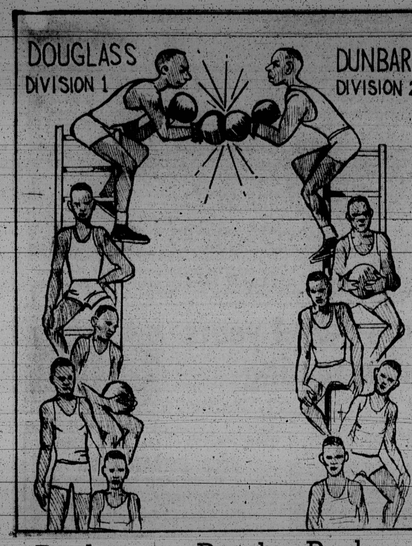

Readers Say

Wants block club

Dear AFRO:

I have been living in this section for three years in which time it has changed from white to just about 95 percent colored.

I feel that this is a nice neighborhood so far. Also I can see it slowly turn to the down side.

Since we have been in this neighborhood no one has ever approached me or come to my house to organize a "Block Club" which I feel every neighborhood should have.

I have talked with a few of my neighbors sometime ago about getting a "Block Club" started but I never heard anything more.

Most of the families in my neighborhood seem to be very nice people and they seem to mind their own business and just go on their way; which is a nice way to be.

Yet I feel that this is something we all need if we want to have a nice neighborhood and to keep property value up.

I am writing for all the information you can give me on just how to go about getting a Neighborhood Block Club (if this is the correct name) started. I live in the 2700 block of Biddle Street and am mostly concerned with my neighborhood.

I believe most of the families are buying their homes and I feel we need the help of each other to keep our neighborhood looking nice. If I must say, they were that way when we moved into them.

I can be reached by mail at 2727 E. Biddle Street; zone 13 or phone DI. 2-9363.

Mr. VAN LEAH FRANCIS

Coverage praised

Dear AFRO:

I don't usually write about anything but I just had to say something about the brilliant and incisive coverage of the General Assembly session by your reporter, Max Johnson.

Mr. Johnson evidently has a thorough understanding of the General Assembly proceedings. Some of his witty observations about certain antics of some of the legislators were masterpieces.

EDWIN PRATHER

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Who said that Baltimore is not a sports minded town?

Whoever said it should have his head examined and then take another good look.

Maybe then he would see that there is more interest in sports, even on the high school level, than one would imagine.

Two good high school games last week proved the point.

The skeptics should have seen the crowd that turned out for the Douglass-Poly game last Thursday.

They had to call out the gendarmes to turn the crowd back at that contest.

They had to do the same thing when Dunbar met Loyola the other day. There were Policemen and basketball fans all over the countryside.

I have never seen so many professional and non-professional people in one place in all my life. Even the hallways at Dunbar were overflowing.

The secretaries at the law firm of Brown, Allen, Watts and Cole were probably the only folks working when the game commenced at 3:45 p.m.

Out at the Turner Station YMCA, Joe Obey, the Y's program coordinator couldn't be found.

Maybe the folks from the Bureau of Recreation had a legitimate excuse for being around but who was minding the store?

Did anyone notice that practically every player on the Dunbar team had a fresh haircut?

Words of the week to the pessimist:

"You carry on your shoulders all the worries of the world, the water shortage, air pollution, atomic radiation, urban crowding, rising crime, laxity in the schools, communism, conservatism, drowning in the pools.

Yep, the world's a most unhappy place that's getting worse each minute, but it would be a much bitter place if only you weren't in it."

Douglass-Dunbar

Basketball teams of Douglass and Dunbar take the floor at Morgan tomorrow (Saturday) evening to commence a series designed to determine the city high school champion.

It is like old times, and yet, there is a marked difference.

Ten, fifteen years ago, Douglass and Dunbar often met for the basketball title, with an occasional interruption by Carver to replace one or the other as a contender.

But at that time, the series was the "colored series" and the stake was the "colored championship."

Today, the complexion of the rival teams is the same, but the goal is different. Under the principle of desegregation, there is no more "colored series," with its aim the designation of a "colored champion."

