6A-THE CABOLINA TIMES Sat., March 10, 1973

Life Begins At 621/2 By George B. Russ

Miss Madie was so taken aback by the recent request of Emma Lou, her doll-baby face, fat, sister-in-law, that, she spent most of the day fuming like the damp cord of a stick of dynamite. She fizzed and sputtered for so long that she wished desperately that she would just "bust wide open" and be done once and for all with the harassing experience of a "near bust."

She had heard a lot of crazy things during her life time, but Emma Lou's request that she leave off fraternizing with her friends topped the stack - took the whole cake. Miss Madie tried to convince herself that she did not comprehend Emma Lou's meaning of "little people." She knew a lot of folks, that was for sure, but she could not rightly say one was more than the other when one was "obliged," the way one was more than the way she was now, to look them up one side 'n down the other. Folk had a strange way of turning out to be just about the same thing when you bebin digging under their veneers. The fancier the veneer, the sor rier the interior was likely to be the case with most folk. Miss Mattie, her friend, was poor as dirt, but she had a heart of gold. She would never sacrifice Miss Mattie's friendship for the gradiose South Hill could muster - beg, steal or borrow. Now that an attempt had been made to separate "Ruth from Naomi," she was more inclined to cling unto all of her "salt of the earth" friends.

Before the mill whistle blew for the noonday hour, Miss Madie had forgotten the little spat with her sister-in-law. She wasn't sure it was a blessing to be endowed with a poor memory for "unpleasantness," because, she felt that she hadn't pouted nearly enough before her thoughts always found

new ground to break." No such luck for Emma Lou; she suffered an attack of migraine headache and Miss Madie did her durndest to kill her with kind-

The moment Emma Lou arrived home for Bayborourgh Elementary School where she taught second grade, whimpering like a cold puppy and looking like a wounded whale being washed ashore, she had stuffed her with hot tea sweetened with honey, buttered toast and poached eggs; a ll prepared with loving hands and gamished with words of endearments that she had lost track of, through disuse; "sweetie old

sweetie, sugar dabs, sweetie pie." However, she was at her wits' end, feeding and fuming and waiting on the whimpering ox of a woman, when the door chimes brought a sudden hushhush over the footsore nurse and ferverish patient.

Emma Lou sat up suddenly and hissed frantically; "Look in my closet and get my pink robe, fluff up my pillows close the blinds and turn on the dressing table lights hurry!" She yelled when the chimes persisted with more noise than music.

Miss Madie felt her hair curl under the dust-cap she was wearing and might have gone to the nearest mirror to examine he r dome, but time wouldn't

permit - she was anxious to remove the bellringer's fingers off the button. Emma Lou was asking for a hand mirror, but Miss Madie ignored the command and ran

off to answer the door. The late evening caller was a handsome, fair-complexioned middle-age, soft spoken lady with smiling eyes. And Miss Madie wished she had been as concerned about her looks as Emma Lou had been; the chances were, she wouldn't be

here tied-tongued and gwaking

lkie a simpleton at this mo-DAILY "How-do-you-do?" I am Mrs. Lorraine Burton." "Please to meetcha, Mrs. Burton. Come in-Mrs. Perkins LIVING is laying down." Miss Madie's reply was polite and cheerful enough, however, she was more DO YOU BELIEVE IN puzzled trying to figure out who Lorraine Burton was than THIS NEW DAY? she had been before the intro-

Mrs. Burton inquired in a gasping voice," is Mrs. Perkins

ment.

duction.

Miss Madie found keeping a straight face no small task; nevertheless, she did a beautiful cover up job; "She came home with a headache but I think she is feeling much better. If you ask me, I'm a pretty good nurse." Miss Madie ushured the charming lady to the door of Emma Lou's pink and gold bedroom and stood to one side for the nice mrs. Burton to enter.

From where Miss Madie was standing, she could see that Emma Lou had improved her appearance and she called softv to her visitor, "come in, Lorraine-dearie!" Then she sped off in search of something better to do.

