Baltimore Afro-American

"We are Americans and as Americans we would speak to America." Frederick Douglass

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.
1840-1922
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A Salute To A Hero

All the world rode the exciting Friendship 7 Mercury capsule which rocketed Lt. Col. John Herschel Glenn Jr., America's first astronaut to orbit the earth, three times about the universe.

Prior to this the Russians sent two men about the earth, Gagarin once around and Titov around 17.5 times, but never had the world been so full of excitement nor so proud of a man and country in a great achievement.

The reason for this was that democratic America invited the world to share the thrills of this history-making undertaking while Russia held to its Communistic secrecy and let the world know only what it wanted it to know—after it was certain the flights would be successful.

This was one time being second actually outshone being first.

Col. Glenn's family must have been a bit more excited, a bit more concerned than the rest of the world, but not by much.

From blastoff time Tuesday morning and throughout the ride that hit 17,545 miles an hour and lasted 4 hours and 56 minutes, Col. Glenn left with the world an excited courageousness which is not soon likely to be forgotten.

Listen in on him gain at various points on his journey:

"Oh, the view is tremendous. . .the lights show up very well, thank everybody for turning them on, will you. . . that was about the shortest day I ever ran into . . . the sun coming through the widow is very, very warm where it hits the suit. I get quite a bit of heat from it. . .

". . . I feel good Wally, no problems at all. . .I can see the whole state of Florida laid out like a map — beautiful. . .it looks like we'll have no problem on recovery. . .hey, Gordon, I want you to send a message for me (to Marine headquarters) request flight check be prepared for me."

. . . (After retrorockets went off) "I feel like I'm going back to Hawaii.

. . .I'm telling you, there's no doubt about it when those retros fire . . ."

(after some strained silence as he came back into earth's atmosphere)

". . . boy, was that a fireball. . ."

(And finally after being hauled abroad the destroyer Noa, and before the physicians could get to him) "My condition is excellent."

As Lt. Col. Glenn said when there was a question on whether a third orbit should be attempted, everything was "Go" all the way

The future of America's space position looks good, or as our astronauts would put it, "Things look A-Okay."

Insults At Home

Discrimination, wherever it exists, is repugnent.

And when it appears in our own front yard, it becomes even more repugnent, if such a thing is possible.

We refer to the policies of some restaurants located in colored neighborhoods.

These are the restaurants where colored customers are served on a carry out basis only.

Several local groups have become interested in the situation and have launched campaigns aimed at persuading the management of such restaurants to chart a new course.

How successful the campaigns will be, depends to a large measure on the support given by the general public.

If th person who have been patronizing such restaurants, refuse to accept the humiliation of being handed a paper bag to carry out, then perhaps the restaurants will have a change of heart.

True these restaurants form only a small fraction of the total restaurants in the city, but their policies is like a direct slap in he face.

It's the same as being insulted in your own home.

The Provident Bill

The critical need for a new Provident Hospital was dramatically underscored by last week's action of the Hospital Council, in which the agency threw its weight behind plans to obtain state and city aid to help build the new hospital.

While the Council agreed that a commission should be set up to study the overall problem of hospital financing, it also faced the fact that aid to Provident should not be delayed by another time consuming study.

It therefore asked that Provident be treated as a separate case.

The Council thus finds itself in line with a number of other groups, including the mayor's and the governor's hospital committees, which have also said that the need for a new Provident is critical and that construction should not be delayed a minute more than is absolutely necessary.

In order for a new Provident to be built, it is necessary to obtain funds from both the state and the city.

To accomplish this, two bills will have to be approved by the General Assembly.

One would enable the state to float a $2,400,000 bond issue, and the second would authorize the city of Baltimore to float a bond issue of its own for the same amount.

If the measures can be passed now, the city can put it on the ballot for approval of the voters in November.

The measures have the support of the Governor, but there are indications that some legislators are inclined to treat Provident not as a separate problem, but as part and parcel of the overall hospital picture.

If such a view prevails, it will mean there will be more delays in building a new Provident, delays which the city and state can ill afford without jeopardizing the health picture.

Even with its present antiquated building Provident has done an Herculean job in caring for the ills of its patients.

But it can't keep up forever.

The public, which has a major stake in the construction of a new hospital, might find that letters and telegrams sent to the legislators in support of the bills, might help bring about their passage.

