

# Writers Forum

by George B. Russ

The title, "Captain-at-large" was officially bestowed upon Willie Dominey during the '40s, by Reverend A. S. Croom. The "why" the title was given, is of great significance at this time because many have forgotten how it came about.

William Dominey was the recipient of the appellation at a time when group captains were being organized to raise funds for the present edifice, at 904 N. Roxboro Street. A long list of Captains had been assigned to various groups, in fact, the congregation had been divided into groups and a single captain, Mr. Dominey, was left without a list of persons to work with. This was a sad state of affairs; a good man, a useful person, an individual interested in helping "th' pastor put over his program" had been shut out. This was not a matter "to be slept over," therefore, without any hesitation, Rev. A. S. Croom made him Captain-at-large. And shortly thereafter, he was issued a scroll bearing his credentials. William Dominey, a member of the Union Baptist Church—Glendale Avenue—is hereby authorized to solicit aid from the public and friends to help us on our financial drive. We sincerely appreciate whatever you do in this way—signed, Rev. A. S. Croom, pastor.

Names appearing on the first scroll issued include: Nu Tread Tire Co., Morgan S. S. Luch, Southern Uniform and Towel Service, Kelly Tire Service, Industrial Supply Co., Willie Roberson Store and Liberty Warehouse where he worked for a quarter of a century. During these years, Dominey was fondly called "Snowball". At one time he appeared in the Feature Section of the Durham Morning Herald. After working for a local tobacco warehouse for 18 years, seeing farmers come in and get "high money" for their tobacco, William "Snowball" Dominey decided to grow some tobacco for himself. The four plants which he was growing between the sidewalk and the street in front of Liberty Warehouse on Riggsbee Avenue were healthy.



Willie Dominey

specimens of "Oxford 26" tobacco. "How're you going to sell that tobacco without an allotment card" a passerby would tease him; and, Dominey would reply with a joviality that was typical of him during those years, "oh", he would laugh, "I'll go to Washington and get that". Snowball had no intention to actually selling his tobacco. Those were the years when folk lived leisurely, enjoyed passing the time of day laughing about little things.

Our Captain-at-large, William Dominey was ordained deacon, on June 20, 1966, and has served as faithfully as he has served as "Gleaner".

The church has long since abandoned the Group Captain System for Fund Raising, but Dominey continues to make reports of cash donations collected from friends and an occasional program that he sponsors to inflate his exiguous gleanings.

The once regular monthly reports have dwindled to every now and then, however, William Dominey continued to punch in—report his gleanings. This type of faithfulness, persistence and willingness, to serve as Captain-at-large, is noteworthy and should be highly appreciated by the entire Union Baptist Congregation, and to a small extent there is profound appreciation by some. However, changing times, changes in methods and procedures have obscured the once urgently needed service. Now days, the pronouncement of a report from the Captain-at-large gives rise to an understandable number of quizzical expressions upon the faces of many congregants howbeit, Dominey's splendid efforts should not be brushed aside with platitudes. Now that reason is established for a Captain-at-large, perhaps, a Recognition Service will be held and a formal dissolution at an authorized Captain-at-large will follow.

Dominey has not only done a good job, but, he has followed, to the letter, a charge bestowed upon him that has outlived the memories of many.

## Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie "broke the spell" by telling her good friend that she had to skidaddle; "I reckon mister Ben thinks I have gone off my rocker 'n forgot all about him."

Mrs. Beamon knew when she worn out her welcome, therefore, she bade her "bat brain" friend adieu; "I know you ain't got Ben Pratt on your little mind, Madie Perkins. Your brain is working over time figuring out some way to get to Willie Deal. Well, for what good it ought-ah-do but wont help had matters one bit, Willie Deal ain't what the hootie-owl left behind when he flew the coop."

