"I am a man of peace; God knows how I love peace. But I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace."

Hungarian Freedom Fighter Kossuth

OPINION

Baltimore Afro-American

FOUNDED Aug. 15, 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 (1889-1967.) Editor Publisher, (1922-1967)

A Christmas story

(From the Papers of Carl Murphy, (1889-1967)

For many years the AFRO has published the story of the birth of Christ as it told in the second chapters of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's gospel.

But the Gospels say nothing as to the day of Christ's birth and the early church did not celebrate it.

In time, however, the Christians of Egypt came to regard January 6, as the date of the Nativity and the custom of celebrating the birth of the Saviour on that day gradually spread until by the Fourth Century, it was universally established in the East.

By the end of the Third Century, the Western church, which had never recognized the 6th of January as the date of the Nativity, adopted the 25th of December as the true date and in time its decision was accepted also by the Eastern church.

HOW CHURCH STARTED

What led the church to institute the festival of Christmas? It is told by one writer that Egyptian and Syrian custom dictated celebration of December 25 as the birthday of the Sun, at which time lights were kindled in token of festivity.

In these celebrations, Christians also took part.

Paganism and Christianity were rival faiths, but, eventually, as Christianity began to predominate, the Christian fathers took counsel and chose to celebrate the birthday of Jesus on December 25 in order to transfer the devotion of the heathen from the Sun to Him who was called the Son of Righteousness.

Astarte, the Egyptian Goddess who conceived and bore a son on that day, for us became the Virgin Mary.

JESUS GREAT TEACHER

The issue of authenticity of this story has long been in the balance, but it is indisputable even in these times that Jesus was a great teacher.

So it seems appropriate this year to emphasize not so much the manner and time of Christ's birth, but the manner of man He was.

The Christ Child was humbly born, even by the standards of the poor people of nearly two thousand years ago.

He grew to manhood in a carpenter's home and eventually went about the country preaching and teaching the simple doctrine that people should live peacefully together, deal fairly with each other and respect one another.

He had the answer to fears such as grip many nations and many peoples in these times. Fears that there shall not be enough oil, or gas, or food, or shelter.

Said He, God feeds the sparrows and the ravens. He clothes the lilly. He numbers the hairs on your head, how much more will He protect and keep you.

HAD ANSWER FOR PREJUDICE

He had the answer to race prejudice (St. Luke 6:22, 23):

"Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and when they shall separate you from their company and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil . . .

"Rejoice . . . leap for joy . . . your reward is great in heaven . . . for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

He counseled that a good rule to follow, in order to insure happiness and contentment was to do only those things unto others that you would most desire they do unto you.

He picked twelve associates from the ranks and by the power of His personal conviction transformed them into an organization which has carried on victoriously for nineteen centuries.

HE WAS NO COWARD

While He preached non-violence, He was no coward. He condemned evil and hypocrisy, whipped money changers out of the temple, defied the majority when it was wrong, and did not cringe or beg for mercy when those who called Him a radical hanged Him to a cross.

Yet, even as He died, He found the inward peace that He preached. He forgave His enemies, who, He said did not understand Him.

This is the simple and beautiful story that will be told all over the Christian world this week.

It is to the world's discredit that all men will not heed it. For men still believe that peace comes by conquering others instead of themselves.

They have not heard the Christmas message aright — that there shall be peace for men of good will! That it is more blessed to give than to get; to stand firmly for principles than to compromise; to hate evil rather than evildoers.

END ALL INJUSTICES

This week the world prays for peace. But in many places, there is none because most nations, including our own, regard the teachings of Jesus as an ideal rather than a practical way of life.

In this Yuletide season, when the spirit of good will and friendliness is at its peak, we might well say to our nations: End all the injustices that beset the people of this earth who can be identified in the national conscience by reflected parading legions.

If there were any other way, the Greatest Teacher of all times would have told us. There is none.

