"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

PRAYER OF WEEK

We ask that we be grateful for what we have; to be content with the gifts Thou hast given us and to use them for the benefit of ourselves and

Mr. Dixon's Gerrymander

In a display of political maneuvering designed to reduce the effectiveness of the colored vote, Councilman Walter T. Dixon teamed up this week with another Jack Pollack cohort, Councilman Maurice J. Soypher, to gerrymander the Fourth District.

With the skill of practiced surgeons the two gentlemen sliced 5,052 colored voters out of the Fourth District and grafted on another 4,551 white voters.

They did this by dropping several colored precincts in the lower end of the district, and picking up white precincts in the upper end.

This change was the only major one made in the original Plan X to redistrict the city.

Mr. Soypher was quite frank in revealing his motives. He told a reporter he supported the plan so he could be re-elected from the Fourth.

Mr. Dixon's explanation was a bit harder to understand.

He said, in effect, that since colored people would eventually move into the upper end of the district, he was willing to give away voting strength today, for something he hopes to get tomorrow . . . maybe.

What Mr. Dixon has actually done is to reduce the weight of the colored vote in the Fourth District.

In the field of politics, one never gives away what he has in his hand, for some nebulous thing in the future.

As the only colored member of the City Council currently in office, Mr. Dixon should have fought with all the vigor that he could muster, any plan that would reduce colored voting strength in the Fourth.

This is the only area in the city where the colored voter is powerful enough to elect his own people, and if he can't depend on his own councilman to keep his strength intact, then who can he depend upon?

The other ethnic groups in our city have no reluctance in protecting their own self interest, so why, we ask, should our interests be considered any less than theirs.

We are sorely disappointed that Mr. Dixon was the instigator of this gerrymander, which can only work to the benefit of Boss Pollack.

We have come to expect the worse from our enemies, but from Mr. Dixon we had expected better.

There is no bright spot in the picture, however.

The plan still has to be voted on by the people in 1964.

We hope that at this time the voters will show their political maturity by soundly rejecting this Dixon Gerrymander which would make it more difficult for the colored residents of the Fourth District to steer their own Ship of State.

'Big Daddy' Gave His Best

It was a long climb from the slums of Detroit to the top rungs of the pro football ladder, but Eugene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb made it.

Up where the tackles made their money, Big Daddy stood his ground with the best of them and got his job done. He did his gridiron tasks so effectively the pros rated him among the best ever. He did his work with such vigor, dedication and color that the fans acclaimed him.

Big Daddy never tired of bringing happiness to others as he searched for this most elusive goal for himself.

When he wasn't giving the fans a good show on the football field, he turned to wrestling, softball or something else. He spent hours bringing happiness to children who got a big kick out of playing with him.

But not everything was all rosy for the giant of a tackle who is credited with bringing to all linemen a new respect from football fans.

He worked as hard, in the only way he knew how, at finding happiness for himself as he did at trying to bring it to others.

One of the tragedies of Big Daddy's death lies in the fact that we for whom this likeable big man of good nature gave so much of himself, could not, or did not, find a way to offer him more help with his own problems.

Explaining how he so often came up with the ball carrier during a rugged contest, Big Daddy once said: "I just pick up an armful of players and sort them out and throw them away until I get my hands on the one with the ball."

It now looks as if he tried this same theory in his pursuit of happiness. We think Big Daddy was making one more stab at happiness by trying something new and that once he found out for himself how detrimental it was, he would have passed on to something else.

We think that had there been time in the game for one more quarter, the final score would have been different.

Slow Police Work

The Anne Arundel County police came up this week with an extremely lame excuse, when asked to explain why it took them some 48 hours to launch an investigation into the shooting-up of a private home.

"Shortage of manpower and more important cases" was the reason given for the delay, and here truly is a difficult pill to swallow.

If the county police force's manpower is so depleted, and if its calendar is so crowded that it takes two days for it to answer legitimate complaints, then the people of the county should be worried about the caliber of police protection available to them.

The shooting took place at the home of a colored family in Linthicum when five shots were fired into the building from an automobile.

A report was made on Sunday but it was not until Tuesday that the police bestirred themselves enough, to get around to making an investigation.

County police officials have denied that the fact that the shots were fired by white men into a colored home had anything to do with the delay.

Even charitably granting that such is the case, the incident still does not reflect any credit on a police department which can not move any faster than this.

It has been our experience that the best time to solve a crime is when it happens—not days later.

Fortunately, no one was injured this time, but if the Anne Arundel county police continue to operate in such a slipshod fashion, it might well encourage the apostles of violence to strike again...and this time, the prospective victims may not be so lucky.

Student Leaders?

A recent AFRO story, based on submitted information, described the Community Participation Committee as a group of 28 men being trained in urban affairs.

