

**REFLECTIONS**  
FROM NCCU  
BY  
MARY BOHANON

**PITIABLE**

Usefulness to him was that time, that where, that how, when he must be, for the changing mob, an integral part—a part so integral that he denies his own convictions for they have yet to be proven the progressive instrument in man's search for Truth. He has been brainwashed to believe that one must not stand outside—one must not objectively observe—one must not keep to an established fact—one Must be "useful".  
Mary Bohanon

**A PLEA FOR SANITY**

Bring back  
The humming of the brook,  
The ripples in the stream,  
The chirping of the birds,  
The foliage in the trees,  
All living  
On the breath of earth.

Shall we but wait?

Time is running,  
Tempers flowing,  
We are no longer  
Sacred cows sacrificed  
On the altars of  
Bestiality.

Linda McGloin

You

You have given a glimmer,  
A meaning. Drab existence  
Already fading, as driftwood  
Caught in tangle with greens  
By riverbanks.

You have pulled me  
From dejection. So tender,  
I can't resist  
surfacing  
To reason and compassion.  
Whole once again.

Wishing many more  
posesses  
Same gentleness,  
sincerity...  
If all the world's  
like you,

Then, I should have  
A bigger heart.  
Linda McGloin

**ISABEL**

She was always there  
No matter what the day,  
In any weather,  
Yes, she was there.  
She sang me no lullabies  
About babes on treetops,  
But arias and sonatas,  
Her medley of cantatas.  
She painted me no thornless  
Roses, no rainless  
Bows of promises,  
But just a garden gate,  
A freshly plowed earth.  
If you had seen her  
You would have loved her.  
My mother.

Linda McGloin  
poem

Slowly resigning dusk  
Gives way to night.  
Solids evaporate  
Leaving vague gaseous  
masses,  
Somber mists.  
I dissolve  
Into a drifting patch  
of vapor,  
An omnipresent haze,  
Capturing desperate  
anonymity,  
Dreams dart up,  
Dancing bubbles.  
An exaggerated  
existence,  
No longer  
The child of  
memories  
Nor yet  
The man of  
expectation,  
What more hell.

Ellis "Toby"  
Jones III

**SOTTO VOCE**

Two o'clock a.m.  
He got to the door  
Fumbling with keys,  
Stealthily opening,  
Not a squeak.  
Inside, A blur  
Of shapes and shadows,  
Strange and familiar,  
Groping, tipping steps,

Shoes off...  
A wish to a creak,  
A thud to a clink,  
Breath between teeth,  
Trembling in the air.  
CLICK!  
"JUST WHERE HAVE—"  
"Sh-h-h, the neighbors  
Will hear."  
"Where have you been?"  
"Aw, c'mon, let's go to  
bed."  
"Oh, you-you—"  
"Sh-h-h-h—"  
Click!  
Darkness.

Linda McGloin

**TEARS**

Tears to feel  
Tears to know  
Uselessness  
Orbs of pain

Tears to know  
Tears to feel  
Lament  
Blood of sorrow

Tears to feel  
Tears to know  
Joy  
Trickles of delight

Tears?  
Crystals  
Frozen to rebel  
Strength for tomorrow

Morris W. Barrier

**Peril Of Seaweed**

LONDON (AP) — A Japanese seaweed strain that grows as much as an inch a day threatens marine life on Britain's south coast, scientists claim.

The only way for the current Washington scandal to score decisively as bigger than Teapot Dome would be for the government to sell off the oil rights under the Watergate building.

**Life Begins At 62½**  
By George B. Russ

Miss Madie wished that she had learned early in life how to hide her emotions at the sight of a slightly traumatic experience. There was nothing startling about a borderline midget, but she had stood petrified when she first saw "dancing fingers" on the ground. Besides, this one was gentlemanly with a sunny tan complexion, tremulous, smiling lips; "pay me no mind. Gentlemen are scarce as hen's teeth around here and you shook me up ah-mite when you 'nounced that you'd open the car door for me."

The bright red plastic leather of the van perked up Miss Madie's spirit, therefore, she relaxed and immediately looked forward to going for a ride with "short stuff."

