

# World Mark Falls As Milburn Blazes to 13.1

ZURICH, Switzerland—Rod Milburn of the United States set a world record in the 110 meter hurdles with a time of 13.1 seconds Friday night, one-tenth second better than the old mark which he shared.

It was the oldest surviving world track mark, first set by Martin Laurer of West Germany in the same Zurich Stadium exactly 14 years ago.

The 23-year-old Milburn, from Southern University, was the Olympic gold medalist in the 110 meter hurdles at Munich last year.

Guy Drut, a Frenchman who finished second at Munich, ran second again in 13.6 as Milburn was three full strides in front at the finish. Sergio Lisani of Italy was third in 13.9.

As he crossed the finish line, the new record-holder clenched both fists in front of him as though he knew he had the mark. He was clocked by a bank of officials straining forward as he went past.

Milburn told a newsman, immediately after the race, how he felt about the performance: "Great man, just great. I heard this official say 12.9 but I settle for 13.1."

Milburn had said on Thursday that if he got a good start, he would have a chance at the one record that had eluded him for years. Others who shared the mark of 13.2 were Americans Lee Calhoun, Earl McCullough and Willie Davenport.

# Writers Forum

by George B. Russ

This is the generation of beautiful, talented, shapely, well-trained young people. Never in the history of Black America have we been blessed with so many lovely children, adolescents and young adults; blacks, brown, yellows, and all the in between hues and tints; the good, the bad, the indifferent—the flamboyant, the iconoclasts, sophisticated,

It was the third time a world record had been set in the 110-meter hurdles on the very fast track in the Zurich Stadium, nestled at the foot of the Alps. Some 12,000 wildly cheering spectators watched in the wet night.

Heavy rain came down during the late afternoon but ended just before the start of the evening competition.

Milburn, who had one false start, noted that he wasn't taking any chances. "I heard this camera click and off I went."

He also gave credit to Drut and East Germany's Frank Siebeck for helping him come out fast. Milburn declared, "There were no turkeys (bad runners) in this race. The track was wet but it was good and warm."

March 1973 was the 60th Anniversary of the U. S. Department of Labor, created in 1913.



MISS VANESSA VINSON flagitious—each type manifesting according to

whatever inner urges it is endowed with. And no matter, for the most part, how we envisage evolution on this planet earth in three progressive stages: physical, mental and spiritual; the now generation sees fit to develop whatever, in its own way, its greatest asset. If it's Beauty of Form, no thought is spared in applying the fullest measures to the development in this single area.

The mental giants are among our garden of pulchritudinous youth; and, a survey chart will show that many are succeeding in fields of endeavor where, hitherto, a few middle aged persons made the coveted goals of achievement. Beauty, brains and indifference is typical of the now generation.

Fame is thrust upon many of the now generation; hence, we have an era of "easy come, easy go" to baffle the conservatives who are adherents of the rhetorician who made this observation at the turn of the century: "fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but he furnishes out their

funerals and follows them to the grave." However, Socrates said it better, perhaps; "fame is a perfume of heroic deeds"—but, "heroic deeds" today are argumentative. Perhaps, the words of Shakespeare convey a more applicable interpretation of fame: "He lives in fame who died in virtue's cause."

On the other hand, we do have many of our young people who are developing all three of the progressive stages: the physical, mental and spiritual stages; and, radiate happier, well-adjusted, lovable personalities.

Miss Vanessa M. Vinson, daughter of Mr. U. W. Vinson and Mrs. Olivia Parker Vinson of Durham, is a fine example of one of our beautiful people who is doing a splendid job of developing all three progressive stages of evolution: physically, she is beautiful, charming and endowed with graceful manners. And, "graceful manners" says Longfellow, "are the outward form of refinement in mind and good affections in the heart." Also, good manners are a part of good morals and kind courtesy. Further, Emerson says of

manners, "manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at least a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are on the surface, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows."

Mentally, Vanessa is progressing admirably well. She is a '72 graduate of Hillside High School where she earned a certificate in Cooperative Office Occupations.