Nevertheless, our way is clear. We can pray that the Blessed benediction of peace will come upon America, and we can work and fight until free people can walk gracefully and gratefully in the lasting faith His life has taught us.

Yule in Baltimore

This week we took time to sit down with the AFRO's Mrs. Santa and read some of the hundreds of letters from needy persons appealing for help at Christmas.

Unless AFRO readers are engaged in social work or themselves are on public assistance where the high cost of living has effected them immensely, they have no idea of the misery which abides in urban cities including Baltimore.

Typical of letters Mrs. Santa received this week is one from a Kennedy Ave. mother with cancer who has been given 6 months to live.

She does not ask help for herself but rather a Christmas dinner and some games for two of her four children, a retarded girl 5 and the boy, 8.

There is the Young Court resident who needs coats and shoes for two small children and is so far behind in her rent that she is working despite doctor's orders to stay at home with her bad cold.

And the former teacher, father of 5, ages 17 months to 8 years, who is out of a job and has lost everything while awaiting trial on a misdemeanor. Because he has been accused of theft, he has not been able to work and will not know his fate until after January.

Last week in this space we published inspiring letters from AFRO readers who have made generous contributions to this annual AFRO endeavor.

We said then and we repeat here, we are heartened by the concern AFRO readers show for each other.

On the page opposite, an unselfish 14-year-old who sent a $2 contribution typifies those who care and help others.

With just four days left until Christmas, we would urge all AFRO readers who have the means to share with those less fortunate,

AFRO's Mrs. Santa is accepting tax deductible contributions through P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

Make checks payable to AFRO Charities Inc.

For those AFRO readers who can volunteer only their time and material goods, we urge that they adopt one of the families listed in Mrs. Santa's list.

AFRO's Mrs. Santa assures you that yours will be a happier Yuletide if you do something to make someone less fortunate happy.

AFRO credo

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

- Whether it has kept 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.

(December 21, 1929)

(From the Papers of John H. Murphy Sr., who founded the AFRO-AMERICAN, Aug. 15, 1892).

Our wish for readers everywhere

Now and then—by James C. Fleming

Thoughts as Christmas approaches

"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men," must always be the star unto which men of goodwill reach — as they have done for over 2,000 years. But, while striving for peace, we must frankly and honestly examine "the other side."

Not that hate will ever be better than love, or war superior to peace; but, we must face up to the fact that hate, violence and war are as real as love and peace, and that selfishness and hypocrisy exist as well as their opposites, the virtues of unselfishness and candor.

This is not to approve of violence and war—especially in the present day when the next World War may mean the end of the human race.

What, then, are all these gropings about at Christmastime?

Is love absolute? Is hate always sinful? Were those who engaged in violence and war for the abolition of slavery as equally wrong as those who took up arms to maintain slavery?

When the oppressed strike back against the oppressor, shall both be equally damned?

Perhaps, it is too simplistic speaking of right and wrong. It is real, nevertheless, to recognize that love and hate do exist, each with power to move mountains.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., urged that we should never hate our fellowmen, but only hate the deeds done; never the doer. Before him, Gandhi; before either, Jesus.

Most of us, I expect, try to live up to this high ideal. But most of us find it most difficult. Sometimes, our only salvation is time, that great healer, the high priestess who causes us to forget past hurts.

Another discovery also helps, that love is healing and therapeutic, whereas hate can be erosive and self-destructive.

Some psychiatrists say that "what some people need for their health is "a good hate" — to get beastly aroused and mad about something. Western society looks down on those who are "nicenasty" or "namby-pamby."

As an emotional exercise, of short duration, "a good hate" may have its advantages, psychologically speaking. But, what about the long run?

What about people, tribes and families who have been fighting each other, or hating each other, for centuries?

What about neighbors who have not had "a good word for each other" for years and years?

Perhaps one cure as to whether war, hate, or love should have first place in a person's value system comes from the fact that few sane people, or even nations, boast as much of their hates or of their violences. They boast, rather, of their peaceful accomplishments, of their acts of love and mercy.

