"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

Remind us, Oh Lord, that Thou givest us not one but many chances to correct our faults, or to change the direction of our lives.—Amen.

When They Say Go Home They Mean It

Dr. Paul Carlson, American medical missionary in the Congo, took his life in his own hands last week.

He guided his family to safety then returned to his hospital patients.

All over the world are missionaries, medical or religious, who seek to help, heal or evangelize non-Christian people.

There is a rebellion in the Congo and Uncle Sam is helping one Congolese group to fight the other.

It was this other group, alleged Communists, which captured the American doctor and threatened his execution.

Missionaries have and will continue to be a great help to backward people. Often their missionary zeal to do good outweighs good judgment.

When any government asks foreigners to leave because it cannot protect them, they should go. If they refuse they should prepare to accept the consequences.

The Sun And Adam

The Tuesday morning Sun, in discussing House seniority rules, suggests that Congress is "saddled with the cynical irresponsibility of Adam Powell."

Adam is in Hawaii, accompanied by a secretary, presumably at government expense. He's studying race relations there or whatever else is on his mind as chairman of a congressional committee on Education, Labor and Welfare.

Whenever Congress is not in session, congressmen, not only Adam, are constantly travelling around the world.

Some eager beaver congressmen who go out of office next month are gallivanting abroad on a lame duck farewell trip at the taxpayers' expense.

Whatever else Adam Powell does, he gets his work done in Congress first. When Congress recessed just before the November election, Congressman Powell, as committee chairman, was first to get a letter from the President. The White House congratulated him on clearing the administration's "must" legislation and getting it passed.

What a contrast to the former chairman of this committee who left Congress while it was in session and carried Presidential bills in his inside pocket so they could not be debated.

If Mr. Powell is guilty of "cynical irresponsibility" in the mind of his critics, it stems in large part, first from the fact that he is colored, and second that, right or wrong, he does what other congressmen do and have been doing for years.

House Seniority

The seniority system in the U.S. Congress under which southerners get more committee chairmanships and keep them longer than other members of Congress has long been a pain in the neck.

But it has one virtue. Seniority has made it possible for William Dawson to become chairman of the important committee on Executive Expenditures and Adam Powell to be chairman of the committee on Labor and Education.

Rep. Bolling, (D., Mo.) proposes a change whereby chairmen of House committees are appointed by the Speaker of the House with the approval of the majority caucus.

We are not for that.

Our people would be denied promotion much as they are banned from advancement or appointment in other legislative posts.

The proper answer to Southern seniority is repeal of poll tax and other voting restrictions in Southern states.

If that does not do the job, then what about a congressional rule that no congressman shall hold a committee chairmanship for more than six years?

Fiddling With Figures

After any election, it is the editorial writers who proceed to fiddle with the figures.

So we point out that the colored vote in Baltimore City exceeded the entire vote in the whole nine counties on the Eastern Shore. Baltimore City colored vote for Johnson, 94,667; Eastern Shore, 71,341.

That reminds us that the Eastern Shore has 9 state senators. We have one colored from Baltimore.

Eastern Shore has eight judges of Circuit Court rank. The colored people of Baltimore, none.

The present system of appointing judges and state senators is woefully discriminatory.

One man, one vote doesn't mean a thing in Maryland.

Dear Mr. Pressman

An open letter to City Comptroller Hyman Pressman:—

It's easy to declare that the recent election of President Johnson and Senator Tydings proves that paid precinct workers are not needed in an election.

You are right when there is a landslide. Even the Pollack forces, with whatever funds they used, could not carry their own precincts against Mr. Tydings.

We usually see eye to eye in your suggested reforms.

But we suggest that in dull primaries and often in city or state general elections, the candidate who has enthusiastic precinct workers is the candidate who wins.

The Blood Banks Of 20 Years Ago

Just 22 years ago the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, among others, opposed the Red Cross segregation of colored and white bloods in blood banks.

Plasma was then being collected for use in World War II.

The Association said that scientists had discovered no difference between colored and white blood.

But its chief argument was that many female sex hormones and gonadotropic preparations then used by doctors in therapy were obtained from the urine of stallions and mares.

"Their efficacy is in no way impaired by their inauspicious origin." That was the conclusion of the whole matter.

