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

—Youth held

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the flower garden.

He saw what he thought was a human form lying prostrate on the grassy lawn.

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"LOOK!" he yelled at his partner not trusting his own eyes.

The sight which greeted them left them speechless for a moment.

They sounded the alarm which brought squads of police and detectives from the homicide division headed by the chief medical examiner.

The body of Mrs. Mamie Jean Sampson Darden, 58, her face a mass of blood and her clothing dishevelled, was still warm when Dr. Esther Fiszgop leaped from an ambulance from the Mt. Sinai Hospital and conducted a quick examination and pronounced the popular socialite dead.

The probers fanned out through the exclusive residential neighborhood quizzing neighbors to see if any prowlers had been seen in the vicinity.

Neighbors in the Darden Apartments, a two-story housing development owned by the Dardens, but separated by a tall hedge, had heard no outcry nor seen anything suspicious.

The same answer was given by two painters who were just starting to work on the Trinity Presbyterian Church, which sits back from the Darden home, but is easily visible from the house.

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DR. EDWIN ALBANO, Essex County Medical examiner, said that bruises indicated that the victim had apparently been seized and strangled, which accounts for the fact that none of the neighbors or the persons in the house heard any outcry.

He was unconscious from the first attack. The assailant then mutilated her with a hoe, completely disfiguring her head and face to avoid being identified if she regained her senses.

The Dardens are reputed to be one of the wealthiest couples in Jersey-New York complex.

Their spacious and richly appointed home, was formerly owned by the millionaire Rothchild clan.

Mrs. Darden was wearing two diamond studded rings when the body was found, which caused police to discount robbery as a possible motive.

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WITHIN AN hour after the report of the tragedy wealthy neighbors and socialites who had enjoyed many festive occasions on the spacious lawn beneath the towering cedars and elms, converged on the site, numb with shock and fear that a mad man was in the neighborhood.

Tears streamed down the cheeks of trembling matrons as they clung to the arms of their husbands.

They were unwilling to believe that their club member and charity worker was actually the corpse which was carried past them as they huddled in grim silence.

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BESIDES HER husband, who has been a physician in Newark for more than 30 years and is credited with being an active civic leader and a philanthropist, the victim is survived by two daughters, Betty Jean and Carrol, a recent student at Howard University.

Mrs. Darden was affiliated with the Links, the AKA Sorority, a life member of the NAACP and was on the board of St. Philip's PE Church.

In commenting on the fact that no one heard an outcry, one neighbor, her eyes swollen from tears, remarked:

"This I can't believe, because in all the years I have known Jean, she was always so quiet and gentle that I never heard her raise her voice in my life."

Court psychiatrists examined the boy Tuesday prior to a preliminary hearing.

A summer session, to last for eight weeks, is now underway in an attempt to help children "with the basic skills of reading writing and mathematics."

Thirty professional teachers (and more coming each day) ten of them colored, have been boarding with local citizens while carrying on the long neglected education of the county's children. They are being assisted by a group of Queens College students.

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THE CURRENT enrollment in the six centers in and around Farmville is near the 600 mark.

The youngsters are usually divided into four groups, ranging in ages from 6o to 8 who have never been to school; from 8 to 10 who have either never been to school or have only one year of school behind them; from 11 to 14, who have completed 2 years of school, and from 12 to 19 with at least 4 years of education.

Classes last for four hours with half an hour for lunch and play time. At the end of the day, the youngsters don't want to leave. Some kids have to travel 20 to 30 miles to an education center, and seldom miss a day.

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"THE ATTENDANCE has been great," Edward S. Carpenter told the AFRO reporter Thursday before returning to New York to check on a sick daughter. The teachers participating in the program have volunteered their services free of charge, often having to leave families behind to put in their four weeks in Prince Edward County.

Mr. Carpenter, a teacher in New York, with a masters degree in psychology and a Ph.D. candidate at NYU, said:

"I think this is a happy experience for these youngsters. They never want to leave right away. They stay around. They want to know if anybody wants them to do anything. The older kids are starting to talk about the future, that's a good sign."

But Mr. Carpenter and others here are fearful that the education gap among these children is too wide to be bridged "But we are trying," Mr. Carpenter remarked. "One thing we know he added "These youngsters are alert and want to learn. The years during which they were neglected did not destory their learning ability. What it did was create a lost generation, youngsters who have had to waste part o their lives."

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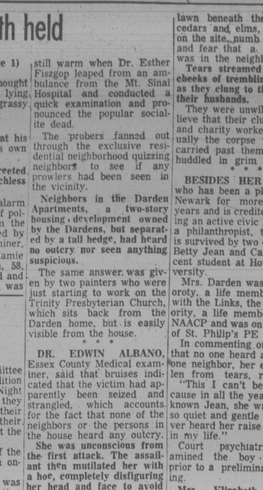
MR. CARPENTER stated that some of the brightest children have to be taken out of the county and placed in northern schools.

"Some will never catch up," Mr. Carpenter pointed out. Some are lost already" He emphasized that something quick and creative in the way of teaching would have to be put into service in the community as soon as possible.

"But what ever happens," he continued, "we will not give up the fight."



HAPPIER DAYS — Dr. and Mrs. Walter T. Darden of Montclair, N.J. are shown in Paris in 1953. Montclair police are holding a 15-year-old boy on charges of slaying her with a hoe. Dr. Darden is a Newark physician.

—A camp for boys

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died early this year. was also a camp associate.

An unusually dedicated husband and wife team —Mr. and Mrs. Leroy A. Coles Jr., shines at camp.

Mr. Coles, recently promoted to vice principal of School No. 132, has for nine years been assistant director at Mohawk.

Well known as a Boy Scout leader, he has spent his adult life in Scout activities, following in the footsteps of his namesake and father.

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THE OTHER HALF of the Coles team is the former Rita Pilgrim. She is the camp's strong right hand. Serving as health director, mother-confessor, advisor, etc., and she is pretty, too!

A teacher, Mrs. Coles, like her husband, is a Coppin graduate. He is also a **Howard U. graduate.**

The Coles' son, Leroy Anthony 3rd, 16, is a senior at Poly, and he is following in the family tradition of serving boys.

At Mohawk, he is a junior counselor. So is another 16-year-older, Charles Dugger. Both are popular with all campers.

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THE CAMP directors pride themselves on the fact that with the support of the community, they are beginning to see the light in providing boys with what they call "fun and adventure in a natural setting, with an increased appreciation for God's great out - of - doors."

And, the setting is indeed ideal.

The camp fronts on the Patuxent River. Water is usually warm and calm, and a magnificent blue.

Home for campers during the six weeks (three for boys, three for girls, July 1st-Aug. 26), are log cabins, with modern facilities.

They are spread over 285 acres, thus providing ample space to play and relax.

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CABINS ARE arranged in two villages on either side of the grounds. They take the Indian names of Sioux and Yuma. Cabins also have Indian names like Comanche, Chippewa.

Campers sleep in double decker beds. There is spirited competition to earn clean cabin awards and prizes for excellence in sports, craft and related activities.

Adult counselors are assigned to each cabin and direct activities.

Bath houses, with showers, dining hall and two chapels **are also provided.**

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HIGHLIGHT of this past weekend's activities was a candlelight devotional service in the chapel on Saturday.

Youngsters and visitors too marched in silence to the outdoor church.

Once seated in front of a picture of the lighted Christ, each camper lit a candle and joined in the prayer and song led by Mr. Moss.

Later, all marched single file to the main camp area. One group formed a human cross a half mile up the hill