



## From Black

By JOHN HUDGINS

For too many of us in the Black community, our only cry is Unity, we need Unity. If we could only get together we could free ourselves, we could be liberated, we could eliminate our oppression. My contention is that such people are really dreamers and are not concerned with reality. To be obsessed with unity one must either have a poor understanding of the term, or a poor understanding of the forces which operate in this society.

Unity refers to commonality, and sometimes singularity (oneness). Too often we look only at the ways in which we are different and not at the ways in which we are alike. We did whether we like it or not come from a single experience. Our historic roots are in Africa not England. No more than three to five generations ago our folks were slaves. We all have a common label (Negro) which is based on the above and skin tone. We have a common circle of relationships, you don't have any Australians over to your parties, and usually no white people. Most of the people in your church look like you do. You also know the words to at least one spiritual. Thus in looking at our history you find a lot of things that you share with Blacks only—Unity.

If we look at the things you do from day to day, other things become apparent. Most of the people you see in jail look like you. The average white policeman will call you by your first name. When you buy anything on credit at least one white person has to o.k. it. When Ali beat Quarry you felt the same thing most Black people felt. Likewise when George Wallace got shot. And you probably have life insurance because your savings and your investments will not bury you or support your family after you die. What I'm trying to convey is that whether we admit it or not we have more in common with Black folks than with anybody else. That much of what we have in common can be attributed not to our intentions but to forces which we (at the moment) have little control over.

We overlook most of the simple stuff that we should emphasize in recognizing unity. Martin and Malcolm, DuBois and Washington, Garvey and Walter White, Shirley Chisholm and Angela Davis, Ben Ruffin and Alexander Barnes, all have more in common than most of us take the time to talk about.

All of the above have a common identity (Black or Negro) and all would like to see a change in the conditions of this world that affect Black people. What happens unfortunately is that when we talk about the Muslims and White Rock, immediately we compare differences and not commonality. When we get together we make it clear how we differ from other people who look like us. If nothing is present we even argue about whether you eat beef or pork, drink bourbon or scotch, Boon's Farm or Ripple. I mean we even argue about white people, Nixon, McGovern, or Jesse Helms.

What is clear to me is that greater unity cannot be expected as long as we emphasize trivial differences. What we must do is to put similarities together and build upon them. Our oppressors recognize us as one, so how come we don't?

Finally we must recognize and use diversity within our unity. Some people actually like chitlins. We should get together to re-inforce what we agree on before we start hating about the differences. If your brother wants to vote Republican, and your sister wants to bomb the police station, understand that when it comes to your Mamma, neither of them want to see her suffer or die. So it is with whatever else we do. If we understand that those of us who are in any way involved in anything do have the same basic desire for change, then we can relate to a functional kind of unity. Unity of purpose, and unity of situation. We will get unity of program, appearance, rhetoric, dress, appetite, religion and kind of deoderant (silver can or the other), when we have a perfect solution to offer and when we have the means of enforcing this singularity. Until then, let us deal with what we have in a positive way.

Let's face it, 90% of our time we spend listening to white folks, and OREOS tell us how different we are. Let us spend the 10% that we have together appreciating how much alike we are. In diversity everybody cannot be right, but there is a chance that at least somebody might be right, and if he is, Black people, all Black people stand to gain. Unity...Right On... Together!

## SCOUT CORNER

CUB SCOUTING BACKGROUND



By E. L. KEARNEY

Note some characteristics of the world of 1910 as contrasted with the world today.

The father was a real and effective authority in the family. He was in close contact with the family working nearby and spending most of his evenings at home. His authority was accepted as a matter of course. Today, the father is increasingly out of the home; working at a distance; traveling; spending evenings at meetings, in recreation or community activities.

As a result of this his authority over the family has been greatly weakened; some of it is passed to the mother, but much of it has just disappeared.

There was then a large, stable family group, often three generations living under the roof. A boy had numerous brothers and sisters and a host of aunts and uncles, and cousins living nearby; he was surrounded by a close-knit circle of kinfolks who loved him, guarded him and guided him and provided basic group approval and emotional security. Families seldom moved. Today families tend to be small, frequently one, two or three children. Even that small group is often weakened by the father who travels, the mother who works away from home, or by divorce or separation. Families move fre-

quently and have no immediate contact with relatives.

