WHEN YOU FINISH READING YOUR AFRO PASS IT ALONG TO A FRIEND

PAY CUTS IN NIGERIA

LAGOS — (NNPA) — All Nigerian Ministers, Members of Parliament, the Speaker, and heads of statutory agencies have voluntarily accepted a 10 per cent cut in salaries. Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Federal Prime Minister, announced the move as an "example to the country."

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TREES FOR BANNEKER—The entire student body of Banneker Elementary School No. 113, turned out Tuesday to see trees planted on their grounds by, left, Mrs. Romaine Jones, elementary school area supervisor and Del. Irma G. Dixon, (D. 4th D.), Mrs. Alfreda J. Pinkney is school principal. The program had a "Keep Banneker Beautiful Theme."

Banneker pupils plant Oak trees on Arbor Day

"You are planting living monuments of beauty which will live on and on. You are repaying a debt you owe the world for much of the beauty it has afforded you."

Thus spoke Delegate Irma Dixon as pupils of Benjamin Banneker Elementary School observed Arbor Day Tuesday by planting oak trees on the school grounds.

Mrs. Dixon was introduced by Mrs. Alfreda Pinkney, the school's principal.

Other speakers were Mrs. E. Romaine Jones, area director, Department of Education; and Mrs. M. Francis Mackay, AFRO Clean Block Director.

• • •

MRS. JONES congratulated the school's pupils and faculty for their "thoughtfulness in adding beauty to the community by planting trees."

Mrs. Mackay, pointing out that the "tree is one of God's most precious gifts to mankind" told the young people they were making an investment in the future.

Pupils who participated in the ceremony included Thomas Persons, Lorraine Shelton, Gloria Hatton, and Michael Johnson. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. George Crawley.

Mrs. Ann H. Holt served as chairman of the observance committee which included Audrey Bagby, Agnes Hill, Marie Fraser and Corrine Hogan.

Modern times find Friday 13th attracts little attention

Today is Friday, April 13.

The 13-hour period said to be filled with ill-omen, has lost prestige in modern times, and rarely attracts attention to the old practice of avoiding ladders and black cats.

Another Friday the 13th comes in July to make 1962 "bad-luck days" total two.

Weather prophets forecast Friday as clearing in the morning, fair and warmer afternoon, with high of 68 degrees. The week-end is scheduled to be fair, cool.

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SAT., MAY 19, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.
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VOTE FOR
DAVID HUME
Democratic Primary, May 15
Occasionally, when in Baltimore, David Hume will talk to the caller in person.
By Authority of Thos. P. Bowling, Treas.

Rev. Kearse gives opponent radio time

J. Robert Brown, a Fourth District Democratic candidate for Congress, who demanded equal radio time over Station WWIN after the Rev. Logan Kearse referred to his own candidacy in his church program broadcast, will get the period this Sunday evening.

The Rev. Mr. Kearse's Cornerstone Baptist Church from 10 to 11 p.m. Sundays, program, usually aired will be heard from 9 p.m. to 10 this Sunday only.

Shelton Earp, general manager at WWIN, told the AFRO Thursday that Mr. Brown would be given the 10 to 11 p.m. spot this Sunday.

Mr. Earp made it clear, however, that the Rev. Mr. Kearse had voluntarily agreed to let Mr. Brown have his usual broadcast period.

• • •

WHILE THE station is required under a Federal Communications Commission regulation to grand Mr. Brown equal time, Mr. Earp said the granting of the Cornerstone Baptist Church period is purely a charitable act on the part of the Rev. Mr. Kearse.

The Rev. Mr. Kearse would not comment on the matter.

Mr. Earp said his station was unaware that the Rev. Mr. Kearse had made reference to his candidacy in a church broadcast.

The Rev. Mr. Kearse, Mr. Brown and Joseph Taylor are all Fourth District Democratic candidates in the May 15, primary seeking to wrest the nomination for Congress from George H. Fallon, incumbent.


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Tawes last hope for young Hazel

Gov. J. Millard Tawes is the last hope for Earl Clifford Hazel, 28 - year-old convicted rapist, who has a date with the gas chamber during the week of May 7.

