

Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS

The London Mail published the following notice — found posted on a church door in Whitechurch, England, many, many moons ago:

"Missing": Last Sunday, some families from church.

"Stolen": Several hours from the Lord's Day, by number of people of all ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

"Strayed": Half a score of Lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School"

"Wanted": Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers' Lane, which leads to the City of No Good.

"Lost": A lad, carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two companions to Prodigal Town, Hush Lane.

"Found": The chairman of the Union Baptist Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Pauline Boxley, exclaimed when she found the record of a long list of visitors during the First Quarter of '73.

The influx of visitors attending the 11 o'clock services can be attributed to a number of reasons. Naturally, the beautiful, charming, personable ladies of the Hospitality Committee: Mmes Boxley, H. P. Partin, Annie E. Daniels, Elaine Pratt, Margaret Cameron contribute largely to the interest of the "Stranger Within thy Gates."

On the other hand, Dr. Grady D. Davis might easily be the magnet. There could be a great deal more solace, than we suspect, in the words of his motto: "At Union Baptist Church, Everybody is Somebody." Who knows, really, what lurk within the hearts and minds of the Sunday Visitor?

Too, the choirs may be the central attraction; each one of the nine singing groups, does have a following.

Where lies the secret of the Sunday Visitors' attraction is of no deep seated concern — but they secretly personal, purely instigated by curiosity; seekers of a home church or in search of a better swap; or just passing the time between breakfast and dinner—the Hospitality Committee is happy to have served the Sunday Visitor during the '73 Winter Quarter and prayerfully hope to serve with these and a multitude of other Sunday Visitors during the Spring Quarter. Welcome Spring! Welcome Sunday Visitors! Thanks and best wishes for Health and Happiness for the many Sunday Visitors during the Winter months: The many students from NCCU; The First Baptist Church, Cleveland Street — Sunday School Class, Jim Cooper, Sup't. and C. B. Williams family; Duke students: Edward Treadwell, Elizabethtown; Richard Fields, Greensboro; Margaret Young, Greenville, S. C.; Will T. Lucas, Russell Memorial; Frank Pointsette, St. Mark; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pratt, White Rock; Mrs. Creola Wade, Landis, N. C.; Mrs. Annie May Lyons, Greater St. Paul; Thomas Bailey, White Rock; Frank Bonds, Washington, D. C.; Edward Hines, William Jenkins, Prof. and Mrs. John H. Lucas, Mrs. L. B. Hawkins, Earnest Fuller, John Hudgins, Elvenis Peaks, Betty Camp-

GOOD PSYCHOLOGY
WOMEN WHICH NATURALLY HAVE BOOKS AROUND, PARENTS WHO READ THEMSELVES AND READ TO THEIR CHILDREN ARE THE BEST FOUNDATION FOR LEARNING TO LOVE BOOKS. BUT HOT TEA IS A PINK THAT'S IN THE GOOD BOOKS OF YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE. IT'S THE LAST WORD IN REFRESHMENT

From Black
By John Hudgins

I want to encourage as many Brothers and Sisters as possible to plan to visit the African Film Festival at the NCCU Student Union on Tuesday, April 3, beginning at 7:30 p.m. with an African fashion show. The film ALUTA CONTINUA will be shown at 8:15 with an open discussion to follow. There will also be a slide show on Angola at 10.

I strongly recommend that you see the film which is translated, "The Struggle Continues." It clearly depicts in color the struggle that our Brothers are waging on the continent or the "Mother Country." What is more important it highlights the role that this country is playing in creating problems for Black people around the world.

It is most important that we understand that our oppression here in this country is by no means unique. We must see the relationship between Hitler Nixon's domestic programs and his policies a-

Metcalfe, Diggs Protest U. S. in African Games

WASHINGTON — Led by protests from U.S. Congressmen Ralph Metcalfe and Charles Diggs, the Amateur Athletic Association has held up approval of 5 white athletes to go to South Africa for the country's Open Games scheduled April 7 in Pretoria.

Metcalfe, a former Olympic gold medalist in track and field, and Diggs, chairman of the U. S. Subcommittee of African Affairs, told the AAU in strongly-worded telegrams that they should reject the request of the five athletes in view of South Africa's apartheid policy.

According to the American athletes to boycott the meet, some 16 U. S. athletes have been invited to the games. The five athletes, all members of the Pacific Coast Club of Long Beach, Calif., asked the AAU for permission to participate in the meet.