Miss Vinson's business acumen attracted her to a 9 months course offered by McConnell Airline School at Minneapolis, Minn. Recently, she completed the course of training in Ground Subjects, Business Courses and Stewardess Duties. Her on the job training was done at Circle Tours Agency, 206 E. Chapel Hill Street, Durham, as a Travel Agent.

The pretty Miss with a business portfolio, excitingly awaits her 21st birthday, so, she can begin her stewardess duties.

When Vanessa visited Shepard Jr. High School, in June of '73—the citadel of inspiration for her aspirations—she explained to the students of Mrs. J. B. McLester's class why she had gone into depth with her studies at McConnell's Airline School; "I want to be more than a glorified Airline waitress. My ability to choose the right and to reject the wrong course of action came through guidance, for the most part, by Mrs. J. B. McLester and other staff members here at Shepard Jr. High School, my family and other concerned friends. I feel extremely fortunate to have the love and prayers and wisdom of my great grandmother, Mrs. Eula Parker."

Miss Vanessa M. Vinson is a Christian, a great believer in prayer and in the power of prayer to change all negative aspects. She is a member of Mt. Calvary United Church of Christ, Athen Avenue, Rev. J. C. Cheek, pastor.

Being a highly evolved Christian has taught her how to

be patient in all things, how to make use of her time through constructive efforts; updating her Reading Hobby, Creative Writing; sewing Tupperware; getting involved in her favorite church activities; and, she is gainfully employed by Duke University Campus Personnel and Records—Employee Relations for Herbert E. Aikens.

Vanessa feels that an engagement should be frank and open, with full knowledge and consent of the Lady's family, therefore, she is happy to announce her engagement to Daniel N. Washington, Jr. of 2920 S. Roxboro St., Durham.

Washington is employed by the United States Air Force at Fort Fisher Air Force Base, Wilmington. By the way, he is a graduate of Hillside High School.

Miss Vinson feels that the key to her success lies in her faith and determination to succeed—prayer to sustain her hopes in her desire to fulfill her Success Plans for the benefit of herself, her family, friends and all the people she can help.

# Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie "wore herself plumb out" feeding her mind large doses of hate venom; and long before her tired, spiritless bones were ready to leave the bed, she was up and doing—setting her household in order. First the order of business, she snapped off the window-fan, then covered Mister Ben's livid-purple skin and bones with a warm blanket. And the rascal had the nerve to cuddle under it and whimper like a cold puppy. Tears filled her tired, feverish eyes, but she scoffed them away. No need now to succumb to pity when she was "tuckered" out from holding hands with Satan figuring out ways to punish him for his brutal assault on her person.

This wasn't wash day but she went straight to the dothers hamper and began pulling out "rags." The odor of a fragrant detergent reinforced with ammonia to cut dirt and make her eyes "smart" with tears was a sure way of expelling "ah-mess-of heartaches long before her reddened, puckered hands were ready for the bluing rinse. Most folk had left off the bluing rinse but she still stuck to the tried and true.

Mister Ben was ready to be bathed and fed when she finally got around to him. She could see the sparkle of appreciation in his beady brown eyes; besides, his cackle intoned notes of joy. She wanted to "cuss his black-ann out" but her mood for mayhem had gone down the drain with the dirty sudsy washwater. She couldn't even "tend" to be pique. So, she added a fragrant bath oil to his bath, and applied an odorless lotion to his tender, pinkish skin after shaving him. She even told him how she had witnessed a pair of German police dogs chase a cat, with Mrs. Leon Taylor on the other end of their leash. "I'm not one to gloat over other folks' misfortunes but I was mighty much tuckered out with joy when his high-ness, Leon Taylor called off the dogs 'n the missus was unfurled from doctor Creggs Crab apple tree. I stayed my distance so I can't tell you whether Lola Belle lost any teeth or broke any limbs in the scuffle, but take it from a biased onlooker, she looked a mess. I never did think much of walking dogs up 'n down the street of South Hill, sniffing 'n goofing off all over the shrubs 'n things in folks' yards. You talk about having something they see white folks-ah-doing. I could be as wrong as snow in July but that's the way the cake falls."