The present generation has no idea of the stupid prejudices we have overcome in the past 20 years.

Little Garrett County

Little Garrett was one of two Maryland counties that went for Goldwater. The other was Dorchester.

Garrett gave Johnson, 3515, Goldwater, 3624. Total votes, cast, 7139, about as many as the 17th Ward in Baltimore City.

People who live in the mountain areas are usually lovers of freedom and equality.

What is wrong with Garrett County located in the high hills of Maryland?

It has fewer than 20 colored residents. Yet its representatives in the legislature voted against Civil Rights bills and Nov. 3 it chose Barry over President Johnson.

Ugly But Readable Signs

The mayor and some complainants are provoked at the new signs erected for the Fallsway and other high speed roadways.

They may be huge and ugly but they also are functional.

An autoist driving 30 miles an hour in heavy traffic must select his turns in a split second. These large-lettered directional signs are a must.

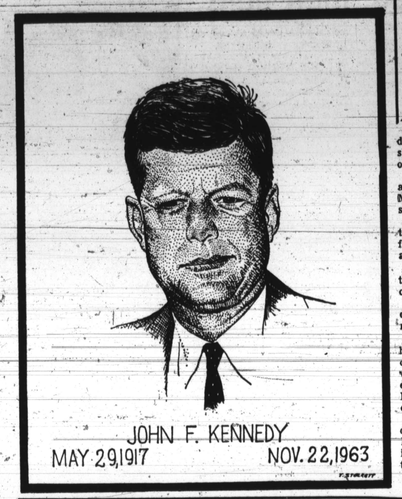
Any change in the design of said markers should not reduce the size of the lettering.

The greatest improvement needed is in the size of street designations all over the city.

The current markers were planned originally for pedestrians and in most cases cannot be read by a motorist in his car even if he has 20-20 vision.

What Baltimore needs is to install street designations and block numbers at intersections which will be more of an improvement over the days when the city was lighted with gas lamps.

The World Will Remember



What Our Readers Say

An International Language

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.,

Dear AFRO:

Almost daily we read of the difficulties encountered with our language barriers. Improper interpretations, poor translations, misunderstandings, causing suspicion in the thoughts expressed.

There is evidence of a trace of stupidity among the learned linguists and boards of education, otherwise there would have been a short - cut to world communication centuries ago.

Any child is able to comprehend the value of a common language for the world, to be used as an auxiliary with the native tongue.

Esperanto, the international language, was given to the world in 1887 and is spoken by more than eight million people around the world. The western hemisphere should legislate the language to be taught in the elementary schools, for the language is so simple that a child can master it before entering high school.

World transportation of today, calls for a language that can be used in all parts of the world. Imagine, tourists making a forced landing in a strange country.

How pleasant it would be if those stranded and the local natives were able to speak the world language, Esperanto, instead of glaring at one another with a feeling of suspicion and hostility.

We are far from civilized until we can boast of having a language common to all people of the world. Newspapers and magazines advertising world trade, could touch the remote corners of the globe. A new kind of mutual understanding would exist, friendly relations would overpower the common animosity which often develops into active strife. International prosperity would become a normal condition.

FLOYD A. CLARKE
1704 Illingsworth Avenue
Allentown, Pa.

What's Premature?

Dear AFRO:

There is an ordinance in the Zoning Committee of the City Council which faces an untimely death because a certain faction of the council members feels it is "premature" and because, according to these members, there have been "numerous protests" from nearby residents.

This ordinance, if passed, would make it possible for a private medical office building to be constructed in the immediate vicinity of the site of the new Provident Hospital. In effect, it calls for a change in zoning from Residential Use to Residential Office Use.

When one considers that over half of the $8,000,000 is now available for the hospital; the land has been purchased; the architects have been hired and are now working on designs for the modern facility; it is difficult to understand what is meant by the statement that the rezoning ordinance is "premature."

Furthermore, when one realizes the fact that the proposed ordinance concerns the Northwest Baltimore area where people are digging deep into their pockets to donate funds so that the dream of a new Provident will become a reality, it is questionable just how "numerous" the so-called protests are.

The ordinance affects a section of the Fourth Councilmanic District. It is interesting to note that Councilman Henry G. Parks Jr. is the only representative of the district to publicly voice an interest in the bill.

