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PAGE 4 MAY 9, 1987

Mothers Day gift

Mothers Day is a holiday that is widely celebrated in this country with flowers and other gifts, festive dinners at restaurants and family tributes at home for the nurturers of life and frequently the best friend that sons and daughters ever have.

Mothers mean love especially in the black community where there is a historical pattern of attempts by the enemies of black progress to diminish or eliminate the role of the father.

Black mothers are legendary in their strength and sacrifice for the future — their children. Langston Hughes and others have immortalized the black mother in literature that remains ever fresh fifty years after it was written.

Many gifts will be given to mothers during this time, but two more precious than all the perfume and apparel and various other gifts come to mind. The greatest Mothers Day gift would be for the killing on our city streets to stop.

Far too many people on the threshold of a bright future are cut down by other young people who think guns are some magic solution to a problem. Mothers bear the brunt of the grief stemming from the slaughter of our young.

The second greatest gift would be for all the fathers who are able to but unwilling to support their children financially would do so. One of the most impoverished groups in America is single mothers with children.

The gifts outlined above are in the realm of possibility. The question is do we have the will and moral fiber to give them.

Letters

Craig Family: lynch victims?

After attending an evening, community meeting April 21, at the First Baptist Church in Columbia, Maryland, I am more convinced than ever that there is a terrible tragedy now being acted out in Howard County.

Mrs. Sandra Craig, a black lady, turned a small baby-sitting service into a half million dollar, state-of-the-art day care center. That achievement earned her the status of "uppity" in Howard County and aroused the jealousies of the less than successful ones of those who brought their children for Mrs. Craig's first-rate care.

Then the cereal hit the fan.

A campaigning politician, with the desperation of a thief and the ethics of a stray dog, inflamed the passions of a populace already aroused by the latest, vogue, national hysteria—child abuse—and had Mrs. Craig hauled into a lynching that had many of the trappings of an investigation and a trial.

However, to ensure that no real trial took place, great care was taken to exclude all blacks from the jury and to place one lone minority, a policeman's wife, on it.

During the proceedings, the star, child witness testified that Mrs. Craig stabbed her in the eyes with a crew driver, came to her house and stole all of her toys and buried her up to her neck. The child further testified that Mrs. Craig tortured her and the other children on the playground **in view of the center staff** by sticking them with thumb tacks. Then, she said, Mrs. Craig **touched** her here and there with a stick.

County "experts" suggested that the "touching" meant that Mrs. Craig rammed the stick into the child's vagina. Still another "expert" testified that children cannot be coached into telling lies about such matters. But given the present, sighted condition of the child and the absence of a neck-deep grave, one must wonder about the credibility of that "expert."

However, the "jury" found the lie "expert's" testimony decisively persuasive. Also persuasive for them was "expert" testimony that the star, child witness, an Oriental refugee, had scar tissue in her vagina, a discovery quite surprising to us all. Not even facetiously surprising was the "jury's" findings of guilty.

I won't quarrel with the "jury", however. That pack does not need to be further confused with such facts as the obvious one that savagery of the magnitude of which Mrs. Craig is charged would leave copious amounts of blood.

The publicly caring, adoptive "mother" made no mention of blood on the many times she returned her publicly much loved, adopted daughter to Mrs. Craig.

Could it be that this **publicly**, doting "parent" neither supervises her daughter's baths nor washes her clothing? Both the child and her "parents" admit the girl, even at her early age, is a notorious liar.

But facts are irrelevant in a lynching. Besides, it is obvious that the "jurors" (1) never were children, (2) never had children, (3) are bigots or (4) are among the hopelessly naive class among us.

I suspect one, two, and three. But if they really did believe the prosecution's flimsy case, I have this beautiful piece of oceanfront property in Boley, Oklahoma they can have cheap.

And as a reward for their public-spiritedness, I'll throw in all the ships that pass by for free.

Mrs. Craig is scheduled to endure eleven more of these high noon lynchings. Still no one pauses to ponder the possibility that if, just if abuse took place, it might have occurred in the children's homes.

After all, the star child witness, cowers in a corner at home, not at Mrs. Craig's Center. Moreover, **two years after the child stopped attending** Mrs. Craig's Center, an **independent** physician (unlike the county's hired doctor(?)) found the child's vagina **too infected** to check for scar tissue.

