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. Nothing less than this, 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.

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

By John H. Murphy Sr.—1840-1922
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The highest reward for man's toil is not what he gets for it but what he becomes by it."—John Ruskin.

Sobeloff nomination

The old southern technique of legislative sabotage by filibuster is again being used to thwart the will of the majority.

The setting this time is the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings which are presumed to be considering the President's nomination of U.S. Solicitor General Simon E. Sobeloff to fill a vacancy in the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

The nomination was made early last summer, but a subcommittee of the judiciary just got around to reporting it to the full committee six weeks ago.

Since then, South Carolina's Sen. Olin D. Johnston has used up most of the committee meetings at which his quorum was present in the reading of a 16-page statement opposing Mr. Sobeloff's confirmation.

He still has ten pages to go in addition to quite a supply of clippings from various newspapers and magazines. At the present rate of progress Sen. Johnston could delay a committee report on Mr. Sobeloff indefinitely.

A move which would have halted the filibuster by forcing a committee vote on the nomination when the southerners were able to block holding of the session.

Senator Johnston's opposition to the confirmation is based upon no question of Mr. Sobeloff's fitness for the judgeship, but upon his appearance as "a friend of the court" in the school segregation cases.

So is the opposition of Mississippi's Senator Eastland, Committee chairman.

If these two are permitted to have their way, Congress will have adjourned before any action is taken on the nomination.

It is the job of northern and border state members of the Judiciary Committee to see to it that this does not happen. It is up to them to see that the hearings on the Sobeloff nomination are not turned into a travesty.

It may become particularly difficult for instance, for a candidate like Maryland's Senator Butler to tell the voters next November why he did not make a more determined fight against the Southerners' delaying tactics if the nomination does not reach the Senate floor before adjournment.

That might be worth thinking over between now and the time that the committee meets again.

Sound police procedure

Last Tuesday a 14-year-old girl was shot in the ankle by pursuing policemen after she had fired four blasts at them from a repeating shotgun.

Despite the unfortunate nature of the entire incident, it is one which offers a vital lesson in law enforcement.

A shotgun is a particularly lethal weapon, capable of inflicting death or grievous injury whether or not it is in the hands of an expert.

This was undoubtedly well known to the policemen involved. It is to their credit that they did not panic and return fire in a manner which might have resulted in the death or far more serious injury to the girl.

The warning shots fired into the air, then the carefully aimed shots fired to halt, but not to kill, are in keeping with sound police procedure.

On Sunday, just six days later, two policemen came upon the scene of an altercation allegedly involving three colored men, two white men and a white woman.

At no time during the flight was it testified that any weapon was used or shown by any of the men involved.

Yet, one of the policemen, a late arrival on the scene and in uniform, found it necessary to resort to the use of his service revolver and kill one of the participants.

The fight had already been halted by an off duty policeman who was first on the scene and out of uniform.

According to his statement to his superiors, the officer fired "when the man reached under his shirt as if to draw a gun." gun."

The man who was killed was not armed.

The two incidents are in sharp contrast to one another.

The first showed sound police procedure.

The second showed a killing which was not necessary.

It was also out of line with instructions issued by Police Commissioner Hephron last April following the death of a 14-year-old boy and the shooting of two other suspects by police.

At that time Commissioner Hephron said: "When in doubt, don't fire."

Citing the police code on the use of firearms the Commissioner added: "an officer has the right to fire at any person who attempts to escape after committing a felony in the policeman's presence when no other means of capture is possible."

No felony was committed in Patrolman Pennisi's presence.

He was not under attack at the time of the shooting.

It has not been established that Boyd, the victim, was attempting to escape.

Commissioner Hephron can do no less than see that thorough investigation of the slaying is conducted.

Price of integration

The Baltimore County School Board has decided that the name of the junior high school in West Towson to be changed from George Washington Carver to Towson Township Junior High.

It gave as its reason that the new name would remind the pupils that the county seat of Baltimore County was originally known as Towson Township.

Carver Junior High is the first casualty of integration, and it's likely that the names of Booker T., Benjamin Banneker and Frederick Douglass are the new scheme of things will give way to more general names.

If that's the only price we have to pay for integration, it's cheap enough.

The Bar Association

The difficulty in which the sitting judge practice finds itself can be laid squarely on the doorsten of the Baltimore Bar Association, which presumes to speak for everybody, yet restricts its membership to white males only.

The association has brazenly reserved for itself the right to nominate the list of candidates from which the governor appoints the judges.

When the governor exercises his executive authority and refuses to be restricted by the Bar Association's list in selecting a man for the bench, the association squeals to high heaven.

If an organization discriminates against women and colored people, why should its judgment be respected in other matters?