The release from the committee of young men studying to be leaders in the community went on to explain how they had reviewed the qualifications and the past records of the various candidates in the May 7 election before endorsing several.

The very first councilman supported by the leaders-to-be turned out to be James Duffy, Democrat from the First District.

We do not know what qualifications and past records members of the CPC reviewed before making their selections. All the records the AFRO can lay hands on fail to show Councilman Duffy as a representative CPC would want to help.

He has, as far as we can find, never voted for a civil rights bill. He has tried, as often as has been possible, to kill or weaken such bills. He did his best to kill Baltimore's public accommodations bill.

Why would a group of young men studying to be leaders in their community and with the record before them, want to support Mr. Duffy?

Maybe the CPC has an answer it would like to offer.

Meanwhile, the AFRO concludes that CPC members still have an awful lot of training to do before they are ready to assume leadership roles.

Until such time as they have better perfected their methods of reviewing the qualifications and records of persons they wish to support, and this goes for all community leaders and organizations, silence might prove the wiser course.

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;

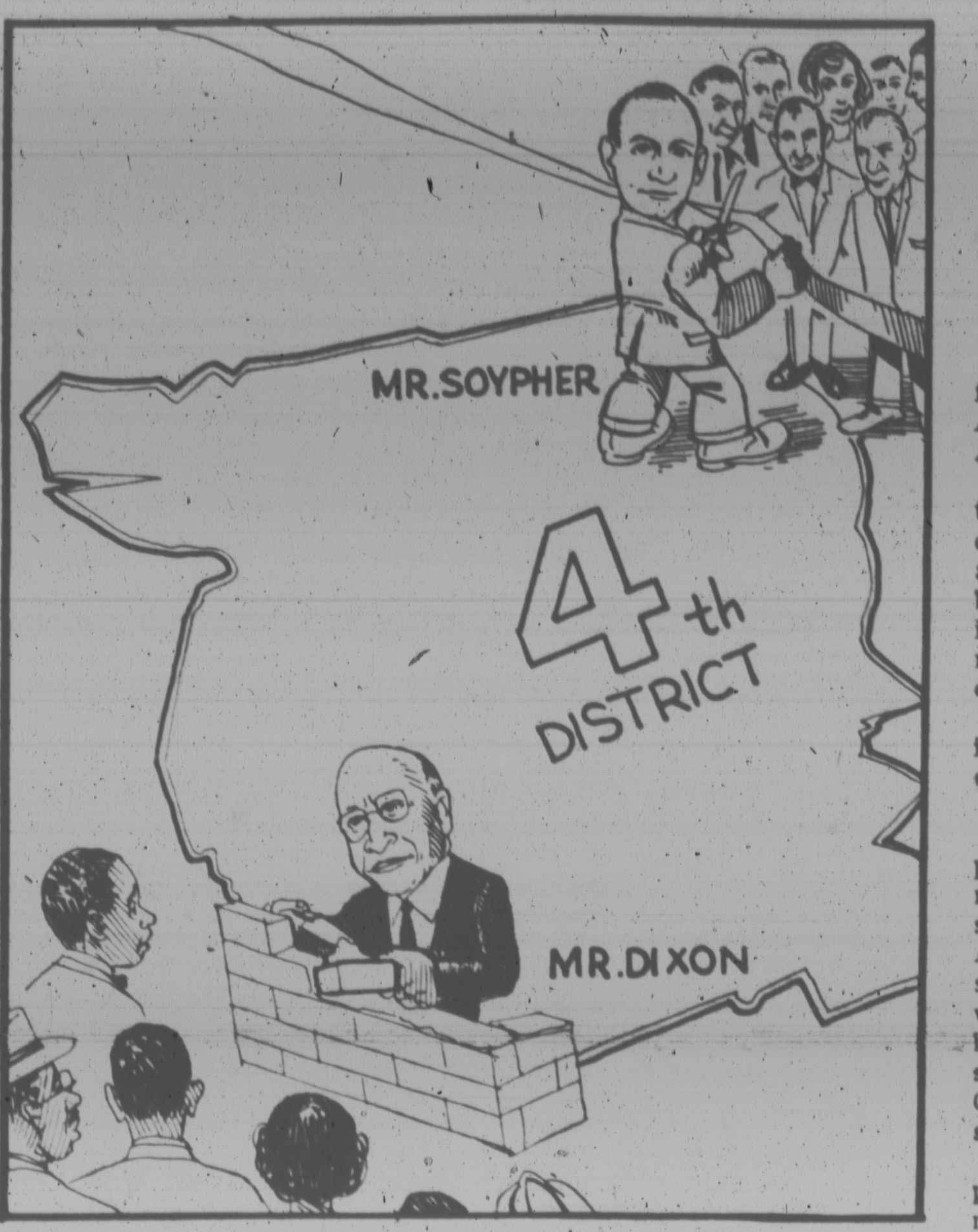
Whether it has no other goal except to see that their liberties are preserved and their future assured;

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

A Little Off Here, A Little On There



What Our Readers Say

Approves Coverage

Dear Mr. AFRO:

On behalf of the Department of Public Relations of the Diocese of Maryland I wish to extend deep appreciation for your more than adequate coverage of the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Cedric E. Mills as missionary bishop of the Virgin Islands.

