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

Punched In The Nose!

Individuals, who are flagrantly unjust in their treatment of others sometimes get punched on the nose.

The president of Alabama State College, at the command of the governor, fired 20 students out of hand when they engaged in sit-down activities in bus terminals.

Last week, the Supreme Court said no. The governor and the college president were wrong. A state college may not fire students out of hand. They must have a trial first.

This could mean that colleges must set up machinery for student trials. When John Doe flunks, his case must come before the college court for hearing.

THE SUPREME COURT also rebuked the Louisiana police department this week. The High Court said they had no right to arrest sitdowners for disturbing the peace merely because they violated local custom in entering a restaurant, and asking to be served.

The Court's decision does not immediately declare all eager-beaver police departments out of bounds.

In Maryland, free-wheeling police arrest sitdowners for a violation of the state's trespass laws.

The High Court will soon get cases in which we ask how can state-paid policemen arrest us for trespass, and not arrest white people who come into the same restaurants to be served.

Step by step, we regain citizenship pledged by the Constitution's 14th Amendment, which is now 93 years old.

Archbishop Keough

The death of Archbishop Francis Patrick Keough, after 14 years as head of the Catholic Diocese of Baltimore, is deeply regretted.

Upon entering a college in the city some years ago, the Archbishop looked around, then quietly said, "I see no colored faces here."

People of all races figured in the archbishop's program for his church. Tremendous progress was made under his administration.

At the death of his predecessor, Archbishop Michael J. Curley, Protestants and Catholics who had loved the late Cardinal Gibbons, petitioned the Holy Father in Rome to send here a spiritual leader free of prejudice against minority groups.

His Grace, Archbishop Keough, who came here from Connecticut, was the answer.

He was greatly loved, and he will be long remembered.

Not Primitive Art

Art collectors have been snapping up primitive African art in recent years.

A great deal of it goes back to the 14th and 15th century, about the time Columbus discovered America.

This is all very well, provided primitive art objects are not exhibited as the best, and only art of Africa.

Here's a sentence from a recent primitive exhibit program at Morgan State College.

"Africans did not develop a form of writing because they did not need to. Everything that is Africa, history, religion and art, is eloquently presented through sculpture."

That well turned sentence is simply not true.

5000 years ago, North Africans were the inventors of writing, produced the first books on medicine, embalming, astronomy, mathematics, erected the first stone buildings, and ruled the world longer than any other peoples.

Black Africans lit the torch of knowledge for the world now civilized.

West African primitive art of the year 1500, is only a match compared with the lightning of the art of the black people of Egypt.

Senator Butler To Quit

Maryland's U.S. Senator John Marshall Butler will not run for reelection next year.

We hope the reason is not poor health, as he said.

We fear one reason is that his survey shows too many enemies lurking around the election corner.

Senator Butler made pre-election promises he did not keep. He aligned himself in the Senate with the Southern segregation Democrats to cripple civil-rights and other liberal measures:

For the Democrats, it is too bad he is not to run.

Thousands of Democrats and Republicans would have turned out in the next election just to vote against Senator Butler.

Sometimes, voters take more delight in voting an enemy out of office, than in voting a friend in.

A Salute To CORE

The Commission on Racial Equality (CORE), has admirably handled the demonstrations against segregated restaurants on Highway No. 40 between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

First, intentionally or inadvertently, the Maryland Interracial Commission misled CORE by declaring 35 restaurants had agreed to desegregate. CORE found the actual number was 24.

Then, in numerous conferences, CORE has been pressured to give up its picketing and demonstrations, and to be satisfied with "gradual progress."

CORE has said "no" to compromise, and for this we applaud the organization.

We can not accept a little segregation, any more than a sensible person would be happy with a little cancer.

Morgan First In IC4A

Morgan State College, after knocking at the door for eight years, at long last gained admittance to the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America (IC4A).

Undoubtedly, respect for athletic director Eddie Hurt and the fine teams he has coached, especially in track, had much to do with the final acceptance to the 66-member institution.

Morgan is the first colored school to gain such recognition. One by one, barriers to full citizenship fall.

They resist, but in due course they yield.

Thanks To School Board

We are happy that the Board of School Commissioners permitted a benefit football game at the stadium on Sunday before 15,000.

The contest between Loyola Catholic High and All Stars from 18 public and private schools, was a runaway for the All Stars, 44-8.