No Tears for Ribicoff

The apparent finality of Abraham A. Ribicoff's decision to resign as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and run for the Senate in Connecticut is happy news.

One of the worst appointees of the Kennedy administration, Ribicoff will be the second "casualty" of the Kennedy administration, Chester Bowles being the first.

It's no secret that Ribicoff has been doing a miserable job.

Not only has he failed to give political leadership to the Administration's bills (the only thing he did was to stand up before a group of educators after the school aid bill failed and angrily ask: "where were you?") but Ribicoff has been completely out of step with the "New Frontier's" policy of integration and fair employment.

He personally has not made a single significant colored appointment since he was appointed.

Yet, Ribicoff rode to Connecticut's governorship on one of the crassest appeals to racial bigotry in the history of American politics.

Standing before a television audience the night before the election, he repeatedly talked of the "American dream", which permitted him to dream that he could someday be governor. "Don't destroy this American dream," he piously pleaded. And a lot of people fearing they would be classed as some kind of racists if they didn't, voted for him.

Yet, during his two terms as Connecticut's governor, Ribicoff made not a single colored appointment of any distinction as compared to the governors in New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, and Ohio.

It is a historical tribute to America's love for the politically mediocre and the intellectually middle-of-nowhere that a Ribicoff is about to run for the Senate.

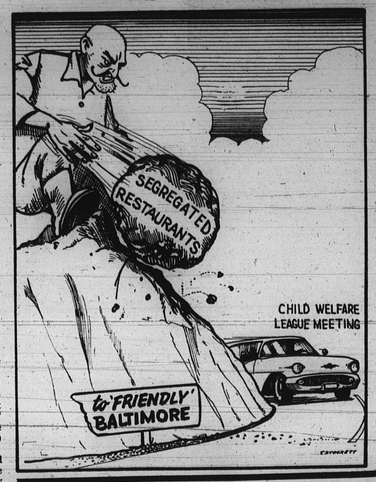
The Washington AFRO which rated Ribicoff as next to the worst cabinet official of all ten in a political analysis 6 months ago (Goldberg was first, Dillon second, and Freeman tenth) is tickled right down to its editorial toes that President Kennedy has not seen fit to persuade Ribicoff to remain as HEW Secretary. This Administration can do without his spineless politics.

We'll never forget — and colored voters in Connecticut, particularly in Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport —should remember, too that on the very same day in January of this year Labor Secretary Goldberg was endorsing the FEPC (the most controversial part of civil rights legislation) Ribicoff was busily opposing an "equal rights" section of health legislation.

That's the kind of man Ribicoff is.

We can only hope that the voters of Connecticut have the good sense to wake up one day and put this man exactly where he belongs—out to political pasture.

'Southern Fried' Villain



What Our Readers Say

Doctor To Doctor

Dear AFRO:

Every man has his sport or hobby from which he derives his pleasure. This explains to some extent the actions of Dr. Amos R. Koontz who with his rapier tongue seems to derive his greatest glee in defamation of the colored population of Baltimore.

However, there is an old adage which states, "Physician heal thyself." I believe this to be most apropos in the case of this individual.

As another physician, Dr. Koontz, I would voluntarily prescribe for you the following course of therapy.

1. Consultation with an ophthalmologist. That kerosene lamp you carry has apparently markedly reduced your visual fields and acuity with reference to life, people, and your own modus vivendi (borrowed from your treatise). Certainly, from atop your lofty pedestal on which you have placed yourself, the view could not otherwise be that poor.

2. Reference to Webster's dictionary for the correct definitions of the words friend and extremist.

As a friend to any colored person you could not qualify under any interpretation.

The same ineligibility would apply to your southern brethren whom you extol so highly. Have you conveniently forgotten that ancestors of these friends brought slaves to this country to nurture and maintain a great cotton dynasty and even fought a war in a vain attempt to preserve this evil practice? Has it also slipped from your memory that in the ensuing years many of their descendants have engaged in every nefarious scheme conceivable, including lynching, to deprive a colored person of any vestige of rights?

Lastly, in our study in definitions, I would state that if one is an extremist to desire treatment as a human being, unshackled with the evils of bigotry and segregation, then I am proud to be an extremist and want to be just as much of an extremist as I can all of the days of my life. I also intend to pass this down to each and every one of my five children.

EMERSON R. JULIAN, M.D.

