

SCOUT CORNER

By E. L. KEARNEY
HOW BOY SCOUTING WORKS



E. L. KEARNEY

Every troop is a part of the youth program of some institution of the community. These institutions are churches, schools, service or fraternal clubs, farm or business organizations, or responsible groups of citizens that sponsor the Boy Scout program for boys in and around their area.

The sponsor (institutions chartered to carry on Scouting) appoints three or more men to serve as the "board of directors" of the troop. This group, known as the troop committee, is responsible for the selection of the key troop leader—the Scoutmaster. The troop committee has other responsibilities: representing the institution providing a satisfactory troop meeting place, supervising finances, assisting in providing camping opportunities, and giving the Scoutmaster the help he may require.

The boys are organized in small groups (four to eight members) known as patrols. Each patrol has a patrol leader elected by the members of the patrol. The main job of the Scoutmaster is to train and work with his patrol leaders in operating their troop.

Each institution using the program appoints one man to serve as its "general manager" of Scouting and to represent the institution on the Scout district committee and local council. This man is known as the institutional representative.

The district committee is an association of institutional representatives and other interested men in a neighborhood community, or geographic territory. The purpose of the district committee is to assist in carrying out the program and to extend scouting through new organizations.

A local council is composed of districts. The council employs a small number of men to work with volunteer leaders. Councils provide training; camps; supervision of advancement, health, safety, finance; and assistance in the organization of new Scouting groups.

The local council is supported by donations from the general public, either directly through Boy Scout campaigns or through united appeals such as the community chest.

9 year old partner, I retreated quickly and quietly, feeling suddenly old and very cold. Knowing fully well that "Miss Pheobe," the church bus, wouldn't be rolling, I prayerfully hoped the game would go on as scheduled.

In the meantime, the telephone was ringing wildly—the other enthusiastic teamsters were calling to find out if "th' bus was rolling."

Boys and their gushing enthusiasm—"Bah!" I thought heatedly as I tried to adjust comfortably in my easy chair. If Miss Pheobe felt the way I was feeling, her chassis needed a long rest, too. Hauling a bunch of bouncing kids cross country every Friday and Saturday was enough to cause a busted gasket. I mused. However, I had to admit that the elbows reeked with enthusiasm. And nothing great was/is achieved without enthusiasm. From all indications, the North Durham Basketball League is well on the way to a successful season.

Saturday's game did not materialize. Rev. Napoleon B. Sanders called and announced that today's game was called off because the bus was snowed in. Willie Edward's enthusiasm was dampened abit, but he adjusted himself very well. After a visit with his dog "Chubby," he settled down to constructing Valentines for the family.

Coach James T. Muse spent the afternoon and evening in the company of Miss Roslyn Johnson, building up his Basketball players; those boys are the greatest." My guess could be far fetched, but Muse does think his ball team is the cat's pajamas.

The pretty Miss Roslyn Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Johnson; she is a Durham High School senior; a member of Mt. Gil-ead Church—her 140 lb. German Shepherd's name is "Champ."

Film Director Falls 100 Feet To Death

NOYA, Spain — Spanish film director Claudio Gue-rin, 34, fell 100 feet to his death from the high tower of San Martin Church on Friday.

The accident occurred while he was directing the last scenes of the film "Las Campanas Del Diablo"—The Devil's Bells—in this area of northwestern Spain.



BVMM ADVISORY COMMITTEE — The fourth annual session of Venture Management, a program to help minority men and women develop skills in managing small businesses, opens at UNC-Chapel Hill on March 6. Members of the program's Advisory Committee are:

Front row, left to right, Walter McDade, Efland; Thurman Nance, Moncure; Jesse Gibson, Durham; Richard Levin, UNC; Willard Cotton, Chapel Hill.

Standing: McDonald Lassiter, Chapel Hill; DeWitt Dearborn, Director, UNC Bureau of Business Services; Bill Davis, Chapel Hill; Robert Gallman, UNC, and William Klutz, Carrboro.

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie might have carried a "chip on her shoulders" and remained "pouting like a youngun" living here in her "fleabag" of a log cabin, but she got to thinking of all the ungrateful people in the world. Sticking out like a "fat tick on a dog's belly" didn't improve her catastrophic state of affairs, therefore, she "shook the chip off her shoulders" and hummed a mellifluous ditty while she packed a few things to take with her to the "big-house." She had to admit, forth rightly, the house was a "cure for sore-eyes." Besides, if she couldn't stand the grease in the "big-house kitchen" she could always get out.

