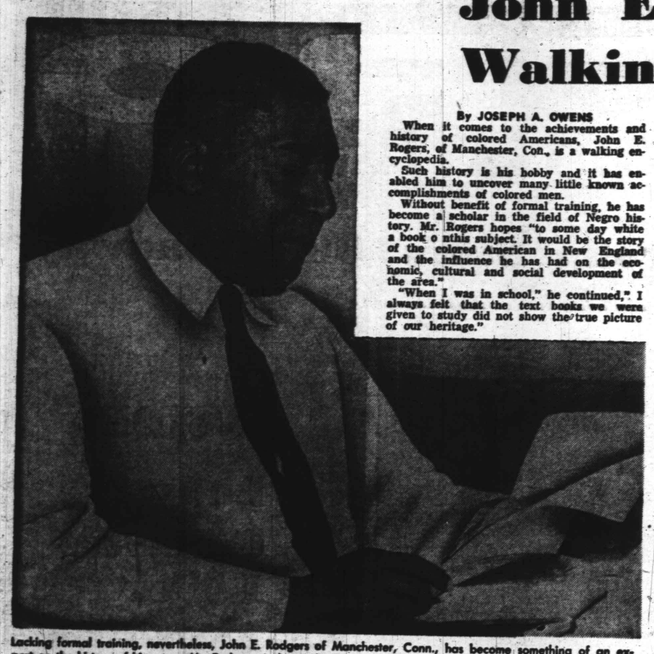
John E. Rogers Walking Encyclopedia



Lacking formal training, nevertheless, John E. Rodgers of Manchester, Conn., has become something of an expert on the history of his race. Mr. Rodgers, in his studies of accomplishments by colored Americans, has made a hobby become a project in scholarship and research.

By JOSEPH A. OWENS

When it comes to the achievements and history of colored Americans, John E. Rogers, of Manchester, Con., is a walking encyclopedia.

Such history is his hobby and it has enabled him to uncover many little known accomplishments of colored men.

Without benefit of formal training, he has become a scholar in the field of Negro history. Mr. Rogers hopes "to some day white a book o nthis subject. It would be the story of the colored American in New England and the influence he has had on the economic, cultural and social development of the area."

"When I was in school," he continued," I always felt that the text books we were given to study did not show the true picture of our heritage."

Began With Elks Post

Mr. Rogers became interested in history seven years ago when he always appointed grand historian of the Prince Hall Elks Lodge in New Haven: His first task to prepare a historical report on the Lodge's 75th anniversary.

In search of material, he went to Yale university's library and became so engrossed in the project that he began tracing the history of all colored men, not just those connected with the Elks movement.

Now bookshelves crammed with books are on two floors of his home and spill over into a smaller house in the rear of the family house. He doesn't know, himself, how many books he owns.

As a one-man research bureau, Mr. Rogers has the aid of agencies like the Conn. Historical Society and many state libraries. Book dealers in many states send him books they know will help his quest.

'Thorns Of Ignorance'

A strapping, six-foot man, in demand as a public speaker, the sincerity of his studies is plainly felt as he warms to his favorite topic. He is a historian because he feels that this method best helps him pare away what he calls "the thorns of ignorance and intolerance."

Mr. Rogers' lectures invariably include mention of Lemuel Hayes, a colored Congregational minister, born in Hartford, Conn. 200 years ago. He was one of the great scholars of his day.

Frederick Douglass is another hero of his. "There are hundreds more," he points out.

Mr. Rogers is a postal worker, father of five children, superintendent of Bolton Congregational church Sunday school, a director of the Hartford Community Chest Board, active in the North End Citizens Committee, a Mason, Elk and belongs to other groups.

His abilities are carried on by his children. John Jr., is a freshman at Bluffton College in Ohio, James is with the Army in Korea. Margaret and Enid are high-school coeds and Alfred is president of his senior class at University of Connecticut.

A feature story on young Al Rogers was in the AFRO Magazine last fall.

Deeply religious, Mr. Rogers bases his success on his faith in God.

