Baltimore Afro-American

OPINION

Founded August 1892 by John H. Murphy Sr., 1840-1922. Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN CO. of Baltimore City Inc. Carl Murphy (1889-1967) Editor-publisher (1922-1967).

The people are moving

If testing was negative he assured that there are a great many folks in so community capable of positive action.

We detect a growing constructive ferment in this city.

Low - income families, with the onset of warm weather, are making their needs known in very intelligent fashion.

Fed up over the long delays in placement in public housing facilities, a group of women borrowing a technique from the Sixties "sat" in Housing and Community Development Commissioner M. J. Brodie's office this week to dramatize their concerns.

This lady or they not get them adequate housing at costs they can bear but it does show that low - income people know who is accountable and where the buck stops.

That their demonstration was peaceful is also effective.

These 12 sitters - in speak for the 15,000 or more other Baltimore families who desperately need livable shelter.

Said one protester of the house she now lives in: "You go to bed and you got to say, 'move over roach.' My dog don't live any kind of way I don't see why I SHOULD.

An observation that has the ring of poetry and truth.

The people are moving on their problems.

In a related action this week, welfare mothers, black and white, took their case to the General Assembly in Annapolis having previously met with Governor Hughes the week prior.

They seek increases in welfare subsistance payments.

These welfare moms told legislators in no uncertain terms that they wanted increases in aid because of the ever - soaring cost of living.

To get Maryland's welfare payment rates where they need to be requires an increase of $10 million yearly. This could come, as Del. Walter Dean and others note, out of this state's huge yearly budget surplus without hurting anything.

One former welfare mother dramatically explained that while on welfare aid she struggled to attend school and train for a job that would enable her to get free of welfare dependency forever.

She, as did other protesters at the State House this week, told lawmakers they did not want welfare as a way of life but needed welfare aid transitionally to help them prepare to enter the private employment sector as productive Marylanders rather than continue as dependent residents.

We expect increasing numbers of our citizens to move on issues that affect their ability to survive.

Thus far as Spring approaches their appeals have been rational, their protests orderly but we do not see how much longer people can remain passive to intolerable conditions.

The people are moving. We strongly urge that politicians and bureaucrats respond positively to what they are saying and doing without the usual rhetorical apologia about why nothing can be done for those who need help.

A footnote: we strongly suggest that Gov. Harry Hughes rethink his decision to add $900,000 in additional welfare expenditures. It is an additional two cents supplement for each subsistence family which is pretty much like nothing at all.

More is needed and the people are moving to make this known.

MADELINE MURPHY

Humane considerations for have-nots

Recently the National Conference of Christians and Jews heard a report from the Lou Harris Poll that 63 percent of blacks are interested in integration, while a whopping 70 percent of whites are not!

On another front, Ms. Faukner, a black woman from Berkeley, Calif., a collector of black stereotypical memorabilia and antiques, heard that her collection was too provocative to be displayed publicly, or to have a book written about them.

Now, we see "Roots II" that tells of the difficulty of voting, of working, of marrying, of doing anything without a struggle, if one is black, all things guaranteed in a free society.

It seems that things have not changed much in kind over the years, just in degree.

For we see also in Baltimore during the blizzard of '79, a group of young people striking out in frustration, lawlessness and hostility, looting, burning, carrying forward the destructive idea that if "I can't get it by peaceful legitimate means, I'll either just take it or destroy it".

40 percent unemployment

Somewhere in these symptoms of incipient emotional disorder, there lies a deep abiding problem of discontent, of deception, of benign neglect.

We know that the statistics have shouted that 40 percent of inner city black youth between 18 and 25 are unemployed. We don't even know how many have stopped looking for work and therefore are not counted in these dismal statistics.

What we also know is that much of the inner city has been gutted as if in a WWII air raid, where houses have been razed to make way for luxury apartments, for commercial districts, for subways, for expressways, thus displacing blacks.

This has wrought financial disaster upon those who have bought houses in these same districts as a hedge against old age, or homelessness, or moves to places they cannot afford. Usually their equity is wiped out in the first year they pay rent or the mortgage.

Lost race

So much has gone on in the city that has made black people feel copeless, hopeless and bitter. A sort of lost generation, lost race, only expendable.

But when people are in dire circumstances, are continually exploited, manipulated, ignored, what is their recourse? How do they act out their anger? Who do they turn to who will listen to their problems? Find solutions?

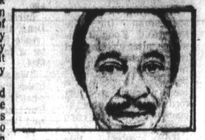
Rather, how much more shall all blacks be penalized for the anti - social behavior of a few, without ever addressing the overriding problems that cause this anarchy?

While Mayor William D. Schaefer scoffs that there will be those who will find more encompassing reasons for the looting, maybe we should ask, isn't that what "Baltimore's Best" is all about: decent food, clothing, shelter and jobs for most of those who want to work? The wider problem is that there are those who feel no one cares whether they live or die.