South Hill wasn't what it used to be and the change could be just what the doctor had ordered. She had had occasions to watch her neighbors

go by; heads held high, nostrils sniffing the air as though it were beneath their dignities. Miss Madie wasn't sure that it was a blessing or a curse that she didn't know her own race of people much better. The South Hill residents were a new breed or a new discovery for her. She was certain they deliberately ignored the likes of her and made it a point to look the other way if they were sure she hadn't seen them first. From where she had stood, usually behind a clump of bushes or, seated on a chair with its back against a tree, enjoying a summer evening's breeze, "the colored folk" she saw, look as "genteel, confident and as well-fed as the Kaypots and their friends. She was puzzled by the attitude of

kin because they treated her as though she were some kind of lunatic. Even her own sister-in-law gave her the impression that she should be seen and not heard. Folks had a right to "pick and choose" their friends but it was stupid of them to assume that she wanted their friendship anymore than they wanted hers.

Curtis and his "wife" were "scurrying around" getting ready to make a 7 o'clock bus. Curt was "scampering" while his "wife" was a lot of motion and getting no place fast.

Miss Madie disliked starting her day on a "race-track," therefore, she made it "first and fore-most" to rise 'n shine 'n be on time wherever it was she had to go. This morning she had crawled out of bed at four o'clock. She wanted some-time to "separate the wheat from the tares" or separate what she was taking with her to the "big-house" from the plunder she was leaving behind. The more she thought of how "tore up" she was when Curtis and his "wife" called her

DAILY LIVING

WE MUST PAY THE PRICE

By WILLIAM THORPE

A few days ago, some friends of mine were talking about a young man they once knew. They mentioned how the young fellow blew \$10,000 so quickly.

One of them quoted: "Several years ago, a young man inherited \$10,000 at the age of 21 years old. He got it due to the death of his father, a sergeant in the Army, who was killed in action during World War II."

He explained how this young man bought a new car, and began riding around profiling, wearing expensive clothes, also dating all the young ladies that he could, plus his other enjoyments.

He said, "Believe it or not, the fellow came to him nine months later declaring he was broke. The young man was also engaged to get married."

The question now was: what do you think about a person like that with a good start financially, and let it get away, in other words end up broke?

household furnishings "junk" the more she wanted of apology for acting so "put out."

The things she was moving weren't French Provincial nor were they Italian originals; she was taking with her only those things she would be at a lost without; her books were the only company she had time for. And these were read from cover to cover, and over and over. When the "drummer" had stopped coming by with their books 'n a dollar when they caught you, her book buying had gone on the rocks.

The books she owned were in sober livery as to binding, and sin-cutting right 'n left. A body reading her collection and keeping up their sinful way, was born for nothing more than "trials 'n tribulations." Continued on Page 6A

After listening to them debate on the question, and all their different answers, I gave them my point of view about it.

In my opinion, a person wouldn't know exactly what they might would have done with a large sum of money at once at his age. Most people that reach 21 years of age haven't had but a very little experience and some never had to face much responsibilities and therefore, most of us probably would have made some similar mistakes as the young man that was mentioned.

It is because of the fact man's possession of free will and choice that things have often gone wrong and will go wrong in our life.

We have the power to choose either right or wrong, up or down in life, but we will continue to make mistakes as long as we live no matter which way we choose.

We must pay the price for all of our negative thoughts, wrong doings, and also our mistakes in life.

Having done all these things to ourselves, we must suffer one way or another whether its financially, mentally, or physically.

About the young man that was mentioned; He still has a chance if he doesn't let his financial loss lead his thinking into "despair." At his age, he's just beginning to experience living and to really start knowing what life is all about. After losing out financially, his health means more to him than all the money in the world.

Finally, I believe we are the blame for most of our failures, negative thoughts, and wrong doings; and also charged for our mistakes. Therefore, I think we should be prepared and willing to pay the price, because we are responsible for our acts.

Writers

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Forum

Persons with well organized minds. In all probability, have no trouble with how goes their off-days. Everything is well planned; a place for everything and everything in place.

The weekend of February 10th was a perfect day for having no plans. One could be lazy without feeling sinful. The snow wasn't gently falling, it came down in torrents and piled up swiftly. A perfect day for doing absolutely nothing and no reason for thinking unkindly of yourself for being blind to all the chores being left undone.

A wonderful day for the entire household to sleep but this is the one day that every one was up and oohing and ah-ing about the snow being whipped by a brisk wind—all except Willie Edward. This young buck wasn't sharing the exuberance of the "tired-set." Lines of determination haunted his tenderage face as he buttoned up against the stormy blast outside.

With self-assurance in your favor, you can flip pancy; "what's the rush, little buddy?" "No rush—I've got to roll 'n wrap uniforms."

"But it's snowing!" "The snow don't stop no Basketball game."

