

Poor Poor Patches

BY THE MISSION SINGERS

Patches, sung by Clarence Carter, is a strange song to come around in these times. It talks about the country Negro, but Black people today find themselves in the cities. Does Patches mean something, or is it demeaning to people who are trying to instill in themselves a real measure of Black pride?

The main point in Patches is the story of the burden of responsibility when it is given to a mere child. "I thought I was carrying the weight of the whole world on my shoulders." Perhaps that is poverty's greatest crime. It robs children of their childhood. It makes them old men and women by age ten.

Just a few weeks ago, a family from our neighborhood moved out of the city. There's nothing so special about that, since in St. Louis—as in many cities—moving as much as twice a year is not unusual. But what was unusual about the moving of this family—a mother, step-

THE MUSIC BAG

father and 10 children—was the fact that they were back within a week.

They had gone to Arizona, where they thought the living would be better. But it wasn't, so back they came. We talked with Peggy, the 10-year-old girl in that family. Where did they all sleep during the trip, we asked.

"We all slept in the car. Mom and Ted (the step-father) slept on the back seat; Tony on the back floor; Joe in the well between the back window and the seat; three of us girls slept in the trunk, but that wasn't too comfortable, 'cause the jack was in the way; Kenny and Tom and Glen slept in the front seat; and Bruce and Karl slept on the runners."

We asked her if she liked

Arizona. "No, it was all dirt and dust, except Phoenix." Was she glad to be back home? "No, I don't like St. Louis. I'm not happy here."

Will she ever be happy? She's a Patches, too, carrying the whole world on her shoulders. Oh, yes, one other thing: in about six months, their mother will be dead from leukemia—another straw to add to the burden.

In Patches, everything seems to turn out all right. But there are hundreds of thousands of Patches in our cities today. What will happen to them? Peggy, who is white but just as easily could be black, might never climb out of that trunk she slept in. Maybe these words were meant for other people besides Patches: "It's up to you to do the rest."

PATCHES

I was born and raised down in Alabama on a farm way back up in the woods. I was so ragged the folks used to call me Patches. Papa used to tease me about it but of course deep down inside he was hurt 'cause he done all he could.

My papa was a great old man; I can see him with a shovel in hand, seeking the education he never had. He did wonders when the times got bad. The little money from the crops he raised barely paid the bills we made.

Oh, life had kicked him down to the ground; when he tried to get up life would kick him back down. One day papa called me to his dying bed, put his hand on my shoulders and in tears said:

Patches, I'm depending on you, son, to pull the family through. My son, it's all left up to you.

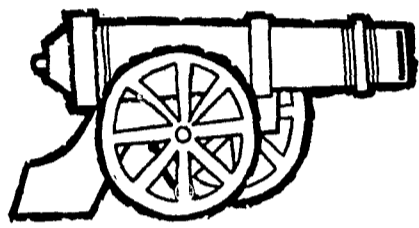
Two days later Papa passed away and I became a man that day. So I told mama I was gonna quit school, but she said that was daddy's strictest rule.

So ev'ry morning fore I went to school I fed the chickens and I chopped wood, too. Sometimes I felt that I couldn't go on. I wanted to leave, just run away from home. But I would remember what my daddy said, with tears in his eyes on his dying bed:

Patches, I'm depending on you, son. I've tried to do my best. It's up to you to do the rest.

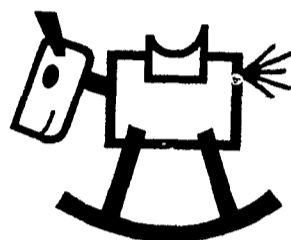
Then one day a strong rain came and washed all the crops away, and at the age of 13 I thought I was carrying the weight of the whole world on my shoulders. You know mama knew what I was going through, 'cause every day I had to work the fields, but that's the only way we got our meals.

You see, I was the oldest of the family, and everybody else depended on me. Every night I heard my mama pray, "Lord, give him strength to make another day."



