

M'Keldin To Cut EVE. SUN Down On Talks

MAY 5 1943

Asserts "Mayor Ought Not
To Speak Unless He Has
Something To Say"

Theodore R. McKeldin, elected ~~Mayor of Baltimore~~ yesterday by twenty political lengths, today was taking his new responsibilities seriously, but with confidence.

"This is a critical four years," he said as he rode downtown on a No. 8 streetcar. "It's a great time to be alive."

The car stopped and a woman got on. She recognized the new Mayor and came back to congratulate him.

"Thank you, thank you," he said, shaking hands.

'Going To Cut Down On Speeches'

He was silent for a moment.

"I don't want my friends to think I'm deserting them," he said, "but I'm going to cut down on public speeches. The Mayor ought not to talk unless he has something to say."

The streetcar passed a billboard advertising a motor oil. "Time to change!" the legend declared.

"There's my slogan," Mr. McKeldin said, grinning.

Inauguration May 18

The No. 8 car trundled on, carrying him downtown for a day filled with congratulations, conferences with advisers, a visit to voters in South Baltimore and the selection of a cutaway to be worn at the inauguration on May 18.

The successful candidate came downstairs in his small, neat home at 322 St. Dunstons road at 8.40 A. M., in his shirt sleeves and wearing suspenders. He immediately donned the coat of his gray suit and began going through a small stack of mail.

"Surprised?" he said. "Of course, I was surprised. I expected to squeeze through by five or six thousand votes."

Clara's Questions

Clara Whitney McKeldin, 3½, wandered into the room in a fresh blue-and-white striped dress and white shoes and socks. She wore a blue-and-white bow in her blonde hair.

"What are you doing?" she asked a photographer.

"Taking pictures of your daddy."

"Why?"

"Because he's the Mayor."

"Why?"

"Because a lot of people voted for him."

"Daddy voted for himself," said Clara.

The other minor member of the family, Teddy, Jr., 6, had already kissed his mother four times—for the photographers—and departed, carrying a rubber ball.

"Congratulations!"

"Congratulations!" shouted two small schoolmates as Teddy climbed into the car that was to



ALL SMILES, Mr. McKeldin, with Mrs. McKeldin and Clara, sits for a photograph with congratulatory bouquet in the living room of the family home at 332 St. Dunstan's road, in suburban Homeland.

take him to the Gilman Country School.

The phone rang and Mr. McKeldin answered.

"Thank you very much," he said.

The phone rang again and again and again.

"I'll be glad to see you. . . . Thanks for your splendid contribution. . . . Come in and see me. . . . You did a fine job for me. . . . I'm at your service. . . . That was a substantial contribution. . . . I didn't make any deal at all; we didn't have anything to make a deal with. . . . Thank you very much. . . . You're in Baltimore county; you couldn't vote for me. What are you talking about? . . . Come in and see me. . . . Thank you very much."

Giving Up Law Practice

The doorbell rang, and the door opened to admit a messenger with a large basket of gladioli, snapdragons, iris, baby's breath and fern. Mrs. McKeldin, in a dress of gray-blue and black, took it onto the sunporch.

Mr. McKeldin came into the living room.

"Of course I'm going to give up the practice of law immediately, entirely. This is a full-time job."

With his wife and daughter, he sat for a series of photographs.

"I Have No Blacklist"

"I carry no prejudice or hatred," he said. "I have no blacklist."

He answered the phone, in the hall, and came back.

"I just want the City Hall employees to know that the idea of

"cleaning" the City Hall of employees is furthest from my mind," he said. "I'm in no hurry to replace anybody even where I have the right to replace. I'm going to proceed slowly and cautiously."

Another phone call. In its course, another messenger appeared with another basket of flowers. The messenger set the flowers down and strode across the hall, his hand out. With his free hand, Mr. McKeldin shook it.

"What A Life"

"Mayor, I'd like to get your autograph on here," said the messenger, holding out an order slip. The Mayor obliged. "All the luck in the world, Mayor," the man said, and went out.

"You did great work for me," Mr. McKeldin said into the phone.

Mrs. McKeldin came down the hall to get the flowers. "What a life" she said, cheerfully.

The postman came to the door. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," Mr. McKeldin said, taking the stack of letters. "I'm very grateful to you."

Peace And Quiet

Another phone call, this time answered by the Negro maid.

"She's a two-days-a-week girl," the new Mayor said. "I guess now we'll have to get one full time."

A moment of peace and quiet ensued. Mr. McKeldin looked around the living room, with its many portraits of Mrs. McKeldin and Clara and Teddy, Jr., its collections of figurines, vases of flowers, rows of books—"War and Peace," "The Seven Pillars of Wi-

dom," Thomas Paine; "The Lady of the Lake," sets of famous writings, popular novels, volumes on public affairs, the library of a book-reading middle-class family—its eight-inch bronze statuette of Abraham Lincoln and blue-and-white bas-relief of Washington.

"I've got to get me a suit," Mr. McKeldin said.

Wants Simple Inauguration

He expressed regret at having to purchase a cutaway, toyed for a moment with the idea of attending his inauguration in a business suit, and discarded the idea because as the representative of the people of Baltimore he would need a cutaway later on, in any case.

"I want the inauguration to be very, very simple. In keeping with the times," he said.