"We are Americans and, as Americans we would speak to America." Frederick Douglass

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.—1840-192; Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Publishing Co., Inc.

The Baltimore AFRO's Platform

1. *Fair employment practice (FEP) laws and enforcement power. Begin with city, county, state and federal governments.*
2. *100,000 registered voters in Baltimore City.*
3. *A judge on the Supreme Bench and in the Federal District Court.*
4. *Integration in the state's reform schools and penal institutions.*
5. *Public hotels and restaurants open to all well-behaved citizens.*

EEOC bickering

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has had its share of reverses since the agency was approved by the city fathers in 1956.

Five months passed between the birth of the agency and the appointment of a nine-man commission. More valuable time elapsed before an executive secretary was named. Finally, some months later office space was secured in the People's Court Building.

EEOC has spent more effort and energy overcoming these setbacks than in doing the job for which it was created, that of investigating job discrimination.

THE LATEST bickering of the commission does not deal with some of the rank instances of unfair employment practices here in Baltimore. Rather, it has to do with how long or short the annual report of the agency should be.

Richard W. Emory, EEOC chairman, has announced he will refuse to sign a draft of the report submitted by Phillip A. Camponeschi until the executive secretary boils down the "impressions and conclusions," Mr. Emory seems to feel that this portion of the report would make a good sermon for the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., but contains too much preaching for EEOC.

The Rev. Mr. King's leadership led to the successful outlawing of bus segregation in Montgomery, Ala.

So far as the record goes, EEOC has very little on the positive side to crow about. Maybe a sermon would add some vigor to the agency.

This is Cherry Hill

In this edition the AFRO salutes Cherry Hill with a special supplement featuring one of Baltimore's most progressive communities.

Included in the section aptly called "This is Cherry Hill" are some very human stories about the residents of this thriving Southwest Baltimore neighborhood.

CHERRY HILL in little more than a decade has grown from an isolated area to a community inhabited by over 12,000 persons.

Readily available to Cherry Hill residents are most of the conveniences of a self-sufficient city.

For the residents—whether they live in public housing projects, rent in private developments or own their own homes—these facilities are available:

A modern shopping center; a half dozen churches of various denominations to serve the community's spiritual needs; three elementary and a junior high school, and a fourth grade school nearing completion, and a first-rate recreation center.

Cherry Hill is protected by Southern Police District and a nearby fire station.

INHABITANTS OF Cherry Hill are proud of their community, and rightly so:

"I love it out here," explained the mother of two youngsters. "It's a nice quiet place for young children."

These are the sentiments which make a community thrive.

Members of the various PTA groups in Cherry Hill are sponsoring a Cooking School as a part of a community-wide project. We are sure that it will be a success.

Recent figures from the Supervisor of Elections show there are over 3,000 registered voters in Cherry Hill. We hope that those eligible adults who are not on the ballot rolls will register before the April 19 deadline for the coming election, as this function of our government process is also important to a community.

You never get over

It is a horrifying experience to wake in the middle of the night with smoke in your lungs and realize that your house is on fire.

In the month of February alone nearly 50 Baltimoreans had had experiences similar to this in fires which have claimed three lives and hospitalized three other persons.

THESE BLAZES which suddenly swept through the homes forced panic-stricken residents out into the cold. Some of the victims lost all of their belongings.

"It's something you never get over—it will frighten up once in a while but it comes back to you over and over."

This is the way a matron who lost a 5-year-old son in one of the fires last week summed up her experience.

UNFORTUNATELY, most of these tragic fires occur in the winter when there is a need for warmth.

Therefore, it is necessary to use more caution than usual during this season of the year to guard against the loss of life, limb and property.

Closer inspection by proper authorities for violations of dwelling laws would help.

However, it is also necessary for all of us to check on potential fire hazards and take steps to correct them.

THE AFRO'S CREDO

A newspaper succeeds because its management believes in itself, in God and in the present generation. It must always ask itself—

Whether it has kept the faith with the common people;

Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured;

Whether it is fighting to get rid of slums, to provide jobs for everybody;

Whether it stays out of politics except to expose corruption and condone injustice, race prejudice or compromise.

—JOHN MURPHY SR., 1929

Let's get together

NEWS ITEM—Richard W. Emory, EEOC chairman, announces his refusal to sign annual report drafted by Phillip Camponeschi until executive secretary tones down "impressions and conclusion," which Mr. Emory termed preaching.

Readers say

Mrs. Jackson writes

Dear AFRO:

The Baltimore Branch NAACP has done everything it could for 22 years to better the conditions of the colored people in this city. Today we have public schools which have been integrated, decent homes in some of our best neighborhoods, where we were once forced to live in slums.