"My religion sustains me when I come face to face with intolerance and prejudice. I have found that a kind word, a warm hand clasp and words of encouragement to muddled youths, can do much to keep the spirit of God alive in the world today."

That's John Rogers' belief and it is one we all can take to heart.

Don't Forget Your Ideal Mother Contest Entries!

DEADLINE, APRIL 18

For those of you who may have missed the details in this AFRO annual contest and would like to see a mother you know win the many prizes and honors, list of contest rules follows:

WHO IS SHE?

That kindly soul in your community who has brought up her children in a manner that sets a fine example, whose children have made a contribution 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.

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

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

The contest is now underway. Contest closes, midnight April 18. Letters dated before midnight April 18 will be considered.

PRIZES GALORE!

The AFRO Ideal Mother Contest winner will get an all-expense-paid trip to Baltimore and Washington as guest of the AFRO.

She will attend the Delta sorority mother-daughter luncheon to be held May 16 and a tea in her honor will be given on May 15 by the AFRO.

Complete Spring Outfit. $25 Cash Award.

The winner will be announced in the AFRO Magazine edition, dated May 9. 1953 and the winning mother will be feted in Baltimore and Washington, the week ending May 16.

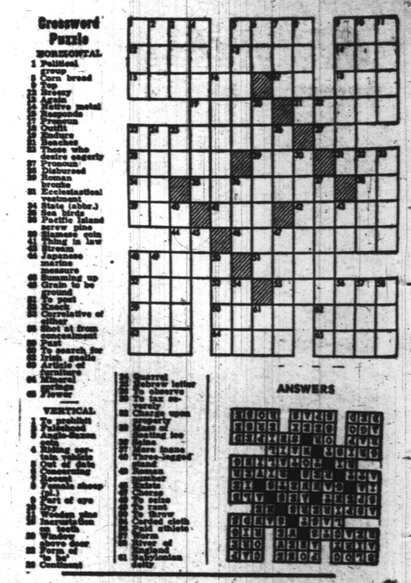
FOLLOW THESE RULES

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.

The contest ends midnight April 18. All letters postmarked before that time will be considered by judges.



Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

(If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart, write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50 cents in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted or general handing: ALBERTINE ASHE AFRO-AMERICAN Baltimore 1, Maryland

NOTICE
Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

HE'S UNDERSTANDING

An understanding man 35, 5 feet 11, who likes church and clean fun wants to meet a nice girl to call his own, around 30-35. We can work together and build our future.

MR. OSCAR

LIKES TALL MEN

I would like to meet a tall man, 35 years old, who is over the "Play Boy" stage. I'm a middle aged respectable, clean living woman who wants a man my type.

HOPE

HAS HIGH IDEALS

I am 28 and I work hard for myself. I want to meet a nice girl around my age, interesting, sincere, with high ideals for a bright future.

MR. DIXON

FELLOWS, WRITE ANN!

I am a divorcee, 25, dark brown, 5 feet 3 with a daughter, 9. Interested in meeting a man 28-30, clean-cut, employed who likes sports, a home and children. Object marriage.

ANN CEE

SEEKS RIGHT GIRL

Young man, 29, employed and true, seeking a nice girl to make my wife, a young lady, 20-29, who likes nice things, will make a true sincere wife and a happy life.

LINDY

GENTLEMEN ONLY

I'm 39, light, nice habits, considered a nice housekeeper and intelligent. I would like meeting a true gentleman, 35-50, who likes nice things and pleasant people.

LORETTA

HE'S A BACHELOR

A bachelor, 40, employed, who likes sports, especially bowling, seeking a nice g.f. around 35 who is true, devoted and likes clean sports and an honest living.

MR. BRUSH

LOVELY MATRON

I need companionship. I'm a woman 65, anxious to meet a true sincere man who understands and will write me at once, someone sincere, honest, and understanding.

MISS ELLA

WANTS COMPANION

I am a retired man 62, a Christian who would like meeting a woman near my age, understanding and most sincere.

HERMAN

PLEASANT WIDOW

I'm a widow, 34, brown, not bad looking, pleasant, neat and a good housekeeper. I hope to meet a man over 34, looking for a real wife. I like clean living and enjoy church.