We were impressed with the amount of space given and the promptness with which the paper appeared on the newsstand following the ceremony.

(The Reverend)
ROBERT A. GOURLAY
Chm. Dept. of
Public Relations

Thanks For Hyman

Dear AFRO:

Many thanks for your support of my candidacy for comptroller.

Thanks also to your many readers who voted or me.

It is noteworthy that in the 167 precincts reported by the AFRO to be predominantly colored I received a majority of 4,790 which is a big portion of the 5,920 majority which I got in the entire city.

HYMAN A. PRESSMAN

Appreciates Support

Dear AFRO

I express my personal appreciation as well as that of the members of the Board of School Commissioners for your support of voter approval of the School Loans which were on the May 7 ballot.

Your responsive reporting and continued support were major factors in the approval of these bond issues which will enable the Department of Education to proceed with its much-needed Capital Improvement Program.

ELI FRANK JR.
President

Tribute To Moore

Dear AFRO,

This is to commend you on the wonderful Memorial Service, honoring Bill Moore, last Sunday afternoon.

Again, the AFRO, our spokesman and champion, has performed a real service to our community.

Yours in the fellowship of service,
DR. LILLIE M. JACKSON
President, NAACP.

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.

Pin-Point

Attack On Watts Poses A Question

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

The sudden and shocking attack on Atty. Robert B. Watts in Circuit Court by an enraged husband this week raises a question that should be given more than a little thought:

Which is the lesser of two evils—a divorce with its attendant social problems or homicide?

Lest we be accused of flirting with extremities, an explanation is in order.

Mr. Watts successfully defended the wife in a divorce action brought by her husband.

Violently bitter at the decision, the husband attacked Mr. Watts while his wife fled to what she thought was safety behind Judge Meyer Cardin on the bench.

Before court attendants and lawyers could restrain the husband, he had bowled Mr. Watts over, chair and all.

The former judge sustained a lacerated forehead and two injured legs in the brief melee with his assailant who was much bigger than the 200-pound attorney.

• • •

AS IF THIS weren't a sufficient insult to the dignity of the court, the husband, while being literally dragged from the courtroom, had this to say to Judge Cardin:

"Judge, you can bring in 200 policemen. If I ever get out of this I'm going to kill her," meaning the wife.

This could be dismissed as an empty threat from a poor loser — that is if you ignored the tragic lessons taught by experience and recounted by W. Emerson Brown Jr., another member of the law firm of Brown, Allen, Watts, Murphy and Russell. Said he:

"There once was a time when I paid such threats no attention at all, but not anymore.

"I know of a least five cases where the threats were made good!"

He reeled off the names. We couldn't dispute him because it fell to our lot to cover three of the trials in Municipal and Criminal Courts. The others are pending. In each case the former wives are very dead.

We don't intend to tread on the ground of marriage counselors, but for some strange reason, it is the opinion here that a divorce would have been the lesser of two evils... and much more sanitary!

• • •

ON A WEEKEND visit to New York, we stumbled across an urban renewal technique which deserves consideration from local BURHA people.

To preclude the possibility of replacing run - down slum shacks with towering low-rent projects which inevitably become modern brick and mortar ghettos, New York renewers build low-rent and higher-priced units side-by-side.

This is built-in insurance against a breakdown in vital public services such as lighting, policing and efficient maintenance which plague our Somerset, Lexington Terrace, Douglass and Lafayette developments here.

New Yorkers have another method which has both practicality and appeal. Instead of unleashing wreckers' hammers in all parts of the city, leaving sights akin to war-time Berlin, the Gothamites demolish one section at a time and rebuild before looking for more demolition targets.

• • •

HOWEVER, Baltimore's BURHA chief, Richard L. Steiner, turns thumbs down on the proposal. It does not allow for relocating displaced families, he said.

If memory serves us correctly, BURHA's relocation program isn't the greatest thing that ever happened to urban renewal.

Although Mr. Steiner contends they only "lost" a considerable number of families in the Canton development when they "panicked" and moved, we haven't yet found a plausable explanation for the exodus of 700 colored families from the Broadway development.

Until this day, despite the fact the mass move was executed some 13 years ago, not a single tan resident has returned to the area.

And too, it's a matter of personal knowledge here that more than a few were not gently led to new quarters by sympathetic relocation officials.

Sightseeing

The Tragedy Of Not Knowing Us

By JAMES D. WILLIAMS

Banish all your fears, friends and foes alike...The nation is safe. White America has at last discovered black America.

