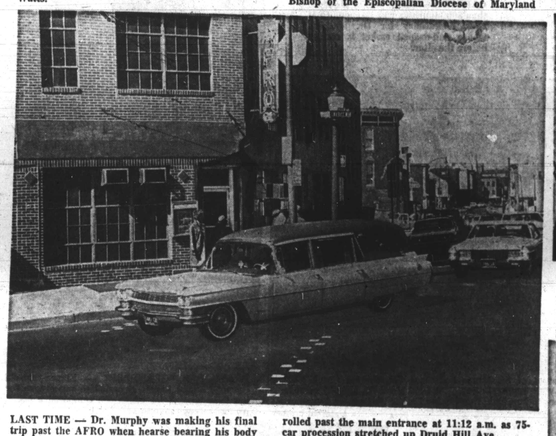
A 78-YR. DISTINGUISHED JOURNEY ENDS...

DIGNITARIES — Among Federal, state, and city officials who served as honorary pallbearers for Dr. Murphy's ziteu include from left Gov. Spiro T. Agnew, Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin, U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall, Rictor Bussie, Fred Gates, and (hidden) Robert E. MacNeal, U.S. Post Office Advisory Board, of which Dr. Murphy was a member; Dr. Gilbert Wares, aide to Gov. Agnew; Attorney General Francis B. Burch, former Mayor Philip H. Goodman, City Council President Thomas J. D'Alesandro III, Comptroller Hyman A. Pressman, Dr. Henry C. Welcome, Sen. Verda F. Welcome.

Welcome, and Municipal Court Judge Robert B. Watts.

COMMUNION — The Rt. Rev. Harry Lee Doll, Bishop of the Episcopalian Diocese of Maryland gives Holy Communion to the publisher's immediate family during the 40-minute rites.

NAACP HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM — Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mitchell Jr., staunch NAACP executives and longtime comrades of Dr. Murphy, etched these expressions of thoughtful reflections as they viewed the remains of the crusading spirit behind the NAACP for more than 36 years.



LAST TIME — Dr. Murphy was making his final trip past the AFRO when hearse bearing his body rolled past the main entrance at 11:12 a.m. as 75-car procession stretched up Druid Hill Ave.

ALTAR BOYS — James Wood (left) and Benjamin M. Phillips, grandsons, flank crucifer as Dr. Murphy's procession leaves church for trip to Arbutus Memorial Park. Among others on church steps are the Rev. Donald O. Wilson, Gov. Spiro T. Agnew and U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall.

CHURCHMAN AND WIFE—The Rt. Rev. D. Ward Nichols, Bishop of the AME Church and wife, Mrs. Sue Nichols were solemn when they visited the home of Dr. Murphy Tuesday when the body was on view.

DEFY WEATHER — These three unidentified spectators defied subfreezing cold and penetrating wind to witness funeral procession as it arrived at St. James Church.

AT THE HOME Mrs. Carl Murphy, right, shows one of the hundreds of telegrams of sympathy to (l. to r.) Dr. Rebekah Liebman, Mrs. Harry Bard, Mrs. Gertrude Young, Mrs. Elenora Zimmerman.

PALLBEARERS — Sons-in-law and nephews were pallbearers for Dr. Murphy. They are (counter clockwise) Arthur Moss, Clarence Henderson, John H. Murphy III, John J. Oliver (hidden by Mr. Murphy), James H. Murphy, Samuel T. Redd funeral attendant; Leeland Jones, Frederick Howard, Robert W. Matthews II, Marvin Davis, and S. Edward Smith.

FINAL ACT—The Rev. Donald O. Wilson commits the body of the AFRO Board chairman to the ground as the family looks on at graveside in Arbutus Memorial Park.

Condolences

SARGENT SHRIVER, director, Office of Economic Opportunity, Washington, D.C.:

"The long and distinguished career of Dr. Carl Murphy, whose talent and vision shaped the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers into a powerful and respected voice, remains an inspiration to all Americans.

"His unswerving commitment to the rights of all individuals, his efforts on behalf of many just causes, his dedication to the highest standards of journalism and his love of country combined to write a record death cannot erase.

