Baltimore Afro-American

6 JULY 28, 1962

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

FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr.
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Prayer For The Week

Heavenly Father teach us the value of silence:

To hold our tongues when we are provoked or maligned; and to restrain ourselves when we are tempted to give our enemies a piece of our minds.

Help us not to talk when we should listen, not to pre-empt the conversation, even if we know all the answers.

Above all, may we remember that Thou are not in the whirlwind, the thunder, the lightning or the storm, but in the still, small voice.

Oh, God, teach us to listen.

Prompt Action Needed

Vandals invaded the new Bentalou St. school at Bentalou and Saratoga Sts., broke the locks on every one of 23 classroom doors.

They ransacked rooms on the second floor, scattering teacher material, emptied paint on the floor, and started a fire in the janitor's quarters.

Similarly, Douglass High School custodial employees, returning to the building after the weekend, found 50 broken window panes, and rocks litering the floor.

At Lemmel Junior High, offices were ransacked and contents scattered over the floor.

Taxpayers expect to spend 98 million dollars in the next few years building new school structures.

Our new schools are as fine as any in the country.

And, yet, unrestrained vandals cause hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of damage to buildings erected for their use.

It is time we put a halt to it.

For the first six months of the year alone, vandalism cost the city over $66,000.

If these youngsters can get away with wrecking public school buildings without punishment today, in a few years they will be destroying churches, banks, and other public institutions.

* * *

IT SEEMS to us that:

(1) The schools can not afford to have million dollar buildings without watchmen around the clock.

(2) The police must be far more vigilant in rounding up these juvenile delinquents, and the courts must stop coddling them and confine them to institutions until it is satisfied that they have learned their lesson, and, finally,

(3) The community must be interested in keeping our schools free from damage, and report promptly all suspicious activities which come under their surveillance.

We have reached an impossible situation now in this matter, and something must be done promptly.

The AFRO Is For Medicare

We deeply regret the defeat in the Senate of President Kennedy's measure which would have benefited our older citizens.

Dirty work in the Senate was done by the same combination of Republicans and Southern Democrats which has defeated federal anti - lynching bills, federal poll tax bills, and all other civil rights measures, with teeth in them, affecting housing, voting, segregation and the use of federal funds for segregated institutions.

We expected Senator John Marshall Butler, senior senator of Maryland, to vote with the Southern segregationist bloc, but we deeply regret that he was joined by Senator J. Glenn Beall who has usually been on the other side.

This bill providing much needed medical care will certainly pass next year.

In November, we need to see to it that the President gets new faces in the Senate, persons who will support this important program.

Think On This - Act On It

Superintendent of State Police Carey Jarman issued last week a new weekly review of fatalities on Maryland highways.

The purpose of the summary is to focus attention on the principal causes of highway accidents.

"Day in and day out, week after week," said Col. Jarman, "We se alcohol, speed and driver error as the principal contributing factors in highway accidents resulting in death or serious injury."

Col. Jarman said last week's performance, which was highlighted by a tragic head-on collision in a no-passing zone (driver error) that resulted in seven deaths, was no exception.

Of the seven fatal accidents for the week ending midnight, July 15, in 2 of them, resulting in 8 deaths, the driver had been drinking.

In 4 of the 7 accidents, resulting in 10 deaths, speed was a contributing factor.

And in 5 of 7 accidents, resulting in 11 deaths, the driver of the automobile made a fatal error.

"Sincere, continuous and intense effort," said Col. Jarman, "by everyone who has a stake in highway safety, to improve driver performance in these three categories should pay substantial dividends."

The dividends Col. Jarman speaks of are in terms of lives, physical injuries and property destruction.

This is something on which every driver should think—and act.

HEW's New Boss

Cleveland Mayor Anthony J. Celebrezze is a magnificent tribute to the American dream.

Born in Italy of average parents, he plowed his way to the top as so many other Americans have through hard work and a perseverance of purpose.

The first Italian-American to be appointed a member of any President's cabinet, he succeeds a Jew in a post which was slated for a colored man!

How about that! Only in America.

Mr. Celebrezze will have his work cut out for him. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is one of the most controversial Departments in government, and by its services, the most political.

It is not an indictment of Mr. Ribicoff to say he did not perform admirably. The post is almost an impossible one.