To the credit of the U.S. Supreme Court, the Baltimore public school system and the city's athletic department, neither Douglass, nor Dunbar, nor City College, nor Forest Park is permitted to lay claim to a part-time championship. All are required to win their spurs now through fair and equal competition.

For followers of Douglass and Dunbar, this should not be so much a time for gloating over the fact that they emerged victorious in play with other teams of the city.

Rather, the happy thought for them — and for all their fellow schools — should be that never again does any of them have to be content with a hollow title.

About the snow

For 40 years, the average citizen of Baltimore has been able to get to and from work by using the city's transportation systems.

No matter how deep the snow fell, or how fierce the blizzards, the main thoroughfares have been kept open and business has gone on with a fair degree of efficiency.

But not Thursday.

The nine inches of snow Wednesday night and Thursday morning tied up traffic in the suburbs into Gordian knots.

Trouble is, we have virtually abolished the streetcars, torn up the tracks, and substituted busses.

As long as there were streetcars running on six tracks, powerful sweepers running all night kept the streets open both for streetcars and busses.

Without them, busses are as difficult to operate as autos.

We thought we could speed up traffic by eliminating streetcars and six tracks and perhaps we have, in good weather.

But when the snow comes, many working people must stay at home and lose a day until the city's snow removal equipment can dig them out.

Unless the city is constrained to improve its snow emergency measures, we have to admit that streetcars did a better job than busses.

Visit the Senate

As the Senate continued its round-the-clock debate on Civil Rights, the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, expressed alarm at the few spectators in the gallery. Its hope is that scores of colored persons keep a vigil to demonstrate the growing demand for a strong bill which will include Part III, the provision giving injunctive power to the Attorney General.

To do this they have urged civic-minded people to keep the galleries filled as long as the debate goes on.

This is a shortcoming on the part of civil rights proponents that has been noted before, and one which distresses those fighting our cause when they fail to see us around when these vitally important issues are being debated. Similar complaints have been voiced when significant cases are being argued in the courts.

The odd thing about the civil rights debate, however, is that few people have any desire to listen to the time-consuming, wind-blown speeches by southern senators. The speeches, for the most part, are designed solely for home consumption and in most cases are fetched in so much as the real issue is concerned. Yet it is important that we be there as watchers.

Passes are available upon request at any senator's office. Also the American Council on Human Rights (Columbia 5-7307) or the Leadership Conference (Lincoln 7-5844) is ready to assist those desiring gallery passes. Do your civic duty; call them, and visit the Senate gallery. Such a visit should prove enlightening.

Baltimore Afro-American

4 MARCH 5, 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

The Sit-Down

"I am going up to Heaven and sit down."—
—OLD SPIRITUAL

While college students in Uruguay were demonstrating against President Eisenhower as a representative of Yankee Imperialism and exploitation of weaker peoples, college students in the United States were putting on their own show.

In the Carolinas, Florida, Tennessee and in Alabama, college boys and girls were sitting down in eating places which refused them service.

Eliminating wicked segregation, long entrenched in backward states, takes time.

Southern students wisely pick as their first target chain stores which draw no color lines in their hundreds of outlets outside the South.

If Kresge's or Woolworth's, for example, take the money of colored patrons in New York or Pennsylvania, what's wrong with the money of colored students in Alabama or Virginia?

* * *

STUDENTS IN New York, and Washington, and New Hampshire and Cleveland were quick to get this point.

Chain stores in these areas were picketed by colored and white groups manifesting sympathy with their southern colleagues.

These northern demonstrators might be quite effective in persuading chain store owners (who in the main are decent people) that jim crow, South or North, is impractical and expensive.

* * *

WHAT WE ARE seeing in this sitdown movement is the failure of a vertical integration plan proposed by Harry Golden, editor of the Charlotte, N.C. Israelite.

Mr. Golden noted that colored and white stand at the same supermarket counter, the same drugstore counter, deposit money at the same bank teller's window, pay phone and light bills to the same clerk and walk through the same dime and department stores.

