IF YOU ASK ME

Free...dom...free...dom, NOW

BY B. M. PHILLIPS

And did they march!

(Re printed from AFRO, Aug. 31 1963)

You walk . . . and you walk . . . " and you walk . . . when you begin to tire, you keep walking.

Around you in the long line are marchers who lean on canes, wear leg braces, travel in wheel chairs.

They keep going . . . you can't get weary . . . you're there to write about them . . . you keep walking.

And, you don't get tired because you're caught up in the crowd of enthusiastic adults and young people.

They have traveled all night to join Wednesday's gigantic March-On-Washington.

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Two hundred and forty-one thousand strong they came, singing the freedom song, 'We Shall Overcome," (We shall overcome some day . . . deep in my heart I do believe, we shall overcome."

And then the spirituals like 'We are climbing Jacob's Ladder,' and the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic. . . .

It was thrilling to be a part of the crowd . . . yes, almost as thrilling as having the doctor hold up your first baby and pronounce him a healthy boy.

TIME: 8 A.M.

The day for me began shortly after 6 a.m., when the phone announced it was time to get up. It was going to be clear and the temperature a pleasant 70 plus degrees. The sun was coming out.

In the lobby of the Willard, you sensed the excitement in the air. VIP's (very important people) from all over this land of ours were moving about, down to the coffee shop, up to the newsstand.

A hotel attendant was breathless . . . when she spied Sammy Davis, Diahann Carroll and Sidney Poitier. (We've haven't had this many people in a long time . . . famous people like this . . . hello Mr. Davis, she sighed.)

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Outside the hotel the story was the same. People were greeting old friends, admiring the groups of youngsters who had hiked all night.

1,210 STEPS

Everybody . . . yes everybody was walking in downtown . . . Washington on Wednesday . . . the man and the police said it was 'just four blocks "from the hotel to Washington Monument."

This reporter can testify the blocks are pretty long.

I Counted my steps - 1,210 times I lifted my feet up and put them down . . .

At step 130, encountered two Newark ladies . . . Mrs. Clara Jones and Mrs. Arcia White ('. . . my first plane ride to get here . . .') In a bag they carried extra shoes, food and a water jug.

At step No. 320, 14th and Constitution, Morgan's Dr. G. James Fleming and an alert AFRO carrier . . . and so it went right up to the Washington Monument grounds.

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In Every direction, as far as you could see, there were people. Some sat quietly on the grounds . . . others moved around . . .

Some pressed to get closer to the improvised platform where entertainers were performing . . . (Ruby Dee reading Margaret Walker's poem 'For My People.' Lena Horne giving out with a big strong 'Freedom'")

Almost everyone had a sign and-or button . . .

The singing of 'Oh freedom . . . filled the air.

Standing on the walk leading to the Monument was the Rev. Frank E. Churchhill, Hood Memorial AME Zion Church, N.Y. ("I just got in at eight o'clock."

IN WHEELCHAIR

A Short distance away U.S. Ambassador to Niger, Mr. Mercer Cook and Mrs. Cook, the former Vashti Smith of Baltimore . . . and behind them, Baltimore's John H. Thorpton and the Rev. Octavius Graham, co-captains of an NAACP bus.

Among the 40 passengers aboard was Ulysses S. Sims, 63, of 667 W. Franklin St. He has been in wheelchair since 1960.

Mr. Sims announced the crowd was "the largest gathering I've seen . . . I lived in Washington 40 years . . . I worked at the Capitol for 35 years . . ."

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Many Know Mr. Sims as steward at Bethel AME Church.

He gave this writer this unsolicited compliment, "I enjoy your column every week . . ."

The Sims children are Ulysses Jr., a post office supervisor in Philly; and two daughters, Mrs. Marian Williams and Miss Dorothy Sims, both of N.Y.

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Seated on benches at the base of the monument were members of the Washington Annual Conference, Methodist Church, including the Rev. James Adams, Waterbury charge ('I missed my bus and had to hitch-hike.' The Revs. I.G. Simpson, Good Hope, Stewart Memorial, D.C., and W.H. Greene, Asbury, Easton were there.