At any rate, I am sure that Mrs. Craig wishes by now that they would just complete their property grab and leave her in peace. No such luck.

Politicians like to **appear** clean when they commit such obscenities. It is imperative that she goes to prison for life so they can rob her with a writ.

Mrs. Craig's son, Jamal, a pre-teen when accused, is charged as an adult for the same "crimes" as his mother and will be tried by the same all-white (with one handpicked negro) jury pool. There were four prospective black jurors, but they were all peremptorily and preemptorily dismissed to avoid any semblance of a fair trial. After a defense protest and in the interest of "fairness," four white jurors were dismissed and four more white ones chosen.

With one conviction of Mrs. Craig, the sharks have smelled blood and Master Craig hasn't a prayer. He won't be questioned on closed-circuit television from the hospitable and inviting environs of the Judge's chambers as will be his slightly younger accusers.

Nor will they first play "patty cake" with him to get him into the proper, playful mood to testify in this cruel game that could mean the rest of his life behind bars. He will be examined in the hostile and intimidating environment of the witness stand.

You see, when a black child is offended, a black child is offended. When a white child is offended, God cries. As a young, black male, Jamal has even less chance for a fair trial than did his mother—none, zero, zip.

He is accused of sexually accosting a white girl. Historically, that has been the rough equivalent of fondling God in a familiar manner.

No evidence is necessary. No contrary testimony is admissible. No defense is possible.

This is a sad situation. Blacks over forty instinctively recognize it as a lynching and are grieved about it. So do honest whites. We are ashamed to have stood idly by while this travesty took shape.

Now we see that it is an occasion for both tears and action. We must help now. It will be at least ten years before maturing and conscience-striken witnesses recant.

Then the Craigs will be set free. The Governor will rush in and give them the equivalent of the price of a new suit, spending money sufficient for a night on the town and the promise of a **possible** entry-level job—if they can qualify.

Then we will be left with the lynchers to applaud the justice of it all and to rhapsodize that "only in America" can such "mistakes" be righted.

I am certain of the truth of the truism: "We must block their paths to the prison with our bodies (and our money), because if we allow them to take (the Craigs) this morning, they will return for us tonight."

My body is ready. Where do I send my money for the Craig's legal defense fund?

BENJAMIN SAJI

Kweisi Mfume

Pushing the right button

There's an amusing television commercial featuring a guileless poor soul standing perplexed before a jabbering television monitor. He is the embodiment of the classic Everyman who, unprepared, is thrown face to face with cold, impersonal technology.

All he wants to do is conduct some simple banking. But he pushes the wrong button beneath the screen and is subjected to a bombardment of irrelevant questions spewing from an emotionless face on the screen which moves from question to question without waiting for answers.

Whether it is trying to collect a worker's compensation claim or encouraging Air Force officials not to separate a military couple, it's easy to push the wrong button.

You start out not knowing where to begin and even with an educated guess the first telephone number is never the right one and you can be assured it will take at least four tries to land the right person before 4:30.

The search for answers may be filled with frustration, but the result is not always unsuccessful. As a matter of fact, I had to stand clear recently as one of my district caseworkers nearly did cartwheels over the successful conclusion of several cases she had been working on.

She was able to see results after numerous letters and telephone calls on behalf of worried constituents. Among the three offices, caseworkers field more than 300 inquiries a week. Some of those inquiries can be handled with one telephone call or by clarifying a misunderstanding.

But there are others that take considerably more time. You first have to identify who to call, then follow those calls with written correspondence. The cases build faster than the resolutions can come.

But sometimes, there is reason for celebration when, for example, a woman who was injured on the job and had been without real income for four years, is finally able to get a check in the mail.

In that case, the woman injured her shoulder in 1983 while performing her duties at work and filed a claim for Workmen's Compensation. She was kept on the payroll at her job though she received no pay.

Because she could no longer perform the same job tasks, she sought training for new skills. But here's the rub. Since she was still being carried on the payroll, she could not be allowed to get that training.

With the help of one of the district caseworkers, the Catch 22 circumstances were brought to the attention of the proper persons and this week she received her first compensation check.

Sometimes situations evolve because of unintentional bureaucratic insensitivity. Such was the case of a military couple whose new assignments would have stationed them apart from each other.

The military command was unwilling to keep them together because of a cost factor they were not fully able to explain. The couple offered to pay the cost, but their offer went unheeded. Then they contacted our district office.