SHIRLEY M. KYLE

Progress In Alabama

Dear AFRO:

Having spent several weeks in Macon county, the home of Dr. Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute, this writer is encouraged as to the economic and political life in the South.

For the past ten years the Tuskegee Civic Association under the leadership of Prof. G. C. Gomillion of the Tuskegee Institute, colored people have become politically wise.

Getting colored people in the Deep South to pay a poll tax and qualify as voters under the stringent voting requirements was no easy task. Fear of the colored vote led the town of Tuskegee to draw its boundary lines so as to eliminate nearly all of the colored citizens from the town. Whereas the town was a rectangle in form, when the map was drawn for this purpose, it had 26 sides.

Relentlessly, the TCA carried the case to the courts and eventually the Supreme Court of the United States returned the town to its original boundaries.

In the primary vote this spring two colored persons were nominated to the town council and were elected in July. Dr. Smith and Rev. Buford now sit on the council and are proving very effective.

Also several colored people won a place on the Democratic ballot and were elected on November 3rd. Prof. Gomillion was elected to serve on the Macon County Board of Education. Rev. Edwards was elected Revenue Commissioner for the 4th District and two colored people were elected as justices of the peace.

Although colored voters exceed the number of white voters in the city and county they wisely refrained from seeking to eliminate those who were candidates for other offices, but in 1966 it is foreseen that many more colored people will qualify for office.

Already many results such as community improvements, new roads, improvement of schools, and new positions to be held by colored people have resulted.

Communication between the races has improved. A strong council on human relations including many leading white citizens is operating. Colored people now patronize white business firms hitherto boycotted.

Over 175 white students have left the Macon County (white) to attend the Tuskegee High School where 14 colored pupils now attend. Over a dozen white educators now teach at Tuskegee and the Veterans Hospital is integrated.

All of this is taking place in Gov. Wallace's state of Alabama. We predict more of Alabama colored people will profit by the work of the TCA under the capable leadership of Prof. Gomillion.

E. B. HENDERSON
Falls Church, Va.

Thanks For Letter

Dear AFRO:

Thank you for the kind letter to the Kindergartners who sustained such a drastic loss.

I'm sure this letter, written to them and published in their favorite newspaper helped ease their sorrow.

MRS. LOUISE SERGEANT

Editor's note: — This letter from Mrs. Sergeant, teacher at School No. 142, refers to AFRO story, (Nov. 3) 'Dear Children, teacher won't be coming back,' which recounted sudden death of Mrs. Isabelle Braxton, a teacher, at No. 142.

AFRO Credo

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

Whether it has kept the faith with the common people;

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

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

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

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1928

Pin-Point

Muslims, Crime, Efficiency, Etc.

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

It is generally agreed that critical debate of an idea by reasonable men sheds great light on its merits or lack of same.

This was proven anew a few nights ago when the local leader of the Black Muslims appeared on a radio "talk show."

For many reasons we've shunned the pros and cons of the self-confessed creators of a "nation within a nation."

Fact of the matter is our views on the Black Muslims are as needed as coal is in Newcastle.

Formulators of public opinion have done more than an adequate job of recording the deeds of the Muslims.

Truth compels us to admit that it has been hilarious—in a tragic sort of way—to watch as a few little men with some wild ideas were converted into a menacing army, impatiently waiting to pounce on all "white devils."

It was hilarious because deep in our hearts we knew that the Muslims are nothing more than a manifestation of the sickness of the times.

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ANYONE WHO bothered to seriously consider the merits of the pronouncements of the separationists couldn't help but detect a hollow ring in their promises of a catch-all solution to a complicated problem.

But nothing is all good or bad and in their noisy campaign of going nowhere fast, the Muslims did serve — and are serving—a purpose.

They brought—and are bringing—a ray of hope to a disturbingly large number of people desperately in search for something with which to identify.

This limited asset, however, has been overshadowed by the looming monster that the Muslims have been made out to be.

We knew all along that the monster was made of—and by—paper.

That leaders and spokesmen for the group found this lofty position on the scale of public attention heady wine was evident through their eagerness to spout their teachings at the drop of a microphone or pencil.

They could command worldwide attention by merely giving a fantastic answer to an asinine question posed by a rookie journalist.

In short the Muslims had it made.

