What The AFRO Stands For

Equal justice, not only in theory, but in fact before courts of the city.

Adequate black representation on all public boards and commissions of Maryland cities, counties and the state itself, including colleges and universities.

Extensive and untrammeled black political power.

Equal job opportunities in fact as well as theory.

Equal housing opportunities in fact as well as theory.

Black judges on all benches of the city, county and state court systems, except those constitutionally authorized.

A black owned and operated taxicab company.

A black owned and operated bank.

A black majority on Baltimore City Board of School Commissioners.

Sunday Is Mother's Day

Sweetest word in any tongue is "mother." Sunday is Mother's Day.

When the world's greatest artists wish to illustrate love, sacrifice, and devotion, they paint a picture of the Crucifixion first, and second, one of a mother with a baby.

Our art galleries are filled with madonnas, mothers nursing babies, watching over a cradle, teaching younger children, reproving older ones, making a wedding dress, knitting a necktie, serving a meal, holding a sick child's hand, smoothing a dead child's brow.

How few pictures there are of children waiting on mothers!

"Honor . . . thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," is a great commandment, and its implication is plain. Absence of parental respect leads to absence of legal restraint. Lawbreakers do not live to a ripe old age.

Not one out of ten or a hundred commandments enjoins mothers to love their children, because nature's own law is more powerful than any made by man. No mother has to be told to honor her children, remember their birthdays, and celebrate their anniversaries. She knows them by rote. She treasures them in her heart.

So Sunday is Mother's Day; a day upon which millions of children and more millions of older people can honestly say:

"The finest woman I ever knew was my mother."

Wherever you are Sunday, send mother a greeting and, if you can afford it, a gift.

(From the Papers of Carl Murphy, 1938)

Best Grand Jury Report Yet

To effectively handle a situation, the saying is "Take the bull by the horns." The African's equivalent, "Grab the snake by the tail to pop his head off" has the same meaning.

We would say that Alan Shecter, the public-relations man who served as Grand Jury foreman from Jan. 7 to May 7 and his panel really took the snake by the tail (or the bull by the horns, whichever) in a superb manner.

In the unprecedented term-end report unanimously approved by all 23 jurors (including the 10 black jurors, two men and eight women) he has literally sent the city to soul-searching.

The Shecter Report attacks ball bondsmen, alleges they are associated with organized crime, involved in politics and should be replaced by a system which pays 10 per cent to the state to furnish the bail.

With no fear of stepping on toes of the Supreme Bench, dishonest and unethical Court House employees or anyone else, the Shecter Report hits at two-timing lawyers intimidating witnesses and obstructing justice; Philadelphia organized crime control of the "raunchy" Block and Baltimore's far-flung syndicated crime.

Referring to the murder of a black high school youth on the Block, the Shecter Report exposes phony Block liquor licenses, murder-for-hire, prostitution and lack of municipal officials' interest plus the winking and joking "knowingly" of the general public.

The courts waste their concerns over sexual relations of consenting adults while gambling, the foundation of underworld and dope activity, undermines law enforcement.

The Shecter Report destined to go down in Grand Jury history, also puts our crime-breeding prisons under the hot light "where men are caged and forgotten," a shameful waste of lives, taxpayers' dollars and human ability; the Penitentiary built in 1811; ludicrous practices of the Supreme Bench and the Grand Jury system; the lack of greater support for State's Attorney Milton B. Allen, his deputies and staff; the old depressing, unventilated Court House.

And here about the 30 or so Mr. Bigs in Baltimore's lottery system that the Shecter Report reveals, "Never get caught!"

The other goodies exposed in the Shecter 16-page document merit reading by every concerned citizen.

Dr. Julian's Unselfish Move

Dr. Emerson R. Julian (D-4th) upset a lot of establishment apple carts when he decided it was in the best interest of the city and his constituents for him to run again for his Fourth District City Council seat and support City Solicitor George L. Russell Jr. for mayor.

This newspaper knows that Dr. Julian unselfishly put aside personal ambitions in deciding not to make the race for president of City Council.

He has built up a large following, both in and out of the Fourth District, and many of his establishment-type friends had hoped he would make the citywide race on a ticket opposing Russell's as a means of splitting the black vote.

But Dr. Julian, after sizing up the situation for himself and acting in the independent manner that has gained him an enviable reputation, not only opted to seek his present seat but publicly threw his support to Russell.

Julian's move indicates that Baltimore's black political leadership, and its voters, are maturing fast. Just as in Newark, where split-the-vote tactics were tried against Kenneth Gibson, and in Gary, where such an attempt was made against Richard Hatcher, black voters have shown remarkable political maturity.