The score was not important. The excellence of the play, and sportsmanship were.

It permitted the whole city to see how far the schools have integrated football.

It provided some $30,000 for a youngster paralyzed in high school football.

Eddie Golder of Carver and Jack Lentz of Loyola were a part of coming quarterbacks.

Norman Burkett of Forest Park was judged the best halfback on the field.

In the line youngsters like Steve Rexford of Severn and Frank Gigliotti of Loyola performed like young pros.

Another year, we would like to see a second annual All Star game between two teams representing best players of all the high schools in the city.

And there should be public and private school players on both teams.

Meaningless Diplomas

We are entirely sympathetic with Anne Arundel County's Mrs. Edward Zimmerman, who is dissatisfied with the present system of awarding high school diplomas.

She is right. Kids who have been in high school four years can get a diploma despite the fact that they flunked out in the 8th grade.

Nowadays, a child who fails to make a passing mark is still enrolled to the next grade.

College diplomas are marked (with praise) 80, (with great praise) 80-90, and (with highest praise) 90-100.

High school diplomas are identical for smart and dumb graduates.

One of the reasons our public schools are overcrowded is that we coddle the students who flunk their studies.

Help Him, By Helping Mrs. Santa

Help Mrs. Santa Now

There are hungry children in Baltimore today. Children who are sick at heart and fearful of the future. There will be no toys, no Christmas tree, no joy for these youngsters on Dec. 25.

It will be just another Monday in their drab, dismal lives.

Some of the families have reached the end of their rope and have turned to Mrs. Santa for help. You can read their stories elsewhere in this newspaper.

It is a story of human misfortune in the midst of prosperity; of families plagued by physical sickness, and unemployment. But the sickness that is the most pignant is the sickness of the heart.

Over and over again the Mrs. Santa cases point up the dire need of fellow Baltimoreans. A mother of three writes: "All I have in the house is a bed and a gas stove, not even a kitchen table to eat on I sleep on the floor."

A mother of ten children, expecting another child next month, writes, "The children need socks and underclothing and some baby clothes. I will be glad to get anything you can give."

A 15-year-old child explains:

"I do not want for myself, just for my mother, father, sisters and brothers. They need clothes and shoes. Mother was sick a long time."

"I have seven children. Their father left us. I'm trying to bring them up the best I can," writes a young mother.

The list is long.

Hunger and heartache stalk the city and little children are frightened because they do not understand the tragedy that hems them in.

In recent weeks, generous Baltimoreans have responded to these urgent calls for help. Through their clubs and churches and as individuals, they have extended a helping hand to their distressed neighbors.

New Deal At City Jail

Best news we've heard recently is word that the City Jail's new Warden, Hiram L. Schoonfield, has started general housecleaning. For the first time in years, there is a flag flying at the Madison Street building which is home for 1,466 persons who are temporary guests of the city.

The rats and outmoded equipment, some of which is 61 years old, will have no resting place there.

We are more than happy to hear from Warden Schoonfield himself that the Jail Board's promise to integrate all prisoners is indeed a fact. He said it this way: "There are no Route 40's in the City Jail. I won't stand for segregation."

The new warden is still making sweeping changes.

Don't Go Back, Chief

Former Zulu Chief Albert John Luthuli at 62 received the Nobel Peace Prize in Osto, Norway, on Sunday.

Dag Hammarskjold, late Secretary of the U.N., and Ralph Bunche, have previously received this $48,460 award.

If we were Chief Luthuli, we would not go back to South Africa until its present segregation leaders are cleared out.

They have already had the nerve to say the chief is unworthy of the honors. And, on his return the government is prepared to confiscate the the larger portion of his fortune.

We like something the chief said in accepting his new honors. This is it:—"There will be no peace as long as people have to struggle for human rights and freedom."

Sightseeing

Anyone For A Toy Atomic Bomb?

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

When latter day historians sit down to write the saga of the 20th Century, if there is still a world to write about, some astute student will probably note a close relationship between the warlike period in which we live and the type of toys that interest our children.

Our age has abandoned the simple harmless toys of the past, in favor of scaled down versions of the machines man has made to destroy his fellow man.

Bright eyed youngsters can enter a toy shop and find such educational items as replicas of Cape Canaveral, complete with missiles that can be launched, models of hydrogen bomb carrying submarines and airplanes, bulldog tanks, mobile atomic guns, and what is known, euphonically, as an "ideal pom pom gun."