Only when she looked at the boy-man perched on the driver's seat did she sense embarrassment. He looked too much like a boy to stir her hardened arteries to feelings of love making. And while she was trying to figure out some way to put an end to any sprouting ideas in his mind along said lines, he said in a deep husky voice, "I've got-ah-delivery to make down round Ingold—would you like to ride with me?"

His bass voice was stirring-commanding. She spoke up demurely; "drive on, brother, I've got more time than I've got money." Her own glibness startled her, but she didn't betray her surprise; instead, she leaned back and let her head rest on the cushion of

the seat. "This is the coolest place I've found today," she said absently as she closed her eyes against the glare of the noontday sun.

"Miss Madie, you don't remember me do you?" He asked.

"Don't reckon I do. I'm suppose to have an elephant's memory for faces, but I can't recollect your face around Bayborough."

"I'm Will Deal—Sam Deal's son. My grandmama raised me down here in the country. But I used to work in his store there on Lee Street. You used to come in and buy five cents worth of liver every Wednesday evening." He laughed a deep throaty laughter.

Miss Madie recoiled from the apparent pointedness of his laughter, however, she kept her discomfort well concealed. She answered calmly, "there was ah-time when nickels worth of liver was-ah-plenty for me 'n the neighbor's cats."

He hastened to make amend any felling he had wounded; "I know you had plenty. Liver wasn't but ten cents-ah-pound. I wasn't laffing at you—I was thinking-ah-bout uncle Walter—he is a big-time teaser—he waited on you one day and when you said you wanted a nickel's worth of liver, he tried to be funny when he said, 'you must be having lots of company these days.'" Will threw his head back and laughed deeply.

Miss Madie didn't think much of his joke nor his donkey-laugh. And to keep

from telling "short stuff" to button his lip before she got real nasty, she focused her attention upon the sun drenched landscape. The heat waves gave the impression of rain coming down in sheets.

The truck whizzed along for a couple of miles before Will broke the thick silence; "I 'speck we're going to get some rain between now and midnight." His voice was lazy-noncommittal.

Miss Madie's huffiness had not lost as much of its sting as she thought, therefore, her intended joke came off badly; "If you speck, what's the flies going to do?"

Will Deal struggled with the steering wheel for a moment before he replied, "pardon my dust, lady, I just made a wild guess at how soon we'll be getting some rain."

Miss Madie squirmed uncomfortably; her flippancy had boomed-ranged and she was the worst off for a ways and means of rechanneling the pithy remark. "I was only funning," she offered as a peace offering.

"No need feeling sorry for yourself, Miss Madie—I ain't going to run off the road widcha."

"Forget what I said about the fly. I don't know what got into me that caused me to run-off at the mouth."

"All is forgiven, friend. I don't scare easy—I'm ah-little piece of leather but I'm well put together."

Miss Madie grunted, "Ugh!"

"Ugh, what? Ask Hattie Beamon about me."

"Ask her what?" Miss Madie's voice carried traces of clipped anger, however, she felt what Will Deal should know when he was approaching forbidden areas—"rubbing her the wrong way."

As she expected, Will Deal did not comprehend the hint

of anger in her voice, he plunged right into a discourse of "Miss Hattie."

"Your friend is fine as gnats' liver most of the time, but, like most women folk, she defeats her purpose with bossiness. She thinks a man's tail is made for her foot."

Miss Madie relished the negative approach to Hattie Beamon's character and moved in closer to Will Deal to hear every word.

