Baltimore Afro-American
OPINION
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Trash Collection

Beginning Oct. 1, 1982 residential trash will be collected only once a week, according to the Department of Public Works.

This reduction in trash collection days was necessitated by the severe budget crunch, says the DPW director, thus a six-month program of reduction will be tried.

According to present plans, the once-a-week collections will be in force for six months. Beginning Friday, April 1, 1983, the present schedule will be in operation.

We can easily understand the concerns of trying to make the budget work, and the cutback of services. But the question arises as to whether or not the city fathers are aware of the possible impact in the inner city.

With one-a-week collections, there necessarily will be more trash put out on that one collection day. In the interim, trash and garbage must be stored.

It is futile to expect that the preponderance of city dwellers will have the energies or wherewithal to acquire proper containers which defy rodents.

The possibility of a sharp increase in the rodent population can be expected, since the major deterrent is the insure the food supply for rats disappears.

While street sweeping and alley cleaning is supposed to continue during the six-month cutback, these services too have been reduced making it more probable that vermin and rodents get a firmer toehold.

The program is "set in cement" at this point in time, but not for the future. If no one protests, then we will continue to have an immaculate inner harbor and a rodent-infested inner city.

The cutback of services goes against the grain when news of city bailouts of entrepeneurs who plan to build in many regions of the city amount to millions of taxpayers dollars.

When teachers face RIFs (reductions in force) and services are being curtailed, the citizens don't want or need word about glorification of the Convention Center and its environs.

Beware of dividers and conquerors

By Gordon W. Crane
A Commentary

Those of us who try to think seriously about how national, state and local issues affect black Americans are beginning to feel a growing sense of disgust and anger over developments in the race for State's Attorney for Baltimore.

By now, of course, the basic details are well known.

Kurt Schmoke is challenging incumbent William Swisher.

Swisher is completing his second four-year term after unseating Milton B. Allen in a campaign of fear tactics, racist rhetoric, and phony exhibitions of non-existent concern about crime.

Swisher's direction of the prosecutor's office has been a mere reflection of the tactics he used to win it — tough talk against crime, but no action; racist hiring policies, and plea bargaining with violent criminals.

People such as chief Public Defender Allen H. Murrell, consistently have accused Swisher of being incompetent, dishonest, and a manipulator of statistics designed to conceal the incompetence of his assistants in the courtroom.

Swisher's intellectual background is, at best, mediocre. As to his claims of being a seasoned and effective prosecutor, the record shows he has not prosecuted a single case during his eight-year tenure.

Further, those of us who covered the Criminal Court system in the 1960s, readily recall the occasion when Criminal Court judges ordered then State's Attorneys William J. O'Donnell, Saul Harris, and Charles Moylan, Jr., not to send certain assistants into their courtrooms to prosecute cases because they were grossly incompetent.

William Swisher was one of those assistants who was banished from the actual trial of serious criminal cases.

Kurt Schmoke, on the other hand, holds intellectual credentials which are nothing short of brilliant. He is a Rhodes Scholar, having received his training at three of the most prestigious institutions of higher learning in the world — Yale, Harvard, and Oxford Universities.

By the admission of his peers, Schmoke is a brilliant lawyer who compiled an impressive track record as a Federal prosecutor, having successfully prosecuted major drug, bank robbery, kidnapping, and other major federal felonies.

The former City College all-star quarterback also is a former Presidential assistant and member of one of the major law firms on the East Coast.

Thus, it is painfully obvious that when you compare the intellectual proficiency and the experience of the two contestants, there is no comparison.

For intelligent voters, the choice is crystal clear.

There is, however, one hang-up. Schmoke is black.

To the surprise of no one, of course, white voters have historically failed to vote in mass for black candidates, impeccable qualifications notwithstanding.

Reality compels us to concede this will not change in the upcoming September 14th primary.

What angers and disgusts those of us who have struggled long and hard for political, economic and social justice, are consistent reports that many black political leaders in Baltimore merely are giving lip-service to Schmoke's campaign.

The latest such diatribe was contained in a column in the NEWS AMERICAN, Tuesday, July 22, authored by Frank DeFilippo.

For the benefit of those who do not know him. DeFelippo is the former chief of staff of the Marvin Mandel administration and a veteran journalist.

DeFilippo contends some black politicians — specifically members of the Mitchell and Murphy families (Sen. Clarence M. Mitchell III, Congressman Parren J. Mitchell, City Councilman Michael B. Mitchell, and Supreme Bench Judge William H. Murphy Jr.) really do not want Schmoke to win.

