"We are Americans and, as Americans, we would speak to America."
—Frederick Douglass

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr. — 1840-1922
Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Publishing Co., Inc.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.
—THOREAU

OUR CREED

We believe that America can best lead the world away from racial and national antagonisms when it accords to every man, regardless of race, color or creed, his human and equal rights. Hating no man, fearing no man, the Colored Press strives to help every man in the firm belief that all are hurt so long as anyone is held back.

Capital punishment

One hundred years ago a great Frenchman, Voltaire, recommended that the punishment of criminals be useful.

"A hanged man is good for nothing, and a man condemned to public works still serves the country, and is a living lesson," said Voltaire.

Today only six states have discontinued capital punishment. Most European states have also banned it.

But Maryland, along with seven other states, still continues the uncivilized practice of putting criminals to death.

In this state and eight other states, it is done by hanging, in eight states by gas, and in 26 other states by electrocution.

Now the Maryland General Assembly has before it a series of bills which would abolish capital punishment.

The bills, introduced by Senator Anthony F. DiDomenico (D., 2nd) would substitute life imprisonment, instead, as the maximum punishment for:

Murder, kidnapping, criminal assault, carnal knowledge and assault with intent to murder, ravish or rob.

The AFRO stands firmly against the ancient concept of putting criminals to death.

We agree with Voltaire:

"A hanged man is good for nothing."

We hope the members of the General Assembly will give serious consideration to the measures introduced by Senator DiDomenico and enact legislation which will banish capital punishment in Maryland.

How many years?

In Baltimore Courts recently, four men were sentenced to 30 years in prison for armed robbery and burglary. Some were first offenders.

It is clear that the Supreme Bench was greatly exercised by such crime and desired to protect the community.

This week, we had in the courts, the case of a very brutal murder. The verdict, however, was second degree murder which carries a penalty of five to 18 years, or roughly one-half of the long term handed out to culprits convicted of armed robbery.

Our judges have most difficult decisions to make.

Their decisions are hedged *around the extenuating circumstances*, and counsellors of uneven ability.

But after all of this is said, this community is confronted with a situation in which the courts measure out a far longer sentence in this instance to a man who threatens to take a life than one who actually took a life.

In this connection, we believe a suggestion made by Simon Sobeloff, former Chief Judge of the Maryland Court of Appeals and now Solicitor General is sound.

Mr. Sobeloff recommends changes in the law, giving the Court of Appeals the right to consider the correctness of the sentence as well as the verdict itself.

The Court of Appeals does not have this right in criminal cases now and we agree that this is one way of affecting the situation which we have described above.

In Memoriam Sheraton Hotel

This mourning is in memory of General Manager Albert S. Fox, who two months ago cancelled the regulation that his hotel, the Sheraton - Belvedere, should serve white patrons only.

Last week Brother Fox and the Sheraton were back to Jim Crow.

It was a sad day for the Sheraton Hotel chain which has 23 fine hotels in the United States and six in Canada. All of them serve any citizen, black, white, grizzly or gray, except Brother Fox's Sheraton- Belvedere.

In these past two months, other less desirable hotels whose ownership is largely local, bedeviled and seduced the Sheraton so that it was quite harassed.

Brother Fox says in general that they told him that they would not play with him any more if he continued to accept colored guests.

Now when Mr. Fox and his associates first decided to accept the less than a score of colored persons who patronized the Sheraton - Belvedere in recent *weeks, he knew other hotel owners* would be sore and cuss and raise hell with him.

Nothing has happened that he could not have expected to happen.

Yet, he and his associates had the courage to do what is right and now they have not the backbone to keep on doing it.

So the Sheraton-Belvedere reverts to barbarism, a victim of race prejudice, a stain upon the Sheraton chain.

He is not happy.

He cannot be.

No sinner is.

His conscience troubles him.

No man, who keeps a hotel, turns away tired travellers when he has rooms without knowing that he is violating the most ancient of common laws which require the highways to be public and inns open to all who travel.

Committee of 100

The Committee of 80, soon to be the Committee of 100, formed by leading businessmen to spur civic improvement, is a good idea.

While it declares itself no substitute for the Chamber of Commerce, that is exactly what it is and ought to be.

When political administrations, the City Council and Chambers of Commerce get in the rut of conservatism and moss-backed traditions, it's time for a newer, younger and more vigorous civic organization to assert itself.

Some years ago when public education and public recreation departments were grossly incompetent in this backward city of ours, the Public School Association, under Mrs. Marie Baurenschmidt, effected needed reforms.

Baltimore, for all its population growth, is still a backward city, plagued by reactionary leadership, which hampers progress in dealing with traffic, parking and transportation, water and sewerage systems, blighted areas, recreation and parks, port development and race (inter-cultural) relations.

It's time for a change.

All of us should welcome Committee of 100 with this word of caution:—

So far its membership includes big businessmen only. If it is not to be one-sided, it should add new members from all elements of the population, colored as well as white.

Nor should the job of revitalizing a city be regarded as the sole function of the business man alone.

We want to make Baltimore a better place in which to live, not merely a better place in which to do business.

A noteworthy birthday saluted

We salute the Boy Scouts of America on its 45th birthday to be observed during Boy Scout Week, Feb. 6 to 12.

Since its founding in 1910 the organization has enriched the lives of over 22,750,000 boys and adult leaders. Scouting represents a living cross section of American life.

Boys of every race, religion and economic background are attracted to Scouting. Today we find 2,700,000 boys in its ranks.

Add to that impressive figure the 360,000 adults of good character who give generously of their time and talents to serve as leaders of units and Merit Badge Counselors and one can see that there are few American families that have not felt its influence.

Dr. Arthur A. Schuck, Chief Scout executive, a leader in the organization since 1913, feels that it is of vital importance to train the boys of today to be ready for positions of leadership as they grow to manhood.

"Strong character, participating citizenship and physical fitness," he says, "are needs of our boys and young men who are served by the program of Scouting in cooperation with the home, the school the church and all other community institutions actively interested in training our future citizens."

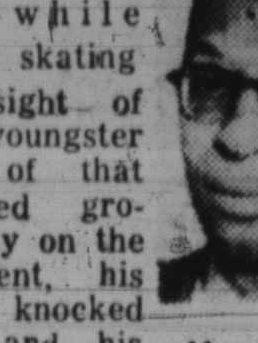
Scouting's purpose, stated in the Federal Charter granted by Congress in 1916, is to promote the "ability of boys to do things for themselves and others, to train them in Scoutcraft, and to teach them patriotism, courage, self-reliance and kindred virtues."

Every member of the nation's 95,000 Scouting Units is indeed "having some kind of experience that is adding to his equipment to meet the problems of adult life."

It is that training that we heartily endorse on this noteworthy birthday.

Little Things

By JESSE H. WALKER


Mr. Walker

GETTING THINGS OFF MY CHEST—Did you see that photo which appeared Sunday in the newspapers showing a Baltimore boy who was struck down while while skating The sight of that youngster sight of that sprawled grotesquely on the pavement, his skates knocked loose and his shoes scattered was a sobering sight, but one of such dramatic impact that the news photo wire services sent it throughout the country.

The reason I'm reminded of it now is the fact that during the past week I've seen at least six instances where that tragedy might have been duplicated.

And right then and there I started wondering why Baltimore doesn't follow the example of other big cities and block off certain streets in crowded areas where its kids could skate without the danger of passing cars.

What I learned was rather disappointing. Baltimore doesn't operate such streets.

* * *

THE DEPARTMENT of Education does block off a number of streets for play space for schools that are without ample grounds. But that's only during school hours.

What I'm talking about here is after school hours.

And the Department of Recreation and Parks doesn't operate any play blocks now at all, although it once did.

One reason advanced for the discontinuance of such blocks was that they gave children the tendency to play in the streets when they were not blocked off.

* * *

BUT ISN'T that just what they're doing today? And by so doing they're placing their lives in real jeopardy what with some of these speed demons we have on our streets today.

But I'm not placing the blame solely on the man behind the wheel, though his is the greatest responsibility.

Certainly the driver on Paca St. on Monday should not have been to blame if he had struck the youngster who, while racing along the sidewalk on skates, suddenly toppled and fell out into the gutter.

Nor should the motorists who were coming down Druid Hill Ave. moments later been liable for hitting any one of several kids who were darting in and out from behind parked cars while skating on that thoroughfare.