L. M. QUINN, Michigan Chronicle, Detroit, Mich.:

"The management and staff of the Michigan Chronicle join the rest of the nation in mourning the loss of one of the giants of our time not only in the field of journalism but in the total civil rights movement over the past half century.

"The tradition that Dr. Carl Murphy helped to structure in forging the colored press into a force for good in the cause of improved human relations is a contribution that must be recognized by those who write the history of our times.

"We at the Chronicle looked to him for leadership and inspiration not only because of the tremendous pace he set as editor and publisher of the AFRO-AMERICAN, but also for the dedicated guidance he gave through his works with the National Newspaper Publishers Association.

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JOHN H. JOHNSON, president, Johnson Publishing Co., Chicago:

"Dr. Murphy's contributions to journalism and to American democracy will be long remembered. His life was one that all Americans can emulate with pride and satisfaction."

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MELVIN CHESTER SWANN, pastor, Waters AME Church, Baltimore:

"A prince and a great man has fallen. It is my prayer that God will give the AFRO leadership strength and the vision to achieve new goals."

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FAVORITE TASK of Dr. Carl Murphy, was ist awarding of a gold watch to the winner of the AFRO Ideal Mother Contest, an annual Mother's Day feature he started in 1948. Here the 1965 winner, Mrs. Irene P. Martin of Allen, Md. wears the newspaper's orchid corsage at the formal Mother of the Year affair. She and her husband, Louis P. Martin, now deceased, were parents of 12 children, 11 of them college graduates.

DOUGLASS HIGH 1907 classmate of Dr. Murphy is Mrs. Comfort Genevieve Harris, retired art teacher, shown at the Murphy home Tuesday talking with Norris Weis, principal of Forest Park High School.

Smiles, tears mark long, last farewell

By ELIZABETH M. OLIVER

Funerals are not all sadness. Smiles often come through the tears as persons in the crowd recall pleasant memories of days gone by.

So it was during the days of mourning and funeral services for AFRO publisher and chairman of the board of directors, Dr. Carl Murphy.

Many of the hundreds of citizens who came to pay their respects took a moment to recall brighter moments.

CLASSMATES

Among them were Mrs. Comfort Genieve Harris, Mrs. Irene Blay, Mrs. Mollie Bland Stewart, all of Baltimore.

They were classmates of Dr. Murphy's . . . the June 1907 graduating class of Douglass High School.

Actually, Mr. Harris, a retired teacher, and Dr. Murphy were classmates from the fifth grade at School 112.

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"I'VE ALWAYS known him as Carl," Mrs. Harris said adding, "I've followed him through the AFRO all these 60 odd years and I've been indeed proud."

A gracious, dignified woman, she sat quietly through the afternoon Tuesday at the Murphy home.

Later, quite by accident Mrs. Blay and Mrs. Stewart arrived to view the remains and bid Dr. Murphy goodbye.

As the longtime friends chated softly, their conversation of yesterday was seasoned with smiles and the tinkle of discrete laughter.

What happy years those were when they were young. Others finishing Douglass in 1907 are Charles Cary, Lloyd Clark, Harry Bragg, Mamie Grace, Lillie Harris, Margaret Howe, Eta Smith Pearl, Emma Mason.

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EDITOR WEEPS ALSO REMEMBERING

was Ralph Matthews Sr., one of Dr. Murphy's most picturesque and talented editors over a period of 40 years.

At first when the famed writer sat by the casket at the home Tuesday tears poured, uncontrolled.

The two men were pioneers in journalism four decades and had seen many joys and sorrows.

"Matty" as the now New Jersey AFRO editor is fondly known, felt so alone!

"Carl has been my inspiration all my life," he sobbed as scores of sympathetic mourners stepped back to let him cry.

But later sunshine peeped through as memories of the happy days returned.

"Matty" and Dr. Murphy were young again, together again, painting wonderous word pictures of people in the news, Father Divine, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Marian Anderson, Duke Ellington,

Matty and Dr. Murphy, writing history of a shining era, one that will never come again.