Park Sausage President Raymond V. Haysbert, City Council vice president Clarence (Du) Burns, and businessman William "Little Willie" Adams were other names mentioned among those allegedly unenthused by the Schmoke candidacy.

The reason cited by DeFilippo for this alleged tendency to give lip service to the Rhodes Scholar's campaign and nothing else. is astounding.

The above named individuals and their followers allegedly do not want to give Kurt a let up in the individual future contest to choose the first black mayor of Baltimore.

Having personal knowledge of DeFilippo's political savvy and his reputation as a journalist of integrity, my most immediate reaction to the column was to call for an all-out war against those political leaders, by black Baltimoreans.

Aware of the danger of impulsive reaction, however, I decided to first check with Larry S. Gibson, the University of Maryland Law School professor, who is conducting the Schmoke campaign.

His reaction was reassuring. "Kurt Schmoke has received early and continuous support from the Mitchell and Murphy families. The earliest and strongest endorsements for his candidacy came from Michael and Clarence Mitchell, who immediately decorated their Druid Hill Office with Schmoke campaign placards.

"Councilman Mitchell and his family have raised campaign funds for Kurt and early in the campaign Congressman Mitchell devoted an entire week campaigning with Kurt," Gibson said.

As to the alleged coolness of the

(Continued on Page 26)

MADELINE MURPHY

For dog lovers only

This week, I just want to write about my dog, King.

One cold dark night, about two weeks before last Christmas, there was a knock on the back door. I looked out and saw this huge box, wiggling and emitting yelping sounds, with a note attached: "Lady can you give this nice colored dog a home?"

My heart sank. "Oh, no, not again!"

I already had a dog. A spoiled, ugly, jealous poodle, another gift from a son, who 10 years ago could not bear to part with him, when he left his summer apartment.

It had been his first summer while at college, that he had fended for himself. The same summer he had shaved off all of his hair — a clear signal of rebellion and independence. He said he did it to keep the ticks out of his hair while he worked for a landscape gardener — but I knew better.

But that is another story.

Yet it is not, since Noodles, the poodle, had been a constant annoying reminder. One daughter would say from time to time as she looked at him suspiciously, "that's (emphasis on 'that's') definitely not a poodle? I don't believe it's a poodle. It doesn't look like a poodle."

But Noodles passed for a poodle anyway, with occasional clipping and grooming as befitted his borrowed station in life!

So here I was again putting on a happy face for the benefit of those obviously self-satisfied grandchildren with this "unique" Christmas gift. He was so small, shivering and frightened, however, that I just had to pick him up and nuzzle him under my chin. From that moment, I was hooked!

He was a German shepherd pup all of 12 inches long and five inches high. Just eight weeks old. Nice and cuddly — but not for long.

Back I went to papers on the floor, penning him up, whacking him occasionally for some mischeivous indiscretion — like always chewing up my left slipper.

Buying collars that mysteriously shrank, for he was growing by leaps and bounds. Replacing the chains his strength had ripped apart and out of the ground. But I am ahead of myself.

During the Christmas holidays, everyone came home. So what with the cooking and Christmas trash, I had another baby on my hands. He took to whining and crying if he was tied; or if he was hungry; or lonely; or missed his mother; or over excited with all the people and children around; or just plain jealous.

I tell you, my resolve waned a bit during that hectic week and I was ready to give him back.

Needle sharp teeth would sink in without provocation. He would chase our cat, Morris; yelp when he got scratched. But he still does it. He just wants a playmate and Morris will have none of it.

Noodles became more obstreperous as time wore on, snarling at King, snapping and even biting me, quite disagreeable — I should say more so — until we had to get rid of him.

As King grew, he discovered the snow and ate snow flakes that mysteriously disappeared or formed mounds he would bury his nose in while he scooted along.

He learned fast about the dog, Brownie, next door, a mixed breed shepherd, who would race him back and forth along the fence, soon getting bored and obviously too old for childish games and the strenuous pace King set for him.

Whenever I would say "Go find Brownie," King would bound to the end of the yard, searching for him, whimpering, for he had not learned yet how to bark. But when he did, his bark was the bassest of bass and quite threatening.

Always hungry, he polishes off 25 lbs. of Puppy Chow in three weeks, plus Morris's food. It has become quite clear his appetite will continue as he lengthens and heightens — he already looks like a miniature colt...absolutely another "mouth to feed." And with huge strong white teeth finally in, he looks as a friend says, "quite ferocious."

Before I got King, I used to watch Barbara Woodhouse, that gruff funny English dog trainer on PBS. So I had learned to use a few phrases and pet him gently to calm him down.

