"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

Help us to undertake seemingly unpleasant and burdensome tasks assigned to us against our will—Amen.

Supreme Bench Vacancy

In the years he has been chief executive for Maryland, Gov. J. Millard Tawes has appointed 4 judges to the Maryland Court of Appeals and 9 judges to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore.

Appeal judges usually are moved up from lower courts. This means Gov. Tawes has had four opportunities created by promotions and five chances through other means, to name the first colored member of the Supreme Bench.

He denies that he made the appointment of a judge a pre-election promise and he is sensitive about any mention of campaign pledges.

The governor is on firm ground when he says the Bar Association has not recommended any colored attorneys for judges.

Bar Associations generally have obliged governors by making sure all those groups from which the chief executive might want to nominate, have been represented on their lists.

Governors, of course, are under no obligation to approve nominees of the Bar Association. It is the duty of the governor to name judges. Nothing in the Constitution says this is with the consent of the Bar Association.

The Bar Association no longer should expect governors to respect its lists unless it meets its own responsibility and sees that qualified attorneys from every group are included.

In the case of Municipal Court Judge Robert B. Watts, he already has experience and there is no reason why he should not be promoted.

There also is no reason why a respected young attorney like George L. Russell Jr. should not be appointed to the bench.

Both are eminently qualified.

Baptist Ministers' Conference

Under the constitution of the Baptist Ministers' Conference no president can succeed himself when once elected for a two-year term, unless he has vacated the office for a year.

It was an attempt to violate this provision of the constitution that has occasioned three recent stormy meetings of the conference.

Monday, the Rev. George Crawley was elected president by a reported vote of 29 to 13.

We hope this problem is now solved.

The Baptist Ministers' weekly Conference is steeped in local tradition. Here the AFRO was dreamed and became a reality.

Here the first business was born, the N. W. Supply Company.

Here was established the first branch of the NAACP, although it did not bear that title.

Here met the Revs. Harvey Johnson, William M. Alexander, P. Carter Neal, Whit Allen, Garnett Waller, and many others who founded the city's Baptist churches and provided this community with distinguished leadership for a hundred years.

There may be those young people who are not aware of these traditions or of the high place this denomination holds in the minds of older people.

Certainly a respect for church law and order has been the basis upon which Baptists have built their faith.

And today we cannot depart from it.

Senator Phoebus

For 30 years Harry Phoebus was one Republican who could be relied upon to win reelection in Maryland's state senate.

Before that he was a member of the House of Delegates and a County Commissioner.

There was one election he lost early in his career. He ran for court clerk and was defeated by Millard Tawes, now governor.

No one senator can read all the bills introduced in the Senate. Mr. Phoebus often pushed a bill across the desk of former State Senator Harry Cole. "What's in this bill, Harry?" he would ask.

"If Harry had wanted to," he said on another occasion, "Harry could have become a rich man in just one senate term."

His stock phrase to constituents and to others was, "Make my office your headquarters whenever you come to Annapolis." He meant it.

In the Phoebus office—neutral ground—squabbling Democrats met to settle disputes and smoke the pipe of peace.

It was his firm belief in the eternal goodness of people that made him an important figure in the political life of this state.

Another Bombing

Another home was bombed in Alabama this week, this one in Montgomery.

The total of houses and churches destroyed by dynamite or fire now exceeds 50.

Law has broken down; the police themselves often are involved. Eventually the oppressed people will have to protect themselves.

Terrorism is a matter of degree. But it is the same in Alabama and Mississippi and in the Congo.

Nor can we rush off to Africa to rescue others when we can not protect our own citizens in the South.

War On Poverty

The War on Poverty, which has taken on the aspect of a holy crusade, will be directed in the District by the United Planning Organization which last week received a $1,455,980 grant from the Federal Government.

To say the program is needed in Washington is to state the obvious. In the midst of a relatively affluent community, pockets of poverty do exist.

One has only to look at the depressed areas of Washington to realize how the vicious circle of poverty has entrapped thousands of youngsters and adults in a life from which all hope has fled.

The poverty stricken are caught up in a series of circumstances beyond their control. Poverty begins with birth and follows them through school, from which they emerge still impoverished into a world of endless poverty for them, and the children they will produce.

In such a life, man loses a sense of dignity, a sense of being needed. There is none of the romanticism of poverty that poets once found when they extolled the virtues of being poor. There is instead, a dullness and a deadness that consigns a man to treadmill that will end only with his death.

The poverty program will seek to break this endless chain with a variety of measures. It is a program with goals that are perhaps set too high, but even if they can not all be reached, it will be worth the cost.

The program is of particular importance to colored Americans who must face not only the sting of poverty itself, but the lash of prejudice and discrimination growing out of their color.