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LEE BROTHERS

THREE YOUNG men, brothers, who worked both at the AFRO and at Dr. Murphy's home and loved him as a father are Charles Lee, 23, Andrew Lee, 21 and Eugene Le Jr., 27.

Lee Jr., 27.

Lee, told this reporter "Dr. Murphy did so much for my sons, I don't know what they will do now he's gone." The trio, usually such happy persons, said they did not want to see the remains.

"We want to remember Mr. Carl as we last saw him," they stated, recalling many joyous Saturdays when they helped Dr. Murphy in his garden, learning about nature along with him, and proud days working with him at the office.

The young men held their heads high when they visited the residence Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY, as honorary pallbearers along with heads of government, city, state, AFRO editors, officials and employees, they were so proud, still walking as if Dr. Murphy had his arms around them.

It was not until the casket went down in the grave that they released the dream and

HIS BROTHERS

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Dr. Murphy's brother D. D. Arnett Murphy, the youngest of the original five Murphy brothers, sat in his brother's basement library Tuesday night with no trace of sorrow at first.

On the wall of the warm, friendly, room were the photos of George, John, Dan, Carl, Arnett and their father, AFRO founder John H. Murphy Sr. in 1919.

Young, handsome, with "Pop" in the center, they were looking forward eagerly to the growth of the AFRO to the point where it is today, the largest colored newspaper chain in the nation.

"Funny how Pop knew," Arnett said, looking back nearly a century.

"He put Carl in his place and we all pulled together. It wasn't easy, but we were happy, disagreeing like brothers will do, but working together."

Later Arnett said as the finality of his brother's death hit him, "I'm not weeping now. I can't. I've cried so much. I haven't any more tears."

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JOHN JR., Dr. Carl's other surviving brother, now 87, was the central figure at the Monday night Masonic rites.

Smiling, he worked hard at the pleasant task of seeing that the services that mean so much to Masons were perfect, "for Carl."

MASONIC RITES

Nationally known lodge officials had come from plane, train, and car at his bidding.

Prior to the rites, the room off the side of the one that held the casket resounded with talk of other days, happy occasions the brothers had together.

During the early rights of Lodge of Sorrow and the Blue Lodge by Enterprise Lodge No. 3, John Jr. was brave with no tears. Prior to the Hiram Consistory No. 3 rites of the 33rd and last degree at midnight, he greeted friends of the family in his own jovial manner.

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FAMILY MEMBERS and longtime acquaintances shared little memories with him.

But when the lights were dimmed for the final services, the aged brother became silent. The Grand Master of the Universe had called his brother Carl home.

Weeping softly he saw the society's scroll deposited and the white lambskin apron the Masonic emblem, deposited in the casket.

By the time the casket was closed and each member had filed by to bid "the last long farewell," tears were streaming.

"Carl, Carl," he called in a voice that brought deep grief to everyone present.

Then he fell prostrat into the arms of M. Brooks Waters, assistant Senechall of the United Supreme Council, "keeper of everything", his friend many, many years.

The other distinguished lodge members gathering tenderly around explained, "That's what we're here for."

DAUGHTERS BUSY

MRS. CARL MURPHY her daughter, Mrs. Marvin Davis, and Dr. Carl's five daughters, had many moments of "no time for tears", when they were busy perfecting the last tribute to the husband and father.

Many hours were spent on the job along with Dr. Murphy's secretary Mrs. Odessa Dyson, his nphews and nieces and AFRO staff members.

Also joining them was a team of scores of friends, club members and nighbor.

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THE PROGRAM, the 1,000 announcement cards sent to persons across the nation and abroad, th many other details of their combined plans resulted in the final services, the most impressive Baltimore has seen in recent times.

From early Saturday morning, a few hours after Dr. Murphy's unexpected death was announced, until closing services at the graveside in Arbutus Memorial Park, their labor of love continued.

Graciously and courteously the widow and daughters greeted no less than 1,500 persons, old and young at the hoce. They answered phone calls, personally.

