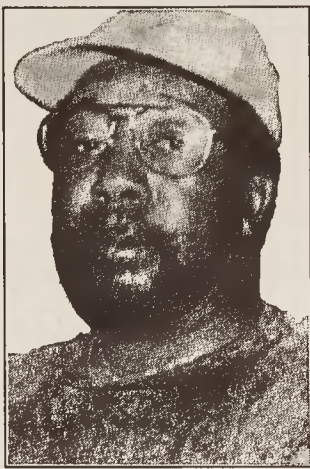


FORUM

Self Defense; a God Given Right

When I read last week about Mr. James Junior Lucas, who shot and killed Mr. Franklin Donnell Hudson — a would-be robber — I thought of a man in my hometown who carried a gun. Back home, Big George Washington, who toted a nickle-plated .357 in his pocket, would tell you matter-of-factly: "I'd druther de lease catch me wid dis dan one ub dese theifs 'n thugs catch me wid out it!" Mr. Washington, as we always called this very nice man, poke for a lot of people. In my part of the country — Harlan County, Kentucky — the very



James Junior Lucas

Isn't this what we do everytime we lock our doors, chain our bicycles, and stay off deserted streets at night? But, the most widely used way to prevent crime is the threat of punishment. The threat of punishment acts as a restraint on those of us who are law-abiding. But, what about those who are not bound by society's laws: those who walk up and demand our hard-earned money? It seems now that neither the threat of punishment nor punishment itself deters them. They get bolder and bolder, until a would-be victim chooses life.

The tendency of salt-of-the-earth people, when faced with the predicament described in the case of Mr. Lucas is, as he was about to do, "... to give it up" and live.

But, what happens in that split second when the would-be victim doesn't move fast enough, is cursed, cornered, and sees a knife or gun? The ultimate flashpoint blinds a person and causes them to test their God-given and constitutional right to self defense; which, at that moment, is not a casual and arbitrary act of violence.

My heart goes out to Mr. James Junior Lucas and his family. As all life is precious and sacred to me, I am also diminished by the loss of Mr. Franklin Donnell Hudson. Both are victims now.

But, several questions nag me. Is there a murmur of caution on the streets among those who make their living at crime and random acts of violence? The legislature is debating a bill to give virtually everybody, like Big George Washington and Mr. Lucas, the right to carry concealed weapons. But, is the average person on the street really like George and James? Which way will it go? What small provocations, misunderstandings and mistaken identities will be settled with gunfire? I think of the man a few years back on a NY subway who shot some kids because he thought they might rob him.

Who knows what measures lurk in the minds of people who are fed up with being the victims of crime?

(Dr. William H. Turner is a regular freelance columnist for the Chronicle).

LIFT EVERY VOICE

By Dr. WILLIAM H. TURNER

heart of Appalachian coal country, it was not uncommon 30 years ago for even the nicest people to carry guns, knives, icepicks and other implements for self-defense. Long before the urban "bad guys" named the pavements, the "good people" in Eastern Kentucky and throughout the rural Southland carried weapons.

"Bloody Harlan," stuck as the nickname of my home region when coal miners in the 1930s took it upon themselves to defend their rights to organize and fight against the intimidation of forces and circumstances beyond their control. Forces tied to their work that maimed and damaged them and consigned most to a life of poverty. Mind you, our people were not wild savages who committed random acts of violence in barbarous and unbridled ways. To the contrary, there was relatively little indiscriminate brutality.

Mean people simply wouldn't mess with those who were as clear-headed and as deliberate about protecting themselves as they were in picking out people randomly for messing with.

The mountaineer's flat-out answer to those people and forces who would harm and hurt them are lessons to all of us: self-reliance and independent actions are our best safeguards against those who would rob, maim, and kill. While the root causes of crime are another matter together, we must take the major part in making crime more difficult to commit, even though we have no way of knowing the effect of these measures on controlling crime.

The Roads to Truth and Justice are Lonely

In the summer of 1993, as I sat at my kitchen table reading a review of Arthur Ashe's autobiography, Days of Grace, I saw a quotation from Ashe who said, "AIDS isn't the greatest burden I have had to bear...being black is the greatest burden...." Gooseflesh replaced smooth skin. It was then that I knew that I must do something for the betterment of race relations.

But what? And how? Since childhood I've known that all people

relations at its apex! It is people—black and white—connected and related.

To prepare for my assignment as a member of the African American Committee, I read widely—history, sociology, psychology, biography, and autobiography. All books by African Americans. All to view the world through their eyes. To my amazement I located volumes of such works. Black Americans have been writing about race relations for centuries.

My first reading of an African American history was far more engaging than I had anticipated. Because I had never seen history from this view, it read like fiction (and I had been told it was). As the story unfolded, I found myself in it literally begging God to allow a different conclusion. But God did not grant my wish for He could not: I was trapped with the rest of humanity in a history we are powerless to undo.

I wept. Tears for all who suffered wrong at the hands of my ancestors. Tears for all ancestors had wronged innocent people. (Yes, My ancestors owned slaves.) Tears for the great chasm between us and for the great gulf between my desire to close the chasm and my overwhelming ignorance. Defeat was all I felt.