While other minority groups have been able to move up the ladder out of the muck of poverty into the general population, the color bar has effectively blocked off this upward mobility for non-whites.

A new and special approach has to be tailored to deal with non-whites and in the poverty program there is room for such an approach.

Our hope would be that the officials in charge of the local program will not allow themselves to become enmeshed in mountains of red tape, where reports take precedence over action.

There is much that can be accomplished through an imaginative and bold program and if the program works, as we feel that it will, the entire community, not just those on the poverty level, will be the beneficiary.

Peacemakers Are Seldom Liars

Dr. Martin Luther King has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize—the highest honor the world knows.

J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, in a fit of pique called Dr. King a "notorious liar."

A person cannot be the world's greatest advocate of peace and a liar at the same time.

Peacemakers make peace because the world believes and trusts them.

Because Dr. King is a man of peace he sought Hoover out for a conference instead of suing him for slander.

Mr. Hoover's usefulness as head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was impaired when the FBI failed to prevent the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Now comes Mr. Hoover's attacks upon King, the U.S. Supreme Court, his praise of states rights and the John Birch Society.

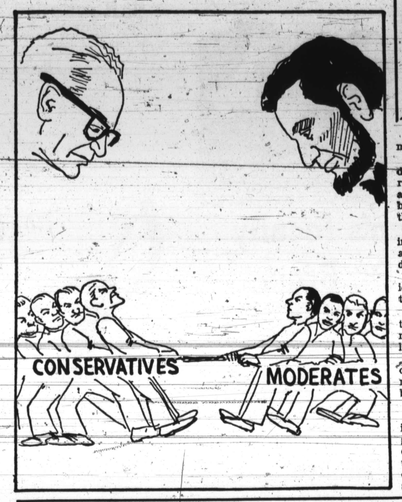
It is clear Mr. Hoover does not see eye to eye with the new administration. At sixty-nine he has had a long and honorable career.

The end of it should not be ingloriously marred with bitter disputes.

As a matter of course, President Johnson should ask for the voluntary resignation of Mr. Hoover as he does for all other bureau heads.

This is routine when any new President takes office.

Eyes On State GOP Saturday



What Our Readers Say

Cafeteria Worker

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:

I was reading your write-up by Troy Brailey in the Friday AFRO about the school cafeteria workers.

Yes, everything you wrote is true.

I am answering it to see if anything can be done about it.

Other workers said they were going to write, too.

A Taxpaying Cafeteria Worker

An Uncle Tom?

Dear AFRO:

This letter is in regards to George W. Collins' statements concerning the Muslims in his column of Nov. 21.

Mr. Collins said that I murdered the King's language (sic) and that Mr. Muhammad had better stop his subordinates from appearing on radio or television.

I would like to say to Mr. Collins that the Muslims' ideas may not be as ridiculous as he thinks they are, and I am not so sure that as many people laugh at the Muslims' ideas as they do his ridiculous statements.

We have always known that when ever a black man speaks out in behalf of his own people we always have an Uncle Tom to speak out in behalf of his master.

It might be interesting for Mr. Collins to know that 75 per cent of the people that were listening to the radio program (both white and black) agreed with what I said. Any people who oppose separation from their enemies after being made blind, deaf and dumb by that enemy and having been beaten and killed for 400 years by their enemy, then something must be wrong upstairs.

I think the laugh is on Mr. Collins for if he thinks that the white man is going to integrate him with his other white brothers then he has another "think coming" and is under a strong illusion and needs to be pitied. But whether Mr. Collins likes it or not, we the Muslims, the followers of Messenger Elijah Muhammad are going to be SUCCESSFUL.

MINISTER ISAIAH KARRIEM
(Editor's Note: In what?)

Teachers, Parents

Dear AFRO:

This is an open letter to parents and teachers everywhere.

ASSOCIATION is a word that can mean a lot to us all. So let's take it letter by letter and see what I mean:

A stands for ACTION that can mean so much when parents and teachers are always in touch.

S represents SACRIFICE that we all should be willing to make not only for our children but for the entire community as well.

S also stands for SERVICE in things that only can be done by you and me.

Like serving God and our fellow man too.

O represents ORGANIZATION of a well run school where parents see that the children obey each and every rule.

C means CAREFULLY thinking the things to be done and never stop pushing till the battle is won.

I stands for INTEREST in all of our school and community programs as well and with that kind of interest all should run along well.

A means ALL of us to do our best and with the help of the Almighty we can't help but do the very best.

T donates that we TAKE part in our school activities whether large or small. Remember you are the one who is needed when you are called.

I stands for IMMEDIATE action which is almost every case is the type of action that counts.

O represents well planned OUTDOOR school activities where your active participation is welcomed.

N which is mighty important since it stands for NIGHTLY counselling which the children need so very much.