The only thing missing is a do-it-yourself hydrogen bomb set, for those youngsters who like a touch of realism.

Two mad scientists were reported to be working on such a project, but there was an unfortunate accident, and now there's only one.

• • •

WITH SUCH destructive toys as these available, a youngster can be forgiven for believing that the main occupation of his elders is making war, and the more war the better.

If a youngster prefers something a little more personal, say for hand-to-hand combat, he can always find a gun.

I don't mean the old-fashion nickel-plated six shooter, but the new breed of gun, that does everything but talk.

• • •

AVAILABLE now are shoulder holster guns, a la Eliot Ness; guns that shoot plastic bullets, guns that shoot sparks, and guns bearing the signature of a youngster's favorite phony TV cowboy.

Should the hand gun fail to give the child all the fire power he wants, he can always get a machine gun, a mortar or a bazooka . . . the better to kill his enemies with.

They've even gone so far as to make "training guns," which I presume are designed for children too small to handle the regular models.

• • •

SOMETIMES YOU wonder whether the parents of this nation are more interested in training a nation of future citizens, or a generation of gun slingers.

Despite the announced aversion of our community leaders for games of chance, youngsters are free to purchase miniature versions of pin ball machines, whose bigger brothers represent one of the principal sources of American gambling.

Giving a youngster a pin ball machine of his own, may improve his muscular dexterity, but I seriously doubt that it's going to strengthen his moral fibre.

One toy that gives me particular cause for worry is the miniature lie detector kit, available to the younger set.

With one of those kits in his pocket, an enterprising youngster could upset an entire neighborhood by offering his services to doubting wives and not so sure husbands.

As the toys have grown more complex, they have also grown more expensive, in direct ratio.

It is not uncommon for a television pitch for a particular toy to end with this admonition, addressed to the kiddies:

"Tell your mother to run right to the store and get this lovely toy, which is only $19.90 plus tax. Don't be the only kid in your neighborhood not to have one.

Naturally a child has to have one, and if mommie or daddy-o, old moneybags himself, doesn't buy one, the kid thinks his parents are stinkers.

He feels rejected, and if something isn't done, he could well develop a complex, which in later years turns into a neurosis, and he ends up as a mental case — all because he couldn't get that toy when he was a child.

• • •

AND IF the parent does buy the toy, he probably strains the budget.

The kid repays his loving parent by playing with the toy for less than a day, and then discarding it for something new.

The parent is left with a useless toy on hand, and the knowledge that as soon as the next toy commercial is shown, his little angel will probably want that toy too.

Oh for the days of the simple toys—skates, bicycles, dolls, etc.

But I guess I must be living in the past.

Maybe if I called that surviving inventor who's working on an instant H-bomb explosion, we could go into partnership.

What Our Readers Say

Committee Explains

Readers are invited to submit letters for publication. All letters must be signed but signatures will be omitted if requested. Letters should be no more than 300 words in length. Address them "Our Readers Say," AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Dear AFRO:

From an article which appeared recently in the press many people have derived the idea that there is a conflict between the two committees which are working to aid the colored population of Monroe, North Carolina.

We, The Committee to Aid the Monroe Defendants, have sought constantly to achieve the fullest cooperation between the committees. We are now striving even harder for unification, and we hope that we will soon be able to announce a successful merger.

The leadership in the executive committee of CAMD is integrated and we open to people of all political tendencies and we are dominated by no political parties. We do not feel that we can fight discrimination by practicing it ourselves. Our only purpose for existing is to provide aid for the frame-up victims and the destitute colored people of Monroe who are suffering from severe economic reprisals.

CAMD has not attempted to interfere in any way with the projects of any other group working for the same cause for we have been devoting all our energies to our coming rally. This rally will feature a talk by Freedom Rider Richard Griswold.

At this rally, on Friday, Dec. 15 at 8:30 at Mt. Lebanon Baptist Church, Mr. Griswold will present a first hand account of the events that occurred in Monroe this past summer.

There is no need for conflict between groups working for the same cause; food, clothing and money are desperately needed by the people in Monroe, and we are not concerned with which committee the readers choose to donate to, as long as they donate.