(Ed's Note) Dr. Koontz has had several letters on the racial question published in the daily press).

About Togetherness

Dear AFRO:

In the sit-ins in Cambridge, the colored people have agreed that togetherness means progress and equality.

Since the colored people have awakened and are beginning to show initiative and capabilities, he is belittled and also deprived of his rights and freedom.

My concept of human rights is founded in the faith that man is a child of God, no matter his race, creed or color. This is hardly understandable to some whites.

Just think, America is supposed to be a free country too.

WENDELL BATSON

Experience Downtown

Dear AFRO:

Recently we had the task of making plans for a dinner party of 20 people in the downtown area. The downtown area was chosen principally because we intended to attend the Baltimore Symphony afterward.

To my dismay I learned that there were only two hotels, Sheraton Belvedere and the Stafford which would serve an all colored group.

The other hotels contacted, the Emerson, Lord Baltimore and Marty's Park Plaza served colored persons too, only they had to be in a mixed group and then not exceed 35 percent of the total number of people.

I suppose this is what some "liberal minded" citizens of Baltimore call "token integration and others call "the quota system."

As you can see this did not help our group at all. I can't help but wonder why such a system is necessary and if it isn't hypocritical? Are we to believe that colored persons are desirable only if they are escorted or chaperoned by whites?

(Mrs.) FRANCIS SAUNDERS
Les Girls
(Mrs.) MARION CAMPBELL

On Election Judges

Dear AFRO:

The purpose of tre League of Women Voters is to promote political responsibility through informed and active participation of citizens in government.

To stimulate such participation, the League of Women Voters of Baltimore has prepared a simple Fact Sheet on Election Judges — how they are selected, where to make application and what are the duties and compensation.

Registered voters interested not only in performing a community service, but in broadening their knowledge of election procedures, may secure these Fact Sheets from the League of Women Voters, 411 N. Charles St., Baltimore 1.

A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany the request.

Orders in quantity from civic organizations, political clubs, and other groups can be filled at a cost of $1.00 per hundred, which is the actual cost of production.

Judges of election will be appointed not later than March 15 and will be briefed thoroughly by the Board of Supervisors of Elections before the Primary on May 15.

Mrs. E. R. PIERSON
President,
League of Women Voters

Praise For Series

Dear AFRO:

I commend George W. Collins of your staff and the AFRO - AMERICAN Newspapers for the biographical article which appeared this past week. I sincerely hope this series (on Young People Doing Things) will motivate our young people.

J. H. THOMAS JR.
Securities, Inc.

Hits League Stand

Dear AFRO:

"To be or not to be" is not the question the Child Welfare Regional Conference scheduled for March 1-3 at the Lord Baltimore Hotel needs to ask itself.

Rather, it should thoughtfully consider, "Can this conference achieve its goal, sustain and support its high principles of human welfare to which it is dedicated in an atmosphere so clouded with protest?"

Has the Child Welfare League honestly felt the sincere impact of the CIG, CORE, NAACP request to postpone the conference or hold it elsewhere?

Apparently not, as the Planning Committee blindly designs many psuedo structures to "prevent incidents."

It even goes so far as to admonish the groups not to demonstrate. I am sure that all of the Child Welfare participants or any sound social worker will agree that problems must be solved, not avoided.

Demonstrating is one way to register protest and arouse the conscience of the community to gross injustice. The clergymen used it on Feb. 7 at Miller Brothers and elsewhere.

This way is not the only way but until something more effective and helpful is found, I cast my lot with those who feel that every opportunity should be seized to help a city, town, village or state to live up to its highest good.

DOLLIE R. WALKER

Thanks For Visit

Dear AFRO:

We thank you very much for letting us tour your plant. We also thank you for the advertising you gave us.

Our class learned much about making up the newspaper. It was a very enjoyable visit.

MRS. MANNING's 6TH GRADE CLASS, ROBERT EDEN SCHOOL

Poses A Question

Dear AFRO:

I can appreciate the efforts of the NAACP, CORE and CIG to bring about equal rights. But I have often asked myself when and if these organizations achieve their ultimate goal, will it solve the problems of the underprivileged?

The answer to that question keeps popping up in my mind—"No."

My reasons are simple yet sound. First let us look at the inexcusable figure of 5,000,000 people unemployed throughout the nation.

