One Way To Open The Door

Baltimore Afro-American

OUR 80TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Founded Aug. 13, 1892 by John H. Murphy Sr., 1840-1922. Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Co. of Baltimore City Inc.

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. — CARL MURPHY, Editor-Publisher 1889-1967.

A-4 AUGUST 26, 1972

The Job Suit

For years the Baltimore Urban League and other concerned groups have exposed color barriers in trade unions and the discriminatory practices which reserve skilled construction jobs for whites only.

Back in 1941, the late Urban League executive, Furman L. Templeton, sought to get the plumbers' board to license black applicants. One of them, the late John Catlin, subsequently sued and won a permit.

Since then, there have been similar individual efforts to improve the construction employment picture. But this week's Legal Aid Bureau suit filed in Federal Court is the first class action of mammoth proportions.

Filed on behalf of 10 black construction workers, and all others like them, the document contends it is unconstitutional for trade unions and contractors to take public funds and deny membership and training to a substantial portion of the population.

The federal court is asked to compel six trade unions to train and admit apprentices to membership, and to refer them to jobs on an equitable basis.

Further, it would require the unions and contractors to develop a plan for hiring black workers on an equal basis on each construction job in the Baltimore area.

Trade unions and contracting firms which have profitted immeasurably from contracts, many of them federally-funded, also have a moral responsibility to address themselves to the charges made in this unprecedented complaint.

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.

No Community Safe

Dear AFRO:

On Aug. 7, 1972, I was a victim of a daytime robbery. Fortunately I recovered 95 per cent of my property.

This was due to some beautiful police work by three (3) officers from the Southwestern District.

I have only lived in this neighborhood since March, of this year, I am still quite unfamiliar with my neighbors and their habits. I moved from Harlem Park where I have lived most of my adult life.

It is my intention to inform the organized groups in this area as to how to possibly prevent future robberies such as mine. I will attempt to do this either through the group or on an individual basis.

I commend Officers, Rainey, Morgan, and Barnhart of the Southwestern District as well as the others representing the Baltimore City Police Department for their fine work in this case.

However, about two (2) days after my daylight robbery, I understand that the president of the neighborhood organization was also robbed.

It is time for our neighbors to organize and send proposals to the Police Department to prevent such crimes, or to form vigilant groups to do it ourselves.

No community is safe from thieves — no amount of bars, burglar alarms or other contraptions will keep thieves out. We must be rid of the thieves.

CHARLES R. CURTIS

Sen. Mathias:

Dear AFRO:

At a time in history when we read of many newspapers closing their doors, it is a particular pleasure to celebrate the eightieth birthday of The AFRO-AMERICAN.

At 80, The AFRO-AMERICAN is a vibrant, strong and vital part of the Baltimore community. It is my hope that the paper will be able to continue to make valuable contributions — such as the Clean Block Program — in Baltimore for years to come.

CHARLES McC. MATHIAS JR.
(United States Senator From Md.)

First Newsboy

Dear AFRO:

Congratulations on your 80th anniversary. I was one of the first newsboys to sell your paper.

I was ten years old when your first edition came out. Your carrier left a bundle at J. P. Evans barber shop; I was a shop boy after school.

I gathered up some and ran to jump on the horse car to sell the AFRO.

Thank God, for His blessing to be able to read the AFRO.

R. HARVEY RICE,
87 Kinnaird Street,
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

From Del. Dean:

Dear AFRO:

I want to offer my congratulations to the AFRO on its 80th anniversary. The AFRO has, through the years, served as a guiding force for black people in Baltimore city. The AFRO has always and I am sure always will stand for what is right in our community.

I wish you continued success as you move into your 81st year.

WALTER R. DEAN JR.
(Del. 5th D.)

He Remembers

Dear AFRO:

We wish to join with persons all over this nation in congratulating the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN on its 80th birthday.

It's doubtful if any efforts have been made in these United States during the past seventy-five to eighty years for the advancement of the black race; that the AFRO-AMERICAN did not take an active and effective part.