There are those detractors, especially in the disappointed daily press and radio-TV, who are delighted to know if Dr. Julian has sold out to William Adams, Russell or someone else.

Anyone who knows Dr. Julian simply takes it for granted that he has not sold his soul to anyone, that he will not be taking orders from anyone and that he will not stop taking stands on issues as he sees them. That of course, is not to say that as a politician Julian might not have talked politics with Russell, for all politicians do talk about politics and where one stands with the other.

Next to the Julian move, the best political news for AFRO readers this week was the announcement by Clement J. Prucha and Joseph V. Mach of the Second District that they would not be candidates for reelection from the Second. Now if only Reuben Caplan would bow out of the Fifth District race. That would take care of the three anti-civil rights committees against whom black voters were mobilizing their forces.

Prospects are growing brighter that Baltimore is going to have a better City Council after this fall's election.

LYLE HORN

Law Day, U.S.A.

'Every American citizen enjoys certain rights set forth in the Constitution and protected by law." This is a quotation from a pamphlet on "Law Day," which was celebrated this week.

Of all the people observing Law Day, it is obvious that black people more than any other have been the victims of the law rather than beneficiaries under it.

A number of nice and glorious things are being said about the majesty of the law, and in some instances they may have a ring of sincerity, but America, so far as black citizens are concerned, is still a nation with one set of laws for whites and another for blacks.

Such a statement may seem harsh to some, but a peek at history will easily substantiate it.

For example, the 1954 Supreme Court Decision on School Desegregation is the law and the 1948 Supreme Court Decision on Housing is the law, but everywhere, Washington included, these laws many times are utilized to deprive black people of their rights rather than ensure them their Constitutional rights. It is ironic but true.

The sponsors of Law Day, primarily the Bar Associations, themselves are reprehensible in the injustices that have been done to black citizens without any significant protest from them. In many instances, these very associations ignore the law in the formation of their memberships and in the selection of judges.

Former Deputy attorney General Robert F. Sweeney who took office this week as chief judge in charge of the new statewide judicial system is noted as a square dealer.

There are only a handful of black judges in the state. Hopefully, under his administration, and with the help of the bar and lay committee to select judges, there will be a change in the color of men on the bench.

Mockery of the law has victimized more black people than any other American citizens which is why Law Day generates less enthusiasm among black citizens than others.

Law on the laws are made applicable to all people alike; are enforced and applied without favor or prejudice; when our laws buy as many Constitutional rights and as much legal protection for us as they do for others, and when they are able to sit as judges on all levels, then black citizens can get up and shout for Law Day.

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 and prejudice, and the cowardice of compromise.

John H. Murphy Sr.
—1929

Always Think First Of Mother

MOTHER'S DAY, 1971. This cartoon, which was designed by AFRO artist Thomas Stockett. The verse was written by his father, Allen Stockett.

OUR READERS SAY

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, P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

P.A.L.M.A. Pleased

Dear AFRO:

Please accept this somewhat belated acknowledgement and "thank you" for your very kind editorial several weeks ago "PALMA Sets Example."

On the occasion of our 18th anniversary dinner, you commended our community efforts during those 18 years.

And, as you correctly note, it is through the continuing cooperation of such persons as our honoree, Mrs. Eleanor K. Lee, and such organizations as PALMA which proves your point that diverse individuals and groups who believe in the neighborhood can work together for its common good.

HERMAN KATKOW

No Interest

Dear AFRO:

I would like to tell you about the program we had for The Easter Parade. We had more parents turn out than we had before. Most all the children go to school.

Not one teacher showed up to see any of their pupils perform or show interest in them. Not any of the professionals or the big executives who said they were so interested in the community and the children had the time for the children in the ghetto. Mrs. Ernie Purdue, Year Around Clean Block and Members Bras:

Jervise Stanley, Purcell Jolnes, Chirscell Stanley, Vernon Jolnes, Stephon Jolnes, Glenn Stanley, Wayne Chambers, Edith Green, Denise Green, Spenser Brown, Tina Wormley, Tonia Wormly, Leroy Carter, Daryl Carter, Charles Anthony Arnwood, Kevin Nicholas Bailey, Nathaniel Stanley, Carolyn Stanley, Deborah Walker, Rena Stanley, John Stanley, George Wormley, Harry Jolnes, Nattie Owens, Brian Owens, Kevin Owens, Brat Owens, Tony Anthony, Tyrone Anthony, Brian O'dell, Sherry O'dell, Kimberly O'dell, Wayne Smith, James Martin, Winford Walker, Tyrone Frinson, Donald Howard, Ronald Howard, Annette Howard, Jacqueline Swinson, Roslyn Rogers, Harold Crosby.

