"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

PRAYER OF THE WEEK

Oh Lord, give us a deeper
May we remember that it means giving service to others.
Love is always hopeful, always patient, gives itself no airs, is not rude, selfish or resentful.
Let Thy love be in our hearts always. Amen.

The Nativity

In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled.

This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of David, which is called Bethlehem because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with a child.

And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered.

And she gave birth to her first son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear.

And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

"And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying;

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased."

When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us."

And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe in manger.

And when they saw it they made known the saying which had been told them concerning this child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherd told them.

But Mary kept all these things pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told to them.

This Is A Letter Of Thanks

It is addressed to the many citizens, organizations and business that have given so generously to the Mrs. Santa Project.

Without their support, the project could never be a success, and we shudder to think of the hundreds of deserving families that would suffer as a result.

From all sections of the city and from every economic level have come gifts of food, clothing and toys, and the giving of these gifts has demonstrated once again, that when man so desires, he is the nobelest of God's creatures.

Each one of the donations, no matter what its size, has carried with it love and concern for one's fellow man.

That the project over these past five years has been such a success, is not so much because of what we have done here at the AFRO.

Rather, the credit belongs to the people whom we serve, whose hearts have been touhd by the plight of others.

Many homes in which there was darkness before, will be brightened on Christmas Day, because so many wonderful people cared so much.

We also believe that the donors too will benefit, for in their hearts they carry the knowledge that they have put real meaning into the day of our Saviour's Birth.

On behalf of all the needy families that have been helped because a stranger cared, we at the AFRO say from the bottom of our grateful hearts, God bless you all and a Very Merry Christmas to each and everyone.

Yes, Probe Crime In D.C.

The AFRO heartily applauds Sen. Hugh Scott's sugesstion that the Senate initiate an investigation of crime in the District of Columbia.

Because the Republican Senator from Pennsylvania has been such a valiant guardian of civil rights, there is no question in our minds that an investigation under his stimulus will not turn into an anti - colored orgy by race - hating Southerners.

The colored community is as victimized by crime as the white community.

No racial distinctions are made when a horde of barbarians sallies off into one of its violence—drenched escapades.

• • •

And if you have any doubt about the extent to which colored people are beaten, robbed, mugged, and even killed in the District, you need only be reminded of the terrible death of a colored man who was beaten to death ad robbed in Northeast this week. Police found him lying in gutter.

• • •

Where this newspaper parts company with the various District crime investigating commissions, committee, and comparable ad hoc groups is their inception in community hysteria, their bald apologies for police brutality against colored citizens, and their use by Southern congressmen to disprove the merits of integration.

But an objective study into the immediate causes and long-range sociological factors responsible for this social pathology which threatens to swallow us all is sorely needed.

We commend Sen. Scott and are confident that his suggestion will be pursuded by a good friend of the District, Sen. Alan Bible and his other enlightened colleagues on the District Committee.

Mrs. Agnes Meyer Speaks

Mrs. Agnes Meyer made so much sense this week in one of the most courageous speeches ever made in the District of Columbia that the newspaper which her husband once owned, the Washington POST, promptly placed her remarks on Page 15.

This outstanding social worker and author who has constantly put her money where her mouth is, did what few officials, social workers, or leaders in the District have dared to do: she told them like it was.

Citing the "concentration camps" in which the majority of colored citizens live in this city and the physical and cultural barrier between the colored and white communities, Mrs. Meyer called on the voluntary agencies to hurl themselves with more vigor and imagination to communicate with the many unfortunate people the Washington AFRO has termed "unreachables."

The only reason these people are "unreachable" is because the various voluntary and official agencies of the District have not tried to reach them.

To forestall any possible community explosion, these people must be reached. And if anybody has pointed the way, Mrs. Meyer has.

We congratulate her for her astonishingly honest statements. We have not always agreed with her in the past, but there has never been any question of where her heart lies.

We hope that her talk will spur both the District government and voluntary agencies, both colored and white, to accomplish something more concrete than exists now for deprived people. When that happens, then will be the time to go to them and tell them of the good the white agencies are doing in these areas.

Shed No Tears For Adlai

The embarrassing position in which Stevenson found himself recently because of a magazine article reporting his "go soft" counsel on Cuba, is neither unexpected nor to be mourned.