And by the way, when the mayor speaks of how much money has been spent on the areas of looting, he must know by now that throwing money at problems, hasn't necessarily brought about solutions. He has succeeded in widening the gap between even black haves and have nots.

Further, this may be what occurs when a mayor is too autocratic, and surrounds himself with rubber stamps, especially from the black community, who won't or are not permitted to offer criticisms or suggestions to help him solve some of these problems.

KAREN MITCHELL



We are not clowns

The television comedy series was to be called "Mr. Dugan." It was to be about a black Congressman from Philadelphia.

The show was to be one more in the Norman Lear sponsored shows. Some of his shows are "The Jeffersons;" "Good Times," and "All in the Family."

What a cruel show it would have been. Along with other Caucus members, I viewed a screening of the first episode in Washington.

The fictitious Congressman Dugan had a corpulent young white man, with a heavy southern drawl, who ordered the black congressman around, while serving as his administrative assistant.

Typical statements of the young white southern administrative assistant: "Ah can get yo the votes yo need fo dah the 'memment, if yo don't say nowthin good about blacks fosh the next three days."

Congressman Dugan's press assistant was a brassy young white woman, with red hair, who also ordered the black congressman around. A typical exchange between them ran something like this.

Dugan, "I will write up what I have to say and get it to you." Her reply, "I have already said what you have to say because I can say it better. . . I am here to protect you."

'Made us sick'

All of the members of the Congressional Black Caucus shared the feelings expressed by our Chairperson Cardiss Collins when she said: "It made some of us sick to see that in this day and age something like this could be portrayed on television."

"I was quoted correctly in the press. I did say it was an abomination. I did say it stank. I did say it was a caricature, and I did say it was racial stereotyping. I also did say a lot more than could be printed in the press read by families.

I am sick and tired of seeing an actor portray the "typical black teenager," while that actor slouches and talks and moves as if he is a permanent methadone zombie.

Black businessmen

George Jefferson is 10,000 light years removed from the average black executive or the average black businessmen I know. Those whom I have met and worked with have a masters degree, most often a masters in business administration or a masters degree in public administration. They run successful businesses or successful administration programs in both the private and public sectors.

The effort to constrain the black community is a very sophisticated one. For a while we were the victims of propaganda cleverly designed to foster "classness" in the black community. All of us recall, with disgust, the Super Fly portrayals of black men and women in a string of motion pictures.

Next came the sequence of smearing and discrediting every black "leader" possible. Finally we are in the sequence in which we are portrayed as clowns and buffoons in the media, thus according white middle America the opportunity to laugh at our "ineptitude," but more importantly and more tragically, causing blacks to laugh at the racial stereotypes of ourselves.

Proud people

I have never known a proud people whose pride was derived from laughing at caricatures of themselves. Laughing at racial denigration of ourselves by some one else, played out through some blacks, is not a source of unity in my opinion. Amos and Andy in this way compare with Dubois and Robeson as positive images for black youth.

Allen Horn, president of T.A.S. Communications is quoted as saying that the company had fallen short in its effort to present a black congressman as a positive and accurate role model and therefore did not want to have the show aired. Had not we gone public with our disgust over the production, would the series have been withdrawn?

Don't laugh at us, respect us. Don't ridicule us, admire us. Don't make a mockery of us, instead marvel at our fortitude for survival.

Mr. Mitchell represents Maryland's 7th District in the U.S. House of Representatives.

Ignoring major problems

A few occasional awards for Baltimore's Best in the black community, and then in an election year, uncomfortable embraces of black high school achievers, may be good for public relations, may get the benighted black vote, but it fools few who have been shafted by his policies.

Few, also, who have been bilked by a lottery, overly present in the black community that encourages something for nothing — "It's OK to play" — without measurable return of goods and services to the black community.

To be angry, ashamed, disgusted is well and good, but to ignore the major problems, to merely get tough, enforce the law with police, state troopers, and the national guard, without an avenue of recourse for those left out, is an uneasy and shortlived truce.

In addition, when one remembers "Roots I", now looks at "Roots II", and sees the high quality of acting and story line, with an almost all black cast, and then for regular fare gets the "Jeffersons", "Good Times", "What's Happenin'", the peripheral atypical stories about black life, never seeing the large numbers of talented black actors and actresses get a chance, regularly, in plays that truthfully tell more of the black experience, isn't this also indicative of our expendable place in society be it Baltimore, or nationwide?

Pressure the mayor

But the sad part of it all is that most blacks will deplore the actions of other blacks without seeing what the problem is; without pressuring the mayor to do more in the area of "meat and beans" and less in time and effort spent on raising money to buy the Orioles with part of our tax dollars.