Of course, there is a period when wars are important in the psyche of a people, but — in the long run — civilized man prefers to honor his loveliness rather than his ugliness, his good rather than his evil.

Western man, in his innards, is seldom moved by words of hate as he is by the simple reminder that "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up . . . doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth . . . And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

Peave and brotherliness—the spirit of Christmas—the star "under which Christendom reaches — are worth struggling for. They are worthy of our effort.

But, we can deal more effectively with ugliness, hate, threats of violence and the spirit of war, if we make ourselves understand that they, too, are as real as the rest of creation.

So, from this corner, here's to a thoughtful, provocative Christmastide and all the happiness that comes with little children, Christmas carols, toys and the peal of church bells and organs.

A little about a lot — by Madeline W. Murphy

Have a safe and sane holiday

With all the talk about crime in the streets, murder and mayhem, it would be wise to look at the most serious of all deaths that occur especially in this joyous season.

Many of us, who consider ourselves social drinkers, take a great number of risks, with that "one for the road," and end up as another statistic, an auto fatality.

Alcohol-related auto fatalities account for the loss of 28,000 lives a year—fifty per cent of all fatalities.

Even combat deaths, 54,000 in the ten year war in Vietnam, can't top the average of 55,000 alcohol-related auto fatalities in two years in this country.

And because social drinking has become the acceptable way of life, no one gets too upset that even though every thirty minutes there is a homicide, every nineteen minutes there is a drink-related auto fatality.

Moreover, according to Travelers Insurance, alcohol-ralated auto accidents are the third largest accident cost to our economy per year—$7.3 billion.

Indiana University Institute for Research in Public Safety claims that four drinks in two hours consumed by a 160-pound drinker, inhibing one ounce of 86 proof alcohol needs three and a half hours to sober up.

With 6.5 drinks in two hours, he needs six and a half hours, and with nine drinks in two hours, he needs ten hours to sober up.

Scientifically, there is nothing whatever that will sober up a person except time. No known chemical will do it.

After four to six drinks, impairment of ability and judgment set in, motor skills and reflex action, visual and hearing ability are reduced. There is slight speech impairment, disturbance of balance accompanied by mixed feelings of elation and depression.

And after nine drinks, (when he's all wigged out, bombed), there is an increase in irresponsible behavior, a general feeling of euphoria, difficulty in standing, walking, talking, with distorted perception and judgment.

No one at any of these levels should be permitted to drive. If there is no one around him to tell him so, he becomes as lethal as a gun—a potential murderer.

And while we're at it, we blacks are prone to have hypertension. Many reasons such as tension, heredity, are given, but one that can be controlled is diet.

Don't go overboard with salt and fatty foods, heavy in cholesterol. And if you follow your doctor's advice you won't be one of those fatalities mentioned above since alcohol is a no-no.

During this time of re-birth, nearing the New Year's resolution ritual, let's develop sane attitudes.

To be safe rather than sorry, don't drive when you drink and don't drink when you drive. Remember that coffee will only buy time not sobriety.

Between you and me, there is a tomorrow, when you're needed desperately to make this a better world for family and community.

With these sobering thoughts, let this Christmas, despite the shortages, inflation, unemployment, be an added reason to make this your safest, sanest one ever.

Merry Christmas!

Under the mistletoe

I did not know she'd take it so,
Or else I'd never dared;
Although the bliss was worth the blow,
I did not know she'd take it so.
She stood beneath the mistletoe
So long I thought she cared;
I did not know she'd take it so,
Or else I'd never dared.

—Countee Cullen
(in "Copper Sun")

Thoughts of the Founder

There is no better time to exemplify the meaning of the text: "It is better to give than to receive," than now. All around us are hundreds of poor folks. Single out some of them and see to it that they have an unexpected Christmas. A dollar or a couple of dollars will bring happiness and cheer to someone who now feels that Christmas holds nothing in store for him.

(December 1912.)

