

EDITORIAL

The Portland Observer

Two Roads: One To Hope, One To Helplessness

Some years ago, when we the blacks were emerging from the rubble of reconstruction. There was set in our minds for sure, One Road. This road lead inexorably to our freedom, Freedom of thought, freedom to exercise our rights, our complete autonomy, and other inalienable rights. Hope was high in the breast of the black father. A smidgin of education was available, vocation schools were in abundance... We literally flooded the work market with availability.

All went well as long as immediate needs were met. We were looked upon as jocular fellows who eased the boredom of the workplace, and provided essential drollery to our superiors. The black woman was then content to remain in the home, while some of them provided minimum maid service to the more wealthy citizens.

These maidservants brought back to their husbands and children, the current news of how the husband's workmate lived. This of course created embryonic aspirations in the husband for a better life for his own family.

His white counterpart became sick at heart after discovering the blacks were not satisfied with things as they were. The black men were then cajoled, promised, lied to, threatened, then buffeted into temporary submission. These blacks started relying on "It takes time for these things to happen".

In the mean time after having inflamed his passion for more, the black wife prodded her husband for some kind of action. The blacks, working from a standpoint of no power, nor any executive position, used anger and retaliatory language to try and accomplish their ends.

Thus began the era of expulsion and complete emasculation of our black workforce. Those who had imminent potential for upper level advancement were either deliberately held back, or were outright fired.... There were no recourse, we had no viable representation, in groups or otherwise.

The white money controlled the NAACP, and any local or state Reps. were either impotent or had taken the, "Wait and see attitude". The idle men became insolent, bitter, and abusive to both their wives and children, then later to themselves, and one another...

The few "Token" blacks that remained in the workplace, decided to distance themselves from these troublemakers. Thus appearing in perfect conformance to their superior's idea of what we should i.e., stay in our place".

The one road for us at that point divided....

The nonworking black picked up on what jobs that he scrape together from day to day. Sometimes he did not go home after receiving his meager earnings, but hung out at the local Taverns with his other drifter buddies, and bitched about the "Man".

Meanwhile the wife has to increase her workload to make

ends meet. At evening time she drags her tired body home to complete her wifely duties. The husband is not there now for her to rag after, so she takes it out on the children. She sets up tight spending limits, cuts back on the cats, and eliminate all things pertaining to leisure activities, and demands full cooperation. And why not? Isn't she sacrificing everything for these ingrates?

Fights erupt between husband and wife, wife and kids, kids and husband, husband leaves home, sometimes for good....

Down the other road goes the "Token", He is given meritorious awards, (trinkets) for his loyalty, fine work and superior sucking up ability. He is also given enough overtime at work, and coupled along with his wife's wages, he can now move out of the Ghetto.. So he moves a couple of blocks north, and this gives him the unreachable status of upper-poverty, and many invitations to "fishing parties". (Brainpicking) these are held on patios and in dens by his white counterparts. The real parties are later held to assess what has been learned by all at the fishing party..

The divergence of the two roads now widens because the token negro is not only secretly envied by his left behind nonworking black brother, but the token comes under suspicion as an uncle tom.

The token black and the idle black stop talking to one another, the feeling and meager ideology is passed down to their progeny, thus setting up two hostile camps.

More to come.



By Art Keller

perspectives Black Contributors To Medicine

This is a continuation of the list of citations I began last week. These distinguished researchers and physicians follow on in a great milleniums-old African tradition. See my article on another place here; "More on the Ancient African Practitioners Of Medicine."

Percy Lavon Julian (1899-1975). Developed the drug physostigmine for the treatment of glaucermas--reduces eye pressure, thereby preventing, blindness. A superb research chemist Julian became Director of Research for the famed Glidden Company, foremost manufacturers of Paint and varnish in Africa (1936). His talents carried the firm into new and profitable fields based upon proteins extracted from "soy bean" oils (remember Dr. Carver?)