No one had done anything about this until the late Dickerson.

The women put up a candidate and other groups which did not agree with the Bar Association's restrictive practices put up another.

The result was that one of the very capable sitting judges failed of nomination in the recent primaries.

The proposal now to take a poll of all the lawyers in the attempt to put up what amounts to a Bar Association slate in the coming election cannot fail to do anything but increase resentment.

The Mayor is right

Coming from the head of a border state city where school integration has become an accepted fact only within the past two years, the Mayor's statement is one which should be especially significant for all of those shouting and those people who have been restrained and prevented from exposing a cause which they know is right by fears of conflict and friction.

It should serve also to strengthen belief in their rightness among those who have been fighting against odds to bring about integration as a just and honest way of life.

Declaring that the entire nation "will feel the better for it" when desegregation is achieved in our public schools, Mayor D'Alessandro made a statement Tuesday night which is worth remembering and repeating.

"In the realm of conscience, both of a man of a body politic, the inequity of discrimination, especially when applied to our youth, constitutes an ugly lump whose presence never quite permits the tranquility of mind which is the repose of the just man and the ambition of all of us."

try. What do you think?

City Desk Memo

By CHESTER M. HAMPTON

"You take a powerful man or a powerful woman — their strength pushes through their bodies — they've got to find something to do and may get into all these darn fool things.

A venerable lawyer was speaking in a relaxed, contemplative manner about crime and the quasi-criminal activity that leads to major crime.

The discussion had started concerning a horrible crime in which a young woman was killed and her boy-friend charged with the crime.

With this beginning, the conversation wandered to other things. Of the series of homicides the city recently experienced the lawyer said:

"It's been my experience that we get waves of these things. I don't know whether it's the time of year or the phase of the moon or what."

THE LAWYER went on to explain that much crime is brought on by the quest of healthy adults for leisure-time activity.

The 40-hour work week, he explained, has given the masses of people much more leisure and many of them do not know what to do with it.

Consequently, they go out seeking harmless recreation which, if they are not very careful, can lead to serious crimes involving imprisonment—bloodshed—even death.

THE ARMED SERVICES have had and are having the same kind of problems with service men—both at home and abroad.

Despite the USOs, the service clubs and the Red Cross canteens, men in the services still seek to find leisure activities with an appeal not furnished by the approved recreational facilities.

The services, then try to educate the men to what trouble is and how to avoid it. They also provide stiff punishment for those who transgress regulations.

These safeguards have been somewhat effective—any serviceman can testify that the incidence of crime would be much higher if it were not for these provisions.

HOW CAN the success of the services be duplicated in civilian life? Certainly, the same methods of education and restricted privileges cannot be applied to civilians.

Stiff punishment would also be effective but there just aren't enough jails.

So what is needed is a leisure-time activity that will appeal to great numbers of people more than the taverns and "amors" do now. (And that's a LARGE order.)

ONE THING, though, that would appeal to a great many people more than carousing and carrying on flirtations (to varying degrees) would be money.

Pay people to be law-abiding? No.

But, if a large percentage of these people could learn how to make money out of their leisure time—with a part-time job or home industry — they would certainly stay off the streets and out of trouble.

Homesteaders in rural north Georgia have made an industry out of chenille spreads etc.—made at home; homesteaders in rural North Carolina have done well in wood-work and cabinet-making; homesteaders in rural Kentucky have also developed a home industry system which turns out objects either useful, ornamental or both.

HOW CAN THE apartment-dweller in urban Baltimore duplicate the success of his country cousins? That, I believe, would be worth seriously trying to find out.

There are a great many possibilities for home - centered businesses. All that is needed is a "clearing house" to gather ideas and prospects and to get the message to the people.

VERY INTERESTED AUDIENCE

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.

THANKS FOR HELP

Dear AFRO:

I am writing this time to thank the people who helped me and also to thank you for printing my letter. Although we still need many things, I am grateful for the kindness that has been shown us. —The family on Washington St.

OLD BALTIMORE

Dear AFRO:

The passing of Deaver Young a few weeks ago brings back thoughts of yesteryears and the scrappy little basketball team at St. Marys church consisting of David Jones, Deaver Young, Dunbar Young, Howard H. Murphy, Randolph Waters, Samuel H. Wilson, Charles Cooper, Bernard Cooper, Boone and Irving Hamer and others.

Some were members of St. Marys and some were Methodist, Baptist, etc. I don't remember the name of the priest who coached the team, but he was such a regular person, kind, just and lovable, that I and the others got in the habit of going to St. Marys.

St. Marys had a "Big 5" that was the best anywhere, and it was about this time that it was first fashionable to be seen at a basketball game at St. Marys and at the dance which followed.

