

Writers Forum

By GEORGE R. RUSS

Last year is the year that was, and no amount of trying to hold your breath while you try to figure out where or when you left off keeping last year's resolutions: to make for you and yours a happier, more prosperous New Year, throws any light on your plight.

You know for certain that your greatest danger this year—and it's not really a danger in the strict sense of the word—is that you might sort of slide along without making the most of what can be the greatest year in your life time.

No punches bared, you admit that you do have a lazy streak in you. Your potential possibilities are super-plus once you're roused by a major ambition or a challenge to your pride. Beware of promises to do tomorrow that which needs doing today.

The blase is habit forming. Avoid the easy going periods in which you may be strongly tempted just to sit back, relax, and enjoy yourself—no reprimand intended—who needs an active, thought gathering evening? It is a very pleasant thing to let tomorrow take care of itself, but you could wind up New Year's Eve 1974 having spent the year with a nice comfortable sense of well-being and not much else to show for it.

On the other hand, if you prod yourself a little from time to time, your resolutions can prove to be the stepping stones to the happiest year of accomplishments.

This year's New Year celebrations were the best of any vintage. Peas, collards and cold sliced roast pork topped the list of foodfare at most parties; hostesses made a point of greeting the New Year with laden, festive boards.

Mrs. Pauline Boxley of East Lee Street, wearing canary yellow hostess pajamas and a cheerful smile, served a delicious dinner and passed out gifts to her friends—and never hinted that she had an appointment with her physician at Lincoln Hospital for an operation.

The guests, for the most part, were Adult Advisors of the Junior Department at Union Baptist Church. And, believe it or not, most of these gracious, thoughtful ladies brought gifts for every one, including the mess present.

Miss Annie M. Dunigan, su-

pervisor of the U.B.C. Junior Department was at her informal best. Miss Nancy E. Hill, a resident of Flushing, N. Y., visiting family and friends of Durham, joined Miss Dunigan in delightful repartee. There was much talk about unbuyable gifts, such as kindness, thoughtfulness, courtesy, consideration, and good nature.

Deanna Pratt's parents tossed a New Year's Eve Party for their daughter. This gala affair was staged as a "thank you" party for the cast who supported the tiny-tot in the "First Christmas." A colorful, dramatic pageant presented during the 11 o'clock worship at U.B.C. December 24th. A Hattie P. Partin Production. The party was an extravaganza on several counts: a delicious buffet supper, gorgeous decorations and good cheer.

The Willing Workers Missionary Circle held their annual New Year's Day Party in the spacious social-room at Union Baptist Church. Party-time with this group is strictly family-fun-time; and the Chairman of the Social Committee, Mrs. Doris P. Holland, goes way out to make the occasion cheerful, convivial and commendatory.

1973 official Staff: President—Mrs. Celestia Sanders; 1st Vice—Mrs. Willie Mae Fields; 2nd Vice—Mrs. Lois Brown; 3rd Vice, Mrs. Temple Young; 4th Vice, Mrs. Annie M. Gilmore; Sec'y, Mrs. Annie E. Daniels; Treas., Mrs. Mozelle Flintall; Corresponding Sec'y, Mrs. Aleasa Henderson; Mrs. Madie Tucker, Program Chairman; Mrs. Irene Hall, Social Committee Chairman; Mrs. Doris P. Holland, Flower Fund Chairman; Mrs. Willie Mae Fields, Self-Denial Fund Chairman; Mrs. Ella Gilmore, Sick Committee Chairman, Mrs. Christine Mitchell.

New Year's Day found the Hospitality on the move away from the decency at U.B.C. The first order of business was a trip to Chapel Hill and a visit to St. Paul A. M. E. Church, Dr. J. R. Manley, pastor, where they listened to Dr. Charles E. Cobb, the Black Ministerial Alliance's (of Chapel Hill) annual Freedom Day speaker. Subject: "A Time For Liberation." The remainder of the day was spent visiting friends in the city hospitals, spreading good cheer for shut-ins. They even found time to sing "Happy Birthday" to the president of

the Russ-Sanders Singers—Mrs. S. H. Russ—and a long time friend, Mrs. Merma Dunigan of Massey Avenue. If making a good start have anything to do with a successful year's ending, the amiable, charming, beautiful ladies of the U. B. C. Hospitality Committee are well out front.

Leave it to a child, a boy, to say it just right—smudges 'n all: Dear aunt Stattie, Happy Birthday—and May God Bless you, Love, Willie Edward Muse.

DIETARY CONTROL: HOPE FOR INHERITED DISEASES?

Many disorders that are inherited, including some neurological diseases, are now recognized to have their biochemical basis in an enzyme deficiency, according to Dr. Morris Fishbein.

