Baltimore Afro-American

May we let our light so shine that it will illuminate that which is good and beautiful, and magnify our Father which is in heaven. May we stand strong and firm against despair, falsehood, rudeness, hatred, pessimism and prejudice.

Carl Murphy,
Editor-Publisher—1889-1967

A-4 JANUARY 15, 1972

Good Credentials

Mayor Schaefer reached into the Johns Hopkins faculty to pick the two new members of the Baltimore City School Board.

His selection of Dr. John Walton, 61, distinguished educator and writer, and Dr. Wayman Eugene Scott, 41, scientist and teacher noted for his work with Planetary and Earth Sciences, caught many by surprise.

The mayor has picked persons whose credentials are topnotched.

Dr. Walton's achievements are chronicled on page 2,227 of Who's Who in America where he has 22 lines.

Hopkins sent out a 238-word release last fall when Dr. Scott joined the faculty and the AFRO printed it in its September 17, 1971 issue.

More importantly, however, is that both men have an intimate knowledge of public school problems. Dr. Walton has written the text 'Administration and Policy-Making in Education', and has headed the teachers' training program.

Further, his wife is an elementary school specialist with some years service.

Dr. Scott, father of six, has two children who are recent high school graduates. The other four are still in public school. Both he and his social worker-wife have been active with PTA groups and community-related organizations.

It has been suggested in some quarters that Mayor Schaefer has filled the two vacancies with level-headed men who will bring the board together and cut down on dissension.

We hope not. No concensus board can bring about meaningful change and carry out its commitments to children.

Differences of opinion can and must occur if there is to be progress and this is what has happened in the past and likely to occur in the future.

We submit, however, that such disagreements must be in good temper and without the scare headlines employed by some daily paper writers intent only on discrediting black leadership.

It is hoped the School Board, under the direction of president-educator—Walton, will move now to the big job ahead—providing the truly quality education this city sorely needs for all children.

How committed Mayor Schaefer and his administration are to this cause will depend upon the degree of support they give to the budget request of the new superintendent, Dr. Roland N. Patterson, and how well the board works to help Dr. Patterson implement the innovative programs he has designed to move our schools ahead.

Colts May Move?

If it isn't a case of too little, too late, the intervention by Gov. Mandel in the Colts versus Baltimore City hassle is to be applauded.

While the AFRO sees some merit in the argument presented by each side in the controversy over the stadium, it cannot ignore the validity of the football team's claim that the improvements it seeks will benefit the city more so than the Colts.

Hostile city officials—obviously bent on enhancing their political image—insist that they will not tolerate an uprooting of the football franchise, and vow that they will battle any attempt on the part of the ownership to vacate Memorial Stadium.

But one needs only to recall that similar vows were made on behalf of Milwaukee, Seattle, New York and Washington when these cities sought to block evacuation by a professional franchise. And in recalling, one is faced with the truth that nothing was, or could be done.

That is why Mandel is to be praised for his determination to placate, rather than aggravate, the opposing factions. by his actions, the Governor acknowledges that 18 years is long enough to wait for improvements that have been a need since 1953. He admits that recalcitrance has made Baltimore proprietor of a municipal plant that belongs to the horse-and-buggy, button-shoe, string-tie era—one which shames itself when compared to the homes of 45 of the 50 parks throughout the country housing professional sports.

He, better than any politician on the local scene, understands that Baltimore cannot afford loss of the Colts—socially, economically, politically.

D. Arnett Murphy

David Arnett Murphy was born with pinter's ink in his veins.

He was the youngest of eleven children of AFRO founder, John H. Murphy Sr. and Martha Elizabeth Howard Murphy. He was born July 4, 1892 a month before this newspaper was founded.

After high school, he worked along with his father as bookkeeper, pressman, linotype machinist, makeman and reporter.

When the senior Mr. Murphy died in 1922, the AFRO had grown from a 4-page sheet to a 16-page newspaper circulated on the East Coast.

It was at this point that 'D. Arnett' or 'the Chief,' as he was called, took over direction of the advertising department.

When he retired from active service in 1965 he had worked continuously for 50 years. One of his great achievements was the establishment of a national advertising agency, Associated Publishers Inc., still active in soliciting national advertisements for the AFRO and other weeklies.

He was a member of this newspaper's Board of Directors and an officer for 45 years. All told, he served the AFRO a total of 66 years, an impressive record.

One of the secrets of Mr. Murphy's successful career may be found in a letter he wrote to an employee, September, 1963.

