In Memoriam: Juanita Jackson Mitchell

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Juanita Jackson Mitchell
1913-1992

The editors of *Maryland Law Review* dedicate this issue to the memory of Juanita Jackson Mitchell
IN MEMORIAM: JUANITA JACKSON MITCHELL

NATHANIEL R. JONES*

Mobilization! Legislation! Litigation! Education! The Ballot! Each was recognized by Juanita Jackson Mitchell as a key ingredient to empowerment for Americans of color. From her days as a high school student in Baltimore in the mid-1920s, until rendered physically immobile by a stroke in the late-1980s, Juanita Mitchell pressed those themes upon all within the sound of her voice. It was as a high school student that she inspired her classmates to enter the segregated stores in downtown Baltimore and, by speaking French, expose the absurdity of their segregationist practices.

Throughout the tumultuous years of the forties, fifties, sixties, seventies and into the eighties, Juanita Mitchell manned the barricades, sometimes at the side of her sainted mother, Dr. Lillie Jackson, and at other times with her beloved husband, Clarence Mitchell, Jr. Later, she could be found leading her sons, whom she raised to be valiant soldiers in the army of freedom fighters.

For a black woman in those days of the pre-Sixties to be in the vanguard of the struggle for the liberation of black people—male and female—required a rare brand of courage. Bear in mind that the feminist movement, as we now know it, had not yet sprouted wings. In carrying forward her crusade, Mrs. Mitchell not only linked arms with her courageous mother, but also with the great women freedom fighters of the abolitionist period of history—Sojourner Truth, Phillis Wheatley, and her sister Marylander, Harriet Tubman, who escaped from slavery in the 1840s and went into the south to free numerous slaves. She was in the tradition of such heroines as Mary McCleod Bethune, Nannie Burroughs and Mary Church Terrell. Her battles also paved the way for other women

* Circuit Judge, United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit.
leaders including Daisy Bates, Rosa Parks, Fannie Lou Hammer, Aurelia Browder, Judge Constance Baker Motley, Eleanor Holmes Norton, Mary Frances Berry, Marian Wright Edelman, and Carol Moseley Braun among others.

Mrs. Mitchell's identification of the ingredients of empowerment led her to first arm herself with the educational and intellectual weaponry required for her later encounters. Thus, as her husband's biographer, Denton Watson, wrote in *Lion in the Lobby*, after graduating with honors from Douglass High School, Mrs. Mitchell matriculated at Morgan College, enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania from which she graduated *cum laude* with bachelor and master degrees, and enrolled at the University of Maryland School of Law where she distinguished herself as a member of the editorial board of the *Maryland Law Review*.

So armed, Mrs. Mitchell set out, backed by a strongly supportive family, to confront the system of legally-sanctioned segregation in her community and beyond. Moreover, this gallant woman utilized the extensive network afforded by the NAACP to reach countless numbers of young people with her message of empowerment. It was as Mrs. Mitchell went about the country with this message that I first came to know her. As a member of the NAACP Youth Council in my hometown of Youngstown, Ohio, and later as president of the Ohio State NAACP Conference of Youth Councils, I and my collaborators endeavored to apply the teachings of Mrs. Mitchell. She was always available to assist us with her wise counsel. What was true for us was true of others all across the country who were anxious to confront the barriers of racial discrimination.

These and other activities offer further refutation of the nonsense that the Civil Rights Movement was born with the Montgomery Bus Boycott of 1955, or the famous 1963 March on Washington. Those of us who were influenced and motivated by Juanita Jackson Mitchell know better. We know that the struggle for human dignity goes far back in our history and that in Maryland, Mrs. Mitchell's forbears were deeply involved in that struggle.

Shortly after I became General Counsel of the NAACP, I was alarmed to learn that a Klansman had sued Juanita and Clarence Mitchell. He was seeking a sizeable award claiming damages at having lost his job as an employee of the Baltimore transit system. The particular route of his bus carried him through several black neighborhoods of Baltimore. Mrs. Mitchell had participated in a protest

to the continued employment of the Klansman once his association with that hate group became a matter of public notice.

The resources of the NAACP were placed at the disposal of the Mitchells, as were those of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. Even though Juanita and Clarence Mitchell accepted our offer of assistance, it was Mrs. Mitchell who took the lead in shaping the defense that proved successful in beating back the attempt by the Klansman to strip her family of their hard-earned assets. Mrs. Mitchell's demonstrated tactical skills and mastery of the facts and relevant legal precedents were impressive and proved decisive to the outcome.

There was a generosity about this remarkable woman. She was full of cheer and wise counsel. I recall the time when I was under consideration by President Carter for appointment to the court on which I serve. Opposition to my appointment was lurking in several quarters over my civil rights activities as NAACP General Counsel. On many occasions, late at night when my spirits and resolve were sagging, I would telephone her husband, Clarence Mitchell. Invariably, Mrs. Mitchell would take a few minutes to offer words of encouragement. I recall, on one occasion, she told me of the difficulty that Justice Thurgood Marshall encountered in winning confirmation to his seat on the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. Opponents used his civil rights record against him. "Thurgood stayed strong, and he won," Mrs. Mitchell reminded me. "If you remain strong, Nate, you, like Thurgood, will win," she counseled. She was right.

Among her many endearing traits, loyalty stood at the very top. When she believed in a person, just as when she believed in a cause, Juanita Mitchell stood with that person. During a dispute that I had with some officials of the NAACP over the terms of my employment as General Counsel, Mrs. Mitchell, familiar with the facts, offered a ringing public defense of my position. And again, she was proven right.

There are a number of thoughts that come to the fore as I reflect on the life of my dear and wonderful friend and colleague, Juanita Jackson Mitchell. One recurrent thought is of her courage. She feared no living soul. Another thought is of her all-embracing love. She unqualifiedly loved every living soul. That included both those whom she felt had directed wicked deeds toward her and those close to her. In the evening of her life, with personal tragedy all about her, Juanita Mitchell remained full of love and yes, even forgiveness.
Events have indeed proven the correctness of Mrs. Mitchell's credo that mobilization, litigation, education and the ballot were the ingredients of empowerment. No one utilized these strategies with greater effectiveness than she. With respect to the litigation strategy, Juanita Mitchell took the teachings of the late Charles Hamilton Houston, which she referred to as the "Houstonian School of Jurisprudence," as the basis of her legal attacks on racial discrimination.\textsuperscript{2} Her successes led to opening places of public accommodation, desegregating education, exposing police brutality, expanding the right to vote, and enlarging employment opportunities. Mrs. Mitchell combined the Houstonian jurisprudence with her immense motivational gifts. Moreover, she rallied and mobilized groups to push for needed civil rights legislation including the Voting Rights Act of 1965.\textsuperscript{3} I submit that substantial numbers of the newly-empowered are somewhat shortsighted in not connecting their new status with the vision and sacrifices of the courageous lady of Baltimore.