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THEN THEY committed a tactical error. Their leaders and spokesmen developed an obsession to appear on radio and television for lengthy interviews and question-and-answer sessions with a curious and informed public.

On the basis of the outcome of the latest radio appearance by the local Muslim minister, Messenger Elijah Muhammed had better issue an edict halting all such activity by his subordinates.

Unless, of course, he's willing to face the prospect of being laughed out of business.

The way the head of the Baltimore Mosque murdered the King's English, while snatching historical, scientific, biological, ethnic, and geographical data out of mid-air to support weird arguments was unbelievable.

The end result was that he and his followers were rightfully put in the same basket with other stalwarts of the lunatic fringe. . the John Birchers, KKK, Citizens Councils, and Lincoln Rockwells.

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"WHITE COLLAR CRIME" — Bad times have fallen on perpetrators of what is loosely referred to as "white collar crimes."

Heretofore swindlers, embezzlers, forgerers, and con men have been able to steal millions and shy off to Brazil and live happily ever after.

Thanks to international cooperation this has suddenly become a thing of the past. Uncle Sam and the Brazilian government this week ratified an extradition treaty signed a while back.

As of Dec. 16 these thieves in grey flannel suits and frilly laces will be brought back to face the music just as their less-heeled colleagues have been doing all the time.

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EFFICIENCY PUZZLE. — While sitting in the License Renewal section of the Department of Motor Vehicles the other day we were fascinated with what could easily give efficiency experts a nightmare.

On the second floor of the Glen Burnie building is room No. 229. It has a pine panel door trimmed in green.

While waiting for my number to come up—yes, they have adopted the assembly-line technique—we noticed an unusually heavy bit of traffic through the door by women employees.

It was 10:05 when we sat on the bench near the entrance to 229. Our number was called at 10:35 — exactly 30 minutes.

By actual count 45 women entered the room only to re-appear momentarily. They were going in at a 1.6-person-per-minute clip.

At this rate during an eight-hour or 480-minute shift 768 employees would visit Room 229.

It doesn't take an efficiency expert to determine what impact this has on the work load of DMV.

Before economy-minded crusaders begin springing to the aid of beleaguered taxpayers it would be wise to determine what was the attraction behind the door of Room 229.

"Women," the sign on the door reads.

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PROGRESS REPORT — A couple weeks back we reported on "22 so-da-logged football players." It dealt with the business of collecting bottle caps carrying pictures of the Baltimore Colts and other National Football League Players. In the process they drank a lot of soda.

We asked our 11-year-old image, gang leader, to give us a progress report.

"I have 36 so far. There are 96 in a complete set," he said.

Obviously there is still a lot of soda drinking to be done.

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SEQUEL — On the same piece there was mention of the "Tiger In The Tank" craze. This week we ran across a gem of a recent scribbled on a sign in a rival station:

"... gasoline cleans those old dirty tiger hairs out of your tank!" it said.

Only In America

Meanest People Are Always Late

By HARRY GOLDEN

No question about it, the meanest people in this world are those who are always late. Undoubtedly if these same people are employers, they are the very executives who keep salesmen and applicants waiting.

Being late is the most annoying of all social habits. Apparently the folks who always come late are unafraid of gossip because nothing will inflame the folks more than the couple who forget the world has a clock.

Psychologists have suggested that the inability to keep appointments, the inability to make a train, the inability to be punctual is related to a childish impulse.

Children, especially babies, think they are omnipotent since all their wants are quickly satisfied. The child imagines it controls the world. The latecomers imagine they control time. It's as though they thought they owned it. The nerve of them!

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WHEN I WAS a young man, people thought it a charming feminine attribute if my date kept me waiting. Maybe I thought so, too. But I have since found out, it is charming to be late up until the time they are married.

Among married couples, the wife's desire to arrive every place late is a continual source of quarrel. A thousand cartoons have been penned, all of them showing an irate husband, teeth clenched, staring at a watch while a lady dawdles.

The curious thing about tardiness is why so much attention is paid to it. At Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera they pay no attention to it. Of course, in both places the management closes all the doors to the auditorium promptly the music starts and those who come late have to wait for the intermission. Maybe that's why very few people come late to the opera or the concert.