"What a good dog," I'd whisper and he would cock his head to one side, one ear straight, the other limp, trying to figure out what I was saying. Now he has to hear it at least once a day, or he worries me to death.

It seemed forever before we could dispense with the papers on the floor or in his pen, but as I look back, he was completely housebroken by February.

It was a little after that when his ears became erect; his tail began to bush; his handsome face and body filled out. He poses from time to time like Rin Tin Tin. Oh, he knows he is a good looking dog all right.

Walking him, trying to train him, letting him in and out, has greatly increased the exercise I sorely needed and I feel better for it.

And with the children gone or going he has fulfilled the motherly instinct that has lain dormant for all these years.

There really is nothing like a dog anyway to fill the lonely moments, to talk to, to be gratified when he responds and seems to understand your every mood, word and deed. When I cook, he lies at my feet. But when I nap, just like a child, he worries me, paws me, until I open my eyes.

Even now at three feet long and two feet high and still growing, he thinks he is a lap dog and craves affection.

Some would say he is spoiled rotten.

I say, he is loved, for indeed he is by both of us.

And he gives love in return. You just know he does when he perks up his ears, gives you that soulful look and sighs as he lies facing you. lies facing you.

So run out and get a dog if you do not have one. You will never regret it, especially if he is a great intelligent dog like King.

Oh, how I love that dog!

And if it were not for grandchildren who instinctively knew what I needed for Christmas, I do not know what I would do!

PARREN J. MITCHELL

Extortion? Blackmail?

On Feb. 4, 1982, representatives of labor and management of the Sparrows Point Shipyards met with the Maryland Congressional Delegation to plead for assistance in getting federal naval contracts.

The representatives from the shipyard said it succintly, "We just can't work people if we don't have any orders."

On Friday, March 30, Secretary of the Navy John F. Lehman, members of the Maryland Congressional Delegation, and representatives of management and labor met at Sparrows Point Shipyards.

During the course of the meeting, the Secretary of the Navy made it clear the shipyard will not get contracts unless the Maryland legislators would support Reagan's request for a 600 ship fleet.

That was and is political blackmail.

To make matters worse, during the course of debate on the Department of Defense (D.O.D.) Authorization Bill, representatives of the unions visited my Washington office; two of them said specifically that Secretary Lehman had made it clear that, unless all members of the Maryland Delegation voted for the Defense Authorization Bill, the Shipyard would not get any contracts.

That was and is extortion.

I was so infuriated I was forced to make the following statement during the debate on the D.O.D. Authorization.

"Bethlehem Steel shipyards, right outside the city of Baltimore, normally employs about 3,000 people. The work force is now reduced to 700.

"We had a meeting with the Maryland congressional delegation and Mr. Lehman at Bethlehem Steel, and during the course of that conversation, he pointed out the shipyard had not been getting contracts for many years for many reasons, but that he would look into them.

"Subsequent thereto, representatives of management and of the unions have approached me, and I assume that they have approached other Members of the Maryland delegation — I do not know this — saying that the word has come down that unless the entire Maryland delegation votes for the D.O.D. Authorization Bill, there will be no contracts.

"If there is one scintilla of truth in this, if there is the slightest miniscule element of truth in this, then this is the most despicable kind of behavior that can be found in government.

"We do not operate a government by extortion. We do not operate a government by blackmail. I would hope that the Armed Services Committee would look into these very, very serious allegations that are being brought to me by both management and by the unions.

"The allegations are that if any single Member of the Maryland delegation fails to vote for this bill, then it is guaranteed that there would be no contracts coming to the shipyard at Bethlehem Steel."

I may have made some concessions on the Naval Authorization, but, to attempt to force me (and others) to vote for the entire D.O.D. Authorization Bill was despicable.

I would be voting for a waste of money because the Authorization included:

(1) funds for the B-1 bomber which will cost $400 million dollars a copy and will be obsolete in two years.

(2) funds for the MX missile even though the Reagan Administration has not chosen a permanent basing system for the missile; and

(3) funds for the Pershing II missile which will make arms reduction more difficult and which, by the way, was destroyed last week again in a test flight, because of "faults in the weapon."

The answer to our local shipyard problem is in the building of a strong merchant marine fleet, but the Reagan Administration has already destroyed the incentive for a revival of merchant marine construction.

It is incalculably cruel to use the unemployed, desperate shipyard workers as pawns in a game of political blackmail and political extortion. How low can you get?

New book focuses on jazz musicians

By Kip Branch

After reading jazz drummer Arthur Taylor's new book, "Notes and Tones," it becomes even more obvious Taylor's prime intention is to let jazz musicians speak for themselves and for the record about both their colleagues and about themselves.