We have no jim crow play grounds, no segregated swimming pools. It has been a struggle but rewarding.

We have worked with the Harlem Park Area in the past in their fight to keep their properties and homes.

In 1940 the city wanted to put a recreation center in the Harlem Park Area but relented to its time to make an effort to prevent the two groups from being mixed up, there was nothing else for us to do but help them.

I am an unpaid social worker in the City of Baltimore and for 22 years we have worked with the faithful few who were willing to give a little time in our efforts to get equal rights for our people. Our records are open and above reproach.

I was born here in Baltimore as well as my parents and grandparents and am deeply interested in making Baltimore a beautiful place for all of its people to live.

(Mrs.) LILLIE M. JACKSON
President

Press award winner

Dear AFRO:

On behalf of the Convention Committee, I wish to thank you for making possible the presentation of the AFRO-AMERICAN trophy for excellence in art and photography at the Ninth Annual Colonian Press Convention, held January 25.

Your trophy was awarded to Woodbourne Junior High School, judged best in the above category by the judging committee at the Convention.

May I again extend my thanks to you for making the award possible.

PERRY EAGLE,
Convention Chairman

A customer writes

Dear AFRO:

Knowing your interest in the little matters pertaining to your business, decided to call your attention to a very efficient supervisor in your circulation department.

We have a newsboy whose name is John Lewis. He delivers two papers to our house on Tuesdays and Fridays. He is very regular and punctual and polite and we are very fond of him.

He did not show up on Tuesday and since it was raining my wife called his home to see if he was ill. When she could get no answer, I suggested that she call the circulation department.

Mr. George Lee, supervisor, answered the phone and stated that he would bring our two papers to us.

We did not want him to go to that trouble at all. We were just interested in that boy and wanted to know if he was all right. It was then nearly eight o'clock p. m. and he is about twenty minutes Mr. Lee rang my bell and delivered the papers.

In a business where complaints are usually numerous, I'm certain that you want to hear the commendation also.

Mr. Lee assured me that it was not our friendship over the years, it was just his habit to serve his customers.

There will always be an AFRO as long as you can maintain such loyal associates.

(REV.) N. B. CARRINGTON.

Note of thanks

Dear AFRO:

Thank you sincerely for your kindness in forwarding to me the last sheet of your Red Star Washington edition which contains the Alpha Fraternity's tribute to its founders.

I appreciate this greatly and ask you to please extend my thanks to the Murphys and other members of your outstanding organization.

MYLES A. PAIGE
General President
Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Inc.

Thinking Out Loud

WHILE CHATTING THE other day with a delightful, but slightly confused matron, I was informed that she had withdrawn her benevolent offer to co-sponsor her niece's education unless the family agreed to send her any place but Howard University.

Although once an enthusiastic patron of the school, she has determined to have nothing further to do with them until they do something to protect students up there. She will not expose her own kith and kin to such risks.

Her action was based on rumors on the recent unfortunate tragedy in which a coed was slain and a youth critically wounded by an alleged frustrated swain.

I assured her that I had made a thorough investigation and could take an oath that none of the incidents which have occurred on the college campus have been committed with the knowledge, complicity or approval of the trustees, members of the faculty or the president. I was anxious to know just what steps she thought they should take to put an end to such happenings.

SHE WAS a little vague but felt that since the alleged culprit was not a student but a visitor, that steps should be taken to keep all but students off the campus.

This, I pointed out, would be a Herculean task. It would entail someone familiarizing himself with all of the 3,700 students who are constantly being turned over and would necessitate him being stationed at all approaches to the campus at once.

Short of compelling all students to wear some type of penitentiary uniform I could not see how this could be accomplished especially when, as a rule, the visitors seem more intelligent than the students.

MY FRIEND agreed that this did present a problem, but she insisted that such tragedies could be avoided if the teachers and officials were more alert at detecting mental disturbances and doing something about it before an explosion took place.

This solution seemed to present even more difficulties than the first proposal as it seemed to enter the realm of Freudian psychology.

On these days when students are entering college at an early age, the mass of them seems to constitute a bunch of crazy mixed-up kids. It would be very difficult for an adult to determine just when normal teenage behavior ends and homicidal tendencies begin.

If we use the accepted standards of abnormal behavior such as erratic dress, unintelligible conversation, wild and disordered antics, coupled with dilated pupils and maniacal expressions, this could lead to serious difficulties and would probably ensnare as many problem sons as students.

Now short of subjecting the students to some type of test each morning by which their heads are examined by x-rays to see what mischief they are planning for the day, I can see no practical way of determining just what they will or will not do under any given set of circumstances.