The AFRO-AMERICAN wishes Mr. Celebrezze good luck in his new job. Soundings from Cleveland from citizens whom we respect indicate that Mr. Celebrezze did not reward the colored community with the same proportion of appointments and jobs as the continually resounding votes of confidence they gave him. Some distinguished colored citizens felt the change was "good for Cleveland."

Be that as it may, we hope Mr. Celebrezze will perform with distinction and with that very necessary political ingredient for Washington, D.C. — courage.

North Pole Missing

No one has stolen it. But scientists have lost the magnetic North Pole, and Canadians are making a trip up north this summer to find it.

Dr. A. Boyd Pack, Cornell University's expert in climate, notes that the entire United States has warmed up several degrees in the past seventy-five years.

New York now has the same climate Washington, D.C. had fifty years ago.

Montreal today experiences the warm weather once common to New York.

It is pretty hard to find any oldsters wearing the red woolen underwear of our grandparents.

Why? Well, the North Pole has been lost before. Geologists long ago found evidences of an age in which glaciers covered most of what is now North America. Polar area excavations give evidence of what was once the tropics.

Many thousands of years ago, some scientists believe, earth collided with a star. When things straightened out again, the North Pole was in the tropics.

At any rate, we know now that the part of the world in which we live is getting warmer, and even the ducks are flying further north every summer to find cool weather.

Busy Over Where They Vote, You Say?

What Our Readers Say

Readers are invited to submit letters for publication. All letters must be signed but signature will be omitted if requested. Letters should be no more than 300 words in length. Address them to "Our Readers Say," AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

President's Medicare Bill

Dear AFRO:

The action of the U.S. Senate in defeating the President's Medicare Bill is a blow to humanity. It is disgraceful. The ungrateful doctors of the Medical Trust are now the new Political Bosses. Humanity be damned.

The Senators must be shown that the Medical Trust did not elect them and certainly will not re-elect them.

The common women and men will be heard at the next election. Let us start the campaign now by avowing to vote against those who "killed" the Medicare Bill, and also against any other candidates for the U.S. Senate or Congress who does not publicly honestly promise to support the President's Bill on Medicare.

I now ask all such candidates to openly declare themselves through the papers. We assume those who do not, are opposed to the Bill — and thus against humanity.

Further more, people should shun doctors who oppose the Bill. No patients — no richness for them.

* * *

THERE are, of course, a number of good, honest, sincere, human and understanding — not in a hurry — doctors who are reasonable with their charges.

However, too many nowadays make the profession a business for every cent obtainable, whose charges are outrageous and some are downright independent and defiant in their attitude to the public. Who among them will testify on the malpractices of their brethren? Name one!

The top men of that profession, usually are the most considerate, and make themselves appear less important than the run of the mine kind.

Who discovers our new drugs, the get-rich doctors or the salaried chemist?

With the exception of Dr. Salk and Dr. Sabin of Polio vaccine, I recall none since Dr. Erlich of 606 fame.

Of course I don't include all doctors in this criticism on which books could be written.

The Medical Trust and men in Congress must be kept in tow. The best prescription (Rx) is VOTES.

If the women —God bless them — lead this fight for humanity — victory is ahead. When they organize — and I hope they start now — they get things done. Remember how they beat the Coffee Trust by "Drink Tea And See?"

The women get the bumps, the headaches, the grief and hardship when sickness, especially-serious sickness, strikes the family and the little savings are devoured by medical charges.

They know what want is. Yes, if women organize on this fight, men and children and office seekers will join in. To some central place contributions can and will be made to defray expenses, auto stickers, etc. Such movement would spread across the country. Selfish interest will be defeated — and a Medicare Bill will be enacted.

Ballet Will Help

Dear AFRO:

Did you know that your NAACP Baltimore Branch is known throughout the country for its non-partial voter registration program? This office is proud of Baltimore's achievement and we are thankful to all of the churches, organizations, AFRO-AMERICAN and individuals who made this success possible.

In all of the areas where we have successful voter registration programs, we have the support of the ministers; therefore, we wish to thank the ministers of Baltimore and ask them to continue their support of our program.

We are depending on Baltimore, where it is relatively easy for a colored person to become a registered voter, to set the example for other cities bordering southern areas where it is very difficult for us to even seek first-class citizenship.

In this fight for freedom we need more colored voters, regardless of what party they join. A large colored electorate will solve the ills of both parties so far as our rights are concerned.

