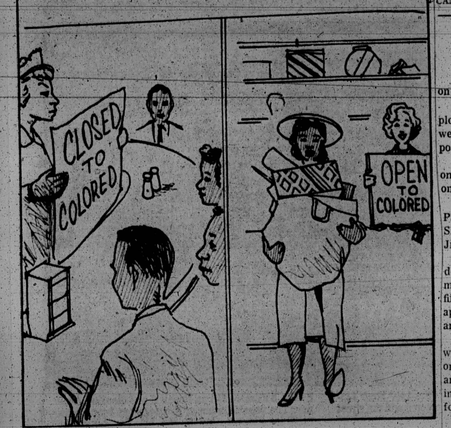
Northwood and Other Similar Places



Readers Say

'Riling the South'

Dear AFRO:

The Sun's editorial, "Riling The South," (March 9) fails to take note of the type and character of the persons it claims are riled by the "sit-in" demonstrations of Southern colored students.

Yet, may I quote an editorial in a Virginia daily, "The Richmond News Leader" (Feb. 22), which says:

"Many a Virginian must have felt a tinge of wry regret at the state of things as they are, in reading of Saturday's 'sit-downs' by colored students in Richmond stores.

"Here were the colored students, in coats, white shirts, ties, and one of them was taking Goethe and one was taking notes from a biology textbook.

"And here, on the sidewalk outside, was a gang of white boys come to heckle, a rag-tail rable, slack-jawed, black-jacketed, grinning fit to kill, and some of them, God save the mark, were waving the proud and honored flag of the Southern states in the lost war fought by gentlemen. Eheu! It gives one pause."

Doubtless the Sun's editorial writer did not intend so grievous an oversight.

PHILIP A. CAMPONESCHI
Executive Secretary,
Equal Employment
Opportunity Commission

Off-cuff remarks

Dear AFRO:

I have read with dismay the comments by my senior colleague, Dr. T. Henderson Kerr, concerning his opinion of the training and duties of the pharmacist today.

It is most discouraging to read public comments degrading the profession of pharmacy from one who has been a pioneer and leader in the field for so long.

Pharmacists and physicians, as well as the informed public, know that today more than ever, the profession needs people with all the training and skills that they can acquire.

I know of no reputable pharmacist who . . . pours medicine from one bottle to another" without knowing the chemistry, pharmacology, toxicology and dosage of that medicine.

Biological sciences, physics, business courses are only a few of the other subjects required to equip a pharmacist for service to the public.

The statement that this can be accomplished in 5 weeks is a gross insult to the intelligence of the public. Even 5 years is a minimum.

Those of us who have kept abreast of the changing profession, know that today's pharmacist, must perform all the duties of his forebearers, in addition to the many new responsibilities pressed on him. In the course of a day, the normal prescription department still fills many orders for complex preparations that require professional know-how.

The field of pharmacy is one of the most interesting and rewarding branches of the medical profession.

It is we sincere hope that no one will be misled by "off-the-cuff" remarks regarding the preparation needed for this profession.

MRS. REBECCA H. DAVIS
Registered Pharmacist

O'Conor tribute

Dear AFRO:

I cannot tell you how heart-warming it was to read the editorial of March 12: "Herbert R. O'Conor Matured in Office."

This is certainly one time when Shakespeare's words, "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones," are not true. I was delighted to see that my father's record was remembered so favorably.

This editorial was one of the most tributes given to my father. On behalf of my mother, sister and brothers; I would like to express our deep appreciation.

HERBERT R. O'CONOR JR.

Baltimore Afro-American

4 MARCH 19, 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

Explanation due

Baltimore has kept intact its record of promoting on the basis of racial discrimination.

When examinations were taken for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the No. 1 position went to a white person. It was felt certain the No. 2 position would go to a colored person.

However, that appointment went to a white person on the ground a colored applicant did not stand first on the eligible list.

Now when we get to the Bureau of Recreation and Parks an examination is held for an assistant to Harold S. Callowhill, superintendent, and Harold J. Jennifer Jr. stood first on the list.

A three-man committee of the recreation board then decides the position should not go to Mr. Jennifer, a man of ten years and five months experience—who stood first in the examination—but to Alfred Cottrill, a white applicant who has 10 years and six months experience and stood second in the examination.

Police Commissioner James M. Hepbron has said he will promote on the basis of exams, taking the first man on the list. Currently there are no colored lieutenants and no colored officers on duty in the crime laboratory, in communications, in the traffic division, and except for Cherry Hill, none in radio cars.