In the salons of Europe, dinner starts when scheduled and the servants close the dining room door. If Mr. and Mrs. Late miss the shrimp, they wait for the soup, and if they miss the soup, they come in for the beef.

The only remedial action the punctual can take against the offenders is to be just that, punctual. If you never tolerate lateness and do what you want to do on time, you make your point and win it.

HOW TO SAVE A MARRIAGE

Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad, hardly ever all good or all bad.

Sandra decided she couldn't stand Jack another minute and wanted a divorce. Jack said that suited him just fine, just go right ahead.

As a lawyer's office they read the papers the lawyers had drawn up. "The man set forth in these legal papers isn't Jack," said Sandra. "The woman who would sign these papers is a complete stranger to me," said Jack.

They went out arm in arm, the lawyer was pleased. He was Sandra's uncle, and knew many good marriages have sensitive moments when a healing can take place or a final destruction as each person becomes an adversary, bitterly ground through a court in an archaic procedure that does not allow for the humanity and the kindness with which every marriage had to begin.

★OPINIONS AND COMMENTS★

OLD HOMEWEEK—Lyric Theatre dressing room Sunday evening saw reunion of Colt Star Jim Parker and Mrs. Parker with Singer Nancy Wilson. All are from Columbus, Ohio.

Nancy's reunion in Baltimore

Nancy Wilson, the sensational pop singer came to Baltimore for the first time on Sunday.

In this writer's book, she's been tops for a long time . . . we have all of her ten smash Capitol albums, plus the singles which have skyrocketed her to the $5,000-a-week class.

So it's understandable that we knocked on her Lyric Theatre dressing room door and asked to chat with her.

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When we entered, she was seated on a stool in front of a mirror 'teasing' her hair.

She turned around to smile a warm welcome and we talked for twenty minutes, as though we had known each other for years. That's the kind of friendly person she is!

As our interview neared an end and she was preparing to change from her pumpkin - colored slacks to a glittering green and gold ankle-length knit, there was another knock on the door.

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And, that's how we witnessed Nancy's Baltimore reunion with an old friend—James (Jim) Parker, star guard on the Baltimore Colts.

Both are from Columbus, Ohio. They first met while she was in high school (West High) and he was at Ohio University.

"I ordered tickets as soon as I heard she was coming," he grinned, as he tucked her in the corner of his arm . . . yes, I've been knowing her since she was a little girl, and she could sing then . . ."

Nancy recalled the days too and remembered that he had married the granddaughter (Mary Garnes) of Nancy's next door neighbor, (Mrs. May Neil).

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Advised that Mrs. Parker was in the audience, Nancy left the dressing room, hurried outside to greet her: 'There were more 'I remember whens.'

Also present in the dressing room: Nancy's sister - in - law, Mrs. May Gilliam, whose husband, Ronald, is the star's road manager.

Nancy's husband of four years is Ronald's brother, Kenny Dennis, professional drummer, who played in the orchestra on Sunday.

Their two - year - old is named Casey and Nancy calls him 'adorable' and 'precious.'

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Notes on Nancy: — Next to singing, which she 'just loves to do,' and playing with her son, she likes a good game of pinochle.

A willowy 5 ft. 7 'and three-quarters', Nancy weighs just 120 pounds. She is pretty and nice.

At 27, she's already atop the best seller list (second only to the Beatles), and there are forecasts she will break all record sales with her upcoming album due for January release.

It's titled 'Live At Cocoanut Grove.' Feature number here is 'Don't Take Your Love From Me.'

More tidbits on Nancy: She wears size eight clothes, prefers tailored attire . . . likes to sleep ('wish I could get ten hours every night, but I can't');

Spaghetti, meat loaf and, steaks are her favorite foods. White, gold and black, her favorite colors.

She does not go for diamonds ('they're cold'). She wears a wide plain wedding band.

She 'loves' coats, owns four including a handsome full - length mink with slits up both sides. It is a dream.

Her husband has promised her a black mink for Christmas provided she gains four pounds!

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Nancy's family: Her dad and stepmother are Mr. and Mrs. Olden Wilson (Bertha.) Her mother is Mrs. Lillian Mannis, all of Columbus.

She describes her five sisters and brothers as 'real groovy kids.'

They are: Michael, 26; Rita, 17, a Central State student; Brenda, 15; Anthony, 13; and Karen, 4.

