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1987: year of decision

To say that 1987 will be an exciting year is like calling Mt. Everest a large hill. The political landscape of Baltimore will be drastically altered and there will be a number of power vacuums that will be filled.

The dominant political figure in Baltimore for the past 16 years William Donald Schaefer is gone. Although he has departed for the governorship he will still influence the city greatly because he made the legislative agenda for the city for the upcoming General Assembly session and appointed four members to the schoolboard in his last few days as mayor.

With Schaefer's departure, a very significant and potentially divisive race for mayor looms in 1987. Kurt Schmoke, state's attorney, Clarence DuBurns, City Council president and successor to Schaefer for the remainder of the latter's term are definite candidates.

Former school board president Robert Embry is all but an announced candidate and the three way race could pit a number of class, race and generational groups against each other in a very bitter contest.

The prize is very great since incumbents in this city almost never taste defeat.

With the departure of Kweisi Mfume to Congress and Michael Mitchell to the state senate there were two seats in the City Council's fourth district without incumbents.

Fifth District City Councilman Tom Waxter is leaving the Council to run against Hyman Pressman for comptroller.

The vacancy in the fifth district will bring out numerous aspirants. That area of the city just witnessed vigorous contests for state offices and many black politicians are going to seek to increase black representation on the City Council by winning a seat in the Fifth District.

With DuBurns ascension to mayor when William Donald Schaefer resigns to be governor, his city council presidency will be up for grabs although vice president Frank Gallagher will be interim council president for a year. A number of politicians are said to be considering a run for the post.

Significant political changes will be made in the year 1987 and the direction for Baltimore for the next decade and a half may be set by the results of the November 1987 election.

Voters have nine months until primary elections and a very careful scrutiny should be made of all the candidates for elective office. Incumbents almost never lose in Baltimore and so voters should be extra careful the first time around.

Saving Pratt Library

It is fortunate that three of the five libraries scheduled to close because of budget constrictions at the Pratt Library System will now be allowed to stay open.

Some money was found in the city budget that will save the branches as money is mysteriously found in the budget every year after vigorous denials that any funds are available.

The Pimlico and Broadway branches will definitely close, but there are other branches close enough so that neighborhood residents will not have too far to go to use library facilities.

This is especially important for elementary school students who may need to use the library because no reference books are available in their homes.

Also libraries offer valuable assistance in the form of the ever present and ever cooperative librarians.

For many children from poor homes the public library is the only access they have to books. In many homes books are luxury items that are not included in the family budget.

In a city with a pernicious textbook shortage in the public school system, a library system that is well stocked and well staffed is more than an adjunct to the public education system; it is a vital component.

As vital as a healthy Pratt Library System is to the educational health of Baltimore, it is even more important to the cultural life of the city. Pratt offers films, lectures, assistance to the handicapped and literacy help for adults.

As vital as Pratt is to the city, it still does not rate the kind of frenzied support that ephemeral sports teams do that can leave town at the drop of a hat or the roar of a moving van.

There have been cries for appropriating hundreds of millions of dollars for a football stadium for a team that is not even promised to Baltimore, yet Pratt Library a statewide resource, not merely a city one, strangles slowly for a lack of funds.

It is almost a certainty that every member of the City Council has used Pratt at some time in his or her life. Many have done some homework in a Pratt Library at some point in their school careers. They should value Pratt more highly.

The rating of sports teams over the vital cultural and educational institution Pratt Library makes a very sad statement about the priorities of Baltimore City.

Pratt Library deserves adequate funding.

Bloodnotes

R. B. Jones

Paranoid paranoia

A profound paranoiac once said that "Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean that somebody isn't really following me." Paranoia is an interesting phenomenon.

Webster's Dictionary defines it as "a chronic form of insanity characterized by delusions of grandeur, persecutions etc." They're out to get you because you're so noble, so powerful, so influential, so rich, so beautiful and so holy.

Others say that there really is no one lurking outside your home waiting to harm you, but you know better. You can read the barely submerged hatred in the eyes of those watching you. You can feel their malicious intentions as you pass them on the street.

Even those who smile and pretend to be your friends harbor animosity in their hearts that they are waiting for the right moment to unleash.

After all the Temptations, victims of numerous betrayals sang "Smiling Faces....tell lies and I got fooled." The O'jays, masters of sweating, nearly tangible stage eroticism and sometimes masters of the profound sang "They smile in your face all; the time they want to take your place. The Backstabbers."

