participated in the fight that night in Munich when George had clobbered Barstow. At the moment he was beyond knowing or caring.

The Third Degree

Down at Tombs, in a small, buff colored room, George Ammons had something more to worry about beside a sore skull and bruised jaw. He was sitting in a straight-back chair under a two-hundred watt clear bulb which hung about six inches over his head.

There was a green, metal shade on the socket-end of the bulb, so that the awful glare wouldn't get into the eyes of Homicide Detective Lieutenant Cay's pale gray eyes, and those of his two subalterns, Sergeants Cranford and Wells.

George was sitting in his shirt sleeves, with the hot light beating down on the top of his head.

He was sweating, and both eyes were puffed. His lips were bruised, too, and a thin trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth down around his chin.

The two sergeants were wearing skin-tight leather gloves, and they must have been professionals at this sort of thing, because there wasn't a single break in George's skin. Between them they had knocked out George three times, and brought him around with ice-cold douxings.

Lieutenant Cay was sitting on the corner of a desk, watching the tableau and swinging a leg. He was smoking an expensive Havana filler, big, and whenever George got hold of his senses, like now, he would begin a patient, low-voiced interrogat of a doting father, pleading with a wayward son.

"Now, boy, you know you killed that man, sure as you're sitting there in front of me. You admit the gun was yours; it had your fingerprints on it, and you had a motive. You hated Gundersen and Barstow because of that fight over a two-bit German tart in Munich." He paused abruptly, shook his head. "Oh, I'm sorry. I don't mean to speak bad of any man's wife."

George Ammons sat in a whirl of double-distilled hate. Somewhere a clock tolled the midnight hour, signalling the end of Georges birthday. Sigrid's slightly slurred admonition came back to him as clear as a bell. "I don't like this. I think we should go."

As open gloved palm exploded against George's cheek. His ears rang like a tire gong. By God, thoese hoods with cops badges seemed to get sadistic pleasure ont of torturing a man.

Cranford's gutteral voice said: "Well, you heard the chief, boy. Cat got your tongue?"

There were still gong-like reverberations in George's ear. The slap had actuated his tear-ducts and made him watery-eyed. "Like I told you, lieutenant, I didn't have nothing against Gundersen. Why that fight was nearly two years ago; and I didn't even remember Barstow until my wife recalled the fight. As for the gun—it's mine, all right; but it was stolen from our house a week ago."

His Own Luger

Lieutenant Cay sighed, but his eyes were hard. "Then why didn't you report it, boy?"

"Because, like I told you, I didn't have a permit for it."

Cay got up off the desk and put both hands on his hips, "and you still say that your gun,"the Luger that killed Gundersen, was the only thing that was stolen No money, no silverware, no jewelry!"

George was weary. He was almost numb to pain, now, but so very weary. "The gun is the only thing we've missed, so far."

The lieutenant strode up to within a yard of George, and looked down at him with arms akimbo. "You know, boy, I'm getting pretty fed up with that fairytale. Who do you think's going to believe a yarn like that A judge? A jury? Why, you don't even believe it yourself!"

George's innards wer flutterring, and his swollen lips trembled involuntarily. It was an incredible story; btu it was true none-the-less. "Before God, I swear—"

"Knock it off," the lieutenant cut in. "You're one o' those high-class d——s; don't know how to stay in your place. Your own women ain't good enough for you. You gotta get a white woman. You beat white man's time with this floozy, and when you get back in the States you bee-line to the guy's club to rub it in. Oh, I heard the whole—"

Unadulterated fury catapulted George Ammons out of the chair, but a pair of leather-covered fists launched him back into blissful unconsciousness. He didn't even feel Lieutenant Cay's brogan dig into his ribs.

Joe Peterson drove Sigrid away from the Club Velvet in George's new car. Sigrid wept continually on the ride down town, and Joe let her cy. Damming up her emotions at a time like this might have left her with a trauma.

(Continued On Page 11)

DEMOCRACY AT WORK IN BALTIMORE

Tolerance Sharpens WAAM's Cameras

Local TV station officials feel that their medium is to entertain and benefit all Marylanders, regardless of race.

By LOUIE ROBINSON

If there is any place in Baltimore where a democratic policy in race relations—or no policy in race relations—has been successful, it is at television station WAAM.