As I watched the presidential election returns on the night of November 3, 1992, there unfolded before all of America the harvests of the efforts of Juanita Mitchell. In state after state, the power of minority voters increased voter turnout and influenced the outcome. This was further reflected in December when the President-elect, a native of Arkansas—where, in 1957, Governor Orval Faubus, in defiance of federal court orders, barred the admission of nine black children from Little Rock's Central High School—introduced his new cabinet. Significantly, included in that cabinet were four black Americans. \textit{Four}. To those four should be added the position of Deputy Secretary of State to which a Black American was appointed. That comes close to representing the ultimate of empowerment. That night I thought of Juanita Mitchell and her goal of empowerment.

When one reads the words Frederick Douglass spoke to President Andrew Johnson on February 7, 1866, just after the death of President Abraham Lincoln, it can fairly be said that Mrs. Mitchell's reliance on the ballot as a tool of empowerment and the struggle to protect the right to vote has now been vindicated. Douglass told President Johnson: "Your noble and humane predecessor placed in our hands the sword to assist in saving the nation, and we do hope that you, his able successor, will favorably regard the placing in our


hands the *ballot* with which to save ourselves."4

I conclude this tribute with a Juanita Mitchell anecdote about her late husband and one of their granddaughters that she shared at the ceremony dedicating the Clarence Mitchell, Jr. Court House in Baltimore. Speaking to an overflow crowd that included the late Justice Thurgood Marshall and Justice William Brennan, she said:

One of my grandchildren was talking to her mother about Grandpa after his death. Her mother began to explain to her that Grandpa is not as he was when we knew him. He's all around us now, all around you. Little Micah then said, "Oh, well then, I'll blow a kiss to Grandpa," and she blew Grandpa a kiss.

Since I feel Juanita Mitchell's work in so much of what I do and enjoy each day, and sense her spirit all around me, by means of this article, I do, as did her granddaughter, blow a kiss—to my friend, Juanita Jackson Mitchell.

Will you join me?

**JACK GREENBERG**

I started practicing at the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund in 1949. One of the first matters to which Thurgood Marshall, then head of the Fund, entrusted me was to work with Juanita Jackson Mitchell on a wide range of cases in Baltimore and elsewhere in Maryland. Together we handled cases to desegregate several parks and beaches in Maryland as well as a number of elementary and high schools.

Juanita was the daughter of Lillie Jackson who, it seemed, forever had been president of the NAACP in Baltimore. Lillie Jackson was a formidable power, ran the Baltimore branch of the NAACP with an iron hand, and was very influential at the national level. Once when the NAACP entered into a commercial scheme to sell whiskey with the NAACP logo on the label for fundraising purposes, Lillie Jackson, an aggressive teetotaler, forced the Association to scrap the entire arrangement.


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Juanita was one of the first black persons to attend the University of Maryland Law School, not long after Thurgood Marshall and Charles Houston were victorious in University of Maryland v. Murray,¹ the decision that required the University of Maryland to admit blacks to its law school.² She then combined all of her mother’s dedication and energy with her legal skills to become an important force for equality in the state. One of the cases that I fought with her involved the desegregation of the south beach at Sandy Point State Park.³ Blacks had been barred from the beach on the basis that the state provided another beach for blacks only. Since segregation was entirely constitutional at that time under Plessy v. Ferguson,⁴ we had to prove that the black beach was not equal to the white beach. We hired an expert on the subject of recreation; he went to the beach, paddled around with flippers and a snorkel mask, and concluded that the bottom of the black beach had many pointy rocks, which made it inferior to the white beach’s sandy bottom.

Following the trip to the beach, the Supreme Court decided Brown v. Board of Education,⁵ and we returned to the trial court to request that the judge declare segregation on the beaches unconstitutional. Judge Rozsel Thomsen, with zero moral or legal imagination, decided that Brown controlled only schools and not recreational sites.⁶ The United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit promptly reversed.⁷

Going to court with Juanita was an intimidating task for me but more so for our opponents and the judge. She argued with a passion that was hard to deny. It was rumored that some judges ruled in her favor simply because they preferred not to respond to the power of her arguments and personality.

Juanita was one of those women who, in the days before it was more common, had it all. Her husband, Clarence Mitchell, was nationally—indeed internationally—famous as the Washington representative of the NAACP. He was so highly regarded on Capitol Hill that at times he was referred to as the 101st Senator. He was as

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¹ 169 Md. 478, 182 A. 590 (1936).
² Id. at 489, 182 A. at 594.
⁴ 163 U.S. 537 (1896).
⁵ 347 U.S. 483 (1954).
⁶ See Lonesome, 123 F. Supp. at 205.
⁷ See Dawson v. Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, 220 F.2d 386 (4th Cir. 1955), aff’d per curiam, 350 U.S. 877 (1955).
grave in demeanor and measured in his speech and conduct as she was passionate and fiery. Juanita raised a powerful family of sons who moved into high positions in government. In all her years, she was a dear friend and comrade in the fight against racial injustice. Maryland and the United States are a far better place because of her accomplishments and the passion with which she worked and lived.

Genna Rae McNeil*

Long before I met Juanita Jackson Mitchell, I recall hearing of Juanita Jackson’s legendary beauty and brilliance. As a young adult during the late 1930s, my mother, Pearl Walker McNeil, had been an activist with the NAACP in Detroit under Gloster Current’s tutelage. The visit of the organizer of the NAACP’s Youth Councils to Detroit had been unforgettable. By the 1980s, my research had uncovered photographs, correspondence, and newsclippings confirming that which my mother had recounted and more.