If there is one thing that black people in America know about is paranoia. Black paranoia differs from white paranoia. Grier and Cobbs, two black psychiatrists who wrote the 60s bestseller "Black Rage" said and I am paraphrasing, "any black person in America who isn't paranoid is crazy."

Black paranoia comes from historical memory. It comes from the knowledge that no white person has ever been executed in America for killing someone black. It's knowing that tens of thousands of white people have murdered black people with impunity.

It comes from reading "We Charge Genocide" by William O. Patterson and then reading about some very chilling incidents in New York recently where white mobs have attacked and killed black youths and the case was dismissed.

When I heard about the mob attacks in New York I wondered if I had been transported back to 1951 by some magic and was now living in the time when Patterson's material for his book was collected.

Then I remembered Little Clifford Glover, a ten year old black boy shot in the back by a New York City policeman in 1974 I believe, who thought he was a robbery suspect.

I remembered a Baltimore teenager Jan-Wan McGee who was waiting for a pizza and was shot in the back by a white policeman who thought he was going to rob the pizza parlor a few years ago.

Then there was Booker Lancaster a black Baltimore motorist killed three years ago by an off-duty white policeman after a traffic dispute. As Lancaster lay dying on a garage floor police officers put a knife in his hand.

Paranoia was further reinforced by Byron Franklin, a racist white man, who admitted to going around the country shooting black men. Who could forget the Buffalo Slasher who went around that city stabbing black men in the heart?

The information that lynching has cropped up in the south again and a black man was found dead in a tree outside Columbia, Maryland have fueled my paranoia.

The Greensboro, North Carolina Massacre a few years back when klansmen and nazis gunned down five members of the Communist Workers Party on television with the full knowledge of the police on the klan's intentions before the killings, makes one prone to look over one's shoulder, especially in the land of blood and tobacco North Carolina.

As George Jackson put it succinctly, "Anyone who can pass the civil service exam today can kill me tomorrow." He was fatally correct as he was gunned down by guards in 1971 at San Quentin for allegedly smuggling in a gun under an Afro wig to facilitate a prison break.

Black paranoia is justified by the last 400 years of black history.

From whence cometh American paranoia (aka white folks paranoia?) Americans are afraid to travel abroad for fear of becoming victims of terrorism while at the same time they support a government that pays mercenaries to wreak havoc in Nicaragua, Mozambique and Angola so that those revolutionary countries will be put back under the yoke of Euro-American white folks.

As with all bullies, the U.S. can give it but not take it. It is okay if they bomb Libya and kill little babies, but the thought that they might get it in return has hundreds of them cancelling their European pilgrimages.

When they finance terrorist bombings it is patriotism and fighting for freedom, but when Americans are attacked in Lebanon it is cowardice and procommunist fanaticism.

When Cuban troops help protect Angola from South African invasion it is communist domination, but when U.S. troops invade Grenada it is to establish democracy.

The people of Grenada are still waiting for democracy. When terrorists blow up the U.S. Embassy in Beirut it is cowardice and brutality, but when the Battleship New Jersey indiscriminately hurls 16 inch shells into Lebanese villages from the safety of The Mediterranean that is striking a blow for the true representatives of the Lebanese people.

The paranoia that America is feeling comes from the delusions it has had since it decided that this country could not only seize this continent but that it could seize and hold onto an entire world.

Anti-Americanism is real around the world because U.S. imperialism is real. Nicaraguan fears of an American invasion are based on historical precedents.

The U.S. killed Gen. Sandino (that's where Sandinista comes from) the Nicaraguan patriot and installed the Somoza family as puppet rulers.

Nicaragua was ruled by that family for over forty years and the people suffered immensely. As soon as an independent government is established, the U.S. begins to wage war against it.

Yes the Nicaraguans are hostile to U.S. intentions and fear invasion and they have good reason. Nicaragua was one of the support areas for the U.S. backed Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in the early 1960s.

Instead of eliminating the cause of anti-Americanism around the world, imperialism, the U.S. has fallen into an even more intense state of paranoia.

This paranoia is evidenced in U.S. popular culture by films such as "Invasion USA" starring that paragon of emotional acting Chuck Norris. "Red Dawn" a movie about Cubans and Nicaraguans seizing this country and the upcoming miniseries "Amerika" about a Soviet takeover of America, a fantasy so paranoid it defies belief. More about that television travesty next week.

Who shall be mayor in 1987?

