"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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'Miss Lillie'

To many Marylanders and NAACP members all over the country, Dr. Lillie May Carroll Jackson is "Miss Lillie."

She has been president of the Baltimore Branch NAACP since 1935, member of the National Board of Directors for 20 years and president of the Maryland State Conference of NAACP Branches in 19 counties and Baltimore City since 1922.

In all these years, she has been a watchman on the walls who immediately trumpets an alarm when violations of Civil Rights appear.

If the Citizens Council were to parade past her house on Eutaw Place, "Miss Lillie," like Barbara Frietchie would mount to her second story window, and wave an American Flag.

When the recent storm washed away Ocean City homes and boardwalks, the Rev. N. B. Carrington of Union Memorial Methodist Church noted that Biblical houses built upon the sands (of segregation) might not be expected to withstand storms.

"Miss Lillie" did was wire President Kennedy that she expected new foundations to be built on a basis of citizen equality if the town was to be restored with federal money.

There was a howl from segregationists, and others who thought that telegram unkind or poorly timed.

But "Miss Lillie" is unperturbed. She's used to getting under the skin of the opposition with her unrehearsed and spontaneous calls for "no segregation" and "no compromise."

At 73, she can't picket with the Civic Interest young people, but she can sit in her car and watch her grandchildren in the picket line, and she can go to court to see her daughter argue that picketing is a constitutional right.

Nobody pays this dedicated woman for her public services or would try to.

No child pays a mother for bringing it into the world or nurturing it.

Whatever Dr. Jackson does for this community is a labor of love.

Through the years, Baltimore City has responded in kind.

These last two years she has been thinking of retiring to spend her summers in Atlantic, not Ocean City, and her winters in California.

On doctor's orders, she probably will.

However, the day she lays down the work of the NAACP, we will probably need two or three persons to fill her shoes.

Lack Of Character

An Army psychologist, last week, told a Senate committee that one of three U.S. prisoners of war collaborated with Communists.

"This lack of character and moral fiber in Americans can't be changed easily," he said, "because concepts of honesty, duty and love are gained by kids in the first five or 10 years of their lives or not at all."

We are not surprised that a third of the American prisoners of war lacked character. What mystifies us is that the other 66 2/3 percent do not present a better picture.

Members of the Maryland legislature defeated a civil rights bill recently, but every school day their sons and daughters pledge allegiance to this country, where there is "one nation under God and liberty and justice for all."

When we pledge ourselves to one thing and do the opposite in a legislature this indicates a lack of character.

Should we expect more of our men in the Army than we do of members of the legislature?

That New Club

There are plans afoot for a new business and professional men's luncheon club on a top floor of the new Charles Center building.

The proposed club would permit Jewish people in the community to join.

The Merchants Club has no Jewish members.

The Frontiers Club, however, welcomes members of all races and creeds.

Membership in the proposed club would be available to firms and individuals.

Would colored business and professional men be welcome?

A spokesman allows that this question will likely be handled on the same basis as the open-door membership policy for Jews.

This is as it should be.

With a brand new public facility, organizers of a new club would certainly have the wisdom to throw the welcome mat out to business and professional men of all races and creeds who have the money, and wish to join.

Who's to Blame?

A recent letter to the editor raps the collective knuckles of the colored community for not seizing the initiative in corralling some of our youngsters who have gotten themselves into trouble recently with their sudden burst of criminal energies.

Italian community.

This newspaper cordially and respectfully disagrees with the writer.

Crime among colored kids is no more the "special responsibility" of the colored community than the Mafia is the "special responsibility" of the Italian community

The day we begin to accept this cultural nonsense, then we are treading backwards in effectuating a truly integrated America.

A crime wave or a breakdown in law and order is the total community's responsibility.

Crime committed by colored youths is a response to something. It's a response to the indignities, insults, and frustrations of a group of people who which can't find decent housing or a necessary job. You keep kicking a dog in the back and one day he's going to bite you back.

• • •

White people have been kicking colored people in the back so long, they've almost gotten used to the shoe being there.

