'I Want You To Know What They Did To My Boy'

(Below is the complete text of the address delivered by Mrs. Mamie Bradley, of Chicago, during the rally of the Baltimore NAACP at Bethel AME Church Sunday, Oct. 29.)

(Mrs. Bradley is the mother of Emmett Louis Till, the 14-year-old boy, who was kidnapped, lynched, and his bruised and weighted body thrown in the Tallahatchie River in LeFlore County, Miss.

Mrs. Bradley, appearing in a crowded church auditorium that spilled over into the adjoining chapel, hall ways and galleries, was interrupted 13 times by applause and instantly won the sympathy of her hearers by her emotion-packed recital of her horrifying experience.)

During the last two months, I have spoken to many audiences and talk to God quite a few times.

When I first found out that Emmett was kidnapped, I was just so upset and so shocked I didn't know what to do.

So having been expected on my mother-onest of my life, the first thing that I did was to call her.

I thought that when I got to mother's house, she could take care of everything. She could handle it. This would be another burden that I could dump on her.

WHEN I GOT to mother's house, she had started making numerous telephone calls and she had found out nothing.

We stayed there. We sat there. We waited for two or three days trying to find out what had happened to Emmett.

During these two or three days, I looked at my mother and saw that she was failing.

I was sitting at the telephone one night. I saw her walk through the dining room toward the front room.

She sneakered as she got there and fell to the floor. I noticed as she passed me, I was getting stronger as she was getting weaker. It kind of startled me.

WHEN SHE fell, I jumped up to run in there and put my hand on her and all of a sudden I seemed that something told me that if you touch her, you'll take her strength so fast, it'll kill her.

So I stood there. I asked the others to let her alone. She'll be all right, I said and turned around and took my seat at the telephone.

I had been answering the phone night and day, taking messages and trying to send messages.

And that's when I realized for the first time in my life, I was going to have to stand up on my feet and be a woman. A real one.

* * *

AND I started praying to God to give me strength. Because I just thought that I could never have anything that mama couldn't handle or daddy couldn't take care of. As long as I had them, there was no point to exert myself too much.

But with mother there and with father there, there was still something that I had to do that nobody else could do.

I sat at the phone. I sent the messages out. I tried to get through to Mississippi.

Ladies and gentlemen, the hardest thing in the world that I have ever tried to do is get a call into Mississippi and get information out.

WE REMARK about the Iron Curtain in Russia, but there's a cotton curtain in Mississippi that must have a steel lining.

When you make a telephone call, "I don't know who signals whom, but the person that you want to talk to, doesn't want to talk if the call is coming from Chicago.

The people that you always know as being great, wonderful leaders, suddenly had—nothing whatsoever to say.

We called the home of the man on whose plantation my uncle has worked for 40 years. The man said he was too sick to hear. He didn't have a pencil. He didn't know where the paper was. He was just in a helpless condition. He couldn't even call anybody to the phone who could take the message.

IN FACT, there was nobody there. I thought what a shame for all of those people to go out and leave a helpless old man at that telephone.

But just about the time that the crops were gathered in and they sold their weighings so they what they are going to pay their sharecroppers, this old man gets very active.

He hoes all that helplessness. He's able to answer telephones. He's able to make calls. He's able to go over and tell a poor sharecropper that he only cleared $10 this year, that his bills ran rather high.

There is no cascading system down around these farms. They just have to take what the white man says.

NOW BEFORE I get too far, I want to stop and point out and to make clear, that our job here tonight is not to stir up a whole lot of racism.

We're not trying to start a race riot. Instead we're only trying to pin point and to focus on the conditions, that are existing in this country, the conditions that make this no true democracy.

Standing up here tonight and talking to you white people and to you colored people, I want to say we're not trying to start trouble, we're trying to end trouble.

The trouble is down there where a man can't look at a man and judge him for himself but must judge him by his color.

MANY OF US have been in homes where the mother and the father battle each other constantly.

A neighbor doesn't have to walk in there and break up that home. It breaks up itself.

Well, that's just what's going to happen here in these United States if the white man and the black man fight one another day in and day out.

Foreign powers won't have to come over here to destroy us. We'll just stand here and disintegrate.

I'm kind of proud of being a part of a great race that didn't want to think that my nation was getting behind.

Sure we have progressed so far in the past. I think we can do better now because we have more to work with.

THE AVERAGE person now is intelligent. We get a chance to go to school, to learn how to love our neighbors and love one another, to respect a man for what he is worth and represents.