The early arrivals were awaiting their bishop, the Rt. Rev. Edgar A. Love, who was a platform guest . . .

The ministers reported Anne Arundel County sent eight bus loads . . . Elmer Campher said he was one of the 25 on the Chestertown NAACP bus . . . and

And So it went all morning . . . Taylor Washington, 2021 Braddish, a Social Security worker for 27 years, ambled by . . .

CORE LEADERS

At Another spot, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bibuld (Elaine), and their youngsters, Douglass, 11; Carrington, 9; and Melanie, 7.

The Bibulds have been much in the news recently because they sparked the CORE fight against substandard, jim crow schools in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Remember they led that eight-day school sit-in, last February which ended when the School Board agreed to assign children to integrated schools. (Not that it matters — but the Bibulds are an attractive mixed couple. He's white. She's colored.)

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Another Mixed couple met: Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Lubell (Jacqueline Mitchell), Norwalk, Conn. She's a pretty brown girl. He is white, a Harvard Law School grad.

Their children are Jessica, Rebecca and Rachel, ages 2, 4, and 8.

Oddity: Spied Mrs. James J. Sweeney (Caroline Larman), of Lincolnton, N.C., in twon for Red Cross convention.

She announced she was playing hooky from the meeting to join the March, and asked me where to get a button.

What makes this a different story is that Mrs. Sweeney is white.

(And, she said to me . . . don't forget to put my name in the AFRO.)

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Also Saw distinguished Dr. F.D. Patterson, now of the Phelps Stokes Fund in N.Y. He was for years president of Tuskeegee. He represented St. Luke's Church in New Rochelle.

REUNION STORY

As the crowd left the Washington Monument grounds and moved along Constitution Ave. to the Lincoln Memorial, the lines were 30 abreast and the marchers were reduced to a slow shuffle.

Strange, But true story: At Constitution and 16th Sts., there was a reunion of two people who had not seen each for 30 years!

Armond P. Jones, a mathematician employed by AT and T Telecom Division, spied his first grade teacher, Mrs. Evelyn Johnson, and her niece, Mrs. Evelyn Hallstorks, Both teach in D.C.

Later, Mr. Jones explained how fond he was of Mrs. Johnson and her husband ("We called him Chief Johnson) when he was boys' work secretary at the old 12th St. YM.

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Happy Winchester, Va. residents seen: E. K. Barksdale, teacher; and Wesley Thompson, businessman.

They were pleased that Winchester NAACP, under the William Browns, Senior and junior, had broken the color line in department store clerks and local industry for the first time.

'BLOW IT UP'

Distinctive, But oh so practical hat, was the wide, blue 'air flow' one worn by Mrs. W. G. Bohanon.

"It is one of those you can put in your bag. Here's where you blew it up, she said, pointing to the rubber tube at the side.

Although partially crippled, Mrs. Bohanon made the trip from Columbus, Ohio, by bus. The Rev. Russell Jones, NAACP head led a contingent of 39 buses!

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Old Friend seen: — Mrs. Marian Humbles of D.C. pretty as a picture in yellow. With her, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Ellis (Mabel) of N.Y., and Mrs. Nancy Ware of Trenton.

(By the way, you keep walking along with marchers to get this kind of information. Nobody stops or holds up a line of freedom marchers)

MASS. THERE

Among the 170 who came from Springfield, Mass., (two busses and trains), were Mrs. Gladys Persip.

Her church, Third Baptist, sent 42 persons.

Her pastor the Rev. Carl Fuhlilove was there.

Also, the Rev. Chester Gibbs, St. Johnson Congregational and Mrs. Leslie Gardner.

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More People: The Rev. and Mrs. Leo Murphy (Helen), Bethany Baptist, Syracuse, N.Y. and their daughter, Mary Ruth.

CLEVELANDERS

Seventy - Three - Year old Sam Hamlet, had to amble along on a cane. He traveled on one of two buses from Lynchburg, Va.

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Real Thrill: Walking with and listening to the Cleveland, Ohio freedom group — They came 1,000 strong on a dozen busses, under the direction of the NAACP and Core.

