



Winston-Salem Chronicle

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A Tale Of Two Cities

In Winston-Salem, it could be the best of times.

In Greensboro, it may well be the worst.

Following last week's aldermanic elections, the black community of Winston has the peculiar but welcome prospect of equal representation on the Board of Aldermen.

Larry Womble will join incumbents Larry Little, Vivian Burke and Virginia Newell on the board.

Following Greensboro's city council vote, the black community in that town faces four years of a city council with no black representation. That's no as in zero.

Black candidates Prince Graves, Katie Dorsett and Alexander Parker fell prey to a powerful conservative political machine and failed to make it to the council's six-member cut.

But before Winston's black residents start to pity the bad fortune of their brethren in Greensboro, they had best make sure that they take full advantage of their own fortune - or wind up in the same boat.

Warm bodies in board chairs don't always guarantee results. And numbers do not always guarantee power.

Certainly, the potential is here for a productive Board of Aldermen, but both the black community and the black aldermen must make sure that it is realized.

Our aldermen must be responsive to their constituents and avoid the petty

fighting that has characterized too many of our leaders far too long.

As soon as the election was over, the Winston-Salem Sentinel apparently tried to fuel conflict among black aldermen by labeling Burke and Little as "disruptive" and Newell as the most effective and level-headed black aldermen.

Black aldermen and the black community must avoid such blatant and unprofessional attempts by the white media to divide them into camps and play them against one another.

That was one of the factors which caused the downfall of the black candidates in Greensboro.

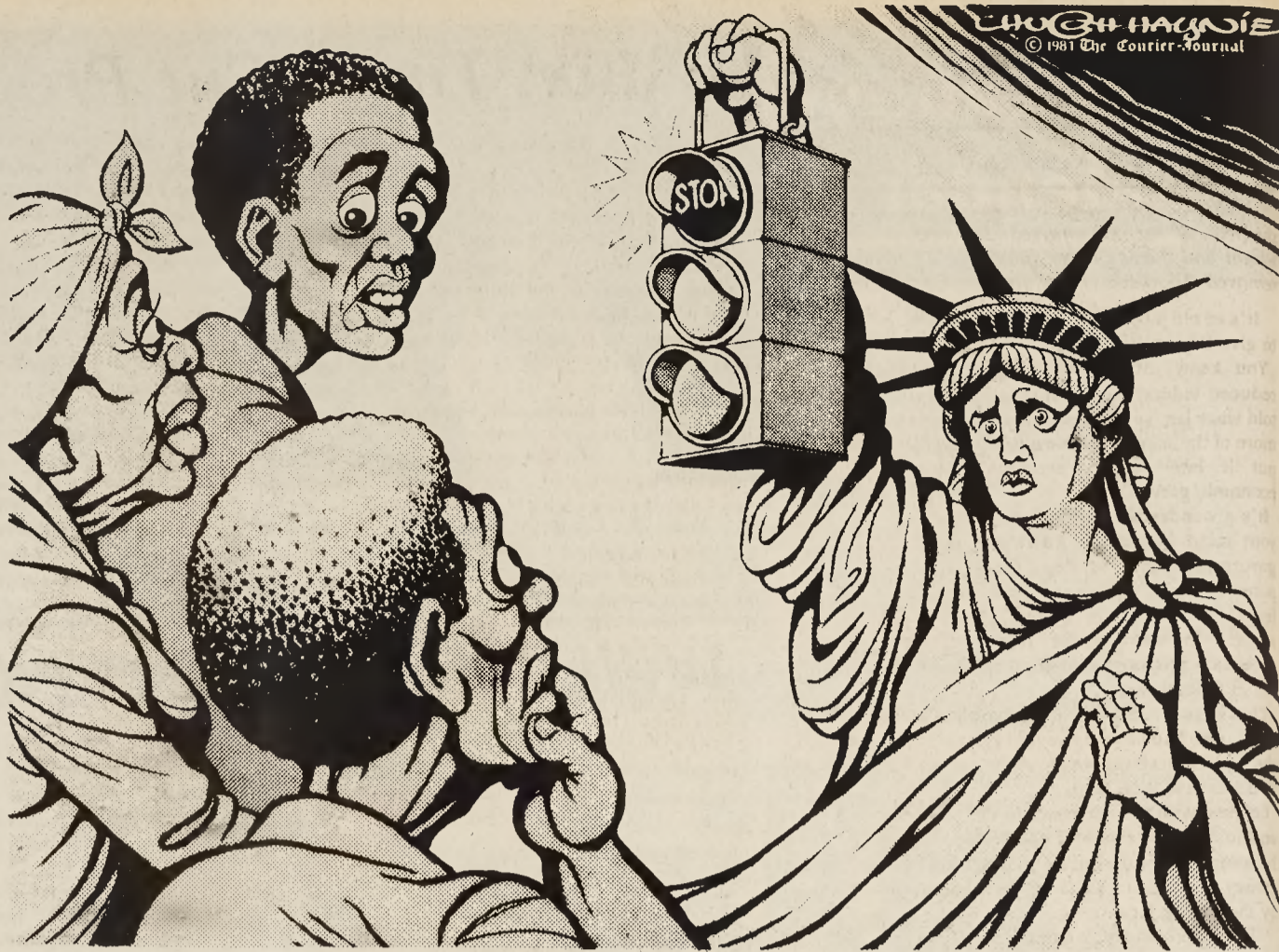
Our aldermen also must deal honestly and forthrightly with the issues and they must continue to keep in touch with the people.

