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 would speak to America."
Frederick Douglass

Let's get in step fellows!

NEWS ITEM — Top officials in the city's administration have condemned racial prejudice in hiring. The city's EEOC has constantly attacked discrimination in hiring. However, city department heads have bypassed qualified colored applicants and maintained an almost complete "white only" setup at City Hall.

Readers Say

On great books

Dear AFRO:

The Great Books Foundation is again offering a leader training course in Baltimore. The purpose of this course is to train leaders for Great Books discussion groups in the Baltimore area.

This course will begin at the Enoch Pratt Free Library on March 7th.

MRS. MORTON L. SALAN

Race and WMAR

Dear AFRO:

On Tuesday morning (about nine o'clock) I listened to Sue Kerr give the news bulletins. It seemed that in every other bulletin, he used the word "Negro."

For example, in discussing the fact that a group of hoodlums attacked a minister, he identified them as colored. But, I heard the same news bulletin on a WBAL-TV and also on a Washington station and no mention was made of race. In fact, identifying the hoodlums as to race was unimportant. Why is it WMAR does it?

MRS. — MR. FAIR

EDITOR'S NOTE: We put this question to Dave Sickels, WMAR-TV news editor. He said in effect: WMAR-TV is owned by the Baltimore Sun. The day the Sun stops using racial designations, we will. It is Baltimore Sun policy to use racial designation.

Cossacks, thanks

Dear AFRO:

Our sincere thanks to you for wonderful news items concerning our Baltimore Cossacks Inc. in your paper last week 29. It was expertly handled.

WILLIAM N. MASON
Vice President

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Riding a city bus or streetcar has always been somewhat of an adventure for me.

While most passengers are content to read their papers or talk with new found friends, I get a kick out of looking, listening and reading the car ads.

For the first time in almost two years I gave the BTC a bit of business this week.

By the time I had completed two rides I had been punched in the eye, had witnessed a heated argument between a nonworman and a drunk, and had been held up for almost 20 minutes.

Received the eye injury when a portly matron sat down and accidently slugged me with her purse. She didn't bother to apologize.

The motorman and the drunk almost came to blows because the guy didn't pay his fare.

After telling the old goat to go to you know where, the drunk rode five blocks and then staggered off.

The motorman didn't bother to have the cop arrested.

AT SARATOGA ST., near Fremont Ave., the street car was held up when the axle broke on a truck in the middle of the track.

As the jolly motorman got off to investigate he told his passengers, "Don't anybody leave now."

Another handsome couple walked into Central Police Court the other day to air their differences.

After living together for months (neither was married), they decided to call it quits.

The attractive woman insisted that she was entitled to keep a strand of colored pearls, a watch and an expensive foreign make camera because they were presents "once given from the heart."

The gentleman also wanted the camera and a chain to pick up his bar coat, bar tools, and a pair of binoculars.

Both admitted that until recently, they had a swinging time together.

The magistrate told them, "You should get married. You argue like husband and wife."

Welfare fraud

When the Department of Public Welfare discovered some of its clients were illegally receiving public assistance, same was reported to police.

This week in Criminal Court four persons convicted of obtaining welfare funds under false pretenses were jailed for two, three and six years.

Judge J. Gilbert Prendergast who presided at the trials, suggested that welfare applicants should sign sworn statements as to their need for public assistance as one step to prevent fraud.

City Councilman Peter Angelos (D-3rd) echoes Judge Prendergast's sworn statement proposal and calls for the resignation of Miss Esther Lazarus, Welfare Department director.

We think these four cases of fraud are the exception rather than the rule, and we hasten to point out that all four were uncovered by welfare personnel themselves.

Miss Lazarus also points out that the system of requiring the needy to sign affidavits was tried once under the old Public Works Program and wasn't effective in weeding out the cheats.

We are inclined to go along with Miss Lazarus who has a long record of able public service.

As to Miss Lazarus, she takes orders, as we understand it, from an advisory board composed of highly regarded citizens who determine Department policies within the framework of regulations fixed by the goverment. Uncle Sam provides nearly one-half (9 million) of Welfare funds.

If those concerned with fraud on public rolls—and we all are — would work to see that the DPW has sufficient funds to employ trained social workers, there could be adequate protection of the public's money.

Experts tell us that where the case load is light and workers have time to service their clients, fraud is at a minimum. And, anyway, we think DPW deserves praise not criticism, for discovering the fraud in its own department and taking steps to correct it.