Pretty marcher in this group was Mrs. Norma Fitch (My, how she walked with dignity — and did she sing!)

Aher her side, her husband, Clarence, a school guidance counselor . . .

Free-dom . . . free-dom was the strong chant . . . the Clevelanders. They sang beautifully the spiritual, 'We are Climbing Jacob's Ladder," and the freedom songs, Clarence Holmes, heads the Cleveland NAACP.

MORE PEOPLE

Plainfield, N.J.'s Lee E. Dances (Leola) and their daughters, Sharolyn 15, and Joan, 16, had banners saying "equal rights in 63'. He is regional supervisor of Progressive Life.

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Tom Hawkins, of Los Angeles's KGST, was there for the March, caught an afternoon flight home . . .

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Jake Simmons, president of Oklahoma State NAACP Conference ('This has been a great day . . .), was there.

Two of his sons, J. J. 3rd, and Donald live in D.C. One is specialist in the Secretary of Defense office; the other is on the staff of Congressman Dermondson.

Third son, Kenneth, is Ph.D. student at U of Calif.

• • •

Also Saw these representatives from our Baltimore Md. League of Women's Clubs, Wednesday: Mrs. Creigler, Martha P. Allen Mary E. Ellis and Frankie Hinchen.

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Mrs. Lillian Reid, school art specialist. She travelled on one of the buses used by members of St. Peter and St. Pius Churches.

Her remedy for tired feet Epsom Salts in a tub of hot water.

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Baltimore businessmen Willie Adams and Allen Quille were there . . . Mr. Adams donated a bus for the cause.

Mr. Quille, Casino manager, has been turning over all his Wednesday profit receipts to the demonstration cause.

Which reminds me to mention that Mr. Quille is one of our town's busier people.

In addition to the club duties, he owns nine parking lots, and manages the Jolly Jax.

He and his wife, Rebecca, have two youngsters, Tana 13, and Allen Jr., 19 months.

The View: — It took a good 30 minutes to walk to the Lincoln Memorial for the formal program which began promptly at the 2 p.m. hour.

FRom my vantage point (at the top step behind the platform) I could look out on the mob. Breathtaking . . . !

BREATHTAKING

An aged white man near me, sighed 'this is a great day . . . a beautiful sight.' It was.

Baltimore's Catholic Arch-bishop Lawrence J. Shehan was among the first I spied on the platform . . .

The Formal program had many tear-jerking moments . . . For example, there was the applause for the man who has pioneered in the movements — A. Philip Randolph, one of ten sponsors of this march for jobs and freedom.

And, the 'freedom now' words echoed over and over again by speaker after speaker . . .

The Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, Birmingham leader . . . Dr. Ralph Bunche, distinguished UN secretary who wore his NAACP hat . . . ('our presence here a great day in my journal of American democracy . . .

World - famed Josephine Baker, who flew from Paris: 'You can't go wrong, the world is behind you . . . ')

THEY SAID IT

More misty eyes came after John Lewis non-violent coordinating committee chairman, delivered what had been called a controversial speech . . .

Excerpt: "The time will come when we will not confine our marching to Washington . . . we will march through the heart of Dixie, the way Sherman did . . . "

NAACP leader Gloster Current stood side by side Mr. Lewis finished and applauded vigorously.

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AFL-CIO's Walter Reuther ringing 'This is not a fight of colored Americans, but of every American . . . we can not defend freedom in Berlin, so long as we deny it in Birmingham . . . "

• • •

More Tears came when the message of James Farmer, CORE leader now in a Louisiana jail was read . . . 'we will not stop until the dogs stop biting us in the South, until the rats stop biting us in the North.'

'STAND BY ME'

And How eloquent was Rabbi Uri Miller, president Synagogue Council of America: . . . "May we understand that he who discriminates is as morally hurt as is the one discriminated against, physically hurt."

There Were hundreds who could not restrain their tears when Mahalia Jackson sang, 'Lord Stand By Me' and climaxed it with hands on her hip and arms raised in supplication ('I'm going to tell my Lord when I get home, you've been mistreating me too long . . . ')

Or, when NAACP Leader Roy Wilkins closed his remarks with this admonition: 'Remember Luke's account of the warning to us all: 'No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God . . . "

Or, when Dr. Martin Luther King gave his 'I had a dream' talk and fervently pledged, 'we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."