* * *

THEN WHERE *place the responsibility?* The parents? You can't give a kid a pair of skates and not expect him to use them. Should we say parents don't give your kids any more skates for there's no place outside to use them in Baltimore?

Perish the thought.

I still think the city should block off certain areas during after school hours where the youngsters can skate and play without the perils of automobile danger.

In the meantime, let's keep our fingers crossed in the hope that Baltimore doesn't make the nation's newspapers anytime in the near future with a dramatic photo such as that one of that 6-year-old youngster who was killed last Saturday.

* * *

THEATRICAL BIT — Maybe you enjoyed that travelogue on Las Vegas which is shown along with that hit movie which is still packing them in, but I didn't.

Didn't make me happy at all to see all those glittering spots shown of the Nevada gambling oasis when I realized that you and me ain't welcome to any of them.

* * *

SITUATION WANTED—An inmate in the Maryland State Penitentiary is eligible for parole and has been approved for release but still can't get out. He can't because he hasn't a job waiting for him on the outside.

Now you know as well as I do that it's hard enough finding a job on the outside. So you can appreciate this fellow's dilemma.

He has the added handicap of not having any relatives in Baltimore, his mother having passed while he's been doing a 10-year stretch for attempted robbery.

But he's got a young woman who has heard of his situation interested in him, and she's trying to find him a job.

He's learned upholstering since his confinement and is also good at keeping stock records.

Incidentally, the trouble he got in was his first offense.

Anybody know of any way to help this fellow?

* * *

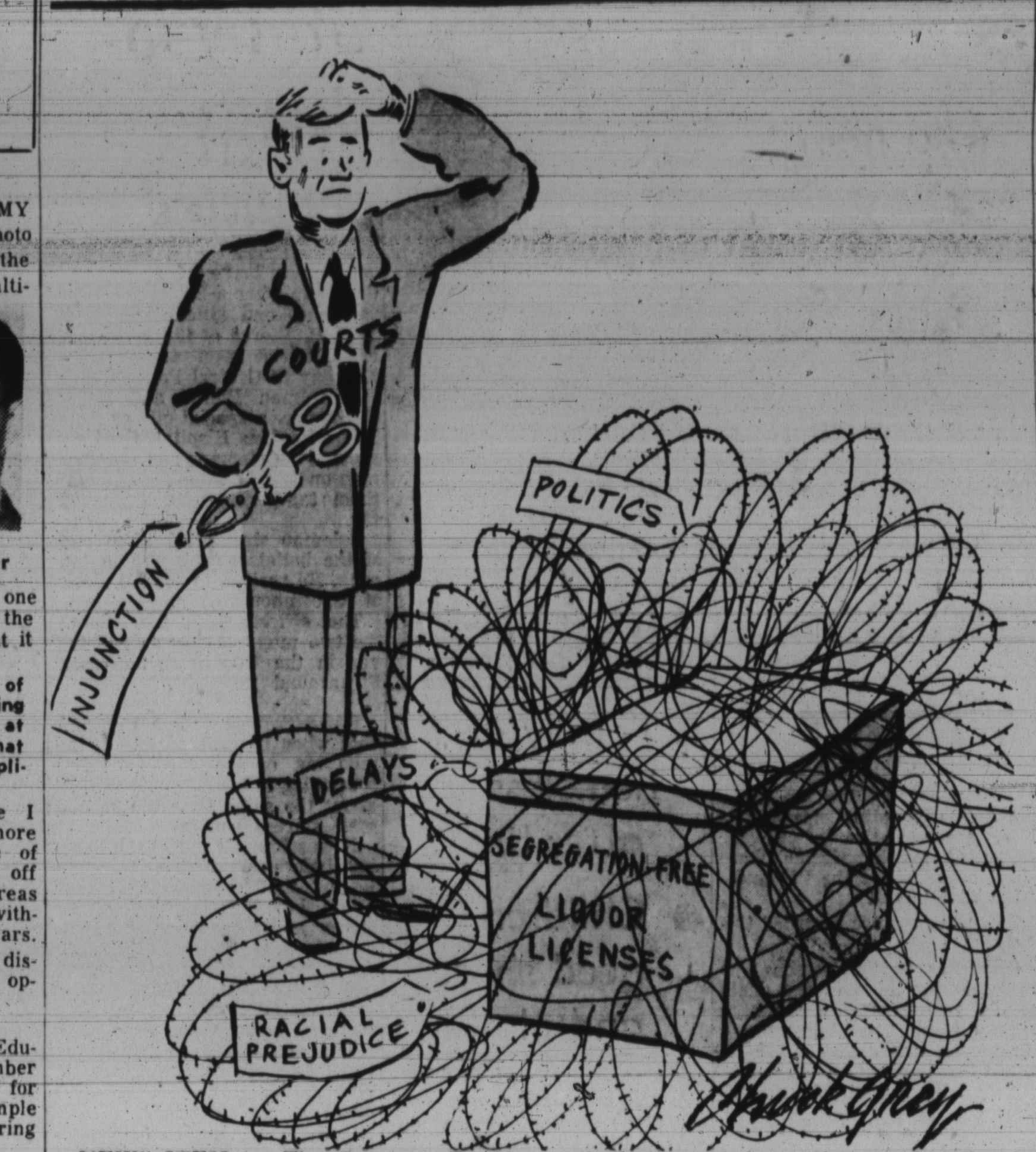
NOTED WITH CHAGRIN — Two weeks ago there I was bragging about how wonderful was the progress we had made in Baltimore during the month of January and how I hope February would outdo the maiden month of the year.

Then, Bless Bess, February opens up on a defeatist note. A gain (the open-door policy of the Sheraton-Belvedere) we made last month has already been knocked out, thanks to the heavy pressure brought against it by the local and state hotels associations which still hold to the mores of their bigoted ancestors.

And the Liquor Board can share some of the responsibility for this defeat to progress. For one of the main stumbling blocks to an open door policy in the downtown hotels is the Liquor Board's odorous ruling that liquor licensees must desiignate either white or colored.

So whether you imbibe or not, this arbitrary "law" has direct bearing on the progress you make in Baltimore.

Will he do it?



NEWS ITEM — The Supreme Bench will be called upon to rule whether the Board of Liquor Commissioners has the power to issue licenses based on race.

Speak Your Piece

Contributors to this department must sign their names and addresses to their letters if they wish them published. The AFRO will withhold publication of names if requested to do so by the writer.

Baltimore cafes

Dear AFRO:

There are many useful things I could be using this time for, but after reading an article in a magazine (I am sure when I receive my edition of the AFRO it will be there) I can not find a more useful thing to do at the time.

The article was read under the caption, "Baltimore Whites Banned From Baltimore Negro Cafes," dated January 27.

How long must we people of Baltimore and Maryland as a whole (I'm a Baltimorean by way of N.C.) contend with leaders who deny members of all races the right to attend places of their choice, whether it is run by colored or white?

How long? As long as the operator operates a legitimate business and pays his taxes, why *can't he put into practice the* American preachings?

Let's wake up Baltimore.

A week ago I was discussiing the advantages we had in Baltimore and the places we could go (there was a bit of exaggeration) without segregation.

I sure did goof on that statement and my blood boils every time I see or hear of an incident where Americans are taking backward steps instead of forward. Why even in Texas colored and white attend some clubs together.

Is Baltimore behind Texas when it comes to integration? Or is it that the people who run Baltimore have minds so small that their stupidity runs away with them?

I hate to admit that the city leaders are that stupid and ignorant when I am forced to talk about good old Baltimore again. I am praying that the city gets rid of the members on the Liquor Board with minds of yesterday.

WILLIAM B. WILLS
Lieutenant, USAF
Stead Air Force Base
Reno, Nevada

TV repairmen

Dear AFRO:

I am writing this with mixed emotions, a feeling of desperation, hurt and humiliation beyond repair.

I am shamelessly accused of being a con man, the lowest kind of thief. And to make it worse right before the eyes of millions of people on TV. All because I am one of the thousands of television repairmen that make it possible for TV to continue to operate.

I saw "Dragnet" last week and in all my life I've never seen a trade of any kind so unjustly dragged through the mud.

To reveal thugs, murderers, racketeers and dope peddlers is protection for the public. But to put TV repairmen in the same category is not only a foul blow to our livelihood but slanderous to a self-sacrificing trade for which few laymen are qualified to understand or judge fairly.