Her dad is night superintendent of Jeffrey Mfg. Co. in Columbus.

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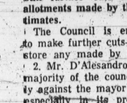
Train Delayed: Immediately after the Sunday evening concert, Nancy and her fellow entertainers rushed to Penn Station to catch the 11:07 for Philly. It was delayed until all instruments were aboard.

Her parting words to us: 'I'm looking forward to Thanksgiving reunion with my family in Columbus. I'll be singing there next Wednesday.'

Odd note: Nancy Wilson's accompanist is a real-gone pianist named Ronnell Bright. He hails from Chicago. Have you heard his original tune, 'And Satisfy'? Listen for it.

Political Notebook



New Tax Picture

By MAX JOHNSON

Now that the City Council has begun wrangling with Baltimore's proposed budget for the coming year — citizens might well begin worrying more about where the money is coming from.

This is particularly true of the already tax-burdened property owner.

Current ridiculous Council factional shenanigans for control shouldn't be allowed to cloud the key issue now—the city's desperate need immediately of more tax revenues.

This is a prime necessity to meet increased demands of essential city services.

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BRIEFLY—let's review the situation as matters now stand.

1. The proposed budget, in its present state, would require a 52-cent hike in the property tax—if no other tax source is altered.

This would mean a jump from the present $4.14 per $100 assessment to $4.66.

2. Mayor McKeldin has proposed an offsetting one percent earning tax on all persons employed in the city, whether they live here or elsewhere—and a tax on business operating here.

Estimates are this tax, as proposed would not only make the property tax increase unnecessary to float the budget in its present form — but actually allow a three cents reduction to $4.11.

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SUCH IS one phase of the budget picture to date.

What the City Council will do about it is something else again.

Here are some strong indications—already more or less openly hinted, if not stated outright.

1. Council President D'Alesandro wants an austerity budget — one with still further cuts in departmental allotments made by the Board of Estimates.

The Council is empowered only to make further cuts—and not to restore any made by the board.

2. Mr. D'Alesandro and a present majority of the councilmen are flatly against the mayor's earning tax—especially in its present form.

3. Whether they would approve such a tax at all depends largely on what lower income legal exemptions could be imposed—including on the small businessman.

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MAYOR McKELDIN knew of this strong opposition long before he sent his tax proposal to the Council.

But, here is this new city budget in the making—and foreseen necessary expenditures to meet increased essential demands.

Adequate tax sources open to the city at this point are either (1) an increase in the real estate levy, (2) a new sales tax, (3) an earnings or license fee, as the mayor proposes—or (4) a group of smaller-yielding nuisance taxes.

If anybody has any other solution that could be geared quickly to meet the present emergency — it hasn't come to public attention.

So, while a long-range tax program looms larger than ever, as a necessity—something is vitally needed to meet city requirements right now.

THE CITY COUNCIL is certain to make substantial budget cuts in departmental allotments already granted by the Board of Estimates.

The question arises, however—to what extent can they actually be made without serious harmful effects to the departments in question?

Here are serious matters to be considered along with new tax proposals.

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THE WHOLE thing, as I see it, boils down to this.

If a new tax is vitally needed at this time—it's purely a question of selecting the best one (and least pain(ful) from those available.

But, there are those who would like to hew to the line for now—and hope for some form of tax relief when the General Assembly meets in January.

This may or may not develop to a satisfactory degree — within the desired time period.

City Council action on this budget should command and hold the attention of every citizen.

The way those fellows are acting in sessions lately—they're just liable to come up with most anything.

If YOU Ask ME

BY BETTYE M. MOSS

Good singers indeed are the members of Ft. Worthington Elementary School Glee Club.

Youngsters performed during last Thursday's dedication of the school addition.

New neighbor met by mail last week: Mrs. Naomi Kenney, 2522 W. Fairmount Ave., who advises she used to live in Chester, Pa. (38 years)

She sent along a clipping from that area newspaper in which Nobel Prize Winner Dr. Martin Luther King was praised by a former teacher.

He is Dr. Kenneth L. Smith, professor of Christian ethics at Crozer Theological Seminary in Upland, Pa. where Dr. King received his divinity degree in 1951.