GARY COHN, RANDY BACOTE,
Co-Chairmen Baltimore CAMD

Deplores Unemployment

Dear AFRO:

I have been reading the letters written to the AFRO's Mrs. Santa and they have touched my heart. It is frightening to realize that right here in Baltimore are people who go to bed at night hungry.

On the other hand, some of us have more than we need. In the rush to keep up with the Joneses, we often forget how fortunate we are.

I am thankful that I have my health and enough to eat.

Most of the letters to Santa mentioned the hardships resulting from unemployment. There are many organizations "studying" this problem, but it is like the weather — everyone talks about it but no one does anything about it.

I would like to see some concerted action in Baltimore to reduce the number of persons unemployed. This is a problem we will have to face as most of the persons out of work are colored.

MRS. MILDRED K. TAYLOR

Tribute To Tony

Dear AFRO:

On Dec. 13, 1960, "An Angry Young Man" was freed from his arduous struggle for freedom. He was Tony Adona, 26, a University of Maryland Law School junior.

Mr. Adona, who gained national recognition for his outstanding leadership in the local sit - in movement, was loved and respected by all. His death weighed heavily upon the hearts of those who knew him.

Tony was credited with being the spirit of the Civic Interest Group, local student sit - in movement. His never tiring enthusiasm for the cause of "liberty and justice for all" was reflected in his work, as well as his leadership.

As representative of the CIG at the Student Non-violent Co - Ordinating Committee Conference, at Atlanta in September of '60, he helped to gain recognition of the Baltimore sit-in movement.

Members of the CIG can truly say of Tony: "Before he'd be a slave, he'd be buried in his grave and go home to his Lord and be free."

CIVIC INTEREST GROUP

(EDITOR'S NOTE — Tony Adona, co - leader of the Civic Interest Group, the student organization which has lodged a two - year fight against restaurant segregation, died last Dec. 13. This week the CIG is commemorating the first anniversary with graveside ceremonies.

Objects To Materialism

Dear AFRO:

The money changers have finally succeeded in taking the Christ out of Christmas.

On busy downtown streets, carols ring in the air and cash registers ring in the store. Caught in the web woven by the advertising moguls, thousands of hard-working persons are busy getting themselves into debts they will be years repaying.

Lost is the traditional Yule theme of Peace on Earth. Today's theme is get and spend as much as you can.

The Christ Child has been replaced by St. Nick, because Santa is a salesman and it is difficult — even for the Madison Ave. boys — to build a sales pitch around a babe in a manger.

Where will it end?

CHARLES J. HARTFORD

Noteworthy

'Miracle Worker' Was Only A Lonely Lover

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Love makes the world go, but little did I know that it could make a television set come alive too.

The way the story came out in Central Municipal Court the other day, a young Romeo fell mighty low when the electrical supply to his girlfriend's pad was cut off.

His bullet wanted to watch television in the worst way.

To satisfy this desire, the gay Lothario took a piece of wire and bridged the gap between his sweetheart's house and a power line.

He would have gotten away with the escapade for awhile longer if some neighbor had not written a letter to the Gas and Electric Company.

• • •

PERCY SUTTON, the New York lawyer who was found guilty with four others in Towson Friday of violating Maryland's trespass law, has his doubts about Free State justice.

On his way to post bond, Mr. Sutton stopped to look at an inscription that runs the length of one wall of the courtroom. It read:

"Equality And Liberty Under The Law Is The Foundation Of A Government Of Free People."

Mr. Sutton's only comment was, "Let me look at that word equality once more."

• • •

YOU CAN never tell about a jury. Attorney Archie Williams made his pitch, the nine women and three men were so attentive.

I thought maybe he had won his case, so what happens?

When the jury is polled everyone says "Guilty."

• • •

DANCING THE twist is a hazard. Almost as hazardous as playing football, according to a couple of doctors.

One of the doctors, a member of the Society of New Jersey Chiropractors, claims the dance is "a potentially hazardous torque movement causing strains in the lumbar and sacrollac areas."

POET'S CORNER

The Ultimate Man

I am the ultimate man
Uniting into one
The varients of earth
Strayed since the world begun.
I am finality.
Combined humanity
Returning on the trail
Now at the set of sun.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

AFRO 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 injustice, even principles on compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY, SR., 1922

Evelyn Campbelle
American Beer
Sales Representative says:

"Try American - the beer that really tastes like beer!"

