

SAMUEL R. HARRIS

May 1976

"I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours we help or hinder . . . wherever your life touches ours, you make us stronger or weaker . . . There is no escape — man drags man down, or man lifts man up."

Booker T. Washington

The following is a summary of remarks made by SAMUEL R. HARRIS to those who gathered for his retirement banquet at the George Washington Hotel in Washington, Pennsylvania on the evening of May 15, 1976.

As I sit here in this place of honor marveling at this magnificent gathering I am still at a complete loss as to how I should properly greet you. Since you who know me, know the great value I put upon deep, sincere and responsive friendship, may I just say — Good Evening Friends.]

From the very depths of my heart I want to express my gratitude for your presence; for whatever else you have done to make this moment a most treasured one and especially to say thanks to Beverley Bush who spontaneously originated, organized and produced this extravaganza with generous help from certain members of the Carter Clan whose contributions I am only gradually becoming aware.

What can a person say to a gathering of his peers, some known for at least 4 decades; some known for any number of years in between, some not even known to each other but all known and very dear to me.

Perhaps I should speak to you in terms of contrasts:

About darkness and light; about being poor and being rich; about love and indifference — About you and perhaps a few philosophical words which more than many others sum up life as I see it.

Looking back over my very humble beginning I stand here tonight and honestly tell you that I have never been poor! I have worn hand-me-down clothes; patched pants and shoes with holes in them. I have always had my three meals a day — even though there were days when the fare was oatmeal, corn meal and miss-a-meal. But, I have never been poor.

I have never been poor because there was love in our house. There was always sharing in our house — There was always God in our house!

Events over the past 4 years and the way you have responded to my needs and your presence, here tonight reinforces my belief that I am rich.

I am rich because God gave me sisters and a brother who had the good fortune to marry mates who became as brothers and sister to me.

I am rich because I married a girl whose family and subsequent offspring became related to me as my own flesh and blood, as we responded to the needs of each other as children of God should. I am indeed rich tonight because of your presence — “My Family of Friends.”

Rightly or wrongly I feel sure that there are many people in your community and mine who curse the darkness one sees enveloping our society. They give vent to the increasing problems of not being able to make it alone; of crime in the street, of dope in the schools — perhaps the indifferences of people like you and me whose only answer is “Don’t sit around and whine — get your dime like I got mine.” But did you make it alone?

There is plenty to curse about! But what shall we do? Shall we join those who merely curse the darkness they see rotting away our society and the enfeebling of our home, school, church and community? The answer is an emphatic no!

I say to you this evening that it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness!

Shall we crawl into our own personal cave of indifference and just wait for the “Big Bang?”

Or might we at least, in the limited sphere of our influence help drive back the darkening clouds of ignorance, fear and frustration?

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness!

I am sure that there are many here who can remember the emaciated figure of Mahatma Gandhi, covering the length and breadth of his native India bringing light, hope and material relief to a starving people.

Many more remember the charismatic figure of John F. Kennedy as his light blazoned across this nation further breaking down barriers to the concept of the Brotherhood of Man until the light of his meteoric existence was snuffed out at high noon on the streets of Dallas.

And then there was Martin Luther King, Jr. whose multi-faceted candles relighted the hope of many of all races that “We Shall Overcome,” that “It is ours to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield!”

We are not Mahatma Ghandis

We are not John F. Kennedy’s

We are not Martin Luther King’s, Jr.

But we are men and women — young or old - And we have a candle to
burn — one life-power long!

One solitary candle breaks the darkness!

One solitary life, lit up by love, is irresistible!

*May I thank you for the privilege of having shared the luminescence
of your Friendship.*

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It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness! . . .

Mother made a practice of visiting her parents at Christmas time, and disregarding the signs of the times, she did so in 1915 and I was born in Esmont, Virginia on January 13, 1916, the only one of the brothers and sisters not born in West Virginia or Pennsylvania.

