The Night Before Christmas

Don't shatter a child's dream. See editorial, 'A heartless business.'

Baltimore Afro-American

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.—1840-1922
Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Publishing Co., Inc.

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

Readers Say

Mrs. Hurt writes

Dear AFRO,

Many thanks to the AFRO for the recent articles on my husband (Morgan Coach Eddie Hurt), and those articles through the years.

The AFRO has always been very kind to us. Thank you and may God bless you.

MRS. BEATRICE HURT

Ladies Guild writes

Dear AFRO,

On behalf of the Ladies Guild of Provident Hospital, I would like to express our thanks for the wonderful cooperation we received from the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers Staff and yourself, covering our Pre-Christmas Hat Show and Coffee Hour, Dec. 12.

We were grateful for your continuing interest and effort so well expressed by the wonderful coverage we received.

(Mrs.) RUTH R. TIBBS
GENERAL CHAIRMAN

No inquiry made

Dear AFRO,

On Friday, Dec. 5, there appeared in the Baltimore edition of the AFRO-AMERICAN an editorial captioned "Ten-foot backyard."

In this editorial reference was made to this association in regard to the backyard of a proposed home, not meeting certain requirements, to be erected in the 2500 block of College Ave.

Neither our officers nor our building committee has been or made any inquiry concerning this matter as the 2500 block of College Ave. is not in Morgan Park.

The 2500 block of College Ave. begins on the south side of Cold Spring Lane. The eastern boundary of Morgan Park is the north side of Cold Spring Lane from the east bank of Herring Run to the north side of the 2500 block of Montebello Terrace.

Thank you for your interest in keeping our community up to the established zoning regulations.

FRANK J. SORRELL

Thanks from Advance

Dear AFRO:

We appreciate the favorable comments in regard to the Advance Savings and Loan Association that appeared both on the editorial page and the back page of the November 21, 1959 issue of the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN.

At the meeting of the Board which was held on Oct. 21, we initiated a drive to get 1,000 individuals to place $1,000 accounts in Advance. We are suggesting that they transfer funds from other institutions, if necessary, in order that we may obtain membership in the Federal Home Loan Bank System in 1960. We have 22 accounts that are $1,000 or larger at the present time.

We have an idea that there are at least 1,000 Baltimoreans who desire (1) to have mortgage money made available to them anywhere they wish to purchase homes and (2) to have clerical and managerial positions in financial institutions in Baltimore open to qualified applicants without regard to race.

We think this desire is so strong that they will invest at least $1,000 in the only Baltimore financial institution that promises to carry out these two objectives which are so close to our hearts.

I shall personally use the experience that I have obtained from working with Advance and one half years, and the theoretical knowledge that I have amassed during the last 27 years as a student and teacher of courses in finance and business in general, as well as my experience as an accountant and business consultant, to see that the Advance Savings and Loan Association is operated in keeping with the best practices known in the savings and loan field.

W. O. BRYSON JR.
PRESIDENT

'Glory to God . . .'

The story of Christmas as told in the second chapter of St. Luke in a new translation of the Bible by James Moffatt.

Now in those days an edict was issued by Caesar Augustus for a census of the whole world.

So everyone went to be registered, each at his own town; and as Joseph belonged to the house and family of David, he went up from Galilee to Judae, from the town of Nazareth to David's town called Bethlehem, to be registered along with Mary his wife.

She was pregnant, and while they were there, the days elapsed for her delivery; she gave birth to her first-born son, and as there was no room for them inside the khan, she wrapped him up and laid him in a stall for cattle.

There were some shepherds in the district, out in the fields keeping guard over their flocks by night, and an angel of the Lord flashed upon them, the glory of the Lord shone all round them.

They were terribly afraid, but the angel said to them:

'Have no fear. This is good news I am bringing you, news of a great joy that is meant for all the People.

"Today you have a saviour born in the town of David, the Lord Messiah. And here is proof for you will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a stall for cattle."