He says it is only when "the colored person sits" that the fur begins to fly." Mr. Golden's solution of the problem was to take the seats out of drugstores, restaurants, public schools, and make everybody eat and learn standing up.

And, Mr. Golden adds, "The tremendous buying power of 14 million colored people can be based only on the absence of segregation."

There was one plank more in the Golden vertical integration plan. He thought his proposal would enable stores also to keep their sitting down departments where only white could be served.

But like all halfway measures, the Golden Vertical Plan was doomed to failure before it began.

There is no such thing as a little equality under the democratic system. And in medicine, halfway measures cure neither cancer nor syphilis.

Neither students nor grownups are willing to be jimcrowed because they sit down.

* * *

BALTIMOREANS WELL know, of course, that Baltimore college students successfully picketed or sat down at lunch counters and in movies near the campus last year.

Apparently the idea has taken all this time to reach colleges in southern states.

It is only fair to note here that locally the students' sitdown program had the support of the Committee On Racial Equality (CORE), the NAACP, the Urban League, the Civil Liberties Union, and Americans for Democratic Action.

In addition, the state and city interracial commissions gave tacit approval. And there was no interference from the police department.

* * *

ONE THING MORE needs to be said. Federal Judge Roszel C. Thomsen, in his denial of damages to a patron refused service in a White Tower restaurant case, declared in effect that a *restaurant* was not an *inn*.

Inns or hotels, under the common law, must accept all customers.

Oxford Dictionary states that an inn is a "public house for the lodging and entertainment of travellers."

Judge Thomsen, therefore, rules that a restaurant may fulfill one of the objects of the definition of an inn, but not both.

And, he may be intimating that he would apply the common law to hotels or lodging houses guilty of refusing public accommodations to colored applicants.

Prayer for Lent

O God, give me strength to live another day. Let me not turn coward before its difficulties or prove recreant to its duties.

Let me not lose faith in my fellow men.

Keep me sweet and sound of heart, in spite of ingratitude, treachery, or meanness.

Preserve me from minding little stings or giving them.

Help me to keep my heart clean, and to live so honestly and fearlessly that no outward failure can dishearten me or take away the joy of conscious integrity.

Open wide the eyes of my soul that I may see good in all things.

Grant me this day some new vision of my truth, inspire me with the spirit of joy and gladness, and make me the cup of strength, to suffering souls; In name of the strong Deliverer, our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

(Reprinted from Forward)

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 condemn injustices, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY, SR., 1920

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

When I was just a little toddler, young in years and experience, a wise old elder told me, and I quote:

"It never rains but it pours."

Unquoted:

Time and trouble have convinced me that this is a pretty true statement that for a sheer piece of brilliant deduction, has been unequalled since some unsung and unremembered genius discovered "it's a long road that doesn't have an end."

I don't think I am releasing any secret information when I report that on Wednesday night and Thursday the air over Baltimore and environs was filled with a bit of snow.

* * *

WHEN ONE looks out of one's window and one sees a great deal of snow covering the landscape, one has an overwhelming desire to get the blazes back in bed and forget the whole thing.

But then one has to make certain sacrifices if one intends to keep eating with any degree of regularity, so one moans a few sad moans, wonders why he wasn't born rich and goes bravely out into weather that isn't fit for man nor beast, especially man since beasts know better than to be caught dead outside in such weather.

Through sheer will power, and believe me it took some will power that I didn't even know I had, I managed to summon enough courage to come outside Thursday morning.

Unfortunately, I was unable to locate my boots, my right hand glove and hat, which believe me, left me in somewhat of an unenviable position.

But the first real difficulty came when I tried to find my car. I was sure I had parked it in the usual place but since it is a small model the snow had just about swallowed it up.

I poked around with a stick and sure enough I found it. I was in the process of removing the snow when it suddenly dawned on me, sudden like that is, that I did not have the first blasted chain about as much chance of getting anyplace as a snowball has in the place where all bad sinners go.

The nearest gas station was only six blocks away and so I headed in that general direction. I say "general" because it was impossible to walk in a straight line.