In 1984, I finally met Mrs. Mitchell. Attending a luncheon sponsored by the Legal Committee of the NAACP, I was casually surveying the room when I saw her. In a wide-brimmed hat, Juanita Jackson Mitchell was easily recognizable from her photographs. With some trepidation—despite assurances from Denton Watson, a national NAACP executive staffperson and biographer of Clarence M. Mitchell, Jr.—I introduced myself to Mrs. Mitchell at the conclusion of a thrilling presentation by an NAACP staff attorney who had thwarted the judicial railroading of a young African-American man from Texas. With a son on one side and a granddaughter on the other, Mrs. Mitchell announced to her family, “I want you to meet the little girl who wrote the wonderful book on Charlie Houston.” I am not certain, but I suspect my huge sigh of relief was visible and audible. Those first words about Groundwork1 and other comments about capturing Charles Hamilton Houston meant more than any review from a professional journal. In an all-too-brief but exuberant conversation about Charlie Houston, Thurgood Marshall, and Mrs. Mitchell’s mother, Lillie May Jackson, we were off and running with our analyses of the African-American freedom struggle and in a col-

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laboration that only death could end.  

The next time I saw Juanita Jackson Mitchell, I came to visit her in Baltimore at 1324 Druid Hill Avenue. She had advised me that our meeting would be lengthy and had already asked her son, Michael, to prepare his famous Maryland crab cakes for lunch. He interrupted our discussions of her historical correspondence, memorabilia, her sisters, Marian and Virginia, her father, her mother, and her eighteenth century ancestors to remind us of the need to eat (and I quickly became convinced that Michael's next career should be in the culinary arts). Returning to our work, we had settled into a more formal interview when there was a change in her persona. A sparkle appeared in her eyes—one I had always believed was reserved for discussions of a great love or one's children—for Juanita Jackson Mitchell was "holding forth" on the subject of "Charlie's" and "Thurgood's" use of the Constitution. This was no reflection upon her family because the sparkle did indeed accompany every mention of her husband and sons whom she loved with a rare intensity. Yet Charles Houston and Thurgood Marshall, as well, had a special place in her heart because of "the Struggle." In Mrs. Mitchell's understanding of the early, dangerous pre-\textit{Brown} days (particularly in Maryland of the 1930s, where lynchings still took place and segregation was widespread) these two lawyers had envisioned a way—almost the proverbial "way out of no way"—and braved untried territory to champion the rights and aspirations of a whole race of people.

Several times in 1987 and years thereafter, I had the privilege of visiting with Juanita Jackson Mitchell and perusing her invaluable personal papers, which included correspondence from civil rights luminaries, files from the \textit{Afro-American}, and records of the City-Wide Young People's Forum. Mrs. Mitchell was wonderfully excited about the Forum, in particular. When Juanita Jackson and her sister, Virginia, returned from Pennsylvania where they had pursued their college education, Lillie Jackson had challenged them: 

"You're not to come back and separate yourselves into an intelligent few, but to give [something] back so our people can be free." 

Accepting the challenge as a young woman less than twenty, Juanita had conceived, birthed, and, with other youth leaders including Clarence Mitchell of Lincoln University, nurtured one of the

\begin{itemize}
    \item[2.] Until then she continued to call me her "little girl" most of the time and I valued it as a term of endearment.
    \item[3.] Interview with Juanita Jackson Mitchell, in Baltimore, Maryland (Jan. 3, 1987).
\end{itemize}
most viable youth organizations of the Great Depression-New Deal era. She was unduly modest, if not pressed. Yet a sense of duty with respect to history compelled her to admit that it was she who first had the idea to create an African-American youth forum in Baltimore that would address fundamental issues facing the race and employ direct action strategies to change conditions for African Americans of the city. The hope of youth in the Forum’s leadership was even more expansive. Among others, Juanita Jackson and Clarence Mitchell—who would serve as the NAACP’s chief lobbyist from 1950 to 1978 and become so influential as to be dubbed the “101st Senator”—would not be satisfied until the African-American leaders and authorities became catalysts for the participation of Baltimore’s African Americans in protest and their revitalization of the NAACP in the city. For hours she regaled me with stories of the Forum’s anti-lynching campaign, boycotts, demonstrations, crowds of African-American youth and adults attending weekly programs at the Bethel A.M.E. Church and lectures by James Weldon Johnson, W.E.B. Du Bois, Nannie Helen Burroughs, William “Pat” Patterson, Mary McLeod Bethune, Oscar DePriest and NAACP staff. Together we watched—as she offered her special commentary—a video-taped reunion of “Forum Alumni/ae,” an event held in her son Keiffer’s home. As William Dorsey, Gladys Fitzgerald Sims, Maceo Howard, Elmer Henderson, and Louise Kerr Hines reminisced with Juanita Mitchell, how strikingly clear it was that these young people of Baltimore intended to have something to say about their destiny and aspired to so much more. Recalled Mrs. Mitchell: “We dreamed big dreams and lay the foundation and helped the NAACP get back into Maryland.”

Juanita Jackson presided over the Forum with the assistance of several vice presidents until the phenomenal success of the Forum and its educational, employment, and civil rights endeavors prompted the NAACP’s executive, Walter White, to offer her an opportunity to use her organizing gifts in a wider arena.

Always with great attention to detail, a passion for truth, a marvelous sense of history, humor, love, and deep devotion to the struggle for freedom, Juanita Jackson Mitchell forthrightly answered questions and shared stories of her life and work. In dialogue with her I learned much that underscored information available in papers and gained new knowledge as well. She launched a national youth movement under the auspices of the NAACP in 1935 and—believ-

4. Interview with Juanita Jackson Mitchell, in Baltimore, Maryland (Jan. 22, 1987). See also Video of Reunion of the Baltimore City-Wide Young People’s Forum (Jan. 27, 1985) (on file with author).
ing as Ella Baker in participatory democracy—crisscrossed the nation to ignite youth in local communities with fiery enthusiasm for the freedom struggle. She had married her one true love, Clarence Mitchell, Jr., in 1938. Together the two created an enviable personal and professional partnership, not only raising four sons—Clarence III, Michael, Keiffer, and George—but also fighting for freedom. She overcame significant obstacles to serve as one of the editors of the *Maryland Law Review* and to graduate from the University of Maryland School of Law. She emphasized less the accomplishments of her second career in law. Yet for her legal victories and civil rights law-related activities, as well, it is fitting to remember her.

