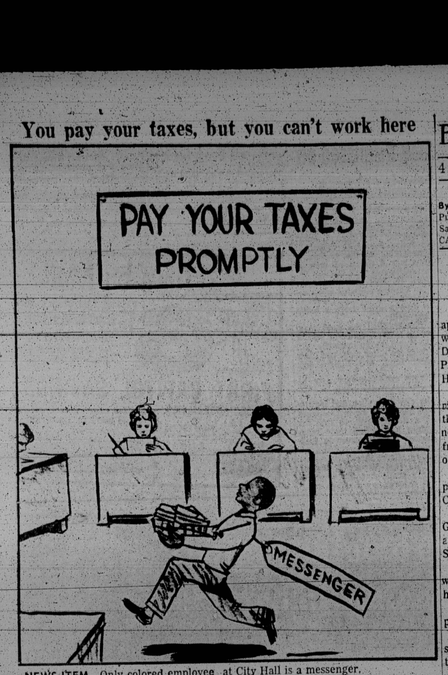
You pay your taxes, but you can't work here



NEWS ITEM—Only colored employee at City Hall is a messenger.

Baltimore Afro-American

4 FEBRUARY 6, 1960

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 would speak to America." Frederick Douglass

'Wrong-vote' Butler

The Senate Tuesday by a 70 to 18 roll call vote approved a proposed constitutional amendment that would outlaw poll taxes in Federal elections, permit District of Columbia residents the right to vote in Presidential elections and empower governors to fill House vacancies in emergencies.

Two of these propositions, clearly dealing with civil rights issues, nevertheless won the support of both of the Senators from Texas, both Senators from Tennessee, both from Florida, both from Kentucky, both from Oklahoma, one from North Carolina and even one from Louisiana.

Only twelve Democrats voted against the proposal and all were from bitter-end, massive-resistance, Confederate strongholds.

Among the six Republicans, clearly of the Old Guard persuasion, who voted against this rather timid approach to the civil rights question, was the senior Senator from Maryland — John Marshall Butler.

Surely, Senator Butler would not contend that he was representing his constituents in Maryland when he voted to protect the poll tax.

It was not the first time Mr. Butler has disappointingly cast his lot with the Dixiecrats.

From our viewpoint, he does a better job representing the segregationists of Mississippi than he does the citizens of Maryland.

Readers Say

Hymns degraded?

Dear AFRO:

Why can't our church singers stick to the old familiar tunes? Everything they sing has a rock and roll beat.

To me it is very degrading to hear our most sacred hymns sung in this fashion.

Let's hear other opinions. Someone else must feel the same as I do.

When I listen to the white churches, their choirs sing the hymns as they have been printed. When I listen to our churches I get very disgusted.

I am not an old fuddie dud. I am still in my early 40's.

MRS. ELSIE R. BELL

About cab fares

Dear AFRO:

I read that cab rates are now higher. I wonder if you really pay for the mileage you travel.

For instance, get a cab at Monument and Central Ave. and go to the City Hospitals and one time it will be 85 cents, another $1.25 and another .95 cents.

If you are paying for the mileage and if the meter is right, why are there different fares?

If the people who say anything the driver will tell them he will call police and sometimes they are locked up and made to pay a fine.

JOHN DOVER

Christian spirit

Dear AFRO:

The Department of Christian Social Relations of the Council of Churches of Maryland recommends to recent acts of prejudice, bigotry and vandalism, abroad and in this country currently coming to public attention as evidences of bloodthirsty and fanatic ism which Christians must deplore.

We commend the forbearance displayed by the leaders of the defaced synagogues, as evidence of the spirit of human kinship to which Christians adhere.

WILMER V. BELL,
Chairman
Christian Social Relations

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

"As of this date, I do not intend to criticize the kids who dig rock and roll anymore.

It took me quite awhile to realize that the youngsters of today are doing practically the same things you and I did as teenagers but in a different way.

The things that changed my way of thinking were a few photographs, some high school yearbooks and a mirror.

I figured that it was time for a change in attitude when I looked in the mirror the other morning and found a few gray hairs—not on the head but the mustache.

