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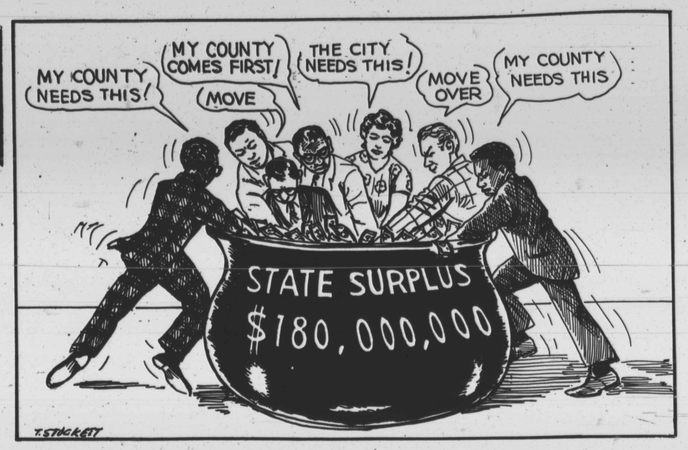


Dual holidays

It took a spirited and somewhat protracted struggle to make Martin Luther King's birthday a holiday all across this nation. It became a holiday state by state and city by city, but a national movement agitated for making King's birthday the first national holiday honoring a black American.

Despite opposition from President Reagan and some right-wing members of Congress who tried to paint King as some kind of subversive, an ancient and tired strategy, the holiday came into existence in 1986.

The battle was won but not the peace. With the coming of the federal holiday came the same problem that plaques other holidays such as Columbua Day and Veterans Day and Memorial Day, one holiday for the state or local government and one for the feds.

Stubbornness and independence are supposedly the trademarks of the American character, but the dual holiday system presents some very practical problems that are not addressed to rhetoric.

For example in Baltimore the children are out of school on Martin Luther King's actual birthday Jan. 15. The federal holiday is Jan. 19 when many parents are off from work but the children are in school. This will ruin attempts at having a long weekend together.

A more serious problem in the age of single parent family proliferation is who will supervise the children when they are out of school and many workers are still on the job.

Perhaps this is idealistic thinking but coordinating the two holidays and having them both on the same day would be best for all parties concerned.

Tough choices in Annapolis

The opening of this year's General Assembly can be likened to an audition for a plum role on Broadway, an event certain to be filled with anxiety, overacting and some heartbreak.

There is a new leading man, Gov. William Donald Schaefer who is seeking to establish his power and dominance over state government. There is a relatively new legislative body with new leadership that is seeking to continue the tradition of legislative independence established during the Harry Hughes laissez - faire regime.

The estimated state treasury surplus of about $180 million is sure to set off a conflict among legislators and between legislators and the governor over the disposition of the extra money.

Some legislators want the bulk of the money returned to tax payers while the incoming governor wants the bulk of the money used for state programs.

Comptroller Louis Goldstein suggested a few weeks ago that the new windfall that the state has received be used to give taxpayers a one time tax break while the effects of new federal tax legislation is studied.

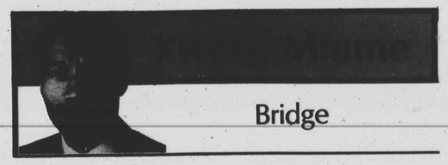
Goldstein felt that fiscal situations are too uncertain for any kind of long term legislation concerning the state surplus. Still his voice may not be heeded as there is a rush to put the surplus monies to use.

City legislators must attempt to play down regionalism because a regional fight over the money will most likely hurt Baltimore City because the incoming governor will have to make some gesture to show legislators that he is not Baltimore's governor as opposed to being Maryland's governor.

In addition to demands for roads and stadiums and tax relief, there are also issues on the legislative agenda concerning minority and poor health care that some black caucus members will present to the general body.

The issue of who will be the next state treasurer is still unsettled and that determination will answer the question of how much power the new governor will have when the General Assembly is not in session.