J. H. Murphy

Washington report — by Parren J. Mitchell

Finally, a break for veterans

(Mr. Mitchell represents Md.'s Seventh District in the U.S. House of Representatives)

Public Law 93-508 will go into effect as of January 1, 1975. It provides for veterans to receive an increase in benefits amounting to approximately 22.7 per cent.

For example, instead of receiving $220 a month, a single veteran who is a full time student will get $270 a month.

A full time veteran who is a student would receive the $270 monthly for himself, $221 monthly if he has one dependent, $366 if he has two dependents and $22 a month for each dependent over two.

Veterans who are serving less than full time as students will, of course, receive the increased benefits which will vary depending upon whether they spend half their time as a student or three quarters of their time as a student.

If any veterans desire further detail information concerning the increased benefits they should immediately contact the school in which they are enrolled.

If further information is desired they can write to me at 1903 North Blomingdale Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21216.

This bill giving veterans' increase had been vetoed by President Ford who termed it inflationary.

During the Floor debate Congressman Badillo raised the question, "Does he (Ford) not realize that we are in the mid-1970's, and that conditions today are far different from those which prevailed when the first GI Bill was erected into law?"

Congressman Badillo further argued, "We must clearly realize, Mr. Speaker, that a very large percentage of the Vietnam veterans represent the Nation's minorities and disadvantaged-blacks, Spanish-speaking and low income sectors of our society.

"They have been especially hard hit by the many inadequacies in the present veterans' educational benefits, the inflationary spiral and the increasingly tight job market."

On Dec. 3, the U.S. House of Representatives overrode President Ford's veto, 204 to 10.

At long last the Vietnam veterans have gotten a break.

Their families also benefit because under the law, similar raises were given to the wives of disabled veterans and to the widows and children of deceased veterans. One small step for the veterans has been taken.

The message the same in every language. Whatever the language, our hope for the future is that communication between peoples expands understanding and respect.—

(LETHA AND MORRIE TURNER.)

AFRO readers RAP

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 to "AFRO Readers Rap," Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN, P. O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

Advice from prison

Dear AFRO:

I am addressing this letter to the youth of Baltimore City, who will be the mothers and fathers of tomorrow.

I have just finished reading for about the fourth time an article relating to the recent rise of crime in Baltimore, most of which blame lies on the youth.

It hurt me to read this article, because I for one, know the results of an article such as this and what can become of some's life if someone doesn't take heed and do something about it, or at least pay attention to it.

I am hurt, because I see in most of you, the future Mr. You see I am young also and at one time I was the same age as most of you.

I was 15-years-old when I took my first fall, 15 and heading straight for the penitentiary. I entered a world far different from any other world I had ever been in.

I saw many a terrible night and many a tragic day when death would take the mind of one of the young within the walls of one of Maryland's prisons, take the mind of the young and lead him to committing suicide.

After entering the environment away from home, one realizes the aches and pains are most times too much to bear.

I only want to open the eyes of the young. Lying up in one of these prison cells, inside some walls and behind some bars, isn't where it's at.

But it's where young people will be if they don't begin to realize the importance of abiding by laws, then a little later begin to realize they are a part of tomorrow's future mothers and fathers who can change these laws.

Life holds and promises good fortune and happiness for all who live for it, live for it being a free person with responsibilities.

You see, I couldn't wait, I had to rob and steal and spend most of my life behind the bars of this prison cell that has held me for the last 7 years or more, wasting the most precious time of my life, rotting away, for trying to be someone I really wasn't.

I found out too late, but young people find out now, just ask someone how many risen and women are within the walls of some prison and look at the age of us and the age we were when we fell.

I came here at the age of 15, I'm almost 21 now and I'm going to be here for a good many of years to follow.

I hope that I'm not sitting on my trash can in my favorite spot, and happen to one day see you young men, come along to be with me. I hope to see you when I get up town. Be cool and hang tuff . . .

A Prisoner Without A Name

(Editor's note: This letter was signed by a prisoner at the Md. Correctional Institute at Hagerstown.)