Larry Little expressed both joy and fear at the close of last week's elections: joy that Larry Womble's victory had increased the ranks of black aldermen, fear that this golden opportunity might be wasted.

Little all but begged the Chronicle to challenge him and his associates to do what they are expected and supposed to do.

We fully intend to take Little up on that challenge, and we challenge you to do the same.

Otherwise, if we sit back and wallow in our victory, we might some day find ourselves in the same conservative mess that our Greensboro neighbors face.



"Back in Haiti, I was told she held a lamp."

'The Dean's' Legacy Lives On

By Tony Brown

A Negro who signs his columns as Gerald C. Horne, "Esq." - the "Esq." is used to advertise his having attended a law school - in one of his many live personal attacks on blacks with whom he politically disagrees - derided my television salute, "The Dean" to W.O. Walker.

William Otis Walker was like the rest of the black

Reagan supporters, Hornes asserted, traitors to the cause of black people - simply because they voted Republican. I was inaccurately charged with being

Black Press gave in fighting for the civil rights of blacks in Cleveland and across the nation.

How sad this cruel, myopic assault on a truly

Although Walker left behind no children, the scores of employees at the Call and Post, where he spent nearly 50 years of his life, were his true love.

a "closet" Reaganite great man - a legend in his own time - by someone who honored the 85 years of service that the Dean of the

any contribution to anyone. It was fitting that The Charlotte Post, a leading black weekly, referred to one of his attacks as "sour grapes." Walker, on the other hand, was a giant tree of strength in a forest of human frailties. Moreover, the likes of the Hornes of this world are unsuited to touch the hem of his garment.

I said "was" because on Thursday, October 29, 1981, William Otis Walker, the influential editor and publisher of the Call and

Post, collapsed in a corridor of his office building around 1 p.m. and was pronounced dead at 2:45 p.m. at the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland.

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Hamburgers And Tanks

You can buy a 7-ounce steak in Washington, D. C. for only \$2.80.

You can get a hamburger deluxe (the government's answer to the Quarter-Pounder with Cheese or Whopper) for 90 cents.

You can also get a pretty fair-priced chef's salad or pastrami on rye.

If, of course, you are among high-ranking government or military officials allowed to nourish themselves in Pentagon dining halls which cost taxpayers \$1 million a year.

While the Reagan people like to blame social programs for much of the country's financial mess, Pentagon brass enjoy hefty meals at the dinner table and don't do too badly when slices of the federal budget are passed around, either.

The quibbling over food stamps and social security seems a bit overblown when one considers that a conservative estimate of military waste is at least \$15 billion a year.

The price of the military's 47 main weapons systems increased by \$47 billion during the last three weeks of June 1980. The total estimated cost for weapons programs has soared \$66 billion over last year's bills.

A September Newhouse News Service study cited four major causes of runaway

defense expenditures:

--Defense contractors submit low bids feeling confident that Congress will approve cost increases later.

--Lack of competition among defense contractors forces high prices; 70 percent of last year's defense purchases came from the same company without competitive bidding.

--The military likes to "gold plate" or make unnecessary improvements on hardware for exorbitant amounts of money.

Just as our government finally learned that you can't simply throw money at problems and solve them, let us hope that it will learn the same with military spending. If a less expensive tank does as well as a costlier one, we should buy the former--unless we expect to scare our enemies in battle by posting price tags on our artillery.

We should also convince some of our hard-headed administrators to apply pressure to the military that has unfairly been directed at effective social programs.

Or the many humans who supposedly are to operate those tanks and planes and submarines might decide that they don't feel like it.

CANDID SHOTS

Black Folk And Stereos

By Allen H. Johnson, III

Black people have a curious obsession, it seems, with radios. We strap the big Japanese contraptions over our shoulders and lug them to shopping centers, on buses, to street corners and everywhere else that our Eveready batteries will take us.

The phenomenon is so big that Ebony magazine, in another stroke of journalistic relevance, ran a feature on portable stereos last spring, showing mostly California black folk lugging their music boxes to beaches and parking lots and so forth.

Now, I have nothing against music, and I own a portable stereo myself. But I wonder why we seem to

have this uncontrollable urge to share our music with the public--whether it wants to hear or not.

I began to ponder this philosophical point seriously one morning when I awoke early to hear the S.O.S. Band walking down the street. Well, let me be honest. The S.O.S. Band wasn't quite walking down the street. A grown man with his multi-knobbed, deluxe speaker, AC-DC cassette thingamigig was, and he had the volume turned full blast so that I could hear the exquisite tonal quality of his Memorex tape.