As a former AFRO-AMERICAN newsboy and a reader of it almost as long as I can remember, it still remains high on our list of favored publications.

May those responsible for its inception always be remembered, and those in charge of its present publication, live long so the AFRO-AMERICAN will continue to be a wise and forceful journalistic voice among us.

M. B. ROBINSON,
(Editor The Star of Zion,
Official Organ AME Zion
Church,
Charlotte, N.C.)

Mrs. Burley:

Dear AFRO:

It's a pleasure worth repeating, wishing happy days for you-all and this special birthday greeting does just that . . . and warmly, too!

(Mrs.) E. BURLEY

Unpoor, Unblack, Unyoung

This week's Republican National Convention is over. President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew have been nominated.

Those in attendance and millions who watched the preceedings over television could not overlook the fact that this was a well-orchestrated gathering and that there were few young, few poor, and few black delegates in Miami Beach.

Television cameras were kind enough to show us the rehearsal for the demonstration youth supporters put on during the session.

There was also an unprecedented appearance by President Nixon at a celebrity show staged by Sammy Davis Jr.

Cameras zoomed in on the President and the famed star kidding and hugging. Sammy Davis' medallion, which hung on his bare belly, created as much a sensation as the President's guffaws.

Much was made at the Convention about the fact that young people will be voting for the first time for President.

Those who viewed the rehearsed cheering and those who participated in the Conventions, both Republican and Democrat, now have another duty. They must come on home now and prepare to register to vote in the November 6 Election.

No rehearsal is needed to go to the polling booth. The only requirement is that one be registered and pull the lever down on the candidate of his choice.

The new 18-year-old voters are an unknown quantity. Neither political party has them in its pockets.

In the eleven weeks remaining before the General Election the new young voters will be studying the candidates and making up their own minds, minus rehearsals, and hoopla, and show.

We Can Understand

We have great sympathy for residents in the area of 33rd Street and the integrated neighborhood known as Waverly.

They are complaining about city plans to detour trucks and perhaps remove the grass strip on 33rd Street to speed traffic through the city.

They note their neighbors in the rich Guilford area have prevailed upon the city fathers to consider rerouting travel out of their swank area.

We can remember similar complaints when black people first moved on Fulton Ave. There the grass strip was removed to facilitate flow of traffic.

Today, many black families who paid high prices for homes on Fulton Ave. at a time when it had the grassy strip, find themselves on a speedway.

Residents in the 33rd Street area ought to insist the city find other options for traffic control.

They deserve the peace and tranquility as much as their more affluent neighbors in Guilford.

He Has Rights, Too

A reader suggests that our recent headline stories on John (Liddie) Jones, the suspected drug dealer, indicate the AFRO-AMERICAN is making a hero of a suspected law breaker.

This is not so.

What the AFRO has been doing is printing the facts — the police version of charges against the suspect, as well as his lawyer's complaint that he has been subjected to certain kinds of police harassment ever since last year when he was released after serving six years on a narcotics conviction.

He claims he is no longer in drugs, conducts a legitimate business.

Jones' lawyer complained that he has been followed constantly, arrested repeatedly, forced to post excessive bail and assaulted by law enforcement officers.

It is a newspaper's responsibility to write such stories. As the leading community newspaper in this area, the AFRO has a mandate to live up to the credo of its founder, John H. Murphy Sr. who 80 years ago said, a newspaper succeeds if it has kept faith with the common people and has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured.

Liddie Jones, like any other person accused of breaking the law, has a right to equal protection of the law without undue police state tactics, because he too is deemed innocent until proved guilty.

'A little About a LOT'

Can It Happen Here?

By MADELINE W. MURPHY

MRS. MURPHY

Have you ever needed a washer replaced, a wiring job done, a sink unstopped, pipes thawed in winter?

Or maybe a paint job on the house, a porch installed, or repaired, a partition knocked out?