In a letter filled with empathy and compassion the caseworker implored the military to reconsider its decision. Eventually, the command relented and a military couple gets to remain together in a joint spouse assignment.

The district caseworkers welcome the opportunity to act on behalf of constituents. After all, constituent needs is the chief reason for being.

We understand that in pursuing these needs, sometimes the indivdual has a legitimate concern but cannot be successful because of problems of miscommunicating.

That is where the caseworker comes in as a kind of ambassador for those interests. We welcome hearing from you. Locating the right button to push is what we are there for.

Bloodnotes

R. B. Jones

Love bites

Luther Vandross sings about love being so amazing and he's right, but my man Lou Rawls brought the truth down front when he talked about love being a hurting thing.

I remember the words from my youth so well. "For every little kiss there's a little teardrop... for every single thrill, there's another heartache."

Love indeed may be a hurting thing, but if my travels of the last week are any indication, it hurts much more to be without it. I stopped by one bar that is a notorious meat rack, on business of course, not to do any picking up, and was astonished to see the aggressiveness and hunger of some of the women in the bar.

Never have I seen nonprofessionals make such extended and unflinching eye contact. What was on their minds was very evident. What they were offering was sex in hopes of finding love after the body was satisfied.

They portrayed the hunter out to capture some fresh meat, but as the liquor flowed and the hour grew late the real feelings came out. One woman said, a little louder than pride might have allowed, that she is tired of sleeping alone.

Another chimed in an amen to that statement. A friend told me about another legendary pickup bar where women send men drinks, notes and visual enticements to men with such boldness that my friend shook his head in amazement.

I hear the complaints from so many attractive successful black women that they can't find a satisfactory man and so many of them end up enjoying whatever career success they have achieved alone.

One magnificent specimen of womanhood gave a long monologue about watching movies on her VCR under the covers alone in her wonderful home. Being primitive in my thinking, I assumed that this woman would have men beating down her door. Such is not the case for her and a lot of women who seem to have a lot going for them.

One talented and beautiful woman told me the other day that she will probably never get married because as she gets older it will be harder and harder to find a suitable mate. She later surmised that she would eventually have to take up with a married man for companionship.

These women have lived the American Dream and now find it is a lonely nightmare. One woman told me that if she had been told that the supposedly the best years of her life would be spent alone she never would have believed it.

Perhaps they are living in the past. Relationships are very seldom experienced the way that their grandparents experienced them. Society has changed so much that having a mate is much more difficult.

Many of these women I talk to say that the men on their success level are egotistical, self-centered and shallow in many instances. Of course this is exactly what some of the men on their level say about the women.

The women say that the men not on their educational or economic level have problems dealing with a woman who has more going for her than he has going for him.

Because they are caught in what they perceive to be a dilemma of major dimensions, many of them languish in a kind of limbo. Some, despite the great risk of AIDS, engage in casual liasons which may satisfy certain momentary urges, but are ultimately unsatisfying.

Some of these women become involved with married men, but that is often a tragic choice because if the woman wants him and he won't leave his wife she is sad. If he leaves his wife, the couple often finds that the fruit they have been consuming becomes rather tasteless when it is no longer forbidden.

They have always said it is lonely at the top and when I survey some of the emotional wreckage, I question if the strivers always know what they are striving for.

The turmoil in the relationships in the white community should have given us a clue to some of the negative aspects of adopting the go-getter value system. Why we always want to embrace a crumbling system is beyond me.

I sat in those clubs as well as sitting other places and listen to my educated successful sisters talk about their man troubles and the speech is very familiar. They want a sensitive, loving man who is well dressed, has the right consumer toys and is on his way to the end of the rainbow to collect.

Strange, they never seem to see that the values that make one successful in a viciously competitive capitalist system are antithetical for the most part to being sensitive, loving people.

What I tell my sisters to look for is the inner man. What does he value besides material posessions? If conspicuous consumption is the most important thing to a woman then she should amuse herself with her man who can provide her with these things and stop crying in her beer about not being loved.

If she wants to be loved primarily then she should find someone who first loves himself and also loves his people. Once she finds someone who is capable of loving then they can work on getting the consumer items.

Perhaps some of these successful women need to look at men who are not on their level, but have the character and the value system that is conducive to truly loving someone.

