

SPRING FEVER

miss the day-time traffic, especially on an Easter weekend. The moon was about three-fourths full, no cars were on the road, and it wasn't too cool, all making for a pleasant ride from Bailey to Goldsboro. On arriving at Goldsboro at four A.M., we purchased drinks from a gas station vending machine and consumed some sandwiches which I had brought along. It was getting cold as we headed on for Kinston; frost was forming on the grass beside the rode. About four miles out of Goldsboro we stopped and put on all our extra clothing, but never regained the warmth that was enjoyed earlier. It was comparatively easy peddling into Kinston. During this part of the journey, the stars gave way to light as we peddled into town about 6:00 A.M.

What a breakfast we did consume! We ate with relish pancakes, eggs, sausage, toast with jam, orange juice, and milk.

It was beginning to get warm now as we left for New Bern at 6:45 A.M. During this distance we stopped twice for refreshments, and once to switch part of my load when two of my rear spokes gave way under the strain. Arriving in New Bern, we ate at the home of John's uncle and had the two spokes replaced. The trip from New Bern at 2 P.M. proved easy but tricky riding in all the holiday traffic. Through Cherry Point and on into Morehead City we peddled. We had been on the road for 18 hours from Bailey to the Atlantic Coast, but there was still the ride to Beaufort where we planned to spend the night with my uncle. Arriving at my uncle's home at 6:30 P.M., we totaled our time--fourteen hours and forty-five minutes of peddling, or a total sum of eighteen and one-half hours on the road.

It was sound sleep for both of us that night for morning seemed to come

very early.

We enjoyed a boat ride Saturday morning and dinner with my uncle. That afternoon we went over to Atlantic Beach and rented a motel room for six dollars a night, Saturday and Sunday nights. That same afternoon we peddled to and from Fort Macon and over to a show in Morehead City that night.

On Sunday we attended Sun Rise services at Fort Macon, an experience that made our trip well worth while. Later it was a trip on the beach from Atlantic Beach on past the Steel Pier and Salters Path to a point where we could go no further. We returned to Salters Path by the beach and then rode the highway on into Atlantic Beach. That night we attended another show in Morehead.

The next morning, Monday, after various trips on the beach, we joined John's father and family at Tony's Restaurant for the dinner hour and the return trip home.

It was an enjoyable bicycle trip down, no denying that, but we welcomed a pleasant return home on a four-wheel vehicle with the Watsons. *Danny Finch*

CHANGES IN THE MAKING

Some argue that the Negro does not deserve equality, that he is mentally and morally inferior and hardly the level of some animals. The most basic contradiction to this is the teachings of the Bible that indicates throughout that all men are equal and brothers. The second, and conclusive piece of evidence is the scientific proof that Negroes are not physically inferior, and that the Negro possesses the normal mental potential. Environment is the main shaping force of anyone's character.

The problem of integration will come to our town in the future. Here, as in all parts of the country, there will be no quick, simple answer. That will be provided only by time and gradual understanding. Prejudice must be slowly put away. Understanding and acceptance must come to the minds and hearts of the people before there can be more than "token" integration in any phase of life. Armed with determination to think sensibly and act wisely, integration will not prove a defeat for us, but a test of understanding.