Dr. Smith observed: "It is not every day that a former student wins a Nobel Prize. . I'm very much elated. . this is one instance in which the student has surpassed the professor. . "

This verse of the week is by Elizabeth Lamb and is reprinted from the current monthly letter of Baltimore Jack and Jill:

Meeting at Eight: If I'm on time, the meeting's late; Nothing for it But sit and wait. But it starts on the dot if I'm a bit slow. And the one vacant seat? Midcenter, front row!

Rainmaker: You can call Morgan President Martin Jenkins that. Every time he plans an outdoor college activity, the rains come.

Until Thursday, Baltimore has had the worst drought in three decades. Fact is, we've had no rain here since early September.

Morgan had three outdoor events since then and it rained Sept. 30; matriculation convocation was rained out of Hughes Stadium Oct. 18 Homecoming, it poured; and on Nov. 18, dedication of foot bridge ceremonies were curtailed.

Birthday note: Belated birthday wishes to the Rev. Mrs. Mary M. Wilson, 2209 Whittier Ave. She is assistant pastor at Bethel AME Church. Her big day was November 16.

Mainstream

Combat Zone

By RALPH MATTHEWS, JR.

NEWARK — The power struggle for control of this city's NAACP branch in recent days has made the war in Vietnam seem tame as a Golden Circle tea.

I had hardly stepped off the train into Newark's autumn fog before NAACP partisans on opposing sides sounded me out on where I stood in the fight.

It did no good to answer disdainfully: "NAACP? You've got the wrong boy, I'm waiting for Malcolm X to return from Cairo." All Newark's bourgeois wanted from me or any other passer-by was a statement of intent.

My intent was to stand, like bland old Dwight Eisenhower usually does, above the fray. But I had hardly taken off my traveler's coat before the fray rolled right up to my doorstep, or at least to the AFRO's doorstep.

It seems that the NAACP headquarters is across the hall from the newspaper and last Tuesday night, NAACP bully boys were all set to slaughter each other on the pavement outside.

With all due respect to the NAACP's past accomplishments, the thought that after a career in journalism that had brought me face to face with segregationist Dixie sheriffs, angry mobs and desperate Ku Kluxxers, my moment of truth would come at the hands of my soul brothers fighting to possess the Newark NAACP seemed too absurd to be appreciated.

At that point in my confrontation with NAACP stalwarts blocking the newspaper entrance and the "out" group on the sidewalk below, whatever side I might have cast my lot with, finally, my conclusion was and continues to be "a plague on both your houses.

This is not to say that both sides are without merit. Gladiators on opposite ends of the NAACP arena are extremely likeable folks. Boyd Cantrell, current president and determined to be re-elected in December is a down-to-earth, jovial Baptist minister; Mrs. Larrie Stalks, incumbent vice-president, is a shrewd political strategist and superb hostess.

Among the "young turks" who want to replace Reverend Cantrell with themselves, John B. Davis is a brilliant fellow with a definite future in any leadership role he decides upon and his ally Harry Wheeler, school teacher, is full of fun when not busy hatching his many plots.

It is only when all these weavers and spinners lock on collision course that the going gets rough on innocent by-standers.

It would be reasonable to examine the issues involved in this Newark civil rights leadership fight and this I would do if anyone ever gets around to explaining them.

The only issue in recent weeks has been whether Don Newcombe or Boyd Cantrell will run the local NAACP.

No one tends to go further and speculate on what either man would do with the office. Reverend Cantrell was named to fill the term vacated upon the death of C. B. Norris last year which puts him in much the position of LBJ with inherited programs.

Newcomb's involvement in the civil rights movement is fairly recent. His detractors claim he sought the office as a base for political ambition. This is a rather silly reason for the opposition mounted against him.

Most of the NAACP "in" group for that matter, is up to its collective ears in politics also which makes Newcombe's bid just a mirror image of what now exists.

But we can put Newcombe's designs on the NAACP to rest temporarily. Don has been ruled ineligible to run because his membership was not received by NAACP election deadline.

Now Theodore Pinckney and Dr. John L. Pinderhughes have the field to themselves in their challenge of Reverend Cantrell's leadership.

Neither challenger has yet come forth with any positive reasons why they deserve the presidency but, come to think of it, neither has B. B. Cantrell.