It also becomes obvious Taylor's prose has two other aims: to invite not only the jazz affectionado, but the layman as well into the world of the jazz musician, and to once again shed light on the inner workings of the industry and the musician's mind.

Taylor does both things, and he accomplishes them in what can only be called, by virtue of some of the remarks the musicians make not only about themselves but about other musicians and club owners as well, a gallant way.

Some of the musician's comments are kind and gentle and some are harsh and acid. And both are important.

If we hold the words to be true, that jazz is the only REAL American art form, then the words of singer Betty Carter have added meaning — and will perhaps provide incentive, too — for those youhger singers, and some of the older ones also, who still are singing jazz.

"After me, there are no more jazz singers. What I mean is that there's nobody scaring me to death. No young woman is giving me any trouble when it comes to singing jazz," Ms. Carter said.

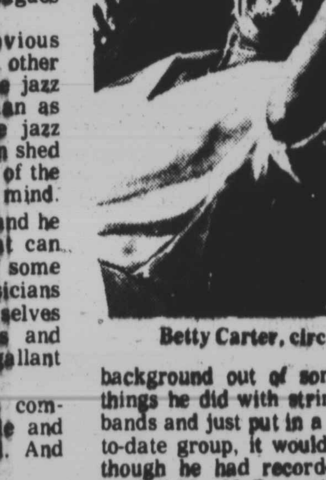
"I'm not even worried about it, and that's a shame. It's sad that there's nobody stepping on my heels so I can look back and say, I better get myself together because this little girl is singing her thing off!" She said.

Like the painter or the sculptor, the jazz musician has a voice, a language that belongs to him, and it is this voice that rings out loud and clear in "Notes and Tones."

It also is the first time, perhaps, since Leonard Feather's "From Satchmo to Miles," which was published a decade ago, so many jazz musicians have spoken so openly and candidly about the fallen heroes — Charlie Parker, Bille Holiday, Theolonius Monk and John Coltrane.

Said singer Carmen McRae, "Yard (Charlie Parker) was without a doubt my very favorite musician of all time. My favorite musician now is Dizzy (Gillespie). But Yard, I still hear things of his today that are so phenomenal I don't believe it.

"If they could take the background out of some of the things he did with strings or big bands and just put in a really up-to-date group, it would sound as though he had recorded it last week," Ms. McRae said.



Betty Carter, circa 1962

Drummer Max Roach commenting on his relationship with Bud Powell and Charlie Parker said, "Charlie Parker and Bud Powell played a major part in my development. Also Theolonious Monk and Miles Davis.

"I have been very fortunate to have been associated with men who were not only fine musicians and artists in the black musical idiom, but also very kind people who gave willingly and generously of their knowledge," Roach said.

While "Notes and Tones" provides for some interesting reading, it also provides for the reader a look at an industry which is in large part still controlled by whites.

Listen to the voice of the generally-quiet saxaphonist Ornette Coleman.

"My consciousness of myself as a black man makes me realize that unless I can be integrated into white society and its values, I can't achieve the wealth they have created. They have created a society where any unknown white person can put something on the market and become successful.

"I don't see why a black person can't do that. They have to control what you do first, then give it to you like welfare," Coleman said.

Comments bassist Richard Davis, "Black music belongs to a particular environmental culture, and nobody can develop it except black people. Only black people can be innovators of new styles, like Coltrane, who was the last innovator to take a completely different direction.

"I think our music reflects black society and everything else is a copy. It's a drag that black music hasn't been successful commercially.

"You hardly ever hear of any real black music being a moneymaker. I think black music is a better term to use than jazz, because Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield represent black music too, and they have been more successful financially than jazz," Davis said.

Throughout "Notes and Tones" echoes the voices of the men and women who have made, and continue to make, the music resound. It is a record of their struggles told in a number of contexts: sociological, political, economic and, of course, racial.

And it is about idealism, the protoplasmic stuff that makes an artist exemplified in dialogue between author-drummer Taylor and singer Leon Thomas.

Taylor: Do you think the black man will ever have the same rights as the white man in America?

Thomas: Yes! Oh yes!

Taylor: In our lifetime?

Thomas: Well, in one man's lifetime it will be. Nature has a way of always straightening things out whenever things are too unbalanced.

Taylor: They've been unbalanced all the time I've been out here.

Thomas: Yeah, but that's a short ti... the black man has suffered long time.

Taylor: It seems like fifty lifetimes to me.

Thomas: Yeah, it is, because you embody the pain of your ancestors, their hopes and their dreams. That's why you're keeping on; you're carrying the battle.

