

"REFLECTIONS" FROM NCCU BY MARY BOHANNON

On our church, Covenant Presbyterian, we choose certain projects pertaining to the happiness of the youngsters, the youth, and the elderly.

As my life begins to go in its uneventful way I chose to seek the frankness, sometimes innocently brutal, of the youngsters, the eager questioning of the youth, and the wisdom of the elderly. My final choice was the elderly. How much I learned!

1. They are not essentially disturbed by the toll of time.
2. They do not distort the Truth.
3. Finally they have found a solace in the Acceptance of it all, without looking for a helping hand.

4. Their answers were live with the Omnipotent Will.

From these ruminations came this:
Hidden beneath the facade
Of being untouched
Is the inner pain,
Too profound to divulge—
The stoicism of those
Who accept the Omnipotent Will.

—Mary Bohannon

Afro-American
Straddling the fence.
Which side is greener?
Side one—
A heritage,
Strength,
A culture,
Nostalgia of primitive freedom.

Side two—
A society,
Power,
A tradition.
Intimations of civilized slavery.

Fact:
Society the reality
Heritage a wistful desire.
—Morris W. Barrier

KNOWLEDGE
At the very core of my perceptive faculties,
Driving currents of subconscious data—
Rationalized,
Processed,
Recognized.

—Wm. F. Grice, III

NEGLECTED
Nature gives birth to Spring.
Winter recedes into hibernation.
The earth sheds its dreadful face of stillness
To take on the transformed face of vitality.
All creation wears the new wardrobe of Spring,
But me.

—Gloria Harris

SEASON
We do not touch

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.

Writers By GEORGE E. RUSS Forum

Or talk of things
That matter.
We let
The empty pages
Multiply,
Flaunting amidst
An endless winter.
No time
To penetrate life,
Grasp an
Unearthed essence
Or become a part
Of the entirety
Of things.

—Toby Jones

OLD MAN
You're no beggar, you could
not be
Though you stand there
shaking
In rags, the wind blowing
Cold vestibule, now home
rent-free.

In your sweet youth and
prime
You toiled 'neath better clime
Filled your cup, to Caesar
his due
Bitter the fruit, hunger in
view.

A quarter, did you say
A few cents for today
How 'bout tomorrow, the to-
morrow
Old man, America's sorrow.
—Linda A. McGloin

PRIME ENCOUNTER
Occasioned wound shadows
this prime encounter—
Once an enchanted transport
of harmony.

Accumulated resident feel-
ings brose
As brooding meditations on
fledgling wing.

Grace of strength, accommo-
date vain existence,
So, unaccustomed to this
brush with veiled pain;
Counter fate's insistent ex-
ternal urgings;

Attend imperceptibly with
constant force;
Brace inner countenance un-
til aversion
Haunts temptation, and sub-
tle gildings pierce
Only the flesh, penetrate not
the heart.

Rebound from this crush, soar
as the phoenix
Never more susceptible to
broken flight.

—Rose Cox

aspirations—remove the stigma of loneliness that rears its head at the moment the television set is silenced, there are many who long for the ideal companion.

If one listens attentively, one will hear an assortment of Don'ts in selecting a life companion. People will talk and often times, unknowingly, they shall offer some darn good free advice—more often, warnings to lonely hearts that smirk of gullibility. For example, a spinster supervisor was overheard warning a young, promising Food Operator: "Don't sell yourself for money or position. Don't fail to test thoroughly protracted association. Don't fail to consider the grade of the one you are going to marry."

Perhaps every grandmother you know has uttered this advice to bright-eyed lassies of the third generation: "Don't throw yourself away; remember marriage is not for a day."

Here is a Don't that has fallen upon more deaf ears than most Don'ts: Don't fail to seek the advice of your parents.

Watch the guilty expression on the faces of persons who give out these Don'ts: "Don't marry to please a third party," or "Don't marry to spite anyone," or, "Don't marry because someone else is seeking the same person."