Some of this preoccupation with bricks and mortar must be converted to humane considerations. Mayor Schaefer's avoidance of the problems of the have - nots will only delay but not stop anti - social behavior that stems from an endemic racism — furnished the image of his much touted "Charm City".

LETTERS

It is wrong — Re-cement the bond that holds us together

Legally, it probably holds up.

On all other counts it is wrong.

We speak of an elderly couple, the Lawsons of Northwest Baltimore, who signed a contract for home improvements that now threatens to leave them homeless.

The remodeling firm had a clause in the contract that if the Lawsons defaulted on the monthly payments their property could be attached. This technically is called a security confessed judgement note.

All would have been reasonably well if Mr. Lawson who is 78 had not suffered an accident two months after signing the contract that caused both of his legs to be amputated.

With his ability to continue as a wage earner and pay his bills completely limited Mr. Lawson and his wife who is 76 sought reduction of the home remodeling monthly payments.

No bet! said the firm.

The fact that the newly installed linoleum has cracked and peeled up in the corners, that the new smoke detector malfunctions and that the first contract promised more than the final contract signed by the Lawsons delivered makes the situation less than tolerable must be noted.

Of concern also is the rationale of a company that would bind senior citizens with precarious employment parameters in the first place to a 60 month installment plan.

But most importantly this situation happens to others who are elderly every day in this city and there are few legal or other options available to bring relief.

No city agency, the AFRO has found, can do much of anything.

Nor does the plight of the Lawsons inspire politicians in their district to any supportive action on their behalf so far as we can discern.

One council person seemed more concerned with the remodeling outfit's getting paid than seeking relief or redress for her constituents.

Which might be all right had this newspaper not learned that the work the Lawsons are paying $4,200 plus 19 and a half percent interest involved some $1,170 worth of materials at current retail price.

Had the elderly couple bought the kitchen remodeling components themselves and paid a friend handy with tools say, $300 to do the work they would have saved themselves $1,870.

As things stand now the contractor made $3,030 for one and a half days work and if the Lawsons miss another payment, the firm stands to also pick up a house valued at $30,000.

A total profit, possibly, of $36,000 for putting down some linoleum that cracks and some plywood cabinets because an elderly couple no longer nimble and perhaps not conversant with the fine print of contracts signed on the dotted line.

Regulations governing the home remodeling business are strange, we have discovered, and need to be rewritten to protect consumers.

Government agencies concerned with the problems of the aging need authority to intercede when situations such as the Lawsons find themselves in occur.

Where our elders, our mothers and fathers, are concerned we cannot allow them to get into situations where the buyer must beware.

Fortunately the Lawsons have their church and fraternal order to help them. Not all of the elderly are so blessed.

Dear AFRO:

The looting that took place during the recent snow storm is to be condemned as an inexcusable, cowardly, criminal act.

The economic health of the black community is a fragile entity. It has been seriously jeopardized by the ruthless actions of a few whose craving for a quick "rip - off" transcended any thought of the negative impact that their actions might have had on others.

Black inner city neighborhoods presently face a dearth of services. Under - capitalized black businessmen, whose failure can come from thefts, or robbery, now face the prospect of the indifferent money - lender having a new excuse to justify the lack of responsiveness.

Our meager opportunities to create economic indiependence begins to shrivel to even more miniscule proportions.

Yet, as horrifying as the looting was that occurred during the snow storm, it highlighted an even more devastating threat to our existence. The problem of crime by blacks, against blacks, and our intolerant and often hostile response to each other has the potential to be more divisive than any of the external threats we have faced in the past.

How incredible were the reports of looting done by mothers, fathers and small children. If this is the kind of scavenger mentality to be learned, what kind of future do we face? How can we unify and respond humanly to each other when some of us easily accept "ripping off our own"?

We must stop giving sanctuary to thiefs, pushers, muggers and other scum who would attack a defenseless old person for their last pennies.

Ours is a proud people, descendent from great civilizations, not a race of beggars, thieves and looters. Each of us needs to redouble our efforts to deal with the problems and attitudes that foster the kind of internal cancer which is slowly destroying the pride and struggles of our forefathers. We must close the attitudinal gap between those who "have it made" and "those who have not."

Not only must our preachers preach and our teachers teach, but each of us must extend the hand of fellowship and love to our brothers and sisters.

The attitudes of tolerance and brotherhood must radiate from each of us. Only then will we be able to re - cement the bond that must hold us together against the threats from without.

NORMAN V. A. REEVES

'City must bring citizens together'

Dear AFRO:

Many comments have been made regarding the city's unfortunate experiences during what has now been identified as the blizzard of 1979.

Frustration, anger, hostility and feelings of group guilt have developed following the storm. An interesting and critically needed phenomenon has developed as an outgrowth of this shared experience, i.e., in spite of the tragedy which shamed us all, the public's reaction has clearly demonstrated that though we may be living as two societies separate and unequal, we all share the same basic human inclinations.

