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"I'd rather be here than any place I know..."

BEALE STREET, USA

Beale Street (officially Beale Avenue), fabled in song and legend, is a prime artery in the composite body of the Negro populace of Memphis and the Mid-South.

It is one of the world's most famous thoroughfares. It is the widely-heralded birthplace of the blues, those nostalgic songs of an emerging folk, expressing their reactions to the demands and responsibilities of a new way of life... in a New South.

Beale Street, for more than seventy-five years, has been the lodestone for the migrating plantation workers of the westerly river bottoms, cotton fields, and canebrakes of the lower Mississippi Delta. On this short but vitally alive stretch of pavement converging streams of diverse types of Negroes have felt the first impact of urban life. There they have made their first adjustments to bright lights, close-knit association, individual freedom, business and professional opportunity, commercialized entertainment, and stimulation to higher aspirations.

Beale Street is "where the blues began" because of its long function as a bridge of sights and smiles over which black, brown, and yellow men have trod in seven league boots to match wits and muscles with the complexities of an effervecent situation, where a new way of life was being superimposed on the remains of an old and receding one.

There is deep meaning in that old Beale Street Blues expression where the singer intones, "You see hog-nose restaurants and chitterlin' cafes and things to remind you of bygone days." Beale Street was once one of the swank white residential thoroughfares of Memphis. Some of the palatial old buildings which used to house the aristocracy of the moon-rooming young river-towners, Memphis, still stand in stately isolation on "Blues Avenue," mute evidences of the grandeur of a day now being rapidly effaced from living memory.

Beale Street first began becoming important to the Negroes of the Mid-South in the days of the famed river packets, those steam-driven swans of pleasure, commerce, and glamour which plied the mighty Mississippi in 2
the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth.

Black roustabouts, muscles helping and full lips uttering the original blues tunes, used cotton-books and mighty hands to load and unload the great river cargo carriers. The cobble stones at the foot of Beale Street rooked to the rhythm of work-songs and blues as work-happy black men voiced their regret at seeing "that evening sun go down."

Whether the regret is genuine may be doubted. For, when the evening sun went down, those sons of toil, fresh from the drudgery and isolation of the fields and woods, bided themselves to the flesh-pots of Beale Street, which enterprising Italian, Irish, and Jewish business men flanked by a handful of more discerning Negroes, provided for them.

Out of the exploits of these men and the women who followed them came the bohemian legend of Beale Street. In the nature of things the other raw elements of new, and developing urban life in the comparatively frontier atmosphere of a growing river town accompanied them. There were "honest men" and pickpockets skilled . . . and business never closed till somebody got killed . . . there were pretty "brownies" (girls), dressed in beautiful gowns, tailor-made and hand-me-downs". The Beale Street Tenderloin was rapidly setting the tongues of the town to wagging. Beale Street's centers of entertainment were rapidly becoming lighted candles to attract white and black alike, who felt and enjoyed the lure of life hot and flaming.

And that is the legend of Beale Street which has persisted longest. Tourists and other visitors still seek out Beale Street for risque thrills.

But they are disappointed by the reality. Some go away muttering that all they have seen is the smoldering remains of a sublimated scene. And that's because they do not know the other traditions of Beale Street. They have forgotten or neglected to weigh the significance of all of Handy's words when he wrote, "I've seen the lights of old Broadway, been down on Market Street by the 'Frisen Bay' . . . I've been over in London, down by the Paris Bourse . . . but take my advice, folks, and see Beale Street first."

Beneath these words, W. C. Handy, internationally famed "Father of the Blues," had more in mind than the forerunners of his honky-tonsks and booby-houses of the past. The great composer was not unmindful of the other elements which made and make Beale Street a representative cross-sectional view of the Negro's experiences in the transition from rural to urban life in the United States of America.

Far, that is Beale Street's primary significance. Aside from the colorful personalities and picturesque places of...
its past. Beale Street is also the variegated heart of Negro Memphis and the Mid-South... and takes its place high among other famed arteries of Negro aspirations, achievements, and expression.