Why should we just let a few states upset all of that? Why should we let them put us back in the dark ages?

I don't want to go back there. I received letters from some well wishers. They weren't intentional well-wishers, however; they were hate letters.

They were letters telling me that you've had a year already, why don't you sign off.

They wrote me: I'm glad that it was your boy that was killed; that's how come more smart kids in Chicago that they can't come down in Mississippi and get away with what they get away with in Chicago.

I would like to tell those people tonight, that if I hadn't been for those letters, I probably wouldn't be standing here.

I want them to know that my cry and those of others gave me a new determination to stand up and fight that much harder. (Applause).

I would like to tell those people that they are going to have to be taught, and taught they will, and as long as their minds stay dirty, we're going to have a little hard er time progressing and advancing.

I also know that if I'm upsetting just one of them, then I feel that I'm doing a pretty good job.

WE SAT at our telephone trying to get through to Mississippi and get these different messages and out.

Finally we had to resort to telegrams.

I wired my uncle some money and told him to do the best he could.

I would wait for a reply, but the answer that I waited for never did come back and we went through hours and hours and hours of such torture.

And finally on Wednesday, with the presses working and everybody working the news finally came through.

Emmett Till's body had been found in Mississippi.

The news came through a girl friend of mine. She knew that she should have called earlier, but just didn't feel that she should break the news.

SO WHEN she called she was reluctant to talk. She didn't want to talk to me at all. But I insisted that she give me the message. Whatever it was, I could take it.

She did, and I wrote down what she told me. As I sat there, I suddenly divided into two different people. One was handling the telephone. The other was standing off telling the other what to do, or helping me to keep myself under control.

The second person told me you don't have time to cry now — you might not have time to cry tomorrow.

You can't cry at anytime. Don't worry about that because there's something you've got to do. There are a whole lot of people around this country going to be crying for you.

IF I SHOULD even cry the rest of my life, there wouldn't be enough tears for Emmett Till.

For Emmett Till was just an ordinary boy, like your ordinary boys and girls you have here. He had made his mark in a way because his heart was generous and the people in the neighborhood liked him.

He was a well-mannered child. He wasn't on a higher level than anybody else. He was just Mr. John Doe, Emmitt Louis Till, an American.

He didn't realize that because he was colored, he was at a disadvantage.

He had been taught that you are what you, what you are taught to be and what you make yourself, because that's the way I had trained him.

* * *

HE NEVER guessed that a "yes" or "no" answer would cost him his life.

When I found out that Emmett had been discovered, we got ourselves together, held ourselves in check for a little while, and started making these other calls to Mississippi.

To our surprise, we found that it wasn't going to be an easy job to get his body shipped back here.

The sheriff at Money had ordered my uncle Mose to immediately bury that body.

He had also called a colored undertaker who rushed to the scene with a box, a box covered with some gray flannel material.

They picked up that body from the river bank and threw it in that box. They herded it away to the cemetery.

THE STARTED making telephone calls down in Money. They had promised that they would let my uncle know if they happened to find Bo, or if any word came through about him.

But somehow they forgot to do that. He had the presence of mind to get a sheriff and go down there.

By the time he got there, the funeral had been preached and men were digging a grave to bury my son's body.

He told them they would have to stop, "I have to take that body up north."

The sheriff was rather surprised or maybe he wasn't.

I don't know what the situation was at that time. But my uncle had the presence of mind to call a white undertaker and ask him if he would handle that body, embalm it and fix it for shipment.

THE COLORED undertaker told my uncle, "I'll tell you the truth. I don't dare let that body stay in my establishment over night."

He said if he did, "I wouldn't have any place to be in business and perhaps I wouldn't be alive by morning."

This colored man took the body to the white undertaker. The white undertaker looked at him and shook his head and said "I'll do the best I can with one provision. I'll handle this body and prepare it for shipment provided you promise me that this matter will never be broken and that nobody will ever review that body."

* * *

MY UNCLE didn't have time to stand up there and argue with anybody about anything. He agreed. And he had every intention of carrying out that promise.

When I met that body at the station that fatal Friday morning, I was overcome with grief. I to think that I had sent a fine 14-year-old boy to Money, Mississippi, for a vacation and two weeks vacation and at the end of 7 days, he came back to me in a pine box.

That was enough to make anybody cry.

Well, we went on to the undertaker's parlor. Mr. Rainer picked up the body and escorted us to his establishment. We waited while he opened the casket.