When an official before the world's largest paramilitary body does as little as Adlai Stevenson his done, or says as little as he has about fair employment on the United Nations staff, then his fall from political grace is richly deserved.

For him to have done so little toward integrating the staff at the United Nations and attempting to bring colored Americans into more prominent positions on the various UN Commissions, is an indictment of his professed liberalism.

We trust it will not be long before he travels the road of the other has beens in American politics and walks over the hill with Mr. Nixon.

We Wish You A Merry Christmas

What Our Readers Say

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 200 words in length. Address them to "Our Readers Say," AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

On Leadership

Dear AFRO:

The Rev. Logan Kearse, for whom I have the highest regard and respect seems to have missed the boat in his recent public enumeration of the basic reasons for the lack of competent political leadership among the non-white population of Baltimore.

In his prelude he mentions that white leaders have selected colored leaders with small following; this is unfortunately true in the main, but is it not the colored person himself to blame for accepting such leadership instead of attempting to create intelligent, conscientious leadership of his own choice.

1. The Reverend's implication that a non-native colored person could never hope to aspire to political leadership I believe is disproven from past experience.

For it has been proven that when the man who can first gain the confidence of the people and then prove his organizational abilities and the qualities of leadership, this will demand that he be accepted and supported regardless of his place of origin.

2. His plaint as to disunity and jockeying for "TOP DOG" position among the colored leaders is also true among other groups, but a real leader expects such hazards and works to find a common ground on which the warring factions may meet and cooperate toward a common goal, and yet respect the position of each other.

3. Then too any man aspiring to political leadership whose disposition cannot disregard public criticism, condemnation or at times calumny, he has no right to aspire to political leadership.

If the Rev. Kearse will read my letter of Sept. 8 to the AFRO he will note my criticism of the wasted opportunity of the self elected colored heirarcy following the wonderful gains of the past primary election.

And as the Rev. Mr. Kearse was a member of that faction I am sure he can realize that the failure to capitalize upon the results of that campaign was caused by the failure of certain self seeking self promoted leaders to agree upon a choice of leadership.

In conclusion, I would like to believe that when the intelligent, qualified conscientions, strong colored leadership emerges in Baltimore the people will accept him with open arms and never ask from whence he came.

DAL RASIN

Praises Singers

Dear AFRO;

I am a graduate of Edmondson High School of the Class of 1961. Now I am a resident of New York, but my heart still remains in Baltimore.

My purpose in writing this letter to you is to tell of the impression and inspiration, that was left in Philadelphia on Dec. 9, by the Drayton Gospel Singers, of Baltimore.

I myself am quite proud of the Draytons and anyone else would have been proud to hear the beautiful songs which they sang. Comments of them and of Baltimore were spoken in great quality by many people.

The Christmas Spirit

By ART CARTER

It's here! Christmas is tomorrow. Merchants are screaming in the biggest advertising type possible, one more shopping days; children are beaming with anticipation; mothers and fathers are frantically fighting last-minute rush crowds to get the gifts for the young ones, and everybody is trying to do something to make someone else happy.

This is the true spirit of Christmas, doing something to help bring a glow of happiness to others. You'll enjoy this spirit as it blossoms everywhere today, tomorrow and all through the Yuletide holidays, or else you'll miss the real enjoyment of this universal holiday.

This is the time of year when the words of a veteran newspapermans jump with life: "The joy of brightening others lives, bearing others' burdens...and supplanting empty hearts and lives with generous gifts becomes for us the magic of Christmas."

If you are observant you'll see this magic as you toil, shop and move about the city; you'll watch it with pride as the children express their unaltering faith in Ole Santa, and you'll note it with hope as the ebb and flow of the Yuletide spirit engulfs those around you.

Yet there are some who miss the true spirit of Christmas. Watch the rushing crowds who become impatient and thoughtless in their mad rush to prepare for Christmas. Watch the slick promoters who will take advantage of the new generosity filling the air waves, and then view the unfortunates who have lost hope with the world for one reason or another which is only explainable by them. All these miss the genuine spirit of Christmas.

• • •

THIS IS the plight of a host of people, but the true meaning of Christmas is felt in the hearts of millions of others.

While some may lose sight of the deeper—the religious meaning to this season of the year, others are able to catch the true spirit through all the decorations, parties and expensive gifts.

It is spirit which is not found at any other season. At no other time do so many turn their thoughts to others. All want to be helpful. Kindness comes a little easier.