MISS RUTH BEE

LONELY GUY

I'm a lonely man in need of real companionship, age 40, and employed. I want to meet someone around 35, who likes clean-sports, church, who is sincere, honest and wants an honest companion.

MILBOURNE

Decision In Reverse

By EDWARD WORTHY

It gave Myra a sense of well-being as the luxurious car glided up to the shabby building and stopped.

Huge Noel Brand smiled down at her from behind the wheel. "Just say the word," Noel said in a light husky voice. "and I'll take you away from all this."

With a shock she became conscious of her surroundings. She didn't like 36th st.

The day was fading into night. The squat reddish brick buildings were black against the gray of the sky. Here she had been born and reared. Even the approaching night could not conceal the dirt. the noise. the smell and squalor of it. And Noel wanted to take her away from it all. There was only one thing that made her hesitate. That was the boy next door, Corey Davis.

Myra smiled up at Brand. "I don't know," she told him. "Give me a little more time."

"You've had three months already, girlie," he said. "Why don't you let me know tomorrow noon when I come in?"

Plenty Of Money

She was cashier at his restaurant. This was just one of his many enterprises. He seemed to have plenty of money but there was something about him that gave her a uneasy feeling.

"Okay," she said as she got out of the car — "tomorrow."

He winked at her and stepped on the accelerator.

Thoughtfully Myra stood on the curb looking as the car disappeared from view. She glanced at the doorway a few doors away, where Corey lived. He was there watching her.

"Hello," she said going over to him.

"Hello," he returned, looking at her questioningly.

"I see your boss is taking a lively interest in you," he said.

He was handsome, she thought, so cleancut in a dirty setting. And so untouched by worldliness, but like her, poor and struggling, trying to get away from 36th street.

"Yes, he is," she said dully.

"Of course," he said, "I've never said so in as many words, but I thought you and I—I thought there was an understanding between us.

"Yes, I know." she said dismally, "but in life things just don't work out right. Here you are working and trying to get your law degree. on you can get away from this place And me working and studying how to get away. I am tired of waiting."

"Then he has spoken to you?" Corey asked.

"I am to give him my answer tomorrow."

"And your answer?"

She looked into his eyes, her eyes pleading for understanding. "I think, yes," she said.

"I suppose," he said," any way to get away from the hopelessness of this street is the thing to do."

Corey left her and climbed the stairs to his dreary room and she went to the musty rooms she shared with her aunt and family. Having made up her mind to say yes, the next morning Myra went through her work in an attempted jolly mood.

Enter, The Hunchback

Just before noon the little hunchback, from the shoe shine parlor, next door, came in for his pot of coffee. He was always jolly and exchanged quips with her. She often wondered what he had to be so happy about.

It happened so quickly she had no chance to warn him. Noel was just coming in the door and he collided with the little hunchback. as he was looking back at her. Coffee spilled on Noel's shoes. Noel snatched him about with an oath. Then he pushed him out the door "Get out and stay out!" he said harshly.

"I'm sorry," the little man said, "but I will be glad to give you a free shine."

"Get out!" Noel gritted.

Noel turned to her with a smile. But she knew in that moment why she felt uneasy toward Noel and that her decision was reversed. She felt now, that he was course and brutal.

When she left the restaurant that afternoon, she didn't know whether she had a job or not, but then, there were other jobs.

When she told Corey what had happened, he took ahold of her hands and pulled her toward him, as they stood in the doorway.

"We don't belong here," he said, "but let us try to find our place together."

Their lips met, and somehow she felt that things were going to be all right for them.

Mixed Dancers

(Continued From Page 1)

chest and twist his body out of proportions in movements one can find no where else in the world.

In short, before watching Donald McKayle and his dance group — modern dancing left me with the feeling that somewhere along the way I missed something in my education.

But Mr. McKayle restored my faith in my teachers. I was able to follow the story which his young dancers tell so admirably in presenting his "Games," a dance of children at play.

Mr. McKayle's dancers figuratively take you on stage and let you play the games with them. They allow you the projection which is so important in good theater — that mystic art which sweeps the patron's soul from his seat onto the stage and allows his imagination to play the featured role.