BUT ASIDE from preventative measures, I believe it very unreasonable to attach any stigma to a big university because of the actions of a few individuals.

I am annoyed when I hear apparently intelligent people ask with raised eyebrows "what is happening to Howard?"

Nothing that I can see, except that in spite of all anybody can do, a screwball will slip in occasionally and all the school does is furnish the geography for dramas in which it has no part.

This was not a college tragedy, but a human tragedy involving human emotions which are both unpredictable and often unexplainable.

A college campus is a concentration point for many diverse personalities and with so many people assembled at one point it is amazing that they have no more tragedies than they have.

"I have often tried to figure out just what factors go into compelling people to go about slashing, clobbering and slaying people under the vague stimulus of love. I think it stems from overstressing of the monogamous social code in which the idea of possessiveness of the object of one's affection has been inflated into a national fetish.

Some parents cater to this absurdity by thinking it cute to say their toddler has "got a girl" long before the tike knows the difference between the sexes. Or, teenagers, with parental blessing start "going steady" before they have any grasp of the responsibilities of social relationships.

ALL THIS glorification of "oneness" stirs up wild urges in undeveloped minds to the point where even the most normal exchanges between the sexes stir up jealousies, and the idea that someone is infringing upon their rights of ownership.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

A number of my readers—well I might as well be frank—my one reader asked me the other day what was the outcome of my contact with a local oil company in the midst of last week's cold spell.

What happened was that on Monday I called the firm with which I had been dealing for several years and ordered some oil.

Last week I column reported that when I asked the man when I could expect delivery he just laughed and laughed.

I called every day and the joker must have still been laughing because by Saturday the oil man hadn't shown up and the tank was dryer than a tee-totaler in the midst of an alcoholics convention.

Incidentally, I can now tell you from experience that trying to heat a house by turning on the gas stove in the kitchen is a waste of time and gas.

* * *

BY SATURDAY I was a little vexed so I called the company again to tell them I was no longer amused—how could I be when it was warmer outside the house than it was inside, which isn't saying very much.

The ensuing conversation ran something like this:

Man — Don't worry, you're down on our list.

Me — What union picking list, next year's?

Man — Well you just called a couple days ago.

Me — A couple days ago nuts. That was five days ago. What have you got to do find another oil well before I can get some heat?

Man — Well you have to be patient.

Me — Patient h—, I'm cold.

Man — You have my sympathy.

Me — I didn't order any sympathy. I ordered some oil.

Man — We're doing our best.

Me — Well I'm going to report you to the AFC of BI.

Man — (Somewhat startled) The what?

Me — (with a sinister laugh) You'll find out, oh brother how you will find out.

With that I hung up since I hadn't the vaguest notion of what the AFC of BI was, but I could tell he was worried.

* * *

THEN BEGAN the long process of trying to find another company that would provide the precious fluid before everybody in the house was frostbitten.

I never knew there were so many oil companies or that it was so hard to get some oil.

Finally I found a small company I had never heard of and a short time later I had some heat.

* * *

BRIGHT and early Tuesday morning, more than one week after I had called my regular company, I hear the bell ring.

Guess what?

There was this man and he made what I consider a brilliant statement:

"I'm the oil man."

He was dressed in the company's uniform, there was a big oil truck parked outside the house and it was a little too cold for the Good Humor man. So I figured all by myself that he must be the oil man.

"I came to fill your tank," he said.

"The only way you'll be able to fill that tank is with an eyedropper," I said.

"I thought you wanted some oil," he comes back.

"I did," I snap, "by my rich uncle in Texas mailed me some."

He left with a hurt expression on his face. Chances are that the company and I have come to the parting of ways, but then it's almost spring.

JUST TO prove that times are changing there's a Gypsy fortune teller in place on Eutaw St. that is advertising "integrated readings."

If You Ask Me

By B. M. PHILLIPS

People, places and things...

Send get-well cards to: Mrs. Charles Reid (Lillian), the public school art supervisor, who is recuperating at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ella H. Butler, 1327 Argyle Ave.

She suffered an intestinal spasm and was in University Hospital for a while, but is doing better now.

* * *

And, Mrs. Fannie Howard, Dunbar High counselor of 2304 Monticello Rd., is wearing a patch over her right eye.

She was in Hopkins on Sunday after she lacerated the cornea while trying to take some power off of her eyebrow . . . bristles of the brush sliced the cornea just like a razor — very painful too!

And, my mom, Mrs. Vashti Murphy, is a patient in Hopkins, where she has been since Feb. 22. Her doctor ordered her to bed for two or three weeks to alleviate a very painful, infected foot. She is in Brady Room 426.

