Baltimore Afro-American

APRIL 7, 1962

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

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.
1840 - 1927
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Mr. Daniels Resigns

The resignation of Samuel Daniels from the Board of Managers of the Druid Hill Ave. branch of the YMCA, is right and proper.

He has served notice that some citizens are fed up with the wishy-washy attitude of YMCA officials toward the Dundalk YMCA.

The Dundalk branch is the only one of the nine in the Baltimore metropolitan area that is still segregated.

Eight years of effort have so far produced some token integration, and the appointment of a study committee, which has still to hold a meeting.

This is indeed a sorry record. Mr. Daniels felt that the predominantly colored Druid Hill YMCA has gone along with the situation too long.

The Druid Y's already overcrowded facilities are being taxed by youths from the Dundalk area who must travel to Druid for Y facilities. They pass the Dundalk Y on the way.

Maryland Masons, which Mr. Daniels heads as grand master, will likewise withdraw their support from the Druid branch.

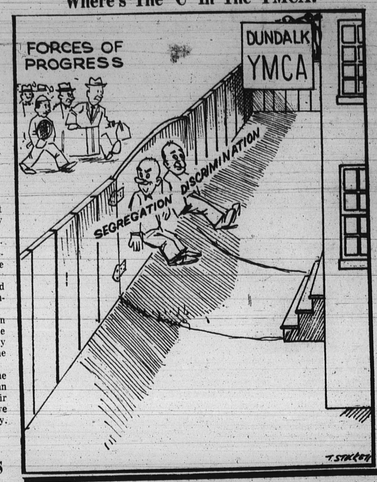
It is regrettable that the YM should lose the valuable services of Mr. Daniels and the Masons.

The Metropolitan Board has been dragging its feet too long. A simple order to the Dundalk branch to obey national policy would have done the trick.

Perhaps now, the members of the Dundalk Y and the Metropolitan Board would like to re-examine their consciences to determine if they have been true to the ideals of Christianity.

We think they have not.

Where's The 'C' In The YMCA?



Important Advice To Teachers And Others

We applaud the recent news letter Superintendent George Brain sent to Baltimore teachers urging them to register and to vote.

He noted: "Our status as teachers carries with it a responsibility for citizenship . . . teachers must not only strive to develop citizenship in others . . . they must be good citizens themselves . . ."

Persons who have examined voter registration lists will tell you that too often they find teachers who have not bothered to register, or if registered, have not taken the time to vote, even though the polling place might be located in their own school.

We'd like to see the day come when a teacher would be required to be a registered voter before he is hired.

As Dr. Brain points out, teachers are expected to set a good example. They must practice, as well as preach good citizenship.

A REMINDER for teachers and all other persons who have not yet registered to vote:

If you will qualify to vote in the next election on May 15, you must register by April 14. A list of neighborhood registration places appears in this issue. The Supervisors of Elections office in the People's Court Building (Fayette and Gay Sts.) is open daily 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. On Thursdays, it is possible to register here until 7 p.m. and on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to noon.

Before April 14, the following persons must register:

1. Those who have just turned 21 or who will become 21 before the November 6 election;

2. New residents of the state who have never registered;

3. Those voters who have changed their residence since the last election.

Remember, April 14 is the last day you can become a first-class citizen in time to vote in the May primary.

No Promotion Due

Two weeks ago, Motorcycle Patrolman Edward Tilghman happened on the scene as two bandits were in the process of robbing a Pennsylvania Ave. bank.

Singlehandedly, he cornered the would-be bandits, held them until other officers arrived to assist him.

For this unusual display of valor, Patrolman Tilghman was congratulated by Western District Capt. Wade Poole.

Police Commissioner Bernard J. Schmidt held a commendation ceremony, told the young (27) officer: "Your act was done at great personal hazard, and you rendered the maximum public service . . . . I hope you keep up the good work."

