

PREGNANCY PLANNING AND HEALTH

by Mrs. Gloria Higbee

IF A CHILD NEEDS HELP

About 80 per cent of the children and adolescents treated at the Children's Psychiatric Clinic of Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center in New Hyde Park, N. Y., are referred by their schools because they present a behavior problem. The other 20 per cent are referred by private physicians, the pediatric or adolescent services at the center, or community agencies. Few come through their parents' initiative.

"This is understandable," says Judith Roheim, MD, director, Department of Child Psychiatry, at the center's Hillside Division. "In many cases, emotional disorders are hard for a person to recognize. Therefore, the family questions whether psychiatric care is necessary. Many people mistakenly feel such help is justified only in extreme situations."

IRON DEFICIENCY RESPONSIBILITY FOR MOST CHILDHOOD ANEMIA

Iron deficiency is responsible for the "vast majority" of cases of anemia in children between one and three years old and possibly for most cases throughout childhood and adolescence, George M. Owen, MD, Professor of Pediatrics, Ohio State University College of Medicine, told a seminar for editors and writers held by the Vitamin Information Bureau at the

Belmont Plaza Hotel, New York.

ADVERSE EFFECTS OF SMOKING IN PREGNANCY
Beyond any reasonable doubt, smoking in pregnancy has adverse effects on the developing fetus, the "British Medical Journal" said recently. These effects range from inhibition of fetal growth and prematurity to an increased risk of perinatal death from all causes, a survey of the scientific literature revealed.

BATHE LESS IN WINTER

Can a person be too clean? According to dermatologists, some people bathe too often, especially in the winter time. In the cold weather we perspire less, spend less time out of doors and more time in steam heated rooms. The skin's own supply of natural oil decreases. Too-frequent bathing can make skin, and especially dry skin and older skin, drier, flaky, and itchy.

During the cold weather months, a quick shower or sponge bath can be substituted, and tub baths reduced to two or three a week.

A good bath oil can be added to the bath water. A cleansing agent that doesn't dry out the skin can be substituted for ordinary soap. The makers of pHisoDerm report that their creamy white liquid skin cleanser helps to soften the skin and replaces oils usually lost in washing, without leaving skin greasy.

Ernie Barnes Shows Beauty of The Ghetto in Paintings Nov. 1

The paintings of Ernie Barnes will be shown at North Carolina Central University's Art Museum for two weeks beginning November 1.

Barnes, born, reared, and educated in Durham's black community, is a former pro football star whose paintings hang in the homes of some of America's best-known figures.

Works by Barnes are owned by Harry Belafonte, Flip Wilson, Berry Gordy Jr., Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, Dean Martin, Dinah Shore, Ethel Kennedy, Steve Lawrence, Diana Ross, John Conyers, Sheldon Leonard, Sidney Poitier, Roman Gabriel and Bill Cosby, among others.

A portfolio of Barnes' paintings, in reproduction, costs \$55. The paintings themselves have been valued at \$1,500 and up.

Works by Barnes have not been shown in public in Durham since he participated in a student exhibition at North Carolina Central University in 1960. (Several Durham citizens have his paintings in their private collections.)

The exhibit will open with a reception at 7 p.m., Thursday, November 1, hosted by North Carolina Central University and the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company at the NCCU Art Museum.

Barnes will speak at North Carolina Central's Founders Day program at 10 a.m., Friday, November 2, and the exhibit will open to the public at 1 p.m. that afternoon.

During the two-week show, museum hours will be 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sunday.

Although the first paintings

by Barnes to achieve public attention were his masterful sketches of sports events, the paintings in this exhibit are perhaps more meaningful to the artist than those.

"The Beauty of the Ghetto" shows the life of black people, men, women, and children, in their own community.

The ghetto, Barnes says, "is treated as if its people are a species of dangerous animal who waits to prey upon the civilized. How in heaven's name can a child growing up there learn to feel proud of his cultural roots and heritage? How difficult we make it for him to feel that the contributions he might make to the cultural and commercial life of the country is needed instead of tolerated.

"As an artist, gifted with a certain access to the common unconsciousness, I am providing a pictorial background for an understanding into the aesthetics of black America. It is not a plea for people to continue to live there but for those who feel trapped, it is as my artist friend Charles White

Americans Eat Well But Food Lacks Benefits

GREENSBORO, N.C.

Americans are generally considered the best fed nation in the world, but their choices of foods are often limited in health benefits, the president of the Nutrition Foundation Inc. said here last Monday.

"The public has been subjected to palpably exaggerated claims of health benefits, to promotion through all communication media of overt misuse of foods and beverages," said Dr. William J. Darby.

Darby was the opening speaker at a national nutrition conference at A&T State University.