The next few months will see some tough decisions made in Annapolis.



Bridge

As I slowly lowered my right hand after taking the oath of office this past week a strange sense of history began to make its way into my consciousness. As if alone, in a throng of three thousand nameless faces, something began to gesture for my attention.

Almost instinctively and without ceasing, it beckoned me from the consequence of the moment as if holding a secret of great utility. And try as I might. I could not resist.

This was for sure, the convening of the 100th Congress And Washington, almost without pause, had suddenly borken free of its scandals and scars for this momentary rendezvous with tradition.

Draped in its elegance and alive with the pageantry of the hour. the House Chamber gushed forth a sense of its own history, as if accommodating for ghosts long since gone. Still, without regard for the activity of the moment, my thoughts drifted onward, as if made to follow.

Beyond the improbable mountains of my own mind, overlooking a great gulf of time, I could see clearly before me the faces of the Africans, long since removed from their native land. They are chained now and squinting with pain. Descending silently through the ship's hole, the moon in its stillness bears witness.

On the far horizon are the silhouettes of slaves. Bent at their waists and frozen by time, they reached downward with open hands for cotton pods so ripe to be picked. And, as if sensing a presence, they gaze forward and smile, almost declaring by their action a freedom from the field.

And yet this was the moment of my swearing in, not a time for daydreaming and dancing with ancestral memories. Had not they noticed the large crowds of onlookers? Did not they know of my need to be attentive? Why would these pieces of history still beckon my attention?

In one final surrender I turned backwards to bid farewell to their clutches, when suddenly I realized the consequence of their mission.

Standing before me were Martin and Malcolm and Medgar Evers, Fannie Lou Hammer, Harriet Tubman and Robeson stood there also. And with them the dauntless faces of a thousand others, ordinary by definition but not by deed.

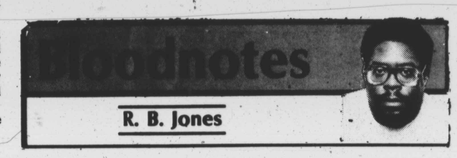
They had made their bodies bridges that I might run across to get to this place. And there they stood smiling at this moment, as if having gotten even with history for some sruel joke that it had played.

Yes, bridges they were, for myself and so many others, whose achievements are exceeded only by their sacrifices to overcome. They have come to remind me that our fate is not dissimilar. That we must become bridges for generations yet to follow. That for to whom much is given much will re required.

My hand is fully lowered now and resting at my side. The oath of office completed. The din of applause subsides in the distance.

And I began to blink slowly and stare at the wishers making their way toward me. The memories , so vivid a moment ago have all but departed now. They have gone no doubt to find their way home.

Then looking back at the road I have traveled spanning the troubled waters and arched high. I saw a bridge.



Footnotes

R. B. Jones

Remembering King

I was about 14 when I saw Martin Luther King Jr. in person at Coppin St. College. It was one of those Baltimore days in the uncertain period between harshest and emerging spring.

It was rainy and windy but not enough to qualify one as either a martyr or a freedom fighter for showing up. I remember vividly the exhortations of my teachers to see the great man.

The civil rights movement had lost a lot of steam by 1966. The great gains that the movement had sought for the most part been won, at least on the flimsy paper of federal law.

1964 saw the passage of the Civil Rights Act that outlawed racial, ethnic and sexual discrimination. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 had ensured that southern blacks would have access to the ballot box in a way unheard of since Reconstruction.

The Voting Rights Act brought about the election of black officeholders throughout the Black Belt South.

When King came to Baltimore to speak in Coppin's gymnasium in 1966, his nonviolent movement seemed to be at an impasse. Urban rebellions had swept America's cities every summer since 1964.

In 1965 when King tried to calm the Watts rioters he was jeered and pelted with rocks. His message, heard triumphantly in the South did not resonate well in inner cities above the Mason-Dixon line.

His philosophy of the civil rights struggle was being openly challenged by more militant elements of the movement such as SNCC with its firebrand leader Stokely Carmichael who advocated the exclusion of whites from black organizations.