The 1910 family was producing group, economically speaking, in which children played an important part. In a largely agricultural society, children were assets and large families were the rule. Children worked alongside their parents after school, weekends, and summers with results that were not only economic and educational and spiritual as well. Today the family is largely a consuming group. Children are an economic liability and the small family is the rule. Not only the economic but the moral and spiritual as well as the other values of parents and children, working side by side, have largely disappeared. The boy of today received neither the discipline nor the vocational and social training of working productively alongside his parents.

Yesterday's community was small and closely integrated. Everybody knew everybody else. Neighbors were life long friends. Social customs and standards of conduct were clearly established. An individual's action were commonly known, and social pressure tend to enforce conformity. People traveled relatively little and there were few outside influences and a limited knowledge of divergent ideas and

# The Carolina Time Feature Page

## Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS



MRS. NEAL

The Union Baptist membership held its first service in the New Union Baptist edifice; at 904 N. Roxboro Street, May 9, 1954. During the opening ceremonies, a number of persons gave long testimonials. Some of these were of excellent quality—others were mass redundancy—still others were thought provoking. One in particular gave cause for resentment. A gabby attorney included in his testimonial, words to this effect; "You folk here at Union Baptist have done a remarkable job. Personally, I don't see how you did it. I know for certainty that most of you folk don't earn more than thirty five dollars a week. God had to be on your side." If you have an analytical brain, you will readily come up with the idea that the lawyer was more surprised that the congregation had had sense enough to obtain such a structure rather than shocked at at discovering that nearly 700 members, with an average income of thirty-five dollars per week, had the nerve to purchase such a building. Besides, Mr. Attorney had not taken stock of the number of members who were earning thirty five dollars. Many of the members had only a great love and loyalty for God's House of worship. Mrs. Winnie Neal, one of the oldest members of UCB, was among those loyal, fervent workers who worked like a beaver to "git us outah that Glendale Avenue mud."

Mrs. Neal is one of her kind, she is made of much sterner stuff than the average woman. "Miss Winnie," as she is best known, is the truly positive pioneer type of womanhood: strong, vigorous, fearless, kind, gentle. The type of person who is able to persevere best when the odds are against the grain. In other words, hardships were her teeth-ring; nevertheless, Mrs. Neal "kept her hand in God's hand," kept her head held high, eyes ever searching for the good life that God has promised those that love and serve him. The bondage to destroy her great spirit "ain't never been born." No matter what ills might have befallen "Miss Win-

nie" during the six days of the week, the 7th Day—God's Sabbath Day found her stepping high toward Zion—"Th' House of God."

Mrs. Neal, the wife of Henry Neal, a long time figure-head of Durham, loved and honored "Mistah Neal." Henry's passing left a great void in "Miss Winnie's" life, however, she picked up the shattered life, and found solace in working harder for Th' Mastah."

If one were asked to spell out a single weakness of this proud lady, the task would prove problematical however, "Miss Winnie" has a weakness for beautiful hats—the expensive, picturesque variety. Although Mrs. Neal retired from Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company during the early '30s there has been "no mourning at the bar" of idleness for "Miss Winnie"—she had plenty to keep her busy; "mah house work and mah church work." And true to her word, she made herself busy doing both; and when the pastor, Rev. A. S. Croom, made known his plans to build a church for his flock, Mrs. Neal accepted the appointment of Building Fund Captain for a group. She cooked and sold dinners and used coin folders to raise funds for the construction of the new church—"I'm working to help git us outah th' mud" was her slogan.

The years have been kind to "Miss Winnie," she admits that she isn't spry as she used to be; but, "God and my daughter, Addie, have been good to me. I don't do no more work than I want to do. I wash th' dishes 'n sweep 'n dust if I wants to."

On days when she feels up-to-the-top of the day, she will walk with the neighborhood children from her home on Belvidere Avenue to the A & P Store in Braggtown.

Sister Winnie Neal still holds Inactive Membership with the Galeda Class and the Senior Missionary Circle.