HE CAME to me and said, 'Now Mrs Bradley, I want to talk to you. As a friend of the family, I would advise you not to open that box.'

I said, 'Mr. Rainer, I'm sorry, that's all that I will ever be able to do for Bo now is to look at him and pay my last respects.'

I said if I die, it doesn't make any difference. I don't have too much to live for anyway.

SO MR. RAINER looked at me and he shook his head and said, 'Well if that's the way you want it, that's the way it'll have to be.'

So with my father on one side, and my friend on the other we made a few steps to that casket.

The first thing that greeted us when we walked into the parlor was a terrible odor. I think I'll carry that odor with me to my grave.

But out of the newspaper accounts and all the other stories I had heard, I wasn't prepared for what I saw.

When I got up to that casket, I looked over in there, something happened to me that is going to stay with me forever.

I have seen people about. I have seen them left. I have seen them lose control of themselves and they were happy. And then again I've seen them very sad.

* * *

BUT IT hit me from the head and the feet at the same time. And it met in the middle and straightened me up.

I looked at my arms because it felt that every bone had turned to steel.

I wanted to know was the change physical, was it noticeable. Then after examining myself, I looked in the casket again, and I said, 'Oh, my God!'

WHAT I SAW looked like it attention was out of space. It didn't look like anything that we could dream, imagine in a funny book or any place else. It just didn't look like it was for real.

And I had to stand up there and find my boy. I couldn't find him in five minutes, because that was not the Emmett that I had sent to Mississippi.

The first thing that struck my attention was a big gash in his forehead.

It was big enough for me to stick my hands through. I said, 'They took away one this with an ax.'

* * *

I SAW something that I imagine you all has brains douse. Then I looked over here and I saw a gash that was so large you could look right through and tell that every tooth in the back had been knocked out.

And Emmett left home with a beautiful set of teeth. One of the most beautiful sets that I have ever seen. I had worried with those teeth and bothered him about them.

I would have known his teeth anywhere. But Emmett did not have any back teeth at all, he just had about 6 perhaps, right across the front.

I COULD tell because his mouth had been choked open. His tongue was out. His lips were twisted and his teeth were bared just like a snarling dog's.

And I said, 'Oh, my God!'

I had to keep calling on Him in order to stand there. And then I looked at his nose. There was another hole.

I noticed that somebody even had the nerve to put a bullet in his brain. I wondered why they wasted a bullet because surely it wasn't necessary.

I STOPPED then, and put all of these pieces together, and it wasn't exactly an easy job. But after I took them one by one, I said that's Emmett's nose, the bottom part here, you couldn't mistake that.

And I said that's his forehead, because it was very prominent. And I looked at his one eye over here, that was bulging out.

His eyes were very light in color, and I said that certainly is his eye. And then I looked over here where it seemed that the right eye had been picked out with a nut picker, so I couldn't really go by that.

I DECIDED to examine his ears because he had very large ears, larger than an ordinary person.

That's when I found out that part of the ear was gone, and the entire back of the head had been knocked out. (audience gasped)

I said "Mr. Rainer, I can't see very well."

I said, "Will you take this body out of this box and let me look at the left-hand side, because it's not too much top by on the right-hand side?"

And the man really looked at me like I was crazy. He just shook his head, and said you sit down and I'll do it, but I'd rather for you to go home and come back."

* * *

I SAID, "All right, I'll do that. I'll bring you some clothes to put on Bo" because they didn't dress him.

He was covered in white powder when he got here, because nobody was to see him anyway.

I sent the clothes to the parlor and went back a little while later.

Mr. Rainer had laid the body out on a slab. That's when I walked around to the left-hand side of him and looked.

It looked as if somebody had taken a criss-cross knife and gone insane on the left side of his face.

It was beat into a pulp.

* * *

I TOLD Mr. Rainer, if you will have the wake here, I said I would like for as many people to walk in here to see this thing as want to come.

As long as we cover these things up, they're going to keep on happening. I said, I'm pulling the lid off of this one.

Nothing else worse than this could ever happen to me — my personal feelings don't matter, it's those boys and girls out there that we're going to have to look out for.

And the more people that walk by Emmett and look at what happened to this 14-year-old boy, the more people will be interested in what happened to their children.

Now, mother, I didn't say those exact words, I doubt if I did. But I do know that I wanted the world to see what had happened to my boy.

