

Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Oliver Goldsmith penned the quotation, "The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own producing." And bears out a truth that warrants nothing at this time.

The North Durham Community Basketball League might have been a "lost ball in tall grass if two fellows had not met, on sick leave, at Watts Hospital last Fall. One with a blueprint for helping boys have fun and stay out of trouble; the other, a man interested primarily in saving the souls of boys.

Mr. Pete Preddy and Rev. Napoleon B. Sanders struck up an acquaintance and in no time flat, Preddy, who is an ace salesman when it comes to selling his success plan on how to keep youngsters out of mischief and have fun doing, had sold his "favorite idea."

Whatever misgivings Rev. Sanders shared concerning his venture into the sports world, these have been discarded.

Surrounding himself with anchor men — persons whom he was confident would be able to organize the North Durham Basketball League: take care of the business aspects of the league; Director, McDuffie Holman; coordinators; N. B. Sanders and W. P. Edwards; supervisors, Charles and James Cameron; Hospitality Committee Mmes Elaine Pratt, Hattie P. Partin, Maxine Mason — and, a score of Cheer Leaders — the Sanders confidence in the project loomed. The boys were rearing to get started; they wanted to play ball. The second objective to insure the success of Basketball Team number 3, was the selection of a coach. After screening a score of potential possibilities, Rev. Sanders chose James Tyrone Muse, Earl Mason and Yan Clarke — all 3 popular with young people — a must quality.

The '73 season was conceived, approved, adopted and set to action on the heels of the '72 Football season. However, the boys shaped up fast and in a short time, they were playing basketball like

old-timers and running up amazing scores.

The coaches, team mates, parents, cheerleaders and adult leadership are astounded by the success of a team that has won for itself a place on the Little League Courts; that, only a few months previously was an unknown; a blueprint belonging to a friend who had not yet met Reverend Sanders.

Now the season is all played out and the memory of bleak winter evenings, shaping up, of playing furiously to win a game, the joy of winning; the heart break of losing; the rides to and from the game on "Miss Pheobe" are all poignant memories that refuse to vanish — be lost in the hum-drum of time passing into eternity.

Basketball Appreciation Night was a brilliant occasion for all persons involved in the success of the North Durham Community Basketball League:

Pete Preddy and his family were on hand to share the joys of Rev. Sanders and, perhaps, goad him a little with, "I told you so." A prayer of hope and good-will and a challenge for continued good sportsmanship by Rev. Essex Fields.

Dr. Grady D. Davis at his smiling best with a challenging message for players and all concerned with the development of America's youth; the presentation of awards to three coaches for a job well done. Rev. Sanders wanted his busy volunteer workers to carry off a token of his overwhelming appreciation: James Tyrone Muse, Earl Mason and Yan Clarke.

A handsome trophy purchased by six fellows on the team who wanted their coach to have something to remember this season by — and, to show their appreciation for a guy — James T. Muse who went beyond the call of duty to make them a better than average basketball team.

A Surprise Birthday Party was staged in Fellowship Hall for Muse the 4 Star Coach for League Number 3. The Hospitality Committee transformed the drab hall into a Garden Party setting



NABISCO GETS CIAA MERIT AWARD — (Greensboro) — Clarence E. Gaines (right), basketball coach of the Winston-Salem State University Rams and the second winningest coach in the country, presents the CIAA Merit Award to Nabisco, Inc. for its

continued support of the CIAA Tournament. Accepting the award for Nabisco is Carl Chandler of B&C Associates, Inc. of High Point. Mr. Chandler is the producer of Black Weekly News Roundup, a news program that is sponsored by Nabisco, Inc.

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie had learned in life to accept people at their value, but the time had come for her to face their values with a great deal more acerbity. Bypassing other people's shortcomings that don't involve you is one thing, however, it was a horse of another color when their ribaldry invades your own privacy. Therefore, Miss Madie pounced upon the subject with a brand of adroitness that she seldom had a need to use.

Emma Lou visualized her sister-in-law as a simpleton and accepted her just as she saw her: a harmless buffoon. Therefore she saw no need, ever, to use diplomacy in her approach, or, suspect the woman of being capable of meeting a situation head on with cerebration. So she waited impatiently for the clownish person to swallow her suggestion hook, line and sinker.

Miss Madie deliberately played cat and mouse with her brother's jelly-roll wife. She fluffed up the pillow in the sunken place of the couch, straightened the hook-rug under her own feet. Looking around for something else to detain the action, she stole furtive glances in the direction of her sister-in-law.