When the group dashed on stage and danced in the abandoned glee club room at play and then suddenly ran to hide, it immediately called to mind that familiary childhood cry "Cheese it — the cops."

And it was more than delight to look at the program and find that this was exactly what tiey had been portraying — a group of children playing and who suddenly hac their play interrupted by a policeman.

McKayle, who does much of the dancing himself, is featured along with a young lady named Shawnecqua Baker who sings the childhood games while others dance to her songs.

One of he features I liked most is the interracial aspect of the dance group.

In casting, no one ever heard of the matter of race problems, and thus you find scantily clad colored girls falling and fainting into the arms of white youths, and colored youths engaging in intimate and sensuous dances with youthful white girls in the true sense of the arts.

McKayle himself did the choreography for "Games" but proves his versatility by admirably playing two roles in a version of "Champion", a dance suggested by Ring Lardner's story in which Sophi Maslow did the choreography.

Ronne Aul, an equally talented dancer as McKayle, is at his best when he plays the part of a small mischievious boy in "Family Portrait."

Keep an eye on McKayle and Aul. And if you have been confused about modern dancing, end your confusion by seeing them at your next opportunity, which because of the success of the show, cannot be too far away.

Hartford's First Policewoman

(Continued From Page 3)

Clara Thomas, immediately supported Policewoman Brown's proposed center.

A few weeks later, Police Court Judge S. Burr Leikind spoke at a meeting and said, "The North End area has a lot to be thankful for. You are rich in people who are willing to serve the community. You have good citizens."

Judge Leikind then went on to praise the work of the committee, pointing out that, "You can make this center one which will cut across all backgrounds, all racial, religious and national ties."

However, Miss Brown's carefully mapped plan did not call immediately for funds. Instead she first appealed for membership support to back the committee's program.

Preliminary plans called for the construction of a $500,000 building. A scale model of an ultra-modern structure was presented to the committee by Connie Nappier, Jr., local architect, which contained a large gymnasium, auditorium, swimming pool, meeting and craft rooms, offices and a separate nursery building.

"The Citizens Committee does not desire to go in the opposite direction of any agency in the area now," Miss Brown said, "We want to work with all agencies."

Will Serve Three Sections

It was pointed out that the location of the proposed center would actually serve three sections in Hartford and not merely the Bellevue Square area which has a population of 75 per cent colored.

A proposal has already been approved by the Citizens Committee to ask the city for several vacant lots on Garden street, north of Greenfield street.

Though she has little time for real relaxation, Policewoman Brown finds herself unable to resist the temptation to kick off her shoes at home after a tour of duty and play light classical music on her phonograph. She is also a rabid baseball fan and one of the staunchest Brooklyn Dodger rooters in Hartford.

She has no gentleman friend at the moment, but says candidly she hopes one day to be married, "when the right one for Ella Brown comes along."

Bringing up the subject of marriage brought a deep chuckle from Policewomann Brown and her fantastic experience with a fortune teller.

Walking into the parlor of a professed clairvoyant, she requested the seeress to peek into her past and future. After a few preliminary incantations to set up the mood, the woman told her that her first husband had been cruel to her, but if she would agree to buy "nine holy candles," her second spouse would prove more satisfactory.

"And that was the end of the line. I placed her under arrest —and I wasn't scared," Policewoman Brown concluded as the phone in her office rang and she purred, "Juvenile Division, Miss Brown speaking."

This phone call was a request for her to accompany the vice squad on a raid.

In The Woods

How did you get your hand full of splinters?

I was out hunting—and caught timber wolf barehanded.

J. Saunders Redding's Book Review

How Good Were Adlai's Speeches?

The Stark Reality of Responsibility, by Adlai Erving Stevenson, American House, Publishers; 18 E. Chestnut st., Chicago, 20 pp.

There may not be—and, indeed, there possibly cannot be any altogether general agreement on this, but many editors, political pundits and analysts have expressed the opinion that two things contributed largely to Mr. Adlai Stevenson's defeat in the last general election.