• • •

Now, colored people don't like that shoe back there. A reaction has set in. It's not a healthy one, nor is it even a remotely intelligent solution.

But it is an historical reaction.

Never forget this — colored people did not create segregation. Colored people did not create dirty, rotten ghettoes. Colored people did not build a wall of discrimination in employment in Baltimore.

Whatever happens in this city to involve colored people is partially the result of a majority group's creation, not a minority's.

This newspaper does wish to go on record, however, in strongly supporting the view that he believes in stiff jail terms and not leniency is ONE way to curb the recent rash of violence in the city.

We disagree that it is the ONLY way, but we do advocate long jail sentences in getting across the message that people just cannot go around knocking each other over the head with impunity.

There are many things to be done, but it doesn't hurt to put away for a long, long time, the unlawful and the vicious who stalk amongst us.

Multer's Anti-Colored Move

Rep. Abraham J. Multer (D.-N.Y.) is going to stand on top of the Empire State Building and deny this, but the bill which he is introducing this week in the House is essentially anti-colored.

The bill, HR 9808, ostensibly designed to permit Washington to go outside its corporate boundaries to find a candidate for the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, also has the effect of nullifying the chances of William Woodson, the only colored candidate for the ABC Board.

If Multer and his political cohorts are acting in good faith, why did they wait so long before introducing this bill?

Why did they just discover that there were no qualified candidates in the District for the ABC Board?

We'll tell Rep. Multer why. Because everybody in the District was frightened silly at the prospects of a second colored member on the ABC Board.

Poor Butterfly

In Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" an American naval officer seduces a Chinese girl, then leaves her and the child to return to his American wife.

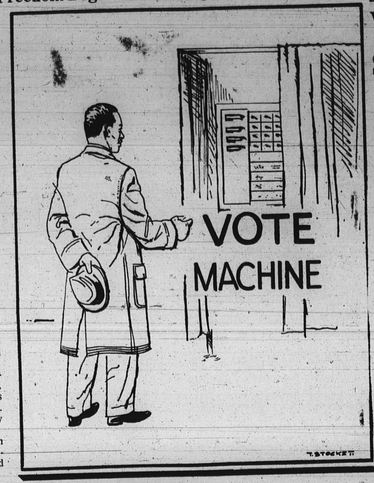
The opera reflects upon Chinese, as the merchant of Venice" down Shylock Jews and as "Porgy and Bess," "Emperor Jones" and minstrel shows offend colored people.

Americans have ridiculed what Brete Hart called "the heathen Chinese" for decades.

The Chinese Reds revive "Madame Butterfly" to show how wicked are the Americans, who vote every year to keep them out of the United Nations.

Our skirts aren't exactly clean.

Freedom Begins Here – Register To Vote Now



What Our Readers Say

A Teenager Writes

Dear AFRO:

About the question "How Far Can You Trust a Teenager?"—it is indeed a good question.

Frankly, I think it depends on the parents just as well as the teenager, as to how far to go in discipline, strictness and pleasure. Sometimes, when a parent or parents (usually both) are too strict, it may lead to more harm than good.

When I say parents being too strict, I mean something similar to this:

1. Parents who select certain TV shows for the teens to see.

2. Make them come home straight from school.

3. Won't listen to your side of the story.

I also think that a teenager should talk to his or her parents, if they don't understand something.

I think that we as teenagers and future leaders of America, should always be honest with our parents and tell them anything that happens out of the ordinary, or just sit down and have a good talk.

After all, our parents won't bite us and surely we should be able to talk to them without hiding any secrets, because they love us and want to protect us.

Maybe that is why some teenagers' parents are strict, or as we say in basketball — "overguarding."

PAULA N. BROOKS

Poses Question

Dear AFRO:

Speaking of the selection of the astronauts, I believe that no colored candidates have been selected. Why?

Have they been given the opportunity to enter the proper places of schooling for this operation?

Rev. GAYWOOD S. McGUIRE SR.