Later in 1966 he would use the phrase "Black Power" at a rally in Mississippi and America would feel uncontrollable tremors of fear.

King was fighting these developments in the movement while he was trying to shift some emphasis in the movement to northern battlegrounds where the racism was more subtle and more difficult to root out.

Yet, when King walked into Pullen Gymnasium that day he strode in with vigor and confidence. One would have never known that he was in a down period after the great legislative victories that his activities had helped win.

The auditorium rose on one accord and applauded when he entered, I did not know it then but I was seeing a legend who would very soon be turned into a plaster saint by many people after his assassination.

In came his father with him. I remember "Daddy" King as a big angry look man. He smiled less than his son as he ascended the rostrum.

The faces of the people in the auditorium were lit with a combination of awe and love for the man who they felt was more responsible for recent civil rights gains than any other.

Despite the fact that the NAACP had been waging legal war against segregation for decades, despite the fact many local leaders had initiated actions against segregation, it was King who seemed that day to embody the best of the black race.

He was the shining example of intellect, forbearance, respectability, and religious devotion.

If America could not accept King as an equal and a brother under the skin then what hope lay for the rest of us? If integration was ever to be a reality then America would have to stop jailing and beating King.

When King began to speak his eloquence turned a musty small college gymnasium into part church and part civil rights rally. His vocabulary and diction, combined with a touch of down home folksiness made him a mesmerizing speaker.

I did not believe in his nonviolent philosophy then nor do I subscribe to it now. As one raised in a Baptist Church, his speech contained too many familiar phrases reminiscent of Sunday Services, at an hour when my stomach was growling for dinner and my afterschool frame of mind was not too receptive to sermons.

Still, I listened because I had seen his face hundreds of times on television and I had a terrible feeling that if I did not see him, hear him and hold his image in my mind this time, I would not get another chance.

I had experienced southern white violence first hand and so I did not think that his chances for survival were that good. It had been drummed into my head so relentlessly at Booker T. that he was a very great man who would go down in the pages of history, I had to hold that voice in my memory in years to come.

After King finished speaking, the audience rose to its feet again and applauded widly. As I think back on it now, the response was outstanding since Baltimore audiences tend to be reserved.

After King's assassination a couple of years later I began to sort out my feelings about him. I think he meant well and he did some good, but ultimately his life was a magnificent failure in practical terms, but a great success in spiritual terms.

The bills and rights he marched for and so many people bled and died for were essentially an illusion. As strong as the 1964 Civil Rights Act is on paper it is no stronger than civil rights bills passed during Reconstruction. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 only provided a mechanism for enforcing the 15th Amendment, on the books since 1870.

If the white majority believed in the Constitution of this nation those bills would be unnecessary and since they don't believe in it, the rights of black people depend on an organized movement that can inflict pain on society in proportion to the violation of our Constitutional rights.

It is power and not pieces of paper and the goodwill of people who hate you and have been abusing you for centuries that guarantees any rights that black people have in America.

During his last days King began to realize the difference between power and appeal. As long as he was talking about voting, and integrating society so that blacks could spend their money while mingling with whites, King was hailed as a great man.

As soon as he began to talk about American imperialism and foreign policy and as soon as he began to organize poor people across racial and ethnic lines to demand a radical economic reorganization of society he was killed.

King's life was a success because he showed once and for all that America does not respect morality, reasoned arguments and loyalty, only power. He was the martyr that should have opened our eyes.

Letters

Disagreement with R. B.

I disagree with **Bloodnotes, R.B. Jones, The Three Wisemen. He needs to** wake up to what politics is all about, instead of racial downfall. Blacks distraught blacks.

I particularly disagree with his statement. "People interested in doing business with the city and people who are by nature submissive, will automatically kiss the derriere that occupies even a few inches of the throne. **Old Go Along** will be lulled into a futal sleep of over-confidence that will eventually be his downfall."