There are 300 to 400 component parts in the average TV set, anyone of them becoming defective will render the set inoperative.

Who then can set a time element on when one of several parts will go up?

When a serviceman repairs a set in a home it's a headache if the trouble is more than the tubes. It's more efficient and comfortable to be in a shop where testing equipment and parts are available.

I ask, in all fairness, should we be subject to mistrust, people breathing down our necks and accusations of fraud by people we are trying to supply with cheap entertainment?

JOSEPH W. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note: The AFRO hopes publication of Mr. Griffith's letter will bring about a lessening in the number of people who are on his neck and those of his fellow repairmen.

Honor Roll thanks

Dear AFRO:

I was most pleasantly surprised and deeply gratified to find myself among those chosen for the AFRO-AMERICAN's 1954 Honor Roll.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to you for this recognition.

It is my wish that my future activities will merit the honor you have bestowed upon me now.

EARL KOGER

Dear AFRO:

Please extend my sincere thanks to the committee responsible for naming me to the 1954 AFRO Honor Roll. I deem it a personal privilege and high honor to be selected.

DAVID T. MASON

Dear AFRO:

With deep humility and gratitude I wish to express my thanks to the AFRO-AMERICAN and others who were responsible for my selection on the AFRO Honor Roll for 1954.

I am sure there are many more worthy citizens who could have been selected in my place —for this I am grateful.

It is my wish that all of the nice people who have contributed to help the unfortunate boys attend camp will share in this honor, for they have been my stimulating influence because of their willingness and graciousness to contribute to the Campership Fund.

LOUIS E. HARMON, M.D.

Reporters' Report To The People

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Members of the local chapter of the National Council of Negro Women are planning to attend the dinner for Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune in Washington at the Willard Hotel, at which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will be the guest speaker.

Within the next few days an officer attached to one of the downtown squads is expected to be transferred to a district station house and placed in uniform.

Trouble is that the gentleman is "persona non grata" in several districts because the commanding officers believe that he will eventually stub his toe and cause them a peck of trouble in his search for any easy buck.

* * *

LADY IN one of the housing projects had a rather sizable "hit" the other day and, lo and behold, the writer came up with the tale of an "overlook."

WHAT HE NEGLECTED to tell the lady was that he was in debt to his backer, and the backer took the "hit" money to even accounts.

This is not an isolated case and there are plenty of persons in the city who have recently been lucky with the figures only to find that they could not collect on their bets. Things are getting so bad that a number of citizens have given up the illegal pastime rather than run the risk of not being paid.

THE FOODS class of the Briscoe General Vocational School No. 451 recently won honorable mention in the apprentices exhibits for vocational cookery training schools held as part of the 86th Annual Salon of Culinary Art in Brooklyn, N.Y.

The trial of Lucien Tyson in the "Bathroom Murder Case" drew a full house this week, as his friends, enemies, and curiosity seekers packed courtroom.

You have to hand it to Joe Rosenthal, he really puts on a defense. And when he said: "and he killed the thing he loved" it ranked as a classical remark.

Tidbits

By SHIRLEY KYLE

It's grand to know so many of you are interested in doing your civic duty by being willing to serve on the Grand Jury should you be called.

* * *

LAST WEEK I appealed to those of you who would be available at 10 a.m., Mondays through Fridays, for five months. Several of you have replied.

And for those of you who are concerned about "qualifications" there are two major ones: 1. You must be under 70. 2. You must not have served on the panel within the past five years.

So, if there are any more of you who are interested, just let me know.

* * *

'TIS SAID the Fourth District Political Organization is getting ready to roll again now that March 1 primaries are just around the corner. (February's a short month, you know).

* * *

THIS IS THE same group that helped send Sen. Harry Cole to Annapolis. And if the members can produce the action this spring like they did last fall, the political bird says there'll be tan faces in the City Council this year.

By the way, they can't do the job alone, and there's plenty of room at the headquarters at 2120 Druid Hill Ave. Why not drop in.

CHILDREN ARE something—especially when they try to act grown up. One morning, this week, while riding the bus (guess which day) heard a bright youngster sound off when a passenger remarked, "How cute he is. Bet he's a nice boy."

The child pressed his face against the window, waited a second, then turned at the lady yelling, "Sufferin' Succotash!"

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Women are peculiar creatures. Word has it that they buzzed among themselves like bees around a hive when that brown-skinned blonde shake dancer waltzed into the Savants dance last Friday.

They divided up sides to discuss whether or not she was "eye-pealing" in her slanky white evening gown. Understand the men kept mum. The women cut her to ribbons.

* * *

IF THE time should ever come for me to cast a vote for the most outspoken minister, mine will go to the Rev. Joshua Williams of Sharp Street Methodist Church.

At Monday's Zoning Board meeting, he blasted away at the city fathers over a move to erect a warehouse near Douglass High. The hubbub is over Ordinance No. 2331.

Councilman William Bonnett tried to stop him when he declared that colored people are tired of being given the round-around.

Said that if white pupils had been in the school it would never have been necessary for colored citizens to enter into their chambers this week.

* * *

BART HARRINGTON may or may not win his bid for the Mayor's chair, but win or lose, that jingle he is using in his campaign will linger for a long time. It's a catchy thing.

Whether you realize it or not, the Baltimore Urban League is responsible for those jobs now opening up at the Patuxent Institute.

The Rev. James R. Williams, the minister whose wife was slain a few weeks ago is a determined soul. Still visits the Northeastern Police Station regularly to compare notes with Capt. Julian Forrest.

He is convinced that he knows who the killer is. Just can't prove it.

IF YOU ASK ME

By B. M. Phillips

You meet the nicest people . . .

You meet the nicest people across the city desk of a newspaper. For example, one of the most pleasant people with whom we've talked in many moons is Harry Gilbert. He's head of the St. James Hotel and secretary of the Baltimore Hotel Association.

"Has the Hotel Association taken a stand against segregation in local hotels?" we ask him periodically.

His answer has always been the same—"No, no action."

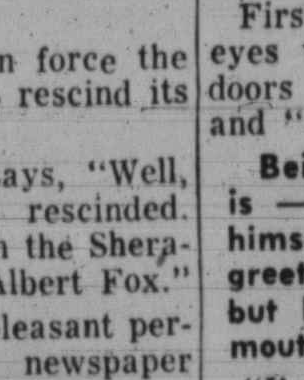
"Do you anticipate that there will be a change soon?"

Just as pleasantly, he answers — "No, not anytime soon."

"Did the association force the Sheraton-Belvedere to rescind its new policy?"

Still pleasant, he says, "Well, the policy has been rescinded. You'd better talk with the Sheraton's manager, Mr. Albert Fox."

And Mr. Fox is a pleasant person, too. Because newspaper people are supposed to have open minds and understand every point of view, you listen attentively as he explains:


Mrs. Phillips

"We tried to pioneer in Baltimore with a policy we thought would work . . . but it didn't work—we can't do it alone—other hotels didn't go along—we need their cooperation."

And then you ask — "Do you mean to say that a hotel chain as large as the Sheraton does an about-face because of the Baltimore Hotel Association's announced segregation policy?"

Without even pausing, he replies: "We've shown our good faith in trying to pioneer here in Baltimore . . . but things will work out . . . I'm just an employee here . . ."

You wonder after you finish how he can so pleasantly say a thing like that when records show he is the fifth largest man in the Baltimore Sheraton Corp — Ernest Henderson is No. 1 man—president; Robert L. Moore is vice president and treasurer.

No. 3 man is George B. Henderson, secretary; No. 4 man is William H. Davis Jr., assistant secretary and No. 5 man is Albert S. Fox, assistant secretary and general manager of the corporation!-

You meet some of the nicest people across a city desk.

Here's another true story concerning nice people which cost some of the nice people involved a $3,000 sale. Here's how:—

A local physician decided to gift his wife with a hardtop Pontiac. He visited the Oriole Pontiac showroom at North Ave. and Howard St., liked what he saw and said he would be back on Thursday to close the deal.

Usually, he has entered the showroom from the North Ave. side, but traffic was heavy on Thursday so he entered from the Howard St. side.

First thing which greeted his eyes was a sign over restroom doors which read, "For white" and "For colored."

Being the militant fellow he is — he could hardly contain himself. The nice salesman greeted him, contract in hand, but before he could open his mouth, the physician said:

"I'm sorry. We're not going to be able to do any business. Then he explained about the restroom signs.

