

# Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS



MRS. MARIE HARRIS

No matter the time of year, the spirit of the occasion determines the success of the atmosphere you're trying to project. Christmas Parties after January 6th does give cause for one to gasp—"Christmas!" But the Senior Choir's annual Christmas party, staged January 15th, was a huge success. Aside from the absence of the traditional decorated tree, the party format was perfect. A motif of snowy white, glowing reds and gleaming greens evidenced the intention of the Social Committee: a setting for a Christmas party.

The setting for scene I was in readiness by the time the benediction was given in the sanctuary and guests began trooping into the UBC Banquet-Room (Fellowship Hall). At this point, the cold, sober, colorful motif was transformed into a marvelous Christmas Party. There was no need for the Toastmaster to insert "Fellowship Dinner," etc.

Despite the lush decorations, happy people and the abundance of good things to eat, it was hard to overlook the lively presence of the choir's Program and Social Committeeman. Year after year, these persons carry the ball for the Senior Choir: Mmes. Marie McM. Harris, Lula Hill, Flossie Sexton and Mozelle Flintall. These persons have been serving on the said committees for more than a quarter of a century. During the years that the church's Building Fund Committee depended upon the church's organizations for gifts, the Senior Choir headed the list of donors. Staggering sums were raised through and by these committeemen.

In 1954, the year the church moved from Glendale Avenue, these representatives raised, through an assortment of programs, nearly \$4,000: a substantial sum to pay for a window and a down payment on the Hammond Concert organ still in use here in the church. As though they were destined to be set down as failures, these committeemen launched a fund raising drive to purchase chimes for the organ—a sum of \$1,500 dollars was raised.

You might say the hey-day of these committeemen occurred at a time when necessity forced them into action. However, one must take into consideration that it takes a lot of know how to keep programs interesting enough for Joe Public to give willingly to the support of your projects, year after year, on a three figure basis. For example, the Queen of Queens pageant netted a sum of \$750.00.

Forum will give its readers a brief introduction to these loyal, faithful committeemen who are, to a large extent, the financiers of the 72 year old Senior Choir.

Strangely enough, in recent years an effort is being made to sustain the identities of "the old faithful U.B.C. members who have become lost in the shuffle of changing times or have become just plain obsolete. No organized method has been formulated, however, a closer relationship to one another is desired. The situation is much more acute than we wish to believe, but there is a silent fight for survival—to be more than a number on the membership roll. This is a loneliness that is overlooked by many. As time passes, we will explore the subject more fully.

These profiles that Forum will send your way have not become obsolete, but there is a fine chance that all their splendid works will become lost in dust gathering files within the decade.

The amiable Mrs. Marie Harris has worked with the Union Baptist Church over a long period of years; serving with the Senior Choir for more than a quarter of a century. She served with the Senior Choir for more than a quarter of a century. She served with the Senior Choir when the choir sang every Sunday, sang for all funerals and rendered the music for all special occasions. Aside from supporting the soprano-line, she has worked hard to raise funds to support the various projects of the church—be it purchasing chairs for the Prayer Meeting Room or raising cash to pay for the New Union Baptist Church

**Building.**  
Sunday school, B.T.U. and missionary fields of endeavor or working with a clean-up crew is a cross-section of Mrs. Harris' many duties for her church. She has kept the faith during times of adversity and in times when joy was boundless. At present, Mrs. Marie McMillian Harris is an active member of the Up-To-Date Galeda Club; The Galeda Sunday School Class; the Senior Missionary Circle and Choir; Senior Choir and chairman of the Social Committee; too, she is a member of the Cosmetologist Club Number One; Omega Sorority; and, The Thrifty Savings Club.

Apple Pie a' La Mode with coffee climaxed the dinner party and while folk got better acquainted and gifts were passed out, Miss Naomi Pirre gave a brilliant reading on "Friendship."

Family and friends in attendance: Mmes Elizabeth Edwards, Cora Waddell, Elva Perry, Jeanetta Bracey, Annie E. Daniels, Lena Ellerbee, Annie M. Dunigan, Naomi Pirre, Mona Perry, Margaret Weathers; Messrs Claude Suit, Jr., Rev. Napoleon Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Young, Rev. and Mrs. Essex Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Allen — Mount Zion Baptist Church; Messrs. Excell Holland, Charlie Fulton, James T. Muse, Misses Magaline Harris, Ava D. Best, Esterieta Wilson, Beverly Evon Holland, Pamela Hill, Mrs. Vera Nicholson, Mrs. Beatrice Holeman, Pastor, Dr. Grady D. Davis, M. Clemmet, Willie E. Muse.