For 100 years, whenever her attention was called to her great colored minority, white America bound a blindfold tightly over her eyes and blithely continued to stumble along in the growing night, refusing to admit that there was anything to be concerned about.

Colored America to her was a vast imponderable amorphous mass, without face, without a personality.

• • •

THE ONLY time that colored people were able to escape the anonymity of the dark sea and assume the shape of reality in the eyes of white America, was when they earned the status of an institution such as a favorite shoeshine boy; or became embroiled in trouble; or reached the stature of a Dr. George Washington Carver, Joe Louis or Louis Armstrong.

This latter group was always kept purposely small, but its existence meant that white America could assuage her own repressed guilt feelings by pointing to its membership and declaiming that since a few colored people had risen to peaks of prominence, this was proof positive of what a black man in America could do "if he really wanted to."

Outside the charmed circle, black men existed as nothings — as ciphers, as infinite nothingness, lacking heart, soul, intelligence — a blob, an empty spot, a no-being.

Now, white America has suddenly and belatedly discovered that the black man is a man.

Very few days cross the pages of our time without some national magazine, metropolitan newspaper or television network discovering the great Color Problem.

A hand has wrenched the veil from the eyes of white America and suddenly, she has had to realize that all of her pretending of the past was a lie...the black man does exist—in more than physical fact. He is no empty space surrounded by flesh.

• • •

IN WORDS and pictures, they try now to understand us, where once they ignored us: Time, Newsweek, the Saturday Evening Post, Harpers, the New Yorker, the Herald Tribune, Playboy, U.S. News and World Report, and on — endlessly on — reels the list.

Now that we have been accorded the status of a "problem," the publishers feel that they have to publish more and more about us, as if to compensate for the long years when they published nothing.

There's a bitter irony in all this. White America gropes frantically now to understand us, while all the time we have understood white America.

We have always known that the white man was there, but the white man didn't know that we were there.. There's the joke.

• • •

WHILE HE was in the front room so busy with his own affairs that he had no time to notice us, our forefathers were out in the kitchen discussing his frailties, his weaknesses and his strengths.

He let us into his homes as maids and butlers, and into his clubs as waiters and busboys. He let us rear his children and drive his cars.

And all the while he talked as if we were not there. And we listened and learned this man, while he for his part, looked through us.

We've seen him at his best and at his worse—but he's never even seen us at all.

Now he's like a man chasing down a long dark tunnel after a train that has left the station. All he can see in the stygian darkness is the red light of the last car.

His heart pumps heavily against his chest as he drives himself forward, pushed by the fear that if he misses this — the last train — he is doomed.

The future of this nation is tied up in a large measure with the question of whether white America can come to an understanding of her dark brethern before time runs out on us all.

• • •

AS CONDITIONED as she has been in the past to not seeing us at all, or seeing us only as the drawers of water and the hewers of wood, white America must herself find the road to understanding—we can not give it to her.

If there were no cloud of prejudice and ignorance over the eyes of white America, she could discover the real meaning of the black man by looking at him simply as a human being, no better or worse than any other human being.

On such a simple discovery, America has floundered, and through its own shortcomings has brought on the divisions that now cause strife.

Impressed with split level housing, the magic of a charge account society, and overcome with the idea that white America is all-good and all-powerful, she has kept the racial question suppressed for so long, that an explosion was bound to result.

If some of this current interest in the problems of the black man had been manifested some years ago, the transition from a segregated to a desegregated society would have been made much easier.

Instead, the molders of public opinion, pretended that all was right in the land, and that while colored people were around, they were so satisfied with their lot, that no one really had to pay any attention to them.

• • •

FED ON this diet of pap, white America thought it knew the colored man when actually it knew him not at all.

The various publications are shedding new light on the colored man for the benefit of white readers, but their efforts will have been in vain unless white America looks to its own heart.

It is there that she has to understand that a black man is a man is a man is a man.

He can not be treated as a child, he can not be lied to, he can not be expected to settle for anything less than what every other man has.

White America has to accept this —there is no other answer, only tragedy for us all.

COMMENT

2nd Member Needed

The suggestion offered this week that Governor Tawes appoint another colored person to the Board of the State Department of Public Welfare is a sound and good one.

For years, the nine-member board has operated under a more or less implied quota system, which set one seat aside for a colored member.

That seat has been filled for the last 12 years by Howard H. Murphy who has done a tremendous job in representing his community.

He has been an articulate spokesman for an enlightened type of public welfare philosophy that puts emphasis on the rehabilitation of people, so that they no longer have to turn to a public welfare agency for help.

However, since, through a combination of economic and sociological factors, the colored citizens of this state form the largest group of welfare recipients, Mr. Murphy's voice needs to be strengthened by the addition of another colored member.