The salesman was flabbergasted—"we've had these signs for 23 years . . . these restroom are just for our employees . . . YOU can use any restroom . . . we also have separate lockers rooms . . . etc.

And the physician answered: "Well, you keep your separate restrooms and locker rooms, and I'll keep my $3,000." He did, too.

You meet the nicest people across a city desk!

And Bert Claster, the TV producer (Romper Room et al—WBAL-TV), called to say that there's no race discrimination in the selection of youngsters who appear on his programs.

He said it is accidental that no colored children have ever appeared on the Romper Room show. Fact is that there has been a waiting list for the past three years.

And, says Mr. Claster, if there are colored youngsters who want to get on the program anytime soon, their mothers should write in now so they can get on the list too.

"We'll be happy to audition them when their time comes—all we require is that the children be alert. Color is not important."

You meet the nicest people across a city desk-

This and that of many things . . .

Algernon Prestwidge is no longer with the Village Store at Turner's Station. He is now salesman with a steel stone surface structure company.

Elinor Gibson, wife of George Gibson, mortician at Holland Funeral Home, has been in Provident Hospital two weeks, is expected back at her Wheeler Ave. home before too long.

Drop a note to the Jesse Parker and Nathan Rollins at 3400 Gwynns Falls. Their daughter and wife, Lillian Parker Rollins, died in childbirth. The infant lived. It's a girl named Brenda Mae.

A co-worker who was present said that barrister, school principal Lena K. Lee didn't add to her prestige or make any friends for herself at the ADA dinner at the Emerson Hotel.

A backer of Walter T. Dixon for city council in the Fourth District, she became angry when other candidates were introduced and the emcee somehow overlooked Walter T.

She jumped to her feet and created a minor disturbance in the back of the room, until a red-faced usher rushed to her side and gave an ear to her complaint. Both Walter and Josiah Henry, also a Fourth District councilmanic candidate, later were introduced and took their bows.

Also present: Republican City Alderman Charles Cornish of Cambridge, Md.

Mothers' March for Polio in the 12th Ward, Seventh Precinct with headquarters in the 220 block N. Howard St., raised $62.

One contributor, howeer, floored them when she asked for a recepit for her quarter.

The junior workers in this area were Ethel Purcell, Sarah Hicks, Elaine Taylor, Horace Shelton and Kenneth Wright.

Adult workers were Mrs. Mary Scott, Hyler Shelton, Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Lena McIntyre, Carol Taylor and Mrs. Marie Taylor, captain.

Mrs. Ruther Barber escaped injury when that heater exploded in her home at 10 S. Fremont She's a seamstress and works at a manufacturing company.

Mrs. Laura Brockington out Patapsco Park way says you and you and you were "mighty kind" after you read here that her daughter and family were burned out while the daughter was in the hospital having a baby.

A reader calls to say that teachers and parents ought to advise those youngsters who appear on the TV Teen Canteen program.

"This past Saturday, the girls were dressed appropriately but many of the boys had no ties or coats and/or jackets.

"And I have never seen so many youngsters chewing gum. Many of them tried to chew their gum in tune with the music. They just look bad."

Mrs. Samuel Myers, wife of the Morgan State College professor, underwent an operation at Provident, is now back at her Windsor Ave. home.

Also doing nicely at Hopkins where she is confined for a checkup is Mrs. E. Everett Lane, wife of the Northwestern District magistrate.

Tuesday's hurricane which went on a 60-mile rampage in the Alabafa-Mississippi area, leveled a school at Commerce Landing, Miss., killed the teacher and several of her 45 pupils.

Expected home any day now from Germany is Cpl. Grover McCrea, son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover L. McCrea, 1315 N. Caroline St. He's been overseas 17 months.

The blanket which covered the grave of Dr. George B. Murphy last week was made by his niece, Elizabeth O. Abney.

It was of hemlock, laurel and pine and made in memory of her late mother, the former Rose Murphy.

Made like those used in Roman funerals, it was seven feet long and wide enough to cover the grave. Stapled to the ground by the undertaker, it will last for six months or more.

Incidentally, laurel is significant of victory—in ancient times scholars and heroes were crowned with it.

Hemlock is a symbol of life everlasting and pine is evergreen and eternal.

Mrs. Abney found the laurel, hemlock and pine in the virgin forest where they are building the Mondawmin shopping center.

If you like good theatre, you'll enjoy "All My Sons," the Arthur Millers' vehicle which the Arena Players are presenting at their playhouse, 1908 Warwick Ave.

There will be evening performances on Feb. 18, 19 and 20, and a matinee on Sunday.

This is the play voted the best of 1947 by New York critics Don't miss it!

It was Willie Mays . . .

John Lardner, writing in a recent issue of Newsweek, passes along this story:

The baseball writers of New York voted to award a prize to Horace Stoneham, president of the N.Y. Giants baseball club, for service rendered to baseball over the years.

Word of the honor reached Stoneham when he woke up in the morning, and he leaped out of bed with a cry of enthusiasm. "This is what I've been waiting for he told his secretary. "What else do you know?"

"Some ballplayers have just fought a savage brawl in Puerto Rico."

"Boys will be boys," chuckled Stoneham. "Still, you can get hurt that way. Just suppose Willie Mays had been mixed up in it."

"He was," the secretary said.

Stoneham was carried back to bed, but is expected to be up again in time to receive the award.

Thought of the week . . .

I picked this up from the Department of Education's current bulletin. It is by Francis J. Gable:

"There is but one good reason for knocking, and that is when, by vigorous hammering, you can open a door to better things."

—Tyson faces 18 years

(Continued from Page 1)

tionship with Mrs. Nicholson.

However, when he reached the part of his story dealing with the fatal beating of the teacher, his voice faltered and dropped, as he made an obvious attempt to keep from breaking down completely.

His most difficult moment came when he was asked by Mr. Rosenthal:

"How do you feel about it (Mrs. Nicholson's death)? To this, Tyson replied in a hollow voice:

"I don't believe she is dead. I still don't believe it."

* * *

AFTER TELLING how he had spent the night before the teacher's death drinking with friends, Tyson told how he returned to the teacher's home and how an argument started because he had not brought back an order of shrimp she had asked for, and because he smelled of a perfumed face lotion.

"She thought I had been with another woman. She kept on arguing and slapped my face," Tyson said.

In answer to questions from Mr. Rosenthal, these are the answers Tyson gave.

Q— Did you have any intention of killing Mildred?

A — No sir.

Q— How did you feel about her?

A— I just loved her.

After Tyson had finished testifying and had been cross examined by Mr. Gentry, he appeared highly nervous and when he returned to his seat, he burst into a spasm of coughing.

* * *

IN HIS OPENING statement to the jury, on Tuesday, Mr. Gentry set the stage for the trial as he sketched in brief outline the basic facts in the slaying of the pretty 43-year-old Mrs. Nicholson.

Gentry told how early on Nov. 7, police were summoned to the home of Mrs. Nicholson at 1912 Ruxton Ave., by James Wilson, a roomer at the house, and how they found Tyson in the bathroom with the battered body of his sweetheart.

Mr. Rosenthal agreed that these facts were correct but he disagreed with the state's contention that the slaying was a "senseless murder" and argued for a manslaughter conviction.

"We don't say you should condone this, but you know human weaknesses and frailities," Mr. Rosenthal told the jury.

"It is a situation that calls more for pity than condemnation. He destroyed the thing he loved. This man has suffered the agonies of hell. He has lost weight, he is not himself. Have understanding and feeling."

As Mr. Rosenthal spoke in a dramatic voice, attention was centered on Tyson, who sat motionless with his hands folded in his lap. His head was bowed and his shoulders were slumped. The blue suit he wore seemed too large for him and deep lines crisscrossed his face.

* * *

THE LAWYER blamed the teacher's death on the fact that Tyson had been drinking and when he arrived at Mrs. Nicholson's home she started a quarrel during which she inflicted a cut over Tyson's eye which required medical treatment.

Rosenthal said that after the blow, Tyson lost his temper and "he had no control of himself. It is unfortunate that the woman did not realize his anger."

With this as a background the trial started, with Miss Betty Harris, daughter of the slain teacher, as one of the first witnesses.

Dressed neatly in a brown suit, Miss Harris testified in a soft and composed voice of her mother's relation with Tyson.

