

# DAILY LIVING

FACTS CONCERNING SUPERSTITION

By WILLIAM THORPE

I was listening to a good friend of mine last week talking about people going many miles to see some so-called "root doctor". Some of them he said, told him "the man" could cure anything you weren't born with.

He also mentioned about a lady that lives in his neighborhood that believes someone put something down under her front doorstep, and she stepped over it. He said, she believed whatever it was, put a "spell" on her, and she would like to know who did it. He quoted her as saying: "I have an idea who it was, but I'm not quite sure." He told me, she said she was going to see a "lady" (fortune teller) who can tell her exactly the person's name, why they did it, and have the "lady" to take the spell off her. He said he knew a lot of people who believed in superstitions. He asked me to tell him about my opinion on circumstances like that.

I told him I could talk to people that fall in a stage like



that better than I could with him. I come across so many individuals that are superstitious.

In my opinion however, any person has a right to his own beliefs. If they believe that they can be helped that way, let them go ahead. But for me, I have never in my adult life believed in "witchcraft" or "phonies." All of it only leads up to a waste of valuable time, energy, and money.

I have taken a lot of time with people in that stage, trying to satisfy them in all the ways I could. For example: I never will forget, about twelve years ago when I carried four people over 100 miles from here to see a "man" that they said could heal anybody. All four of them suffered from a different disease. They went in his home to see him while I remained sitting in my car. After an hour or more, they came out looking just about

the same as before they went in. On the way back home they talked and rejoiced about how they had been healed, and how good they felt. But out of the four, only one of them still lives. The other three didn't live over nine months after then.

I mentioned that because people have been warned for years about things of this nature, but some folk's minds seem to still be weak. They're continually going every direction seeking help from some "quack" who claims he or she can bring you good luck, make you rich, and on down to curing cancer.

I believe people like that could over come such silly "fairy tales", if they would find more things to do with their idle time. Those foolish ideas are childish thoughts, and can make anyone that follow them be a first class "Hypochondriac."

Another example: People would tell me when I was a boy, "if you break a mirror, you will have seven years trouble, or if a black cat cross the road in front of me bad luck. All of those stupid things I've heard are long gone for me, and it should be with everyone.

Common sense is the answer; by using common sense, it could be a good formula that can solve weak minded problems. People that dwell too much on superstitious ideas are actually trying to make something out of nothing.

Finally, I have had many elderly people tell me how weak some folks are. They have been "phonies" themselves fooling people into thinking they can do anything to help a person in all ways. Some told me they have given people "baby powders" in a small bag, and ground up "leaves" off a tree and etc., and made a good living with "donations" that were given to them. Most of them have passed away now, but they have told a lot of things in my place of business so everyone in there could hear and know that it's nothing but a fake, and swindling people out of their money. Most of them said this to try and clear their consciences after they had stopped their wrong doings.

visit Aunt Lizzie's Party Pantry. With time in her favor, she might be able to make pastry dough, roll pie shells, cook fillings -- do the whole pie-bit now, instead of going at four o'clock, Monday morning.

"Durn all men, young and old," Gladys spat hard and walked away from the jaunty Rambler.

In the meantime, Ronald and Marion arrived at the Armory in time to see the Honorary Pall Bearers in full regalia, march down the wide aisle, followed by the Active Pall Bearers wearing dark suits, white ties and shirts, white gloves and shiny black shoes; see the bronze casket being rolled in by members of Woodards staff; admire the tall, handsome, student minister wearing a Prince Albert cut-away coat and hickory striped trousers -- quoting in a booming, pathos filled voice, words from the Book of First Corinthians: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law..."

Then the choir singing, "All I A Soldier of The Cross." They saw Beulah Freeland -- the sister-in-law, being carried -- dragged, by three white capped First Aids -- along gap, then a clump of immediate neighbors more interested in trying to spot someone in the crowd that knew them than mourning for Effie Jefferies; then, Maude and Henry Williams; Maude was angry because Henry was drunk. Ronald and Marion didn't know it, but they saw Effie's root-doctor, Lockhart, on crutches. A thoothless, beraggled figure of a man smelling strongly of cadur -- another gap -- Chad was about to cross the threshold into the auditorium when Marion and Ronald ran up to him.

"Pop, we have come to hold your hands," Marion whispered as she interlocked her arm with the arm of her perspiring Daddy.

"Mop your face, you look terrible," Marion persisted. Ronald stood tall and straight beside his daddy; "Time for us to mosey in, Pops." He said matter-a-factly. Chad mopped his face with a crumpled handkerchief, with a businesslike briskness, cleared his throat, nudged Ronald's arm, and they moved off quietly, quickly toward the seats reserved for the family.

Suddenly all the awful nightmares of the past week left him and he was walking on air; calm, cool and confident that the best was yet to come for him and his most considerate children. And through some tricks of the matrimonial trade and the help of God, he would return Gladys to the fold of the Hodges family.

# Writers Forum

By GEORGE B. RUSS



MRS. JEANNETTE PRATT



ANNA R. HENDERSON

Despite the over tones of negatives that have beset us during the month of January, 1973 still promises to be a year of real accomplishments for the nation on all fronts.

There is much sickness, steady rising costs of living, an upsurge of crimes--5 bank robberies to date in North Carolina; a period of mourning called by President Nixon in tribute to former President Lyndon B. Johnson. We are mindful, too, that the National flags are still lowered in mourning the death of former President Harry S. Truman. By and large, the overall picture already looks dismal and dubious for semi-hopeful.

Ironically enough, people will express tremendous optimism most of the time, but upon hearing a report of some disaster, they will say, "Well, that's no more than I expected."

Two ladies were exchanging pointers on cures for various maladies; commenting on Sunday's sermons and the children scampering around up town; finally, one gathered the fur collar of her coat closer around her neck-- "This weather is something else." The well padded listener gave her complainant a sagacious look and replied, "We aren't going to have much more rough weather, I heard a dove cooing this morning." At least, she was hopeful of better days ahead.

Speaking of Sunday's sermon, Miss Anna R. Henderson gave a brilliant recital of "I Have A Dream" in recognition and in memory of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The junior Miss was one of a half dozen young people appearing in the Youth Day Service: Carol Williams, Margaret McQueen, Harvey Prince, Jr. and Cathy Parrish.

Anna Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Henderson, Jr., was crowned "Miss Taugadetta" by the Lambda Chapter of Tau Gamma Delta Sorority, in a special ceremony during the seventh annual Taugadetta Ball introducing the Young, Gifted and Black, on Friday, April 2nd, 1971.

Anna is a Sophomore at Hillside High School. The ap-

parently shy "Miss Ann" is a member of the Marching and Symphonic Bands at H. H. S. Her favorite subjects are English and French. "I have a "B" academic record," she added timidly.

Miss Henderson is an assiduous reader; she enjoys reading mystery novels and biographies of famous people. "My French group is reading the French version of "Around the World in 80 Days."

Anna gives, aside from her time and talents, a benignant smile; she is an active member of the Junior Missionary Circle; Mrs. Viola B. Thompson's Intermediate S. S. Class

and, the Junior Usher Board. Her hobbies include Badminton and Swimming.

The Crystal Ball of the late 40's revealed that the Union Baptist Senior Choir had to shape up and ship out if it had any intention of keeping face with the church's program. A Building Program had been launched and the pulses of the membership were keyed to the New Union Baptist Church being erected on N. Roxboro Street facing a paved surface. There had been no pronouncements to effect that any particular organization had to shape up. This was left to their own gumption. Anyhow, the Senior Choir revamped its method of programming and started the ball rolling with a presentation of the Hillside Band in concert--The band was under the direction of Mr. Philmore Hall.

A change in programming didn't change attitudes a great deal. Folk were still quick to be offended, generous to fault finding, getting lost at the critical moment; nevertheless, the choir worked like beavers.

Among those selected to serve the UBSC on the Program Committee was the quiet, unassuming, sensitive, amiable Mrs. Jeanette Pratt. Jeannie worked hard to put the various Fund Raising Programs over the top: "50 Years of Giving Service," "Ye Olde Church vs. The New Church" in which Mrs. Lottie Gray Adams was chosen "Mother of the Year" for an outstanding the Senior Choir and the U. mime -- money wise and for the character portrayal of a girl of yesteryear. "The Portrait," and "Queen of Queens" in which Mrs. Doris P. Halland was crowned Queen.

The chartered course of sailing was never smooth--hard work and concentrated effort brought "the bacon home." And Mrs. Pratt's smile shone brightest when the program on the mat climaxed in a bang up success.

Mrs. Jeanette Pratt is a soprano soloist, however, she oftentimes sing on the tenor-line. We can say without reservations that Mrs. Pratt has, at times, gone beyond the call of duty in giving service to the Senior Choir and the U. B. Church. Aside from living a great distance from the church and having to care

# From Black

By JOHN HUDGINS

Make no mistake about it, Hitler Nixon got his peace. Likewise did white racist America. On the other hand if we look clearly at what actually happened we can see what amounted to no more than a propagandized SURRENDER. That is to say this country has been beaten and let us not forget it. The Vietnamese people were successful in kicking some more Europeans out of their country. The will of the Vietnamese has endured the sadism, and savagery of the United States and its misled or racist allies.

Ironically the same people who opposed anything but a total eradication of North Vietnam, were the same people in the streets last weekend making the most noise about peace. Where were all the peace makers when this country first invaded the land of the Vietnamese.

Let us understand if nothing else that the will of a determined people can endure, resist... can win. We as Black people are in an age where we must recognize the struggles of people like us. When our non-white brothers struggle and win we must be wise enough to recognize that our oppressors have been weakened that much more. So let us also be about the business of determined struggle--to victory. Unfortunately history will never forgive us for the role that we played in the Vietnamese war as mer-

for a sick husband, Jeannie stemmed the tide and filled her place regularly in the Senior Choir. The "Pretty Baby Contest" was a Pratt oriented program.

At present Mrs. Pratt is still chairman of the S. C.'s Program Committee; Up-To-Date Club; Galeda Class; The Senior Missionary Circle; President of the Good Will Club--And the Crest Street Neighborhood Club.

centary Black murderers for less than \$500 per month. Now can we ever forget our brothers in this country who constantly wave flags and exhort white people on to greater injustice.

What is equally important about this so-called peace is the dawn of repression that it ushers in. Black people will not be able any longer to hide behind the war as reason for doing nothing. Hitler Nixon in the next four years will find out just how much we can take. No longer will monies be spent on pacification, poverty or people. Loans for poor people and low income people to build homes has been stopped. Within the next two months the Office of Economic Opportunity will be phased out. With the end of the war economy industry will slow down which means Black people will again be the first fired. White kids will no longer be in the street getting their heads beat, so I guess they'll beat more of us to keep in practice. Make no mistake about it happy days are no where in sight where Black people are concerned.

We can begin to watch for increased military action by this country in Africa. We can watch for more reactionism from local police. Some of the consequences when this country changes gears, or victims will become clear to us in the next few months. It's my hope that we as a people have learned something from the Vietnamese and also from our own history. Let us not sit back for repression as we did in past war endings. Let us realize what is happening and what can happen to us. If we are to survive we must stand together and resist this repression in a correct and effective manner. We must be ready for what may come.

In the words of your other great president who also died last week. "There will be some difficult days ahead."

# SCOUT CORNER

By E. L. KEARNEY

ORDINARY MEN



E. L. KEARNEY

ANNIVERSARY MONTH FOR SCOUTING

The formal incorporation of the Boy Scouts of America took place on February 8, 1910; therefore it is fitting that this week we pay tribute to our scout leaders.

The magic of Scouting is that the program is staffed almost entirely by ordinary people who do the job without pay and sometimes without as much as a "thank you."

Our scout leaders are our neighbors, the lady around the corner, the man who lives across the block. These are the men and women who make up the army of volunteers who make scouting the largest organization of its kind in the free world.

Since these volunteers are our neighbors, they are very much like us. They are busy people like we are; probably more so. They don't have a special job or situation which enables them to have more time than we do -- the truth is "They make the time."

Leaders are talented people -- but they are really not too much talented than we are. The difference is that they want to be of service. Being a good leader takes time. He must attend training courses, he must study and he must want to succeed.

Leaders are people, they have obligations, family problems, because, whether you believe it or not, your sons

talk over problems with Scoutmaster or Cubleader, they would not even mention at home.

Even the most dedicated leaders would like to quit on occasions. For every leader (even the very best) at one time or another would give almost anything to have a day off on a given day or night. However, once there, everything is ok and his Scouting Battery is recharged and he is ready to go.

It is not easy to be a leader -- for leaders have responsibilities and problems and boys are not necessarily a leader's biggest problem. Sometimes parents and their support is the biggest support the leader faces.

There are three kinds of parents a leader meets: (1) Interested Parents participate encourages, helps and enjoys the experience of parenthood. (2) Invisible Parents, only contact is through the windshield of the car as he drops Jr., off in front of the meeting place. (3) Vocal Parents. They call to offer some small criticisms, but never offer to help. They are the first today, "with my job, with my time, with my responsibility, -- I could not possibly help."

Let's not take our leaders for granted -- show them we appreciate their efforts.

# Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Just as Gladys was making a sharp turn into Gordon Street, she recognized Ronald hopping into a taxi. Her first impulse was to halt the vehicle, inquire into where her wild, woolly teenage son was going. She had explained to him that she might need his help in getting the pie table set up for Monday's production. Betty Lou had quit without a moment's notice. There was money to be made in the Food Industry, but there were numerous upsets to confront one from day to day; sickness, layoffs, and breakage, thefts, waste and a score of personality flare ups.

Aunt Lizzie's Party Pantry was a huge success on the one hand; but, on the other hand, the wear and tear on ones nerves often gave reason for wanting to throw in the towel. The Granny Lizzie's Peanut Candy Bars were doing an overwhelming business, however, the cost of sales kept this de-

licious food item in the red. By "the hair of her chinny-chin," she would break down the cost of production if she were given the time to devote more time to work-out a gross cost of sales, then, delete, add to, or substitute another peanut product just as good at a lesser cost, however, she was forced to run like a cat with a can tied to his tail, in an effort to keep the day by day aspects on a functional basis. There was a time when she didn't want her family in the business but experience had taught her that she had taken the wrong course of action. Now that she had what she wanted, she was weary of eating cold remorse. Cold crew was a nasty, tough mess to eat.

The taxi disappeared in the swirling flow of traffic at the 501-N intersection and State Street. While she waited for the green light to give her the right of way, she decided to

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