On this team were such standouts as Charlie Hayes, Gus Adams, William Beamon, West Hagan, Roland Haywood, Lee Shipley, and others.

* * *

SPEAKING OF basketball teams, the famous and charming Oriole (girls) team had such delightful ladies as Theresa White, Theresa Russell, the Wharton sisters and others with the lovable Miss Bailey coaching.

Do you remember the Dunbar Club, Astoria A.C., Tru Mue A.C.? If so, you can link these names with them. Raymond Simmons, Milton Dorsey, Llewellyn Wilson, Walter Webb, Chick Little, Tom Jones, Steamboat Herb Langley, Johnnie Armstead and many more.

Wake up, old Baltimore, and let's live it over.—J. Hooks

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Dear AFRO:

I would like to know what one has to do to get an ambulance in an emergency in Baltimore?

Last night, (June 23), I tried for one hour to get one for a friend. He had been in two auto accidents a few days previous and has been under a doctor's care since.

While visting me, he fainted five times. I called his doctor, he wasn't in. I called the hospital where he had been treated at the time of the accident, and was told I had to have a doctor to send for an ambulance.

I called a number of different doctors, but none could be reached.

I called the Fire Department and was told it could not send an ambulance. I called the Police Department twice. The first time I was told it would send an ambulance.

* * *

I WAITED half an hour, during which my friend fainted twice. I called them back, and a woman friend answered the phone and talked very loudly and hastily, saying that they had nothing to do with ambulances and that I would have to get him to the hospital the best way I could. Then he hung up on me.

"I went to the fire house on the corner of Gold and McCulloh Sts., and asked them to help me get an ambulance. I was insulted there.

Finally, I called a cab and got two men to bring him down from the third floor to the cab, and they got him to the hospital.

I hope I never have need of it myself. Again, I ask what must one do to get an ambulance in this town?—Miss F.C., a very disgusted Pennsylvanian.

(Ed. Note—Capt. Martin C. McMahon of the Fire Department ambulance service told the AFRO on Thursday that the ambulance service was set up primarily for "emergency work." He defined "emergency" as whenever there is a possibility of a person losing his life if not put in competent medical hands.

He said that the ambulance service has only 11 ambulances available to answer 30,252 calls a year, and that often, when a call comes in for an ambulance the person desiring such service can be transported to the hospital by some other means of transportation, thus freeing the ambulance for service.

He also said that ambulances are instructed to take people to the nearest hospital, and that when a call comes in requesting that a person be taken to a specific hospital the ambulance service will not accept the call unless the admitting office of the hospital calls the Fire Department and says that it will admit the patient.

This, said Captain McMahon, is to avoid the possible refusal of a hospital to accept a patient, and the subsequent loss of time.)

THANKS FOR NEWSTIP CHECK

Dear AFRO:

I wish to thank you for the newstip award and also to express my appreciation for your story. Information published. Keep up the good work.—B. M. Clark.

SANDY POINT BEACH

Dear AFRO:

We were among the hundreds of persons who went to Sandy Point Beach this past weekend, and after having been to the other unmarked part of the beach which we were forced to use in the past years, we can say only that we feel highly indebted to the Maryland Port Authority for the last Sunday possible.—The W. C. Jameses

BIGGEST BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

Weddings, people, things...

Two Social Security workers exchanged vows at St. Edwards Church, Lafayette Ave. and Poplar Grove St., Sunday — a first in that church.

The newlyweds are George Moore and Blanche Matthews. He is the son of Mrs. Lillian Moore of Arlington Ave. Miss Matthews is the daughter of Mrs. Edith Jeffries, of W. Lanvale St. Very pretty ceremony, too. Catholic weddings always are.

And speaking of weddings, as who isn't in June—two North Carolina residents have picked our city for their big event tomorrow (Saturday).

Miss Viola Poe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burman Poe of Washington, will marry Thomas Nichols at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mills, 2136 N. Smallwood St. Miss Poe is a librarian at the Warren Public Library in Durham where Mr. Nichols is an agent for the Southern Fidelity Insurance Co.

* * *

And more weddings: This week's marriage license applicants here in Baltimore include: James Garrett, 35, 1101 E.Ington Ave., divorced; and Ethel Garrett, 35, divorced. Sounds like a re-marriage???

* * *

Orchids to that Teenagers Club which is raising funds to send children to Hershey, Pa. this summer. You'll hear more about them.

The WBAL-TV show, Romper Room, sponsored by Read's Drugstores has a brown face among its students.

Know his name???

One of the prettiest affairs —and nicest too—was that 25-year class reunion celebration by members of the Douglass High class of 1931.

The two-day events opened with a dine-dance at the Moulin Rouge Friday evening with 80 members and their wives or husbands participating.