How Do You Sleep?

Dear AFRO:

Kindly print this letter—To the motorist with a tan sedan: On Sunday, 2:30 p.m., you hit a large brown dog. This was a teenager's pet. Did you care?

You could have avoided striking this dog. You were going at a normal rate of speed. When you saw this large dog you stepped on the gas, going full speed, hitting the dog with such force you broke his back.

You drove away then, looking around to see if police saw you, then drove around the corner and disappeared.

When you stopped, a lady asked you to please go back to see what you could do for the dog. You said some nasty things to her and drove on.

This was a male adult driving with several small children in the car. What an example to set for these children. How do you sleep at night?

MRS. J. WILLIAMS

Purse Bumpers

Dear AFRO:

On Wednesday evening I got on the elevator with quite a few young men, boys and a few ladies.

I had my purse, similar to a compact in my coat pockets; when I moved to the side to make room for a few more people, one of the fellows bumped into me.

When I got off the elevator my purse was gone.

I later found it on the steps in my building.

Purse carriers, please be aware of these kind of people.

MRS. G. R.

Expressway Hearings

Dear AFRO:

The state of Maryland and in particular Baltimore City are on the verge of losing over 130 acres of scarce valuable park land and run the risk of seeing an entire 1200 acre park irreparably damaged in connection with the proposed construction of the East-West Expressway through the heart of Leakin and Gwynns Falls Parks.

Leakin Park in particular, which has been allowed to fall into disrepair ever since it was first proposed that the expressway bisect it, is a unique and substantial recreational facility of great present importance and with a potential for becoming a truly outstanding park with a small amount of attention and imagination.

Preliminary informational meetings will be held at 7 p.m. on May 17 and May 18 in the Edmondson High School cafeteria.

LYLE HORN

Big Polluters

Dear AFRO:

I think it is time this horseplay passing the buck and fooling the public is stopped, about the working man's transportation, his little pleasure car that is polluting the air. They failed to mention the average motor running time of the working man's car is less than two hours per day.

Commercial vehicles average motor running time should be about twelve hours per day, including trucks, busses, police cars, taxicabs. Also privately owned heavy road building equipment, excavating equipment, bulldozers, caterpillars, cranes, etc. which bear no license. Why these things must have a very rich fuel mixture for pulling power.

These are the big polluters. So let's go after them first.

PHILL G. BISHOP

BEING A MAN

I have no money to put in the bank
I've barely the price of a beer
I have no home, overlooking a lake
And I have no jewelry to wear
I have an old car, which is falling apart
I've patched it with pieces of tin
And should I decide to make out a will
I wouldn't know where to begin
I've wasted some money, a dollar or so
And I'm less than charming and neat
And often enough, in my shabby attire
I'm ashamed, when an old friend I meet
If I had the chance to live life again
I would do pretty much as before
For being a man, is the world's toughest job
And money can't open this door.

PAUL D. McALLISTER

ODDS AND ENDS

'1776' Is More Than A Musical

MR. EVANS

By PAUL EVANS

Opening night at the Morris Mechanic Theatre on Monday found this writer more than just enjoying a Broadway hit musical.

"1776" is the story surrounding the two months, (May and June), the Founding Fathers spent in Philadelphia debating whether to declare the existence of a new nation or seek reconciliation with Great Britain.

In looking back on the history of that era, as acted out in the show, one wonders what thoughts would the delegates to that city have if they could see the country produced from the work of two months as it is today.

Beyond the excellent monologues, singing and dancing of the mostly all male cast, a message was sent to penetrate the minds and spirits of the audience (which unfortunately was practically all white).

The country we live in today was formed from thirteen colonies of vast differences in government, values, livelihood and social and economic outlook.

The mere fact the Civil War occurred demonstrates how cherished certain beliefs and ways of life were to Northerners and Southerners alike.

A whole new "race" of people was the final outcome of the American Revoaition.

The Civil War and other internal struggles could be seen as birth pains of a divergent people striving to live under a central government composed of elected representatives of every region and point-of-view.

Delegates who signed the declaration written by Thomas Jefferson ran the gamut of ideological thought. Some were "radicals," others "liberal" others, "moderates," others, "conservatives," names similar to ones we hear today.

The most important and sustaining thought gleaned from the show was: our Founding Fathers created this nation through compromise and give-and-take on crucial issues.

* * *

I predict the outcome of the social revolution we find ourselves to be based on compromise between men among the races and the ethnic factions in the nation.

No one point-of-view, neither liberal nor conservative; nor black or white, has ever solely determined the history of America. No single voice will in the future.