A great portion of the unemployed are white, therefore no white businessman in his right mind is going to give a colored person a job because of his qualifications, when relatives or friends of his, or relatives and friends of his employees, see a job.

We can't blame him because he would only be doing his duty to his fellowman, the same as we would do for ours, if we were in a position to do so.

We have failed to open up businesses that will cut down on the unemployed figure and we put the blame on lack of funds. It seems like we have never heard of community funds.

There are 20,000,000 colored persons in this country and $1 a week from half that number could make a handsome community fund to start community businesses with.

THOMAS V. 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;

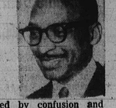
Whether it stays out of politics except to expose corruption and condemn injustice, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

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.

Sightseeing

Parades Are Not The Same Today



By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

There was a time in our town when hardly a Sunday slipped past without at least one parade.

On good days there might even be two or three going on at the same time, with the music a-playing, the flags a-flying, and the feet a-marching.

There seemed to be a definite relationship between the temperature and the number of parades taking place on a given day. The formula was the hotter the weather, the more parades.

• • •

ON A SUNDAY afternoon when the thermometer registered close to the 100 degree mark, sensible people went looking for shade.

But not so with the marchers—heat seemed to bring out the marching fever in them and then someone, without rhyme or reason, would make the suggestion:

"Let's have a parade."

And that was all they needed —a parade was born.

It was an unwritten law of the paraders that no parade could ever begin on time . . . that wouldn't have been cricket, and besides, it might have set a bad precedent.

The start of one of these events was usually attended by confusion and bedlam, as drum sticks turned up missing, batons could not be located, and the top officials of the sponsoring group went at each other hammer and tongs, to resolve the question of who was going to be in charge.

When at last peace and semblance of order had been restored, the procession took off, more or less.

• • •

OUT FRONT was the banner, usually red, which was carried by two of the group's older members. On the banner was stitched the name of the organization, for the benefit of the spectators who had trouble telling which parade was which.

As no one in the organization had remembered to notify the Police Department that a parade was in the offing, very often the marchers had to halt at intersections to let motorists pass.

Some groups were smarter than others and sent out advance scouts to halt the traffic prior to their arrival at the intersection.

• • •

IMMEDIATELY after the banner, came the drum major, resplendant in a white uniform that reflected enough sunshine to temporarily blind a spectator.

The post of drum major always went to the tallest man in the group. Didn't make any difference whether he could keep time or knew the first thing about music — just as long as he was tall.

After the drum major, came the majorettes, whose appearance was greeted with shrill whistles.

When I was very young, I thought the men were whistling in appreciation of the tricks the girls did with their batons.

I learned later that it wasn't the batons they were whistling at.

• • •

NO PARADE was complete without a drum and bugle corps and they ranged in talent from mediocre to lousy. The only thing they had in their favor was that the drums played so loud you couldn't hear the bugles — which was all for the better.

"The Stars and Stripes Forever" was the favorite tune of the corps, in fact it was the only tune that most of them knew.

For a long time I thought "Stars and Stripes" was the only march ever written.

• • •

Following the band came the drill patrols led by an officer with more braid on him than General MacArthur.

The "drill patrols" were "drill patrolv" in name only. When they marched in step, it was an accident.

It was a case of every man for himself and you march your way and I'll march mine.

The line of marchers was usually as crooked as a strand of spaghetti.

There were both male and female drill patrols, and one thing they had in common—bad feet.

You could almost hear them groan as their feet hit the pavement, but somehow or the other, they managed to keep up, though I hate to think of all the liniment they had to use when they finally got home.

At the tail end of the parade, came a motley crew of dirty-faced youngsters on bikes and skates, the citizens who had nothing else to do but follow a parade, and the marchers who just couldn't keep up with the rest of their teammates.

I suppose that in really big cities like New York and Chicago, such parades seem rather corny, but there was something about them that fascinated me.

Noteworthy

TV Goofed In Its Dog Show Coverage

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Within the past seven days I have seen television at its best, and at its worst.

It was best in its coverage of Col. John Glenn's flight from Cape Canaveral, and the tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy.

It was at its worst last Tuesday night with a two-hour and 30-minute long presentation of the 86th Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show.

Now I have nothing against dogs. I like dogs. No boy should grow up without a dog. But a two-hour dog show on television?