In all of the city departments there is discrimination and appointments are made without regard to what the regulations are. No real promotions of colored persons happen.

Except for the Department of Education, there is not a single city department in which there is a colored director or assistant director.

It was hoped that the Grady Administration would improve this situation. However, in its first opportunity to appoint a man who led the eligible list, the Grady Administration stumbles and falls down.

There must be some explanation of the recreation department's action. Unless one is forthcoming, it can only be assumed that this was another appointment made on the basis of racial discrimination.

Ike gets it said

Time and again President Eisenhower stammers and stutters, is seldom positive and sounds almost apologetic when he talks about integration, the country's major domestic issue.

But at his press conference this week, though he again wrapped it in a lot of extra verbiage, he finally got his feelings out in the open.

Mr. Eisenhower said:

"I was talking about demonstrations in the streets or any other kind of peaceful assembly that is trying to show what the aspirations and the desires of a people are. Now, those, to my mind, as long as they are in orderly fashion, are not only constitutional, they have been recognized in our country as proper since we have been founded."

What President Eisenhower said is that the sit-downers have the right to make public protests and to peacefully petition, and to do so without interference and violence from anybody — police or anyone else.

What we wish is that President Eisenhower wouldn't wrap his remarks in all that extra wordage so that he would not likely be misunderstood.

Those license plates

If the seasick green color of Maryland's 1960 license plates leaves something to be desired from an artistic viewpoint, it is too late in the game to do anything but grin and wear them.

For the next 12 months Marylanders will have the doubtful pleasure of sporting license plates that will no doubt attract some rather pointed comments from residents of neighboring states blessed with bureaucrats possessed of a more esthetic sense of color values.

When the time draws near for the selection of next year's plates, we would suggest that a color expert be summoned to advise the persons responsible for making the selection.

Perhaps in this manner, we can prevent such color combinations as a sickly green and black.

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 concerns injustices, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY, SR., 1920

Northwood sit-ins

Two year ago, students at Morgan State College launched a series of demonstrations against segregation at a movie in the Northwood Shopping Center and later expanded their efforts to include the Roof Top Restaurant at the then Hecht Company.

While they lasted, the demonstrations created community-wide sympathy that in time might have reached such proportions that the original aims of the students would have been accomplished.

But instead, the demonstrations flickered and died, leaving the situation unchanged.

This week, undoubtedly encouraged by the activities of other students in southern states, some of the young men and women have started the protest movement again.

Through the calm and dignified manner in which they have conducted themselves, with their appeals to reason and ideals of fair play, they have already made their presence felt.

We are in full sympathy with the aims of the students in these and other similar movements.

Our only note of warning is that success can not be expected over night. The walls of segregation took years to build and will take weeks or perhaps months before they fall.

Patience is needed and the desired ends can not be achieved if the students lose faith in their crusade, or grow tired.

In this world you only get what you pay for, and the price for the end of segregation is determination to see the situation through to its end.

The EEOC vote

Charged as it is with increasing job opportunities for citizens of minority groups, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission should be one of the first agencies to give its unqualified support to a measure that would open hotels and restaurants to all well-behaved citizens.

Instead, two of the members of EEOC, Mrs. Emil H. Hennings Jr. and James J. McDonnall, have gone on record as being opposed to such an ordinance.

As a result, instead of being unanimously endorsed by EEOC, the Dixon Equal Accommodations Bill has only a 7-2 majority and the split vote will certainly be exploited to the limit by those who would like to see the measure buried and forgotten.

By this, one of their first official actions, new EEOC members, Mrs. Hennings and Mr. McDonnall have raised some doubts as to where they stand on the question of human rights.

If they believe that discrimination is right, then the EEOC seems to be the wrong place for them.

Perhaps they should visit Washington, Philadelphia or New York and learn first hand that an "open door" policy has been successful.

In any event, we hope that this initial action of Mrs. Hennings and Mr. McDonnall will not be repeated and they will join the forces who want to make this city "Big League" in every respect.

Knock at every door

A memo from the Merit Employment Staff of the American Friends Service Committee reads: "Never assume that any job door is closed to you—knock on it." This serves as a reminder to us to ignore the old feeling that when seeking employment that "they don't hire us" and knock on every door. Surprisingly, that one you thought would be closed may be opened.