He said, "The only thing that keeps me level headed and not worrying about things too much is to remember that you can't worry about a thing and get it done.

"Worry is not going to get it done and if you worry about it before it comes and worry about it when it comes there are two worries when one will do.

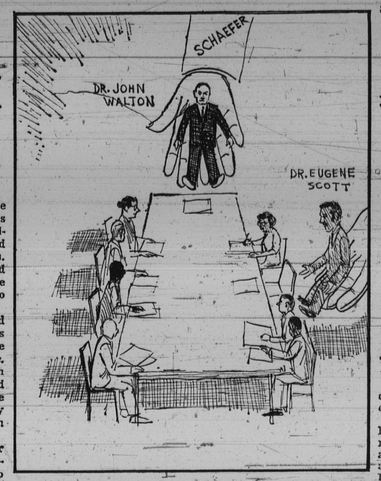
"One is always enough, so why have two worries when you can only have one—that is when it happens. That worry then should turn into concern rather than worry because worry has never done a darn thing for anybody at any time as far as I know.

The man who espoused this philosophy, died this week after a long illness.

At one time he revealed how he found solace, "after you have done the best you can, go home and go to sleep."

This was David Arnett Murphy.

A Good Start



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.

Need Filter Mask

Dear AFRO:

I am writing this letter as a formal complaint against my employer Baltimore City, department, Baltimore City Fire Department. About eight months to a year ago the All-Service Filter Mask was taken off all apparatus in the department.

This was a grave injustice against the Citizens of Baltimore City and the Fire Fighters.

I understand their reason for this action was that two or three Fire Fighters in California were overcome and suffered brain damage while using this type of mask. They were fighting a fire that involved some sort of new plastic and the mask did not filter out the gases given off by this burning plastic.

In this type of fire this mask should not be used. But 90 per cent of the fires in Baltimore city involve dwellings. Most of the time a bedroom or living room is what is on fire. The All-Service Filter Mask would filter out all smoke and gases given off by a burning mattress, sofa, rug, etc.

In my eleven years in the Fire Department I never encountered any trouble breathing while I was using the mask in question. When we pulled up on the fire ground, we had this mask ON. We could go into the burning building at once without a moment's delay, get anyone out who might be trapped and then put the fire out.

The injustice towards the Citizens is the type mask in use now. Don't get me wrong. This mask is better than the All-Service Filter Mask but it takes time to put on. The Air Mask takes anywhere from thirty seconds to forty-five seconds to put on AFTER we arrive on the fire ground. This is a longtime for anyone trapped in a burning building. With the All-Service Filter Mask we could get right in, no time lost putting on a mask.

So far as I know no one has lost their life to date in a fire in Baltimore City due to the EXTRA time it takes to put the Air Mask on since the All-Service Filter Mask has been taken out of service and I don't want to see this happen.

If you were to ask all the Fire Fighters and Fire Officers in the Fire Department if they would use the All-Service Filter Mask if we could get it back, I would say 75 per cent to 80 per cent would use it with no worry about the efficiency of the mask. I am asking of you three major newspapers to start a campaign to either get the All-Service Filter Mask back on the apparatus or have Baltimore City get a mask for the Fire Department that the Fire Fighters and Fire Officers can have ON when they arrive on the fire ground.

No one wants to see a life lost, especially the ones trying to save lives. Please help us.

Please check into this and you will be helping the citizens of Baltimore City and the Fire Fighters and Fire Officers.

GEORGE P. FRAIZER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The AFRO asked John O'Mailey, executive secretary to the Fire Board, about gas masks. He said, "the All-Service Filter Mask has been condemned by the National Fire Protection Association."

"There study has shown that quite a few deaths had resulted from the filter mask," O'Mailey replied.

Fires consume most of the immediate oxygen, explained O'Mailey, and so a fireman could suffocate from the lack of oxygen even if he had a mask on that filters out poisonous fumes.

O'Mailey acknowledged that the new masks, with their bottles of oxygen attached, takes time to put on but added, "We feel that the few seconds to don a gas mask is well worth a fire fighter's life."

From Mrs. Adams

Dear AFRO:

Thank you for the coverage you gave my speech delivered on the floor of the City Council—Monday, the thirteenth of December.

The speech concerned itself with my reactions to a statement made about me on a local TV program.

Thank you also for your editorial and the advice it contained. Frankly, I did not think about "equal time," but since each situation is a learning situation, I'll keep that in mind.