The significance of Juanita Jackson Mitchell's second career was unquestionable. Graduating from the University of Maryland School of Law in 1950, she became the first African-American woman to be admitted to practice law in the state of Maryland. Admitted to practice before state and federal courts, she enjoyed serving the African-American community; and her fee was never an obstacle to handling an important civil rights case for the African-American citizens of Baltimore in particular. From the suits for desegregation of the Baltimore schools and municipal swimming pools, which she won in the 1950s, to her representation of student activists convicted of criminal trespass while demanding civil rights and African-American residents in the “Veney Raid” cases of the 1960s, her use of the law for the disadvantaged and oppressed was consistent and exemplary.

She spoke with considerable satisfaction about how she combined her practice with other volunteer activities, such as her leadership of the NAACP of Maryland, her direction of major voter registration campaigns, and her chairmanship of the legal committee of the National Council of Negro Women (NCNW). Within the

5. She spent little time discussing the remarkable causal link between the achievements of her first career with the NAACP and the involvement of southern NAACP youth council members in subsequent direct action protest and civil rights projects. She believed that explicating that relation was a task for historians and other scholars.

6. See 10 Md. L. Rev. 335 (1949) (listing the Student Editorial Board).

7. The Veney Raid cases involved the unauthorized search by Baltimore police of the residences of black families. Two brothers, Samuel and Earl Veney, were sought by the police in the robbery of a liquor store and a related shooting of a police officer. The police organized a widespread search of 300 homes based solely on uncorroborated anonymous tips. The United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit ordered the District Court to issue a decree enjoining the police department from searching residences based solely on an anonymous tip without probably cause. See Lankford v. Gelston, 364 F.2d 197 (1966).
life of the city of Baltimore she had felt an obligation to be a conscience on matters affecting the rights and well-being of African Americans. She co-chaired the Mayor’s Task Force on Police-Community Relations from 1965 to 1967 and chaired the Education Committee of Baltimore’s Model Cities program from 1968 to 1969. As a founder of Freedom House in 1970, she sought to keep before the Baltimore citizenry and wider public issues pertinent to the past and to the continuing struggle for freedom and justice. What is inescapable in my memory, however, is that her indefatigable spirit in the fight for freedom was matched by her genuine love for those who would become her beneficiaries. In her later years, she took comfort in the outpouring of love from Baltimoreans as well as other friends. When children of the neighborhood stopped by unannounced to see Mrs. Mitchell, we always paused in our interviews. How could one be too busy for the children?

Juanita Jackson Mitchell was never one who sought recognition for herself. She was always concerned that her husband was properly recognized for his sacrifices and accomplishments. She was especially pleased that some honors came to him before his death. She was, as well, justly proud of the naming of the Clarence M. Mitchell, Jr. Courthouse after his death as well, and, even from her sick bed in 1990, visibly excited about the appearance of Denton Watson’s biography of her husband, *Lion in the Lobby.* That she should be singled-out for special honors was of no real concern. In March 1987, Juanita Jackson Mitchell wrote me with some amazement as well as joy: “I was inducted into the Maryland Women’s Hall of Fame, March 2nd, by the new Governor in Annapolis. It was glorious. All of a sudden I seem to be getting recognition on my own.”

I shall never forget the almost surprised tone that seemed to characterize her later description of how after her mother has been posthumously inducted into the Maryland Women’s Hall of Fame in 1986, in the next year the same honor had come to the daughter. She was gratified, nonetheless, by other honors such as the NCNW’s award for Special Distinction in Law, the Outstanding Service Award of the Youth/College Division of the NAACP and the Bicentennial Award of the University of Maryland’s Black Law Students Association.

For the last years of her life, Juanita Jackson Mitchell was attended by devoted family members, especially her sons, her surviv-

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ing sister, Virginia, and her grandchildren. Most vividly, I recall the visits of Clarence IV and Michael to report on their political or educational activities and seek her advice. I recall, as well, her pleasure when Michael would chat for a while and then excuse himself to make his way to the spare room where he liked to examine old letters, souvenir programs, and clippings on community activism from his grandmother's personal papers. It seemed that he asked at least a dozen questions before going home for dinner.

In July 1992, at the age of seventy-nine, Mrs. Mitchell passed away. It was only fitting that among those who praised her, the governor of Maryland, William Donald Schaefer, paid tribute to Mrs. Mitchell as "an inspiration, a fighter, . . . [who] never deviated from her principles" and Benjamin Hooks, then executive director of the national NAACP, declared her "one of the greatest freedom fighters in the history of the nation." Nothing, however, compared to the authenticity of friends' and loved ones' celebration of her life.

She often reminded me that I must not "put off" my work since so many from the era of the early twentieth century struggle were slipping away. I am persuaded that her legacy was a life of consistent, sacrificial advocacy of freedom and justice for African Americans. Juanita Jackson Mitchell's story—although beautifully sketched by Margaret Pagan in Jessie Carney Smith's Notable Black American Women—must yet be fully told. I find some satisfaction in the Maryland Law Review's provision of this vehicle for tributes to Juanita Jackson Mitchell. I cannot help but feel, however, that the spirit of this ebullient, gracious, determined warrior beckons all who believe in freedom and racial justice to pause and reflect upon such encomia only briefly. As she so often said, there remains the need to "march on 'til victory is won."

LENA S. KING LEE*

Juanita Jackson Mitchell was one of those rare individuals whose destiny was clearly defined from her beginning. Born into a

11. Id.
13. JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, Lift Every Voice and Sing.

* Attorney, Class of 1951, University of Maryland School of Law; Delegate, Maryland House of Delegates, 1967-1982.
prominent family, she inherited no vast monetary wealth, but instead made her advent into a home of love, caring, and compassion. She was to learn self-discipline early and to develop an insatiable thirst for education. Undergirding her was the invincible combination of an adoring father; a resolute, highly-respected, and admired mother; and as a bonus, one of the nation's most prestigious and formidable champions of civil rights, the Afro-American publisher, Carl Murphy. She would also have the power and sweep of the NAACP.

Juanita was a pretty child, a quality student, and a vibrant young woman. She always knew who she was. She could have become a social arbiter. She could have dominated the best-dressed list. With her dramatic ability she might have been a great actress, but she could not! Not only The Fates but also her restrictive environment contrived her future. It was not by accident that the marching-orders of her mentors were: FREEDOM! FREEDOM!! FREEDOM!!! Juanita’s mother, referred to as Dr. Lillie, was heard to say, “Juanita is the child who does exactly what I say.”

Following college, and according to plan, she sent out her trial balloon. This smallish figure became the Pied Piper of Baltimore. Every Friday night she issued the call and the young people heard. They came from the east; they came from the west; they came from the south; they came from the north. They filled the seats and ringed the walls of the Sharp Street Memorial United Methodist Church.