Miss Madie didn't allow Hattie Beamon's discursive remarks to disturb her thread of thought, she walked away, tossing mere words over her shoulders; "I'll dig you later sweet potatoh." And away she went, head held high, chin jutting, toes pointing straight ahead. She wanted to take a furtive glance in the direction of Deal's sausage van but she wanted to keep Hattie Beamon's suspicions as far removed from the truth as possible. So, she discreetly added a little more bounce to her hips and hurried toward Bayborough Heights. The noonday sun was beaming down furiously and long before she reached the busy thoroughfare, two blocks from where she had left Mrs. Beamon. Thy riverlets of sweat was trickling from under her hat, down her neck into the neckline of her dress, besides her hips were weary of wobbling and sharp pains were

jabbing her waistline. She was thinking of Hattie Beamon and her lashing tongue. The art of castigation needed no constant cultivation by its adherent; no matter the time of day, Hattie lambasted the best of 'em. If the woman ever conceived a kind thought about anyone, the moment it reached tip of her tongue, it came off the assembly line a red hot aspersation.

Miss Madie was absorbed in trying to analyze her "so called friend" when the blue and white van passed her. The waving hand of the driver startled her out her day dreaming. She couldn't tell much about how the man looked but she had to admit that he waved the friendliest hand she had ever noticed on a man. She wasn't much on reading dancing fingers but there was a pleasure of sorts in wondering what the hand waver was like. Was he fat and short? Tall 'n skinny? A teasing brown or a hairy old goat? She loathed a man with a bushy, wiry moustache, hairs growing out of his nostrils and ears. A man with dancing, free for all, fingers should be something nice to look at, she told herself as she walked sprightly toward the steps of Apartment 2-A.

"Mister Ben" would be all ears to hear a detailed report of what she had seen and heard, therefore, she gently forced all thoughts of the waving fingers to an upstairs' cubby-hole of

her memory and brought to the forefront of her brain a story that should put "Mister Ben's" suspicious mind at ease. The narrative she had in mind should put the old cudder to sleep for twelve hours, at least. Her patient was, apparently absorbed in a game of solitary when she entered his room. "Well do-daddy-do- you ain't-sh-bit worried about me 'n I'm scrabbling like a silly goose trying to get back to

you." She didn't expect him to answer nor did she expect him to toss the playing cards at her. "Hold it! Hold everything, honey-bunny-boo." She wanted to add, "more boo than honey," but she decided that this was the wrong time to emancipate herself with truth; so, she began gathering up the dog eared cards. Some day "Mister Ben's" temper tantrums were going to get his behind blistered. She thought as she

leaned over him to retrieve other cards scattered in the bed covering. Then suddenly everything went red, followed by a rainbow of colors flashing in vivid tones of yellow, pink, blue and green. She opened her mouth to scream but no audible sound issued forth, only a thunderous roaring filled her head. "Mister Ben" was croaking like a frog and, kicking wilding; throwing his bony parts closer

to the edge of the bed. The impulse to roll him back into safer zones was uppermost in her mind, however, her reflexes refused to brake his fall. She just stood frozen in a daze; shocked by the assault to her jaw by "Mister Ben's" flying fist. In an effort to quell the noise inside her head, and assuage the burning pain, she covered her face with her trembling hands. —Continued.

Here's one time you should rush out and buy the tires you need!

## HERCULES Premium Tire Sale PREMIUM 478

An all-new design in popular "78" series. Has latest-type polyester cord body... we've found nothing better for a soft, smooth, quiet ride. Made in reverse molds for "full-contact" tread on the road... increases traction, gives greater high speed stability and driving control on today's highways. A tire as modern as tomorrow in appearance, construction and performance. Polyester smooth cord means a velvet-smooth ride; eliminates thumping, flat-spotting and squeal. Proven bias-ply construction gives outstanding strength, stability and safety. Road and laboratory tested tread (and compounding) proven under all kinds of road driving conditions. Sleek, slender white striped sidewall enhances appearance of any car.

Something Better in a Tire... and a Man Who Stands Behind It!