In spite of the reality of differences, there no longer should be a question in this city but that most of its citizens have demonstrated a constructive interest in Baltimore's welfare.

The phenomenon referred to above is the fact that the overwhelming majority of the black and white citizens of this community have demonstrated a communality of feelings by taking identical positions condemning criminal and anti-social behavior which are a threat to us all.

I am convinced that in spite of the tragedy, an unfortunate historic stereotype held by many whites regarding blacks has been largely addressed, in that the black citizens of this city, rather than maintaining a laissez-faire attitude, have overwhelmingly projected themselves as a community abhorring criminality and demonstrating the desire to reap the same benefits of a just and orderly society as other citizens.

The editorial positions taken by the AFRO-AMERICAN on February 24, 1979 and February 27, 1979 should therefore, as subtly implied, be patronizingly interpreted as representing solely the feelings of the black community but more likely, the feelings and attitudes of most of the city.

In view of our shared experiences during this period, it appears that the communality of hopes and attitudes far out-weigh our differences in spite of the fact that some political office holders and aspirants feel that in order to perpetuate their continuity in office or consummate their quest for high office, they must appeal to our more base feelings.

I submit that Baltimore, in spite of its dramatic physical rebuilding programs, must find a solution to bringing its citizens together, affecting a sense on behalf of all, black and white, that each one of us must play an integral role in the city's rebirth.

I am reminded of John Donne who said:

"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. . . ."

A perceptive reading of what happened would lead one to an understanding that this is symptomatic of a significant group of persons who are disenfranchised from America's promise.

Donne closed saying:

". . . and therefore, never seek to know for whom the Bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

JOHN H. ERVIN

'Brainpower was missing'

Dear AFRO:

I'm glad we had our blizzard. Disrupted services, burglaries and looting exposed our serious limitations. We needed that!

This was not a Russian missile.

This was 22 inches of beautiful white powdery snow—winter art.

We should be ashamed it caused so much havoc.

Snow-plow manufacturers would have been only too glad to sell us thousands of plows. And we have thousands of unemployed males and females - so manpower was available.

What then was missing? BRAINPOWER!

B. J. SMALL

Mitchell salute

Clarence Mitchell Jr. was honored by the nation Wednesday night, March 14 in ceremonies in Washington, D.C.

We remember the young Mitchell as a fire and brimstone reporter for the AFRO before launching a distinguished career in human rights advocacy. As chief of the NAACP's Washington bureau for many years Mitchell has been by turns diplomat, brawler, strategist as he persuaded an always reluctant Congress to enact legislation that helped ease the plight of black Americans.

No man, including the redoubtable Lyndon B. Johnson, ever impacted Congress so effectively.

Baltimore - born and bred Clarence Mitchell heads a family of distinguished Marylanders.

This city has produced no man who has been so mightily involved in the winning of our struggle as Clarence Mitchell Jr. and we join with all those who came to Washington this week to salute him. We wish him well and give profound thanks for a job superbly done.

AFRO welcomes letters

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

G. JAMES FLEMING

NOW AND THEN

This writer faced a related situation the first time he had to give a written examination to a blind student. How does one grade a student in political science who does not turn in a written exam or term paper?

It became necessary to find a "different" way of examining the blind student — a different way of ascertaining how and where this student ranked.

This not unusual problem in teaching was solved by giving the student an oral exam — more dialogue than just questions and answers. A "different" kind of testing, but it served the purpose as it took the place of the written word.

'Swimology'

Another way of recognizing there are different ways of measuring intelligence, and that there are different instruments of measurement come to mind.

Many years ago, some American missionaries (white) went to a mission field in Africa. Once on the continent, they travelled by land as far as they could, then they were met by four boys in a rowboat, to be taken to their exact location.

In good American fashion, they began asking the boys questions:

"Do you know anything about physiology?" one missionary inquired.

"No, ma'am," the boys replied.

"Do you know any biology? " came from another voice.

"No, ma'am", chorused the oarsmen.

"Do you know any philosophy ?" and so on from the visitors.

The quiz continued as the boys continued sounding ignorant. The African adolescents had flunked this intelligence test.

Then a terrific storm came from nowhere. The boat was tossed up and down and about. Eventually, the boat capsized and everybody was in the raging waters.

As the boys swam towards the nearest shore, one turned around long enough to ask the floundering missionaries: "Do you know any swimology?"

This time it was the missionaries who flunked their test, to their sorrow

Late bloomers

There are tests, and tests, and tests. Those who have fought wars relate that some of the reputed bright graduates of West Point fall flat on their faces in combat, while farm boys and ghetto youths prove themselves the real fighters.

