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I am by profession a writer, mainly of local history – and I never met a person who didn’t have a story. As I grew older, people like to “pick” my brain, which is getting faster – and I often have trouble remembering names, particularly since I have had a few T.I.M.’s. However, I am happy to share what I do remember with those who are interested.
I was born in 1916 at the Hospital for the Women of Maryland which was located at Lafayette Avenue and 20th Street and baptized that year at Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church at Park and Lafayette. I went to Sunday School at Park and Lafayette. I went to Sunday School at Rotond Park Presbyterian Church, but returned to Brown Memorial to be confirmed, at the age of 13, by the Rev. Thomas Gilmour Speers, who had just begun his ministry there. I was married there in 1937 (and hope to be buried there) and the church has shaped a great deal of my life and opened my eyes and ears to happenings of which I would never have been conscious. My grandmother, who lived on Lafayette Avenue opposite the hospital, had been a member since 1906 and was head of the Missionary Society.

Shortly after I was married at Brown Memorial I noticed that the younger women did not attend the meetings of the Women’s Association, so I organized a Junior Women’s Association. During W.W.II. we took magazines to the sailors’ home on S. Broadway decorated a lounge for servicemen, had teas, house tours, speakers, and otherwise enjoyed ourselves. I was also a member of the Board of the Presbyterian Home and directed Red Cross sewing there. Also got up a group of young women to dress up in the various colors of Red Cross volunteers and raise money at booths in department stores.
Then I got interested in the going-on at the Bolton Street Center. Robert Garrett had bought this building (formerly a church) to "protect" our property. Memorial Episcopal Church cooperated with us in this endeavor until the noise annoyed the neighbors—then they pulled out. We had a group called the Pathfinders (6-18 years old); we also had activities for teen-aged, and dances our night. One day an 11-year-old girl named Margaret came to the door and said "But you have nothing for me." That did it. I could see that it was a very maladjusted age, so I scoped the neighborhood and made up a girls' club of black and white, Catholic and Protestant, privileged and underprivileged. We were fortunate to have Mr. Hoffman, father of two of the girls, who showed us his art studio on Lafayette Avenue. We went to Federal Hill and I showed them the city. We went to the Walters' Art Gallery and
saw the beautiful illuminated manuscripts, and then took to the Cathe.

drical and a well kept camp on Chickamauga.

also had a Day Camp at Graham, in which the boys had

and a week long camp on Chickamauga.  They
to where we passed the scholars.  We

and colored paint, quite on

parchment paper.  We saw Susan Lake at the

Lyric and visited the Cathedral of Mary Our

Queen.  We had classes in grooming and posture

by a model. We sewed aprons and poled booties.

At the same time, other volunteers, Mrs.

Knipp, my mother, Frances Froelicher, Ted

Giffith, David McKee and others.

directed Boy Scouts, "Lefty" Schultz + Don

Dionne who were assistant pastors helped.

There was rodeo, swimming, dances, basketball,

a clothing room, and Bible Study under the

direction of Loreta Andrews.

During World War II the Camp had been used as a recreation place for servicemen.
A great many people had migrated to Baltimore from the Appalachian region to work in the war industries and settled in the region near Brown Memorial. We tried to get their children into Sunday School, and did so with some success — they had a religious background and blended in very well with our privileged children. But the parents did not feel comfortable with us and the police told us not to go into some of the lovely old houses on Eutaw Place which had been broken up into as many as 16 apartments and where inebriated men snoozed in the halls.

This brings us to URBAN RENEWAL when...
1964

URBAN RENEWAL

Caused a great upheaval and disturbance as houses were torn down on Lincoln Avenue and replaced by people of higher economic income, leaving the Appalachian people to scramble to Calvert St. etc. Where we finally lost track of them. There were a number of meetings held at our church to try to reconcile the needs of the two groups, at one of which Jeanette Jackson Mitchell came to me in great indignation and said, "Where is your pastor?" I introduced them, and she said, "Yes, you should be an Annapolitan." It seemed that there were 17 liquor licenses in the area, and she didn't want any more. (She was the grandmother of the political Mitchells, and has a house where she is memorialized on Eutaw Place.)

I cannot remember the date, but it was on a Palm Sunday when I walked out of the front door of the church and saw a great cloud of smoke, which lasted as if the whole city was burning down. It was the reeds when most of Pennsylvania Avenue and many corner...
There were been arson fires by discontented mobs, and the National Guard had to be called out. This was the stage for the Greenwillow effort later.

I am sure that Mary Walker and Catherine Marshall, who are older than I am and Edna Watts, whose son was in my Sunday School class, would have further information and I can give you the addresses of two young ministers, "Lifty" Schilling and Don Dronae, who worked with us at the time.