* * *

MISS HARRIS said her mother met Tyson in 1951 when he rented a room and lived at their home for a month. In answer to questions from Mr. Gentry, this is the picture Miss Harris painted of the relationship between her mother and Tyson.

Q— Did you know anything about the relationship between him and your mother?

A— Yes. They had been seeing each other quite a while. Since he couldn't get a divorce they couldn't get married. He didn't stay at her house. When he stayed, he stayed in our dining room and slept on our studio couch.

Q— Did he come almost every night?

A— He didn't stay every night. In the evening he might have stopped for a short while.

Q—Was that both during the week and on week ends?

A— Mostly during the week. On weekends my mother didn't like him to come because he was drunk and would do anything to start an argument."

Q— They would have been married if he could have gotten a divorce?

A— Maybe about a year ago. But I don't think at the time that she was murdered. I don't think should would have (married Tyson) because he wasn't the type of person she would want.

The trial itself opened Tuesday morning in the courtroom crowded with 300 spectators. Nearly 100 other persons stood outside in the corridor waiting for seats.

The first day proceeded calmly and businesslike as the assistant state's attorney, James O. Gentry, and Mr. Rosenthal selected the 11 men and one woman who were to try Tyson.

* * *

THE STATE ALSO introduced James Wilson, the teacher's tenant, who was in the house at the time of the fatal beating.

Mr. Wilson told of being awakened by a "thumping" sound and the cries of Mrs. Nicholson as she screamed for help. He told of running from the house to find policemen, and how he returned with them to find Tyson in the bathroom with the body.

The state also called the medical examiner, Dr. Russell Fisher, who testified that an autopsy of Mrs. Nicholson disclosed that she died from a hemmorage due to a fracture of the nose and upper jaw, a fracture of the base of the skull, and multiple injuries about the head.

Dr. Fisher testified that the nose had been fractured with such force that attaching bones had been driven back into the rear lower portion of the head thus causing another fracture in the region.

"It takes a very strong blow to drive the nose into the base of the skull," Dr. Fisher said.

(Throughout the trial, there was no evidence introduced of a weapon having been used in the slaying.)

* * *

OTHER TESTIMONY for the state was given by arresting officers in the case, Lt. James Middleton, and Officers Phillip Burrat, and Nichols Woren.

For the defense, Mr. Rosenhtal used the testimony of Tyson plus a number of character witnesses and persons who were with Tyson during the hours immediately proceeding the teacher's death.

* * *

WITH MR. Rosenthal resting his case on this testimony, Mr. Gentry spent 25 minutes in his closing argument to the jury during which he blawed the slaying on Tyson's anger at the fact Mrs. Nicholson no longer wanted him as a sweetheart.

"I think we can draw a reasonable inference on the other side of the story and its all in Miss Harris' testimony. She said they talked of marriage a year ago. She said her mother objected to his (Tyson's) drinking and arguing on the weekends, so much so that she left the house to avoid him.

"She didn't want him any more. The defendant acted on the basis of the determination that if he couldn't have her, no other person could. The force in the brutal beating shows malice behind this. I assure you this is murder."

* * *

ON THIS NOTE, Gentry ended his argument, and then Rosenthal took over for 65 minutes as he made a dramatic and impassioned plea for his client that reached such heights that in the end there were tears in the eyes of the lawyers and in those of the spectators.

And it was during the lawyer's closing argument that Tyson gave way to his first show of emotion, as tears streamed from his eyes at Rosenthal's words.

"Men don't plan to kill their sweet hearts that way — though there are many husbands and wives who would like to bang their spouses' heads but they never get that far. They use guns and knives."

In attempting to soften Gentry's description of the crime as "brutal," Mr. Rosenthal gave an extensive description of how man has developed in his moral outlook.

"There has been a moral change over people. We have learned man must help man to survive. We must treat cruelty with kindness."

* * *

AS MR. ROSENTHAL spoke, his voice grew more and more passionate as he reached for a book on the table before him and quoted from the "Wisdom of Solomon" these lines:

"Love thine enemies, those that hate you, smite you, curse you."

Speaking of Tyson, the attorney told the jury, "Look at that poor soul sitting there, eating his heart out. His life is ruined. He's lost weight. He's going to the pen for certain."

Then in closing, as his voice trembled, he picked up a Bible and read from the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthews 7:1:

"Judge not that ye be not judged for what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

With this he asked for a mansalughter verdict and turned away from the jury.

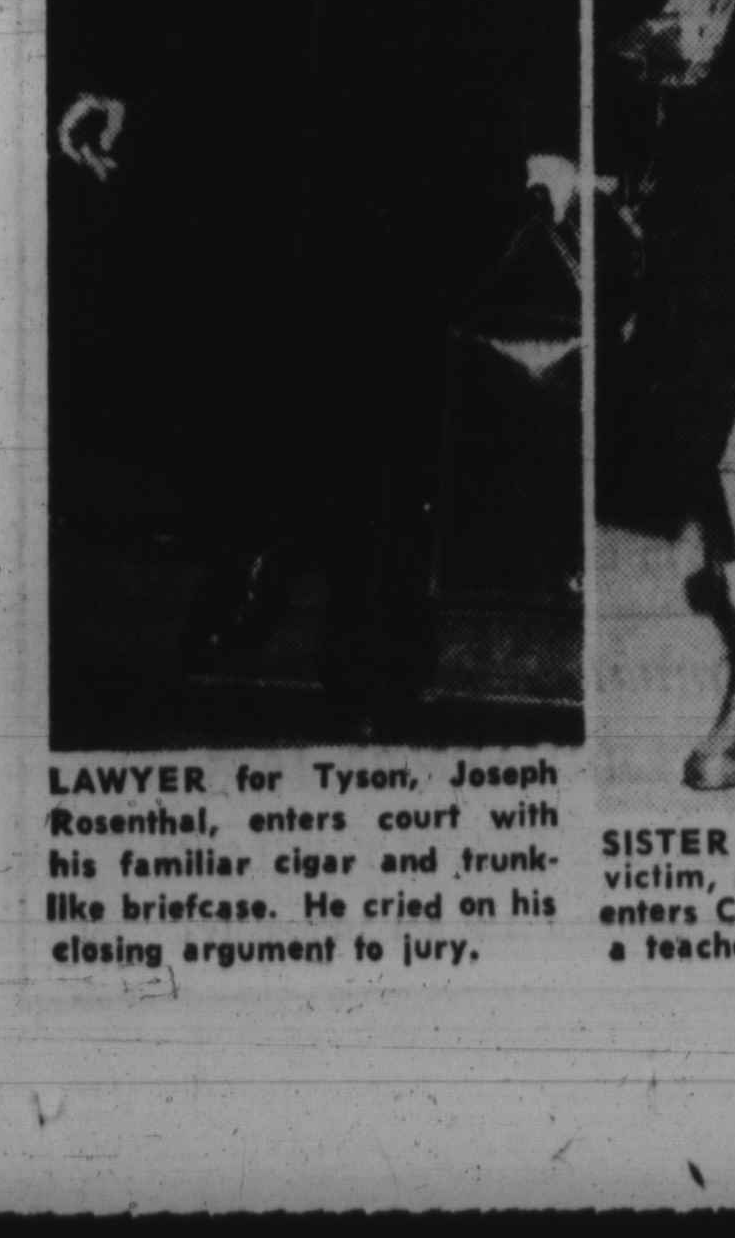
* * *

WHEN THE verdict was returned, Miss Harris showed no emotion. Miss Beecher Grinage, a schoolteacher, and Sherlock Grinage, sister and brother respectively of the murdered woman, also showed no outward signs of emotion.

Another brother, Granville (Curly) Grange, who had shown anger at the time of and following his sister's death, was not in the courtoom, Wednesday. Sherlock said that Granville was at work.

And so after two days the "Bathroom Murder Case" ended, with Tyson, a telephone company employee, convicted of the murder of the woman he said he loved.

GRANVILLE (CURLY) GRINAGE, brother of slain woman, arrives at court.


LAWYER for Tyson, Joseph Rosenthal, enters court with his familiar cigar and trunk-like briefcase. He cried on his closing argument to jury.

SISTER OF bathroom murder victim, Miss Beecher Grinage, enters Courthouse. She is also a teacher in the city schools.