Then a host of heaven's army suddenly appeared beside the angel, extolling God and saying:

"Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth for men whom he favours'"

'Keeping' Christmas

Peter Marshall has a word for it in his sermon, "Let Us Keep Christmas," first published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company in 1952.

Mr. Marshall, who was chaplain of the United States Senate until he died in 1949, remarked that there was no need to search for stories new and different.

There is only one story, he maintained . . . "and no modern author can improve it."

It is contained in the Gospel of Luke and it says:

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"Let's not permit the crowds and the rush to crowd Christmas out of our hearts," said the Rev. Mr. Marshall; "we all feel the pressure of approaching Christmas . . .

"The traffic is terrible . . .

"You can't find a parking space . . .

"The stores are crowded . . .

"Mob scenes make shopping a nightmare . . .

"You are thinking about presents—wondering what in the world you can get for so and so.

"You think of friends and loved ones who are hard to shop for . . .

"You can't think of anything they need (which is rather strange when you take time to consider it).

"Maybe there is nothing in the store that they need . . .

"But what about some token of love — what about love itself . . .

"and friendship . . .

"and understanding . . .

"and consideration . . .

"and a helping hand . . .

"and a smile . . .

"and a prayer."

"You can't buy these things in any store, and these are the very things people need.

"We all need them. Blessed will they be who receive them this Christmas or at any time.

"So we will not 'spend' Christmas . . .

"Nor 'observe' Christmas.

"We will 'keep' Christmas—keep it as it is . . .

"In all the loveliness of its ancient traditions.

"Christmas is not in the stores, but in the hearts of the people."

THE AFRO'S CREDO

A newspaper exists 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 condemn injustices, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN MURPHY, SR., 1920

A heartless business

"There is no Santa Claus!"

That is just about the meanest thing any unthinking adult or, for that matter, a smart alec teenager can tell a child.

It smashes with one evil blow all of his childhood illusions. It destroys his faith at a time when hope is the one thing to which he desperately clings.

This tearing down of the myth of Santa Claus is a heartless and cruel business.

* * *

THE JOLLY old man in his red, white fur-trimmed suit has brought so much delight to children throughout the ages that it is difficult, even for youngsters growing into adolescence, to surrender their beliefs in his existence.

None of us is too old not to look back with nostalgia to those happy years when he, too, firmly believed in old St. Nick.

We just knew he would arrive in his sleigh, drawn by eight reindeer and loaded down with delightful answers to all of our December requests.

* * *

IN OUR child mind's eye we could clearly see his load of shiny new skates, golden sleds, bright red wagon and silken-sashed dolls, that cried, "mama" and closed their eyes in sleep the minute they were put to bed.

The physical impossibility of Santa's pushing his 300-pound figure down our narrow chimney, while holding his big bag filled with things that delight childish hearts, didn't bother us at all.

We believed he did it, and that was enough.

Our best behavior was during the month of December. The week before Christmas all of us approached the angelic.

And if perchance we slipped and momentarily relapsed into our usual naughty ways, how quickly mothers would remind us that Santa always passed by the home of bad children.

That reminder was enough to get us hastily back into line.

* * *

THOSE WERE delightful days, free of the grim realities that were to assail us later in adulthood.

It is for that reason that we term it criminal for anyone to rob a tot of this joyous period of his life. Let him dwell as long as possible in his childhood world of make-believe.

He will have to leave it soon enough. And once he leaves, he cannot return.

White Christmas

"I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" sold millions of records and has given many millions visions of a country scene and a farm house heated by a log fire.

Fact No. 1 — Most of us would catch our death of cold in an old-fashioned fireplace heated house. This is the reason that modern farmers have gotten rid of fireplaces.

Fact No. 2 — Most of us live in cities where pretty white snowflakes become slush and ice in a few minutes after they fall. Ice and snow are modern traffic's worst enemies.

A friend we know reported that the last time we had a real snow storm it took him eight hours to get home from work.

Nobody really wants a white Christmas. He only wants to dream of one, for that is exactly what Christmas is—a dream or a fantasy as distantly related to reality as the likelihood of sleigh bells in the snow or Santa Claus climbing down a chimney.