Too many persons have resigned themselves to the so-called traditional employment customs, without investigating to see whether an employer has broken away from restrictive hiring patterns. Records of employment practices in all parts of the country indicate many new "breakthroughs," and many employers, either by force of necessity or a new realistic approach, now pick employees on an applicant's qualifications and ability. A prospective job-seeker will never know unless he knocks on every door.

Spring always comes

Spring, the season of the year described as the loveliest and most beautiful, arrives Sunday morning at 9:42 a.m. and is forecast to bow in with rain and temperatures on the cold side, a little below normal for the time.

Last year, spring arrived on March 21 at 3:55 a.m. and although the morning was a chilly 38 degrees, a real honest-to-goodness spring sun shone down bright and hot and ran the mercury up to 72 degrees all along the Eastern Seaboard.

Weather prophets say there's little chance that Lady Spring will see such glorious weather Sunday.

Although they admit she is capricious and temperamental, the outlook is for a scorching day, below normal temperatures and cold rain.

There is nothing discouraging about this forecast since the old chestnut—"If winter comes, spring can not be far behind"—always holds true.

Winter did come to Baltimore. In March we had nearly three weeks of blizzards and the East Coast witnessed the worst weather in 100 years.

Now, we believe spring will come to stay in a very few days.

Sightseeing

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

As long as they aren't making Jim crow cash registers, with the draw for the money of colored folks and another for white folks dough, I see no reason why I should spend my loot in a place where they treat me as if I had a galloping case of poison ivy.

If at the end of the year, the boss man took his books and figured "I got so many colored dollars and so many white dollars then I could at least understand that while he was a prejudiced jerk, at least he was an honest prejudiced jerk . . . and you can't hardly get that kind any more.

But when he doesn't segregate my money, I'll be darned if he'll segregate me, whom I consider, for fairly obvious reasons, just as important as money.

• • •

SO I TRIED to explain this viewpoint to an acquaintance and ran right smack up against a solid wall of hidebound resistance which wouldn't have given an inch under the pounding of a Sherman tank.

Caught him sneaking down the hill from the office to the hamburger joint that allows you the wonderful and democratic privilege of coming in the front door, standing at the counter and being served, or take-out order in a white paper bag.

Carrying the situation to its logical conclusion, they should serve their colored customers in brown bags, and vice versa but they use white—and I guess that's one form of integration, not much, but some.

The place which this fellow patronized doesn't attract a really first class clientele . . . You've got bums, who hang out in the bus station across the street; half-juiced sailors on their way back to Bain bridge, or wherever half-juiced sailors go; members of the black suede jacket and tight blue denim crowd, and assorted individuals of that ilk.

Their principal virtue is apparently their white skins which gives them squatters' rights to seats, while you, bless your little brown face, better not sit down on one of the man's stools.

• • •

"WHERE YOU BEEN dad?" I asked this fellow.

"Down to the — —," he says . . . and I'll refrain from using the name of the place, not because I don't know it but because it makes me a little ill every time I hear it, and I hate to get ill.

"You mean you went in that blankety blank place where you can't sit down and actually bought something?" I questioned him.

"Yep," he says.

"Man," I ask him, "what about all those people down south who are getting locked up in stockades, what about those kids who are getting pulled pieces of pizzas because they are d - - - sick and tired of having to go around to somebody's back door to get a sandwich?"

"I ain't down south now," he says.

"Well I don't know where in the blazes you think you are, if you're not down south," I tells him, since I grew up in this town and if this ain't south, it sure ain't north.

"Oh them folks down the hill are okay," he tells me. "They treat me just like anybody else."

• • •

"EXCEPT THAT anybody else can sit down and eat like folks but you with your stupid self, you got to stand up and take your stuff outside like you're an animal not fit for human company."

"I was hungry," he says.

"So what makes everything okay," I ask. "You were hungry so you let your pride and went in that place and I hope you get a great big ulcer to match the hole in your head."

Perhaps my last remark did nothing to cement our friendship, but somehow the loss of such a friend worries me not at all.

You look around and see the world changing all about you and you grow impatient with the people who put a little convenience above a principle.

It might be different if they were being asked to lay down their lives, but all they are being asked to do is to act like a man is supposed to act — and some of them just can't do it.

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

This town has gone daffy over the Madison.

How else can you account the fact that both wives and children are ready do the Rifleman, the Jackie Gleason and the Sinatra at the drop of a note.

Al Chelsea and Clifton the other day my attention was drawn to an attractive woman because, to be perfectly frank, she was darn good looking.