If the Italians of Baltimore solved their problem by the way of the ballot box, there is no reason why colored people cannot do the same, especially so when we have over 200 trained leaders such as you, the ministers of Baltimore.

JOHN M. BROOKS
Director Voter Registration, NAACP

Hume on Accidents

Dear AFRO:

"You can get used to the blood and the flesh no matter how badly ripped up they are, but it's the odor that gets you," the young trooper was saying in describing the last in a series of automobile accidents which resulted in the death of 16 people in one week on a short stretch of Route 5 in Southern Maryland.

The trooper continued, "You think of people as being made up of flesh and blood, but actually there's a good deal more to them and you're always surprised at how much there is."

He stopped for a moment and then said almost angrily, "You can forget the rest when you go home, but the odor, that stays."

* * *

THE climax of perhaps the bloodiest week in Route 5's history had come the day before with the wild, smashing crash of a convertible containing eight people ranging in age from 15 to 23.

The last accident was a high-speed affair, with the estimates of the speed of the death car ranging up to a hundred miles per hour.

Youngest among the fatalities was the infant somehow forced out of her dying mother's womb into an unspeakable world of shredded flesh and steel by the side of the road.

From his hospital bed, the sole survivor of the group has verified the fact that these young people had just left one of the "restaurants" close by the Waldorf Police Barracks.

Because the state troopers cannot go into a location unless specifically invited by local authorities, any violation of the liquor laws lie outside of their jurisdiction. Along with the activities of the slot machine entrepreneurs, this was and is a "local issue."

* * *

UNLIKE the circumstances which spawned the last accident, the deaths themselves will be recorded in the statistical tables reserved for such matters.

A few miles away, in our nation's capital, the annual ritual of looking into interstate crime was being repeated by the Department of Justice and the Congress with the words of the previous Attorney General being repeated almost verbatim by the incumbent.

Certainly, on the state level, no one expects a special session of the legislature to be called. Certainly, the new media have better things for their reporters to do than to waste their time on such trivia. We in the Washington area have become accustomed to the "Big Picture."

Curiosity seekers have now carried off what remained of the wreckage and it will now be possible for those of us who live in Southern Maryland to resume our daily reading on how we must lead the Free Nations out of a world of evil.

Somehow, the odor remains.

DAVID HUME

Story Brought Praise

Dear AFRO:

My family and I wish to express our thanks to you and George Collins for your wonderful article featuring Hansonia.

Although we know that the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspaper is read far and wide, we were amazed to have received telephone calls and congratulatory remarks from so many people in other states.

Several young people have contacted us to tell us that they have been inspired. For this, we are deeply grateful. The inspiration provided by this series is greatly needed by our young people.

Again we express our appreciation.

(MRS.) BEULAH H. CALDWELL

Oppression not Peace

Dear AFRO:

I am writing you concerning the letter by a Frank M. Gossett, which appeared in "What AFRO Readers Say," July 24.

I am wondering if Mr. Gossett is one of those Uncle Toms who we have in our race or one of those white individuals who believe in white supremacy.

In his letter Mr. Gossett suggested that Dr. Ralph Bunche might consider moving to Africa.

Quoting him: "Dr. Bunche could get hotel reservations in a thatched hut such as he would be living in, had his ancestors not been brought to this country in chains.

"Dr. Bunche should be on his knees everyday giving thanks for the fact that he is living in this country, is able to ride around and live well off at the expense of white taxpayers."

Now I can't imagine where Mr. Gossett got the information that Mr. Bunche or any other colored American, is living on the white taxpayers.

I think that Mr. Gossett, or anyone who sympathizes with him in these matters, should read the quotation in the left hand corner of the AFRO editorial page.

After reading it, he should ponder awhile. And if he does so with an unselfish heart and mind, I know that he could not make any more silly suggestions for Mr. Bunche to carry out.

Thanks to the AFRO for putting in this quotation. It goes so well with the age in which we live.

RAYMOND CARTER

POET'S CORNER

Insurance

You say to do the stately thing
that my ideals must truly ring
And so I say please skim the top
that suds above is from the mop
Just because the pail is clean
don't fail to see that piece of spleen
Which is mixed with grapefruit rinds
and the coffee that the grocer grinds
The animal man a predator great
will find acclaim as he fills his plate
And since the Lord gave us to take
sunshine, rain and sugar cake
I'll just thank God that I'm not Christ
as reaching for the pie that's sliced
And when I'm gone you then may pray
That you too will learn to play.