Our Yule program

While you're wrapping those last-minute Christmas gifts, trimming the tree or just waiting for Santa Claus, on Christmas Eve, please tune your radio dial to 1230, Station WITH at 9:05 P.M.

If you do, you can hear the AFRO's annual Christmas carol festival featuring the Baltimore Singers and the Philharmonic Choir, directed by Gerald Burks Wilson.

This year's program will feature songs from many lands with special emphasis on Christmas customs, as described by Robert Matthews, narrator.

There will be solos by Mrs. Gloria Waller, Mrs. Delores Cruz, Wendell Wright, Sinclair Swan, and William Banks.

A message explaining how the Egyptians first put the Christmas story in words fill be given by Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, assistant to AFRO President Carl Murphy.

The hour-long program is brought to our readers as a small measure of appreciation for the enthusiastic support the AFRO has received throughout the year. It is an event we hope you won't miss. Merry Christmas!

Colts as Santa

A new set of false teeth is on the way to grandma. Grandpa's been hinting for a pipe with a gooseneck bowl.

Mom's looking for a fur coat and pop's got a watch all picked out and wrapped.

Johnny has asked for a new train, and Sally wants a lifelike do...

We're wishing them all the best of everything, but for us it would be the best Christmas in the whole wide world if the Colts dressed up like Santa Claus and delivered a bagful of chopped-down Giants to our town —along with the pro football title.

We'll even wait two days — until Sunday —to celebrate. We won't mind a bit.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

How would you like to be "frisked" by a policeman?

From first hand experience I have no hesitation in saying that the feeling it gives is not a very pleasant one— especially when such a blow to one's self respect seems to be unjustified.

It happened on Saturday evening, a short time after I closed my typewriter for the day.

A friend, who has recently opened a night club on the east side of the town, had invited me by for a visit and so I went.

* * *

ALL OF the patrons there were well dressed, well-mannered and their conversations were so low that the sound of clinking glasses could be clearly heard throughout the place—and that's pretty quiet.

The juke box was playing "White Christmas," the Bing Crosby version, not that this is germane to my little story; the holiday decorations were up and peace and good will were bursting out all over.

So then in the best tradition of "Dragnet" and "M Squad" an officer and a sergeant entered the club and surveyed the Christmas-like scene.

Right then and there, all the peace and good will atmosphere vanished like a puff of smoke in a hurricane.

And like Old Saint Nick in "The Night Before Christmas," the officer went quickly to work.

Only he wasn't delivering presents, he was searching all the male patrons.

* * *

WHEN HE reached the stool on which I was sitting, me and my untouched single bottle of beer, he politely requested that I assume a standing position—well maybe not exactly requested—what he said was:

"Get up, you!"

Knowing that my last major theft was committed when I was seven years old and swiped a number of very green apples from a neighbor's tree and that I hadn't killed anyone lately, it seemed normal to ask why I had to stand up.

"For what," I asked the officer, who outweighed me by perhaps a hundred pounds and was tall enough to eat off the top of my head.

Our conversation languished and died as he gently, and that's a laugh, lifted me from my seat and slammed me up against the wall and ordered me to place my hands above my head.

For a brief moment I had the delusion that maybe I was really one of the FBI's ten most wanted criminals and not myself, but then blessed sanity returned and with it came a sense of looking absolutely stupid.

* * *

I'VE FELT ridiculous before in my life, but never have I felt quite so ridiculous as I stood with my hands in the air as he patted me as if I were a stuffed turkey and he wanted to make certain that I was well rounded before he popped little old me into that little ole oven.

Satisfied at last that I wasn't carrying a machine gun or perhaps an atomic bomb, homemade of course, he kindly consented to let me resume the pose of a normal human being.

The bitter taste the incident left in my mouth made it impossible for me to drink the beer and I wondered whether the same scene could have taken place if the club had not been patronized by people with dark skins.

It appears that no matter how hard you try to maintain certain standards, so long as you are a member of a minority group certain representatives of the law feel they have a duty to make you feel as small as possible.