Public reaction to your stories has been most positive and encouraging as evidenced by personal verbalizations, phone calls, and written messages.

I appreciate your concern and interest as well as the interest and concern of the members of the entire community.

(Mrs.) VICTORINE Q. ADAMS
(City Council 4th D.)

What 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 meaningful 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.

A black owned and operated taxicab company.

A black owned and operated bank.

A black majority on Baltimore City Board of School Commissioners.

78 YEARS AGO—"The interests of the Afro-American population of Baltimore are identical and any faction of the race which fosters strife to gratify its own selfish ambition should be classed with the enemy."
(From The AFRO-AMERICAN, April, 1893)

WASHINGTON REPORT

HUD-FHA Financing Of Housing

By PARREN J. MITCHELL, M.C.
U.S. House of Representatives — (D. 7th)

REP. MITCHELL

Your congressman has long been concerned with HUD-FHA financing of housing projects for blacks.

Project Newtowne Nineteen located in Annapolis, Md., represented such poor construction and management practices that I asked the Comptroller General of the United States to review this matter for me.

A report from the General Accounting Office, dated December 21, 1971, entitled, "Review of Certain Matters Concerning the Newtowne Nineteen Project in Annapolis, Md." focuses in on four major objectives.

(1) "Who owned the project,

(2) the relationship and agreement between Newtowne Nineteen, Inc., the project mortgagor, and the Boise Cascade Urban Development Corporation, an investor in the project,

(3) the monies spent by Boise and Newtowne to improve the project, and

(4) the officials of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) responsible for approving construction plans and construction work and for granting permission to occupy the project."

The problem of ownership and therefore responsibility for the project was uncertain. The General Accounting Office reports:

"The legal owner of the project was Newtowne, the project mortgagor, until September 30, 1971, at which time title to the project was conveyed to HUD as a result of Newtowne's default on the mortgage loans.

Although Newtowne was the legal owner of the project, a controversy existed as to who had controlling interest in Newtowne. In our opinion, this controversy would have to resolved by a court of law."

"The relationship between Newtowne and Boise Cascade was a matter of controversy between Boise and Messrs. Lang and Briscuso. Boise and Messrs. Lang and Briscuso claimed that they did not own stock in Newtowne."

In our Congressional investigation of this project it was alleged that some $40,000.00 had been used to make improvements to remedy the original structural deficiencies. The General Accounting Office reports:

"The financial records maintained for Newtowne by a certified public accounting firm during the 2-year period ended May, 1971, showed that about $71,000 had been spent on repairs and maintenance; however, a further breakdown showing what part of this amount had been expended for improving the units was not available.

In addition to the $125,000 initially provided pursuant to the agreement, Boise had provided Newtowne with about $40,500 to meet the project's operating deficits; however, we could not determine from the accounting records whether any part of the $40,500 had been used for improvements to the project."

The General Accounting Office reports that the Department of Housing and Urban Development had approved various stages of the project.

"HUD records showed that approvals of project site preparation and soil stability had been made by officials of HUD's Philadelphia Regional Office and HUD's Baltimore Area Office. Pursuant to an agreement with Newtowne, the project architect had primary responsibility for inspection of construction.

"The architect was required to make weekly inspections and to certify monthly that the materials and work met the plans and specifications. The architect's inspection reports required approval by HUD's Baltimore Area Office.

In addition, the Baltimore Area Office made periodic inspections of the project during its construction.

A list of HUD officials who approved the various phases of construction and occupancy of the project units and the dates of these approvals is included as the appendix."

Despite the involvement of Federal Agencies and a large expenditure of public funds Project Newtowne Nineteen stands as a monument to slipshod planning and construction in housing for Black citizens.

Despite alleged inspections and the approvals, Project Newtowne Nineteen had to be conveyed to HUD as a result of Newtowne's default on the mortgage loans.

Like Flim-Flam

Dear AFRO:

Is the "stop and frisk" provision of the gun control bill more in the interest of protecting property or in saving lives?

By stressing the latter, the bill is picking up much black support.

These unsuspecting blacks are like the flim-flam victims who go for the baited bundle of goodies falsely thinking it will enhance their security.

Black ghettos are the most anarchistic areas in America. As long as you pay your bills and do not antagonize the merchants, you are free to do your thing.

Violence is reacted to rather than prevented. Long knives and the "switch blade" have long been the major instruments of death and mayhem.