I was so intent on watching her climb out of an automobile as only a woman can that I almost drove upon the curb.

I was startled further when just as her feet touched the ground she slid into the Madison of the AME minister, the Rev. J. R. Burnum. She has been confined to bed for several weeks.

Mrs. Margaret Buchanan of Granite, Md. was released from University Hospital, is at home.

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Remember, a longtime shut-in — Mrs. Sallie Logan. Her address: The Stephen Smith Home, 4100 block Girard Ave., Philadelphia.

Get well cheer to Mrs. Ethel Coleman 1506 N. Smallwood St. She has had their sympathy in her hour of ill health. Hubby is now at home but "doing fine."

The next day the papers carried a feature about how the little lady had suddenly filed suit to divorce hubby No. 16.

IF YOU Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

A little bird tells me that Joan Washington Hayes, she's the comely Sara Spencer Washington heiress, and Dr. Roy Stein Scott, he's the chief resident surgeon at Provident Hospital, have a date with the parson.

Word is that the nuptials will be solemnized at the home of her parents—the William Gosheal (Verna), one day next week but the principals themselves will neither confirm nor deny the report.

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By the way, Dr. Scott is a comparatively new resident of our city, having been here just since 1957.

He is a native of British Guiana, a 1952 graduate of the Howard Medical School, who did his interne work at the Kate Bittings Hospital in Winston-Salem and at University Hospital here in Baltimore before becoming chief resident.

He also served 16 months in the Army in Korea.

It is a coincidence that a letter in the mail this week says of Dr. Scott: "We know Dr. R. Scott at Provident is just such a nice person. I am writing this letter for 25 other persons and myself. He is swell.

"He has a way of talking to you that makes you feel better no matter how badly you feel.

"All the staff at Provident is swell, but Dr. Scott is a special with us."

• • •

Fire on Friday morning damaged the furnace room and lower auditorium to the tune of $5,000 at the Mt. Ararat Baptist Church, Longwood St. and Gwynns Falls Parkway.

The pastor, the Rev. Samuel B. Redd, says it is believed a back flash from the oil burner might have caused the blaze.

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Youngest and cutest guests at the 35th annual Baltimore Urban League annual dinner meeting on Sunday at the Sheraton: The 11-year-old twin daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Frank F. Furstenberg.

They are granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hollander Sr., so come by their interest in race relations naturally.

The girls are named Anne and Ellen. They are in the sixth grade at Windsor Hills Elementary School. Their pretty dinner frocks were red.

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Most over for fathers and dads: The father-son banquet at the Druid Hill YMCA, 6 p.m., March 24 when Colt Star Lenny Moore will be guest speaker.

Dr. George Brain, the new school superintendent, and his family will be guests at the Frontiers Club evening meeting for members, their ladies and guests 6 p.m. March 22 at the YMCA.

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Mrs. Estelle Tilghman, the veteran nurse who died on Monday evening, graduated from the Provident Hospital School of Nursing back in the days when the old hospital was located on St. Marys Street.

For over 25 years, she worked at the hospital as a nurse in the children's division. She was the widow of Isaac Tilghman who died in 1927. Remember, he was a waiter at the old Stafford Hotel?

And, remember, Mrs. Tilghman was one of the charter members of Douglas Memorial Church which grew out of Bethel AME Church?

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People moving about: Mr. and Mrs. Chester H. Hawkins (Ida M.), are in their new home at 3910 Duvall Ave.

And, the Joseph Feltons' Dennlyn Rd. house is a dream. Mrs. Felton (Leona) just loves that tiled kitchen.

Dr. and Mrs. George Pendleton (Vivian), are in their gorgeous, and I do mean gorgeous, new abode at 3108 Dorchester Rd. 'Tis a dream. By the way, Dr. Pendleton says his move to his new abode ends 30 years residence on Druid Hill Ave.,

The Rufus Weltses (Hattie) are in their Dennlyn Rd. home, and the Earl Andersons are in their new home a new address in Ashburton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Payne (Hattie) postcard about the beauties of the Caribbean, tell of meeting aboard ship, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crew of Philadelphia.

MRS. HAYES DR. BRAIN
ELLEN FURSTENBURG ANNE FURSTENBURG

More people and things...

Lovely ladies seen at the Eastside Community Center Tea's 14th annual Blue Ribbon tea a Sunday ago at the Dunbar High: Mrs. Grace Boothe, 1901 N. Wolfe St. and Mrs. Willia Mae Aikens, 1510 Edison Highway.