Many times during the five days of heartbreaking grief they stopped by the AFRO office or called to help keep the "wheels rolling", thanking every single employee for the concern constantly shown.

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MRS. IDA M. SMITH was in charge of the pallbearers and ushers.

All in morning suits, they were grandsons, nephews and sons-in-law.

Two grandsons served as altar boys.

Mrs. Bettye Moss arranged the editorial part of the memorial pages of the AFRO, wrote the obituary, instructed reporters and cameramen.

Mrs. Davis, Mesdames Frances Henderson, Vashti Matthews, Carlita Jones, both at the funeral home Monday and the home Tuesday spoke with each person who arrived.

CHILDHOOD RECALLED

Tears did fall on many occasions as the daughters recalled their childhood in the big white house in Morgan Park, and read the letters their father wrote them in college, or noted a momento he had given them.

Sadness too deep to describe came to Mrs. Murphy as she talked with the hundreds of her and Dr. Murphy's friends to recall happy hours they had spent together during the five years of their marriage.

Softly she told them, "I'll be lonely unless you come see me."

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IT WAS the well-known civil rights worker and former CORE official, Walter Carter, who called the AFRO in tears at the news of Dr. Murphy's death.

He said, "I never knew I could love anyone as I did my father."

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BISHOP IN HURRY

BISHOP AND Mrs. D. Ward Nichols of the AME Church had rushed to Dr. Murphy's side in the past 11 years to attend every family funeral, wedding or special occasion when asked.

"This time," Bishop Nichols said, "I could hardly get there fast enough. I knew the grave sorrow the family of my dear friend was suffering."

The couple drove down from New York through snow and 40-mile hour winds on winds on Tuesday and "went every step of the way the last journey" and remained through Thursday.

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JUDGE L. HOWARD BENNETT, the first colored Assistant Secretary of Defense ever named, came as representative of Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey.

He flew back to Washington from a Fisk University board meeting Tuesday night and as he puts it, "Hardly slept a wink waiting for Wednesday morning to come to go to Baltimore."

Judge Bennett had never met Dr. Murphy but had admired him from afar all his life, he said.

A Defense Department staff car was assigned him. They left Washington at 7 a.m. Wednesday, and got lost on the way to Morgan Park, he said.

Changing the route at 9 a.m., they finally paid a taxi cab to lead them in to St. James Episcopal Church where, although late, he joined other honorary pallbearers.

SBA CHIEF

Following funeral services he returned to Washington and left Wednesday night on an errand by plane for President Johnson.

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RANDALL TYUS, head of the U.S. Small Business Loan Urban League here said Dr. Murphy's help with both organizations made the Baltimore efforts a success in World War II years.

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THE SOLEMNITY of the occasion of the funeral services was marked by the periods of dead silence of the audience of nearly 1,000 persons.

Bowing their heads in prayer together were some of the nation's greatest figures, Thurgood Marshall, Roy Wilkins, Dr. Lillie M. Jackson, members of the noted Mitchell family, joined high government officials, judges and public officials in singing.

Among them were hundreds of Dr. Murphy's favorites, "the little people". "The truly great people," he called them, "the people who read the AFRO."

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MRS. MARGARET GAITHER, member of the Murphy's Howard side of the family was present. She is a member of the 114-year-old Nazarite Lodge here.

Her father's sister was Mrs. Harriett Howard, wife of John Howard, brother of Greenbury Howard, whose name Dr. Carl James Greenbury Howard bears.

The old home in Gaithersburg, Md. is said to be over 300 years old.

Mrs. Gaither reported during a chat about the "olden days" that another relative died Friday, the day before Mr. Carl.

He was Louis D. Parker, 3038 Brighton St., the husband of Mrs. Louise Gaither Parker, daughter of Herb Howard of the Howard County branch of the family.

Herb was the son of Greenberry Howard who was the son of Mrs. Rebecca Howard, sister of Dr Murphy's mother, Mrs. Martha Howard Murphy.

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THOMAS E. JOHNSON of the Johnny Holmes Masonic Lodge has been a member 55 years and a fraternal brother of Dr. Murphy 30 years.