My early years were spent in the mining community of Benwood, West Virginia where I attended grade school in the Wheeling, West Virginia school system via streetcar from Benwood. Later I moved to Canonsburg for a short period, and then to Muse about the beginning of my high school days at Cecil Township High School. I was the only black in a Class of 59. As an indication of how tough and unlikely it was for those of our day to break out of the coal mining mode, I found out (to my surprise) at our last class reunion that I was the only one who had earned a Master's Degree.

The year 1934 was not a good one for job seekers graduating from high school. For those living in the coal mining community whose father worked in the mines, it was traditional largesse on the part of the company to employ one son, generally the elder, to work with his father in the mine. My older brother was working with my Dad at the time, so there was no job for me. My first job was working on a farm for about 10 hours a day, my compensation being \$1.00, plus two meals a day. I felt quite fortunate.

In early 1935, my brother, who was working in the mines, died of pneumonia, contracted by working in water which often welled up a foot or more from the floor of the area in which he worked. This tragic event opened up a job for me in June 1935. I began work as a coal loader in the U.S. Steel No. 3 Mine at Muse, Pennsylvania, near Canonsburg.

Working in the mines is not the most cheerful of occupations, but I was happy for the opportunity to help Mom, Dad and my two younger sisters.

Because of my rather circumscribed existence, I had no personal contact with people who had a college education, but my unspoken hope was to attend college "one day."

A memorable event of 1935 must have been a new 1935 Ford, purchased for all of \$875.00. I mention this because it enlarged my range of travel so that by 1936 I had met Mabel Carter who lived all of 9 miles away in McDonald, Pennsylvania.

Back in those relatively dark ages, it was said that the only way to meet the nice girls of the town was through the Church. This may or may not be true, but it was true that about the only way you could get

a girl out of her house was to take her to some church-oriented function. Then, as now, many of my activities are centered around the First Baptist Church of McDonald.

By early 1937, I had met the Kemp Family, who were church members, and their most illustrious son, Ray, who was the first black Little All American tackle at Duquesne University. During the summer of 1937, Ray was vacationing at the family home near McDonald from his job as Head Coach for football at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. Following a rather rough game of "touch football" in which Ray and I were opponents, Ray for reasons known only to himself and God, suddenly asked me if I would like to play football for him at Lincoln. An athletic scholarship was promised.

After consulting with the Family and all others whose opinion I respected, there was no one who said "yes, you should go." Inspite of all the negatives, including having been out of high school for 3 years, I decided to tackle the unknown and go.

My first disappointment came early. No athletic scholarship materialized, but the lowest job in the cafeteria kitchen opened up, and for room and board, I started my college career washing pots and pans during my entire freshman year.

One piece of advice I accepted concerning my courses for the freshman year was "to avoid Chemistry by all means." To satisfy the science requirement for those not majoring in science, it was necessary to take a course called "Survey of Natural Science," one semester of which was taught by the Head of the Chemistry Department. It soon became apparent why the "word" had been passed to avoid Chemistry. At the end of the semester the grades passed out was one "B", one "C", and 20 "F's" . . . and much to my surprise, I got the "B."

While registering for the sophomore year, and contemplating another year of washing pots and pans, the rather forbidding figure of the Head of the Chemistry Department suddenly appeared and asked if I would like a job in the Chemistry Department. My response was an ecstatic "yes"! . . . which became less so when he said, "Of course you know you are going to have to take some Chemistry." So, in my sophomore year, I began taking freshman chemistry and became the first undergraduate grading papers of others taking the same course, after mine had been graded by the Instructor. That is how I became faced with the tough task of taking 4 years of chemistry in 3 years in order to earn a Bachelor of Science in Chemistry.

I am entirely convinced that the many "coincidences" in my life were indeed a result of devine guidance. The years 1938, 1939 and

1940 were tough ones for job seekers and many men in my community were out of work. But each Summer, the Superintendent of the mine gave me a job. It turned out that he remembered that someone did this for him when he was going to college.

