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Winston-Salem, N.C. Saturday November 19, 1977

Pick A Card

One of the problems in the aftermath of an election is the fact that all those people who fought so bitterly against each other are now expected to forget all their differences and work together on the same team.

It is necessary for this conciliation to take place; otherwise the conflicts would prevent anyone from accomplishing anything in city government.

We urge all the newly-elected officials to try to cooperate with each other in the interests of progress, and we think that they will make a sincere effort to do so.

The newly-elected Board of Aldermen holds great promise for an improvement in city government. They are for the most part young, newcomers to office, in touch with the people, and idealistic. There is great diversity on

the board, but that is surely a healthy sign that many different points of view and interests will be represented.

Already the cynics are considering the possible combinations as if the board were a giant poker game. Three blacks on the board versus two Republicans: hmmm, three of a kind beats a pair. Five white board members versus three blacks: a flush beats three of a kind. Consider Jon DeVries, a young liberal, who may not be allied with the older white Democrats: One-eyed jacks are wild, and could make four of a kind, or a flush, or a full house.

We leave the speculations to the city hall quarterbacks, and ask that the Board members keep open minds and "poker faces" and decide the issues on their merits and not on block-voting for its own sake.

The Death Of Stephen Biko

Truth, it would seem, is as hard to find in South Africa as King Solomon's Mine.

The police testimony in the inquest on the death of Stephen Biko seems singularly lacking in that commodity; but despite the clumsy attempt at cover-up, it would not take King Solomon to discern what really happened.

On September 13, Stephen Biko, a black South African political activist, died from head injuries, which police say were a result of a struggle initiated by Biko.

The five policemen involved claim that Biko hit his head against the wall during the course of the struggle. Squad leader Maj. Harold Snyman even re-enacted the fall in the witness box. Then he admitted that he did not see it happen.

None of the five saw it happen. The officers' testimony is contradictory, and has been altered several times under cross-examination. This is surprising in view of the fact that they were illegally permitted to confer outside the courtroom, which should have given them time to concoct one lie

that they all could tell. Stephen Biko was murdered; everybody knows it; and the only real doubt in the case is whether the racist government of South Africa will admit it.

It is deplorable that a government should be allowed to literally get away with murder, and certainly the United Nations needs to bring more pressure on South Africa than a mere arms embargo.

In South Africa there is a punishment called "Banning," reserved for the government's political enemies. The offender is confined to his own home for a period of five years. He is not allowed to write anything, even a diary, or speak to reporters. He may be with only one person at a time. His house and phone are bugged. He is watched. It happened to Donald Woods, editor of the East London Daily Dispatch, because he crusaded for an investigation of the death of his friend Stephen Biko.

Banning. Complete isolation for one's fellow man, while under constant surveillance, as if one were contagious. That is what should be done to South Africa by the rest of the world.



A New Tea Party

The banquet table inside the big house reminded Alice of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, except that the table settings were much grander, and there were many more people at the table, but several of her old friends the chessmen were standing in a corner.

"Hullo!" said Alice, joining them. "What are you doing now that the chess game is over?"

"We are trying to get a seat at this tea party," hissed a knight in a conspiratorial whisper.

"But the seats are all taken," Alice observed.

"One of them is going to get up," whispered a red king.

"Which one?" asked Alice. "And did you help them?" asked Alice.

"That's for you to judge," snapped the knight.

"How do you decide who gets to sit down?" asked Alice.

"You have to be invited," said the knight. "When he leaves, he will let one of us take his place."

"I could have had the seat if I wanted," said a familiar voice from the window.

Back in the chess game, they'd have given it to me for helping the knight win.

"Which side was that?" asked Alice.

"Why, whichever side won," replied the voice.

"No," replied the voice cheerfully. "They gave me 5,000 reasons why I should, and I gave them 25,000 reasons why I shouldn't."

"Well, who is going to get up, and who is going to sit down?" asked Alice impatiently.

"Can't you tell?" asked the Red King. "You have to know where to look."

"Oh," said Alice. "Well, then, where should I be looking?"

"Under the table," whispered the knight.

"Under the table."



Open Letter to the Community

On behalf of Winston-Salem State University, I wish to convey our deep appreciation to you--the citizens of Winston-Salem--for your active support during our recent Homecoming Reunion.

Your interest and participation in our Homecoming activities this year are gratifying expressions of community pride and unity.

We seek to preserve and to enhance this fine tradition of community involvement with the WSSU family.

Sincerely, Douglas Covington Chancellor

Media

Reviews:

(For thoughtful younger adults)