A stentorian voice spoke to the crowd, “Where, anywhere! Where, anywhere can you find such a gathering!” The crowd roared and applauded. This was the beginning of the Young People’s Forum, a harbinger of things to come. It is now history.

She had begun her courtship with destiny. She could not have avoided it! Launching her course of pitiless assault against those opposed to the advancement of civil rights, she became her mother’s lieutenant. The Baltimore chapter of the NAACP became their flagship. Many other organizations and leaders joined the fight. To increase their lexicon, they added the word, “freedom fighters.” “Freedom” and “freedom fighters” to this day seem to be synonymous with “Juanita” and “Dr. Lillie.”

This freedom fighter once referred to Baltimore as “a mean city.” Early on she realized that the NAACP—although a mighty institution in the battle, with an inspired program of salvation—was given to much preaching and protest. Very often emotionalism dominated rationalism and realism. The program was in an incho-
ate stage. Something else was needed. It was now that she recalled how Professor Charlie Houston met this dilemma. He called in his students apt in the law—Thurgood Marshall being one among them—and planned the master stroke of the Civil Rights Movement, the use of the supreme law of the land, the great Constitution of the United States of America. Law had to change under the pressure and force of evolution in social concepts and conditions. It had to respond to the facts of the time.

Anglo-Saxons being sensitive to their own laws, the group led by Charlie Houston would dissect this document. They would make it inclusive of all people. Juanita would follow the same course. She became a lawyer. Being a lawyer both excited and further emboldened Juanita. Always on the cutting edge, the enormity of the task and the pursuit of freedom consumed her. Her frontal attacks against discrimination, racism, prejudice, and injustice were as violent as the evils that attenuated human rights. One by one the evils fell—discrimination in housing, exclusion from department stores, rejection by food service establishments and by hospitals, and the Jim Crow laws of city pools and parks. By sponsoring her own sons for elective office, she entered the political arena. She assisted in establishing and securing the one-man, one-vote principle by a clean sweep of the pertinent laws. She helped to solidify the black vote.

In her pre-law days, Juanita Mitchell strengthened the NAACP fights to open Maryland’s law school. To crystalize the new ruling of the Court of Appeals in *University of Maryland v. Murray,* she became the first black woman to enter the law school, along with Dr. Elaine Davis. They graduated together. Mrs. Mitchell was a frontline battlefield leader.

Under the banner of the crusading NAACP and with the might of the *Afro-American,* she was to be a significant party to the demise of the obdurate, but legal, restrictive covenants in property deeds. The black ghetto—the social barrier that confined its victims, twenty percent of the population, to ten percent of the land—yielded its tentacles. With the sheer force of law she cut through the jungle of injustices. She enhanced the legal maxim, “By the Rule of Law.” Her fame spilled over into national affairs. She talked with presidents; she walked with the great.

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1. 169 Md. 478, 182 A. 590 (1936) (issuing a writ of mandamus directing the University of Maryland to admit black students to its law school.)
Juanita Jackson Mitchell—attorney, freedom fighter, Christian woman, daughter, wife, and mother—did not prostitute a single one of the causes that elevate mankind. She was not given to jackassery. She was dead serious about "the advancement of colored people." Her only flaw was in putting too great a strain upon herself. Even in extremis she was heard to say, "I must get out and get that judge elected."²

EPILOGUE: Juanita Jackson Mitchell—"She knew who she was." She left Baltimore an enduring legacy!

CHARLES MCC. MATHIAS*

The first time I met Juanita Jackson Mitchell was when she brought a legal action against the City of Frederick. The Frederick City Hall was a venerable building that contained a public market and a theater converted to use for movies. The theater was rigidly segregated so that white patrons were seated in the orchestra while black patrons were required to sit in the "peanut gallery." Juanita represented the NAACP and I was the Frederick city attorney. The year was circa 1957.

None of the landmark legislation that characterized the civil rights revolution of the sixties had yet been written, so the legal situation was not as clear as it may appear in retrospect. Maryland remained a profoundly segregated state. But change was in the air and was eloquently advocated by a few Marylanders such as Governor Theodore R. McKeldin, who was among the first public officials to call for universal recognition of civil rights. The Mayor of Frederick, John Derr, was a Republican familiar with the McKeldin philosophy and comfortable with it.

The Mayor and Board of Aldermen debated the issue and considered their options: to oppose the suit in court and try to maintain the status quo or to recognize the need for change and settle the case by abolishing segregation in the municipal building including the theatre. Happily, the latter course was followed, thereby avoiding immediate conflict and precluding a protracted future battle. Juanita and I were authorized by our respective clients to draft a

² Mrs. Mitchell was referring to Maryland district court judge Paul Smith.

* Chairman of the Board, First American Bank Shares; Partner, Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue, Washington, D.C.; former United States Senator, Maryland.
consent order that was accepted by the court and the case was closed.

It may sound tame today in the wake of tremendous legal and social change, but it was a new and courageous act when Juanita brought the NAACP legal team to Frederick. Distances seemed greater in those days and Frederick was a distinctly agricultural community deeply rooted in traditional ways of life. It was not an easy job to tackle, but Juanita never hesitated, and never showed any sign of weakness or doubt. It was an early victory for her in a career that was to include many battles in her great cause.

JOHN R. HARGROVE*

Juanita Jackson Mitchell and I met when we were both members of the law school class of 1950; and, upon graduating, we studied for the Maryland bar exam together. We were compelled to do this because at that time, bar review courses were closed to minority graduates of the Maryland law schools. It was not until years later that they realized that the color of money does not change, no matter from whom it comes. As the school year ended, I organized a study group that included Mrs. Mitchell and two others—William M. Toadvine and Linwood G. Koger, Jr. Together, we reviewed materials every day; and, together, we all passed the exam, beating the bar review course’s success rate by a considerable margin. In retrospect, it is clear that we became much better lawyers because of what we had to go through during those times.

From that time on, Mrs. Mitchell persuaded me to assist the NAACP in many of its earlier projects, including assisting that office in the early preparation of the school desegregation case for Baltimore City. We worked together, with the assistance of Thurgood Marshall and his office, to try and build a case that could eventually be argued before the Supreme Court. It must be understood, however, that at that time Maryland was trying very hard to avoid Supreme Court confrontations, tending to capitulate in the segregation cases rather than to allow new law to be made by the Court. Because of the Brown v. Board of Education case,1 our Baltimore efforts were put to one side. But those efforts were an invaluable growing experience in both Mrs. Mitchell’s and my own legal careers.

