WHEN YOU FINISH READING YOUR AFRO PASS IT ALONG TO A FRIEND

S. P. Nelson to head United Appeal unit

The appointment of S. Page Nelson Jr., a vice president of Loyola Federal Savings chairman of division C of the Community Chest - Red Cross United Appeal has been announced by general chairman C. Meredith Boyce.

CIVIC CENTER
SUNDAY, APRIL 12 AT 8:30
SUPER ATTRACTIONS PRESENT
ALL IN PERSON—15 BIG ACTS
THE BIGGEST SHOW OF STARS FOR '64
MR. DYNAMITE JAMES BROWN
"OH BABY DON'T YOU WEEP"
SOLOMON BURKE "I'VE BEEN TO MECCA"
DIONNE WARWICK
BARNET MIMMS "TRULY, TRULY"
THE TAMS
OTIS REDDING
THE ORLONS
DEAN and JEAN
ANNA KING
TIMMY SHAW "GUT TO GUT"
BOBBY BYRD
THE FAMOUS FLAMES
JOHNNY & BILL
THE JAMES BROWN ORCH.
KING COLEMAN M.C.
PAUL WILLIAMS M.C.
Seats Now on Sale—$1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75
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Big Bonus in Maryland—
now Extra Age at New Low Price.
OLD ECHO SPRING NOW 7 YEARS OLD
OLD ECHO SPRING MORE AGE AT ONLY $4.42 QT.
AGED 7 YEARS OLD ECHO SPRING KENTUCKY BOURBON
Taste why over 4,000,000 bottles have already been sold in Maryland. Ask for this extra age Kentucky Bourbon again, again and again!
$2.78 PT. $4.42 1/2 PT. $ .32 REG. OZ.

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WEEKLY ENTRY MUST BE IN BY SATURDAY MIDNITE
ENTER EACH AND EVERY WEEK
Win All or Part of $100
Weekly by Listening to WSID after School

BALTIMORE AFTER DARK
On the TOWN with the Pub Crawler

Frank Reddish and his fellow beverage men who make up NNLBA are making good their pledge to "work for the betterment of the community."

Last week at a meeting in the stronghold of Lloyal Randolph the beverage dealers pledged "100 per cent support" to Mrs. Victorine Adams of Woman Power, which is spearheading the citywide register and vote campaign.

NNLBA members, consisting of the leading nightclub and taverns owners, will post reminders to all non-voters that "A Voteless People is A Hopeless People."

Frank, president of the national body, said they will support not only the drive to get new voters on the books, but "will do whatever is necessary to get the voters to the polls for the upcoming May primary election."

"Registering is not enough," he declared. "You have got to vote if we expect to get what we are entitled to."

• • •

ANOTHER PROJECT that has been raised beyond the realm of fun and fancy along the neon stroll is the venture of Al Quille, Casino's majo domo.

To date, as head of the Assistance Committee, Al has been responsible for the more than $2,500 windfall for Mr. Gloria H. Richardson and her Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee to bolster its war on James Crow on that Eastern Shore town.

Initiated seven weeks ago, each Wednesday night at Night," and all the proceeds therefrom are donated to CNAC.

Popular support for the project has grown by leaps and bounds and there have been few Wednesdays when the SRO rule was not in effect at the club.

An idea of the dimension of the venture was evidenced last week when no less personages than two Municipal Court judges, and an African diplomat, led by Judge Robert B. Watts, stood tall, joined hands and lifted voices in the singing of "We Shall Overcome."

Frankly it has been rare that the Crawler has witness anything more impressive.

• • •

TURNING TO the lighter side of the stroll, you should have been at Frank Reddish's Dotson Thurday night when the Savant held their barn dance "down on the farm." It was something else. . .again.

But then you get to expect this from the Savans, who are guided by guys like Shirley and Willie Diggs, Simeon Gatewood, etc. etc. and etc.

With the season of the great out-of-doors upon us—Country Club is gaining more and more attention.