We are blessed

There is no doubt about it, residents in the Baltimore area are blessed.

For the past week, they have had balmy, spring weather bright sunshine to go along with it, and the thermometer registering between 50 and 60 degrees.

In fact, Wednesday's 68 degrees set a record high for February 10.

On the other hand, a crippling snowstorm, said to be the worst in years, has hit a large section of the Midwest. People in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan are battling snowdrifts ten feet high. Roads and highways are impassable. Schools, businesses and industries are closed tight. So far, deaths due to the storm total 22.

So, there is reason to give thanks for our May in February weather.

We were not so fortunate on Feb. 15, 1958, when Baltimore was paralyzed with 16 inches of snow.

Now the M's gone

Last month, we reported the C (for Christian) is still missing from the YMCA. This institution for development of boys and young men continues to drag its feet in the matter of implementing a 1955 agreement to integrate its facilities.

This week, passersby in the vicinity of the Central Y (24 W. Franklin St.) were struck by the fact that the neon sign outside has the M missing, so the sign reads "Y.C.A."

Perhaps the M is sympathizing with the C which has been long gone. We'd like to see the day come quickly when both the C and the M are back in place, and that day will be when this so-called Christian association practices the C (for Christianity) it preaches.

THE AFRO'S CREDO

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

Whether it has any 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 H. MURPHY SR., 1920

'Preacher' Wright

The Rev. Dr. James A. Wright, pastor of the combined Bethel and Talcott Street Congregational Church, was buried last week in Hartford, Connecticut.

He had served his church for 43 years and was the respected dean of all the Congregational ministers in New England. The clergy of the area turned out to honor him.

Dr. Wright had served as moderator of the Hartford churches, and accomplished the rare feat of uniting an AME and a Congregational Church into one parish under one minister.

But this Dr. Wright was a native of Baltimore. He was a Sunday School scholar in Perkins Square Baptist Church.

Early in life, when asked what he wanted to be, he answered "a preacher." The name stuck and all his life he was "Preacher Wright" to those who knew him best.

The exclusion of colored children from public schools and colleges in his native city caused him to seek an education at Howard and Harvard Universities.

Once he left Baltimore for other areas more liberal in human relations, he never sought to return.

There may be no way to total the talent and brains and culture a jim crow city loses when its best minds move elsewhere either because of inadequate educational facilities or lack of employment equality.

But maybe we should try.

The loss of Dr. Wright to the city of Baltimore and state of Maryland is a case in point.

Veronica Tyler

Our Veronica (Tyler) won third prize ($100) in the Metropolitan Opera auditions held in Washington last week.

But judges were not satisfied. They declared quite boldly that Metropolitan Opera Company picked the first place winner and left the judges to name only second and third.

Under these circumstances, it may well be that Veronica was actually a winner of second or even first place.

However, no matter how the judges rated her this is true:

Out of 43 singers who tried out there were nine left in the finals, and Veronica was in the top three.

The critics have had a chance to see her and rate a new voice and have found it good.

With experience gained in this Metropolitan Opera contest, it might just turn out that Veronica will win the next one.

After five years

Douglass High School teams lead the Maryland Schoiastic Association in both varsity and junior varsity basketball leagues, with seven victories and one defeat. Dunbar High is second in another division of the same scholastic conference.

On a single basketball day this week, Douglass defeated Southern, 60-32, and Carver defeated Forest Park, 58-45. Dunbar, on last Friday, ran over City College, 75-23.

In swimming, Mervo whipped Dunbar 51-34.

In wrestling, Carver defeated Mervo, 19-17.

In rifle, Poly walloped Calvert Hall 461 to 488.

And so it will go through the period school is in session.

Football, baseball, tennis, track teams formerly all colored or all white will meet on even terms in athletic competition.

Colored teams not only play white teams, but there are colored kids on all the city high school squads.

In classrooms as in athletics after five years, integration is taken as a matter of course.

Seven out of ten pupils who graduated with honors from a junior high school last week were colored.

So, the wonder is that there are still some states from Virginia to Florida which have obstinately refused to take the first steps towards school integration.

But even we can not be smug about our progress in human relations.

There are still jim crow restaurants and stores in our city, and almost total exclusion from some state and city jobs, including jobs in our City Hall.

New expressway

Within the past decade the face of Baltimore has been drastically and dramatically altered with the construction of new highways, housing projects, office buildings, schools and shopping centers.