It is subterranean conversation around this town that he who would control the Newark NAACP would hold the colored vote. A whispering campaign on both sides in the fight has it that if the "young turks" now win with Pinderhughes or Pinckney they will be under the domination of white liberals in the area — or conversely, that since many of the incumbents have ties with City Hall, they will be under the thumb of the mayor.

I am an outsider in no way able to prove one rumor against the other. Probably both are false but since the NAACP has been an integrated vehicle from its inception at century's turn to date, it is hardly startling that whites, liberals or otherwise, would be a force to reckon with in the organization.

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IN OTHER times, I have written that in the North the sacrifices of NAACP members are of a different kind and degree than those of us who toil in the Dixie vineyards.

In the South, NAACP'ers duck bullets, in the North they stage benefit cocktail sips to raise money to send down home to the front line troops. Only a philosopher could define the greater sacrifice and only the NAACP is big enough to provide room for each at his own level.

Drinking martinis until one falls out cold in the cause of freedom may just as well entail the same amount of fortitude as trying to register voters in Neshoba County, Mississippi. These things are relative.

What the Newark branch NAACP does for all the people is infinitely more important than who wins the political foot race.

Where all this leaves the rest of us just plain soul brothers and sisters is known only to God and Roy Wilkins.

People, places and things

Sunshine please to Mrs. Essie G. Hood, the nurse, 315 N. Calhoun St. She needs plenty of it. Here's why:

Since July 2, 1964 when she was struck by an auto at Calhoun and Mulberry Sts., she has been confined, first in the hospital (for three months), and now at home.

Worst of all, she has been tied down in a long and often painful leg cast for five months, can only move around with the aid of two crutches!

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In addition to the broken left leg, she suffered a broken right hand, plus other cuts and bruises.

As of now, Mrs. Hood feels she has come a long way, 'but I have a long way to go yet. I have always prayed and trusted in God and I feel I will walk again. I have an appointment with the doctor this week.'

P.S. — Mrs. Hood is a member of Union Baptist Church. Hopkins Hospital employees and patients may remember that she worked there before the near-fatal accident.

Think you have troubles? Remember Mrs. Hood the next time you start to complain.

And, to think, she was injured while walking along the street, minding her own business!

Welcome home: Mrs. Lorraine Gray and her husband SP5 Charles Gray, who is in the Army are home after two years in Italy.

Mr. Gray has been in the army for three years. They are expecting their first child in January.

Welcome home greetings to them at 4700 Wakefield Rd.

Mr. Gray plans to enroll in Johns Hopkins University to study engineering.

And, from Chicago, word that delegates to the professional social workers meeting included Mrs. Lettie C. Madison, case supervisor of Essex County (N.J.) Overbrook Hospital.

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Many know her as a courageous senior resident.

Remember she had a leg amputated earlier this year. She is a member of Douglas Memorial Church.

Detroit visitor last week: Dr. Thomas Jones, Baltimore eye specialist. He was there for an institute on plastics of the eye (contact lenses etc.).

Cuff note: Are the dead still voting in Baltimore? Looks like it. Registered and in good standing according to the list of registered voters in the 10th ward of the 13th precinct is a Clendenin St. resident who has been dead ten years!

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Notes from other areas: Announcement from Philadelphia, to the effect that Cassandra Maxwell Birnie, formerly practicing attorney in Atlanta, has opened offices there at the One East Penn Square Building.

And, from Chicago, word that delegates to the professional social workers meeting included Mrs. Lettie C. Madison, case supervisor of Essex County (N.J.) Overbrook Hospital.

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Mrs. Ethel Gray is the son of Mrs. Girlie Mae Hooker and Calvin Hooker.

Mrs. Gray is the daughter of James Duppins and Mrs. Richard Cresham.

Some seven and a half million persons have visited President Kennedy's grave in Arlington National Cemetery.

Announced this week were plans for the design of a new and permanent Kennedy gravesite. It will cost about two million, and will not be ready until 1966.

Want to see a model of the site? It's on exhibition at the National Gallery in D.C. from now until Dec. 14.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Sundays when it can be seen from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Orchids to pretty Edith Finney. She was elected treasurer of all tenth graders at Eastern High.

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Thinking of you cards to Mrs. Alfreda Tyrell of N. Gilmor St. She's back in Provident Hospital (Room 206).