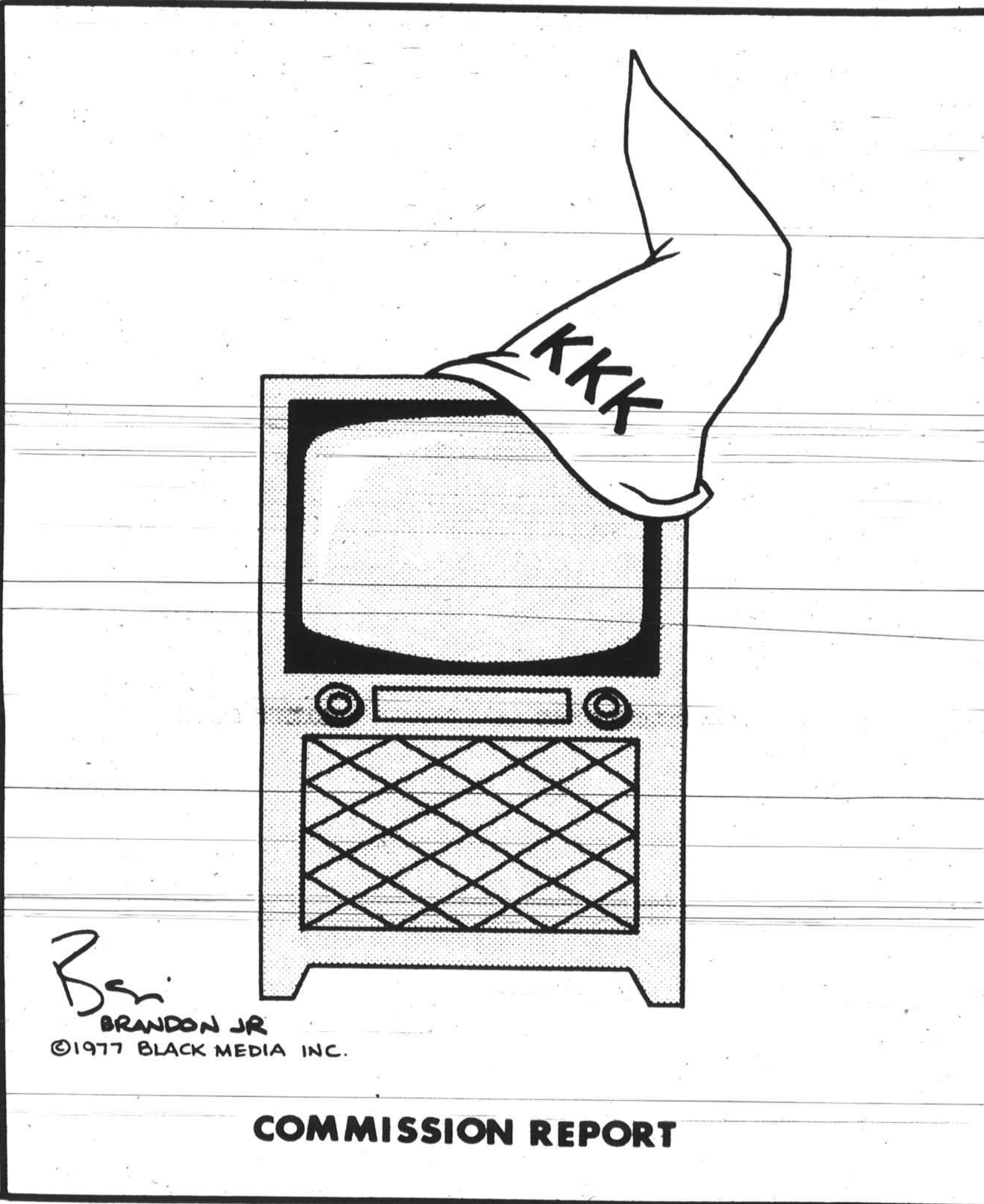
INVADING OUR TURF

A review of Mixed Families: Adopting Across Racial Lines, by Joyce Ladner. Anchor/Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 290 pages--\$10.00.

With the unveiling, by HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, of federal plans to subsidize adoptions, especially of the hard to adopt, Joyce Ladner's definitive study takes on a note of urgency. Ms. Ladner, a brilliant black sociologist with an especially sensitive and creative mind, has provided the reading public with the most important look to date about what she calls "mixed families."

Should white Americans adopt black children--and now profit by doing so--when black family "adoption education" might still be a reasonable alternative? Are most white families really competent to raise and acculturate or to socialize black young people?

Whatever your questions may be regarding black-white adoption, here is the best source book on the subject ever written. This book belongs on the shelf of every black household with substantial books on deeply sensitive subjects.



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To Be Equal

by Vernon Jordan



An underdeveloped country

We're known as a nation that worships the gross national product. The bigger the better, is our hallmark. Somehow people really believe that the GNP is a true measure of improvement in our lives.

Well, the GNP keeps going up and up, but it is very arguable whether the quality of our lives is improving. In fact, the GNP includes a lot that is positively bad.

The GNP is the sum total of the value of goods and services produced. So it includes the dollar value of bombs and guns along with hospitals and schools. It's a total flop as a useful measurement of well-being.

Experts at the Overseas Development Council sought to provide just such a measure. By combining statistics for infant mortality, life expectancy, and literacy, they came up with something they call the PQLI - Physical Quality of Life Index.

It is a very rough measurement since it doesn't include housing quality, work opportunities or

other standards. But since the ODC is primarily interested in improving life in the world's poorer countries, it decided not to use elements that are culture-bound.

The shocker is that the PQLI, which might be seen as a narrow development economist's tool or as an academic exercise, reveals major weaknesses in our own society. The United States, with its enormous GNP, might be expected to lead the world in such basic areas as infant mortality, life expectancy, and literacy.

It doesn't. The United States lags behind Sweden, the Netherlands, and several other European countries, including some that have lower per capita incomes. And while the nation as a whole has a fairly high PQLI rating compared with most countries, there is considerable variation among the states.

As might be expected, there's also a big difference between whites and blacks in the Index. White Americans have an Index score of 96 (on a scale of 100) while black Americans only score

89, well below a country like Poland, which has a 93 score, and not far above impoverished Sri Lanka, which has an 83 Index rating.

The Index score is not determined by income, either. Washington, D.C., which has an average income of over \$7,000 actually has a lower life expectancy rate than Sri Lanka, where the average income is only \$130 per year.

Part of this due to high infant mortality rates in the District, affecting both whites and blacks. Nationally, black infant mortality rates are double those for whites.

What the PQLI shows us when we compare America's vast wealth with the quality of life, is that in key areas America resembles an underdeveloped country.

The fact that the Index is so limited - measuring only three core items that are absolutely basic to well-being - makes this result even more troubling. As a nation we have been so concerned with out-producing and out-buying everyone else that we've neglected the rudimentary elements of a decent life.