• • •

I AM GLAD to see the Playboy Penthouse TV show in Baltimore. It features Sammy Davis Jr. this Saturday.

Wonder how come Playboy Magazine is still advertising that Morton St. address as the location of its Baltimore club?

Could be they haven't been told that the folks who hold the franchise here are looking for a new home.

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THE NO. 1 station on radio had to be the one that played those Sinatra records all day Thursday.

The show was the talk of the town.

• • •

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION along U.S. Route 40 is in the news again. This time the story comes via way of Hollywood.

Seems that when stage star Mary Martin's daughter Heller decided on a quickie marriage recently, she, the groom, and their parents motored to Elkton, Md.

In retelling the story one member of the party had this to say:

"Hours later we found Elkton but couldn't get six rooms in a motel as Earnesto, our man of all trades, is colored. We drove to Baltimore."

• • •

WONDER WHO in the devil is responsible for naming that new Broadway play, "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feeling So Sad"?

• • •

WORDS THAT make me see red. "The colored man's best friends have always been in the South."

"Some of my best friends are colored, but—"

"You and your people."

• • •

HOW LONG did it take you to get to work Tuesday morning? It took me 45 minutes.

In the same period of time, astronaut John Glenn had traveled over half way around the world.

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

People, places, things

Sgt. and Mrs. William Brown (Bill and Valerie) are building their own split level in the Bare Hill section, Baltimore County. He's with the National Guard, she's a teacher.

This section of the county is attracting a number of ex-towners who desire suburban living, and their homes are the modern, new ones, beautifully planned and decorated.

There is a good, good neighbor spirit in the community, too. Many of the residents are helping the Browns finish their home.

• • •

Other residents on the Hill are the Ivory Russells, (Thelma), Glen Debeaker (firma), Earl Bunday (Natalie), Richard Wards (Phyllis), Wesley Marshalls (Ruth);

And, Mrs. Texahna Reed, the Crafton Reeds, Frederick Smarrs, Mercer Smiths, Alfred Gardners, Allen Quilles.

Recently completed is the brick cottageof the Marshall Brights (Emma).

• • •

Congrats to the AFRO's Jean Harris, who becomes the twentieth member of our staff to attend the American Press Institute at Columbia University.

She is among 29 newsmen and women from 18 states enrolled in the two-week seminar for advertising executives. They are studying organization and administration, methods of increasing the effectiveness and volume of newspaper advertising, etc.

Mrs. Harris is well known as food demonstrator at AFRO cooking schools, and as one of the top ad salesmen in the country.

She joined the AFRO staff in 1946, shortly after her graduation from Morgan State College.

In private life Jean is Mrs. James D. Williams, wife of the AFRO's assistant managing editor.

By the way, this newspaper is a sponsor of the American Press Institute, which was established in 1946.

• • •

George Boone (he's the appliance store owner), is back from Memphis where he went for a rest. He visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. Naomi Campbell.

• • •

Mrs. Beatrice (Beattie) Braxston, one of our senior citizens and a very lovely lady died on Thursday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Edith Pinkston, 3010 Gwynns Falls Parkway.

Mrs. Braxston was taken to University Hospital a week back after she suffered a fractured hip in the revolving door of a downtown department store.

Like many matrons of leisure, "Miss Beattie" as friends called her, enjoyed a weekly, sometimes twice-weekly trip 'shopping downtown.' Sometimes, she browsed around 'to take a look at things.'

It is ironic that she should have been injured in the store where she had shopped for nearly half a century.

Mrs. Braxston is a retired Baltimore teacher. She left the school system shortly after her marriage to Edward Braxston over 50 years ago. In those days, married women could not teach.

Remember Mr. Braxston? He was the first cafeteria manager at Douglass High, when it moved to its Calhoun St. site. Remember?

• • •

Do you get the feeling sometimes that people at some public institutions 'move' only for certain people?

The thought occured Saturday as we watched events in the emergency room at Lutheran Hospital.

Our friend, rescued from her burning apartment, was in need of attention.

Attendants were prompt to inject life-saving fluid in the arm, but oh how long, how long did you wait for other kindnesses—like the cracked ice which took forever.

Yes, hospitals are busy places, but during the nearly eight hours we observed on Saturday and Sunday, there were many people apparently unoccupied . . .

"Yet, and we've seen it happen. Had Mr. Big Citizen come in, things would have started popping. Everyone would have "moved."