The room that was assigned to her was big enough to comfortably house a single bed, a chest of drawers, a chair and a small table over which a mirror hung. A shoe box added to this arrangement would force Miss Madie to climb over the foot of the bed to get inside the room; nevertheless, she had wedged most of her keepsake into the room. Every-

thing was caddy-cornered, but, 

*"REFLECTIONS"* FROM NCCU BY MARY BOHANON

An African friend of mine documented a thought that kept going over in my mind. The thought, I am almost certain, came from an African poet whose theory espoused the natural conclusion that we are all born dying. Symbolically, I must carry the thought to its furthest

Mankind was born dying only

to eternally live; consequent-

fully and Reverently, class, imagery, which, when more bell

pecifically stated, is that

course.

to erupt

fashion

uncertainty.

fiercely

ings.

ness.

Raw Destiny!

Lament

Joy

Tears?

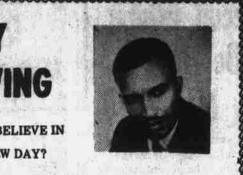
Crystals

Loving.

Less?

seas:

' of



## CONSCIENCES BY WILLIAM THORPEORODE .......

ments. She quoted as follows: There are many people who have said: "Give a man of any "Material gains do not auto-Race or color a nice home, matically insure happiness and plea sant surroun dings, an apppe ace of mind. A person may have everything he or she thinks ortunity for healthful recreation and a fee ling of economic se that they want, but if love is curity, and you give him peace not present, neither is happiand happiness. He will also ness. Love of family, love of cease to covet the possessions God, love of fellow human of others or the desire to tresbeings, play a very important pa ss." Now, do you believe part in our e veryday lives." his grievances, real or imagin-She also stated! "As for ary, would have been relieved coveting the possessions of oand he will associate harmonthers, ve ry few of us can honestly say that we have never iously with his fellow man? coveted; no matter how much Miss Ann Hyman, who lives we have, we will always see and works in Durham ha d this

something that someone has to say about the above stateand say: "I want that!" There with the help of God, and are some of us who can never more brawn than she cared to associate harmoniously with dispense with, she had all of our fellowmen, because we her personal belongings inside thrive on grievances and I think this is sad; probably the ultithe cubby-hole of a room. A dozen trips had been made durmate answer is turning to God. ing the day to reassure herself He is the only one that can that "seeing was believing." straighten out the mess we And once more she was giving have made of our lives." credibility a test, when she After listening to Miss Hyheard Emma Lou's honied

voice too close for comfort; the following thought: "Miss Madie-our friend and A good example of this neighbor, Mrs Burton is in dire very fact has been life in this country. The white race has been living in a land of plenty which has contained resources and room enough for their en-

> The contributors are memhers of the Creative Writing Class of North Carolina Central University, under the tutelege of Miss Mary Bohannon, whose talents she considers worth developing. The students

Hours scampered like does on the run On and off. chasing the setdismissed the ting sun. The times we spent in dance and song Through laughter and tears, a smile all along And thoughts we shared, -Mary Bohanon foolish and light ... Serious and rare, because we LIFE PATTERN cared. Destiny, uncharted, Ideas, ideals, ambitions and Ingrained core of existence, dreams Questing survival constancy Ups and downs, moods and Of soul and body. clashes Ethical and unethical forces Illusions, disillusions, mixed Compete to commandeer the emotions A lot of color we dabbed in Inevitable Necessity, to life. Burning with intensity, Whipping to churning motion It is always sad to say goodble From the mold in demonic There's always a tear if not buckets to crv Likened to the maddening A hundred and one thoughts beg to be said Pounding into surging swells Why can't we let lips do their deed? Tormenting lashing waves of We have more to say than ever before Native compulsions, flung More to share than we ever could From this orderless pace, Time stands still, we stand Emerge feuding wandering mute and dumb Surf-like in irregular froth-Where's the gift of speech we're proud to have? Some drifting to nothingness, Roads are before us, battles Others broadening to endlessto win We face reality, we live 'now' A search for destination. We summon courage (of course, we're a bit afraid) But-why is it always hard to say goodbye? TEARS Tears to feel Shall we hide all memories Tears to know To gather dust and fade away Or put them just within our **Uselessness** Orbs of pain reach To finger through each surging day. Tears to know Shall we all hope to meet Tears to feel again When we'll have conquered Blood of sorrow our life's rains To share, compare as days Tears to feel Tears to know before Experences, richer, we'll Trickles of delight. have more. We'll have come from worlds apart Can we say again it matters Frozen to rebel not Will there be still communion Strength for tomorrow of thought -Morris W. Barrier Or shall we be like strangers . . . LAST LAUGH -remote. -Linda A. McGlion Look at me. A crushed clown. I laughed once. TRANSPLANTING Was loved. Whether you're trans-Drifted, undue, planting tomato, tobacco, My fault? pepper or any other plant. Could I have 8.101 chances for good plant Laughed more, survival are better if you transplant when condi-No alerting. tions are most favorable. This freedom is exile, North Carolina State A condemnation. University specialists suggest these: soon after I do not choose To be free. a rain, when cloudy or late afternoon. -Toby Jones