These included not only substances with medicinal properties, but chemicals used in the coating and sizing of paper, in cold water paints and in textile sizing. Also Julian used soy beans to develop a new product, "Aero-Foam" that could be used to put out gasoline and oil, fires, cutting off the oxygen supply from tex air. You've seen newscasts where the foam has been used to extinguish the flames at spectacular airplane crashes.

This same master chemist innovated a process to economically extract the valuable 'sterol' from soy bean oil, making it possible to manu-

facture large quantities of synthetic male and female hormones, testosterone and progesterone. As you probably know, the latter drug has saved the live so countless unborn babies by protecting expectant mothers against miscarriages.

In 1950 Julian was honored for his innovation of another remarkable synthesis--synthetic "cortisone", which brought this powerful pain-killing drug with in reach of millions of arthritis sufferers. The foregoing is must a partial recitation of his many brilliant accomplishments that have healing to mankind. However, since he was an African American, he was not spared the racist slings and arrows of an outrageous fate. The very year of his cortisone award, arsonists attempted to burn down his new home in the Oaks Park suburb of Chicago.

The prestigious Chicago Sun-Times newspaper clucked its tongue and deplored the incident, but less than a year later, on June 12, 1951, a dynamite bomb was exploded under the bedroom window wolf the two Julian children. Again, the establishment clucked its tongue and wrung its hands. But just two months later when Julian was invited to attend a national meeting of scientist as the Union League Club he was notified an hour before the meeting that no black could be allowed to attend a meeting there.

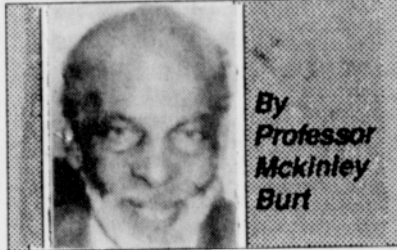
In 1954 Julian left the

Glidden Company and found his own Julian Laboratories, Inc. in Chicago and the Laboratories Julian de Mexico in Mexico City. The latter location was developed after it was discovered that the wild "yams" of Mexico were even better than soy beans as a source of his products. Julian Laboratories became the world's largest producers of drugs from this source and in 1961 Julian sold his operation to Smith, Kline and French Pharmaceutical for many millions.

Dr. Julian used his money to aid causes that sought to address the problems of African Americans; "All Negroes identify with the civil rights movement because none, no matter what his income level, can escape racial discrimination."

He gave generously to Dr. Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and to the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. His son, Percy Lavon Julian Jr., a Madison, Wisconsin lawyer helped to organize the student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC).

When we plan for the future of our children in this technological world we must remember Dr. Julians last words, "The American ghetto and the American brand of apartheid made the Negro with scientific talent and earnings probably the most poignantly tragic intellectual schizophrenic of the first half of this century." We ask about this last half. We have seen what produced this violent world.



By Professor Mckinley Burt

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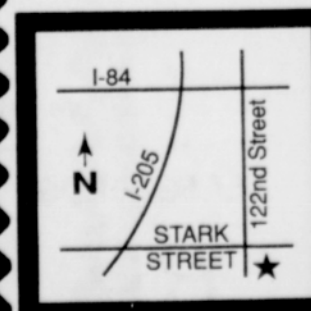
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We Have No Opinion

BY BILL SCOTT

For weeks, we have been bombarded with the Tonya Harding saga almost non-stop on every major TV channel. We have heard all of the debated over her possible involvement in the assault on Nancy Kerrigan. The media was even asking people on the street for their opinions on the issues. What I found interesting was that on this issue African African faces were conspicuously absent. Evidently we had no opinion. Are we not expected to have an opinion about things not designated "Black" issues? I became uneasy with the fact that the media was conditioning us, shaping public opinion and preparing us to accept Tonya as an Olympian in spite of what our common sense tells us.