We think this is a fair objective and one that should find a favorable response in the governor's office.

We suggest that other groups might feel the same way and might communicate their wishes to the governor in the form of telegrams and letters.

In this matter, time is of the essence since one vacancy already exists on the board and a second will in all probability be available at the end of this month.

Justice Wins A Round

The Supreme Court ruling ordering a new trial for Robert Galloway White, who has been on death row since June, 1961, on conviction of killing grocer Benjamin Ing[illegible], was of tremendous importance.

In the unanimous decision on a petition filed by Fred E. Weisgal the Supreme Court held that White did not get a fair break when he was permitted to enter a plea in magistrate court without benefit of a lawyer.

To offer a man legal counsel in criminal court, after he has dug his grave in a lower court — as the Supreme Court has ruled — is unfair treatment.

Whether it be the public defender's office, as the AFRO has called for in other editorials, or some other method, it is clear that something has to be done to bridge the gap, and now.

POET'S NOOK

A LADY'S WAITING

Some fellows bring their lady sweets
Some bring a box of candy,
Some vow to always be around,
"A guy can come in handy.
Some always bring a big bouquet,
To lace a floral crown,
Of water lilies, freshly plucked,
From a little brook, they've found.
Some bring a box of handkerchiefs,
Or a graduation ring,
It's fun to visit with your girl,
And take some little thing.
But truly, I have not a girl,
Though I have lot's to share,
And no-one waits for me to come,
If so — I wonder where.

PAUL D. McALLISTER

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If YOU Ask ME

By
B. M. PHILLIPS

People, places, things

Orchids to those 13 youngsters who compose the Dunbar High School Ensemble. Can they sing!

They did indeed at the 80th anniversary dinner of the Baltimore YWCA on Thursday evening.

Director Norman Ross' youngsters (7 girls, 6 boys), sang a capella (without musical accompaniment.)

Their voices were so vibrant, if you were not looking at them you would think you were listening to a much larger group. 'Twas truly beautiful.

Their selections: 'To Thee We Sing,' by Kach; 'In These Delighted Groves,' Purcell; and 'Soon I Will Be Done,' by Dawson.

• • •

Seen at the dinner: Mrs. Bruce H. McDonald. 'This is my first time in this building since we left Baltimore,' she mused).

Many may remember the Rev. and Mrs. McDonald, when he pastored Westmininster Presbyterian Church here at Fayette and Greene Sts., (1925-59).

Remember, he was active in the Urban League and at one time served as president? Remember when Mrs. McDonald was president of the Baltimore YW (1949-51)?

Since June 1959, the McDonalds have made their home in Charmion, Pa., (Address, Box No. 95). Although retired, the Rev. Dr. McDonald serves Hawley Memorial Church there.

• • •

More Orchids to those who are planning that testimonial for a beloved teacher, Miss Lillie A. Ross.

It will mark her retirement after 40 years in the Baltimore schools. Date is May 29, 6 p.m., at the 1 West Restaurant.

• • •

Visitor in our midst: Dr. Reba Moseley, St. Louis, public school specialist and instructor at Washington U., in the Missouri town.

She is here surveying our schools, and studying integration progress.

Many may know her husband, Dr. Houston Moseley, the St. Louis pharmacist.

• • •

Bon voyage: Dr. and Mrs. Leo Klein (Claire), were off on Thursday for a two - week vacation in Florida, returning home by way of Cincinnati.

It is a trip to celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary on May 19.

Many know Dr. Klein as the marriage counselor, the assistant director of the Md. Commission on Physical Fitness, and the Frontiers Club leader (he heads liason committee).

• • •

Also bidding goodbye to Baltimore but permanently, come Tuesday, is the newlywed, Mrs. Thomas Brown (Ruth Mason Carter).

She leaves her job at the Department of Employment Security to join her husband who is executive director of the Atlantic City YMCA.

They will live in the new home he recently purchased in Pleasantville, where Mrs. Brown has already been hired as IBM operator with the Boardwalk bank. Happy sailing!

By the way, Ruth marks her birthday on May 21. Cards will reach her at 3000 Auchentoroly Terr., if you rush them.

• • •

Isn't this a thoughtful thing to do? — Former classmates of Lutherville School are planning a testimonial to honor Mrs. Beatrice Thompson Bowers Brown.

It is set for 8 p.m., at the Sheraton Inn on Saturday, May 18.

Mrs. Brown, long time elementary teacher at the school is retiring in June after 40 years service in Baltimore County.

All former students are urged to "get in on" this tribute to a grand teacher. Here are the people you can call for more details: Walter Brown, VA-3-3619; Clarence Ringgold, CE 3-7427; or Gladys Sembly Dixon, LA 5-2896.

Say a prayer for 71-year-old Sister Carmelita, member of the Oblate Sisters of Providence. She suffered a stroke, and is confined to a New Orleans hospital.