One was the fact that Mr. Truman was too active (and sometimes too immoderate) as a speech maker in the campaign: and, two, was the fact that Mr. Stevenson seemed so often to be the punster and puckish player with words. He gave, some of his friendly critics say, too light a touch to many of the issues with which the American people were seriously concerned—corruption, the "mess in Washington," aid to Europe, etc, etc.

And it is a shortcoming of the American people not to be tolerant of humor, no matter how skillful, nor wit, no matter how rapier-like, when their attention is turned to matters which they have been told are fundamental.

They Didn't Forgive

The American people are not the sort to forgive being taken lightly. In short, the analysts declare that Mr. Stevenson did not demonstrate a competence in gravity.

Yet a careful reading of Mr. Stevenson's major speeches (and all of them are soon to be published in book form, during the campaign indicates—no, demonstrates just the opposite

The slant of his mind is Lincolnesque. He, like Lincoln, never made a joke simply to make a joke. He gave great delight with his verbal sallies, but giving delight was not the purpose of them.

His purpose was to highlight the truth as he saw the truth. He was dedicated to a sane consideration of the issues as he saw them. He was frequently forced from his high-minded position.

Forced By Truman

Unfortunately for him, but happily perhaps for the country, the forthrightness of his opposition and the example of Mr. Truman going at everything in sight with crude hammer and tongs sometimes forced Mr. Stevenson to discuss issues that to his logical mind seemed, at best, left alone. And he failed at them because he had not the kind of training in political skulduggery that Mr. Truman himself and some of the members of the opposition had.

One begins to get a fuller, truer sense of Adlai Stevenson as one reads his speeches.

The two addresses here published—the one welcoming the Democratic Convention to Chicago, and the other accepting the Democratic nomination—are not enough to permit a final judgment; but they stand out for their dignity, their simplicity, and their clear explication of the problems facing the nation and the world.

They ring with a kind of nobility audible (one ventures to think, even when he joked) during the campaign. If Mr. Stevenson had maintained the tone of these throughout the campaign—who knows?

New Books published by The New American Library of World Literature Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

YOU AND YOUR HEART (Revised), by H. M. Marvin, M.D. and others, Authoritative information in the functions and care of the heart, original publisher, Random House, price 25 cents.

DOUBTFUL VALLEY by George Garland, a lone wolf smashes a renegade's plot, original publisher, Houghton Mifflin, price 25 cents.

NIGHT AT THE VULCAN by Ngaio March, murder strikes backstage, original publisher, Little, Brown and Co., price 25 cents.

MOIRA by Julian Green, the temptress—and the tempted, original publisher MacMillan Co., price 25 cents.

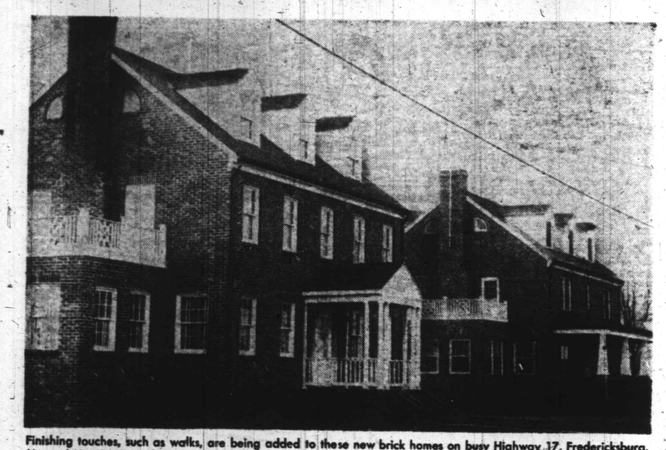
On The Cover . . .

The New Dance Group, directed by Donald McKayle, is the subject of our cover story. In the two pictures shown, members of the troupe perform two of their exciting dances. One, "Games" depicts the play of children in the city streets. The one at lower right, is a movement from "The Village I Knew," based on stories of Jewish folk life by Sholem Aleichem. In the group are Pane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, William Bales, Donald McKayle and his group, and guest soloists, Daniel Nagrin, Hadassah, Ronne Aul and Eve Gentry.