GARRY DE YOUNG
The Mediocre Poet

Aliens

The long, grim years with iron tread
Move down the shuttered aisle
Of time's unrecking labyrinth
Paved with forgotten dead.
And I, a feather in their wake,
Gaze long and tremblingly
Into these sunless corridors,
Praying the light to break!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

AFRO Credo

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

Whether it has kept the faith with the common people;

Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured;

Whether it is fighting to get rid of slums, to provide jobs for everybody;

Whether it stays out of politics except to expose corruption and condemn injustices, race prejudice or compromise.

JOHN H. MURPHY SR., 1920

Pin-Point

Army Changes, But Red Tape Goes On

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

For the first time since my hup-two-three-four days, nearly 20 years ago, I visited an army camp this week.

While chatting with homeward bound veterans of the "Cold War," I couldn't help but notice how military life of today differs from that of yesteryear.

Today civilians and children are a vital part of military reservations. For a while Monday Ft. Meade resembled a summer camp for children, chaperoned by uniformed recreation workers.

This thought was shortlived, however, when what appeared to be an ocean of tanks, jeeps and trucks loomed just over the hill.

In the old days it was "generally" (figuratively and literally) agreed that children and tanks didn't mix.

THE LARGE number of civilian employees on the post also represents a departure from the misty past.

During World War II, as far as we were concerned, a civilian was a misfit on an army post. To us he was only able to remain a "Jodie" because he was a 4 - F.

As such he was not worthy to be in the presence of one who wore the olive drab or khaki, not to mention work in the same office, and in some cases, supervise the soldier, as they are now doing at Meade.

This attitude, I fear, was born of jealousy and envy.

Since we humans are convinced that misery loves company, it was only natural for us to look for a badge of inferiority to pin on any apparent able-bodied male fortunate enough to elude Uncle Sam.

To boost our ego we told ourselves that he was either a coward, weakling or a mental case. In reality we knew he was a pretty shrewd fellow or had some legitimate reason to be exempted from service.

THEN OF COURSE, the fact that a soldier's $50 per month salary compared feebly with the inflated civilian paychecks of that day, didn't enhance fondness for the guys back home.

But this attitude has gone the way of the cavalry horse and the army has become an organization of modernization and specialization, using talents and skills wherever they are found.

Despite this new era, two things— red tape and gold bricking — are as much a part of the army today as it was in the early 40's.

A case in point follows:

Bob Lewis, post public relations man, invited us down to visit some of the men called to meet the Berlin Crisis last October and who are now being released.

To do this, it was necessary to travel to many widely separated units on the sprawling post. Hence the need for transportation.

THE ABOVE mentioned ocean of vechicles not withstanding, Bob had no transportation. What's more he couldn't get any!

It seems that red tape requires that requests for use of a vehicle be made in advance, detailing the purpose, destination, etc.

Pressed for time, Bob used another method. The other "method," was my car.

This wasn't too bad, I told myself, since it was important to get the reaction of the men called to fight a war that few understood.

Then the crowning touch!

As the clock indicated the end of duty hour was rapidly approaching, Bob needed to get back to his office.

I was still wrapped up in interviews, and we were on the extreme west side of the post, quite a distance from post headquarters, where the public relations office is located.

SINCE WE were at the motor pool where every type of vehicle imaginable is stationed, this posed no problem, I reasoned.

"Grab yourself a jeep," I told him, "and I'll leave from here when I'm finish and give you a call later."

"But I can't," said Bob in distressed tones.

"What do you mean, you can't," I countered.

"I don't have the authority to drive it," he said painfully.

"Well, get one of these fellows to drop you off," I said pointing to several drivers sitting in parked jeeps and trucks.

"It's not done that way," Bob explained. "Before any of them can take me back to the office the jeep, truck or car must be checked out, and my reason for using it won't stand up."

SO WITH hundreds of vehicles at his fingertips, many with drivers, the rushing public relations man took my car, drove to the office, got a coworker to follow him back to the motor pool to return it and waved goodbye as he hitched a ride with his colleague back to his office.

Getting my interviews was no problem. The same held true for the pictures — I thought.

My smugness was shattered several hours after I returned to the office.

With a look of bewilderment, our chief photographer, I. Henry Phillips, asked:

"What were you shooting at Meade?"

"Pictures," I replied, wondering what prompted the query.