He blamed faulty nutrition education in the nation's schools as part of the problem.

"Conventional presentations of nutrition education fail to interest students in grade schools and the majority of high school students regard nutrition as a subject to be equally less interesting," said Darby, also a member of the American Academy of Science.

He also cited a need for modernizing the nutrition educational content of medical, dental and other health related professional schools and in various graduate sciences.

"The nutritionally illiterate scientist or professional leader," added Darby, "can and often does have a most damaging influence on consumer behavior."

More than 250 nutritionists, researchers, physicians and educators and attending the conference.

Darby told the group that the responsibility of community health and nutrition programs, "includes the education of the youth, the adolescent, the man and the aged."

"The respective responsibilities of the family, the individual, the parent, the teacher, the community agency, the schools and the churches, and of government towards achieving the beneficial nutritional attitudes essential to desired quality of life must be recognized and assumed," concluded Darby.

says, "a challenge of how beautiful life can be."

Ernie Barnes is the son of Mrs. Fannie Barnes of Willard Street. His father is deceased. Barnes is the father of two children, Miss Diedra Barnes, a sophomore at Hillside High School and Michael who attends Whitted Jr. High. A brother Jimmy is employed in Research Triangle Area.

House Changes New Hope Name

WASHINGTON — The House passed by voice vote Monday a bill changing the name of the New Hope Dam and Lake on the Haw River in North Carolina to the B. Everett Jordan Dam and Lake.

Jordan, a former Democratic senator from North Carolina, was defeated in the primary election last year.

Life Begins At 62½

By George Russ

Miss Madie was sure her facial expression registered pandemonium because the boys suddenly scampered from the room, leaving behind them a quavering chorus of "we'll dig you later, Miss Madie."

The lethargic arm, raised to wave goodbye to the boys, dropped to her side in a flutter. A nauseous hotness swept her from the scalp of her head to the soles of her feet; then, her head became swoomy and her knees started knocking. Nothing had ever unstrung her so completely; indubitably, she has known fear, but this thing which gripped her whole being at the moment was new. The fear that she had set herself up for a laughing-stock terrified her more than did the fear of losing her chance to marry. Why she was so sure that something awful had happened to Jeff Boykins was based on womanly intuition. She tried to convince herself that she had known all along that he was as phony as a \$3 bill, but her heart kept going out to him. If Bella McDougal had given Jeff's ego a kersmack on the bottom, she deserved a medal—not a kick in the face. All the while Miss Madie gave the kitchen the finishing touches the boys had left for her, her throbbing brain was busy devising a plan whereby she might find out what had happened to Jeff Boykins. Coating the facts from children concerning the affairs of grown-up, was decidedly not her cup of coffee, but she wished her scruple had allowed her to pry more; dig-a-little deeper into the incident of the "crying man."

Shelia, her boot-leg hair-dresser, lived in Apartment 25, two doors from Bella McDougal. Every two weeks is how often Shelia washed 'n pressed, if she visited Shelia three days after the last appointment, "ah fool would know she was poking around for gossip." Shelia wouldn't give a cuss about propriety measures; accepted standards of behavior were the least of Shelia's worries. A nugget of gossip was intended to be carefully nurtured, inflated, distorted and whispered dramatically into the ears of her customers.

Miss Madie was about to call in one of Faithy Hart's girls, the eldest of the litter; the one whose head always looked like a hair-haw nest; when the sound of "Mister Ben's" rasping voice stopped her intention "dead in its tracks."

"Coming! Mister Ben," she shouted.

Ben Pratt was sitting up in bed when she dashed into his room; "ain'tcha th' cat's paw? Send-ah-body packing for-ah-Honeydew mellow 'n when your precious mellow arrives, who is knocked out will sleep?" She teased.

"Mister Ben" was looking about him as though he was seeing the room for the first time. "This is ah right smart pretty room," he said.

"It's ah-room, when you've seen one room in ah-housing project—you've seen 'em all." Miss Madie's spurious jocundity was short-lived. She didn't like the way his eyes searched every nook and splinter of the room—besides, he picked his flesh as though he was searching for something or discovering a new sensation in the touch.

"How come you picking yourself that-ah-way, Mister Ben?" "Fetch my mellow, girl. I am starving." Ben Pratt chuckled softly.

Miss Madie quickly left the room; her eyes had quickened to tears and she had no wish for her patient and friend to see tears of doubt in her eyes. However, she sensed, poignantly, that the handwriting was on the wall for her cut-buddy. She removed one slice from the mellow and chopped it into shreds, sprinkled the yellow meat of the mellow with a dash of salt; then, she hurried out of kitchen to escape the gathering clouds of compunction. He might live to place pennies upon her eye-lids to close them in eternal sleep.

