

# CONFIDENTIAL

By STANLEY ROBERTSON

## THE ASPHALT JUNGLE CALLED L.A. .

Only the coincidental appearance of an adult at a La Brea-Washington area laundromat the other day saved a small child from serious injury and possibly death! According to Carolyn Snowden, the star of yesteryear who operates a dancing school in the area and who happened to be passing by, the small child had been left at the laundromat by its parents while they reportedly went about their business. Some older children, who were also on the premises, were in the process of putting the smaller child in one of the large dryers to "see what would happen to him" when it spun around." The children had already inserted their money into the machine when stopped. The screaming, frightened small child could have been severely injured, if not killed, had not an adult happened by. I agree with Miss Snowden who queried: "How can any parent leave any child, small or large, to fend for himself in such a potentially dangerous location?" Police, who were summoned, are allegedly investigating the case . . . Post-script to our last week's column of Negro-voter apathy in middle class areas: When one of the campaign workers for J. Edward Atkinson knocked on the door of a palatial residence in the area of 10th Avenue and West 25th Street, she was greeted by a Negro woman who smugly informed her: Oh, now, we never vote!" The door was crudely slammed in the young woman's face. It's a sad commentary on the Negro people in Los Angeles that the time has come when not voting has become something to brag about. At a time when, all over the country, thousands of Negroes and Caucasians are risking everything which is sacred to them to protect our civil rights, it seems inconceivable that a person would have the gall to make such a statement. Such a person deserves to be made a "member of the board" of the "We Ain't Ready Yet" Club . . . While the sun shone brightly early Saturday afternoon, motorists passing the corner of Jefferson Blvd. at Cimarron street, were shocked to see a half-dozen or so men standing idly by while two husky men brutally beat and robbed a Caucasian man who had apparently given them a ride in his expensive late model car. The man, bleeding and in pain, lay in his car until a woman passerby stopped to inquire about him and called police. A woman motorist who witnessed the affair, told me later: "I've never felt so sorry for anyone in my life. There were these men just standing by watching with the attitude: 'It ain't none of my business,' while this poor man was being beaten and robbed. I went home and wanted to vomit. I felt so sick." It amazes me that one human being could be so calloused toward another that he would not at least attempt to come forward with some type of aid. Regardless to color, creed, or race, we are all human beings in this hold venture of life together and I think that we all would be a lot better off if we started acting like it . . . Incidentally, I wonder if self-respecting merchants, businessmen, church-goers, and parents of school children who attend school near the Cimarron-Jefferson area are aware that at least one business has moved from the area and many shoppers no longer frequent the vicinity simply because of the infiltration of undesirable types into the neighborhood? As we mentioned a few weeks ago, we're letting our neighborhoods run down because of our failure to keep the scum off our streets . . . The sharp eyes and quick thinking of a young mother on the way to pick up her children from a school in the same Jefferson-Cimarron area, prevented what may have been another Dorothy Gordon case the other day. Oldtimers around Los Angeles will remember that Dorothy was the little nine-year-old Negro girl who was ravished and brutally murdered shortly before Easter 19 years ago. Her killer was never found. In the current incident, the young mother spotted a man in a car attempting to entice a small girl into his car. The young woman told the child: "Hurry home to your mother," wrote down the degenerate's license number, and later gave the information to police who a short time later reportedly apprehended the bum. It's a sad commentary on life in a big city, but I think that we as parents are guilty a great many times of allowing our young children too much freedom in roaming the streets unchaperoned. Particularly is this true of small girls. Due to the demented, deranged, and degenerate minds which roam the streets, parents must be more protective than in former years. This also reverts back to our original premise that we are allowing the scum to infiltrate into our residential areas. Suppose that this young mother had not happened by, or suppose she would have been as calloused and unthinking as the men who allowed another human to be beaten before their eyes? A young life could have been taken or scarred for life. And, it could have been your child or mine!

## LAS VEGAS PARTY LINE . . .

Reports from the gambling spa are that Ernie Andrews is contemplating leaving the Harry James Band allegedly because he "isn't making enough money." Andrews, who was slinging for pop corn and peanuts before joining the James Band recently, has overnight zoomed to the front as one of the country's top band vocalists. When James signed Andrews, local followers of the hometown boy were sincerely happy, for he has been long overdue for a break. Before joining James, rumors had it that Ernie would replace Joe Williams with the Count Basie Band, but, the said rift between Count and Joe was mended and Joe stayed with the band. Personally, I think it would be a mistake for Ernie to leave Harry just when it seems his star is on the rise. As a former local disc jockey once said of Andrews: "Ernie is the nicest guy in the world. His only fault is that he'd rather sing at a benefit in the men's room than take a regular job making \$500 a week." Let's hope Ernie reconsiders . . . The famed plush hotels and casinos are changing their policy of refusing admission to Negroes. Wilbur Clarke's Desert Inn, the Sahara, and the Dunes are the only establishments now refusing to admit Negroes. And, the Dunes will admit Negroes "depending on who's there," it's said. Could be a new day a-comin' in Vegas . . . Because he's the best lounge attraction, the plush Riviera Hotel has ever had, Lionel Hampton and his big aggregation have been signed to appear there all Summer, setting a new record for booking . . . Observers of the Vegas scene are predicting that singer-actress Eartha Kitt will "lay a bomb" during her engagement at the El Rancho which opened last night (Wednesday).

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## "MISS BRONZE L.A." WINS AGAIN . . .

Mease Booker, the attractive 22-year-old UCLA student who won last year's "Miss Bronze L.A." contest, added another sparkling jewel to her crown over the weekend in Chicago when she won the national "Miss Royal Crown" title.

Mease won out over four finalists who were flown to Chicago from all parts of the U.S., for the all-day competition last Friday. Originally, thousands of photographs of beautiful young women were submitted to the bottling company's Memphis office. From these photographs, 18 girls were chosen, this being parred down to the four finalists.

In winning, Mease won a complete wardrobe, a set of luggage, and a 13-week contract to tour the country as a paid representative of Royal Crown. The tour is slated to start May 11, but Mease is hoping to get it pushed back to early June so she can conclude her studies this semester.

"Of course, I'm very thrilled and honored," says Mease. "My hope is that I will be able to make a representative that Los Angeles will be proud of. During the all-day competition Friday, we were judged in bathing suits and formals, but the majority of the competition took the part of interviews with a panel of judges. They were very impressed with my having won the 'Miss Bronze' title and also the 'Miss Congeniality' title in the same contest."

The prize which Mease is most enthused about, and one which could be the most important in the long run, is a Hollywood screen test.

"It would be wonderful if it developed into a screen career, wouldn't it?" she asks hopefully.

Indeed, it would.