The way to the hospital on Feb. 22nd her birthday—meant she had to forego a reunion with a group of Washington ladies with whom she's been friends since grammar school.

* * *

And, send cheer to: Mrs. Elizabeth Stackhouse, the Shreveport, La., high school teacher, and AKA sorror, who has also been a patient at Hopkins since Feb. 22. She is in Brady Room 403, for a checkup —may be there for another two weeks.

And, cheer too to: Mrs. Anita Hawkins, 600 Whitmore Ave., who is coming along nicely. Remember she suffered rib fractures on the job a month back?

* * *

And hellos too to Mrs. Louis Harmon (Marguerite), 2224 Madison Ave., who has been having a terrible time with the flu these past ten days.

Belated February 26th birthday hellos to Mrs. Beth Cadara, 6108 Rich Ave., Catonsville.

Send Birthday greetings March 4 to Mr. Alex Lee, 2140 W. North Ave., and to Herb Mangrum, AFRO reporter, 238 Suter Rd., Catonsville.

March 7th greetings to Mrs. Jeannette P. Wilson, 3904 Westwood Ave.

March 2nd hellos to two more AFRO staffers, C. W. Mackay, chief editor, 3410 Auchentoroly Terr., and to Arthur Randall, assistant managing editor, 852 Peach Orchard Lane, Turner Station.

And do send birthday hellos today (Feb. 28) to Miss Emma E. Bright, one of the loveliest ladies in our town. Her address: 1224 Druid Hill Ave.

It will be her 79th birthday. Relatives will honor her with dinner at her home this evening.

Miss Bright, you know, is the retired teacher (she served 40 years in our schools), and since then has been active in the community especially in the YWCA. Her mother was one of the YW founders so the Y has been dear to 'Miss Emma's' heart.

You'll remember that 'Miss Emma' was chairman of the Y board when women of our town raised the cash needed to purchase the present Madison Ave. site.

* * *

And wedding anniversary greetings to their first — to the Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Ridout (Frances) of 15 S. Abbington Ave.

Cards should reach H. M. Frisby, teacher and war correspondent, by March 6th which will be his 62nd birthday. His address: 3403 Bateman Ave.

* * *

Northwestern Police Court Magistrate Linwood Koger postpones the Canal Zone; that he is enjoying his Caribbean cruise. He has spent Nassau, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Grenade, Curacao and has probably reached Port-au-Prince and Havana. He celebrates his birthday on March 10.

Relatives, friends and neighbors occupied six cars for the trip to Warrenton, Va. on Sunday to bury Mrs. Tattie Bell Carter, 82, who lived here in Baltimore at 2535 N. Howard St.

Remember Mrs. Carter, a longtime member of Ebenezer Baptist Church here, was a regular AFRO subscriber for 55 years!

Funeral services in Warrenton were conducted by the Rev. Ernest B. Cunningham. An overflow number of mourners joined the Baltimoreans for the trip to the Warrenton cemetery. Warrenton police provided a police escort for the trip.

Thoughtful members of the Mt. Zion Missionary Circle provided coffee and sandwiches for the friends who traveled from Baltimore.

More people and things...

At Hopkins Hospital the other evening, a thoughtless driver jammed this reporter in a parking spot so that I thought there was no way to move out because of a snow bank.

But thanks to two kind police officers — Patrolman Clarence Velasquez of the Northeastern Station; and Officer Theodore Smith of the Hopkins staff, we weren't marooned all evening.

When they couldn't find the owner of the illegally parked car, they secured cardboard and gave directions until we were able to get out.

Such thoughtfulness warmed my heart so I sat right down and wrote to their superiors to tell of their good deeds.

If you witnessed a good deed this week — take the time to write and tell about it. Send it to this column. We'll publish it.

* * *

And, speaking of nice things: The brown-skinned waitresses who serve you at the lunch counter of the Manhattan Drug Store ("Baltimore's largest and most beautiful drugstore") at 1500 E. Monument St., are courteous and thoughtful. It is a pleasure to watch them work.

The Feb. 21st issue of the Jewish Times carries a list of graduates of the Sinai Hospital volunteer nurse aide program who were capped.

Among the grads: Harry Cole —no relation, however, to the state senator.

By the way, the State Senator will be honored at a testimonial March 8, 5 p.m., at the Sharp St. Methodist Church lower auditorium.

Have you bought your ticket yet?

If you haven't, do so NOW—this is a worthy commendation for his first term as Fourth District representative.

* * *

Also on the same day, at an earlier hour — 1:30 p.m., members of the Association are entertaining local physicians at a get together luncheon at the Garrison Lounge.

