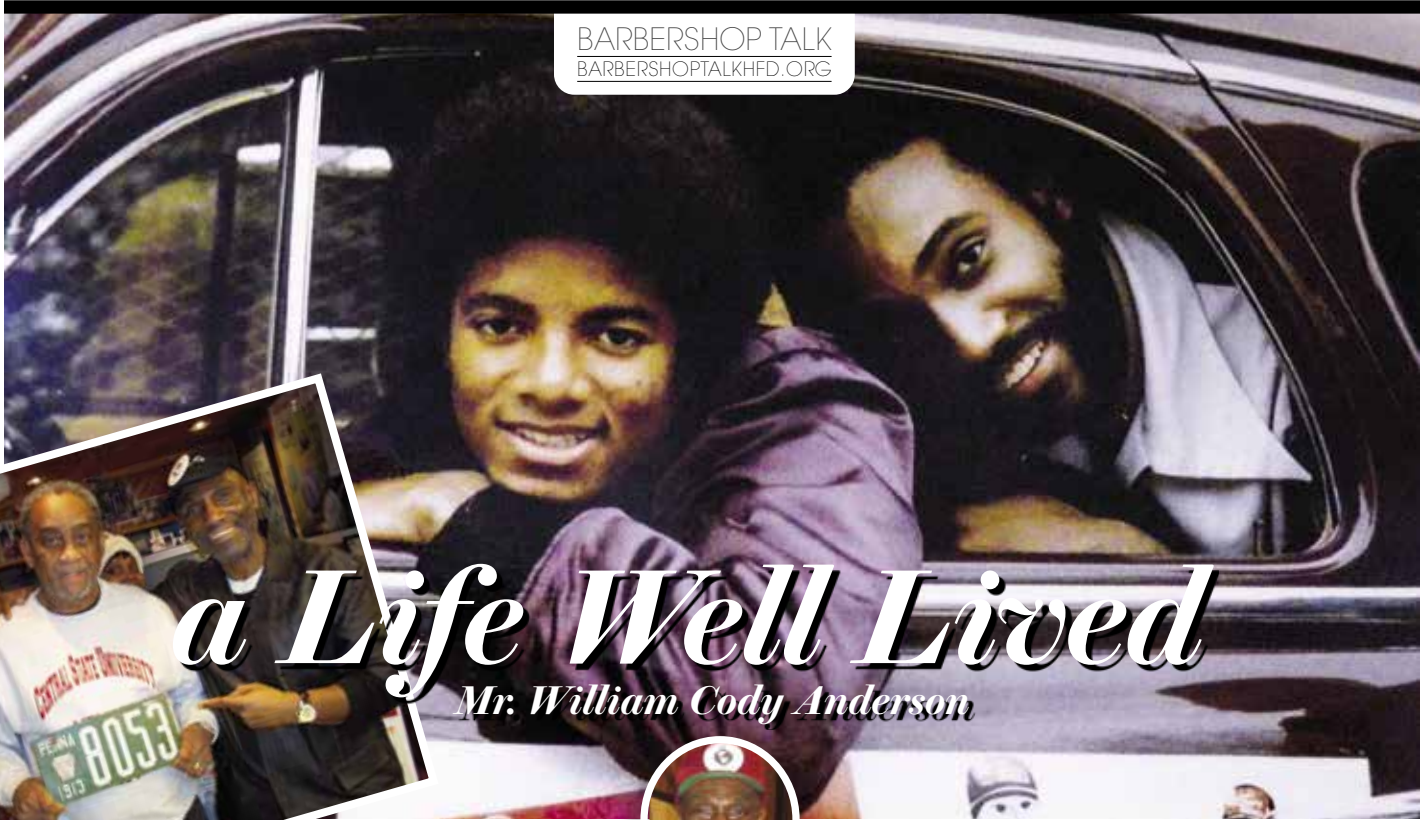


BARBERSHOP TALK  
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# *a Life Well Lived*

*Mr. William Cody Anderson*



by **Robert L. Woodard**  
*The Wynnefield Barber*

**T**here is a sadness hovering in the atmosphere of Philadelphia. A legendary communications genius has passed away. He was my buddy, my friend. A good neighbor to this city – *Mr. William Cody Anderson*. A walking angel.

Every summer, I reminisce about one part of Cody's legacy, in particular. *Unity Day*. It was an event that was created to bring political

leaders and the Black community together, for the purpose of educating the Black citizens of their rights. It was a day filled with fun, food, entertainment, information and various activities. It was held for more than 30 years, and it evolved each year. One year, Cody asked me to bring my antique 1947 Cadillac to put on display along with pictures of the celebrities who sat or rode in the car: *Michael Jackson, Charles Barkley* and *Nina Simone*, to name a few.

Cody was a man amongst all human beings. This man did not have a prejudiced bone in his body. If you gave him respect, then a

turn of respect would come right back at you. I was very privileged to have been his barber and friend for so many years, I can't count them. How can I describe Cody? I'd have to say that he was truly a good neighbor to the airwaves and if you had the opportunity to listen to him, you would feel welcomed, even if you never met him.

Each time Cody came into my barbershop for a haircut, I always prepared myself to receive knowledge from every degree. He made things so simple that a child could understand what he was saying. I shared with my brothers, the late Reverend Bernard Woodard, Timothy, and my youngest brother Nathaniel, how to become professional tonsorialists. They all worked along with me in my shop, *Woodard's Barbershop*, located at the corner of Bryn Mawr and Lebanon Avenues in Wynnefield. Cody used to love hearing us talk. Sometimes, the conversation would become very heated, and Cody was the kind of guy who knew how to make you laugh even if the subject matter became very serious. I used to tell Cody how strict my father – Mr. James Woodard, Jr. – was

and how he would never spare the rod when it came to reprimanding his 10 children. He let you know that he was the boss. Cody would love hearing about my father and how he kept us all in line. My Dad would always give us a warning. However, after he warned you, there was no second chance. He would pull off his belt and tear your rear end up. Cody would also talk about how his father kept him in order, as well. So, we would always go back and forth remembering how many times we got our butts beat by our dads.

Cody was like a big brother to me and I loved him, very much. His love for others will never be forgotten. For those of you who did not get an opportunity to meet Mr. William Cody Anderson, all I can say is you really missed getting a chance to understand what love really has to do with it. Cody's love for his family, friends and fellow man, can teach us all a thing or two. He lived his life trying to be his best self. If we learn nothing else from this communications genius, it should be that we should love our neighbors as we love ourselves. **PRH**