A few of the memorable instances of my college career, was being elected as head of my fraternity, Omega Psi Phi, in my Junior year. Prior to this, the position had been reserved only for a member of the Senior class. As a Senior, I was head of every campus-wide office for a student and was known as the "Head." As President of the campus chapter of the NAACP, I had the privilege of introducing Thurgood Marshall to an assemblage of the student body. As National President of the NAACP, Thurgood Marshall went on to become the first black member of the Supreme Court. I had to attend several sessions of the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, Jefferson City being the capitol of that State. I shall always remember being segregated in those august chambers while those imminent jurist passed out "justice" to all Missourians.

Because of circumstances previously mentioned, I was 6 credit hours short and missed the pomp and ceremony of graduating with the Class of 1941. This set up a situation where I again worked in the coal mine during mid-1941 to mid-1942 while picking up those 6 credits at the University of Pittsburgh. I thus became the butt of many jokes and "I told you so's" because after 4 years of college I had not risen above the level of coal miner.

On August 4, 1942, I was married to Mabel Carter (willingly), and inducted into the Army on August 13, 1942 (unwillingly). I was sent to Camp Shelby, near Hattiesburg, Mississippi as part of a newly formed outfit, the 350th Engineer Regiment. Without benefit of normal basic training, without ever going on a hike, carrying a pack or firing a rifle, I was selected as the enlisted man to head the Medical Unit (detachment) which would service the outfit. After 3 ½ years of dedicated service to my outfit in the jungles of the New Hebrides Islands of the South Pacific, I so impressed the Commanding Officer of the Medical Unit, a Major William S. Morgan of Paris, Kentucky, that he suggested Medical School and offered to finance cost of same. (This was an all black outfit of enlisted men with all white officers.)

However, I felt that the shortest way to gainful employment and the beginning of a more meaningful family relationship was to continue my studies in Chemistry.

Through the intercession of a good friend I was able to get an apartment in a low income housing development in Pittsburgh and from 1946-1948 was able to earn a M.S. in Chemistry from the University of Pittsburgh.

Perhaps the urgency to become a wage earner was stimulated by the arrival of a son in September 1946, but during those two years, Mabel was wife, mother and wage earner; I was student and baby sitter.

Probably not even all members of the Family know that I was approached, interviewed and accepted as an assistant professor of Chemistry at my alma mater in the Fall of 1948. The bubble of enthusiasm burst, however, when my dear wife was horrified at the thought of living in the "segregated South." So I accepted a position as Instructor in Chemistry at Howard University in Washington, D.C. in September 1948 which meant another separation from my family — but other forces were already at work.

The professor under whom I had done my master's work was sufficiently impressed that he had recommended the Director of the Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh that he should hire me. I joined the Bureau of Mines on March 23, 1949 where I spent several years in the Explosives Research Division at Bruceton, making nitroglycerin.

A description of my work as a Research Chemist would be difficult to describe in any detail, but perhaps the contents of a letter I received on October 1, 1969 will at least be descriptive of the quality of my work:

Dear Mr. Harris,

Please accept my congratulations for your excellent paper entitled "Partial Decarboxylation of Coal Aromatic Acids by Transition Metal Complexes." As you know, you and your co-authors have been named the recipients of the BCR Award for the best paper presented at the September meeting of the Division of Fuel Chemistry, American Chemical Society, New York, New York.

The Award presentation is to be made at the November meeting of the Pittsburgh Section of the Coal Technology Group. For this occasion, BCR would like to have you and your wife as their guests at the dinner preceding the meeting. As arrangements become finalized, I will be in touch with you. Mean-

while, I look forward to being with you on this occasion.

Yours sincerely,
R.A. Glenn, Manager
Chemical Division
Bituminous Coal Research, Inc.