Emma Lou wanted to be on her merry way; the sight of this enigmatic room was giving her the chilly-willies. And, in a moment of peripheral anger, she said, "A junk man is the only one who can relieve this room of its misery."

Miss Madie did not grimace from the low blow, she laughed up her sleeve at the bale of swaying pink crowding the door way of her castle. She could have said, easily enough, "I had no idea that there was enough pink cloth in the world to make a robe to cover all of you," but she had no intention of wasting the pittance of her argument on trivialities. Aloud, she said, "you asked me a question 'n I've been turning over in my mind a succulent tid-bit for you to carry Mrs. Burton."

"What!" Emma Lou exclaimed. "Don't look now, but it's coming," Miss Madie teased. "Dearie, I have company. Mrs. Burton is not just anybody. For your information, she is the wife of Dr. Bernard Burton — a physician and surgeon at Bayborough Community Hospital."

"You don't say!" Miss Madie ejected the words with genuine surprise and a desire to hear more about the great lady.

Emma Lou fluffed her curls with colorful crepe paper streamers and balloons — red roses to say, "We appreciate you." Menu: an assortment of sandwiches, cherry ade, cookies, mints and peanuts — a beautiful oblong decorated cake with a basketball court on top of the white icing surface — a gift from the Abner Mason family.

Muse survived the shock element of the occasion and walked among the parents and friends and personally thanked each one for his "shining hour." the gala party, the useful gifts and the support each family had given him and the team.

with pudgy fingers while she fed her ignorant sister-in-law with more facts; "Lorraine lives in the pretty brick house down the street. She is the cream of society. You would have more of a feather in your cap working for her than you have working for those Kaypot people."

"Ugh! Miss Madie answered. Then added; "Let's go up front 'n bargain with your Miss Lorraine. Emma Lou quickly agreed she was tired of standing; and, too, she was anxious to be rid of the bizzariness of Madie Perkins' room. Therefore, she hurried off in front of her pesky in-law.

Miss Madie took her own good time getting through the maze of what-nots and furniture; "somebody around here would appreciate hearing that this old biddy had tripped over something in this room and suffered a broken neck." She laughed softly as she made her way out of the room.

They were laughing hysterically, Lorraine and Emma Lou, when Miss Madie entered the spacious, white and gold living room, but their laughter was cut short suddenly the moment the lady in question entered the room. Miss Madie was sure that she had been the source of their glee but she wasn't embarrassed when their mirth snapped.

Mrs. Burton broke the uncomfortable silence; "Miss Madie, I am counting on you to come work for me when you leave the Kaypots."

Miss Madie gave out a croaking sound intended for laughter. then she spoke right up

Keeping The FAITH



LORD make me to know my end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.

Do YOU know yourself? Psychologist Wilson Van Dusen points out a new road for the person who wants to understand himself better.

"Most of us," says Van Dusen, "are locked up in a mind-castle of endless and unknown rooms and dungeons. We know little about the secret spaces of our inner world where madness and hallucinations are enchain'd."

In his fascinating new book THE NATURAL DEPTH IN MAN (N.Y.: Harper & Row), Van Dusen takes the reader on a tour of the mind's castle, probing and exploring our fantasies, dreams, body language, self-reflection, meditations, and other everyday activities which actually reveal the very depths of our mind. Through this tour the mystery and magnificence of the mind's castle is revealed.

Arguments usually aren't worth it.

and out, "you have my sympathy Mrs. Burton but I have put in a lot of thought about living the life of ease from now on in. I'd like to visit around with my friends. Too, the Golden-Age Club goes off on a lot of trips — I ain't got child nor chick 'n I could spend some of my time on the bus with em. I suspect Emma Lou is going to need somebody to help her keep this showplace clean 'n I'd be a thoughtless old biddy if I ran off 'n left her."

Emma Lou's fat fingers began fluttering a protestation to the consideration of her "help problem" and was roughly disappointed when she didn't show down.

"Emma Lou is too pooped when she gets home ever evening to do more than huff 'n puff until me or Curtis prepares the evening meal. And to tell you 'n truth, I'm going to need somebody to help me keep house. My room will look like ah-Haw-Haw nest if I don't get some help once I start getting around-going places 'n seeing people. There 's-ah-lot of talk about Labor Unions merging — it might not be ah bad idea if you two would merge-pool your efforts. You help me 'n I help you. As Mistah Ben says, 'you scratch my back 'n I'll scratch yours."