Chesapeake Club holds its regular monthly meeting on Monday evening.

Sphinx Club oldtimers — Ray Wheatley, Frank Gray et al—meet the Philly Oldtimers in a basketball game on Sunday at 2:30 p.m. at the New Albert Hall.

People are talking about those rumblings at a church . . . attention, they say is coming soon . . .

Mr. William E. Fletcher, who died at Anne Arundel Co. General Hospital in Annapolis Friday evening, was a grand old man.

His death at 94 — removes from our state — a man who loved his church and his state.

He was a Methodist all his life. At conferences of the church — he was a familiar figure — always seated near the front — he could be depended on to give counsel and join wholeheartedly in the singing and business.

He was known as a real layleader at the Annual conference.

Reporter's Report

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Many people take their welfare checks and booze it up each month are going to find the going rough from now on at two locations.

Two weeks ago Magistrate Howard L. Aaron Jr. issued general order No. 1 to the effect that there will be no drinking on welfare checks in his district.

Now Magistrate James Fanseen who is sitting at Northwestern has said the same.

He decided to take action last Sunday when a few "needy" folks from off Dukeland St., Lanvale and Linden Ave., put in an appearance.

With their checks they had gone all out for that brand of wine which takes its name from a famous bird.

They had practically nothing left to take home to the family.

* * *

SPEAKING of Magistrate Fanseen brings to mind the fact that he's the judge I know who digs jazz.

Last week's snow storm was the kind of thing that was designed to try the soul of man.

Did you notice how many folks cracked up under the pressure of having to shovel that white stuff?

Know of one fellow who threatened to stick a match to what he calls his "summer car" and all because he got stuck in a new drift. Such language you have never heard.

Poor fellow's wife never said a mumbling word. She just listened while he ranted and raved.

Recall a week ago when Firefighter Carl Williams of the 300 block Woodbourne Ave., assisted police in the arrest of a holdup suspect at Caroline and Monument.

Bet he will get a commendation from the police department soon.

The story of the week that beats it is Carl alleged eastside numbers writer who dreamed that he was going to be arrested the following day. Sure enough, he was.

It's true. I tid you not.

Along the way

By STEVE DUNCAN

In his time William Faulkner has cut quite a figure in the literary field. He has a Nobel Prize to attest to this.

With this in mind it is reasonable to assume that Mr. Faulkner, who writes about the South with such penetrating insight, has a substantial following and wields a great deal of influence.

Also, one could surmise that a man of his stature is true blue to his convictions.

* * *

THIS CORNER, however, finds the author's published pronouncements on solving racial matters impalpable.

Writing in a monthly magazine a while back Mr. Faulkner avers that if he were a colored man he would go slow in demanding such rights as are guaranteed all citizens under the supreme law of the land.

His reason for this "go slow" approach, as we recall, was to give the white brethren a respite from constant prodding to do right. (NAACP tactics were frowned on.)

* * *

A WEEK ago, speaking to an audience at the University of Virginia, Mr. Faulkner again had something profound to say on the race problem.

His theory: Teach colored Americans the great responsibilities which go along with being equal to other citizens.

This could be accomplished, he asserts, through the painful but necessary process of reeducating college folks so they can better understand such things as self restraint, honesty, dependability, purity, etc.

It would be well for Mr. Faulkner to pause between typewriter stores and speaking engagements and consider that if those enjoying first-class citizenship status were living by his green thumb rule there wouldn't be any problem to solve.

Prayers of the week...

For every man in his work: 'O God, Father of all men, we pray for all who toil in mill or mine; for all by whose labour we are clothed and fed.

"For all—who work in the darkness of the earth; for those who build and adorn our houses; for those who trade in shop or market; and for those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

"May our service and our merchandise be holy unto the Lord. May we do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with Thee, for Thy Name's Sake. Amen."

Come To The Church Of Your Choice
For A Spiritual Blessing

HYMN OF THE MONTH:
"All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name"

Open House Sunday at Catholic U.

WASHINGTON

Catholic University will hold Open House for students, their parents and visitors Sunday from 3 to 5 p.m. Meeting place will be at McMahon Hall in the center of the campus.

Faculty members and students will be on hand to escort the visitors. A social at 5 p.m. will climax the affair.

'Giant of the Earth,' a heartwarming story

By B. M. PHILLIPS

The inspiring story of the life of the Rev. Jacob Benjamin Boddie (1872-1936), the gifted New Rochelle Baptist minister, is told in the pages of 'Giant of the Earth,' written by his son, the Rev. Charles Emerson Boddie.