From 1956 to 1967, I worked at Bruceton in the Physical Research Section, Explosive Test Section, Explosive Research Laboratory, Gas Explosion Group, Explosives Physics Section, and at Pittsburgh in the Flame Dynamics Group. In 1967, I joined the Chemistry Group of the Pittsburgh Energy Research Center, where I performed research in coal chemistry and catalysis.

During the past several years I was very happy in my work. I had become quite expert in what is known as gas-liquid chromatography and just recently gave a highly regarded talk to the Bureau scientists on my method of separating and identifying at least 60 different chemical compounds using a starting sample of approximately one tenth of a drop of liquid.

After 27 years at the Bureau, I retired on February 27, 1976.

With the foregoing, I got a little ahead of my story, but after I accepted the position with the Bureau we moved to Beltzhoover in 1952; Janis was born in 1954.

As we settled into the community, I became intimately involved with, and headed the activities of Boy Scout Troop 20 for a number of years beginning in 1953.

I served as President of the Beltzhoover Neighborhood Council from 1965 thru 1972 and grappled with myriad neighborhood problems there hoping to keep our neighborhood a good one. I was honored for outstanding and dedicated service.

I feel especially proud of my direction of many black students to some of the very best colleges and universities in the country and to see them now emerging as doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc.

I became a member of the Board of Directors of the Hilltop YMCA Program Center and made significant contributions to its present position of eminence in the YMCA Centers of Pittsburgh.

Further recognition of my desire to help alleviate community problems led to my selection to the Board of Directors of the South Side Hospital of Pittsburgh in 1969. I am still a member of that Board.

I married into a large family of 6 sisters and 2 brothers, out of which has grown a larger offspring of achievers. My father-in-law, Sterling Carter, Sr. was perceptive enough to inaugurate in 1953 what has since become known as the "Carter Clan." It served to bring all the scattered members of the Family together at least once a year, usually over the 4th of July holiday.

After his passing in 1958, and a brief 2-year span as President by his brother, Walter Carter, I was elected President of the Carter Clan in 1961. This was an ideal position from which to disseminate by word and deed my strong belief in the brotherhood of man, and that brotherhood must first start in the family unit, encompass each allied member, include a church family and thus spread to a total commitment to a community of family and friends.

I think I have convinced each member of the Carter Clan that no man is an island unto himself; that no man lives by bread alone. It is one of my great joys that my life has touched, and in some small way inspired, many members of the Carter Clan to career and community achievements which will surely dwarf my own.

The ravages of ill health caught up with me in August 1972. After 48 days in the hospital and another 42 days at home, I returned to work.

The sequence was repeated in 1974, and again in 1976, prompting my retirement in February 1976.

During my retirement, I hope to spend some time sorting out my color slides of family, friends and events taken over the past 25 years, to putter around among my flowers, and perhaps to do some things to give hope, meaning and direction to the lives of the many senior citizens of my area who have given up on living.

If Abe Lincoln were here today he might well have said "Four score and eight years ago our fathers brought forth upon this town, a new church, concurred in Christian fellowship and dedicated to the proposition that all men may earn a glorious home in God's Kingdom."

The world may little note nor long remember what they said here but First Baptist shall never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living to rededicate ourselves to the unfinished goals ~~for~~ which they struggled and have thus far so ably advanced.

It is a time for us to redouble our considerable energies to the great task remaining before First Baptist., a time for increased devotion to that cause for which so many gave and new generations are continuing to give.

May we here resolve that First Baptist, under God, and an inspired ~~lead~~ leadership from Rev. Scott, move onward to onward to heights as yet unknown but imminently attainable.

To the Pastor, Members and Friends
of First B. C.

As has happened to many
others in the past I find it
difficult to put into words ^{my} ~~the~~
expressions of gratitude for ^{your} ~~the~~
increasing concern for my welfare,
the sincerity and multiplicity
of ^{your} prayers for my recovery and the
flood of cards and visits which
came, and are still coming to
say yes, ^{we} care about you.

