

Ushers First Aid Dept. Meets at West Durham

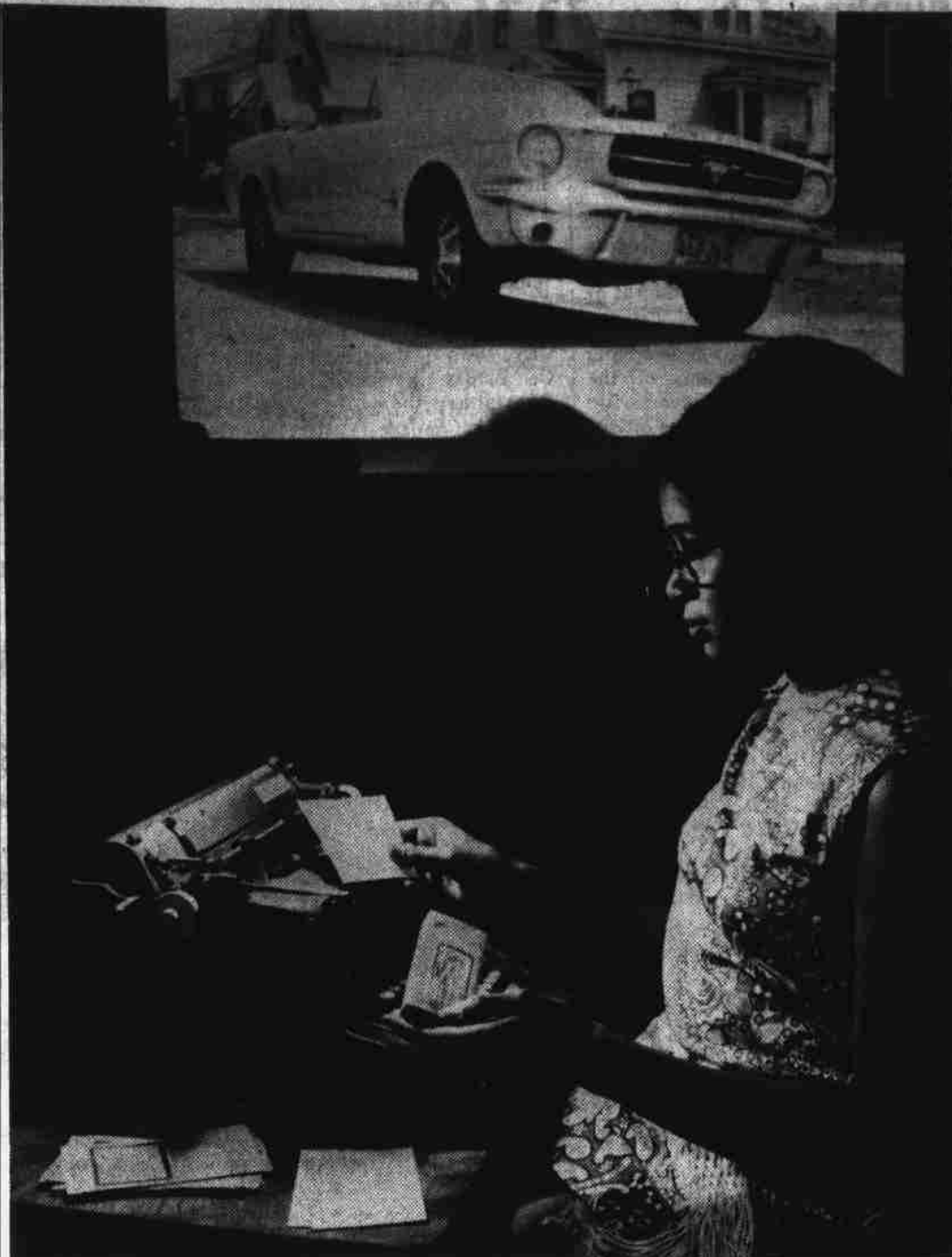
The First Aid Department of the Interdenominational Ushers Association met at the West Durham Baptist Church on April 24 with devotions, led by Mrs. Vera Owen, was open for business with Mrs. Elizabeth Young presiding. Words of encouragement were expressed by cards and to the visitors. After the meeting was closed, dinner was served to the following: Mesdames, Louise Howley, Dainy Stepson, Linda Sander, Margaret Steward, Ella Starns, Elizabeth Young, Hattie Price, Vera Owen, Wilhemina McKeithen, Callie Mayfield, Mattie Tillman, Gertrude Brenson, Ruth Davis, Perly Stroud, Flossie Tucker, Verly Stroud, Betty Dunston, Mable Battle, Emma Umstead, Geneva Trice, Ester McKennys, Movel Dowdy, Catherine Scott, Minnie Ford and Mr. Burch Coley.

