Accompanied By Work

great yearning in me to get

in touch with the creative

power that resides within my

inner mind, which gives me

an inspired sensational feeling,

impossible to express or put

in words. It's a feeling, that

cannot be held long at a time

in my conscious mind, but a

feeling which can return time

and again for wisdom and

knowledge that can flash ideas

circulation through writing or

itself and become manifest in

the world without We could

in which our dreams of today

Moving on up to the sub-

ing. Our physical body is the

instrument through which

what we have pictured in

mind becomes manifest in our

That brings us up to the

point where we should realize

that our creator of this uni-

cerse does not change the laws

of nature to suit our specific

needs, and we actually create

in our minds the world in

which we live. But we have

many people who are calling

upon our creator to serve

them in this manner, such as

helping us to use the sources

that nature has provided for

us. They have been taught that

faith alone should be sufficient

As was mentioned in my

column a couple months ago:

"Faith alone with no effort

and action on our part pro-

fits nothing; it must be ac-

companied by works. We could

consider faith without work

as "Blind Faith", and Blind

faith is never answered even

if a person tries to crystalize

It is merely mechanical lip-

service which has no effect

what so ever upon God's given

sub-conscious mind. This must

be reached and activated by

right visualization, supported

used to cut classes at Cardoza

High School and go to the

galleries to see how other

people painted. I'd learn a

little bit from one artist and a

little bit from another.

to produce results.

it by prayer.

oral expression.

morrow.

outer life.

YOUR

### From Black

By JOHN HUDGINS

One of the things that this column has constantly attempted to drive home is the reality of police oppression of Black people in this country. The undue hamssment, surveilance, arrests, are all a part of the regular behavior of the police establishment in this country as far as Black people are concerned.

The recent headlines about a small section of Chapel Hill street serve to drive home this reality, to make what I have been saying more obvious to those of us who think this kind of thing only happens in the "North". The first story I wish to call your attention to appeared Monday, July 10, and told of the great heroic efforts of officers Ronald Cooper, M. W. Mitchell, and Mike Ellington, in arresting two brothers for alleged display of beer in public. We read of a daring triump of justice written in the style of old "Dragnet" movies .. I mean understand the problem, here we see members of the socalled vice squad, the crime prevention squad, and the state ABC, riding around together looking for people with beer in their hands, in violation of City code section 13-12. With all of the drug problems in this area, all of the unsolved murders (the student at NCCU. the 90 year old Black woman that I have discussed earlier) with all these problems three representatives of the defenders of justice make front page in a minor arrest like

As always we have to look at the other aspects of the situation. First, the people arrested or harassed were Black. Second they were part of a crowd of Black people gathered on a street corner in Durham, in a particular section where merchants have complained. Now ever though the authorities admit there is no law against such as assembly, a barrage of minor violation become of utmost importance. I call it harassment,

I can't see any other reason for such behavior. It has little to do with public safety. The only serious disruption (extremely small) was provoked by the police in the kind of actions that were condemned by the Kerner Commission Four (4) years ago.

We need also to look at the merchants who made the complaints. How many Black people do they employ in meaningful jobs. How do they treat the Black people who live in that area when they come into those stores. Per sonal experience tells me that much could be changed.

Who is responsible for the fears of the so-called customers. Many of them have fear 'cause they are not used to so many Black folks who are not grinning and smiling at them. I mean if the situation was that bad with all the cops in that area (and inspite of the paper, I can recall riding through that neighborhood very few times that I did not see a patrol car) if the situation was that bad with all those : policemen then how come they couldn't report any arrest for assault and battery, no arrest for indecent exposure, no arrests for abusive language. With this extremely bad situation the only violations documented were "minor". I am led to conclude that the only thing serious here is the police, harassment, overreaction, and the paranoia of a few mixed up white people and some "colored" ones. Again we ask you not to

believe it cause I said it, but check out the facts check out who gets bothered for what, where you see the most police cars, where you see the worst in police conduct. For a rather recent period we have been hearing talk about the streets being unsafe to walk on. Well let me remind you that the streets have always been unsafe for Black people after dark, whenever there is

greatest fear of the creepy, de-

vouring thing inside her was

the naked truth of being un-

# Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Effie screamed and fought like a tigress. Why she fought so ferociously against an enemy that no longer struck back at able to love Chad the way he her did not dawn upon her loved to be loved. This solicrash through the wire of the screen door. At this point, she grew panicky and fearful that he might sue her for some sort of body damages. Slamming the door against the antarctic weather and the bloody, shivering, wreck of a man. She pondered her fate.