Benard Scott came to see me
on three different occasions at
very critical times during my illness.
His prayers were sustaining. The
Deacons and their wives brought me
communion on three different occasions
and on one of those occasions all of us

For those of you who have been bearing
the banner here at First Baptist for
much longer than I have and for
those who have since joined the battle,
the road has not always been easy.
There were pitfalls along the way, there
were mountaintops to climb, rivers to
ford, valleys to plumb.
I have heard that old men dream
dreams and young men have visions. Thank
God for both young and old male and
female in our church. Was Martin Luther King thinking of First
Baptist when he said:

I have a dream today.
I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted,
every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be
made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the
glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it to-
gether.

This lib 1441 1949 pki.
Reverend Scott, First Baptist: This is
our hope. This is the faith which I
fling out to you today. With this faith
we will be able to hew out of ~~the~~ any
mountain of despair a stone of hope.
With this faith we will be able to

who have since joined the ~~battle~~, the road
has not always been easy; there were pitfalls
along the way - There were mountains
to climb, rivers to ford, valleys to plumb.

The voyage could not have been
made successfully without the concerted
effort of ^{both} male and female, young and
old, boy and girl.

I have heard it said that there
is not a life, or death, or birth without
a woman in it.

I have heard about humility and
direction in the statement that "

little child shall lead them."

I have heard that old men dream
dreams and young men have visions.

Thank God for all those who ^{have} joined
hands to make all things possible right
here in this church.

Was Martin Luther King thinking
of Nazareth Baptist when he said:

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every
valley shall be exalted, every hill and
mountain shall be made low - the rough
places will be made plain, and the

crooked places made straight, and
the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together.

Pastor Johnson, Nazareth Baptist,

This is our hope as we look to the future
together. This is the faith which I
bring out to you today in the name of
R. H. Rucker.

With this faith we will be able to
hew out of any mountain of despair, a
stone of hope.

With this faith we will be able
to transform any jangling discords of discontent

In all sincerity I wish that it were I could give each of you something of material value for what you have been to me three the years and for the splendid gift you have given me today, I certainly wish ~~you all~~ for all of you success a cup overflowing with success, happiness and sunshiny days.

But if the past continues to be an accurate measure of the future there will be dark days ahead also, days so troubled and with stygian darkness that you might wish for a light to guide your feet over unknown ways. For days like these - for all the days ahead may I leave with you the gift of hope, the gift of certainty, may I suggest that you simply put your hand into the Hand of God. That to you will be better than light and safer than a known way.

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In some way or another, in some sermon or another, in some example or another Rev. Rucker inspired others to believe all this because he believed in God. His faith in himself and in other people rested upon his faith in God.

This is the rock upon which he ~~stood~~ anchored. This house House of Faith called Nazareth.

Members, friends, pastor Johnson where do you stand today?

Do you believe with me that one of the most powerful affirmations in the Bible is this: The external God is thy refuge and underneath are

~~Do you believe
the everlasting arms.~~

Do you believe that God
is all the goodness in the universe,
available to ~~you~~ here and now, and
that it is up to ~~you~~ to convert that

Goodness into action?

→ Do you believe that God is love?

Yes, God is love, but he is infinitely
more than that. God is love, hope

courage, good will, peace. He is all
the eternal, everlasting, indestructible

values of ongoing creative living!

With God underneath our lives
and the grand example of Rev. R. H.
Barker may we have faith to build toward the stars.

As you face the new year together
as a Church, the passing of time,
the coming and going, the rising
and falling, the flowing and ebbing,
the waxing and waning, ~~may give rise to~~
~~many emotions but surely deserve better than your~~
~~fears.~~

These times deserve what ~~indeed~~
we ~~do~~ indeed have, but sometimes
fail to grasp despite the inspiration of ~~the~~
the Bible, the inspiration of an R. H. Rucker
or ~~the~~ the teachings of a Norman Johnson -
God the Father Almighty, the King of

Creation, The Maker of time and
space, standing between midnight
and dawn telling us - his foolish
children, "It is I. Be not afraid."

