

Coroner Joseph Quinn said, "I didn't see anything in his (Brown's) hand but I found no weapons on the man."

District officers testified the inquest were Patrolman Farmer, Edward Rich and Herman Saunders. They said Wallace turned over to him a fully loaded pistol and Farmer was placing the murder suspect under arrest. Cartridge shells were later found in a garbage can, the officer related.

The dead man's brother, Oliver, of Columbus, Ohio, said that during a visit to this summer his brother told him "he wasn't going to come (those living in the house) run him away." Oliver said he cautioned his brother to move away from the

**STATION HIGH** —  
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home 15 miles from Sumner, scene of the sensational Till case.

Quinn said Melton is a day on the River Bend plantation on the Tallahatchie River in northern Quitman county and his woman reported that it took place only a few days after the Till jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

The highway patrolmen from Mississippi and Arkansas are looking for the suspect and official Joiner, Ark., where he lived, have been alerted on the lookout for him.

in which food prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Wortham had to be thrown out.

"As a person, I liked Frances Wortham," the woman said, but as a cook, either I or II, she didn't know her business."

Mrs. Wortham testified she operated her own restaurant for four and one-half years in East St. Louis and was in charge of the kitchen at Douglass High School, Webster Groves, a year before applying for the job with the city.

**FIRST COMPLAINT**

It was brought out in later testimony that Mrs. Longworth was the first person to complain about the performance of her immediate superior the day Shank fired Mrs. Wortham.

Two witnesses, a Negro cook and a white food service helper, said in their opinion Mrs. Wortham was not given a chance to perform her duties properly because of interference by Mrs. O'Flynn.

They were Grady Butts and Joe Korblik. Both said they felt Mrs. Wortham was a capable worker.

Butts further said that in his five years as a cook at the hospital, Negroes had never been given positions of authority before the hiring of Mrs. Wortham.

"Do you consider Mrs. Wortham competent as a cook-II?" Mrs. Freeman asked Butts.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Do you consider Mrs. Wortham had a fair chance?"

"No," Butts said in a firm voice.

"Do you think that the reason she didn't was because she was a Negro?"

"They don't allow any of us as

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supervisors," said Butts.

The commission chairman then questioned Butts briefly as to whether he (Butts) had ever given orders to food service helpers. Butts said he had.

"I don't want you coming down here thinking we're fools or something," Simmons said.

Mrs. Freeman then pointed out to the Commission that Butts was not acting in a supervisory capacity in giving orders to persons with lower job ratings than his own.

Mrs. Wortham said the first month after accepting the job, Mrs. O'Flynn made it so difficult for her to perform her duties that she complained to Everett Fox, a member of the city personnel department. She said Fox told her to "just go ahead and ignore her."

The Commission is expected to rule on the appeal after Atty. Freeman submits a brief next Wednesday.

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**GHOST OF EMMETT** —  
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where the biggest story of the week was about to break there appeared, a sign with a mean twist of irony. It read: "A good place to raise a boy." I couldn't help but think that Till was a boy who'd never celebrate his fifteenth birthday.

Then we reached Sumner. It

was a frustrating and disappointing experience. The town was too picturesque. This was not the place to hold the Till murder trial. After all the lad had been brutally beaten, shot through the temple and his lifeless body had been weighted down and soaked in the muddy Tallahatchie river. A ghastly crime.

The courthouse square—there seems to be a courthouse square in all picturesque towns—was filled with people milling outside until the trial started at 9 a.m. Expectation was at a fever-pitch.

There was a quick exchange of notes with other Negro newsmen there to cover the trial for their readers. Among them were Jimmy Higgs, Afro-American; L. Alex Wilson and Ernest Withers, Tri-State Defender; and three staffers from Ebony Magazine, Simeon Booker, Miss Clotye Murdock and David Jackson.

Frankly, it was a relief to know that if the boat sank there would at least be some familiar faces.

Negro newsmen were in themselves big news to white reporters. It seems no one could ever remember seeing as many Negro newsmen openly and without disguise covering such a magnanimous controversy in which a colored person was wronged by whites behind the cotton curtain.

The Sumner courthouse also

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was picturesque. Outside there was the statue of a Confederate Soldier saluting with his left hand. The courtroom was too small to hold those clamoring for admission.

At the appointed hour Circuit Judge Curtis Swango sounded his gavel. The lines were drawn. The drama was about to begin.

I hoped against hope that Mississippi was about to prove to the world that it was of age; that it was about to prove to white men that Negroes did have rights as guaranteed them under the U. S. Constitution.

But I was engaging in wishful thinking. You know the answer.

When the gavel sounded Negro spectators had already killed the section figuratively marked "for colored." The Negro news corps clustered around a card table to record the proceedings.

District Attorney Gerald Chatham read the charges against Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam: They were accused of the wilful murder of Till. Then the job of selecting 12 jurors and one alternate from a group of 164 men began.

"Can you give the State of Mississippi a fair trial?" asked Chatham. I thought this question moot.

The ghost of poor Emmett must have quivered in pain throughout the day and a half it took to qualify 12 men.

If ghosts can shed tears Emmett's must surely have when

his mother, Mrs. Mamie Bradley, arrived in court the second day of the trial. He must have felt a sigh of relief as Congressman Charles Diggs came in later as an observer.

Throughout this drama Judge Swango and the prosecution staff appeared to be fair. You got the feeling they wanted justice—American-style—to prevail. Emmett's ghost haunted their consciousness.

After the state presented its evidence and rested the case, old devil bigotry raised its ugly head. In the mind of the jurors the southern custom, wrong though it may be, outfoxed the ghost of a murdered colored lad. It was all over Saturday.

Justice sometimes is a bitter pill.

To return from picturesque Sumner take the same route. Only head your car north and keep within the 60-miles-per-hour speed limit.

The cotton crops in the delta will not be harvested for another month at least. The ghost of Emmett Louis Till will still be hovering there.

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