"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

Our heavenly Father, bid us look at little children and lose our fears, our frustrations, our mad excursions into selfishness and our concern for tomorrow.

They Passed Provident

Last week, a motorcycle patrolman was injured in an accident near Provident Hospital.

An ambulance was summoned, the injured man was placed aboard, and the vehicle took off for Mercy Hospital, some 15 blocks further away than Provident.

The woman motorist involved in the same accident suffered from shock and she too was placed in an ambulance. She went to Provident, around the corner.

The patrolman is white. The motorist is colored.

We recall another incident several years ago in which a policeman was shot near Provident. Physicians at the hospital prepared to receive him and administer emergency treatment.

Instead, he was taken to a predominately white hospital, which was some distance away.

The policeman died. Perhaps he would have died, even if he had received earlier treatment at Provident —but this is something that can't be proved.

We thought that after this unfortunate incident, city ambulance drivers would seek out the nearest hospital—regardless of the race of the victim.

Obviously we have been in error.

If there are, then certainly the Catholic Church is moving ahead faster in Africa than we had dreamed.

In the next few weeks, we expect to identify for our readers 60 colored Catholic bishops, archbishops and cardinals.

60 Catholic Bishops

A letter placed on our desk this week asked the question:

"Do you know that there are more than 60 colored bishops in the Catholic Church?"

Of course we did not know there were 60 or 40 or even 20.

State Lottery

A proposal to set up a commission to study betting away from race tracks was approved this week in New York by the voters.

The state of New Hampshire has approved a state lottery.

Baltimore City Comptroller Hyman Pressman suggests a state lottery for Maryland and would use the receipts therefrom to ease the tax burdens.

We are opposed to confiscating taxes. The estimate is that a nation which taxes each citizen 1/5 of his income is on its way out.

On the other hand, we tremble to think of what happens to people who spurn work in order to make a living out of selling or cashing in on lottery tickets.

We have had our troubles confining legalized betting to race tracks and bingo.

Open the doors to state lotteries and it will spread to football, baseball, boxing and numbers.

Athletes 25 Years Ago

Twenty-five years ago there were no great athletes in organized baseball. Jackie Robinson did not join the Dodgers until 1947.

Joe Louis was, in his first year, world champion heavyweight; Henry Armstrong was feather and lightweight champion.

The Peters sisters of Washington were tennis champions.

Ben Johnson was the country's best at running 100 yards.

Joe Louis is now a boxing promoter.

Henry Armstrong is a minister of the gospel.

The Peters sisters are teachers at Tuskegee.

Ben Johnson is a colonel in the Army.

Sports Illustrated's Anniversary Award went this week to Dr. Jerome Brud Holland.

25 years ago he was a great football star at Cornell.

Today, Dr. Holland is president of Hampton, Va. Institute.

All in all, not a bad record for the men and women sports champions of a quarter century ago.

Gerrymandering The 4th

Enough is not being said about the legislature's proposal to change the lines of the 4th District.

Under court order the state legislature must more nearly equalize the population in each legislative district or the court will.

The 4th Legislative District in Baltimore now has a population total of 112,315 residents. Its number should be increased to 165,000.

Where will the extra 52,685 come from?

One proposal is the gerrymander. That is, to add a small number of colored and a huge number of white persons so that white voters will control the 4th District.

The District is now predominantly colored.

White people already control the other 5 districts in Baltimore.

Greedily some of them want all six.

The battle may be between State Senator Verda Welcome and Delegate Clarence Mitchell on one hand, and the independents or Pollack people represented in the legislature by Delegates Irma Dixon, Ernest Young, Murray Abramson.

Mrs. Welcome is in a strategic position. She is the 4th District's Senator. She is a part of the Tawes administration. The administration can not in good faith modify the character and integrity of the Fourth District and change it from colored to white.

Colored people who are ¼ of Baltimore's voting strength are entitled to one of the five districts.

No administration in its right mind would want to carve up the area in which this colored group lives and parcel out bits of it to adjoining white areas where their vote would be impotent.