Christmas in the ghetto

Book review — by John W. Lewis

Dear AFRO:

I would appreciate it if you would please publish my poem.

I am 17 years old and a senior at Edmondson High School.

My poem "A Christmas in the Ghetto," expresses Christmas through the eyes of a black boy.

LAREDA V. WRIGHT

Christmas in the Ghetto isn't really all that bad,
But if you are a child in the ghetto, it can really be sad.
No use to crying because you know Santa won't come,
Not with Ma out of work, and Dad he left when the twins were one.
So Ma went to church and knelt and cried,
The Lord knew she had really tried.

So that Christmas morning as I jumped off the couch, it gave a rusty creak,
It's too cold to be sleeping without any heat.
As I rubbed my eyes I was shocked to see,
Toys and clothes under a miniature tree.

Susie doesn't know that her dress was really second hand
And contributed to her by the Salvation Army band.
The twins, they're too young to understand yet,
They just know that they have new clothes and a gun and holster set.

The pajamas they sent the baby had pink bows that died,
Last year she caught the flu and almost died.
The basket the church sent Ma will serve as a feast
And then last for a couple of weeks at least.
I kinda knew that my coat was worn before,
But it's warm and clean, and what do you expect if you are poor!

School No. 29 shines

Dear AFRO:

School No. 29 is on the move again. The school is a wonderfully organized one with the perfect staff, which consists of Mrs. Kathryn Frisby, principal; Carl A. Williams, assistant principal; Mrs. Nicla Matthews, secretary; Mrs. Jessie Smallwood, senior aide; Mrs. Yvonne Weston, our most charming crossing guard.

The children are doing mighty nice. The little ones who started in kindergarten are just something else. When school started this year they were met with smiles from all which made them feel at home. School No. 29 is second to none in this city.

We can not forget our own Mrs. Eunice Proctor, Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Freeman who take such good care of our little ones, they all have such happy beautiful faces.

May God ever bless and keep them all and also Mr. Herbert Frisby, whom we love dearly. Congratulations again.

(Mrs.) BESSIE ASKEW

(Editor's note: School No. 29 referred to in above letter is the Matthew Henson School, located at Payson and Baker Sts., in northwest Baltimore. It is named for a black man who was co-discoverer of the North Pole, along with Admiral Robert E. Peary. Mr. Frisby, mentioned in the letter, is Dr. Herbert M. Frisby, the retired Baltimore city history teacher and Matt Henson biographer.)

The centrex

Dear AFRO:

The League of Women Voters applauds the city in its efforts to be more responsive to the citizens of Baltimore.

The recent extension of Centrex to the Department of Education is a notable achievement. It is now more possible to reach the schools and their offices by phone.

Thank you, city of Baltimore!

MIMI WAXTER,
(President)

Editor's Note: Special thanks also to Dr. Roland N. Patterson, the superintendent of schools. He persisted in the request for this modern phone system. We so said in our editorial, "Thanks, Dr. Patterson," on November 16, 1974.

Mr. Bumble's prayer

Dear Lord, I pray that it won't be long before our grown-ups find the way to speak and act in brotherly love. AMEN.

(Submitted by Audrey Stokes, 15, Annapolis.)

Share your favorite prayer to the AFRO's Mr. Bumble, P. O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

Some thoughts

Dear AFRO:

Please find enclosed, some thoughts, I would like for your readers to read. It is entitled "The Voice That Breathed Over America."; —

The voice that breathed over America, is Christmas Day. Be present O, Nations, to honor this day. Be present Holy Spirit, to bless the Nations, with tender care, charity and steadfast faith of hope patience and brave endurance. Another year is about to pass, a year marked by Watergate.

