PRAYER OF THE WEEK

"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."

Hungarian Freedom Fighter
Kossuth

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for all those who have worked and prayed for peace amid crises that led our country to the brink of war.

Raise up leaders of good will throughout the world so that all men shall think of brotherhood and a United States of all nations. Amen.

The Democratic Sweep Why The Judges Lost

The election of Governor Tawes and his statewide ticket including the very clear victory of Mrs. Verda Welcome in the 4th District, turned out as generally expected.

It was a gratifying Democratic sweep.

A fly in the ointment is the defeat of Municipal Judge Robert Watts by nearly 2,000 votes and of People's Court Judge John R. Hargrove by a still wider margin.

Both judges, extremely able, made excellent records since their appointment by Governor Tawes last year and had his personal endorsement before the election.

Judge Watts is a Democrat.

The Baltimore Bar Association threw Governor Tawes a curve when it recommended only one colored person for a People's Court vacancy last year. That person was Judge John Hargrove, a Republican.

Intentionally or through inadvertance, it gave the Governor no choice of a nominee of the Governor's own party.

• • •

LET'S SAY in the beginning that we must take the blame for Judge Watts' defeat.

There were 3,000 persons in the 4th Districts alone who voted for Mrs. Welcome but not for Judge Watts and they would have if, and that if is important, the Republicans had not listened to the silen catls of the Pollack faction to create a diversion against Mrs. Verda Welcome in her race for 4th District Senate.

Mr. Pollack didn't have the votes to defeat the Governor and Mrs. Welcome and even the Republican leaders should have known that.

Had the same time, support and money been spent in getting out the vote and instructing all the people how to mark their ballots we would have had one and possibly two judges.

• • •

THIS YEAR'S ballot, with twenty-five city and state loans or referenda to be voted upon, was the most difficult in history. There are only 20 spaces at the top of our voting machines and 25 questions had to be located in two lines.

On the ballot, Judge Watts' name was ninth on a list labelled "vote for eight".

Judge Hargrove, as a Republican, was likewise at the foot of the ballot.

• • •

THE SUPERVISORS of Elections did the best they could with a messy situation, but the Democratic party didn't.

It is basic and fundamental that all winners in the Democratic primary should be placed on the official Democratic ballot for the general election.

The judges were not on the official Democratic ballot and the reasoning of party officials is unconvincing.

One of the Democratic judges, Mr. Barrett, was defeated in the Democratic primary by Mr. Joseph Broccolino.

Torn between its desire to support the sitting judges, including Judge Barrett in the general election, and its duty to Democratic party winners, including Mr. Broccolino, the Democratic party leaders decided to do nothing.

That is, they omitted the names of all judges from the official sample ballot.

• • •

IT'S A SAD day when the party fails to measure up to its responsibilities and omits the names of any primary winners from the official sample ballot.

The fact that the Municipal Court is new and this is the first year its judges were elected is no answer.

Names of Supreme Bench judges were printed on the official ballot in 1958 and they should have been in 1962.

Judges are judges, whether Supreme Bench or Municipal Court.

• • •

SINCE DEMOCRATIC leadership is responsible for this ballot fiasco, the party has an obligation to set this matter right whenever there is a vacancy on the Supreme Bench and the Municipal Court and other courts.

It is fairly certain that Mayor Grady is to be the next Supreme Bench Judge.

However, after the mayor, it would seem we have justifiable claims for other bench appointments.

Let's Shake Hands

Elections have a habit of arousing white hot emotions in the human breast.

Perhaps that is the way it should be, for it indicates a healthy interest in politics, and if our way of life is to remain strong and free, it is vitally important that our citizenry remain interested in the political process.

However, once the elections are over, it is time to shake hands and unite again for the common good.

It is time to forget the harsh words said during the campaign, and the bitterness any contest engenders.

A capstone of our democracy has been our ability to accept both the losses and victories of our favorite candidates.

Other countries have not been so fortunate, and because they were not so fortunate, their governments have tottered and fallen.

Let us never forget the necessity for having honest differences of opinion.

But also let us not forget that whether we are Republican, Democrat, or independent, we are Americans first.