By Arthur W. Murphy

(Part One)

I have heard from some of my most respected political friends that neither "Du" Burns or Schmoke will become Mayor because they will split the black vote just like the black vote was split when George Russell and Clarence Mitchell slugged it out in 1971.

That's just a bunch of crap.

You will hear many references to our failure to elect a black Mayor in 1971. Much of what you hear should be disregarded.

The years and the grudges still held by many involved in the campaign have clouded and distorted memories. Politicians and would-be analysts are still making the same generalizations they made fifteen years ago. They were wrong then and they are wrong now.

Let me try to set the record straight.

After Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, III announced he would not seek a second term as Mayor, six candidates emerged to succeed him — three blacks — City Solicitor George L. Russell, Jr., State Senator Clarence Mitchell, III and cab driver and political activist William E. Roberts; and three whites, City Council President William D. Schaefer, former Workman's Compensation Commissioner Francis J. Valle, and political unknown Joseph Heinle.

The Black political establishment attempted without success to get either Mitchell or Russell to withdraw from the race. Everyone was talking about how the black vote would be split.

Blacks were becoming Mayors all over the country. Everyone wanted Baltimore to have one, too. Baltimore politicians and voters were still radiant from the 1970 victories of Parren J. Mitchell for Congress, Milton Allen for State's Attorney, Paul L. Chester for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and William H. Murphy, Sr. for Municipal Court.

Black power was in the air. 1970 was a great year and people wanted 1971 to be even better.

People failed to realize however that all of the 1970 victories in Baltimore came as a result of the disorganization of non-blacks. They were opportunistic victories.

In each case, the field was crowded by politically ambitious non-blacks who under-estimated the power of the black voting minority.

In 1970 and 1971, Blacks did not make up a voting majority in Baltimore City. The best estimate was that blacks accounted for under 40 percent of the registered voters.

Because of poor black voter turnout, the actual voting power of blacks neared but 33 percent. After these facts were revealed to the Russell camp, it became clear that significant non-black support was needed in order for Russell to become Mayor.

In order to get that non-black support, George Russell decided he needed a non-black running mate. He seriously considered two men: Delegate Walter Orlinsky who had liberal and jewish political support; and James Lacy, a former Fire Board Commissioner who had strong ties to the Catholic community.

Discussions with Orlinsky proved fruitless. Lacy proved amenable and agreed to run for President of the City Council as Russell's running mate.

The pollster and the political consultants to the Russell campaign felt that an integrated and Catholic team (George Russell was also Catholic) would be tough to beat.

The local staff felt that the campaign should pickup someone who would appeal to Jewish and liberal voters. It was argued that Catholics had not been identified in Baltimore or in any other major city as a group that would vote for a Black.

Jews and liberals had been so identified.

William D. Schaefer on the other hand rejected appeals from his supporters to form an integrated ticket and chose to link up with incumbent Comptroller Hyman Pressman. All other city-wide Mayoral candidates ran independently.

Close to $1 million was spent by those who filed for city-wide office. Another $250,000 was spent by those seeking City Council seats.

George Russell demonstrated he could raise money. But the money could not overcome the deep racial divisions in the city nor could it inspire all the black registered voters to go to the polls to make him Mayor.

When the smoke cleared, George L. Russell had won every predominantly black precinct in the city and lost every predominantly Jewish and white precinct.

Blacks voted for Russell by margins as high as 10 to 1, and whites rejected Russell by even greater margins. Russell had done better than any black in a Democratic Primary in Baltimore history. But he still lost the race by over 36,000 votes!

Mayor candidates Clarence Mitchell, III and Francis Valle did not affect the outcome as neither drew more than 10 percent of the votes cast in any precinct. There was no split in the black vote.

In fact, Schaefer received more votes from black neighborhoods than did Mitchell!

Some have argued that the frequent and acrimonious public exchanges between Mayoral candidates Russell and Mitchell may have lowered black expectations for a Mayoral victory, thereby reducing voter turnout and eliminating any prospects Russell may have had of garnering non-black support.

The polling data available to the Russell for Mayor campaign does not bear out that theory. Before, during, and after the debates with Mitchell and before and after the selection of a white running mate, the polls revealed there was little if no change in white response to George Russell.

Black voters came out in unprecedented numbers. Black voter turnout increased to 49 percent. Not since the 1964 Democratic Presidential Primary starring George C. Wallace had blacks voted in such numbers.

It became clear to the Russell Campaign that Lacy had not helped the ticket, and that the Mitchell debates only served to scare white voters. White voter turnout was 57 percent and Jewish turnout neared 65.