Ring out the old; ring in the new, ring out the false ring in the true, ring out the darkness of our nations, ring in sweeter manners, purer laws and truer law-abiding men and women. —

(Mrs.) GRACE DAWKINS

If YOU ask ME... — By Bettye Moss

A Christmas Story

This column's Christmas story is entitled, "New Citizens Department," It was first printed Christmas 1967:

BETHLEHEM—Happiest couple in town this week are Mary and Joseph.

Their first-born arrived in a stable. Joseph was unable to get Mary to a cleaner place in time because the innkeeper took one look at Joseph's black skin and refused to let them enter.

The innkeeper did not know that the women with the full stomach and the tall black man who comforted her were destined to become parents of the Messiah.

So, Joseph literally carted Mary to the stable and helped her deliver their baby boy.

He was a heavy infant, seemed about 9 pounds, and yelled lustily when Joseph severed his ties with his mother.

Joseph held his son up in the air and shrieked, — Oh, Mary, this is the prettiest baby I've ever seen. You are a darling wife, and I am proud of you.

As he leaned over to kiss Mary, Joseph heard music in the air.

He peeped out the stable door and saw the bright star overhead.

In an instant, he heard angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest. unto us is born the Saviour who is Christ the Lord....."

Mary was drowsy but the music revived her. She took the baby from Joseph and went to the stable door to stand with Joseph. "Honey," she cooed, "they are singing about our baby. He is the new Messiah."

Both Mary and Joseph said in unison, "Glory to God in the highest."

Cuff note: Mary had no clothing for the new baby. She tore a piece of her skirt to make his first diaper. This column is soliciting donations for new clothes for the family.

Angela Davis autobiography must reading

..(Mr. Lewis heads the Washington Bureau of the National Newspaper Publishers' Association. His column, "Capital Comment," appears regularly in this newspaper.)

"Angela Davis, An Autobiography" is must-reading for those who wish to understand the turbulent forces of the past decade that led America's black youth to revolutionary activities which questioned virtually every institution in the nation.

The manager of a leading bookstore here in Washington, said the 400-page chronicle of Ms. Davis' Alabama childhood, intensive university training and controversial trial had "sold out" one large order and 90 per cent of another. It is not difficult to see why.

It is a highly readable, personal book, which not only reveals the events that led to Ms. Davis' trial in connection with the Marin County Courthouse killings which left a judge and three prisoners dead, but also traces a life involved with the key black political figures of the 1960's and early 1970's.

Included among these figures is Stokely Carmichael, whom she criticizes for advocating socialism during a trip to Cuba while denouncing it as the "white man's thing" in America.

Her commitment to George Jackson, one of the "Soledad Brothers" imprisoned in San Quentin was both political and personal.

"George was dead, and the deeply personal pain I felt would have strangled me had I not turned it into a proper and properly placed rage," she wrote about her reaction upon hearing in jail about Jackson's killing in San Quentin.

Jackson's 17-year-old brother Jonathan, invaded the Marin County courtroom of Judge Harold Haley in August 1970, and with the help of two other prisoners present, took the judge and several others as hostages.

The prosecutor in Ms. Davis' trial maintained that the purpose of the revolt was to have the Jacksons and the other "Soledad Brothers" released.

"In those days following the revolt in the courthouse," she wrote about the younger Jackson, "I tried to dispel my blind rage over Jonathan's death in order for my anger to become constructive. I knew there was only one way to avenge Jon's death — through struggle, through political struggle . . ."

Ms. Davis mentions "Negro History Week," a rigidly-segregated Birmingham and the bombing of the home of a local civil rights' leader as factors contributing to her contempt for racial oppression. "I was very agitated during those days," she reacted.

"But I was too young, so I was told (I was twelve), and a girl at that, to be exposed to the billy clubs and violence of the police.

"As the years passed however, and the needs of the movement increased, it became necessary to incorporate every man, woman and child, who was willing, into all levels of protest activity."

She began seriously studying Marxism at a much earlier age than was generally recognized when she enrolled in the progressive Elizabeth Irwin High School in New York City's Greenwich Village.