B. F. HARRIS

Pin-Point

(Continued from column 6)

Commission on Interracial Problems and Relations and its sister city agency for "fighting to lift bars against colored artists in general and Marian Anderson in particular for Lyric Theatre benefit concert."

* * *

1954 — Dr. John H. Fischer and John H. Schwatka, School superintendent and principal of Southern High School, "for orderly implementation of Supreme Court School decree."

1955 — Baltimore Urban Renewal and Housing Agency "for desegregating public housing voluntarily."

Honorable mention to Brown Memorial and Grace Presbyterian churches for "exchanging worship services."

Succeeding winners included Mrs. Juanita Tesser, the Baltimore YWCA, Sheraton Belvedere Hotel (declined), the Civic Interest Group, Salisbury - Wicomico Human Relations Committee, all for significant contributions to the struggle for human dignity.

Same is true for persons and organizations getting honorable mention.

Viewed from today's vantage point, we agree with the founder that the above accounts do seem to fall in the category of "little things."

But 18 years ago — as now — little things meant a lot.

POET'S NOOK

GOOD-BYE

Let's say, "Good-Bye,"
Nor wait Love's latest breath
Poised now so lightly on the wing of
Death,
While yet within our eyes one fervent gleam
Remains to hallow this, a passing
dream:
Yes, yes, "Good-Bye,"
For it is best to part
While Love's low light is burning
In the heart!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Pin-Point

Little Things Mean A Lot

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

Do you remember the "old" Baltimore?

You know, the one where theatres, department stores, lunch counters, restaurants, schools (public, private and parochial), public conveyances, business and industry all had one thing in common — the color bar?

In that Baltimore desegregation and integration were looked upon with apprehension and lingering foreboding.

At best they were unpopular topics. Most severest critics viewed them as downright reprehensible.

It would be folly, of course, to contend that there aren't still far too many among us now who hold similar convictions.

If, however, recent developments can be used as any yardstick their ranks are dwindling — slowly, yes — but dwindling.

* * *

IT IS understandable, and fitting, if newcomers to our town take for granted such minor matters as colored taxicab drivers, transit operators, a goodly number of police officers above the rank of patrolman, school integration, (public, private and parochial), and stepped-up emphasis on equal housing and employment opportunities.

This is as it should be. This, oldtimers like to believe, is the 'new' Baltimore.

In an effort to chronicle that elusive and sometimes baffling animal called progress, it should be noted too that it hasn't always been that way.

The 'old' Baltimore — this adjective should be regarded in a relative sense — is remembered thus because of the passing of an organization that has had, in the words of the founder, much to do with "making the inevitable acceptable."

We like to believe that is an accurate description of the Hollander Foundation. For 18 years it has been a vital force in creating a "favorable climate" in which the seeds of human relations could grow.

Monday the foundation will mark its 18th and final birthday.

HF was founded by the children of, and in honor to Sidney Hollander Sr., a prominent citizen and philanthropist. It is headed by his son, Sidney Hollander Jr.

Mr. Hollander Sr. and Jr., past recipients of the annual Hollander Awards, and members of the jury will gather in a downtown hotel to celebrate the birth and death of the Hollander Foundation.

It is fitting, too, that its death—like its birth—brings reason to rejoice.

* * *

"WE FEEL that the battle for human rights has shifted from the small off-the-beaten path stage to the spotlight of world opinion," Mr. Hollander said, while explaining the happy ending of a vibrant force in a changing community.

"Eighteen years ago, gaining admission to a theatre, eating at a lunch counter, attending integrated schools were 'pretty big' things.

"Today they are small.

"Where small organizations, a few individuals labored faithfully in the area of human rights then, now the executive, judicial, and legislative arms of the Federal Government, state legislatures, local government, national church bodies, and even the Pope in Rome have all joined the fight.

"Happily, we can say that history has overtaken the Hollander Foundation."

That is an adequate epitaph for HF.

Nor nearly two decades the foundation chartered the progress of human rights here and publicly cited those who, in the opinion of its jury, contributed most dramatically to that progress in a given year.

While the founders, supporters, and the man in whose honor the organization is named are gathered they will watch a one - hour document televised by WBAL TV, Channel 11.

It is called significantly enough "The Hollander Report." Air time is 8 to 9 p.m.

* * *

PERHAPS THERE are more, but Mr. Hollander Jr. gives three reasons for the creation of the foundation:

1. To develop a respect and acceptability for human rights, "if you can do this through ceremony."

2. To show each year how the drive for equality would move in the same direction.

3. To pay some small respect to the Sr. Mr. Hollander, "who, in the words of his son "was criticized as being radical when he voiced concern for human rights when it wasn't popular to do so."