Fear. It is a reoccurring theme in Baltimore politics. Fear affects turnout. Fear polarizes. In 1964, fear motivated Blacks to vote and defeat George Wallace.

In 1971, the fear created by the

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Max Johnson

Political Viewpoint

This brand new year brings continuation of what must certainly be somewhat perplexing, political situations for concerned voters in Baltimore's 4th Councilmanic District — and to others citywide as well.

Compounding these is that a similar one stilll prevailing in Maryland's General Assembly could be dependent upon one still unresolved in the City Council.

At point here are the pending vacated Council seat of Congressman-elect Kweisi Mfume, and what State Sen.-elect Michael Mitchell is going to do about his veteran council post.

Much speculation has been reported in past new stories, in statements from some persons somebody viewed as in prime running for successors of both.

Nothing definitely concrete has come publicly from either of the principals, as of this writing.

And therein lies some non-understandable jockeyings that have no political justiications whatsoever, but rather carry hindrances for meaningful successors.

Mfume and Mitchell are scheduled to be sworn in their respective new offices within the coming two-week period. Both have been absent from their council sessions over recent extended periods. Mitchell, however, complained publicly of a health problem.

Mfume has been prominent in organizational meetings in Washington. Mitchell has been noticeably absent from such Annapolis sessions.

Actually, the Mitchell general off-scenes, public attitudes have provoked growing rumors as to whether he would accept the senate seat for which he just campaigned, and resign the council post, or stay in the council and resign the senate.

Even if members of his district's State Central Committee, a group that will be involved in whatever happens to his successor's seat, even if they know the decision they weren't talking publicly at this writing.

All of this, of course, has been published diligently in AFRO news stories from time to time.

Perspective here gives rise to quite a different angle, one which looks in the direction of the voters who put them in council office in the first place — and put them there for the so expressed purpose of desirable representation.

The possible fact that many of these same citizens helped vote them to Congress and the state senate could hardly be construed as meaning they didn't want their council vacuums refilled with a reasonable degree of expediency.

Such outspoken reasoning surfacing for some time now is undisputably sound. In these cases, there are no political gains for such delaying actions.

They would have their respective appointees in their respective camps anyway, even with early nominations. The only foreseeable reason here is waiting to skip from one paycheck to another without time loss.

More importantly, the delays in nominations of their council successors, and not being present for council deliberations themselves, have deprived their constitutents of the due-on-spot representation for which they were originally voted in office.

Their delayed nominations of successors have posed, also, lost early council indoctrination advantages for whomever those persons should be.

The whole thing is not only unfair to their constitutents, it's unfair to them as well.

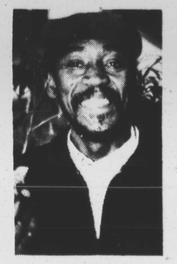
Again the specter of moving from one paycheck to the other without break arises. Whatever, it's not even worthy of the label of politicking.

Maybe somebody ought to tell these fellows something. Never mind, somebody, just did.

—AFRO SURVEY—

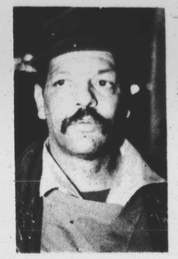
What do you remember most about 1986?

Dee Dee Griffin



Roy Hines

Glenita Curry



Warren Que Hammer

Dee Cee Griffin, 21, teacher: The thing I remember most is the tragic way that Len Bias died, a man of promise. It showed how pervasive drugs have become in this society.

Roy Hines, 35, contractor: I remember how much chicken I've eaten since I've been laid off this year.

Glenita Curry, 16, student: I got a boyfriend. So now I don't have to stay at home with Mom all the time.

Warren Que Hammer, 47: That it was good and bad. Because it was painful and pleasurable, also.

Anna Bryant, 35, housewife: How God brought me through all my trials and tribulations.

Cynthia Matthews, 36, housewife: Not doing things I should have done that were important. And making excuses for it.

Louis Gross, 38, steelworker: Reagan's Watergate. His sale of arms to Iran. It makes me feel good that he got caught.

Patricia Wright, 52, clerk-typist: The big issue that is still going is the Len Bias death. I'm sick of hearing about young people dying from drugs.

Anna Bryant

Cynthia Matthews

Louis Gross

Patricia Wright

Tony Brown's Comments

Does Dwight Gooden belong to the NAACP?