Black soldiers, down the years, have found themselves even training these same academy graduates in the practical side of war, even when these black soldiers were not permitted to become officers.

Some of the leading medical school graduates, it is said, are saved "from killing somebody," by nurses who know from experience what their superiors only know from lectures. And, of course, some doctors, even from the best medical schools never become leaders in their field.

Those who drop other human beings into slots and categories must be both humble and particular, less they too easily commit other human beings to life sentences of non - opportunity, where their records are passed from one institution to another, and from one employer to another.

Especially in reference to young people, it must be remembered that, where living things are concerned, there are many late bloomers, including human beings.

Appreciating 'differences'

There are some things in every culture that are good or bad, right or wrong, superior or inferior. No one would deny this assertion.

There are other things, however, that do not fit neatly into any of these categories, in any absolute sense. These things — objects, concepts, standards, are only "different." And, the world has been slow in learning how to deal with "difference."

Someone has said that, if an up - country African should devise an intelligence test for urban Europeans or Americans, these latter would fail such a test just in about the same proportion as up - country Africans would flunk a European or American - devised test.

'Intelligence' tests

This speculation should be kept in mind when educators and government experts try to solve all educational problems by the usual and well - known "intelligence" tests, or the usual examinations.

ELIZABETH M. OLIVER

City Editor

For All We Know

BALTIMORE has excellent health care institutions in the Constant Care Center under Dr. Harvey Webb and Provident Hospital. We are scheduled to do features on both soon. However, I am accenting Provident Hospital now since I was a patient there during my yearly check up.

Provident is immaculately clean and the nurses and aides are highly efficient. The doctors are thorough and the equipment employed is the latest and the best.

I was also a patient under Dr. Keifer Mitchell at Greater Baltimore Medical for more tests and I can vouch that Provident is just as fine.

Provident has phone and TV service, good meals served hot and with a variety of dishes. My only complaint was the cabbage but I like cabbage cooked only eight minutes and it isn't likely that a hospital could serve it so green.

I love gravy and Provident's potatoes and gravy are scrumptious. You get plenty of food—juice and cookies at night and just about anything you wish to nibble on—if your diet allows.

Rev. William Johnson, the religious director is on duty around the clock. The energetic young minister does such a Christian and friendly service for all patients, regardless of creed.

After evening visiting hours, guards are on duty and you could sooner break in Chase National Bank than Provident. And, the guards make such a fine, military appearance, no kidding around and no foolishness. In fact, Provident Hospital is run like the big business that it is and I believe it will make it this time.

Even the phone number's keen — 225-2000 — easy to remember.

The executive team is:

Thomas W. Chatman, president; Arthur F. Hudgins, vice-president Support Services; Dr. Vivian R. Iglehart, vice president and director of Medical Affairs; Mrs. Catherine Burton, vice president Nursing Services; Manjit Singh, vice president Finance; Ralph Cole, vice president, Personnel; Carroll Henson, director, public Relations and Development.

THE FAITH HEALER at the Mechanic Theatre with James Mason is deep and filled with pathos.

I was greatly overcome by the drama and it lingers on my mind. You should see it.

In my Indiana hometown, Brazil, or any small town, you will find the type characters that the FAITH HEALER has, poor whites who have great hopes and dreams that somehow always turn to dust. You think WE have troubles? Theirs are greater.

I KNOW because I was born and reared with them as neighbors, and school mates and they were my father's patients. Jimmy Hoffa was one, born into an humble family. Tragedy stalked his life to the end.

My heart dripped bitter blood when James Mason's wife told how the infant she wanted so much died in her arms. She held him a while as she sat wrapped in an old shawl, The kid was born a few hours before, by the side of the road.

Her husband ran away, left them.

He could not stand the fact that there was no money and there was nothing he could do although he loved her and wanted a child.

He appeared to be a deserting father but he was so weary of failure and deprivation, he had to flee.

The child was buried beside the road after the mother told a man who stood by her, "You can bury him now," and he dug a hole in the ground for the baby.

THE FRUSTRATIONS of the FAITH HEALER (Mason) are so grievously revealed.

A man who wanted so much to make his mark by healing, by performing miracles, just one, but never quite making it and when he did do one, it was overlooked.

ONE DAY I'd like to write about the needy whites I knew so well, those who are stepped upon by "quality" whites and (blacks too) who live on The Hill. Walnut Street, it was called in Brazil, Ind. The poor kids had lice and the teacher kept a can of coal oil in the cloakroom.

ONE FAMILY I liked was the Henselwood family. The children never had to drink orange juice or take cod liver oil like we did. They could stay up all night if they wanted to and I recall as a small tot, I learned what dawn looked like from one of the children. Her name was Ella and she described the sun coming up. I was never allowed to stay up that late.