This individual approval is generally considered routine, but because of the politics of the South African government, this has been held up until the committee can decide.

AAU rules, though prohibiting any teams from going to South Africa, so permit individual athletes to ask for permission to compete there. But many of the AAU leaders are blacks who have strong ties with the apartheid policies of the South African government. Blacks have consistently opposed the international status of South Africa.

If the AAU permits the five athletes to attend the meet, they would in effect be recognizing the South African Open Games. The Supreme Council for Sport in Africa, which most black African nations belong to, has already condemned the South African games, and the AAU would be treading on serious political eggs if it approved the meet.

South African officials have steadfastly maintained that the games will be multi-racial with blacks competing against whites.

They say all athletes from South Africa and overseas will be housed in what are considered all-white hotels and blacks and whites will compete against each other as well.

But the crowd will be segregated in their seating, the government admitted.

Only 77 of the 500 athletes from 22 countries have accepted the invitation thus far, to compete in the games, but officials in South Africa say that figure will rise substantially shortly before the games open.

ITHACA, N.Y. — Cornell University president, Dale R. Corson, has reported that Cornell University has received a \$2.7-million gift from an unnamed alumnus.

THE HISTORY OF BLACK AMERICANS IN MEDALS



NCCU Receives the History of Black Americans in Medals

The Dow Chemical Company has presented to the NCCU Library a gift of 18 Silver Medallions which depicts the history of Black Americans. Medallions show Black Americans from the Colonial Past through the 19th Century and then on to Roaring twentieth Century.

Actually, people of African descent have been called America's oldest minority. However, until recently American history books referred only to slavery and have virtually ignored the continuous contributions of Black Americans since the date of Exploration.

Black Americans whether born free men or slaves, have distinguished themselves in all fields of study or endeavor. These medallions have been used to depict areas of black history from colonial past up through the rapidly dwindling twentieth century.

The public will be welcome to view these Medallions that are on display in the University Library area.

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie's profound concern for the mantle of her sister-in-law's despondency, her great misery, the source of her awful dilemma to fall upon stronger shoulders, dulled her senses to other things around her.

The Kaypots had been planning to sell the twenty-two room, brick and stone mansion they lived in and move into a suite of rooms in Bayborough's finest Hotels — hotel Kaypot. However, Miss Madie had closed her ears and eye to what was happening, therefore, she was taken completely by surprise when she reported to work one morning and was forced to crawl over crates and boxes to reach the green carpeted stairway.

The cook, downstairs maid and Bill, the chauffeur for the Kaypot ladies, had apparently spent most of the night "packing up getting ready to go." Miss Madie remarked to herself, that, the way the cook and downstairs' ma id was "twisting and putting on airs," they must have packed most of John Kaypot's liquor inside their bellies.

Mary the cook, was tipping around, grinning to beat the band and calling Bill, "dreamboat." Miss Madie decided that a "nightmare" was a better description. Bill wasn't ugly nor was he good-looking; he was "twixt 'n tween." He reminded her of her mother's cakes that "fell" when the stove door was slammed. Her mother had called the sad cakes, "sweeten bread." And to simplify matters, Miss Madie decided to go along with Mary and just say Bill was a "dream boat."

Leah, the downstairs' maid was chewing gum and singing: "every time I feel the spirit." Miss Madie didn't say so, in so many words, but she gave out a hint that John Kaypot's jumpy-john, hanging in his closet, looked better full of the spirit than Leah.

The groggy trio wanted to

let Miss Madie have it between the eyes with their fists, but she told them to start with that she would play dog and tree stump with one or the whole pack if they tried anything besides a prayer meeting with her. This affirmation actually took some of the fire out of their tempers and Miss Madie was free to talk over old times the grand-dame of Kaypot clan. Mrs. Savannah Kaypot was John Kaypot's mother. A cantankerous old lady with steel-blue eyes, jutting chin, a mouth with thin, stern lips; her long silvery hair was brushed away from her narrow furrowed forehead and folded into a huge bun atop her head.

Miss Madie had fawned for won the septuagenarian's favor eng years ago. The old girl "told" to Miss Madie that Negroes are lazy, big liars and not too trustworthy; "but you are one of a kind Madie Perkins; smart, truthful and too honest for your own good." The old lady had served as president of Kaypot's Textile Industries for a quarter of a century. Five years ago, she had been forced into retirement when she slipped on ice and broke her hip.