The performance chart on HF is enlightening — especially for those who have reason to feel that the 'new' and 'old' Baltimore are one and the same.

* * *

1946 — FIRST annual Hollander Award to Baltimore Sun-papers for "removing racial designations from headlines and supporting racial equality."

Honorable mention to Presbytery of Baltimore for "electing a colored person to post-of presiding moderator for Baltimore area." Also to H. Milton of Friends House.

1947 — Dr. William H. Lemmel, school superintendent, "for integrating teaching staff, and—Dr. Harry Bard—for program of intercultural activity for culturally deprived (colored) children."

1948 — To St. Johns College in Annapolis "for integrating student body." Award declined because school felt it would "cause problems."

1949 — Baltimore City Medical Association "for erasing color bars in membership."

1950 — Loyola College "for accepting colored students in all areas of college life."

1951 —Robert Freeman, "of the Yellow Cab Company for hiring colored drivers."

1952 — Then Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin "for appointing colored persons to high government positions."

1953 — Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) "for opening up downtown lunch counters to all customers."

Honorable Mention to Baltimore Fellowship House and Maryland

(Continued in column 3)

Only In America

Busing Issue 50 Years Hence

By HARRY GOLDEN

There wil be a day when school opens in the year 2004, a 50-year-old man with six children will recall 1954 and the great school bus crisis.

His son, a senior in high school, will ask him, "Dad, we are studying about the social revolution in civics. It was in your time—do you remember anything about it?"

Indeed the father does.

But what he remembers he has not communicated to anyone, not even to his colored associates at the bank, nor to his own relatives, friends and neighbors. He has never discussed it with anyone, till now, till his son asked him.

* * *

THE FATHER was 10 years old in 1954, a white boy coming from a reasonably comfortable middle-class home, and his participation in what his son calls the "social revolution" did not seem significant to him until long after he had left college.

And even at that he thought of it only on those annual visits to his mother's grave. He would arrange the flowers, say his little prayer and then add these few words: "She didn't run like a rabbit."

His mother was not an intellectual nor for that matter a woman much given to "causes." She contributed to the Community Chest and to the Red Cross, and to the church and these were perfunctory contributions, socially and not emotionally inspired.

Most of his mother's ideals in fact were perfunctory ideals except she didn't scare, and she didn't scare because she had common sense, made firm by a sense of fairness.

When the petitioners came around to the apartment house they lived in, he remembers the set speeches they had. They argued that many immigrants had come to America and had made good by sticking to their own neighborhoods.

* * *

THEY WERE the Italians who stuck to Little Italy and who produced great baseball players and politicians, and bankers, and they were the Jews who stuck to their own neighborhood and eventually produced scientists and musicians, and the Poles who went to a neighborhood school and who produced labor leaders and doctors.

And, argued the petitioners, why couldn't colored people go to school in their own neighborhoods and leave us in our own neighborhood school?

And he remembered his mother saying, "Well, they are black, and that's why. We've kept them locked in because their color makes them so easily recognizable, and now they want to get out while they're still young or they will remain locked in like their parents," and she said, "No, I won't sign the petition."

So this 50-year-old man tells his son, "Yes, I do remember the colored revolution very well.

"I was 10 years old and we lived on 16th St. and one September when school opened I was one of the 388 students who boarded a school bus and traveled 19 blocks where I sat in a classroom with colored children.

"Some of our neighbors told your grandmother if I didn't boycott the scool the standards of education would be lowered, and lots of other bad things would happen.

"But I'm grateful that your grandmother didn't run, and I'll tell you a secret, son. All my adult life I have thought of this experience with great pride, pride in having been a participant.

* * *

"I HAVE always felt that somehow I had helped even though I was only 10 years old. Getting on the bus that morning in September, 1954, has done more for me, son, than all the algebra and French and Roman history I've long ago forgotten.

"And, son, the next time we go to the cemetery we'll both say, 'she didn't run like a rabbit.'" (Copyright 1964, by Harry Golden. Distributed by Bell-McClure Syndicate)

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 condone injustice, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

★OPINIONS AND COMMENTS★

People, places and things

There are just seventeen (that's right 17), shopping days until Christmas.

Before you purchase your gifts, look at bargains offered by advertisers in the columns of this newspaper.

And do shop early and avoid the crowds. Stories in this edition tell how you can help the AFRO's Mrs. Santa make the deserving families happy at Christmas.

* * *

You read the tip in this column last week. Now it is a fact. Father Cecil Marshall of Birmingham, Ala., will be the new associate rector of St. James Episcopal Church.

He takes over his duties Sunday, Dec. 13.

Remember we told you he's just 32, handsome and single and well trained.

* * *

A graduate of Boston U., Hartford Seminary, he earned his master's degree in religious education at Seabury Western.