The bomb-shell did more than relieve Madie of a redundancy of words, she found herself left alone.

Emma Lou bounded out of her chair and propelled her bulk swiftly to where her friend sat wilted as blanched collar leaves. "I'm sorry, Lorraine, I had no dreams Madie could be so cruel."

In the meantime, Mrs. Lorraine Burton was doing her utmost to get out of the room. Miss Madie stood opened mouthed wondering what she had said to bring on this calamity. — Continued

"REFLECTIONS" FROM NCCU

BY MARY BOHANON

Often one halts in his efforts to succeed because of one failure—Even emerging from a coma into which one realizes he will sing again there is that hope of complete recovery—So it is with A THOUGHT

All man-made axioms for living Demand exorbitant interests: Make present, reckoning—Future, lost in vague perceptions, Stagnating growth and nursing negligence. They are a rented reservoir of hope, A falling tenement of faith, A wretched substitute for love—

And yet they have their needful moments; Their temporary sustenance revives The drowning effort.

—Mary Bohanon

UNNURTURED BUD Late have you bloomed unnurtured bud, fragile bine. Stunned rather growth by bruised stem and wounded vine.

Node slumped in repose, draped by foliage cover. Sealed in season's lace webbing, mend, recover. Sleep, emerge enlivened from sequestered shell. Restored summons to flower within you dwell.

Repressed grace, implore gods unleash their powers. Bring forth airy gusts, gentling rain-mist showers, Whisk away nature's veil masking reticence, Fount healing waters favoring innocence.

Mended limbs spray as the nourished stem tightens. Fronds of greenness fan, floral leafage brightens. Brimming petals unfurl, wonted thirst imbued. Render full, vessel of spring-time, ruby-hued.

—Rose Cox

RECONSTRUCTION Consume my limitations. Console my lamentations. Enrich my entirety. Confront my afflictions. Consecrate my aspirations. Engross by emptiness.

LOVE MUSIC Every inch of his body Was like playing a piano. Each time I touched this sensuous instrument, It was like striking a new and unknown Note of ecstasy and passion. With each chord, I became captivated

By the erotic music I was making.

—Carolyn E. Green

APOCALYPSE When fallen cities lie in terrible tranquility, Inhabited only by the wind, Their ruins gleaming in the sun like bleached bones When a generation of bastard vagabonds, Educated by obscurities

scribbled on toilet walls Search for what feeble-minded sages call truth In the filth of damp gutters When justice exploits her sight

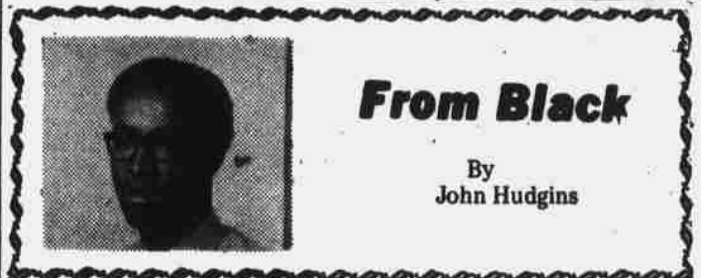
To despise the image of Mercy Such as to flee her presence When Virtue is raped By a host of hellish mercenaries In the esoteric name of Beauty When the crimson sky weeps For the corpse of Hope Wrapped in a shroud called Faith When Happiness becomes a fool's illusion,

The contributors are members of the Creative Writing Class of North Carolina Central University, under the tutelage of Miss Mary Bohanon, whose talents she considers worth developing. The students range from the freshman level through the graduate level.

Only then Will the prophets, the saints and the Magi Declare unto the cosmos: "Love is dead."

—Robert Graham, Jr.

I turn At night Wanting you. Reach To your place. Empty. Slowly dawn enters, Moss On a stone. Sleep returns, Knowing I cannot hold a dream.



From Black

By John Hudgins

Let us remain mindful of what is happening at Wounded Knee. Some of our Brothers, who are called Indians, have decided that they must be free. Thus they have occupied and are holding the area in South Dakota that has been called Wounded Knee. So far our Brothers have been able to stay the racist white authorities of this land who definitely want to wipe them out. As of this writing the government is trying to starve them out, remember that.