* Judge, United States District Court for the District of Maryland.

Mrs. Mitchell's was a voice of encouragement—both to the many causes she supported and to me personally. She and her husband contributed greatly to many of my successes; especially my being appointed to various courts. At one point in my judicial career, when I had left the People's Court and was somewhat disenchanted with the politics behind judicial appointments, Mrs. Mitchell prodded and persuaded me to "re-enter the fray" and accept a municipal court judgeship that had been offered by then-Governor Spiro Agnew. The Mitchells were also particularly instrumental in my appointment to the United States District Court for the District of Maryland, introducing me—a Maryland Democrat—to many of the Republican decision-makers at that time.

Mrs. Mitchell and I were close friends from our law school days until her death. She will be missed.

ROBERT B. WATTS*

I met Juanita Jackson Mitchell in 1941 when I was a student at Morgan College (now Morgan State University). She and her mother, Lillie May Jackson, who was president of the Baltimore Chapter of the NAACP, asked me to start a college chapter. I did, and from then on I was a very strong supporter of the NAACP and the work performed by Juanita over the years. Today I am Chairman of the Lillie Jackson Museum (now temporarily inactive) which seeks to perpetuate the work of Juanita, her mother, and her husband, Clarence.

As I reflect on this wonderful lady and her work in this community and all over the United States as she traveled and worked closely with her husband Clarence Mitchell, Jr. (called the 101st Senator), I remembered her mostly because she always felt the Civil Rights Movement was for all people, regardless of race or national origin. Not once did I hear her express any feelings of hatred toward her opponents, even though she did battle with those who expressed hate. Just as the NAACP's motto was equal justice under the law, Juanita lived that creed. Her basic philosophy was that it was right against wrong, justice versus injustice, not race versus race.

I remember that while the students were demonstrating against discrimination in downtown restaurants and department stores, the

* Partner, Piper and Marbury, Baltimore, Maryland; Judge (retired), Circuit Court for Baltimore City; Maryland Law Review Editorial Board, 1949.
Black Power movement evolved. Their philosophy was that blacks should go it alone and that we did not need the many white students from Goucher College and Johns Hopkins University who marched with us. To Juanita and to me this was insane, self-esteem by nomenclature. Whenever those of that philosophy were arrested, and I sought to use NAACP funds to pay for their bonds, Juanita never refused. While the Panthers and the Black Power advocates were screaming their vows of separation, Juanita never turned her back on them. Her dedication to obtaining fairness without divisive attacks on others endeared her to me. The community should never forget that in her early career she headed the Young People's Forum and brought in speakers of all races to discuss the problems of the day. Many of the outstanding African Americans in our city were nurtured and developed; their approaches to life's problems were honed and fleshed out at those meetings.

Finally, I remember that she was a competent advocate in court for her position on civil rights matters. She had a voice that seemed to be crying out for justice, yet she was professional in the manner in which she addressed an audience. The crowds were stimulated to action and on many occasions she received standing ovations for her oratory. This meant a lot in the days when there were laws and practices that kept African Americans out of the mainstream of American life, socially, politically, and economically. We remained loyal to Juanita for she always worked within the system to bring about change. She always insisted that we not lose confidence in ourselves or be intimidated by those from the past. Her focus was forward with an "eye on the prize," never hesitating to pave new roads. She felt race should not be a source of advantage or disadvantage but that people should be judged by how they live. Black and White together was her motto and the University of Maryland should be commended for pausing to pay homage to this wonderful lady.

MARY PAT CLARKE*

Juanita Jackson Mitchell is what author Alice Walker defines as a "Womanist," and I quote:

"WOMANIST."

"[definition 1]:

* President, Baltimore City Council.
1. The quoted definitions of "womanist" cited herein are found in ALICE WALKER, IN SEARCH OF OUR MOTHERS' GARDENS xi-xii (1983).
"A black feminist or feminist of color . . . . Usually referring to outrageous, audacious, courageous, or willful behavior. . . ."

[Like the outrageous idea of rising from the segregated schools of her Baltimore childhood to become the first black woman to practice law in Maryland.

[Like the audacious notion of navigating that degree straight into the Supreme Court itself, to desegregate the schools of that segregated girlhood, all while still barred from the Baltimore Bar.

[Like the courageous fight of the later years, to preserve her own family's hard-earned name as first family of civil rights for Baltimore, Maryland, and the nation.

[Like the willful behavior of wearing those hats: the harder the times, the wider the brims, as a signal to all who would mess with the mission, that this hat will stay on this head, never ever in your dreams to be a “hat in hand” for what Juanita’s family deserves and will have—by right.]

“. . . Responsible, In charge. Serious.

"Also [definition 2]:

"Appreciates and prefers women’s culture, women’s emotional flexibility, and women’s strength . . . . Committed to survival and wholeness of entire people, male and female . . . .

"Traditionally capable, as in: ‘Mama, I’m walking to Canada and I’m taking you and a bunch of other slaves with me: Reply: ‘It wouldn’t be the first time.’”

"[definition 3]:

"Womanist is to feminist as purple to lavender."

"[definition 4]:


Regardless, Juanita Jackson Mitchell trusted family, trusted instinct, trusted education, and, most of all, trusted herself to rattle cages, wear hats, write diatribes, seek justice, and uplift family onto the level playing fields of hard-won legal and political victories. As if, down through the dark purple ages, to confirm, “It wouldn’t be the first time.” And it won’t be the last.

In the words of Zora Neale Hurston, writing at the sunset of the Harlem Renaissance and the dawn of a pending Civil Rights Movement, when Juanita was just 24: “Now, women forget all those things they don’t want to remember, and remember everything they don’t want to forget. The dream is the truth. Then they act and do
things accordingly."\textsuperscript{2}

Such is the life we honor, the life of a woman called Juanita.