Perhaps the incident was to instill respect in the hearts of laymen for the forces of law and order.

However, after that little lesson in crime prevention, my respect sure ain't what it used to be.

Maybe somebody should pass on the word that our race is not exclusively populated by people in conflict with the law.

It might do some good.

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

They separated the men from the boys out on 33rd St., last weekend.

It didn't happen on the playing field at Memorial Stadium but on a concrete walk leading to a ticket booth.

It was there that some 100 fans waited in teeth-chattering weather for more than 50 hours to buy tickets for Sunday's championship football game.

The gang camped out under the stars and although cold, they had themselves a ball.

They sang, they drank, they played, they drank, they worked and then they drank some more.

By the time the Colt band came around to entertaining them on Sunday, everyone was in a happy frame of mind.

* * *

THE WAY the fans were decked out you would have thought they were the 49'ers enroute to California all over again.

They brought lamps, sleeping bags, cooking utensils, blankets, folding beds and games ranging from canasta to chess.

They were a hearty group and should be congratulated by someone.

A few other fans who spent less than eight hours in line blew their corks when the tickets ran out. Their reaction was logical.

Now that the city has been shown that Memorial Stadium can pay for itself, someone should think about adding more seats to the big arena.

When in anger, people do the darndest things.

On the Eastside last Sunday, a young fellow was thrown out of a club for disturbing the peace.

In an effort to get even with the proprietors, he stretched out in the street and told police that one of the men had run over his feet with an automobile.

The guy was taken to a nearby hospital where X-rays showed nothing out of the ordinary. Police charged him with filing a false report. The judge gave him a $45 fine.

If You Ask Me

By B. M. PHILLIPS

People places and things

Visitors here from Detroit: Mrs. Robert Matthews Sr., and Dr. Ora Fisher, and Mrs. Mary Dudley and daughters, Kay and Margaret.

The Dudleys are with her brother and sister - in - law, the Bob Matthewses. Their mother, Mrs. Matthews, and Dr. Fisher went on to spend the holidays with friends in D.C.

Here from Chicago— Mrs. Gibson and son, Skipper. They are with her cousins, Winnie and Kirk Lee at 3407 Dennlyn Rd.

* * *

Mrs. Flossie Wright is holidaying in Boston with her sister, Bert Fitzgerald and family.

Mrs. Erma Davis is in Washington to spend Christmas with Mrs. Hilda Evans and family.

Houseguest of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Pitts is Miss Madelyn Watson, professor of English at Shaw University.

Miss Watson and the Pittses were among guests at the pre-fry supper party the Bill Stanfords (Edna) had on Sunday evening at their Ruxton Ave. home.

It was their turn to entertain the Couples Club, and after the regular meeting, members exchanged Christmas gifts and guests joined the group.

Other guests about: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Greene and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Veney.

Members present: Messrs. and Mesdames Ben Foreman, Charles Law, James Murphy, Frank Phillips, C. W. Mackay, John Rich, Tom Warrington, and Mrs. Medford Reynolds.

* * *

By the way, the Stanfords will be in Philadelphia for the Kappa Alpha Psi conclave.

And the Pattersons will be among Baltimoreans who will take over a whole floor at Hotel New Yorker in the Big City. They will be there for the Omega Psi Phi convention.

Others from here going: Linwood Rogers, Robert Johnson, Ben Whittens, William Gardeners, Joseph Jackson, Leroy Bennetts, and the Donald Parkers, who will take the children and visit with relatives.

* * *

Off for the Alpha Kappa Alpha conclave in Cincinnati, will be Vernecee Reynolds, basileus of the Baltimore group and sisters Emma Bright, Betty Williams, Ruth Davis, Edgenia Townes, Bernice Hamley, Carolyn Gaskins and Rosa Campbell.

Our Baltimore gals are banking on Mrs. Bright to come home with the title of Eastern Regional Director.

Soror Flossie Dedmond will not join them. She is in Nashville on account of the serious illness of her sister.