May you have the faith to
build toward the stars!

flow to some heart and from
heart to heart and who knows,
this may be just another in those
steps needed to revitalize

First Baptist

5. transform any jangling discords of our church into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to sing together, to stand up for Christ together, knowing we will ^{surely} make it in one day.

I believe all of this because I believe in God.

My faith in myself and in other people rests on my faith in God. This is the rock upon which I have built my house of faith.

I believe that God is a power underneath my life here on earth. His goodness undergirds me and uplifts me. I believe that one of the most powerful affirmations in the Bible is this: "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." I believe that I need not reach for a far-off God in the sky, but that I am rooted in Him and grow upward from Him. We are one.

To me God is all the goodness in the universe, available to me here and now, and it is up to me to help convert that goodness into action. "God is love," but He is infinitely more than that. God is love, hope, courage, good will, peace—He is *all* the eternal, everlasting, indestructible values of ongoing creative living.

With God underneath my life I have the faith to build toward the stars.

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in this church into a beautiful
symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able
to work together, to pray together,
to struggle together, ~~to sing together,~~

to stand up for Christ together —

knowing that we will surely make
it in one day.

She was not taken from the foot
of man to be trampled upon by him,
nor was she taken from his
head to rule over him.

But she was taken from
his side to be equal with
him, from under his arm to be
protected by him and from
near his heart to be loved
by him.

Dear Brewster:

Interest rates being what they are
I am glad that no such shares are
involved in my increasing indebtedness to you
and company. Please accept my thanks
for the many nice things you have done
for me and us dating back to my hospitalization
in 1972.

To you, Frank and all the others who
helped make my retirement banquet truly
a thing of beauty and certainly something
to be remembered always a mere thank
you seems quite inadequate but the best
I can do at the moment

Your unique foliots were on ~~the~~ glittering
display that evening and I am sure ~~many~~ a
~~number of the people~~ persons made you eminently aware
that they were treated to something very
special.

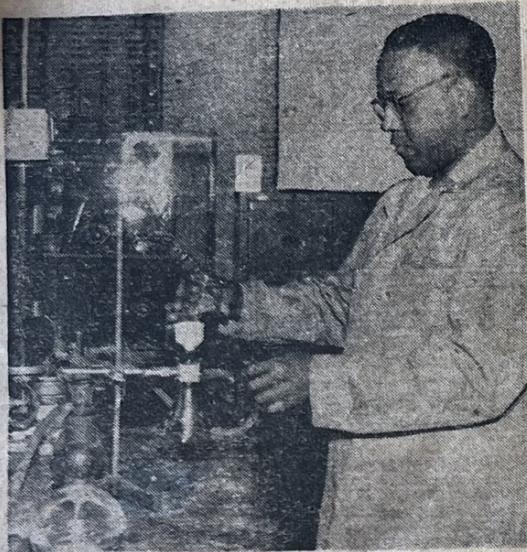
Keep your glowing candle May it lead
you to continue to lead you down the
path of happiness and continued achievement

Experiments on Detonating Bombs

Samuel R. Harris, Miner With a Mind, Enjoys Research Chemist Job

From a dark dangerous coal mine to a private research lab with about \$25,000 worth of equipment!

After twenty years of hard work and sacrifices, this



SAMUEL R. HARRIS
organic research chemist

story belongs to 39-year-old Samuel R. Harris of 303 Michigan Avenue, Beltzhoover, an organic research chemist for the Bureau of the Mines in the U. S. Department of Interior.

In fact, Harris today is in his sixth year of solitary research to perfect a new detonating device for bombs.

And today his private laboratory at the U. S. Bureau of Mines, at Bruceton, near South Park, shows evidence of his two narrow escapes from test tube mixtures.

Jokingly, he tells you that the hole in the ceiling of the lab shows that his job is not dangerous.