A trap baited with casual sex is more likely to capture a rat on the make than some shining prince of a man looking for commitment. Once I heard a magnificently dressed woman, beautiful and dripping gold jewelry, declare that she was going home with **somebody** tonight.

That was a call for help, not just a declaration of desire. Desire has a specific object, but people in trouble call out to anyone just as some people think that being mauled is the same thing as a love bite.

I think I'll stay away from bars for a while.

G. James Fleming

Stadium-jobs agreement

By G. James Fleming

"Too good to be true . . ."

That was the first reaction to a written agreement, guaranteeing jobs for blacks and other minorities, reached by the Maryland Legislative Black Caucus and the Maryland Stadium Authority — a historic and pace-setting agreement.

Hundreds of new jobs — perhaps thousands — will come about as a result of the legislature's passing of the bill authorizing construction, in Camden Yards, of twin stadiums — for baseball and football. Total cost: $235 million to $275 million.

There will be the demolition of old properties, the preparation of underground facilities, the actual construction, and the mountains of equipment. There will also be the concessions and the operation of the state-owned complex.

Before all of this, there will also be employment for attorneys, architects and engineers in different capacities. Early, in addition, an effort will be made "to establish training and apprenticeship programs . . . to familiarize and expose minorities to fulltime job opportunities within the authority and its operations," according to the agreement.

All these job openings — if this agreement is not sabotaged along the way — will be specifically filled with an eye to giving Maryland's blacks a slice of the stadium pie, call it "affirmative action" if you choose, although this term is not used anywhere in the agreement.

This meeting of minds is history-making and precedent-setting because the Black Legislative Caucus did not wait until the stadiums are being built to press forward for equal employment opportunities, or to picket and threaten boycott.

It did not wait until all the jobs were already filled, as has happened so often in the past.

This agreement has the approval, in writing, of Gov. William Donald Schaefer and was negotiated by Herbert J. Belgrad, chairman of the Maryland Stadium Authority, and Del. Howard P. Rawlings, chairman of a biracial Special Committee on Minority Business Enterprise Goals named by Sen. Decatur Trotter, chairman of the caucus.

* * *

The "goals" which the authority has adopted, are "easily . . . one of the best agreements ever achieved by the Black Caucus," to quote Sen. Trotter. An official summary, citing facts and figures, covers the following:

1. **Design and Professional Services** (Including architect, engineer and construction management services): 10-20 percent of such contracts to minorities, with a goal of not less than 15 percent to blacks.

2. **Demolition, Excavation and Construction:** 15-25 percent of such contracts to minorities, with a goal of not less than 15 percent to blacks.

3. **Authority Professional and Management Positions** (during operation phase): 10-20 percent of such positions to minorities, with a goal of not less than 10 percent to blacks.

4. **Service Contracts** (including concessions, parking, advertising, security, management, etc., during operational phase): 15-25 percent of such contracts to minorities, with a goal of not less than 15 percent to blacks.

5. **Non-Professional Employment** (pursuant to service contracts, above, during operational and maintenance phase): 50-60 percent of such employment to minorities, with a goal of not less than 50 percent to blacks.

6. **Legal Services** (in connection with all public or private bond offerings of authority bonds): Black Maryland law firms or law firms effecting significant participation of black Maryland lawyers, preferably to include independent black lawyers or law firms, to be included in such offerings.

To put icing on the pact, it also includes an advisory committee of both the Black Caucus and the Stadium Authority which will monitor the agreement.

As Del. Rawlings puts it, "The agreement sets forth specific goals and then provides a means of verifying the achievement of these goals."

* * *

With the blessings of the governor, the Maryland Stadium Authority and the Maryland Legislative Black Caucus have taken a giant step forward by this agreement.

It is now up to the black community, including the vocational schools, the churches, the Urban League and the NAACP to take an equal giant stride, by organizing the training, motivation and inspiration that will put hundreds — perhaps thousands — of the unemployed and under-employed into employment or more meaningful employment.

Max Johnson

Political Viewpoint

The official entry the past weekend of Del. Larry Young (D.-39) in the City Council presidential race hardly could have come unexpected to anybody with interest in the still shaping municipal election campaigns — but the step does give occasion for further interesting outlooks.

The Young candidacy, of course, was projected here in early February. It was obvious even before that.

Also, noted at the time was that he would quite likely be a running mate on the mayoral ticket of Kurt Schmoke, state's attorney.

That still stands here.