Not only Mrs. Welcome as Senator should say no to gerrymander. She should be joined by Clarence Mitchell, Murray Abramson, Ernest Young, Mrs. Irma Dixon and other fair minded delegates and citizens.

This is no time for the people in the 4th District to be pushed around.

'Hat' On TV

The T.V. movie Harriet Tubman broadcast last Friday on CBS at 7:30 p.m. was a remarkably dignified and fairly authentic picture of a great Maryland abolitionist.

It was produced by the national Education Association.

"Hat" guided some 300 slaves to freedom from the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

A price of $40,000 was on her head and she boasted that her "underground railroad car" never jumped the rails or lost a passenger.

T.V.'s Hat Tubman seemed to be a woman of small physical stature. That's not our picture of her. She was tall, muscular, and her passengers obeyed her commands because she could whip them if they did not.

She died in 1913 at the age of 80 and was given a military funeral for her service to the armed forces in the Civil War.

Bishop Powell

Now that scientists have determined that there are a million worlds like ours capable of sustaining life in some form, we asked Dr. Noble C. Powell, P. E. Bishop of Maryland, this question:

Is or was there a redeeming savior and Christ on each of these million planets?

We knew our answer, but we wanted the bishop's. He replied simply that he didn't know, and moreover this world and its problems were giving all of us enough troubles without speculation about the unknown.

The bishop was right, of course.

In the last 22 years we have asked him other questions, not all of them in good temper.

For example, when was the Protestant Episcopal Church going to integrate its church schools, its hospitals, its homes for unwed mothers? When would the P.E. Church choose a colored bishop? Why didn't colored and white rectors exchange pulpits during Lent?

Bishop Powell, a tall man with a soft answer, never lost his temper. We thought he should have because we had lost ours.

The changes about which we have been impatient have come about in the Episcopal Church as in other churches.

Last week, Bishop Powell retired after 22 years of leadership of Episcopal Churches in Maryland.

We salute him as a gentle, patient, comforting disciple of his Lord, who kept the respect and affection of his people in these difficult times.

'I Know It Happened Around The Corner, But The Victim Is White And This Is Baltimore'

Sightseeing

No 'Togetherness' On The Dance Floor

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

One of America's experts in the field of the dance, Agnes DeMille, recently wrote an apparently well reasoned article on the hidden meaning lurking in modern dances.

Modern dances, in the context of her article, involved such outstanding examples of the terpsichorean art as the twist, the elephant walk, the hitch - hike, the waddle—to say nothing of the monkey.

As Miss DeMille so clearly pointed out, in none of the dance is there any physical contact between the partners.

It is, in fact, considered bad taste for the boy and girl to even accidentally brush against one another, and there have been instances when teenagers have been ostracized from their social cirles, because they made the mistake of dancing less than five feet away from their partner.

There was a time when it was considered right and proper that boys and girls should dance with their arms about each other, but now we have come full circle and for a teenager to dance with his arms about a girl is considered strictly "squaresville."

The further away the better.

I stumbled in on a teen age dance the other evening and I saw a young lady just twisting away. I looked around but I could not see her partner.

"Do you always dance by yourself," I asked?

"I'm not dancing by myself, I'm dancing with him," she said, without missing a beat or a twist.

Following the direction of her finger, I looked across the spacious room and sure enough, there on the other side was her partner.

This is dancing?

* * *

BUT TO get back to Miss DeMille and her article which offers the interesting observation that one finds the individuals in our more primitive societies also dancing apart from one another and shunning all physical contact.

However, Miss DeMille notes, as man grows more cultured and takes on more of the appurtenances of civilization, his dances become closer and closer physical contact.

In our so called "civilized" areas of the world you find the waltz, the rhumba and other dances that require the participants to at least come within speaking distance of each other.

The modern dances, which place an emphasis on un - togetherness, says Miss DeMille, seem a throwback to a primitive way of life, rather than an acceptance of western culture.