Like "Drylongso," a book of narratives of black people from all over the country, "Notes and Tones" is a book of narratives of jazz musicians, an unraveling of the motivations and responsibilities of the jazz musician about his life and his art: a dialogue that tells of his responsibility to his music, to his society, and to himself.

"Notes and Tones" serves up for the reader a palatable fare of music and inspiration. It is a confessional of importance that reflects America's musical past and provides a literary cushion for the polyrhmic nature that is sure to mark the future.

The 39th — Is this your district?

All voting districts in the state of Maryland have been reapportioned according to new population statistics. This means your former precinct, legislative district and councilmanic districts may have been changed.

This is the second in a series of articles where the AFRO is taking the city's new districts and showing graphically the new boundaries, so the voters will know whether they are correctly registered and who the candidates of elected offices are in the new districts.

The 39th legislative district reaches into the city's southwest. touching Otterbein, Ridgely's Delight as well as predominately black areas as Johnston Square, Sandtown - Winchester and Franklin Square.

Study the map on this page. If you live between these streets, this is your district and these are the people who are trying to become your elected representatives in Annapolis.

Candidates for the district's senatorial seats are incumbent Sen. Clarence Mitchell III, who is running as a Democrat and Leana B. Thomas, who is running as a Republican.

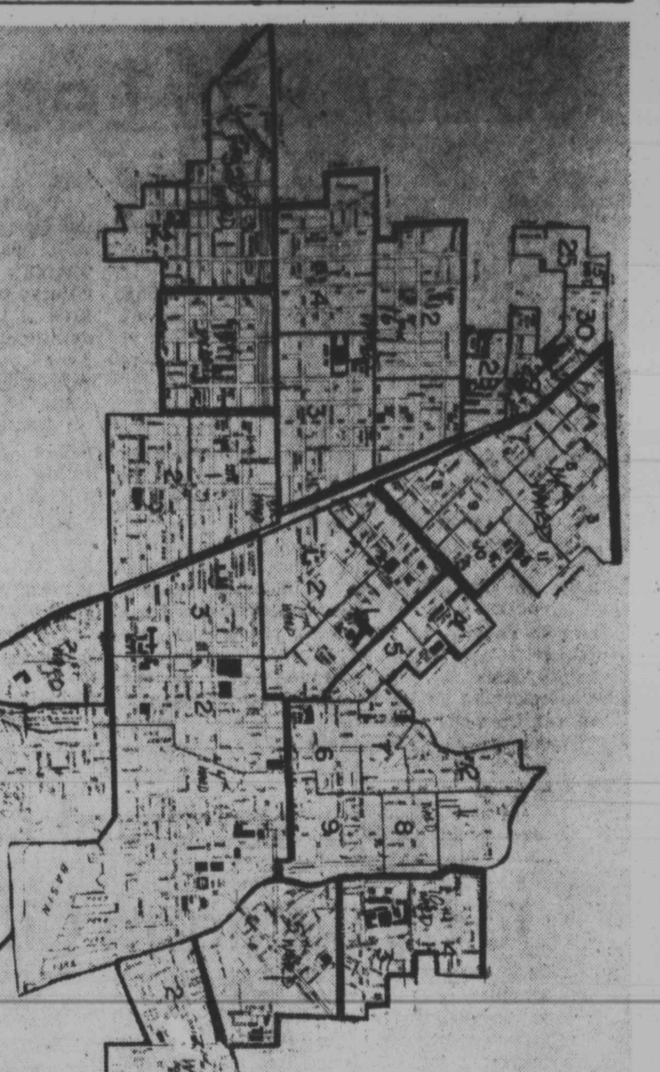
Seeking re-election to the House of Delegates is incumbent Del. Larry Young, he and the other candidates seeking the three 39th district House seats are Democrats.

House hopefuls are Ruth M. Kirk, Irvin Conway, Patrick O. Lansey, Roberta Adams Gaines, Anthony J. Ambridge, Patriscya E. Duncan, William B. Marker, Elijah E. Cummings, Isaiah Dixon Jr., who was elected as a delegate from the 38th district last election; Rodney A. Orange, Sarah J. Taylor and Michael Valentine.

The Central Committees of Maryland, Democratic and Republican, make policy decisions for their respective parties in the state.

Candidates for the Democratic State Central Committee are Arlene B. Fisher, Clarence M. Mitchell IV, John D. Jefferies, Sterling A. Paige, Isiah Dixon Jr., Michael Scales, Ronald M. Kropp and Carlton C. Douglas.

Candidates for the Republican State Central Committee are John Cornelius Clauss Jr., Madie E. Mitchell, Martha A. Riley, Evelyn C. Curtis, John Fulton, Christopher G. Griffin, B.T. Miller-Rulon and Cyrus O. Carter.