The bank which did not lose its $15,568, thanks to Patrolman Tilghman, gave him a citation and a color television set.

That brings us to the matter of color in this whole matter.

If Patrolman Tilghman had been a white officer, with the same five years of service, would he have been promoted on the spot to the rank of sergeant?

How come it didn't happen in Patrolman Tilghman's case?

Was it because Officer Tilghman happens to have brown skin?

Commissioner Schmidt explains it is not a color matter.

He was not promoted because Officer Tilghman is not on the list for promotion, and under civil service regulations you have to be on the list.

Fifty Years Together

For half a century the life of Edna Johnson Groomes Rawlings has been entwined with that of the AFRO - AMERICAN Newspapers.

She was a young girl, fresh out of school, when she joined our newspaper staff.

She began work as a unitype operator, later became a circulation bookkeeper.

As we grew from a four-sheet paper to the third largest newspaper in the state, (and the largest colored weekly in the United States), she became advertising bookkeeper and chief cashier, handling over a million and a half dollars a year.

At the annual stockholders meeting last month, "Miss Edna" as she is affectionately known, said:-

I have been with the AFRO for many years. Some of them have been good; some not so good. That is as it should be. That is life.

I have had, during that time, two husbands. I have been through auto wars.

I have been through a depression. I have been through years of plenty. Now, in this period of the "New Frontier," I feel it is time for me to step aside.

The AFRO is proud it has been privileged to have on its staff women and men who have grown with it these past 70 years.

Of 100 employees, 35 of them have been employed 20 years or more.

"Miss Edna," a quiet-spoken lady, has served longer than any of them. She has been an important cog in the AFRO wheel.

We will remember with pleasure our association which has spanned 50 years.

Matthew A. Henson And Herbert M. Frisby

Today, April 6, marks the 53rd anniversary of the discovery of the North Pole by Admiral Robert E. Peary and Maryland-born Matthew Alexander Henson.

Thanks to science teacher, Herbert M Frisby, an Arctic explorer himself, the role Mr. Henson played has been recognized.

In 1959, at Mr. Frisby's suggestion, Governor Tawes appointed a committee to prepare a suitable memorial in the State House at Annapolis.

A bronze tablet was dedicated in November 1961. Speakers noted that while history books credited Admiral Peary with discovery of the North Pole, the Admiral himself confirmed it was Henson, his brown - skinned guide, who was first to reach the northernmost point of the earth.

It is significant that on this anniversary, two other events will memorialize Matt Henson.

The Baltimore School Board, acting on Mr. Frisby's suggestion, has voted to name the new school at Payson and Baker Sts., the Matthew A. Henson School.

On Sunday, a memorial plaque will be dedicated at Pomonkey High School, which is located a short distance from Nanjemoy in Charles County, where Matt was born.

Mr. Frisby, the Matt Henson historian, first became interested in the Far North while in grammar school. He was encouraged by an understanding teacher to pursue his ambition to be the second colored person to reach the Pole.

As an AFRO correspondent in 1956, he realized his ambition.

Mr. Frisby deserves credit for correcting history about the North Pole expedition.

The honors to the co-discoverer of the North Pole are as much a tribute to him as they are to Matthew A. Henson, 1866-1955.

Sightseeing

Just Wait Until The Year 1963

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Every year, I promise myself that come next year, I will purchase my automobile license plates early.

Every blessed year that comes along, sees me making a solemn vow never to again wait until the last moment, and then run myself into a state of utter physical exhaustion trying to beat the deadline.

Every year I do this, but it is a case of the mind being willing and the flesh being weak—because every year I end up just like I did this past Friday afternoon, when at exactly 2:30 p.m., I realized I had not purchased my 1962 plates.

True, I had been thinking about buying plates for some time—a month to be exact—but with Laos and Algeria and other problems pressing on my mind, I just couldn't find the time.

* * *

FRIDAY, I might as well add, was the last day to get tags before the deadline, which explains why I decided that now was the time to take positive action.