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DR. J. H. N. WARING who served on the Downingtown, Pa Industrial School board with Dr. Murphy was among the out-of-towners who traveled to Baltimore for the funeral. He has been a close friend for over 40 years.

Another of Dr. Murphy's longtime newsmen present was Levi Jolly. Accompanied by his wife and son, Levi Jr., he visited the Murphy home Tuesday to recall what he called the golden era of colored newspapers.

Max Johnson, the AFRO World War II correspondent, now political columnist, also spoke longingly of days past.

He agreed with Jolly. "There'll never be another Mr. Carl."

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AMONG THE AFRO honorary pallbearers were veteran editors, such as Mrs. Lula Patterson Mackay, society editor 32 years; Ruth Jenkins, 29 years; Art Carter 29 years; Cliff Mackay, 22 years.

Also Mrs. Edna Rawlings, a Murphy family member, who was retired recently after 50 years in the business office.

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MEMBERS OF the composing room and press crews in the long line of company employees paying the last tribute totaled more than 300 years service under Mr. Murphy.

Members of Baltimore's public school board and board of superintendents were headed by superintendent of schools, Dr. Laurence Paquin and wife.

Their special regrets were to Mrs. Moss, Dr. Murphy's oldest daughter who is a member of the school board and Mrs. Murphy who is director of secondary education.

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DR. MARTIN D. JENKINS, Morgan president headed a large group from the faculty, staff and student body in mourning Dr. Murphy as the college's chairman of the board of trustees. The trustees served as honorary pallbearers.

Among other administrators and teachers of public and private schools, universities and colleges in the vicinity were Sidney Cherpak, Houston Jackson, Sam Purdue, all public school superintendents; Carroll S. Rankin, Irving Lockerman, Vic Wanty, Mrs. Vivian Cook, Komo Stenchomb, Mrs. Ethel Payne, Moses Angel, Mrs. Edna Campbell, Alfred Culley, Mrs. Rosetta Williams, Mrs. George Page, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Patterson, Leon Klomous, Wil S. Peters, Albert Whiting, Eugene Stanley, Saul N. Genendlis, Clarence Contee, Mrs. Vivian Washington.

Also, Mrs. Helen G. Roberts (Ma Roberts), who served the Morgan trustees over two decades

Elk officials presiding at the memorial services included Dr. Bernard Harris, Spearman Butler, David Sharkley, James Hill, Dodswell E. Brooks, William Brown, Charles Carroll, Melvin Colbert, Charles Johnson, Leeland Jones, Buffalo, N. Y., Past Grand Traveling Deputy of the World.

Among Masonic leaders at the fraternal rites were Bishop H. Z. Plummer, Samuel T. Daniels, Booker T. Alexander, Dr. Charles Wesley, Colonel West A. Hamilton, Elwood Turner, Willie Sessoms, Joseph Thomas, Matthew Hendershott, Joseph N. Yerwood;

Also, Thomas E. Johnson, James A. Mingo, Henry A. Dove, Robert H. Campbell, George A. Farnar, Nathaniel Ferguson, James Banyard, M. Brooks Waters, Ronald Scott, Marvel B. Waters, Aubrey Ballard, James P. Dorsey.

Publishers present included Tom Young of the Norfolk Journal and Guide.

Condolences

C. C. DEJOIE JR., editor and business manager, Louisiana Weekly Publishing Co., New Orleans, La.:

"Dr. Carl Murphy's loss is keenly felt by everyone here, and other members of the Louisiana Weekly join me in this expression of our deep sympathy."

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CARROLL N. ELLIS, former president, National News Co., Chicago:

"I am grateful for the privilege of having shared many years of business relationship with the AFRO-AMERICAN under the leadership of Dr. Carl Murphy.

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SAMUEL GILMER, president, Anne Arundel County Branch NAACP:

"The Anne Arundel County Branch of the NAACP is deeply grieved over the death of Dr Carl J. Murphy, a true friend whose life in education, journalism and civil rights was wholeheartedly dedicated to the advancement of colored people in our time."