Milton B. Allen, defense attorney, told the AFRO this week he will seek executive clemency to spare the life of the onetime interior decorator.

A third death warrant was signed by Judge Anselm Sodaro last week setting the date of execution.

Two other warrants were stayed when Mr. Allen won last minute appeals.

• • •

HAZEL WAS convicted in August, 1959 of the criminal assault of a Bolton Street housewife.

Judges Sodaro, Joseph L. Carter and John T. Tucker presided at the trial where Hazel was sentenced to death and his brother drew a life term.

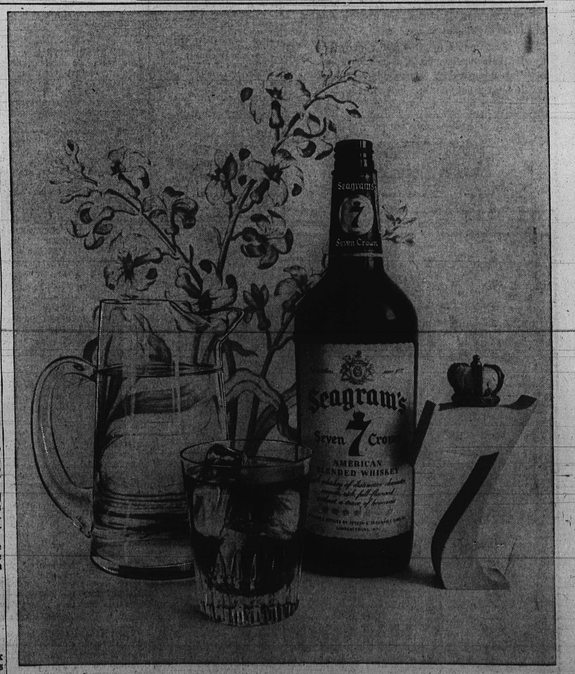
The latest order was signed three years and two days after the crime, after the Supreme Court refused to intervene.

If the governor grants the plea, Hazel death sentence would be converted into an automatic life sentence.

16th is last day for taxes

Maryland and Federal tax returns for the year 1961 has been moved up to April 16 because April 15 is on a Sunday.

Baltimore taxpayers may received assistance in preparing state returns at: State Office Building, 301 W. Preston St., phone: Vernon 7-9000, extenions, 8152, 8158, or 8164. For Federal returns, go to 707 Calvert St. for help. Geo. Winfrey April 12, 1962



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MFR'S LIST PRICE $1905.00
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AFRO's Prize Winning Stories

The stories and editorials on this page are reprinted from 1961 editions of the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers. On April 6, 1962, they were announced as winners in the daily category of the annual Better Newspaper Contest of the Maryland-Delaware Press Association. The association includes 14 daily and 53 weekly newspapers in Maryland and Delaware. (The AFRO is ranked as a daily because it publishes twice a week.)

The 1961 contest was judged by the New Jersey Press Association.



An Empty Chair

1st Place
Feature Writing, Dailies

By James D. Williams

That's all this picture shows — an empty wheelchair.

The youngster to whom it belonged won't be needing it any more.

He died on Thursday at the Rosewood Training School.

His name is one that you may never have heard, for he was only 15, and at 15 you haven't had a chance to make much of an impression on the world.

However, his story is one that is universal — a story of love, charity and kindness.

Andrew Davis was born with cerebral palsy, a crippling disease, that made an invalid out of him.

Never was Andrew able to play with other children, to walk through a park smelling the clean odor of fresh cut grass, to know the thrill of holding a bat or a ball in his hands.

When Andrew went out of the apartment at 734 W. Fayette St., it was in the arms of his mother, Mrs. Gertrude Davis.

She devoted her life to her son, caring for him, loving him, and through this, making his affliction a little easier to bear.

Andrew never complained about the way things were — he wasn't that type of boy.

He accepted his illness and he smiled his way into the hearts of everyone who saw him.

