

# 'EVER SIN

## Day By Day

—By—

### Carroll Dulaney

A bas-relief portrait of the late Albert C. Ritchie is nearing comple-



CARROLL DULANEY month by the Advertising Club of Baltimore.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the plaque is the fact that its greatest depth is only one-eighth of an inch. And yet to the casual observer the head seems to stand out to its fullest proportions.

Critics who have seen the plaque say it is one of the best things that Mr. Rosenthal has done—an excellent likeness and with an indefinable something that only Governor Ritchie's intimate friends may recognize.

The selection of Mr. Rosenthal to execute the plaque was a particularly happy one, because he and the former Governor were close personal friends. Mr. Ritchie sat for his last painted portrait in Mr. Rosenthal's studio. And for several years he had been a weekly visitor there, as he liked to watch the sculptor at work on his models. It was in these moments of relaxation, Mr. Rosenthal says, that he saw Mr. Ritchie as his real self.

The formal dedication of the memorial plaque will be accompanied by elaborate ceremonies, with a speaker of national importance.

tion in the Charles street studio of Louis Rosenthal, internationally known as a sculptor of miniatures.

The plaque will be erected in Druid Hill Park next

The Ritchie plaque was cast in N.Y. —shipped to Baltimore— and bolted to the tower near the lake in Druid Hill Park. The metal had a flaw in it, and as the workmen bolted it to the tower, it cracked in two. My father almost had a heart attack. The unveiling was in a few days, so a workman filled the crack with putty and painted it brown. It could still be seen, so he continued on with the paint until the entire plaque looked like a big chocolate bar.

My father came home and paced the floor. All night long he paced the floor. At about 3:30 AM there was a knock on the door. Mr. Mendelson, from downstairs, asked my father to please go to sleep so that he, his wife, and his three children could also get some sleep. My father put a coat over his pajamas and went outside to continue his walkings.

After the elaborate dedication ceremonies my father tried to block anyone from getting too close to look at the plaque. A few weeks later, a new

plaque arrived from N.Y., and when no one was around, it was bolted up in place of the flawed one. A few years later the plaque was moved from Druid Hill Park to the New State office Building on Preston St, where it is today.