TIME: 6 P.M.

There Was much more like the reading of the pledge to write congressmen, to return home and continue the fight for meaningful civil rights legislation (the 'how do you vote?' query and the affirmative roar from the mob . . .)

And finally after Dr. Benjamin Mays gave the benediction, the Marchers walked the several blocks to their busses.

They were solemn and quiet as they walked away and they had ringing in their leaders — for freedom now there is still much to do.

It was 6 p.m., temperature 81 degrees, humidity 70 per cent as our car joined the caravan headed for the Turnpike. It had been a great day! Free-dom . . .

FACES OF MARCHERS

MRS. MOSS

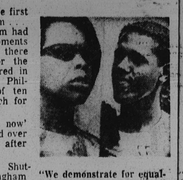
Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy Moss was writing under the name of B. M. Phillips ten years ago when this column on the March on Washington appeared. At that time she was a widow, with three small children.

FACES OF MARCHERS

"We come to petitition our lawmakers to be as brave as our sit-ins and marchers . . ." — Roy Wilkins

(All photos by Bettye Phillips)

"In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check . . ." — Dr. Martin Luther King



"We demónstrate for equality and freedom today . . ." — Matthew Ahmann

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING

I HAVE A DREAM

The greatest speech of all times

Reprinted here is the text of the famous speech by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. at the March on Washington, August 28, 1963.

When the speech was delivered, the AFRO said editorially: —

"All of the speeches delivered by the participants of the March on Washington program were good, but the one delivered by the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., we predict will go down in history as one of the great orations of this age.

"Not only was Dr. King's speech a masterpiece of logic and rationality, it expresses the sum total of what the March on Washington was all about. It points to the future.

"Its rhetoric and delivery were unsurpassed. And it wrapped up the hopes, dreams and aspirations of the hundreds of thousands present at Lincoln Memroial and of untold millions who watched and listened by television and radio."

Here is the speech:

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 o twithering 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.

100 YEARS

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 Negro 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.

DISBELIEVE

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 TIME

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 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.

NO BITTERNESS, HATRED

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.

WE CAN NOT TURN BACK

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn bac 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 vote.

No, we are not satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

PERSECUTION, SUFFERING

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you 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 now wallow in the valley of despair.

AN AMERICAN DREAM

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.

WALK TOGETHER

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

THIS IS OUR HOPE

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 shall 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.

FREE AT LAST

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 mightly mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockie 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 the old Negro spiritual "Free at last! Free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

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GARRETT, On August 20, 1973, ALBERT H., of 3310 Averoroty Terrace. Beloved husband of Hattie P. Garrett and devoted father of Albert H. Jr. of Richmond, Virginia, Tony, Herbert M. and Pearl Garrett. He is also survived by four grandchildren, one great grandson; brother of Mrs. Florence Bratley, Leroy and Daniel Moody, Mrs. Marguerite Samuels, Isaac Moody and Mrs. Elizabeth Umphery; nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives. Friends may call at the Herbert E. Nutter Funeral Home, 3035 West Norin Avenue on Thursday after 6 p.m. until Friday 4 p.m. when Mr. Garrett will lie in state at Union Temple Baptist Church, North and Madison Avenues from 8 p.m. until 8 p.m. and on Saturday 10 a.m. to 12 noon, at which time services will be held. Interment in Cedar Hill Cemetery. Family will receive friends at the above church on Friday 8 to 9 p.m.

WHITE, On August 14, 1973, PHILLIP LAWRENCE WHITE, of 2000 block Walbrook Avenue. Funeral services were held Saturday, August 18th at the Kelson Funeral Home.