To me, an emergency is an emergency whether the person involved is plain John Q. Citizen or a Mr. Big. I'm for one kind of treatment for all, but I guess that's expecting a Utopia.

Scallions to that police officer who said, when we suggested our friend be moved to Provident because she was a nurse in charge there and could expect better treatment, "You mean she was the nurse in charge." Ho hum!

More people being throughtful to other people: a number of Baltimore friends braved last Friday's snow (And didn't it snow!) to travel to D.C. for the funeral of Mrs. Elvin B. Burks.

Mrs. Burks, 56, was a native Baltimorean, daughter of the late Benjamin and Arcenie Brown. She attended Baltimore schools, and then Coppin Normal. Before her marriage in 1945, she taught here.

Her husband, Edker; son, Charles, live in D.C. Three sisters, Mrs. Marie Armstrong, Mrs. Rosa Mebane and Mrs. Margaret McHae, and a brother, Arthur Brown, live here in Baltimore.

Think you have troubles?

Largest baby in recent years at Provident Hospital was the pretty 13 - pound (that's right, thirteen pounds!) girl born Feb. 18 to Mr. and Mrs. John Keith (Daisy) of McCulloh St.

Mrs. Keith is just 20, has seven other children. Dad is butcher with a packing firm.

Dr. H. Garland Chissell, who presided at the event on Mr. Feb. 19, described the infant as a normal, healthy baby.

• • •

Other new citizens at Provident: A girl, 5 pounds, to Mr. and Mrs. William Howard (Evelyn) Watesbury, Md.; a boy, 7 pounds, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Pierce (Geneva) of Penrose ave.;

On Feb. 14, six - pound girls to the David Jeffersons (Mildred) Warwick Ave.; and Rufus Tuckers (Cordelia), John St.

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Also, Feb. 5, girl, 7 pounds, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson (Ella), of Druid Hill Ave.; boy, 6 pounds, the William Corbetts (Edith), Linden Ave.; and more new babies, on Feb. 6, boy, 8 pounds, to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Williams (Ruby), of 27th St.; Feb. 7, girl, 6 pounds, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Purnell (Esther) of Fairfax Rd.;

• • •

Feb. 12, boy, 9 pounds, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Allen (Virginia), E. 25th St.; and boy, 8 pounds, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith (Sarah), Mosher St.

Send them sunshine

Cheer to Mrs. Catherine J. Mayo, the friendly Douglass High teacher. She has been in with a heart ailment since January, will be out of the classroom for a while. Her address: 3448 Auchentoroly Terrace.

Get - well quick mesages to Provident Hospital for Miss Juliet Thomas, who had surgery on that broken hip on Tuesday.

Miss Thomas was the city's first social worker in the Probation Department. Remember she retired several years ago?

• • •

Also in Provident where she had surgery: Mrs. Nina Ward wife of the Rev. Beecher Ward, assistant pastor of Perkins Square Baptist Church.

Out of Lutheran Hospital, where he had a hernia operation: Charles (Charlie) Tilghman, the Sphinx Club owner, who tells me his new book about the popular Pennsylvania Ave meeting place is one you won't want to miss.

It is on sale now.

Sun sent get-well cards to Provident for Mrs. Lillian Brown (Morgan State Col) life staffer and mother of Dr. Alvin (Boo) Brown). She had surgery on Monday, is in room 213.

• • •

In room 312 at Provident is Robert Epps, the Yellow cab driver of N. Payson St

In room 215 is Mrs. Mildred Austin, the Pratt librarian;

• • •

More Provident sick: Mrs. Willie Mae Lawson, Army Chemical Center employee, who has been hospitalized since last month.

Provident staffers confined to the hospital are: Mrs. Earlar Taylor, a nurse (she had an operation on Monday); and Mrs. Ann Hall, emergency room clerk.

Dad's broad shoulders

Does one tend to remember things more vividly when death takes away a loved one?

It would appear so.

When I was thirteen, I awoke in the night, worried that some day I must die.

I shall never forget my Dad was seated in front of the fireplace of the home he had recently built in Morgan Park.

Quietly, he explained why all of us must die, and why even when one gets old, there is some apprehension about death.

There was confidence in his voice as he explained that one who observes the Golden Rule will find there is no fear of death.