Arithmetic

ADD: 515 and 824
ADD: 907 and 431
SUBTRACT: 71 and 106
MULTIPLY: 20 and 06
DIVIDE: 48 and 20

A Visit To Fredericksburg, Va.



Finishing touches, such as walks, are being added to these new brick homes on busy Highway 17, Fredericksburg. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bumbrey live on the left, he is a postal worker; and Mr. and Mrs. Lal Bumbrey on the right. He is a taxi operator.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, boasts that it is "America's Most Historic City," and though this comes from its Chamber of Commerce there is an element of fact.

Long ago, George Washington, James Monroe, and John Paul Jones were among the great men of history who walked its streets.

President Washington built a home for his mother, Mary Washington here. In addition the estate of his sister, Betty Washington, "Kenmore" is located in the heart of Fredericksburg.

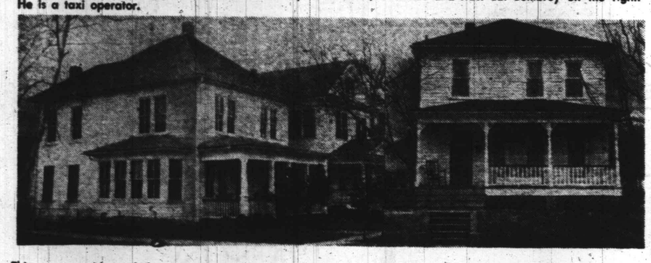
Mary Washington's tomb is situated on Kenmore and the monument which marks this woman's grave is reputed to be the only monument ever erected to a woman by women.

Fredericksburg also bore the brunt of the Civil War. The city is located 55 miles from Washington and as many from Richmond — the capitals of the warring factions. The battles of Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania, Chancellorsville, and The Wilderness touched its limits.

Some 12,143 people live in greater Fredericksburg, about 3,000 are colored.

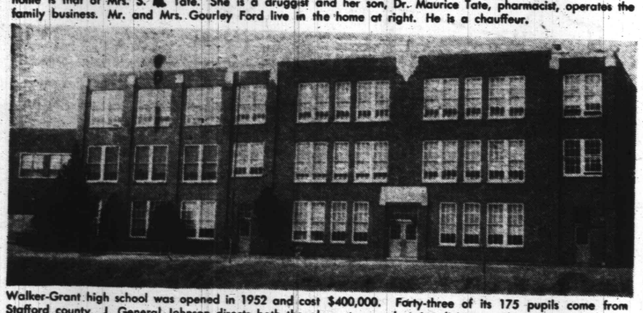
Although liberty was forged in the works of its Revolutionary heroes, spirit of bondage still persists. Fredericksburg follows the Southern pattern of segregation and denial of opportunity for colored citizens.

Despite this, one spot of enlightenment is the million-dollar Mary Washington hospital where Fredericksburg's two doctors, Dr. R. C. Ellison and Dr. S. O'Brien Payne are staff members. There are two dentists in the city. Dr. P. Y. Wyatt and Dr. W. H. Harris.

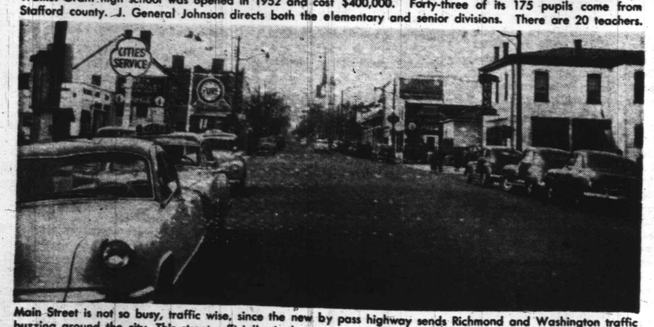


This corner residence belongs to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Walker. Mr. Walker is a retired railroader. The middle home is that of Mrs. S. M. Tate. She is a druggist and her son, Dr. Maurice Tate, pharmacist, operates the family business. Mr. and Mrs. Gourley Ford live in the home at right. He is a chauffeur.