—Crowds pay homage

(Continued from Page 1)

ployees were present.

ROY WILKINS, executive director of the national NAACP headed that organization's delegation of mourners which also included Clarence M. Mitchell Jr., Washington Bureau;

His wife, Mrs. Juanita J. Mitchell, president, Maryland State Conference, and Dr. Lillie M. Jackson, president, Baltimore chapter.

Dr. Jackson and Dr. Murphy joined forces in 1935 to revive the local NAACP and built it into one of the most powerful chapters in the country.

While they, like hundreds of others including many of Dr. Murphy's beloved "little people" — sat in reverenced silence, the church echoed with the beautiful voice of Miss Veronica Tyler, Metropolitan Opera Star.

Miss Tyler, who studied voice on an AFRO scholarship sang a song written by Dr. Murphy. Its title is "Angels' Song" and the words are:

Wise men came riding from Him
Joy, joy is in the air, joy, joy is everywhere
On this day when Christ was born
Joy, Angel voices singing, Joy, angels harps are ringing.
Peace on earth, to all mankind,
Glory be to God in the highest,
Glory be to God in the highest
Joy, Joy in the air, joy, joy is everywhere
On this day when Christ was born."

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The words were put to Music by William N. Parrott.

Deference for Dr. Murphy's well known love of music permeated the rites.

Miss Tyler sang a second solo and the congregation joined in four hymns from the Church hymnal.

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THE PUBLISHER'S two grandsons, Benjamin M. Phillips and James D. Wood Jr., were two of the alter boys serving Bishop Doll.

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A poem, written by Dr. Murphy's 11-year-old granddaughter, Rachel Phillips, was printed on the program. It follows:

Strong and handsome was he,
Noble and talented was he.
A good sport was he.
All these things I tell thee,
He was also dear to me.

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Other program quotations which aptly incorporate the philosophy of the tireless newspaperman included:

No time for rest, til glow the western sky
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie.
And a voice sound comes
With the setting sun, "Servant, well done." — Borthwick

Dr. Murphy, chairman of the board of directors of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers, where he succeeded his father as president in 1922, died Saturday in Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Cause of death was listed by hospital officials as a stroke. Dr. Murphy had been confined to Hopkins since Feb. 19 undergoing treatment for a slipped disc.

The son of a Sunday school teacher, whitewash painter, turned publisher, John H. Murphy Sr. and Mrs. Martha Howard Murphy, Dr. Murphy was born, raised in Baltimore where he received his public school education.

He earned his college training at Howard and Harvard universities and the University of Jena in Germany.

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following a five-year four as professor of German and head of the German Department at Howard University.

Dr. Murphy quit his college post to join his father at the AFRO in 1918 where he remained until his death.

Under his directoin the AFRO became the largest colored owned operated newspaper chain in the nation and his contribution to the growth of "colored journalism" has been called "immeasurable."

As one of the chief architects of the NAACP's relentless war on racial bigory and prejudice he also earned the title as champion of civil rights.

He became a member of the board of trustees of Morgan State College in 1939 when its control changed from church to state.

During his tenure as member and chairman of the board the college was lifted into the ranks of the country's outsanding institutions of higher learning.

In the "Carl Murphy Era" the dimuntive publisher served simultaneously as confident and advisor to Presidents, governors, mayors, leaders and followers from all walks of life.

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ALTHOUGH THE creator of the "Carl Murphy Era" was on first name basis with the nation's great and near-great, there was also a well-established dialogue with "little people," whose causes he championed relentlessly.

Here is how one of them, William J. Carter, 818 N. Carrollton Ave., reacted to the impressive funeral rites:

"I knew that boy all his life. He grew up to be quite a man. I have been reading his paper every since it has been published. We'll miss him because he was a good man."

Mr. Carter, who is 82, stood in the bitter cold until the last car of the procession had left the church.

IT WAS a chilly 19 degrees when the procession moved from Dr. Murphy's home, the Pine Elms, at 2406 Overlea Ave., in Morgan Park for the church.