Was so surprised that time had taken me this long that I started looking through the old school records and trunks and boxes to see if it was really true.

First off, found a photograph of myself in a drape suit with a straw hat.

Wondered how I could have been so foolish as to wear that get up.

* * *

FURTHER DOWN in the trunk I came across a flask, a cigarette case, pipe and tobacco pouch, and a jacket with a group of names I would not care to repeat.

Found an empty record album with an index for "On the Outskirts of Town", "Knock Me A Kiss", "After Hours", "Undown Blues".

"Was still thinking about the so-called good old days when the kids rushed in from school and wanted to listen to Jackie Gleason, Fabian, The Small Fry Quartet or Lawrence Welk.

Then, if they still think they have made the right choice, go to it.

Love knows no color barriers, no race barriers, no religious barriers.

City job picture

The almost total absence of colored employees from City Hall during its entire history is prima facie evidence of racial discrimination.

Not even the rosiest of rose colored glasses can hide the fact that City Hall is shot through with racial discrimination and when it comes to jobs it is as if the colored citizens of Baltimore do not even exist.

This week an AFRO reporter visited City Hall and was able to locate only a single colored employee, a messenger, at this, the seat of our local democratic government.

Despite the presence on the statute books of an Equal Employment Opportunities Ordinance, a fair employment policy seems to be a stranger to the corridors of City Hall.

If this is not so, then what other reason is there to explain why through the years no colored person has even been regarded as qualified enough to hold down a **City Hall job?**

Actually, we know that there must have been qualified applicants but they were not given jobs because of one thing—their race.

In filling the majority of jobs in City Hall the Civil Service Commission sends five names to a department and the department head can take any one of the five persons.

The very fact that all of the employees in City Hall are white indicates that city officials have taken the job applicants and summarily rejected the colored job seekers.

In a speech delivered last week before the Frontiers, City Council President Philip Goodman frankly admitted that the problem does exist and we hope that this is an indication that there is going to be a substantial change in the City Hall job picture by the new administration.

When you have 32 per cent of the population and no personnel employed in City Hall, you are in a bad way—and this is the situation facing the colored citizens of Baltimore.

Love and kisses

Dot Lebohner, 18-year-old Alfred University freshman, and Warren Sutton, 21-year-old star basketball player at the same upstate New York College, held a tearful parting in a New York City police station on Wednesday.

But not before they kissed for cameramen and vowed they would some day carry out their thwarted plans to become husband and wife.

All the world enjoys a love story, as witness the interest in the stories last month concerning the Remington typewriter heiress, 19-year-old Gamble Benedict, whose plans to remain by the side of her married chauffeur-boyfriend, 35-year-old André Porumbeau, were interrupted by relatives.

And, in their case, there were vows by the two lovers that they would eventually marry, that is, after he divorces his present wife — an important step he overlooked.

But in the more recent case of Lebohner-Sutton, another disturbing issue arises.

Parental objection on both sides of the fence is based on the fact that basketball ace Sutton is colored, while his intended bride-to-be is white.

Her father is quoted as saying: "I know mixed marriages are almost impossible." His mother says: "His father and I told him we don't approve, mixed marriages just don't work."

A careful examination of statistics will show that her father and his mother are misinformed. Some mixed marriages don't work. Many more do. Some marriages between members of the same race don't last as witness the divorce stories each day.

We would be more sympathetic to the parents in this case if they had advised their youngsters that the age in which we live requires skilled men and women, and therefore they should finish their college studies and find jobs before they think seriously of marriage. Then, if they still think they have made the right choice, go to it.

Love knows no color barriers, no race barriers, no religious barriers.

Laurel Cemetery

The Laurel Cemetery case was tried in the courts last week, and a decision is expected momentarily.

Here is what is at stake:

A plot of city ground dedicated in perpetuity as a burial place, and under the laws of the state of Maryland was sold to individuals who contracted to own those lots forever.

Through new enabling legislation passed by the Legislature, the land was purportedly sold at a low figure to some individuals highly connected with government, and then resold at an extra good profit for other purposes.

Under this legislation and almost secretly, the burial grounds were dug up by a bulldozer and remains of important people scattered.