Mr. Burch Coley was the host for the evening. Mrs. Ford gave a word of thanks for a joyful evening.

BLACK NAMED TO HEAD NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE

WESTFIELD, Mass. — A black has been named president of Westfield State College, making him the first black president of a four-year college in New England.

Dr. Robert L. Randolph, executive vice president of Chicago State University, assumes the new post shortly.



FILM Detective Catherine Wallace, at Eastman Kodak company's Rochester, N. Y. headquarters, is one of the many Film Identification Bureau (FIB) workers who are

constantly adding customers whose names and addresses aren't on films sent in for processing. One of several techniques used is the projection of a slide (above) to

show the make of the car and license number to track down the picture-taker. Through such effort, 72 per cent of unidentified films are returned to rightful owners.

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Mrs. Madie didn't allow any "grass to grow under her feet" getting to the front door. All the while her feet were shuffling, her fingers were busy twisting her "tresses" into a presentable hairdo. Her heart was a flutter and thunder clouds were playing havoc with her brain therefore, she reached for the door knob, in a state of enervation. Closing her eyes against the full impact of the shock of the surprise awaiting her on the other side of the door, "Jeff Boykins", she whispered softly—prayerfully—as she opened the door and found her neighbor from down the street—Apartment 14-B. Her first impulse was to scream in terror; "scat! pack rat!", but her upbringing forbade that she indulge in such rhetoric. However, for a split second she wished, with all her might, that her mother had spared the rod and just let her come up the way of children of iniquitousness. Wishing was not worth what the bears grabbed at, in a time like this: a grinning, fat, jelly roll lady paying another old lady friend a late evening visit when the

lady in question was expecting a man, so, she managed, with much effort, to pucker up and smile and sing out in a flat, tuneless voice; "well! how do you do sister Bella. Come in. I was just telling myself that seldom visits ain't good for us saints". The hand trembled which held the door open for the roly-poly lady to cross the threshold. Miss Madie had never known the urge to cry more acutely than now. The one thing in this world that she didn't need was a woman visitor with a lip full of snuff and a peck of miseries to expel from her lonely heart—Bella McDougal was a widow.

The night air coming through the doorway was cool—dewy fresh and fragrant with honeysuckles; and, Miss Madie was reluctant to close the door, therefore, she stood for a moment looking up at the star studded sky. The pangs of disappointment tugged desperately at her heartstrings and she wished that she had never been born. This kind of reasoning was new to her well organized mind and she cringed from the thought of being victimized by these unhealthy

negatives lurking in her heart, mind, and blood stream like roots of evil spreading like a web from one organ to another eating away at the great strength that set her apart from the Bella McDougals of this world.

While she strove to bring composure to her befuddled self, a taxi came to a halt in front of Apartment 2-A; and, in a matter of moments, a male was walking briskly up the walkway where he stood. Suddenly the storm door was flung open and she stood reeling—clutching the cool metal of the door-casing; "well! 'TIX me Jesus"; she blurted out in an effort to sound warm, mildly surprised and neighborly friendly.

"I fooled you, didn't I?" Jeff Boykins said as he stood grinning down on her.

Miss Madie wanted to throw her arms around his neck, bathe his face with kisses, feel the closeness of his body against her zanny, unstrung body. However, she was powerless to do any of these things. She wanted so much to say, "I love you Jeff Boykins, but all she should blate out were commonplace, jumbled, meaningless words. "I'll have to give the devil his dues—you kept your promise—just as sure as I'm born to die".

"How's your patient?" Jeff's voice was deep, lazy, husky.

Miss Madie felt her knees buckle and moved quickly to the door for support; "Come in 'n have a seat—my! but you're dressed up!" She said in a too shrill voice. In the meantime Jeff strided toward her, his eyes squinting in the glare of the porch light of her nosy neighbors in Apartment 3-A.

"I am trying to keep in step with you Madie Perkins. When I last saw you, you were sharp as a tack".

Miss Madie giggled; "you always were the glib one, Jeff Boykins", and she might have added something with more sparkle to it, but she was cut-off by Bella's meddlesome voice; "honey, you'd better stop bobbing your head—if you don't your "bird-nest" hairdo will be falling down".

Miss Madie remembered suddenly that she had pinned her hair atop her head and in the excitement of meeting and greeting Jeff Boykins the thick, coarse, silky strands of hair was leaving the makeshift ball—Jeff must think her an awful mess—she wanted to cry—shout to Bella, "shut up, woman".

Picnic Held at Home of Mrs. Rosa Daniel

Picnic was held at the home of Mrs. Rosa Daniel of 527 Tuggle St. Mrs. Daniel lives with her daughter and son-in-law Tsgt. and Mrs. Fredrick Kenneth Ruffin.

