

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE ADVOCATE

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BEATRICE H. CANNADY, Editor and Publisher; YANCY FRANKLIN, Assistant Manager and Composer; WILLIAM PICKENS, Contributing Editor; ROSALIE BIRD, Society Editor and Reporter; DeNORVAL UNTHANK, M. D., Health Editor; NANCY LEE, Love Editor; Geneva Ivey, Younger Set Editor; KITS REID, RALPH C. CLDYE AND CLIFFORD MITCHELL, Columnists; Subscription Rates: (Payable in Advance): One Year, \$2.50; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, \$1.00; Entered as Second-Class Matter in the Post Office at Portland, Oregon, Under the Act of 1912

WHERE TO BUY THE ADVOCATE

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REV. ANDERSON PASSES

The passing of Rev. J. W. Anderson marks the closing of the book of life of one of the most active Baptist ministers it has been our good fortune to know. Rev. Mr. Anderson was not a college-bred man, but he had intelligence and courage. His preparation for ministerial leadership was obtained in the school of experience. He had initiative, courage, and ambition until the last. He was known as a church builder and promoter. In Portland, he built the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church. Later, when there was some dissension between him and some of its members, the church did what is thought to have been an unprecedented thing: It obliterated his name from the corner-stone. While this grieved Dr. Anderson very much, it did not discourage him. He became the Regional Secretary of the National Baptist Convention and in that capacity, he supervised churches in several states. In his work, he was regarded a great success.

Dr. Anderson made many friends amongst both Negro and Caucasians. Little children knew of his goodness and charity for every Christian; he presented them with a tree laden with things most dear to a child's heart. Many in both races will greatly miss him and we of The Advocate mingle in sorrow with the rest. To his beloved and bereaved children for whom he labored so hard to make happy and contented, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

TOO QUICK ON TRIGGER

A young Colored man lay at the point of death at a local hospital, a white woman was injured, an automobile was demolished, and a building wrecked, all because two policemen were over-anxious to recover a stolen automobile. The man was shot in the neck—the bullet passing thru the nape. His condition is critical; he is a long way from home—Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has a trusting old mother who is waiting for him to send her help after he finds employment out West. He may go West, soon, according to reports from St. Vincent's Hospital, where he is reported as being "very low."

The Oldest Negro Business In Portland Is . . . The Advocate Publishing Co. Published Every Saturday for the Past Twenty-Six Years! Publishers of "The Advocate"—A 16-Page Newspaper In Two Sections! BEATRICE H. CANNADY, Manager

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SCOTTSBORO GOES TO COURT

By Harry Watson

Ordinarily sleepy Scottsboro was electric today. Half hidden up in the hills, the streets were again alive with crowds.

It was the same courthouse which saw eight Negro boys condemned to the electric chair several weeks before, April 9.

It was before Judge Hawkins, the same judge who pronounced the sentence of death on the boys.

Today we were here to plead for a new trial. Behind us sat one-third of the town's population of 1,500. Tense, glowering, their faces were dark with anger.

Outside of this court several weeks before, 10,000 mountaineers came down from the adjacent hills, totting the long ugly shotguns.

Business-like—and their business was lynching. The Jackson County Sentinel had beat the drums rallying all "good and true Southerners" to "take the shortest way out."

Today we came from the International Labor Defense headquarters to argue for a new trial. We had affidavits to show the two girls were prostitutes. That their word—the only evidence upon which the state had based its prosecution—was not trustworthy.

We had proof that the juries that condemned the boys to death were swayed by the ponderous weight of the mob outside—waiting with shotguns.

We shouldered our way through the crowds from the train to the court.

Mutterings—sullen looks from natives. Many of them halted in their tracks—turned and watched us go by.

"There goes them damn New York Reds."

You could feel the loose dynamite laying around everywhere. As you walk down the street you feel their hostility.

The courthouse in Scottsboro—with the imitation Southern plantation mansion style, was already surrounded by crowds.

We make our appeal—presented the legal points for a new trial. The prosecution moved to file additional briefs. Judge Hawkins decreed that on June 13, further briefs should be filed. He banged his gavel—rose and left the bench.

Immediately the crowds in the courtroom rose—moved to the front—and surrounded us.

A florid-faced tall Scottsborian elbowed his way through the crowd. He flourished his first in my face. "You god-damned Red," he said, "we're out to get you—and we'll get you yet."

The crowd's excitement heightened. The air crackled with tension.

Another mean-faced, angry mobster pushed forward. "We'll get you outside," he said "We'll show you Reds coming down here in Alabama."

The crowd drew closer.

A reporter from one of the Birmingham, Alabama papers stepped forward.

"Judge Brodsky," he said, taking his arm, "I'd like to see you for a moment for an interview." He, attorney Chamlee and I edged thru the crowd, into a small side room. We went out a back door, into a waiting automobile.

We stepped on the gas and whizzed through the countryside of Alabama to Tennessee where the lynch spirit was more dormant. Where the dynamite was not waiting for a spark at that moment.

You can get a picture of the atmosphere in which the boys were tried—by this little description of the sentiment prevailing when their attorneys appeared on the scene.

"A fair trial in a Southern court"

Unveils Tablet by Transatlantic Call



His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough, Governor General of Canada, is shown at his desk at Government House, Ottawa, about to read his speech in connection with the unveiling of a tablet at the London Power House in commemoration of Michael Faraday, who 100 years ago announced his discovery of electromagnetic induction. Lord Bessborough's speech was transmitted to London via the transatlantic telephone service.