President "Du" Burns deserves to be the first (1st) elected Mayor of Baltimore City. One thing Mr. R.B. Jones hasn't learned from the streets is, You got to pay your dues to the establishment and the community."

If he intends to win The Noble Peace Prize for Journalism, he had better learn what politics is all about before **writing what he thinks instead of facts of life and politics.**

SHIRLEY M. FISHER

Unhappy with management

Lingering problems have again surfaced at Maryland Correctional Institution-Hagerstown. The warden and assistant warden have not shown the ability to effectively manage that institution.

Some of the more notable deficiencies are lax security, employee problems are left unattended and the usual laid-back management style prevails. This should not be surprising as the warden and assistant are political appointees of Corrections Commissioner, Arnold Hopkins.

Merit system employees have been patient giving these managers ample opportunity to take action on problems. The managers have not done so.

Since Commissioner Hopkins has failed to manage as well as could have been, it should not be surprising that the Commissioner's political subordinates reflect the same inept style.

These management problems with wardens and their assistants are not solely limited to MCI, but apply to the other Hagerstown prisons as well. Corrective action must begin from the top down and as soon as possible.

The governor-elect also may well want to see a fresh beginning in the Division of Correction.

ROLAND SILVER, PRESIDENT
Chapter 10
Maryland Correctional Train. Center

AFRO welcomes letters

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

Anthony Armstrong

Martin and morals

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The views and opinions expressed in this column are those of the author, an employee on the staff of City Council President Clarence Du Burns, and in no way reflect the position of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers.)

It was possibly America's finest hour; it was definitely black America's finest hour. We had marched, been spit upon, treated worse than dogs, hosed with steady streams of water, hit with rocks, cursed, threatened, lied to, tricked, and, finally, killed — murdered in dark fields, strung from trees, damned to hell.

It was the grim fulfillment of one of America's gravest prophecies, by an earlier seer of America's future, W.E.B. Du Bois: "The greatest problem of the America of the 20th century will be the problems of its masses, the problems of its races."

We came to the field of battle — courtrooms, street corners, cotton fields, university campuses, weatherd old bridges, small towns and large cities — with little to fight with; our weapon, though, was truth and right, our leader, skilled, brave, and pure.

In time, that epic battle — for justice, for right—was won; the enemy—hatred, injustice, fear, and racism — vanquished, at least for the time.

We won the civil rights struggle of the 60's with nothing but moral commitment; nothing else, however, would have sufficed. We fought with the only weapons we had, with the only weapons such a struggle required.

We had no money, no troops bristling with modern ordnance, no places to hide. What we had was Martin and morals.

The victory was all the more sweet because we won without hatred for our enemy; instead our cry was, "love thy enemy," "to the right go the might," "we shall overcome."

It was a victory the whole world took heart from; that a downed people, who had no rights a white man is obliged to respect, could, through the weight of their moral combate, defeat such ugliness.

Although our fight is a war that must continually be waged, the battles of the 60's are now recorded as resounding victories. All we had was Martin and morals.

The 60's seem so long gone, yet the elements that made for greatness, then, still apply, now. We were successful because, for once, the vast majority of us were prepared to accept Martin Luther King's leadership.

There were some, among us, who tried to divide and conquer us; but the greatest numbers of us would have none of it. We clearly understood what we were fighting for, and this made the sting of the battle more acceptable. We knew how to fight — Martin showed us how to win.

We won with honor; the engagements we lost, we lost with dignity. The respect we gained for how we fought brought as much worth as the victory itself. For, what does it gain a man (or woman) to have a victory, if in winning the victory they lose all else?

There is a victory that is not victory at all. Such a victory is called a Pyrrhic victory. It is a victory won at such great cost as to make it no victory at all.

Fools and generals who love not their troops, who value not the lives of their people, fight such battles. They are the fights of the selfish, the enraged, the envious. They are the battles from which only the generals return.