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Good Samaritans of the week:

The 5 young men who stopped their truck (license No. 2062EG) on busy Broadway in front of Hopkins Hospital to push us out of the snow.

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Congratulations of the week to: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Thomas (Anita) of Pasadena, Md. They mark their 40th wedding anniversary on March 20.

March 20th birthday cards to Mrs. Eugene Byrd (Mildred), the teacher at 103 Carver Rd. March 22nd cards for Frisby Lindsay, 1934 Brantley Ave., and on March 23 to Mrs. Amanda Mitchell, 116 Maderia St.

Birthday cards by March 24th to Mrs. Audrey Dobbins, 537 Radnor Ave. and by March 25 to Mrs. Violet M. Rideout, 33 Winters Ave. in Catonsville.

Rush March 19th helios to Mrs. Mae Wright Allen, the teacher. Her address: 2307 Harlem Ave.

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Glad you're better hellos to Father Stephen Hogan, SSJ, onetime pastor of St. Pius Church here, now assigned to St. Luke's Church in Washington.

He was in Hopkins Hospital. Home from Hopkins Hospital: Mrs. Margaret Crampton, 1332 Lauretta Ave.

Into Hopkins on Wednesday for an operation: Mrs. Raymond Tilghman (Clarice Greene), the teacher. She's confined to Room 405 in the Marburg section, and expects to be in for at least two weeks.

Hellos also to Mrs. Eva Harrison, 1305 N. Fulton, widow of the AME minister, the Rev. J. R. Burnum. She has been confined to bed for several weeks.

Mrs. Margaret Buchanan of Granite, Md. was released from University Hospital, is at home.

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Remember, a longtime shut-in — Mrs. Sallie Logan. Her address: The Stephen Smith Home, 4100 block Girard Ave., Philadelphia.

Get well cheer to Mrs. Ethel Coleman 1506 N. Smallwood St. She has had their sympathy in her hour of ill health. Hubby is now at home but "doing fine."

She had left her job as interview supervisor with the Department of Employment Security, when she fell in a North Baltimore shopping center.

She was just out after recovery from a sprained ankle when she fell on the ice, and is now confined to bed with a back injury.

Get-well in a hurry message also to Mrs. Joseph Shephard (Anne), the Morgan State College staffer, who is confined to Hopkins Hospital.

She entered a week back, underwent a successful throat operation, now doctors are going to keep her there until her ticker stops acting up.

Mrs. Shephard, you know is the wife of an AFRO editor, and a hardworking member in any group with which she affiliates — remember when she was an executive with Delta House in D.C.?

Get-well quick cards to Mrs. Ida Washington, who is in Provident Hospital.

Rufus M. Washington, another member of Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, is confined to his home at 2320 Allendale Rd., and cheer to John Thomas at 503 W. Lanvale St.

STRICTLY PERSONAL:—

My mother died yesterday. She was this columnist's dearest friend, severest and adoring critic.

A week ago, we knew she could not long continue to stand the pain . . . . the poison . . . which had wracked her body, now frail and tired.

After she received last rites on Wednesday, we continued to maintain our vigil, hoping, hoping for a miracle which could not and did get come.

Actually, I like to think my mother went to sleep. Nearly a month ago, when she stopped talking. She knew His plans and was ready.

I FOUND comfort these last few days in the words of Bennett Weaver, who wrote when his mother died:

Now there shall be a new song and a new star,
A new voice in the wind to whisper me;
And I shall stand within the harbor bar.
And watch a new light tossing down the sea.
My childish terror of the Lord shall cease;
And my dread fear of blind and horrid fate;
And from my sin I shall have sure relief
Because in heaven she is my advocate.

Off The Beaten Path

By Elizabeth M. Oliver

FOLKS, FACES AND KINGS The Rev. A. J. Payne, Enon Baptist pastor, returned from golfing and visiting in Puerto Rico the first of March, reports he had a fine, restful time with the Rev. Marshall Shepard, his buddy pastor, from Philadelphia.

They stayed at the ritzy Normandy Hotel, were not annoyed by any discrimination, that very ugly plant which seems to be homegrown and thrives only in the U.S.

The ministers saw Nat King Cole at the Inter-Continental Hotel lounge and Sassy Sarah Vaughn at the Conrad Hilton.