Since the police stations, where license plates are available, did not close until half past three, I had an hour of grace.

But then complications, as complications always will, sneaked into my young and innocent life.

* * *

TO OBTAIN license plates in the fair state of Maryland, without shelling out an extra $32, one must have liability insurance.

Maryland, which is rather narrow minded about some things—won't take your word that you have insurance, you've got to come up with a certificate to that effect from an insurance man.

Having had prior dealings with me, my friendly insurance man, Earl Koger (and that's a free plug if I ever heard one), was prepared for my arrival and I soon had the necessary bit of paper.

Thus, suitably arrayed for battle, I hastened forthwith to the nearest police station, only to see, much to my horror, but not to my surprise, a line of people that stretched from here to eternity.

Being of reasonably sound mind, I shall not stand in such a lengthy line," I told myself, as I made a prohibited U turn and headed for another station house and a shorter line.

* * *

AS HAPPY as I was with my brilliant on the spur-of-the-moment decision, I could still not escape the gnawing thought in the back of my head, that I had forgotten something.

Two blocks from the second station house that something came to me—as they say in true love stories "like a bolt from out of the blue."

I had forgotten my application blank.

No application blank—no license plates—and so back to the home ranch.

* * *

I REMEMBERED "distinctly" where I had put the blank, but obviously it had developed legs since it was not where I "distinctly" remembered placing it.

Fifteen minutes later I found it in the rear pocket of a pair of dirty work trousers.

Eventually, I reached the police station with my application, my insurance blank, and several slightly soiled bills, clutched tight in my sweaty little hands.

I walked to the end of the line, where I was met by an unsmiling policeman.

"Nay not so," said he.

"So what's with the nay not so business?" I asked in a spirit of friendliness.

"It is now 3:30 . . . which means you are exactly three minutes too late to get in this line."

"Oh, gum drop," said I.

"Fear not, faint heart," said he, "if you rush you can get to the Department of Motor Vehicles which will not close until 4 p.m."

Naturally, quite naturally, I get stuck in a traffic jam and when I reach the DMV, it is five minutes after the hour of four.

The line is longer than the one at first police station, but I've got no choice.

I get pushed, shoved, mauled, poked in the ribs with an umbrella, banged in the stomach with a shopping bag, insulted by a portly lady who could not understand why I would not move out of line for her, and humiliated by one of my alleged friends who drove by with his new license plates and laughed at me.

WEARY, and much, much later, I stumbled out of the DMV, a sad but wiser man.

I could have taken the wear and tear on my nerves and the physical abuse, and laughed at them all.

But then I learned that the deadline had been extended another day, and my rushing was all in vain.

Like I said before, next year it's going to be different.

Next year, I'm going to be the first one in town to get my license plates.

Next year for sure..

I think.

What Our Readers Say

Answer From Frontiers

Dear AFRO:

The Frontiers Club wishes to state its position in reference to the appearance of Dr. Amos Koontz before the Club as speaker which drew such a sharp criticism from James D. Williams in his column of March 24.

The Frontiers Club of Baltimore for 20 years has furnished a forum at its weekly meetings for free discussions of public questions from all possible points of view from the extreme right to the extreme left.

Democrat or Republican, liberal or conservative has been granted equal time and equal opportunity upon the sole condition that all speakers submit to a period of close scrutiny and cross-examination.

For the last few weeks we have been hearing political candidates of both parties and of all factions.

We assume no responsibility for views expressed and give no endorsements of candidates or their views.

We believe that the best weapon against bigotry and intolerance is to expose it to the searchlight of free and open inquiry and discussion.

Furthermore, we subscribe to the same philosophy that seems to guide the foreign policy of the United States both at Geneva and at the United Nations; that the best way to handle seemingly irreconcilable differences is to keep the opposing spokesmen talking together.