The Negro professional man of the Mid-South cut his teeth on Beale Street. The offices of dentists, doctors, lawyers, newspapers, and business leaders are and have been located on and in close proximity to Beale Street. The country yokel who comes to town, and congregates at the corner of Second and Beale, to gawk at "enough golden balls" (paw-shop insignia), might he equally impressed at the sight of black, leukos, and yellow men and women of obvious culture and attainment, standing and sitting in the offices of banks, insurance companies, barbershops, cafes, filling stations, employment offices and the like, conducting business in the best American tradition.

He might have been greatly impressed with a conversation with such Beale Street notables as Lt. George W. Lee, banker, war hero, writer, and nationally-recognized political leader. He might have been completely flabbergasted had he had the chance to talk with the late Robert R. Church Jr., Beale Street's contribution to nationally-significant political attainment by Negroes. And undoubtedly, such a country yokel would have fallen over backward had he been permitted to view the influence of Robert R. Church Sr., Beale Street's first Negro millionaire. He would budge with surging race pride if he could gain a nod of recognition from Beale Street's present-day business and civic entrepreneur, the famed Dr. J. E. Walker, who was once only a farm boy himself.

He might have felt somewhat master of the situation had he wandered into one of Beale Street's old-time saloons. Out of the smoky mists of old-time Poe's place, or from the smink, but marble-hard atmosphere of the old Panama Cafe he would have seen the beds where the blues were born.

But in the towering majesty of the Beale Street Baptist Church, new New Prospect, he would have seen the aspirations of his ancestors coalesced in a towering and imaginative mass of brick, stone, and wood. Beale Street's preachers have gone far and gained their own places among "God's Trombones."

Between Handy's Park, at the corner of Beale and Hernando and Fourth Street on the West, is Beale Street's Halo. Some of America's finest sepia performers have trod the boards of the old Palace Theater, one of the oldest Negro vaudeville houses in the United States. Old blues shouters like Bonnie Smith, Mamie Smith, Pine Top, and Lead Belly, plied their arts there.

Today Beale Street has less of the glamour, but more of the confident efficiency of the New Negro in the New South. The street's lure is not the same to the present generation as it was to their parents.

Beale Street today is a reformed street... thanks to city leader E. H. Crump, who proceeded to erase its slim and tenderloin aspects, despite one blues singer's declaration, "We don't care what Mr. Crump don't low... we're gonna barrelhouse anyhow." The new Beale Street, realizing that Mr. Crump "don't want no ears-riders here," has conceded that since "Mr. Crump don't low it... we ain't gonna have it here." There is a new Beale Street for the New Negro of the New South.
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9. EMTENE
10. GOON BLUES
11. I'Miter
12. SONG From ISLAND ROUGE
13. LITTLE LITTLE LITTLE
14. REGENCY
15. WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME
16. SULS, COMPOSER
17. TROPICAL 

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Love and Marriage

Why Some Girls Never Marry

Today, as never before increasing emphasis is being placed on education for family life, and its importance in the foundation for a peaceful and contented nation of people.

This column is presented with the hope that young people may read it with an eye to analyzing some of the situations which provoke thought along the lines of happy and peaceful family life.

Your editor does not claim to be the author of all of these ideas; they are borrowed here and there from persons who are experts on love, marriage and sex life, and some are results of experiences of other writers.

Girls, the dauntless and low aggressive of the two sexes, are usually left to be selected by a mate who sometimes meets with her great pleasure and approval, but who quite often does not.

One of the major reasons of girls drifting off into old-maidish may be attributed to a bitter disappointment in a love affair. She sometimes falls desperately in love with the wrong guy who uses her for exploitation and moves on to find another, while the former pines away unwilling to forget and give up her love.

Another main cause for girls not marrying, they are in love with a dream man, who never comes along, and consequently keep on waiting. They think some day that he just might "wander off their feel" and "want" that float away into their land of dreams. They play their lingering dreams sometimes until it is too late to give them up and accept the natural man with his shortcomings and human in-capabilities.

They have an unhealthy attitude about sex life that makes them shun anything that has to do with men. They are full of fear about the whole matter because they have not been sufficiently taught that it is a normal part of the life of individuals.

Other girls spend much of their time preparing to become so efficient on jobs and working towards recognition in that efficiency, until finally they grow out of the category of women with feminine charm into the bossy, masculine, "miss efficiency" type which repels men. Then their chances have grown too slim to capture the opposite sex so that they can only live in hope, or pick up a mate so far beneath them that they would rather not have one at all.