Sister Carmelita went to Louisana last week to visit her sister, Sister Theresa.

Their brother is, Richard Peed, 1524 McCulloh St.

Mrs. Ruth Marshall, 1400 Gardman Ave., is home from Sinai Hospital.

• • •

People Moving about: Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Sweets (Melba), jetted here on Monday en route to D.C. Mr. Sweets is publisher of the St. Louis American.

They flew here just for the Sterling Brown event at Howard University. Dr. Brown, beloved English professor, read his own poems and was honored on campus Monday evning.

The hour and a half trip from St. Louis was Mrs. Sweets' first jet flight. 'It was a beautiful day and a delightful trip,' she commented.

• • •

On Study trip:— Morgan's Dr. Thomas P. Frasser is in Chicago for the National Science Foundation Summer Institute Conference for Directors of institutes which emphasize the new chemistry (chemical education materials study.

This curriculum study is part of the "constructive ferment" brewing at the national level on the need for strengthening teaching of science and math at the high school level.

• • •

Class Note: — The Class of 1958, Carver Vocational School is holding a dinner dance on June 8 and anniversary baccalaureate service on June 9.

All members interested in this class reunion are urged to contact Mrs. Vivienne Jackson Mercer, WI 7-7032.

More people, things

Local boy making good: Eighteen - year - old Ivan Higgins, pre - med freshman at Rutgers University, became a 'first' last week.

He was accepted in Delta Upsilon, the outstanding college fraternity.

His sponsor, Peter Bassett, said of Ivan: 'His acceptance not only opened many eyes at Rutgers, but has since opened many hearts . . .

"He has taken part in every aspect of fraternity life and is wholeheartedly and with utmost sincerity accepted as a brother . . ."

• • •

The sponsor's letter to Ivan's parents added: 'Ivan's fine attributes are not only a tribute to himself and his family, but to everything that he represents and stands behind.

"He has every right to feel extremely proud, but remains as modest as ever . . . in this past year, I have grown to know, enjoy and respect him, and I know our friendship will be everlastingly strong." Isn't that grand!

Ivan's parents are Baltimore's Dr. and Mrs. I. Bradshaw Higgins.

The youngster is graduate of Baltimore public schools, Andover Prep School, Andover, Mass.

At Andover, you'll recall, he was one of ten graduates, (out of 800), to receive the Kingsbury Award for outstanding scholastic and extra-curricular contributions to the school.

• • •

The Rev. A. J. Payne, Euon Baptist Church, was released from Hopkins Hospital on Sunday. Cheer to him at home, 5901 Old Frederick Rd.

Still fighting for her life at Hopkins is 84-year-old Miss Emma Bright, the longtime teacher and civic worker.

At this writing, she had amazed doctors by her stamina and will to live. Continue your prayers for her.

• • •

Released from Union Memorial Hospital on Tuesday was was Mrs. J. Logan Jenkins Sr. (Fannie).

Remember she was hurt in that freak accident following the debutante ball last month?

She is at home, 2415 College Ave., Morgan Park.

• • •

"My health is very good. My wealth is sick, and that is a chronic disease..."

So said Linwood Koger Sr., the lawyer and former police court magistrate when we called on Monday to find out whether he was injured in that two-car crash last Thursday.

So, this is to report that Judge Koger is doing okey. His car, however, is badly damaged. Accident was at the intersection of Bryant Ave. and Reisterstown Rd. He was on the way to Union Baptist Church choir rehearsal.

Congratulations

Catching up on birthdays: Send belated greetings to Mr Harvey Robinson (Malinda), 2714 Riggs Ave. Hers was May 8.

May 13 was the birthdate of Mrs. Esther Gordon, 1612 N. Pulaski; and Mrs. J. C. Reaves (Agnes), 2611 Allendale Rd.; and Mrs. Louise B. Harper, 2824 W. North.

Abdella Campbell, the teacher, 1039 Edmondson, birthday ed on May 14. May 15, was the day for Mrs. Mabel Stokes Gee, 1833 Madison Ave.

Today (May 17) is the birthday of Sanford Maddox, 944 Rosedale St.

May 18 cards for Mrs. Christopher Foreman (Thelma), 3417 Piedmont. May 23, remember Mrs. Audrey S. Brooks, 2206 Ruskin.

May 25 is the 74th birthday of this town's most unusual woman — a grand, grand person — Dr. Lillie M. Jackson. Do remember her. Address cards to 1320 Eutaw Pl.