Stripped of all the technical language, what Miss DeMille seems to be saying is that the teen age generation is twisting itself back along the road to barbarity.

* * *

THIS WILL probably come as good news to some of the arch - conservatives who have been insisting all along that the modern generation is headed down the hill to chaos.

Now they can be satisfied with the word of an expert that their teenagers are dancing like savages.

I'll admit that sometimes it is a little difficult for the elders to understand some of the things teenagers do, but I don't think the situation is quite as black —and there's a word I've got to watch—as Miss DeMille paints it.

Viewed in another light, the modern dances might be regarded as nothing more than an indication of the detachment of the teenagers from each other, and their lack of ability to communicate with each other.

* * *

IF THEY had to dance close together, then they might be forced to talk . . . and so they stay apart and thus make it possible to spend all evening without uttering a word.

This art of no - talk has been hailed as a fine edge and one that in operation is a revelation of teen age psychology. When a boy wants to dance with a girl, he doesn't ask her, he walks up to her and holds out his hand.

If she gets up, that means yes. If she continues to sit, that means no. Should she decide to dance, the boy pulls back his hand as she arises. He walks out to the dance floor, with the girl following in his wake.

Once on the floor, he selects a spot, turns to face his partner, and proceeds immediately to do the twist, the monkey, or whatever comes to his mind.

* * *

SOMETIMES, HE waits for the girl to start dancing before he begins—but in many instances, it's every man for himself.

Once the dance is underway, the partners slip rapidly apart, returning to the starting point only when the dance is almost over.

When the music ends, the boy goes his way, and the young lady finds her way back to her chair, as best she can.

During this entire encounter, not a word has been said. The ground rules for such dancing have become so stylized as to be almost a ritual . . . never talk and keep twisting.

Unlike Miss DeMille, I can not agree that the dancing is an indication that the teenagers are reverting to savages, but I accept it as just another phenomenon involved in being young.

If it gives the teenagers pleasure to dance like this—then why should we adults complain?

One nice thing about being young—it gives you the chance to do things differently from the way your parents did.

And judging from the confused state we adults have gotten this world in—maybe it's a good thing that the youngsters aren't going to do the same things we did—not even dance.

What Our Readers Say

Liked Article

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 to "Our Readers Say," Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN, 638 N. Eutaw St.

Dear AFRO:

I wish to sincerely thank you for the wonderful story printed about me in the Nov. 2 issue of your paper.

I liked everything about it, including the picture, a matter about which I'm very hard to please.

I can find no fault whatsover in the ideas expressed, or the presentation of the ideas.

It was just superb.

Many thanks again to the interviewer (Walter R. Dean Jr.) the photographer (I. Henry Phillips) and the AFRO.

I enjoy reading the AFRO very much.

It is one of the highlights of my week. So keep up the good work.

CHARLEY HARVEY

Expresses Amazement

Dear AFRO:

Upon reading your paper of Nov. 2, I was amazed at the scholarship — foreign aid program — supported by Dr. Carl Murphy. I cannot see by any stretch of the imagination more need in Africa than the colored needs of America today.

James Meredith, a very noble student, is trying in his small way to acquire scholarships for needy colored youths.

Why, why, can't a man of Carl Murphy's financial wealth, received mainly from colored readers, do more for the colored man than James Meredith?

And just to think, planted on the campus of Morgan State College is an ultra - modern auditorium named after this man.

I hope there is more soul searching among the other colored leaders of today than exhibited by Dr. Carl Murphy.

MILTON M. WEST

Writes On Wisdom

Dear AFRO:

I was in the park a few days ago and met some very interesting young people who engaged me in conversation and asked that I publish in the AFRO what I told them regarding wisdom.

Wisdom is the application of theory and experience to problems that present themselves to you. Wisdom can stand on its own merits and derives no additional glory from wealth. Wisdom is commended to the minds of many.

Wisdom can do without wealth better than wealth can do without wisdom.

If I were an artist I would depict wisdom as an old individual.