• • •

LAST YEAR his mother wrote a letter to the AFRO's Mrs. Santa, asking for a wheelchair, so she could take Andrew outside in the fresh air more often.

A wheelchair is nothing but metal and padding, but to Andrew and his mother, a wheelchair was more precious than gold.

Andrew got his wheelchair, as a gift from the Martinques Social Club.

We wish the story could end there and we could say that Andrew lived happily ever after.

But this is a true story, and life isn't very often like a fairy tale.

Andrew was able to use the chair for a little while, but then on Sept. 10 his condition had worsened to such an extent, that he was taken to Rosewood.

On Sept. 25, fate, which had never been kind to little Andrew, handed him her last cruel trick.

He contracted pneumonia and he never recovered.

The end came on Thursday morning, but there was still an epilogue to be written.

• • •

THE WHEELCHAIR, the gift from people who cared, sat unused in the apartment where Andrew had once lived.

It was a part of Andrew. A part that had not died, but still lived and was capable of bringing happiness to some other child.

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Davis brought the chair to the AFRO office.

No poet could have expressed how the mother felt better than she did herself.

"Andrew is gone, but the chair can be used by someone else, and I know he would want them to have it.

"Please," she said in the soft voice reserved for the grieving, "please make sure it goes to someone who really needs it."

• • • •

SO THIS story really has no end. It can not end until the chair is filled.

Somewhere in Baltimore there is another youngster something like Andrew.

We'd like to find him or her and hand over the chair as a gift from a brave boy, who would want it that way.

Our phone number is Mulberry 5-6015.

We're going to be very careful who gets the chair, because there's a bit of Andrew wrapped up in it . . . and this is a precious thing.

Maybe now, you understand why we ran a picture of just a wheelchair, and nothing more.

It's our farewell tribute to a lost friend.

We pray that his life beyond the shadows will be happier than it was on this side.

Goodbye, Andrew . . . .

'8 Hours of Hell'

2nd Place
Spot News, Dailies

By Moses J. Newson

ANNISTON, Ala. — Seven of CORE's 1961 Freedom Riders survived eight hours of hell here Sunday.

Their lives and those of about seven other passengers were endangered when an angry mob of segregationists in broad daylight waylaid a $40,000 Greyhound bus and burned it six miles west of Anniston.

The AFRO rode the ill - fated bus.

The other Freedom Riders were on another bus, which like ours, was a regularly scheduled one.

This is a first - hand report of a city gone mad with race hate and two Alabama investigators who did their duty —God bless them — while other officers watched more than helped.

• • • •

THE HIGH tension began at 1:50 p.m. nearing Anniston when an outcoming bus stopped ours and warned that 16 to 20 hoodlums were hanging around the already closed bus terminal.

"Be careful," the man urged.

In Anniston, at Noble and 10th Sts., two one - seat cars fell in behind the bus. One was white and we were to see it again.

There was an explosive air at the station. Shirt - sleeved men with chains, sticks, iron rods and other weapons moved out to meet the bus. We had a 10 - minute rest period but no one was going out.

The mob started yelling insults and breaking out the bus windows. City police arrived but the windows continued to be broken.

There were things shouted like: "This is Alabama you black bastards, come on out and integrate," "You yellow dirty vermin," and to a mixed team on a front - row seat, "Kiss the black n . . r" and "did he marry your sister?"

Things looked pretty bad.

THEN Eli M. Cowling, state investigator, planted himself in the doorway to keep out the angry mob. He had come aboard at Atlanta but was not recognized until this time.

Assisting him was Harry Sims, another state investigator.

The other policemen were noticed talking with various members of the mob. Nobody stopped them from breaking out bus windows.

At the time, we did not know it but the bus tires were slashed at the terminal. One man even lay on the ground in front of the bus to delay it.

The white car pulled in front of us as we started out of Anniston. It kept slowing to a near stop, forcing the bus to do likewise. It refused to let the bus driver pass.

Larry Harper, 22, Margaret, Ala., innocent passenger with his hand cut and knee hurt, was on the floor trying to hide.