In between putting on the private and public golf courses, the Revs. Payne and Shepard heard a talk by their fellow Baptist preacher, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, who is also a Congressman and addressed a Puerto Rican statehood group.

On the way back to Baltimore, the two stopped in Miami, stayed at the St. John Hotel, heard Phillipa Schuyler in a piano recital, teed off from the golf courses and then caffie on home.

P.S.-The Revs. Payne and Shepard are now sporting healthy suntans.

NEW FACES on the May 17 primary list for state convention seats include three members from the distaff side who are named Bennett:

Miss Anna G. Bennett, Sharp Street Methodist secretary, who resides at 1320 Druid Hill Ave; Mrs. Ida Bennett, 2235 Druid Hill Ave., and Mrs. Estelle Bennett, 1308 Ashland Ave. They are not related.

NOW HEAR THIS—The Rev. Harrison J. Bryant's campaign for the AME bishopric is now city-wide and his many friends about town vow support.

NEWSCAST—If winter comes, the Methodist Annual Conference is sure to follow and word is that this one scheduled for May at Morgan State College will see many changes—on the ministerial level.

FRIDAY (Today). Friday, is the day the James Wrights, Washington, expect the arrival of their first heir. Mother is the former Douglass Hi queen, blond and pretty Mrs. Barbara Robinson Wright, daughter of the Harvey Robinsons over on Riggs Ave.

Great-grandfather, Harvey Robinson, I, known in political circles and all over town as pop, is improving at Osler Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he has been confined one week.

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TODAY is also a red-letter day in the lives of some of the town's best artist who mark the sixth day their exhibit has been held over at the Egyptian Room of an Avenue night spot —Showing off paintings, photography, ceramics and fashion illustrations were Vera Hughes, Cliff Smith, Ralph Harper, Clarence Willis, Hiram Amons, Nancy Burke, Robert O. Torrence, III, Meredith Addison, Gilbert Gray, Bernard Byrd, Elizabeth Murphy Oliver, Mary Ellen Jones, Cargie Vaughn, Walter Carr, Raymond Webster, Walter Dean, and Nancy McNair.

Four hundred persons were present at the smart cocktailer Sunday.

Sponsors were the Young Pharaohs of the Sphinx: Anderson Brooker, Eddie Buckson, Walter R. Carr, Jr., Herbert F. Chase, Harold Darden, William E. Day, Jr., Carroll Gibson, George (Ratty-Billy) Johnson, Vertis I. Johnson, Charles P. Presberry and Alonzo (Tweed) Rogers.

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MY CHOICE; Miss Hughes' "Girl in the Mirror"; Cliff Smith's "Clown"; Robert Torrence's "Jazz in 3/4 Time"; Gilbert Gray's "David"; Bernard Byrd's "Lost in the City"; Walter Carr's Fashion Illustrations; Walter Dean's photography and Hiram Ammons's jewelry.

Cargie Vaughn's Pining, "Red Smoke" glorifies an old kitchen sink like nothing else. Ralph Harper's "Gold Street" is plaintive, nostalgic, dramatic and just plain good.

Friday, two weeks ago Lula Jones Garrett's dog, Michael, died of a broken heart grieving the loss of his master, Lula's husband, Mark Patterson who died so suddenly a few weeks before.

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MICHAEL IS buried in Oakleigh Cemetery. For burial he was tenderly wrapped in one of Lula's best warm blankets.

This bit of Fridata comes in answer to the many OFF THE BEATEN PATH readers who wondered what happened in the end.

FRIDAY, March 11, was the day the Alexander Gateses welcomed their new baby girl into the family at Johns Hopkins. Mother is the former Miss Juanita Holsey, one of the five daughters of Bishop Sherman Hollowell, Methodist treasurer, Augustus J. Holsey, and a public school reading specialist. New father is also in city system.

The Gateses reside at 3210 Walbrook Ave., Apt. 3-C, so send them congratulations.

Friday is the day the Windsor Court Apartments residents expect eight-month-old Cindy German to start walking. She was born on the Fourth of July, has four teeth, a vocabulary of about six words, and tootsies like mom.

Her ma and pa, Stew and Beulah German departed from **grandma Frances German's** fireside and now reside in their own flat at 2111 Garrison.

Friday, last, shortly after the AFRO came out featuring Roland Hardy's swank apartment "the young bachelor's phone started ringing, hadn't stopped Wednesday, with some pretty nice compliments.