Why aren't these weapons treated with alarm rather than indifference? Is it because they are considered an "inculture" weapon not commonly used in off-street robberies and pose little danger to life, limb and property outside of the black community?

I am not against gun control but when you ask me to trade some of my freedom for safety, I want to know who is this safety for. My fears are not lessened when you remove the handgun and leave the switch blade and other deadly weapons as easy to purchase as cigarettes.

In the dress and drop-out styles of today, there is no systematic way of singling out the gunfighters. This means innocent persons are going to jail if they resist the indignities of a search.

Harassment is going to follow this gun bill like thunder follows lightning. But I do not believe it will occur in the ghetto. It will occur when that black steps out of the ghetto and shows his strange face in a lily white business or residential community.

Let's use every legal means to control "all" concealed weapons. But let us not be hanky panky about it. Treasury agents do not go after counterfeit money by looking into wallets for bogus bills. They concentrate on finding the distributors and the plates from which these bills are made.

If Gov. Mandel tailors his bill along these lines, cheers will be heard from the ghettos of Baltimore to the shores of Annapolis.

CHARLES E. THOMAS

Our Credo

I measure a newspaper not in buildings, equipment and employes—those are trimmings.

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

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 injustice, race prejudice and the cowardice of compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR.
December 25, 1920

I HAVE A DREAM
IN MEMORIAM

MARTIN LUTHER KING
(Jan. 15, 1929-April 4, 1968)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We reprint herewith the full text of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s famed speech at the March on Washington on Aug. 28, 1963, in honor of his birthday on Jan. 15.)

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity.

But 100 years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Nebro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check; a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt.

We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check — a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.

Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro.

This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. 1963 is not an end, but a beginning.

Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshhold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.

We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline.

We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence.

Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?"

We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality.

We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities.

We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one.

We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to live. Until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells.

Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality.

You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South.

With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside let freedom ring."

And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and mole hill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual "Free at last! Free at last! thank God almighty, we are free at last!"

NOW and THEN

Music In The Heart

By G. JAMES FLEMING

DR. FLEMING

Imagine a column dedicated to political analysis quoting poetry.

But we have been thinking: "If the good thoughts, feelings and resolutions of Christmas and New Year could only continue throughout the year!

Usually, these good year-end promises fade away in two or three weeks, whether made by laymen or by public officials.

One suggestive answer to the question, "After Christmas, What?" was included by the Rev. Howard L. Cornish, director of the Morgan Christian Center, in last Sunday's service. The poem-prayer reads:

"When the song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with the flock,
The work of Christmas begins:
To find the lost, to heal the broken,
To feed the hungry, to release the prisoner,
To rebuild the nations, to bring peace among brothers,
To make music in the heart."

There must have been music in the heart of William Owens, a Baltimore man who was kept in jail 123 days, forgotten. He had been found guilty of no crime.

In fact, he was not even a case.

The "papers" which would have brought him to trial had been lost somewhere.

So he just stayed in jail — 'rotting' in jail, as some say.

It is in the spirit of our poem — and all for the good — that State Senator Verda F. Welcome (D.-4th), has appealed to the "powers that be" to consider Owens "punished enough," and not to try to indict and attempt to have him imprisoned further. Incidentally, he is not charged with murder.

The Owens case is a reminder of all those persons who get punished without having their "day in court" — given no opportunity to prove themselves guiltless.

Sometimes, and often, there are alleged offenders who do not want their cases heard — whose lawyers get one postponement after the other.

But, there are other times when the accused do want to have their cases heard — to get the record straight. Sometimes it is "the state" which postpones, and postpones, and postpones.

When an accused man is left dangling, unable to prove his innocence, he finds himself refused employment wherever he goes, and unable to finance a business or get any kind of credit. He might as well be "rolling in jail," too.

In one case known to this column, a man has been kept waiting some five years — waiting on the state to prosecute. Non-prosecution has become persecution, as this man finds himself as just described — unemployed, unable to do anything "as long as this case hangs over me."

This man and his lawyer say he is innocent. His lawyer and other lawyers say "The state just does not have a case." But the state postpones.

Indeed, if this man, who is not accused of any act of violence, had been found guilty and incarcerated, he would have "served his time" by now, or he might have gotten a pardon.

Instead, his present situation is like a life sentence; his family life is disrupted, he is worried unto illness, and so is his wife.

But the subject of these paragraphs is no Jimmie Hoffa. No President or governor will ever hear about him.