"The 'Communist Manifesto' hit me like a bolt of lightning," she relates, and later writes of her friendship with the children of black and white communists, and her attendance at meetings of "Advance," a Marxist-youth organization.

Later, she attended Brandeis University in Massachusetts, compiling a brilliant record.

In her junior year abroad at a French university, her studies were interrupted by news that four family friends were among the four young children slain in the 1963 racist bombing of a Birmingham church.

"No matter how I talked, the people around me were simply incapable of understanding it," said Ms. Davis. "They could not understand why the whole society was guilty of this murder — why the whole ruling stratum in their country, by being guilty of racism, was also guilty of murder."

Later, at the end of two years of graduate study in Germany, the accelerated pace of the black liberation struggle in the U.S. made her "frustrated . . . at being forced to experience it all vicariously . . .

"While I was reading philosophy in Frankfort, . . . there were young black men in Oakland, Calif., who had decided they had to wield arms in order to protect the residents of Oakland's black community."

Angela returned home. The rest is history. Her dismissal as a UCLA teacher because of her affiliation with the Communist Party; her close involvement with SNCC and later the Black Panther Party; the use of her 200 automatic by Jonathan Jackson during the courthouse incident; and her flight in fear of her life.

Whatever your opinion of Angela Davis, the book is compelling reading, and a necessity for those that would understand the complex black struggles of the past few years. The book is published by Random House at $8.95.

..(EDITOR'S NOTE: In Baltimore, Enoch Pratt Library reports having received inquiries about the book, "but no tremendous demands." On the other hand, Remington book store advised, "we no longer have copies. From the amount of sales, it was pretty popular." Cokesbury Book Store: ". . . . sold quite a number. It may be more popular when it comes out in paper back."

'With the way the world is, today, we need one another'

The following letter to the AFRO's Mrs. Santa is from a 14-year-old Lauretta Ave. girl, who sent a $2 contribution, typical of those generous AFRO readers who have helped this newspaper's annual campaign to aid the needy at Christmas. Read about what she and others have done in the editorial entitled, 'Yule in Baltimore,' in this issue:

Dear Mrs. Santa:

I am writing you this from my heart. I am 14-years old and I am in the 9th grade.

I have three bothers and a good-hearted mother. We are all in school and we are on welfare. But I am thinking about the kids my age and under my age, and also families everywhere that don't get nothing.

So I think the little that we do get we are blessed by the grace of God. I won't be unhappy if I don't get a Christmas basket this year to help my mother. What little my mother gets she does the best she can do with it.

You see, Mrs. Santa, I want to help somebody this year who is not looking forward to getting anything. My mother always said be kind to others and God will bless you.

So take what I can give and tell them that I care and that God loves us all.

With the way the world is today, we need one another. So I hope that you keep keeping on. I hope other people's hearts open up just like yours. Just let the love of God flow from one heart to another and the world will be better.

May God bless you and all the rest of your help. "Merry Christmas and have a Happy New Year."

A verse for the Christmas season

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men;

I thought how, as the day has come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along th' unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head,
"There is no peace on earth," I said
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

(—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882).

Afro-Line

AFRO-LINE is an effective AFRO community service to help you solve problems, whatever they may be.

..All you have to do is write a post card to AFRO-LINE, 628 N. Eutaw St., P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. in addition to stating the question you want answered, include your name, address and telephone number.

SPECIAL NOTE: You may also report errors in news stories, request corrections, complain or inquire about AFRO news stories and policies by contacting AFRO-Line by phone or letter.

Weekdays call 728-8200, Extensions 64 or 50, between hours of 9:30 and 4 p.m., and talk in person to AFRO-Line service.

Your report will get prompt attention by top management or the AFRO news department.

Or write, AFRO-Line, P.O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md. 21203 or drop in to see AFRO-Line at 628 N. Eutaw St.

QUESTION: I note stories in the paper recently told about the president of Loyola College, Father Joseph A. Sellinger, of Loyola College, observing his tenth anniversary.

I am interested in knowing about the racial policies at Loyola.