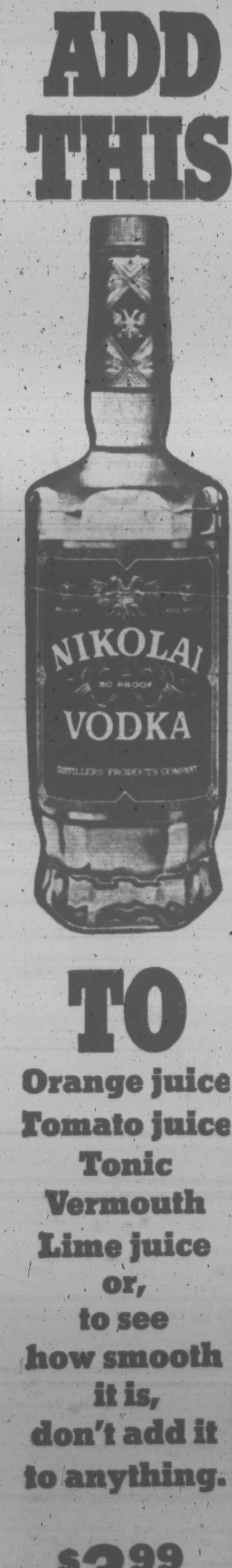
Belated birthday hellos (April 26 was the day), to Mrs. Lydia Cary, 403-44th St. NE, Washington. She is the very friendly lady we met here on Wednesday when she was over visiting relatives.

• • •

Wedding anniversary hellos (belated 50th anniversary) to Mr. and Mrs. D. Arnett Murphy (Sadie). Theirs was last month. Their address 4704 Forest Park Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvan S. Stanley (Zelma), 2525 McCulloh, mark their 52nd wedding anniversary on May 28.

Should have had congrats in the mail by April 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Frisby Lindsay, 1034 Brantley Ave. They were married 54 years on that date.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Tomato juice
Tonic
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Lime juice
or,
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More people, places, things

More on I remember mama: Mrs. Thelma Carroll, 728 Eislen St., remembers her mother, Mrs. Martha Carroll, because: "She always said put God first in everything you do and you will always come out best in everything you do.

"She also emphasized, 'Never hate anyone. Hate hurts you the most.'"

• • •

Say a prayer for the family of Dr. Harry T. Penn, the nationally known political and fraternal leader, who committed suicide in his Roanoke, Va., home last week.

Police found the veteran dentist dead of a bullet wound in the head. He was just 61.

Remember when Dr. Penn was a member of Roanoke's School Board (1948)? Remember when he served Omega Psi Phi Fraternity as grand basileus from 1947 to 1950?

Remember, how he was a moving fire behind the Virginia city's vote registration drive? He was a Howard U. graduate and board chairman of Burrell Memorial Hospital.

• • •

And, remember in your prayer the large family of Mrs. B. A. Cephas Sr. (Fannie Dixon), who died last week at 86.

She was the senior member of the Richmond, Va., Cephas family which is known far and wide.

• • •

Catholic lay teachers journeyed to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on Saturday for a day - long tour of the largest Catholic Church in America.

The annual pilgrimmage to Mary's Shrine is held the day before Mother's Day as 'a fitting tribute to our Lady and to our own mothers.'

Dr. Kenneth Horvath, Carroll Rankin, Mesdames Lillian Watty, her sister, Eva Blake, Elizabeth Williams, Anne Bowers, Bernice Hawkins and Marjorie Prout were among those we spied in the group.

Dr. Horvath is president of the Catholic lay teachers. Mrs. Williams is a member of the executive board.

During services, Mr. Rankin acted as altar boy to Father Martin Gamber. He is chaplain at Notre Dame, the N. Charles St. Novitiate.

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Sunshine to Jimmy Robinson, 1008 Rosedale St. He has been in Hopkins for three weeks, and at home for the past 3 weeks.

Many known Mr. Robinson as the affable auditor in the sales tax division of the state comptroller's office.

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S. Edward Smith, former teacher, now real estate man, flew out to Chicago this week because of the critical illness of his sister, Mrs. Jessie Henderson.

Remember several years ago Mrs. Henderson worked at the AFRO, and later at a downtown bank?" Today, she is a supervisor in the U.S. Treasury Department, in the Windy City.

At this writing, she is much better following major surgery. Cards to her at 6520 Stoney Island, Chicago.

No funny business about those bandages Wilbert (Dinky) Dyson is wearing these days.

He suffered chest and body injuries in a two - car crash near May's Landing, N.J., a week back.

Cheer to him at 1932 Druid Hill Ave.

People looking good

At the dance given by the Lords and Ladies at Towson Armory, Friday eve., Leona Felton, wife of Lord Joe Felton, wore a most attractive pale pink cocktail frock with a bodice dotted with sequins.

Also looking good: **Mrs. Handy Coulbourne (Clara). Her dress was black, highlighted by gold beading at neck and in the skirt slits.**

She looked so good it was hard for her to convince us that she had been ill.