"You didn't get any," he said, pointing to 12 of the clearest negatives I've ever seen.

The soldier-photographer at Meade had forgotten to remove the slide from the camera!

Good old Army!

IF NOTHING else, Monday night's storm left today's children highly suspicious of the "good old days."

Products of an era where electronics have become the beast of burden, they regard television, radio, electric lights and refrigeration as standard members of the household.

As far as they are concerned life without them is useless.

When the storm knocked out power in many areas of the city, hundreds of youngsters got their first glimpse of the dim glow of candles, melting ice cream spilling from refrigerators, and muted TV sets. And they were helpless to do anything about it.

If an informal poll, conducted at my house, is any indication, it was an experience they'd like to forget.

If the "good old days" never return —and there's little chance they will — the kids feel they haven't missed a thing.

I agree.

If YOU Ask ME

About people, places things in our town

By B. M. Phillips

(Continued from Page 1)

real estate in D.C.

And, he is married to the former Miss Janice Mitchell. They expect their first baby in September. They hope for a boy. Of course, he will be Samuel the 4th.

* * *

Another interesting visitor this week: William (Bill) Slater, who did his cub reporting on our city staff.

He is now editor of the Carolinian, a weekly newspaper published in Raleigh.

With him here on his first visit to Baltimore in two years, are his wife, the former Bernice Young, and their two-year-old son, William 3rd, who answers to the name of 'Beaver.'

They are visiting at the Fulton Ave. home of Mrs. Slater's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Johnson (Bernice).

* * *

Airman 3/c Louis B. Parago is home on leave from Amarillo AF Base, Tex., where he has just completed the aircraft maintenance course, standing second in his class.

Before he entered the service, Airman Parago studied electronics at Carver High. He is the son of Mrs. Ann S. B. Parago, 2426 Ellamont St.

After his leave, he will be stationed at Carswell AF Base, Ft. Worth, Tex.

* * *

Mrs. William S. Taylor (Amber), Morgan State College librarian, is readying for a visit to Chicago, with her mother, Mrs. Belle L. Greene.

They will be visiting at the home of a brother, Meredith C. Greene, supervisor in the Cook County Department of Public Welfare. He was here in Baltimore last week.

The Harold Jennifers (Ruth), will take their sons to the West Coast via auto. They will visit relatives in California and see the World's Fair.

* * *

Visitors a week back: Mrs. Charles Wesley, Xenia, O., wife of the Central State College president; and Mrs. Percy Julian, Oak Park, Ill., wife of the world-famed scientist.

They were here for the funeral of their brother-in-law, Avon N. Thomas. His widow is Mrs. Jeanette Thomas.

They are the famous Baltimore beauties — the Johnson girls of Pitcher St., remember? Another sister is Mrs. Everett Lane (Kitty), wife of the former judge. Mr. Thomas' sister is Mrs. Marian F. Ross, longtime Baltimore teacher. Mr. Thomas, a retired home improvement contractor, died June 19, a month before he would have celebrated his 68th birthday.

Sympathy to the family at 4302 Carleview Rd.

* * *

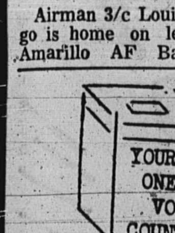
Off to Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., on Sunday are Misses Beatrice Mayo and Lillie A. Ross. They will enroll in the religious education course sponsored by the Presbyterian synods in the Chesapeake, Pa. and W. Va. areas.

Miss Ross is representing Madison Ave. Church. Miss Mayo is the Grace Church delegate.

AFRO visitor on Wednesday: Randall Pelkey, printer with a Chicago daily.

He and his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Pelkey, a teacher in the Windy city, stopped here briefly with Mr. and Mrs. Medford Reynolds. They were en route to the Frontiers Convention in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Katie J. Hunter of Druid Hill Ave., postcards from Honolulu. She says the Hawaiian islands 'are very fascinating.'



A good citizen registers and votes. You can register today and vote in the November elections.

People, places, things

Down memory lane: Until he remarried in 1952, and moved to Gwynns Falls Parkway, Benjamin Franklin Browne, D.D.S., was a friendly fixture in the 1300 block N. Carey St.

When he was not occupied with patients in his office, you could see him "sitting out front" at 1380.

There, he greeted neighbors, and passersby in the neighborhood he knew so well.

After all, he could look back on 41 years there. He had come to live in the block in 1911, shortly after he finished the Howard University Dental School.