Here are jurors who heard the Bathroom Murder Case

Here are the members of the Bathroom Murder Case jury in Criminal Court who found Lucien Tyson guilty of second degree murder for killing his schoolteacher sweetheart, Mrs. Mildred G. Nicholson, after deliberating for two hours and a half:

William A. Grace, 1622 Sexton St., manager Ze'l Motor Car Co., 1358 W. North Ave.

Norman F. Feig, 3509 Erdman Ave., general foreman of vehicles for Railway Express Agency;

Peter J. Prevas, 5900 Ayleshire Rd., chemical engineer for Arcrods Corp. Sparrows Point;

Isadore Znamirowski, 1712 Heathfield Rd., design draftsman for Westinghouse Electric Corp;

Robert K. Odenheimer, 4002 Brookhill Rd., traveling salesman for Anthony Creations;

Ronald N. Rayne, 1316 W. Lanvale St., U. S. Custom verifier, U. S. Appraisers Office;

Mrs. Margaret A. Mark, housewife, 4315 Parkwood Ave.,

Charles H. Grimes, 504 Pontiac Ave., sheet metal worker;

Charles B. Bishop, 1803 Bolton St., retired from Board of Liquor License Commission;

Joseph S. Blackwell, 1508 Clifton Ave., carpenter;

Richard D. Taber, 4670 Marble Hall Rd., engineer for Koppers Co.

John W. Will, 4216 Loch Raven Blvd., roofing contractor for F. A. Taylor Co.

Here's what Tyson said at his trial

Says he stayed at Millie's house every night in week; they wanted to get married

Tyson's testimony under questioning by Joseph Rosenthal, attorney:

Q—You have been in Baltimore about 19 years, is that correct?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You are married?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Your wife is in a mental institution in New York? Been there since 1942?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You have two children in Greensboro who are living with relatives. You send money for their support?

A—Yes sir.

Q—The last number of years you have been in Baltimore, with whom have you lived?

A—I have lived with my sister and my niece at 1613 Dukeland St.

Q—How long did you know Mrs. Nicholson? First, how many years were you in the U.S. Army?

A—Twenty-eight months.

Q—Part of that time was in the South Pacific, is that correct?

A—Yes sir.

Q—I think you were involved in an explosion over there, is that correct?

A—Yes sir.

Q—At one time, I think, a crane struck you on the head.

A—Yes sir.

Q—Do you occasionally have blackouts?

A—I had, I think, one or two. I was in a car accident and then I had this when the crane hit me, I blacked out for five or ten minutes.

Q—You have never been convicted of any crime except once, I think. Some girl in North Carolina whom you slapped. Other than that, that's the only thing? (Ed.'s Note: He paid a $25 fine).

A—Yes sir.

Q—How long had you known Mrs. Nicholson?

A—From four and one-half to five years.

Q—You had been a roomer at her house about a month, is that correct?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You were keeping company with her?

A—Yes sir.

Q—How long did you keep going with her?

A — About four and one-half years.

Q—How often did you see her?

A—About every night in the week.

Q—Did you sleep all night there?

A—Yes sir.

Q—How long?

A—About four or five nights out of a week.

Q—When would you come there?

A—About every night in the week. Most times I didn't go home. I stayed there. She had an extra room I could sleep in. She would say, 'Don't go home. Stay here.'

Q—What time did you go home in the morning?

A—About 5 o'clock in the morning and fix my breakfast and lunch and then go to work.

Q—How did you get along with Mrs. Nicholson?

A—Fine

Q—How did you feel about her?

A—I just loved her.

Q—Did you have any kind of trouble with her?

A—No sir.

Q—As a matter of fact, you intended to marry her. What were you going to do?

A—We intended to get married if I could get a divorce. Lawyer Wolfe was trying to get a divorce for me but he couldn't get one on account of the insanity of my wife.

Q—Mrs. Nicholson was trying to get a divorce too. She wasn't divorced either, was she?

A—No sir.

Q—On November 6, had you been there that night visiting Mrs. Nicholson?

A—Yes sir.

Q—On this Saturday, were you off from work—November 7?

A—Yes sir.

Q—What time did you get up? What did you do?

A—I left Mildred's house that morning. I went home and washed up and went out in the street.

Q—Where did you go then? (Ed's Note—8:45 p.m.)

A—To 1912 Ruxton Ave. (Mrs. Nicholson's home).

Q—What happened then?

A—I told her I had been out all day long, I was going home and shave and wash up. She said okay but don't be too long. I asked her did she want anything out in the street and I would bring it in when I came back. "She said, 'Yes, I want some shrimp.' I said, 'I am going home first.' (Ed.'s note— He left at 9 p.m. and returned after 2 a.m.

Q—Who opened the door?

A—When I rang the bell she opened the door. I went on back to the kitchen and sat down and talked like we always do. She asked me what happened. I said I had a few drinks. She said, 'You are drunk.' I said I am not drunk, I have been drinking. So we started an argument about this.

Q—You forgot to bring the shrimp home?

A—Yes sir. I said I am going on upstairs. She said, 'I am going to lock up.' I had on some new shaving lotion she hadn't smelled before.

She thought I had been with another woman. She kept arguing and slapped my face and knocked my glasses off.

I said what are you slapping me for, I haven't done anything. She got in the hall and started slapping me all over again.

Q—Did you push her away from you?

A—I was trying to get away from her all the time.

Then I came back in the bedroom looking for my hat and coat. I kept asking her where it was, she said she didn't know. So I go into the bathroom. Next thing I know, I was hit.

Q—Where were you hit?

A—Over my right eye.

Q—Did you have any intention of killing Mildred?

A—No sir.

Q—Did you know you killed Mildred?

A—No. sir.

Q—How did you feel about Mildred? Did you think you had done it?

A—No sir.

Q—How did you feel about it?

A—I dont believe she is dead. I still don't believe it.

Q—Did you strike her with any weapon?

A—No sir. Not as I remember. I was hit with something, I don't know what it was.

Cross-examination by James Gentry, assistant states attorney:

Q—Miss Harris said that Mrs. Nicholson left the house the summer of last year to avoid you.

A—I don't remember that. Mrs. Nicholson left the house the summer of last year to avoid you.

A—I dont remember that.

Q—Have you ever struck her?

A—Not that I know of.

Q—Did she object to your excessive drinking?

A—No sir.

Q—On weekends, was it, you drank excessively?

A—No sir, just a few drinks.

Q—She objected to you having a few drinks didn't she?

A—She objected to everyone drinking because she didn't like whisky.

Q—When you came to the house she asked you not to come on weekends when you had been drinking?

A—She asked me to come everyday and on weekends.

Q—When you came there after you had done considerable drinking, didn't she tell you to get out?

A—No sir.

Q—Ths drinking that you did on Nov. 7, do you know how much whisky you consumed during the whole day? Would it be as much as a gallon?

A—I don't know.

Q—You started very early in the morning, is that correct?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Is that your usual custom?

A—No sir.

Q—Why was it you happened to do all this drinking on that particular day?

A—I hadn't seen my friends and every friend I met asked me to drink.

Q—You went into the house when you got there at 2 o'clock and went back in the kitchen, didn't you?

A—Yes.

Q—It was there that Mrs. Nicholson started the argument. Is that right?

A—Yes, about the shrimp.

Q—Why didn't you leave the house?

A—Because I would stay there at night.

Q — She was arguing with you, why didn't you leave?

A—As I said, we were just talking and arguing and I said I am going upstairs and going to bed while you stay out there and argue.

Q — Did you go in her bedroom?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Is that where you were going to sleep?

A—Yes sir. She was going to sleep in Betty's room.

Q—She leaves her bed and goes into another room, is that right?

A—The room I had was taken. A lady had moved there.

Q—That was down in the basement wasn't it? She wasn't there that night was she?

A—I don't know, sir.

Q—Did you go in first or did she go in first?

A—I believe I went in first if I am not mistaken.

Q—Did you put the latch on the door after you got in?