MRS. ROBERTA HOLMES of Birmingham, going home after the funeral of her father, lay her head on the seat ahead and prayed.

She kept asking, "Why are they doing this?" and "Why did I get on this bus?" and "I don't want to die here like this."

When the bus was forced to stop, Investigator Cowling got out immediately and brought on his luggage.

While the trouble grew worse, he calmly strapped on his pistol before again planting himself in the doorway.

"This was as tight a spot as I've ever been in," Cowling later told the AFRO.

"After we had that flat I thought I might need my sidearm."

• • •

THINGS CONTINUED to get worse. More windows were broken and the holes grew bigger. Two noises sounded like shots. They were nerve chilling. State highwaymen later said they fired to disperse the mob.

Suddenly as we crouched there in the besieged bus the incendiary bomb was tossed into a seat behind me.

At first there was just smoke, the blackest and most stifling smoke I've ever seen.

Everybody was reluctant to leave because of the mob outside.

Women were moaning and whimpering.

I slipped my camera beneath my seat and inched about midway the bus, hoping the smoke would clear out.

It got worse.

A handkerchief over my face failed to cut off the smoke. My chest began to ache.

Then the bomb turned into flames in the rear of the bus. Sparks struck me behind both ears. Leaving a mark on the right one.

It was getting too hot to stay in the bus and it was still pitch black inside. The people were unbelieveably calm.

Freedom riders James McDonald, group song leader, and Miss Genevieve Hughes, CORE field secretary, escaped through windows.

Mrs. Carlotte DeVree, free lance writer making the trip, also squeezed out a window.

Other Freedom Riders aboard, all of whom fought their way out through the door were: Henry Thomas of Howard University; Miss Mae Frances Moultrie of Sumter, S.C.; Joe Perkins, a CORE field director, and Edward Blankenhiem, Tucson carpenter.

Also, cool headed, Albert Bigelow, the Connecticut artist - architect who commanded three combat vessels during World War II.

• • • •

OUTSIDE THE bus there was a sight that would test the conscience of any American.



AFRO'S MOSES J. NEWSON WATCHES BURNING BUS

Men and women on their knees, on their stomachs and wandering about gasping for breath, vomiting, trying to cough away inhaled smoke that wouldn't go away.

I joined Mr. Bigelow and bus driver O. T. Jones to pull all the luggage from the burning bus.

Cowling and Sims tried to keep the Freedom Riders together. I noticed photographers shooting and realized that my camera was burning inside.

Mrs. Alma Baker, a passer - by from Anniston made herself busy giving water and wiping the faces of victims.

An ambulance took some to the Anniston Memorial Hospital and Highway Patrolman M. A. Nunnally drove the rest of us.

Smoke inhalation was the major ill. Some were worse than others but none was critical.

The FBI was questioning some of the victims. By now there was a bigger problem. That of protection. City officers were guarding the hospital but we would not be able to remain there.

Anniston police said they would see us to the city limits.

• • • •

A HIGHWAY patrolman checked his superiors and bluntly announced they could not escort the group to Birmingham.

"The Governor," he said, "says you're on your own."

We had a crushing impact. We were trapped. As the tense minutes and frantic calls went on, one bit of good news came in.

The Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, embattled integration leader, was sending a car convoy to drive us the 66 miles.

It was the best offer so far though we knew they had no protection

(Continued on Page 24)

Mother To Wed

Mrs. Gertrude Davis, mother of Andrew Davis, a cerebral palsy victim, who died just before Christmas, 1961, is due the happiness which is coming to her soon.

On Friday, April 20, the mother, the divorcee, who devoted her life to her son from birth to the day of his death at the age of 15, will become the bride of Walter Coleman.

The ceremonies at 1806 Patterson Park Ave., at 9 p.m., will be attended by relatives and close friends who knew of the loving care Mrs. Davis gave the invalid child, afflicted all his life.

The reception follows the wedding at 734 W. Fayette St.

AFRO readers will recall the poignant story, "Empty Chair For Christmas" written by AFRO assistant managing editor, James D. Williams, following Andrew's death.