Little can be accomplished by one so broken. Before me stood a roadblock to overcome. Change was inevitable: I had seen too much. Though it was right, change was not without cost. The change is coming only by allowing my thinking to be reshaped by viewing life through the eyes of others. But change has cut me off from people, both groups and individuals, who I realize do not share my passing emotion so deep it kneads my soul reshaping my view of the cosmos and its inhabitants. I miss contact with friends, people with whom I formerly shared intimacy. I am driven by the knowledge that I must work for the advancement of race relations, but sometimes my passion has driven me away from people I love.

As I rethink my position, I am amazed to find so many who wish to explore the vast possibilities for better race relations. God has filled the world with a myriad of people. Of all the people who have influenced me, above all stands one African American man. Through the eyes of this man, I have seen a world in which success (even success by white people's standards) is never enough. Though he is seldom affirmed by white people, his actions still demonstrate that love is the answer to the racial problems we encounter: for love is the greatest human need and the greatest gift from God. Tears crinkle my page as my reverie reminds me of the impact this man has had upon my thinking. I now have empathy. And before me lies much to do in the area of black-white relations.

(Helen Losse is a graduate student at Wake Forest University)

GUEST COLUMNIST

By HELEN LOSSE

are valuable—that each of us is special and unique. And somewhere along the way I came to realize that life is no more difficult for me than it is for others. In fact, for some life is much harder than it is for me. We all face inevitable problems, difficulties, and roadblocks that we must confront before we can continue our journey along life's road.

I've lived long enough to remember the 1960's. Although I took no active part in Civil Rights demonstrations, I do recall Joan Baez's rendition of "We Shall Overcome" with a fair amount of emotion. I knew then, just as I know now, that God intended for white people and black people to live in peace and harmony with each other. In view of our country's constitution, equality should be a given. It is not. But I felt we were making progress in this area. Things were getting better.

And then Arthur Ashe blitzed me with his revelation. I knew that my eyes had been blinded and that I had been long asleep. While I still believe that race relations and equality has continually progressed, I believe that the state in which one sees themselves depends greatly upon one's point of view. It became my desire to view life from a different vantage point. Just how does it feel to be an African American?

During the 1993-94 school year, I became a part of the Multi-Cultural Committee at my son's school. Here I worked closely with several black teachers, but I formed a special friendship with one female teacher who is black. Through our friendship, I confirmed my notion that human nature has nothing to do with race. We have grown close because our values are similar. We are more alike than different.

As we worked together, we experienced an emotional response to genuine love expressed through actions. We enjoyed a mutually tearful moment as we experienced cooperation and shared effort. This is race

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NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING BEFORE THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF WINSTON-SALEM ON THE QUESTION OF ANNEXATION OF CERTAIN TERRITORY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a special meeting of the Board of Alderman of the City of Winston-Salem, at 7:30 p.m. on the 18th day of April, in the Board of Aldermen Chamber at City Hall, consideration will be given by the Board to the extensive of the corporate limits of the City of Winston-Salem by annexing the following described territory which is contiguous to the boundaries of the City of Winston-Salem.

NORTHWEST AREA: This area joins the northwestern boundary of Winston-Salem in the Yadkinville Road/Shattalon Drive area. The area is bounded on the east by Shattalon Drive; on the north by Leinback Drive; on the west by Muddy Creek; and on the south by Swannee Drive. This area is in the Bay Creek and Shattalon Estates neighborhoods.

WEST AREA: This area joins the western boundary of Winston-Salem in the Peace Haven Road and Silas Creek area. This area is bounded on the east by the existing city limits; on the north by Allistair Road; on the west by Muddy Creek; and on the south by Interstate 40.

SOUTHWEST AREA: This area joins the southwest boundary of Winston-Salem in the McGregor Road/Jonestown Road/Stratford Road area. This area is bounded on the north by Interstate 40; on the east by existing city limits and Hope Church Road; on the south by Fraternity Church Road; and on the west by Muddy Creek.

SOUTH AREA: This area joins the southern boundary of Winston-Salem in the Ebert Road/West Clemmons Road area. The area is bounded on the north and east by the existing City Limits near Ebert Road; on the south near West Clemmons Road; and on the west by existing city limits.

SOUTHEAST AREA: This area joins the southeastern boundary of Winston-Salem in the Sedge Garden/Hastings Hill Road area. This area is bounded on the north by existing city limits near Hastings Hills Road and Business I-40; on the east by an Annexation Boundary Agreement between Winston-Salem and Kernersville; on the south by Interstate 40; and on the west by existing city limits.

NORTH AREA: This area joins the northern boundary of Winston-Salem in the Shattalon Drive/Murray Road/Bethania-Rural Hall Road area. This area is bounded on the north by US 52 and NC 66; on the east by existing city limits; on the south by existing city limits along Shattalon Drive; on the west by Reynolda Road, Muddy Creek, and Bethania-Rural Hall Road.

A REPORT AS REQUIRED by N.C.G.S. 160A-47, setting forth the plans of the City of Winston-Salem to provide services to the above-described territory, will be available in the office of the City Secretary, Room 150, City Hall, Winston-Salem, from and after the 17th day of March, 1995, for inspection by any interested member of the public.

THIS MEETING WILL BE BROADCAST LIVE ON CITY TV-13

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