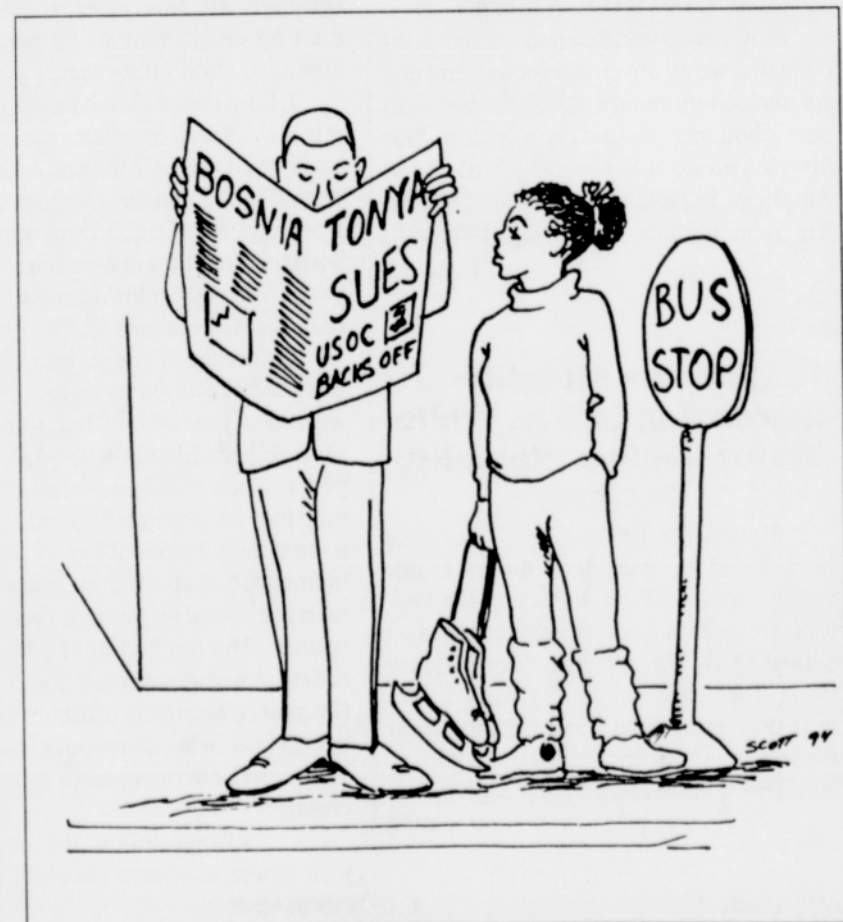
Think about it. TV cameras went from the Clackamas ice rink, to Gresham sports bars to the crowds outside of the courthouse for public reaction to every little tid-bit of information. Men and women spoke volumes about Tonya's rights, and about being innocent until proven guilty. I prayed for them to come to Cleos.

Finally I went to Safeway and the Lloyd Center myself to conduct my own sampling of African American opinion. I asked these two questions:

1. Do you think Tonya should skate in the Olympics?
2. Do you think that she knew of the plan to hurt Nancy Kerrigan before it happened?

Out of 25 responses, 10 said yes she should skate, 15 said no, she should not. However all but 4 believed that she knew of the planned attack before it happened.

I know that Blacks do not usually figure prominently in winter sports competition, though we



all remember the brilliant, athletic skating of Debbie Thomas. Two weeks ago while visiting the Lloyd Center, I saw a young African American girl about 11 years old doing what looked like serious practice on the ice. It made me think.

What will little girls like yours and mine and the one practicing at the Lloyd Center think about all this? That winning at any cost is what counts? That winning by any means necessary is condoned if you have good lawyers and a large number of people with a vested interest in your success?

I realize that there are large issues at stake here. We must not forget that the Olympic Games are a competition between nations. But this is our

nation too. these athletes, represent all Americans and that includes us.

So if your opinion is that fair play, sportsmanship and good character are secondary considerations, and that Tonya should represent us to the world; If you think she is the kind of person your little ice skater should emulate, then let the media know that it is ok to bring the cameras into our neighborhoods on an issue, not just on "Black" issues or when some of our young people have done something violent.

African Americans loom large in athletic competition in America. Why then have we no opinion about something that could forever taint the accomplishments of all American athletes in future Olympics.