The feature article won first place in the category in the 1961 Better Newspaper Contest of the Maryland-Delaware Press Association last week.

Winning Editorials

1st Place
Editorial Writing
Dailies - Weeklies

It Was A Hoax

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

This week the newspapers, television and radio have carried the story of three colored Americans who posed as African diplomats and were served in several Maryland restaurants that customarily have a white-only policy.

We frankly admit that the whole thing was conceived and planned here at the Baltimore AFRO.

However, we did not go to the trouble of staging such an elaborate deception just for laughs.

We felt that it was high time that the hypocrisy surrounding the restaurant situation in Maryland was exposed, and we felt it was our duty to do the exposing.

We wanted to dramatize the stupidity inherent in a situation in which visitors from overseas are treated better than persons born on these shores.

As Marylanders, we are deeply disturbed over the manner in which African visitors traveling through our state have been insulted when they sought to enter restaurants along our highways.

Quite properly, President Kennedy and Governor Tawes have interested themselves in the matter and are attempting to persuade the restaurant owners to serve the Africans.

But somewhere along the line everybody seems to have forgotten about the colored American.

It is commendable that our officials are so worried about the Africans, but doesn't charity begin at home?

We want the Africans to be treated with dignity and respect, but we don't feel it is wrong for us to want colored Americans treated with the same respect and dignity.

This is why we engaged in our hoax and we think we made it crystal clear that the restaurants of Maryland welcome almost everybody under the sun, except a colored American.

The men we selected to carry off our project are all war veterans, all homeowners, parents and substantial citizens.

If they had gone out on Route 40 and downtown Baltimore in the usual business dress, they would have been asked to leave.

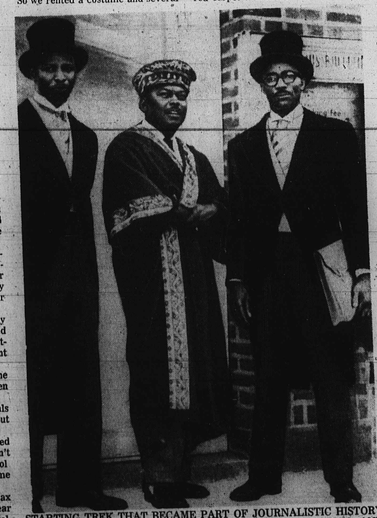
So we rented a costume and several sets of morning clothes, gave our men fictitious names, invented a phony country, hired an impressive limousine and sent them on their way.

By the simple process of putting on a few rented clothes and mumbling gibberish, they were transformed into men of distinction, who received the red carpet treatment at restaurants which wouldn't have given them a drink of water had they entered as colored Americans.

We asked ourselves, if they were good enough to be served as imposters, why are they not good enough to be served under their rightful names?

Since we don't believe there is any satisfactory answer to this question, we'll keep on fighting to expose hypocrisy and we'll keep on demanding equal accommodations laws.

Sure the whole thing was staged, but we hope that we've helped expose just how silly this question of racial discrimination really is.



STARTING TREK THAT BECAME PART OF JOURNALISTIC HISTORY ARE 'AFRO AFRICANS' RUFUS WELLS, HERB MANGRUM AND GEORGE W. COLLINS.

A Silly Proposal

By MOSES J. NEWSON

The Department of Employment Security, which has ample vacant space in its five - million dollar building it now occupies, is planning to rent additional space downtown.

Stephen C. Cromwell, executive director of the department, said the clerical and professional section of the State Employment Service, plans to be relocated by October 1.

He admits that the move is not prompted by a shortage of space in the six - story building at Eutaw and Dolphin Streets. In fact, the new building has office space not being used.

The reason given for the plan is: "managerial and clerical job applicants do not want to enter the Department of Employment Security Build-

(Continued on Page 24)

A Shining Example

By RUFUS WELLS

Last fall conditions were going from bad to worse in the Argyle Avenue neighborhood. Children were wandering aimlessly about and frequently getting into trouble. Sanitary conditions were far from being ideal and the physical appearance of some properties in the area left much to be desired.

Some of the residents talked about