Another case of "punishment" meted out in a high-handed manner has come to light, high up on the federal level.

This involves a well-known Baltimorean, Dr. Dollie R. Walker, a social worker with the Department of Education and who now holds the rank of education specialist in the Community Relations Service, the U.S. Department of Justice.

When Dr. Walker recently applied for a higher position, and reminded the department she had been passed over before, she was summarily transferred to Dallas, Texas. She has also experienced other harrassments, both in Washington and on the field — being denied travelling privileges, finding herself without a secretary, etc.

In Dallas Dr. Walker is assigned to one region whereas, before, she was overlooking five regions. This is regarded as punishment — banishment.

Dr. Walker is appealing her transfer and has gone to the courts, on the grounds of discrimination based on box sex and race. Her lawyer avers that the Justice Department just does not want women in high places under its roof — much less black women. If they start moving up too much, they are banished.

When this happens to most people, they either take the punishment or resign. Most times the harrassment is intended to force resignation.

But, although Dollie Walker lives in Baltimore with her husband, Prof. A. J. Walker of Morgan State College, and has a son at nearby Lincoln University, Pa., she says she is not going to be forced out.

It should be made clear that no fault has been found with Dr. Walker's work performance. Her programs have been considered pace setting.

If October, 1970, she was sent to England to evaluate its infant and "integrated" day schools; in December she was given a departmental award for "sustained superior outstanding service."

On April 21, 1971, her rating was satisfactory with no weaknesses of any kind recorded.

But, it came to pass that Dr. Walker thereafter dared to apply for a higher level position as a specialist on minority problems. This opened the Pandora Box. This application brought her punishment. She was both female and black.

PAGE OPPOSITE

Baltimore Afro-American
A-5 JANUARY 15, 1972

STATE OF THINGS

Candy Store Is Open

By VAL HYMES

The four-million-dollar candy store opened in Annapolis Wednesday, and the bell that jingled won't stop until April 10 at midnight.

But the Maryland General Assembly is no mom and pop operation, although the machinery needed to crank up and run the store create a havoc like that in front of the penny candy counter on a Saturday afternoon.

And every year, there are more problems, more people and more effort costing more money but less office and parking space for those trying to get the job done.

Everything grows bigger each year, just as the State's budget nears the $2 billion mark, but at least the delegation offices remain the same this year, spread through five buildings.

Baltimore City's delegates may be found on the first floor of the Executive Building on Francis at Main St. until the House Office Building is finished late in 1973 or early in 1974.

Senators are located in the Senate Office (Treasury) Building and the Court of Appeals. The latter will be demolished soon to make way for the new office buildings under the construction program that has intensified the parking crush.

During the session, several hundred State employees are bumped off the lots, but the shuttle bus service is doubled not only for them, but for the public, for almost continuous runs to and from the Navy stadium lot.

But the mountains of paper generated by the Legislature are becoming the greatest problem, rising from 100 bushels an average day to more than 400 in the 90 days and keeping 25 prison trusties and dozens of Buildings and Grounds workers steadily busy.

And it will get worse. The State House printing office will run off about 3 million pieces of paper besides the 20 million sheets printed in Baltimore at a cost of $193,000 that represent the bills themselves.

About 2,800 bills and resolutions were introduced last year and more are expected because 474 measures have already been prefiled. Forty per cent of the bills will require fiscal notes, or another 60,000 sheets of paper, and 1,700 synopses will be run off every day listing all bills.

The 12 bill-room clerks will walk from Annapolis to Boston around the collating table while extra bill drafters, proofreaders and clerks dig into Legislative Reference and Fiscal Services.

The pencil and eraser, stationery and plotter business will reach nearly $25,000 and 100 typewriters will be rented.

More than 20,000 cups of coffee will be served by the Maryland Workshop for the Blind in its State House canteen, one of five in Annapolis.

There are 59 security guards, not counting the special State Police detail, watching the sprawling legislative campus with the help of closed circuit surveillance TV sets.

The number of gold blazered pages (115) remains the same this year, but 10 legislative interns from Maryland colleges have been added. And the number of lobbyists will probably surpass 400 this year, colliding with thousands of visiting school children in the marble halls.

The loaded Centrex telephone system now covers 62 agencies and will increase the number of lines from 1,500 to 2,010. The press room will overflow with reporters, typewriters and tape recorders while cameras grind away in the halls.