In an editorial in Medical World News, a publication for physicians for which Dr. Fishbein is editor, he writes that "in a few of these disorders, brain damage is prevented by the use of a specific dietary regimen. This offers hope many other inherited disorders may be susceptible of dietary control."

Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE R. RUSS

Chad was too flabbergasted to retort. He refused to dignify Bob Johnson's blatant ignorance with an intelligent reply, therefore, he dropped angrily upon the metal chair, giving every indication that he had forgotten his assailant's presence.

Bob Johnson removed his overcoat, and fluffed the crushed petals of the bright red geranium in the lapel of his glossy black tuxedo; "like I told you, I can throw in a poetry reader with no extra charges." He said, prancing up and down, gesticulating with his befitting fingers. "Soul-brother, I'm out here to make-a-living. I can't make it if mah customers sit me up for-a-louser." Bob bounced inside the aisle in front of Chad. He had no wish for his salesman's showmanship to be wasted.

Chad fumbled beneath his coats, found his billfold, selected several bills. "Sixty dollars is too much, but I'd

rather over pay you and get rid of you than have you around breathing down my neck." Chad wasn't caring how he sounded; he was up to his neck with contemptuous people; he was slowly but surely being strangled to death by folk interested only in indulging their own egotisms. Even simple-Simon Frank believed he was the gods' wondrous gift to the human race, therefore, he found cause to laugh at everything.

Bob Johnson eyed suspiciously the bills thrust toward him; he had been putting the squeeze on for a much lesser sum. Now, without using more than a fraction of the persuasive methods he was prepared to use, he was being over paid. He didn't trust Blacks bearing gifts. However, money is a real charmer no matter who is passing it out; nevertheless, he didn't want anyone to feel that they were giving him something he had earned; "I still have time to bring in, at least, a half dozen Honorary Pall-Bearers."

Let your conscience be your guide, Mr. Johnson." Chad's sarcasm was borne out in the title, "Mr."

Bob Johnson hurried into his overcoat—"you take it easy, Bill round up some-of-mah lodge brothers—the full dress won't cost you-ah-dime extra." Bob said in his specially nice business tone, eased the bills from between Chad's fingers, shook the benevolent fingers, then dashed off with the brisk confidence that accompanies a satisfied mind.

Long before the heavy front door slammed behind Bob

sters to become depressed, and feel like they are not wanted. It can make them dread to go home when they are out, and probably cause them to further withdraw, seeking love, attention, and assurance from someone else. And remember, a child can become emotionally disturbed from too much anxiety, and they will not be able to cope with life because they need protection, guidance, and the most of all their parents.

their "nerves" or "bug" them, it brings the following three things in my mind that can lead up to keeping their younger ones from having a good mental health condition, such as courage, confidence, and enthusiasm.

First, it's not the youngsters all the time. It could be some disagreement or misunderstanding between the parents which caused their tensions to rise. Therefore, the least little thing their children "do" or say, they take the spite out on their kids by being tyrannical (cruel) to get things off their own chest.

Second: they don't want to take the time to face the facts of taking the responsibilities of meeting their obligations that's required of the rearing of their children, and give them proper home-training and education so they can have the qualifications and requirements to face life in the future.

Third: some parents could be trying to let other people share most of their burdens by shifting their children over on their own relatives, neighbors, school teachers, or perhaps rely on their older child to help them escape situations to make their own lives easy.

All the things I have mentioned comes from self experience, and dealing with the public a long time.

In my opinion, most parents could influence children if they would take more time with them, and talk in a manner that they get what it takes. Children take notice of everything, and they like people who have a nice attitude.

Finally, tyrannical parents can deprive their children's morale, and can cause young-

DAILY LIVING

WE SHOULDN'T DEPRIVE CHILDREN'S MORALE



By William Thorpe

I have heard many discussions about dealing with children. Some people say children are not reared like they were years ago. Many adults have told how their parents reared them, and the hard times they had when they were children. They even tried to compare their childhood days with the younger generation of today. It interests me because I deal with so many minors every week. But when I hear someone talk too much on the negative side of our children of today, it forces me to try to bring out my ideas and feelings about the subject.

When we raise children, we can start with understanding them. Remember, we were once children, ourselves therefore, we have experienced that stage of life. What do we expect of the younger ones as they follow through the paths we came over? We wouldn't look for them to act like an adult, think, or be at the stage of maturity.

Just think! They didn't have anything to do with coming into this world, and when we look at our children, we are looking at an off spring of our own flesh and blood, and observing the oncoming future generation. So why blame everything on them when they don't act or do like we want them to.

I know you can remember when you were a child, some of the things you did then, you wouldn't do now. We can see that children will always do childish things.

Now, I wouldn't dare tell anyone how to raise their children, but I can give some warning on depriving their morale.