Many search for someone they feel the world has forgotten and strive to bring a little happiness back into their lives.

Smiles and handshakes come often and freely, and for many a new eagerness to please grips them.

In the church, Christmas revives the spirit of Christianity, assuring us that life is eternal, and reminding us that without Christmas there would not have been a Calvary or an Easter.

• • •

THOSE IN the hospitals are quickly able to separate the superficial from the true meaning of Christmas. Christmas sets the bells of joy ringing throughout the wards, raises the hope of the sick as they feel assured that they do not suffer alone.

On the streets, you see the spirit of Christmas in the fatigued policeman halting rushing traffic to help an elderly lady across the street with her precious bundles.

Again you glimpse in the courtous young man who stands aside to let a mother with three children go ahead to the streetcar.

In the busy department stores, you may take note of the patience of clerks, worn by the long day and continued crowds; and a tiring Santa Claus stopping to bend over again and again to hear what the little girls and boys want to tell him.

And then in the office there is the busy executive who moves with a new bounce and a ready smile although physically exhausted by the pace of past two weeks, and on the streets the hurrying shoppers who toss dimes and dollars into the bulging Salvation Army pots — all to help brighten the lives of others.

Somehow all bring cheer into the world and leave smiles where frowns once were found. And all this is Christmas as felt by many. You can be one who feels the true spirit of Christmas, or you can miss it. It is up to you; don't miss it!

Sightseeing

Peace On Earth Means Survival

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

A current best seller, "Fail Safe," tells the frightening story of what could possibly happen if one of the complex electronic gadgets that dominate our defense system, suddenly went awry and a nuclear bomb was accidentally dispatched to Russia.

While the book is fiction, it brings into sharp focus the narrow line that separates us from peace, and a war that could wipe man and all he has created from the face of the earth.

• • •

PERHAPS, ONE day we will be able to appreciate the grim irony involved in a situation which finds man probing ever deeper into the mysteries of the universe, while he has still not been able to master his own base passions.

He has torn the atom asunder, and discovered a source of unbelieveable power that makes the killing of people no longer a thing to be reckoned in tens and hundreds, but in thousands and hundreds of thousands.

He has restored the clinically dead to life, he has made it rain where there was no rain, but in doing all this, he has not solved the mystery of himself.

He has not been able to resolve ferences of race, religion and ideology.

• • •

THIS INABILITY has made man a destructive animal who, throughout his recorded history, has continued to improve his weapons until now, when each one of his nuclear bombs carries more destructive force than all the conventional bombs dropped in World War Two.

With this terrible power at his disposal, man would be a fool to unleash the hell of nuclear war on the world—but man, being less than perfect, is often a fool.

It then follows, that if a nuclear war does begin, civilization as we know it, may be extinguished in the dust of the familiar mushroom shaped cloud.

Since war is unthinkable, the only alternative is peace.

• • •

AND THAT is why, here on the eve of Christmas, when the world suddenly rediscovers brotherhood, that if I had but one wish, it would be for peace on earth good will toward man.

I am no idle dreamer to believe that this will come about swiftly, if indeed it will ever come about—but the alternative can only be destruction.

In this narrow world, where Moscow is only minutes away by an intercontinental ballistic missile, we might all be alive one moment and dead the next, unless we can live with our differences without resorting to violence.

• • •

OUR WORLD has no guarantee of a tomorrow, since all of our futures lie in the hands of mortal men, who like all mortals, have their weaknesses, their moments of indecision and panic.

Since this is the way things are, man can not afford to adopt a noncaring attitude, and pretend that the world is a beautiful place.

Neither can he succumb to fear, and like some burrowing animals, dig a hole in the ground and hide until the world comes to its senses.

• • •

HE MUST face the realities of the age in which we live and turn his efforts toward the creation of a better understanding between men, so that men of difference idealogies and races can continue to exist on this earth side by side.

We've succeeded in reaching the point were we are not concerned with killing too few of our possible enemies, but with killing too many.

Why then do we keep spending billions of dollars to further perfect these weapons?

We do it because Russia does it, and they do it because they feel they have to do it, and around and around we go again.

• • •

SOMEWHERE ALONG the line, we have to stop the mad rush and let sanity take over.