tire population. There have been room enough for them to From Black grow and expand. As a people they have not been hemmed in or limited in any way. They By JOHN HUDGINS have been independent, indi-But we must ne ver forget that they, originally, took this

You might as well get up now! That's right get up and go to work. If you think the Durham City Council and the Durham County Commission are going to fund Operation Breakthrough with the revenue sharing money, then you got another thought coming.

Let us not forget that OEO, and the like came into existence because of problems created by the local government units. That the people who are responsible for poverty, poor housing, hunger, and discrimination in Durham are the same people that you now expect to fund Operation Breakthrough. We certainly cannot forget

that Revenue sharing and the cutback in Federal funds are

all part of one plan. When President Nixon (Hitler Nixon) first proposed revenue sharing he did so under the umbrella of states rights, that is George Wallace's concept of give the control back to the local governments. We cannot forget that the whole thinking behind state's rights was against, first intervention from the federal government to desegregate the schools, and secondly against the federal government funding Anti-poverty agencies. What we really expect is for the devil to turn on air-conditioning in Hell. We know

that is not going to happen, and I seriously doubt that the devils will give any revenue sharing to Black folks. If we are seriously concerned about Breakthrough then we must think in terms of getting the money from someplace else. I think that Black people in Durham have the money if they see fit to use it that way. If I am correct we

Mutual Life Insurance Company, or Mutual Savings Loan Company, or Mechanics Farmers Bank, or White Rock Baptist Church. Not only that but if we start a drive so that each of us can give what he has to give through churches and the like, then we ought be able to maintain OBT and other viable institutions in our community, that is if we think it's worth preserving. You see some of us take stuff that white folks pay for whether we need it or not. When it's time to pay for what we need the poverty level suddenly rises to include even the "colored insurance company," the "Colored bank and a few other colored non community oriented institutions.

HORSE SELECTION

Most horses are bought by persons who lack experience in judging and evaluating horses. If you are an amateur, North Carolina State University specialists suggest that you get the help of a competent horseman before you buy a horse.

Here's one tip: horse should be the right size and weight for the rider. A small child should have a small horse or pony, and a heavy adult needs a large horse. Also, a tall person should have a tall horse.

## TWA SEEKS CUTS

NEW YORK -- Trans World Airlines has asked for federal approval to cut the fare for a guaranteed seat on a coast-to-coast flight to as low as \$89.50. Current cost of a one-way coach ticket is \$168.

## The WEARHOUSE EASTGATE SHOPPING CENTER • CHAPEL HILL, N. C

0000000L01/900000 80/00/ 300 0000000 80000000 red To evoke even the slightest murmur: In advertently we echoed her

-continued-

response. The teacher, slowly, respect-

To live.