The kid had told me in a nice way to clam up. So I butted out. Pronto!

Willie had had reference to the weekly Basketball game sponsored each week by "Union Baptist Church. The youngsters of the North Durham Community make up the Basketball League. Manager: Reverend Napoleon B. Sanders; Coach, James Tyrone Muse.

Determined not to be floored by a zany, mixed-up kid, I blated out; "this is no fit weather for man or beast, fellow. Get it through your head, there isn't going to be a game today."

He didn't say, "shut up your big fat mouth," and I am eternally grateful. However the lad came off with a neat retort; "Rev. Sanders hasn't called to say the bus isn't rolling. I've got to help

Tyrone get things ready just in case he calls 'n say the bus is rolling. May I use your pliers?" "Pliers! for what?" "Tyrone will need help with the chains on old Betty." Cheepened by my former

"REFLECTIONS"

FROM NCCU

BY MARY BOHANON

The word "conceit" has always intrigued me because it can be broken down into so many variables. The intricate springs uppermost in my mind when I attempt to encourage my students. I try to point out that in literary language according to John Donne, the 16th and 17th century English poet and divine, "conceit" carries with it the connotation of "the turn of a phrase"—which contains the most unlikely and un-poetical subject matter. This we leave with John Donne. For my students, other than majors in philosophy or English Donne's "conceits" resembles a pedantic escape into the realm of the instructor's non-imaginable ability to carry a thought into its practical analysis.

In view of the above we try to give the acceptable American English conception of the word "conceit." Here I shall hit on only two conceptions—one is the healthy, the other unhealthy. If within oneself he knows he can and will accomplish, no deference can deter his purpose—this is healthy. Conceit built upon one's delusion that he can "fool all the people all of the time" is a crying wilderness in the night that only daylight is the mourner, the inevitable shroud—this is unhealthy.

—MRS. BOHANON

SALVATION

When life is grey / And my temper has cooled / This is the time I must love. / When I feel the hook of loneliness / Tugging at my flesh / I could cut it out, I know, / I know I could. / But my knife has slipped / To the bottom of the sea, / And I can't swim down that far.

—Fletcher J. Allen

LOVE SONG

When you're weary, rest / Your head upon my knee; / My fingers running thru your hair, / A soothing balm of silence. / Let me visualize

The contributors are members of the Creative Writing Class of North Carolina Central University, under the tutelage of Miss Mary Bohannon, whose talents she considers worth developing. The students range from the freshman level through the graduate level.

The heaven in my hand, / The bliss that's in my soul; / Close your eyes, / Together, we see the world / In each other's heart.

—Linda McGloin

I've seen today as I've never seen / Skies endless blue, grass flowing green, / Breathing a rapture as never before. / Grasping, gasping delight, more!

I stood transfixed in hypnotic gaze, / Heart bursting with muted praise. / Why must this feeling cease, / The peace! / Marred by reality, decrease. / Morris W. Barrier

FUTURE

Peering probes into infinity / Amongst layers of unknown realms / Of eternity— / A juncture of limitlessness. / —Rose Cox

From Black

By JOHN HUDGINS



Information has come across my desk which indicates that there are some things at Rogers-Herr Junior High School that we should be concerned about. There are indications of undue harassment of Black students because of the activities of their father. Harris C. Johnson has been very active in trying to bring about changes in the nature of the public schools. He has been a candidate for the county school board. He has on a number of occasions publicly criticized racist and oppressive conditions at Rogers-Herr. This behavior has accord-

ing to our information angered many officials at Rogers-Herr. Recently Brother Johnson's daughter has been expelled and referred to as "a chronic deterrent to the learning environment at Rogers-Herr." This is the first time any disciplinary has been taken against her, thus some question is raised as to the nature of this accusation.

Harris Jr. has been suspended from school for supposedly using bad language around teachers. Ironically the teacher closest to the student was the last to report the incident, then only as a witness to another teacher.

On another occasion Harris Jr. received \$17.50 medical damage during a fight while school personnel looked on and failed to intervene. No explanation has been received about this incident with the exception of suspending the students involved.

The basic concern here is the punitive action school personnel can take on a parent through his children because of hostility toward the parent. Also of importance is the application of unwritten rules of discipline where Black children are concerned. According to our information Black students have been treated disproportionately in most city and county schools. I urge you to look into these matters and become aware these are our children.

LAST LAUGH

Look at me. / A crushed clown. / I laughed once. / Was loved. / Loving. / Drifted, undue. / My fault? / Could I have / Laughed more, / Less? / No alerting. / This freedom is exile, / A condemnation. / I do not choose / To be free.

—Toby Jones

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