"I ought to let the bastard freeze," she replied to the intter voice that kept prodding her to have mercy on the man huddled in the corner of the backporch. And after much thoughtful deliberation, she snatched the overcoat and jacket from the chair, opened the door and tossed the garments through the hole in the screen. Slamming the door, she bolted it against the sound of the man's whimpering. There couldn't possibly be any fear of a second attack. She was sure that Lockhart would never darken her doorway during her life

Effic was sure, too, that the bolted door was not against any thing outside the door so much as it was an attempt to protect herself against the realization of a great truth that she could no longer ignore as she had done over a period of years. She had felt the insidious movements of the gnawing at the pit of her stomach as it spread upward. At the moment, she could not fully evaluate the extent of

damage to her well boing. The hassle with Lockhart had left her weak and swoony. And to add salt to the open wound, she was sure that she would be less than half alive from this day forward. Her

until she saw the ragged man tary thought was maddening she dropped upon her and knees, cringing with burning hatred for Gladys Hodges; "You're satisfied! You're happy!" Effie screamed these words over and over until her throat burned hotly and when she tried to swallow, her throat sent out stabbing pains. In an effort to assuage the inferno of throbbing pains in her chest and throat, she ran to the kitchen, opened the door of the refrigerator and held her peppery neck close to the cold, moist air, and wept like a baby. "Lord-I wouldn't mind dyingbut," Her voice trailed off and she stood caressing her throat with her chilled fingers. "Perhaps I will be better off if I don't speak the awful words." God should know her mind and heart well enough to know what she wanted most of all in This world, "Why? Why?" She asked herself over and over. Why God blessed one woman to have and hold and keep and call her own, something she did not care for, while another woman wanted, needed and would do anything to share only a few hours each day with him, puzzled Effie more and more as she moved in a daze from room to room.

The sudden ringing of the telephone startled her something awful and she stood reeling and rocking on unsteady legs. Her thoughts ran wildly through her tortured brain as she tried guessing who it was calling. Strangely enough, she felt sure the caller was not Chad. Still puzzled as to who the caller might be, she snatched the receiver off the hooks

The Carolina Times 

## Writers

ON CITIZENSHIP - GIVING FORUM

easy place to dwell no matter

how well fortified one may he.

and one can be correct in the

assumption that Mrs. Thomp

son's perch was not always a

bed of roses. However, the

lady held the spotlight with

MRS. LAURA T. DAVIS

the regality of a queen. She

gave unstintingly of her time

and talent to whatever project

that came before the women of

the church. If the chips were

down, barricading the success

of the project, she used the

simplest method available; a

smile, and prayer. Then, she

one of Mrs. Thompson Davis'

strongest physical assets. Al-

though her footsteps are slow

and unsteady, her eyes have

not lost their lustre nor their

tendency to penetrate, subtlely,

The hat! Her head-gear;

those distinctive creations that

she wears is the LTD trade

mark. These eye-catchers are

worn like crowns upon a proud

head that bows only in humble

submission, a confirmed fault.

called by her many admirers.

She loves young people-young

marrieds on their first legs,

and young people in need of a

home away from home; she

lives with and by a creed that

can and often proves to be a

bone of contention by others

who try living by the tenet:

"If I can help somebody, then

my living shall not be in vain.

This grandame speaks without

compunction regarding the

seeds that I have sown have

the look

you want...

the comfort

you need ...

been reaped in untold benefits.

principle she lives by:

"Ma-Laura," as she is fondly

your very soul.