As America's colored citizens, we have a stake in seeing to it that our nation by being morally strong, can take the lead in preaching brotherhood to the rest of the world.

The only way this can happen is for us to continue to fight for equal rights, so that America will be freed of the stain of second class citizens.

In this way, we can help save man from destroying himself.

The alternative is the destruction of all of us.

Merry Christmas.

Pin-Point

Everyone's Polite At Christmas Time

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

If you spend 12 months of the year recording the evils growing out of the eternal struggle of man against man, it isn't difficult to believe that the world would be better off without people.

But just when you are about ready to write off the cause of humanity as a lost one, something happens . . . and usually the same time each year.

For some unexplained reason, you are seized by a feeling of peace and good will toward all men. You don't cuss women drivers; you are tolerant of beggars; you have a feeling of kinship for people who have mastered the art of rubbing you the wrong way throughout the year.

You are not even riled by the fuzzy thinking of liberal friends from the other side of the world of black and white when they assure you that "time will take care of everything."

There's an absence of impatience with our "leaders" who don't appear to be pushing forward with great 'vigah.'

• • •

FOR SOME mysterious, but delightful reason, the usual piercing quality of the editor's bark is gone, replaced with a tone of softness and patient understanding.

You even have a sympathetic ear for the village characters who are forever coming up with 'hot tips' on 'the big story,' which inevitably boils down to a mere figment of the imagination.

The endless oratory of politicians, self-appointed scholars, and personally certified authorities on every subject from soup to nuts loses its usual boredom.

You even approach the task of addressing the mountain of greeting cards with a sense of good cheer.

Suddenly you slip into a quiet period of mental flash backs and remember that there are a lot of folks you hope the jolly visitor will be kind to when he makes his annual trek to your town.

When these things happen, you know it's that magic time of year to say:

"MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY"

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 economic people.

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

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

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

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

POET'S NOOK

Hill Climb

None but a few have reached the top,
'Don't go,' I heard them cry,
For when you reach the top, who knows,
Whats waiting in the sky.
One falling rock, will only mean,
That earthward you will drop,
One slip, your conquest will be lost,
You'll never reach the top.
Some falter somewhere near the top,
Some doubtless lose their nerve,
Some change their course, when almost there.
And miss because they swerve.
A person must make up his mind,
If dreams must be fulfilled,
A striver never does turn back,
Not if he's iron willed.
My feet are barely off the ground,
And to the top, is miles away,
But I've decided not to pause,
For fear, I too, might go astray.

By PAUL D. McALLISTER

THE AFRO-AMERICAN
Founded in 1892 by
JOHN H. MURPHY, SR. (1840-1922)
Published Every Tuesday and Friday in the Year by THE AFRO-AMERICAN COMPANY of Baltimore, Maryland
Dr. Carl Murphy, Chairman of the Board
John H. Murphy, III, President
Elizabeth M. Phillips, Vice Pres.-Treas.
Max Z. Dyson, Secretary
James D. Williams, Asst. Managing Editor
Moses J. Newson, City Editor
Office: 628 N. Eutaw St. — MU. 5-0018

Sorority takes Yule cheer to residents of blind home

The Alpha Delta Chi-Rho International Sorority began its winter project on Sunday by visiting the Anna Mae Hunter Home for Blind.

Members sang carols, distributed cookies and served punch to residents of the home.

Plans are underway for a cabaret party on Feb. 16. Mrs. Sherley Page is president. Journalist is Miss Mary Dawson.

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Lonely Homeowner's Column

"Dear Column:

My husband wears a hat and gloves at the dinner table. Is this good manners?"

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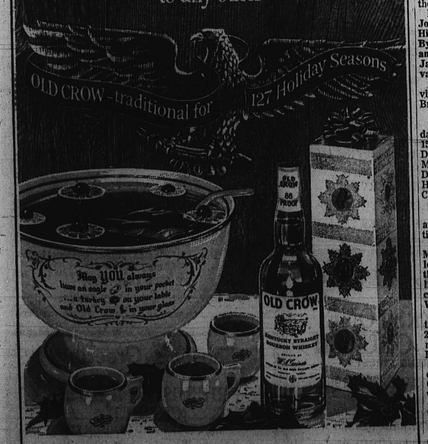

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If YOU Ask ME

By B. M. PHILLIPS

Yes, There's a Santa

When did you first learn that there was not a real live Santa Claus, just a Santa spirit, is the question we asked this week.