In Memoriam

BLACKWELL — In loving memory of our son and brother, one, JERRY H. BLACKWELL, who passed away August 28, 1970:
You were such a wonderful son and brother,
So gentle, so pure, so kind.
God in His mercy just loaned you
To us for a period of time
Then one day He came and took you
With him to His Heaven to keep
Though we're sad and lonely
We hope that someday we shall meet.
MOTHER, FATHER,
SISTER, BROTHER,
NIECES and NEPHEWS

CARTER — In loving memory of our dear mother, CARGLEEN CARTER, who passed away August 25, 1945:
We are so lonesome for you,
As the years pass on.
But you will always be here in our hearts.
We love you, but God loved you best.
Sleep on dear mother, and take your rest.
Someday we will all be together again.
Loving Daughters:
MAMIE — CAROLINE
ELLA — VIRGINIA;
Sons: PRESTON and WILLIAM CARTER
GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT GRANDCHILDREN.

DEMAR — In loving memory of our dear mother, sister LOUISE who passed away August 27, 1949:
No one knows how much we miss you.
No one knows the bitter pain
We have suffered. Since we lost your
Life has never been the same.
In our hearts your memory lingers
Sweet, tender, fond and true.
There is not a day, dear mother,
That we do not think of you.
Sons: JOHN and ZENA BRAXTON.
Daughter: ISABEL PLANT,
LILLIAN JACKSON,
DOROTHY DORSEY and HARRY DEMAR
and SISTERS.

DOUGLASS — In loving memory of our dear mother, daughter and sister, LAVINIA who passed away August 22, 1960:
Remembrance is a golden chain.
Death tries to break, but all in vain.
To have, to love and then to part
Is the greatest sorrow of one's heart.
Ten years may wipe out many things
But this they wipe out never.
The memory of those happy days
When we were all together
Son: CALVIN DOUGLASS
and ARNOLD DOUGLASS
Mother,
LILLIE FELTON —
Brother,
OLIVER FELTON —
Sister,
LUCRETIA CARTER.

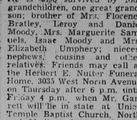
In Memoriam

FRANKLIN — In memory of our dear mother, sister and aunt, BEATRICE F. FRANKLIN, who passed away August 23, 1966:
The memory of my mother, oh, it cometh everywhere;
It shineth in the darkness,
It floateth on the air.
It clings to me, it talks to me,
through the livelong day;
It meets me in my daily task,
my household work or play;
That blessed, blessed memory
that dear familiar tone.
As her spirit watches still, and
communeth with her own.
Daughter,
EVELYN E. FRANKLIN —
Son
THOMAS L. FRANKLIN —
Sister,
MARGARET L. JONES.

GAMBRILL, — In loving memory of my beloved husband, EDWARD (PETE) GAMBRILL, who passed away August 23, 1969:
I loved you so, I miss you
In my memory you are dear
Loved, remembered longed for
always
Thoughts of you are ever near.
Loving Wife —
MILDRED.

HOLLIDAY — In loving memory of our dear father, CLARA HOLLIDAY, who passed away August 23, 1962:
Some may think you are forgotten,
Though on earth you are no more.
But in memory you are with us,
As you always were before.
Daughters,
EMMA and MILDRED
GRANDDAUGHTER —
CHILDREN;
Devoted SON-IN-LAW.

JEFFERSON — In loving memory of our loved one, CPL. ROLAND IRA JEFFERSON, who passed away August 24, 1967:



Do not ask us if we miss him.
There's such a vacant place.
Oft we think we hear his
voice
And see his smiling face.
Tears in eyes
Silence often
Memory keeps him ever near
Though he left us nine years ago.
JEFFERSON FAMILY

SMITH — A tribute of love to the memory of our beloved wife and mother, LAURETTA MAY DOUGHERTY SMITH, who departed this life 1 year ago, August 25, 1972:
You're not forgotten, our beloved
Nor ever shall you be.
As long as life and memory last,
We shall remember thee.
Days of sadness still come over me
As we think of the days past.
But memories keep you ever near.
Husband, ANDERSON
and CHILDREN.

STEVENS — In loving memory of our mother, MAGGIE O. STEVENS, who passed away August 27, 1956:
You are not forgotten, mother dear,
Nor ever shall you be.
As long as life and memory last,
We shall always remember thee.
By Her Children —
JESSIE —
BLANCHE —
SAMUEL and
Daughter-in-Law,
VIOLETTA.