The Henselwoods lived in a field in a house that had one room, a dirt floor and a wood stove where coffee boiled all the time. Biscuits made of water, salt and flour were on the menu every day.

I was fascinated by the newborn baby who rested so comfortably in a cardboard box while the mother stirred some oatmeal — I'll give it its first meal.

The doctor of the poor new mothers were up and around a few hours after the birth of the baby in contrast to "quality" mothers who remained in bed and were handsomely pampered for weeks.

THE best barbecue I ever ate was at a Ku Klux Klan rally in a woods outside of town. It was merely a town picnic. I recall the KKK members invited my father, Dr. Oliver, and would not start until he arrived. He was black as coal, a pure African. But, the KKK was really a club, an organization formed so the less fortunate whites could have a group of their own. We sat on the grass along with other black and white citizens and children while my mother, Rose Murphy Oliver swooned and fanned at home, angry for my father's taking us.

Those KKK'ers had no church, no leaders, no outlet except the beer garden, ice cream parlor or a gathering in the picnic grove and they were harmless. They threw back their sheet hoods when it was too hot in the parade.

IT WAS so sad that they adopted the KKK name when all they wanted was a secret society, a fraternity or a lodge and to belong to something.

When they burned a cross one night, the mayor and the city council told them, "No more of that!" and they quit it.

In my childhood in Brazil, the KKK did no harm.

Perhaps in other Indiana cities but not around our hometown, if they had started any mess about Catholics or Jews or black persons, they would have been locked up and further pushed in the ground by neighbors who knew every one of them by name.

PEOPLE today do not like my saying so or my feeling pity for those people but I still believe there is a pitiful story there about persons who even today in America suffer in silence with no Martin Luther King to voice their troubles or see them as crying for a place in the sun.

IN OUR TOWN, the "quality" citizens would not even hire them for servants. They missed the best jobs, never ran for office, never had a fine wedding nor a fine funeral. They were even ashamed to death for needing charity.

They knew better than to go in the door of a fashionable store and they were never allowed to try on hats. They knew better than to attend a ritzy, "quality" church.

THERE is another story, how they flocked to the picnic grove in August for the Old Time Revival, a religious gathering where the poor were welcome.

YOU HAVE to live among those people to know their sorrows. Even today, there are whites who refuse to admit this horrible discrimination and how deep the hatred is among various classes — all because of wealth and "blue blood."

ALTHOUGH the FAITH HEALER is set in Ireland, it brings home the heartaches poverty brings to poor people who are not black.

I UNDERSTAND today there is still class discrimination in England. I have been told the deep wooded areas are often hiding places of persons who need mental treatment and are too poor for hospitalization.

They howl at night, steal and rob for food and are the source of literary tables which call them werewolves, witches and mad men. The Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes describe the Beggar from St. Ives and verse about a man in rags and tags. Then there is the one which says "Hark, Hark, the dogs to bark, the beggars are coming to town."

AH, ME. This life we live has many tragedies. Let's end it.

AT THE MITCHELL Banquet Wednesday night I renewed acquaintance with Sen. Burch Bayh who is from Terre Haute Ind., a few miles from Brazil. The soloist at the affair was Camilla Williams, the first black prfoessor of music at Indiana University. A beauty, she is one of the finest of opera singers. When she sang, "I Did It My Way" for Clarence Mitchell Jr., she received raves.

OTHER Indiana folks are the famed Julians, family of the late Dr. Emerson Julian, who died in Greencastle, Ind. That distinguished family is a fantastic story, like the Mitchells.

OUR INDIANA story can give a cross-section of this America's many peoples., rich, poor, black or white.

MORE LETTERS

A Baltimorean reminisces

Dear AFRO:

As I sat watching the showing of a "Roots" episode, my mind drifted back to what I still call home (Baltimore) even though it has been many years since I left there.

Having noticed the progress attained over the years when I returned for short visits with family and friends. Being a bit selfish to my old neighborhood, especially when the local papers and the other media stated about the looting during the recent storm, was in East and West Baltimore, having been reared in the Northwest section, said to myself, at least it was not my old section of town.

At this point my mind drifted back to the most vivid years in which some individuals from uptown made quite a name for themselves.

For instance when the new school was built on the corner of Laurens and Calhoun Sts., we moved from old No. 112 on Carey Street, with Mr. George B. Murphy as principal, one of many educators of the time who was highly respected in the community, and a member of your AFRO family.

In 1922 and 1923 basketball season, we were the recipients of three city titles in three weight divisions.

The neighborhood also produced John Carroll who won the 26 - mile marathon from Annapolis. Earl Johnson was instructor at the Y.M.C.A. A lot of young people don't remember him, but he ran second to Nurmi in the Olympics in that era.

Babe Jones (Edward) whom I was fortunate to have played a bit of basketball with, played national tennis in later years.