This particular Don't is one of the first Don'ts that my attention was ever called to: "Don't marry to get rid of anyone or an unpleasant situation." It seems that one of my parents married to get rid of the drudgery of farm life.

"Don't marry from the impulse of love; Don't marry without love." Until the meaning of the latter was fully realized, the latter Don't appeared to have been employed by a meddling old goodie-goodie.

"Don't marry because you have promised to do so" gives rise to much food for thought. Who goes around making mere promises?

"Here is a Don't to sit up with: 'Don't marry to test thoroughly effects of separation.'"

It takes a real intellectual to give this Don't a fair shake of consideration: "Don't fail to consider the effects of heredity in your children."

After hearing the pros and cons, the whyfores and the therefore, this Don't makes good sense: "Don't marry downward."

Finally, last, but in no wise the least of the sage Don'ts offered by parents, teachers, experts, preachers, the wise old owls who prefer to remain unattached, this Don't offers sane advice: "Don't marry suddenly."

Of peaceful blending, Brainard writes:

I saw two clouds at morning
ingled with the rising sun.
And in the dawn they floated
on
And mingled into one;

I thought that morning cloud
was best
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
flow smoothly to their
meeting,
And join their course, with
silent force,

In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course, thru
banks of green
While dimpling eddies played
between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall
beat;
Like summer's beam and

Sat., April 21, 1973 THE CAROLINA TIMES—24

NCNB Announces The Appointment Of Their Second Woman Branch Manager

DURHAM — North Carolina National Bank has announced the appointment of its second woman branch manager in Durham.

Mrs. Patsy Yates, formerly a marketing representative with the bank, has been promoted to branch manager of the Roxboro Road branch, according to Sam R. Sloan, Vice President and NCNB city executive here.

Mrs. Yates will replace Russ Miller, assistant cashier, who

summer's stream
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms
shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is
peace—

has been branch manager at Roxboro Road since its opening last year. Miller will transfer to the Northgate branch where he will replace P. Van Craven, Jr., who has resigned.

Mrs. Yates joined the bank in 1961 as a teller and has served in several capacities. She is married to Harold Yates. They are members of the Edgemont Baptist Church and the Broken Anchor Boat Club.

Sloan also said that Mrs. Mary K. (Kitty) Bradley, customer service representative at the Northgate branch, has been promoted to marketing representative, replacing Mrs. Yates.

PUT SCOTLAND ON YOUR SCHEDULE

Robert Burns said Scotland was "far dearer than spicy forests or gold bubbling fountains." He didn't record how unusual it also is. He might not have realized—being born a Scot himself.

Where else could you sit in Burns' own chair? For only the price of a round of drinks for everybody at the bar?

Or if that seems expensive, think of the friends you might meet, talking about it. Go to the "Globe Inn," near where the poet spent his last few years as a tax collector.

The chair, in a corner, is labeled "Burns' Chair," and the thrifty local Scots keep an eye out for anybody who sits in it. The Burns Society meets at the Inn every Thursday night for recitation and songs. If you visit, they'll show you the odd version of "Comin' thru the Rye," which Burns scratched on a window with his diamond ring. But don't sit in the poet's chair unless you feel philanthropic.

You can arrange to be on hand at Selkirk, June 15 and 16. This is Sir Walter Scott country. He was sheriff here. You will arrive just in time for



Dressed to kilt, Scotch clan assembles in battle regalia.

the annual "Common Riding," or as it's known locally, "The Great Morning." Selkirk has managed to telescope all its local pageantry into two days. It combines the ancient border watch for suspicious Englishmen, the Battle of Flodden observance, a horse race, a carnival and parade into a celebration that lasts from the peep of dawn till long after dark. Every riding horse in twenty miles is drafted for the race to the River Ettrick

and the ride up to town borders.

Edinburgh is a bit north and has more than its share of the unusual. There's a Museum of Childhood which isn't for children. It's a fascinating exhibit of things connected with children in all eras—there's a set of crown jewels at the Castle, centuries older than the jewels at the Tower of London.

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