

Only one Black mark in the family

James Oscar Cuthbertson, Jr.
Journalism grad student

Might sound like I'm bragging, but I really ain't. We can trace our family way back. Almost back to the time that we got our slave name. McDougal ain't never been no African name. And never will be.

My Daddy! Besides being an alcoholic to cope with society. He and mama raised 10 children. All who grew up and went to college.

All but one. Me. I ain't never had much use for bullshit. And to me, the youngest of the ten, all college seemed to be was one big pile of bullshit.

It was enough for me to graduate from junior high school. After that I got married to a beautiful doll named Helen. And now we got two children and one on the way.

I was gonna name the next one after my brother Jack. But that was before he brought shame and disgrace on the family.

My name is Mark. Mark McDougal. Shit!

But before I tell you about the black mark on my family's tree. Let me say that Brother Jack is the only black mark in our family.

In the 1770's, my first ancestor set foot on this land as a slave in Virginia. His wife died on the trip over. We know this because an old white lady befriended him and kept a diary for him until he learned to write. This diary is sitting at my grandmother's house right now.

That's how we know where we

came from. My great great great grandfather was a slave also, but my great-great grandfather served as a representative in the Carolina Legislature during the Carpetbagging-Scalawag days.

They say he was a Scalawag and a half. But he got over like a fat rat. After that we never hurt for money. We always had more than enough.

Well, my father and great grandfather both went to college and started this tradition in our family that ended when I didn't go to high school. It was all bullshit to me.

Daddy dissociated himself with me just like he did with Brother Jack when he found out. But I'm making it. We got more than enough to eat and between us. Me and Helen will make it over.

Now and Again mom will drop by, but Dad just rocks in his rocking chair and says "How could I have raised to such sons, an illiterate, and a . . ." Before he gets ready to crack on Jack his voice trails off and he falls asleep.

Anyway that's what Mama said. She holds nothing against Jack and says that he will always be her son. She even visited him before he went away and . . . well . . . nobody could understand because we never said anything else to Jack after that day.

Brother Jack went to school at the State University up near Raleigh. He got a degree in Sociology and then he didn't get tired of schooling. He went up to Michigan for four more years and

then to California for four more. He had a law degree, a business degree, and all other kinds of degrees floating out of his head.

When he was at the state school, he formed some kind of a Black Movement and was President for two years. He was at the front of the sit-ins in the little village of the University.

He had more eggs smashed in his face and was spit on by more white people, then you could imagine. He was jailed and beat up. He's never been able to see out of his right eye since that day when he walked into a white man's bathroom in Biggett's Store to take a piss.

When he came back here, he was involved in city politics, too, looking out for black people. He made sure that the houses in the project were okay and that black children didn't have to bear the burden of busing and was a great credit to his race.

Until that day. I should have figured out something because Brother Jack was 30 at the time and not married. But I didn't.

I just figured that he was so involved in the struggle that he didn't have time. But it just weren't so. Now only a fool would not get married. That means a wife, children, and a regular piece.

You know Brother Jack was alright until this thing. This black mark happened. I would shoot him on sight if he ever walked on the sidewalk in the front of my house. He did a lot of stuff for the cause.

But that black mark is inexcusable.

You see, it was like this. Daddy went over to his pad one day. Just happened to be in the section.

The door was opened and there was Jack sitting on the living room sofa. Kissing on some dude. Daddy told him to never set foot in his house again. Or his sight.

Brother Jack was upset. Specially after Daddy disowned him and told everybody why.

Jack's been gone from this town now about three years and the only person he corresponds with is Mama. He told her that he was just born that way. I say bullshit, but Mama says she understands.

Daddy tries to get to the letters first so that he can burn them, but

Mama has a post office box downtown that nobody knows about.

I should have figured it out sooner. When we was kids, he used to play with the little girls and in junior high the boys used to pat his tail. During high school, he dated, but he was with his best friend more than any girl. And there were were rumors all over the place. But, I paid it no mind. Cause he was smart and the people were naturally jealous.

Imagine that.

One in my family

Brother Jack

A sissy

A God-Damned perverted sissy
Shit!



Gail Brown, the obnoxious flower girl, performs in the "Wedding."

Dacon's "Wedding" a hit

Andromeda Moore
Staff Writer

The cast received a standing ovation, for its production of "The Wedding", performed in Great Hall on Thursday March 5th. It represented a fine performance on the part of the actors and actress and displayed the exceptional talent of its writer-director, Karen Dacons.

The play concerns a series of unusual events that plague the wedding of Odessa Young, played by Ruby Fuller. The first event is the arrival of Edessa's three best friends, Bridgette (Winonna Swayze), Celesteen (Lucera Blount), and Reda (Dorris

Kendall).