REUBEN THOMAS

The Mosher League

Dear AFRO:

The James Mosher Associates, Inc. successfully operated during the summer of 1963 nine little league baseball teams for boys 9 to 12 years of age, two teams for boys 13 to 14 years of age and one team for 15 and 16-year-old boys.

This project was underwritten by several business, civic, and fraternal groups and an untold number of individuals who were happy to see that a positive step was being taken toward the improvement of our future citizens through supervised recreation and adult guidance.

Not only did these sponsors provide the necessary funds for a felt need in our community, they also made available to a large segment of four boys an exciting program which captured the collective imagination of all boys everywhere. Little League Baseball is that kind of program.

The James Mosher Organization in 1960 included 108 players. We expand each year and this year 216 boys benefitted from our program. These boys represented schools from all parts of the city; public and parochial. There are 40 adults serving as managers, coaches and general aides.

The professional impetus was given by the Baltimore City Bureau of Recreation in the form of qualified recreation leader at the site of play, partial payment of certified officials for each game, arranging for playing sites, printing and distribution of schedules for all regular and post-season games. They also handled player contracts and insurance.

Our forecast, based on interested inquiries from the groups mentioned above, has prompted our committee to begin and think and plan now in terms of expanding to 12 teams in the 9 to 12-year-old classification. This means outfitting and equipping three additional teams at a minimum cost of $300 per team.

Budgeted operating expenses include uniforms, equipment, additional insurance, officials, printing of schedules, balls, bats, protective devices, team pictures and a year ending recognition and awards ceremony.

Should this program fit into the service plans of other community organizations, please consider it as an investment in the future. We believe they will derive a sense of satisfaction that defies description.

We hope other groups will volunteer to sponsor a team.

EDWARD Z. WATSON JR.
Chairman of the Board

Pin-Point

Education Impossible When You Refuse

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

"I guess integration is alright, but the people need more time to become educated about it before it is forced down their throats!"

This not-too-original opinion was voiced recently by one critic of Mayor Mc Keldin's sweeping civil rights package, merits of which are now being aired in public hearings at City Hall.

To anyone who has spent five hot minutes on the civil rights beat, its lack of originality is only exceeded by its lack of sincerity.

A by-product of the same school of thought which produced the "gradualism," "go slow" and "time ain't ripe" philosophies, it is more of a plea for delaying tactics than a genuine concern for the lack of education.

The validity of the claim that time and education are needed before all citizens are accorded their God-given rights is questioned here for two reasons.

* * *

FIRST, because a hundred years is enough time for anybody to do anything.

Secondly, it is impossible for a people to become educated when they refuse to learn.

Here as elsewhere there are numerous organizations and agencies capable of teaching all there is to know about integration.

What's more they've been in existence for years.

It's an axiomatic fact that the surest way to avoid becoming educated is to avoid the institutions of learning.

Unfortunately, Baltimoreans, with few notable exceptions, have avoided institutions offering education in integration.

* * *

CASE IN point is the Baltimore Fellowship Inc., the human relations laboratory, which is celebrating its 25th anniversary Sunday.

That the agency has rendered a quarter century of vital service to the community is no glowing tribute to the degree of support and cooperation it has received from the greater segment of the community.

In fact it would be no breach of accuracy to say that Fellowship has survived despite the general rejection it has received from the majority of the city's residents.

By accident or design — and we are convinced it's the latter — those heading the core of rejection are the first to plead for "more time" and "education."

* * *

FOR YEARS Fellowship House, through demonstrations, lectures, workshops, and active participation in the life of the community, has been teaching men, women, and children that the worth of an individual has nothing to do with color of skin.

Tragically, this is a lesson that many defenders of the status quo are not interested in learning. Thus Fellowship House and kindred organizations automatically rank at the top of their list of things unpopular.

It will be more than interesting then to see how many proponents of "time and education" will be present at the Alcazar when Fellowship House unveils its 25th anniversary banquet at 7 p.m. Sunday.