* * *

WE WENT on home and we had our funeral. Some of you had planned.

While that body was at the funeral parlor, they tell me that 50,000 people walked by that night.

They had to close the parlor up at 1:30 a.m. because windows were being broken and the place was just in a shambles.

You couldn't move traffic for blocks around. I asked Rev. Roberts if he would be good enough to let me move the body to his church and have the funeral there.

Rev. Roberts said yes.

Not only that, he said, "I will open the doors so that the people can come and view the body the time of the funeral."

We went to Rose's Saturday and had our funeral and there stope as many people lined up side of that church. I guess they must have stood for 4 blocks or more.

I TOLD Rev. Roberts the funeral isn't over until the remains have been viewed.

If you will let us have our funeral at your home, you tell those people out there they won't be turned away, they can see him too.

Rev. Roberts was very cooperative. He said, "Yes, Mrs. Bradley, I'll throw those doors open 24 hours a day."

I said if we don't bury him today, which was Saturday, we can't bury Sunday or Monday, because it's a holiday.

I figured on Tuesday we would proceed to the cemetery.

Those people walked 24 hours a day. They walked for blocks. They were 6 abreast and I'm told that the traffic was tied up from Saturday afternoon until Tuesday at the close of the funeral.

People were interested. They wanted to know what was happening. One would go out and tell another and more than 500,000 people looked at Emmett Louis (Bobo) Till.

* * *

WHEN THEY walked in that church, they had one feeling. But when they looked down in that casket, they got another. Men fainted and women fainted. I'm told that one out of every ten went to their knees and had to be carried out.

Those 500,000 people were stirred up so much, until the newspapers in Chicago got stirred too.

Those people became stirred. And that's why you're out here tonight, because I reached you.

We went back to the church on Tuesday and took Emmett to the cemetery.

* * *

WE HAVE a little town near Chicago, called Argo, and that's where Emmett was practically born and raised.

The people out there, the school system and everything, is mostly white.

You might find five or six colored children in a class of 130 pupils in high school.

You might find eight or nine children in a class of 40 in the grade school. The children out there don't realize that I'm black and you're white. That's where I was educated, incidentally.

I never discovered I was colored until I was a pretty big girl—I just didn't know.

It hadn't occurred to me that I was darker than some of the other people that were in the class.

I was graded strictly according to my ability to perform and I was never looked down on.

* * *

FOR THAT reason I cherish my white friends and my colored friends, because I have no reason (Applause) to be standoffish or to feel inferior to any of them.

These schools in Argo, Illinois turned out en mass.

Every school, public and Catholic, in Argo, Summit and Bedford Park turned out to pay tribute to Emmett Louis Till. Most of the people didn't know Emmett. Just a few of them did.

Not only that, but the police and everybody cooperated to the fullest extent.

We had a 100-police escort to the cemetery. They stopped traffic. They stopped transportation. They stopped everything to let Emmett Till's body be moved.

* * *

WHEN WE got to the cemetery, there were approximately 50 or more people waiting. I'm sure that there were 200 in the procession that left Chicago.

Not only did they get there on an uninterrupted journey, but they brought us back to my door the same way.

I had the privilege of hearing Adam Clayton Powell speak several nights ago, and I listened to him tell about the situation existing over in Africa and other places.

* * *

HE SAID, these people have decided they're going to have freedom regardless of the amount of blood they have to spill.

You can't scare a man whose life expectancy is only 39 years.

In some countries that's as long as they expect to live.

They're starved to death, they're hungry and everything else.

How can you scare them with an atom bomb or a hydrogen bomb?

There comes a time when you get beyond fear—fear doesn't mean anything.

You're going to die one way or the other so you might as well die fighting (Applause).

So, those poor ignorant people over there, they said that they asserted themselves.

They said that we are going to die trying to do better. We're sick and tired of being sick, we're sick and tired of being used and let somebody kick us around any old place.

And they have gotten very good results.

* * *

IF THOSE ignorant unlearned people can stand up and take a stand, I'm asking you that have been exposed to education, exposed to all of the finer things, sit down and let somebody just walk on you and let somebody just give it to you and you're not going to have it.

If you don't fight and work for your rights, you can't expect somebody to come and hand you one on a silver platter. That's not going to happen.

I don't care if there are very many people who have ever had would just like for him to hire a Cadillac. I think you deserve it you've waited patiently for it.

When you wanted it, you went up and saw how it's pretty hard.