Defends NAACP

Dear AFRO:

As a longtime member of the NAACP and now a member of two branches of the NAACP, I thank the AFRO and the many other friends of the NAACP for their principled stand with regard to the telegram sent to the President.

By refusing to make the NAACP a "scapegoat" for the failure of the public accommodations bill, and by defining so clearly the issues involved if federal funds help to perpetuate the pattern of discrimination, you have done a good service to your readers.

MRS. PHOEBE H. GOFF

Dear AFRO:

The Baltimore branch of the National Alliance of Postal Employees supports the position of the NAACP that the appropriation of federal tax funds should be coupled with non-discrimination conditions.

We also feel that the NAACP telegram to President John F. Kennedy had no effect on the failure of the public accommodations bill to pass the House of Delegates.

We love the NAACP because of the enemies it has made.

JOHN WHITE, President

Coverage of 229th

Dear AFRO:

I wish to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of the Battalion Commander and members of the 229th Transportation Battalion, for the splendid coverage given this unit in the AFRO.

I for one was surprised, but happily so, that so much of the information submitted was printed.

This will be an annual affair and we hope "good" copy for future editions.

JOHN E. LEATH
Capt. TC. MdARNG, Adjutant

Hodge-Podge

Do Teenagers Speak A Foreign Language?

By ROBERT W. MATTHEWS

Just to set the record straight, Spring officially began at 9:30 p.m., EST, Tuesday, March 20, 1962. This is to settle those arguments among those who cling to the notion that the seasons change on the same day every year.

• • •

WAS STANDING at the corner of North Ave. and Bentalou St. recently when Douglass High School dismissed for the day.

As the throng of youngsters waited for buses, couldn't help but overhear some of the conversations. Realized that slang talk is just as popular now as ever.

Most popular expression seems to be "that ain't no big thing." (pronounced 'thang')

Started me thinking of my school days when "jive" talk was all the rage. Dug up a booklet written by Dan Burley which gives excellent examples of how the hip teenagers talked just before World War II.

• • •

HERE IS A sample. See how much you can translate. Answer will be given next week.

"Ole man, it's about a trey of haircuts on the backbeat when I nixes my pad, drops my twister on the keep, and collars a light broom down the cruncher to the lushpad on the three pointer.

"I'm stiffing the stroll on the flag spot when up pops a fine banana with a cluck stud hanging on her crook. She is righteous, and shaped like a cola bottle, wide open at the throttle.

"I want to lay my larceny, but the cluck's cruised through the slammer. I'm figuring what's the jive when the stud cuts out to drop a flat in the piccolo. I tunes my brace of receivers in real sharp and drops this spiel:

"'You're mellow, babe, I dug you when you popped in port. You're making the wrong play, I'm your light of day. That square ain't nowhere. I'm the accelerator; you're the moderator.'

"Here's what she laid on me:

"'I believe your name is West, you're working hard to bust your vest. Sure I'm mellow and a solid frail; you've got the right hammer but you use the wrong nail. You're picking up nickels and laying down dimes, but your jive is beat and sour as limes.'"

• • •

TRY THAT on your teenagers.

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., 1930

Sightseeing

Wonder Who Selects Speakers For Frontiers

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

There's never a dull moment in this town.

Take this past Tuesday afternoon when the local Frontiers Club held its luncheon meeting, which in addition to featuring a luncheon, also features a meeting with a speaker, which I assume, is why they call it a luncheon meeting.

The speaker who delivered this week's oration was Dr. James Koontz, Johns Hopkins surgeon and an inveterate writer of letters to the daily newspapers.

To let Dr. Koontz tell it, 90 per cent of the crime in this fair metropolis of Baltimore, is committed by members of the Brown Brothers Fraternity.

Since this group forms but a third of the entire population, someone who accepted Dr. Koontz's faulty figures as the gospel truth, could well believe that all of us spend our waking hours running hither and yon, in a never ending attempt to run up the crime rate.

• • •

ACTUALLY, Dr. Koontz's figures are way off base; in fact they are so far off, they're out of sight . . . which is about where they belong.