SHOPPERS PAGE

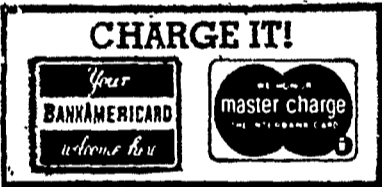
"For The Discriminating Shopper"



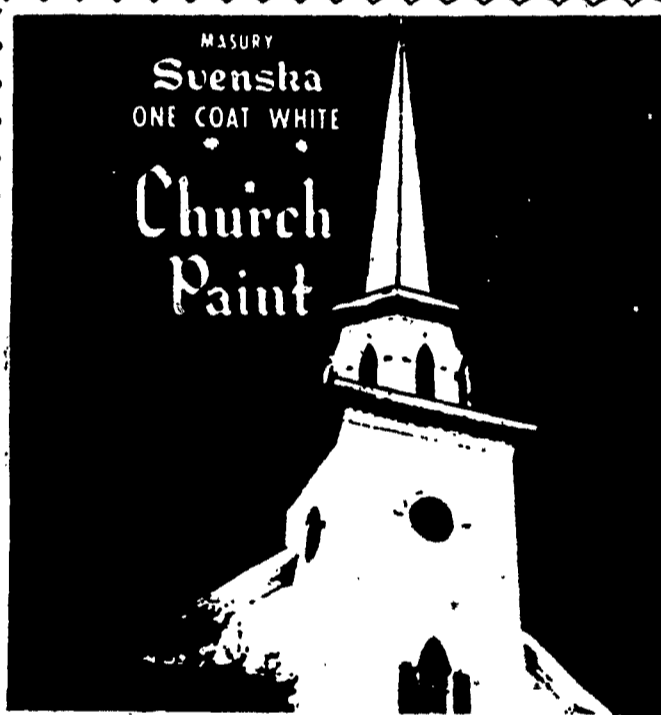
SUITS • DRESSES COATS DYED & PRESSED TO ORIGINAL SIZE

SUEDE &
LEATHER
GARMENTS
CLEANED &
REFINISHED
IN ROCHESTER

1 WEEK SERVICE
All Apparel With
Suede Leather Trim
Should Be Cleaned
by A Specialist!



SENECA DYERS, INC.
1227 Maple St. Open Mon.-Fri., 8-5
Sat. 8 'til 12 **328-1736**
AT MT. READ BLVD.



MASURY
TESCHNER'S
MASURY AUTHORIZED DEALER
Daily 8 to 6. Sat. 'til 5. Fri. 'til 8:30
3350 MONROE AVE. • 586-4130



Top of the Plaza

Incredible is what you'll say about the Top of the Plaza Restaurant. Superb cuisine, dining, entertainment. The nation's top entertainers featured nightly on a beautiful setting overlooking the city.

FOR PRIVATE PARTIES
CATERING AVAILABLE



RESTAURANT and LOUNGE
14th Floor Midtown Tower Hotel 232-3030

Drummer Boy Gift Shop



819 MOSELY RD.
15th House on Right
SOUTH OF ROUTE 31
PITTSFORD-PALMYRA RD.
ON ROUTE 250

Second Anniversary Celebration

LAWN SALE

of Gift Shop Items and
Antiques from our garage.

Saturday, Oct. 17 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

rain date

Sunday, October 18 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.



Tues. thru Sat., 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Open Thursday and Friday 'til 8 p.m.
Sunday 1 - 5 p.m. — Closed Monday

Your Gift Consultant,
Lorraine Gridley

THE WISHING WELL

1190 CHILI AVE., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
328-4160

Open Daily 11:30 Luncheons. Dinners 5 P.M. 'til
Closed Mondays

Serving . . .

FINE FOODS

Plus . . .

Joe Masucci at the
Organ Friday and
Saturday Evenings



WE CATER TO PARTIES &
BOWLING BANQUETS,
WEDDINGS, RETIREMENT PARTIES, Etc.

For Banquet Res. Call Alex Roth, Mgr.

your hosts,

KAY and EMMETT DAILEY

NUNES' NEW LIFE Home Improvement Service

- Custom Made Draperies
Over 800 Colors
- Wall to Wall Carpeting
- Drapery Relining
- Free Shop-at-Home Service

Shop first — then call me!
Unbelievable Prices!

981 Chili Ave.
328-0100