Victory, yes, in the strictest sense of the word; victory, not at all, in the homes of the people, who alone must do all the suffering. Martin fought no such Pyrrhic victories. For, Martin's battles were our battles, our battles were his battles.

If he won, all of us won; if he lost, all of us lost. And yes, he was the general willing to suffer first, willing to suffer the most. Martin was a general the troops, the people, could and would follow.

Now, another battle looms. This one though, is not between us and an outside enemy. This battle is not for justice and right. This battle is and will be waged among ourselves. It will be uglier than the fight of the 60's. This battle will see brother against brother, husband against wife, neighbor against neighbor. Should victory come, I fear it will by pyrrhic.

It always is when the fight is fratricidal — where brother "kills" brother, where those of the same clan destroy themselves. It is not genocide, for that is the case where outsiders kill a race other than their own.

The enemy in this latest battle will not be white, although they will wait at the top of a hill like buzzards, to pick our bones. No, this time the enemy is not an outsider; this time the enemy is one of our own, this time the enemy is us.

Even if one of the blacks now planning to run for Mayor of Baltimore City wins, the victory is likely to cost us more than we could ever gain from having that victory.

Between now and the primary elections, of September 1987, we could well render ourselves so crippled that a victorious black man will have no support base left intact, from which he can gain the support he'll need to effectively govern. It's one thing to get elected; it's entirely different thing to be able to govern effectively after the election is over.

The "generals" who now prepare to oppose the black general already in place plan to do so on the backs of the people. The fight they plan is not for the glory of the people, but for the glory of themselves.

Were these the days of old, I would say, "let them fight, but only one with the other." Do not conscript the people; the people have no stomach, should not be troubled, with a fight not waged to benefit them. The situation of such a fight can leave none of us better off.

The only winner, and without even raising arms, will be the outsiders. For, a Pyrrhic victory is really no victory at all. Such a win will see a black general-in-charge; but he will have little in his own camp to rejoice about.

Where there is little at home to feast upon, the hungry must go elsewhere to find their food. That elsewhere can only be the camp of those beaten. The price for the food will have to be bargained with "victory" just won.

The enemy will have his victory — in reality — given him by those who destroyed everything to get what only they wanted.

Yes, we had Martin and morals. The moral to this story is: do not have a Pyrrhic victory in September.

—AFRO SURVEY—

When should King's birthday be celebrated?

Eddie Hawkins

William Greene

Joyce Owens

Diana Chesley

This week the question to the man and woman in the street is, **"Should Martin Luther King's birthday be celebrated on the actual day or a Monday holiday?"**

Eddie Hawkins, 54, warehouseman, "I would like it to be on the actual day. I celebrate my birthday on the actual day, why shouldn't everyone? Pretty soon they'll change everything around. Dr. King was born on the 15th of January. We should celebrate it then."

William Greene, 22, bookkeeper, "I would prefer the three-day weekend. But, I believe they should take it on the actual day that the reason for the celebration occurs."

Joyce Owens, 44, unemployed, "I would rather that the holiday be on the actual day of Dr. King's birthday. You wouldn't want your birthday to be changed."

Diana Chesley, 25, clerical worker, "I would prefer the actual date. I don't really know why I prefer it."

Ms. Irene Hall, 63, retired, "I feel the day it is actually on is the day it should be celebrated. I am kind of old fashioned."

Regina Brown, 45, communications operator, "Of course I am in favor of the three-day weekend. They can change anything as long as it is a three-day weekend, although I hate to be quoted on that."

Tonya Robertson, 17, student, "No I believe that we should celebrate the birthday on the actual day of the event. It really confuses the issue so you don't know from year to year what the holiday date is."

Sgt. Kathy Keesee, 29, Army recruiter, "I would prefer the actual day. It is like if your birthday is on a certain day, why celebrate it the next day?"

Mrs. Irene Hall

Regina Brown

Tonya Robertson

Sgt. Kathy Keese

Max Johnson

Political Viewpoint

The Baltimore NAACP has just given a striking needling, maybe inadvertently maybe not, to to the dormant campaigns to date for this city's next elective mayor the coming fall.