Since 1949, when it put on the first colored TV talent show in the city, WAAM has featured top amateur and professional talent, as well as plain and prominent citizens in the light of their participation in community life.

WAAM's practice on the program and audience level is integration. Its policy is described simply by Joel Chaseman, director of public service and publicity:

"You might say that WAAM has no policy in regards to colored participation in its programs," he explains. "That's because WAAM will feature people who are worth featuring in news or sports. The fact that they are colored or white has no bearing whatsoever."

This policy or lack of it, as Mr. Chaseman prefers to think of it—runs throughout the station's variety, sports and public service programs, and spills over even into its straight news broadcasts.

"No mention is made of race in new broadcasts unless it is important," Mr. Chaseman reveals.

WAAM does not consider that such mention is important in crime and routine news, but does think so in the case of awards presented to persons for outstanding service in race or human relations.

WAAM footed the bill for that first talent show, featuring Chuck Richards, in 1949, because the show had no sponsor. Then, with the backing of the Urban League and the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers, it turned its cameras on "The Fourth Man."

Probably the first such show of its type in the country, "The Fourth Man, spotlights Baltimore's colored citizens as they appear in community roles as one-fourth of the city's population.

A couple of weeks after "The Fourth Man" made its debut, a new talent review, headed by popular Tom Hawkins, went on the air as a weekly feature.

WAAM also puts on a special show each year for Negro History Week, and for the Urban League. In addition, it features prominent Baltimoreans in interviews and spot announcements as a public service.

Because sponsors shy away from TV time that is being used simultaneously by a popular performer on another network, most station - backed public service features run into stiff competition. And the fly in WAAM's public service ointment is Arthur Godfrey.

Godfrey, one of TV's top drawing cards, comes over another Baltimore station at 8:30 o'clock on Monday nights, just as WAAM is going to bat with "The Johns Hopkins Science Review," a cracker-jack feature that has won the station the Peabody award—which is to television what the Oscar is to motion pictures.

"The Fourth Man," which aims "to show the colored man as he lives in Marytand," has the tough luck of fighting the last 15 minutes of Godfrey's Wednesday night show, starting at 8:45 p.m.

But these things can't be helped.

Even the small fry have their day on WAAM. "Baltimore Classroom," which began in 1950, features school classes from all over the city in strictly unrehearsed, ad-lib sessions.

Famed entertainers who have made their way into WAAM's studios atop Television Hill include Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Jordan, Nat King Cole, Cab Calloway, Lionel Hampton, Josh White and family and the late Canada Lee.

Sports star guests have included Joe Black and George Rhoden.

Not the least of the television station's activities is a seminar held each year for college students, in which careers in TV are discussed by top men in the field. Among the students invited are interested groups from Morgan, Coppin and Bowie Colleges.

Admittedly, television as a career is a hard nut to crack. Mr. Chaseman gives the overall picture:

"While the openings are not plentiful for anybody on the local cene, the national networks are hiring colored. There are some good opportunities nationally."

WAAM got its start in November of 1948 as the youngest of Baltimore's three TV stations, but its lobby walls are lined with awards and citations from civic and industry groups.

The station was cited in 1951 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews for its "day to day contributions to brotherhood." Only one television station in the country is so honored each year.

Other citations for meritorious service have come from DuMont television network, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, American Red Cross, the March of Dimes, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Army and dozens of others.

Its role in Baltimore is perhaps best described by Furman L. Templeton, executive secretary of the Urban League.

"WAAM has been in the forefront in making its facilities available to the colored community in a constructive fashion," he says.

"There has been a much more wholesome attitude on its part toward all matters."

WAAM, Inc., is headed by Ben and Herman Cohen, president and vice president, respectively, who own most of the stock. The brothers also own a housing engineering firm, as well as other businesses.

Another stockholder, and executive vice president of WAAM is Norman C. Kal, head of Kal, Ehrlich and Merrick Advertising agency, one of Washington's largest.

Also among the original owners when WAAM has issued a construction permit by the FCC in the late spring of 1948 was the late Herbert Levy, liberal Baltimore attorney.

The 14th TV station in the nation to receive a permanent license, granted in 1949, WAAM employs about 80 people at its 15-acre plot on Television Hill in Northeast Baltimore.