And well it should be because its No. 1 figure is the charming Mrs. T., who has a way with the art of being a gracious hostesses.

Ditto for Mr. Bonnie McCrae and headman Nick at the Glenwood Country Club, which is not putting the final touches on an out - door program designed for those who have a flare for exclusiveness.

• • •

PERSONALITY PARADE—For many moons now the Crawler has been hankering to take a casual but close-up look at some of the guys close to the heartbeat of the neon-circuit by night and follow countless, various and diversified pursuits by day.

As a starter, take Bill Bell and Clarence (Eggy) Hawkins, who have given moonlighting a new meaning for the regulars at Maceo's.

Eggy is the chief floorwalker and Bill is the chief pourer at the swanky spot by night but double as a biochemist and spirits salesman, respectfully, during daylight hours.

Congratulations are in order for the Hawk incidentally, to assistant division chief at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Lincoln U. must be proud of you, Eggy!

• • •

EDDIE MORRISON, the velvet-voiced d.j. also gets a lot of mileage out of the art of moonlighting. When not telling his vast listening audience "Eddie Morrison here, . .so nice to have you there," Eddie also makes like a brgw salesman, and according to Freedie Brown, regional man out of St. Louis, Eddie swings off mike as well as he does on, and

By the by, if you are looking for relief from the steady diet of R and R or R and B dished out by local d.j.'s, tune in on Eddie's 9 to noon slot on WEBB some really good listening. You'll dig it!

I don't know what-else) Young and Herb Brown, the local Ballantine Boys, can always be counted on for laffs along trail of night people. They are two of the better salesmen, too, all agree.

SALESMEN REMIND us

(Continued on Page 29)

THE RICE BOWL
CHINESE-AMERICAN RESTAURANT
1306-08 PENNA. AVE.
Open Daily & Sun. 3 P.M.-3 A.M. Fri.-Sat. 3 P.M.-4 A.M
Carry-Out Service at All Times
THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL!
MOO GOO GAI PEN SOUP
DESSERT and HOT TEA
$1.75
Served from 3 to 9 P.M.
Reservations Taken for Clubs Organizations and Groups.
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APPEARING NIGHTLY at the Beautiful
Club Casino
1517 PENNA AVE.
HARRY "SOUL STIRRER" YOUNG AND BROTHERS
WEDNESDAY—CAMBRIDGE NIGHT
Subscriptions—$1.00. All Proceeds to Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee
Matinee Sunday 5-9
Dancing 9 to 2
AMPLE PARKING ON LOT — McMECHEN NEAR PENNA. WITH AN ATTENDANT

CLUB AL-HO
2559 FREDERICK AVE.
Presents For A Limited Engagement!
In The Gorgeous "STROBE ROOM"
THE WORLD FAMOUS JOLLY JAX
Featuring Humphrie Jones
Entertainment Every Nite 'til April 19th

Swinging Affairs of '64
Featuring
DAVE ROSS
DOTSON'S
GLEN BURNIE, MD.
On Furnace Branch Rd.

THE NEW SID and DAN'S DANCELAND
856 W. BALTIMORE ST.
Featuring 2 of Baltimore's Best Known Combos
WED. & THURS. NIGHTS "THE DANCELAND TRIO"
All Large Drinks 60c
FRI.-SAT.-SUN. NIGHTS Dance to the music of the "EARL CORNELL COMBO"
Come On Down and Have Some Fun and Meet the Girls
VI, MARGUERITE and MOMMIE
Your Host: TOOTIE

FRIDAY - SATURDAY - SUNDAY
Back Again for a Short Stay in Baltimore . . . Our Own
ETHEL ENNIS
After Successful Coast-to-Coast TV & Concert Tour
PLUS JIMMY WELLS and THE CONTINENTALS
Show Starts Nightly—9 P.M. - Sun. 8 P.M.
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Fulton at Pennsylvania
Never a Cover or Minimum

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TEDDY'S TIP TOPPERS
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Featuring MARTHA GREEN on Drums
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1724 LANVALE ST.