I see we are a different people in the nation, not inferior, not superior, but a DIFFERENT people.

Whites are neither superior nor inferior to blacks, but a DIFFERENT people who took full advantage of the dying social and political philosophy that blacks were an inferior race, to be treated as such.

A particular scene in the show, which is still an issue this very day, was the discussion of the hypocrisy of northern whites to southern whites on slavery.

* * *

Character John Adams, delegate from Massachusetts, wanted to include in Jefferson's declaration that slavery had no place in the new nation's life.

However, he was ably reminded by Edward Rutledge, delegate from South Carolina, that his northern brethren owned no slaves, but their pockets brimmed with coins from slave trading and slave running throughout the north.

The South would not yield. This, the delegates noted, would destroy their way of life, if written into history. John Adams was forced to compromise if the new nation were to be conceived. He yielded.

Although the actual historical facts are not as simplistic as depicted in the show, the general procedure and idea are correct.

In fact, when the delegate from South Carolina sang so forcefully that slaves were property not human, a white woman behind me, yelled out "No!"

* * *

The conscience of the audience was reached as they saw how many of their present problems still exist because of the South's insistence on the slavery question.

I would ask that you see "1776," running now through May 22.

Enjoy the scenery, the costumes, the professionalism of the players. But don't miss the important themes lying beneath glitter.

No matter how much some may wish to change the history of this nation, and even our own existence in America, they cannot do so.

We can either bemoan our present crisis from a segregated plot of land in the West or back to Africa, or as a majority of blacks have indicated, we can move faster toward an integrated, open environment enjoying to the fullest what this country has to offer.

White America can continue to resist, if it so chooses, thereby slowing the pace of this nation in the spotlights of history.

Or, it can move forward to insist, forcefully to insist: ". . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness . . ."

LOOKING IN

BY BUTCH FRANKLIN

Deja Vu literally means "already seen." It usually refers to the feeling of having been some place before. Monday night, after my dinner, I went methodically to watch the evening news (a job that is getting more difficult every day), and sure enough, that deja vu feeling burst through the screen.

There, encapsulated in black and white, the entire scenario of what happened in Washington.

The group called the May Day Tribe had decided to stay on after the large anti-war demonstrations two weeks ago for further protest and maxed by a dramatic attempt to stop the government.

There, assembled before the screen, were thousands and thousands of young, long-haired, battle-at-tired, no-bra demonstrators moving erratically over the grass.

Across the street were police, helmeted with gas masks sitting smugly on their heads and batons resting gently in their hands — in formation. That scene seemed vaguely familiar.

The next scene, cowboys and Indians, showed police charging into the crowds, and dragging off several demonstrators, clubbing people violently, and throwing tear gas canisters into the melee. That scene was all too familiar to me.

* * *

The protesters were mostly under twenty-five and all had the emblems acceptable to their culture: long hair, head bands, jeans, frameless glasses and esoteric slogans.

A policeman is gently referred to as a "pig," and a "joint" is a marijuana cigarette.

Thousands of them had camped on the mall until the government revoked their permit and "cleared them out" at six o'clock Sunday morning.

Then, scattering to the Northwest section of Georgetown, the demonstrators regrouped for the Monday confrontations.

The festive atmosphere among the young was also extremely familiar to anyone who has participated in Civil Rights demonstrations: parties were everywhere.

The announcements were given in the hurried, hushed manner through megaphones.

But instead of making announcements telling people where their church buses would be, the announcer was warning people to stay away from the white acid (LSD) because it had been treated with some bad chemicals.

* * *

Rock music, combined with marijuana, was an ample substitute for the spirituals that were sung during the 60's (although I do remember the occasional bottle that floated around).

And the protesters didn't seem to worry about the public image, but freely cursed at the cameras, made love and smoked those joints. Quite a change from the group leaders who would always give us a lecture on "the public image."

Of course, the protesters were hurled into the jails, then the jail yard, and finally a fenced in field with no facilities.

And they were always smiling, always throwing the clenched fist and the "V" sign, and ultra determined to achieve their goal.

The stories were vaguely the same in the newspapers and mass media: the editors decrying "anarchy," the politicians trying for those votes back home with "sensible" people, and the columnist trying to "understand" the youth culture and at the same time placate the readership (a very difficult job).

The only difference was in the reaction of the government workers. They actually went to work, some even went early to avoid the rush.

Somehow, I just can't image all those white folk going to work if 7,000 blacks decided to try to shut down the government.

Oh yes, let us not forget the FBI, who were taking their pictures, left and right, of everybody for those computerized files.