When I hear parents say that their children get on



From [unclear]

By JOHN HUGGINS

The recent snow probably gave you some time around the house to find out what your wife does all day. Well, not your wife but a lot of people who find themselves at home during the day for one reason or another. One way or another they usually wind up watching the boob-tube, great American propaganda machine or simply television. And more than likely they tune to the "stories" or more simply soap operas.

You know the inspiration for pseudo gossip, the Secret Storm, or Search For Tomorrow, As The World Turns, etc. Soap operas and their ideas find their way in to all too many Black homes. What we have failed to do is to analyze their effect, as well as their substance. They rank close to athletics as being the leading product sellers. From day to day they drive home the point of what is the best soap powder which toothpaste gets teeth (or dentures) whiter, what to feed the dog, and leftovers from the supermarket (called Hamburger Helpers). Thus many people who have very little money to start with, wind up being persuaded to spend it on expensive products that have been "pushed" into the minds, often of Black Women.

As Bill Cosby once described soap operas, this is where infidelity is king. Everybody has a husband and a lover. The husband is in love with somebody's sister or cousin. Everybody has an extra baby left over from an affair with somebody other than who they married. And they all go to mother-in-law, grandmother, or best friend next door (who incidentally is making passes at the paperboy) for advice. So what happens, the little lady sees daily thirty minutes in the life of make believe, and she is an expert on family problems. The problem starts when she is involved with somebody (like her husband) who has't seen the story.

Now there are at least two more important things to note. Just about all the people in the stories are white people (point number 1). Everybody is either

a doctor or lawyer, or making out with one or his sister (point number 2). Now you ask what is the problem. Well for us, points 1 and 2. Black people who are exposed from day to day to a make believe world of what life, especially family life ought to be, are in for some shocks. There are serious questions in my mind as to whether anybody lives like they do in the stories, not even white people. Now the problem comes when Willie Joe comes home from digging a ditch all day and Beulah Mae expects him to behave like Dr. Whitey on the Secret Edge of the Stormy Night.

For the most part Black people have too many problems to deal with that are not even a part of the make believe world of television. Like what happens when a greasy white plumber comes to fix the sink before the Black woman has finished dressing, and how does she tell her man about the plumber's insulting expectation? Where is the reality that most families (especially Black ones) break up or have difficulties stemming from financial problems not infidelity or slipping around.

Of course you want to tell me it is only entertainment and we all know better. I ask you just listen to the seriousness the next time you hear somebody talking about the stories. And then tell me that some of this stuff is not rubbing off. Look in the grocery cart next time and tell me about the number of brand names you see despite their price, and tell me the stories are not doing a job.

It is clear to me that what is projected over the television can have an effect on those who watch it. We must be ever conscious of what we observe and how seriously we take it. We must be ever mindful that the time we spend looking at television contributes nothing to our liberation, certainly not the "stories" or soap operas.

Remember, our improved SOAP Opera gets minds 100% whiter!!

SCOUT CORNER

By E. L. KEARNEY



E. L. KEARNEY

ORDINARY MEN

In these days of rockets and satellites, of space flights and orbits the question of the Psalmist takes on new meaning. "Thou has made him little less than God, and doest crown him with glory and honor." We have long known that the earth is but a speck of dust in the far corner of the universe, but now the reality of our size and position has been thrust home to us in a dramatic fashion. As we stand tiptoe on the very verge of space, we stop a moment and think of these ancient words. What is man that those art mindful of him and the son of man dost care for him?

It is a sobering thought, but a wonderful one also as we realize that it is not man's size nor yet his achievements which provide the true measure of his worth.

We are reminded of his tendency to pay too much to the whims of life, to be overly influenced by prestige or position. The danger comes when these things begin to blind us to the real value of things who have little of this world's goods, or whose position is not of commanding importance.

The disciples were rebuked when they attempted to prevent the little children from coming to Jesus. Jesus was

born in Bethlehem to parents of whom the world has never seen or heard. A man should not be judged by his outward appearance, but by the heart. Today Scouting is seeking out institutions who have men available who have big hearts for little boys.

So many small things can be used to reflect love and compassion, small deeds of ours which like the seven loaves, may bless the lives of countless boys if men only seek small opportunity. Small opportunities can make men a boy's real hero.

The call today is for ordinary men, the call is for men to work. Christ called fishermen and tax collectors to be his disciples and with them "turned the world upside down". William Carey was a shoe maker and Kangawa an unwanted orphan. There is no link to visit ordinary men can do if they dedicate themselves to helping others.

Turnouts were found to have eaten through a large stock pamphlet in the mail room of a large university. The pamphlets were entitled "Control of Tumblers". The best information is useless until it is put to work. So it is with programs. Scouting without management the program cannot go to boys.

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