Here it was, 7 a.m. and the S.O.S. Band was asking me to "Do it Tonight".

Weeks later, at Durham's South Square Mall, I had the pleasure of seeing my first "Battle of the Port-

ables". Two high school-age gentlemen were sitting opposite each other on benches blasting identical tape players, with un-identical music, at each other.

I later saw the same two fellows at the mall's entrance, blasting away at each other still. An elderly woman sat near the pair, and seemed resigned to frown and bear the music until her ride arrived. A junior high shopper bopped on her way to the parking lot to one of the songs. I might have bopped myself, but I couldn't tell which beat was which.

At least I halfway like what I hear on those portable caos-creators. What about the passenger on the city bus, whose taste in music includes Dolly Parton, Willie Nelson and

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Yawn...Another War On Crime

By Vernon Jordan

If crime didn't exist, politicians would have to invent it, for there is nothing more rewarding politically than a fresh announcement of a "War on crime".

A new war on crime seems about to get off the ground, with a get-tough speeches by Chief Justice Warren Burger and President Reagan, and a Justice Department report that recommends, among other things, weakening of constitutional protections and building more prisons.

The Justice Department's Task Force on Violent Crime specifically suggest-

ed a \$2 billion grant program to help the states construct new prisons. And several states plan to float bond issues for prison construction.

Somehow a nation that claims to be unable to afford decent social service benefit levels is supposed to come up with the money to finance prisons. A nation whose inner-city housing stock is deteriorated and is being abandoned, is supposed to build prisons that cost about \$70,000 per bed just for construction, with up to \$20,000 per year in maintenance costs per individual. And that princely sum doesn't allow for inflation.

Talk about misplaced national priorities!

Buying more prisons won't buy more security. If anything, our experience with prisons suggests they do not deter people from committing crimes. Indeed, they serve to warehouse people in brutalizing conditions, leading to the increased likelihood that they will return to custody once released.

That raises another point neglected by the get-tough-with-crime advocates. You can arrest, convict and imprison people. But ultimately, they will serve their time and return to the community.

Unless they are helped to overcome the lack of skills, anti-social attitudes and limited opportunities that helped land them in

trouble, they are likely to continue to swell the crime rate.

Nor do the hard-liners have much to say about keeping young people from the lure of criminal activities. Apparently they would rather build prisons at luxury-hotel construction rates than invest in the education and job opportunities that give economically deprived young people a stake in stable, crime-free communities.

A lot of the old bromides are also being hauled out in this year's version of the war on crime. Preventive detention sounds like a good idea until you realize that there is no way a judge can predict the likelihood of an accused person's turn-

ing up for trial.

Without hard evidence that accurate predictions can be made -- and all studies indicate the contrary, especially when applied to blacks -- we shouldn't weaken the governing assumption of our legal system that an accused person is innocent until proven guilty.

The same holds for the so-called exclusionary rule which the task force wants weakened. That rule prevents illegally obtained evidence from being used in a criminal trial, and it is based on Fourth Amendment protections against illegal search and seizure.

The exclusionary rule keeps law enforcement

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On Creating The Perfect Negro

By E.J. Tokely

If I had the power to create a Negro, what might I do?

I might program him to be a product of poverty, drop out of high school, join the army, and enter college on the G.I. Bill. He'd win a bachelor's degree from Harvard, a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Chicago, and become a distinguished teacher.

I would instruct him to

say such clever things as "Forced school busing is insulting and destructive to blacks as well as whites," or "Affirmative action and quotas, with their accompanying threat of anti-discrimination suits by those who do not win promotions, lead employers to hire only the safest risks -;" real meaty statements like that.

He'd write books that last out against the traditional idea that racism is still the major reason for black economic inequality. I'd staff his memory banks

with statements like: "When one compares the average standard of living in Africa to the average standard of living of black Americans, the conclusion might be that blacks (should) pay whites compensation."

My, my! What an arrogant work of art my Negro would be! Leaving no traditional stone unturned, he'd hunt down and verbally destroy all black activists and white liberals.

With his mechanical words of steel (which I, of course, would supply) he

would rewrite Afro-American history! Imagine him saying, "With little incentive to work any more than necessary, (or) to escape punishment, slaves developed foot-dragging, work-evading patterns that were to remain as a cultural legacy long after slavery itself disappeared."

Ah, but I would also give my Frankenstein a heart. I would program his tapes to reminisce: "I'm always amazed, when I drive through Harlem, at the kids dashing out to wash windshields. Decades of abuse

haven't stamped out the initiative of the people! What a sensation my electronic Negro would be!

However, do not think that I might sell to the first bidder, nor the second, nor the third! Oh, no, no, no! My Negro would be designed with only the White House in mind. After all, I've always heard it said that they haven't had a good Negro since Sammy Davis kissed Richard Nixon and Ben Vereen made a fool of himself.

President Reagan would

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