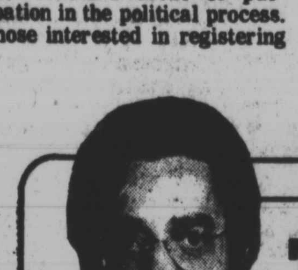


It takes only a few minutes to register

It takes only five minutes to register to vote. Several organizations in Baltimore City are interested in registering voters in hopes of increasing black citizen's level of participation in the political process.

Those interested in registering can call the Board of Supervisors of Elections, the corner of Gay and Fayette Sts., 396-5550, to learn if they still are on the voting rolls, have been redistricted, or to notify the board of a change of address.

Among the organizations registering voters in the city are the NAACP, call 366-3300 for more information; the Baltimore Welfare Rights Organization, at 342,1878; or radio station WEBB, at 566-9200.



Tony Brown's Comments

The move against black colleges is real

It was a very telling experience to read Earl Caldwell's column in the New York Daily News.

Caldwell, a black writer who has resisted governmental interference and racial injustice, has always been on the right side of the struggle, perhaps, until now.

In his column, he lambasted the NAACP for "pursuing in the federal courts" what has "become the tragedy of the movement," i.e., halting Jack Greenberg's NAACP Legal Defense Fund from using the NAACP's initials.

Money, or the NAACP's jealousy over not raising money, is the core, Caldwell concludes, along with the "hidden issue of race" — Jack Greenberg and the dominance of White people at the LDF.

Because the charges are without merit and because Caldwell has not done his research, the NAACP is unfairly, and inaccurately, castigated. The tragedy of the civil rights movement might be more accurately defined as the kind of ignorance of contemporary history that led Caldwell, like so many uninformed people, to think and write, "It (LDF)...has as its achievements a log list of victories over segregation."

Perhaps Caldwell has never heard of the annual Black College Day, held the last Monday in every September. This annual demonstration of support for the nation's 111 black colleges was born out of resistance to the LDF's and the Carter Administration's HEW's legal assault on the survival of these institutions — in the name of desegregation. In effect, these policies forced Black colleges to become White, while White colleges remained White.

To educate the public as to the real threat — the LDF, in its role as plaintiff, and HEW as implementor of the nefarious "desegregation" plans — the Coalition For Black Colleges devised a quiz.

A few questions and answers from that exam might be helpful: 1. Should black public colleges receive funds only if they agree to eventually become an institution with a black minority? (No) 2. Is there a special mission for predominantly black colleges? (Yes) 3. Are predominantly black colleges perpetuating segregation? (No)

4. Has segregation come to mean black? (Yes) 5. As defined by HEW's desegregation plans, are whites segregated when a college is predominantly white? (No) 6. Is the record of white colleges better than black ones in educating blacks? (No)

7. Do blacks have a constitutional right to go to a predominantly black college if they freely choose to? (Yes)

"Integration must never mean the liquidation of black colleges. If America allows black colleges to die, it will be the worst kind of discrimination and denigration in history," said Dr. Benjamin Mays, president - emeritus of Morehouse College. Neither the LDF nor HEW could ever understand that statement or the fact that integration can take place with black majority.

Dr. Andrew Billingsley, president of Morgan State University in Baltimore, defending his school's right to exist, scolded those who — in the name of integration — are eliminating black colleges as we know them and black power in institutions of higher learning:

"They have a conception of integration...of desegregation...which requires a white majority and requires blacks always to be in the minority. They don't quite say this explicitly. But what they say is they want a non - racial system. They want a unitary system. They want to abolish the racial identifiability of institutions. The only way to do this is to either merge the black colleges with the larger white ones or to make the black colleges predominantly white."

"They" refers to Caldwell's civil rights super heroes — Jack Greenberg and Company. "We said to the judge — the judges in that Appeals court — that the LDF has not recognized the importance of black colleges or the special needs of black students," Dr. Billingsley said.

A lawyer writing in defense of the LDF said that I was wrong in my assumption that the black college presidents and the NAACP Legal Defense Fund were at cross - purposes. "Dr. Brown stated that the final question asked in his poll was, 'Do you agree with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund or the black college presidents' position on black colleges?'' . . . The fundamental fallacy underlying this question is the assertion that the black college presidents have taken a position with regard to the future of black colleges that differs from the LDF position."

Dr. Billingsley responded: "We who are black college presidents have taken the view, therefore, that we are opposed to the action taken by the LDF. The poll the LDF accomplice referred to showed that 81 percent of the black leaders agreed with the black college presidents.

