

Along Celebrity Row

By LILLIAN SCOTT

"THIS WON'T HURT" ...

THE gentlemen who make that their slogan invaded Newark, N. J. last week for the 35th annual convention of the National Dental Association. Over 600 of the NDA's total of 1,000 members were there (so you certainly couldn't expect those names in this one column, huh?).

Washington's sparkling Dr. M. R. Dean was there to make things easier for the press. And the president-elect, quiet, friendly Dr. R. A. Dixon, who's dean of Howard's School of Dentistry, was nice to talk to.



Coca Cola must be trying to get in the good graces of us folks as the Georgia offices gave the dentists all they needed free. Now all they have to do is start hiring some Negroes, and stop supporting the Tamagones.

Ran into lotsa dentists we knew—Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Jamerson of Savannah; Dr. Albert Lafayette of Savannah, Dr. and Mrs. Silas Alexander of Columbus; Dr. Haley Bell of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Green of Philadelphia—and many, many more we didn't know.

Dr. Bell told us when we asked about his very nice wife that she'd had an accident a few days before. Fortunately she wasn't hurt but her brand new Cadillac will never be the same. So she was in Detroit getting over the shock of it all.

We overheard one of the many white exhibitors of the convention unloading a pack of grievances on Dr. Bell, who was chairman of the exhibits committee. Seemed like some of the exhibitors, especially local specialists who came to speak at demonstrations, were angry because the dentists weren't making time and kept them hanging around all day.

The one we heard was warning that the big companies and demonstration people would not cooperate in the future unless the conventions were run in a more business like fashion. Oops!

Also met Dr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson of Chicago, and he knew more about the Defender than I did. They were house guests of Dr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson in Brooklyn. Their hosts gave a party for them last Friday night.

Dr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson of Petersburg, Va., were the guests here of the Monk Howards. Some of the dentists stayed in Newark, others stopped in New York with friends, or at Manhattan hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL TATION:

Folks are in and out of town so fast you can't keep up with them. Last week the Defender publisher, John Sengstacke, was here. With him were Mrs. Myrtle Sengstacke and their youngest son, Bobby, who visited a little friend on Long Island while they were here. Sharp Mrs. S. (that's true, too, NOT 'cause she's the boss' wife) was sporting an exotic new hair cut with bangs in front. On her with those striking green eyes, it looked good!

The Sengstackes who were at a midtown hotel left for home Friday.

Mollie Moon back home again from Memphis, Tenn. where she sent us a nice card.

Which reminds me that those wonderful pix of the Moon-Rockefeller Rainbow Room party were made by David J. Hawkins who was busier that night than a one armed paper hanger. Some of us got a laugh from a Holiday magazine photographer there who used an auxiliary flash bulb on a long pole. Looked like he was fishing . . .

Ran into Bishop George Baber of Detroit (formerly that is) on the 125th Street last week. He was about to leave town.

Louis Clark of Philadelphia, an aeronautical engineer for the Navy in Philly, popped in the office looking for an old friend, the Defender's Louis Martin. Tried to talk Mr. Clark into a story of his unusual (among Negroes) job and a sort of profile. However he nixed the deal, being a sort of reticent chap. He did tell us, however, that he feels there are no barriers left if a person is well-trained and intelligent. Hear that, youngsters!

Dr. Henry Allen Boyd of the National Baptists was in town last week.

And Dr. and Mrs. E. Franklin Frazier just back from California, are in at the Theresa. He's giving summer graduate courses at N. Y. U.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE:

The New York Herald Tribune has the town on its ear with its current series, "In the Land of Jim Crow" by Pulitzer prize winner Roy Sprigle, a white reporter who passed as colored down South for six weeks. A friend of Walter White's took Sprigle around, but we can't learn his name. Walter White saw the galleys of the story early natch (Mr. WW and the Herald Tribune are just like that!).

A cafe au lait Atlantan we were talking to in the new Theresa Coffee Shop said he'd like to do a southern series passing for white. Some southerners now up north think Mr. Sprigle's laying it on a bit thick about Dixie commercial customs, bad as they are.

All is now sweetness and light among local Democrats at least on the outside. Mrs. Ruth Whaley was given another job, and Ray Jones was eased back into his old spot which she temporarily held. Glad that the suave Commish is back at his old stand.

Last week after the Bob Weaver forum at the Schomburg, Mrs. Eunice Hunter Carter had the whole crew over to her house for cocktails. That is, Frank Horne, Bob Weaver, Robert Mitchell, etc.

Incidentally a house guest of Mrs. Carter's from Philadelphia, Mrs. Leslie Pinkney Hill, returned home last week.

For the first time in 50 years, we're told, the respected New York Age missed publication due to a fire.

It's believed that the Age publisher, handsome Ludlow Werner (he of the waxed mustaches and the old World polish) is about to sell the paper. Richard Bourne-Vanneck is considered the likeliest purchaser. He's the slightly rotund Englishman who is a much seen figure in Harlem life now with his American Negro wife.

Dr. Carolyn Brown Rasesar, a brilliant Trinidad physician, was flown here last week to enter the Harkness Pavilion of Medical Center for an operation. Her husband came with her.

New York's Dr. Cyril Dolly, president of the local National Medical Association affiliate is busy as a bee with C. P. Johnson and others preparing for the onslaught of the nation's Negro doctors here August 16-20. The medicos will meet at Wadleigh High School.

Lester Granger no sooner returned from his vacation than he was called for a month's grand jury duty. He's not free until 2 p. m. any day now. Ho!

Heard Neil Scott and Carol Brice interviewed on the Andre Baruch-Bea Wain show the other day. They were discussing Negro papers, and Mr. Baruch asked a question about the Defender! (We are now a fan. . .)

We got a kick out of reading about Olympics champ Mal Whitfield, who hails from O. S. U., too. A New York newspaperman asked "Marvelous Mal" if he attended Ohio State just because it was close to Lockburne Field where he is stationed. He replied in the negative adding that any school that did as much for Jesse Owens was good enough for him.

Seen on the beach at Sag Harbor recently were Lorraine Brouillard, Mrs. Jesse Fortune Bouser, Dr. Anna Johnson, Mrs. Marie McDowell, Mrs. Frank Baine, and Mrs. Sylvia Ellis.

Dr. Harold Ellis, the psychiatrist, left his long Island retreat to journey to Canada with Dr. James of Bridgeport and Dr. Reed of New York. They went to McGill University, Dr. Ellis' alma mater, to make arrangements for the James and Reed scions to enter med school there.