After he moved away, the intersection of Presstman and Carey Sts. was not the same. One missed the sight of the kindly man with a warm hello or a wave of the hand.

* * *

Dr. Brown, (his friends called him 'Benny'), died Sunday evening, at the age of 74. He had been sick a year, critically ill since July 10, when he fractured his hip.

His only son, Benjamin Jr., local housing employee, recalls his dad was a gentleman, one who preached, 'don't talk about others unless you have something nice to say.'

Isn't that a fine thing to remember about one's father!

* * *

Painters Mill Music Fair, 13 miles straight out Reisterstown Rd., is well worth the ride on these summer evenings.

Not only will you see something new in the idea of tents, but also a good show.

The tent, a huge red and green affair has rows upon rows of comfortable canvas-back chairs around in a circle.

In the center is the stage. Best of all, you can hear the actors well from any place in the tent-theater.

* * *

Our seats were a few feet from the stage in the reserved section. As we laughed and clapped at Marilyn Maxwell in the play "Bells are Ringing," we wondered why we hadn't tried this before.

The show started at 8:30 p.m. At 11:30 p.m., we were on our way home.

Even though the place was crowded, getting home was a cinch because friendly state troopers kept traffic moving. (Dig those state troopers — they answer your query in a kind voice, and with a smile!)

* * *

There were 16 scenes in the first act and 7 in the second. Stage hands changed the scenery in two seconds flat—nothing dragged.

In fact, as the scenery was changed, side aisle action held your attention when you looked back to the stage, seconds later, it was hard to believe that a new set had been erected.

This week, until Aug. 5th George Gobel is appearing in "Bye Bye Birdie."

* * *

ON THE other hand:

Sugar Loaf Mountain, which has been advertised on television as one of Maryland's scenic spots, has a guard at the foot of the mountain who says colored people aren't welcomed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ossarew Gee, their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Myles Robinson, and two grandchildren, Sharon and Ossarew, went on a Sunday drive. Their mission was to help the children learn about Maryland.

They had heard about the mountain. But lo and behold when they got there they were stopped and informed they were on private property and they couldn't see it.

It was just a mountain, no buildings or anything on it, Mrs. Robinson reported. Now, I've heard everything.

* * *

Cab driver met Wednesday: Charles E. Manning, driver no. 2670, once associated with the now defunct Oak Grove Park.

He declares that he got a raw deal from associates.

* * *

Is it possible to go to an outing and not get a chance to speak to everybody?

Yep, you can. At the Bon Coeurs Club picnic on Sunday, at Mrs. Susie Moore's, we spied from a distance an old friend, Mrs. Calvin Parker (Gladys), who is looking good.

Also about from D. C. were: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Dargans (Maxine). She is the top assistant to Congressman A. Clayton Powell.

The Bon Coeurs affair was a special birthday tribute to members who marked birthdays this month—Mesdames Alverta Lee, Leone Felton, and Mrs. Moore.

* * *

Latest in funeral home appointments may be seen at the new air - conditioned Arlington Phillips Funeral Home at 1721 N. Monroe St.

You are invited to see for yourself — July 27-28-29 from ten in the morning until ten at night.

More people and things

If you live in the vicinity of Madison and North Aves., and you slept through until Thursday morning, you're a sound sleeper.

About 2:30 a.m., an autoist, bound south on Madison rammed into three parked cars. One damaged auto, owned by Dr. Louis E. Harmon, the physician, was badly demolished.

While police were on the scene, another driver made a sweeping turn into Madison, ran on the pavement and hit a parked car. You can bet there was plenty of excitement.

* * *

Speaking of excitement, there was a bit at Provident Hospital on Monday. At least three fire trucks, newsmen and police converged on the place. Reason: A small fire in the laundry room.

New citizens who arrived at Provident hospital this week:

On July 24, girls to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Biggers (Susie), 1022 Rutland Ave., to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hudnall (Anna), 1611 Longwood St.

And girls also to Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Ferguson (Ada) 1105 Bonaparte Ave., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown (Emma), 2412 Druid Hill Ave., and to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Jackson (Katherine), 1315 Myrtle Ave.

* * *

Mother - son birthday cards are in order by August 5 for Mrs. Margarete Rusk Franklin, 2008 Whittier Ave., and her son, Ted Jones, 2204 Elsinore Ave.

The Rev. Reginald Daniels, pastor of Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, has a birthday August 2.