American BEER

HOLIDAY SPECIALS!

AMERICAN BOCK BEER ★ SHANNON CREAM STOUT
AMERICAN VARIETY CASE

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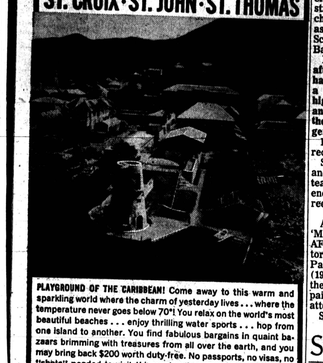
TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS
ST. CROIX · ST. JOHN · ST. THOMAS



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For your travel ease! Write Dept. 104, Virgin Islands Govt. Information Center, 16 West 49th St., N. Y. C.

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

Frances L. Murphy School

Our first grader came home on Tuesday with a Christmas notice to parents, and that's how we learned that Coppin State Teachers' College has named its new demonstration school.

The $653,000 building at Warwick and Windsor Aves., is to be known as the Frances L. Murphy Laboratory School.

Dr. Parlett Moore, president of Coppin, says the college trustees and the Board of Public Works approved the faculty recommendation that the school bear the name of Frances Louise Murphy.

• • •

Miss Murphy, fondly described as a 'maiden lady greatly beloved," was a teacher and supervisor in the elementary schools, and instructor in theory and psychology at what was known as the Coppin Normal School, then a part of the Baltimore school system.

Before she retired in 1934 after 38 years service, she had gained a reputation as a teacher who demanded high standards for her pupils and one who insisted that they be qualified by intelligence and morals.

Her emphasis was on correct dress and conduct.

She kept up her studies, and was abreast of modern teaching methods until the end of her classroom career.

• • •

A year after she retired, 'Miss Frances' joined the AFRO staff as associate editor in charge of the Junior Page. That same year, (1935), she helped initiate the AFRO Clean Block campaign, which won world-wide attention.

She retired from active direction in 1946.

Thousands of youngsters knew her as the kindly "Clean Block Lady."

Miss Murphy was 84 when she died in May 1956.

A niece and namesake is Mrs. Frances Louise Murphy Wood, a teacher in the Baltimore schools. Her teenage daughter, also Frances Louise (Toni) attends Lemmel Junior High.

• • •

The Murphy Laboratory School was due to open in September, but it has been plagued with setbacks.

Six weeks ago, it was an electricians' strike. Now, a tie-up in sewer lines will probably delay January's scheduled opening until February.

MISS FRANCES MURPHY
School will bear her name

The school has seven classrooms, an all - purpose room and cafeteria, sufficient to seat its 250 pupils; a gymnasium, arts and science lab, library, health suite and administration offices.

Frederick L. Mims is principal of the school which is designed to prepare teachers for the public schools.

Send them sunshine

Philip Gaskins, the Shrine official, would enjoy your best wishes. He's on Brady 2 at Hopkins, where he had surgery last week.

Get - well cards will cheer G. Albert Wright, the school principal, who has been in University Hospital since Dec. 1. He is in room 7 on the D wing, ninth floor.

Mr. Wright was seized with a mysterious paralysis in his right wrist and fingers (dropped wrist is the term does use).

He is undergoing a series of tests and taking therapy.

Mahlon Oswell, the AFRO's longtime credit manager and assistant business manager, will welcome your hellos.

He had surgery on Monday (slipped disc), will be in for at least two more weeks. He's in Halsted Room 807 at Hopkins.

Also in Hopkins (Brady Room 112), is Yancy L. Whittaker, counselor at Clifton Park Junior High. Send him cards, but no visitors, yet, please.

• • •

Cheer to Provident Hospital for Dr. Enoch Dickerson, retired pharmacist and dentist, in room 314.

Elmer Patterson, Morgan groundskeeper, has been released.

Due for release soon: Dr. George Pendleton, the physician, who won his battle with pneumonia.

Our guy, Frank W. Phillips Jr., remains in Sinai Hospital, is expected home for Christmas.

congratulations

Belated cards (Dec. 5) to Mrs. Grace Johnson, Glenarm, Md., Mrs. Johnson (Mrs. Wilbur), is the mother of five, and lifelong member of Mt. Zion AME Church in Long Green, Md.