I THINK my freedom is worth more to me than a Cadillac, because if I have the Cadillac and can't drive it, I don't need it anyway.

I have invested a son in freedom and I'm determined that his death isn't in vain.

When I was talking to God the night before last and asking why did You let it be my boy, I was as if He spoke to me and said:—"Without the shedding of innocent blood, no cause is won" (Applause).

I turned around then and thanked God that He felt that I was worthy to give my boy, I was worthy to die for such a worthy cause.

* * *

I DON'T say that I'm not regretting it, but I say that I'm accepting it gleefully or happily. I'm glad that I had a son to accept, but, still I'm glad that I made a son who I could give (Applause).

And so I also I have stopped, I wondered, and even asked myself how am I doing and how am I doing the things that I should be doing? Am I still in my right mind?

The answer always comes back to me that I am doing what God put me out here to do.

I haven't proved too much for Mamie, because I think God's working through her.

But I have prayed to Him rather to keep her strong and that I am doing and why I am doing it.

* * *

Don't let me get my feet off the ground, my head way up in the air and just start thinking that I am great because there are no great people really.

We are only as great as the least one can become.

We're going to have to stop worrying about what I look good associate with you, or this and that and the other.

Instead we are all going to have to realize, that we are all very, very small. We are very tiny as individuals. But together we can't be beat.

If we stand up and unite ourselves together for a common cause, there is nothing that can stand before us. We got 15 million people behind us.

* * *

THE COLORED people can't do it by themselves and the white can't do it by themselves, but as long as we are awakening, I don't think we can be held back. I don't think the average good believe that the average good can be held back. (Applause).

Prejudice has been here and has contributed innumerable things to the progress of America. Without that rich resource to be tapped and things that we are able to contribute, America herself would not be as great as she is.

So I want to stand up now and I want you to stand up, too, and let somebody know that we are get it, walk in it and respect it.

We'll have to be very dignified.

The day is gone that we're nobody, we are all somebodys, and together, I can't tell you how great we are as somebodys.

* * *

I WOULD like to touch briefly on the trial in Mississippi.

The Mississippi trial was ready as ordered. When I started down there, I'm not going to tell anybody I was brave and raring to go. I'm just been my usual other way I don't think I would have gone.

And without the people and the press standing behind me, I still probably would not have made it.

My father came from Detroit, my mother was in Chicago already. She was telling me, she said, 'if you go it will be over my dead body.'

Other relatives and friends were calling up and saying please, don't go. I really didn't want to go.

But I was convinced that I shouldn't go, but then I had a dream, and it was revealed to me my place was in Mississippi, so I had room holding in Mississippi than anybody down there did.

I CALLED my father in Detroit the day before I was getting ready to leave, and I said Dad, we're going to Mississippi.

He said, 'what!'

I said, 'we're going tomorrow, so get here as quickly as you can, and if you're here by a certain time, we'll leave together, if not, I'll have to go on by myself.'

I don't think I would have left though until he got there.

When we were determined going to Mississippi, we got so much response until I knew that God would just have to hire an Illinois Central train to take all the people that wanted to go.

* * *

BUT ABOUT three hours before plane time, we started making calls to check on who else was wanted to go. Suddenly so many ailments cropped up. There were sprained toenails and migraine headaches.

A Chicago police department said it had no jurisdiction. They couldn't send anybody. Detective agencies with big, strong arms in their pockets were reluctant to go to Mississippi.

So I looked around, I said, well, it's just me and my dad and Mr. Moody, I said we'll take that trip and we'll get back into the barn.

When the truck came out, there were only four white men in the cab. There were no colored people to be seen.

I know what happened to one of those colored people. There was a tarpaulin over the back of the truck.

* * *

WE DON'T know how long they were in there. Maybe it was one, maybe it was two hours, maybe it was more.

But for the life of me I don't see how Emmett Till could have survived that long. But those men of those boxes on his head were scared. They had killed him.

But then I imagine he body was not dead when they killed him.

They said, well, would you say you were 5000 feet? Little Willie would say, 'yes, I guess so,' but he didn't know how far 5000 feet were.

We all know that you can't see anything from that level. Well, they didn't ask him 500 feet, 1 mile, 2 miles, they put it at the impossible distance, because they knew that Little Willie wouldn't be able to defend himself.

* * *

THEY THREW that testimony out. Little Willie was not a good witness. He was standing too far away.

Moses Wright said that the men walked in his house, took the boy out of the bed.

