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

Dear Lord, we thank Thee that we find work that will take us a tenth of the distance around the earth in one day. We pray Thee with thanks that we can return with some sense of accomplishment. We pray Thee with eternal gratitude that we have this home and this helpmate to whom to come back to joyfully.

Catholic Hospitals

Indicating that it fully intends to carry out a policy of non-discrimination in its hospitals, the Catholic Church this week named its Interracial Council as the agency which will be responsible for the enforcement of the decree.

By bringing in the Council, which has done yeoman work in the field of race relations, the church has taken steps to insure the implementation of the non - discriminatory edict in the pastoral letter of Archbishop Lawrence J. Shehan of last spring.

It can be taken as an indication of the seriousness with which Archbishop Shehan views the question of racial discrimination.

The Catholic Church has once again set an example for the rest of the community.

We hope that other hospitals will take note.

Thurgood's Successor Wins

One of the earliest National NAACP secretaries was a man with the Irish name of SHILLADY. He was beaten severely while investigating a lynching in Texas and resigned his post.

Succeeding him was James Weldon Johnson, first colored NAACP secretary.

The immediate question national is was could Mr. Johnson fill the Shillady shoes.

Of course he did and he was followed by the late Walter White and now Roy Wilkins. No one doubts any more the competence of colored executive secretaries.

* * *

WHEN THURGOOD MARSHALL, now a Federal judge, resigned as chief of NAACP Legal Defense, he had made a record winning civil rights cases in the U.S. Supreme Court unparalleled in American history.

He nominated as his successor Jack Greenberg.

Two questions immediately arose. Mr. Greenberg is not colored. Can any lawyer fill Thurgood's shoes?

Last week, Chief Legal Defense Counsel Greenberg won a notable victory in the U.S. Supreme Court.

The High Court accepted the argument of Mr. Greenberg and his associate, Constance Baker Motley, forbidding the state of Louisiana to place the racial designations "colored" and "white" opposite names of candidates for office in state elections.

Louisiana's 1960 law was ruled unconstitutional because "it put the power of the state behind a racial classification that induces racial prejudice at the polls."

It would thus appear that Jack Greenberg is continuing Thurgood Marshall's winning ways before the U.S. Supreme Court.

This was the 15th favorable decision in the past two years.

We do not win cases because we are brilliant, Mr. Greenberg told the AFRO, but because we are right.

That's modesty for Thurgood's able successor.

Yet there are other elements effecting these decisions, the climate of public opinion, the forceful occupant of the White House and finally the high character of the justice of the Supreme Court.

Cigarettes And Cancer

Newest advice from highest medical authorities — smoking cigarettes increases the likelihood of lung cancer.

There are two remedies.

One — to make cigarettes without the cancer inducing ingredient.

Two — stop smoking.

We can be sure tobacco companies will work on the number one.

Meantime, number two is up to the individual. Anybody can stop smoking. That is, almost anybody who has will power.

No outside help can dull the desire of a regular smoker for tobacco or prevent him from getting up in the middle of the night to find the remnant of a cigarette or an old pipe.

Self imposed will power alone can do the job.

But the cigarette smoker, who cannot stop, ought never again look down his nose at the alcoholic who can't stop drinking, the addict who has to have dope, and the fat person who eats too much.

Habit forming stimulants bring on a disease.

A lot of us are sick. The excessive eater, users of cigarettes and alcohol are in the same boat.

Get Out Of Panama

Sooner or later Uncle Sam will have to give the Panama Canal back to the Panamanians.

Of course the Canal and its locks were built with American money and American engineering skills and Jamaican laborers.

But the canal is on Panama territory and we took advantage of a weak little country to sign them up for a long term lease, at a low annual rental.

Further, we regarded the Canal Zone as a southern state and set up jim crow schools, restaurants, housing and wage rates such as we have in Alabama and Mississippi.

Had we made a decent deal with Panama and kept our white supremacy boys at home, we might have managed better.

The day Mexico confiscated our oil wells, and Egypt's Nasser took over the Suez Canal from the British only one question remained — how long could we stay in Panama.

Castro chased us out and Cuba now operates its own sugar plantations.