When Dr. Koontz published his letter a few weeks ago in the Baltimore Sun, we were astonished and offended that such a distinguished medical man who we understood had worked so diligently with our doctors at Provident Hospital should disseminate such biased opinions.

We challenged him to come before the Frontiers Forum and answer questions with reference to his views.

He came and a rough and tumble battle of ideas followed. We regret that although a reporter from the AFRO-AMERICAN was present, that not a line with reference to this exchange was published.

We believe that this policy of listening to all sides of public questions has contributed greatly to the enlightenment of our membership and has advanced the cause of interracial goodwill and understanding in our community.

HOWARD MITNICK
Chairman
Public Affairs Committee

Thanks For Story

Dear AFRO:

On behalf of the student body, the faculty and myself I should like to extend to you our deep appreciation for the honor which you have bestowed upon Bates High School.

In my opinion the spread which appeared in the March 27 issue of the AFRO-AMERICAN will do much to inspire our 1700 students and hundreds of alumni to work a little harder to justify the confidence that you and your paper seem to have in us.

We are grateful and we can assure you that we will do everything in our power to make our school approach the very fine things which you have said in our regard.

HERBERT S. HILLIARD
Principal
Bates High School

History Of Douglass

Dear AFRO:

I was reading the March 31 AFRO when I came across the article "Hodge Podge" by Robert W. Matthews. He stated that the old colored high school was located at Pennsylvania Ave. and Dolphin St.

Will you please tell me where was the first colored high school located and the school's correct name?

WILLIAM E. NICHOLS

(ED. NOTE - Old Douglass High School, 1883 in the old City Hall on Holliday St. Forty years later, in a new building on Saratoga St. 1901 renamed Colored High School and Training School and moved to Dolphin St. and Pennsylvania Ave., renamed Frederick Douglass High School in 1923 and in 1925 moved to Calhoun and Baker Sts.)

'Welcome Turnabout'

Dear AFRO:

As a person who has admired Del. Verda Welcome, I find it difficult to understand why she has endorsed Gov. Tawes in the Democratic primary.

Is she still the same politician who introduced the first equal accommodations bill in the Maryland Legislature?

What does she hope to gain by aligning herself with a man who could have but failed to push through a public accommodations bill less than a month ago?

I can't believe that the governor has had a change of heart, but apparently Mrs. Welcome has.

Politics do indeed make strange companions.

EDWARD E. THOMAS

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.

Shush! Shush! Shush!

We'd like to start a campaign against people who utter such annoying sounds as 'shush..shush,' when there is need for silence or attention at public gatherings.

'Shush', a colloquialism, first appeared around 1905 in a magazine article by Mc.Hugh. It is a combination of sh plus hush, meaning to hush up, keep quiet etc.

The 'shushes' might have been in favor 57 years ago, but in this modern day of gavels and glass tinklers, the 'shush' is more obnoxious than the chatter of the people it seeks to silence.

We're against the 'shush, shush'. Please shush!

Where They Stand

The City Council postponed action on the Public Accommodations Bill to see whether the Legislature would enact a statewide measure.

Some members of the Council now suggest that a Public Accommodations Bill again before the Council be postponed until after the May 15th primary election.

Hodge-Podge

A Memory Quiz For All Baltimoreans

By ROBERT W. MATTHEWS

It's amazing how quickly you can forget. Didn't realize it until I happened to be driving down Madison Ave. and crossed Dolphin St.

Stared at the huge vacant lot on the Southwest corner and for the life of me, couldn't remember what building once stood there.

Finally dawned on me that this was the site of the York Hotel and Oddfellows Hall.

HERE are some memory-testers for you. All of these events occurred during the past 10 years.

1. There is a parking lot on the corner of Druid Hill Ave. and Paca St. What landmark once was there?

2. John Glenn orbited the earth three times. How many times did the Russian Titov orbit the earth?

3. Douglass High School moved into the building once occupied by Western High School. Western High moved to Howard and Centre Sts. into a building once occupied by what school?