The 194-page book published by Berne Witness Co., Berne, Ind., is dedicated to the author's brother, the Rev. J. Timothy Boddie, pastor of Baltimore's Shiloh Baptist Church.

The volume traces the life of the beloved minister-father from his birth on a tenant farm near Nashville through his travels to the North where he became an outstanding preacher, community and civic worker and was able to see four of his children through college and the others well on the way.

Of particular interest is the warm picture of his father as presented in the chapter headed 'Rev. Boddie the Man,' beginning on page 81.

* * *

HERE ARE some highlights of that chapter:

Here are portions of the section entitled, "Rev. Boddie, the man," found beginning page 81 et al:

"... in spite of the constant presence of his cane and wide-brimmed hat, he was a preacher and man; a pastor and a man; an evangelist and man; a father and a man; a humorist and a man.

"Pious and sober, but never gloomy, he hated hard liquor and everything associated with it, but reveled in laughter and fun. He hated sin, but like his Lord, loved sinners. He was down on drink because it tore down everything he was trying to build up.

"He was no stuffed shirted bigot, who like the pilgrim fathers, thought it was criminal to smile; no pall of oppressive melancholy ever engulfed him when the occasion might have permitted it. . . . Rev. Boddie was one minister who captured the admiration of all who came near enough to him.

* * *

"'Hi, Bud,' was his characteristic greeting to men folk. To a lady it was, 'Hi, Sis.' This normally never suggested impudence or freshness; his very bearing dissipated any shady motive. It was just his way of being polite; and his friends loved it.

"He was chivalrous in his own way and in his own right. Unpolished and not up on his ward life's most uncompromising and inevitable fact—death, he insisted that no flowers be placed at his bier, no mourning clothes be worn, no hats on the heads of the male mourners, no arm bands, no vestiges of gloom, sorrow or morbidity any kind.

"He enforced by direct specific bequests by the father to his children was a sane attitude toward life's most uncompromising and inevitable fact—death.

"He insisted that no flowers be placed at his bier, no mourning clothes be worn, no hats on the heads of the male mourners, no arm bands, no vestiges of gloom, sorrow or morbidity any kind.

"He enforced by direct specific bequests by the father to his children was a sane attitude toward life's most uncompromising and inevitable fact—death.

"He insisted that no flowers be placed at his bier, no mourning clothes be worn, no hats on the heads of the male mourners, no arm bands, no vestiges of gloom, sorrow or morbidity any kind.

"He did not like the theater. He enforced by direct specific bequests by the father to his children was a sane attitude toward life's most uncompromising and inevitable fact—death.

"He insisted that no flowers be placed at his bier, no mourning clothes be worn, no hats on the heads of the male mourners, no arm bands, no vestiges of gloom, sorrow or morbidity any kind.

"He did not like the theater. Perhaps he might, did not know Reverend J. B. Boddie."

"Why on earth," he mumbled through his store teeth, "did the Lenten committee schedule those sacred services for a theater?" he inquired with bewilderment.

"He could have with justice compromised his feelings in this one case, but any who thought he might, did not know Reverend J. B. Boddie."

"When quite young, two older brothers and I, in the bedroom was just above his, kept him awake with much loud stirring from overhead. Calling for quiet as many as three times should have been enough, but we were as hard-headed as our mother always had said we were.

"There was no fourth warning. Warm seats were pragmatic evidence that he meant business.

"Smarting with chagrin and humiliation rather, we later took ourselves to the chamber below to either apologize, observe or just reconnoitre.

"We generally had no alternative but to listen to the snores of a peaceful Brobdingnagian with his huge bare feet thrust through the foot of the bed whose covers had not been enough to drape only half of his bare legs.

"Were you to look at the serene face you could almost see him laughing at his three mischievous sons, who even while he was laying it on, had thought they could juvenile their dad out of spanking them.

* * *

"He held a peculiar affection for all of his children. His standards of good conduct were very rigid, yet he never used violence or sought by force to coerce.

"When a 'crisis' arose, he would hold a conference with 'Sweet' and their joint decision would prevail in handling any difficulty.

"One of the most significant things we learned from our mother was that of his dear wife.

* * *

"He had deep convictions relative to the reviewing of his remains during the services of eulogy.

"His sensible attitude was desired for every family; he enforced it in his own. Such a sane outlook proved a real bulwark for faith and strength during his own funeral and about trivial things, though to him they were not that at all.

"He did not like the theater.

"One day during Lent a prominent minister whom he wanted very much to hear, had to preach to an audience which did not contain him because the meeting was held in a theater.

"'Why on earth,' he mumbled through his store teeth, 'did the Lenten committee schedule those sacred services for a theater?' he inquired with bewilderment.