If I walked on the sidewalk I felt like Klondike Kate "rushing" in the wilds of deepest Alaska, without his faithful dog team. Also, the snow worked its way into my shoes which created a case of chilly toes.

If I walked in the street, I took a chance of being smacked by someone's car, which can be fatal.

So I compromised, half the time I walked in the street and flirted with danger, the other half I walked on the pavement and flirted with pneumonia.

* * *

WHEN I reached the station, I told the attendant I want me a pair of chains.

"What kind of car you got Doc?" asks the attendant.

I tell him and he looks at me, hard like.

"That's one of them furrin' cars, ain't it?"

"Thats one of them furrin' cars, ain't it yes," I tell him as I am in no mood for palaver.

Oh he goes in a corner, whistles as he thumbs through a book and returns to inform me with a note of triumph in his voice:

"Doc, we ain't got that size of chain."

"Do you know where I can get a pair?" I ask him.

"Not around here," says he, "why don't you try a toy store?"

* * *

LEAVING HIM with a few choice remarks about smart gas station attendants who think they are funny men, I visited several gas stations and sadly concluded that he knew what he was talking about.

That left me with one out. Find some other mode of transportation.

There were no cabs to be had so I stand on what must have been the coldest corner in Baltimore. After a somewhat extended wait I was as cold as the reception Thurgood Marshall could expect if he attended a meeting of the executive board of the White Citizens Council.

I was seriously considering getting a franchise and starting my own bus line, to run only on snowy or rainy days, when a bus hove into sight and then hove right out again.

"Not in service" was the sign on the bus and the only person in it was the driver. I really told him about himself, not that it did any good.

* * *

AS IT must be all men, a bus finally came to me. It was crowded, a bit chilly, and everybody seemed bent on pushing me around—but it sure was a welcome sight.

Cold, wet, mad and slightly frayed around the edges I finally reached work only to be greeted by the classical stupid remark of the day.

Said a co-worker:

"You must have had a little trouble getting downtown."

"He no," I said, "I caught a ride on a carrier pigeon."

That fixed him. Bet he doesn't make any more statements like that—not to me.

Thanks to officers

Dear AFRO:

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to Officers Albert R. Holt and John Blackwell of the Central District Police Station for their alertness and bravery in apprehending the man who robbed me as I was getting into my car on the night of last Dec. 3 on Druid Hill Ave.

In this day and age where so much criticism is leveled at the Police Department for this or that other, it is gratifying that we can know that the great bulk of your men are on the job risking their lives to protect us and are really there when we need them most.

These two officers were assisted in my rescue by Fireman Roger Meeks of Baltimore County.

JOSEPH NAVIASKY

IF YOU Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

People, places and things...

Mrs. Louise Kerr Hines writes, to say that the death this week of William H. Bailey recalls many pleasant associations and memories of him as one of the most popular dealers in the old Lafayette Market.

She writes:

"I can recall his blue and gold lettered sign on the left of the main aisle, W. H. BAILEY — PARK PRODUCTS. His stall was literally the meeting place of many Northwest Baltimore matrons.

"We knew the reference of them, all and could always be trusted to give their children 'what your mother always gets,' not 'not-egg' which the children wanted.

"His smooth, handsome face, up to the last time I saw him made him seem much younger than he actually was.

"Extremely soft-spoken and courteous, no matter how busy he was, he had time to tip his hat and greet everyone. On any day he could tell you who had been and left his market.

* * *

"The Episcopal Sisters from St. Katerine's Home at Pressman St. and Druid Hill Ave. always got a weekly donation of meat from him, gratis, and a pleasant greeting.

On any Saturday, marketers would 'park' their market baskets (good heavens, no shopping bags then) at his stall after shopping the lower (Pennsylvania Ave. end) of the market and pick them up after doing their purchases at the (Lexington Ave. end).

"Up to the time of the Lafayette Market fire in 1952, Willie Bailey had probably more years of service than any other stall holder there. My parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Kerr, recall, when they first came to work in Lafayette Market over 40 odd years ago.

"A boy in knee pants, he worked with the late William H. Daly, a prominent Pennsylvania Ave. jeweler, moving picture parlor owner, and also a butcher. Upon his death, Mr. Bailey continued the business in his own name.