Dr. Koontz's views on the race question are rather pronounced in the wrong direction, and would never earn him a commendation from any of our civil rights organizations.

Therefore, it seems rather odd that the Frontiers, a group of distinguished and literate community leaders, would invite such a speaker in the first place.

Which brings us around to the question of the week.

"Who hatched the brilliant idea to invite Dr. Koontz to address and insult a group of our leading citizens?"

Whoever did it, sure had one ring a ding ling of an idea that will stand as the year's best faux pas, until a better faux pas comes along . . . and this will take some doing.

It's one thing for a man to insult you in print, but it's quite something else when you invite him into your living room so that he can insult you face to face.

• • •

IT'S A SORT of like being slapped on one side of the face, and then turning the other side so you can get slapped again, as you apologize for not being able to turn both cheeks at the same time.

Some of the things that the surgeon told the Frontiersmen were strong enough to raise their tempers — but they shouldn't have been at all surprised at what he had to say.

Since Dr. Koontz has trotted out his moth eaten theories on the race question time and time again, through the medium of the daily press, even the most naive among us would have to do quite a selling job, to convince ourselves that he was going to say—anything different than he has said before.

And so he said the same old tired things he has said before . . . about the Supreme Court being all wet, about our "bad manners," and about it being natural for people to be prejudiced.

• • •

HERE YOU have the incongruous picture of one of our most respected service organizations, inviting a man holding views diametrically opposed to those held by the group, to be a guest for lunch.

I can't see anything that was gained by having the doctor appear before the group, except that it gave him a chance to expouse his outdated views to a group of respected and intelligent citizens.

Since I don't belong to the Frontiers, I would never have the audacity to suggest how they should run the organization, but I do suggest that their meetings should not serve as a forum for such repugnant views as those espoused by Dr. Koontz.

• • •

LIKE IT OR not, inviting such a speaker to appear before such a group gives his words some type of dignity, which they do not rightfully deserve.

Freedom of speech is one of the foundations of our nation, but it seems to be carrying things a bit far when freedom of speech is extended to include the right to insult people, in their own homes.

No one quarrels with the right of the good doctor to believe anything he wants to believe.

However, there are plenty of other places that he can air his views — like a radio station that has gone off the air for the night.

Noteworthy

Bungling Bandits Rank As Boneheads

By HERBERT MANGRUM

When those two would be - bank bandits bungled that job on The Avenue Tuesday, they suddenly became members in good standing of the bonehead club.

How else should you classify someone who sets out to rob a bank without planning the job in advance.

Edward Tilghman, the traffic cop who captured the bandits acted like a real life Marshal Dillon.

• • •

LOOKED OVER the platform of a candidate for the House of Delegates recently and was puzzled by the wording of this sentence:

"Eliminate the death penalty and increase maximum sentence for capital crimes."

The item is a plank in the man's platform.

• • •

WOULDN'T YOU know it.

Down at Police Headquarters, workmen are busy lowering ceilings and installing a vast air conditioning system.

To modernize the place the city is spending $329,000 so what happens?

Because the building lies in the path of a new route for the Jones Fall Expressway, the city may have to tear down the whole thing, new air conditioning and all.

One city official described the mess as, "just one of those things."

Apparently he had just finished listening to a Cole Porter tune when he made that remark.

• • •

HAD A MOST difficult time keeping track of the nick names of those boys accused of beating a Western District cop.

They were known to each other as "Peewee," "Hammerhead," "Skinny" and "Charlie Dumb."

The real name of one of the youths found innocent of striking the officer was Alfred Hitchcock.

Statement of the Week:

When seen counting his money on a street corner near Western Sunday, Creston (Doc) Wolingist (Baltimores No. 1 Santa Claus) was asked: "What are you doing there Doc"? His reply:

"I'm separating the wheat from the chaff."

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

Shuffle off to Buffalo

You leave Baltimore on the 7:55 p.m. train, and you'll get in Buffalo the following morning at 8.

But, if you were on last Friday evening's 7:55, you didn't reach Buffalo until nearly 10.