Dec. 10th, remember Charles C. Gray, Big Woods Rd., Jamesville, Md.

Dec. 12th was birthday of Mrs. Pauline Blanchard, 1428 N. Parrish St.

More December birthdays: Dec. 12 — Rev. N. B. Carrington, pastor of Union Memorial Methodist Church

Dec. 15, Mrs. Morphelia B. Winston, 2504 Woodbrook Ave.

• • •

Belated wedding anniversary cards to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Cleary (Anita), of 1600 E. Biddle St. There was a quiet family dinner because Mrs. Cleary, you know, has been quite ill, but is doing nicely now, thank goodness.

Address cards by December 19 to Mrs. Pearl Pennington, 1518 McCulloh St.

December 17 is the birthday of Father Cedric E. Mills, rector of St. James PE Church.

Police Det. - Sgt. J. Hiram Butler has a birthday Dec. 21.

Same day (Dec. 21) cards to Mrs. Hiram E. Smith.

People, things

Pretty —pretty —pretty was the red and white wedding which united lovely Clarice Elizabeth Bias and tall and handsome Clarence Mitchell 3rd.

Event was Saturday at St. Cecilia's. Guests oohed and aahed at the unusual white bouffant gowns with red velvet tops, and of course at the beauty of the young bride.

A the reception afterwards, there were memorable moments when Clarence's frat brothers (Kappas) serenaded them, and when Clarence himself soloed on the Kappa sweetheart song ("You're are as pretty as a picture . . .")

Newlyweds are Morgan students. He has been active in the NAACP vote-registration drive sponsored by the NAACP Youth Council, and also in the sitdown demonstrations.

P.S. Mothers of the bride and bridegroom — both young - looking themselves —were pretty too.

• • •

Credit: The photographer who took those grand photos of the lovely Pauline Brooks models was Thomas Baden Jr., of Annapolis.

And, forgot to mention last week that the stage decorations for the show were the work of Audrey Simmons.

• • •

New look at Provident Hospital: Volunteers are looking smart in their pink jumpers with white blouses.

A spokesman says great work is being done by these ladies who are under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Tibbs, the new director of volunteers.

Thanks to her inspired leadtrship, 15 members serve daily (all day long), relieving nurses, and doing what they can to make things run smoothly at this overcrowded, understaffed and poorly equipped hospital.

But with all these problems, dedicated women like the volunteers, and dedicated staff members and professional people carry on what must often be a difficult and sometimes discouraging task.

By the way, these volunteers are planning a pre-Christmas Fashion show on Dec. 16 at 8 p.m.

In new post: Mrs. Shelley Murphy is the new director of public information with the Md. Tuberculosis Association (800 St. Paul St.). She succeeds Walter Jones.

Many will remember Mrs. Murphy as public relations director for the Baltimore YWCA.

More recently she has been public relations consultant to the Md. State Department of Economic Development in Annapolis.

FORTHRIGHT - FAIR
FEARLESS - FRANK
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featuring
• CONGOLESE FIGHT GIZENGA'S ENEMIES
• COLOR ISSUE IN ENGLAND
• DOPE—OUR GREATEST MENACE
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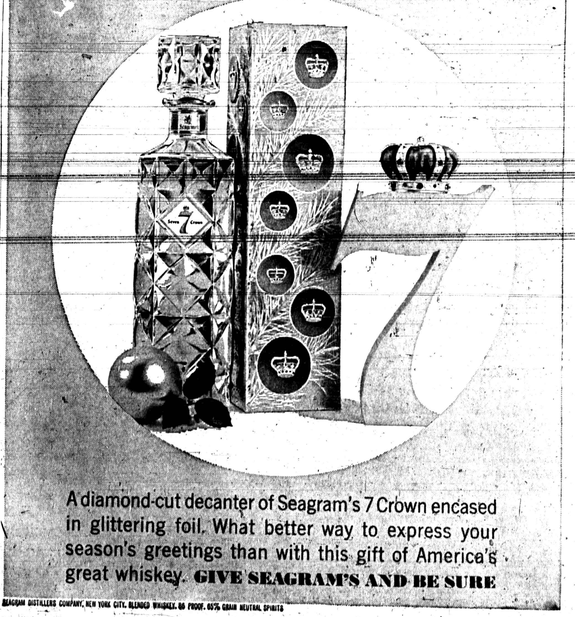

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