After a girl reaches 25 years of age, her chances become slimmer and slimmer. If she has not built up the thorough and dictatorial personality she perhaps gets her psychological mind set against the opposite sex.

There is another type of girl who simply frightens men away by her self-centered attitude. It may be that the whole show must be built around her. It may be that she complains about her home, her health or her lack of fine clothes and the like. It is often that this type of person is intolerant of other people. Or maybe the miss chatters all the time and annoys people. Anyway there are many repelling traits which may cause men to shun certain girls, such as flegmicitv, spastic body odor, shaveness, hot-temper, going to pieces when things go loud and masculine, or poor mixing qualities.

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looked to be a man in his middle thirties, just about the age in life when a man begins to realize the importance of making money and preparing for old age. And from his appearance one would have thought he wanted to start a bank, an insurance company or an investment association. Whites, who in those days called colored men "preachers" when they looked clean and well groomed, greeted him as "Doc" because he was immediate in his presentation.

Beachamp's father was a blacksmith, and his son, Jacques A., had never known want. He was educated at Prairie View College in Texas and for a year or more had been employed by the National Council of Boy Scouts of America, New York City, as assistant to the National Director of Interracial activities.

In 1919 he organized at Fort Arthur, Texas, the first Negro Troop of Boy Scouts in the South. In 1921, the National Council picked him up at Jacksonville, Florida, where he was employed as a teacher. He had worked with Scouts at least eight years when he came to Beale Street. He knew well enough about the financial reward for his service was meager, but his ardent desire to render that type of service to satisfy that something within him was his greatest encouragement to continue in this barren field, for in Memphis he found conditions ready and ripe in potential promise.

It was during the days this fruit, he pointed out, was in the booth stage that he built Douglas Park Camp—his greatest material achievement. The loss of this camp grieved him so deeply that it plowed furrows into the thin unlined surface of his face.

The first year he maintained a camp at Douglas Park there were 210 boys enrolled; last summer at the Fuller Memorial Park the enrollment passed the 2,000 mark. Each boy's expense for camping is paid for by his parents, some interested individual, an organization or some luminous institution. Last summer the Memphis Commercial Appeal paid the expenses of 80 or more of these boys.

Scouting, like most things we have started in Memphis, began in the Negro church. Centenary M.E. Church, of which Beachamp is a member, and the Central Baptist Church, both at Alston and Mississippi, claim credit for having the first Negro Boy Scout troops in the city. Since their organizations, Beachamp has organized troops all over Memphis, out in the country, across the river in Arkansas, and beyond the state line in Mississippi.

As much as he has paid for his success in terms of sacrifice, he refuses to claim ownership of it. "Without the loyal colored people who have worked with me and the wise and influential white men who supported me, I could not have made it," he said with special emphasis. He mentioned William H. McMurty, Fred O. Harris, Field Executive of Seminole Division; Mrs. Alpha Joe Beachamp; Mr. Alonzo Locke, Henry Daniels, M. S. Stuart; Prof. G. P. Hamilton, all now deceased; and Col. Sam Johnson; J. W. Ester, R. C. Oliver, A. W. Villyard; Dr. Julian Kelso and others who have given generously both in time and dollars.

Today Beachamp finds moral support in his work through many steadfast and conscientious leaders such as Rev. S. A. Owen; Rev. Roy Lovel; Dr. J. E. Walker; and several others; but his greatest support comes from a silver-haired girl named Alphas, herself a social worker, a Scout troop organizer, and the very core of his heart and his activities. She is his wife—she is his life.

Beachamp is the oldest Negro Scout Master in America. He has written 33 years of service upon the pages of the Boy Scout book. He is now wearing the equator of his life with empty hands and a full heart. Truly "The World would be poor indeed, if it did not reckon among its great ones, heroes without laurels and conquerors without the jubilation of triumph," Negro mankind will some day know his name and hold sacred his memory.

Born on a farm in Louisiana, Jacques A. Beachamp, the Boy Scout Executive of Memphis, who landed on Beale Street with Roy Scouting in his blood, some twenty-five years ago, attempted a roll call recently of his boys who have grown from cubs to men of prominence, and his list grew to unbelievable proportions.