Train travel is slow and uncomfortable. Only four roomettes were in use on our car which was musty, and alternately hot and cold.

There was no food service available.

Weather in the Buffalo area was fair—the sun was shining and temperatures ranged between 49 and 50 during our two days there (Saturday and Sunday).

It was still fair weather on Monday morning when we visited our eight-year-old son's school, and later hopped a plane for the return trip to Baltimore.

Left Buffalo at 12:40, and was back at the desk here before 3. There was a tasty lunch en route.

You can't beat that!

• • •

BUT BACK to Buffalo. this past Sunday was something special.

It was St. Patrick's Day. We donned our green flowers and drove up the parade route.

From one end of Main St., to the other, Buffaloans were lined up awaiting the marchers. Officials said it was the largest St. Pat Day parade in history.

The crowd along the mile and a half route was estimated at 125,000 (by the traffic director), and 180,000 (by the United Irish American Association, parade sponsors). There were 40,000 in the parade.

Large numbers of policemen and auxiliary policemen were on duty.

Seasoned parade watchers said the Canadian Legion Band of Niagara Falls, and the ROTC unit of the University of Buffalo were among outstanding performers.

FURTHER OUT Main St., we joined 15,000 other persons who picked the Municipal Zoo for an afternoon outing.

There was pushing-room-only, as mothers with babies in arms, dads with junior on their shoulder, and large family groups took advantage of the good weather to set a record for zoo visitors — largest in recent years.

Buffalo's zoo is something else again. Biggest attraction are the animals housed in a modern brick building.

One can look, but not feed the animals who are housed in glass-enclosed cages with trees, water and painted walls made to look like their natural habitat.

• • •

IN THE BIRD section, visitors were attracted by the beauty of the American colorful American and Chilean flamingo; and the spoonbill.

A sign advised that the spoonbill was nearly extinct in the U.S. until 1920, when the Audubon Wardens restored them.

Even though you can not feed the monkeys at the Buffalo zoo, crowmup visitors were lined up six deep in front of their cages. Small children could not get a good look.

The baby Zava, born this past September, attracted a large crowd.

So did the great ape ("most like a human, with no tails.") Sensing the interest of the crowd, he responded, swinging on the exercise bars, performing handsprings. His cage mate was laughts, when he suddenly turned himself up to the crowd.

• • •

THERE WAS interest also in the Jaguar—not a car, but a Mexican cat, weghing 300 pounds; and in Samson, who two-year-old gorilla, who gave the crowd a real show for its money.

Yep, the zoo of today has been modernized. Even the elephants are set apart so the visitors can't touch or feed them.

Yes sir, the ducks—still at their outdoor pond. The don't-feed-the animals rule doesn't apply to them. Children delighted in dropping them pieces of bread.

Oh yes, there were the usual hot dog stands, where one could buy hot chocolate as well as soft drinks.

The popcorn man, the balloon man and the cotton candy man did a rushing business.

• • •

BUT IF YOU THINK the monkeys are funny, this is to advise that human monkeys are something else again.

For real hole-in-the head entertainment you have to be enlightened by the twisters—such as those who perform at the downtown Buffalo lounge.

Teenagers, all shapes, colors, sizes, in nonescript dress (some with ties, some without, some with shoes on, some without, some with stockings and skirts above the knees).

They parade to the dance stage and twist without batting an eye.

Fact is, they look much like the marathon dancers of years back.

Do people in Baltimore and Washington go for this twist fad like this? Phew!

• • •

AT LLOYD'S Memorial Congregational Church in Buffalo, on Sunday morning, we saw another good idea.

Midway the morning service, the pastor, the Rev. William A. Hayes, had a special story for the children.

At his direction they went to a front row pew to listen to a story told in language they could understand. Sunday's story explained how Jesus grew in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God.

Lloyd's Memorial is temporarily holding services in the YMCA building. Its former structure is in an urban renewal area.

Singing here is extra good. Choir director is R. Colston LeBranch. Organist is Mrs. Mamie Johnson.