IN THE REALM of Society

By Rosalie Bird



Miss Rosalie Bird, 681 Gastenbein Avenue Phone MU 1686

Mrs. R. H. Camp and Mrs. Lena Bowers left Saturday for San Francisco, where they will attend the World C. E. Convention and District Conference.

Mrs. J. D. Patton was hostess on Tuesday at dinner for the pleasure of Mrs. Eula Anthony and children. After dinner the party enjoyed an automobile drive.

Mrs. H. D. Fuller, of 749 Michigan ave., entertained at an elaborate three-course luncheon honoring Mrs. Kate Lewis and Mrs. Bonnie Bogle, delegates to the Grand Lodge of Eastern Star. A centerpiece of very beautiful gladioli adorned the table. Other honor guests included Mesdames Gordon, Hendon and Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Brakin, out-of-town guests from California, and Indianapolis. Mr. Brakin served the luncheon, assisted by Mrs. Lena Dennis. Covers were laid for 20.

Mrs. Lynch Brown, of Longview, motored to Portland last week on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Williams and daughters and Miss Nellie Ingersoll, spent Friday afternoon, July 10, picnicking at Eagle Creek, on Columbia River Highway.

Mrs. Ada McGill was hostess at a delicious supper, Sunday night, honoring Mr. Hohey, prominent attorney of Chicago. Additional guests were Mrs. Beatrice Cannady and son, and George Harper. Mr. Hohey and Mr. Harper were boyhood friends.

To say "an revoir" to Mrs. Clara Pickett, Mrs. Beatrice Reed and Mrs. Beatrice Cannady were hostesses at a delightful whist party at the home of the latter, Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Pickett left on Monday morning for New York, where she will visit her son, Dr. Hugh A. Bell, and family; Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and other Eastern and Southern cities, including Nashville, her old home. She will be gone about six or eight weeks. Mrs. Pickett was the happy recipient of a handsome "air-plain" luggage, which was presented to her by Mrs. Cannady, as coming from more than twenty of her friends. Mrs. Reed also spoke briefly and Mrs. Pickett responded in a charming manner. Delicious summer refreshments were served by the hostesses, assisted by Misses Lelia Ison and Ozie Mott.

Rev. Richard Hill and sister, Miss Lee Francis Hill, left Thursday for Seattle, after spending a few days as the guest of his brother, Rev. Daniel G. Hill and family.

Mrs. Jack Martin and husband motored from Seattle, Tuesday. Mrs. Martin attended the Northwest Federation in Everett. While in Seattle, Mrs. Martin was the house guest of Mrs. Georgia Kelles.

Mrs. Anna Shepard returned Tuesday from the N.W. Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, which convened in Everett, Wash. Mrs. Shepard stopped in Seattle to visit her sister, Mrs. Lelia Carter. While there, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. M. G. Green were hosts at four tables of whist, in honor of Mrs. Shepard.

Mrs. Viola Bird left on Sunday for a five-weeks' sojourn at Seaside.

Mesdames Lena Bowers, Kate Lewis and Bonnie Bogle, left on Friday for Pasadena to attend the golden jubilee of the O. E. S. Mrs. Bowers will spend ten days visiting friends in Oakland and San Francisco. While in Pasadena, she will be the house guest of Mrs. Ida Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bruce, Los Angeles, nephew and niece of Mrs. Fred D. Thomas, were honored guests at a dinner Sunday given by Mrs. Thomas at her lovely home. Others who shared honors were Rev. Richard Hill and sister, Miss Lee Hill, of Baltimore. Covers were placed for twelve around the dining table, which was very attractive with a centerpiece of pink and white sweet peas. Delicious three courses were served.

Mrs. C. M. Phelps, of Bend, Ore., motored to Portland July 11 and spent the day with her daughter, Mrs. Stanton Duke, and her mother, Mrs. Mary Garner.

A large number of Colored people attended the Amnesty Picnic given by the L. L. D. and L. S. N. R. at Tualatin Park, Sunday.

SYRACUSE LODGE NO. 1 Knights of Pythias

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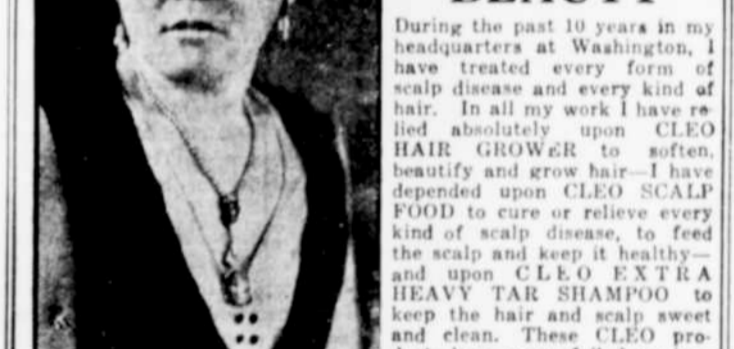
Just to prove that a good fashion has no end to what can be done with it, note the very clever and graceful manner in which the bolero theme is applied to this frock. It is found in the cut of the front of the bodice where the upper-fronts fall in graceful pointed line of the circular skirt is carried out in the bodice with seaming at back as well as front. This is the type of frock which is at its best in flat crepe and is particularly lovely in the new browns, soft raspberry shades, wood green and the darker blues and, of course, black.

Excelsa Pattern No. 3364. Sizes 14 to 42, 25 cents.

AN EXPLANATION Through inadvertence the paragraph concerning the gift of a bouquet of flowers by Mrs. Mamie Stanton appeared on the front page as did a few other social items. The paragraph in question was a part of the write-up regarding the Esperanto Breakfast Club—which appeared in the social column on Page 2.

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