Maceo's Lounge & RESTAURANT
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FRI.-SAT.-SUN.
Available for Clubs & Parties
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1926 N. MONROE ST.
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LIVE . . . IN PERSON ON WITH
8 P.M. 'TIL MIDNITE
MON. THRU FRI. • SUN. 7 to 10 A.M.
WORLD'S JAZZIEST DISC JOCKEY
Quick! Turn On WITH
1·2·3 on your dial!

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1712 GREENMOUNT AVE.
YOU MUST COME UP AND SEE US SOMETIME!
Joyce MEATBALL
BALTIMORE'S FINEST LOUNGE
Thursday - Drum Stick Nite
Large Southern Fried Chicken Leg — 25c
Drinks At Regular Prices
FOOD FOR THE SOUL
Your Hosts: Mack and Josephine Thomas
JAMES HOPKINS, Mgr. Phone 752-9794

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RANDALLSTOWN, MD.
OPEN DAILY — EXCEPT MONDAYS
Let Our Beauteous Waitresses Serve You
☆ ANNA WALKER, MARY HARPER, BENNIE JEFFRIES ☆ FANNIE GREEN
Featuring JOE ALLEN Trio—Fri.-Sat.-Sun.
COMING
THE WEDNESDAY GALS CABARET
SUN., May 3 4-9 p.m.
With RICKY MADISON
Singing His Latest Hits
DOTTIE STERNS Organ Trio
JOE PARKER WWIN-MC
Tickets ..... $5 per couple
In Fist Set-Up of Your Choice Per Couple

KNOTTY PINE CLUB
LINDEN AVE. AND ROBERT ST.
CONTINUOUS DANCING
GRAND OPENING
Baltimore's Sensational
BILL CLARK and His Bohemians
Lowest Nite Club Prices In Town!

KLEECO CLUB
1323 PRESSTMAN ST.
SHIRLEY JERRI THELMA GRETA
NOW OPEN
TANGO GARDEN ROOM
Early 'Til Late

MAINSTREAM
Soul Bag

By RALPH MATTHEWS JR.

Coming out of a few recent years spent in that Manhattan life of jazz people, artist people, beat people, angry people, struggling people, two words followed me.

"Soul", which in the life I left had meant different things at different times, and 'bag" which meant everything and nothing.

According to Webster's, soul is the spiritual and immortal part of a human being; the seat of emotion, sentiment and aspiration. But to those of us in New York and together out of mutual interest and need, soul had newer meaning.

For example it is a restaurant where the would - be everybodys assemble. Writers, musicians, dancers, painters, pot smokers etc., all trying to look profound or creative. Somehow you (or me) found yourself the only colored patron in this babble of egos.

Then through the door came another fellow of the skin. Big smiles between you, then the new greeting: "Hello soul brother" or "Hi, soul sister" depending.

That quickly the word "soul" moved a step away from the dictionary definition. Such a greeting established two things: first that "soul" brothers were tied together by bonds of skin and secondly that you had to be colored to have a soul in the first place.

White liberals were in time to call this reverse psychology Crow Jim, jim crow backwards. But as in most things, the liberals were mistaken. The soul syndrome was no more than racial awareness, racial pride and practical business.

It began with jazz musicians in need of jobs. It was their argument that they should have the gigs because, as Max Reach never tires of saying, "it is our music, we are its souls, its creators, we are fed-up with others stealing bread from our mouths."

Because of economics and the bitter need to survive in New York as no where else, you might listen to a white musician playing jazz and then hear a colored musician storm in and accost the club owner, asking "why you letting him play that sad music? He ain't got no soul, man."

What this soul brother was saying really was, "I need a job too, baby." That his comment on the music being performed was possibly true is not the question.

So "soul" became the oblique way of stressing racial allegiances and realities.