POET'S CORNER

TO JAMES D. WILLIAMS
(Gentleman Journalist)

You didn't win the Nobel Prize,
The prize for peace, they give —
When someone dedicates themselves
To how their brothers live.
It never did occur to them,
That handle this event,
Of all the sleepless days and nights,
A guy like you have spent.
A better world, in which to live,
Your words and works explode,
Where every man can feel at ease,
At peace in his abode.
So me and Donnie went about,
To take our gallup poll,
And honestly, in our town,
You head the Honor Roll.

PAUL D. McALLISTER

GERALDINE

An autumn scene's a scene,
Because of Geraldine,
What day would be complete?
With golden moments sweet,
Without dear Geraldine.
I stand embraced for snow,
Where did my summer go?
Trees ballet to the wind,
I cry, and ask again,
Where is my Geraldine?
The rustic days go by,
And wild geese fill the sky,
The fall will never die,
As long—so long as I,
Love Geraldine...

PAUL D. McALLISTER

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., 1929

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If YOU Ask ME

By B. H. PHILLIPS

Bowies wed 56 years

On November 10, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowie mark their 56th wedding anniversary, that's right fifty-sixth!

Send best wishes to them at 2304 Hollins Ferry Rd.

Their home in the Mt. Winans section of Baltimore is a place of love and joy.

Mrs. Bowie (Bertha), reports that she and her family are doing pretty well. There will be no formal celebration this year.

There are nine children, Mrs. Blanch Randall and Mrs. Edna Parker and Misses Beatrice and Ernestine Bowie, all of Baltimore and Mrs. Ruth Green, Philadelphia.

Sons are: Raymond, Robert Harrison and Frank Jr., all of Baltimore.

Twenty one grandchildren and twenty three great-grandchildren complete the family circle.

* * *

Remember Mr. and Mrs. Bowie? They were on the AFRO's 1956 Honor Roll happy and wholesome family life.

If you want to make your partnership work for 50 years or more here's a tip from the Bowies:

"You have to love each other, and you have to learn how to agree. It takes two people to make it work."

Love and kisses to this fine couple.

* * *

Wedding anniversary hellos on Nov. 13 for Dr. and Mrs. Louis E. Harmon (Marguerite), 2224 Madison Ave. It is their 28th.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Clayton of Macedonia Baptist, were married 29 years on Nov. 8, (today). Rush greetings to them!

* * *

And on Nov. 14 send wedding anniversary hellos to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Matthews, 3227 Presstman St. It's their 27th.

People, places, things

Orchids to a young man on the way up George L. Russell Jr., the attorney, has been named by Federal Judges Harrison J. Winter and E. Dorsey Watkins to represent suspects in that Oxon Hill bank robbery case.

And speaking of Mr. Russell, he made another first a week back. He was named to the board of directors of the House of Good Shepherd.

* * *

Good news: Orchids to Baltimore Fellowship House volunteers. They worked hard on the silver anniversary dinner (this Sunday at 7 at the Alcazar).

Result, an estimated 700 persons will attend.

That's a tribute to energetic Ruth Fegley, the executive director and to the corps of volunteers led by Mrs. Simon Carter (King).

* * *

When the roll of Baltimore's gracious hostesses is sounded, the name of Mrs. Martin Jenkins (Elizabeth), must be at the top of the list.

Mrs. Jenkins is wife of the Morgan State College president. She presides at their elegant home atop a hill on Cold Spring Lane.

Nearly every week—during the school year—the Jenkins es host interesting visitors to our city, persons who have come to recognize Morgan as a center of culture and thus are generous enough to share their talents with the campus community and our city. (Many of the events are free and open to all.)

* * *

This week, for example, the campus was alive with the presence of these VIPS—famed Life photographer Gordon Parks on Sunday; His Excellency Enrique Tejera-Paris, Ambassador of Venezuela, who lectured on Monday.