Mister Ben looked like an old, toothless monkey trying to laugh and she felt a little wicked cutting off the source of his joy, but the time had come for her to cut the action and go sight-seeing. "Dancing fingers" might just be circling Bayborough Heights in search of a good looking creature like herself. Therefore, she nipped

Mister Ben's happiness in the bud. "I won't be gone long, boy-friend. I've got-ah-fish to fry up the street." She said jokingly but the joke was the least portion of her intention. She left Mister Ben fit to "bust wide open with anger" but she didn't deter her plans a minute longer. Removing her Hoover apron, fluffing her hair, shaking a bit of gardenia sachet powder inside the bosom of her dress and, dampened her neck and behind her ears with eau-de-cologne, she was ready to meet the public.

Before she had walked five blocks, she was wishing to God that she had stayed home. The heat sucked her into a sort of vacuum, then proceeded to bite, chew, sting, and choke her into a state of delirium. At the precise moment that she nearly toppled over with the jitters, the breezy heat from a motor swept her into a clump of prickly shrubbery. Naturally, she got away from the stabs of the sticky bush as quickly as her wobbly legs would allow and when she turned around the first thing she recognized was five fingers waving at her. And her first impulse was to cuss the grinning driver behind the steering wheel, but she quickly curbed that negative and donned a smile that should have put Will Deal's grin to shame. "Well! 'fore my Lord, where did you spring from? This heat must have melted the wax in my ears 'n shut off my hearings." Miss Madie said, keeping a lady like distance from the sausage van. She waited for the grinning man to speak, do anything besides sit like a knot on a log and grin like a possum. Finally she said, "this heat is more than a noshun." And to her surprise, the little brown man's lips began moving. "Where's your friend, today?"

"What, friend?" Her tongue snapped before she had time to think twice. She thought he had had reference to Jeff Boykina. "Oh! Oh!" She squealed with delight at discovering he wasn't meddling. "You mean Hattie Beamon?" She wanted to add, "that old flea bag," but she didn't want to give "smiley" the wrong impression.

He spoke up brightly; "I'll give you ah-lift, Miss Madie." "Ah-lift in—" She quickly put skids on her wagging tongue. She had been on the verge of saying, "Ah-lift in a sausage truck, who needs it?" And in an effort to steer his thoughts away from her true feeling, she accepted the lift in the sausage van; "if it wont put you to any great trouble, I'd like a ride home out of the sun."

Before her hand clutched the handle of the door, he had leaped from his perch and all four and a half feet and 98 pounds of him had scurried up beside her. "I'll open the door, Miss Madie."

Madie Perkins gasped, "well! 'fore my Lord. —continued.

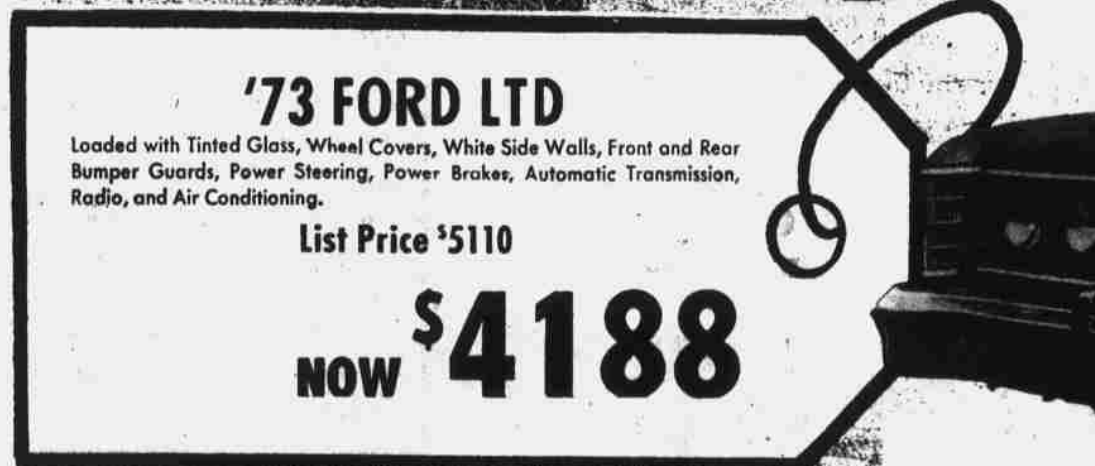
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