No doubt your address book is filled with names and numbers of people in the black community, though unlicensed, who know how to do everything listed above and much more.

Craftsmanship in the black community dates back to days of slavery, when iron fences and gratings, stone churches and bridges were forged and built by artisans among slaves.

Forging metal, historically, dates back to Africa. These were skills brought to America on the first slave ships and passed on from generation to generation.

These skills built America into the thriving, rich country it is today. This exploited slave labor for over 300 years, reaped such financial benefit for the landed gentry that empires in cotton, oil, steel, coal, railroading sprang up over night.

Therefore, it is paradoxical and maddening to witness rampant prejudice of a closed racist empire — the building trades unions circa 1972.

The suit against the building trades, filed on Monday, August 21, in Federal Court by the Legal Aid Bureau, on behalf of ten black men, highlights the crazy exclusion of blacks into trades in which so many are qualified (electrical, operating engineers, plumbers and steam fitters, iron workers, sheet metal workers) and so few are able to work legitimately, respectably, lucratively.

Most criminal in all of this is the time required to quality, under the various Joint Apprenticeship and Training Committees: Plumbers and Steamfitters — 5 years, Electricians and Sheet Metal Workers — 4 years, and Operating Engineers and Iron Workers — 3 years.

As if the unions were saying: "We'll let you in but we'll tire you out, discourage you before your apprenticeship ends, by first ignoring you, then boring you with unrelated jobs, then harassing you and finally defeating you!"

So trade union membership reflects few blacks: Electricians — .43 per cent; Operating Engineers — 14.91 per cent; Plumbers — 0.18 per cent; Steamfitters — 0.15 per cent; Ironworkers — 0.88 per cent; and Sheet Metal Workers — 0.00 per cent!

Now then, couple this with the high percentage of unemployment where black males rate 54.7 per cent in Baltimore and 39.3 per cent in Metropolitan Baltimore; the accusing cry directed toward welfare chiselers, loafers, bums, crime in the streets, dope addiction; one can well believe, with this kind of vile genocide, violence is as "American as apple pie" among the white ruling class.

And at the same time, one questions the sanity of the ruling class which perpetuates an inevitable collision course leading to violent retaliation and vengeance.

The class action suit brought by the Legal Aid Bureau, names as defendants, the afore-mentioned 6 unions, 6 joint apprenticeship programs in conjunction with these unions; 5 contracting associations with collective bargaining rights with these unions, 4 sub-contractors and the trustees of health and welfare funds of these unions.

The Affirmative Action Program under Federal Executive Order and Gubernatorial Executive Order requires that contractors in state and federal building projects DO NOT discriminate against any applicant for employment because of race, religion, color, sex or national origin.

Nevertheless, these executives orders are hollow and hypocritical, if building trade unions do not feel compelled to train and shorten training programs for blacks so that they in fact will be hired with union work cards, which will guarantee decent wages and fringe benefits.

And if contractors do not strictly enforce a quota system of their work forces equal to the black population distribution of Baltimore and Metropolitan Baltimore, 47 per cent for the former and 25 per cent for the latter.

The "nervous Nellies" in the establishment who are planning ten years ahead for rapid transit, Cable TV, Inner Harbor and Metro projects, sewer and water systems, utility revamping, will cry "foul" again.

They will try like the devil to pull the rug from under Legal Aid because it is involved in a principled fight.

One might guess that the mouthpiece for calling foul will be the United Fund, since it is the basic funding source for the Legal Aid Bureau.

Considering the problems United Fund is having with the black boycott, at the behest of the Community Health Council, any public utterances from United Fund will nail them as racist, if they do not support Legal Aid.

For if they protest about a principled fight to rid the trade union movement of racism, the black community will see once and for all where their sympathies lie—with the big money b'boys, not with the black people.

Many poor and black people in Baltimore's inner city have been helped by Legal Aid in varieties of individual as well as group fights.

Spiro T. Agnew is so incensed that the little man is getting justice, that he has tried to hamstring the program by making it a private corporation under Nixon's control.