* * *

"Everyone loved 'Willie' as he was affectionately called, and no family ever in need of food was ever turned away empty handed from his stall if there need was made known to him.

"He was never able to compete with other stall owners in installing elaborate modern equipment, perhaps because of his understanding generosity.

"However, 'Willie' Bailey kept his customers because he gave good service, sold prime quality meats. Find was just one of these good-humored, fine people we were proud to call your friend.

"Those I recall seeing at his stall on Saturday morning were the late Monsignor Ward, Dr. John Wesley, Mamie Griggs, Nettie Lee Hughes, Mrs. Lansey and Henrietta Douglass."

More news about an old Baltimorean: Requiem mass was said at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Cambridge, Mass., in January for Mrs Nellie B. Pollen, 72.

Remember, she was the former Nellie Belle Gaskins of Baltimore, daughter of the late Dennis and Margaret Tunstull Gaskins.

Her early years were spent on Pierce Street, during which time she completed her high school education. Graduating in 1907, she went on to the old Teacher's Training School, now Coppin.

A few years later, she and her mother moved to 1828 McCulloh Street, after other members of her family died.

For many years, Miss Gaskins taught Sunday school at the Union Baptist Church where both of her parents were pioneer members. Then, the church was located downtown and the family continued in devoted service to Union after it moved to its present location. All the while was a charter member of the Minerva club of Baltimore.

After a teaching career in the Baltimore City School System, Miss Gaskins resigned in June, 1921 in September of that year she married the late J. Shelton Pollen.

He was a concert pianist, music teacher and organist. He served in the latter capacity for 30 years at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church until his death in 1942.

Of this union, two sons were born — J. Shelton Pollen, Jr., and Maurice Tunstull Pollen. The late Miss Marie Alma Kelly, former Baltimore teacher, was godmother for both boys, remember?

* * *

Hometowners making good:—David E. Rice Jr., former Baltimorean who was here last month to bury his stepmother, Mrs. Juanita Filyour Rice (widow of Rev. David Rice), tells me he is using his law training in a different field.

He is a public relations consultant with the Illinois Federal Savings and Loan Association in the Windy City.

This is the firm headed by the Rev. Archibald Carey. It has $11 million in assets, is planning a new $600,000 building.

Mr. Rice is a Northwestern Law School grad and a graduate of Ohio State.

He is married, but reports he is estranged from his wife, the former Virginia Johnson of Cambridge, Mass.

They have a 5-year-old son, David III. Remember one time he was dean of the Texas Southern Law School in the days before school integration.

* * *

That was quite some testimonial up in Havre de Grace, Md., the other Tuesday evening. Honored was Leon R. Boyd, principal of the Havre de Grace Consolidated School and for over 30 years an outstanding educator.

And, he has been a community leader all these years so the Mayor, (Walter McKinney) and the entire city council, state lawmakers and school officials from throughout the area turned out to honor him.

Among Baltimoreans who went up for the affair were his sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Furman Templeton; Messrs. and Mesdames W.A.C. Hughes Jr., George Jade, Jack Bond, James Lee, Brown Hardy.

Also the Rev. and Mrs. Regi Daniels, Linwood Koger Sr., and Mrs. Ernest Hardy of Philadelphia, were among the guests.

* * *

Speaking of reunions are reminded that Dr. and Mrs. Hunter Hughes's home was the scene of a reunion last Monday. Old friends who enjoy music gathered to play and sing the old tunes, particularly the Beethoven tunes.

About was: **Judge Louis Flaig, now a Brooklyn, N.Y. jurist, and skilled as a cellist as he was in the days when he lived in his native Baltimore;** Miss Louise Vaughn Jones, family Howard U. professor, who played the violin as only she can. From thereabouts were Mrs. Carole Blanton Diggs, the Morgan prof at the piano, and John Tinner, also a Morgan prof, who played the violin, as did Dr. Hughes.

More people and things...

It is a boy for the Rev. and Mrs. Clarence E. Powell (Annie). Baby arrived March 1 at Provident Hospital, tipped the scales at 8 pounds, 9½ ounces.