Panama wasn't blind to all these examples of reasserted state sovereignty.

The fat is in the fire.

Sooner rather than later we must give the Canal back to its rightful owner — Panama. It's too difficult to defend in time of war. One well placed bomb can put it out of order for months.

These are alternatives. We can buy outright a hunk of land in Nicaragua or Costa Rica and build our own canal, or even a 1,000 mile Rio Grande seaway.

Don't let anyone tell you that is impossible. The new St. Lawrence River seaway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River is 2,342 miles long.

And we built the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo with pick and shovel in 1825.

Crooked Boxing

Could Jack Dempsey have had his hands taped with plaster of Paris?

Was this the reason he cut up big Jess Willard and won the heavyweight title in 1919?

Jack Kearns, his manager, said he loaded Dempsey's gloves.

Jess Willard said he was hit with something beside fists, and he's glad to know what it was.

Dempsey says he did not know about any plaster of Paris cement.

Kearns' rejoinder is that at that time Dempsey was a young country boy hardly dry behind the ears.

Out of all this comes this conclusion: There is something rotten in boxing and always has been.

Why Kearns waits 45 years to tell of his crooked action in the Dempsey Willard fight is not important.

For years Dempsey evaded a challenge from Harry Wills, a great fighter who in his prime could have handled Dempsey easily.

When Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo in a championship fight, ring officials permitted outsiders to help him get back in. That was a violation of the rules.

Whenever a mess like this is exposed by one of the concocters of a fraud, the public has reason to wonder how many other boxing fights have been "fixed?"

There was the Dempsey - Tunney fight, for example, where Tunney was knocked down for a count longer than ten and permitted to get up and continue.

Is the fix operating in the Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston matches?

Is boxing, after all, as phony as wrestling?

Grand Jury Charge

In his charge to the January term grand jury, Judge Charles D. Harris wisely suggested that its members should look into the question of birth control as it applies to persons on the relief rolls.

There is evidence at hand to indicate that a large number of the families on relief are having unwanted children, who through no fault of their own, become new relief clients.

If the families could be provided with information on birth control, there is a possibility that the size of the families could be reduced and the children would have more of a chance at a decent life.

The State and City Boards of Public Welfare have made something of a start in this direction by allowing birth control information on request.

This program has not been attended by any real success, and we agree with Judge Harris that it is time for re-examination.

What Our Readers Say

About Disc Jockeys

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," Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In his column last week, James D. Williams criticized disc jockeys who use slang and improper English over the radio. Following are comments on the column.)

Dear AFRO:

Congratulations! I am so very glad to see the AFRO speak out against this daily insult to our intelligence and language.

Overcoming this language barrier is difficult enough without men who obviously have a good education squashing it in order to get an announcer's job and displaying to a vast audience just what they think we talk and act like.

We must realize that radio reaches all. That phrase "Out there, don't bit more care" irks me to no end. Isn't that the popular conception—that we are lackadaisical?

Keep up your good work. Maybe we will be able someday to project a good image.

MRS. MARIE A. SCOTT

Dear AFRO:

As a sometime teacher of English, I couldn't agree with you more in your estimate of the very real language barrier that is rapidly developing between a large segment of our youngsters and the rest of the English speaking world.

I agree, too, that while the designated disc jockeys are not wholly responsible for the creation of this Berlin Wall, they must bear the brunt of a major part of it, since the lingo that these young people assimilate is almost identical with that issuing from certain dial locations during certain specific programs, identical, not only in vocabulary, but in voice timbre and inflections (syntax violations, of course, assail the young from many areas).

Anybody with a following as important, hence as you suggest, the disc jockey might well be approached in frank recognition of his role in the scale of values of his young hearers.

Currently, he is their idol, his diction their status symbol. As they achieve proficiency in the patois, though, they lose whatever facility they may have had in literate speech.

To them their native language has become an alien tongue. They don't speak it, they don't understand it, when they hear it spoken, they don't comprehend it when it confronts them on the printed page, and, in writing, they mutilate it beyond all recognition.