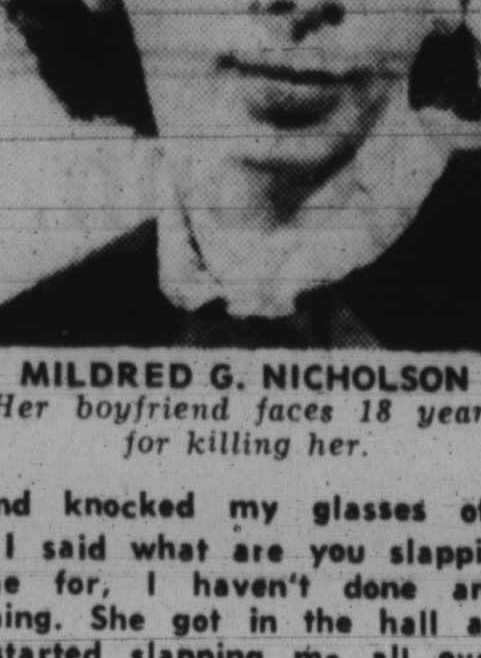
A—No.

Q—As a matter of fact, she went in the bedroom first and you pushed in the door. Isn't that right? And pushed the latch out?

A—I don't know.

Q—Isn't it a fact that she put some furniture against the door to keep you out of the bedroom?

A—I don't know sir.


MILDRED G. NICHOLSON
Her boyfriend faces 18 years for killing her.

Tears could not wipe away the pain in Mae's heart

By BIDDY WOOD

There was a piece written once in which the author expressed a wish to be young again.

As I watched Mrs. Mae G. Faulkner in Criminal Court, this week, where her uncle was on trial for murder, my thoughts went back to these lines from the literary work:

"And all the heart then knew of pain was wiped away in transient tears."

When she was a girl in her teens, Mae Ethel Gant—as we knew her—was one of the most popular and carefree members of the pigtail set.

* * *

BUT ON THIS day in court—some 14 or 15 years later—Mae was a full-grown woman whose tears would never wipe away the pain in her heart.

I remembered the days when the gang used to go to the Druid Hill YMCA on Saturday nights for the basketball games and the hops that followed.

Mae, who danced like she had invented the thing, was perhaps the most sought-after girl there.

From the end of game time until midnight—when the hop ended—Mae would dance with the vigor that only the young can know.

* * *

THE GANTS, Mae, her mother and brother, lived then in the 1500 block of Druid Hill Ave.

If the gang wasn't going to the Y, we'd all pile into Mae's living room, turn on some records and jitterbug the evening away. The cokes flowed freely.

Mae's ace buddy, in those days, was Catherine Leeds. How those two could dance and make a party merry.

THOSE WERE the years of my boyhood, when troubles were things for parents to worry about.

But now, we are all grown. Mae and Catherine, Sonny Pratt, Robert Watts, Gloria Weaver, Billy Young, Ossie and Buddy Chisholm, Mae Morris, Harry Gail, Nellie Haynes —most of the gang's married now.

As Mae sat through the two-day trial of her uncle—Lucien M. Tyson—charged with the slaying of his schoolteacher sweetheart, Mrs. Mildred G. Nicholson, I couldn't help but think of the young, happy girl I once knew.

* * *

MAE STILL possesses a natural beauty. On the opening day of the trial, Tuesday, she wore a black hat, with a veil, a long-sleeved white sweater with gold buttons, a black skirt, black pumps, black purse and gloves.

On Wednesday, she wore a black hat with the veil dotted with silver, and a black dress trimmed in white.

She sat right behind her uncle. The eyes that used to sparkle when she was belle of the parties, were now filled with tears. There was pain in her heart, but she did not cry.

* * *

THE TRIAL was drawing to a close. Joseph Rosenthal, her uncle's attorney, was ending his passionate plea to the jury. The attorney's voice broke and he went into tears as he asked for a verdict of manslaughter.

Tyson held back the first tears that I had seen come to his eyes. Mae flicked a tear away.

The jury went out to deliberate at 2:55 p.m. In the hall, outside the courtroom, I took a smoke with Mae.

HER EYES were puffed and red. There were lines of sorrow under them. She took a deep drag and began to talk.

She told me of the close friendship that existed between her and her uncle. At the time of the slaying, he was living in her home in the 1600 block of Dukeland St.

"Lou's" mother died when he was two and he was raised by his sisters. He spent most of his younger days with the Gants.

"He was like a brother to me," Mae said.

She told me of the comfort she had received from friends who had stood by her since the day of the slaying—Nov. 7.

"If you write a story, Biddy," she said, "please tell them I don't know what I would have done without them."

She told me how "Lou" stuck by his sweetheart when "Mildred" was very ill. In talking of the tragedy, Mae said her uncle still can't believe Mrs. Nicholson is dead.

"He would have done anything in the world for Mildred," Mae said.

Mae said that on the day of the slaying, she and her uncle had been invited to have dinner with Mrs. Nicholson.

* * *

WE WERE NOW on our third or fourth cigarette and the jury had been out more than two hours. Finally, the word came that the jury was back.

As the foreman read the verdict of guilty of second degree murder, Tyson broke down — for the first time—and cried within himself.

As they carried him from the courtroom, Mae cried after him, "Oh, Lou." Still she would not cry openly.

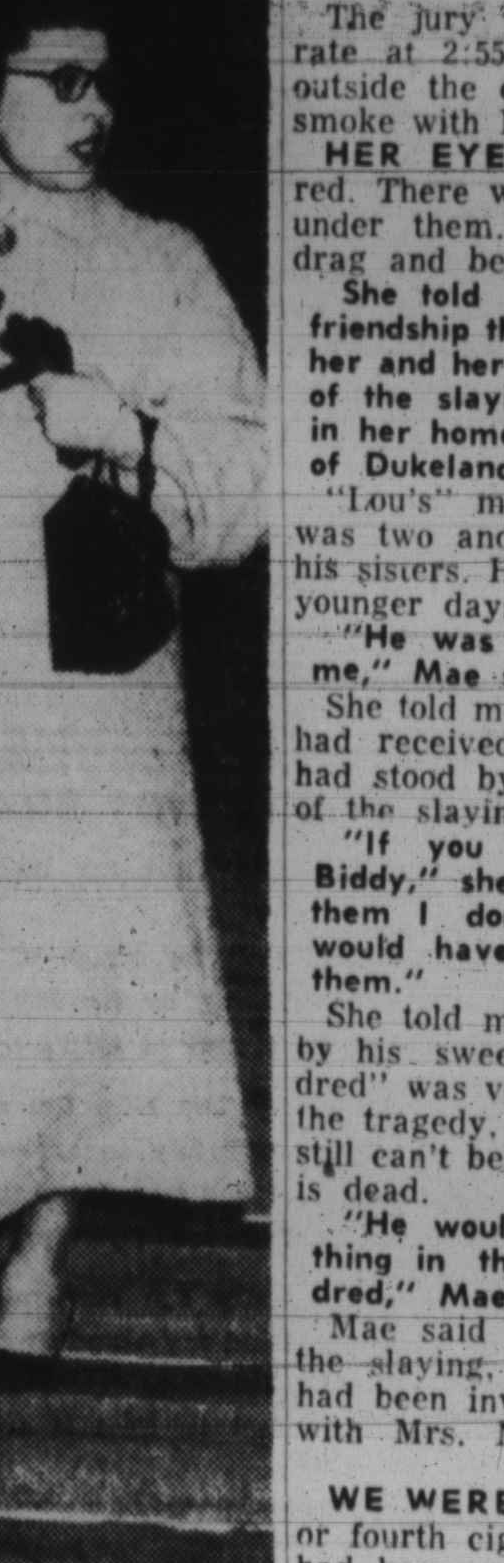
There was a mass of confusion in the hall as friends crowded around Mae. She thanked them for their support.

THEN MAE and her cousin, Mrs. Mae Swanston of NYC, walked out into the chill of a February day of snow and slush.

The tears flowed freely down the faces of both women.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers . . . Ere the sorrow comes with years."

Little Mae was now a grown woman whose tears could not wipe away the pain in her heart.


MRS. MAE FAULKNER, niece of Lucien Tyson. He lived at her home in the 1600 block Dukeland St. "Lou was like a brother," she said.

Eerie feeling in courtroom at Bathroom Murder trial

By SHIRLEY KYLE

The Bathroom Murder trial was marked by a weird tenseness which hovered in the courtroom during the two-day hearing.

The eerie feeling was perhaps prompted by the corpse-like figure of Lucien Tyson who remained slumped in his chair, not moving a muscle as witnesses and attorneys paraded by him.

Or, it could have been that Judge John T. Tucker at first ordered everyone who was standing, out of the courtroom.