And simultaneouly the chapel To live-to live-and then

need of a domestic-I was telling her that you will be leaving the Kaypots soon and -."

range from the freshman level

throught the graduate level. Our days flapped by like wings of birds In and out, as morns gave in to nights

tunity, and social and economic inequality. In my opinion, there is a new day dawning. In this new day, we're all probably going to give up many things upon wheich we've placed high value but we're going to possess other things of real and lasting value. This is the love and understanding of our fellow man. I believe this one development alone is going to change the man's comments, it gave me

face of the earth and all things upon it. Those who fail to recognize this fact and insist on clinging to the old order of class distinction and race prejudice and various kinds of hates, are most likely going to find themselves out of step and unable to keep pace with the new marching song of a

vidually, and as a nation.

land from the INdians. They

took they wanted more indivi-

dual freedom, more space, great-

er opportunity. And they took

it without regard for the rights

of the Indian who, even today,

dians and the Black-Americans

is just one of the glaring incon-

sistencies of our American de-

mocracy which is so hard for

peoples of other countries to

comprehend when they pro-

claim, over and over, "Free-

dom and e quality for all!"

The Black man has been will-

ing to serve and to die for this

country during the past, and

has been largely rewarded with

poor housing, unequal oppor-

Their treatment of the In-

is denied citizenship.

JUDGE ON HAIRCUTS

united huma nity.

**RICHMOND--United States** Judge Robert Merhige has ruled that cutting three men's hair did not cause them to face irreparable damage. The three National Guards are talking about \$300,000.00 had previously worn wigs to which is not a whole lot of conceal their long hair. money to the North Carolina

## Writers By GEORGE B. RUSS Foru

Brotherhood Observance Month, at Union Baptist Church, includes Human Relations, Race Relations and other phases of how best to impress upon the membership the importance of becoming fully involved in the total program of development for all the people, on, at least, a community basis.

The U.B.C. Sunday School sponsors the month long observances through the male congregation; namely, the Men's Bible Class. Through this medium the Executive staff works to focalize, dramatize and emphasize the need for, and, the rewarding results of being identified with the Christian Brotherhood.

Brotherhood month, 1973, was as it should have beenthe greatest ever. The presence of North Craolina's Governor James Holshouser as special guest speaker, naturally, pyramided the occasion however the yard stick for measuring the success of Brotherhood, 1973, at U. B. C., is in the vast growth, outlook and out reach of its members. Since the inception of Brotherhood Observances in the late 40s, under the supervision of superintendent W. P. Edwards, the intellectural aspects of the membership regarding the church's place in the affairs of the world have steadily grown from a provincial, "stiff necked" people to the status of cosmopolitan missionaries. Under the leadership of Dr.

Grady D. Davis the U.B.C. membership cannot become a slumbering congregation. Brotherhood, 1973, under the direction of S. S. Directors Charles Cameron and James Cameron was well supported by Dr. Davis. It was a gratifying experience watching the three "mini-men" striding through the building, making last minute re-checks of all physical aspects - making sure everything was in readiness to receive our guest. This demonstration of unity was an assurance, in the very outset, that all would go well for all con-

There are severa upon which to des success of National hood Sunday at U.B have likened the gathering unto a convention; others it was like a Family - the coming top many old friends. Governor Holshou ularity with the U.

gregation stems from that he is enthusiast dorsed by the pas many recall his fir which time he tool nion with the chu "amen, yes, yes," a ons" as he said, think the Lord will I say this is n church," were, in members way of s like you and accept person, another fellow.

edly agree with the in the observation in his brief, inform "If Brotherhood sto church door, it's door nail;" and w termined to encou spirit of brotherhoo becomes a way of all men in all walk Gov. Holshouser companied by David his appointee to he C. Department of habilitation and Floyd B. McKissic national director o gress of Racial H member of Union I founder of Soul C appearing on the were Alexander Frank Bright, state officer; Durham Sh vin Davis; Mari of Fayetteville, red ored as one of th outstanding busine The pastor, of members join the cutive staff, tes members in exten perintendent Jim the members of Class of The Fi Church of Clevelan hearty welcome an dest appreciation