4. What was the Number of the trolley-car that once ran up and down Pennsylvania Ave.?

5. Everyone knows that Dean Rusk is Secretary of State of the United States, but do you know who is the Secretary of State of the State of Maryland?

6. Whose signature is on a dollar bill, as Treasurer of the United States?

* * *

THAT'S IT. To consider yourself a wide-awake Baltimorean, you should get at least four of them right. Less than three, you must have just moved to town.

Anyone who gets all six of them correct should be working for a television quiz show making up the questions.

Here are the answers:

1. Smith's Hotel occupied this spot for over 40 years; 2. Titov orbited the earth 17 times. It took 25 hours; 3. Merganthaler Vocational High School was on this spot before moving into new quarters on 30th and Hillen Rd.; 4. The dear old No. 18 was the Pennsylvania Ave. car; 5. Lloyd L. Simpkins is Secretary of State, an office that was established in 1837; 6. The signature of Elizabeth Rudel Smith appears on your new money.

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 injustices, rare prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

Noteworthy

Drinking More But Enjoying It Less?

By HERBERT MANGRUM

Are you drinking more but enjoying it less?

Then you should have a king size headache because you are one of those Americans who helped consume nine million cases of scotch whiskey last year.

And that's not all. The National Association of Beverage Importers say that you and I are going to booze it up even more in 1962.

The statistics that I have doubts about is the one that claims colored Americans in Baltimore City consume 50 percent of all the alcoholic beverages.

Considering the fact that this segment comprises 36 percent of the total population, that's some drinking.

* * *

FOR MONTHS NOW I have waited to again hear a prisoner tell a judge where to get off. So what happens in one of the municipal courts?

A certain lady who became upset when she "saw someone looking through my wall" (the walls of her home) told his honor to go you know where.

When the judge called her back and offered to pray a jury trial the defendant asked: "Who in the h— asked you to pray for me?"

I recall another day that when another lady told a judge where to go he answered, "Lady — that's not a part of my judicial function."

* * *

THE PERSON WHO lost a set of new Maryland auto tags containing the numbers BA 72-61 may pick them up at the Western District police station.

They were found in the 900 block of W. Lexington St. Monday morning.

While you are at Western, you may as well take a look at the sign in the lobby that reads; "No auto tags will be sold at this station 'til March 1963."

* * *

SHOPLIFTERS are giving two local shopping centers a run for their money.

The stores are losing little items like suits, dresses, top coats, sheets and cosmetics.

Wonder why the last three shoplifters who turned up at Northwestern listed their occupations as waitresses?

If You Ask Me

By B. M. Phillips

It was Old Home Week

It was like old home week at the Blue Crest on Tuesday evening. Vice President Lyndon Johnson was present to address the American Jewish Congress dinner meeting and to receive the Stephen Wise award.

Among those present to hear the Vice President make a whacking good speech was Mrs. W. A. C. Hughes, (Blanche), wife of the Baltimore attorney, and one of those pretty Dogan girls from Marshall, Tex.'

When Vice President Johnson spied Mrs. Hughes, he called excitedly to his wife, 'Ladybird, come here. Here is one of the Dogan girls.'

Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Johnson talked animatedly and walked arm in arm as the two left the banquet room.

Many a diner wanted to know who was the pretty brown - skinned matron.

* * *

To further confound the curious, fair - skinned Mr. Hughes and the Vice President walked smilingly behind the two ladies.

Mrs. Hughes is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Matthew W. Dogan of Marshall, Tex. Her father was president of Wiley College for 46 years.

Mrs. Johnson's father (P. J. Taylor, a wealthy landowner) had the variety store located near the town, so the families had known each other for years.

Baltimore - born Mr. Hughes married the Texas belle on the campus of Wiley College.

* * *

Another one - time Texan who drew special notice from Vice President and Mrs. Johnson was Mrs. Marian Jackson Pierce, Baltimore-born concert singer, now living in California.

Mrs. Pierce lived in Austin when she was married to the late Rev Karl Downes, president of Sam Houston College.

Tuesday - evening dinner guests are still raving about the Vice President's frank speech.

'He has truly become a liberal,' commented one guest who recalled that before the election he had not been sold on Kennedy ticket because of Johnson.

"I've changed my mind now . . . after hearing him tell these people in Maryland they have to straighten up and fly right . . ."

We go to the opera

Some people go to the opera to hear music. Other people go because they're invited.

This reporter is in the latter class. Tuesday evening's fare at the Lyric was Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' a slow, moving masterpiece in two acts.

Watching Conducter Peter Herman Adler direct makes one realize that conducting an orchestra is hard work.

For example, in act one, we noted Conductor Adler moved his right hand with baton 45 times a minute! Now that is strenuous exercise!

Often he nodded his head just as vigorously. Ten members of the 85 - piece orchestra were women. All orchestra members wore black.

* * *

Beautiful singing of opera stars was augmented by that of the 74 - voice Morgan State College Choir.

Joseph S. Eubanks, the Morgan choir director, was the young man who was called to the stage to take curtain calls with the cast and orchestra. Dr. R. Hayes Strider, head of the college's music department was in the audience.

Tuesday evening's audience was enhanced by four members of the police department who stood in the rear of the theatre with their hats on.

Three of them wore white hats, one wore black.

* * *

Pleasant persons met: John D. Wright, president of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra Association Inc. and Ralph Black, manager.

Baltimore Symphony, by the way, is currently conducting a $175,000 membership and fund campaign.

Still needed to reach the goal: $10,000.

If you like good music and want to keep good music coming to Baltimore, you can subscribe today. Symphony office is at 120 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

Mrs. Boston is 92

Happy birthday cards to Mrs. Elizabeth Boston, 2923 Mosher St. She will be 92 years old on April 11.

Active as can be, Mrs. Boston goes 'just about every place she wants to,' and "really enjoys life.' Isn't that just grand!

Mrs. Boston attends Union Memorial Methodist Church, rarely misses a Sunday.

She is the widow of John H. Boston, the longtime B and O Railroad employee.

Remember when the family lived at 917 Myrtle Ave?

The children are Mrs. Lillie Maddelin, Mrs. Lorraine Myers, Mrs. Madella Storey and Mrs. Lillie Millard and John Boston Jr., all of Baltimore.

Grandchildren are Mrs. Zoma Sheffey and Mrs. Agnes Welch. Great-grandson is William Welch Jr.

* * *

April 11, birthday hellos to Granville Hillen, 901 Warwick Ave.

April 12 birthday cards to Mrs. Clara F. Rice, 2505 Chelsea Terr.

More April birthdays: Mrs. Florence Stanley, 2213 Clifton Ave. April 16. Same day greetings to A. Jack Thomas, Pasadena, Md.

April 17th cards for Mrs. Yvette Murphy, 2209 Windsor Ave., and Charles A. Reid, 2559 Arunah Ave., and Mrs. Jack Thomas (Anita), Pasadena, Md.

* * *

Get - well - in - a hurry cards to Mrs. Mary Robinson, 520 Gold St. She has been in City Hospitals for the past month.

Sympathy cards to Dr. and Mrs. Donald G. Brandon (Bernice). They were in Rochester, N.Y., this week on account of the death of his mother, Mrs. Abbie H. Brandon.

In Newark a week back, Mrs. Grace Baxter Fenderson, well - known clubwoman and longtime NAACP worker, was buried.

Over in D. C., J. Flipper Derricotte, the attorney, Terrell Law School instructor, and Republican leader, died at the age of 63.

* * *

New citizens: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Muldrow (Shirley), 140 Edgewood St., are parents of a baby boy, born March 23, at Provident Hospital.

His name: Albert Myron. Other Muldrow youngsters are Adrian, 11; Novice, 9; and Sharron, 7½.

Dad is a machinist at the Glenn L. Martin Co. Mrs. Muldrow is a telephone operator.

People, places, things

In the Army now is 18-year-old Carl Mayers, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Mayers, 1627 N. Monroe St.

He has completed his six-week basic program, is now with a paratroop unit in North Carolina.

Don't miss: Fellowship House's At Home on Sunday at 8, when Miss Ethel Wise, the teacher, will tell of her recent African trip.

Miss Beth Johnson, hostess for the meeting, rushed back from a Tallahassee, Fla. vacation (with Dr. and Mrs. Shep Edmonds), so she could be on hand to welcome you on Sunday. Fellowship House, you know is at 3200 Hilton St.

* * *

You meet the nicest people in the nicest places. After homecoming services at St. James Church on Sunday, we visited in Annapolis at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson (Eloise — she's our news correspondent, and the city's top librarian).

We saw a number of Bates High School faculty members who were oh so pleased with last week's picture page display about their school.

We met: Principal Herbert S. Hilliard and Mrs. Hilliard (Alma), She teaches English at her husband's school.

Dallas G. Pace, chairman of the science department, and three - year-old Dallas Jr. Mr. Pace and members of St. Philip's PE Church are still being congratulated for the testimonial they gave to honor Father David Croll, retired.

* * *

Mr. Pace was hoping the Rev. Warner R. Traynham (to be ordained to the priesthood at St. James Church, Baltimore, Saturday April 14, 11 a.m.), or Father Robert Powell, now assistant rector at St. James, might be assigned to the Annapolis parish.

Also met: Mrs. George Diggs (Beulah) widow of the Annapolis principal, who was buried two weeks ago. Her Spa Rd. home is a dream. Brave Mrs. Diggs has no plans to move, is going right on attending to her duties as guidance counselor at Bates High.

Had hellos with Mrs. Willie McManus (Joyce) of Arundel-on-the - Bay.

She heads Bates Junior High music department, he's math instructor in the high school department.

Daughter, Marcheta, a pretty 13 - year - old, plays violin in the Annapolis Junior High School orchestra. Other children are Willie Jr., 12; and Stephanie, 6.

* * *

Native Petersburg, Va. residents met: Mr. and Mrs. William J. Taylor. She is the former Erma Brown.

He is the executive secretary of the Annapolis YM, which has recently completed its 'most successful' membership drive.

Their children are William 3rd. 8; and Sheridda, 13. Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Annie Brown; and his mother, Mrs. Mattie Taylor, still live in Petersburg.

All for 'Big Bill'

One of the liveliest political meetings was the Monday evening testimonial sponsored by the New Frontiers Democratic Club in Cherry Hill.

Guest of honor was William H. Murphy, the attorney, who is running for House of Delegates in the Sixth District.

His neighbors and associates — a large number of them young men and women — were present. They were present. They expressed dedication to the task — election of their own representatives.

And their mood was caught by the honoree himself — pipe - smoking 'Big Bill' Murphy (who stands just a little over 5 feet).

He told the gathering: "No man travels this road by himself . . . I feel I have a duty to perform to my neighbors in the 6th District . . . As I campaign for this office, the signs are very encouraging."

* * *

The honoree had plenty of campaign ammunition present. Four of his five attractive children; his wife, Madelyn (who looked chic in aqua blue wool); his mother-in-law, and two dozen other relatives.

Guest speaker was dynamic Mrs. Juanita Jackson Mitchell, the attorney, and head of the NAACP Legal Redress Fund.

The audience sat literally spellbound from 9:52 p.m. until 10:45, as Mrs. Mitchell recalled the history of the fight for rights in this city . . . a perfectly beautiful job, indeed.

And, she pulled no punches as she told graphically of the NAACP's long uphill battles —picketing for jobs, March on Annapolis, conferences to end police brutality, etc.