In the past, perhaps people have sometimes managed to achieve with considerable distinction and in spite of limited language equipment. But contemporary kids must prepare to function in a ruthlessly competitive adult world. One cannot hope to compete in a society when one cannot communicate.

A self respecting disc jockey, like a self respecting newspaperman or any other self respecting public figure, wants to be a positive quantity in the sphere of his influence.

Once he realizes how very far-reaching that influence with a youthful public can be, he will make an all-out effort to cooperate, I believe.

MARGARET WILLIAMS

Dear AFRO:

I think your article "Bad English Can Hurt Youngsters" was very well put. I think it is disgraceful to hear that stupid talk by some disc jockeys of color.

I prided myself on listening to one station exclusively until they also obtained one of these disc jockeys. I think they should be banned from the air.

MRS. MILDRED BAKER

Dear AFRO:

Disc jockeys do indeed have a tremendous influence on the youth of this or any other community and I for one, for the entire time I have been in radio, have been attempting to demonstrate the "best" the colored person has to offer instead of the "less."

"Uncle Tom" types, names, and delivery should be a thing of the past and not on display as it is in so many parts of the country. I guess what I'm trying to say is that "as long as we keep acting like clowns, whether it's on the air or in any other job or profession, our white brothers will be content to keep us in this category."

It's my belief that a professional announcer or disc jockey can "swing and be "hep" without being a "clown."

Radio announcing implies good diction, voice quality, and above all the ability to transmit information with clarity and conciseness.

Information must be understood to be grasped and this is a prime requisite for any announcer who hopes to be a professional. It's easy to be a "clown" but those who go on to national prominence are those with quality and class.

Again thanks for some well-timed remarks and let's all hope that the youth of our community seek to emulate the best and not the worse from those who lead, no matter what the profession.

LARRY DEAN

Dear AFRO:

Yes, I agree with you and have personally spoken publicly against the misuse of the English language by at least two local D. J.'s.

MRS. ISABELLE MONROE

To Mrs. Santa

Dear AFRO:

I just want to say thank you, thank you, thank you. I wrote to you about two weeks before Christmas asking for food, clothing, toys, or anything you could give me.

Christmas Eve I received a basket of food. It was snowing hard and had been all day. It was late when the man knocked on my door with the basket. I had almost given up hope of receiving anything.

The basket had a big turkey in it and fruit and nuts too. Also different vegetables and even bread. I asked the man who delivered it, if it was Mrs. Santa and he said he was just delivering it, but he thought it came from the Savants Club.

Thank you so much for helping me. You see we wouldn't have had a turkey dinner, if it hadn't been for you. Thanks to you, Christmas was wonderful for my children and myself.

MRS. D. B.

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;

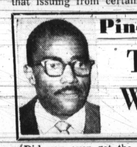
Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future ensured;

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

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

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

Pin-Point



This Was An Ideal Week To Hibernate

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

Did you ever get the feeling that you would have been better off had you stayed in bed on a given day?

Well, that has been the general state of things in this corner, only it applies to the week rather than a day.

We had a sneaking suspicion Sunday night that we should hibernate for the upcoming seven days when that sugar-like substance began falling all over the place.

Convinced however, that one should practice what one preaches, we decided to stay away from the panic button a bit longer and wait it out.

It's not important in what order they are taken, nor is it necessary to go into details, but one thing is certain: snow, cigarettes, and Panama are topical items of interest that this corner wants no part of.

That sugar-like substance referred to earlier didn't stop falling until more than seven inches—and many more in wind-swept drift spots—had descended upon us.

Needless to say this necessitated digging, scrapping, salting, plowing, and invoking the two phases of the Snow Emergency Plan.

* * *

WE HAVE always held the emergency arrangement in high regard since it aids greatly in allowing city workers to make the thoroughfares passable in minimum time.

Human nature being what it is, however, and this not being one of our banner weeks, we had some interesting things to say about its creators when we became hopelessly stuck in knee-deep drifts while doing our part in helping to keep the snow emergency route clear for the plows.

In case you thinking that the possibility of a $10 ticket for violating the parking ban had anything to do with our spirit of cooperation, you're right.