The late Chick Webb lived in the Winchester Street area. Ella Fitzgerald had her early exposure with his band.

Dr. Bernard Hughes Sr. who was the one or one of a few black doctors recognized at Johns Hopkins Hospital. Bless him for his efforts to save my mother from diabetes (before insulin). Harold Steptoe and Purvis were exceptionally good track men from the area.

Not to forget Tom Smith, the well known hotel man, who had a beautiful home on Druid Hill with a chauffeur driven car etc.

Back up a bit, I was told that Joe Gans the famous fighter had a home in Northwest Baltimore.

Let us not forget the Old Douglass High School at Pennsylvania Avenue and Dolphin Street where every black child in the city had to go, because it was the only high school for the black children of the city.

Yet that school and its teaching helped prepare such nationally known persons as Clarence Chambers, physician William Dean, who, after Amherst, etc, was associated with Atlanta University and diplomatic work in Paris. Cab Calloway, whom we all still hear about, traveled Douglass halls.

Let us not forget Thurgood Marshall who went from Dolphin and Pennsylvania Avenue all the way to the Supreme Court.

This bit of nostalgia is from a 71 - year - old retiree from the U. S. Post Office Department, who is a Greamer these days on the shores of Lake Erie, hoping that a lot of young people from my old neighborhood will also leave a mark for posterity.

RANDOLPH C. HINTON

MSU thanks the AFRO

Dear AFRO:

On behalf of the entire Morgan State University family and all our co-sponsors, please accept our heartfelt appreciation for your participation in our program in honor of members of the Legislative Black Caucus on Feb. 11, 1979.

By your participation, you not only helped to honor them and the University, but you made yet another contribution to Afro-American History in this State.

In a recent testimony before the state legislature, I had the opportunity of setting forth what I consider the indispensable ingredients for the continued evolution of Morgan State University. They are:

1. A strong and well supported faculty;
2. A first class physical plant;
3. An able and dedicated student body and
4. A competent and compassionate administrative team.

Now the fifth element which helps to sustain all the rest is an informed and caring community.

Thus, your presence on Sunday will help to sustain us immeasurably as we intensify our own strides toward excellence.

Thank you again for your own contribution to Afro-American History.

ANDREW BILLINGSLEY, President, Morgan State University

Victory for cabbies

Dear AFRO:

Senate Bill No. 719 taking away the rules and services of the Public Service Commission relative to cabs and placing same in the hands of the Department of Motor Vehicles, would have made Baltimore a gypsy cab city.

Therefore Mr. Lee Klavens, of the Baltimore Taxicab Association, with a bus load of cabbies spoke against this bill, this cabbie armed with a past "Letter To The Editor" proving that this bill would put us out of business produced a victory. The bill's sponsor Sen. Douglass conceded and dropped the bill.

The very next day the efforts of mass representation of Baltimore City cabbies again produced a victory against Senate Bill No. 648 . . . again sponsored by Sen. Douglass.

This bill was equal to making Baltimore an open "taxi market," making it possible to operate a cab in Baltimore without a special permit for taxicabs.

This bill would have the city flooded with cabs without permits leaving businessmen owning a permit costing between $2,000 and $7,000 with a worthless medallion.

Sen. Douglass nevertheless should stand as tall as his 6 foot, 2 inch black frame for dropping his Bill No. 719. Because it takes a big man like himself to admit that he was wrong.

Bottom line, the time is not for complacency, stating that your one vote doesn't count, and having "Watergate downmouth," you can win in government if producing yourself in mass numbers and doing your homework.

JOHN T. BAILEY

Coppin grad responds to student demonstration

Dear AFRO:

Linda Edone, spokesman for Coppin State College Students for Academic Change, states, "Our English courses are not geared for writing a 500 word essay." This was given as one reason for students boycotting an English examination on March 10.

Is any English course geared to meet such a narrowly specified goal?

To me, the purpose of a college education is to help students meet definite requirements in the acquisition of academic knowledge. A time-honored method is attending classes and serious study.

Could it be that present day Coppinites are not attending classes and doing their homework to the extent that they fear to take the test?

I am a graduate of the Coppin 1937 (then Normal School) class. I surveyed a number of my classmates about the test requirement under protest. All were in agreement that as seniors, we would have passed this test, even upon short notice. Unanimously, they stated that such a situation would have been accepted as a challenge, not as a reason for a demonstration.

We call the attention of present day Coppinites to our English "department," Mrs. Jeannette Boyer Shamwell, now retired.

This fine instructor set high standards in our use of both spoken and written English. Five-hundred wordessays were to us no cause for alarm.

Mrs. Shamwell prodded us on to excellence, and brooked no nonsense in or out of the classroom, and lowered no standards. Stiff courses at Coppin left no time for demonstrations. The work was geared to hone our minds to coping with the hard and demanding realities of life as a teacher, and life in general.