KINGS, or at least they certainly appear to be, are Bishop Price Hughes and Ralph Young in their fine cadillacs. Dr. Young's is canary yellow, you know.

AD-LINE coming soon in the AFRO is the feature on Mrs. Hattie B. Smith, who recently retired from the Bureau of Recreation as Center Director of the South Baltimore Playground after 24 years in the department.

You know her and Mr. Smith, Hawthorne Smith, Sr. The couple built their Catonsville home, a beauty spot, over 35 years ago.

Mrs. Smith was related to William Price, the 107-year old business man and "the judge" of Tarrant St. who died Sunday.

MAIL BOX Mrs. Louise Singleton Parker, former AFRO librarian during the 1940's, is now a D.C. school teacher. (Used to reside in Catonsville).

Her husband is Dr. Melvin (Mellie) Parker, formerly of Baltimore and a Howard School of Pharmacy grad. They have a fine drug store in Washington.

A note from Dr. "Becky" Davis says how she appreciated last week's AFRO feature on her career as a "businessmie" and a pharmacist.

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THE REVS. Julius and Edward Carroll arrived in New York Tuesday night to escort the body of their cousin home to Baltimore.

The deceased woman is Mrs. Mamie Brooks Riley, who was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery at 12 noon yesterday (Thursday).

She was cousin to Mrs. Mamie Carroll Woolford, Dunbar teacher and sister of Mrs. Estelle Brooks Alston, New York undertaker and embalmer.

• • •

MRS. Clara Banks, wife of the Rev. David Benjamin Banks, pastor of Greater St. Johns Baptist Church, Turner Station, drove here from Cleveland, Ohio, for services for the late Mrs. Nannie Hurley Tuesday and then on Thursday to Philadelphia on another sorrowful mission.

In the Pennsylvania town she was present for the funeral services of her sister-in-law.

Today, Friday, Mrs. Banks returned to Cleveland to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Clara Yeoman.

Mrs. Banks' trips to Cleveland on occasions have been many in the last two years.

Her father, Cornelius Yeoman, well-known Cleveland, died Jan., 1959. Her sister, Mrs. Mauldeen Williamson, died Nov., 1958.

She will return to Baltimore and Turner Station April 26 for the banquet which will honor her husband, the Rev. Mr. Banks, for 20 years service in the Turner Station community.

FLASH! Restaurant trouble is not confined to The Deep South. Baltimore is South 30 miles below the Mason Dixon Line). It's all around us.

Last week, colored citizens were barred from entering the door of an eatery in the 2100 block Edmondson Ave. Only carry-out is permitted in another just a few doors away.

It seems, the places are reserved for the "white only" salesmen, collectors, insurance men who mind you, make their living from all colored customers residing in the all-colored neighborhood.

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NOW HEAR THIS A magazine heralds the advent of a new "week-end" newspaper in Chicago as a "pioneering development in American journalism". Is that so? Well, hardly.

For nearly 70 years now the Late City edition of the AFRO has been this town's week-end edition, providing where-to-go, what-to-do, week-end news for Baltimore families.

And, as you know, no weekend would be tolerable without the Friday edition of the AFRO which is available to readers throughout the weekend at any newsstand in town.

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TEE-HEE To white Virginia daily newspapers putting on circulation campaigns to get back lost colored readers who have been forced to quit, by refusing to read them, since these papers wrote unsatisfactory editorials on the lunch-counter sit-downs.

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GOOD GRIEF Merchants complain the sale of flowery spring hats has been off to be because of the snow and wintery atmosphere of the past three weeks.

Weatherman, 100 per cent right on the button these days.

DINING AND CHATTING — A few of the dignitaries at the head table at the Baltimore Urban League's 35th Annual Dinner Meeting which was attended by more than 400 guests. From left are: William E. Brainard, president of the league; Mrs. Letitia Ashe, chairman of the dinner committee; Mayor J. Harold Grady, Mrs. George B. Brain, wife of the superintendent of public schools; Judge Henry E. Niles, chairman of the nominating committee; the Rev. Joseph M. Connelly, assistant priest at St. Gregory The Great Church, and Dr. Furmar L. Templeton Sr., executive secretary of the league.

2 women appeal fines, get 30 days for police assault

Two women appealing police court fines on charges of assaulting officers and disorderly conduct, were sentenced to 30 days in Women's Reformatory and given $50 suspended fines in Criminal Court Wednesday.