Writers Forum proudly salutes "Miss Winnie," and all of the other loyal, courageous, stouthearted women of the Baptist Churches of yesteryear.

standards. Today communities tend to be large and loosely integrated. People move from one community to another and often do not know or care to know their neighbors. A confusing variety of customs, traditions, ideas, and values exist side by side. People travel widely and get new ideas and new ways of living. In addition, modern communications have every community with an amazing array of divergent patterns of thought and life. Children had responsibilities and duties around the home. Even in many no farm families, children were responsible for a variety of daily chores such as bringing in fuel and water, carrying out ashes, running errands, carrying groceries, taking care of kerosene lamps. Today modern lighting heating and plumbing and the automobile and the telephone have eliminated these and many similar duties of youth and along with them values that come from

## Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Chad took a rear seat inside of Gladys' jaunty, little Rambler. He felt, strangely enough, as though he were being taken for his last ride; that, his own children were delivering him to his executioner. He sat straight on his seat like a knot on a log, staring into space. He was trying hard to see where he had made a wrong turn along the bumpy road of life. Men, according to historians, has been stepping out on their wives since creation. Why should his fling at this thing called, keeping a mistress, become the fiasco of the century? What had been a simple romance had turned into an awful nightmare. And he couldn't honestly, call the romance a love affair. Effie was a good friend whom he had slept with from time to time. She had been a hot-blooded female who knew the arts of making love and when she had found what she wanted, caution had been thrown to the winds. He had not condoned her salaciousness, but in all honesty, he could not say that he had not thoroughly enjoyed her wild capers. Effie knew how to make a fellow feel ten feet tall.

Basically, effie was his superior in the area of sexual cogency but he had discovered, accidentally, the secret to her fulfillment. Knowing the secret, he had played the role of prince charming to the hilt. She had died believing he was some sort of master man. Poor, dear Effie would never know that he had simply preyed upon her weakness—the love spot. "We are here, daddy!" Marion's laughter filled voice shattered his day dreaming. "I must have dropped off to sleep," Chad chuckled. "You've got it bad, pops. You were sleeping with your eyes wide open." Ronald added lazily.

"Let's not put our feet in our mouths," Marion teased. Chad pused his feet carefully toward the side-walk. His movements were like those of an invalid; he deliberately did so in an effort to prolong the time. Where he was concerned, there was no hurry to face Gladys, however, his dread was limited to distaste for an awkward situation rather than the fear of being hurt in any way.

"Where is the place?" Chad asked, looking from left to right for signs of Aunt Lizzie's Party Pantry. "Right around the corner, pops," Ronald answered and walked away from Buster-Brown, thinking, "man! Daddy is an awful drag. Why all the coaxing?" he mused.

Chad moved mechanically toward the glass door of Aunt Lizzie's Shop. A dozen or more women customers were standing in front of the bright-

ly lighted counter. Ronald pushed the door open for his father and sister. The od of cinnamon and other spices made Chad's taste-buds throb. And for a moment, he stood gaping at the pie and cake cases and at this precise moment, Gladys' eyes met his and she said, "close that door, please."

Marion placed her tiny gloved hand inside his and steered him gently toward another door. The sign over the door read: Aunt Lizzie's Kitchen. Chad had to think positively about everything he saw here. Gladys had done a mammoth job.

Aunt Lizzie's Kitchen buzzed with activity. Chad counted five women busy in various stages of pastry making: Doughnuts were frying in a bright shiny-steel deep-fat fryer; pie crusts were being rolled on a gleaming steel top table; at another table, a fat, squat woman was spreading icing on cake layers. Another tall, skinny woman wearing a blue and white striped uniform and, a huge white cap on her head, deftly rolled icing on a pencil into a rose-bud.

Chad stood awestruck, he couldn't imagine his Gladys being operator of such a gigantic organization. He forgot his own state of affairs; of why he was here; his dread of meeting his wife face to face.

Marion and Ronald sped from one table to another, saying friendly, nonsensical things to the cooks. Then he heard a sousister ask, "Is he th' pot-washer?"

The idea of becoming a part of this organization didn't offend Chad, he wanted some of the action. Walking over to a table where his children stood, he watched huge wads of yellow dough being, dexterously cut, rolled, sprinkled with cinnamon sugar and plump juicy raisins—he could refrain from asking: "Whatcha making?"