* * *

Speaking of the Omegas, as we were a few paragraphs above, am reminded that their wives, who call themselves the Que Elites, gave a pretty party

MRS. CHISSELL MRS. GIBSON

ty last Thursday for their husbands.

The affair was in the Modawmin recreation room. Mrs. Augusta Chissell was chairman.

In addition to having a good time, the ladies prepared baskets for needy families.

* * *

Condolences to the Rev. Wayman Henry, pastor of Allen AME Church at 1132 W. Lexington St.

He was in Woodstown, N.J., to bury his brother, Ralph Edwin Henry, 56, who was killed in an auto accident.

Funeral was Thursday at Woodstown church.

* * *

Glad - you're - out - of - the hospital hellos to Mrs. Selby Lewis, clerk at the Charles Law Funeral Home. She underwent a serious operation last month but is back on the job, and feels fine.

By the way, if you're out driving, do cruise by the Law Funeral Home. There are figures of carolers on the second floor with recordings of Christmas music.

* * *

Speaking of Christmas decorations: The Osborne Divers who make and design their own Christmas decorations each year, have a new yule layout for this year.

On the lawn in front of their home at 2229 Braddish Ave., four-foot high choir boys with a gold - plated organ behind them.

As you can guess, it is very beautiful. Drive by and see for yourself.

* * *

Father John M Burgess, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Boston who made an unsuccessful bid for the post of suffragan bishop of New York, is a cousin of Baltimore's Elmer Burgess.

Father Burgess and Father Dillard H. Brown, rector of St. Luke Church, Washington, were in the running for the bishopric at the diocesan convention in New York. Both were defeated.

Elected was the Rev. Canon J. Stuart, a Canadian associated with the diocese's department of Christian education.

Baltimore's Mr. Burgess left off this week for St. Louis where he will holiday with his sister, Myrtle.

He will also visit with a cousin, Mrs. Saul Burr in Cincinnati, where she and her husband are residing in the historic family homestead once occupied by their great, great grandfather.

More people and things...

A Baltimore girl makes good: Word from Howard University is that among the 35 students to be cited in the 1959 *60 Who's Who is our own Gwendolyn A. Beasley, senior in the school of music.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Mamie L. Beasley of E. Biddle St., and the niece of Dr. Eugene Byrd and Mrs. Imogene B. Douglass.

Miss Beasley is majoring in music education. She is a member of the university choir and band, the Baldwin House Council, Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority and the Senior Mentors.

She is also the holder of the university choir medal and was on the dean's honor roll for the 1955 56 term.

When she graduated from Baltimore's Dunbar High, she won the Lemmel Award and the Howard Alumni prize.

* * *

Orchids to the Continental Society for Underprivileged Children of Baltimore.

Proceeds of their cabaret holiday affair on December 28 will go to two worthy charities.

This year, as in the past, one half of the proceeds go to St. Elizabeth's Home where children of all religious denominations are housed. (This is their pet charity).

The second charity is not yet selected.

At its meeting last week, the group voted $10 to the AFRO Graves Quads Fund.

Mrs. Sue Miles is president. Mrs. Delores Young is chairman of the dance committee. Other members are Mesdames Margaret Beamon, Lillie Branch, Sevilla Carroll, Doris Cole, Edith Davidson, Odessa Dyson, Helen Gatlin, Frankie Hinchen, Serena Holmes, Ellen Howard, Margaret Mason, Mattie Mumby, Helen Quarles, Doreva Stanley, Phyllis Thompson, Frances Turner, and Misses Emily Peck and Betty Williams.

* * *

Into Hopkins Hospital (Room 406 Marburg) on Monday, Mrs. Carl Murphy (Vashti.)

She's been having trouble with what she calls her 'good leg.'

We all hope the doctor is right and she will be home for Christmas.

* * *

Fourth wedding anniversary cards to: Dr. and Mrs. Richard Montgomery (Johnnie) at 1400 Edison Highway. They were wed Dec. 22, 1955.

Dr. Montgomery, you know, is the new chief of surgery at Provident Hospital.

He takes over his duties on Jan. 1.