Members present were Mesdames: F. H. Rollan, president, Willie Maloan, A. J. Torrence, Hattie Willis, Leatha Sowell, A. L. Leach, Evelyn M. Thorp, Mary Taylor, Rosebell Gilchrist, Gracy Williams, Rosa Daniel, Gertrude Faison, Ada Harvey, Thelma Hicks, Lossie Coleman, Nettie G. Davis, Josephine Harris, Elnora Smith, Annie H. Mayo, Dora Green, Alvin H. Hill, Louise Burrough, Mary Pool, Yvonne Thorpe, Elizabeth Willis, Bessie

LOVE

Continued from page 8A

community failed to get mail service. We were yo-yoed from the post office to the City Hall.

The late Mr. W. D. Hill and I were very good friends. We saw each other on Parrish Street near his office and he asked or invited me up to his office for a chat. In our round-about discussions, I mentioned what we were trying to do and what had been done at that time. He asked me to meet the Committee on Negro Affairs Thursday evening at six. I met, he introduced me, and I related to the Committee what we were up against.

The Committee asked all black communities to make a diagram drawings of their communities, showing where mail was delivered and where it wasn't.

It was stunning after going into the minute details of this matter, how misled we were. In the white areas, mail was delivered far and beyond the 900 blocks in the black areas.

The following week, all black communities had representatives with the diagrams. As bad as the Wall-town community delivery service was, others were much worse. After a hard fight, the black communities came out of the large end of the horn. Now all black communities have their U. S. A. mail service. Our thanks are to ourselves through the Committee on Negro Affairs by means of united effort on a united front.

Those of us who saw the need of community leadership did not sway but ventured into the heart of battle. We were able to sell the community on the value and importance of the Committee on Negro Affairs. Our efforts were for the causes and not the money.

Smith, W. M. Bumbay, Lonnie Sowell, Archia Harvey, Florence Richardson and Elizabeth Anderson.

The evening was well enjoyed by all with lots of fun. The food was delicious: Ham, Barbecued chicken, potato salad, homemade rolls, cornbread, chicken stew, pickles, string beans, cooalad, potato custard, coconut cake, chocolate cake, and egg



HONORED AT BENEDICT

Receiving Honorary degrees at Benedict College's 103rd commencement last week were, left to right: Rev. Augustus Burke of Beaumont, Texas, former African missionary and teacher, Doctor of Divinity; Prof. George Murry Branch of Atlanta, Ga., biblical scholar and Associate Professor at the Interdenominational Theological Center, Doctor of Divinity; Mrs. Annie G. Hanberry of Columbia, former District General Supervisor of Richland School District Two, Doctor of Letters; Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, former President of Benedict College and now Officer in Charge of Higher Education and Minority Affairs at the Ford Foundation in New York, Doctor of Humane Letters; Mr. William C. (Bill) Matney, award-winning American

Broadcasting Company, Luns C. Richardson, Acting Washington correspondent, Doctor of Journalism; and Mr. Doctor of Pedagogy.

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Irony In Freight Car Story

The people who run America's railroads might be excused if they feel something like a baseball pitcher who has thrown nine hitless innings—only to lose on an infield error in the tenth.

In years gone by, railroads have been criticized for freight car shortages, which seemed to appear almost yearly. But improvements were made.

Yards were modernized. Computerized information systems were introduced. New services—like unit trains and run-through trains—were inaugurated. Old cars were replaced by bigger, more specialized rolling stock. Incentive rates for fast handling were offered.

In 1972, the nation's railroads set a record for total ton-miles of freight—approximately 785 billion. Capacity was strained, but the test was met with no serious car shortages.

Contributing to last year's record were the first movements of grain bound for the Soviet Union. But these movements were delayed by the unavailability of ships—among other things—and it was not until late 1972 that they began to accelerate. This huge load was then superimposed on other large export movements and heavy domestic traffic.

So, by the early weeks of 1973, demand had finally outstripped supply, and the words "car shortage" again appeared in the headlines.

The size of the actual shortage cannot be pinpointed. In fact, it is legitimate to wonder whether the ports and other elements of the grain pipe line to foreign ports could absorb more freight cars, even if they were available. From time to time over recent months, some ports have had such big backlogs of cars waiting to be unloaded that embargoes against further shipments have been necessary.

There is irony in this. The railroads have made tremendous progress in improving the freight car situation as 1972 proved. Now, unprecedented demand and circumstances beyond their control have focused attention—not on their undeniable achievement, but on the distance they still have to travel.

With the fruition of programs now in the works, with financial assistance such as that provided in the loan guarantee provisions of legislation now before Congress, the railroads undoubtedly will improve car supply and distribution still further. The nation has a lot riding on their success.

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