Nationally, as well as locally, Legal Aid is being harassed to become part of the establishment, or else face the consequences of being de-funded.

But, according to someone close to Legal Aid, "our philosophy is to be responsive to the interests of our clients, no matter who tries to vamp down on us."

If a splendid and worthwhile program such as this is threatened, it will be because people who have been helped by it, have not seen fit to openly defend it.

Because legislators locally, statewide and nationally have thought less about the good and welfare of their constituents and more about their own vested interests.

Because community organizations will plead ignorance rather than ask for copies of the brief so that they will understand the facts of the case and their responsibility to move into action against those who would suffocate and throttle the last bastion of legal defense for the poor.

These regressive changes happen only because we let them happen! Can it Happen here? Only if we let it.

From Jim Lacy:

Dear AFRO:

Congratulations on your 80th anniversary.

I am proud of the fact that twice when I sought (and was defeated) citywide election, your paper saw fit to endorse my candidacy.

I look forward to working with you in the years to come. Keep up the good work.

JAMES J. LACY JR.

79 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." The AFRO-AMERICAN, April, 1893

NOW and THEN

'Prostitutes' Strong Name For Republicans

By G. JAMES FLEMING

DR. FLEMING

For one politician to call another politician a "prostitute" is not unusual. But when the politician speaking is Julian Bond, who sits in the Georgia Legislature, one pays extra attention.

The young, renowned black Georgia legislator told a recent National Urban League Conference that anyone who works for President Nixon is delivering blacks like "lambs to the slaughter" and are the "new political prostitutes."

Those are strong words. If followed 100 per cent, they would leave the Republican Party a totally white party; they would ignore the fact that there are Republicans who are working as hard to liberalize the GOP as are liberal Democrats in their party. U.S. Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, for instance, is no "prostitute."

In fact, by Mr. Bond's own stand, one might ask whether he should sit in the predominantly white Georgia Legislature — not so long ago in a state governed by a man named Maddox.

How, too, following Mr. Bond, can he be a member of a party which also includes Eastland, Ervin, Talmadge and their ilk?

Wasn't it under some 12-16 years of a Democratic administration, too, that 400 blacks were enrolled in a genocidal syphilis experiment, in which they, (those remaining), have since been kept, without medical treatment ("The Tuskegee experiment")?

All of this is no defense of Richard Nixon, whose anti-black programs this column has dealt with rather roughly from time to time.

Nevertheless, we do not want to see two sets of blacks tearing each other apart, with disaster to black unity. Neither party is enough solicitous of black interests for that!

In addition, in our American system, it seems politically smart to have blacks represented almost everywhere.

In fact, they will be, because blacks, in 1972, have all kinds of interests — social, economic, political and psychological. Blacks are no longer one big bowl of jello.

Not long after reading Julian Bond, we could understand more what he meant and how he felt. We heard Floyd B. McKissick on the "Today Show," and, later, before the Republican Platform Committee.

We could weep. Here was this once militant, clear-thinking director of CORE, making a sad spectacle of himself, defending the 2-party system and the Nixon administration, in words and demeanor that merely said, "Nixon has taken care of me."

Mr. McKissick resorted to pseudo high-tone philosophy and disputation, but we doubt the Republican Party was helped or the Democratic Party hurt. For sure, however, the stature of McKissick was hurt.

Even the "Today Show's" Barbara Walters, sorry for his plight, could not save him. But she did try.

Now that both major parties have held their nominating conventions, the campaign for the Presidency is on in earnest. It is bound to get rougher and rougher. We wish it were more equal. The Nixon administration is volunerable at so many points! But, outwardly, it can also point to reduction of foot soldiers in Vietnam, peace-seeking visits to the People's Republic of China, and "slowing" inflation.

We wish this column could say that, to date, the McGovern-Shriver organization seems equal to the entrenched Nixonization.

McGovern needs to give some super campaign manager the power and authority to be captain of his ship. There are too many voices saying different things, contradicting each other, going different directions.