They question her concerning her pending marriage, and insist that she loves "love" not her fiance, Maxwell Tyson Fairbanks, (Malcolm Simmons). Another incident involves an obnoxious flower girl who thinks the wedding is a New Year's affair, and walks down the aisle throwing confetti and shouting "Happy New Year."

The wedding begins after the late arrival of the pianist (Ethelyn Burton) and soloist (Thea Hopkins). Then the preacher begins a long funeral sermon, but he is quickly reminded of the wedding ceremony. The best man (Al Harkley) is sent to retrieve the correct passages for the wedding.

During his absence a debate occurs over Odessa's chastity, and whether or not she is pregnant. This results in her mother (Faye Mitchell) fainting and a pregnant unwed guest revealing the premarital activities of all the wedding guests.

Once the wedding resumes it is discovered that Odessa has a secret admirer (Milton Gunn) who

interrupts the wedding to profess his love for Odessa. After an argument between him and the proposed groom occurs, everyone is silenced by Odessa's announcement of her true love, Ermon (Anthony Green).

Ermon, a free soul, arrives with a cartwheel, soulfully shakes hands with everyone and exits, leaving Odessa more unsure of herself than before. The wedding guests, along with the groom and her admirer demand "What are you going to do? . . . What are you going to . . ." continuously.

Odessa turns to the preacher, whispers in his ear, and lies down on the floor.

The preacher begins his funeral sermon, as the wedding attendants kneel. An old lady in attendance (Mary Bennet) sums the entire wedding: "Never have I witnessed such a wedding."

Others in the cast included Gail Brown, Terry Sherrill, Jackie Lucas, Loretta Shipman, Thomas Mosley, Jean Mills, Jerry Palmer, Carolyn Bullock, and Annette Johnson.

Dr. Brewer remembered

cont. from p. 1

to honor his life, Harold Wallace, dean of Special Affairs, described him as "a multi-dimensional man. He was a great educational innovator," Wallace said. "Dr Brewer wanted his colleagues to understand that Afro-American Studies is a valid field of study."

Phil Geddie, on-campus coordinator of the Black Student Movement, called him a "Black star in a sea of whiteness." He was a warrior," Geddie said. "He fought the whiteness in our Black minds. But most of all he was a lover of Black people. That's why he gave of himself until he could do no more."

Dr. Brewer was a recognized authority on Afro-American life and culture. Before coming to UNC, he was a professor at North Carolina Central University in Durham.

In 1970, he was the winner of the Mayflower Cup for the best historical publication in the state, "The Confederate Negro." He was working on another book, "The Black Ethos."

A native of Pittsburgh, Pa., Dr. Brewer attended Virginia State College and the University of Pittsburgh. Along with membership in several professional organizations, he wrote numerous articles about Black history.



Odessa (Ruby Fuller) and Maxwell (Malcolm Simmons) kneel at the altar during the March 5th performance in the Great Hall of "The Wedding," a play by UNC drama student Karen Dacons. (photo by Russell Davis)

Freedom for tomorrow the goal of today

cont. from p. 2

freedom for their people whom they love beyond life.

How can freedom be secure for the masses of black people? First they must want and desire freedom and be willing to unite behind this common cause for freedom.

Without the masses there can not be any freedom, because the masses will enslave their own freedom so that the oppressor race of people can stay free to keep them enslaved. A few million of black freedom fighters, fighting to free the black masses of people, can not free them when they do not desire to be free. Even if they could free them, the black masses will reject any form of freedom coming from their own black people who are going against our oppressor, who is holding our black people in slavery. Their love for the oppressor is more than for their

own black people and their own freedom, and the free world that the black sisters and brothers are fighting for and hope to build for our black people.

Yes, the black people will say that they want freedom, but there are many who want the white man and his white woman even more. So you see we have a black race of people that is in disunity, and because of that we will be too weak in the face of our oppressor in fighting him for our freedom. We, the black brothers and sisters that are in the vanguard must continue to fight and struggle to the bitter end.

By brother Chester L. Edgerton
A. Political prison
The minister of Education for the black history and political class
Brother Chester L. Edgerton
P.O. Box 137
Tillery North Carolina 27887

cont. from p. 2

as accelerated a pace as they are capable of pursuing, since their academic and intellectual appetites require constant stimulation and exercise.

Varied approaches to finding and developing programs for the gifted, are being promoted through the use of ESEA funds.

Congress does not always get a double return on its dollars; in the case of program development for the gifted, and the innovative use of federal funds through ESEA to support these efforts, and the American people are the winners.

This realization has made me even more aware of my need to continue the strong advocacy role I have assumed on the House Education and Labor Committee, for the five year extension of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which expired June 30, 1973.

Talented