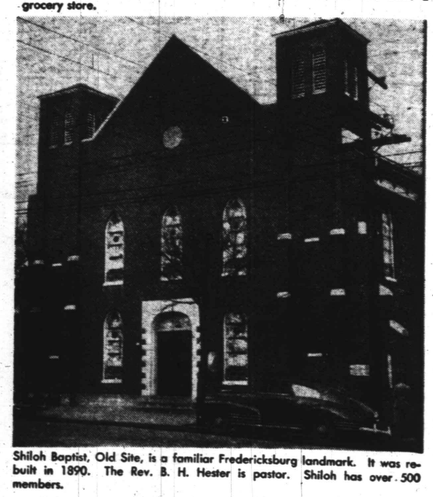
This is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Grymes. They are related to the Bumbreys. Mr. Grymes is also a taxi operator. His wife owns a grocery store.



Walker-Grant high school was opened in 1952 and cost $400,000. Forty-three of its 175 pupils come from Stafford county. J. General Johnson directs both the elementary and senior divisions. There are 20 teachers.



Main Street is not so busy, traffic wise, since the new by pass highway sends Richmond and Washington traffic buzzing around the city. This street, officially, is three routes, 1-17 and 2.



Shiloh Baptist, Old Site, is a familiar Fredericksburg landmark. It was rebuilt in 1890. The Rev. B. H. Hester is pastor. Shiloh has over 500 members.

Coming In The AFRO Magazine

The AFRO roving photographer, Scott Henderson, visits Bowling Green, Va., and Roanoke Rapids, N.C. Watch for these two full page picture stories in the AFRO'S series on growing cities.

Hartford's First Lady Cop

Policewoman Ella Brown, first of her race, to serve on Hartford force, tells what it is like to catch and correct young criminals. She's a civic worker, off duty as well.

By JOSEPH A. OWENS

When the long arm of the law reaches out for a criminal in Hartford, Connecticut, the law breaker is often amazed to find the dainty hand of Policewoman Ella G. Brown.

Though the nature of her work calls for the investigation of crimes that range from juvenile delinquency to murder, the only colored policewoman in Connecticut, reports that her biggest thrills come when she is able to keep a family together or steer children out of future trouble.

"Ever so many children are the victims of broken marriages," explained the well-educated lady gendarme.

"As a result, they hang around street corners and before long they are in trouble. The real work of a policewoman is to prevent crime."

Working with two other policewomen, Vera A. Conroy and Lucille Cieri, Miss Brown also joins the Vice Squad and Detective Division on raids, or when a woman is involved in a crime.

Kids Close to Heart

However, it is the youngsters who are closest to the heart of the 34-year-old feminine law enforcer—a fact quickly recognized by Police Chief Michael J. Godfrey.

"She has a nice way with youngsters. Perhaps it's because of that smile of hers that won't wear off," he points out, to which Miss Brown chuckled, "I guess I was born good-natured and never got over it."

"Besides, I enjoy the company of children," she explained and went on to add, "You would be surprised how much a child can tell you. I've had three-year-old children tell me where they lived, where their fathers worked, and even what their mothers wore when they left home."

Hartford native, Miss Brown didn't have the faintest idea that she would ever wind up as a lady cop when she attended the Arsenal Grammar school and later Hartford Public High school where she finished in 1935.

Her first ambition was to become a social worker — something she now combines very successfully as a policewoman —so she enrolled at Virginia State college in Petersburg, Va.

However, after completing three and a half years, she was forced to return home when her father became seriously ill and she obtained work as a recreation instructor with the NYA.

Seeking more money, she left this type of work to become a bookkeeper and it was in 1943 that she heard of the opening for a policewoman.

Passing the examination with flying colors, Ella joined Miss Conroy and Margaret Stanford on Oct. 28, 1943, as the third policewoman in the history of the Insurance City—a decision she has never regretted.

"There's never a dull moment here," Ella asserts. "At first it used to bother me when I had to deal with people who were upset, but you get used to that in this kind of work. People are always upset when they talk to a police officer and you have to allow for it."

Scared To Death

Miss Brown admits frankly that she was "scared to death" when she made her first arrest. "I must have showed it, too, because the woman I brought in looked sorry for me."

However, being an adaptable young person, it took Ella no time at all to become accustomed to the variety of work she had had to do, and it wasn't long before she commanded the respect of the entire department.

Perhaps another reason for Ella's success, is she looks no more like the average person's conception of a policewoman than your sister or girl friend. And don't think this isn't a big asset when talking to a woman who has been molested.

It was Hartford's policewomen—Ella Brown included — that touched off the wide-scale arrests of youths and teen-age girls who were getting their "kicks" out of life with wild sex parties while under the influence of narcotics and liquor, last year.

The old saying, "woman's work is never done," is a fitting description of Policewoman Brown. It is virtually impossible to list her duties other than generally.

She has followed the vice squad into houses of ill-fame and taverns; previewed questionable motion pictures, and submitted her report to Chief Godfrey; cared for lost children; patrolled areas in the city regarding juvenile complaints; investigated domestic squabbles as well as assisting in the investigations of rape, assaults, robbery and murder.

If you were to spend even a few hours with her on the jobs you'll find she didn't even scrape the surface.

Ella has had her share of close calls, but she laughs them off. On one occasion a mother came after her with a butcher knife when she was about to arrest her daughter.

"I had gone into the apartment building. Policewoman Conroy covered the back door downstairs and I went to the front door. The mother let me in, I told her I was looking for her daughter. She picked up a butcher knife from the kitchen table and started to walk toward me saying, 'No one is going to take my daughter away.'"

"The funny part was," said Miss Brown, "that at the time, I wasn't scared and I kept talking and pretty soon she put the knife down. We found the girl, who had fallen into bad company, hiding in another apartment and took her to headquarters. It wasn't until after it was all over, that I realized I might have been in for serious trouble."

Policewoman Brown has been thoroughly trained in police work. Soon after she was appointed to the department, she was sent to New York City where she worked two weeks with the big city policewomen.

Judo Expert

Upon her return to Hartford she polished off a course at the local police school and is a better than average shot and an expert at judo.

It should also be pointed out that Hartford's policewomen carry revolvers in their purses as well as handcuffs, and are rated on a par with the male members of the department in both authority and salary.

Because morals cases are crimes usually committed in secret, a policewoman must be extremely careful in making out a report and must have a thorough knowledge of the State Statutes and must be able to testify in court.

Policewoman Brown was off duty the day of Hartford's never-to-be-forgotten circus fire July 6, 1944, but ran out of her home at 2003 Main st., when it was apparent that it was a multiple alarm fire. She was picked up by a cruiser, and sped to the fire.

"It was a nightmare. I worked all that night at the Brown School trying to locate persons whose relatives had perished in the fire. It was something that had to be done, but it wasn't easy to tell a mother her little boy or girl was at the morgue."

Ella Brown's accomplishments don't stop with her day's work as a policewoman. It was this same congenial young woman who organized the Citizens Committee of the North End for the purpose of building a large community center.

Spearheading this cause with the same enthusiasm as she shows in her police work, Miss Brown didn't have any trouble in selling the idea that there was a need for an adequate plant for recreation.

Named temporary chairman of the committee, Ella explored every possibility. In no time at all, she came up with concrete facts that made it virtually impossible to even question the fact that such a center was desperately needed.

She pointed out that juvenile delinquency and the crime rate in the area was probably the highest in the city; that professional group work is practically non-existent in the area, that the area presents the highest degree of social breakdown in the city and that scattered health and welfare agencies could operate more efficiently in a centralized agency.

Citizens Gave Support

Prominent North End residents such as Mr. and Mrs. Edward Swett, Vasco Hale, Dr. Allan Jackson, Mrs. Fannie Carroll, Mrs. Millicent B. Tyson, Miss Mary P. Watson and Mrs.

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An excellent shot, Policewoman Ella Brown, like male members of the Hartford police force, must practice regularly on the target range.

In dress uniform, Policewoman Brown, center, and the other two Hartford female officers, Vera A. Conroy, left, and Lucille Cieri, right, leave police headquarters. These uniforms are for official ceremonies and parades only. The officers work in plain clothes much of the time.