

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 harassment, surveillance, arrests, are all a part of the regular behavior of the police establishment in this country as far as Black people are concerned.

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. Personal experience tells me that much could be changed.

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 her did not dawn upon her until she saw the ragged man crash 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.

greatest fear of the creepy, de-vouring thing inside her was the naked truth of being unable to love Chad the way he loved to be loved. This solitary thought was maddening and she dropped upon her 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.

The Carolina Times Feature Page

Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS ON CITIZENSHIP - GIVING

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 leaders.

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 expression, "everybody is doing his own thing?" For better or worse, the congregation of women is no longer headed up by a single "ball-carrier."

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 not reached the variety volume it 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-piece.



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

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

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.

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.

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 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 he had done in Vietnam.

"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

YOUR MIND

True Faith Must Be Accompanied By Work By WILLIAM THORPE

Before writing my columns every week, I relax my mind and body completely, and focus my attention inward and meditate with earnest and meaningful expression with 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 and thoughts to be put in circulation through writing or oral expression.

by an exercise of knowing faith that what a person desires will come to pass, in time, if he puts forth every mental and physical effort 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 the works upon this earth to be performed.

Any writer probably would tell you that anytime an idea takes form in a person's conscience and goes out from his mind, it seeks to externalize itself and become manifest in the world without. We could consider that this is the way in which our dreams of today become the realities of tomorrow.

Finally, true faith is not guesswork, nor is it the idle belief that we can sit down and picture things coming to us without making any effort to bring them. And remember; true faith is one of the strongest forces we can command, that is faith within ourselves, which requires that we must back up our faith and also be capable of achieving a certain end by working toward that end with every energy and faculty at our command.

Moving on up to the subject this week; our contact with our body is established and maintained through feeling. Our physical body is the instrument through which what we have pictured in mind becomes manifest in our outer life.

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.

That brings us up to the point where we should realize that our creator of this universe 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 to produce results.

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.

As was mentioned in my column a couple months ago: "Faith alone with no effort and action on our part profits nothing; it must be accompanied by works. We could consider faith without work as "Blind Faith", and Blind faith is never answered even if a person tries to crystallize it by prayer.

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

It is merely mechanical lip-service which has no effect what so ever upon God's given power that is stored in our 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.



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 moved forward with success.

The fathomless smile is still one of Mrs. Thompson Davis' strongest physical assets. Although her footsteps are slow and unsteady, her eyes have not lost their lustre nor their tendency to penetrate, subtly, your very soul.

The hat! Her head-gear; those distinctive creations that she wears is the L.T.D. trademark. These eye-catchers are worn like crowns upon a proud head that bows only in humble submission, a confirmed fault.

"Ma-Laura," as she is fondly 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 principle she lives by: "the seeds that I have sown have been reaped in untold benefits."

Maude Williams' voice came in, loud, clear and too cheerful; "Effie 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."

"Don't 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." Effie tried with all her might to match the joy bells sounding in Maude's voice.

"You sound like-ah-fool woman—," Maude laughed. "I feel worse than that, Maude."

"What's wrong wid you and Chad now?" "He's okay—I feel like I am going to die—," "What!"

(Continued)

Advertisement for Rescoe Griffin Shoes, featuring an image of a shoe and the text: \$19 for the look you want... the comfort you need... Rescoe Griffin Shoes, 114 W. MAIN ST.

Advertisement for SAM'S PAWN SHOP, listing services like TVs - Cameras, Typewriters, Record Players, Tape Players, and contact information: Phone 682-2573, 122 East Main St.

Advertisement for GEORGE'S PIZZA PALACE, stating 'All Roads in Durham Lead To Five Points & GEORGE'S PIZZA PALACE' and 'Read All About It On Yellow Page 154'.

Advertisement for THE HOUSE OF KLEEN ONE HOUR CLEANING, located at 3028 Fayetteville St., phone 682-3828.

Advertisement for Dry Cleaning Specials, listing prices: Pair PANTS..... 1.50, Plain SKIRTS..... 1.50, DRESSES, Plain.... 2.99, SUITS..... 2.99, 4 Shirts Laundered 1.00.

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.