He has had experience with inner city problems, having worked with an East Harlem (N.Y.) parish. 'Just what we need,' says St. James' rector, Father Donald O. Wilson.

* * *

Cuff note: Arrival of his new assistant coincides with Father Wilson's 19th ordination anniversary.

* * *

Not every public servant has the ability to make people he meets feel like old friends.

Slate Senator Harry T. Phoebus was that kind of person.

Whether you met him on the street or in a public meeting, he took time to stop and smile, or say a hello.

A co-worker recalls that when he came to the AFRO office, he stopped to chat with all he met, addressing them by name!!

* * *

As Somerset County's Republican representative, to the House of Delegates and later to the State Senate, his public career spanned 46 years.

Senator minority leader since 1955, he stepped down in 1963 because of ill health and in the past year devoted most to his energy to his used car business.

* * *

The AFRO's 1950 Honor Roll cited Senator Phoebus as 'a state senator with liberal views,' and for 'his continuous fight for the rights of all citizens.'

It was noted he introduced the jim crow repeal legislation and fought for equalization of school facilities in Somerset County.

The citation added: 'The Eastern Shore of Maryland could use more legislators of Senator Phoebus' caliber and courage.'

* * *

Reunion: Haven't I seen you some place before, was the greeting we received from the guest of honor at the Dorchester Rd. home of the Charles Davises on Saturday evening.

It turned out the speaker was Mrs. Leah Minor Butler, formerly of St. Paul Minn., whom we had not seen since U. of Minnesota days.

Mrs. Butler now lives in Asheville, N. C. with her dentist - husband, Dr. Manuel W. Butler.

* * *

Dr. Butler and Mrs. Davis (Winifred to her friends), are brother and sister.

This provides an opportunity to mention that the Davises are newcomers to our town, and that Mrs. Davis is a very gracious hostess.

* * *

Congrats are due Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Hunt (Elise), 2302 Roslyn Ave. They marked their 15th wedding anniversary last Wednesday.

* * *

Sunday visitors: The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Carroll (Gladys), of D.C., where he is pastor of Randall Memorial Methodist Church.

Mrs. Carroll is with the President's Equal Opportunity Committee on Employment at Andrews Air Force Base.

Hellos to them at their new home, 5005 Deming Drive, Suitland, Md.

Political Notebook

Parents, Beware

By MAX JOHNSON

A City Council ordinance to be well remembered by all parents and legal guardians of minors — now awaits Mayor McKeldin's signature.

It is a new city law — or will be when the mayor signs it — to make such parents and guardians financially responsible for their minors' acts of vandalism.

And determined damages are collectable in amounts up to $500.

Covered are all types of wilful destruction by minors of the property of others — including such things as school vandalism, damages to other public and private properties, autos as well.

* * *

HERE IS a punitive measure designed to lift wanton acts of property damages out of their oft - termed "youngsters' pranks" category.

It puts them more firmly under the heading of payable criminal acts — where they belonged in the first place.

And it puts parents and legal guardians in a more responsible position for acts of their minors — where they also belong in the first place.

In short this means if your teenager or legal ward goes out on a round of vandyism and destroys or defaces somebody else's property — you're going to have to pay for it under court order.

This financial liability will be in addition to whatever the probationary or committing sentence given the offending minor by the court.

* * *

FOR THOSE who may be inclined to consider this rather harsh — let's review some instigating matters.

City Council President D'Alesandro appointed on Nov. 1 last year a committee of councilmen to study what could be done to curb vandalism.

Nearly 11 months later on Sept. 21 of this year — the committee came in with these findings:

"The total damages caused each year by vandals in the city of Baltimore is shocking.

"In the schools for the year of 1963 — the damages exceeded $179,000.

"The Department of Recreation and Parks reports that for 12 months prior to Oct. 1963 — damages caused to facilities and property under their control and jurisdiction exceeded $175,000.

"The total damage to all properties under the jurisdiction and management of the Baltimore Urban Renewal and Housing Agency exceeded $140,000.

"The amount of damages caused to privately owned property runs into the high six figures annually."

* * *

THE COMMITTEE was composed of Councilmen Joseph J. Staszak (1st) Charles Panuska (2nd), John A. Pica (3rd), Henry G. Parks Jr. (4th), Reuben Caplan (5th) and William J. Myers (6th).

Here is another interesting angle of this committee's report — one to spike a lot of arguments

"The vandals who cause the trouble are not confined to any particular economic, national or ethnic group.

"They come from all levels of society and from the suburbs as well as from the city.

"Vandalism has become a way of life, and to some a sport, rather than a serious departure from basic tenets of honesty."

* * *

THE COMMITTEE, following recommendations of strict penalties utilization of the Anti - Poverty Act as a means of establishing corrective social measures, presented the current ordinance.