The day-to-day operation of the station is supervised by Ken Carter, general manager, under whose direction WAAM's democratic practices have prevailed.

Tom Hawkins, radio and television personality, conducts interview with a Baltimore transit operator on his "Fourth Man" show, a weekly WAAM presentation about colored Marylanders. Program is supported by AFRO and Baltimore Urban League.

Talented Baltimore youth like Danny Camegys, Douglass High school pupil, and popular young singers, get their chance before WAAM cameras regularly.

Singer-pianist Rose Murphy (second from right) is one of many top-notch performers to appear on WAAM Miss Murphy, "The Chee Chee Girl", was a headliner one week on the Joey Adams Show, produced in Baltimore. From left to right, co-performers were Stan Fisher, harmonica ace; Mrs. Joey Adams, Ken Calfee, WAAM staffer; Joey Adams, comedian and author; Miss Murphy, and Pat Rooney Sr., dancer.

Biggest Funeral

(Continued From Page 7)

presented arms as the bugler sounded taps.

Expected 92nd Post

At the outbreak of the World War, Colonel Young, then a major had commanded troops in the Phillipine. insurrection and in Mexico with General Pershing.

He was in line to command the 92nd colored combat division, but was made to stand medical examination and was disqualified for high blood pressure.

Many believed that he was summoned before a military board purposely to disqualify him, and prevent his promotion to a brigadier generalship.

Colonel Young expected to go to France, and when forced to remain here training troops in camp, it is said the disappointment broke his heart.

His lasting contributions to the country are a map of Haiti, the first ever made, and said to have been used by the marines there, and data concerning Africa and its people, for which he was awarded the Springarn Medal.

Appointed From Ohio

He was born in Kentucky, March. 12, 1864, and after preliminary education at Wilberforce, Ohio, appointed to the Military Academy from that state June 15, 1884.

He was graduated August 31, 1889, the third and last colored man to leave West Point with a commission. Two years previously Lieut. Alexander, now dead, won his lieutenancy.

Lieut. Flipper, the other colored graduate, still lives, but is not in the Army.

Young was appointed a first lieutenant of calvary December 22, 1896; a captain February 2, 1901; a major August 28, 1912, and lieutenant colonel July 1, 1916.

He was retired as colonel June 22, 1917, and at the close of the world war was appointed military attache to the Liberian legation.

Ohio Passed Resolution

The esteem in which the state of Ohio held Col. Young is exemplified by the following joint resolution, introduced in the eighty-fifth general assembly, regular session, 1923.

"Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives of the eighty-fifth general assembly of the State of Ohio.

"That the adjutant general of Ohio be and hereby is authorized and directed to make and provide such arrangements and committee as shall properly represent the state of Ohio at the interment in Arlington, thereby showing to the memory of Col. Charles Young the respect and honor due a citizen of this state, who has rendered eminent services to this country.

The 8th annual contest to decide the AFRO's

IDEAL MOTHER

Your letters will decide outstanding mother for 1953. Winner will receive cash prize, all-expense-paid trip and will be feted in two cities by the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers.

Who Is The Ideal Mother?

That kindly soul in your community who has brought up her children in a manner that sets a fine example, whose children have made contributions to bettering the lot of mankind; that, in a nutshell, is what makes an Ideal Mother whom you can nominate for the 1953 AFRO Magazine award.

In 1946, the selection was a Pennsylvania civic worker, mother of four children.

In '47, an Ohio civic worker, with eight children.

In '48 a North Carolina rural homemaker, with nine children.

In '49, another North Carolinian, a schoolteacher and mother of seven.

The 1950 Ideal Mother was a Richmond, Va., church worker with three children.

In '51, a Norfolk, Va., churchwoman was nominated. She has 15 children.

In '52, Mrs. Cleo Dix Williams, of New Bedford, Mass., and first New Englander to win, was named Ideal Mother. She is a minister's wife and mother of six children.

Who will it be in '53? Your nomination might be the winning one. To enter, see list of rules on this page.

PRIZES

All-expense trip to Baltimore and Washington as guest of the AFRO.

Guest of honor at a tea sponsored by the AFRO.