Just last week in Baltimore, Mrs. McGovern came "to listen" on behalf of her husband (Of course, she also spoke). There were no blacks in her entourage, not even the highest-ranking black woman officer-holder, State Senator Verda F. Welcome.

No one had taken the trouble to remember her and other local black women active in politics.

The McGovern leadership needs to take a weekend, together, to structure a Jack Kennedy-type campaign blueprint.

It is not enough to point to McGovern's primary successes. The state primaries came at different periods and an aspirant had some choice on which primary to enter.

The present campaign, however, must be conducted nationwide, at one and the same time.

This calls for different talents. Oh, for a Bobby Kennedy in the McGovern camp.

President Nixon gave a good account of himself, as he accepted the Republican nomination. Say what you will, love him or not, you must admit the man has learned, in ways of dealing with the public, compared with 1960.

Like many of the political "pros" of days gone by, he knows the keys to touch and the strings to pluck.

Despite the un-programmed, non-delegate intrusions, many millions must have heard him. In fact, the promises that he would be kept from prime time, by sheer disruption, must have insured him more listeners.

In the weeks ahead, Nixon, the candidate, will do whatever he has to do. He will be the rip-roaring campaigner or the dignified, withdrawn, enthroned head of state, leaving it to Vice-President Spiro Agnew and the other men of his "court" to wage the face-to-face warfare.

A Column of CHOICE

Parent-Child Relationships Are Painful

By MARION BANFIELD

MRS. BANFIELD

Within the last few months, several mothers have come to our office at Family and Children's Society because of problems with their teenage daughters. Staying out until after 2 a.m. or even coming in at 4:30 a.m. has been very upsetting to parents.

Sometimes a sulking daughter will say, "You know where I am. I'm right on the steps down the street."

Another response is, "We're all together at my girl friends house, and we aren't doing anything wrong."

Then I try to get the daughter to listen to the mother's fears. The newspapers list the rapes and murders of girls. Somehow, these facts seem more dangerous to mothers than the daughters.

One common element that I am finding is that when groups of girls habitually hang out on steps, neighborhood fights develop. The fighting among girls can be as mean and vicious as among boys.

The current teenage fad of the later they stay out, the more "in" they are, is posing some serious problems.

This type of rebellion against parental rules increases anger between parents and children. Walking and hanging around streets at nights is a clear declaration of rejection of parental standards.

When this open rejection is seen, the observer, whether adult or teenager, expects and encourages other acts of rebellion against parents.

A dope pusher will certainly expect defiant 2 a.m. step-sitters to be interested in experimenting with drugs. After all, using drugs is further proof of independence from parental control and approval!

Boys looking for easy sex will assume that these girls are ready for further pushing away of parental teaching.

Because they want to be a part of the crowd, girls get involved in messes they could not see ahead of time. Very few have enough guts to say "no" when pressure is put on them for one more act of rebellion.

One girl got into a fight because she broke off with a group and a girl was jealous of her new friends.

Yet, mothers have to talk with daughters and hear what the girls are saying when they talk about coming home from parties.

Older teenagers find few parties ending at midnight. It then becomes necessary for parents and children to discuss common sense safety and mutual expectations.

One teenager walked away from home because she would not accept her father's restrictions against hanging around with a boy who was involved with drugs.

No agency had housing for this 17-year-old girl. No friend's mother would allow her to move in. The boy friend had no place for her. When last heard from, this girl had only one thing going for herself. She would still talk to her mother by phone.

There is so much teenage rejection of parental standards, that teenagers who discipline themselves enough not to be swept away in the tide of rebellion are really courageous.

Parent-child relationships are extremely painful.

Beginning on Sunday, September 10, at 7:30 p.m, WJZ Channel 13 will present a social worker Thom Thompson in a series, Family Counsel. Mr. Thompson teaches social work at Howard University and is at Family and Children's Society part time.