• • •

AMONG NEW members who joined the church were: Mrs. Mary A. Huggins, Carletta, Va.; Mrs. Lucy L. Hylton, formerly of Martinsville, Va.; William Kelly and Mrs. Christina A. Kelly, formerly of Plymouth Congregational Church, Detroit.

Visitor at the church: Mrs. Ethel Fugat, Rochester, Pa.

The Rev. Mr. Hayes is a native of S. Gary, Ind., trained at Hobart Theological Seminary. Mrs. Hayes (Mary) is a graduate of the Yale School of Religion. They have a daughter, 3-year-old Mary Ilene.

An imposing church structure in Buffalo is the Lincoln Memorial Methodist Church on Main St. A recreation center and bowling alley adjoin the main building.

Pastor is the Rev. William H. Horner.

People, places, things

Send hellos to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Braxton (Midred Shell) the teacher, he's the administrative assistant of the National Alliance Postal Employees.

Since December, they have been parents of two youngsters, Lafond Ella, 2; and Andrew Davis, 3. Their address: 2826 Newton St., Washington.

• • •

GOOD IDEA: If you visit Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, you'll receive a post card from the Deaconess Board.

It says: "We are glad you visited us, and hope you will come again."

• • •

NOTE IN the mail from former Baltimoreans, Clarence and Elnora Pye Hopkins.

They live at 31-54 97th St., East Elmhurst, N.Y. Clarence's mom, Mrs. Lillian Hopkins lives here in Baltimore; and so does Elnora's mom, Mrs. Arnetta Pye.

Mrs. Hopkins is a nurse instructor with the NYC schools. Clarence is teaching science in elementary education in the NYC schools.

They have an eight-year-older, Audrey.

• • •

FOR TEENAGERS: Did you know that if you become 21 years of age before the November 1962 election, you can register to vote NOW?

That's right, you can register to vote RIGHT NOW.

Dr. G. James Fleming's Institute for Political Education at Morgan State College, had an interesting activity the other day.

All students who become 21 in 1962, were invited to a birthday party.

Of course, along with the ice cream and cake, they learned the simple steps they have to take to prepare for first-class citizenship.

SYMPATHY to the family of Ernest Francis, who was buried Friday following funeral services in Atlantic City.

Mr. Francis, 70, a member of an old Baltimore family, moved to N.J. years ago. Remember when the family (his parents Were the John Francises), lived in the 1400 block Myrtle Ave?

Five sons and two daughters survive. They are: Joseph and John, Washington; Bernard, Atlantic City; Van Lear and William, Baltimore; and Mrs. Nina Abney, N.Y. and Mrs. Julia White, Baltimore.

There are also four brothers and a sister.

• • •

Treat in store: The fashion show and hat exhibit (hats by Alease Hunt), given by the Ladies Sodality of St. Pius Church on Sunday April 8 at 4.

The event will benefit a member of the parish who will be ordained for the priest hood in June.

• • •

SECOND sunshine and happy birthday cards to Mrs. Ruth Johnson, 2049 N. Bantalou St. She will be 82 years old on March 27.

Mrs. Johnson has been ailing for the past week or so, so send her plenty of sunshine.

She is the mother of Mrs. Kye Lewis (Ruth).

March 28 birthday cards to Mrs. Mary Jane Brown.

The Rt. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Shaw mark their 49th wedding anniversary on March 29. He is the former resident bishop of the Baltimore Area, Methodist Church, now lives in California.

• • •

Far West readers: Harry Rheubottom, San Bernardino, Calif., pens this note this week: "The thoroughly enjoyed our trip to the AFRO during our visit back to Baltimore. . . ."

"We receive our AFRO regularly. It usually arrives on Wednesday.

"I look forward to getting it to keep up with what is happening in Baltimore. We read it from the first page to the last, line for line . . . ."

• • •

Rush sympathy cards to Mrs. A. Dukeye Woode, 1825 Hewitt Ave., in Cincinnati, Ohio. Here brother, H. C. Woode, died. Funeral is Monday at a funeral home at 647 Forrest Ave.