Briefly, the whole thing evolves around a city council committee report recommending keeping two Pratt Library branches open in predominately white areas, closing two in black communities, and farming out a fifth in a black area, all five slated earlier for closings.

Reports detailing confrontations between objecting NAACP officials and Council President Clarence Du Burns point out that the organization charges "racism" in the projected planning.

Hyman Pressman, city comptroller, said at the time, the matter "looks like racism to me."

Burns, in further retaliation, charged the planned closings were favored by council members, and that he was the butt of an attempt to "embarrass me politically."

Such has launched quite sharply and openly, whatever the reasoning, the lackadaisical elective mayoral campaign for the coming eight months up to the September primary.

State's Attorney Kurt Schmoke, who announced his candidacy months ago, has been relatively quiet, seemingly content with popular fundraising appearances.

Robert Embry, former school board president, only white Democrat expected candidate surfacing so far, has yet to formally announce.

William Donald Schaefer, who will be sworn in as Maryland's new governor Jan. 21, doesn't like Schmoke. He is lukewarm toward Burns. He is friendly with Embry, through a long association.

Schaefer, of course, has been making new city appointments, proposing new city legislation for the Annapolis General Assembly with little Burns indoctrination. He has been doing virtually the same in Annapolis, though Gov. Harry Hughes is still there.

The Baltimore picture can be seen in concerned areas as one of frustration for Burns, who has exhibited little public initiative actions in moving toward interim office within two weeks as this city's first black mayor.

His only solace — if it can honestly be called that — is that neither Schmoke nor Embry have really come out of political hibernation with any meaningful projections of why either should be Baltimore's new elective mayor this fall.

This current scenario, of course, has been projected here before. A factual reminder is updated.

So—Council President Burns, as head also of the Board of Estimates, launched a move to cut Pratt Library requested funds to operate the five library branches in question, resulting in decisions to keep two open in white areas, close two in black communities and leave a shaky outlook for a fifth in a black area.

Now the whole thing seems to be backfiring in his face. The city NAACP labeling Baltimore's first mayor-to-be with racism activities. Pressman, veteran city comptroller and associate administration officer, echoing the same opinion in the library cases publicly while sitting beside him.

And with all establishments, the Pratt Libraries, so closely related to the city's already hurting school system is badly in need of adequate funding.

But there stands the Burns counter-charge of attempts to "embarrass me politically."

Point here is not even speculation on whatever decisive action in the library case.

More importantly is that there now arises more attention to this city's elective mayoral race and candidates — and whatever their ultimate humanitarian objectives, along with grandiosement.

Politics, in memory of the quick, has been and still is big business. Like big business supports, citizens have the right to ask and find out from soliciting candidates — What are you offering for our advancement?

Who shall be mayor in 1987?

By Arthur W. Murphy

Part 3

The fight brewing between Kurt Schmoke and Clarence "Du" Burns, some fear, will result in the black vote being split resulting in the election of Robert Embry as Mayor.

Based upon past black voter behavior, it is highly unlikely that there will be such a split. Between now and election day, Baltimore's black population will probably make a clear and unequivocal choice.

If past voter behavior can be trusted as harbinger of future behavior, that choice will probably be Kurt Schmoke.

Both Schmoke and "Du" Burns have one citywide contested political experience. Both experiences were in high interest contests characterized by high voter turnout, high media interest and expenditures.

A comparison as to how voters responded to their candidacies may be instructive.

In "Du" Burn's 1983 race for President of the City Council, he was pitted against former State's Attorney William Swisher, former ally and City Council member Mary Pat Clarke, and two political novices John D. Clark and Debra Freeman.

In Schmoke's 1982 race for State's Attorney, he was pitted against Bill Swisher.

Clarence "Du" Burns had every thing going for him. He had money. He had the Mayor's enthusiastic support. He was the incumbent. He had a good and proven campaign team.