Complete spring outfit.

$25 cash award.

Rules For The Contest

You can help the AFRO Magazine find a mother who typifies all the fine characteristics of the parent honored nationally on Mother's Day.

All you have to do is send in your nomination. It may be your own mother or a friend or merely someone you know or have heard of.

Contest opens: February 21

Contest closes: April 18

Contest results: May 16

Description, biographical information and reasons for nominating Ideal Mother must not exceed 200 words.

All entries must be accompanied by a clear glossy photo of the nominee. (No photos will be returned.)

Nominations should include Ideal Mother's age, schooling, number of children, their occupations and Mother's activities.

Send entries to AFRO Magazine Ideal Mother Contest, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Maryland.

Nearly Two Tons Of Educational 'Brains' Represented In This Picture

If you figure the average weight of the college presidents shown in this picture is 150 pounds, there are 3,900 pounds or nearly two tons of educational brains represented here. The photo was taken recently when these United College Fund presidents assembled in San Francisco. Left to right seated front row:

W. J. Trent, Sr., Livingston, College; J. S. Scott, Wiley College; D. R. Glass, Texas College; Florence M. Read, Spelman College; F. D. Patterson, Tuskegee Institute; H. L. Trigg, St. Augustine's College; W. R. Strassner, Shaw University; M. S. Savage, Huston - Tillotson College.

Middle: J. H. Lewis, Morris Brown College; H. C. Warren, Tougaloo College; J. W. Colston, Knoxville College; A. D. Gray, Talladega College; C. S. Johnson, Fisk University; A. Moron, Hampton Institute; D. D. Jones, Bennett College; J. P. Brawley, Clark College.

Back Row: A. W. Dent, Dillard University; J. A. Bacoats, Benedict College; H. M. Bond, Lincoln University; H. F. Price, LeMoyne College; H. Liston, Johnson C. Smith University; M. L. Harris, Philander Smith; Richard U. Moore, Bethune-Cookman College; W. J. Trent, Jr., director, United Negro College Fund.

Looking For Someone?

(Have you lost touch with a dear relative or friend? This column has helped hundreds of readers find their loved ones, free of charge. Write Looking for Someone, AFRO Magazine, Baltimore 1, Md.)

MRS. CARRIE GRIER, 816 E. 7th st., Charlotte, 2, N.C., is looking for her son, JOHN LOUIS HEMPHILL, 25, last heard from in June, 1952, at Lodi, California.

JOHNNIE JAMISON. Anyone knowing this man's whereabouts please contact the National Desertion Bureau, 105 Nassau st., New York, 38, N.Y. He is the husband of MRS. LELIA JAMISON. Mr. Jamison is 32, five feet, four inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. He was employed as a porter.

MISS ELOISE BROWNLEE, 39, Short St., Asheville, N.C., would like to find MRS. JOSEPHINE BOGGS or her niece, MISS EMALINE PARKER.

MRS. NAOMI DAVIS MATTHEWS is being sought by D. Lindsay Baynham, lawyer, 1214 Pennsylvania ave., Baltimore, Md. Her last residence was in the 1300 block Laurens st., Baltimore, Md.

Last address, 133 W. 129th st., NYC.

MRS. LOTTIE CHRISTIAN, 1310 W. Jefferson st., Louisville, Ky., is looking for her father, LIGE NORRIS, last known address 5245 Michigan ave. and 1048 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. He was working for the Automatic Electric company.

MRS. VIRGINIA BLONDELLE BROWN - MATTHEWS WINN, nicknamed "Blonde" a native of Florence, S.C. is sought by her sister, MRS. SELMIA BROWN PEAVIE, Star Route, Box 17, Florence, S.C. Mrs. Winn left her sister's home in Oct., 1952 and was last seen in the Mars Bluff section of Florence County, S.C.

MRS. H. F. HENDERSON, 68 McClain st., Asheville N.C., is looking for EDDIE BROOKS, last known to be living in Memphis, Tenn.

CHARLES AND WILLIE SMITH, both brothers of Wilbern Smith, Box 143, Route No. 1, Hollins, Va., are being sought by Mr. Smith. Charles was reported to be in Detroit, Mich. and Willie was last heard from in New York. Mr. Smith also seeks his mother, MRS. ARTILLA BOLTON SMITH, who left Hollins to move to Philadelphia.

