

REFLECTIONS

FROM NCCU By Mary Bohanon

NOT YUH SEAT

In 1938, I came to Alabama from Minnesota to teach in a church school initiated by a group of New England whites who were bent on doing something self-satisfying. (There was one exception the prinicpal was from that indecisive state, Missouri The trip itself revealed some informative aspects of life some I loved; others about which I misunderstood; still others about which I felt sorry. I loved the carefree way in which the peopchose to live. From the moment I got in line to take my seat in the coach that was also co-existent with the engine, I sensed the effortless relaxation of the conductor. Obviously there were many commuters boarding the train.

Trite conversation between the commuters and the conductor took priority over any other interests in our attempts to arrive at our appointed seats or to deposit our luggage; consequently, my getting on the train was a tediously slow procedure, not to mention the excruciating pain which came from the collision of the corner of my luggage with my knee-cap, a collision which sent a dagger's job to my hip bone. I would have welcomed some assistance with the bag.

It had never occurred to me that there were so many pine trees in the South particularly were they noticeable in the mountain areas. They reminded me of Nature's staunch soliders ordered there to support the stability of the mountains. Some of the pines stretched out and above the mountains, casting shade upon the valleys below. When the train rounded a curve, I could see people in the valleys, and I wondered if they ever attempted to struggle up between the prickly pines toward the mountain peaks. Then suddenly I knew they didn't. These were effortless people, bound by the tradition of lolling, and they were satisified, silent, and sombre, inviting no intrusion.

The train rolled on through the dry flat lands, and I saw my first chinaberry tree, pitiably alone in the hot brownish-grey earth, somewhat removed from a one-room log cabin windowed by shutters. Trying to take in every sight, I stretched my neck to see what the cabin faced. I don't know how long I kept up this negative motion, for so many paradoxes cropped up in my mind. The cabin faced rows and rows of adolescent twigs decorated Christmas-like with white bolls of cotton, and so many black backs bowed over them loosening the hard earth. I felt that I was watching a tennis match. Only there was never an exchange of shots. Each player was volleying alone against his individual impenetrable wall. I thought, "So this is sharecropping."

Soon the train began to slow down as it lumbered toward a large city in Alabama. I was struck by the many statues erected in honor of the Confederate dead the county seats where old men sat around on wooden benches spewing tobacco juice and helping one leg to cross the other. I concluded that the South was very proud of her defeated heroes, a conclusion supported still by the attitude of some of the young South. In defeat they often keep their pride glowing by making excuses or try to blame the Federal Government, the Communists, or inevitably the "stupid" ambitions of the wandering Negro.

Finally the train came to a stop. From this large city, I was supposed to catch a bus. Now my informal introduction to the mores and customs of the South began. Make no mistake, my use of the word "introduction" does in no way carry with it the connation that I knew nothing of "my place" in America. I am a native of Indiana where the hooded one's Grand Dragon once abided in the capital city. Also I knew that I had to ride in "my" coach after we crossed the Mason-Dixon Line. Nevertheless, I had not been accustomed to that procedure, and my instinct simply led me to board the bus in "my" turn, not in my "black" turn. Each time I stepped forward, a Negro stepped in front of me. Not realizing black seats were limited, I made no effort to scramble aboard. I was the last one to get on the bus so I sat in the first seat I saw which was near the front. From the rear of the bus I could hear giggles and reprimands for what I didn't realize I had

"Who she think she is?"

"They'll git her, show's Ah'm bawn they'll git her."

"Good 'nough fuh her!"

(To be continued in the next edition of The Carolina Times). Mary Bohanan

Just a Taste?

A few days of happiness A few hours of pleasure A few minutes of joy A few seconds of peace Is this all we may earn?

Katie J. Lawson

LONG TIME IN DARKNESS I dwelt so deep in memories, Wondered too long about the pass, Trying to accept what can't be changed. The sun woke me up this morning. Now I'm living for each day.

Lil Saunders

Music

Listen as it takes you on a journey within: The blast of the horns-The strain of the strings Grooving, Moving, Inspiring, Pulsating, Vibrating, Gyrating, As it tells a story, Likewise taking control of the mind.

Reginald L. Jones

PLOWING UNDER

Returning crop by-products to the soil is one way farmers "stretch" available fertilizer. For example, fertilizer needs can reduced by removing

only the grain from a corn crop and plowing under the stalks and other residue. This practice can add as much as 15 pounds of phosphate and 60 pounds of potash per acre.

For Fair Utility Rates

PULL LEVER 30A On May 7

Consumer Protection Services Are Made **Available To All North Carolina Citizens**

Editor's Note: Attorney General Robert Morgan established the Consumer Protection Division in 1969. The Division employees work with any citizen who feels he had been deceived or cheated by a store, salesman or repairman.

Everyone is a consumer. During recent sessions of the General Assembly, laws have been made or changed to better protect North Carolinians from crooks who sell products or services from behind desks or counters.

This is the third in a series dealing with these new laws. PART III-John C. bought a second-hand car for \$400. The motor blew up. A mechanic told him the car had not been

worth \$400 and that the mileage had been rolled back 50,000 miles.

John filed suit against the used car company. The judge listened to testimony by the mechanic that the car was worth far less than the selling price, or about \$200.

The judge ordered the owner of the used car lot to pay John \$600 three times the amount above the true value of

Because of a new law, consumers who buy used cars must now received more information before the sale is completed, according to Attorney General Robert Morgan. The law requires used cars dealers to give the buyer a certificate regarding the

LIFE BEGINS AT 621/2

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Miss Madie was angry enough with Minnie Bates to slap her face, but she decided against obstroprousness at this point; she decided to consider the source. She had known the Bates family for three generations. Most of them were a lazy, shiftless, sluttish, nasty bunch of folks. And she had no wish to invite trouble into her life by crossing swords with a family who had learned to fight while still in the cradle. So, she "cut-ah-dust" as she sped down the street toward the Bus-stop.

The late September sun was beaming down as though it were midsummer. She enjoyed the nippy coldish mornings and late evenings, but these hot mid-day temperatures were enough to "give-ah-body th' pure in divine fits." Miss Madie mused as she impatiently waited for the city bus. She might have made a swift retreat from the heat, but her mind was made up, she was "dead set on" proving to Minnie that there was "more ways to skin-ah-cat than cutting off his head."

When the bus finally lumbered to a halt, at the stop where she was propped, she got aboard and told the driver that he was "slower than pouring molasses in th' wintertime."

The driver laughed lazily, ignored her rudeness. She would not have cared about being cheefully snubbed if the bus had been empty, but as fate would have it, the bus was crowded with snickering women. A smile on a lot of folk's faces was a sign that they weren't home but they had been thoughtful enough to leave a monkey in their windows, Miss Madie thought as she clamped her fingers around the over-head handrail. The few men seated looked as though they couldn't take a stand as well as she could, so she didn't think unkindly of them for "resting on their haunches while she stood. However, before the bus had "jogged her to town," she wished to God some one of "th' dumb looking jokers" calling themselves males had given her a seat. She felt like a bale of cotton with its bands busted. Truly to God, she was sorry now that she had let her "mouth run off with her head." No need "crying over spilt milk," she told herself as she wobbled off the "git up" called a city bus. She might have ridden the "jalopy" an additional two blocks, but she wanted to arrive, in one piece, at the Bayborough Hosiery Mill Main Office. If her huch was right, Mr. John Kaypot, the company's president, would be out. Nevertheless, she was going to the office and if he wasn't there, she was going to the hotel where the Kaypots lived.

Somehow, by some crook or turn, she was going to "bust Minnie Bates's house-Covenant wide open. There was no wonder that no more Negroes were enrolled to move into Bayborough High Rise Apartments; Minnie Bates was "picking 'n choosing."

Bayborough, nor any other city, for that matter, had been at ease since the Supreme Court had handed down a decree for all Public Schools to integrate. And what she was going to do, if she were able to solicit John Kaypot's support, would probably brand her as an "Aunt Mary," but, if this were the last act to passed in Congress, she intended to open the way to Better Housing for herself and a few other persons. She had no intention of "setting th' world on fire," all she wanted to do was selfishly motivated, but the will should make up for the deed.

Miss Madie's legs were weak as "dish water," and the hotness in her chest caused discomfort in her breathing. She felt swoony. "Oh! my God, I am going to faint." She though as she tugged with the handle bar on the wide glass and metal doors of the huge gray brick and stone building. From all indications, the Mill was closed for the day. The clanging sound of a decending elevator, quickly rallied her dampened hopes. Frantically, she rattled the bar across the doors, and in a matter of seconds a tobacco chewing night watchman pushed the door open and nearly knocked her for "ah-loop."

"Hold it! no need Knocking th' old soul down." Miss Madie

The disgruntled watchman asked her what she wanted. "If it's all th' same to you, I'd like to see Mistah John

"You can't barge in here 'n speck to see-ah-man like Mister"
Kaypot. What you suppose to do is make-ah-pointment with Miss Lena. She is his secretary."

Miss Madie stood quietly, listening to the prattling little man wearing a suit two sizes to large; his eyes were blue and squinting; his face a mass of fineline wrinkles, each filled with dust the color of his dirty flaxen hair. The corners of his thin lipped mouth were caked with snuff. He was so cockeyed sure that she was "ah-fool" that he allowed his pride to look down his long, thin nose tipped with red. Her first impulse was to "cuss him," but upon second thought she "let him slide." She spoke as calmly as her thumpping heart would allow: "don't say another word. I'll get th' 'pointment with Miss Lena. And before-ah-get amber juice all ovah me-I'll dig you later sweet ptoatah."

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mileage before any other sale papers are completed.

The dealer must make a full statement about any known changes on the car's mileage meter (odometer). The prospective buyer may also get information about the former owner in case the consumer wants to ask questions about the car.

This statement goes with the transfer of ownership papers to the North Carolina Department of Motor Vehicles. There the mileage at the time of the transfer is recorded on the title.

The new law also requires the mileage to be listed on the inside of the car once a year. When the car is given the annual safety inspection, the mileage, must be written on the window sticker by the inspector, Morgan said.

"Because of the new law, the penalties for changing the mileage could be \$2,000 or more. This law enables the judge to award the consumer damage settlements and up to \$1,500 in attorney's fees," the Attorney General said.

"The salesman or dealer is not likely to risk a small gain on trade-in value when faced with high loses in court. In addition, the new law clearly states that such activity is against the law and will be punished accordingly," Morgan pointed out.

"This piece of legislation gives the Cosumer Protection Division of my office the kind of authority we need to take into court those people who have taken advantage of consumers and ignored the law," Morgan said.

Law Dav

(Continued From Front Page) nation's society. It was up to them to use the tools and techniques of the Rule of Law to make a better and more equal society for all Americans, and especially Black Americans and other minorities.

Saturday morning found a

Panel Discussion on "The Future of Black Students and Minority Law Schools in the Wake of the DeFunis v. Oodegaard case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Panelists included Attorneys John Harmon, the Honorable H. M. Michaux, Carlton Petway and Dean L. DeJarmon. Moderator was Paris Favors, Student Bar Vice President and senior law

An Alumni Luncheon was held in the University Cafeteria where several Awards were made to NCCU Law School Alumni, The Honorable Senator LeRoy Johnson, Attys. John Harmon and Frank Ballane for outstanding contributions to the law School; the Honorable H.M. Michaux, Jr. State representatives from Durham and to Dean DeJarmon for his many contributions to the development and growth of legal education at the law school. Speaker for the luncheon was Atty. C.C. Malone, of firm of Pearson. Malone, Johnson and DeJarmon.

The Awards Banquet was held on April 20, at W.G. Pearson Hall University Cafeteria. The Honorable H. M. Michaux, Jr. served as Toastmaster.

Awards given were in three categories, Service, Organizations, Academic and Alumni.

Moot Court Competition winners were Jackie Glymph and Joseph K. Meyers; Law Journal winners were Kimball Hunt and Lawrence Emma. Students rendering services for Law Day Activities were Ms. Patricia Henry, Thomasine Moore, Paris Favors, Ms. Emma Nell Jackson, and Donnie Hoover, Student Bar President. Many other awards were given for serive to The Barrister, Student Newspapers, Academic for high Scholarship and other

contributions. A special feature was the awarding of the first two scholarships by the NCCU Law Wives Association. The group awarded a \$250.00 scholarship to first year student Jackie Glymph and a \$100 scholarship to second year law student, Mary Stevenson.

Social Activities during the occasion included a Fashion Show by the NCCU Law Wives Assn. and a cocktail sip along with the Awards Ball. Style Show Apparel were

with the compliments of The Boutique Shop, Sears and Tonita Weigh.

A most solemn aspect of the Awards Banquet came when Michael Lee, new Student Bar Association president, gave a brief, but touching tribute to Charles Dennard of Greensboro, who had just been funeralized that afternoon in Greensboro. Dennard was a graduate of NCCU Law School and had died on April 17, after a series of illness.

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General Law Practice Assistant Attorney General

PUBLIC SERVICE EXPERIENCE Head of N.C. Consumer Protection Office 1970-1973

LEGAL RESEARCH EXPERIENCE Institute of Government—Research Assistant to Henry W. Lewis, 1964-1965 N.C. Supreme Court—Law Clerk to William H. Bobbitt 1966-1967

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