\textbf{JOHN CARROLL BYRNES*}

She was a woman of virtue, not merely in the contemporary meaning of that word, possessing \textit{rectitude} and other admirable qualities, but as the ancient Greeks intended—a person of strength and authority, a person not only good in her habits and ambitions but having such an admirable strength about her person that she could and did cause what she wanted to happen. In commerce she would have been the "CEO"; in academia, the dean; in the arts, the \textit{prima donna}; in religion, the prophetess. She chose the law and became, shall we say, our Lady Chancellor, appointed by her peers to bring true equity to the law. As the chancellors of England were charged by the monarch to find a just solution where the forms and precedents of common law had failed, Juanita Jackson Mitchell spent a lifetime looking for equity, the justice ingredient of the law. She knew that the form and precedent of the law, in so far as it applied to her ancestors and to her neighbors, grew from sterile fields. She longed to bring new nutrient to those fields and hoped to see in her lifetime a new and fair harvest that would feed all of God's children—not just the landowners, but the farmers too.

With her sheer willpower and tremendous love of all people, Juanita Jackson Mitchell nourished the seeds planted by Frederick Douglass in a letter to his former master on September 3, 1848:

The morality of the act [of running away], I dispose as follows: I am myself; you are yourself; we are two distinct persons, equal persons. What you are, I am. You are a man, and so am I. God created both, and made us separate beings. I am not by nature bound to you, or you to me. Nature does not make your existence depend upon me, or mine depend upon yours. I cannot walk upon your legs, or you upon mine. I cannot breathe for you, or you for me; I must breathe for myself, and you for yourself. We are distinct persons, and are each equally provided with faculties

\textsuperscript{2} Zora Neale Hurston, \textit{Their Eyes Were Watching God} 1 (Univ. of Ill. Press 1991) (1937).

* Judge, Circuit Court for Baltimore City.
necessary to our individual existence.¹

The Emancipation Proclamation, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and the reconstruction civil rights laws all sustained root systems for new crops of fundamental fairness. However, many citizens of this nation were not yet ready to eat these new foods and there were far too few planters, and not many ready fields either. So for another one hundred years or so there were crop failures and the few successful yields seemed too distant on the horizon to give much sustenance. It was this bleak American landscape that Juanita Jackson Mitchell saw upon her graduation from the University of Maryland School of Law in 1950.

But the virtuous Juanita Jackson remembered those words of worship, "The shield of faith won’t do much good . . . if it’s hanging by your side, keep the shield of faith before you if you want to stay alive." Inspired by the Jackson family’s courageous and dignified earlier struggle, she would have none of it; and she demanded, "I must breathe for myself." She knew too that she would have to breathe for her African-American countrymen as well. Clarence M. Mitchell, Jr. knew that was also his destiny, for he too was a virtuous person. On September 7, 1938, they were united at the altar and formed a historic partnership, joining other courageous civil rights pioneers of Maryland such as Milton Allen, Ben Brown, Solomon Baylor, Harry Cole, Tucker Dearing, John Hargrove, Joseph Howard Sr., Mabel Houze Hubbard, William Hughes, Lillie May Carroll Jackson, Martin Jenkins, Linwood Koger, Jr., Lena Lee, Carl Murphy, William Murphy Sr., Thurgood Marshall, David Mason, Enolia McMillan, Donald Gaines Murray, George Russell, Robert Watts, Verda Welcome, and Archie Williams. The Mitchells and many others of their and earlier generations joined in Thurgood Marshall’s Brown v. Board of Education² argument: "The 14th Amendment requires equality. The only way to get equality is for two people to get the same thing at the same place and at the same time."³

¹. Letter from Frederick Douglass to his Former Master (Sept. 3, 1848), in I Too AM AMERICA: DOCUMENTS FROM 1619 TO PRESENT, at 85 (Patricia W. Romero ed., International Library of Afro-American Life and History 1976).
More fields, more farmers, and greater yields of justice followed. There were struggles as the fearful and insecure stomped upon the new shoots and plucked the buds before bloom. Gradually, however, white Americans of goodwill began to admire and respect the struggle for justice, to support the early tentative steps of the courts as they began to heed the call of our Lady Chancellor as she perhaps reminded them of the classic equitable maxim that "equity regards as done that which ought to be done."

My late father, Joseph R. Byrnes, was such a man of good will. Having lost both of his parents at an early age, he was sent to live in a farm in southern Maryland, with the Norris family. Southern Maryland then was Southern Maryland. He spent his maturing years in that culture and admired it to his death. He came to know, however, the ungracious side of the south too, where blacks were not regarded as "breathing on their own." The study of how this semi-southerner came to know the cause of Juanita Jackson Mitchell is also the story of Judge Robert Bell, a distinguished member of our Court of Appeals.

At 4:15 on the afternoon of Friday, June 17, 1960, a group of neatly dressed black students entered the lobby of Hooper's restaurant in downtown Baltimore, Maryland. Located one block from the city courthouse, Hooper's had a large dining room and a lounge that was popular with white lawyers and judges, because Hooper's, along with 90 percent of Baltimore restaurants at the time, refused to serve black patrons. A century after the Civil War, Baltimore remained Southern in atmosphere and attitude, with Jim Crow schools, colleges, hospitals and restaurants.4

The young putative patrons were refused service by a waitress who explained: "I'm sorry, but we haven't integrated yet."5 The students stayed, the police were called, and the trespass law recited.

Among the twelve who refused to leave was Robert Mack Bell, the sixteen-year-old student-body president at all-black Dunbar High School. Bell had recruited a busload of Dunbar students to join the sit-in with students from Morgan State. . . . Monday morning, Bell and the other students returned to the downtown police station, where they were fingerprinted, photographed, booked, and released to their parents' custody until their trial for trespass.

5. Id.
James Murphy was the prosecutor. Robert Watts defended the students. Both men, and Robert Bell himself, were destined to become members of that same bench, then called the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, to which this writer was also appointed and elected twenty-two years later. Testimony was taken, including the response of the student leader, John Quarles, when asked why he risked arrest? Quarles answered, "'I think arrest is a small price to pay for your freedom as a human being.'" The story continued:

Robert Watts and the other lawyers who represented the students, Tucker Dearing and Juanita Jackson Mitchell, filed with Judge Byrnes a motion asking for dismissal of the trespass charges. State support of private segregation through enforcement of trespass laws violated the Fourteenth Amendment guarantee of "equal protection of the laws," they argued. Judge Byrnes denied the motion, found Robert Mack Bell and the other students guilty, fined them $10 each, and suspended the fine. The lack of penalty reflected Byrnes' belief that the students "are not law-breaking people." Their protest "was one of principle rather than any intentional attempt to violate the law," he wrote in his opinion.