In our Coppin years, this unaccredited school was located "over the railroad tracks," on the third floor of School No. 132, on Mount Street and near Riggs Ave. Our limited facilities were a pitiful contrast to the lush, expansive Coppin campus on the hill at 2500 W. North Ave., with its impressive buildings, up to date equipment and appointments, numerous programs and ample student financial aid.

Our most valuable asset was the illustrious leadership of the Dr. Miles W. Connor, and a small, dedicated and competent faculty who earned our respect and love.

No, Miss Edone, Coppin did not prepare us merely to pass tests. The record will show, however, that all 42 graduates of the Coppin Class of 1937 passed the Teachers Professional Examination with high scores and in competition with graduates from the fully accredited Towson Normal School. With our diplomas, (no degrees were awarded) we went on to other schools and served well in the field of education and other lines of work.

With pride, we leave to present day Coppinites, a legacy of service and accomplishments, not protests.

MRS. LOUISE KERR HINES
Secretary, Coppin Class of 1937

Information for taxpayers

Good recordkeeping helps avoid problems

For many people the most difficult part of taking care of taxes is keeping track of records of income and outgo that, when examined together, produce the correct tax liability.

Millions start off the year with great recordkeeping intentions only to realize at year's end that those countless bits and pieces of important papers are scattered all over the house or office.

The thought of trying to find them all, much less put them in some kind of order, can reduce the most determined taxpayer to a procrastinator.

Accuracy

The Internal Revenue Service doesn't require any particular type of record system — as long as the system accurately reflects your situation.

They do, however, offer some record - keeping insights and those could save you money and frustration come tax time.

For example, good records might indicate it's to your advantage to itemize deductions on your return.

Deductible expenses in this area include certain dental and medical bills, charitable contributions, interest payments, local and state taxes and miscellaneous expenses such as union dues or uniform maintenance.

Good records will show exactly how much you spent, eliminating guesswork that can cost you money, either at the time you file or later, in the event of an IRS audit.

The IRS continually advises that the individual who keeps good records is not apt to overlook deductions to which he or she is entitled.

Businesspersons

For the person involved in a trade or business, permanent records must be kept to verify several areas of the tax return.

The records must show income, deductions and credits; inventories, employees' names, addresses and social security numbers and the sale of items subject to federal excise taxes.

Again, these records can be elaborate or simple, as long as they are accurate. Remember, they also can help pinpoint deductible items or be used to focus on certain business problem areas or requirements.

Regardless of the type of records you choose, a little planning and organization can help immensely.

Shoebox file

One suggestion: start each year off with a large manila envelope or shoe box with the word TAXES and the year on it. Keep it handy and file the records and receipts that you think might be valuable.

You may not need all these records and receipts at tax time but at least you'll have them all in one place. It's easier to weed out the unnecessary records than to go scout up the necessary ones from 17 different nesting places.

Regardless of how complete your records are, the question will arise as to how long they need to be kept.

Some taxpayers dump the whole load on April 16; at the other extreme is the individual who can go to the closet and drag out receipts from 1959.

For most purposes it is only necessary to hang onto the records used to prepare an income tax return for three years from the due date of the return, or two years after the actual filing date, whichever is later. If you are going to be audited, this is the period which will generally be examined.

As with everything else, there are exceptions. For example, to income average, you will need your tax records from the previous four years to establish eligibility.

And records pertaining to a home or other real estate should be kept for as long as you own the property. Once you sell it, you'll need to know exactly how much you paid for it and the costs of any improvements made over the years.

Free booklets

Although the IRS doesn't specify any particular type of record-keeping system, it does have a couple of booklets that can help you in setting up a dependable system of your own.

Individual taxpayers can ask for a free copy of Publication 552, "Record - keeping Requirements and a Guide to Tax Publications."

Businesses, particularly small businesses, may find something of interest in Publication 583 "Recordkeeping for a Small Business." This booklet also is free and both can be ordered by mail using the handy order blank in your tax package.

If you do order them, you can start your recordkeeping with a notation that you spent 45 cents on postage to get them. It's deductible.

Money Matters

Real estate

Do you have a second home — a vacation cottage, perhaps? Interest and real estate taxes are always deductible, and if you rent out the place you may also be able to take deductions for depreciation, maintenance, advertising, and other rental expenses, depending on the extent of your personal usage and the rental income involved.

The deductions for interest paid are not limited to interest on your mortgage. Time payment purchases of such big - ticket items as a car or a boat can also give important interest deductions. The same for bank loans, charge accounts and credit cards.

Also, do not overlook back taxes you may have paid during the year. If they were federal taxes, the interest is deductible (but not the penalty). If they were state or local taxes, the interest is deductible (but not the penalty). If they were state or local taxes, the whole bill can usually be deducted.