It ended with impressive memorial services on Sunday at the Sharp St. Methodist Church.

Special guest of honor was Howard L. Hucles, now vice principal of Houston Junior High (the old Douglass), who was remembered by the class for his guidance in their student days.

Assistant State's Attorney Boredom was chairman of the reunion committee, and Avon Rawlings and Louis N. Frisby were other key wheels.

Sharp Street Methodist Church was chosen as the minister serving there with the pastor, the Rev. Edward G. Carroll and the associate pastor, the Rev. Julius Carroll.

He is the Rev. John Cartwright, a senior student at Boston University School of Theology.

He has been assigned for the summer by the Methodist Church's Board of Missions. He is a native of Houston, Tex.

Nice Gesture: Melvina Thornton Jackson—she's the AFRO's travel guide editor and a high school classmate was at Mark Haven here in Va., selling advertising for our vacation guide when her mother died yesterday.

Her mother is Mrs. Minnie Thornton, longtime resident of East 23rd St., and an active worker in Ebenezer Baptist Church.

Relatives knew better than to call Melvina by long distance and that's when the family's pastor, the Rev. Logan Kearse, came to their aid.

Mrs. Thornton passed at 1 Thursday morning. The Rev. Mr. Kearse was in this area and down to Virginia by early Thursday afternoon . . . but let Melvina tell it . . .

"I was on my way to Bay Shore, Va., when I received the call. Rev. Kearse asked me to stay where I was. I told him I had an appointment to see a client, but he kept telling me it would be worth my while.

* * *

When He came, he didn't say a thing. He took me in the air conditioned dining room and sat down. He made me eat my lunch

"I kept asking him what it was. Then he said, 'I want you to go back to Baltimore with me.' I still protested that I wasn't due back until Saturday. Then he said, '"I think you should go back."

"I said, 'what's happened?' He didn't answer.

"I said, 'my mother?' and he shook his head. '"I just sat there dumbfounded.

"I had just talked with my mother Wednesday night—she had been shopping and sat up on the front late. She was always busy at the church and things.

"But the nicest thing," Melvina added, "was that they didn't call me on the phone and tell me. It certainly was kind of Rev. Kearse to drive all the way down there. And he even brought a man to drive the AFRO car back here to Baltimore."

That's as fine a tribute to a minister as I have heard. Those who know Melvina and her closeness to her mother can appreciate just how she felt.

* * *

Note to Police Commissioner Hephron: An AFRO reader advised this week that he saw a man rob the car of a store salesman.

He said: "I didn't admit to the police that I saw the robbery because the last time I saw a law violation, and called the police, they treated me like a dog.

They called me 'boy' and made me come down to the police station and wait and wait and wait . . .," explained the reader.

"As a law-abiding citizen you should still cooperate with the police and report them when they are discourteous" was the reporter's answer.

Question to Commissioner Hephron: What other assurance can you as head of the police department give a citizen like this who wants to cooperate but is fearful of treatment he will receive????

Miss Odessa Reddick, the Turner Station postmistress who was sentenced two years ago for embezzlement, was paroled from Federal penitentiary this week.

Name your pet peeve...

That's what I asked a number of people I met this week. week.

Here are the answers I got. People are irked by people who . . .

Say yes, when they mean, no.

Talking loudly—whether it's a project in which they have not an iota care-a-bit.

A man at the intersection of Dolphin and Pennsylvania, said: "These busses which make as much noise as what I think an A-bomb sounds like is my pet peeve . . ."

And a grey-haired gent, watching a paint job: "People like the lady who make their money off of us who hire people like that to do their work. I'm a painter. I'm colored. They're painters. They're white."

A matron who has no children of her own, but sees too many of them: "My pet peeve is mothers — mothers like Mrs. X. who always tells me how good her children are. She doesn't know, 'cause she's at work. They're billions. Just ask us neighbors."

And, people are also irked by people who . . .

Trying to make a point . . .

Always trying to "bring you down a peg" when you're looking good or doing well.

Empty the ash tray you're using before you have had time to put your cigar down.

Or, people who, ask silly questions, get mad at silly answers.

Whisper loud enough for the person across the room to hear their catty remarks and then don't understand it when the subject of the "remarks" doesn't invite them to the big party.

Gripe about things which are their own fault. Don't take time to write to their senators, councilmen et al.

About this and that...

Mrs. Lillie M. Jackson — mean Dr. Lillie M. Jackson — is walking on air these days —proud as can be over her new title.

She received an honorary doctorate at Morgan graduation last month—an honor she richly deserved. Where would we in Baltimore be without the leadership she has provided as president of the NAACP!

**Mrs. Jackson — — —