When the lot owners woke up, they no longer had a cemetery.

The legislation necessary to turn a cemetery into a building lot was passed so quietly and quickly. The condemnation notices were put in the Daily Record which has a circulation of some 4,000, chiefly among lawyers, judges, and real estate men, but not in the AFRO-AMERICAN which has a circulation of over 60,000, and reaches the people who had an interest in the Laurel Cemetery.

In any event, all of this was washed out in the courts last week. Those concerned with the whole business are of such prominence that it is plain no matter which way the case goes, it will eventually be before the Court of Appeals and perhaps the U.S. Supreme Court.

It ought never be possible for any group of private citizens to purchase a cemetery for a small sum of money and sell it for a higher sum of money either through condemnation proceedings or through a legislative act not widely advertised.

If that kind of business can be gotten through in the case of Laurel Cemetery, then cemeteries of all the people are in danger.

Step up, be counted

Uncle Sam is getting ready to count heads again, as he does every 10 years.

Come April 1, census takers throughout the nation will start knocking on doors to make the count.

Right now, in district offices throughout the nation, supervisory staffs are hiring the 10,000 crew leaders and the approximately 160,000 enumerators who will visit the nation's 61 million homes to do the counting.

These workers will make better than $12 a day for their efforts. A story elsewhere in this edition tells who is qualified, how and where to apply and other details.

If you are interested in helping Uncle Sam with his head counting, now is the time to step up to the application window in your district and be counted.

Blue Cross change

In January, the Maryland Hospital Service, which operates the Blue Cross and Blue Shield programs in the state, increased the number of board members from 21 to 23.

The amendment to the by-laws which makes possible the change, explains it as a move to give representatives of the subscribing public a majority membership on the board.

Presently there are 5 members for the medical society, 7 for participating hospitals and 9 for the subscribing public. All are white.

Under the new arrangement, there will be 17 public, 11 hospital and 5 medical representatives on the board. This adds up to 12 new members.

We submit that since a substantial number of colored subscribers are among the 1,046,000 Maryland families covered by Blue Cross and the 580,000 covered by Blue Shield, a truly fair representation should include colored board members.

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;

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Sex is here to stay.

Confirmation of this somewhat less than earth shaking revelation comes with a close examination of today's TV advertisements with their strong undertones, and sometimes overtones, of sex.

It must have been a great day on New York's Madison Ave., hub of the nation's advertising business, when some unsung genius discovered that sex can be used to sell almost anything under the sun.

Oh joy, what a glorious day when it was realized that in the future a product would not have to be sold simply on it's merits.

Ti was the beginning of a new era. Get a pretty girl who oozes sex appeal and you could sell frozen pomegranate juice, crispy crunchy cereals, mechanized monsters from the factories of Detroit or underwater lots in Florida.

This to many was the greatest dicovery since the late P. T. Barnum took a long look at the world and decided: "There's one born every minute."

Now the boys in the gray flannel suits are engaged in an all-out campaign to convince even the homliest and most unpopular person in the world that all they have to do is to use the sponsor's product and they will be instantly turned into someone irresistible.

* * *

WHEN THE advertising boys want to reach the male on TV they usually round up a well upholstered lady who would make Brigitt Bardot look like an innocent high school freshman.

In a voice, just covered with a "come on up to my house cause ain't nobody home but me" tone, she launches into her sales spiel and one cannot help but get the impressions that if one uses her sponsor's product, she will be available as an extra bonus—in place of green stamps.

Listen to these young ladies and you'll end up believing that all you have to do is buy a certain brand of hair dressing and the ladies will pursue you; drink a specific type of beer and the belle of the ball will go fishing with you; or smoke a well known brand of cigarette and the chicks will simply swoon into your arms.

I tried the hair dressing and got a pleasant smile and not one pursuit. I drank the beer and got a case of heart burn and not one offer to go fishing. I smoked the cigarettes and nobody but nobody was impressed.

* * *

IT WAS then that I stopped believing in Madison Avenue.

However, I have since noticed that a lot of the ladies have been seen with what they consider to be a **handsome husband.**

Always the ladies are exhorted to buy a product, not because it's going to do anything constructive, but because it's going to make them more desirable.

A typical one would be this example of the ad of a bleach manufacturer. The commercial opens with the husband coming in from a hard day in the salt mines. He is beat to the gills but as soon as he hits the front door of his home his face breaks into smiles.

Husband — Gee honey, the house sure looks nice.

Wife—That's because I used Old Dad's Clean 'Em Up Bleach in order that everything can be spic and span in our little dream cottage here on Honeymoon Lane.

Husband—My what a wonderful idea and as you know with people who know, it's Old Dad Bleach-no-to-be-sold.

Wife—I'm glad that my little babyfing is glad and that you wish every body used Old Dad's.

Husband—Yes I do because without Old Dad's you are not half clean. And dear because you were so wise to use Old Dad's I am going to get you that mink coat you want and take you on an six-month cruise around the world.

Wife—Oh goody, and to think I owe it all to Old Dad's Clean 'Em Up Bleach ... Kiss me lover boy.

* * *

AND WITH that the commercial ends and the housewives rush out to buy Old Dad's by the cases, expecting that they too will be rewarded like the lady on TV.

Then they have the nerve to be disappointed when the man of the house comes in after a hard day's work, and asks:

"What in the blazes is that stuff that smells so bad?"

But the ladies never lose hope that they too can be-like the lady on TV and they keep believing the commercials and hoping that one day romance will come into their lives.

As I said, sex is here to stay.

Job Front

By EDWARD PEEKS

Civil Service Commission announced the following job positions, all in the Washington area except where noted, under the 10 point veteran preference:

Printing plant worker, $1.64 an hour; offset duplicating press operator, $1.81 to $2.01 an hour, and warehouse examiner, $5,985 a year.

Communications cryptograph coding clerk, $3,755; Electronic technician, $3,495 to $8,330; Electronic technician, $3,495 to $8,330; engineering aid (radio), $4,040 and $4,490.

ELECTRONIC computer operator trainee, $4,040; flight operations and airworthiness inspector, $5,985 to $8,330; information and editorial positions (general, press, publications and radio), $5,355 to $12,770.

Administrative officer, $5,470 to $8,330. Applicants are required to have five or six years of experience. Four years of

IF YOU Ask Me

By B .M. Phillips

People, places and things...

MRS. KENNEDY LT. - COL. CLARK

DR. ELLIS MR. SEDGEWICK

Prettiest visitor in these parts this week: Mrs. John F. Kennedy (they call her "Jackie"). She was in Annapolis with her handsome husband who hopes to be the next President of the U.S. He was here to file in the Maryland primary on Tuesday.

Even attentive and close by her hubby's side was Mrs. Kennedy, who wore a handsome, navy blue two-piece dress, medium-high heel pumps which brought her up to about five-foot ten, and a charming, perpetual smile.

Says our Annapolis writer, Max Johnson:—

"She did not appear to be too talkative, just graciously answered many queries.

"On these infrequent occasions when she was not at the side of her husband, it was a popular person in the world that all they have to do is to use the sponsor's product and they will be instantly turned into someone irresistible.

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More people and things...

This is the time of year when a high school teacher sent a plaque to Miss Lillie Mae Jackson (Mrs.) which six words were spelled incorrectly.

The letter advised parents of the importance of the last semester of the school year, and detailed the vital lessons in arithmetic, spelling, etc. which are to come.

Wrong words in the letter were: chile (for child), semember, scholl (for school) chil for child and hoss for house!

And, the letter was signed by the teacher!

* * *

The Milton Stanleys (Dorcas) won't be getting around much for a while, or at least not until they train a babysitter.

As of last week, they are parents. They have adopted his nephew, four - month - old Bryan Owings Stanley, whose mother died in childbirth.

What a lucky youngster he is to have two such nice people for his mommie and daddy.

* * *

It is a boy for Dr. and Mrs. Jesse Holmes (Irma). Baby was born Jan. 27 in Provident, weighed in at 6 pounds, 9 ounces, has been named Richard Benjamin ("We'll call him Ricky").

Congrats to the mother, at 2436 Callow Ave. Dr. Holmes is resident at Provident.

He paced up and down outside the delivery room while his co-worker, Dr. Claude Hill, delivered the first Holmes heir.

Father and Mrs. Robert Bennett (Patricia) are planning for a visit from the Stork.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stokes (Gloria) have named their infant Sturgis Allen Stokes.

Baby arrived Jan. 25 at 10:10 p.m., at Hopkins Hospital, tipped the scales at 7 pounds, 11 ounces.

Helios to Mrs. Elaine Wright, 2044 N. Fulton Ave., who has been slowed down with a bad case of "influenzaitis" followed by then pneumonia.

She says: "They tell me I had a pretty close call, but I'm doing much better now. However, Mrs. Wright confides, it will be weeks before she will be able to get around much, so cheer her up.

Brush your pen in sunshine and send it along to: the Rev. Thomas J. Jackson, veteran

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Pleasant person met this week: Leonard Sedgewick, who makes his home here with his cousin, Mrs. Catherine Torrence at 2229 Madison Ave.

Mr. Torrence, retired Sears-Roebuck gas station manager worked 20 years for the firm in Johnstown, Pa., moved back here to his native Baltimore after the death of his wife four years ago.

Mrs. Torrence was the former Mary Lee Barrow, distant relative of Joe Louis (His family's name is Barrow). She was active in Eastern Star circles, was grand matron of Pa.

Mr. Sedgewick is the son of the late Marcella Merritt and Eugene Sedgewick. Mrs. Sedgewick's father (Oliver Merritt) for years ran a coal yard at Madville and Effing Sts. Remember? ? ?

Word from Medford, Mass., tells of the death there on Jan. 5 of Mrs. Nellie Gaskins Pollen, one time **Baltimore teacher.**

Remember when she taught at the old Biddle St. school and remember **when her son was born and another teacher, the late Miss Alma Kelly was his godmother?**

Condolence to the son, Shelton Pollen Jr., at 20 Logan Ave., Medford, 55, Mass.

Funeral services are scheduled for Saturday morning, in Cincinnati, Ohio for Mrs. Jeanette Triplett Jones of Chicago, national President of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority.

She died suddenly Monday morning in Detroit, while visiting at the home of Mrs. Homer Smith (Bonnie).

Surviving relative is Mrs. Sanford Stevens, a cousin of 1225 Chapel St., Cincinnati.

* * *

Bad luck continued to pursue Howard Jones, remember, Cornelius Jones, retired longshoreman, Mason and Odd Fellow, who is on the Order 2 section at Hopkins Hospital, and has been there since December.

More shut-ins in need of sunshine wishes: — Bernard Mason, 628 Pitcher St. He has been at Hopkins two weeks.

Mrs. Bessie Boston, widow of the AME minister, is confined at Pimlico home—5414 Dandridge Ave.

Cheer also to: Stanley Fance, 2123 Presstman St.; Joan Manning, 2229 Cloverdale Rd., Roland Rayne, 3410 Elgin Ave., Maude Lupee, 1113 Edmondson Ave., Albert Stewart, City Hospitals and Mrs. Ruby Saxad, 2609 Chelsea Terr., and Mrs. Mildred Hamilton, 436 E. 23rd St.

* * *

Glad you're better cards to P.D.G. Pennington, the retired teacher, 1518 McCulloh St.

He was oh, so ill in Hopkins Hospital, but since Saturday has been recuperating at home.

Happy birthday cards to: Joseph Pratt Sr., 2503 W. Pratt St. He is 83 years old today (Feb. 5).

Mr. Pratt is the longtime member of Fulton Baptist Church, who was Sunday School superintendent for 22 years, and who is still a Bible class teacher.

He makes his home at the Pratt St. address with his daughter, Mrs. Mable James.

* * *

Congrats to Miss Charlotte Williams, 3403 Woodbrook Ave., who is always remembering other folks' birthdays. Hers is on Feb. 6.

Also on Feb. 5—Mrs. Robert Ferguson (Milbourne), 710 Whitmore Ave. And, remember Meadville, Pa. Feb. 8 birthday cards to her at Box 3, N. Park Ave. Extension,