Dad is pastor of Ebenezer Church of God in Christ in Fairfield. Other Powell children are William Eugene, 3; and Vanessa Ann, 14 months.

Congratulations to the Powells at 2831 Gwynns Falls Parkway.

* * *

Condolences to AFRO ad exec Elson Higginbotham (2835 Gwynns Falls). He is in Lynchburg, Va., to bury his mother, Mrs. Lillian Higginbotham (715 Taylor St.).

Funeral is today (Friday) at the Community Funeral Home.

And condolences to the family of Albert G. Hall, 3227 Gwynns Falls. He was a member of an old Maryland family, had been ailing for many months.

This columnist visited with him several weeks ago when he was so happy that his son, Dr. William Hall ("little Billy") was coming home to open an office.

He lived to see him get established.

* * *

William B. Day, longtime businessman (Day Employment Agency), is doing fine since that operation in Provident Hospital, should be home shortly.

William B. Dixon, the businessman and husband of Delegate Irma Dixon, was taken along nicely at Hopkins Hospital.

But not doing a bit well at Hopkins is this columnist's favorite mother — Mrs. Lillian Murphy — she remains critically ill.

Recuperating in Hopkins: Wesley McNeil, who underwent an appendectomy earlier this week. Hello cards to him.

Cheer also to Mrs. Addie Mason, 628 Pitcher St., she's home nursing injuries suffered in a fall — was in Hopkins.

Out of Provident and feeling much better: Clinton Rogers 3503 N. Charles.

Get-well cards also to Mrs. Sarah Hart and Mrs. Lillian Harris, both of whom are confined to Provident Hospital for surgery.

And, Walter C. Brown, the postal worker who suffered severe head injury when his car hit the St. Peter Claver steps, is doing nicely at Provident where he has been confined since the accident on Feb. 22.

* * *

Weekend events on your March calendar, take you pick: March 12 in — 6th Founders Day celebration and 15th anniversary of the opening of the Waldon Ave. YWCA.

Also on Sunday, March 6 at 4 p.m. the Eastside Community Committee's 16th annual tea at Dunbar High. Mrs. Warren B. Douglas, Chicago social worker, is guest speaker.

And, at 5 p.m. on Sunday at the Sheraton - Belvedere, Hampton Alumni Gather, will honor Dr. Albert O. Reid, veteran dentist and elder citizen. Cocktails (at 4 p.m.) will precede the dinner.

* * *

Verse of the week is entitled "A prayer for you" — It reads: May God be very near to you and lovingly impart. His peace, His strength, His courage, To abide within your heart.

* * *

Truism of the week: from Dale Carnegie's "How to stop worrying and Start Living" — "Very few of us are cruelly and greatly wronged. It is the small blows to our self - esteem, the indignities, the little jolts to our vanity which cause half the heartaches in the world.

* * *

Prayer of the week: Almighty and everlasting God, mercifully look upon our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth Your right hand to help and defend us; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

* * *

It's the truth: "... People are not thinking about you or me or caring what is said about us.

"They are thinking about themselves — from breakfast after breakfast, and right on until ten minutes past midnight.

"They would be a thousand times more concerned about a slight headache of their own than they would about the news of your death or mine."

Gen. Smedley Butler.

PARTICIPANTS IN the talent program sponsored Sunday by the NAACP's Jackie Robinson Youth Chapter here are, reading from left: Alvin Richardson, Douglass High, vocal contest winner; David Williams, from Carver High; Miss Delores Parson, of Cherry Hill Junior High; James Dashiell Jr., of Morgan; Miss Vicki Liscomb, Morgan State College, oration contest winner; Lemuel Hyson, piano contest winner; Miss Juanita Alford, Dunbar High School, and Peter Radcliffe, of Douglass High School. Pernell Jones is president of the local NAACP youth council.

Sweet Daddy, even in death still heads House of Prayer

A new mood has come to the House of Prayer For All People.

In the wake of waning excitement following the death of its founder, Bishop C. M. (Daddy) Grace, reins of leadership have passed to Bishop Walter McCollough of Washington.