This Ordinance 738 was passed by the City Council last Monday.

I am of the fast opinion we ought to have had the thing here long ago.

It's high time a lot of people be held accountable for the wild, silly destructive property damages of their brats.

Some sharp bites on the pocketbooks of the parents of the offenders ought to go a long way toward turning the trick.

That's just what this ordinance is designed to do — and my guess is they're going to start matters off with sharp examples of convicted offenders.

If YOU Ask ME

BY BETTYE M. MOSS

YOU ARE HERE in this photo if you were a sixth grader at Robert Brown Elliot School No. 104 on Feb. 2, 1936. Front row, arrow, is the late Mrs. Mary (Molly) E. Rodman, the principal, a pioneer Baltimore educator. On Monday, a million dollar school bearing her name will be dedicated. If you recognize the children in this photo, write the column, 'If You Ask Me.'

New school for 'Miss Molly'

On Monday evening, Dec. 7, the million dollar school at Mulberry and Grantley Sts., will be dedicated and officially named the Mary E. Rodman Elementary School No. 204.

This article is for the 1100 youngsters who began using the facility when it opened in September:—

Your school honors the memory of a grand lady, Mrs. Mary Ellen Taylor Rodman. She was born on Mulberry St. in South Baltimore on April 3, 1873.

She died Nov. 15, 1937.

* * *

Called 'Miss Molly' by associates, she was distinguished in several areas. Most will remember her because she blazed many trails.

One contemporary recalls her as a small, short lady, round of face, and with a remarkably pleasant disposition, 'one of the nicest people you ever met.'

She will likewise be remembered for her 44 years as a teacher and principal in the Baltimore schools and for her activities in civic groups

* * *

'Excellent teacher,' a good disciplinarian,' a capable administrator,' are the words applied to 'Miss Molly.'

In a 1934 AFRO interview, she said of her own career, 'I was determined to do my best in my chosen profession.'

Seventy-three years ago (June 1889), when Mrs. Rodman finished high school, there were only nine graduates, six of them girls, three boys.

* * *

She was just 16, and the youngest in the class. All members of the class began teaching the following September.

They were all assigned to the one new school built for colored children (Carrollton and Riggs Aves.), with George W. Biddle as principal. *

(This is the school now designated as Frances Ellen Harper School No. 111).

AFRO files show 'Miss Molly's' promotions came in short order. She herself recalled a day in Sept. 1883, when she was made teacher-in-charge of the first grade at School No. 9: (Fayette and Greene Sts.).

"I received the magnificent salary of $504 a year."

* * *

In 1903, when special promotions were made to 'the best 100 teachers' who were given $100 annual pay increase, she was among them.

There followed study at the local normal school, Hopkins, the Michigan State Normal School, Morgan, and Columbia University.

In one interview she laughingly commented: "It was work, hard work and plenty of it. But oh, what a thrill one gets out of it."

* * *

When Miss Molly retired in 1933, she was principal of Robert Brown Elementary No. 104.

Asked to comment on her long and colorful career she said, 'To me dealing with little children brings a joy unsurpassed by any other service.'

* * *

There are many colorful stories about 'Miss Molly.'

This writer likes to recall that she found time to write stories and poems for her children, to inspire them to be proud of themselves and to believe.

Among her writings is a book of 50 poems. One of them is entitled 'Little Lassie Brown.'

A portion of it reads:

Little, bright-eyed lassie, skin of darker hue when I see you lightly tripping, perforce I think of you.

* * *

Past you trip so gaily on your errand, small, little feet so lightly dancing, not afraid at all.

Will there be a chance, child for your soul so true? Will you be allowed to climb, dear, for a fairer view?

* * *

If Mrs. Rodman were around today, she would have an answer to that question.

The school which bears her name has 25 full-sized classrooms, 2 kindergarten rooms, a library, art and music rooms, an auditorium which can seat 300; gymnasium, cafeteria and an administrative suite, health unit and teachers' work rooms. (facilities unheard of in her day!)

If she were here, this pioneer teacher-principal would be pleased, but she would repeat her call for excellence. Let's hope the youngsters at Rodman School will set an example for children in other schools.

They have a special duty because they attend a school named for a pioneer educator who blazed the trail of excellence.

Labor-Business

An Ultimatum

By STERLING A. PAIGE

With the announced intention of the City of Baltimore to give aid in the renewal of deteriorating and suffering inner-city business districts, Pennsylvania Ave. property owners and business investors would do well to map plans to get some of this help.

Certainly both structural and human rehabilitation would be helpful in the area from the 1400 block on down.

Social deterioration is as much in evidence in these blocks as in other areas. Conditions have been permitted to exist that would not be tolerated in the downtown districts of the city.