Ben Pratt thoroughly enjoyed the bowl of shredded honeydew mellow; and when Miss Madie bent over to retrieve the dish from his palsied fingers, he kissed her on the cheek; a cold, mushy, smack. Her eyes quickened to tears, but she held them in abeyance until she had closed the bathroom door, then, she let the tears flow in a torrent; hot briny tears streaming down her cheeks, meeting under her chin then forming single drops which splattered on her folded arms. When her tear-drops were completely empty, she washed her face in cold water, dried it carefully then bathed it gently with a fragrant lotion. Satisfied that no tell-tale marks of her crying were visible, she tidied up "Mister Ben's" room.

"Cat got your tongue?" She teased.

"Name, I'm just laying here thinking about us. Why didn't we get married, Miss Madie?"

"Ask-ah-fool question 'n you get-ah-fool answer. We never married because you never kept your tail still long enough."

"My tail?"

"You can take that to mean-ah-lot of things, but you get th' message."

Ben Pratt chuckled, "you're a mess, Miss Madie. I admit I didn't allow no grass to grow under my foot in them days—I feel th' world don't owe me-ah-thing."

"Don't talk out of school, buddy-boy. You might have to eat some of your smart talk."

"Go way from here, Madie Perkins; you is as full of stuff as-ah Christmas turkey."

"When I come back, I'm going to stuff you like a partridge."

"Where you goin'?"

"I've got to see-ah-man-about-ah dog."

"Be yourself, Madie."

"Stop picking your face 'n don't have Cora calling on you while I'm away."

"Cora?"

"Th' sea-hag in 'partment 2-B."

"Cora ain't no trouble." He answered sheepishly.

Miss Madie laughed; "I trust, Cora, it's you, I don't trust."

Shelia was frying fish when Miss Madie arrived, however, she lowered the flame under the fry pan; poured Miss Madie a cold glass of lemonade. "Honey, I have been expecting you all day. I would have gone to your place, but I had to wash 'n straighten 5 heads of wool."

"I heard about Miss Bella from Jetty 'n some of his pals."

"Oh! no, I wanted to tell you about your friend, myself. Miss Madie, he was pitiful. It was good enough for him but he was really pitiful when old lady Bella took a butcher knife 'n ripped open the seats of his pretty red car. And, as if that wasn't enough, she gashed the tires and, to top it all, she smeared black paint all over the red paint job."

"Whatcha mean my friend?" Miss Madie's attempt to screen her face with utter dismay ended in a comic rendition.

Shelia was dumbfounded for a moment; evidently, Miss Madie had forgotten how she had told her all about how much she cared for Jeff Boykins. The fish was ready to turn and Shelia shuffled across the kitchen to the stove and while she was turning the fish, her powers of speech returned; "Miss Madie, you don't have to feel bad about what happened to Jeff. He spends more than Miss Bella's welfare check. I didn't tell you because you were all tore up about him 'n I didn't want to kill your joy."

Miss Madie sat crestfallen. —Continued.

Everybody doesn't think that Blacks are the best chicken cooks, especially the National Chicken Cooking Contest. Held at Little Rock, Ark., last week, there was not one Black person among the 51 finalists and very few in the previously held state contests. Black women's organizations like the B&P's and Deltas should look into this.

England's Prime Minister Edward Heath, an accomplished amateur pianist-organist and conductor, has invited another musician, Duke Ellington, to dine with him when he arrives in England on Oct. 23, to play his own sacred music at a special Westminster Abbey religious concert celebrating United Nations Day.

Writers

By GEORGE B. RUSS Forum

James M. Ludlow, D. D., Litt. D., author of "Deborah, The Captain of the Janizaries"; made this observation in one of his discourses on "Incentives for Life: Personal and Public": A life purpose in order to be really noble, satisfactory to one's self, or of force to accomplish greatly, must take in the whole of life, all our interests as our days pass, and all our years until the end. The current of consecrated energy must fill the channel, and they must aim toward the sea. There are many businesses in life, but only one business of life. Livelihood is not life; a truism that many in our bustling age do not seem to discover to be true." History records many, many examples of men and women who discovered their businesses of life; and, the discovery opened for them the gateway to a richer, fuller, nobler, more rewarding way of life. In this discourse, we will turn our thoughts to one of our contemporary neighbors: Mrs. E. S. Norris. The life of Mrs. Norris can be summed up in the words of the sainted Harriet Newell, the story of whose heroic purpose in missionary work has stimulated hundreds to similar consecration: "I have no regret that I left my native land for Christ. It was in my heart to do a good work for God, and my desire is accepted by the Lord."