They were:

Mrs. Emma Lou Robbins, 22, 1100 block Orleans st., fined $75 at Southwestern Police Court;

Miss Vivian Harris, 21, 1000 block Ridgely St., fined $100 at Southwestern.

The women were charged with disorderly conduct on Aug. 16, 1959 and assaulting Southwestern District officers Earl Saunders and Robert Keith as the officers attempted to arrest them and break up an unruly crowd at Fremont Ave. and Ridgely St., shortly before 2 a.m.

Officers and other witnesses testified approximately 100 to 200 persons gathered outside several nearby taverns.

Policemen said the two defendants were among those among others who were arrested when the crowd became unruly.

OFFICER KEITH TESTIFIED he and another officer placed "claws" on Miss Harris after she became profane and grabbed him, snatching the buttons from his shirt.

Officer Sanders said he struck Mrs. Robbins, a mother of two small children, with his billy club to release himself from her grasp.

Witnesses also said they saw Miss Harris in "claws and leg irons being picked up bodily and placed in a cruiser.

In addition, they said they saw no commotion between an officer and Mrs. Robbins, but saw her stretched prone on the ground in the middle of Fremont Ave.

DR. MARCUS MOORE, 1300 block N. Cary St., testified he treated Mrs. Robbins after her experience and found evidences of severe mishandling. He said she had been bandaged sloppi-

Other testimony was that the young matron, pregnant at the time of the alleged assault, lost her child, and required 14 stitches in her head as a result of the scrap. She said she was treated at Mercy Hospital before seeing Dr. Moore.

MISS HARRIS TESTIFIED she was walking along with a "friend" when the crowd when an officer approached her and told her to move along because he had "had trouble with her" the night before.

The defendant said she told the officer he was mistaken and he answered, "You're too smart. I'm going to arrest you," then led her to the call box.

In his statements to the jury for the close of the hearing, Charles P. Howard, attorney representing both of the women, said, "Your police of Baltimore City cannot continue to abuse people unnecessarily.

It is obvious two women, both of whom weigh less than 110 would not need this sort of thing — billy clubs, shackles," he said.

Assistant State's attorney James W. McAllister told the jury, "Aug. 16 could well have been a day when violence was the order on Fremont Ave. and Ridgely St.," and said that the officers' actions were necessary and they took steps well in line with their duty.

In imposing sentence, Judge Prendergast denied leniency, saying, "I am obligated, it is a part of my duty to send each of these defendants to jail."

As she was led from the courtroom by a deputy sheriff, Mrs. Robbins grasped one of her small children who was standing near the aisle to kiss her.

Welfare check delivered to defendant in jail

Being jailed to await trial on welfare fraud didn't stop William Collins, 75, 2100 block Callow Ave., from receiving his welfare check — while in jail.

According to jail authorities, a friend of the defendant's delivered a Welfare check to jail. Collins signed it, and the friend had it cashed for him.

Although they were aware of the transaction, a spokesman at City Jail said, they had no power to keep the inmate from receiving or cashing his check, so they notified State's attorney Saul Harris and the Department of Public Welfare.

Mrs. Roberta Finkbinder, assistant director at the welfare department, said Collins and his wife, Mrs. Ella Collins, 57, had received $49.17 weekly assistance from Sept. 1957 to July 1958.

She said the calculated needs of the couple amounted to $82.50; when Mrs. Collins reported she earned $43.33 a month doing two-day's work weekly, so the welfare aid and her earnings would bring the family's monthly income to a total of $92.50.

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AFTER THIS, the welfare official said, Mr. Collins returned to the department saying his wife had left him and he needed aid. He then began receiving monthly checks of $77.

Mr. Collins was arrested for the welfare fraud when welfare investigators learned his wife had understated her earnings and was really making $30 weekly, bringing their monthly income to a total of $129.17.

Charged with fraudulently obtaining $1,421.70 on Feb. 26, Mr. Collins was not arrested until March 11 because he could not be found at his usual address: 2400 block of Barclay St.

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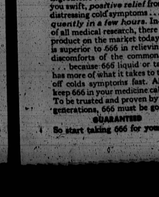

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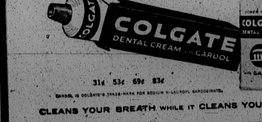

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So start taking 666 for your cold . . . now. The makers of 666 are so sure that 666 will work, they make this unconditional guarantee . . . You've got to be satisfied . . . or your money back!

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666 starts working instantly . . . the moment you swallow the first dose. In minutes, the active ingredients 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!

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