• • •

MANY OF the people struggling in the various arts in Manhattan traveled in interracial circles because business compelled it. A colored sculptor had to know white gallery owners if he hoped to sell his work. A Colored actor had to know white directors etc. and you saved yourself much time and trouble if you checked on the "soul" status of any situation.

I remember an aspiring actress friend calling around town for parts. "Tell me honest, would they take a soul chick for that role?"

• • •

SOUL'S MEANINGS spread out. While seldom a word ever applied to whites, some situations whites found themselves in could be termed soulful.

"Hey man," some soul brother would exclaim, "You know when Frank Sinatra was really soulful? It was when Ava Gardner was taking him through all those love changes." (The implication being that Sinatra's emotional pain could be compared with the plight of being a soul brother.)

Or: "You know who is a soulful chick sometimes, man?" The answer: Peggy Lee, the singer. What made her soulful sometimes were those occasions she tried to sing like Billie Holiday, of course, was the sister to end all soul sisters.

• • •

SOUL HAD its humorous aspects. Fried chicken was "soul" bird and "soul" chops were pork and Harlem was Soulville.

As the soul mystique took hold, it came to be used in increasingly complicated ways.

Finally, even among the musicians who first made soul mean "colored" the word got very tricky. Trumpeter Miles Davis did a week at a downtown nightclub and the hip verdict was that "Miles left his soul home this time, baby, didn't play a thing."

A short time later Davis gave his first Carnegie Hall concert and the same critics of his earlier performance left the music palace saying joyously "Miles got more soul than Heaven."

Even this was refined. Listening to a recording of this historic concert later two soul brothers analyzed the music this way: "On this tune Miles' soul really came out." His partner shook his head in disagreement: "No man, Hank Mobley (the saxophonist) had got all the soul on that piece, he buried Miles."

So it went. From 1958 when the word began to creep into usage until the sixties "soul" had become so diffused that you could have it one moment and then at the whim of someone else's judgement you lost it the next.

What had begun as a minority code word had become a weapon and the musicians who began the thing were soon squabbling among themselves like small boys: "My soul is bigger than your soul." "Oh yeah, I'm so soulful I make you like the whole Ku Klux Klan in comparison."

I am happy to report that soul, which began its new life as a symbol of a mystical affinity among colored people, has now lost most of that later meaning. In a few more months it will mean exactly what Webster's said it meant and the hippies will have to invent something else to take its place.

• • •

BAG, THE second word of an era, still goes on. Bag used to be slang for an unattractive woman. Pot smokers (marijuana) buy a bag of the stuff and roll their own. A nickel bag of pot in plainer English is five dollars worth of marijuana.

In the numbers game, bag refers to the daily take. A bag man or a bag woman is the collector of numbers receipts and money from the various lottery drop.

But bag in that New York I left meant the way one went about life at any given moment.

When a friend asked "what kind of bag are you in today?" he simply wanted to know how you felt, what attitudes you had, what your plans were.

Depending on your mood, you could answer a million different ways. "I'm in my depressed bag" which indicated that you were sad. Or "I'm working out of a mixed bag," which meant you might go about things in several ways but were not committed to anything specific.

When someone said they were "dipping into my soul bag" it meant they were about to act very "colored."

If someone acted like a nut, the question was "what kind of bag is he into."

• • •

THE VARIATIONS were endless. "A funny bag" also indicated strange behavior. "I had to close that bag" meant you were finished with something, a romance, a job, a pose. A girl trying to put on airs was "into her Fifth Ave. bag" and a girl trying to be earthy was "working out of a foreign movie chick bag."

To be supremely cool and disdainful was to "get into a Miles (Davis) bag" and to be overly friendly was to be in a "brotherhood week bag."

Behind all these bags was the implication that for the people who used the phrase, life was an endless drama with each human playing a great many roles.

The question few ever faced up to was "what is your real bag?" You know, the one we work out of when the big crises hit us.