Just Penalty

Judge—"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

Prisoner — "You have, your Honor; I gave your daughter singing lessons."

Judge—"Thirty years."

BRAIN BUDGET

1. "Intransigent" means which: (a) irresistible, (b) uncompromising hostility, (c) on the way?
2. The material used for surgical stitches is from which: (a) cow, (b) cat, (c) sheep, (d) hog?
3. Which does not come from a bean: (a) pepper, (b) coffee, (c) cocoa, (d) castor oil?
4. Which varies according to altitude: (a) 212, (b) 3.1416, (c) 98.6, (d) 39.37?
5. Which donates money to cultural causes: (a) client, (b) patron, (c) patient, (d) disciple?

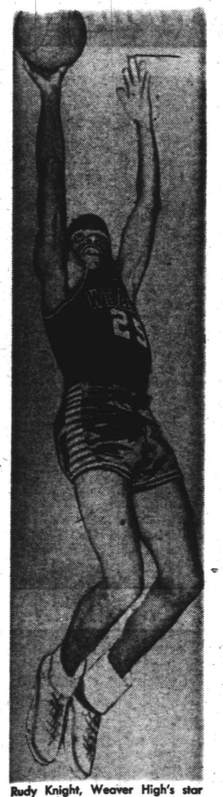
1.—(b) Uncompromising hostility. 2.—(c) Sheep. 3.—(a) Pepper. 4.—(a) 212 (boiling point.) 5.—(b) Patron.

AN AFRO EXCLUSIVE

Hartford's Hotshots

A group of hawk-eyed, fast-moving lads are making scholastic basketball history in New England.

By JOSEPH A. OWENS



Rudy Knight, Weaver High's star cager, leaps up for a quick goal. He is sought by many collegiate coaches.

Odds-on favorites to win the Connecticut State Scholastic Basketball Championship and further honors in the All New England Tournament, are the Beavers of Weaver High school in Hartford, Conn.

For the first time in the history of school boy sports in New England, a public high school is represented on the basketball floor with a starting team composed of five colored boys.

Of the nine players wro comprise the Weaver high varsity, eight are colored, with but one white boy on the squad.

Even more remarkable is the fact that of the student body of some 1,100 boys and girls, the greater portion are white. Colored pupils are in a minority in the classroom, but not on the basketball court!

Charley Horvath, coach of the team and one-time star athlete at the University of Connecticut is proud of his squad.

"Last season we won 14 games and lost three," he said. "We were knocked out of the state tourney by Bristol high, but I am sure that this year's club has the fighting spirit to carry us a long way."

Avenged Loss

The Big Green of Weaver avenged last season's tourney loss to Bristol by handing that school an early season wallopping this winter.

Thus far during the 1952-53 season the Beavers have lost but two games of a heavy slate. Both losses came when the team was not at full strength. In one of the contests that the boys dropped, leading point maker, Rudy Knight, was sidelined with a cold.

Knight, one of the most dynamic hellplayers ever seen on a scholastic court has been the rage of the schoolboy ranks for the past two seasons. Last year, his sophomore in school, he was one of the state's leading scorers. This season he is destined to win honors going away.

A nephew of professional cage star Bobby Knight, young Rudy, who stands an even six feet, specializes in tossing one hand jump shots through the hoop. He is also adept at pitching one hand push shots from long range to tally points.

Though Rudy is only a junior in school, college mentors have come from near and far to scout the spindle - legged jumping jack.

Many believe that upon graduation Rudy will enroll at the University of Connecticut. Coach Hugh Greer has watched Knight's progress closely and is high in his praise of the colored star. At present Greer has two colored stars, Worthy Patterson and Felix Gardner, in his Huskies' starting five.

Battled Pro Stars

Last summer, young Knight played with the Bellevue Square team in the outdoor Hartford Park Department League and more than held his own against college players. He, together with uncle Bobby and other stars of the league, opposed the Bob Cousy All-Stars in a series of games at Cape Cod, Mass.

Cousy, winter-time star of the Boston Celtics in the NBA. predicted a brilliant future for young Knight after opposing him on the court.