The fathomless smile is still

moved forward with success.

Like unto the passing of the big time political bosses, gigantic name powers in the control and distribution of the nation's wealth, snobbery in our social registers-so goes the hey-day of the flamboyant, top rung-of-the-ladder church lead-

We still have some marvelous church workers, but the day of the Stars, apparently, has passed away. However, the nostalgia still lingers on. Whom do you think coined the ex pression, "everybody is doing his own thing?" For better or worse, the congregation of women is no longer headed up by a single "ball-carrier." The masses no longer listen to a single "big wheel." The "we's" are the policy makers of what goes on and, you might say, the jungle of noises is deafening. But this too will pass awaywhat is left remains to be made manifest.

There is no ax to grind with those truly wonderful persons who were keepers of the scepter in bygone years. Permissiveness was a way of life, therefore, the grab for crown wearers was left to those with the necessary qualifications to rule-lead. And life would have been a colorless monotone without those coordinators.

Mrs. Laura Thompson of Union Baptist Church had become a legend in the category of attache of church affairs long before she married Walter Davis and moved into the big white house on Dowd Street where most of her time is spent caring for the lovely plants and shrubs growing in and around the house.

There was a time when the name Laura Thompson was popularly linked with all large church oriented programs in and around the city. These were the years when Quartets flourished like mushrooms, each vying for the spotlight, all willing and ready to give their services-until some big time operators learned the art of cashing in their talents-you recall the more popular 40-60% basis that was used.

Entertainment had reached the variety volume is has today-and, sponsors needed persons with the know-how. the presentation, the charm and patience to turn a packed house of penny-pinchers into gold brick patrons.

Mrs. Thompson was well qualified; she had the good looks, wore the right kind of clothes, possessed the charm and know-how to steamroll a program into the channel of success. And it goes without saying, she was top billing where dollars and not cents of the annoying instrument and yelled "hello" into the mouth-

Maude Williams' voice came in, loud, clear and too cheefful: "Effic Jefferies, you mustah been in something you ain't

had no business in. "Maude!" Effie's surprise was genuine; "hearing from you is like finding something

good for the sore eyes." "DonLt try to make me feel any better chile-I just got a present from the old man and I'm fit to kill."

"I'm glad for you, Maude, you deserve anything you get that's worth a nickle out of that sorry bastard." Effic tried with all her might to match the joy bells sounding in Maude's voice.

"You sound like-ah-fool oman-." Maude laughted. "I feel worse than that,

Maude." "What's wrong wid you and

Chad now¾" "He's okay-I feel like I am going to die-. "What!"

(Continued)



Sgt. James Fairfax often uses native materials in place of canvas. Here he has used a

rice bowl as part of the medium for his acrylic works of art. (See story)

#### Portrait Of The Black Artist As A Marine

out diagonally across the landscape of Vietnam, one after another like modern leaden images of a child's neatly placed collection of tin soldiers.

In a few days, working with palette, knife and brush, his muted acrylic colors transformed his sketch of artillery into a painting that has been shown throughout the United States, hung in several galleries and even been used as a magazine's cover illustration.

Vietnamese alike.

As a combat artist, he was one of 67 military specialists given this rating and the only black. Sitting recently in his studio at Marine Headquarters outside Washington, D.C., Sgt. Fairfax mused about the work

"Combat doesn't turn me on. People do. I painted the human aspects of war: the man on point, a single gun crew, doctors working to save a single life, a woman Marine

The line of artillery stretched | playing jacks with Vietnamese children. Even in a war zone, people are still just people. They laugh. They eat. They

> what the war is all about is what they call the hearts and minds. I'm not keen about the idea of winning the minds because I think that if you win a person's heart, they'll give themselves to you. "For example, I painted a

> picture of a Marine smiling down at the tiny Vietnamese baby he was holding in his arms. He was surrounded by other children obviously friendly to him. It could have have been patterned after the Sunday School picture of Christ laying his hands upon the shoulders of children. But it wasn't. The painting isn't propaganda. It happened. I saw it.