He also was pitted against two politically strong white candidates who could have and did split the non-black vote. The lone black opponent was money-less and inexperienced.

In Schmoke's race, he had little money. The Mayor did not support him. He was the challenger. The white vote was not divided. He too had an excellent campaign management team.

"Du" Burns had a ready made formula for a landslide victory. It was just a question of by how much.

The press, the pollsters, and even Kurt Schmoke's campaign manager thought Schmoke was going to lose.

After the ballots were counted, Clarence "Du" Burns received less than 40% of the city wide vote and won by 30,000+ votes — a good margin, but clearly not a landslide in a divided field.

Kurt Schmoke, winning by a margin in excess of 40,000 votes , received under 58% of the city wide total. He became the only black to ever receive an absolute majority of the votes in a Democratic Primary in Baltimore. He also received more votes city wide than any other black in Democratic Primary history.

Both "Du" Burns and Schmoke did well in non-black neighborhoods. Both pulled one third of the vote from predominantly Jewish neighborhoods and just under 25% from predominantly white neighborhoods.

The bid difference between the two victories was the response of the black voter.

In 1983, four out of every ten blacks who voted chose someone other than "Du" Burns. Since the Sixties, few black candidates who have run for key city-wide office have done as poorly in black neighborhoods.

Billy Murphy, in his loss to Schaefer, received 47% of the black vote — only 9 points less than "Du" Burns.

Even more troublesome is "Du" Burns' luke warm response from blacks who reside in "Du" Burn's home base East Baltimore. These voters are the primary beneficiaries of his great works. But there too, over four of every ten blacks decided not to vote for him.

The year before, Kurt Schmoke won just under 90% of the vote generated by blacks. Eastside and Westside black Baltimoreans. North and South black Baltimoreans. All of them voted in huge numbers for Schmoke.

In the absence of polls, past performance is a better index of future behavior.

Black voters have given Kurt Schmoke enthusiastic support and "Du"Burns moderate support. If black voters are consistent, as they have been, the black vote is in Schmoke's pocket.

That can change.

In order for "Du" Burns to become a viable Mayoral candidate he has to either change black voter perceptions of him or he will have to put together an alternative strategy.

His alternative strategy could be to attempt to assure himself of no less than 40% of the black vote and do battle with Embry among whites and Jews.

It would require him to do what no other black candidate in a citywide contest has ever done - convince a majority of non-black voters to cast a ballot in favor of a black candidate.

Throughout "Du" Burn's political career, he has been able to convince a significant number of white voters to support him. He forged a working coalition between whites and blacks in the second councilmanic district and convinced whites and blacks to support an integrated ticket.

If he is to be Mayor, he has to convince whites and Jews that he is better for Baltimore than Robert Embry, the horse of a different color.

In order for this strategy to succeed, Clarence "Du" Burns will have to change decades of race voting behavior.

He will have to overcome race prejudice, race fear, race animosity and race consciousness. He will have to convince non-black Baltimoreans to be color blind.

Black candidates have been trying to do that for years. They have failed.

Even in judicial contests, no black has received an absolute majority of the votes from white precincts.

Pluralities — yes. Absolute majorities — no.

Not Robert B. Watts. Not Harry Cole. Not John Hargrove. Not Bob Bell. Not Saul Baylor. Not Milton Allen. Not Ben Foreman. Not Cliff Gordy. Not David Mitchell. Not Mabel Hubbard. Not Archie Williams. Not Joseph Howard. Not Billy Murphy. Not Calvin Douglass. Not W.A.C. Hughes. Not Solomon Reddick.

Not one. Not the conservatives. Not the radicals. Not the integrationists. Not the black power advocates. Not those who ran alone. Not those who ran on integrated tickets. Not those who ran with the support of the Mayor. Not those who ran opposed to the Mayor.

Over the past twenty-five years, black candidates have tried just about everything to change race voting. To become Mayor, "Du" Burns has to come up with something new to change this pattern of behavior.

I don't think he can.

JAN 1987