

THE COLORED VILLAGE

Community Singing

We wish to thank the editor for the space for our notes, and want to assure our readers that we are always glad when it is said let us do something for the Community Singing, for we are not only able to develop as singers, but it brings us together as a family ("for indeed we are of the royal family of God").

Then it is not ours to be indolent in whatever the leader points out to us. Gladly and willingly we go, ever mindful "that we must shine right where we are."

Since our last writing, we have had four regular Sunday afternoon meetings aside from the weekly meetings.

The number is still increasing. The sayings of heretofore that we cannot "stick together" are ancient history, for truly we have a grand union, and indeed we sigh when one has to break ranks, so strong is the tie of our chorus.

We have some new plans of which we hope to relate in the next issue.

All are invited to attend our song service.

—A. B. T.

Church Notes

The churches are working earnestly under their energetic pastors, Revs. P.

F. Long and J. A. McDonald, of the Baptist and Methodist Churches respectively. The Methodists have begun putting their material on the ground for building, and the Baptists will begin at an early date.

The Methodists had a rally, conducted by Bishop Blackwell, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Fraiser, of Norwood, N. C., in which they raised one hundred dollars or more. This rally was on the second of this month (Ground-pig day).

From Overseas

American Expeditionary Force
January 15, 1919

Mr. L. S. Grandy:

Dear Sir:—Tonight, while my light is not shining very good, I can't see very well, but however your letter was received on the fourteenth, and it found me well, and was also glad to hear from you. Know I am with all the old boys from Badin, and I told all the boys about our town, Badin, and all the old boys say that they will be on the job as soon as Uncle Sam turns us loose. Old Sam Johnson is with me, the one that used to come to the office, and get boots in the other fellow's name—I suppose you can remember him; he was cock-eyed; he worked on the mountain

with Mr. Whitlock. He said give Mr. F. O. Culp his regards. He said he is going to get his bunch of men for the crusher, so I will try to get all that I can for you, and I hope it won't be much longer before I can see some of my old friends in dear old U. S. A. once more. Oh! it seems like it has been twelve months since I saw a colored girl. I haven't had a shoe shine since I been in France. Oh, it is hard, but fair. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Cowart, and the rest of the office men. Tell Mr. Cooper and Mr. Clapel and Tommie, look out for me; I will be home soon.

Yours

WM. HUMPHREY

Company "A", Three Hundred and Thirteenth Labor Battalion, A. E. F., France.

Our Opportunity

Since the dawn of the negro's landing at Jamestown, Va., three hundred years ago, his pathway thru ages of civilization has been brightened by the appearance of opportunities. It is true that many of those were allowed to pass unnoticed, and have never come again. That is to say, an opportunity once allowed to pass is gone forever. This being true, there is every reason why no one of the negro race should allow an opportunity to go by when once it presents itself to that individual. Booker Washington, the nationally recognized Moses of the negro race in America, said: "We need never hope for citizenship in America in the true sense until



RECREATION BUILDINGS—DANCING AND POOL—IN THE COLORED VILLAGE