* * *

Belated birthday cards to Mrs. Hiram E. Smith, 832 N.

MISS BEASLEY MRS. DOWNIE

Fulton Ave. She celebrated on December 21.

* * *

Thinking - of - you cards to Mrs. Caroline Williams, 4426 St. Georges Ave. She buried her husband, Harry Williams, 72, two weeks ago.

Mr. Williams was for 26 years (1929 - 57) in charge of the riding academy at Gauchet College and Greenwood School. His death on Dec. 2, marked two deaths in the immediate family in 14 months. Daughter Margaret, (Mrs. Marion Wilson wife of the physician) died in Oct. 1958.

Mrs. Williams is coming along fine— despite the sadness she has had to face, expects soon to be fitted for an artifical leg if doctors are satisfied she can handle one. Until then, she is getting around nicely in her wheel chair.

The Williams children surviving are: Mrs. Caroline Williams and Mrs. Josephine Marshall and Joseph Williams, all of New York. Mrs. Alice Barber of Winston - Salem; and Mesdames Rosemary Garrison and Elizabeth Lott Claver Williams and Patrolman Anthony Williams (Western Police Station), all of Baltimore.

* * *

Orchids to: Mrs. Charlotte Wilson Downie, who was the AFRO's Mrs. Santa Claus this year.

Charlotte comes from an old Baltimore family (her parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Wilson— (remember when he taught music at Douglass High?), and she has a knack for working well with people.

She did a first - rate job of handling the many, many requests for help which came to the AFRO this year, and she did it cheerfully and enthusiastically.

Mrs. Downie adopted each problem as though it were her own. She gave each person who came to visit her or called over the phone, the kind, understanding word of encouragement people in trouble need.

Orchids and more orchids to Mrs. Charlotte Downie. May her Christmas be as merry as she has helped to make Christmas happy for her fellow man!

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Perfect for Stuffing Turkeys...

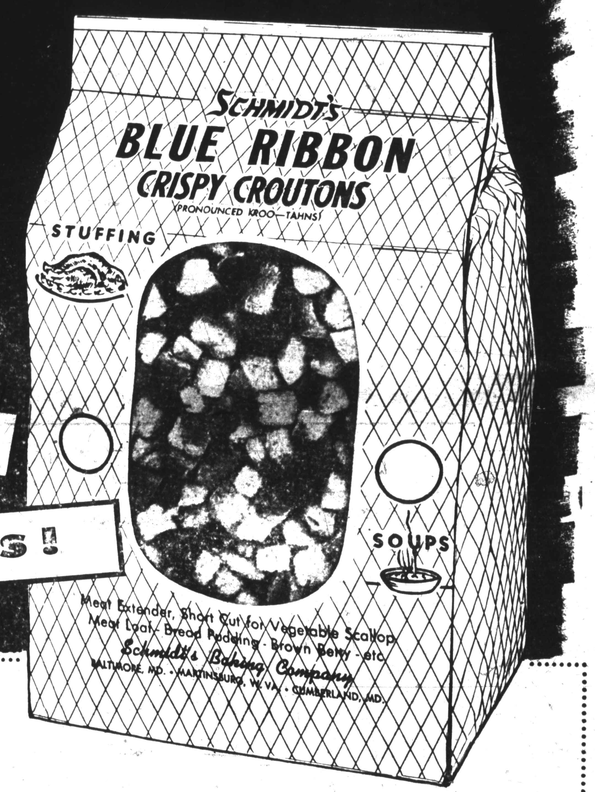
SCHMIDT'S BLUE RIBBON CROUTONS

MADE ON SPECIAL MACHINES FROM SCHMIDT'S BLUE RIBBON BREAD

NO BOTHER!

NO FUSS!

ACTUAL SIZE OF PACKAGE



Also Delicious for SOUPS, MEAT LOAFS AND CAN BE EATEN AS A . . . . . BREAKFAST CEREAL

Stuffs crop and body cavity of turkey weighing about 10 lbs.

A HOLIDAY TREAT!

SCHMIDT'S BROWN 'n SERVE ROLLS