See A Lawyer

Every week in Baltimore one or more families invite financial tragedy by putting up hard earned money to purchase a home without having the advice of a lawyer.

The relatively small cost of hiring a lawyer to protect an investment, which runs into thousands of dollars over the lifetime of the home mortgage, too often is skimped on by those who most need protection.

It is the low income person who most often is taken for a financial ride by those individuals that are out to make a fast buck.

These quick - buck operators do not hesitate to take advantage of a man who is willing to put up his money and sign contracts without legal advice.

This is a stupid and costly thing for any family to do.

Just this week the AFRO ran a story on a man who took out two mortgages on his home years ago. Now that he has paid off the larger one, the real estate firm insists that the other mortgage be paid in a lump sum.

The man, who lives on a salary, cannot pay it off at once so he is going to lose his home and all he invested over the years.

It is a tragedy which could have been avoided if proper legal advice had been sought.

It simply is not enough to say, "I thought it was okey." Is is not enough to say, "The man looked and acted friendly and I never thought he would do a thing like that." It is not enough to say, "They are in business and I thought everything would be on the up and up."

There is but one sure way to protect yourself and your family when you buy a home.

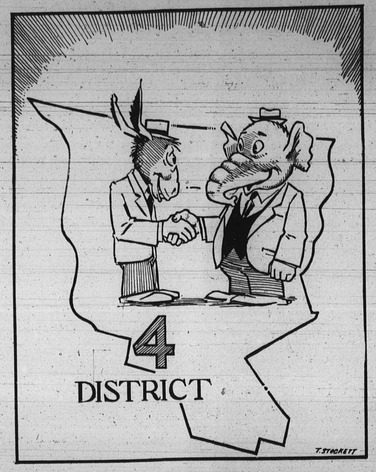
That is to see a lawyer before you pay or sign anything.

Again Powell, Thank Goodness!

No election development is more thrilling than the "romping back" to Congress for another term of the most persistent civil rights fighter on Capitol Hill, Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. of the 18th District in Harlem. If there were a law honoring dedication to the cause of racial equality, he would have reaped all the rewards long ago for being so aggressive. Fortunately for him — and for this country's 18,000,000 colored people — the voters of his district also believe in racial equality. They apparently believe that, if they keep sending Mr. Powell back often enough he will eventually inspire a few of the rotten segregationists to higher levels of performance.

His re-election is a service to New York City and to the country and only the New York Times and Southern bigots stand alone in its majestic dislike of Mr. Powell in refusing to accept this man's fine contributions to progress in America.

Time Now For Harmony



What Our Readers Say

Splendid Job

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

Dear AFRO:

The feature story appearing in the Friday, Oct. 26, edition of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspaper in my behalf, was indeed a splendid job.

I have been receiving all kinds of favorable comments.

I feel particularly indebted to the entire AFRO-AMERICAN staff for the time that must have gone into achieving this level of perfection.

I would like to keep in touch with you from time to time so that I can share with you my views regarding some of the problems in mental health.

DR. GEORGE MCK. PHILLIPS

Out of Bondage

Dear AFRO:

The words Fourth District have taken on a new shade and a new meaning.

Fourth District means men and women who voted for Mrs. Verda Welcome, men and women who God knows speak the truth only when they say, "I voted for Verda Welcome."

Fourth District means hard workers for Verda Welcome and faith that can move mountains (problems).

Men and women who defeated the power of money of the opposition. This is glory within itself.

Fourth District means progress that has yet to be shown in the five other districts.

Each of these men and women deserves the honor and joy when they say, "I live in the Fourth District."

Fourth District means Verda Welcome, a woman who cried out to God, who cried out to the people, and the people heard and answered her. All were led out of bondage.

The Fourth District has a leader; the leader has people who keep each other.

The Fourth District means people with a great victory.

It was hard to get it; remember it will be still harder to hold onto it.

REV. GAYWOOD S. McGUIRE,
President,
The City-Wide Democratic Club of Baltimore.

One Eye Operation

Dear AFRO,

We, the Jones family an[illegible]nt Hospital, are grateful to you for the very informative article in last Friday's AFRO-AMERICAN newspaper.

We were very surprised to see the front page billing. I am sure that many, many people read the article for many have already called us.