If you have been following the sad events related to the savage beating of baseball star Dwight Gooden, allegedly administered by the Tampa, Florida police, you should be learning two lessons.

The first and most important is the need to fight, in an organized manner, racism whenever it expresses itself and in whatever form. It could be the messages of movies or the back of a flashlight across your face by a White-woman gangster posing as a cop on the dark streets of Tampa.

The second lesson is one of collective group responsibility, the understanding that, because of racial oppression, the life chances of an individual Black are only enhanced when the life chances of the group are improved.

Take the multi-million dollar baseball player named Dwight Gooden who earned his fame and fortune for two other reasons.

One, he had the opportunity to demonstrate it because generations of black greats before him were excluded and sacrificed on the alter of racism. He is certainly not the first black to deserve his fame and fortune, but the first to get the chance to earn them.

Second, the pressure, the unrelenting pressure, to force the system to give Blacks this chance has come from the so-called "angry" blacks (who are always excluded from any of the benefits of their labor) and the organized movement of civil rights organizations.

Most conspicious among those groups is the NAACP. When a black person is in trouble, there is not a better friend to have. Logically that means that when you are not in trouble, there is not a better group to help. What happened to Dwight Gooden could not have happened to a white baseball player.

Dwight Gooden was beaten because he was driving an expensive car. Maybe

His best impersonal friend, and perhaps savior, in the fracas and smear campaign has been the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Almost broke and tarnished by rejection from its own beneficiaries, the NAACP suffers from bad jokes about its abilities and chronic questions about its necessity. However, it keeps on keeping blacks out of jails and on the payrolls.

Dwight Gooden is a big star, making, I hear, around $1 million every twelve months. I phoned the Tampa NAACP to find out if he was a member (a membership costs $10). The NAACP official said he would check and call me back; he never did.

It's my hunch that he's too embarrassed to admit that this big time, multi-millionaire player (who finds out that his silver Mercedes or athletic status does not protect him from racism) never gave the NAACP $10 of his $1,000,000-a-year salary.

If I'm right, Dwight Gooden is typical of black Americans: buying what they want and begging for what they need. after a few insults and whacks across the head, he did become unruly; but who wouldn't?

Weeks before the incident, Gooden complained to Bob Gilder, Tampa NAACP president, that he was being followed by the police. In a phone conversation, Gilder described a Tampa that is unsafe for blacks who drive expensive cars. If you know anything about Bob Gilder, you will know that he is the last person you want on your case. And he's on Tampa's case.

White sportswriters are also on Gooden's case, associating his victim status with a "pattern" of problems — mostly domestic. His youth, and youth's corresponding mistakes, are cornerstones of their case to portray him as a "problem" player.

—Mayor in '87

Continued from page 4

acrimonious exchanges between Russell and Mitchell probably increased the voter turnout among those who were most opposed to having a black mayor. Fear may have affected fair thinking non-black voters.

However, even if there had been no debates, even if black voter turnout equaled white voter turnout, Russell still would have lost the election by a substantial margin.

Whites had no history of voting for Black candidates. There was no rational basis for anyone to assume that this pattern of behavior would change for George L. Russell, Jr.

But politics is not a rational process.

Why did George L. Russell, Jr. lose. There is but one reasonable conclusion. George L. Russell, Jr. failed to become Mayor because the vote in Baltimore split along racial lines. As it had before 1971. As it has since 1971. As it will probably continue. In 1971, whites out-voted blacks by 5 to 3 and voted for Schaefer.

It's just that simple.

The other factors may have affected the gravity of the defeat but not the ultimate outcome.

Anthony Armstrong

Deep river

And the perfect angel came with harp, another with voice, a third with the key. For home they are bound. Zound, the unfaithful cry while she laughed and instructed, "Hold your lament for me, God is walking the waters."

Three angels, one with strings of gold, one with the birds in her song, the third holding the writ of entry, began to chorus. This be the song they were commissioned from on high to sing: "Deep River, my home be over Jordan, Oh, Deep, Deep River, Lord; I want to cross over into campground."

Those born will die; the time is of no real matter, only the life lived in the time. Nothing stands greater or lesser in the roster of reasons. For, God be the reason and all else becomes but befuddlement. And so with every new birth we wonder; and with every death, even after death and death and death, we sigh and wail and go low.

The caller came with Sickle Cell Anemia, and I understand death brought great pain to the body. Yet, be that as it may, for bodily pain is here today gone tomorrow.