* * *

THE SNOW, however, reached the peak of its unpopularity with this one-time snowlover one aching back and several days later.

When the ban was finally lifted and the snow plows had duly banked the greying snow against the curb, it occurred to us that it would be smart to dig out a parking place.

This measure was intended not only to reduce the risk of losing a fender to errant motorists, but also to cut the hazard to life and limb while climbing in and out of the car.

My urge to commit homicide, therefore, can be understood upon my return home late the other evening.

Perched neatly in the snow-cleared space which had cost us a rash of sore muscles, calloused hands, and cold feet, was a car, the owner of which could not be found. Come to think of it, he was never found.

So, the weatherman notwithstanding (and he predicts more for today) as far as snow goes, we've had it.

On cigarettes?

How are you supposed to feel when someone suddenly tells you that you have been knocking yourself out for 20 years trying to get lung cancer? And paying for it yet!

As far as Panama is concerned, all the facts are not in yet, but the whole business suggests that the legendary Ugly American is at it again.

No, this hasn't been one of our better weeks.

Anyone Can Quit Smoking

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Yesterday I celebrated an anniversary. There were no cards, no festivities, nothing. It was, however, a time to be recorded, for it marked a full week since I had given up cigarette smoking, pipe smoking, cigar smoking and tobacco chewing.

The last three items were not too difficult to forego, as I very rarely smoke a pipe or a cigar, and have never had the courage to chew a plug of tobacco.

But cigarettes—now that is another matter, and my survival after a tobaccoless week shows the power of mind over matter; or put another way, man conquers tobacco; or put another way, the strong shall triumph over temptation—sometimes.

To those of you who have been debating whether to smoke or not to smoke, I pass on this advice, dredged from the deep wells of experience.

If you decide not to—smoke that is—you should embark upon your noble crusade with a determination that will not be lessened by the roadblocks you will find thrown in your way.

You must be strong, for you will be tempted quite often to stray from the narrow path of redemption as you seek salvation from the tobacco habit.

WHEN one gives up smoking he realizes for the first time that almost everybody else around him is smoking. He is tempted to join them, with the rationalization that since everyone else is doing it, why should he be different?

Here is the first temptation to be faced. If a person, who has taken the no-smoking blood oath can pass this danger, he has a good chance of sticking to his pledge.

The second temptation to be met comes when a man is alone. The thought crosses and mind that if he lights just one lousy cigarette and smokes it while no one is looking, he really hasn't broken his pledge.

This temptation helps separate the men from the boys. The weak succumb to the temptation of being alone, but the strong hold their heads high and march on to the distant goal with their nicotine stained banners waving on high.

* * *

THE ONLY real trouble with a person who has broken the tobacco habit is that he is liable to become an insufferable bore with his holier than thou attitude.

Like some reformed drunks, a reformed smoker can be a pain in the neck as he tells everybody who will listen—and even some who won't—how he overcame the demon weed.

Unlike some of our citizens, it was not the advisory committee's report to the Surgeon General that persuaded me to swear off smoking; I had reached this decision several days before the report was released.

I do know, however, of one of my friends who was so tremendously impressed with all the publicity given on TV to the subject of smoking, that he took the pledge.

He stopped looking at TV.

* * *

MY DECISION was based on an evaluation of the situation which found me smoking three packs of cigarettes a day—which at the going rate of 30 cents a pack is 90 cents a day, or $6.30 a week, or $327.60 a year —which is about as far as I can multiply without a computer.

From these figures can be gleaned some idea as to just how much money was going up in smoke—to coin a phrase, more or less.

The expenditure of the sum undoubtedly made the tobacco growers happy; it made the cigarette manufacturers shriek with delight; and it brought broad smiles to the advertising industry, which would have you believe that smoking is the next best thing to being in heaven.

For a while, I toyed seriously with the idea of cutting down gradually on my cigarette intake—a process that is known in professional circles as "tapering off."

This didn't work too well, as I often lost count of the number of cigarettes I was supposed to smoke during the day, and as a result, I ended smoking more than I did before I started tapering off.

* * *

THAT left only one possible path of action — "cold turkey" which means that you just stop smoking all at once.