His Excellency S. Edward Peal, Ambassador of Liberia, who spoke on Wednesday morning; and

James S. Bradshaw, deputy public affairs advisor, Bureau of Latin American Affairs for International Development, who told of the alliance of progress program on Wednesday evening.

* * *

And, of course as first lady of the campus, Mrs. Jenkins presides at the teas and receptions for the guests.

She has a knack for making her guests feel at home—and she looks and acts the part of a first lady — elegant in dress and graceful in manner.

On Monday evening, she presided at a small, informal gathering for Venezuela's Ambassador Tejera-Paris.

Just 45 years old, the ambassador impressed this writer when he reported that hose of his country's nine million residents who are old enough to vote are compelled to do so.

What happens, we asked, if they do not register and vote? He explained that things are made 'very uncomfortable' for such culprits.

Looking for a vacation spot? Venezuela's Ambassador says his is a good place to visit, and there is, he asserts, no color line.

By the way, Mrs. Jenkins has a birthday on Nov. 14.

PLEASANT persons met at the Jenkins' home on Monday: Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hightower. He is one of the new post office superintendents and a member of the well known Hightower family of D.C.

Mrs. Hightower, the former Evelyn Cannon of Jacksonville, Fla., is vice principal of Cherry Hill Junior High.

She is also the brilliant Fullbright scholar with a major in geography and she also teaches at Morgan.

It was through her efforts that the Venezuelan ambassador spoke on the campus. Keep an eye on Mrs. H. You'll be hearing more about her in higher education circles.

Attractive lady met this week at Rose Davis' new beauty shop: Mrs. Lutricia Mobley Anderson.

She jetted in from Germany where she spent the past ten months with her husband, Sp./4 Thomas Anderson Jr.

He's an Army career man, with seven years under his belt, plans to reenlist when he returns to the states later this month.

Mrs. Anderson is at the Orleans St. home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mobley (Lucille). Many may remember Mrs. Anderson. She is a registered x-ray technician, graduate of Sinai Hospital here.

She and Mr. Anderson grew up in the same neighborhood. He attended Carver, she went to Dunbar. His parents are the senior Thomas Andersons of McDonogh St.

All living children of Dr. George B. Murphy were here on Thursday for dedication of the 759-unit low rent housing project which bears his name.

Dr. Murphy was a member of the first housing authority here in Baltimore and a beloved teacher, principal and civic leader for more than 60 years.

The children who came from afar were Sister Constance, SDJB, headmistress of the Appelle Diocesan School (Episcopal) in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada; Mrs. Lawrence Young (Rebecca) of Chicago; and George B. Jr., of Washington.

* * *

Baltimore children present: Howard, James and William Murphy. A granddaughter, Mrs. Lloyd Robinson (Patricia), recently returned from Cuba, came from her home in New York.

Also here Episcopal Bishop Cedric E. Mills of the Virgin Islands. He flew from New York, is en route to Little Rock for the P.E. Bishops' Council.

And does the Virgin Island sun agree with him. He looks grand! Mrs. Mills is in Ohio visiting their children and grandchildren. She'll join him for the return trip to the Islands.

* * *

Couldn't help thinking how much Howard Murphy has grown to resemble his father in manner (concern for others), and appearance.

It was most noticeable to me when he rose to present the family's portrait to BURHA chairman, Walter Sondheim Jr.

* * *

More people moving about: Members of the Golden Cross Society of John Wesley Methodist Church are singing the praises of that recent trip to New York.

They journeyed to the Big City on Oct. 19 and 20, report having a glorious time.

North Carolina visitors here a week back were members of the famous Burlington, N.C. group, the Gentlemen's Club.

Annually, they provide a special treat for their wives and also a fabulous ball.

This year, they selected Baltimore—stayed at a downtown hotel, saw the Colts play at the Stadium.

Isn't that a grand idea!

* * *

Members and wives here were: Messrs. and Mesdames Theodore Bryant (he's president), S. B. Thomas, Garwood Thompson, E. M. Harris, J. J. Lanier, W. I. Morris, J. K. Malone, Joseph A. Belton, W. C. Shanks Jr., Odis Mitchell and Connie Banks.