TURNER — In loving memory of our dear parents, father, WILLIAM THOMAS TURNER, who passed away March 29, 1928 and mother, EMILINE PENDLETON TURNER, passed August 25, 1950:
A broken circle, a vacant chair,
We seem to miss you everywhere.
But in our lonely hours of thinking
Thoughts of you are ever near.
Daughters —
ETHEL GEBB
MABEL L. TURNER
ELSIE M. MASON.

WILLIAMS — In loving memory of my dear son and brother, JAMES H. WILLIAMS JR., who passed away August 27, 1970:
"Gone but not forgotten."
Loving Mother and Brother
JULIA and
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Card Of Thanks

EARNEST ANDOLEO
"CARD OF THANKS"
Thank you for your sympathy."
Perhaps you sent a lovely card
Or sat quietly in a chair,
Perhaps you sent a funeral spray
If so we saw it there
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words — at any friend could say
Perhaps you were not there at all.
Just thought of us that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts
We thank you so much
ever the part.
THE ANDOLEO FAMILY

WILLIAM J. BROWN
We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for Kindness and sympathy shown during our recent bereavement. We especially thank Reverend Marion C. Bascom of Douglas Memorial Community Church, Baltimore, Maryland and Reverend Kenneth Greene of John Wesley United Methodist Church, Glen Burnie. Mary land. Also and Herbert Butler Funeral Home.
THE FAMILY.

Card Of Thanks

WILLIAM H. CHEW
We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the acts of kindness, cards of sympathy, beautiful floral offerings and expressions of sympathy received from our kind friends, neighbors and relatives. The Reverend Father Donald O. Wilson and Reverend Father Crayton Dudley of St. James Episcopal Church, the Pride of Baltimore Lodge Number 215, the Prince Hall Lodge Number 82 and those who kindly provided ears during our recent bereavement at the loss of our beloved husband and father.
Wife —
MRS. KATIE CHEW
and FAMILY.

RUSSELL LONNIE GREEN
The family wishes to express their heartfelt thanks to so many who comforted us during the illness and bereavement of our loved one. God bless you all.
WIFE and CHILDREN.

HALL — The Family of the late JOSEPH HALL, of Glen Burnie, wishes to express sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors who during the recent death of their loved one, extended the Consolations through cards, flowers, telegrams and numerous deeds of kindness.
MRS. BERTHA HALL
and FAMILY.

PHERNDENA E. JENKINS
"To our many friends, we acknowledge with deep appreciation their warm expressions of sympathy in our bereavement.
THE FAMILY OF
THE LATE
PHERNDENA ELIZABETH
JENKINS

THOMAS TOLSON
"Thank You"
Perhaps you sang a lovely song.
Or sat quietly in a chair,
Perhaps you sent beautiful flowers
If so, we saw them there.
Perhaps you sent or spoke kind words
As any friend could say;
Perhaps you were not there at all
But thought of us that day.
Perhaps you prepared some tasty food,
Or maybe furnished a car;
Perhaps you rendered a service unseen,
Near at hand or from afar.
Whatever you did to console the heart,
We thank you so much — whatever the part.
MRS. FLORENCE TOLSON
and FAMILY.

WILLIAMS — The bereaved family of MRS. ANGIE WILLIAMS wishes many thanks to the lovely and splendid neighbors of the 1600 block North Mount Street for their many acts of kindness. Many thanks also to the Nutter Funeral Home for their splendid services.
THE WILLIAMS FAMILY.

BLENZAY WRIGHT
The family wishes sincere thanks to everyone for their thoughtful expressions of sympathy and help to us in our sorrow and his recent death.
Wife CLARA
and FAMILY

Birthday Tribute

BUTLER — A Birthday Tribute to the memory of our loved one, WILLIAM WESLEY, on his birthday, August 24th, who passed away June 26, 1973:
We do not need a special day
To bring you to our mind;
The days we do not think of you
Are very hard to find.
If all this world were ours to give,
We'd give it, yes and more.
To see the face of our dear Wesley —
On this, his Birthday Morn.
Loving Cousins —
LONNIE, COOKIE
and GPEG

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