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At the AGNAN's party at Cherry Hill Hall the same evening, a real eyecatcher was Mrs. Nathaniel Johnson (Betty) down from Montclair, N.J. Her frock: a shocking pink, pretty, pretty on her.

Mrs. Charles Hicks (Marie) of Frederick, always a distinctive dresser, selected a long black gown dotted with rhinestones.

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Times change — "seems only yesterday that demonstrators were outside the door at No. 1 West Restaurant.

But, management advised, not too long ago, that indeed they welcomed all. All money is green.

Sooo, it was at 1 West's **delightful restaurant on Saturday that local Deltas held their annual mother - daughter luncheon. The air - conditioned atmosphere, with piped music and adequate space, lent itself to the occasion.**

And, how cooperative all were — management, redcoated waiters etal.

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'Twas a pretty sight. Many of the sorors wore yellow — ("nearest we could get to gold"), to mark the sorority's 50th anniversary.

Among those in yellow, Mil Taylor, chairman of May Week luncheon (her mother, Mrs. Emaline McGlotten of Sharptown, Md. was present and looking good in striped black and white dress with white panama).

Striking costume was the polynesian print with matching turban worn by Mrs. Charles Alexander (Rosinda). She is a DPW case worker. With her, her daughter, Cynthia Christine, 8.

More diners looking good: Miss Jerlyn Manuel, in orange pink suit, white hat. She's on the physical ed faculty at Coppin.

And, a picture in blue, wide Robin's egg - blue sailor and matching suit was Mrs. Thelma Daniels.

Just loved teenager Ann DeShields' costume.

With her moss - green box suit, she wore a sand - colored Breton with coffee-colored bow and accessories to match.

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More looking good: Mrs. Lois Parker, mother of Delta pledgee, Ann, in a striking print of muted shades of blue; teenager Maxine Dates, Morgan State junior, looked lovely. Her yellow pill box was made of tulle and straw.

Pleasant employee met at the restaurant: Mrs. James Leak (Susan). Her daughter, Ella, a Morgan grad, is now a teacher and a Delta soror.

Mrs. Leak's husband is a longshoremen. Family attends First Baptist Church. Other Leak children are Eugene, 11; Octavia, 8; and Stephen, 6.

How about those helpful husbands of Delta women! David Wright, (hubby of Soror Bea, hardworking luncheon committee member), took photos and helped in setting up special table decorations.

Errol Taylor (hubby of Soror Mil), showed the Delta movie — photos taken at the D. C. anniversary celebration where President Kennedy spoke.

In addition to the Delta film, there was a movie publicizing the needs of Provident Hospital, and a perfectly masterful dramatic reading by Soror Virginia Randolph, placement counselor at Morgan.

Morgan student Evelyn Brown provided the vocal accompanist. Mrs. Randolph's reading impressed the audience, especially the smaller children.

Excerpts: 'Yes, America, I am democracy in the acid test.

"I am freedom the hard way, and America, though you defy and deny me, I shall arise a thousand fold stronger and I shall not lay in the dust of those of my enemies who seek to impede me for I shall never be obliterated from this the land that I have fed, this the land that I have fostered, this the land that I have fathered for I am democracy tried, I am Black America."

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Seven-year-old wanted to know what democracy was.

A teenager quipped, 'It's something we don't have!" How true, but will it ever be thus? Of course not!

Look at the courageous youngsters who are filling the jails in Ala., Tenn., Miss. and even here in Md. Note how they are not afraid of damp cells, police sticks and dogs.

Wager by the time seven - year - old grows up, she'll know what democracy is, so help me God!

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Muslim, Socialist talk

"Colored Americans should not hesitate to resort to defensive violence when they are threatened with harm as in the case of Birmingham."

Thus spoke Leroy McRay, a national organizational secretary of the Young Socialist Alliance at a discussion program here Tuesday night.

"I don't care how outnumbered we are. If there are a million devils about to attack me, I'll fight back, I'll work on as many of them as I can."

Thus spoke Minister Isaiah Karriem, leader of the Maryland jurisdiction of Black Muslims.

The scene was a local church auditorium. The theme of the program was "The Black Revolt in America."

THE discussion had been mistakenly billed as a debate between the 22-year-old McRay, the Young Socialist who has been on a lecture tour of universities and colleges, and the local Muslim leader.

Mr. McRay soothed this rumor before the meeting. He told the AFRO: "I will not argue with a Muslim because I am black first and a Socialist secondarily. The Muslim position is something we have no quarrel with."

Before an audience of some 100 in the meeting room of Mt. Lebanon Baptist Church, Mr. McRay and Mr. Karriem explained to their listeners, the basic philosophies of their differing movements.

Mr. Karriem explained the Black Muslim position that colored Americans, because of 400 years of oppression and the "hypocrisy of the slave-master's game of integration" should be given land "here in America or somewhere that we can call our own" and that black Americans separate from white America.

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