A few of the names called by the man whose purpose was "service" are: Chris Routbar, Executive Secretary of the YMCA; Robert M. Ratcliffe, National News Editor of the Pittsburgh Courier; Dr. Oscar Speight, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist; Sam Oliffe Jr. and Robert S. Lewis Jr., both successful dentists; Chestine Thompson, Principal of the city's recently established Patterson School; the late Pre-Edward O. Clatborn, decorated for heroism in Korea, and on and on he went down the list of successes.

Mr. Beachamp, twenty-five years ago,
"Oh, Auntie, what big earrings you have," might well be Red Riding Hood’s paraphrased reaction to the jewelry which adorns some of today’s most fashionable ears. But even the largest of the currently popular loops are dwarfed by some of the earrings collected by Ethel Traphagen, director of the Traphagen School of Fashion in New York, and shown in an exhibition there. They come from many parts of the world and from various periods. The collection is valued at $100,000. Some of the earrings are worn here by students at the school.

The earrings at the top of twisted copper wires and beads weigh almost two pounds. They come from the Masai tribe of British East Africa. Ethel Traphagen added them to her collection for the school’s museum during a safari with her husband, W. R. Leigh. They are worn by Gloria Allain of Corona, L.I., New York, a student at the school.

Right: Grace Anthony of Orlando, Fla., wears 250-year-old earrings from Bolivia. Eleven inches long, of heavily embossed silver, they are weighty as well as decorative.

"Concentration of power in any man"

Hollis F. Price of LeMoyne College, Memphis, Tennessee told an audience of educators meeting in Washington, D.C., "We rightfully fear the concentration of power in any man." She quoted the words of the late Mr. Price in her report on the American Council on Education which will be printed in full by the Council in the April issue of The Educational Record. Among other things Mr. Price said:

"Our institutions of higher education are, broadly speaking, either private or public. Those who support private colleges and universities and who serve on their boards of trustees and control their policies are not those who have little concern for American institutions. State legislatures which control publicly supported institutions are not to any substantial degree infiltrated with such interests. A kind word for the administrators of these colleges and universities may even be in order at this point. These men and women for the most part represent our citizens of highest character and integrity."

I raise serious doubt as to the validity of Congressional investigations of communism in educational institutions. My doubts arise from the following things it seems to sense:

(1) Under the American system of government we have a separation of powers for good and sufficient reason. I believe this is due to our faith in man and our lack of complete faith in any man. In short, we rightfully fear concentration of power in any man. In matters of investigation of communism it would appear that legislative committees have assumed judicial functions. It may also be asked whether Congressmen who must be coming up for election don’t sometimes mistake the voice of majority opinion for the voice of God..."
Delegates pose after their session at the Universal Life Insurance Company Conference Room.

JACKS AND JILLS
IN MEMPHIS

Jack and Jill Mothers' Club, Inc., invaded Memphis last summer in their 8th National meet.

Beauty was the basic feature of the confab to a "looker-on," but it was revealed that the young mothers profited much in the exchange of ideas, methods and entertainment for their youngsters—the Little Jacks and Jills.

The days were filled with closed business sessions, guest speakers, and routine; but Memphis turned out for entertainment at night. Hardly did the guests have time to complete the sumptuous feasts of the afternoon before private parties and dancing sessions took over for a continuous round of evening fun.

Mothers were present from as far west as Los Angeles, as far east as Boston and as far south as Miami. The president, Dr. Alberta Turner, along with her husband and beautiful daughter, motored in from Cleveland.

Local chapter members and their husbands were gracious hosts to the Convention.
The songs of sexy Eartha Kitt (above), were too rousing for the king and queen of Greece. “I can’t understand it,” said Miss Kitt. “I’m just an innocent little girl.”

Rosetta Ferri, beautiful vocalist, who won the heart of Memphianess when she appeared at Handy Theater. It is reported to be touring Florida with Al Grey’s all stars.

Presenting...

Watching sharks for the edification of tourists and fishermen who visit Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, is an almost daily routine for this Dominica woman. Fresh and salt waters of the Caribbean republic abounds with all kinds of game fish.