Down the hall, at his shine-and-a-caucus stand, James Chambers is ready to shine his 75,000th shoe since 1962, while veteran secretaries on the run discover, with bumped noses, that all outside doors finally open outward after 70 years.

And for those emergencies, the volunteer doctor-for-a-day stands by in the infirmary with a full-time nurse, who is ready with aspirin and bandaids.

In the what's new department, the State House is now completely air conditioned, and old wiring and plumbing has been replaced for fire safety reasons.

GOVERNOR'S STATE OF THE STATE message will begin Jan. 19 at 2 p.m. before a joint session in the House Chamber. . THE STATE OF THE JUDICIARY is planned for 2 p.m. Jan. 26 also before a joint session, by Court of Appeals Chief Judge Hall Hammond.

IF YOU ASK ME

By BETTYE MOSS

MRS. MOSS

People moving about: Mrs. Mae Wright Peck, the longtime Baltimore city public school teacher, is in a new and interesting post.

As of this month she is staff specialist with the Division of Instructional Television with the Md. State Department of Education.

She goes to her new post after 41 years in the classroom. Her last post was as head of the English Department at Douglass High School.

Many know Mrs. Peck as the elegant lady with the devoted interest in her children and her job. Baltimore's loss is educational TV's gain.

Cuff note: Mrs. Peck, the former Mae Wright, daughter of the late Dr. William H. Wright, a renowned physician, and Mrs. Annie Wright, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Tufts University and holds graduate degrees from New York University.

More on her new job in an upcoming issue.

Good news about two senior citizens children are this column's special friends: Mrs. David Wright Sr. (Gertrude), is out of Provident, doing nicely at the Hilton Nursing Home. She's mother of David Wright.

Mrs. Ellen Mason (Aunt Nellie), is out of Provident, doing much better. She's at 4017 Chatham Rd. Her daughter is Mrs. Elizabeth Williams.

Cuff note: It was an oddity that Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Mason whose children are friends occupied the same room at Provident. That made it nice for them.

More cuff note: Special hellos to Mrs. Mason this week. She is 89 years young on Jan. 15.

Good news from Huntingdon, Pa., about a hometown girl:

Miss Janis A. Medders, participated in the Junita College Fall Reading Festival series presented Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, in the Shoemaker Gallery. The program featured students reading selections from famous poets, dramatists and playwrights.

Miss Esther M. Doyle, Charles Dana Supported Professor of English, supervised the students and directed the annual reading festival at Junita College.

Miss Medders read selections from black poets. An English major, she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Medders of Ashburton St., and a 1970 graduate of Eastern High School.

Sad things happen to the nicest people: Like, the young accountant, Samuel Ferguson, who remains in a coma at the White Plains, N.Y. hospital.

He was changing tire on the road when a hit and run driver ran him down. Accident happened two days before Christmas when he was en route to his home in Camden, N.J.

Keep-your-spirits-up cards to his wife, the former Yvonne Barnes, the medical technologist and daughter of the James Barneses (Eva) of Baltimore. Address cards to 650 N. 31st St. Apt. A 16, Camden, N.J., 08105.

Plenty of sunshine, please to Lutheran Hospital (Room 210A) for Mrs. Robert Croxton. She's been in over a month.

Many know her as Ruth J, proprietor of the Forest Park Ave. dress salon which bears her name.

More good news: Major Simon A. Porter (Ret) (1) was presented the Army Commendation Medal at ceremonies recently in the Pikesville Armory.

Major Porter received the award for outstanding service and dedication while serving as a member of the 29th Support Center, Rear Area Operations, Maryland Army National Guard from October 1968 until his retirement in September 1971.

Col. Benjamin F. Dean, his Commanding Officer, made the presentation. Major Porter resides in 3400 Blk. Auchentoroly Terr.

Art Note: Still on view at the Carl Murphy Auditorium at Morgan State College is the Paul Collins exhibition, Black Portrait Of An African Journey.' James E. Lewis is director of the college's art gallery.

Wedding note: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson (Mary Sprow), are in from their Mexico honeymoon. It couldn't happen to two nicer people.

Ballot notice received in the mail this week advises Health and Welfare Council has nominated James E. Nix as president. Jan. 31 is deadline for ballots to be in.

More new officers elected: The Maryland Hospital Education and Research Foundation, has picked Dr. Marion I. Murphy, dean of the School of Nursing, University of Maryland, as president.

Vice president is Dr. Frank E. Enty, associate dean and chairman of Morgan State College's Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation.