Baltimore Afro-American

OPINION

Founded August 1892 by John H. Murphy Sr., 1848-1922. Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN CO. of Baltimore City Inc. Carl Murphy (1889-1967) Editor-publisher (1922-1967).

Resurgent NAACP

We are glad to see the NAACP asserting the strong leadership that has been its hallmark since the century's turn.

This oldest of our civil rights organizations is increasingly active in Maryland.

In Denton, Maryland, on the Eastern Shore, NAACP members and citizens in general, are actively protesting the lenient conclusions of an all-white jury at the trial of a white youth who killed his black school-mate and dumped him in a shallow grave.

The jury ruled manslaughter and the NAACP is mounting pressure to see that some semblance of justice is maintained.

Elsewhere the youth is apt to never serve a day for a crime that strikes even the most reasonable observer as particularly heinous.

In Annapolis, this week, NAACP leaders mounted the first of many public protests following the shooting death of Leroy Perry, a 48-year-old Department of Employment Security engineer, who was gunned down by an Anne Arundel County police officer on Ritchie Highway.

This officer had been investigated previously for using excessive force in confrontations with civilians.

Anne Arundel County Attorney, Warren Duckett, is extremely concerned because no real report of the incident was filed by the officer in question until 12 hours later, which is a radical departure from normal police procedures in fatalities.

That the NAACP is accelerating its protests in these two cases and other instances as well, can only be encouraging.

Black organizations must return to the purposes for which they were originally founded.

The NAACP is on track and fulfilling one of its historic continuing missions.

Inequality, injustice and oppression of blacks and the poor are as operative today as they ever were and eternal vigilance is our chief protection against such wrongs. Right on! NAACP.

Academy double standards

U.S. Naval Academy midshipman Donnell Green was involved in a fist fight with his white roommate, a man. Green says is still his good friend.

Green was dismissed from the Academy and ordered by an officers board to serve three years in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Midshipman Michael Olmstead, a white naval officer candidate, was convicted of manslaughter and court-martialed by an academy board for causing the death of another midshipman during a car collision. Olmstead was determined to be drunk at the time.

A few days ago, news came that Olmstead had been reinstated in the U.S. Naval Academy and given four months probation on his manslaughter conviction.

Green, however, is still barred from completion of his training at the academy.

Just on this simple statement of events there is obviously a horrible double standard at work at the U.S. Naval Academy.

That Green is black cannot be overlooked nor can the fact that Olmstead is white be dismissed if we are concerned that justice and fair play be served.

Something is amiss at the U.S. Naval Academy and we think our congressional and senatorial representatives ought to make full inquiries into this situation.

The AFRO means business

It has been a year now since the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN instituted a regular business section in its Friday editions.

This was in direct response to the ever-increasing numbers of folk in our community who either are entering business for themselves or wanted knowledge about the entrepreneurial-financial world.

This department has exceeded our expectations.

Black people, no matter what their income levels or aspirations, are extremely concerned about issues, ideas and opportunities in the market place.

In this issue, there is a special 20-page supplement devoted to minority enterprise. We think you will be pleasantly surprised at the kinds of initiatives your friends and neighbors are taking in the business arena.

Most importantly, we hope AFRO readers keep in the forefront the need for our community to support businesses in our community.

We need to keep our dollars in our neighborhoods where they belong as well as help businesses grow that will employ those in our neighborhoods.

We finally hope, as you read this special business supplement, that when it comes to supporting, encouraging and reporting on black business, the AFRO means business. Economics is the latest, greatest frontier challenging black America and we must keep it always in focus.

Will baseball recover from strike?

The world of Rube Foster

By Dr. Lawrence D. Hogan

Rube Foster was born in Texas in 1879, 16 years after the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, and died in 1930. He was inducted into Baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, Ohio, Aug. 2, along with the Big Cat, John Mize, someone any fan of my generation remembers so well.

In both instances, recognition is long overdue and in Foster's case, it is a sign for things to change, albeit, at too slow a pace.

My son, Matthew, who was seven in April, will ask me about John Mize. I will tell him about the graceful first baseman, with the fluid swing.

Mize would emerge from the home team dugout at Yankee Stadium, in the fading twilight of the late innings of a September pennant race and with a flick of his bat, hit the homerun that would bring moans of "the Yanks have bought another pennant" from the perennial breed of baseball fan—the Yankee hater.

It is worth remembering when George Steinbrenner talks about Yankee tradition he knows of what he speaks—the tradition of Jacob Ruppert's money and Babe Ruth, of Del Webb and Dan Topping and the Kansas City franchise, and now of our own George, Reggie and Dave show.

Even those who did not experience the pleasure of seeing John Mize play baseball, can easily fit him into the familiar pattern of Yankee money buying pennants.

But who remembers Rube Foster? What world did he come from?

Foster's world existed behind what the great black educator, writer and activist, W.E.B. DuBois, referred to as the "veil."

To know Rube Foster and his world and it is a world well worth knowing, one has to go behind the veil and listen to the voices of those who played a game where, to use the title of a book by Robert Peterson, Only the **Ball Was White**.

It means going through the pages of newspapers such as Robert Abbott's pioneering Chicago Defender or Robert Vann's Pittsburgh Courier, or the AFRO AMERICAN of the Murphys in Baltimore, or the Journal and Guide of the Youngs in Norfolk and the countless other regional and local weeklies that reported the world of Rube Foster.

It means listening to the testimony of Eric Roberts, the veteran journalist and sports publicist, who speaks of Foster's era as a time:

when there was no white world as far as the black world was concerned. We were not even aware of the white world in the sense that it meant anything of consequence to the world in which we lived.

Our heaven and our glory was in Harlem; not at Harvard, but at Howard and Lincoln, and it motivated south where Morehouse and Atlanta University and Clark and Morris Brown, Tuskegee, Alabama State and finally Florida A&M and other schools west of the Mississippi, Wiley and Grambling, all joined in the possession of the black world.

Nobody cared about Georgia Tech, nobody worried about Auburn. Nobody worried even about Notre Dame. We had our own. We had our Howard Bison. We had our Golden Tuskegee Tigers, and that was the thing the black press wrote about.

Foster's world gave us Bob Douglas and the legendary Renaissance Five in basketball and the annual Howard-Lincoln Thanksgiving Day football games with special trains chartered from major cities to the game site.

It was a world of "beautiful verses and beautiful lines" from poets such as Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen and the transplanted West Indian, Claude McKay. McKay would say to his fellow blacks during the terrible summer of 1919, "If we must die, let us die like men."

Poetry and beauty on the baseball diamond came from the likes of Judy Johnson and Cool Papa Bell. Papa was reported to be so fast, that when he hit a ball through the pitcher's legs, it would hit him in the back as Bell slid into second base for a double.

It was the world of that sage philosopher, Old Satch, who warned us about not looking back for fear that someone might be catching up.

It was the world, too, of a brilliant scholar-athlete from Rutgers, Paul Robeson, whose gridiron exploits and very name would be expunged from the records of the 1917-1918 Walter Camp All-American teams whose presence Robeson graced.

The January 10, 1925 issue of the Norfolk Joural and Guide carried a story headlined "The Negro National Leaue Is Far From Being Dead." The previous week, several papers had printed stories declaring league president, Andrew "Rube" Foster, identified by the Associated Negro Press, as "the Grand Old Man of Baseball," had resigned because of a dispute with club owners, and that the league itself was on the verge of collapse.

In an interview with ANP, Foster set the record straight:

"The Negro National Baseball League is not dead and is not going to die," declared Andrew Foster ... in an exclusive interview with the Associated Negro Press.

With a twist of his good pipe, and a seriousness of expression he often carries when the American Giants have made a rumble in a tight game, Foster advised, "I am merely getting rid of men who are not able to advance; I am weak from such burdens."

Then the seriousness turned into a smile and a twinkle in his eye when he said, "That is why the kickers love their president. When he cuts off the finances, he has robbed them."

All the major national black weeklies featured stories about this dispute, and several carried Foster's official statement defending his presidency against the charges from John Tenny Blount, owner of the Detroit franchise, that Foster had double crossed several of the league members by engineering the admission of the Kansas City Monarchs with their white owner, John Wilkerson.

"The Grand Old Man of Baseball! I want to know more.

Who was Rube Foster? What was his world about?

It was and is a world I want my son to know. When Matthew asks me who John Mize was, I think we will go to the library and check out Only **The Ball Was White**.

It tells a story of a fascinating world, a world of invisible men and women and our society has missed so much by knowing so little of them. Note: Dr. Hogan is an assistant professor of History at Union College, Cranford, New Jersey.

No 'justice' in Richmond

(Editor's Note: On July 4, the Washington AFRO-AMERICAN published the remarks given by the veteran civil rights attorney Oliver W. Hill to the Richmond City Council during hearings on redistricting the city for voting registration. Hill was the first black resident elected to the Richmond City Council in the 20th century. Mrs. Padgett wrote this letter to the editor after reading Oliver's remarks.)

I am not a distinguished citizen like the Honorable Oliver W. Hill, but I wish to pursue further his statement that: "For centuries the City of Richmond was governed with very little, if any, regard for the sensibilities of its black citizens." I wish to add that it still is. And I challenge anyone to dispute the facts that I am about to recite here.

The Emma Harris estate located on U.S. 60 (Midlothian Turnpike) in Richmond, Virginia has been (and still is) the source of controversy since 1959. This tract of land (10½ acres) is approximately 200 to 500 feet east of the First Union Baptist Church one of the most prosperous areas in the city of Richmond.

Although our taxes were duly paid, we were not notified when the sewer was laid, and a dual highway with an island in the middle was constructed. Instead, someone sought and obtained the use of this land and the money there from. Businesses are occupying "Midlothian Mall" without having clear title to it.

Innumerable attorneys have attempted to clear up this matter but were unsuccessful. Perhaps they were intimidated. The deed in the name of John H. Harris (Trust) was believed erased from the deed book 116, page 222 (Chesterfield County Courthouse dated June 11, 1908, and later replaced.

Because various attorneys apparently were to jeopardize their careers (as a judge phrased it), we found it necessary to file "Pro se" in the U.S. District Court, Alexandria Division on Aug. 1, 1977 (CA-77-592-A), but the case was dismissed because of the lack of jurisdiction.

The deplorable condition of Blacks in Richmond will never improve until the power structure recognizes the fact that there are forces who will not be afraid to take their cases into court to achieve justice, and assure "fair play."

MARJORIE H. PADGETT

LETTERS

Opinions expressed by columnists and in letters to the Editor DO NOT necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.
—THE MANAGEMENT—

Is the newspaper racist?

DEAR AFRO:

On June 18th, an extremely ludicrous article was written and published by the editors of the Sunpapers.

Up until now, I have been gulled into thinking major newspaper editors had to be intelligent. The very first paragraph indicates a lack of this commodity.

The article, "The Killing of Godot" refered to the protest as "a defeat for freedom of speech and the performing arts." In truth, it was a defeat for racism within Baltimore's performing arts.

The International Theater Festival was constructed without participation from any black African theater groups. Even worse is the fact Baltimore's own Arena Players were not invited and this town is 65 percent black.

According to these editors, a handful of picketers forced the two black actors in the play to withdraw. That statement insults the intelligence of these actors. It suggests they lack the ability to recognize blatant racism surrounding the festival. It also shows a deliberate attempt, on the part of the editors, to distort the facts.

If the protest consisted of a mere handful of protestors, then explain, please, the low ticket sales at the box office? Explain the necessity the festival management found to call national black actors and playwrights to seek approval?

Explain, please, the fiery debates that occurred in the city council? Explain various television and radio interviews and the extensive coverage by a black publication?

It does not sound commonplace to me!

To address the statement that John Kani and Winston Nishona, the only black actors in the play, showed great courage by coming to perform here and that B.O.S.S. (South Africa's secret police) reported their every move, especially when they pulled out of the play.

Let us say indeed, they did display extreme courage. But be realistic! Obviously visas would not have been issued if that racist government did not approve of the play!

As for B.O.S.S., shame on you Sunpaper not to know this agency has been defunct and replaced for more than three years. That is irresponsible!

The play representing Israel was written by Jews with Jewish actors and the same for the Irish. Think of the potential result if that Jewish play was written by Soviets with Soviet actors?

The show representing Africa was written by Europeans with European actors. Their country and continent is predominantly black and rightfully belongs to those indigenous people.

I believe strongly the community has a right to be consulted when their tax dollars are involved. Don't you Sunpaper?

And to state, "This protest could reduce opportunities for blacks in Baltimore," is unconscionable. In fact, it sounds down right unconstitutional.

For years, I've watched an elderly gentleman picketing in front of the Sunpaper building. His sign reads, "Sun Lies." Well, with statements such as, "Theatrical history will record that John Kani and Winston Nishona, great theatrical exponents of black rights in South Africa, were stopped from playing Baltimore," - there are no black rights in South Africa!

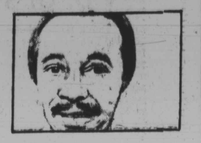
Is the paper also racist?

ROBERTS CROSLIN

AFRO welcomes letters

The AFRO welcomes letters from its readers. Letters should be typed and must bear the writer's name and address. All letters will be edited upon consideration for publication.

PARREN MITCHELL



EEOC for the Congress

I have introduced a bill to end discrimination in hiring by the members of Congress.

All of the members of Congress support the rights of working men and women, unless those workers toil in the shadow of the U.S. Congress, which engages in labor practices that embody the institution of antebellum race and sex descrimination in America.

Nearly half a century has passed since most American workers were guaranteed the right to bargain with employers about the terms and conditions of their employment. Federal employees working for Congress, however, have not received this consideration.

Indeed, the Congress has exempted itself from every fair labor act in existence: the Fair Labor Relations Act of 1935, the Equal Pay Act of 1963, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Occupational Health and Safety Act of 1970, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972.

In 1976, an informal study revealed that of the approximately 18,000 Congressional employees less than 1,000 were black. Of the 22 standing committees in the House of Representatives, there were less than 25 blacks holding professional positions, with the majority of these being employed through the Congressional Black Caucus members. There were 1,000 total Committee employees.

I have introduced legislation which may give legislative branch employees a fighting chance. The Congressional Equal Employment Opportunity Act amends Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 enabling an aggrieved employee to file an action in U.S. District Court against the clerk of either chamber.

If the court finds the Congress has engaged in discriminatory practices, the House and Senate leadership is obliged to find the complainant suitable employment somewhere in the legislative branch.

Ultimately, the Congress is going to have to live up to the rules it has prescribed for the rest of the country.

Cosponsoring of the Congressional Equal Employment Opportunity Act would demonstrate the Nation's highest lawmaking body possesses the initiative to clean up its own house, without the prompting of yet another public scandal.

FOR ALL WE KNOW

A FAMILY OF THE 1890s

How was it then– in Baltimore in the 1890s?

By Elizabeth M. Oliver
City Editor

When Aug. 13 comes the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers will mark its 89th birthday in a celebration which will include all Baltimore.

A newspaper is more than current happenings. With the AFRO, it is preservation forever the history of the people, all people. And, as news goes, whatever happens from birth to death.

The AFRO began in 1892 and through wars and depressions has lasted nearly nine decades. The AFRO will be 90 soon.

HOW WAS IT THEN?

What was life like at the close of the 1890s?

Scattered throughout Baltimore, black businessmen and women, whose advertisements appeared in early editions of the AFRO, displayed an amazing variety of interests.

Although there were numerous drug and grocery stores, barber and beauty shops, there were some enterprises which are unique even today.

Many senior citizens will recall Harry O. Wilson's bank, which was called Mutual Benefit Society and was run by his sons.

Only Butcher

Few will remember the Penny Savings Bank, 1634 Pennsylvania Ave.

Another bank was opened at Eutaw and Biddle Streets by Henry Jenkins and E. Bernard Taylor, the latter also a caterer, and a third by Winfield Thomas.

William Daly, the only colored butcher then in Lafayette Market, had triple business interests on Pennsylvania Ave.

In addition to his meat stall, he had what was one of the first open air theatres in the city.

It was in the 100 block of Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite his jewelry store.

Custom-made shoes were sold by James Fessenton, 918 Cathedral St.

Fine China

One of the most attractive stores in East Baltimore was that of J. J. Hillard 1418 Orleans St., a dealer in fine chinaware.

With an eye to preparing Baltimoreans to fit into the business world, Arthur Jones became affiliated with Jones and Jones School of Typewriting and Shorthand, 1210 Eutaw St.

Columbus Gordon, well known in South Baltimore for his moving and transfer business, was also a milk man, as was William Dozier.

Bargains in second-hand furniture could be obtained from William H. Dodd, 1131 Pennsylvania Ave. Those seeking recreation went to B. F. Smith's Electric Pool Parlor.

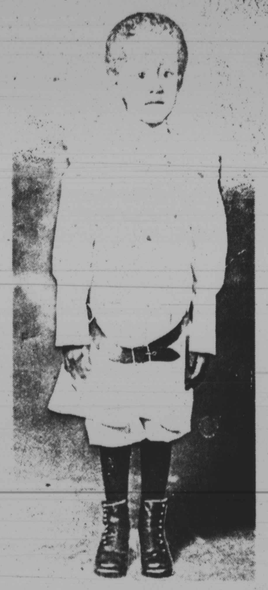
Residential calls were made by Madam M. A. Hunter, a beautician, who offered wet and dry shampoos.

High Fashion Hats

The making of high fashion hats was the interest of Mrs. Ella Smith in her shop at Druid Hill and Dolphin.

Ladies purchased and had sewing machines repaired by Robert H. Butler, 941 Druid Hill.

These are but a few of the numerous business enterprises which waxed, waned and then disappeared as times changed.



A YOUNGSTER OF THE ERA

New political effectiveness: One key to survival

G. JAMES FLEMING

This column recently hinted that if the "New Federalism" of President Ronald Reagan distributes all, or most, federal grants-in-aid throughout the several states, blacks "MIGHT" have to become increasingly more effective politically on the state and local levels.

The word "might" is not strong enough. Blacks will be compelled to become more active and effective where they can help or hurt those who will actually be deciding how federal funds will be allotted—what programs and institutions, indeed which cities, will receive uppermost priority.

The votes and political influence of blacks must help decide whether people are more important than things—even if these things be prestigious edifices, overpowering expressways, or colorful tourist attractions.

This call for more and more political involvement closer to home is not mere rhetoric. The truth is most Americans, including minority voters, have historically exhibited more excitement about national elections than they have been excited about local and state elections.

Usually, the turnout for state and local elections has been much lower than for presidential elections.

In the case of black voters, specifically, for many decades none could vote in local and state primaries and elections, while, under the protection of the federal constitution, a few could vote every four years for the election of president.

History also forced blacks to look to Washington for most of their protection and most of their opportunities. With the coming of the New Deal and a new cornucopia of benefits, this dependence on Washington increased—actually and pyschologically.

The Civil Rights laws of the mid-1960's were the high water mark of the rightness of such orientation towards the nation's capital.

What has already begun, both in politics and business, must be continued with increasing momentum. The millions of blacks, North and South, not now registered and voting, must be enticed and educated into becoming aroused and knowledgeable voters.

Blacks of means must put their money where their voices are; black communities must develop men and women who will accept the challenge (and be worthy of the challenge) to organize the thousands for achieving political power—power that can win jobs, bread and meat, and other rewards for the masses.

As this column has said several times, we, blacks, are still strongest on oratory and verbal protests; very short on our willingness to invest heroically and sacrificially in order to earn and to win the wherewithal for survival.

We seem to forget money really talks, and money pays for political workers, and political organizers, for television and newspaper advertising, for computers and their operators and last but not least, money pays lobbyists.

Once upon a time, money could also buy politicians. Ask the oil and tobacco interests, for instance.

More political clout, more political leverage, on the state and local levels must be the answer to the new powers of the state operators and paymasters of federal funds of all kinds—grants-in-aid which, since the New Deal, have gone directly from Washington to the cities, or from Washington directly to such institutions as colleges, or Washington directly to people-serving citizen organizations.

While more political clout, more political involvement is a must for survival in a democracy, the views expressed here are not arguments that all things must continue as they have been.

No argument that poverty programs, food stamps and "welfare" instead of jobs for the unemployed—but employable and anxious to work—are the only and ideal way for large numbers of blacks to secure their daily bread.

The aim of much of the new political clout must, therefore, be aimed at obtaining for black men, women and youth the opportunity to work for their living. Jobs, jobs, jobs is the cry of the thousands who spend long hours waiting at factory gates for every job advertised, or even whispered about.

The challenge for the immediate, future is not only a challenge to blacks. It also is a challenge to Reagan forces and their smirk attitude towards those who cannot find jobs and, therefore, must depend on government aid.

If blacks are to survive, however, they must look after their own survival.

Tony Brown's Journal

The president and the NAACP

In part I of this series on the hostile behavior of the national NAACP leaders towards President Reagan when he appeared as a guest at their annual convention in Denver, I explained their—Ben Hooks and Margaret Bush Wilson—behavior did more to harm poor blacks than to find relief.

In a furious view, a young black woman questioned why they kept zinging the president: "Why did they invite him, if they were going to treat him like that?"

On two occasions in his speech, and in a general philosophical sense, the president was more in step with black America than were the national leaders of the host group when he rejected the inherent superiority of white children, the premise of mandatory busing, and extolled the necessity of black colleges.

These leaders are "hot" for busing for race mixing and "cool" on keeping black colleges black.

Therefore, the Denver clash between the NAACP national leaders and Ronald Reagan was not racial, but philosophical. The president urged blacks, as did Booker T. Washington at the turn of the century, to recognize themselves as a nation within a nation, to develop their own economy, and to "turn over" the $140 billion they spend with other blacks.

"In most neighborhoods, what really brings prosperity is when the income of that neighborhood is then multiplied by turning over several times within that community in the black communities in America, the turn over is less than once before the dollars, those $140 billion, go out into the community at large. And that has to be changed," the president said.

This advice and common sense notwithstanding, the so-called civil rights leaders will march thousands of blacks into conventions in major hotels this summer to unload millions of dollars into the coffers of the white establishment "enemy" while blaming Reagan for the economic ills of black people.

For all of their protestations of injured innocence and fair-sounding rhetoric about programs to help poor blacks, the NAACP's leadership spent more than $3 million with Denver's white business community to protest white racism and black poverty.

Residents of the Five Points area of Denver, a black neighborhood, complained that the NAACP delegates were instructed to avoid that part of the city. The black small businesses and restaurants found their welcome signs to be of little use in attracting any of the money from the NAACP's "affluent poor."

If any of the noble rhetoric of the civil rights groups is going to have meaning, they will have to recognize that the black underclass is hurt more by class segregation from middle-class blacks than from separation from whites by race. The government is obligated to share the tax resources with this impoverished community and the middle class is needed to pry them loose.

But even if the federal government wanted to economically emancipate black ghettos, it lacks the expertise to do so. Help for the new black underclass—including 32 percent of unemployed black teens who have succumbed to drug addiction—will come from one source only: the black middle class. And the so-called civil rights leaders fail to grasp that fact or understand their true role.

That $140 billion the president referred to is equal to the Gross National Product (GNP) of Canada or Australia and equal to the GNP of the ninth largest nation in the free world. Delicately, he told them that blacks were spending their money in a 180 degree angle—in a straight line directly away from themselves—instead of in a 360 degree angle with one another as do other ethnic and religious groups.

Ironically, Reagan's philosophy of a sound economic power base for black America is more compatible with past black leaders such as Marcus Garvey, Booker T. Washington, Elijah Muhammed and Frederick Douglass than are the modern day disciples of the black establishment.