### RIGSBEE TIRE SALES

Complete Tire Service—We Do It All!  
108 Lakeview Ave. 2720 Hillsborough Rd.  
688-1383 286-4444



It's no dark secret that seasoned globetrotters travel light. It saves overweight charges and cuts down on tipping and extra-luggage taxi tariffs.

Drip-dry and no-ironing textiles do more than save packing space and pare laundry and dry-cleaning bills. Where it exists at



all, express dry-cleaning and laundry service is still a novelty outside America.

Self-service laundrettes are a rarity abroad. But that made-in-U.S.A. convenience is being introduced worldwide by Holiday Inns, which has introduced them at many inns throughout its world-wide chain.

#### "HATE MAIL ANSWER"

"If I were a white man, all America would be proud of me. But I'm Black. You have to be Black in America to know how sick some people are. I've always thought racism a problem, even with as much progress as America has made."—Hank Aaron.

### Good Psychology

#### FORGIVE AND FORGET

There is great sweetness in forgiveness; it's balm for the scars in life. Without it, there is no quiet room in your mind to escape to for peace; there is only a room jangling with tension.

Nobody can live creatively if he cannot forgive his own blunders and imperfections. He's more likely to suffer from insomnia at night and fatigue during the day. Once you are able to forgive yourself, then perhaps you can forgive others.



You must realize that you are a creature of God, part of God's plan, that you are unique and have value as a human being. You must understand that as a human being you aren't perfect. See your successes, cherish them. See your faults, and forgive them.

Too many persons waste their time obsessed with hatred for those who have hurt them. But isn't it about time to forgive and forget? Once you do that, then you can make plans and set goals and work at the very satisfying project of making each day a life in itself, of living, driving, loving, challenging, experiencing each precious day of your life.

Drink in the sweetness of forgiveness of yourself and others. Forgive a parent, a friend, a loved one, for the errors in the past. Forgive the hurt that they caused you. Forget it by loving in the present—now!

For a free pamphlet of a sermon on radio's "The Lutheran Hour," called "Guilt And Forgiveness," send your name and address to Room 220, Booklet Distributors of America, 220 West 126th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



"Why is it that the first gray hairs stick straight out?" (Kin Hubbard)

## Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.



Thank you, America, for making our whiskey your whiskey.



## Someone you know sells Avon.

That's not surprising. Many thousands of black women are Avon Ladies.

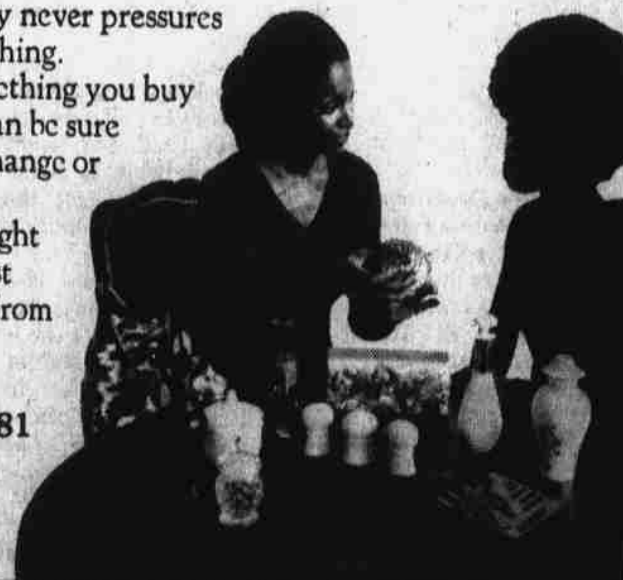
An Avon Lady is your sister, your mother, your neighbor, your friend. And she brings a world of exciting products right to your house.

If you're busy when she stops by, she'll leave an Avon Brochure. So you can go through it when you have time.

And your Avon Lady never pressures you into buying anything.

Of course, if something you buy isn't just right, you can be sure she will make an exchange or refund your money.

When it comes right down to it, there's just nothing like buying from someone you know.



If you are interested in selling Avon products: Call 919-489-2481