The Major Talks With The People

Ghetto Renamed 'Death Valley'

By MAJ. JAMES H. WATKINS

MAJ. WATKINS

(ED'S NOTE: Major Watkins, one of Baltimore City's highest ranking police officers, is director of the Department's Community Relations Division, which won a place on the AFRO's 1971 Honor Roll. He is a veteran of 22 years on the force).

I have given my subject for this week a lot of thought — how can I get the message across without a lot of statistics (numbers) and at the same time make it crystal clear to the point of shocking you, the AFRO Readers, into positive action?

In my life, to date, I have been half way around the world, the sight of death or the thought of it is not new. World War II, the Korean Police Action and the current War in Asia, have made this writer accept the "grim reaper" as a way of life.

But, why do we put up with the senseless killing being perpetrated in our community?

It seems to me that AFRO Readers can think of a way to fight back at the few would-be dictators of the Black Community — embarked on a life of crime — peddling "tragic magic" — blaming other people for bringing narcotic death into the community.

While this observation is so very true, it is also true that after those "other" people bring the narcotics in the country, it is the "brother" with hands open, who takes it back into the community, to spread death in the following ways:

1. After obtaining the "tragic magic" (dope) from those other fellows, the brother who is not a chemist proceeds to dilute the dope (mix with other cutting agents) like powdered sugar, rat poison, Ajax, talcum powder or any other type of fine powder.

If you doubt this statement, look at the swollen hands, arms and legs of the poor addict — slowly dying from the "tragic magic" (dope).

2. Whenever there is any illegal activity and a lot of money is concerned, some human being turns into a "devil."

If you don't believe it, observe when a person with money dies, brothers and sisters will fight mothers and fathers or vice versa.

Even lifelong friends "kill" each other over money — these same friends would share a bowl of beans or a slice of bread when no money was in the picture.

When I was very young I could not wait to grow up and have some of the "good life."

I am now grown and have some of the "good life," but you know what, I still miss those friendly people living in Bruce St., Pressman St., Mount St. and School St., back 25 years or so ago.

These good, good people had very little, but they shared whatever food or worldly goods they possessed.

When someone used "deadly" force in those days it was for a reason, other than, "you looked at me wrong" or "you bumped into me."

Has life become so cheap and we so permissive as to continue letting a "few" people ruin our community with the all too loving rhetoric "get a gun"?

Have you ever noticed that the "Super Brothers" never try to stop brothers from killing each other or get into any situation in the black community where they have to choose sides?

They rationalize by saying "it's the fault of those other people for the way they have treated black folk over the years."

Wake up silent majority, be the master of your home and community, ask the "Super Brothers" to join — not dictate to our community.

LETTERS TO THE MAJOR: To the inconsiderate horn blowers who frequently visit the 2300 block of McCulloh St., the following letter is being printed in entirety for your information.

This letter has been forwarded to the Central District and appropriate action will be taken: —

"Dear Major Watkins:

We are asking your help concerning auto horn blowing in this block at night anytime from 12 a.m. to 4:30 a.m.

"It is quite annoying. There are a number of elderly people in this block as well as sick people. I am a heart patient.

"We would sincerely appreciate if you would alert your men about this problem, which is very nerve wracking to some of us. We also have to get up early to go to work in the mornings."

(Editor's Note: Address questions to Major Watkins, care of AFRO-AMERICAN, P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. 21203)

Jessup Inmates' Plea

Dear AFRO:

I am writing to you on behalf of my black brothers confined here at the Maryland House of Correction in Jessup. The original title of this warehouse is the Maryland House of Corruption.

There are approximately 1600 men incarcerated here and some 95 per cent of the population is black.

Some are illiterate, some are homosexuals, some are young men and old men, addicts, rapists, burglars, stick up men, narcotic pushers, etc.

But there are black political prisoners who have been eliminated from society by the capitalistic oppressors and five courts.

I am a political prisoner from New York City confined here for a crime that exists in N.Y.C. but I'm serving a sentence of 4 years. My case is now in Appeals Court.