* * *

EVEN TYSON'S friends and relatives who arrived five minutes late, were ordered back into the hallway. They were admitted 45 minutes later, however, when Defense Counsel Joseph Rosenthal explained they were witnesses in the case.

Other visitors who had to stand were kept out, including an elderly white man who insisted he was a member of the bar, tried to interrupt proceedings by talking to the judge, and finally was carried away.

Only twice did the spectators find cause to break the deadly silence by laughter.

The first occasion came late in the afternoon on the first day of the hearing while assistant state's attorney James Gentry was cross-examining a character witness, Mrs. Margaret Grant, wife of Dean George C. Grant of Morgan College.

* * *

MRS. GRANT had testified that Tyson's reputation as to "truth and veracity, peace and quiet" was good.

Gentry then asked Mrs. Grant, "If I told you Tyson had been convicted of slapping another woman in North Carolina, would you change your mind?"

Mrs. Grant replied, calmly, "It all depends on the provocation of the assault."

Gentry began to repeat his question and Rosenthal interrupted. "I'm asking the question, Mr. Rosenthal," Gentry retorted.

Rosenthal: "Well, my goodness, you'll be all day with a question like that, she's answered you once!"

* * *

THIS WAS THE second time tempers flared between the two attorneys. Earlier, Rosenthal objected to Gentry introducing three sets of pictures showing Mrs. Mildred G. Nicholson after the beating, on grounds the body had been moved when the shots were made.

The judge settled the matter by ordering the photos withdrawn.

The spectators laughed again at the close of the first day of the hearing when Judge Tucker announced the trial would continue Wednesday and smiled, "I've got other matters to take care of now and I intend to get home by dinner time."

At a point during the examination of character witnesses, Tuesday, a juror leaned over the jury box and reminded Rosenthal that he had forgotten to ask the witness about Tyson's reputation as to truth and veracity.

* * *

ROSENTHAL LOOKED at the juror, laughed and said, "I did, eh?"

"Yeh, you did," the juror laughed heartily and sat down.

On Wednesday, police officers who sat across the room from the jurors, were accused by Rosenthal of snickering and making facing while Tyson was on the stand.

Tyson had rust testified, 'I was trying to get away from her all the time," when Rosenthal interrupted.

"Your Honor, I think you should ask the police officers to leave the room because they're grinning and laughing and making faces at the jurors."

THE JUDGE permitted the officers to stay provided they they maintained order.

The first tears were shed in the courtroom by Miss Betty Harris, Morgan State College senior and daughter of Mrs. Nicholson, while Tyson was being cross-examined.

He refuted her testimony that Mrs. Nicholson objected to his excessive drinking and had told him not to visit her on weekends.

Miss Harris uttered a low moan as Tyson said, "Mildred never told me to get out," then covered her face with a handkerchief, and cried.

SEVERAL TIMES throughout the trial Miss Harris showed anger whenever reference was made to the fact that Tyson spent the night at her mother's home and shared the same bedroom.

On the stand, she insisted that whenever "Mr. Tyson spent the night, he stayed in the dining room and slept on the studio couch."

The final demonstrations in the courtroom, before the jury returned the verdict, occurred when Rosenthal ended his 65-minute closing argument to the panel with a selection from the Sermon on the Mount.

He read from St. Matthews 7:1-2: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Tears filled the attorney's eyes as he turned away from the jury and returned to the trial table where Tyson was weeping. This was the first emotion he had shown. At other times he merely coughed or shifted his legs.

Seated behind him was his niece, Mrs. Mae Faulkner, who was also crying.

These are the persons who appeared as character witnesses:

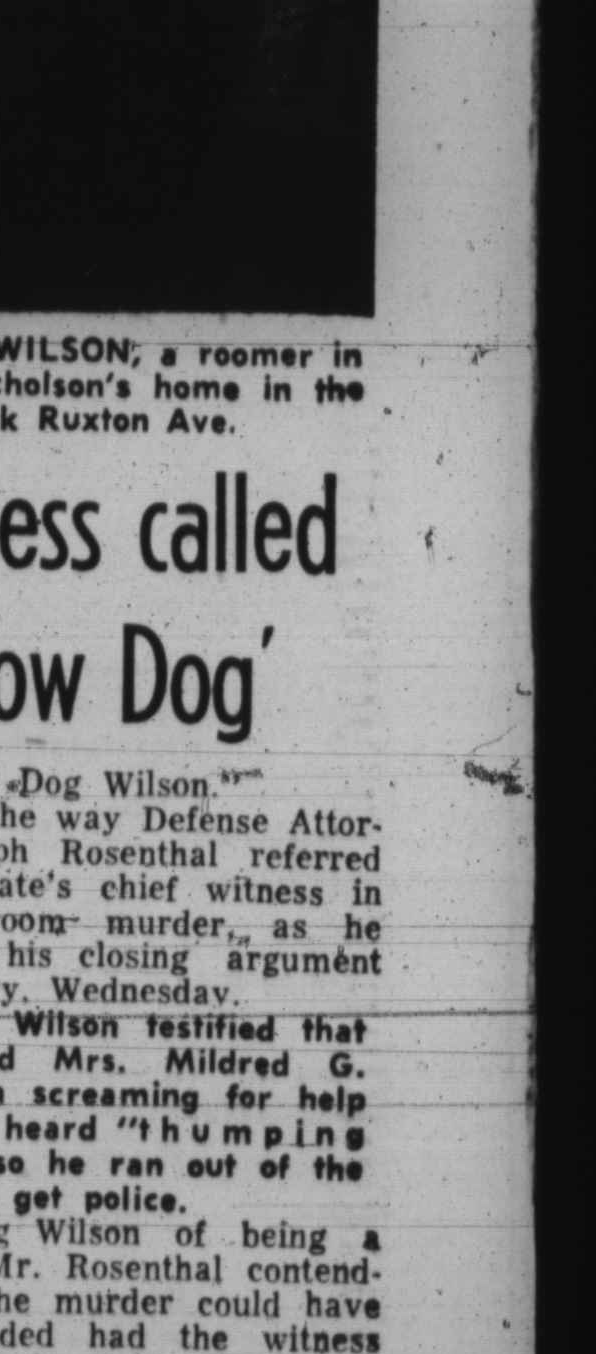
Mrs. Gladys Street, 1823 Warwick Ave.; Roscoe Geter, 1824 Walbrook Ave., janitor; David Stainback, 3028 Arunah Ave., telephone company employee; Mrs. Lucille Lambert, 1633 N. Monroe St., beautician; Mrs. Alberta Nelson, 2212 Walbrook Ave.;

Mrs. Arlita Pye, 1530 Division St., practical nurse; Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, 1200 Druid Hill Ave., James Lawrence, 2208 Walbrook Ave.; Arthur Lambert, 1633 N. Monroe St., taxi driver; and Mrs. Margaret Grant, 2018 Whittier Ave., teacher.

These are the persons who appeared as witnesses for Tyson:

Edward Wise, 1525 N. Carey St., mail carrier; Russell Smith, 1918 Ruxton Ave., laborer; George Peay, 2139 Walbrook Ave., plasterer;

James Cockey, 2137 Walbrook Ave., machine operator; Willie Taylor, 2203 Ruskin Ave., machine operator; and Mrs. Mae Faulkner, 1613 Dukeland St., IBM operator.


JAMES WILSON, a roomer in Mrs. Nicholson's home in the 1900 block Ruxton Ave.

Witness called 'Yellow Dog'

"Yellow Dog Wilson."

That's the way Defense Attorney Joseph Rosenthal referred to the state's chief witness in the Bathroom murder, as he delivered his closing argument to the jury, Wednesday.

James Wilson testified that he heard Mrs. Mildred G. Nicholson screaming for help and had heard "thumping noises" so he ran out of the house to get police.

Accusing Wilson of being a coward, Mr. Rosenthal contended that the murder could have been avoided had the witness broken up the fight between the couple.

"THAT BIG Yellow Dog didn't do anything except run out like a woman would do and call the policeman," he charged, his voice enraged.

"If he had stopped them, all she would have suffered perhaps is a broken nose and a few cuts and this thing might not have even reached the police courts.

"It would have just turned out to be a Saturday night fight between a fellow and his girl friend if Wilson had separated them, the Yellow Dog."

Mr. Wilson was not in court to hear the accusations, Wednesday. He had testified the day before and was informed he would not be needed again.