Somehow it all seemed repeated: the war, the killing, the carnage, the violence, the hate, the refugees, the disabled veterans, and the people who are afraid to speak out.

Deja Deja Vu, Deja Vu . . . even at 25, it's a little hard to take.

TOGETHER

Let's Pray For The Whole State

MRS. MURPHY

By MADELINE MURPHY

At the risk of inciting the wrath of fans of a certain school board member, who have a bent for sending crude poison pen notes, I wonder where the members, who were there in 1965, stand on the recommendations of the Citizens' School Advisory Committee.

This committee was an Ad Hoc Committee appointed by the Board of School Commissioners to work for two years in the areas of physical plant, curricula, personnel practices and procedures, community relations and teaching methods.

Committee chairmen were appointed and sub-committees were devised to deal with particular problems.

Mrs. Leah Friedlander and her committee developed curricula from kindergarten to twelfth grade; Mrs. Betty Thompson (on whose committee I served) worked on Personnel; Sidney King chaired Community Relations and Phillip Machi devised a team teaching model which promoted him to the Board of School Commissioners in 1963, a year before the study was completed.

* * *

The study was hailed as a monumental achievement and the Evening Sun, which had dubbed the committee — "Blue Ribbon" — when it was appointed, ate humble pie in its glowing editorial comments and tributes.

Nevertheless, as is "the way of all flesh," many of the recommendations were ignored, or not implemented because of lack of money, personnel and/or interest.

The committee, recognizing it had been "had," quietly bowed out of its "watchdogging" existence and succumbed to the inaction of the Board and school administrators.

The progress reports of implementation ceased to be issued and business was conducted as usual.

Now, almost ten years later, Mr. Hettleman wants to do it again!

* * *

Several questions arise in my mind as to the feasibility of this repeat performance: 1) Has Mr. Hettleman read the previous report and the ones previous to the latest report? The Strayer Report, for example?

2) Has he suggested implementation of any of those recommendations? If not, why not?

3) Will any newly appointed commission have assurances that its recommendations will be implemented? Or does he have Maree Farring's vole "aye" in his back pocket? Some of the ideas he espoused dropped directly out of Larry Gibson's mouth! And I have a suspicion he has read this column!

I am always fascinated by Mr. Hettleman's public statements (as though he were using the public as a sounding board), before he gets to board meetings. Where's the chairman? (I shudder to think how Sam Daniels or any present black member would have been chastised for using this same tactic).

However, black members of the board had petitioned last September for assistants who could have been doing the kind of work Mr. Hettleman suggests as a new commission's responsibility.

More success would be likely, if the assistants to board members upon researching the information, would arm the board members with information on innovative programs, teaching methods and procedures, because these would have been their own insight and not that gained from others outside the charmed inner circle. (They might have even read the CSAC report).

Perhaps, more urgency and credibility would be lent to an "inside" job, anyway

As we have seen with the Warren Commission, the Wolker Commission, the Cone Commission and even the Strayer Report, the sole purpose of these auspicious groups seems to be to delay action on known problems until the report is finished, and then on completion of the report to criticize, to talk it to death and to ignore it out of existence.

* * *

As I recall Maree Farring chastised the black members when they called for assistants. She glowed with civic pride and responsibility and gloated over the selfless time she devoted to the board.

Maybe with that selfless time she has she ought to read a bit about the educational revolution, rethink some of her values. This also goes for any others including the chairman, who fit that description.

To begin the reading-studying-implementing program, I would suggest that the board study the CSAC report first to look for innovations.

Secondly, they should read the study commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, entitled "Crisis in the Classroom," by Charles E. Silberman, and thirdly, they should hire those assistants to get the job done.

* * *

It is a great hoax, a great farce, a great waste of time and talent to recruit people for commissions and then to ignore them. I am only one of 500 persons who served on the CSAC. It was hard, gruelling work and evidently a thankless job.

Sadly, the School Commissioners, some of whom jealously guard their autonomy, are to blame for the state of affairs our schools are in.

No amount of commissions will change this state of affairs if there are those now serving who refuse to change with the times, who cannot overcome their racial vaine judgments and who serve only to take up space and inhibit progress.

Just think, Tommy did it to us as his going away gift! Let's pray for the whole state of Baltimore City!

NOW AND THEN

Joe Kennedy Kept Out Of Sight

DR. FLEMING

with G. JAMES FLEMING

Remember Joe Kennedy?

More formally, he was Joseph P. Kennedy, father of President John ("Jack") F. Kennedy.

No man ever dreamed more or longer of another becoming President; no one had ever planned more carefully how a young man could and should become Chief Executive; no one had ever invested more of his means into a candidacy; no one had ever blue-printed a presidential campaign more precisely.