Guided by a five-man police escort detail, it reached the church shortly before 10 a.m. after passing the Murphy Fine Arts Building and Auditorium on Morgan campus.

It was named in his honor and in recognition of his contributions to the Hillen Rd. and Coldspring Lane School.

At the church the escort detail was joined by a seven-man Western Police District detail which re-routed traffic around the 75-car procession.

The district detail was assigned by Captain Dennis P. Mello, who was also an honorary pallbearer.

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Under the direction of Charles R. Law, funeral director, the procession was routed pass the AFRO building at 628 N. Eutaw St.

The hearse bearing the remains of the firm's board chairman passed the main entrance at 11:12 a.m.

It was bitter cold (25 degrees) and the searching winds whipped across the burial ground as the Rev. Mr. Wilson committed the body.

As the family looked on silently was powered across blown off the casket as it slowly descended in the grave.

Survivors at graveside were the widow, Mrs. Lillian Parrott Murphy; daughters, Mesdames A. Paul Moss (Elizabeth), Clarence Henderson (Frances), S. Edward Smith (Ida), Leeland Jones Jr. (Carlita), Robert W. Matthews III (Vashti), Marvin Davis (Jean);

Also John H. Murphy, Jr. and D. Arnett Murphy, brothers; and several grandchildren.

Dr. Murphy's son-sin-law and nephews were pallbearers. They were:

A. Paul Moss, Robert W. Matthews II, S. Edward Smith, Clarence Henderson, Leeland Jones, and Marvin Davis, sons-in-law;

John H. Murphy III, John J. Oliver, James H. Murphy, and Frederick Howard, nephews.

Grandsons, headed by Carl Smith, were ushers.

It was 11:57 a.m. when the spindle on the lowering device stopped, indicating the casket had settled into the grave.

Before mourners were dismissed, a figure was noticed seated alone in a car across the hill from the grave site.

It was Dr. Lillie M. Jackson. She was crying.

That's how it was Wednesday when the "Carl Murphy Era" ended.

Mr. Carl's teachings helped shape many lives

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS
Chief, Public Affairs for Community Action Programs Office of Economic Opertunity

Life with the AFRO— and the AFRO was Carl Murphy — was demanding, often frustrating, frequently a wrecker of nerves, but one thing it never was. . .it was never dull.

There was a strength the Old Man forced into you, if you had the sense to listen and to learn.

He wanted only the best from you, and if you survived in his classroom, whatever demands other bosses made on you, came easy.

Once every month in Washington, 20 to 25 men and women meet for lunch the exchange the latest rumors in the always operating Washington rumor mill and relive the past.

Reliving the past is perhaps the best. Each of them has his favorite story about Mr. Carl, for all of them worked in the past for the AFRO.

That's why they began gathering in the first place, because they were AFRO alumni and proud of their heritage, of what they had learned from a master craftsman that enables them now to fill jobs of no little importance.

This too is a tribute to Mr. Carl. Without him, without the AFRO, without the demands, the frustrations, the wrecked nerves, they might not have emerged the present polished products that move so sure-footed through the bureaucratic labyrinth that is so much a part of Washington.

• • •

LAST YEAR the Capital Press Club gave Mr. Carl a special award for his service to journalism. God knows he deserved it more than any man I know.

He stood up there on the platform at the end of the banquet hall, and his eyes couldn't help but fall on all the people that he had made possible. He said he was proud of their successes. The feeling was mutual.

You learned early in your relationship with Mr. Carl that "integrity" was no hollow word. Whatever you did, it had to be honest.

Journalism carried with it a sacred obligation that you had to tell the truth—that's the way Mr. Carl saw it and the way it rubbed off on those who came into contact with him.

When Mr. Carl talked about serving the people, he wasn't mouthing trite phrases. He really meant it.

Out in back of the AFRO is Jasper Street. . .though you have to admit, that calling it a street is more an empty boast than an actuality.

It was one of Mr. Carl's favorite places, for out there lived the people who needed their battles, to care about what happened to them.