<b>-</b> 1	ly, I remembered an anthol- ogy to which I submitted this
forum }	poem:
U. WING	My teacher asked a pupil:
	"What is it you desire most?" "To die, to die and then to
Whome and serveral phones	die."
There are several phases pon which to describe the	And on the pupil's face a
access of National Brother-	calm Sweet satisfaction glowed.
ood Sunday at U.B.C.: Some ave likened the massive	The awful radiance of her
athering unto a national	features
onvention; others have said	Struck mute the entire class. Into the atmosphere there
was like a Family Reunion - the coming together of	came
any old friends.	A unifying harmony too sac-
Governor Holshouser's pop-	erhood Observance one of
larity with the U. B. C. con- regation stems from the fact	the finest.
hat he is enthusiastically eh-	In addition to a successful Brotherhood Worship Serv-
orsed by the pastor and,	ice, the U. B. C. Pastor's Aid
hany recall his first visit at which time he took commu-	Society served a scrumptious
ion with the church - the	meal in Fellowship Hall, pip- ping hot from the institu-
amen, yes, yes," and "right	tion's kitchen by some of the
ns" as he said, "I don't hink the Lord will frown if	best culinary artists in the
say this is my lucky	business: Mmes Elizabeth Ed- wards, Myrtle Haskins, Ger-
hurch," were, in truth, the	trude Cannady, Pearl Has-
nembers way of saying, "we ike you and accept you as a	kins. Fleet-footed, white-
erson, another Christian-	coated waiters: Charles and James Cameron, Willie Hook-
ellow. Naturally we wholeheart-	er, J. C. Hancock. Charming
dly agree with the governor	hostesses proudly wearing the
n the observation he made	sunny, shimmering yellow ribbon, color-standard of the
n his brief, informal speech: If Brotherhood stops at the	Pastor's Aid Society; Chair-
hurch door, it's dead as a	man Irene Hall, Co-hostesses
oor nail;" and we are de- ermined to encourage the	Christine Sales, Anzelle Han- cock, Ollie Cameron, Maxine
pirit of brotherhood until it	Mason, Elnora Ransom, Gen-
becomes a way of life with	eral Chairman and president of P.'s A. S.: Mrs. Dora Mil-
Il men in all walks of life. Gov. Holshouser was ac-	ler.
companied by David L. Jones,	MENU: Tossed salad served
his appointee to head the N. C. Department of Social Re-	with hollandaise sauce, gold- en brown fried chicken, cut
habilitation and Control;	string beans seasoned with
Ployd B. McKissick, former	ham hock, candied yams, boiled cabbage served with
ress of Racial Equality; a	cold sliced ham, pan baked
member of Union Baptist and	cornbread, hot coffee, iced tea, cherryade, dessert, cher-
founder of Soul City. Others	ry cobbler with vanilla ice
were Alexander Barnes;	cream.
Frank Bright, state probation	GUESTS OF SPECIAL GUEST
officer; Durham Sheriff, Mar- vin Davis; Marion Harris	Official church family, the
of Fayetteville, recently hon-	McKissick family; Rev. John Caldwell and family, Mr. and
ored as one of the nation's outstanding businessmen.	Mrs. Walter D. Davis (pa and
The pastor, officers and	ma), Mr. and Mrs. Emmett
members join the S. S. Exe- cutive staff, teachers and	Pratt, Misses Naomi 'Price and sister, Edward Col-
members in extending to Su-	lins, Mr. and Mrs. George B.
perintendent Jim Cooper and	Russ, Rev. and Mrs. Napoleon B. Sanders, Rev. Essex
the members of the Adult Class of The First Baptist	Fields, Sheriff and Mrs. Mar-
Church of Cleveland Street, a	vin Davis, Alexander Barnes,
hearty welcome and profoun-	David L. Jones and Marion Harris of Fayetteville, Willie
dest appreciation for their visit and participation in	E. Muse, Abner Mason fam-
and a second sec	

making U.B.C.'s 1973 Broth- ily, Mrs. Margaret Cameron.