"Cinnamon Buns, buddy." "Looks good. You handle that dough like an expert." "I see right away that we're going to hang in there. I've been called a lot of things, but never an expert. Keep standing around, Betty Lou will show you ah-thing or two." She threw her back and laughed loudly.

Chad might have stood a while longer, but Betty Lou stirred him out of his stupor. "You sinks are right over there, fellow. My advice to you is to start cleaning up."

Within the hour, Chad found himself surrounded by pots, pans, mixing bowls wire whips, sheet pans, icing pots, spatulas, crocks, pie pans and an array of other culinary equipment.

Marion and Ronald quickly

### YOUR MIND

WE SHOULD BANISH DEEP FEELINGS OF SUPERORITY

By WILLIAM THORPE

After twenty years or more of dealing with people, observing and exchanging ideas, a person can get a lot of experiences pertaining to every-day living. Also, living in this so called "Get Hip" generation, in which almost everybody seems to be in a hurry, all the many happenings, help me to analyze people and keep in tune with the world and its conditions.

Therefore, in all my columns that have been written, it has been my aim to leave everyone with certain fundamental facts about ourselves. That is why during my moments of meditation, it gives me pleasure to express my ideas and thoughts in words which may be more effective.

As was mentioned in my column a few months ago: "Prayer, to be effective, must be meaningful." Some of us might have received a satisfying answer and achieved some of the things we desired, which may develop in us a feeling of superiority. This kind of feeling could cause a person to slight or illuse certain people considering himself superior to them, which can lead to losing friendship with his fellowman.

We must remember that everything we do or think continues to have an effect upon us. And if a person lets a deep feeling of superiority stand in the way of a friendship, no matter who he is, he will regret it sooner or later.

To my knowledge, when an individual gets up to the status that he feels himself so superior to others and thinks he knows it all, and can do exactly as he pleases, take whatever he wants, whether he has earned it or not;

trample upon the feelings of others, he has let his feelings of superiority reach one of the most dangerous phases that a person can have on earth.

Whether you know it or not there is a mental or spiritual law behind "life" which punishes us when we fail to govern our individual lives in accordance with it, such a feelings of permitting wrong impressions and mental attitudes to remain in our minds. Its punishment is impersonal and automatic.

We should now know that we attract or repel people in accordance with the nature of our character and mental attitude. Therefore, we are living on this earth to communicate together in unity, and do our duty that our creator has given us to perform.

Now, to be plain frank with everyone, it is bad to have smug feelings. In other words so pleased with ourselves as to be annoying to others, and too self-satisfied. It all leads up to discordance and false pride. We should consider everything that we have gained in life can be easily banished. No matter how high in life a person advances, he is still just a human being faced with problems like everyone else, and is going down on e day like drops of water in the ocean of time, and this universe will still be existing as it has been doing long before he was born.

To the end, we all should control our thoughts pertaining to deep feelings of superiority, and abide by the laws that require "Brotherly Love" toward all men. Also by doing not from promise of reward or fear of punishment.

## Historical Legend Of Britt Johnson The Texas Frontier

by Matthew Braun

"If Britt Johnson had not been a black man, his name would have undoubtedly become as renowned as the most legendary of frontier scouts," says Matthew Braun, author of BLACK FOX, to be published as a Fawcett Gold Medal paperback in November.

But Britt Johnson was black—and an ex-slave to boot. Until now, his singular exploits have remained nothing more than a footnote to history.

The story of Black Fox takes place in Texas at the time of the Civil War, when over 700 Comanches and Kiowas joined forces to raid Young County and drive the white settlers from the Indian's ancestral hunting grounds. For any Texan, black or white, to venture north of the Red River in that time was suicide. Yet Britt Johnson made the dangerous journey not once, but four

times, scouting the land with only his cunning to protect him.

Author Matthew Braun writes in his introduction to BLACK FOX, "The sage of Britt Johnson's courage actually encompassed seven years. For the purposes of this narrative, his harrowing adventures have been compressed into a single year. While certain aspects of BLACK FOX are pure invention, the story is essentially true and accurate in detail."

Matthew Braun is steeped in the lore of the Old West. He was born and raised in the greater Southwest, living at one time or another in Oklahoma, Kansas, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and Missouri. He spent his boyhood years on a ranch and was once known locally as "The Sweetwater Kid."

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