Our Brothers significantly have taken a step that many of us have been running off at the mouth about for too long. The first step of Nationhood is to take some land not rap about it. The Brothers have occupied some land land have claimed it as another nation. The first time that his country has received this kind of substantial resistance from people that it oppresses. It is important that we follow this closely to see what happens.

We may be watching our own fate. For it well known that the white man has respected the so-called Indian more than us because the Indian refused to be a slave. They died to prove that.

I have always said that he who fights my enemy must in some way be my Brother. Let us not forget that. Let us not become allied with the enemies of the Indian people as we have done in the past. Let us remember who our oppressors have always been. Let us at least in mind stay on the side of the oppressed. To take any other position is to become dupes for white america. Thus it is my hope that if anything goes down in North Carolina you will at least be on the right side or stay at home.

The Indian people of this land have always valued freedom with their lives. One of the reasons that their population was almost wiped out

is that they said in fact "Before I be a slave I'll be buried in my grave. Now the sons of Sitting Bull stand before racist white america crying out, I too am not afraid of Custer. I too have a thirst for freedom, for justice, for humanity. A thirst that I am willing to quench with my life. Yea a thirst that I am willing to quench with the lives of those who oppress me and my people, and people throughout this world.

Thus Black people we must ever hold before ourselves and our children that beauty in life, that special quality that makes it worth the living. For until that day that we too recognize what our Brothers so faithfully practice. Until we recognize that freedom is a gift only from God, or the Great Spirit, or Allah. And that those who stand in the way of that freedom ought perish. Until we are willing to make the supreme sacrifice for that which ought be most dear to us. Until that day then we shall always be subject to Hitler Nixon, OEO cut-backs and abolition, Revenue sharing, drug pushers backed by the government (CIA), massive unemployment, white racist oppression.

Today we look at a people oppressed as we are. A people pushed to the wall. A people fighting back. A people through oppression who found their pride. A people now willing to die and yes kill that their children shall not be subject to american racism, american injustice, american suffering, american oppression. Yes today we look, some of as spectators, intrigued by a real life Gunsmoke. But those of us who are wise look at lambs before the slaughter. Realizing that as so goes that lamb so go those who bear that same strange affliction, oppression. For Black people look behind you the walls are getting closer and closer and closer.

DAILY LIVING

TRUE FAITH MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY WORK



By WILLIAM THORPE

Before writing my column every week, I relax my mind and body completely, and focus my attention inward and meditate with earnest and meaningful expression with great yearning in me, which gives me an inspired sensational feeling, impossible to express or put in words. It's a feeling, that cannot be held long at a time, but a feeling which can return time and again for wisdom and knowledge that can flash ideas and thoughts to be put in circulation through writing or oral expression.

Any writer probably would tell you that anytime an idea takes form in a person's conscience and goes out from his mind, it seeks to externalize itself and become manifest in the outer world. We could consider that this is the way in which our dreams of today become the realities of tomorrow.

Moving on up to the subject this week; our contact with our body is established and maintained through feeling. Our physical body is the instrument through which what we have pictured in mind becomes manifest in our outer life.

This brings us up to the point where we should realize that our Creator of this universe does not change the laws of nature to suit our specific needs, and we actually create in our minds the world in which we live. But we have many people who are calling upon our Creator to serve them in this manner, such as helping us to use the sources that nature has provided for us. They have been taught that faith alone is sufficient to produce results.

As was mentioned in my column a few months ago: "Faith alone with no effort and action on our part profits nothing; it must be accompanied by works." We could consider faith without work as "Blind Faith," and blind faith is never answered even if a person tries to crystallize it by prayer.

It is merely mechanical lip service which has no effect what so ever upon our God given power that dwells within us. This must be reached and activated by right visualization, supported by an exercise of "Knowing Faith" that what a person desires will come to pass, in time, if he puts forth every mental and physical effort toward its attainment.

Now, we should realize that our Creator didn't intend for us to be a living human parasite on this earth, begging and depending on him to do every thing for us. When all the sources of nature are here to produce necessary resources to supply our needs, plus his creative power that resides in our minds to operate within our five senses, and carry on the works upon this earth to be performed.

Finally, true faith is not guesswork, nor is it the idle belief that we can sit down and picture things coming to us without making any effort to bring them. And remember; true faith is one of the strongest forces we can command, that is faith within ourselves, which requires that we must back up our faith and also be capable of achieving a certain end by working toward that end with every energy and faculty at our command.

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