* * *

Excerpts from her talk: "Our meeting tonight is a rally to colored citizens in this district. We have got to let the state know taxation without representation is tyranny . . . and we're tired of being left out . .

"It is a disgrace. White people have not realized we live in the district. They come to us and present an all-white slate.

"We must stand up like men. We are going to have black men in the legislature who can make trades and deals on their legislation just as they make them on ours.

* * *

"This is not the time for niceties, when the state of Md., has jailed over 300 students — white and colored — whose only crime was they asked for a cup of coffee. We shouldn't be able to sleep at night . .

"They tell us we must not get bitter, but we want the same thing for our kids, that they want for theirs — we want unconditional freedom now . . .

Mrs. Mitchell recited this verse: "I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace. But I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace . . ." She received a standing ovation!

* * *

Nicest statement of the evening was made by the honoree. In acknowledging the praise of Mrs. Mitchell and the work of her mother, Dr. Lillie M. Jackson: "In my book, Mrs. Lillie Jackson is the greatest woman in the state of Maryland. And she has always been a good AFRO customer."

Reference was to the fact that Mr. Murphy once had an AFRO route and served the Druid Hill Ave. block where Mrs. Jackson lived.

Unique: The Rev. E. Rudolph Obey, Cherry Hill Community Church, deviated from the usual background introduction.

Instead, he led the audience in singing 'Let's Get out And Vote For Murphy."

Here from Philadelphia for the testimonial was Alexander Brown, longtime, Cherry Hill civic worker.

PS — Did Francis J. Valle, candidate for state's attorney, hear the question put to him? The question was— if you believe in what you say you believe why let there only one on the slate? We should have six."

Letter to my son

An open letter to my son, now 8: Dear Benjamin: This is April, 1962. The world is moving fast.

People move even faster. Jet airlines travel from one end of the country to the other in half a day.

Often, they get in such a hurry they forget to be kind and courteous.

The other day a writer said: "It is getting so, it appears unfashionable to be polite — to say thank you, to be courteous to a lady."

I hope this isn't true.

Your mother hopes you will always find it fashionable to be polite and courteous to everybody — members of your own family, neighbors, acquaintances, strangers — everybody.

Don't ever be ashamed to stand up for a lady, hold a door for her, to smile a 'thank you' for a kindness, or say a 'please' with your request.

Don't believe anybody who tells you it is not fashionable to be courteous.

Good manners are always fashionable, and I hope they never go out of style.

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The man in the picture has smiled for weeks because Hamm's Beer is clean-cut to the taste with smoothness aged in. (It leaves you with a wonderful feeling of refreshment!) Now he's smiling because so many Baltimore folks have discovered the great taste that makes Hamm's already America's sixth largest selling beer. Some of them are here. So look close. You may meet a friend or a neighbor.

"WE DID... and now we've switched to Hamms!"

say these refreshed Baltimore beer drinkers

"You know, I just started drinking Hamm's Beer," says James Wallace, 307 Dolphin St. "It's already my favorite."

"Lately Hamm's seems to taste better, I like it," says Doris Hughes, 2402 Roslyn Ave.

"I drank another beer for years. A few weeks ago I tried Hamm's. I really like it," says Willie Satter Wluzy, 1922 Ashland Court.

"Doesn't have that bitter after-taste. I like it because it's so smooth and light," says Clarence Ware, 2230 Barclay.

"You know, I think I could drink a lot of this Hamm's," says Stanley L. Ray, 2214 North Monroe St.

"It's got the kind of flavor I like. Hamm's tastes good," says Robert Summers, 803 W. Franklin St.

"Hamm's tastes good," says Mary Morgan, 720 Poplar Grove St. "It's got the kind of flavor I like. That's why I've started drinking it."

"Better than any other beer I've tasted. I like Hamm's because it's so smooth and mild," says Isaac Austin, 314 N. Pulaski St.

"Have you?"