In its place God's messengers heralded things more permanent; and long after the pain is gone much that was and is good will stay, to show more of us something about living. The funeral dirge is done to be replaced by what can now be said about LaVerne Armstrong — Ashford (no relation to the writer).

I understand Sickle Cell Anemia to be a life threatening ailment. The pathology of Sickle Cell apparently causes blood cells to take on the abnormal form of sickles, as in ice sickles, and thus the common name of the disease. Because of their shape the blood cells have great difficulty moving through the human vascular system, and do so only with great pain to the sufferer.

Sickle Cell Anemia is a hereditary anemia, which is deficiency in the oxygen-carrying material of the blood. If two people, one the mother, the other the father, both have the Sickle Cell trait, or cellular propensity, it is highly probable that their offspring will inherit the malady.

Apparently the probabilities associated with the disease work in accord to the laws of genetics, and these laws are very definite. In the past, Sickle Cell was thought to be a disease of the black race, and this would seem, on first examination, to be so.

However, what is now known about the problem indicates not so much a racial characteristic (though most sufferers tend to be black) but, instead, a geographic character.

In other words, people who populate certain areas of the world tend to be more prone to the disease, than those of any specific race. That the disease is so frequented in black people is, then, a function more of our geographic and, by way of geography, hereditary links to Africa, than to race per se.

What we know about the disease and the usually fatal prognosis has grown in recent years; but the thrust toward successful treatment or a cure has always been hampered by not enough money and, one could add, not enough private or public concern.

Unlike a disease like A.I.D.S., Sickle Cell Anemia simply has not won the popular concern of medical and governmental movers and shakers. One doesn't wish too be crass about it, but you can't help but wonder what the response to the disease would be if it afflicted as many whites as it does blacks.

Alas, though, enough about science and the politics of medical research. Mrs. Armstrong - Ashford spent her so short life achieving one goal after another. She had educated herself, having attended one of America's finest art schools, The Maryland Institute College of Art, here in Baltimore.

She had begun and managed her own business. LaGraphique, Incorporated; and as one of her projects had designed the promotional poster for the Pride of Baltimore. She had served on the governing boards for both The Pride of Baltimore and The Central Committee for Sickle Cell.

In her thirty four years, Mrs. Armstrong - Ashford had accomplished more than most people, who get the gift of three score and ten.

Like lots of people who have special gifts, this woman clearly understood the power of one person to do good. I guess so much ability causes people to either express it or smother it, and themselves. The expression was hallmark here.

Through her eyes one could see what real love of people meant. It meant accepting them as they are, all as children of a God not lesser but even mightier than any of us can know. In life she lived. This is not a play on words, and one need only know healthy people to know just how little many really live.

Though she dealt with a terrible killer, her face never let it be known. Her independence was total from everything, save the trumpeter that blew the clear notes of her most happy song.

"Let me live to be whatever I will, nothing need increase my advantage. I ask only to know my lot, and it it be this malady, if only this, then why should I stop?" More could be written about Mrs. Ashford. For instance, "So much have I been given, that to live but a day in full, is to be blessed more than many could praise for the grace of God."

On and on her symphony played. Thesis and anti - thesis, climax and fall; the music was truly beautiful to hear. Don't cry for her, angels find the sound of tears nothing but the hum of those who wish to have life back, knowing they could have lived it better.

Leave the anger alone too, that one so young and full would die still so young and full. Leave all such understanding to the charterer of life. Instead, look into the glorified ashes of this phoenix knowing that all it meant has risen again, somewhere in the master's plan. Take joy, that such as this is too valuable to not have currency again. Maybe in you; blessed me, if it be me.

So we take our lot, shuffle it and remove all the stones. Hold on, however, to them all. Certainly do not allow any to fall into the river; for this river is free of life's pollution. This river flows only to and from God.

So, we sing again, and in loud melodious glory: "Deep River, my home be over Jordan. Oh, Deep, Deep River. Lord; I want to cross over into campground."

Baltimore City Democratic Primary 1971
Analysis Summary

Mayor	Vote Total	%	Black	Jewish	White	Expenditures
Joseph Heinle	1,185	0%	0%	0%	0%	$ 605
Clarence Mitchell III	6,554	4%	8%	1%	1%	$ 49,103
William E. Roberts	938	0%	0%	0%	0%	$ 357
George L. Russell, Jr.	58,528	33%	75%	13%	7%	$ 431,939
William D. Schaefer	95,315	54%	10%	80%	82%	$ 367,756
Francis J. Valle	7,202	4%	0%	4%	7%	$ 41,139