How many of us, backs to the wall of life, in our moment of truth find that we must dip into our "chicken" bag? Not that working out of a hero's bag has much to recommend it either — this being the cowardly planet it is.

Poetry

THERE'LL NEVER BE A PEACE

There'll never be a peace:
As long as poverty exist's-
While elected officials tread
In stagnant chasms of inadequacy.
There'll never be a peace:
While loaded guns prevail-
And larger bombs are made,
While soldiers watch and wait.
There'll never be a peace:
For anyone at all-
Till every man is free,
With no partiality.
How can there be a peace?
While mongers talk of war:
And ways to circumvent,
The rights of certain men.
No town or sovereign state,
Can long impose a creed,
Of hate and law lawlessness,
For troubled men rebel,
There'll never be a peace:
A most important peace-
Till bigots all decide,
Chains might enslave the man,
But cannot bind his pride.

FEAR

Escape — from what am I afraid
Could it be love, or hate, or life?
Something on a microscopic slide?
Fear makes a visitation on the populace
Affecting everyone somewhat—
But always by-passing our courage
. . .

PAUL D. McAllister

THE SOLDIER — Sgt. 1/c James R. Galmore Jr., much decorated army veteran, resigned on March 31 after 20 years active duty, 12 years with National Guard.

HIS FAMILY — The James R. Galmore family includes David, James R. III, Deborah, Cynthia and Mr. and Mrs. Galmore. The six reside at 1647 Monore St.

Sgt. Galmore Out Of Army After 32 Years

Much decorated Sgt. 1/C James R. Galmore Jr. has left the Army.

Sergeant Galmore, born July 19, 1906 in Youngstown, Ohio served 32 years with the United States Army and National Guard.

He spent the last six years as an Army photographer with the Fort Meade Photographic Facility.

In this capacity Sergeant Galmore compiled a record of reknown. His photographic experiences range from the rather calm demeanor of retiring general officers at Fort Meade to violent and tragic disasters such as the Nov. 8, 1961 air crash near Richmond in which 77 Army inductees were killed and the tragic railroad wreck at Odenton, Md. in which many lives were lost.

It is estimated that he has taken as many as 10,000 photographs at Fort Meade.

"I've covered just about everything there is to photography on this post" he say wryly.

It is said that his reflexes with the camera are automatic and that he rarely misses a shot.

Sergeant Galmore first entered military service in the National Guard while living in Brooklyn, N.Y.

He is a veteran of both World War II and Korea. After Pearl Harbor he was employed in Hawaii with the 369th Anti-Aircraft Artillery, an all-colored unit. Later he was transferred to the 600th Combat Engineers and was a participant in the first landings at Leyte during the Philippine liberation.

A few days after the landing he was wounded by shrapnel and was hospitalized for five days but was returned to his unit. He became ill and was evacuated to Dutch New Guinea where he spent three months in a military hospital.

In March, 1945 the sergeant returned to the United States and was separated from the Army at Fort Meade where he gained employment as a civilian.

Came the Korean Conflict and he was recalled to active service as Motor Sergeant with I corps. In this capacity he earned three battle stars in two campaigns.

In May, 1953, he was sent from Korea to Japan where he served as Operations Sergeant with the 2nd Transportation Major Port at Yokohama.

• • •

SERGEANT GALMORE is also an Army hero, having been honored as such for courage in saving the lives of four soldiers in a burning truck.

During his military career, Sergeant Galmore received 17 awards and decorations. He qualified regularly as expert in rifle marksmanship and sharpshooter on pistol and machine gun.

He is a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Willard W. Allen Temple in Baltimore.

For the past six years he has been a member of the Metropolitan Police Reserve Corps in Washington, D.C.

Sgt. Galmore has been a member of the Shiloh Baptist Church in Baltimore for 46 years.

• • •

THE SERGEANT now plans to "sit and wait for some of my applications to come through, particularly the one as United States Customs Guard."