Maryland's highest court, upholding the convictions in January 1962, stated the legal question as whether the state could "use its judicial process to enforce the racially discriminatory practices of a private owner, once that owner has opened his property to the general public." Because the law in Maryland did not either require or prohibit restaurant segregation, enforcement of trespass laws was neutral and did not constitute "state action" that took sides between Carroll Hooper and the black students. Protestors could not "invade or remain upon the private property of private citizens, so long as private citizens retain the right to choose their guests or customers," the judges concluded.8

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6. Id. at 133.
7. Id. at 136.
8. Id. (emphasis added). The Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction in Bell v. State, 227 Md. 302, 176 A.2d 771 (1962) (holding that the First Amendment did not prohibit such "private" discrimination), rev'd, 378 U.S. 226 (1964). On certiorari, the Supreme Court reversed and remanded the case to the Court of Appeals for reconsideration in light of the enactment of the Maryland Discrimination in Public Accommoda-
I am honored to contribute to this memorial not only personally, but in my father's memory. I credit him as my spiritual co-author because from his instinctive attraction to the core equity of the students' cause grew a life-long friendship with all of the participants, particularly Juanita Jackson Mitchell. I basked in the sunshine of that friendship and became one of her countless admirers and friends. My father's experience symbolized the tension between justice and "the law," which has confounded judges throughout history. Juanita Jackson Mitchell devoted her life to that tension—to make it a constructive rather than a destructive force in a society that she believed could redeem itself. She believed this from her strong feet, which walked everywhere for racial equity, to her ever-present and signifying *chapeau*. And her hat did signify something. It was never a smallish, timid hat worn only for warmth or decoration. It was, like the lady beneath it, a strong and convincing hat. It was always a hat of virtue.

To bring that constructive tension to bear at all levels of a reluctant society, Clarence M. Mitchell Jr. walked the halls of the United States Congress, virtually as a member of the United States Senate (the "101st Senator"); Juanita walked the halls of courthouses, and the Mitchell family walked the streets of Baltimore to mobilize the disenfranchised and the disadvantaged. The erudite and distinguished, now retired, Congressman Parren J. Mitchell left the academic life of Morgan State University to win a historic election to the United States House of Representatives. Juanita and Clarence's sons Clarence III and Michael Bowen, brought their considerable energy and eloquence to the Maryland General Assembly and the Baltimore City Council. I had the pleasure of serving with Clarence Mitchell III in the Maryland State Senate and he was paid this high tribute: When he spoke on the floor of the Senate, the Senate listened. He and his brother spoke unceasingly of righting the wrongs of the nation's and the state's civil rights history. Gradually, Juanita's and her family's voice were heard—in the offices of the President of the United States and the Governor of Maryland; in the United States Congress, the Maryland General Assembly, and the Baltimore City Council; in state and federal courts; and, finally,
where it really counts, in the hearts and consciences of all Americans.

In touching the consciences of so many white citizens, Mrs. Mitchell walked "hand in hand" with Martin Luther King and was inspired, like so many of all races and creeds, by the powerful words in his famous "Letter from Birmingham City Jail."9 Dr. King explained:

I am in Birmingham because injustice is here.

... Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly.10

Like Juanita Jackson Mitchell, Dr. King recognized the importance of constructive tension. His letter continued:

Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood.11

King forced his readers to face a terrible daily reality of African-American lives when he reminded them of the times:

[W]hen you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people

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10. Id. at 290.
11. Id. at 291.
treat colored people so mean?"\textsuperscript{12}

King echoed the philosophical core of Juanita Jackson Mitchell's argument in \textit{State v. Bell} three years earlier in the Baltimore courthouse now named for her late husband:

I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law.

\ldots

We can never forget that everything Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany.\textsuperscript{13}

Martin Luther King's conclusion could easily be Mrs. Mitchell's epitaph:

One day the South will know that when these disinherited children of God sat down at lunch counters they were in reality standing up for what is best in the American dream and the most sacred values in our Judeo-Christian heritage, and thusly, carrying our whole nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the Founding Fathers in the formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.\textsuperscript{14}

My final personal moments with Mrs. Mitchell were happy and less happy ones. The happy moment came when she graciously agreed to donate the portrait of her husband that had been commissioned and presented by the A.S. Abell Company, former publisher of the \textit{Sunpapers}, on the occasion of the dedication of our city courthouse in his name and to his memory. Following the ceremony in March 1985, the portrait hung in the Lillie Carroll Jackson Museum until I had the pleasure of picking it up for placement in the Clarence M. Mitchell, Jr. Courthouse. The less happy day was September 6, 1991. I was in the emergency room of the Greater Baltimore Medical Center for a minor family mishap when Mrs. Mitchell was wheeled in for medical attention after having suffered a significant deterioration in her health. I will always remember two bright colors in this otherwise sad and gray image. The first, Juanita Jackson

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{12} \textit{Id.} at 292-93
  \item \textsuperscript{13} \textit{Id.} at 294-95.
  \item \textsuperscript{14} \textit{Id.} at 302.
\end{itemize}
Mitchell's indomitable will as she, despite serious affliction, dominated the scene with questions and comment. The second was the inspiring scene of her family, including her cherished son and physician Keiffer Jackson Mitchell, as they gave witness to the family loyalty and love that she herself personified throughout her seventy-nine caring, giving, and leading years.

She was also a philosopher. It has been said that the "capacity to wonder is among man's greatest gifts," and that to "perceive all that is unusual and exceptional, all that is wonderful, in the midst of the ordinary things of everyday life, is the beginning of philosophy." By those statements it is meant that, in the Socratic tradition, from which Martin Luther King drew in his "Letter From Birmingham City Jail," one should wonder about what is not, not just what is. Thus it is argued that "doubt is the beginning of philosophy." Juanita had doubts about the disparity between law and justice; and her civil rights philosophy was to wonder why that was so. Unlike Socrates, but very much like Martin Luther King, her husband, her family, her ancestors, and her grandchildren, our Lady Chancellor acted upon her philosophy. Her actions, beginning in 1931 when she cofounded the City-Wide Young People's Forum, continuing through her successful NAACP challenges to school and recreation segregation, to the Bell v. State decision thirty-three years later, ennobled us all and continued to do so for another twenty-eight years until her death on July 7, 1992.

I paraphrase John Donne's immortal words: Her death diminishes us all, because she was involved in mankind.

16. Id. at 100.
17. Id. at 101.