• • •

And, sympathy to Miss Beulah Davis, head librarian at Morgan State College.

Her mother, Mrs. Cora Davis, 90, died Tuesday in Townsend, Del. Funeral is Saturday at the Bell Funeral Home in Wilmington, Del.

Lees write from Spain

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Lee (Gwen), pen hellos from Malaya, Spain. They have had a 'glorious' week in Spain, and seen Paris. They'll be back home here in Baltimore on April 1.

Malaga is in the Costa del Sol (sunshine cost of Spain, but it has rained for most of their visit.

More about Spain from the Lees:

"Dear Bettye:

The itinerant Lees have come to rest for awhile in Malaga, after a few days in Paris, three glorious weeks in Palma, Majoria, a few days in Barcelona and Valencia.

The region where we are now is called Costa del Sol (the sunshine coast), but it has been raining almost the entire week we have been here. We are waiting for a break in the weather, so that we can visit Granada and Gibraltar, both of which are nearby.

Majona is one of the most entranncing places we have ever been. It was warm in February, sunshiny, and flowers and almond trees bloomed all over the place.

If you want to live by American standards; Spain is not cheap, but it's mighty reasonable.

If you want to put up with a lower standard of living Spain is very cheap.

It is possible, for example, to find a room and three meals per day for about $2.00—for two people.

• • •

Some things are fare below American prices.

Bus fare in Malaga is one pesata, less than two cents.

Taxi fare costs about 13 cents for a ride comparable to a trip from the Penn. railroad station in Baltimore to the downtown post office.

"Baltimore barbers would be out of place in Spain. A haircut costs 33 cents!

• • •

On our way home we shall stop in Madrid for a few days, Valencia for four days where we expect to see a typical Spanish festival and a genuine bullfight.

"Then we go to London for three days, and home again.

"We have met many interesting people. Most blond Americans we have seen here have been especially friendly.

"Some, we suspect, seek to convince the natives that all white Americans do not have a Little Rock or Route 40 mind—set by making a public fuss over us."

About this and that

Hat makers dislike the "New Frontier's" President Kennedy who doesn't wear a hat. Eisenhower stimulated sales with the Homburg.

In countries where food is scarce, men like their women fat. Food is plentiful in the U.S., so Americans perfer slender women who diet.

Just in case you didn't know, of 24 pictures most popular in eight museums printed in the New York Times Magazine, four are nudes.

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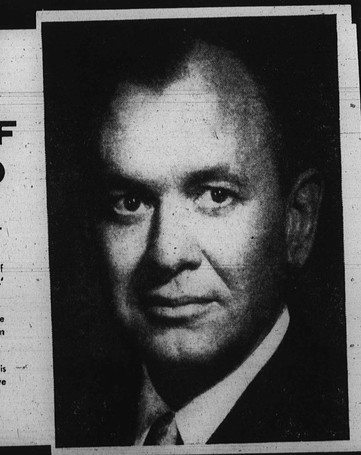
WITH A VOTE FOR DAVID HUME
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND



★ He's A Clear Thinker
★ He's A Courageous Candidate
★ He will be a fearless Governor
★ He will be completely in tune with President Kennedy's NEW FRONTIERS PROGRAM

EXCERPTS FROM HUME'S SPEECH TO THE WOMEN OF BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH ON WOMEN'S DAY, SUNDAY, MARCH 18th:

"During the war it was my function on occasion to write to the mothers of my former shipmates in submarines which were reported 'missing in action.' We all lived or we all died together.

". . . . and the words which were written in the letters sent back to me were not subject to classification by any delineation according to religion or to race or to color.

"It is with a sense of perpetual and humble recognition of the debt this nation owes to its women that today, in his great House of Worship, I give you from deep within my heart gratitude which can never die.

"This is a debt of which I am proud and which I shall always honor."

VOTE FOR DAVID HUME FOR GOVERNOR
IF YOU LIKE KENNEDY, YOU'LL LOVE HUME!
AUTHORITY THOS. S. BOWLING, Treasurer