To find the reaction of the religious group's local headquarters to this new leadership, a visitor went on Wednesday to its temple at 600 W. Preston St.

The visit produced two distinct impressions:

1. There will never be a successor to Bishop Grace. That is, to the fullest extent of the word, and

2. There is a growing tendency to refer to the names "Jesus" and "Christ" more frequently during worships.

These observations are based on two visits at the temple, three years apart . . . this week and the summer of 1957.

* * *

WHEN A stranger called at the church this week, he found roughly 100 worshippers having their nightly services.

Although followers sang, shouted, clapped and marched with obvious delight to rhythmic music of the band, the service was subdued.

It is recalled that during the 1957 visit, these things were done in a more zestful and energetic manner.

The vacant pulpit, or mount, was shrouded with plastic chair covers.

The "throne" or the chair Bishop once used, was draped in white satin with a spray of white carnations.

While individual speakers made remarks referring to the new leader, always it was in this manner:

"I want to do honor to Sweet Daddy," (followed by several claps of the hands) "I want to do honor to Bishop McCullough," followed with the same hand-clapping.

WHILE HEARING several never once did the name of the new head come before that of the departed leader.

At the height of one of their spirited marches, the worshippers gathered before the vacant pulpit (mount) and reverently uttered. "Thank you Sweet Daddy."

Another indication that it is next to impossible to replace the fabulous cult leader was given by Elder William Wright as he spoke to the audience.

"Sweet Daddy was the last prophet, there will never be another one."

Giving substance to the belief that reference to Christ and Jesus will be more frequent was this statement by Elder Wright:

"We know what Sweet Daddy wanted us to do, now we must do what God wants."

* * *

ANOTHER SUCH reference occurred when Elder Wright emotionally declared:

"You can go to seminaries and universities, but unless you get your knowledge from God, you have nothing."

This contrasted greatly with such utterings of three years ago. For example:

While testifying, then an elderly man had this to say:

"The other day while working, I fell 40 feet from a crane in an ore car. I didn't call on Jesus, I didn't call on God, I called Sweet Daddy and he delivered me."

Remembered also is the young girl who, as she marched up to the "throne," sang, "All I need is Sweet Daddy."

Another one was, "I've never seen Jesus, I've never seen God. But I do know Sweet Daddy is real."

It is well to remember that these incidents are not cited for the sake of ridicule, rather in support of the contention that a new order is taking shape in the House of Prayer for All People.

* * *

HOWEVER, THERE is no doubt that that order will never see the day when it will forget Daddy Grace's ghost.

A talk with the pastor of the local church revealed that Bishop McCullough is expected to visit within a month.

The exact time is unknown due to the heavy schedule of the new head.

Such a simple statement doesn't faintly compare with the eager anticipation that awaited the visit of Daddy Grace.

Lifesize portraits and numerous pictures of Bishop are still prominently displayed in the church.

Hence, it becomes all too clear that, even in death, as in life, Sweet Daddy is still the darling of House of Prayer followers.

THESE OFFICERS of the Jackie Robinson Youth Chapter were photographed Sunday at the NAACP anniversary program held at Sharp Street Methodist Church at which time the youth council presented its annual talent program. From left are: Miss Olivia Copeland, vice president; Lee Stokes, treasurer; Miss Brenda Johnson, secretary; and Pernell Jones, president.

NEW LIFE MEMBERSHIP PLAQUE—Dr. Lillie M. Jackson, right, president of the local NAACP chapter, looks on as Dr. William Watts, chairman of the life branch's membership committee, presents Mrs. George B. Murphy a life membership plaque in memory of her late husband. Presentation was at NAACP's 51st anniversary observance on Sunday at Sharp-Street Church.

MISS IRIS M. JACKSON LISTED IN "WHO'S WHO"

WASHINGTON

In listing 25 students who excelled in leadership at the District of Columbia Teachers College and were cited for "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges," the name Iris M. Jackson, due to a typographical error, was misspelled.

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the BEST in eyesight costs LESS at BARENBURG

Don't gamble with so-called "bargain glasses."