I'm sure the community will benefit in knowing my husband is so well qualified in the field and that Provident does offer such fine service.

Our thanks also to the photographers, Messrs. Phillips and Abney, and the staff writer, Ralph Matthews Jr., all of whom did an outstanding job.

MRS. LILLIAN JONES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Story was about an eye operation at Provident Hospital.

Goldstein Writes

Dear AFRO:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the endorsement which your paper has given me in my campaign for re - election as State Comptroller.

I certainly appreciate it and I will do everything in my power to live up to this fine endorsement.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

LOUIS L. GOLDSTEIN

Provident Okeyed

Dear AFRO:

The Battle of the Provident Hospital Bond Issue is over and the Good Guys won. They won, in large measure, because of your interest and cooperation. We are most grateful for your help.

AMOS LANDMAN

(Editor's Note: Mr. Landman's public relations firm, handled publicity on Provident.)

Election Tragedy

Dear AFRO:

Another election has come and gone for the colored population of Baltimore City (which I believe is about one-third of the total).

It should have been a gauge of the rising prominence of the colored vote and subsequently, a showing of the "citizen's" awareness of the use and effectiveness of the vote.

Tragically, such was not the case. Two of our finer citizens who have been serving capably and courageously as judges on two of our courts, were sacrificed on the altar of political expediency and ignorance.

Political expediency because the leaders of our race are so busy fighting for total integration of our society, they will sacrifice the gains we have made in order to say and prove to the other segment of the population how righteous and sincere they are in wanting to effect integration.

• • •

IGNORANCE BECAUSE in taking this attitude they fail to reflect to their constituents that many of the so called "good neighbors" are still living by the old "survival of the fittest" and "don't let the left hand know what the right hand is doing."

The defeat of Judge Robert Watts and Judge John Hargrove rests entirely within the colored community.

The Morning Sun, of Nov. 8, raises a question when it states: "It may be irrelevant that both of these losers are colored."

I maintain that the fact that both of these men are colored is very relevant, with all due respect, to the vote garnered by both men.

When will we ever learn to elect a colored candidate of our choice?

I feel sure that Mr. (Joseph) Broccolino's constituents knew how to vote. They elected their choice.

RONALD J. ESTREET

Pin-Point

Alexander Pope Knew Candidates

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

When Alexander Pope penned the immortal line, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," he must have been thinking of candidates facing certain defeat in political elections.

We got this impression while watching a candidate go down to defeat Tuesday.

Although early election returns (collected by his workers long before the official count began) indicated he had fought a good — but losing — fight, and the smartest thing he could do would be to concede and go home and get some much-needed food and rest, he and his followers hung on until the bitter end.

Despite the fact that the continuing flow of returns merely sealed his already apparent doom, the candidate and his partisans still waited — and hoped.

"It's not over yet," "Anything can happen," "We can still win it," etc., etc. were among the numerous and often repeated utterances.

While hard cold facts indicated that it would be prudent for the candidate and his faithfuls to adopt the once-familiar echo of Flatbush ("Wait 'til next year"—four years in this case) they kept up the wake-like vigil.

• • •

LIKE a man trapped in the desert under a blazing sun who forces himself to "see" a thirst-quenching stream, they knew the situation was hopeless, but they kept hoping.

In fact, the candidate had not conceded 24 hours later, although his conqueror had piled up a four-thousand vote victory margin and all the precincts were in.

This shows, however, that he and former Vice President Richard M. Nixon had more than party labels in common.

Pope was right!

• • •

NOW that the election is out of the way, among other heated issues certain to capture the city's attention in the near future is the proposed fare increases by the Baltimore Transit Company.

The firm is seeking a two-cent hike on the present 25 cents rate and a five cents charge for transfers. The latter is sure to provoke fireworks.

We don't profess to have the solution for BTC's financial problem, but this one seems a bit cock-eyed.

While one person will be penalized five cents for having to transfer after riding only a few blocks, others will be able to ride from one end of the city to the other without transferring—or paying the extra nickel.

Somebody is going to scream discrimination, if this is approved.

What's more important, they'll be right!

• • •

DISCRIMINATION recalls a recent visit to the State Office Building.

If you think the Courthouse is a prime example of job discrimination and the AFRO proved it recently — "You ain't seen nothing yet," as the saying goes.

If a quick glance at the employees in certain offices of this tax-supported operation is any indication of employment policy, it's this:

All white!

• • •

ELECTION Postmortem — Two of the better jokes heard during the long countdown Tuesday night went like this:

"We must keep politics out of the courts," and

"Vote for the candidates of your choice, but be sure to vote...EARLY AND OFTEN!"

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Sightseeing

Price Of Illness Is Going Up, Up

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

With living expenses as high as they are, a man can barely afford to become ill any more.

When you do fall ill these days, the first question you ask a doctor is not how long will you be incapacitated, but how much is this sickness going to cost you?

Not too many years ago, when you contracted a cold, someone would fetch you a horrible tasting bottle of medicine from the corner drugstore, and after a few doses, you'd be glad to get out of bed, just to avoid taking any more of the stuff.

A cold was simply a cold — nothing more, nothing less.

Today with progress, automation, and the New Frontiers, you can't even get a simple cold.

• • •

WHEN YOU begin to sniffle and sneeze it's never diagnosed as a simple cold — it's always something expensive like Asian flu or a virus.

From what I've been able to learn, a virus is what you are told you have, when the doctor isn't quite sure as to what it is that you really do have.

In the past, when you were ill, people left you alone so that you could be miserable by yourself.

Today, all you have to do is sneeze, and the next thing you know they've got you flat on your back, and you're being shot full of enough penicillin to start your own drug house.

If you don't get up at once, the next thing you know, they're cramming aureomycin, streptomycin and a whole flock of other mycins down your throat, as you grow sicker by the moment reading the price tags on the bottles.

• • •

THERE ONCE was a time when the first thing a doctor did when he reached your bedside, was to check your temperature.

But now, the first thing he does is to check your credit rating to see if you can afford to be sick.

However, you have to admit that the new drugs are wonderful, and the scientists are busy in the laboratories day and night, discovering newer and more expensive ones.

They've even got some new drugs now, for which they haven't been able to find any diseases.

• • •

THE ONLY way to beat the high cost of being sick is to watch the medical shows, which are currently so popular on TV.

You watch for a patient with the same symptoms as yours, and then write down what the doctor prescribes. That way, you cut out the middle man.

This TV medicine does have one serious drawback.

Sometimes you have to wait a few weeks for your disease to come up. But if you look at TV long enough, your senses will become deadened, and after a while, you won't feel any pain at all.

• • •

I HEARD it rumored around that some hospital, which shall be nameless, is experimenting using television in place of an anesthetic.

They keep showing the patient the same "I Love Lucy" film over and over, until he's messerized . . then they operate.

TV doctor shows do have their disadvantage, in that they create a false impression of doctors, and this can have some rather serious results.

There is on record, the case of one little girl whose mother took her to visit a doctor for the first time, and the sweet little monster let out very unladylike scream when she saw the medic.

"That ain't no doctor mommy, he don't even look like Ben Casey," she said.

• • •

MOMMY HAD quite a time explaining to the youngster that in real life, all doctors don't look like Ben Casey.

Finally, in desperation, she called upon her knowledge of child psychiatry and pulled from her purse a book, written by that noted pediatrician, Dr. Spock.

With the book, she smote her little darling on the top of the head — thus convincing her that mommy knew best.

Just like I said, when you want to teach a child right from wrong, there's nothing like having a copy of Dr. Spock around — unabridged, of course.

POET'S NOOK

TO GRACE BUMBRY

Excitement swells among'st the crowd,
You're on the stage, you're tense, you're proud,
So graciously do you enthrall,
As encores' ring throughout the hall.
You'll do an aria from Mozart,
With all your soul, with all your heart,
Just can it be the pride of you,
That's burning deep inside of you.
And when the curtain, flutters down,
You'll meet with fame, and world renown,
I'll not forget a girl in beige,
Who bowed and left her heart on stage.

PAUL McALLISTER

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH

I looked at my picture expecting to see
The ravishing person I once used to be,
But alas, in my face with the cruelest art
Was pictured the pain hidden deep in my heart.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

AFRO Credo

A newspaper succeeds because its management believes in itself, in God and in the present generation. It must always ask itself—

Whether it has kept the faith with the common people;

Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured;

Whether it is fighting to get rid of slums, to provide jobs for everybody;

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

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1930

If You Ask Me

By B. M. PHILLIPS

(Continued from Page 1)

Women, men and children cried unashamedly. We all did.

There was a tense moment. Finally, Father Mills explained he had not decided . . . it was a surprise . . . it was a high honor, he would have to think over it . . . he would pray . . . pray with him.

Why the tears? you might ask.

Well, you do not live in a community, lead a congregation, preside at baptisms, weddings funerals, guide and counsel people without coming to feel a part of them.

As Father Mills explained to his congregation, his can not be a hurried decision.

It is one only he can make. We who have come to know and love him these two decades are confident he will do what is right for him and for his parish and for his church and for the city of Baltimore where he has become a respected counselor and leader.

• • •

P.S. — It was not all tears. Two statements from Father Mills brought smiles.

Smile of understanding came from members when he said, 'Mrs. Mills (Rebecca), and I have talked it over. She is leaving it to me, as she has always done. . . ."

There was laughter when he noted rashness of youth: "My son called (from Massachusetts where he is an Army doctor), to offer congratulations, Marcia (his wife), asked when do you leave?"

You could have turned back the clock, momentarily that is, if you attended the Shrine Circus at the Fifth Regiment Armory.

Like circuses of old, the three-hour show featured live animals — lions, tigers, skunks, dogs, elephants, etc., and of course, clowns and jugglers.

We sat in the center section behind four rows of blind children.

A commentator described for them in minute detail each and every act. Their eyes could not see, but their faces told the joy they experienced in 'seeing' with their hands.

• • •

How thoughtful of the managers to arrange for these children to touch the animals, and thus get a good 'look' at the show.

All over the armory, there were children, some with brown faces, some with white faces. They had a good time.

Tiny children from a nursery school were held in check by a long rope (no lost babies!)

Crippled children were seated at old-fashioned roll-top desks.

Other youngsters — Girl Scouts, Brownies, school children, accompanied by teachers and advisors, made up the audience on Saturday.

What a glorious time they had? Want to feel young again? Visit the circus the next time it is in town.

Dr. Holmes is 85

Nov. 15 is the birthday of one of Baltimore's grandest gentlemen, beloved Dr. D. O. W. Holmes. He will be 85 years old.

Dr. Holmes is president - emeritus of Morgan, and a member of the State Board of Education. His address: 2355 W. North Ave.

Birthday cards: by Nov. 14 to Mrs. Martin Jenkins (Elizabeth), wife of the Morgan State College president.

Nov. 17 cards to C. C. Jackson, the longtime recreation department supervisor, 2326 N. Longwood; and to Mrs. Alice Parham, director of student activities at Morgan's McKeldin Union.

• • •

Wedding anniversary greetings by Nov. 11 for Avon and Elaine Wright, two grand people. Their address: 2044 N. Fulton Ave.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis E. Harmon (Marguerite), chalk up 27 years on Nov. 13, at 2224 Madison Ave.

Fashion note: The long formals and ball gowns are coming back. And, are they pretty!

At the Who-Zits supper dance on Saturday, Mrs. Geraldine Winkler, a member of the club, wore a pretty pink ong.

At her table was her sister, Lola Ware Wylie, attractive in black. She was up from Atlantic City just for the evening, and it was indeed a grand evening.

What made it so grand? Well, there was good music by Bobby Felder, (some members of the band were lost and late arriving, but when the entire aggregation arrived; all was well.)

And with the music, there was real warmth — old friends met after many moons. And did the girls look good. And the men handsome in their tux!

Blonde Jeanette Hamilton, wife of Dr. John Hamilton, the psychiatrist, was attractive in green and white.

At the Femmes Continental party the same evening, the long dresses were much in evidence.

Mrs. Nanin Meade of Jamaica, N.Y., wore an unusual form - fitting gold gown.

Prettiest of the ankle-length dresses was pale blue, with full skirt decorated with flowers. It was a beauty, but the lady who wore it escaped before we could get her name. Who was she????

Don't miss this Sunday treat: Isador Oglesby, the talented tenor, appears in a recital of English and American art songs at 5:30 at Enon Baptist Church.

It is sponsored by the women's day committee and as a community cultural program. Admission is FREE.

Mr. Oglesby, you know, is a teacher in the city schools, and choir director at the Enon Church.

He sings as a hobby. He has appeared as soloist at a number of events along the Eastern Seaboard.

• • •

Too often, you know, we do not support our own artists until they are acclaimed abroad. Here is an opportunity for Baltimoreans to hear good singing, and to say "well done", to a local artist.

Norman Ross, a fellow Dunbar High teacher, will accompany Mr. Oglesby.

• • •

Last week we told how the Big Sisters Club gave that unique madhatters show and card party.

And, remember we said the winners' names were on the women's page. Well, they weren't. They appeared in our Tuesday edition this week.

Just in case you missed them, here they are again:—First, Mrs. Ida Milbourne. Second, Mrs. Juanita Davis; third, Mrs. Marie Williams.

Honorable mention went to Mrs. Madeline Harding.

People moving about

Visitors: — Mr. and Mrs. Milton Earl Grant (Flora), jetted in from Pasadena, Calif. this weekend, en route to the 70th annual convention of savings and loan associations in Washington.

Remember he is the very wealthy businessman who was listed in that article re colored millionaires?

He heads the Family Savings and Loan Co. in Los Angeles, which is opening the $700,0000 building (due for completion early next year). Target date for dedication of the ultra modern edifice is Feb. 15.

On Sunday, members of the family here in Baltimore, Mrs. George Grant Sr., Mrs. George Grant Jr., the Clifton Murrays and the Yancey Whittakers, had dinner with them at an uptown lounge.

While here, the Californians guested at the Sheraton - Park in D.C.

• • •

Here from California for a day: Mrs. Ruth Webb Hagwood of Oakland.

She was in town to persuade her sister, Mrs. Burnell Griffin, to desert the family home in Gwynns Falls Parkway, and move to the West Coast, where the rest of the Luke Webb family has settled.

Mrs. Griffin has been persuaded. She will go West next week. Meantime, Mrs. Hagwood went to St. Louis and then to Portland, Oregon, where she is as of this writing.

She is attending the American Society of Cytologists. (biologists who study the structure and functions of cells.

• • •

Over from D.C. for Sunday church services at St. James: Mrs. Everett Knox (Clem), and daughter, Karen.

You'll recall the Knox family is temporarily living in Washington, while Dr. Knox completes orientation for his new State Department assignment.

They had been in Paris for over two years, will now move to a South American spot. Other member of family is son, Billy.

• • •

Here from Boston last week were the Dave Chestnuts (Elaine), who guessed with the Winston Hunts (Grace).

Mr. Chestnut holds a top spot (manager for all publications), with Raethon, the electronics firm.

Remember when the Chestnuts lived here in Baltimore (Robert St.), with the Cortland Browns?

Send them cheer.

Thinking - of you - cards to Mr. and Mrs. H. Frank Leftwich (Jacqueline Robinson), 109 Camellie St., Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Their four - month- old son, Frank 3rd, died on Nov. 5 (lack of sufficient oxygen in body).

Baby was due to be baptized this Sunday. Mrs. Frank Washington (Lorraine), wife of the Baltimore physician was to stand as godmother.

Instead, she flew down for the blessing of the baby and family funeral services.

Mr. Leftwich is physical ed instructor at Tuskegee. His wife is a 1953 Morgan grad. They have a year-old daughter, Kim Rene.

Relatives here in Baltimore include Mrs. Leftwich's twin sister, Carolyn Hawkins and Norma Felder; their mother, Mrs. Louise Robinson, and his mother, Mrs. Effie Leftwich.

• • •

Otho Pinkett, Lafayette House Manager, remains ill in Provident.

• • •

Please continue your prayers for these gravely ill fellow citizens:

Mrs. Justine Snowden, 1720 Ruxton Ave., wife of veteran (37 years) AFRO supervisor Samuel Snowden. She is in Lutheran Hospital (B2).