Official Staff: President, W. C. Young; Vice President, Mrs. Doris P. Holland; Secretaries, Mrs. Stattie H. Russ and Mrs. Viola Thompson; Treasurer, Mrs. Pauline Hart; Program Chairmen, Mrs. Jeanette Pratt; Organist, Grover Wilson, Jr.



## From Black

By JOHN HUGGINS

The Motion picture *Southerner* is certainly deserving of high praises that it has been receiving. Let me take this opportunity to add my two-cents worth and recommend that you go see it if you get the chance. It is one of the few Black oriented films that is worth the two dollars that they are going to charge you to see it.

While we are on that subject please note that all the theatres in the Durham area are owned by white people, which means that no matter how Black the film is the admission that you pay to see it ends up in hands that don't serve you. With the money in Durham there is no reason why we cannot make arrangements to show Black movies ourselves and keep the money in our community. There was a time when Black people were not allowed into those white places which means we found other ways to see the shows. Black people toured the country showing Black movies in churches, in private homes and even outdoors. Let us learn the lesson, even in entertainment, if we don't take care of our own somebody else will, and make money doing it.

Now that your president has been formally placed in office aren't you happy? For those of you who watched the super-bowl and the inauguration, you will note that Black people are catching the star-spangled-fever, that is we keep showing up to sing those

people's song like we wrote it or something.

How about the brother in New Orleans. They're still trying to figure out what happened. If he did it by himself, he was a baad so real so. There is the gist of real revolution, real militance, real violence. Of course that is what white people think about anyway when they talk about Black Militants. We are only ones who think militance is a way of talking, a way of combing hair, or a way of dressing. That's why when they talk about militants they order tanks. When we talk

about militance we recommend books, you dig where I'm coming from.

Again we see the shining example of what Black motherhood is all about. Too many times I have heard Black women talking about I tried to raise him right, but I couldn't tell him nothing, or he was always this or always that. Mrs. Essex had no qualms about how she had raised her son. More than that she understood as few Black people do today why her son did what he did, if indeed he did it. Her anger was not at her son for embarrassing the family. Her anger was at a white racist society which prevented her son from living upright and free as the man she intended him to be. Let us not forget this beautiful example of BLACK LOVE.

Rumor is like Andrews thumbed his nose at the Dur-

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## SCOUT CORNER

By E. L. KEARNEY



E. L. KEARNEY

ORDINARY MEN

Youth is a time of reaching for human touch-points, a time of searching for the meaning of things. It is not always a joyous time, for sometimes one reaches and there is no one to touch. Sometimes one searches and there is little meaning to find.

There is no other period when so much must happen in so short a time. It is a time for

young people to become more aware of themselves and the people who share their life. It is a time to discover the full meaning of caring and sharing—a time to learn how important it is for friends to enrich each others lives. But what they touch and what they find depends upon the help they receive from others. They simply cannot bring it off alone.

## DAILY LIVING



THE PART FAITH PLAYS

By William Thorp

There are times in life when, despite every apparent precaution, illness or injury may strike you down. When this happens, if you have not had to endure it already, your courage and faith may be tested to the utmost. Especially is this true if medical science decides that it can do little if anything for you.

Under these circumstances your recovery and even survival may depend upon your ability to draw upon your inner resources or to engage the services of some competent spiritual healers. It is essential that a person not accept a negative verdict from doctors or apprehensive loved ones, but hold steadfastly to picturing of a healing. It is better to preserve an image of his body

in a normal, healthy state. It is good to know that when we are ill in body or mind that God is working through the mind with the people we need to meet, who possess what we have to aid or completely alleviate our conditions.

In any event, we must have a knowing faith that whatever that source from which we expect a healing, whatever that source of healing may be.

In my opinion, if anyone is sick and afflicted with such conditions as cancer, tumorous growths and etc; they should picture and visualize vividly and earnestly with complete faith as seeing himself as being healed in his mind, because our basic source of healing will always be our God-given creative power that dwells within.