Do they have any black faculty member(s)? How many black students?

Who is on the trustee or governing board? Is any black? Who are the black ones? Are there any department heads at Loyola College?

ANSWER: We addressed these questions to the public relations office at Loyola College. Mrs. Fran Minakowski, public relations director, told AFRO-Line: — "We have 131 black students enrolled. As far as department heads are concerned, we have as one of the administrators, the director or security at the campus, who is a black man named Vernon Carter.

"All records in my possession do not indicate race, religion, etc. What I have been doing is calling around asking if they know of any in one of the three divisions who are black. The day personnel are not fully acquainted with the evening personnel. I was told that we may have several, but I don't know who they are.

"Our trustees are mostly religious people. We do have several lay people but there are no blacks on the board. There are 20 people on the board, 10 of whom are Jesuit priests, 2 of them are Sisters of Mercy and the other 8 are lay persons.

"I checked with a lot of people who do the actual interviewing for various positions, both faculty and administrative. One of them confided in me that we have a great deal of difficulty recruiting black personnel here because of the fact that even though they talk to the candidates, the candidates invariably find out they can make more money at the public schools.

"The whole salary scale here at Loyola, as I know well personally, is below what one can get at a public institution, and many of the black candidates have preferred to work at the city black institutions of higher education or at the public ones where the salary is more attractive."

QUESTION: On Saturday November 16 around midnight there was an ambulance and some police cars in the 1300 block Poplar Grove St. I heard some people say it was a sick case, but I believe it was something more than a sick case.

I am a very concerned citizen and would like very much for the AFRO Line to try to check it out to let me know what really happened. — B.A.

ANSWER: Sgt. Kirk at Police Community Relations told AFRO-Line that this was evidently a sick case, because it does not appear on his report sheets for either Saturday or Sunday.

If it were a police case, it would have been reported.

QUESTION: How can I get a food basket from the AFRO? Do I have to write a letter?—MRS. P.R.

ANSWER: Yes, you must write to AFRO's Mrs. Santa, and you must hurry. There are many, many needy families. No requests for baskets, clothes, toys, or food certificates will be filled by phone. Write AFRO's Mrs. Santa, P. O. Box 1857, Baltimore, Md 21203.

WHERE TO CALL FOR HELP

HOT LINE — 835-5151 for abandoned vehicle; dirty yards; garbage collection; street lights, street repairs.

POLICE — Emergency, 222-3333; community relations, 396-2716.

SERVICE — Ambulance, 396-1111; bad food, 394-4424; animal removal, 396-0218; fire, 685-1313; defective sidewalk, 396-3168; rats, 396-4418.

INFORMATION—City Jail, 396-6211; transit and traffic, 396-3849; drug abuse counseling, 383-2720; job, 383-4462; legal aid, 539-5340; rumor control, 837-1188; rape center, 366-RAPE; pension reform bill, 962-3914.

MAYOR'S STATION — Governor, 396-6084; Greater Homewood, 396-6080; Northwest, 396-0024; Stewart Hill, 396-6207. FOOD STAMPS—234-2751.

REGISTER TO VOTE—Now is the time to get on the books so you can vote for the next mayor and city council persons to represent YOU. Register to vote now at Supervisors of Elections, People's Court Building Fayette and Gay Sts. Office open Mondays through Fridays 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Next primary election for mayor and city council is Sept. 2, 1975. Get ready to VOTE now.

81 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.)

Just comfort, God, this year

Though Christmas-time is here again,
I really must confess
I couldn't mention
MERRIness,
In such a world-wide mess.

Because of tragedies we've known
In years—just barely past—
Too many minds hold memories
Of sorrows which will last.

I think of those who went to war
But—who did not return;
The crippled, blind; and their loved ones;
How futilely they yearn!

May comfort reach the saddened hearts,
(The grief I see confounds me);
Could anyone ask
MERRIment?
The very thought astounds me! — LYLA MYERS, 1945