As has every championship team, the Weaver five has an unheralded performer. Seldom a headline grabber, Frank Keitt is a main stay of the team. The 5 feet 9 inch playmaker is a smooth operator on the hardwoods. More often than not, it is his court trickery that sets up Knight and others for the all important goals.

Ronald Harris and Gene Haynes are the team's big men. Both are strapping six footers who can clear the boards with ease. Their rebounding is not limited to defensive play, as both are capable shooters when the occasion calls for it.

Rounding out the big five is "clutch" man, Jack Hartfield. An unassuming lad, Hartfield is the "old reliable" of the team. He is at his best when the going is roughest. His value can hardly be determined by his per-game scoring as often times his single hoop will be the difference between victory and defeat.

Number one reserve is the only white boy on the club, Pete Perone. An Italian lad, he mixes well with his teammates. When queried on the question of favoritism he replies, "There's no favoritism on this ball club, we are a real team."

Other reserves are Gene Green, football star last fall for the Beavers, Ted Jefferson, and Frank Perry.

Jefferson is only a sophomore and Coach Horvath says, "The boy shows definite promise of being a truly great schoolboy athlete."

Frank Perry is the younger brother of "Cap" Perry well known in Connecticut sports circles for his baseball and basketball playing in the semi-pro ranks.

Clean Play

The type of ball that the Weaver Beavers play can best be shown by the fact that in their first 10 ball games this season, only one player was ejected from the game because of committing five fouls.

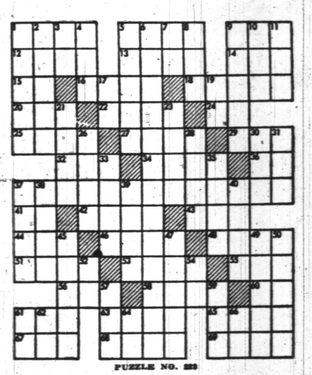
"My boys play basketball clean and hard. Our goal is victory. On the court they play basketball not football as some teams do," explains Coach Horvath who is proud of his team's clean play.

The school has never won the New England Championship, though its teams in the past have advanced as far as the semi-finals of the big schoolboy tourney held at the Boston Garden.

However, Weaver high has never had a ball club equal to this one. Many basketball authorities have already visioned Weaver's colored big five as the wearers of the crown when the tourney is held in March.

The Weaver High School of Hartford, Conn., varsity squad. From left to right, bottom row: Pete Perone, (only white boy on team) Frank Keitt, Ted Jefferson, Gene Green. Top row, Jack Hartfield, Frank Perry, Rudy Knight, Ronald Harris and Gene Haynes.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



PUZZLE NO. 223

HORIZONTAL

1 Limber
6 City in Peru
9 Fourth calif
12 Arrow poison
13 Wife of Geraint
14 Cover
15 Greek letter
16 Burden
18 Male bee
20 Unit of energy
22 Small barracuda
24 Preposition
25 Line of juncture
27 Part of plant
29 A fairy
32 Narrow inlet
34 Druid
36 Faroe Islands' windstorm
37 Alarm
41 Greeting exclamation
42 Group pulling together
43 Thick black substance
44 Doctrine
46 To agitate
48 Brought into existence
51 Kind of fuel
52 Cookie
53 Signifying hidden name
56 A beverage
58 Greedy
59 Musical note
61 Falsehood
62 Ceremony
65 One who mimics
67 Paid notices
68 Pastoral
69 God of war

VERTICAL

1 Citrus fruit (pl.)
2 To harden
3 Pronoun
4 Swordsman's dummy stake
5 Jumpy
6 Indefinite
7 Note of scale
8 To sum up
9 Unacompanied
10 The linden
11 Kind of fish
17 Bone
19 Artificial language
21 North of England: worsted
26 Gull-like bird
28 Haze
30 Protective ditch
31 Card game
33 Marsh
35 The sweetsop
38 Pierce with pointed weapon
39 A small piece
40 River of Europe
39 Consumes
50 To press
45 Ship's officer (pl.)
47 Haste
49 To relate
50 Approaches
52 Symbol for tellurium
54 3.1416
57 Skill
60 Stream obstruction
63 Musical note
65 Kind of fish
64 Roman number
66 New Zealand native fort

ANSWERS