On the summertike morning of Sept. 2, 1938, as we waited for our high school sweetheart so the wedding ceremony could begin, it was Dad again who provided confidence . . . offering his arm as we walked to the homemade altar on the lawn.

• • •

On Feb. 10, 1962, we went home to bury the man we had married in that same house 24 years ago.

There was Dad with a chinup greeting, offering his arm as we watched the children place "a single lily on the coffin and marched to the waiting funeral car.

And, most memorable — was Dad who wrote the beautiful tribute to our guy, Frank W. Phillips Jr. He had come to know him as son and friend.

He titled the tribute: "Man With a Gentle Spirit."

It said in part:

A semi-annual evaluation sheet of 1953 refers to one Frank Phillips as "reliable, efficient, loyal, painstaking, accepting responsibility willingly and is a gentleman."

The use of the word "gentleman" on an evaluation sheet indicates something unusual and special in Afro reports.

It represents, we think, a high tribute to a person whose gentle manliness was always apparent.

• • •

Frank Phillips handled a camera as though it were a thing adored. In his hands it did wonderful things.

Like all newspaper photographers, he carried it at all times, ready for action:

Whether he walked down the street of this city or lay in the sunshine on a sandy beach, people walked up to him.

What kind of camera is that?

People or children followed Frank Phillips to be in his presence; to ask him questions; to listen to him talk.

Events commonplace to some people, when seen by Frank Phillips and recreated by him before friends, became something new, bright, shining, marvelous.

Send greetings

Address birthday cards to City Hall for Mayor J. Harold Grady. He will be 45 years old on Feb. 27.

He will be 45 years old on Feb. 27.

Miss Emma E. Bright, beloved senior citizen, marks her 83rd birthday on Feb. 28. Special greetings to her at 3602 Copley Rd.

Feb. 28th cards to Mrs. Harrison J. Bryant, wife of the pastor of Bethel AME Church; also to Mrs. George Butcher (Mamie), Ivy Ave. in Morgan Park.

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Belated birthday cards to: Mrs. Zorah Flickson, the mortician, 1129 N. Caroline St. Hers was Feb. 21.

Feb. 26 congrats to the Rev. Robert Newbold, pastor, Grace Presbyterian Church; and Samuel H. Owings the school principal.

Same day cards for Dr. Edward N. Wilson, veteran registrar at Morgan State College.

Announcement

Several months ago we announced plans to build a motel in the Cherry Hill area.

We felt that such a move would benefit the community. The Coordinating Council of Cherry Hill shared this opinion and gave the plan its approval.

We made it clear from the very start that this motel, just like all our operations, would be completely integrated.

Never for one moment did we ever consider the possibility of opening a business that would not be operated in accord with our belief in the dignity of all people.

Under no circumstances would we ever be a party to anything that remately resembles discrimination.

As our friends know, there is a recently opened motel in the Cherry Hill section that does not serve the people of this community.

We deplore such a policy and we want to make it crystal clear that we have nothing at all to do with this motel.

The AFRO of Feb. 20 listed the names of the owners and none of them is connected with our business.

This is not our motel and we have no financial or other interest in it.

We promise the people of our community that when we do open a motel it will be open to all people.

This has always been our policy and this will always be our policy.

Signed: PRESSMAN BROS.
DAVID PRESSMAN, President

BOURBON NO. 9, 86 PROOF; MELROSE RARE 10, A BLEND, 86 PROOF, 40% 10 YEAR OLD OR MORE STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS; MELROSE VVOS, 86.8 PROOF, BLENDED IN CANADA, 25% CANADIAN WHISKEY, 75% AMERICAN STRAIGHT WHISKEY.

His master's choice is always
MELROSE AGED WHISKYS

ILLUSTRATED FRENCH FOODLE

MELROSE BOURBON #9
9 years smooth . . . 9 years mellow . . . years light . . . bottled straight from 9 year keep in charred oak aging barrels. Taste the extra years in every drop."
9 YEARS OLD

MELROSE RARE 10
"So smooth, mellow and lively rich, light and delicate a bouquet and flavor. "Extra mellowness by extra years."
10 YEARS OLD
WHISKIES BLENDED WITH GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

MELROSE IMPORTED VVOS
If you're selecting imported whisky choose Melrose for age and flavour. It's a gift in every bottle."
11 YEARS OLD

FOUNDED MEMBER

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