Welterweight boxing champ Kid Carlin gives his fancy ring footwork a new twist as he goes over a dance routine in New York with Elba Mont Alvo of Havana, while Ed Sullivan, left, looks on.

Cigarette girls pose with Lloyd Moore at the recent Semper Fidelis Formal.

Buffy Elaine Parks of Atlanta, Ga., winner in bathing beauty contest held by the Elks during their national convention.
Vivacious Dorothy Daniels, interpretative dancer star who calls Memphis, Tenn., home, has won high plaudits for her artistry in the United States, Canada and Mexico. As a teenager, Dot was named bathing beauty queen in the Elks’ annual nationwide beauty contest. Other successes found her appreaching stardom in the southern tour of Irving C. Miller’s “Brownie Melody” in 1936, and the ebulliently-acted “Harlem in Havana” show which wowed audiences from Memphis’ Cotton Carnival to Winnipeg, Canada. She has a talent for direction, too, as witnessed last year in her production of the famed Annual Ballet of Booker T. Washington high school in her home town. Dot’s special interest lies in Afro-Cuban music and dance interpretations which she considers a challenge worthy of constant rehearsal (see photo).
Lelia O'Neal Walker likes people. Her interest in deserving persons goes beyond verbal expression. Witness this statement by a senior at Howard University whose ministerial preparation is being made possible by Mrs. Walker:

"Without your generous aid I may not have reached this stage in my preparation for the sort of Christian ministry so necessarily needed ... I accept your generous assistance with renewed determination to strive to the best of my ability to some day be worthy ... of the confidence you have placed in me."

In Mrs. Walker's words the only solution to communism and other perplexing world problems is "a return to Christianity."

Lelia O'Neal Walker is playing her part toward that return.

Church and club activities do not rob Mrs. Walker of the pleasure she has with her gardening.

"I've never been able to count the fish," Dr. Walker tells his wife. The aquarium is located close by on the lawn where Mrs. Walker enjoys them on sunny days.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON:

"Take the common things in life and make them uncommon . . ."

According to the 1950 Census the employment status of non-white population in the Metropolitan area of Memphis and in Shelby County was approximately 75,000 for both male and female above the age of 14 years. Since 1950 the population of the same area has increased 9.7 per cent according to figures released by the Commerce and Transportation Department of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce.

Within the large army of industrial and domestic workers to be found in this group are many hundreds holding important and responsible positions of trust. Beside being an asset to their employers, many of them play an important part in the civic and social life of the community. Those who have children send them to the public school and college, and even to universities.

Visit the homes of many of these workers and you would be surprised to note their standards of living. Everything in these homes, as well as the surroundings, reflect the training they have received in the environment where they have worked and served for a large number of years. Their homes and premises are models of cleanliness and arrangement; and they serve as examples for many of their neighbors.

Booker T. Washington once advised his students to "take the common things in life and make them uncommon; to grasp the ordinary things and make them extra-ordinary." The workers referred to in these pages have done exactly this and as a result have lifted themselves up to a high standard of confidence, respectability and usefulness.

Simple Occupations Made Dignified Professions

Top—Mrs. Ardella Reaves, house-keeper for Mrs. C. L. Andrews, 667 W. Dr. Memphis, makes last minute inspection for tea service.

Middle—Mrs. Clifton Metcalf, house-keeper for Mr. and Mrs. McKay Van Vleet, 194 South Rose Road, Memphis, gives directions to the family chauffeur.

Bottom—Mrs. Henry Williams, house-keeper for Mrs. R. H. Bodine, 54 Rose Road, checks table to see that instructions have been followed for service of evening meal.

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PAGE 23
LEADS
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BAPTISTS