The Young ceremonial occasion did give rise, however, to a somewhat unexpected eye-opener.

Prominent among his well-wishers, was R. Clayton Mitchell, speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates.

Mitchell, it can be recalled, created quite a furor among Black Caucus General Assembly members and elements of the citizenry when he did not reappoint Young to chairmanship of the House's Environmental Committee.

Young, first of his race to head a standing committee in that body, was rather firmly given a post on another committee.

Maryland's new Gov. William Donald Schaefer, who picked Mitchell to head the House, was openly known, even long before that, not to have much liking for Young or Schmoke.

So, it could be somewhat speculatory as to why Mitchell, still a close friend of the governor, should prominently show at the Young Campaign entry.

Is Schaefer mellowing somewhat toward Young and Schmoke? Maybe so, maybe not.

If the governor is, then Mayor Clarence "Du" Burns' election campaign is in real trouble.

He needs the Schaefer green light and machinery pushing to see him victorious.

Maybe somebody is just hoping to get Young out of the General Assembly. if he loses, he has three more years to serve there in this current term.

Young is an outspoken crusader, one who generally gets wide supportive attention.

Now, however, projection here is the Schmoke-Young ticket will be made public officially in the not too distant future.

What remains there, should this projected ticket materialize, is the spot for comptroller.

Notable candidates currently are Hyman Pressman, incumbent who has held the post for many years, and Thomas J. S. Waxter, veteran city councilman (5th D.) who is leaving his council seat to try to oust Pressman.

This brings in focus again a runner-up in a previous city comptroller campaign —Del. John Douglass (45D.), a veteran Assembly member noted as an authority on fiscal matters.

Douglass, who first told the AFRO he would be a candidate again for comptroller, later said he was "considering other possibilities."

It can be recalled that Douglass, last January, made a representative but losing bid for the state treasurer post in Annapolis on the State Board of Public Works.

It can be recalled also that it was aired here that Douglass, afterwards, might well be eyeing instead of comptroller, the post of Baltimore City Treasurer.

This is an executive salaried position with appointment by the mayor for a four-year term to coincide with his own elective period. Only city council approval is required.

It's a sensitive position that requires of course matured fiscal abilities.

Douglass didn't have to say so out loud, but his state treasurer bid spoke for him.

Mayor Burns and Douglass are good friends. He said so himself.

It doesn't require a political crystal ball to visualize the Douglass eye on that city treasurer seat, with a Burns election victory.

Now, it has become increasingly prominent that the city treasurer post will go to a black appointee, whether Burns or Schmoke win.

Point is, the post can be a possibility — a justifiable political breakthrough.

Appointive chief agency posts are made all the time with change of administrations — from the nation's presidency on down to state and political subdivisions.

Somebody ought to look in directions of the city treasurer post.

It's a legally dependent child of the mayoral and City Council elective process.

That is, it's head is.

AFRO SURVEY

Is the future as bright for the class of '87?

Jeffrey Sams

Stanwood Moore

Glendora Hughes

Alvin Hunt

This week's question to the man and woman in the street was "Do you think the graduates of the class of 1987 have a brighter future than the class of 1977."

Jeffrey Sams, 24, graduate student, "I think it depends on the individual. The individual has to want something bad enough in order to accomplish that goal. If they have the drive and the motivation, then the individual can achieve that goal."

Stanwood Moore, 50, bus operator, "No. College grants are not available as they used to be, the economy is not a positive one, and the jobs are scarce. If college grants are not available as they once were, then the student population will decrease."

Glendora Hughes, 34, attorney, "Considering the statistics of today, I would say that their future is not brighter. Things are going in reverse. In 1977, there was more money which made more blacks able to attend school. It all has to do with our ability to survive economically."

Alvin Hunt, 38, teacher, "No, because of the state of the economy and the present administration. Educationally, blacks have an equal opportunity, but we tend to encounter more obstacles."

Kevin Undergown, 29, speech pathologist, "Yes. Blacks have more of a chance due to computers and advanced technology."

Stacey Smith, 21, student, "It is still the same. Nothing has changed. There are more job opportunities because of places like the Harborplace, but I still think there might be a decline."

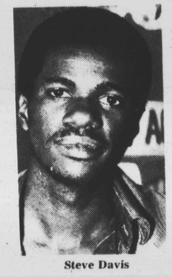
Kevin Carroll, 23, warehouseman, "No, because of the economics, politics, education, and things of that nature. There are not many black people going to college, and I think that there will be more people going into trades."