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Barenburg quality standards call for the best lenses modern technology has developed. And Barenburg has the largest assortment of the finest modern frames. The best in contact lenses . . . and the best in eyeglasses cost no more at Barenburg's!

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For appointments call SA. 7-0285.

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BARENBURG BUILDING—100 Park Avenue.
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• CONVENIENT CREDIT TERMS

Park Police eligible for early merger

The Park Police can merge with the city police department by next January 1.

That was the ruling of City Solicitor Harrison L. Winter on Wednesday.

The decision followed a study of laws relating to the Park Police.

The January 1 date was recommended because the fiscal next fiscal year starts on that date.

The city solicitor's ruling specified that no state or city legislation would be required to accomplish the merger.

Nevertheless, several legislative items including an amendment to the city charter is scheduled to be made at a later date.

The steps would also include written consent of Mayor and Governor pending legislative action.

* * *

THE PARK POLICE force is responsible only to the Park Board.

Proposals for the merger ago by the mayor and the were endorsed almost a year president of the Park Board.

The move is also favored by Police Commissioner James M. Hepburn.

Stop all 9 kinds of ITCH the way doctors do!

New formula contains 6 anti-itch ingredients to soothe pain, speed healing, stop itch fast!

Science has developed a remarkable new formula that combines 6 anti-itch ingredients to relieve all 9 kinds of itch in seconds! Called CALAMATUM® Ointment, this new medicated cream actually stops itching and burning on contact—soothes pain and aids healing too. Effective even on spreading itch like poison ivy, because it helps dry open weeping lesions, prevents spreading. Prevents risk of infection from scratching, too, because CALAMATUM *turns into its own pink bandage*—**Don't rub off until you wash it off!** Get cooling, soothing CALAMATUM Ointment at all druggists *without* prescription.

FORMS ITS OWN PINK BANDAGE

© 1959 Iodine Pharmacal Corporation, Dover, Del.

2 bank boards approve merger

The board of directors of the Fidelity - Baltimore National Bank and the Maryland Trust Company have voted to merge the two institutions.

Subject to the approval of the proper supervising authorities and the stockholders of both institutions, the merger will result in the creation of the state's largest banking institution with resources of approximately $420,000,000.

This will place the bank among the top 75 such institutions in the United States.

Rip Van Winkle Couldn't Sleep with Nagging Backache

Now You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often disturb restless nights and, miserable days.

Doan's Pills work fast—in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 2. by soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 65 years. New, large size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

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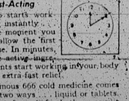
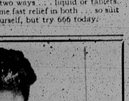
ALL CHOKED UP WITH A COLD?
New Medical Research proves you get extra-fast relief this 60-year tested way!

Do you suffer from aches, pains, fever, watery eyes, sore throat, tight chest, loss of sleep, or any other of the terrible discomforts of the common cold? If so, do as your mother and your grandmother did. Trust the reliable, time-tested effectiveness of 666, the cold remedy depended upon for three generations by thousands of families throughout the U. S.

HERE'S THE REASON WHY 666 is the broad-acting, multiple-ingredient medicine that brings you swift, *positive relief* from all distressing cold symptoms ... *frequently in a few hours.* In spite of medical research, there is no product on the market today that is superior to 666 in relieving the discomforts of the common cold ... because 666 liquid or tablets have proven when taken as directed start working in your body for extra fast relief.

Famous 666 cold medicine comes in two ways . . . liquid or tablets. Same fast relief in both . . . so suit yourself, but try 666 today.

Now! 666 starts working instantly ... the moment you swallow the first dose. In minutes, 666 starts to shake off cold symptoms! fast. Always keep 666 in your medicine cabinet. To be trusted and proven by three generations, 666 must be good!

GUARANTEED
So start taking 666 for yours cold ... now. The makers of 666 are so sure that 666 will work, they make this unconditional guarantee ... You've got to be satisfied or your money back!

Fast-Acting
666 starts working instantly ... the moment you swallow the first dose. In minutes, 666 starts to shake off cold symptoms! fast. Always keep 666 in your medicine cabinet.