THE SCENE was a log cabin at Fay-
sette, Miss., just after the turn of the
century. Moss and mud sealed the cracks
between the weather-worn logs. The
floor was dirt. The windows were open-
ings carved in the walls.
It was a crude setting for an early
sermon drama that was unique only with-
in the walls of the little cabin. It was
there that Dr. H. H. Humes, one of Missis-
sippi’s leading Negroes, was born 52
years ago.
The Greenville, Miss., Baptist minis-
ter and newspaper publisher today is
one of Mississippi’s staunchest advocates
of segregated but equal education for
his people.
Dr. Humes’ first job was as a water boy
for 75 preachands. Today, he is pastor of
the New Hope Baptist Church in Green-
vilie and serves as president of the
Mississippi Negro Baptist Convention.
When he’s not busy with the Lord’s
work, he might be found at his job as
director and publisher of the Delta Lead-
er, a weekly newspaper published in
Greenville.
Through years of success in his chosen
fields, Dr. Humes has kept a promise
made to his father—a promise that he
would remain in Mississippi with his own
people. During 25 years in the ministry,
he has declined pastorates in New York,
Detroit, Flint, St. Louis and Los An-
egles.
Now in his 10th year as head of the con-
vention, which boasts 412,000 mem-
bers, the Baptist leader last year saw a
long-term objective realized when the
Natchez, Miss., Junior College was ac-
ccredited by the State Board of Educa-
tion. The school is operated by the state
convention, the largest Negro Baptist
college in the United States.
Dr. Humes’ family moved to Scott,
Miss., when he was eight years old. It
was there that the boy grew into young
manhood, and there that Alex Scott, a
planter, took an interest in him. With
Mr. Scott’s help, young Humes was able
to attend Jackson College. He is also a
graduate of Natchez Junior College.
(The opinions expressed by Dr. Humes in
this article are not necessarily the opinions
of the publishers of U.S.)

For 16 years, he has edited and pub-
lished the Delta Leader—one of a few
Southern Negro newspapers—that is
published at home. The 50-year-old tab-
lloid has 7,000 subscribers in 17 counties,
according to Dr. Humes.

Regarding equalized educational fa-
cilities, Dr. Humes has this to say: “De-
lay in the equalization plan is weaken-
ing our system and the liberal of our tra-
ditions of separate schools in Missis-
pippi. Every day that equalization of fa-
cilities is delayed weakens the state’s
case for continued segregation.”
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MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

Kentucky's "Joe"

Kentucky born Joseph R. Ray, Sr., was sworn in for the much controversial job of Race Relations Advisor for Housing and Home Finance Agency Monday, October 19, in Washington, D. C. Ray replaced Frank Horn, who served in this capacity since the organization of the agency. However, Horn remains in the agency as assistant to Administrator Albert M. Cole. Both men will draw the same salary, $11,000 yearly.

Prior to Mr. Ray's departure for Washington, outstanding citizens honored him with a banquet at the Henry Clay Hotel, and presented him with a plaque. This affair was witnessed by one of the largest crowds at any time honoring a Negro in the city of Louisville. Mayor Wilson W. Wyatt and one time bigwig in Washington circles, was the principal speaker. Other notable speakers sharing the honors at the speakers' table were Senator John Shaw, Van Cooper, Congressman John Robinson and Frank L. Stanley, editor and publisher of the Louisville Defender, M. M. Bonner, real estate broker, served as master of ceremonies.

Ray is a partner in the Ray-Henderson Real Estate & Insurance Agency, which will be carried on during his absence by his son, Joseph Ray, Jr., and Attorney Dennis Henderson.

For the present time, Mr. Ray is commuting to Washington. He resides at 3340 Grand Avenue with his very attractive wife, Ella. He has one son and three grandchildren. For a man like Ray there can be no failures.

(Below) Albert M. Cole, Housing and Home Finance Administrator, swears in Joseph R. Ray at ceremony in Washington and (below, right) congratulates him.

PAGE 26
Memphis citizens are proud of their many beautiful homes

The pedestal two-story home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Marcus Walker is one of the most complete and well appointed homes in the city. Mrs. Harriet Walker is shown adjusting her carving in the powder room of one of the three delightful bathrooms in the home.

The pretty ultra modern ranch house at 1415 So. Parkway East is the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sawyer. Mrs. Helen Sawyer is shown standing before her imported Italian marble fireplace.

Dr. and Mrs. James S. Byas occupy this New England American home with a huge recreation room beneath where active games such as table tennis as well as other games may be enjoyed. Mrs. Orchida Byas is shown making dinner in the well arranged and most attractive streamlined kitchen.

Comfortable, livable, and artistically beautiful homes in Memphis are unquestionably a product of the New South. These homes selected at random from among nearly a score of such fine and classy dwellings only give a slight glimpse of the many of more or less grandeur, but all eye-catchers and yet home-like.