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WHENEVER YOU went off on a tangent, whenever you became too pedantic, too carried away with artificiality and pomposity, Mr. Carl could bring you down to earth in a hurry by asking you, "but what about he people on Jasper Street."

What he was saying was that you couldn't be a good newspaperman and for forget that you had an obligation to people.

Never could you become so important—or think that you were so important—that you couldn't listen to the voices of the people on Jasper Street and all the other Jasper Streets, wherever they were.

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LOOKING BACK on the years with Mr. Carl, I can think of all the battles that he fought and won, and those that he lost.

I remember one election, when he was fighting a political machine in the Fourth District with all the strength he could bring to bear.

It wasn't enough. We were clobbered at the polls.

In the City Room at the AFRO, we were feeling sorry for ourselves on the morning after the debacle. We had tried and we had lost and we were beaten men.

Not so with Mr. Carl. Instead of crying about what might have been, he looked at. . .wreckage, gritted his teeth, chewed on a corn cob pipe and took off again. . .undaunted, unbeaten. . .It takes a man!

• • •

THERE ARE many changes in this city and this state that came about because of Carl Murphy. I hope that people won't forget that.

He was fighting battles long before most others climbed aboard the bandwagon. I hope that people won't forget that.

He made the AFRO the best friend our people have in this state. I hope that people won't forget this.

I saw him alive one last time only a few weeks ago. I was no longer with the AFRO but when I walked into his office I still felt as if I had come home.

He was behind his desk as always and the smile that crinkled his lips was still the same. His face was a little more haggard, perhaps his step a little slower, but Mr. Carl was still standing tall.

• • •

IT CAME to me then that I had been fortunate indeed to have been associated with this man.

His brillant intellect, his inate honesty are rare qualities to find in this world.

When we said goodbye, I had no way of knowing that it was for the last time. Somehow, I thought there would always be a Mr. Carl.

Saying words of grief now does not seem appropriate. Better to look back over the years at all the man achieved for others, of all the good that he did, of the high standards to which he adhered and say—that was a man among men. God give him peace.

Newark officials pay tribute to Dr. Murphy

The following Newark officials are among the many people who have sent messages of sympathy to the family of Dr. Carl Murphy, AFRO publisher, following his death on Saturday:

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MAYOR HUGH ADONIZIO of City of Newark:

"In the death of Dr. Carl Murphy, publisher of the AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS over the past 45 years, the field of Journalism and the nation have lost one of their stalwart warriors in the cause of freedom.

"During his long fight to achieve the goals of equality and justice, he has materially advanced the fight which will eventually make America the kind of nation we all pray it will someday become. His pen is sheathed, but his spirit will long endure.

"I express my condolences on behalf of the city of Newark to the family and many friends who will miss him deeply from their ranks."

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MISS SALLY CARROLL, president of Newark NAACP:

"The Newark branch of the NAACP joins America and expresses its condolences to the family of Dr. Carl Murphy. Dr. Murphy's journey death which leaves a void in the ranks of those who have long dedicatedtheir lives to the advancement of the black race.

"As member of the national board of directors of our organization he has long made his influence felt in our deliberations over the years and we have always known that the columns of his great papers were open to us whenever the cause of justice needed a strong voice.

"We feel the race has lost a champion, the struggle for equality has lost a brave soldier and we have lost a good and loyal friend."

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LARRIE W. STALKS, director, Newark Department of Health and Welfare.

"The nation held its breath for several weeks during the pressing illness of a gallant soldier who on last Saturday passed the scene for his final march on the road to freedom.

"Carl Murphy, editor and publisher of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers for the last 45 years, together with his dedicated men of the press, ignited the spark of hope for colored citizens everywhere—with the stroke of his pen—through his tabloid of destiny.

"A great editor of all time — he was a humble man — rich in talent—unsurpassed in tenacity—brilliant in performance—a leader of his people.

"Events are ever changing, however, we shall always remember Carl Murphy for leading us through the dark days of an age when colored people lived without hope and the mainstreams of life treated us as a myth. As his legacy he left us the AFRO."