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The Winston-Salem Chronicle

YEN Reaches Out

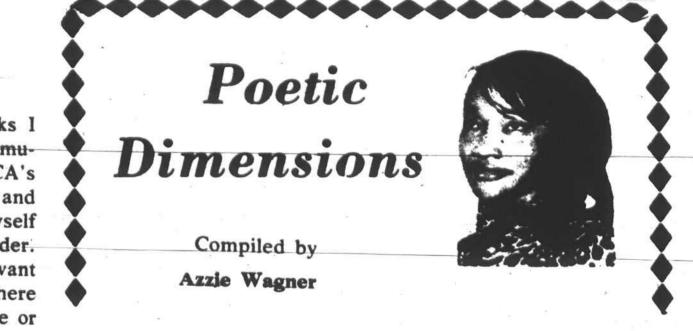
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in 1975 with a major in sociology. He says that he is interested in the special problem of minority and black youth, specifically because of his personal experiences in City. college.

Alexander says that he is dedicating himself to helping all of the young people in Winston-Salem but his initial efforts will be East of Camel

"During the next weeks I will be visiting ESR Community Centers, YM-YWCA's recreation centers churches to introduce myself and YEN," said Alexander. "Young people who want something to do, somewhere to go are urged to see me or

call my office," he said. The YEN will also make friendly referrals to young people who have problems with drugs, schools, or family. The Youth Energy Network is sponsored by Salem Youth Centers, Inc. Its executive director is Jerry Smith. YEN is a clearinghouse for youth activities. Its philosophy is to initiate and coordinate youth programs rather than operate these programs, said Alexander.



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Readers: May I take this opportunity to say to all of you how much I appreciate your response concerning the "Memory Files" selection last week in Poetic Dimensions. We'll always seek to reach you through poetry! So readers, if we publish something that turns you on, let us know about it! Keep getting that "spark of inspiration" and keep that "flame of creativity" burning brightly! This week, as a follow-up to last week's "Prayer" by Marion Boling, Mrs. Vergie Lassiter responded with....

OUR PARENTS By Vergie Lassiter [edited]

I think our Daddy was a wonderful man-He was always giving a helping hand. He worked so hard most of his life ---He reared five kids and married twice.

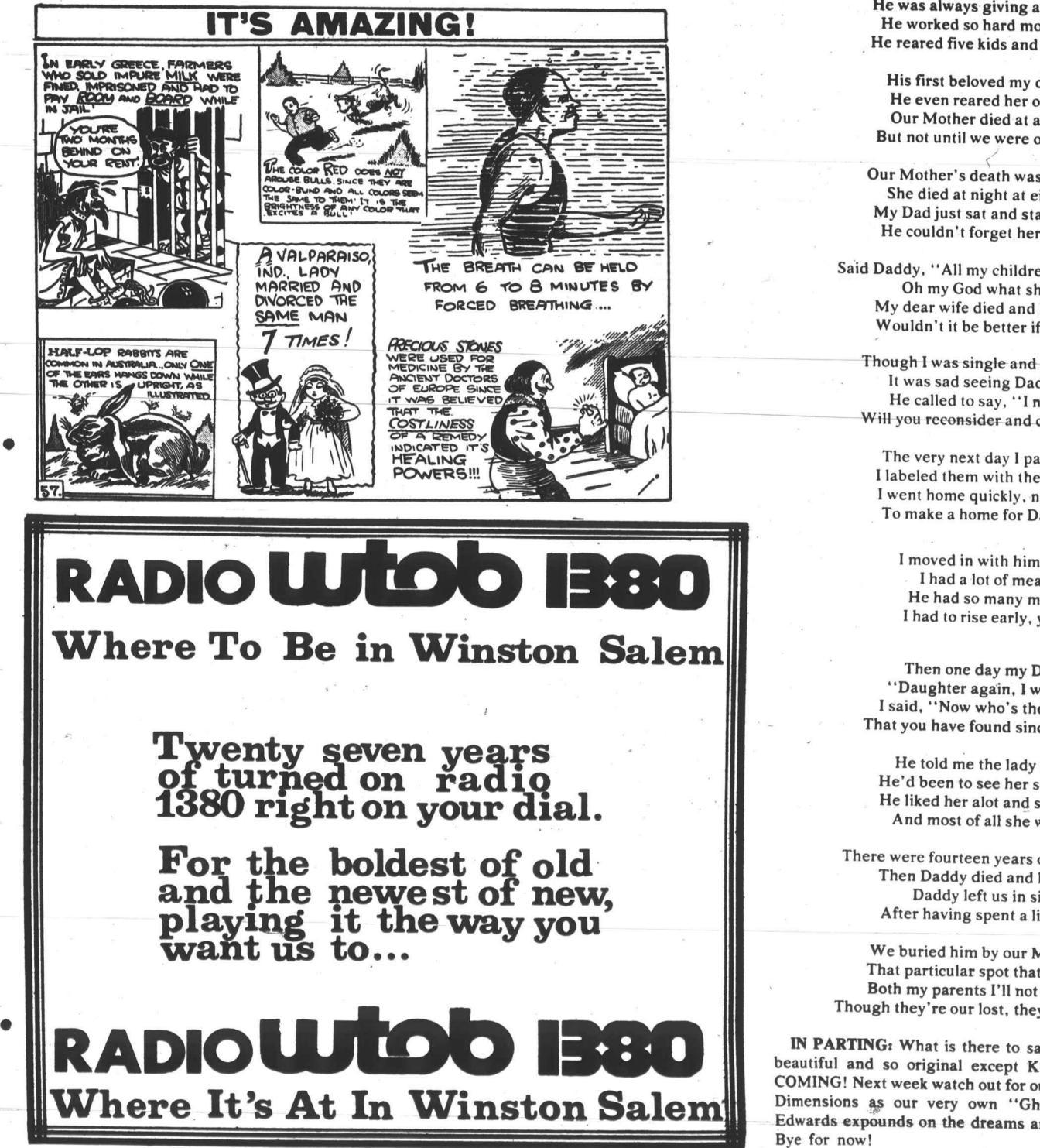
His first beloved my dear Mother, He even reared her only brother. Our Mother died at an early age, But not until we were on life's stage.

Our Mother's death was such a shock--She died at night at eight o'clock. My Dad just sat and stared for days--He couldn't forget her lovely ways.

Said Daddy, "All my children have left me too, Oh my God what shall I do?" My dear wife died and left me alone, Wouldn't it be better if I were gone?



PIZZA VILLA



Though I was single and away from home, It was sad seeing Daddy live alone, He called to say, "I need you dear, Will you reconsider and come back here?"

The very next day I packed my bags, I labeled them with the brightest tags! I went home quickly, not feeling blue, To make a home for Dad and me too.

I moved in with him in forty-six, I had a lot of meals to fix--He had so many men to feed, I had to rise early, yes indeed!

Then one day my Daddy said, "Daughter again, I want to wed." I said, "Now who's the lucky bride--That you have found since mama died?"

He told me the lady on his mind He'd been to see her several times--He liked her alot and she was dear--And most of all she was sincere!

There were fourteen years of that married life Then Daddy died and left that wife. Daddy left us in sixty-one, After having spent a life well done.

We buried him by our Mother's grave That particular spot that he had saved' Both my parents I'll not call by name ---Though they're our lost, they're heaven's gain!

IN PARTING: What is there to say readers after a poem so beautiful and so original except KEEP THE GOOD WORK COMING! Next week watch out for our SUPER SCOOP in Poetic Dimensions as our very own "Ghetto Poet" "Fat" Albert Edwards expounds on the dreams and life of the ghetto child.