Mrs. Norris was born in Durham County, however, she spent many happy years in Orange County. She is the daughter of Rev. W. H. Stanfield and Mrs. Emma Daye Stanfield. This happy union was blessed with 11 children; 8 girls and 3 boys. Therefore the art of getting along with people comes natural to the lady who is loved and admired by persons of all ages. Being the daughter of a minister and living with the positive vibrations of a Christian home, in all probability, channeled her life along the pathway of kingdom building—soul saving, therefore she was converted at an early age; at the age of 9 she was baptized by the Rev. L. H. Hackey. The weeks and months that followed her baptism were blighted by an insidious uncertainty—Am I a christian? Perhaps, her feeling was brought on by the negative intonings of the times; the broodings of parents whose sons were at war; a sense of insecurity caused by food

rations and shortages in other areas—World War I—howbeit, Erie was haunted by doubts concerning her religion. Her eldest sister's ability to pray more convincingly than she, gave rise to mental anguish. So, Erie beseeched God, through daily prayers, to give her a sign revealing to her the status of her evolution as a Christian. She prayed earnestly and waited impatiently for a manifestation to appear. After a time, through a vision, "I discovered that the cause for my lack of faith in my religion stemmed from something I was doing myself—you see, I enjoyed discussing the Sunday School lesson and this privilege was extended to me if I were on time. But often times the two horse buckboard we rode in was late and I would become furiously angry. This was the bone of contention in my Christian growth. After this revelation, I was able to go about the Master's work with a great deal more ease and understanding. My great joy of being set free from this awful dilemma stimulated a burning desire to bring others to Christ. My messages of hope for the unsaved were read during sessions on the local Sunday School Conventions. My limitation to do more in the area of soul saving was sometimes wided when I was elected as delegate to the State Convention."

Mrs. Norris smiled into the cup of her hand; "I would like to see more boys and girls interested in attending church worship services; also, more Baptist seriously interested in our Woman's State and Foreign Missionary, Lott Carey and General Baptist Conventions—and, attend our Leadership Training Conferences."

To accelerate the nostalgia of my gracious hostess, I asked: "what do you do for recreation, Mrs. Norris?"

She smiled understandingly—sympathetically. She had, bless her heart, encountered other dumb-dumbs like me. "My recreation comes through serving God—the joy of saving souls. I have found that serving God has helped me in so many ways that I am happy—recreated in being able to contact the unsaved and weak Christians—enlightening them with the powers found in the Holy Scriptures. My own strength, faith and courage is fortified through the Holy

MRS. NORRIS

Word. Romans 1:16—Therefore I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. Brother Russ, "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13." At this point, she pursed her lips, flared her brown eyes wide open; "I have found that serving God has helped me in my martial life. I have been married to James Norris for 51 years." She sighed softly, there were problems I could not solve through applications of my intelligent reasoning; but, I found the answers through my prayers to God. In 1971, during the celebration of our Golden Anniversary, I found not only great joy; but, a renewal of hope, faith and love in the solemn ceremony at which time we repeated our marriage vows—including: "obey."

After clearing her throat, Mrs. Norris continued her life story; "I have three wonderful children. We owe this wondrous blessing to God because through His divine guidance I was able to properly rear my children; Mrs. Ruth Norris Green, a teacher at Fayetteville Street School; James T. Norris, Jr., a Mechanic and Security Guard at A & T University; and Mrs. Marjorie Norris Knight, a teacher at Jefferson School, Plainfield, N. J." The great pride that flushed her pudgy cheeks receded and a note of pathos came into her voice; "I recall a mother who was having trouble with her child, once I asked her if she prayed for the child." Mrs. Norris shook her head sadly; "the woman told me she was too busy working, earning a livelihood for them to pray. Naturally, I pleaded with her to pray while she worked. The woman told me later that she had followed my advice—the girl was doing better but, there was room for improvement. I told her to pray unceasingly. Today, the girl is a young woman and doing splendidly well."

Mrs. E. S. Norris attends

(Continued on Page 6B)

Missing Person

CREOLA BAKER, age 32, MISSING SINCE SEPTEMBER 3, 1973 from JOHN UMSTEAD HOSPITAL, Butner, N. C. Height—approximately 5 ft. 3 inches; weight between 140-150 pounds. Extremely near-sighted, but not wearing glasses. Reddish brown hair, but probably wearing a wig.

Anybody with information please contact Durham, N. C. Police Department or Butner Police Department.

Also: Mr. Rich Gresson, Asst. District Attorney, High Point District, Hamilton Street; Clara B. Sautter, 2308 Waynick Street, High Point, N. C. 27269, 882-8880; Lillie Alton, 1817 Blaine Street, High Point, N. C. 27260.



ERNIE BARNES



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