Since my stay here, I find this institution inadequate and unsanitary. If the Health Department came through, they would probably condemn the place.

The few black brothers who are struggling for proper conditions and requesting constructive materials are looked upon as revolutionaries, militants and agitators by the administration. We are being paid 50 cents a day, which is $5 every two weeks. This is utilized for cigarettes for those who smoke, cosmetics, if you can stretch it, and food.

Plus, we are compelled to pay taxes, for most of the items here.

Drugs, liquor, etc. are being trafficked here, and the brothers who indulge are being exploited.

The homosexuals walk around like prostitutes with fancy attire and make up on utilizing different cells to sacrifice their bodies to obtain funds.

It is a disgraceful thing to see these events occur every day.

Black brothers are being harassed day to day and subjected to solitary confinement if they stand up and speak their mind like men.

How can a human being receive the proper rehabilitation and education when such significant things don't exist? You have young brothers 15 to 21 socializing and confined with men 25 to 65 here doing life or life and 40 years, when the young men are only serving 8 or maybe 18 months for a lesser crime.

We need your help and support.

A number of us have no families to write or to look back on. We long for security and communication. Quite a few of us cannot read or write.

Some of us are just beginners, never had had any major incarcerations, but who gives a damn? Does society? Do black people?

If you care about us black forgotten brothers, please write Brother Mondo, P. O. Box 534, Jessup, Md., 20794.

ONYECHEGE LEMOHA JUDE EZEALA

It's NOT A Man's World

Secretaries NOT Office Wives

By BERNICE S. WHITE

MRS. WHITE

Many federal agencies have established full-time offices to improve the status of women.

The State Department recently appointed Gladys P. Rogers, a foreign service officer, as a Special Assistant for Women's Affairs.

One of her first efforts was a project to improve the status of secretaries.

Ms. Rogers sponsored a series of meetings to discuss the "secretary's lot."

She stated that secretaries have long suffered from what one might call the "reliable old shoe" syndrome — too often considered the indispensible workhorses of the office, while somehow never gaining the status career professionals deserve.

Observations made during the meetings were developed into the following statements which describe the type of consideration and respect secretarial employees can and should expect from the supervisory level.

First and foremost, secretaries are professionals. One should be aware of their role as colleagues who desire to improve their status via promotion and recognition of performance — the same as officers.

Secretaries are professionals with skills and extensive technical and general knowledge which should be utilized.

They are also individuals with private lives outside the office.

They, too, have families at home, dinner plans or tickets to the symphony which preclude overtime every evening.

Give your secretary the same courtesies and options in planning vacations and personal leave which are afforded other professionals.

Secretaries are not housekeepers, office wives, or "Go-fers."

In some offices it's "Go-fer coffee, cigarettes, newspapers, breakfast, lunch, etc."

If she volunteers, treat it as a favor to be returned sometime.

They should not have to assume the role of unpaid char help, nor should they be expected to do personal errands such as banking, paying bills, etc.

Secretaries are not omniscient mindreaders. You should assist a secretary in making a transition if she is new to the job or organization.

There should be an effective work-orientation program including written or oral guidance from her predecessor.

A supervisor should be candid — early — about a secretary's weaknesses.

As a professional, she will want to correct them. Enthusiasm and morale will disintegrate, however, if the first notice of something amiss is through a derogatory efficiency report or through office gossip.

Particularly revealing during the meetings was the prevalence of outmoded attitudes towards the secretarial vocation which are out of step with the developing favorable climate for professional women in the 1970's.

If you have any observations or responses about this subject, please write this column.

'Highest Confidence For The Future'

Dear AFRO: When I arrived at Morgan State College five years ago from Nigeria, I found myself like an invitee late for dinner, anxious and eager to eat all I could grab.

Now that the major part of the ceremony is over, I take time to reflect on the events of the past sixty months which affect my present and future.

It was a great intellectual banquet, and words are not enough to thank all the people who contributed to increase in my intellectual avidity.