Here are some answers:

Dr. Edward N. Wilson, retired registrar Morgan State College: "I was eleven or twelve years old, living in upper Fairmount, Md.

"My father had a store. He sold toys. Parents would come and lay away things, so I would know what my playmates would get before Christmas.

"I put two and two together. So my father wrote me a note in red ink and told me I was right, but not to tell my younger sister and brother.

"Yes, I still believe in the Santa Claus spirit. It is a good custom.

"My happist Christmas was seeing my children grow up old enough to know what it was all bout. I was happy to see them happy."

• • •

ALBERT I. Cassell of D. C. well-known architect. "I've been working ever since I was seven years old. Our family was one of builders - so I think I knew it when I was 5 years old. Yes. I've been a builder and architect for 42 years. "I just accepted it as a situation.

"I was living at a time when everyone had to earn their own way anyhow. My happiest Christmas was when my youngest child was a year old. She will be nine years old on Jan.13. She's the youngest of eight.

"She has always been a bright kid, reading and writing since she was three years old. It gave a great deal of pleasure to watch her on that Christmas morning."

• • •

Josiah Henry, attorney: "When I was about 13, and living in Cambridge, Md., my father went down town and came home with a package a week before Christmas.

"My brother and I were rummaging in the closet for something else and found the package. It was a rocking horse.

"We discussed it among ourselves, but we never told our father. That's how we found out my father was Santa Claus.

"Yes, today I believe in the Santa Claus spirit. I'm more a Santa Claus myself to my nieces, nephews and neighbors."

• • •

Samuel Torsell, Catonsville fraternal leader and AFRO writer who says he is 'over 70', recalls: "Believe it or not, I was about 14 years old when I found out there was no Santa Claus."

I watched my mother come to my bed and hang up a stocking. In those days, you believed in Santa a long time. I like the spirit of Santa Claus.

"It is a good idea for children not to learn so early! It gives them something to look forward to."

Christmas Prayer

The following is reprinted from our Dec. 1960 column. It is a prayer composed by my dad and read at our annual Christmas breakfast:

O, Lord, we come to Thee with thanks this Christmas DAY FOR ALL Thy blessings

Light, life, health, strength,
The use of our limbs.
The right reason of our minds.
We thank Thee for home, friends, family, work, children, grandchildren, and now a great grandchild;
And, for loved ones who live in ocr memories.

Help us to understand the meaning of Christmas, for the world is full of those who grasp and take, and get and ask.

Help us to learn to give.

For Thou hast said it is more blessed to give than to receive.

• • •

Let us learn to give, not simply material things.

Let us learn to give what is far more precious than money or things,

Let us learn to give ourselves to great causes.

Let us learn that others treasure most — a smile, a bright face, a word of cheer, and specially, a word of praise;

And, a kis, a hug, a hand on the shoulder or on the arm A word of hope, or of faith, or an 'I love you,'

And, when we have learned truly and well the Christmas spirit of giving.

May it abide in ourhearts, not for Christmas only;

But through the years, all our lives long. Amen.

Yuletide birthdays

Christmas Eve birthday greetings to Mrs. Virginia Johnson, 1605 St. Stephens St.

Her daughter, Mrs. Jessye J. Morris, reports she and her mother are regular readers here, so special happy birthday to Mom Johnson, and thanks to daughter, Jessye, for writing us.

Christmas Day birthday cards to the following Baltimoreans: Mrs. Irene Caldwell, Mrs. Irene Stradling and Mrs. Jean Davis.

More December birthdays: On the 20th cards for Mrs. Madge Cannon, 2135 Division Dec. 31, the Rev. B. F. Jackson, 3307 Sequoia. He is pastor of Fulton Baptist.

• • •

Wedding anniversaries: Dec. 24, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Wright, 1629 Druid Hill Ave., their 46th.

Dec. 25 —Mr. and Mrs. John Rich (Ethel), 1737 Druid Hill; Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Byrd (Mabel), 3324 Dolfield; and the Rev. and Mrs. Kelly Jackson (Viola) 507 W. Lanvale, their 31st.

Dec. 27: Mr. and Mrs. David Wright (Bea), 2001 Bryant Ave.