If ever a man was a king-maker, that man was Joe Kennedy.

Early in his adult life he had decided that he would convert the Kennedys from "shanty Irish" into being a first family — the first family.

He worked, he saved, he manipulated, he made fast and hard bargains, he sent his children to the best schools and colleges, he contributed to his church, he helped many good causes, and he became active in politics.

Indeed, he was more than active in politics. He paid his way in politics and then some; he was an "angel" to his party and to many of its members.

Joseph Kennedy was one of the richest of politicians and, as might be expected, there were whispers up Boston way as to how he made his money, especially about his cornering of the Scotch whiskey market during Prohibition.

However, these whisperings did not prevent President F. D. Roosevelt from appointing him U.S. ambassador to the Court of St. James (London), nor did snide remarks and innuendos prevent him from numbering the royalty and "upper crust" of two hemispheres among his friends, including kings, queens, emperors, prime ministers and the princes of the church.

He had position and power. He could buy men and things and honors. But he could not totally forget or totally live down his past.

Another taint was to plague him. During World War II he was credited with being pro-Hitler. (More assertion and rumor than fact, his friends say). In some areas, however, this accusation stuck. It surfaced over so often. Whatever the full truth about Papa "Joe" Kennedy, he knew that his past could embarrass his son, Jack, in his race for the presidency; his past might even cause said son to lose this big, juicy plum that all Kennedys had worked for all of their lives. Joe Kennedy knew that there is something very real, called "guilt by association."

He did not want the "sins" of the father to hurt his son.

What did Joe Kennedy do?

During the long months of campaigning — preconvention and thereafter — he (the father) kept out of sight, he disappeared, he self-imposed a black-out, he made no headlines.

Certainly, he pulled powerful strings from behind closed doors, he used the telephone, he wrote necessary checks; certainly he was the major brain-trust. But, because he believed he was personally vulnerable, he did not show his face.

Joe Kennedy understood so well that the whole purpose of politics-in-practice is to win. If his self-effacement would cause his son to win, he was willing to undergo self-effacement, at least until after the votes were counted.

Sadly, sadly, sadly, some of the sponsors of George L. Russell, front-running candidate for mayor of Baltimore, have not learned anything from Joe Kennedy. They love Russell so much, they can't get out of his sight—nor out of sight of the reporters and the TV cameras.

At the gala testimonial reception for him in December, they were there, strutting like peacocks.

In between then and now, they have been acting like owners of a winning stable at the Kentucky Derby.

This was capped last week at the show-business-type press conference called by City Councilman Emerson R. Julian to announce his support for Russell.

Julian, of course, was there. Russell was there and so, also, "up front center" was the "little handful" (in person or by proxy), who insist on giving the impression that the mayor-aspirant is their special man on his way to being their personal mayor; or, put another way, that he is the entry from their stable, running especially for them, with the benefits to come to them.

Joe Kennedy knew how to keep out of sight, and why. Russell's "little handful" could do well to imitate him.

As this column has said earlier, George Russell may well need to pray: "God save me from my friends, I'll take care of my enemies."

IF YOU Ask Me

MRS. MOSS

BY BETTYE MOSS

People, Places

Glad-you're better cards to Police Major William (Box) Harris. He is out of Provident Hospital, but must take it easy at home for awhile.

His glowing, though, because so many of you and you and you remembered him with get-well cards and wishes.

AFRO employee Charles (Shorty) Lee is is Md. General Hospital (Room 335). In the same hospital, the Rev. Edward Smith (Room 637). Keep their spirits up, please.

And the co-worker, Mrs. Eva Barnes, remains confined to home, 3117 Windsor Ave.

* * *

AFRO employee Daniel Julius is out of the Lutheran Hospital. Hellos to him at 921 Edmondson Ave.

More sick: Get well cards to Provident, please, for Mrs. Helen (Moms) Roberts, the longtime beloved Morgan State mentor, more recently employed in the Student Union. She's in Room 5008 B.

And, continue hellos to Hopkins Hospital for Mrs. Martin D. Jenkins (Elizabeth), wife of the President-Emeritus of Morgan State College. She had eye surgery—is doing well.

Remember, please, Mrs. Samuel Torell (Ida), pioneer Catonsville resident of 79 Winters Lane.

She will bury her only brother on Saturday at Grace Church. He was 80-year-old Odell Williams Jr. He died in Newark earlier this week.

* * *

More people remembering Mama: — A beautiful tribute to their mom, Mrs. Lula Willis, widow of the Rev. M. O. Willis, former pastor of Fulton Baptist Church, was viewed by the family a week back.