The defense got up, they said that anybody could have walked in Moses Wright's house and said Mr. Preacher, let me in, this is Mr. Bryant.

Perhaps Mr. Bryant had an accomplice who stayed in the car on him. And so far as Mr. Moses is concerned, there are a lot of tall, fat, bulldozing men in Mississippi and it didn't necessarily have to be him.

* * *

IN OTHER words they were saying that Mose Wright was too old and too feeble to know who he saw come in his house. So that tore that testimony down.

When I got up on the stand, they made me immediately that I wasn't exactly a fool. Then they turned around and made a very big mistake out of me.

They questioned me as to the reasons why I had thought they proved to the satisfaction of that jury, that I had been down there and had Uncle Mose get him killed, so I could collect the insurance.

And that jury was satisfied. That explanation pleased them very much.

Well I had a 10 cent policy and and a 15 cent policy and I don't think that's enough for me to pay my son killed, because it wasn't worth to bury him.

* * *

WELL, THE trial proceeded. The men said they took Emmett out and that he confessed Emmett. He wasn't the right boy, so they beat him loose.

Yet and still Emmett Till has

(Continued On Page 29)

EMMETT TILL'S MOTHER
"I have invested a son in freedom"

"I looked in the casket and I said, 'O my God, O my God.' His lips were curved back like those of a snarling dog."
Emmett Till's mother describes her first sight of body.

Catonsville News

BY SAMUELL TORSELL

Two hundred persons attended a surprise birthday party given by Mrs. Dora Wade for her mother, Mrs. Clara King, Tuesday.

Funeral services were held Sunday at Mt. Olive Methodist Church for Mrs. Betty Elizabeth Grooms who died Oct. 26 in West Friendship, Md.

Mrs. Grooms is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Florence Howard; son, Earl Grooms; grandson, and a niece, The Rev. S. W. Fields and the Rev. N. B. Carrington officiated.

Burial was in Carroll County.

TWENTY - TWO years ago in Catonsville, the pastor, choir and congregation of Grace Church held services in Bartonsville with the Rev. R. Robinson and his congregation.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson is a former pastor of Mt. Olivet.

In 1923 George Boston served on the petit jury at Towson. Young People's Day was observed at Grace Church, Mrs. Francis Coe was chairman of the program committee.

THE FOLLOWING persons have served as organist at Grace: George Murphy, Mrs. Mary F. Williams, Mrs. Ella Boston, Mrs. Mary Gray, Samuel Ebbs and Mrs. Ida Torsell.

Mrs. Sarah Turner is ill at her home, 6005 Booker Rd. Misses Vivian and Sharon Nelson of Scranton, Pa., spent the week-end with their father, Robert Mrs. and Mrs. John W. Woodhouse have closed their summer home at 102 Winters Ave., and have moved into their home.

Edward Holland is now residing with his daughter Mrs. Francis Coe.

WHEN THE ALLIED FLORISTS held their Belvedere Hotel, Baltimore, Thursday, Beckett and Mesdames Alice Turnipseed, Naomi Davidson, Myrtle Smith and Mary Burns.

guests included, "left to right, Stanley A.

Cherry Hill Notes

BY MARJORIE J. WARD

The Women's Organization of the Cherry Hill Community Presbyterian Church, St. Cherry Hill Rosa will sponsor their annual Thanksgiving Dinner, Nov. 20, Mrs. Mildred Greene is chairman and Mrs. Julia Noel is co-chairman of this affair.

Walter A. Baker, 2806 Winwood Court will be the guest speaker for the Men's Day Program at the First Baptist Church, Mt. Winans, 3 p.m. Sunday. The Rev. Herbert A. Moore is pastor.

A variety supper will be given by the Women's Original Democratic Club of Cherry Hill, 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Friday, at the Spirit of Chesapeake Lodge, 12-S. Sharon Drive. Mrs. Ruth McCray is chairman and Mrs. E. Callaway is co-chairman. Mrs. Nannie Gibbs is president of the Club.

THE ANNUAL renewal membership drive for the Druid Hill Avenue Branch YMCA is now being held. Walter A. Baker, captain for the Cherry Hill Area, is urging all former "Y" members in this area to renew their membership. Mr. Baker may be contacted by calling Curtis 7-3462.

Sgt. and Mrs. Theodore Wallace, 800 Seagull Ave., became the parents of a baby boy, August 14, 1955. Mrs. Wallace is the former Evelyn Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Baker of Winwood Ct.