* * *

Philadelphians here for the Morgan—A and T football classic on Saturday were the Rev. Joseph Carroll and daughters, Gwen, the teacher; and Sylvia the social worker.

After the game, they guested with the Henry Parkers (daisy) of Presbury St.

Along with the Parker sisters, Betty and Peggy, they were among guests at the Bella Sigma Tau party at the Ellamont Rd. home of Dr. and Mrs. Donald Stewart.

Mention of homecoming reminds me that Osborne Dixon, a faithful Morgan alumni, estimated that Saturday's crowd was the largest in the college's history. He's attended every Morgan home grid game since 1924. Bet that's a record!

* * *

Mrs. Helen Glover Odom is back home from Monmouth N.J., where her physician husband, Major Emwood Odom, is in the Army. She's taken a Recreation Department job. Dr. Odom is commuting to Baltimore from his Army post.

* * *

Air mail sympathy cards to Mrs. A. Preston Shaw (Hiawatha), 2151 W. 20th St., Los Angeles.

Preston lost his long battle against cancer on Tuesday at Long Beach Veterans Hospital.

Friends and relatives who visited the West Coast this summer were misled. It appeared 'Pres' was getting better.

He was able to abandon the wheel chair and crutches and get around with a cane.

Funeral is Saturday at Holman Methodist Church in Los Angeles, where his parents, A. P. Shaw have lived since the Bishop retired.

* * *

Preston Shaw was a giant of a fellow with a giant of a heart and a real gentleman.

When he became ill and had to quit his job at Bethlehem Steel, so many of us were downhearted.

Why, we asked ourselves, should a crippling illness come to such a grand person. And, he was just 52.

But, of course, as time went on, we realized it is not up to us to question God's will, so we prayed and hoped and were gladdened when there appeared to be improvement.

Mrs. Shaw, the beautician, sold their Rosedale St. home and moved to La. to be near 'Pres' this past July. Remember?

* * *

Baltimore-born Tom Hawkins now a Los Angeles disc jockey, telephoned us the bad news about Preston.

He reports that his mother, Mrs. Beedie Hawkins, is now living with his family, and doing fine.

Hellos to her at 336 Highland St., Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

Arthur and Sylvia Randall would have been proud of their youngsters on Monday.

At funeral services for their mother, they stood straight and tall despite their sorrow. Philip is 15; and Shirley Ann, 17, a terribly rough age to lose both mother and father.

Mr. Randall, former AFRO assistant managing editor, died Oct. 29, 1958. Mrs. Randall died five years to the date, Oct. 29, 1963.

Both were just 46 years old.

* * *

Out-of-towners here for the funeral included: her brothers, Arnett Pindle, Fayetteville, N.C., Oscar Pindle, Montgomery, Ala., Robert Pindle, Durham, N.C., and Robert Pindle, N.Y.

Also here: Mr. and Mrs. Carol Brooks, Lawnside, N.J., James A. Randall, Flint Mich., and the following Washingtonians:

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Parker Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Walton and Mrs. Letitia O. Randall, and daughters.

Baltimore relatives of Mrs. Helen E. Johnson Brown are in Brooklyn, N.Y., to attend funeral services Saturday (Farley's Funeral Home, 1904 Fulton St.)

Mrs. Johnson 45, died Nov. 5, after a five-year illness. Remember when she attended St. Peter Claver School here?

Survivors are daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Brown and Mrs. Delores Crews; A sister, Mrs. Minnie Woods; brother, Clarence Johnson. Address sympathy cards, care of Mrs. Woods, 2752 Riggs Ave., Baltimore.

James M. (Jimmy) Coggs, the lawyer, died this week in Washington, where he had practiced since 1945. He was 53.

Many may remember Mr. Croggs passed the bar while on army duty in Paris.

His was also a familiar name among members and friends of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. He was for many years local representative for the frat's journal.