* * *

Family traveled to the Mother's Day Shrine in Grafton, W. Va., to view the bronze plaque placed there by Mrs. Nan Armstrong Edwards.

Family making the trip included Mrs. Willis' daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Matthews and Mrs. Marie Green and Mrs. Matthews' children, Mrs. Jean Carey Theater, now being demolished.

I Remember Mama

The following excerpts are from this writer's Mother's Day column printed originally in 1963, the year after she died:

My mother was a gentle, gracious lady. She had a melodious, cultured voice and spread sunshine wherever she went.

She talked in a charming, precise manner, thanks to the school teacher experience she had before she met dad in the German class at Howard University.

My mother felt very strongly about certain things.

She detested strong drink like the plague, and was vehemently vocal when there was talk of 'buying a fifth.'

She abhored smut, foul language, gossip and disparaging talk.

In fact, it was my mother who inspired me to write this newspaper column.

She never got used to what she termed 'idle gossip' columns, such as appear in many daily and weekly newspapers. (cheap talk, is the way she described them).

And so one day 20 years ago (28 years this week) she said to me. "Newspapers have to print the news, but you, Bettye, write a column which will tell the good things about people, the nice things which people do.

"Don't repeat sly remarks. Don't be a gossiper. Remember," she urged, "there are always two sides to gossip's story" (her favorite expression was, 'the dog who brings the bone will carry it.')

Through the years, this column is glad to report, it has stuck to what mom called 'good things,' — people's birthdays, orchids to deserving neighbors, chit-chat about people who look good and do 'nice' things.

And, never, mom, thanks to you, his there been gossip, and there never will be. The letters which cross this writer's desk indicate our readers like mom's idea — good things.

Mama loved life. She gloried in the beauty of nature ('God's in His heaven, she'd chirp on a beautiful morning.')

She thought the sun, the stars, the moonlight, the trees ('God is in all His glory'), brought expressions of joy from her lips.

How she delighted us and the grandchildren with her recitation of several verses of "Star Light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight.' There were verses you don't learn in school.

She sang to us, too, and we listened and loved it.

And, last, but not least, mom had poise and a personable and winning smile.

In my mind's eye I can see her now.

She smiled when she was displeased (it was a smile with a twinge which let you know she was unhappy) but more often hers was a smile and a laugh full of sunshine.

Sunday, May 9 is Mother's Day. Remember your own mother or a friend's mother, or a foster mother.

If your mother is living, say a special prayer of thanksgiving.

After she is gone, you'll experience the greatest loss of your life because you'll miss the best friend you'll ever have. Particularly if you were pals as I've were.

First thing in the morning, last thing at night, we chatted in person or by phone.

Usually, just a 'hello. I love you,' or an 'how are you? but you knew she was there.

Yes, I'll always remember mom. She was a gracious and grand lady.

Afro Line

AFRO LINE is an AFRO community service to help you solve problems, whatever they may be. All you have to do is write a postcard to AFRO LINE, AFRO, 628 N. Eutaw St., P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. 21203. In addition to stating the question you want answered, include your name, address and phone number. Then watch for the answer in the AFRO LINE each week because that is where the Action can be found.

QUESTION: Whatever happened to the old Carey Theater? It was on Carey St., between Pressman and Gold Sts. — J. G.

ANSWER: Don Seitz, of the Department of Education facilities office, told AFRO LINE the entire block between Pressman and Gold Sts. and between Carey and Calhoun, which included the Carey Theater, is in the process of being demolished to make way for the new School No. 104.

The present School No. 104, on the east side of Carey, will remain standing, though its use has not yet been determined.

The Carey Theater, which he said should be down in the next few months, has been closed for some time.

QUESTION: I went to the Civic Center box office to get tickets for the Tom Jones Show. I was informed no tickets would be sold at the box office; they were only accepting mail orders. I asked what prices were for which seats and was told that information was not known. Why didn't they specify mail orders only in the newspaper? I feel I got the runaround fairly and given misinformation. — T. J.

ANSWER: Harold Jennifer, executive director of the Civic Center, told AFRO LINE he is sorry you were treated discourteously at the box office, since the Civic Center tries to please its customers whenever possible.

He also added the following information: on the date you mention, the box office was not yet selling tickets for that show. The newspaper ad did say "mail orders now" at that time. The people in the box office should, however, have given you information about mail orders, because that information was available. In the future, if you have difficulties of this kind, you should call him immediately for help in straightening out the problem.

QUESTION: I bought a set of those dishes at the Food Fair in my neighborhood, and now I hear they are dangerous; my children could get food poisoning from them. I would take them back to the store, but one of them is broken already. What can I do?