The Cherry Hill Mothers and Home-makers Club held a variety supper last Friday night at the Spirit of Chesapeake Lodge. Mrs. Myrtle Burge is president.

THE JUNIOR High Westminster Fellowship of the Cherry Hill Community Presbyterian Church presented a talent program and worship service at the Barrett School for Girls, in Glen Burnie, Md. They were invited to do so by Mrs. Idolene Crowner, director of Recreation at Barrett School for Girls and member of the Cherry Hill Community Presbyterian Church.

These participating in the program were: Burnett Davis, Jane Quarles, Bernice Dixon, Gloria Weaver, Sherman Beal, Frieda Greer, Frederic Greer, Louis Graham, Clifton Murphy, Charles Miller, Nicie Jones, Agnes Washington, Joe Jackson, Gladys Jones, Esther Larkins, Linda Harris, Doris Taylor, Doris Bailey, Sylvia White, Barbara Orr, Mary Thompson, Anne Chase, Leslie Harris, and Russell Weems.

Adults providing transportation for the group were: Mesdames E. V. Murphy, director of Christian Education for the Cherry Hill Community Presbyterian Church, Clifton W. Bailey, superintendent of the Church School, Perry Harrington, superintendent of the Junior High Church School Department; John Reed, officer of the Men's League, and Mrs. Marjorie J. Ward, director of the Junior High Westminster Fellowship Group.

MISS HANNAH PENN of Newark, N.J. was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Reed, 646 Hillview Road this week. Miss Pennis the sister of Mr. Reed.

The Program Committee of the School No. 15 will meet at the home of George Quickley, 2842 Booker Rd., 8 p.m. Tuesday.

Fred McDowell wishes to thank everyone for cards sent and blood donated for his wife, Mrs. Margaret McDowell, who is confined to University Hospital and who is still very ill. Mrs. McDowell is the sister of Mrs. Beatrice Brown. Donations of blood are still needed. Contact Mrs. Brown at 509 Seagull Ave., or University Hospital.

PATRICIA REED entertained five friends at a Birthday Luncheon October 22. Guests were Theressa Leake, Vernonia Robinson Glean Sterling, Lorraine and Beverly Orr. Present also were Patricia's brothers Alvin and John Reed.

Walter L. Baker, Jr., an employee of the Navy Department, Washington, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Baker of Winwood Ct., recently.

Mrs. Nora Manco, 2840 Booker Drive and Mrs. Dorothy Hayes of 2805 Booker Dr. spent last week in Norfolk Va.with Mrs. Manco's sister, Mrs. Evangline Hackyday.

Deacon Walter A. Baker, of Union Baptist Church. Druid Hill Ave. represented the Union Baptist Sunday School at quarterly board meeting of the Sunday School and B.T.U. Convention of Maryland at the Baptist Center McCullon and Mosher Sts. on Oct. 18. Mr. Baker is assistant superintendent of Union Baptist Sunday School.

Coppin senior is lucky pic winner

Miss Barbara White, a senior at Coppin Teachers College, was the winner of a $5 check Monday for finding her picture circled in the Late City edition of last week's AFRO.

Miss White, who lives at 1204 Short Ct., and is a practice teacher at School 101, said that Edgar Green, a first grade pupil, clipped the picture from the paper and brought it to her at school Monday morning, but she had already been told about it by her brother, Gerald, on Friday.

"I can't believe that I've ever won anything before," she said, "and I am going to use the $5 to buy a subscription to Fairmount Ave. and club secretary will be hostess at the next meeting.

Florist wins New York trip

Mrs. Willis Turnipseed, one of the five colored members of the Allied Florists Association was among over 300 persons present at the organization's dinner dance at the Sheraton - Belvedere on Thursday. She was also winner of the grand door prize.

The prize, an all - expense 2-day trip to New York City for two, has a cash value of $150.

* * *

MRS. TURNIPSEED, who has "always loved flowers," opened MODERNETTES—Mrs. Essie Mae Snead of 1821 W. Fairmount Ave. entertained the social and sewing club, Saturday.

The group will visit the Cradock Home for Aged and present baskets of food on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Snead succeeds Mrs. Mattie Byrd of 1837 W.