And, Otho Pinkett, manager of the Lafayette Homes, patient in Provident Hospital.

Into Provident for surgery on Monday will go Mrs. Blanche Johnson, secretary to the hospital's superintendent, Theodore Perkins.

She will be away from her hospital duties until after the first of the year.

People, places, things

Good news from abroad;—Remember several weeks ago we told about Helen McGill, a Baltimore teacher, who was bound for Peace Corps duty?

Let's bring things up to date: — As of now she is on duty in Abidjan on the Ivory Coast of Africa, where she has been assigned to teach home economics.

She writes: 'I could not wish for a better assignment . . . Abidjan is a city about the size of Cleveland, and every bit as modern.

". . . my roommate and I have an air - conditioned room, right off a sunken garden, with an enormous fountain . . .

"Since we arrived, we have been wined and dined by heads of state in the most fabulous homes imaginable . . . the topper of all comes this Saturday when we go to the home of President Felix Houphouet-Boigny . . . this is the life. . . .

• • •

Wasn't this a thoughtful birthday gesture? —Remember last week we suggested that instead of birthday cards you might offer services or give financial support to Fellowship House's director, Miss Ruth Fegley?

This is to report that this suggestion is bearing fruit. Already, a talented school teacher has volunteered to work with the Neighborhood Children's Project. There will be others.

If YOU are not able to give money to support this important community agency, why not volunteer to give a couple of hours a week or a day.

• • •

THE pharmacist gets sick sometimes too. That is why of Dr. Fred R. West (Young's Pharmacy.)

He was in Freedmen's Hospital in D.C. for two weeks where he had a checkup, is now back on the job.

Which reminds me to mention that Dr. and Mrs. West (Bertha), are proud that son, Fred Jr., is rounding out his senior year in medical school. He finishes Howard in June.

He already holds a Ph.D., in pharmacology from University of Chicago.

He is also a product of Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Institute. At Tuskegee, he earned his master's degree in biochemistry while studying at the Institute's Carver Foundation on a $10,000 Damon Runyon award for cancer research.

• • •

After graduation, the junior Dr. West plans to continue teaching at the Howard U. Medical School.

The senior Dr. and Mrs. West's daughter, Jane, is the wife of Douglass (Jocko) Henderson, the Baltimore-born disc jockey now a sensation in Philadelphia and New York.

And his is to report that he is still enjoyed by those radio stations!

Jane is a Fisk University grad.

Thinking out loud

Thinking out loud: When you volunteer to help a worthy cause like the annual NAACP membership campaign, you really stick your neck out.

So you have to have a thick skin and be prepared to listen to a lot of baloney from people who have benefited most from the civil rights causes the NAACP advances.

Some of the 'baloney' excuses they give do like this: "I gave last year,'; 'I gave through my church last week' 'I gave usually do', or school as I usually do', or 'I'll send you a check next week...'

A look at office records does not show such contributions.

• • •

AND, THEN when you feel maybe you shouldn't have volunteered to solicit in the first place, along comes a person like Maureen Michelson, to sit next to you at a luncheon.

Maureen is the handsome tall, blonde wife of the well-to - do surgeon - Dr. Elliott Michelson — the mother of three children, and an ardent worker in the Verda Welcome campaign.

We ask her about joining the NAACP. She pulls out her check book. We say; $10. Then, as an afterthought, we suggest she might like to start on a $500 life membership.

And, then and there, instead of writing a $10 check, Maureen makes it out for $100!

There are a lot of Maureens in Baltimore, thank God. They are the kind of people who give to worthy causes, even though they are not the ones who will benefit directly.

But, they realize that when they help their fellowmen, they advance the cause of all minorities, yeah, of our entire city.

There are a lot of us who can not afford to give $100, or $50, and there are a lot who can, who don't.

But, brother let something happen, and they are FIRST to run to the NAACP legal staff for help.

The NAACP drive is on NOW. If you have not yet made your annual contribution, there is still time.

• • •

More fashion notes: Don't be unhappy if your winter coat is cloth, not fur. Fashion designers report that fur, except to line the coats, is going out of style. But, if you already have a fur, do wear it. Fashion experts be hanged!

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