Reflecting upon the Army, he says solemnly "The Army is not the way it used to be. It's like a married man who loves his wife and will put up with her until she becomes too unbearable."

In his leisure time Sergeant Galmore resorts to his hobby, model trains. He has a fabulous layout in the basement of his home valued at several thousand dollars.

Married to the former Mattie P. Harper, they reside at 1647 N. Monroe St., with their four children, Cynthia, 14; Deborah, 12; James R. III, 11, and David L., 6. His mother, Mrs. Cornelia M. Poole, lives at 2416 W. Lanvale St., Baltimore.

Inside Your Chest

How do you get to know the unknowable, see the unseeable? Man has always yielded to the fascination of that problem.

His eyes, in a sense, have been bigger than his brain. He always wanted to penetrate to what was hidden from his gaze, but for eons he couldn't figure out how. Being human, he resorted to magic—staring into a crystal ball, reading palms, poking around in the innards of a fowl.

Although he never learned anything that way, he had the fun of trying and sometimes the illusion of success.

• • •

BUT FUN is fun and illusion will only take you so far, particularly if your interests include keeping alive and well. For all of us who have that hobby, the development of X-ray photography several decades ago was a big event.

It brought the possibility, for the first time, of finding out the interior condition of our bodies—and thus finding out the state of our health—by the direct evidence of the human eye.

Nowadays there is precious little excuse for anybody to go around wondering whether his heart and lungs, for example, are in good shape. A chest X-ray will give the answer, eliminating guesswork.

• • •

SUCH AN answer is particularly important because certain conditions —for example, lung cancer and enlarged heart—often give no sign of their presence for a long time.

The same is true of tuberculosis — which, in addition, can be passed on to others by anyone who has it in active form.

Want to see the unseeable? Make a date with your doctor. He'll show you how things look inside your chest. What's more, he'll tell you how healthy the picture shows you to be.

Her First Full-Length Recital

Margaret Carol Lindsay, 16-year-old soprano, appeared in her first full - length recital Sunday evening at Enon Baptist Church.

A freshman music major at Western High, Miss Lindsay sang to a near - capacity audience.

The enthusiastically applauding audience demanded many encores. The talented young soprano rendered such selections as Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer" and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Her versatility and range of tone was displayed in her renditions of Harry T. Burleigh's "Good on the River of Jordan" and Isador Oglesby's "Been Down in the Valley."

It was Isador Oglesby, Enon's choir director, who discovered Miss Lindsay at the age of 12. From him she received her first formal vocal instruction.

Under his direction, she has developed into an artist of great potential.

During this time, she has worked with several choral groups under the direction of such distinguished teachers as Mr. Emile Surpass and Donald Regaler.

• • •

MARGARET is now studying under Igor Chichagov, the famed teacher and voice coach of Rosa Ponselle. In February, she was selected, along with other students, to sing in a 150-voice concert at the Lyric Theatre, with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

She is a member of the Chancel Choir of Enon Baptist Church.

Aside from her musical career, Miss Lindsay finds time for movies, reading and bowling. She has attracted the attention of many professional artists and voice instructors.

Miss Lindsay lives with her mother, Mrs. Evelyn Lindsay, a teacher in the Baltimore school system, at 1614 N. Bentalou St.

Mrs. Lindsay says, "Margaret has been interested in music since she was a baby. Credit for her development goes to Mr. Oglesby. He has worked with Margaret and encouraged her ever since he first discovered her."

The recital Sunday was sponsored by the Baptist Youth Fellowship of Enon Baptist. Mrs. Lillian O'Daniel, music instructor at Harlem Park Junior High, was Miss Lindsay's accompanist.

16-YEAR-OLD SOPRANO — Margaret Lindsay, Western High School freshman, gave her first full length recital at Enon Baptist Church Sunday before a large crowd. Left, Margaret is shown as she used her hands freely to emphasize her feelings. Right, she faces audience with bouquet presented her by the Baptist Youth Fellowship of Enon Baptist, sponsor of the recital.