Giving up smoking all at once, isn't as bad as you might imagine.

There have been a few minor side effects. My hands are a little shaky, I am a little more irritable than normal, and when I go to bed, I no longer count sheep, I count king size cigarettes jumping over hurdles made of ash trays.

Outside of these discomforts, it's been easy.

The first step in the cold turkey cure is to stop buying cigarettes.

Unfortunately, this doesn't work in all cases as some of those who stop buying cigarettes, then begin to borrow them from their friends.

The borrowing is usually accompanied by the plaintive whine "I'm trying to give up smoking, so I'm not buying any cigarettes, but do you mind giving a poor fellow one of yours?"

Now what is a smoker to say in a case such as this? If he says no, it's almost the same as kicking Santa Claus or refusing to give a dying man a drink of water.

If the gambit is used wisely, a borrower can last for several weeks before he runs out of friends, and then has to start buying his own cigarettes again.

AND THAT brings us around neatly to the question of why do people smoke?

One of the reasons people smoke is that they are told it is the smart thing to do.

One classic ad of several decades ago pictured a very lovely lady with the legend, "instead of a sweet, reach for a Lucky"—the message being to give up candy and smoke cigarettes.

Today, he-men are pictured as cigarette smokers, and I have yet to see a rough private detective on TV, who has been a non-cigarette smoker.

Glamorous ladies also use cigarettes, and the long holder has become the trademark of the femme fatale.

There are other reasons why we smoke, but I honestly believe that the principal reason is that we have been brainwashed into the habit.

But as I said before, I have broken the habit and I am saving money.

Instead of spending 90 cents a day for cigarettes, I now only spend 50 cents a day for chewing gum.

If YOU Ask ME

By B. M. MOSS

People, places, things

Orchids to Dr. William (Billy) Hall, the physician. He dreamed up the idea of that crash paint job on the Provident Hospital exterior.

His reasoning: The hospital would be occupying its present, outmoded Division St. site for two or more years until the new Provident is built, so why not spruce up its weather -worn exterior.

And, it was his feeling that such a move might spur other volunteers to back the current building drive.

When You're in the area, drive by and see what a marvelous job 62 gallons of brick red, tobacco brown and white paint did.

And, then send orchids also to the painters who gave their services free of charge. (They earn $25 an hour, so you can gather that theirs was a real sacrifice.)

Leading the painting contract crew were T. Everett Dungee, Bernard Bell, William F. Wyle and John Holtsclaw.

* * *

Speaking Of The Provident Hospital building drive reminds me to mention that while they are pleading 'no publicity, please,' a number of our physicians have contributed generously to the fund.

Prime contributor is that well known physician who gave $5,000 CASH.

While they are not spreading the word, I'm advised that members of the local medical group have each pledged to give a minimum of $2,000.

Sooo, this is in answer for one citizen who inquired what the medics were doing for the hospital. Orchids to the docs too.

* * *

Elegant Was the formal dinner party Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Lightfoot (Sara) gave on Saturday evening at their Harlem Ave. home.

The front door, reception hall and dining room area with palms the table centerpiece of carnations, roses and orchids was enhanced by floating candles.

Mrs. L. confided it was no special occasion. She just felt like having a party and lovely it was. Mrs. L. the former Sara Gray, is a private duty nurse at Sinai. He is a real estate man and GM employee.

Roy Gales catered the dinner which featured a variety of seafood. Lovely to see and to taste were the two tomato aspic moulds with shrimp.

Tasty, too, were the lobster dainties. Champagne and and other delicacies abounded.

* * *

The Lightfoots' seven - year older who was junior hostess, cute as a button in white slipper satin, trimmed with lace. And was she tickled to have a part to play at her parents' black tie affair!

For her party, Mrs. Lightfoot was chic in floor length black velvet, cut low, low in the back. A rhinestone pin at the waist. Pretty!

Guests were: Messrs. and Mesdames Herman Jones, Arthur Stepney, James Morton, Leroy Dyett, Llewellyn Davage, Joseph Wilkins, Thomas Mitchell, William Perry, Alfred Taylor, Richard Williams, Irving Williams, Paul Taliaferro, Henry James, James Ford.