"Like a human being, this one explosion took the line of least resistance, and instead of shattering the flask, rocketed the glass stopper to the ceiling," Harris said.

"Besides this one characteristic of explosions, I've found another characteristic which is like a human being."

"There's always a warning."

'FUTURE WAS AN EXPERIMENT'

His present work on the project whose completion date is unknown is similar to his faith many years ago when as a coal miner he did not know where his path of education would lead but "I had to get something upstairs, or be a coal miner all my life," he tells you.

This self-appraisal came during his first summer vacation from Lincoln (Mo.) University where he had enrolled after Ray Kemp, present director of Tennessee State University, relit his former desire for an education.

"I didn't know at that time what my field of study would be," Harris says frankly.

WORK-AID JOB

DECIDED CAREER

However, upon his return to

INTER-CITY SERVICE — Frontiersman Alexander J. Allen, executive secretary of the local Urban League, departed for Baltimore, Tuesday, where he had been invited as a panel member of a Civil Service oral examination for applicants for the post of Community Organization Adviser. The invitation is a departure from the custom of utilizing "hometown" panel personnel and is a signal honor for Allen.

3½ to 7 Years For Shot That Paralyzed Man

Convicted in a non-jury trial before Criminal Court Judge Thomas M. Marshall, Hutchinson Todd, 35, of Wylie Avenue, was sentenced last Thursday to three and one-half to seven years for a felonious shooting on March 3, 1952. The victim, James Brice, 29, of 428 Wicklow Street, a relative, testified from a wheel chair that Todd, without provocation, shot him and caused a permanent paralysis.

college, Dr. U. S. Maxwell, Lincoln's chemistry department head, apparently saw the makings of a chemist and chose Harris as one of the student assistants in the chemistry department.

This job together with dish washing helped pay tuition.

"And when I took the job, my chemistry career started," Harris explains.

His career in science, led him to study at the University of Pittsburgh, and to teach at Howard University as an instructor in the chemistry department.

ABILITY FIRST SHOWN AT PITTSBURGH

However, after six months at Howard, Harris in 1948 was offered the present position with the Bureau of Mines when Dr. Bernard Lewis, now a private

consulting engineer, at the Gateway Center, appraised a Pitt research paper by Harris and decided Harris was the man needed at the bureau.

Although he's a dedicated researcher whose significant achievements led to his admittance to Sigma Xi, a national honorary scientific society, and the American Chemical Society, Harris leaves his work at the laboratory.

RELAXES AT HOME

He loves to spend time at home with his wife, the former Mabel Carter of McDonald, whom he praises as perfect, and his two youngsters, a nine-year-old boy and a nineteen-month-old girl.

He relaxes also by cultivating flowers or perfecting his color photography or teaching young

sters about the outdoors as chairman of Cub Scout committee of Pack 20 in Beltzhoover.

He enjoys life in general, but does not hesitate to tell you that he wishes that in some way he could attract more Negroes into scientific fields.

After stating that in his field qualification, not color, is the chief guiding factor, Harris tells you that he believes this is true in the other fields.

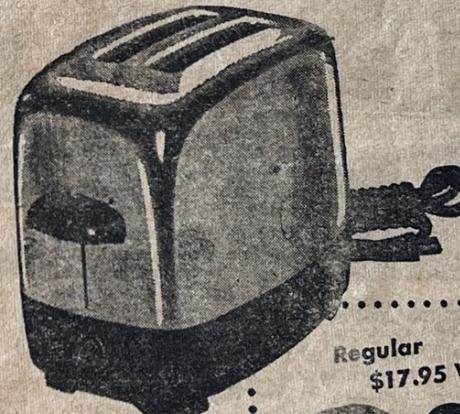
"Quite a few persons would rather yell discrimination rather than become qualified and work hard for success," he says.

And with these words you wonder what Harris would be today if he had been strong of back but faint of heart many years ago in a dank underground pit.

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