ANSWER: The dishes you refer to are being sold by Food Fair and Pantry Pride stores in this area.

They are labeled on the back "Royal Blue, Ironstone, Enoch Wedgwood (Tunstall) Ltd., England."

The Food and Drug Administration has declared them unsafe due to excessive amounts of lead in the decal flower pattern. The manager of your Food Fair told AFRO LINE you may bring in all the dishes for a refund. "I'll even taken the broken one," he added.

PAGE OPPOSITE

Baltimore Afro-American

MAY 8, 1971 A—5

It's NOT A Man's World

MRS. WHITE

By BERNICE S. WHITE

The theme for the 20th Annual Secretaries' Week that occurred a week or so ago was "Better Secretaries Mean Better Business," and the purpose of the observance was to focus attention on the role of professional secretaries as management's right arm in business, industry, education.

May I share with you the experience of one secretary who did not find her job as a secretary very challenging.

This excerpt is taken from "The Secretarial Proletariat" — one of the essays contained in an anthology of writings on the women's liberation movement entitled, "Sisterhood Is Powerful."

This secretary stated, "I think that people like and need productive work, and when we're not allowed, we make up games to make what we have to do seem productive.

"Filling, for example, was a task I really hated, but I quickly saw many hours working out an elaborate and unique filing system, so that nobody could find things except me and I could feel I was at least of some use around the office."

* * *

"Since it was so boring to just sit there and shuffle papers and —, any excuse to leave my desk was a treat, and I thus fell into sex-related servant-type tasks to the benefit of my boss.

"The pencil sharpener was located at the other end of the office near a window, so I sharpened his pencils several times a day.

"In the afternoons I gladly offered to go to the deli for coffee and cokes for my co-workers, so that I could escape the office for a few minutes.

"I was also happy to do xeroxing for anybody, since the xerox machine was on another floor, and sometimes you even got to wait in line and chat with other employees.

* * *

"The most minor errand was an excuse to wander the halls, 'accidentally' get on the wrong elevator and explore a floor I hadn't seen before (it was a large building), or even just stand at a window and watch new construction across the street.

"I was always aware that my boss ought to be able to do some of these kinds of dumb errands for himself, but at the same time I didn't mind doing them for him, since it was time fun than sitting at a desk.

"Executives are always saying these girls (clerks and secretaries) like their jobs, they don't mind doing things for me. Furthermore, they're lazy and don't want to get ahead, and don't like pressure jobs.

"But it is not true. Willingness to go on dumb errands and "laziness" are really resistance tactics."

She further discusses the "telephone mystique." That is where the secretary answers the phone and the caller asks to speak to the boss.

"Immediately, the caller knows that this man is important because he has a secretary. The secretary then asks for the caller's name and asks him to hold while she checks to see if the boss is "in."

"Now the game really begins in earnest.

"The importance of the boss relates to the length of time the caller is made to wait before speaking to him: the importance of the caller is inversely proportional to that same length of time. And if, after a respectable period, the secretary returns to the phone and says the boss is "in conference," then the caller knows that the boss is really important, and the caller had better jump to step, because he is obviously on the way down in the reliable scale of telephone values.

* * *

"I have known cases in which a single phone conversation involved days, even weeks, of maneuvers and counter-maneuvers which are essential to the telephone ethic. I began to wonder if, without her (the trusted secretary) the whole corporate structure would not collapse."

With anticipated growth in the public sector alone, it is imperative that the brainpower of women be fully utized if we hope to meet this nation's needs.

It is a matter of simple justice!

Business, industry and especially government must realize that the rewards for utilizing the talents of women — and members of minority groups — to the fullest extent will be a better functioning organization, a more competent staff and higher morale because every employee will know that abilities and qualifications will determine advancement — not race, creed or sex.

Note: If there are any issues you would like to see discussed here or you would like to express an opinion, please write to It's Not A Man's World, AFRO-AMERICAN, P.O. Box 1857, Balto., Md. 21203.

In the Spotlight

FLOYD B. WRIGHT

Floyd B. Wright, of 3419 Dupont Ave., served as Baltimore City president of the Distributive Education Clubs of America (DECA), for the year 1968-70, his last year of high school.

After graduation from Northwestern High School in June, he was employed by the Northern Acceptance Corp., where he continues to work on weekends.

While president of the Baltimore DECA, he worked with other high school students throughout the city to strengthen the organization.

He was chosen to represent the Baltimore area clubs at conferences held in Salisbury, Md., and Mt. Airy, Pa.

Also during his tenure with DECA, he worked to set up an Employer-Employee banquet, to promote better relations between employers and employees.