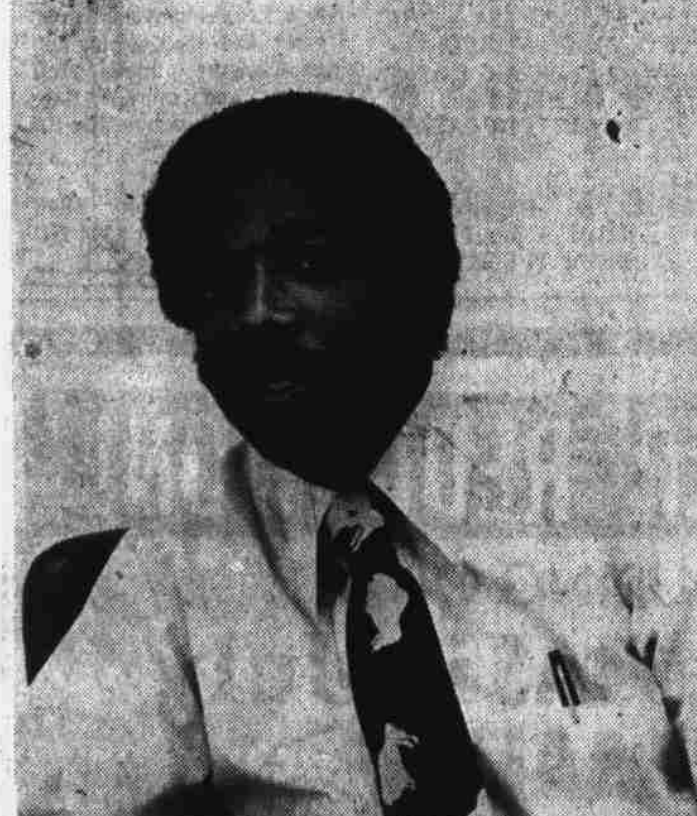
"This business belongs to my folks. Grandpa started it and through thick and thin th' family has kept it together. Deal's pork sausage, Bar-Be-Cue Pork 'n Ribs does good business, but, the money isn't mine. Between me 'n you 'n the gate post, I used to help Miss Hattie with her rent 'n groceries 'n anything else. She is no gold mine but she is nice. I helped her until I found out that she was fooling around with a young buck. I ain't one for feeding frogs for snakes—so, I just left her be. She hates my guts, but I couldn't stand around like a tick on a dog's belly 'n see my cash go down the drain."

Miss Madie made no reply, after all she was a woman and she just didn't approve of one woman killing another woman to a man. What was sauce for the for the goose is sauce for the gander. If "shorty-pants" had had a chance, he probably would have done for Hattie what she did for him. She sat watching Will wheel the van into the narrow driveway of Cumbo's WaySide Market and Grocery Store.

While Will was busy inside the van, the screen door of the store came open and Jeff Boykins came out carrying two bags of groceries and following him was Bella McDougal carrying two cartons of drinks. Miss Madie nearly stood up in the van—continued.



**DR. JACKSON**  
A & T DEAN STEPPING DOWN — Dr. Arthur Jackson, dean of the School of Arts and Sciences at A & T State University, is leaving that post this month to return to the classroom.



COWAN

**Frank Cowan Is New Director of The Office Of Minority Affairs**

WASHINGTON, D.C. — The Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Robert S. Strauss, has officially announced the re-organization of the Office of Minority Affairs and the appointment of Frank Cowan as its new Director. Cowan is a native of Florida and previously served as a Special Assistant to the President of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees Union, AFL-CIO. He has also served as a Legislative Assistant to former U.S. Senator Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma, Executive Director of the Oklahoma City Urban League, and as Associate Director of the Miami Urban League.

In addition, Chairman Strauss also announced the appointment of Paul Brock as Assistant Director of the Minority Affairs Office, and to head the communications activities for the office— as well as assisting the Spanish Speaking, Women, Young-Dems and Nationalities offices in the area of communications.

Mr. Brock was formerly the News Editor of radio station WHUR in Washington, D.C., and the Executive Producer of

a local community access program for public broadcast station WETA, also in Washington.

Coordinating the activities of the Office of Minority Affairs of the Democratic National Committee, as well as all other special divisions of the party, will be Mrs. Azie Morton. Mrs. Morton will serve in the dual capacity of Special Assistant to the Chairman—as well as Deputy to the Vice-Chairman, Basil A. Paterson. She is a graduate of Huston-Tillotson College in Austin, Texas, and served as an assistant on the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity in the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. She was also one of the coordinators of the late President Johnson's White House Conference on Civil Rights.

The Vice-Chairman of the Office of Minority Affairs is Mr. Louis Martin, Vice-President of the Black-owned Sengstacke newspaper chain and Editor of the Chicago Defender. Mr. Martin was elected to the post at a meeting of the Democratic National Committee last March 23rd, 1973.

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