There are mountains of evidence — black college after black college fighting off this legal destruction - to prove that the so - called NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc. did not and does not represent the basic interests of African - Americans.

The fact that it is dominated by black - community outsiders — is probably the reason why.

Tony Brown's Journal, the television series, can be seen on public television Saturdays, on Channels 22 and 67 at 6:30 p.m. Please consult listings.

ELIZABETH M. OLIVER

For all we know

The Devil in church debate due Sunday

By Elizabeth M. Oliver
City Editor

THE DEVIL isn't sitting in the church pews nor is he on the mourners' bench. He's in the pulpit.

Making the above declaration in Staunton Smith Perkins, a Rocky Mount, NC author, who has blown the whistle on preachers in general who, he claims, have caused the church to be the "biggest rip-off of black citizens in history."

NEVER have we received sooooo much feed-back to date as we got from our first article in For All We Know.

We understand from Channel 13 authorities that this Sunday, Aug. 1 City Line program at 1 p.m. when Mr. Perkins appears live, that the commotion over the author's "Satan in the Pulpit" book indicates that "things will get rather hot on the air."

PRODUCER REGGIE WRIGHT has announced that Rev. Dr. Olin P. Moyd will defend the church and further help burn up the cables and wires and might even scorch your set at home.

WHAT WORRIES US is that many persons who called the AFRO agreed with Author Perkins, each and every one, from choir members to deacons, but, they said, "We don't want to be quoted."

A LADY WRITER who tells us she will have her book ready soon for us to review in this column, says she has just as much to say (like Mr. Perkins) and MORE - including Satan in the pulpit and the congregation as well. (Oh, heavens)

HOWEVER, we have not heard of any local clergymen offering to turn in the Mercedes nor move out of that plush suburban home.

MR. PERKINS has sold over 20,000 of his books and is jammed with speaking engagements all over the USA.

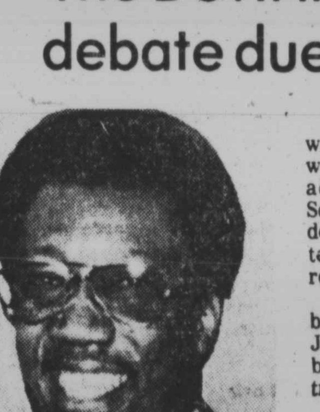
His plan to rid the church of the wicked, bad old Devil and benefit the community instead, will be revealed on the TV Sunday.

ACCUSED of writing about the Devil in church "just to make money," Mr. Perkins responds that if it were true, he would charge $12 for his book rather than the little $3.98 it is selling for.

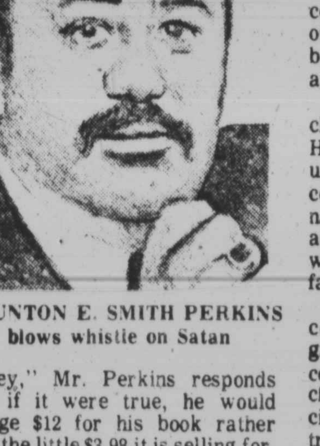
His assertions are backed up by plenty statistics showing that his statements are not just idle talk. A successful businessman and owner of a few corporations, Mr. Perkins is highly praised everywhere.

Dr. Olin P. Moyd, also an author, is well qualified to defend the church. You won't want to miss this debate at 1 p.m. Sunday, Channel 13.

IF YOU want to join the battle-royal, call Channel 13. Ask for Producer Reggie Wright who also has other hot items coming on City Line in August.



DR. OLIN P. MOYD
defends the church



STAUNTON E. SMITH PERKINS
blows whistle on Satan

HOT AND HUMID and filled with bugs and insects. That's what August is scheduled to be, according to the Almanac. Sooooo, if you're tired of near 100 degree weather, get used to it as temperatures broil over the record.

AUGUST has Leo, the Lion birthdays and those born between July 23 and Aug. 22 shall be blessed with the Sun and Mercury traveling through their 8th House

EVERYTHING seems to be hunky-dory in your world, the forecast says. Amazing affection, romance, new vistas open. Go forth with confidence on the 9th — the full moon — and you will help yourself while aiding others.

THE POET SAYS, "Return not home in August. The fields will be dry and dust will be over all."

NEVERTHELESS, August vacations find many Baltimoreans returning to the place of their birth for homecomings in lovely, ancient churchyards.

THAT OLD long-tail red Devil could hardly be there in the pulpit of the frame white board little building with the graves of long ago members in the yard.