Plans for the latest and perhaps the most grandiose of these alterations, the proposed East-West Expressway, were unveiled last week to the accompaniment of official praise that indicates it will just be a matter of time before the project receives the final stamp of approval.

When completed the expressway will provide a non-stop high speed route from the western edge of Baltimore across the city, linking the eastern and western suburbs, major routes to Philadelphia, and the west and points in between.

Several years will pass before work can actually begin on the project but it is not too early in the game to raise the question of what will happen to the residents in the 2,000 homes that will have to be demolished to make way for the super highway.

The task of resettling so many families will be a major one that should have the benefit of first rate city planning so that no family will have to suffer in the name of progress.

Residents in the affected area would do well to keep abreast of plans for the highway and to contact groups, such as their neighborhood associations and the NAACP, to make certain that when it comes time to move that they will not be left "holding the bag" victims of the changing times.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

It's not that I'm a coward it's just that I don't want to be a dead hero.

The latest incident to put me to the test started when the Fort Meade public relations office sent in a news release dealing with its new jet helicopter.

"Jet helicopter." I mused to myself, since people don't do musing in public, sounds interesting."

With that brilliant observation I turned to our city editor, a soft spoken gentleman by the name of Moses Newson, and said:

"Old buddy, let's go take a ride in one of them there helicopters."

"Sure," he says which rather disponts me, since the idea is growing less attractive with each passing second and I keep hearing a little voice within me saying something about if you had been meant to fly you would have been born with wings.

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THE NECESSARY arrangements are made with Fort Meade for a ride on Saturday and all that is lacking is final confirmation.

Friday morning I pick up a morning paper and there, looking me right in the blood shot eyes, is this interesting item:

"One of the Army's new jet helicopters on a flight from Fort Belvoir, Va., crashed yesterday killing two men."

"Yipes," I say to me, "I wonder if that was the one we were supposed to go up in."

For the rest of the day I stayed as far away from the telephone as possible and when no call came I breathed a sigh of relief, hoping that perhaps the plans for the ride had gotten fouled up in red tape and would never be heard of any more.

And that was a stupid thing to think, because on Wednesday here comes this telephone call.

"Fort Meade calling," says the voice, "we've got everything straight."

"Straight for what?" I asked in a voice of pure innocence.

"For your helicopter ride," comes the answer. "We had to take care of several things which is why we didn't call you last week."

"Those things wouldn't include putting back together the badly damaged helicopter?" I wanted to know.

"Ha, ha," came the hollow laugh, "of course not."

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SINCE THERE was no way I could bow out gracefully, I had to say I would show up Saturday morning, rain or shine, though if it had rained I would have gone up, but it didn't rain, so there I was.

I'm no judge of airplanes but this one looks ready to fly with two wings. But this helicopter didn't have any wings anywhere and from a layman's view I didn't see how it was going to be possible to get off the ground, and even if I got off the ground, how did they expect to keep it in the air?

They had one big blade on the top and another little bitty blade on the back — and that was it, brother.

But that big blade stops turning — well don't worry, you'll probably have some nice flowers at your last rites.

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NATURALLY I try to be the last one inside, but there's some pushing going on somewhere and I find that I'm the third man in a four-man seat in the back of the plane.

Photographer I. Henry Phillips is sitting near a window, Mr. Newson is next, then I, and the other end seat is taken up by a fellow from a county paper.

A soldier straps me in and my mind flashes back to a picture called the "Last Mile" and the way they strapped this fellow in the chair and then pulled the switch and french fried him.

The pilot hits about 225 different buttons and the whirlybird on top starts turning and the plane starts jumping up and down, up and down.

We don't use an anyplace, but we have a nice time bouncing up and down and as far as I'm concerned, I've had my ride for the day.

FINALLY the captain cuts the engine and announces we'll have to transfer to another plane as we are having radio trouble.

In making the transfer I get caught between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Newson and there is no way I can fade away so I end up on the second plane in the same darn position.

We take off straight up in the air leaving my stomach on the ground, where I should have been.

Next thing I know we are over Baltimore City and the only way I know is because somebody tells me.

I'm too busy trying not to look down.

When I do, the cars in the street look like little bugs and the people look so small that they are almost invisible.

The captain stops the plane and hovers in one spot long enough for me to see what the British call a "stiff upper lip" while everyone else is enjoying himself.

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WITH A couple more darts and dips we head back to Meade and never in my life have I been so glad to see a dreary base.

The pilot hovers over the landing pad for a few moments, about three feet from the ground, and I'm ready to bet the pad walk the rest of the way.