> The pictures he has collected, painted by a cross-section of Vietnamese children (offsprings of both the wealthy and the poor, those who have seen actual fighting and those who have not), form an interesting parallel to his own work.

> They depict both the good and the bad of Vietnam: some of the children's paintings show helicopters and fighter bombers in the sky or a napalm attack devastating an area. But more prevalent are scenes of a man working in a rice paddy under a happy sun or a fisherman sitting contentedly on a river's

> Again like the children whose paintings he brought back to his hometown of Washington, D.C., Sgt. Fairfax's art has been self-taught.

"When I was a kid, art got

The Deadline for news and pictures to appear in THE CAROLINA TIMES on Saturday of the current week is Tuesday, 10:00 a.m. Material reaching this newspaper after the deadline will absolutely not be accepted. If material is not perishable, it will appear in the next edition.



Off to one side, behind the

line of guns, sat Staff Sergeant James Fairfax. In his eye, this black Marine saw not 10 or 20 big guns, only one. Though his weapon was by his side, his hands were not on it. Instead, with the ringing of round after round of shells fired at the enemy echoing in his ears, Sgt. Fairfax sketched the actions of the single big gun and its crew. He watched them-an individual part of the American involvement in Vietnam-and saw the effort in the black-and-white motif of charcoal and sketching paper.

Later, a Marine helicopter picked up Sgt. Fairfax and deposited him in Danang, his base of operations. He settled down in his studio, a distinctly non-military cottage, filled with the paraphernalia and paintings of an artist.

Sgt. Fairfax was acting under orders given by Commandant of the Marine Corps to produce works of art, not unlike artists of the past, commissioned by kings and popes to produce art on demand. There was a difference in his two-year tour of Vietnam, however. Sgt. Fairfax was given a free rein in his choice of subject matter. And he saw the war in the terms of the individual, American and

he had done in Vietnam.

"My personal feelings of

"A short time later, that same Marine might have called the Vietnamese 'gooks' and discounted their humanity. But for that moment, the one I painted, he saw neither 'gooks' nor danger. He just saw kids. When that happens, it s a good thing for all of us."

Sgt. Fairfax has strong feelings for children. He has two himself and while in Vietnam. he started a personal effort to bring art, unencumbered by adult advice, out of the schools in Vietnam.

bank.

me into a lot of trouble.

By WILLIAM THORPE Before writing my columns by an exercise of knowing every week, I relax my mind faith that what a person deand body completely, and sires will come to pass, in focus my attention inward and time, if he puts forth every meditate with earnest and mental and physical effort meaningful expression with toward its attainment.

Now, we should realize that our creator didn't intend for us to be a living human parasite on this earth, begging and depending on him to do everything for us. When all the sources of nature are here to produce necessary resources to supply our needs, plus his creative power that resides in our minds to operate within our five senses, and carry on and thoughts to be put in the works upon this earth to be performed.

Finally, true faith is not Any writer probably would guesswork, nor is it the idle tell you that anytime an idea belief that we can sit down takes form in a person's conand picture things coming to science and goes out from his us without making any effort mind, it seeks to externalize to bring them. And remember; true faith is one of the strongest forces we can comconsider that this is the way mand, that is faith within ourselves, which requires that we become the realities of tomust back up our faith and also be capable of achieving a certain end by working ject this week; our contact toward that end with every with our body is established energy and faculty at our and maintained through feel-

HOG STATE

North Carolina is now one of the major hog producing states. From the statistics reported concerning hog production, marketing, dollar values and inventories, North Carolina ranks anywhere from 8th to 12th among states, depending on which statistic is used.

ORGANIC JEWELRY

Jewelry is going organic. Italian designers are showing vegetables in their newest designs. Most often, golden vegetables are strung together to form long chains.

Vegetable appliques also are popular on clothing, says Dorothy Barrier, extension clothing specialist, North State versity.

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