Think what it would be like not to have a single real friend. It is almost impossible to comprehend. Yet recent research shows that 40 percent of 18- to 22 year-olds and 31 percent of 15- to 17-year-olds feel they do not have a single friend that they can rely upon. Without a friend, a young person is in a state of potential crisis.

Further, a growing child or young person needs to live in a home where love is expressed openly with words and

actions that cannot be mistaken for something else. In such a home the meaning of love is discovered in the act of giving and receiving it. Every single child and youth needs to know that his parents love for him is so deep it can surround any problem, so strong that no circumstance can destroy it. A young person living in such a home knows there is no surer place to bring a problem. And yet, we have heard hundreds of young people express the fear

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## Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Gladys Hodges left church angry because Marion and Ronald had called her a "mealy-mouthed do-gooder." The part about being a "do-gooder" didn't gall her nearly as much as did the part about being "mealy-mouthed." She blamed Marion for the odious expression, however, she wanted to slap Ronald's silly face for having agreed with his sister against her. Perhaps she should not have gone to her pastor for counseling, but she had wanted desperately to unburden her frustrations upon someone. Besides, the young, handsome, highly trained Rev. Harold Rand encouraged the members of Bethel Church to seek him out for counsel sessions. So in a fit of pique-crazed emotion—they had cornered him and in a matter of minutes, had given her version of Chad's infidelity. At the time she had been blabbering, she had given no thought about Marion and Ronald. Personally, she hadn't given a hang about them bearing her berate their father; the act itself warranted the means to an end. The end of her pent up emotions—all the hate and disgust she had stored up inside her bosom. She wanted out; and escape from the awful threat to her sanity. And to culminate the whole cussed business, she could not say, at this point, that she had gained one thing from the counseling session. Rev. Howard Harold Rand had told her to think twice before taking the first step. "You're now entering the twilight years of your life, Mrs. Hodges, and you don't need the traumatic experience of having everything you have worked so hard to build up for a richer, fuller and rewarding life during the years of retirement swept away. I don't condone what Mr. Hodges has done to you and his family neither do I condone what you're doing. Asking for a separation in your case, is only making bad matters worse. Certainly an intelligent, Christian couple like you and your husband can reach, for the time being, a sort of middle of the road reconciliation, then, with the help of God restore, four-fold, the love and respect, trust and happiness you once knew."

Gladys Hodges led herself believe that she was being cajoled into going against her better judgement; "fiddle-faddle!" She had said in an effort to bring the discourse to a sudden halt.

The Rev. Howard Harold Rand had not attempted to

persuade her to hear him out; the man had fastened his pitying eyes upon her without parting his thin lips. Perhaps she had been hasty in making a retreat from sound doctrine, but she had sensed a certain relief in letting him know that she was no gullible, love sick, newly wed anxious to bet back aboard the marital band wagon.

Ronald and Marion arrived home and gave one quick glance at the suitcases in the hallway and stood awestruck. "Daddy is leaving home!" Marion gasped breathlessly; "Oh! My God! this place will be like a tomb without him around." Marion flung her hands despairingly; "Do you understand what's happening?"

"Pardon my ignorance, but there is a lot going on that I don't understand." He answered nonchantly and hurried off in search of food.

"Hey Buster, this ain't no time for stuffing. We've got to have a show down with Daddy!" Marion's voice trembled with genuine fear. How can you stuff your fat face in a time like this?"

"I'm starved. My 'K' breakfast disappeared before Sunday School was over."

"Pig!" Marion flung over her shoulder as she ran toward the front; "If Daddy leaves here, I am cutting out with him."

"Wait!" Ronald shouted with his mouth full of fried chicken and bread. "Women!" he muttered as he dashed about in search of his missing fedora.

Marion was waving a Taxi when Ronald reached the sidewalk: "Where you going, Sis?" He queried as he ran down the street.

Inside the taxi, Marion told him she was going to somebody's funeral.

"You can't raise the dead." He laughed.

Continued

Vacuum rugs and carpets before dusting furniture. Vacuuming stirs dust into the air which then settles on your lamps, tables and other furniture, explains Mrs. Edith McGlamery, extension house furnishings specialist, North Carolina State University.

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