Also, about this time one minister John Madaugh, picketed규진 Stage Park which did not allow "colored" people to come in although they lived nearby — and was taken to the Towson jail along with Eugene Carson Blake, Marion Bascom and others, which horrified just a few members of our congregation.
And we had no training in teaching, and that was no one else to do it as S. said. Shall a woman fail a group of teachers (as there are now) and so believe that faith

Also, about the time we became "one church," our families did not want to bring their children into town to meetings, and our families commuted travel and travel between the new edifice on wood travel, home and Park Avenue, we had one member's (and assistants) family's Sunday School and Church. We were afraid we were going to force the people to attend. We were afraid to attend and Church.

Memorial Spaced out and St. Andrews.
caught, rather than taught. We were making a sand rava model of a Palamáne village in the second grade and the boys got restless, so Dottie and Priscilla stuff got their husband, Rodney and Charlie to sit on the floor with the boys and carve little wooden knives. It worked like a charm.

This was on the 2nd and 3rd floor of the Church House. Later we moved to what is now the 2nd and 3rd floor of the Sunday School building which had at the time one very tall room with a balcony around it. Ideal for churning little boys who had squeezed up.

This brings us to BUILD (Building Leadership Development) and we have had a part in their organization through insurance redlining, fighting the Gas Electric Co., protesting low wages in city hotels which were subsidized by the city etc. etc. At least two of our ministers have headed this organization.
Mary Jaye's started what is believed to be the oldest tutorial program in the country. At first the local schools protested at time taken away from their buildings but finally the principal of one of the schools marched up the street to thank us. Such luminaries as Henry Caball, headmaster of Gilman School, took part in the one-on-one tutoring.

And last, but not least of the things I remember - the Greenwillow Corporation. As I mentioned before, the lower part of Pennsylvania Avenue had been completely gutted by fire. A group of ministers from Zonr 217 were in the habit of having lunch together when Clay said "We
can go home because you won't understand what it is all about, anyway. It seemed that by some miracle Model City Housing had advanced us some money (I forgot to say that preliminary cost had been picked up by local churches and boards) and a man named Eugene Ford, of Washington had agreed to take it on as, I think, they call it "venture capital". So the Greenview Apartments, at the bottom of Pennsylvania Avenue where Martin Luther King Boulevard turns - got built - but we could not get a "colored" contractor to tend to do what had grown to be a $3,000,000 job. Mayor Lum Johnson started the ground and other dignitaries were present. Later, Model City Housing ceased to exist, and we were able to give the interest on some of the money we had left over to build the Nehemiah project at Pennsylvania North
should be doing something besides just eating together. Several ideas were proposed, but it seemed that affordable housing was the outstanding need. A group was formed of ministers and members from about seven churches (Vernon Dorson, Mano Eason, Barrow Farnham of Memorial Episcopal, a couple of Roman Catholic priests, etc.) for about eight years we kicked ideas around, listened to proposals, funded an audit to do a preliminary land study — when at last President Nixon cut off government funds for inner-city housing we were devastated. All that work — all those hopes. Then the officers got a call saying come downtown and sign some papers and then you
can go home because you won't understand what it is all about, anyway. It seemed that by some miracle Model Cities Housing had advanced us some money (I forgot to say that preliminary costs had been pick up by local churches and friends) and a man named Eugene Ford, of Washington had agreed to take it on as, I think. They call it "venture capital." So the Greenmiller Apartments, at the bottom of Pennsylvania Avenue where Martin Luther King Boulevard turns—got built—but we could not get a "colored" contractor to lend to do what had grown to be a $3,000,000 job. Mayor Lum Donald Schaefer broke the ground and other dignitaries were present. Later, Model Cities Housing ceased to exist, and we were able to quit the interest on some of the money we had left over to build the Nehemiah project at Pennsylvania North.
Brown Memorial Park Avenue has always had a great interest in the city as well as foreign missions. In the earliest days, we had a "Baby's Milk and Ice" project in Curtis Bay under the leadership of Mabel Congdon.

And so it goes. I wonder what we will get into next?
For about 15 years, I have been privileged to be a member of a group called Women of Faiths. We are Catholic, Jewish, Protestant and two Muslims, one of whom is the wife of the Imam. He also came and spoke to us. We usually meet at the Carmelite Monastery, on Dulaney Valley Road, which despite its name is actually a nunnerie. We often meet at the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, on Park Heights Avenue and participate in their meetings. We have spoken on our backgrounds, political issues, ethical issues. It has given me the opportunity to know in depth other women of other religious backgrounds. We were ‘sprinkled’ by the Archbishop when the new sanctuary of the Monastery was dedicated and we had a day-long meeting when we discussed the Crucifixion (at their suggestion) at the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation. What an opportunity - what a privilege! One lady is Sister Mary Aileen McNamara who was not a ‘habit’ but a brown suit.