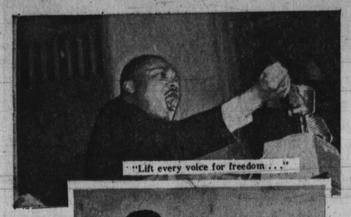


"Lift every voice for freedom . . ."

Dr. King and Grand Master's wife, Mrs. Samuel T. Daniels.

Addressing Masons at 100th anniversary celebration. Among platform guests are Clarence Mitchell Jr., Claude (Buddy) Young, Dr. Lillie Jackson and her husband, the late Keiffer Jackson.

Freedom fighter with Grand Master Daniels and the Rev. Logan Kearse.

Following speech, interview was conducted by Ernie Boston.

Civil Rights leader signing autographs.

January 1964

It was January of 1964 and the great civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was in Baltimore as guest speaker for the Prince Hall Masons celebration of the 101st anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation.

At lunch that afternoon, Dr. King and Most Worshipful Grand Master Samuel T. Daniels discussed the recent assassination of President Kennedy.

Dr. King observed that he too lived under the constant threat of death, but his work for freedom took top priority and he had to keep on about the business of civil rights for all.

Four years later on April 4, 1968, Dr. King's voice was silenced by an assassin's gun in Memphis, Tenn. where he had gone to aid striking garbage workers.

Here are photos of Dr. King's visit to Baltimore, Sunday, January 5, 1964, when he came to speak of emancipation and the work still to be done.

He died in the shadows of Lookout Mountain, long before his task was finished! B. W.

Dr. King, Dr. R. J. Hill (center) and Grand Treasurer R. David Scott.

Dr. King and Brother M. Brooks Waters.

At luncheon where Dr. King spoke of death threat. Head table guests included Henry Parks, Judge Harry A. Cole, the Rev. Dr. Kearse. Standing is Grand Master Daniels.

"I HAVE A DREAM"

the greatest speech of all times

The historic August 28, 1963 March on Washington had some major highlights but the one that most captured the imagination of millions of Americans was Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I Have A Dream" address.

Actually, the "I Have A Dream" portion of the address that so stirred the nation was not a part of the prepared text but the words came so freely and the oratory was so moving that few of his listeners realized it.

The sniper's bullet that ended the life of the champion of non-violence on Thursday night, April 4, in Memphis, Tenn., robbed Dr. King of an opportunity to see his dream for America come true.

The address, which so beautifully wrapped up the dreams, hopes and aspirations of millions of the nation's citizens, is reprinted here in full:

THE DAWN OF HISTORY

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

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

But one hundred years later the colored American is still not free. One hundred years later the life of the colored American is still sadly crippled by the manacle of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

100 YEARS

One hundred years later the colored American lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the colored American 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 a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our Nation's Capital to cash a check. When the architects of our great republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note which every American was to fall heir.

This note was a promise that all men, yes black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the inalienable 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 its colored people a bad check, a check that has come back marked insufficient funds.

DISBELIEVE

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

NOW is the time to make real the promises of democracy.

NOW is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.

—

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

NOW is the time to make justice a reality to all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of its colored citizens. This sweltering summer of the colored people'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 colored Americans 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 colored citizen 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 threshold 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 colored community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, 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

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

We can never be satisfied as long as the colored person 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 can not be satisfied as long as the colored person's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one.

We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "for whites only."

We cannot be satisfied as long as a colored person in Mississippi cannot vote and a colored person in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote.

PERSECUTION, SUFFERING

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

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of your trials and tribulations. Some of you have come straight from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by 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 modern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you my friends, we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow.

AN AMERICAN DREAM

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 out in the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners 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 state sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

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

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; that one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

THIS IS OUR HOPE

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be engulfed, every hill shall be exalted and every 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 that I will go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out the mountain of despair a stone of hope.

With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

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

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

FREE AT LAST

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

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvacious slopes of California.

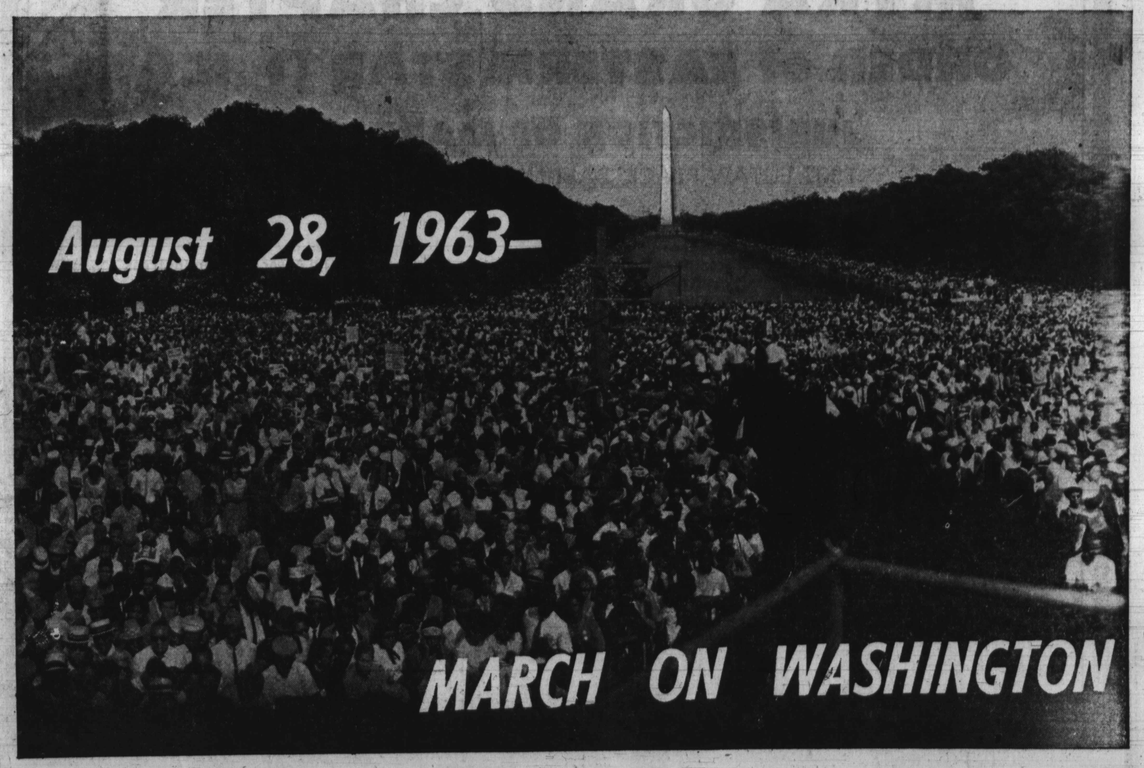
But not only that, let freedom ring from the Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

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

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every tenement and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old spiritual,

"Free at last, free at last! thank God Almighty we are free at last."



JAN