Madie Perkins didn't care a hoot about nursing the tiny cranky old lady with a forked tongue that was always spouting pithy statements. But, when you got a chance to reason out some of the old biddy sayings, she wasn't such a bad egg after all. She said once through pursed lips, "I'm a segregationist because it's all I've ever known. Miss Perkins, you've got some trifling folks in your race and we've got lots of 'em in the white race—more if you ask this D. A. R."

Today, they didn't talk about those daughters had gone to New York recently, or, the white man's injustices to Negroes and Negroes' cruelties to one another. They talked about Miss Madie's retirement. "You will be well taken care of Madie, with what we are setting

"REFLECTIONS" FROM NCCU BY MARY BOWANON

CAPRICE
In closets stuffed of old clothes
I seek to find a costume.
One designed for a character
In a play, in which I star.
The problem lies in knowing
Who or what the character
For the writer did not make
clear

In words, the demands required.
So, I prowls this dark storeroom
Trying on guises of vague conceptions.

A face of smiling indifference apparitioned,
Leaving obsequious reactions,
Bowed abjectly, spending until it cracked,
A fragrant falling beside another carving
Robust, devil-may-care, able to conquer the world,
Yet, when I picked it up, I saw its flaws—
Despairing tension lines around the eyes
Unmasking dejection, blinked unflinchingly,
Effusing tears of distraught facility.
Which mask shall I assume?
—Fletcher Allen

FALL-OUT
Sweet hovers thick,
Swathing a deadened City.
What is living?
Smoke stacks
Belching forth noxious
Bane on apathetic
Masses.
—Linda McGloin

MOON-TAN
Sweet morning angel,
Come to me.
Stare across my mind
With your mysterious dark eyes.
Fill me with sparkling sea.
Smiling wind-chill,
Your gentle breezes
Whisper to me
In the lazy language of love,
Subtle invitations to delicate fun.
Deep into the mystic night
of ebony eyes,
Nectar drips from the moon,
Ambrosia drifts across the heavens
With celestial grace . . .
I drown in the essence of your being.
Quiet hours melt into floating ecstasy,
Eros is lord of the moment.
—Robert Graham

THE REAL ME
Who is that horrible person?
Where did she come from?
Whis is she acting so strange-ly?
Egotistical,
Conceited,
Loud.

Can't she see people don't like her?
That's a perfect example of all
Things I hate in people.
Who is that person?
Oh No! This can't be a mirror!
—Gloria Harris

WONDER
I ponder
At works of God.
'Tis a wonder
That I am
A work of God.
I wonder,
Did God ponder?
—Rose Cox

WHY?
The thing is
To do your job
As it should be done,
Because
Public welfare
Is simply
The sum total
Of the
Private welfare
Of each of us.
—Toby Jones

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DAILY LIVING
A WISE IDEA CONCERNING MEDICATION

By WILLIAM THORPE

Any pharmacist will tell you: "When a physician prescribes for a patient, the prescription is tailor-made for that particular person, and the medicine is a specific for the condition that is causing his symptoms at that exact time."

That is very important because people that share their prescription with their relatives and friends are taking a large risk. What helped one person although they may appear to be suffering from the same symptom, may be dangerous to another, and can cause tragedy. Not only that, but is violating the Federal Law.

Take a look on a prescription bottle that has been filled, and you will see: "Caution: Federal Law prohibits the transfer of this drug to any person other than the patient for whom it was prescribed."

I mentioned that because, I've heard people tell about how different medications helped them and offer some of their prescription to someone that's suffering with the same pain.

Some folks try to prescribe medications to other people during a telephone conversation, telling how good certain drugs are, and how they got quick relief. Many people have asked me what's good for headache,

upset stomach, and etc. I advise all of them to check with a physician first, before they began doctoring on themselves. (A wise idea.)

Yes, it's a wise idea. I could easily tell them about all the patent medicines that we see advertised on the television and that can be bought in stores. But to stay on the safe side, a person must use his mind and think.

Examples: When you need legal advice, you consult an attorney. If you plan to build a home, it is likely that you will seek the help of an architect. Doesn't it make sense, then, when it comes to the question of your most precious asset, your health, to consult your physician?

People that share or prescribe medications should try to help an individual the safe way by recommending them to a doctor rather than focusing their mind on the do it yourself method.

Finally, I believe a person should think wisely when nature gives its warning of a symptom, and consult a physician first, because he is more qualified than anybody else when it comes to dealing with your health and medication.

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

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- Wallcoverings
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