An example could well be taken from the upper end of the Avenue where the progressive actions of members of the Pennsylvania Avenue - Lafayette Market Association have exhibited a determination to revive as well as survive.

Provisions for ample parking, a well - planned merchants' program, plus more effective policing of the area would do much toward re-establishing a pleasant and progressive main stem.

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A MOST ridiculous situation has developed involving one of the larger processing and packing plants in the city.

The $125,000 bid by Parks Sausage Co. for a tract of land in Camden Industrial Park has not yet been answered by BURHA. Reason given for delay is that the bail was passed to the City Council's Committee on Ethics to determine if there is conflict because Henry Parks is a member of Council.

Ethics Committee supposedly has been considering the matter for about a month. The decision, which was expected weeks ago, has not been released as yet.

A realistic appraisal of the situation leads to the conclusion that amounts to an ultimatum: Either Parks Sausage must get out of town or Henry Parks must get out of the City Council.

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THE ENTIRE affair has political implications that this column will not attempt to get into.

The Parks Company employs 115 people and has annual Maryland payroll of $700,000.

With present plans for expansion, if the city land purchase is not approved, the Parks Company will build a new plant in Baltimore County and the city will lose many tax dollars.

Baltimore County has long sought to bring the meat company to its confines and has made liberal overtures in that direction.

Incidentally, the Nov. 21 issue of National Provisioner, a national magazine for the meat - packing industry, ran a three and one - half page spread, including pictures, on Park Sausage Co.

AT 1701 E. Chase St. on the front of a small store is a sign, Austin's Grocery. Inside I talked to the owner, Leonard Austin, while he nailed a wooden strip on the floor to serve as a door - stop.

Mr. Austin has operated this store five years, selling confections and groceries. He once operated an ice and coal route in East Baltimore.

This store is not a gold mine but he makes his own way.

Leonard Austin is BLIND — since an operation 15 years ago.

He drove the nails accurately located asked - for merchandise easily and made correct change for customers.

Mr. Austin says people are usually honest with him. Sometimes kids try to steal things. He has erected a wire fence around the tops of his counters and things are out of reach.

Another case of a man not bowing to a handicap. And you think YOU have it TOUGH!

* * *

JAMES GIBSON, winner of third grand prize in recent Royal Crown sales contest, has been selling for the soda company two years — is a former local bread company salesman.

* * *

NEWLY ELECTED member of board of directors of Advance Federal is the Rev. A. J. Payne. He replaces Raymond Haysbert, Parks Sausage exec, who resigned due to other pressing commitments.

* * *

FIRST ANTI -POVERTY loan under the Economic Opportunity Act goes to the Southern Consumers' Cooperative, Inc., of Lafayette, La.

Loan, $25,000, runs 15 years at 4 per cent interest.

Cooperative was formed a few years ago by 800 colored families who pooled their savings in an effort to improve their economic situation.

Coop is in business of baking fruit of blackeyed and trade name: Arcadian Fruit Cake Delight.

Money will be used for new plant and equipment in move to expand baking operations into other products.

Present operation employs eight people. Expansion program is expected to create 20 new jobs.

President of Southern Consumers is the Rev. Albert McKnight of Lake Charles, La.

Father McKnight and a group of leaders in southwest Louisiana area began experiments five years ago with ways to help low - income families raise their standard of living.

Coop was born of this experiment. Coop also operates a credit union, the People's Enterprise, Inc.

Credit union has already made loans of from $20 to $300 to about 40 families in the area.

The $25,000 loan comes through the Small Business Administration.

★PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS★

More about people and things

Sick note: Up in Buffalo, N.Y.? Mrs. Leeland N. Jones Jr., the former Carlita Murphy of Baltimore, had surgery on Sunday (gall stones). She's in Filmore Hospital (Room 132), doing fine.

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He's out: James Spencer, the W. Baltimore St. barber is out of the hospital after five weeks, and back at his shop. Many know him as the devoted Wayland Baptist Church member.

* * *

Cheer to Richard Farmer, the photographer, he's been in South Baltimore General Hospital (2H) for two weeks.

* * *

True story: Charles Henry Dorsey, the Fremont Ave. printer, who was buried last Saturday, once had hopes of becoming a physician.

After graduation from Howard University in 1924, he thought of entering medical school, but his father's illness changed his plans.

He returned to his native Baltimore to take over the family printing business — C. M. Dorsey and Sons. He ran it until he became ill two years ago.

By the way, Mr. Dorsey was a second generation Catholic layman. His uncle was Father John H. Dorsey who served St. Monica's Church in South Baltimore in the 1920's, remember?

P. S. — None of Mr. Dorsey's nine grandchildren is in the printing business and the plant is closed down.

There are 17 grandchildren. Maybe one of them will get the printing bug and pick up the torch.