* * *

Birthday greetings by Nov. 14 to Frank A. Simmons, the painter and longtime Druid Hill Ave. resident. His address 1932.

Nov. 18 cards for Mrs. Edna Blackwell Haywood, 2241 Madison Ave.

Mark Phillip Matthews, 3227 Presstman St., will be be seven years old on Nov. 14.

* * *

Our mother-in-law, Mrs. Frank W. Phillips Sr. (Mary) remains seriously ill at home, 442 Oxford Ct. Please say a prayer for her.

She is the unusually kind person who has devoted her life to caring for others — never a word of complaint, even when she was ill.

The other day when I sat at her bedside and heard her ask that the doctor be called because she couldn't stand the pain, I knew she was truly ill. God's blessings on her.

Actually, I think, Dear Mother, as we all call her, has been grief stricken, and not up to it, ever since Frank died on Feb. 5, 1962.

The above was written before Dear Mother died last night at 11:15.

* * *

Mrs. Milton Stanley (Doreva) left Wednesday night for Winston-Salem, N.C. for the funeral of her father, James Koger, 73.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. William Hall (Mil) named the baby Julie Marie.

* * *

More people and things

Words of wisdom

You can preach a greater sermon with your life than with your lips—Oliver Goldsmith.

Opportunities multiply as they are seized; they die when neglected. John Wicker

We can't cross a bridge until we come to it, but I always like to lay down a pontoon ahead of time. — Bernard Baruch

The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes and finds good in what he has chosen. — Lamb

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. — Longfellow

There is no calamity that right words will not begin to redress. — Emerson

Verse of the week

Because I have been given much,
I, too, must give:
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.
Because I have been sheltered, fed,
By Thy good care,
I cannot see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he, too, may be comforted.
Because love has been lavished so
Upon me, Lord,
A wealth I know that was not meant
For me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need,
Shall show that love by word and deed,
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

People looking good

This item was, "slaughtered" in our Tuesday column.

Here is what it should have said:—

People looking good and saying memorable things: A week back, the AFRO - Greyhound Cos. co- sponsored a contest to find the Woman of the Year.

At the luncheon for winners, the three finalists were cited and given silver bowls.

Woman of the Year is Mrs. Naomi Camper of Powhatan Ave., a lady who has been a dynamo in civic affairs of our city for 33 years.

For her affair, Mrs. Camper wore a smart blue silk frock, tee decoration at the left shoulder matched the equally stylist blue and white flowered hat.

And, she said some mighty modest words of appreciation . . . she wanted the prize to go to the friends who have helped her in the various groups with which she works.

Like her daily creed which she says it to:

Somebody, do something for civic good and love thy neighbor as thyself . . .

Contest runners - up, named court - of - honor attendants, were two other hard - working ladies: Mrs. Viola B. Jones and Mrs. Sarah F. Diggs, both leaders in numerous civic groups.

* * *

Mrs. Jones is the mother of ten, five of whom have finished college, and a sixth on the way. There are seven grandchildren.

Mrs. Diggs' name has been found in nearly every worthwhile endeavor in our community for over 40 years.

Baltimore has been fortunate to have ardent civic workers like the above named ladies.

Mrs. Lena K. Lee, who chaired the contest judges, put it:

"This was not a popularity contest. . . three women were selected because they have made lasting and significant contributions to the community, participating effectively in all kinds of noble causes. . ."

Loved the fact that all three finalists are indeed noble ladies who have worked effectively among us and sought no honors for themselves. Orchids to all of them!

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Lonely Homeowner's Column

"Dear Column:

My mother-in-law is 6 feet tall and weighs 220 pounds. Whenever she stays overnight at our house, she wants ten blankets. Where can I buy blankets cheap?"

SHORTY

Dear Shorty:—Sounds like your mother-in-law is cold. Call Sinclair for automatic keep-fill delivery of new Sinclair Heating Oil. It's the clear, clean oil with the clean, hot flame to give you more comfort per dollar. Safer, too. Our burner service men are prompt and efficient. Call now.

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