

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Miss Madie Perkins had never seen South Hill in its proper perspective until she had left it. She had been living in South Hill for the better part of sixty years but she had never cared who her neighbors were: good, bad or indifferent; so long as they minded their own business and left her to mind her own. She had kept to the "straight and narrow" path to the Kaypots, had been bulldozed out of existence over night and she had the worst time of her life bypassing the stuff in the pathway she had traveled for umpteens of years; nevertheless, she had not lifted her eyes to examine the rows of houses being built. She had heard that a war was being fought overseas, but she hadn't allowed the configuration to worry her one bit. She had left the business of worrying about sugar and shoe stamps to the Kaypots. And whenever the Kaypot men came home on furlough, they were always "neat and clean as her pantry shelves" and looked as well-fed as Hector, mister Ben's hound dog, that, she just couldn't bring herself to believe that this was the war to end all wars. Actually, the nastiest blow she had to her sanity was the passing of President Roosevelt. The Kaypots were Republicans and itched to see the last of the Roosevelts, however, when the news came through that Franklin Delano Roosevelt had passed, the Kaypots were as shook up as any of the poor whites and Negroes. She wasn't one to cry easily, but she couldn't refrain from shedding a few tears for the passing of a "God sent man for the poor people." Three times, she went to the polls and cast her vote for him and was ready to vote him in again despite all the talk the Kaypots spread around about the country heading for a dictatorship.

Except for the death of F. D. R., she hadn't given

a hoot about what else was happening in the world. She had to admit that the colored folk here in Bayborough had gone from "stink to sugar;" they had built beautiful homes and drove around town in fine cars. Now that she had made a jennyss of herself, keeping to herself like a bumpkin, she felt awful. The world around her was beautiful and prosperous. The folk here in the South Hill section were doing things in grand style. She hoped to God that the Kaypots would find time to visit South Hill and see for themselves that all colored people aren't nasty, lazy, dance crazy, shiftless, big liars, poor-mouthed begging creatures born in the world to make life uncomfortable for industrious, creative white people. The Kaypots always spoke of white people as though they were something good to eat. Personally, she couldn't think of one thing that white folk do, besides attract money, that other people don't do. All the folks she had met, eat, sleep, work, court and marry or just meet and stick together like flies caught on fly-paper. Miss Madie knew that she was one of nature's misfits in the scheme of things but this abnormality had not disturbed her once she passed twenty five. The intricate business of earning her daily bread; clothing her body; storing fuel for the winter to heat the cold rooms of her abode; laying by a little cash for a rainy day; paying her bills promptly; church going on the Sunday's she was off duty; keeping busy on Thursdays, her day off, doing things she didn't have time to do because she had to work and was too tired when she returned home at night to do more than soak her feet and crawl into bed, had, in truth, kept her so well disciplined that all the things that normal healthy people do doing a life time had left her untouched.

Sunday was church day and she spent the tramping from one service to another, therefore, she was too weary when she returned home to wash her underthings or hang up her r clothes or return her Sunday hat 'n hand bag 'n gloves 'n shoes to their respective places. She had always wanted to do all the things people do after work hours: love and be loved; go places and see things - deep down, she

wanted a husband - a man: the quarrels, poutings, scraps and the making ups that come with having a man around. Miss Madie's brown eyes squinted as she smiled dreamily up to the mid-morning sunlight. Suddenly her dream bubble was shattered when a male voice chuckled to close for comfort; "Well! do-daddy do. You're a sight for th' sore eyes." Continued.

8. Recruit Den Chief for all Cub Scout Dens and make sure they are kept informed of Den and Pack Programs and plans.

9. Keep in touch with the den through the Den Leader Coach. Help them with their Cub Scouting Problems.

10. Cooperate with Scoutmasters concerning Den Chief from their troops and on graduation of your Webelos Scouts into Boy Scout troops. Arrange for a meeting of your Webelos Den Leaders and Scoutmaster of troops your boys may join.

11. Keep in touch with parents. Be sure they understand the advancement plan.

12. Maintain cub scouting policies and procedures. Did you take this job thinking you were going to work directly with boys? Sorry, you are the guiding hand behind the work of many other adults who work with boys. You're a recruiter, a trainer, a supervisor, a director, a planner and a motivator of other leaders.

SCOUT CORNER

By E. L. KEARNEY



E. L. Kearney

CUBMASTER'S DUTIES

Not too long ago, I heard a couple of Cubmasters make this statement, "our Den Leaders are so good, they don't need us."

It is probably true that these Cub Packs don't need the Cubmasters, especially if they accept the fact that simply because they have been invited out of a weekly Den Meeting that their jobs have ended.

The Cubmaster has 12 primary responsibilities in Pack Management. They should be shared with other leaders, but the Cubmaster must be responsible for seeing that they are done.

These management duties are:

1. With the help of Pack Leaders, plan the Annual Pack Program.

2. Hold a Pack Leader's Meeting each month and run the Pack Meeting.

3. Recruit a Den Leader Coach. Be sure the Coach is trained.

4. Recruit a Webelos Den Leader. Be sure he is trained.

5. Recruit and train Pack Leaders as needed.

6. Work closely with the Pack Committee. (See page 30 in the Cubmaster's Packbook).

7. Work closely with the Pack Treasurer and Secretary. Be sure that new boys are registered promptly and that den dues are turned in at the monthly Pack Leaders Meeting.

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