I KNOW OF MANY SUCH rural churches across America where Home-Coming dinners are served under the trees and little kids, cousins from every state in the nation, scamper and play. The adults fill the air with singing and warm greetings for relatives from far away.

THE CHICKEN and dumplings, corn pudding, mixed garden greens, chops, roasts, blackberry cobblers and steaks fixed by the church ladies can't be beat in any city diner. The tables under the trees are filled with good food harvested from country gardens.

THIS YEAR has bumper crops of vegetables, melons and fruit and even the chickens have laid special, bigger eggs in the country.

Late summer flowers in tubs of water decorate the altar in a brilliant array and honeysuckle sends out the kind of fragrance you'll never forget.

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, you will return home in August and enjoy an occasion that will enrich your life all winter.

HAPPY vacation and a joyful August to you.

The African-American is culturally deprived

By Yahya B. A. Muhammad

In my opinion, we have allowed ourselves to be lulled into becoming culturally deprived by giving in to high sensationalism.

This is not to say all of the African-American people have succumbed to it.

There was a time when we thought a lot of our heritage, we did a lot to preserve our culture, we worked actively at cultivating our intellectual development, we worked to improve our mental and physical training, education and refinement. This was, to us, a positive and progressive way of life.

Many of us resisted the opportunity to go to caucasian schools of higher education because we did not want to become what we perceived them to be, once they achieved certain levels of knowledge, that was "free lovers," people who were only interested in satisfying the sensual appetites.

To use another phrase, we perceived them as having homosexual tendencies that were made manifest with the level of education and the surroundings they found themselves in.

We wanted no part of that, however, we have allowed ourselves to fall victim to the very things that we fought so hard to prevent in the past.

All we need do to realize this fact is to look at the way we dress now and compare it to the way we dressed in years gone by.

We used to dress for modesty (especially our women), comfort and protection against the elements, we also purchased clothing that was durable because we knew well money was hard to come by and had to be stretched a long way.

When we look at out situation today, we find that we have fallen to the role of the ridiculous, in the winter months we act as if we are pampered peacocks.

It is nothing to find our men wearing mink coats, with hat and shoes to match, riding in expensive Cadillacs, Mercedes Benz, wearing large diamond rings and other trappings too numerous to mention — all at the expense of proper education for our children. And the women are much the same.

When summer arrives, we find we have stooped to the level of the beast. We think nothing of disrobing for the public view.

Our women started off many years ago with the peddle pusher — which caused no problem. Now they have been reduced to letting it all hang out.

It is nothing to see married women, whose beauty and sex appeal should be directed towards their husband, that is, if they want to have a meaningful life, with so-called shorts on in the public which leaves nothing to the imagination.

They literally reveal their buttocks in the flesh. I use the term so-called shorts because they are, in reality, nothing but panties made from another type of cloth.

Many of our married men have been reduced to such low esteem and have allowed themselves to be relegated to such a low level that they, instead of helping the marriage partner by cautioning her in regards to her dress, will join her in her folly, in an attempt to feel more comfortable with the situation.

They strip off their clothing and put on the shortest pants they have in the closet, and if they do not have any, you will find them cutting off a pair of those $50 pants they just bought the past winter.

Beloved people, we are allowing ourselves to become culturally deprived and we have no excuse for it.

We can not say we are relieved from the heat when we strip our clothes off because it has been proven you are more comfortable when you cover yourself up with the proper color and weight of clothing.

We can get an example of that by observing the desert Arab, with temperatures much higher than we experience here in the states, you will find them covering up to protect themselves from the heat.

Think of the example we are creating for our children, who are coming after us, what they see us doing they do more of it is not inconceivable to expect to see our young girls and boys walking the public streets in the nude in the not too distant future.

There is a saying, "our children are our future." We expect them to be better than we are, in what? Are we paving the way for them to be better than us in moral excellence, intellectual development, education, refinement, or are we planning for them to succeed us as a laughing stock for humanity?

At this point in our struggle for human dignity and survival, we should look at ourselves as underdeveloped people.

How do the underdeveloped Nations handle their problems? They discipline themselves. They put leaders over them that have the strength to live a sensible life in terms of spending the wealth of their society.

They do not allow the leaders to waste the wealth of the nations. And the leaders would not allow the people to waste the wealth. They insist they live moderate, moral and virtuous lives.

Our whole life is determined by the kinds of things that are put into the atmosphere of emotionalism and sentiments. We think we have to respond to sentiments rather than respond to rational truth.

The human being in his natural make-up is a creature of sentiments and a creature of intelligence. The two are necessary to make up the human being. We are human beings, it has become necessary for us to regain our rightful role.

JUL