In announcing a withdrawal of the federal draft horse," Reagan was suggesting to blacks a return to the fundamental nationalism of their past, and asked the NAACP to come to this "realization." Today's black leaders of integration have surrendered the very virtues of thrift, diligence, group cohesion and optimism that are the basic linchpins of black survival.

As a result, the racial misery-index, the gap between black and white achievement, has remained constant and in some cases widened. However, the "new kind of bondage" Reagan warned of isn't too much government help, as he sees it, it's a bankrupt policy of too much dependence on the wrong source.

—MORE LETTERS—

Sugar Ray and the witch doctor

Dear AFRO:

I wish to comment on the "witch doctor" affair that surfaced prior to the Ayub Kalule - "Sugar" Ray Leonard fight in Houston on June 25.

Bob Arum, the fight promoter, sensing the fight lacked the necessary publicity to draw a sellout crowd, flew in a man from Uganda named Bob Mugumba, who claimed to be an African witch doctor.

Arum's purpose was to lure the boxing fans to watch the fight by believing the so-called witch doctor was performing his special brand of magic on behalf of Uganda born Kalule. Kalule eventually lost his junior middle weight title to Leonard.

I think most boxing fans took this incident to mean a joke and a mere fiasco. On the other hand, by being an African, with a deep rooted respect for my culture, I took it as a big insult, not only to Africans, but to all persons of African heritage.

What Bob Arum wanted was to cash in on the old western belief of branding Africa as a jungle inhabited by primitive, pagan-fetish, ignorant and illiterate creatures, who only believe in superstition.

The most sad of all is Ben Mugimba, because of a few hundred dollars, he dressed in a red-colored costume, covered his face with an African mask and displayed his one-legged chicken in front of the press to denounce his African culture.

I know some persons might disagree with me, saying I have over reacted on this issue. Since it was intended to be a joke. To those I say, they should try to get to know the kind of fellow Bob Arum is before writting off my criticism against him.

If we recall vividly, it was this same Bob Arum who promoted a fight between Mike Weaver (World Boxing Association heavyweight champion) and a white South African, knowing very well this country has been barred from all international sports because of its racist attitude towards blacks.

Faced with pressures from anti-apartheid organizations, Arum lied and said the seating in the boxing arena would be desegregated. However, a racist white South African official, who could not contemplate having anything to do with black South Africans, refuted Arum's allegations.

All these tell a lot about the nature of the person Bob Arum is. He does not even care about exploiting the talent of black boxers. At the same time, he tries to destroy their heritage, provided he can make his money by this means.

This is what I thought Bob Arum wanted to indicate to Americans with his "witch doctor" episode:

"This is primitive Africa, inhabited by mumbo-jumbo tribes people with superstitious beliefs, where tribal wars between ignorant witch doctors to the fetish cadence of bush tribal drumming.

Where illiterate Africans drink dirty water from traditional jungle pools."

AARON OHEMENG

Do something now

Dear AFRO:

It is heartening to note an increasing number of citizens is appearing in Annapolis to attend public hearings and to testify at same during the 90-day sessions.

Many do not know that important hearings of subcommittees occur during the summer months. I suggest a call to your delegate or senator will get the information you need.

Many summer hearings bring out information helpful in shaping bills to be acted on in the regular session.

Voters also are expressing great interest in the state budget. The budget is begun before the 90-day session by the governor and his fiscal experts.

Once the budget is prepared and printed and submitted to the legislators, citizen input is difficult. If you wish to stand a better chance to protect your favorite projects, why not prepare your supporting materials and your witnesses and write the governor for a chance to make your arguments now?

Make a fight BEFORE rather than try later to undo something that has been finally set and determined.

LENA K. LEE
Assembly delegate

NOBLE a success

The NOBLE Anti-Crime Expo '81 and the 5th Annual Ball, July 14-19, 1981, was a total success. We accomplished all that we intended to.

Many thanks go out to the Baltimore Afro-American newspaper for assisting us in getting the information out to the public.

A special thanks to, Pam Widgeon, for your contribution.

Thanks again

MARC ROLFS
Public Relations Officer
NOBLE Anti-Crime Expo 81

AUG