• • •

Belated December birthdays, all in one family: Dec. 15, Lewis E. Gray Sr., 2230 Druid Hill: Dec. 12, his wife, Mrs. Goldie Lee Gray; and Dec. 9 cards were due son, Harrington, of Cambria, Calif.

• • •

These new citizens arrived at Provident Hospital in time for Christmas:

Dec. 15, boy to Izaiah and Marlene Karriem, 1763 Darley Ave., and girls to Nathaniel and Willamae Williams, 1622 Eutaw; and Fletcher and Joyce Williams, 1709 W. Lorman.

Dec. 16 arrivals were girls to James and Betty Baker, 29 N. Bentalou; and to Tilmon and Hazel Moore, 202 Ballow Ct.

An 8-pound girl, their fourth daughter, was born to ex-Colt George Taliaferro and his wife, Viola, this morning (Friday) at 2:35 a.m. at Provident Hospital.

• • •

An Ideal Christmas gift for youngsters is the new Read, Write and Color Book, published this week by Earl Koger Sr., the insurance executive.

For just 59 cents (at Earl Koger Co. - 1838 W. North Ave., Baltimore-17), you can get copies of this educational entertaining and inspiring book.

Yule verse

The Frontiers Club annual Christmas gathering on Tuesday evening at Wilson's was as usual, a jolly affair.

Singing, recitation and games made for good fellowship. Dr. Bernard Harris Sr., presided. Outgoing president, Samuel T. Daniels and Joseph Thomas kept things moving smoothly

Nominations for 1963 officers are in. It is a foregone conclusion that the new president will be Dr. Thomas A. Pitts.

• • •

FRONTIERS, you know, are now interracial and interfaith, so there was religious inspiration by Dr. Hward Cornish and Dr. Leo Klein. The latter explained the significance of Hanukkah.

Special guests were labor leaders from abroad, including Vincente Ara, Panama; Carlos Parades, Venezuela; Obdulia Sturria, Chili; and Egbert Jones, Trinidad.

• • •

HERE ARE excerpts from Henry Van Dyke's 'Keeping Christmas,' which Dr. Cornish read to the gathering:

"There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you;

"To ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground;

• • •

"To see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy;

"To close your book of comfy good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what are you going to give to life;

To close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness — are you willing to do these things even for Santa Tha you can keep Christmas.

• • •

"ARE YOU willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old;

"To stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask ourself whether you love them enough;

"To bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you;

• • •

"To trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your good thoughts, with the gate open—are yours for a day? Then you can keep willing to do these things even Christmas.

• • •

"Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world — stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death — and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

"And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

"But you can never keep it alone."

Matt Chamberlain

If you've had a youngster who has joined youth activity programs at the Druid Hill YMCA in the past decade, you've heard of 'Mr. Chamberlain.'

Mr. Chamberlain Matthew E. (E. for Ellsworth), was a whizz with boys. He lly spent his working hours teaching them arts and crafts in his junior high school-classroom.

In his spare time, he (Sharon Baptist) where he sang on the choir and taught Sunday school, and he volunteered his services at the Druid Y.

Back in 1955, he began a class in arts and crafts for boys. Later, he helped organize the boys' day camp (Camp Oswego).

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The youngsters loved camp and admired 'Mr. Chamberlain.' m a i n l y because he inspired them to do things they thought they couldn't do.

There are far too few men in our community who take the time to help a youngster spend his leisure time wisely. There are far too few fathers who do not see the importance of guiding boys while they are in the formative stage.

But, thanks to Matthew Chamberlain, there are hundreds of boys who are better men today because he helped initiate the day camp program and took time to teach them how to make things with their hands, and to use their leisure time to advantage.

His death this week at the age of 50, was not unexpected. He had been suffering a serious kidney ailment for nearly a year.

People, places, things

Happy this Christmastime: Miss Charlotte E. Williams the Morgan State College library aide.

Reason: Doctors have taken the casts off her legs and she is able to get around the house (with the aide of a brace), for the first time since that summer auto wreck.

'It's a wonderful Christmas gift,' she said. Hellos to this young woman at 2908 Parkwood Ave.

Isn't it wonderful to be able to count your blessings and give thanks to God, even though you are not able to do what you want!

Another happy neighbor: Mrs. Mildred Murphy, the teacher. She is out of Hopkins Hospital, where she had surgery.

She hopes to be well enough to return to school in the New Year.

For men! For Women! For Christmas!
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