My thanks especially go to my professors, without any exception, from whose cups I drank the wine of academic curiosity. To those who arranged the extra-mural lectures and volunteered to bring the speakers on various issues, I thank particularly when it is remembered that the words which emanated from the lips of the guest speakers played a necessary role in my collective refinement.

Although I find it impossible to express adequately my feelings in a method like this, it suffices to say that my connection with Morgan campus, the students, the teachers and the staff make me wonder if my spirit would have been in the same state of elation and exuberance had I attended another institution.

I leave Morgan in the sense that I must pursue my Ph.D. work in another school, but spiritually, my whole fabric is stuck with this academy which has transformed me through a gradual and systematic process of intellectual metamorphosis to a new and different somebody.

This is not an eulogy, neither is it intended to be a tribute. I am speaking my mind as I have been taught to do for the past five years, without fear and equivocation.

I am being my new self which has been recast with intrepidity in an inquisitive mold, and seasoned in an all weather, surviving academic chemical.

I walk out of Morgan with the highest confidence for the future because she has clothed me with "toga virilis."

I shall tread on the sands of time with pride and dignity remembering that the time spent here, as far as I am concerned, has been worthwhile.

My prayer is that I may have the capability to carry out the assignment which my education here poses to me.

I stand at the pinnacle of a mountain looking down upon the vast ocean of future responsibilities in Africa and for Africans, and I know that my education here is worth nothing if it does not serve as a light that will penetrate and brighten the dark corners of centuries of frustration to give hope and confidence to generations yet unborn.

Inasmuch as Morgan, with the bachelors and master's degrees has given me the inspiring green light to go ahead, I shall, with benign resignation to Providence, run as fast as I can, and as far as possible.—

JOHN H. MURPHY SR.
December 25, 1920

AFRO Credo

I measure a newspaper not in buildings, equipment and employees—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 kept 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 injustice, race prejudice and the cowardice of compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR.
December 25, 1920

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

Sweet Land Of Bigotry?

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

During the debate on equal educational opportunities act, on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives on Thursday, August 17, I asked the very simple question; is it possible to love one's country very deeply?

The answer is "Yes." I believe I have loved my country very deeply.

Then I asked another; is it possible to have that love turn to hate, if indeed every vestige of racism and dishonesty and hypocrisy is revealed, nakedly before a nation?

I asked the question; is it possible for the love of one's country to turn to hate?

A member of the House took offense because I quoted the remarks made by a young man who lives in my district who wrote the following words in his poem: "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of bigotry?"

I suggested to my colleagues, especially those who use all of the euphemistic terms and all of the constitutional terms to cover over racism, every one of you, has forced that young black man into the position where he had to write the words, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of bigotry?"

There are blacks in this country who are now asking and who have been asking for a separate Black State here in the U.S.

Years ago, they asked for five separate states to be turned over to black people.

The reason they did that was they had been once too often exposed to the deceit and the hypocrisy and the lying and the duplicity and the double-dealing that is clearly an integral in all of the debate tonight.

There are indeed blacks in this nation who have been forced to say, "We want no more of America, because America has lied to us once too often."

Maybe I am asking too much. Maybe I am asking too much that the House be decent and honest and just.

Maybe I am asking too much that the Representatives who serve this country should reach back into the past of this Nation and find that which is decent, and just, and honest, and compassionate.

If I am asking too much of the House, then my colleagues are asking too much of black Americans to take the kind of insults they are heaping on us tonight.

There are other black Americans who are now saying "No white man, no white man can ever be my friend."

"They are saying that because they are exposed to the hypocrisy of the liberals; they are exposed to the reactionary people in this Congress; they are exposed to the racism that we cover over by using polysyllabic words and alliterative phrases.

But when you reduce the polysyllabic words, and the phrases, they come out as one simple little word: r-a-c-i-s-m.

Mark the words of the young black man: "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of bigotry?"

CONG. MITCHELL