After we land safely and unhurt, I'm the last one out, and I loved the trip.

"It's the end, dad," I say, "and when I say the end I mean the end."

I sure appreciate the Army taking me for a ride and I think the jet helicopter is the most. But the next time I take up for a ride and I'm up in going to have some wings on it, someplace.

IF YOU Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

People places and things

Here from Chicago: David E. Rice Jr., who is handling funeral arrangements for his stepmother, Mrs. Camille Wren Rice, widow of the Rev. David E. Rice.

Mrs. Rice died on Monday in Chicago where she has been living with her sister, Mrs. Greenwood Ave.)

The body is due to arrive at the Katie Williams Funeral Home on Saturday. Tentative plans are for funeral services 1 p.m. Monday at Grace Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Mr. Rice was the pastor of Payne Memorial AME Church when he died in August, 1949 at the age of 52. Remember he came to Baltimore in 1935 to pastor St. John Church?

And, remember forty - eight hours before he died he predicted his own death from the pulpit telling members: "I've finished my work and am at the river. You have been a good congregation, and I have been fine to me. Continue to stick together."

And, remember 65 ministers including two AME bishops, A. J. Allen and Monroe H. Davis, now deceased, officiated at the two and a half hour funeral services which were attended by 1500 persons.

And, remember amplifiers had to be installed so the 500 persons in the downstairs auditorium and in the street could hear the impressive services?

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And, remember, George Kelson was the undertaker; Josiah Henry read the obituary, and Edward C. Lewis, then Urban League secretary here, (now national urban league secretary in New York,) acknowledged cards and message of sympathy?

And, remember, David Jr. was an honor graduate of Douglass High, who was graduated from Ohio State University, and later won his law degree at Northwestern University?

He is now a counsellor in Chicago with a business firm.

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More Baltimore visitors this weekend: J. Alston Atkins and Mrs. Atkins of Winston - Salem, N.C.

They are at the Sheraton.

The Atkinses are associated to the Thurgood Marshall law paper chain. They toured the AFRO plant during their stay.

Cards of congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Lane (Geneva Gilbert) on their twelfth anniversary.

Baby number four, a girl, arrived at Provident Hospital on Tuesday (Feb. 9), weighing a hefty eight pounds. They had expected twins.

Baby makes three girls and one boy for the family. This is also an AFRO circulation salesman, Mr. Leroy Jackson G. Glaze, who has opened a medical laboratory at 1930 W. North Ave. It is called Precision Clinical Lab. It is equipped to give all types of lab tests.

MRS. DeBEAL — MR. DANIELS

MR. GLAZE — MR. RICE

Congratulations also to Jackson G. Glaze, who has opened a medical laboratory at 1930 W. North Ave. It is called Precision Clinical Lab. It is equipped to give all types of lab tests.

Mr. Glaze is a graduate of Lincoln University, Pa., and received his laboratory training in the Army. Associated with him as apprentice will be his brother-in-law, Earl Brown, who also is Army - trained.

Mr. Glaze is a Virginia native, son of Mrs. Lottie Glaze and the late Jackson Glaze of Farmville.

He is married to a Baltimore girl, pretty Hilah Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown. Remember when she was Miss Morgan of 1950?

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Young, intelligent, handsome man out job - hunting: Samuel T. (Sammy) Daniels, formerly executive secretary of the Governor's Commission on Interracial Problems and more recently on the public relations staff of the now defunct Gunther's.

Daniels joined the unemployed when the Hamm organization which absolved Gunther's, revised and revamped the public relations setup.

But Sammy says he has several irons in the fire, so you'll be hearing he has soon deserted the unemployed rolls.

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Attractive Erma K. DeBeal, who has quit her post as community relations director for Gust, with the Baltimore Urban League, will be in a new spot shortly.

Cortez Puryear has succeeded her at the League.

Mrs. DeBeal, you know, is the New Orleans girl who was formerly with the Department of Public Welfare.

She and her husband, Glen, live in the Walbrook section.

She (valley Crest Rd.) There are eight year old son, Marshall Keith DeBeal.

More people and things..

MR. BOWLES — MRS. REID

Dip your pen in sunshine and send get well cheers to the Rev. V. V. K. Stokes, 1556 McCulloh St., who was released from Hopkins Hospital over the weekend.

And to John Midgett, Mapleton, Md., who underwent an operation at Ft. Howard Veterans Hospital last week.

Linwood Bowles, the friendly and longtime Rice's Bakery employee (11 years), gave up his delivery route as of this week.

From now on, he will be working inside. Doctor ordered him to cut down on his driving.

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Get well cards and cheer to Mrs. Gladys Gaskyne, the nurse, at 302 Mt. Holly St.

She has been ill with the flu, but had to leave her sick bed on Wednesday to go to Philly and help arrange funeral services for her father, the Rev. George M. Perrette.

The Rev. Mr. Perrette, a retired AME minister, will be buried in Mount Moriah. The funeral services (from Jones Tabernacle Church in Philly) are set for Friday. He was E. Grey, 2230 Druid Hill Ave.

He was in Hopkins Hospital for two operations, is now resting at his home.

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Mrs. Florence Mae Jenkins, who was buried at Stevenson Ave. church in Sparks, Md. on Thursday, was one of the oldest members of the church.

She died Sunday at Sinai Hospital. Funeral was Tuesday at the church. Rev. Mr. Bishop officiated and burial was in Dorsville Cem.

February 14 is Valentine Day, but it is also the birthday of Bishop Richard Allen (1760 - 1831), founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

February 16 birthday cards to **John Rich**, the teacher, 1727 Druid Hill Ave. February 17 to **Dr. Lucius Butler**, 903 Franklin St.

February 18, remember Mrs. Jessye Valentine, 2019 Edmondson Ave., Feb. 19, Mrs. Bernice Moore, 1109 N. Fulton Ave.

More February birthdays: Feb. 13—Mrs. Pannajee Reid, the fraternal leader, who is also well known as the AFRO's Cornbread Lady. Her recipes appear weekly on the AFRO's woman's pages. Her address—1306 W. Lanvale St.

Also celebrating Feb. 15 — Mrs. Macco Williams, wife of the director of the Druid Health Center, 3413 Rosedale St.

February 18 remember Mrs. Charlotte Downie, the AFRO's Eastside columnist. Her address: 2411 Montebello Terrace.

And, Feb. 19, Milford Jefferson, the caterer, 1703 Ruxton Ave.

Capt. Jesse Peaker, 2017 Dukeland St. (he's staff assistant, 5th Regiment Guard) marks his birthday Feb. 20.

Feb. 15 greetings to James (Bishop) Taylor, 4301 Midwood Ave.

Thought of the week: From the pen of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, famed counselor and author: "Let the dealings we have had with human problems over the past thirty years have become more and more convinced that what the individual does with a calamity of it had break usually determines what he will do with his life."

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Verse of the week: Believe not each accusing tongue, at best weak persons do; but still believe that story wrong which sought not to be true." —Author Unknown.

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Prayer of the week as suggested by Mrs. Mary Cuba at Gardenson, 901 Veronica Ave., Baltimore: "Help us, who get our strength from this week:

"Teach me humility, O Lord, Grant me the spirit that Christ had when He said, 'Not my will but thine be done.' Help me to conquer pride of possession and environment and to realize that all things come from God.

"May I never be guilty of prejudice against others, in thought, word, or deed, not set myself above another, remembering that in them God's eyes we are all His children and His love is given freely to each of us.

"And finally, O Lord, I pray that you will remove from my heart every complaint and resentment, humbly submitting myself to God's will, in the sure knowledge of His eternal love. Amen.

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Truism of the week: Yesterday is but a dream And tomorrow is only a vision But, today well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness And every tomorrow a vision of hope. — From the Sanskrit.

Pictures, information on Douglass graduates wanted by Survey

The "Survey" staff of Frederick Douglass High School is trying to obtain pictures and information of Douglass graduates who graduated prior to the year 1911.

The pictures and information will be placed in the June, 1960 "Survey."

All persons to whom this applies are asked to contact R. O. Norris or F. Anderson at Douglass at once.

Western Hi students hear Dr. Brain

By ANDREA PAIR

Western High School was host on Tuesday to a most distinguished guest speaker, Dr. George B. Brain, superintendent of schools.

His talk was most interesting.

Later, Mrs. Nanette R. Blackiston, principal, led Dr. Brain on a tour of the school. The two stopped in many rooms to talk with teachers and students.

Two groups of girls were honored during the assembly. Two were the new mid - year sophomore classes, and the members of the 50 Club.

The latter group includes Portia Smith, Claudia Rawls, Mamie McNeill and Geraldine Nicholson.

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THE CLASS of 1963 will be entertained today (Friday) by its sister class of 1961. From what I hear, this year's junior - sophomore party promises to be a smashing success.

The students council has been selling tickets for its annual dance, the Shamrock Swing. I'm sure many Westerners will be present in the recreation room of the school on March 12 to dance to the music of the Men of Note.

Barbara Rifkind, a senior in the A course, is quite special. She has received the National Council of Teachers English Achievement Award for being one of the best English students in the nation.

She was presented a scroll by Dr. Brain during the assembly.

The Dramatic Club is in rehearsal for its production of Don Quixote. The play is slated as a Yearbook benefit. Featured are Jackie Finnie, Ernestine Jones and Pat Greene.

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THIS PAST week lived up to all the dreams and expectations of 41 members of the Western High School's February graduating class.

The girls received their diplomas on Thursday from Mayor J. Harold Grady.

On Saturday, the banquet was held at the Emerson Hotel. Myrtle Jackson was chairman.

Later, the same evening was held the Senior Prom in the Wedgewood Room of the Emerson.

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ISLAMIC PHILOSOPHY TO BE DISCUSSED

WASHINGTON

Mohammed Hashim Mazwandwah, ambassador of the Foreign Kasadoy, research, will speak Thursday night on "Islamic Philosophy of Progress." The Islamic Center, 2551 Massachusetts Ave. NW.

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MR. AND MRS. MILTON E. BRANCH SR.—Blindness retired him from his job but has not dulled his interest in life.

'Worried, shy, afraid,' Mrs. Coleman feels she is unworthy of Feb. 14 honor

By ELIZABETH M. OLIVER

Mrs. Veola Coleman, a brilliant lady with silvery hair, age 82, is going to be the honoree at a testimonial dinner given by the Missionary Society of the Union Baptist Church on Valentine Day, Feb. 14.

The affair will be typical of Valentine Day, complete with hearts and flowers, and we suspect Mrs. Coleman will be the sweetheart of the hour as the church, civic groups, neighbors and friends praise her for nearly 40 years of unselfish service to church and community.

The banquet is scheduled for Sunday, 4 p.m. at the Harvey Johnson Community Center. Goes to the Union Baptist Church at Druid Hill Ave. near Dolphin St. Mrs. Muriel Stewart is chairman.

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THE PROMINENT church and civic leader is used to being honored in many ways and she chuckles, "the only thing I didn't know about it, I've been keeping things secret from me. I whole lot is going on that I don't know about."

But, actually, Mrs. Coleman is filled with misgivings about the affair.

She says: "I feel so unworthy of such a big event. "I really don't think I have done so much that I should be honored."

Little bit "scared", some what bashful and shy, and, as she explains, "worried about my appearance." Mrs. Coleman nevertheless is getting ready for the gala evening.

She will wear an exquisite but quiet frock of blue chiffon printed with green leaves and trimmed in green.

Her jewelry will be matching blue, her favorite color, and she will wear black gloves.

MRS. VEOLA COLEMAN
Testimonial for her on Sunday

FURTHER revealing how she feels, Mrs. Coleman mildly distributed that service to her church and the community is just a part of my life.

She said: "It's embarrassing to look around and suddenly people have been watching what you do.

"I didn't realize I was worthy of comment. I have just been doing what I thought was neighborly and Christian-like.

"In my home in Danville, Va. I was brought up in that spirit.

"I belonged to church when I was just a year old. I suppose you might say I have been working in the church since then.

"From babyhood, I have been neighborly and a Christian.

"I don't think I'm worthy of praise for doing my duty as I should do it."

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MRS. COLEMAN was born Feb. 20, 1878 in Danville, Va., the daughter of the late Mrs. Sarah Antoinette Guerrant and James Hanibal Guerrant, a grocer.

She attended the public schools and was salutatorian of her class.

In 1895 she was graduated from the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute which is now Virginia State College.

Mrs. Coleman taught music and mathematics at the Baptist Spiller Academy, Hampton, Va. for three years.

In 1901 she was married to the late Dr. William Tyler Coleman, a physician and Baptist minister, who died in 1944.

When they were married Dr. Coleman was pastor of a church in Selma, Ala. and later built the First Baptist Church in Raleigh, N.C.

They came to Baltimore in 1917 and Dr. Coleman began his practice here. They resided at 2039 McCulloh St. until his death.

Mrs. Coleman joined the Union Baptist Church in 1923, 37 years ago.

She is president emeritus of the Missionary Society. She held the post of president for 20 years.

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For many years she was assistant pianist for the Sunday School.

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AT PRESENT she is church pianist for church and every Wednesday night prayer meeting. She teaches 12 to 15 of the church's young people who contribute 25 cents each toward expenses of the church center.

Mrs. Coleman's other church activities include teaching the Adult Women's Class in the Sunday School.

She is also a member of the Marie Frances Auxiliary, the Arts and Crafts group, the Roger Bible Class, the Mid-week Fellowship organization, the Women's Auxiliary of the Baptist Convention.

She serves as pianist for the Interdenominational Ministers Wives Club and is parliamentarian for the Baptist Women's Auxiliary.

Another Fellowship organization in which she is active is the American Christian Ash-

DR. H. BUCKNER DENTIST
1506 PENNA. AVE.
2nd FLOOR
LA. 3-2909

WHAT THE RETIRED DO:

In the lonely world of the blind his spirit, hope, love burn high

By MARVIN MATTHEWS

After 34 years of teaching, Milton E. Branch Sr. was retired from his profession, June 1956, because of the loss of his eyesight.

But Mr. Branch does not spend the days of his retirement in darkness.

From the light of his own life, he spends the hours of his retirement brightening the lives of others.

Mr. Branch says that the blind like retired people should never let themselves become idle, they should neither look for pity, nor become rebellious.

Blind and retired Mr. Branch does not spend his time in pitiful idleness, but schedules his day to live a full life, rather than to live as a man who has nothing to look forward to.

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MR. BRANCH rises early and after bathing and dressing himself and having his breakfast he studies his Braille.

He then may "read" his Readers Digest talking book or listen to the radio; but he seldom misses his daily walk around the block.

Although he cannot see the picture, Mr. Branch says that he enjoys television and usually can tell what is happening by the sound.

In the evening, his planned activities are often interrupted by a telephone call from someone who has heard of his strength in his misfortune, and looks to him for guidance, through his or her own darkness.

"We can't control such handicaps as blindness, or the loss of a leg or arm, therefore, you have got to learn to live with the condition," is Mr. Branch's philosophy.

He urges those who have such misfortunes "not to withdraw from people — not to withdraw from life, but to do as many things as he can do until he finds that he cannot possibly do them, and then find something to replace this lack of activity."

Mr. Branch advises everyone "to learn to live with people, I've lost my sight, but not my faith."

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NOR HAS he lost his faith in humanity, for Mr. Branch "has a hundred eyes helping him wherever he goes."

These are friends and strangers who wait for the friendly and distinguished looking Mr. Branch.

He advises those who come in contact with blind people "to treat them as they would treat other people, and I don't do things to remind them of their blindness."

Now 63, Mr. Branch sits back at his home, 2239 Madison Ave., and remembers the years of service he has given to youth, the city, and the church, and his country.

Born in Baltimore on Nov. 1, 1896, Mr. Branch attended the local schools, and was graduated from Douglass High School in 1918.

Having attended Lincoln University for a year, he returned to Baltimore to matriculate at Coppin State Teachers College, which was then called the Colored Training School, in 1922.

Finishing Coppin in 1924, he soon launched his 34 years of teaching.

To better equip himself with the knowledge requisite for teaching, he went again to Frame a student taking courses at Morgan State College and the University of Maryland.

• • •

IN 1925 he was the first teacher in the city to be on the faculty of Brang School for Boys.

It was in 1949 that Mr. Branch first became aware of having glaucoma and since that time he has been treated by a number of doctors but his sight gradually faded away.

He retired as a teacher at School No. 129.

Little is known of the disease that has robbed Mr. Branch of his sight, but not his hope.

Thinking of others, he says this:

"If I had the money I would start a foundation for the study of this disease."

A FORMER member of John Wesley AME for 15 years, he has been a member of Emmanuel Christian Community Church for the last 20 years.

Mr. Branch is one of the three remaining charter members of the Alamont Pleasure Club which was founded in 1913.

Now an advisor to the group, he was a one-time president.

In addition to being president of Doug Dugins' Social Club, he is a member of the NAACP, the Masons, Phi Beta Sigma, and a former member of the Alumnet Schoolmaster group.

A veteran of World War I, he was attached with the 350th Infantry at Lincoln University.

He was married to his wife, the former Miss Grace Brown, in 1918.

Of his three sons, Milton Jr. is with the advertising department of the AFRO, Norman is a teacher at Carver Vocational School and Paul is on the managerial staff of Park's Sausage.

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AS AN educator, family man and lover of humanity, Mr. Branch attributes juvenile delinquency to broken homes.

"Children today don't have the close home binds that we had; they need the influence of both mother and father."

However, Mr. Branch doesn't sense any great difference between teen-agers of today and those of his era.

He remarks that "they are much more intelligent and have so many more avenues for training and opportunities."

This concern for the young is typical of the warm-hearted and jovial man who has remained bitterless through his adversity and who in his retirement, try to spend his hours in bringing light to those around him.

MOVING? DON'T SWEAT Call THRWEATT
1905 SARATOGA
CE. 3-9540

New resident held in $6,100 bail

Mrs. Beatrice Marie Rouse, 20, 1300 E. Fager St., a resident of Baltimore nine days or weeks, is being held for Grand Jury action under $6,100 bond after a hearing at Pine Street Police Court, before Magistrate Howard L. Aaron Wednesday.

Mrs. Rouse, who said she is a waitress, was accused of the Wednesday 12:05 a.m. shooting of John Ivory, 46, who told police he was talking to a girl at a bar in the unit block N. Bond St.

Ivory was taken to Church Home Hospital with gunshot wounds in the abdomen. He was operated on there.

Bail was set at $5,000 for assault by shooting, $1,000 for carrying a deadly weapon and $100 for unlawfully discharging a firo arm.

Mrs. Rouse testified that she shot Ivory after he threatened her with a knife during an argument. She surrendered to police at 5 a.m.

Off the beaten path

By ELIZABETH M. OLIVER

THE LATEST WORD.

Art and Margaret (Peggy) Murphy and their three-year old daughter, Denise, are all set for the arrival of the baby — boy they have hoped for so long. Due Feb. 26.

Meantime, Art, who is an attorney, is taking organ lessons on the new one he Marvin Jenness received from Santa Claus.

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LAWYER Chris Foreman and family are now members of the Catholic church.

ALSO GOING that way is Twelve Court Magistrate Joseph Henry who is taking instructions.

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THE SUNDAY locking of the doors ceremony at the sophisticated new Key Club was a fabulous affair.

The interracial group has some of the town's smartest young people on the roster including sons of downtown attorneys and jurists, a sprinkle of football professionals, golfers, a clan or so from the Valley social set.

Also well - to - do wall beau Mr. Hopkins, Howard, Mary and University students, and hundreds of the select 150 "chosen few" of the Johns Hopkins TV and radio personnel.

NOW HEAR THIS — All have keys to the back door which leads to the snazzy at the high house over looking the East 25th St. area.

The dinner this coming Sunday follows the jazz concert.

HOW BOUT this Saturday night party Boss Ford and other DJ's gave at the Belvedere — the one that ran into the wee hours. Everybody was there and 'twas the living end.

A promoter picked up the tab up which ran into a fat figure. Well, you just can't rent a suite for pennies, can you?

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THE NORTH SOUTH Golf Tournament on Miami, Fla., Beat week off set Baltimoreans playing on the course at Miami Springs Country Club for $1,500 in prizes.

Monday will see the "Continental Look" fashion show, Tuesday night on fabulous Miami Beach; Wednesday buffet supper, water show, swimming contest and the glamorous bathing beauty contest.

Natural is the trophy award ball.

Murphy Street, Gordon Chaney, Honey Bee Hood and Willie Mae Jones are among Baltimoreans going down on Miami shore.

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ONE OF THE town's most capable businessmen is Hubert Angelo Brooks, owner of the Brooks Academy, Zell Cosmetology Academy.

And the new college meets all requirements of city and state education boards as well as requirements of the state where beauty culture is concerned.

Mr. Brooks and his wife, Mrs. Mary M. Brooks, also own and operate the East Baltimore beauty school for operators.

The Madison Ave. establishment was opened Jan. 1 and is magnificent.

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TALK OF THE TOWN

SHIRLEY FIELDS at Chick's new floor show, **THE BONGO DRUMMER;** the 6-5-6 Madison stop, the **GOOSE TATUM, MADISON SQUARE SAMMY MARTIN** and **LEON CLAYTON'S** newly decorated pent house. Congratulations to two recently retired shakers, **SADIE AND KITTY DEAN** and the most **HARRY BRADFORD.**

DO YOU know where the 19th Hole is in golf season and the goal post in football time?

WEATHER FORECAST — Most of the Winter will not be severe even if we do have a little snow up into April. Spring has sprung and will stay.

The Baltimore Groundhog is the weather forec