"He could have with justice compromised his feelings in this one case, but any who thought he might, did not know Reverend J. B. Boddie."

Ethical meeting

Dr. Owsei Temkin, professor of history of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University, will be the guest speaker on Sunday, March 2, of The Baltimore Ethical Society. The title of Dr. Temkin's talk is "Paracelsus."

The services will begin at 11 a.m. at 19 E. North Ave.

PRESENTING
BY POPULAR DEMAND
CLARA WARD
and the Famous WARD SINGERS of Philadelphia, Pa.
Sunday, March 2nd
3:30 P.M.
MT. CALVARY TEMPLE
611 N. Poplar Grove St.

Special Guests: The Hart Gospel Singers of Washington, D.C., The Giles Singers, Baltimore, Md.

CALVIN BROOKS, Guest Soloist.
Advance Tickets $1.00
At Door $1.20
REV. HAROLD I. WILLIAMS, Pastor
REV. THEODORE C. JACKSON, Promoter
This same program will be held at
GILLIS MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CHURCH
Calhoun and Mulberry Sts.
Sunday Night, March 2, 8 O'clock

GRACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
One of Baltimore's Friendliest Churches
DOLPHIN AND ETTING STS.
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1958
8:30 A.M.—Sunday School
11:00 A.M.—Observance of Holy Communion
Public Reception of New Members
WEDNESDAY—
8:00 P.M.—Seven Hour of Prayer Service
8:00 P.M.—Evangelism Committee Meeting
We Welcome You — Rev. Robert T. Newbold, Jr., Pastor

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF GOD
1115-17 W. SARATOGA STREET
9:30 A.M.—Sunday School.
10:30 A.M.—Broadcast.
11:00 A.M.—Morning Worship sermon by the Pastor.
8:00 P.M.—Evening Worship.
Broadcast each Sunday.
10:30-11:00 A.M. Station WSID
ELDER C. GREEN, Pastor

DOUGLAS MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CHURCH
"The People of the Way"
LAFAYETTE AND MADISON AVENUES
IDENTICAL SERVICES
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1958
8:30 A.M. — 11:00 A.M.
REV. BASCOM, PREACHING
MUSIC
SENIOR CHOIR
"Hold Thou My Hand"—Bridges
"He Smiled on Me"—O'Hara
"On The Way To Jerusalem" —Maunder
YOUNG ADULT CHOIR
"Praise Ye The Lord" —Saint-Saens
"Hear The Lambs A-Crying" —Dett
"Let Mt. Zion Rejoice"—Clayton
GOSPEL CHOIR: "Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone"
REV. MARION C. BASCOM, Minister

RETURNING BY POPULAR DEMAND
CLARA WARD
and the Famous WARD SINGERS of Philadelphia, Pa., will appear at
GILLIS MEMORIAL
Community Church
Calhoun and Mulberry Sts.
For the last time in the City of Baltimore before going abroad.
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1958, 8 P.M.
Advance Tickets $1.00, at door $1.20

Special Guest: Hart Gospel Singers of Washington, D.C., Giles Singers, Baltimore; Calvin Brooks, guest soloist.
Rev. Theodore C. Jackson, Pastor
NOTE: This same program will be held at Mt. Calvary Temple, 611 N. Poplar Grove St., at 3:30 p.m. Sunday, March 2, 1958.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL MINISTERS COMMITTEE FOR THE BACK-TO-CHURCH MOVEMENT
AME CHURCH — Rev. W. N. Edwards, Co-Chairman
AMEZ CHURCH — Rev. G. M. Edwards
BAPTIST CHURCH — Rev. V. T. Williams, Co-Chairman; Rev. J. L. Moore, Executive Secretary; Rev. W. D. Yerby
CME CHURCH — Rev. John Hammond
COMMUNITY CHURCH — Rev. M. C. Bascom
F. W. BAPTIST — Rev. P. A. Hodges
PRESBYTERIAN — Rev. R. T. Newbold
METHODIST — Rev. K. L. Jackson, Co-Chairman
APOSTOLIC — Rev. W. A. Showell
Mr. J. Nelson Fortune, AFRO-AMERICAN
CHRISTIAN (DISCIPLES) PRESBYTERIAN — Rev. C. L. Whitfield; Rev. H. O. Graham, President

Words to live by

By REV. ROBERT T. NEWBOLD, Pastor, Grace Presbyterian Church, Baltimore.

Today marks the end of another Brotherhood Month observance. For many persons it meant little. To others it meant absolutely nothing.

These observations make for disappointment. Moreover, the facts they reflect make for regrets.