* * *

Out-Of-Towners here were Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Shelton, D.C., Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gladden, Amityville, L.I.

P.S. — Lovely to look at was the gold brocade shift worn by Mrs. Perry. It had a four-tiered peau de soie beige frock; and Mrs. Morton's gold brocade with gold slipper satin sash which swept to the floor.

* * *

Add To gracious hosts met during the recent holiday: Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Johnson (Teddy and Charlotte). Their sweet potato pie is out of this world!

* * *

Cheer To Mrs. Samuel Blackwell (Pauline), 1501 N. Bentalou St. She fell and broke her leg while shopping in a downtown store this week, has bandages up to here re re, will be away from her desk, she's secretary to AFRO's circulation director), for at least a month.

Glad you're better hellos to Mrs. Pearl McGlotten, the beautician. She fell on the ice. . . and what a fall.

She had to have half dozen stitches taken in her arm. Her address: — 2315 Windsor.

* * *

Glad-You're Better cards to James Johnson, 3606 Denlyn. He gave friends and relatives quite a scare a Sunday ago, when he slumped over the steering wheel while starting his auto.

He's been in Sinai for a week, is now resting at home, sure he is glad doctors have said his blood pressure is down now.

Mr. Johnson is the retired government worker. His wife Mrs. Marion C. Johnson is school area supervisor.

* * *

Sympathy Cards to Mrs. Alice Louise Johnson Tongue, 1844 W. Saratoga St.

She buried her husband Isaac Tongue on Tuesday. He was 75. Mr. Tongue was a member of an old Baltimore family — pioneers in the Methodist Church.

He and his late brother Rev. Cornelius — laid the foundation for old Whatcoat Mission, now known as Union Memorial. Remember?

A daughter, Mrs. Geraldine Scott, Montrose School social worker also survives.

White House gala

President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's first formal White House dinner on Tuesday evening honored His Excellency, President Antonio Segni and Mrs. Segni of Italy.

Among the 150 guests were three NAACP leaders — evidence that in this Kennedy-Johnson era, this long struggling civil rights champion has come to be recognized for its role in the struggle for rights of all.

And, isn't it also evidence that the top administration leaders realize that the fight for human rights is America's fight?

* * *

And, did you hear President Johnson in his state of the union message—

Remember he said "We must abolish not some, but ALL racial discrimination . . . and,

"All members of the public **should have equal access to facilities open to the public . . . and . . ."**

". . . discrimination is a moral issue, and it must be met by passage this season of the bill (civil rights) now pending in Congress . . .

"As they stand side by side in the Armed Services outside the country, they can work, and eat and travel side by side in their own country . . ."

But back to Tuesday's White House state dinner . . . President Johnson was described as a warm and gracious host, who moved gracefully among his guests.

Mrs. Johnson set the style for the women—her white chiffon was in the new Grecian line.

The NAACP leaders were frequently the center of attention—what with guests crowding to shake their hands.

Present were Roy Wilkins, national NAACP executive of N. Y., and his wife, Minnie. (She wore pink satin brocade with the new overblouse.)

Mr and Mrs. Clarence Mitchell were there. He heads the NAACP Washington Bureau.

Mrs. Mitchell (Juanita Jackson), is the Baltimore attorney and executive secretary of the Maryland State Conference NAACP branches. And was she looking good in flowing blue chiffon, also in the Grecian line . . .

* * *

There from Philly: Austin Norris, the attorney, whose law partner, Leon Higginbotham has been named one of the ten outstanding young men of the year.

This is the same Leon Higginbotham who President Kennedy named to the Federal Trade Commission, and later to a Federal District judgeship.

And the same Mr. Higginbotham whom President Johnson last week gave an interim bench appointment. And he's just 35.

* * *

More Philadelphians there: Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Gay —she was attracted in powder blue chiffon with the bodice encrusted with pearls.

And from D.C.—Mr. and Mrs. William Harris (Patricia). And she is a real cute pie. She wore an brocade print

Remember she is the HU law professor and co-chairman of the civil rights commission?