Send them cheer

Cheer to Mrs. Katharine O. Johnson, the teacher of 2351 Druid Hill Ave. She had surgery at Provident on Friday, is doing nicely.

Mrs. Johnson is the widow of Dr. Carson C. Johnson, the physican. Their son, Carson Jr., completes work on his doctorate (in psychology at Boston University this year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Morsell, 513 Sanford Place, who has been ailing with ticker trouble is doing better.

Ditto Mrs. Avon Wright (Elaine), 2044 N. Fulton Ave., who has been in with a fractured hand.

* * *

Home from Hopkins Hospital where she had surgery is Mrs. Howard L. Cornish (Althea), wife of the Morgan Christian Center director.

Also out of Hopkins: Mrs. C. R. Campbell (Mae), wife of the physician.

Weren't you and you and you just so kind to rush sympathy cards and cheer to Mrs. Philathea Carter Hall, who was in Monroe, N. C., to bury her sister, Mrs. Ralph Bolden (Pauline).

Mrs. Bolden, you'll recall, is the Union County teacher who died, unexepectedly Wednesday, following surgery.

Mrs. Hall is back home (1900 Ruxton Ave.) now. Her brother, Walter Carter, and another sister, Mrs. Pernice Dorsey, also live in Baltimore. Send them your blessings.

* * *

And get-well cards to Provident also for Mrs. Matt Bond, (Gloria), 2316 Arunah Ave. She is the wife of the teacher.

Her roommate is Mrs. Lillie Mae Camphor, the teacher, of 1032 Poplar Grove St. Both had surgery the same day, are doing nicely.

* * *

Hellos also to William Golder, the city employee of 1101 Woodyear St. He has been hospitalized since July 10.

His roommate is Floyd Hanson, the teacher, of 2537 Madison Ave. He is doing okey after surgery.

Cecil Lee Molock, the teacher, of 2108 Mt. Royal Terrace, is in the same room with them.

Carlton Sams, Army Maps Service employee of 2900 N. Loudon Ave., will get your cards if they're addressed to Provident Hospital.

* * *

Get well cards to Mrs. Essie Coles, 1730 N. Bentalou St.

Into Hopkins Hospital (Halsted), on Wednesday, Mrs. Jesse Jackson, 310 E. 23rd St.

Into Mercy Hospital on Monday after suffering a heart attack:— Daniel L. Nicolas, the Urban Renewal architect and city planner.

Still in Provident with ticker trouble —, Norman Uncles, the Lemmel Junior High teacher.

Mrs. William Kirkwood (Dorothy) is home from the hospital.

* * *

Mrs. Leonard Reid (Ruby) teacher, had a real happy birthday on Sunday. Reason: Her family was here, and of course it was real reunion time at their Gwynns Falls Parkway home.

Family includes her daughter, Christine, and son - in - law, Dr. Roscoe C. Young, Jr., who has recently been appointed instructor at the Howard University School of Medicine.

* * *

Dr. Young you'll recall, finished at the top of his class at Howard, went on to the University of California at San Francisco, and at Moffitt General Hospital, where he studied for two years under a post-doctoral fellowship at the Cardio - Vascular Research Institute, a first.

His parents, the senior Roscoe Youngs (Clementine) of N. Y., flew out to the Coast, and drove East with him, after a look - see at the World's Fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Young have two youngsters: Roscoe C. 4th 5; and Peter, 2. Mrs. Young is in medical research at Freedmen's Hospital.

About this and that

Have you visited a police station in Baltimore recently? First chance you get, take a look-see. The surroundings are modern, but the manners haven't changed much.

For example, at Southwestern Police Station, this reporter found a grand structure, complete with air conditioning, television, running water in the pool at the front entrance, flowers on the lawn and green grass.

Pretty! Inside, the cell block were few prisoners.

The thermometer Saturday at 4:45 registered 90 degrees. My eight-year-old wanted to see whether the police had recovered his stolen bike, and I promised, hence my trip to Southwestern.

Before entering the police station, I explained that he should have no fears, that policemen are children's best friends. I had just read a pamphlet which emphasized "The men in blue are friends to you."

* * *

But brother! We entered to find an officer behind a desk in conversation with two others officers. A television set in the corner was tuned to a baseball game.

After waiting a few minutes for them to finish their talk — with my son's eyes and hand glued to mine — I used my sweetest voice to say, 'Good afternoon, sir.'

