

PARISH HOUSE NEEDS DONATIONS

Saint Philips is still going to build that Parish House with your help and mine. We have mentioned it to you before, other papers have spoken about it. We have seen editorials and articles about it many times, and yet the response is not like it should be.

Is it possible in this day and time that the Negroes are still so thoughtless that they cannot see the need of a parish house. Can it



Proposed St. Philip Parish House

be that you care nothing about the youth of your community? What is the reason that you have not contributed to this fund to make a place for the younger people of the city to spend their spare time?

The place filled by the parish house cannot be taken care of by any other agency or building. The need for one is so great in this area that it does not seem necessary to do more than mention it before everyone would be willing to dig down in his pockets and give to the limit of his ability. Yet the fund for building the parish house is nowhere near its goal. We offered through the columns of the Inquirer to publish the names and amounts of persons who donated to this worthy cause, but not one single contribution have we received.

There have been meetings and meetings with suggestions galore about what can and should be done for the Negroes. There has been talk of bringing in trained people from the outside to study and ana-

lyse conditions with the idea that some remedy will be forthcoming that will help the colored people of this area. If the people of Portland area. If the people of Portland thought enough of their own welfare and the welfare of the young people to contribute to things such as the building of a parish house, half of the problem would be solved and there would be very little need for any kind of a study. This idea of sitting back and seeing what the other fellow is going to do is all wrong. Don't you people know anything about CO-

OPERATION? It is about time you learned and stopped sitting back being a holier-than-thou with nothing but a lot of criticism to offer. Dig out some of that money you have put away for a rainy day. That rainy day is here now in the presence of your youth of the community looking for some place to spend his time in the atmosphere of decency. Help him and yourself by giving him a chance to become a real citizen and a credit to the community in which he lives. If you do not prepare for the future now, it will be the same as the present and the present is certainly no credit to the city, or the race or to you.

We are publishing once more the picture of this proposed parish house along with the floor plans. The beauty of the structure would be a credit to any neighborhood, its usefulness cannot be doubted by anybody. **WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO MAKE IT A REALITY?**

into front line fighting when Japanese threatened American lines and knocked at least one Jap machine gun out of action and killed several of the enemy—the first Japs sent to their ancestors by Negro Marines in this war.

Members of the unit stacked the "big stuff" in neat rows and dived into over-regulation foxholes when the Japs pattern-fired the beach with mortar and artillery shells.

"I haven't got time to think about anything but the Lord," said 19-year-old Private Edward H. Heals, son of Mrs. Emma Calhoun, 1728 Germantown Street, Dayton, Ohio. He explained that this was prompted by the crash of a Jap plane, bested in a dog-fight with Naval aircraft—150 feet from him the night of D-day.

"I prayed night and day after that," he said.

The Negro Marines set what Second Lieutenant Howard E. Tucker, son of Mrs. J. E. Dear-dorff, 1236 Fifth, East, Salt Lake City, Utah, a platoon leader, believes to be a record unloading several thousands of tons of ammunition in 38 hours.

Besides the two prospective pastors, Private First Class Fred Washington and Private First Class Augustus Witcher, the unit contained a former professional boxer, a dance band leader, several defense plant workers, a former electric washing machine salesman, and others with a wide variety of pre-Saipan occupations.

"I'm very pleased with the way they worked," said Captain Louis P. Shine, son of Mrs. Frances Shine (no street address), Osage, W. Va., unit commanding officer. Said the 26-year-old Guadalcanal veteran:

"I was plenty scared myself. We

would dig in our foxholes when the firing got heavy. Sometimes the men were almost completely buried in showers of sand.

"I'd kid them and tell them, 'What are we doing here! Come on, let's get back to work where we belong.'" Then I'd start back to the boats. They came right after me.

"They worked around the clock and did a swell job. Several officers congratulated us on the way we had the ammunition they wanted ready when they wanted it."

All of the dozens of types of ammunition had to be stacked separately. They ranged from huge aerial bombs to rifle ammo. Now divided between scattered inland dumps, the boxes and road system approximate the business districts of several small communities.

The unit unloads all ordnance from incoming ships. They handled it for the Second and Fourth Marine and 27th Army Division during the Saipan campaign. Although still working on a 24-hour schedule, they're about caught up and are looking forward to a little well-earned rest.

Neither Private First Class Washington nor Private First Class Witcher is actually an ordained pastor, but both hope to be after the war.

Washington, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Washington, Magnolia, Ark., conducts regular Sunday night services, reporting an average attendance of 60 to 70. Witcher leads the singing for the Sunday service and holds a prayer meeting and song service each Wednesday evening.

"I held first services here on D-plus-10,55 said Washington, "using the story of Daniel, because I thought it fit in best, both from a morale standpoint and because it showed that protection is simultaneous with danger."

Washington lived at 3317 Stanford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., and worked as a welder for the California Ship yard before entering the service October 10, 1943. For several months, he was an assistant pastor at the Zion Hill Baptist church, 1319 East 22nd Street, Los Angeles, conducting services at least once each month. He was studying prior to entering the Baptist Seminary Theological school at the time of his induction.

"Everybody was happy—it seemed kind of like a big football game," said Witcher of his D-day landing. "When we were near shore a Jap mortar shell landed in a nearby 'alligator.' The singing and joking stopped.

"We dug foxholes and then started unloading ammunition. When the explosions got too close, we'd dive into the holes until it slackened up. My fox hole was only about two feet deep to start with, but it was double that depth before the first night was over."

Witcher, 20, son of Mrs. Olive Witcher, 910 Anderson Street, Charlottesville, Va., hopes to enter Virginia Union University, Richmond, after the war to study for the pastorate. For three years before entering the Marine Corps, September 26, 1943, he worked with the Rev. E. Lord Jamerson, pastor of the Mount Zion Baptist church, Ridge and Main Streets.

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"PRAISE THE LORD" BECOMES REALITY

First Negro Marines Casualties in the South Sea Islands

SAIPAN, Marianas Islands (Delayed)—"Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" became an actuality here when a Negro Marine unit including two men whose ambition it is to enter the ministry and who conduct religious services for the unit moved in with the assault troops to set a record in unloading artillery shells for the front lines.

The Negro Marines suffered their first battle casualty of the war when one was killed and four were wounded. They were thrown

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