Steve Davis, 24, manager, "Possibly. There is a better advantage now to be able to succeed. It was a more laidback environment 10 years ago. There are also more opportunities."

Kevin Undergown

Stacy Smith

Kevin Carroll



Steve Davis

Anthony Armstrong

Who we are

Baltimore, east and west, is a decidedly "American Dream" city. The majority of our citizens are what someone once described as God's favorite people-the common man.

Certainly this is true, especailly for our large black community, which by and large is made-up of people who have worked hard to realize the dreams of safe, clean homes, decent jobs, a future containing hope, and something left after all the bills are paid.

This is, this Baltimore of 780,000 people, of which more than 50 percent are black, a working class city of people who have fought their way up from the "bottom."

There are some "silk stockings" among us, those who can legitimately lay claim to that "Great Gatsby" class. But again, they are few and far between.

Though there is a sense of wanting to move-up, most of that urge tends to express itself in the form of making more money on the job, or trading in the apartment for a home one can finally own, or getting the children through college.

There is very little of the kind of feverish jockeying from one class to another that we read about in hotbeds of social mobility like New York or San Francisco. Baltimore, by contrast, is a city where people lean more toward maintaining than attaining.

In white areas of this city, the old American-way of hard work. staying out of trouble, keeping the kids straight-particularly the girls - and putting something away for retirement is still more the rule than the exception.

Baltimore's black community is mostly a mirror of this time-tested formula too; however, our unique experience in America and in Baltimore has added a special urgency to the idea of getting some education.

Still, with this burning desire very much intact, the vast majority of our black citizens are either first generation college graduates, or people with only some college, or, and this is by far the largest group, people who have no college training at all.

Given Baltimore's economic base, a base that for years was built more on brawn, per se, than brains, this is easy to understand.

In Baltimore, again, what people needed most was the ability to "tote that bar, lift that bale," get just a little drunk, and try not to land in jail.

Most of Baltimore, especially black Baltimore, did just that. From this base we built the type of city we now see largely in the attitudes of our people who still find Luther Vandross just as dynamic as Frank Sinatra, Patty LaBelle more likeable than Barbara Streisand, and Chevrolets far more common than Porches.

"Getting-up" in this city has always been cotton versus silk, Now that Baltimore has lost much of its smoke stack image, becoming increasingly a service economy rather than a manufacturing one, the road to the American Dream is still paved with glasphalt and not gold.

It is still quite an impressive accomplishment to move into a community like Northwood from a place like, say, Rutland Avenue. Tough Rutland Avenue is not the street it once was forty years or so ago, it is still clearly within the nature of what much of black Baltimore was and is.

To move to Northwood is more a geographic experience, the style and perceptions of the people moving into it still reflect the "slow but steady wins the race" ideas that are this city.

Too much is made about the upward mobility of some of us. What's the old phrase, "you can take the people out of the country but you can't take the country out of the people."

This is an apt way to describe much of what still compels black Baltimore, even as our citizens propel themselves and their families toward greater progress.

Thank God there is nothing wrong with this set of attitudes. It is these same attitudes that have lent stability to our quest for a share of the American-Baltimore pie.

That stability has been the thing that makes the idea of a future Baltimore full of people who can hang a college degree on the wall; something that seems possible, though not entirely probable.

No city can point to more of this grist of hard work than can this one. What we sometimes may forget, however, is that few exceptions do not the fabric of Baltimore make.

There is great potential in the idea of steady progress. This great reality in the fact that for the foreseeable future the continuing progress of black Baltimore will be, at least stylistically, much of what it has been. The common man working to do better, working to provide his family with more opportunity. It is the concept of not being rich but being comfortable.

Some people, of course, feel that every black man and woman ought to have a job where their hands never get dirty. I suppose it's a desirable dream.

However, in the face of reality doesn't it appear that we will make the most progress by getting the best from the vast numbers of us who just do what we do well, without placing such a premium on whether the accomplishments come wrapped in plain cloth or fancy adornments.

The plain cloth is what can take the credit for delivering so much that is so positive about the black experience in this town.

One of the nicest things about Baltimore is hearing people talk about where they came from to get here. We would do well to look back there to see who we've been and thus, who we are.

1987