* * *

More VIPs spied: Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren, Secretary of Treasury Douglas Dillon and Mrs. Dillon; Undersecretary of State Averill Harriman and Mrs. Harriman;

CIO's George Meany and Walter Reuther; Senator and Mrs. Herbert Humphrey, and opera singer Robert Merrill who entertained. Particularly good: the excerpts he sang from La Traviata and Barber of Seville.

Lady on the move

Mrs. Lena K. Lee, whose retirement from the Baltimore schools was announced Thursday, has no plans to sit down and knit.

In fact, she is already involved in a program to enlarge the Biddle Theatre she and her late husband, Robert Lee, own.

And, she will open her law office at the Madison Ave. home where they lived for years before his death.

She will also travel taking "short American trips," particularly in those states where councils of education have been formed to convert teachers' colleges into liberal arts institutions.

She is a member of the state's advisory council on higher education, a post to which she was named last August by Governor Tawes.

* * *

Her future plans also call for a program of broadening her public housing knowledge, a field in which her interest is well known.

She was, you'll recall, a member of the city's old redevelopment commission, and the only original member who was retained when the present day Baltimore Urban Renewal and Housing Authority was recreated in 1956. She was a commissioner for six-years.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Lee's contributions to the school system are known and admired.

In the 36 years she has worked in schools located in what have now come to be known as disadvantaged areas and or slum schools.

* * *

How has she liked the assignments? "They were most regarding," she laughed . . . working in these neighborhoods gave me the background and experience which helped me deal with administrative agencies and do a more affective job.

"Yes, Mrs. Lee added," all my assignments were in places where I literally had to do a clean-up job, but these schools were in areas with people I had most empathy for.

"I wanted to help the schools and people in the surrounding area better themselves . . . I never had to deal with the problems of the aristocracy . . . It has been most rewarding . . ."

* * *

Mr Lee grew up in New Kensington, Pa., — finished Cheyney State Teachers College and came to Maryland in 1927. Her first teaching job was at Stanton High in Annapolis under beloved Frank Butler.

In 1931, she began teaching six grade at Carey St. School No. 104, of which another pioneer educator, the late Miss Mollie Rodman was principal.

There followed assignments as demonstration teacher at Coppin, practice teacher at Lockerman School No. 100; vice principal under James Thomas at Wheatley School No. 110 and later vice principal at the Cary St. School, where she began her teaching career.

Since 1947, she has been principal of Schools No. 127 and 136 and finally the Garnet School No. 103, the school from which she retires. (Ed's note: No. 103 is the dilapidated building this writer attended 40 years ago. It has changed very little since then.)

Mrs. Lee holds a bachelor's degree from Morgan State; a master's from New York University. She swished to law, and finished the U. of Md. Law School in 1952.

In addition to her other interests, Mrs. Lee has been active in the Maryland League of Women's Clubs. She retired from the presidency last year, pointing with pride to the fact under her leadership membership had grown from six to 126 clubs.

Congratulations

Congratulations to this lovely couple — Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Gittings Jr., 3501 Rosedale Rd. They have a wedding anniversary on Saturday (Jan. 18).

Mr. Gittings is the administrative assitant in the office of School Superintendent George Brain.

Mrs. Gittings (the former Sarabel Mitchell-one of that large Mitchell clan, is vice principal of James Mosher School.

Both are grand people to know. Their youngsters, a junior, is a high schooler.

Belated congratulations two other grand neighbors: to Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney Howell, 1601 N. Bentalou. He's the barber and she's the teacher.

They chalked up 25 years a Sunday ago. and, wasn't it grand that their children - Rosemary, Sara, Olivia and Pinkie — gave them some thing wonderful to remember!

I was a wedding anniversary reception at the Winchester Armory . . . lovely . . .!

Seventy - five year young is the record Dr. Carl Murphy chalks up today. He is chairman of the AFRO's board of directors and active in numerous organizations-including Morgan State College where he heads the board of trustees.

Words to remember

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. — Abraham Lincoln.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. - Proverbs 17:32

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most live Who thinks most, feels the noblest, act the best.

Life' but a means unto an end — that end

Beginning, means, and end to all things — GOD.-Philip J. Bailey

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