It is regrettable that so many are satisfied to confine their observance to pronouncements rather than to practice.

A number of church leaders must plead guilty here. For they are guilty of pronouncements, but slow to translate them into deeds.

It is regrettable if they would spend time — proportionate to what they give to writing — to make a big pronouncement to come alive, there would be a great difference in human relations.

One of the stirring brotherhood hymns contains these words:

Rise up O men of God
His kingdom tarries long
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

The obvious challenge herein is for every Christian to make his contribution toward making the world a brotherhood. One can help with words. But words are not enough.

ANOTHER REGRET is that there has been made a neighborhood before it has become a brotherhood.

The advances in the areas of transportation and communication have brought us closer than ever before to individuals who are geographically far away.

Even in our internal life relations we have stopped thinking of others as "foreigners." We wish to be considered by them as friends.

Some of our policies bear the proper name "Good Neighbor." So it is with science and politics.

Those who love the church must lament, however, that the same cannot be said concerning religion.

While it is true progress has been made it is also accurate to say that compared with other areas, the progress seems very slow.

Indeed the people of the world have become neighbors. Neighborhood is not our aim. Brotherhood is the goal.

* * *

WE MUST also regret the fact that there are still confine brotherhood to the realm of idealism rather than reality. They think of it as a dream which will not come true.

Others consider it a hope which will not be realized, a plan which will not work. True enough it often appears these skeptics are correct.

However, it should be remembered that brotherhood is not man's plan; it is God's plan. Therefore, it will work if we are willing to become colaborers with Him. It must work if we are to experience and enjoy peace in our time.

GOD'S PLAN FOR WOMAN
Bible Guided . . . Time Tested
SPECIAL—God's Message This Week
Above Clouds — Above Storms
LUCIFER & CO.
"Two Shall Be Brought — Down To Hell" — Begg
Rev. J. Gwynn A.M.E. (85)
1865 S. BROADWAY, 1:30 P.M.

Attention PASTORS and Church Committees
SAVE 50% or MORE on USED CHURCH FURNITURE
We have several sets of pews and Baptistal School chairs in excellent used condition. These were recently taken in trade from churches which we renovated. It will pay you to visit our showroom and see this equipment now. While they last we are selling the pews and chairs at greatly reduced price. You will save 50% or more. When you come to our showroom we will also be glad to show you our full line of new Church and Sunday School equipment.
BAIRD SEATING CO.
2409-15 W. Baltimore St.
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In Our Churches

John M. Cox, presiding elder of the Baltimore district of the AME Church, will be the guest speaker at Hemingway Temple AME Church. The Rev. Samuel Beard, is the pastor. The week-evening service will start Monday night Mar 3 through Sunday March 9 at Ames Pilgrim Baptist Church.

The service will be conducted by the Rev. Mrs. Minnie Robinson. The Rev. W. H. Black is the pastor.

Rev. Gilbert G. Stevenson, pastor of Providence Baptist Church, Washington, D.C., will be the guest speaker at Gospel Tabernacle Baptist Church, Sunday at 3 p.m.

The Rev. Mr. Clay G. Reynolds is the pastor.

The Fuel Rally will be March 9 at Knox Presbyterian Church at 3 p.m.

Anniversary of the senior ushers will be held March 23 at 3 p.m.

Special services will be held Sunday morning at Olivet Baptist Church, Riggs Ave. and Woodyear St., with the Rev. M. Green of Morning Star Baptist Church as speaker.

The Baptist Training Union will meet at 6 p.m. under the direction of Mrs. A. Hines. The Rev. W. L. Evans, pastor, will be in charge of the services at 8 p.m.

The Rev. James S. Wise, pastor of Bethel Baptist Church, 1521 Winchester St., will preach at the morning services, beginning at 11 a.m. Holy Communion will be celebrated at 3 p.m. with the Rev. N. Wick of the Morning Star Baptist Church preaching.

The Rev. W. I. Snowden of the Washington AME Conference will be the speaker Sunday night at Bethel AME Church, Druid Hill Ave. and Lanvale St.

ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH
LEXINGTON AND MONROE STS.
9:30 A.M.—CHURCH SCHOOL
11:00 A.M.—HOLY COMMUNION. Sermon by the Pastor. Subj.: "Converted on The Halfway Line."
3:30 P.M.—SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY of the MALE and FEMALE USHER BOARD Affiliated with the Ushers Union of Md., Inc.
WE WELCOME YOU
REV. ALBERT H. HAMMOND, SR., Pastor

SHARP ST. MEM. METHODIST CHURCH
DOLPHIN AND ETTING STS.
9:00 A