Thinking of you cards to the widow Mrs. Olga Nicholson Dorsey, 1312 N. Fremont Ave.

NOTE for survivors of that tragic E. Oliver St. fire where seven children died: Mrs. Walter Scott, 127 Oak St., Turner Station, is willing to open her home and care for one or two of the surviving children, call her at 288 - 5455.

* * *

ATTENTION Lincoln U. grads: — A fellow graduate is guest in our town this weekend.

He is Dr. Gayraud S. Wilmore, executive director, Commission on Religion and Race of the United Presbyterian Church.

He comes to Baltimore to participate in the Morgan Christian Center's religion in life program. Theme is 'Faith and Ethics In A Revolutionary Context.'

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Snow note: Baltimore had S-n-o-w on Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1957, sufficient to close schools a half day. The following day (Dec. 5), we were under a foot of snow, schools were closed all day. Remember?

* * *

Sightseeing

Congo Offered No Other Option

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

The image of America, as seen through the eyes of Africa, has been tarnished by the swift events of the last few days in the explosive Congo.

In providing air transportation for Belgian paratroopers in the mission to rescue white hostages held by Congolese rebels, America insisted it was acting solely out of compassion and humanitarianism.

The scales were weighed — the death of perhaps a few and the loss of African friends, or the death of many and the scorn that inaction would bring — and in the end the few were placed above the many.

Should only the purest of motives be assigned to the rescue operation it is still necessary to understand that motives appear differently when viewed from varied vantage points.

To many Africans this was not a rescue mission, but a cold blooded and deliberate attempt to continue the white man's rule in Africa.

* * *

THE AMERICANS acted, so the Africans reason, before all chances for negotiation with the rebels had been exhausted. The rebels were demanding as the price for the release of the hostages the cession of American and Belgian aid to the hated figure of Moise Tshombe, because without this aid the rebels had a chance to win.

However, with the economic commitments of both nations in the Congo, the regime of Tshombe had to be maintained since he had cast his lot with the white man, as against the best interests of his own people.

If negotiations had continued, perhaps no lives would have been lost, but when the Americans and the Belgians came down out of the skies, the rebels, with nothing to lose, vented their anger on the nearest available instruments — in this case the hostages.

And so, runs the reasoning. It was not the crime of the rebels that caused the tragedy, but the crime of the Americans and the Belgians.

Perhaps there is an air of over intense rationalization in this, but to the Africans, trapped as we all are by frames of reference, it rings with a certain truth.

* * *

THE U. S. aided Tshombe, who is a lackey of the imperialists. Therefore the United States sides with the imperialists and must be bad.

Tshombe is not a figure to command respect in Africa. He has always played the white man's game. If he were in America he would be called not a "tool of imperialists" but an "Uncle Tom."

Such a man is bound to arouse the deepest of emotions, particularly in a land that is newly come to freedom and where so much emphasis is placed on shaking off the yoke of the white man.

During the course of his checkered career, Tshombe has always had the support of the white man. When the Belgians left the Congo in 1960, deliberately leaving it unprepared for the vicissitudes of independence, Tshombe, with the aid of the white man, attempted to carve off the hunk of the Katanga Province as his own personal fief.

Then the cry was raised that the legally constituted government of Patrice Lumumba was red-tinged and so this justified the Tshombe revolt.

With Lumumba murdered and the UN out, Tshombe returned to the Congo; only this time his supporters, instead of raising the flag for the rebels, now raised them for Tshombe.

The only thing that had changed was the role played by Tshombe. Now instead of trying to tear the country apart, he said he was putting it together—but the Africans felt it was to be a job masterminded by the whites.

Tshombe has been painted in western capitals as a shining knight, but to Africans he is a black knight, scheming not for the betterment of his people, but for the betterment of Tshombe and his white friends.

* * *

WITHOUT HIS white mercenaries and the support of the Belgians and the Americans, Tshombe would crumple like a house of cards.

The rebels resorted to such desperate measures as the taking of hostages to serve as bargaining pawns. Desperate men reach for desperate solutions, and the rebels in their desperation, gambled that they could force the U. S. and Belgium to back down by threatening to kill their nationals.

In this, the rebels underestimated the strength of the United States, which could not submit to such a form of blackmail and still maintain its posture as the leader of the western world.

There can be no defense of the killing of innocent people, but at the same time the incidents that led to the massacres have also some relevance.

It is easy to condemn the Congolese as blood thirsty savages, but are the hands of Belgium, which stole the land from the natives and then watered the ground with their blood, any cleaner?

Trouble there is in the Congo, but it will not be solved by the continued U. S. support of Tshombe, who can never hope to command the loyalties of his own people.

A government, responsive to the needs of the people and able to command their loyalties is the type of government that needs support.

**Other wise, we may find