During the past five to ten years the finer homes have appeared, perhaps first in various spots over the city, then on specific streets, like Edith Street, where whole blocks were built up. Now many streets can be named in Memphis where fine homes occupy blocks, and especially do Memphians point to several blocks on South Parkway, where the largest number is concentrated.

In the same section, branching off Parkway into a cozy nook—known as Melrose Cove—is a colorful section of a large number of new, modern, and up-to-date homes, where spectators come from all over the city at Christmas time to see the decorations so definitely becoming to the pretty line of dwellings.

Quinn Avenue, Gill Avenue, Wilson Street, Montgomery, and several others are building up with the same types of homes as indicated by the South Parkway section.

This young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Brown, at 2541 Park Avenue are shown at home at the end of the day. This exquisitely decorated home is one of the many that attract people with their holiday scenes when homes are so beautifully decorated.
One of the major features of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Johnson's Colonial home at 1245 S. Parkway, East, is his two-car garage, the sharing of motion pictures taken by him throughout the country, set his vacations and in and around Memphis. His projection room is well-equipped and supplies movies for himself and his friends.

Ghettoes, as highly evidenced ten years ago, are disappearing, and especially where Negroes are building new homes, because they more or less raise the value of their property as a result of the type of homes Negroes are new building.

This pattern, however, is not peculiar to Memphis alone, it is a natural turn in the trends of the New South, as evidenced by the same sort of picture as seen in Atlanta with its Hunter Lane, in Miami and its Coral Gables Section, in Louisville on East Parkway and on East Pearl Street in Jackson, Miss., and almost any southern city one could mention.

This Southern Colonial imposing structure is the home of Mrs. Cornelie Evands at 603 Minor Avenue. She is shown chatting in her handsomely furnished living room. The entire home displays taste and beauty.

"Tops in Tennessee for '53"—that's the story of the hard-charging Golden Wildcats of Memphis' Melrose high school who scored first honors in 1953 Negro Prep football competitions in the Volunteer State. The victorious state champs also placed nine men on the 1953 All-Memphis Negro Prep Football League team. Behind the expert instruction of Coach J. W. Westbrook, they vow to "tie this year in '54."

sport's highlights...

MOST PROMISING

J. G. Carroll (left), Illinois University sophomore, called greatest ball carrier since the immortal Red Grange.

MOST VALUABLE

Roy Campanella (right), Brooklyn Dodgers catcher, named most valuable player in National League.
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Professor A. B. Bland, principal of Memphis' Hyde Park school, conducts a unique program daily on KWEM. The program, "Hyde Park's Kingdom," features stories from the Bible to promote their church, social, and civic work activities on the air without charge. At 4:00 PM daily, listeners hear the KWEM at 9:05PM. Professor Bland answers the phone and chats with the caller about the news items. The conversation is recorded and broadcast immediately following at 5:15 PM. Thus the listener can hear his own voice telling the world about the forthcoming event. Anyone may call, and there is no limit on number of calls.

Pictured, lovely Miss Frankelle Robinson is heard each Saturday at 2:15 PM. Her program, "Melody Mart," features smooth, dreamy music and poetry. Miss Robinson is home office editor for the Universal Life Insurance Company in Memphis. Her column, "Mart of Thought," appears weekly in the Tri-State Defender, well known Memphis newspaper. As a hobby Miss Robinson writes short stories. Her stories have appeared in Liberty, Red Book, and Cosmopolitan.

Robert "Bob" Roberson performs many duties with KWEM. He is heard daily at 7:00 AM with his popular program "Negro in the News." This newscast features local and national news of interest to all citizens. Bob also serves as public relations counsel for the station, appearing frequently at meetings to interview important speakers. His column "KWEM Presses" appears weekly in the Tri-State Defender, Foote Homes housing project residents know Bob as their genial assistant project manager.

Jimmie "King Bee" Franklin, a top ranking Disc Jockey, recently joined KWEM. He is heard daily, from 7:00 AM until 8:30, and from 1:00 PM until 3:30. In addition, Jimmie conducts the Saturday afternoon programming which features such listenable items as church groups from Tennessee A & I, Arkansas A & M, & N. The Urban League, Lenox Col-lege News, and Melody Mart.

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