There was no reply, just dead silence, broken only by the sound of the TV announcer's report of the game.

I tried again. 'Good afternoon, sir.' The man behind the desk did look up. I hurried on to explain that my youngster was seeking a stolen bike, and that I had been instructed by an officer on duty the day before to report to the station before 5 p.m.

"I'll try and see if I can find the turnkey," said the officer behind the desk.

After not too long, the turnkey did appear. We hustled behind him to look at stolen bikes. None was ours.

* * *

Before we left, I made it a point to return to the officer behind the desk and offer a coridal, 'Thank you, sir.' There was no reply. At least, I didn't hear any.

When we were outside, my eight-year-old asked a question I could not answer: 'How come that policeman who is supposed to be a friend didn't answer you when you spoke so nicely to him, Mama?'

How come? You and you and you know. There is many a public servant who ignores you because your skin is brown and they are not all in stations. Ho hum!

P.S. Did you hear about that bank clerk who kept a depositor waiting over five minutes while she tallied some sheets?

He had brown skin. He took his multi-hundred deposit (it was green) to another bank!!

We meet Ann Miller

During recent student sitdown demonstrations, Miller Brothers, the famed Fayette St. restaurant, was much in the news.

Wednesday noon, we had lunch there with our friend, Mrs. Anita Henson, the nurse. It marked the first time we had dined at a downtown restaurant in all our adult years. You know why.

This is to report that service and food are good, and that there was no effort made to jim crow our party. In fact, we were ushered to a table in the middle of the room.

Another luncheon companion was hazel - eyed Miss Ann Miller. She is supervisor of public health nursing for the Baltimore City Health Department. And quite a gal she is too.

* * *

A slip of a lady — she's 5 feet 4, weighs 125 pounds, wears size 12 clothes—it is hard to believe Miss Miller has led such a fascinating life. And to look sooo young.

She is a Smith College grad, and a graduate of the Yale University School of Nursing.

She has been in the Army Nurse Corps (1st Lieutenant) worked in Japan, a pediatrics instructor at Belleview Hospital in N.Y., done a similar work at hospitals in St. Louis and in her native Philadelphia.

* * *

She has been an assistant director of nursing in the Sinai Hospital's outpatient department here in Baltimore.

In between all of this, she has had time to supervice students volunteers who worked at a Salem, Oregon state hospital under the Friends Service Committee, and to take a trip around the world.

* * *

In addition to her job as supervisor of public health nursing for our city, Miss Miller devotes o good deal of her time to supervising volunteers (more are needed), and licensing day care nurseries (more are needed).

Plus, she is involved in a number of community endeavors, like the Fellowship House (which is badly in need of friends with money).

Some gal!

* * *

By the way, Mrs. Anita Henson, mentioned above, and her husband, Roland, leave next week for a vacation in Kingston, Jamaica.

They will be in the islands during the Pan - Hellenic games and during the Country's independence celebration.

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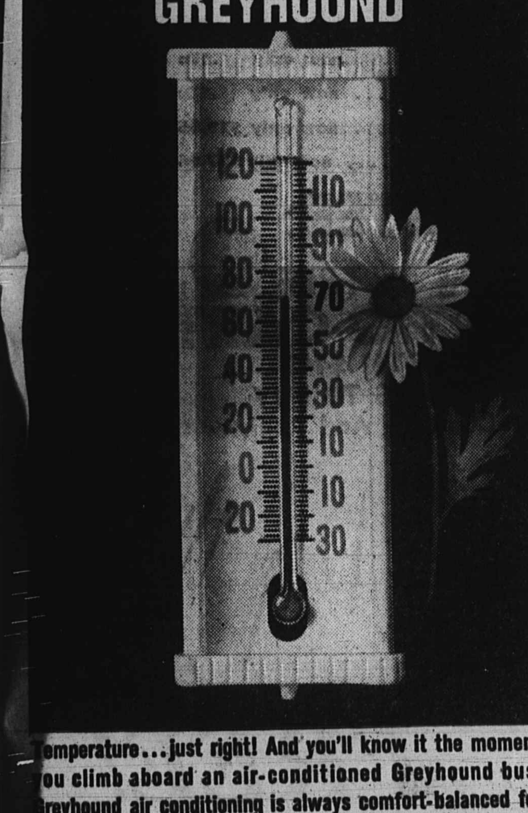

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