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NEW! Two Great Innovations Now Modernize Hair Pressing!
LONGER-LASTING GREATER BEAUTY FOR PRESSED HAIR
Wonderful new developments now make perfect hair pressing at home much easier, surer — with magnificent results that really last for weeks.
Here's Important News for every woman who presses and dresses her own hair. Here are real improvements in the cultivation of smooth hair beauty with the hot comb.
These remarkable, ultra-modern formulas were developed in the great Sulfur-8 laboratories after many months of research and experiments. They now make that old fashioned "tin can" pressing oil and that ordinary shampoo you've been using seem hopelessly out of date.
AT LAST . . . a really modern pressing oil that is better all three ways: (1) Easier, pleasanter to use (2) Gives hair much more beauty (3) Lovely effect lasts longer.
You'll say it's a revelation when you compare the new Gloss-8 DeLuxe Pressing Oil and you actually see the wonders worked by that "miracle" ingredient formula.
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You'll notice first how smoothly it spreads over each strand. Then, almost without effort your iron just glides through your hair. There's no "pull," no smoke, no unpleasant odor, no messy after-grease. In a very short time — without dangerous high heat or pressure — your hair is gently smoothed and glossed to magnificent, natural-looking perfection. And this beauty formula really protects your hair and scalp.
"Miracle" Results Give New Beauty
You just never realized how lovely your pressed hair could be! Perfect curls and waves now "take" like magic and look marvelously rich and full of life. Your easy-to-manage, glamorously dressed hair always looks invitingly soft and natural, never coated with "leathery." You'll have new pride in your hair, new admiration from your friends.
Superb Effect Doesn't "Go Back" So Fast
Only Gloss-8 DeLuxe Pressing Oil has that special "L-P Action" formula. Only Gloss-8 DeLuxe, of all leading brands recently tested, gave such superior results that lasted for such a long time.
When you use this wonderful new pressing oil, notice how lovely and well-cared-for your hair will continue to look even on the very days when you would usually have to press your hair again or keep out of sight. If you wish, you can now let extra time pass between pressings, knowing that your hair is safety, attractively presentable, thanks to that remarkable "L-P Action."
TESTS PROVE IT!
Professional comparison tests of all leading pressing oil brands have now positively proved the superiority of Gloss-8 DeLuxe for (1) easier (2) lovelier and (3) longer-lasting results.
Dozens of women had their hair done under the eyes of the experts. The hair was parted, and . . .
Gloss-8 DeLuxe Pressing Oil was used on one side

another brand of pressing oil was used on the other side
In each case the experts first compared the effect during pressing. Then they compared the quality and beauty of the finished results. And finally, after about two weeks, they compared how much of that beauty still remained on each side.
Actual written reports showed that in comparison with the average of all other brands, Gloss-8 DeLuxe Pressing Oil was for better in all three ways!
AT LAST . . . an amazing new kind of shampoo, expressly made for use before pressing or waving. Works in a special way to prepare the hair for easier, surer, lovelier results.
Hair technicians agree that the way you "prepare" your hair for pressing usually can make a big difference in the final results. In other words, a lot depends on the shampoo you use.
Now, for the first time, you can be sure you are preparing your hair the right way! The new Gloss-8 Pre-Press Shampoo has been created by hair cultivation experts for this very purpose. This exclusive beauty-laboratory formula helps to insure superior results every time you straighten or wave your hair.
What a Difference!
Only Gloss-8 Pre-Press Shampoo has this formula. Its gentle, deep-action lather leaves the scalp extra clean and sweet, and every strand of hair is pre-conditioned so that the pressing or curling will "take" easily and naturally. You'll see the difference right away!
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gloss-8
PRE-PRESS SHAMPOO Exclusive Formula
At Your Drug Store: The beautiful blue shampoo with gold and red label
Presented by the Makers of Famous Sulfur-8, so you know they must be good!

Blair's Introductory Party

MRS. I. TURNER MISS M. CORRIGAN

Blair's Beauty Salon on Pa. 1807 Harford Ave. hosted an enhancement and get acquainted party at the salon on Saturday, October 29th. Ann Blair and her staff of six met their East Baltimore clients and introduced the IMEDIA PETITE HAIR COLOR of Paris. The above style were created during the festivities.

At left Mrs. I. Turner is wearing a Lustrastik hair dress with IMEDIA Petite of Paris color in dark auburn styled by Mrs. Adele Taylor of the Harford Ave. Salon. On the right is Miss M. Corrigan who is wearing the plastic mesh cap styled by Ann Blair. Blair's Beauty Salon No. 1 is located at 1325 W. North Ave. The phones: MA. 3-0512 or VE. 7-8388. (Advt.)