

The Carolina Times

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SATURDAY, AUG. 10th, 1940

THE SCHOOL SURVEY

A comparative survey of the white and Negro school of Durham, recently made by two prominent women of the race, will doubtless open the eyes of many citizens of both groups, as to the deplorable condition existing in the Negro schools of this city.

Frankly the CAROLINA TIMES sees no reason why the Durham Negro schools in their present condition, should be permitted to continue in operation, and we recommend that the city be asked to keep the Negro schools of Durham closed until conditions in them are such that they will not operate to the detriment of Negro children.

Quite often it takes drastic action to remedy a drastic situation. We happen to know that conditions in the Negro schools of Durham are much worse than shown in the survey made several weeks ago.

The present plight of the Negro schools in Durham presents a challenge to all fair-minded white citizens and courageous Negro leaders. The condition is so serious that Negro leaders who are the cringing type would do better to keep out of the picture entirely.

We think there is enough fear in Durham among its white citizens, and enough courage among its Negro citizens to meet the Negro school issue without fear or favor, provided such citizens are given the right of way.

Information has come to the CAROLINA TIMES that the call this week for more than 200 Negro volunteers for the engineers division at Fort Bragg is in reality a call for Negroes to serve in the labor battalion.

The CAROLINA TIMES has never understood this rank discrimination against Negroes in the nation's defense program. We cannot understand how the United States can accept into all branches of the service, foreign born persons, while denying the same privileges to American Negroes.

The record of the Negro soldier is one that any race should feel proud of. History records no instance in which a Negro has betrayed his country. In the time of war, as in the time of peace, he has always proven a loyal and patriotic American citizen.

We trust the information which we have obtained, as reliable as the source appears to be, is erroneous. We trust that instead of the labor battalion, the Negro youths who answer the call for the engineer division at Fort Bragg will find themselves full fledged American soldiers.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Within the Negro race there may be found all types of people. You will find the doctor, the lawyer, the preacher, the teacher, the educator, the artist, the criminal, the sinner and the tramp.

Therefore the law of the axioms cannot be applied to the social order which governs the Negro race or any other race for that matter, and so that one condition is indeed an unfortunate one.

And unfortunately, as is the case with just about all of the minority groups, the illiterate people are in the majority and are more active criminally.

Therefore, since the slightest bit of Negro blood is the common denominator which reduces every darkskinned American to the lowest term, it then becomes necessary that every educated cultured, able right thinking and upright Negro citizens should feel that "I am My Brother's Keeper."

Now and then, and too often, a Negro or a few may rise to the heights and write his or her or their names high above the lower strata, also members of the race, but as a group, as a race of people, the Negro must either rise together or fall together.

BETWEEN THE LINES

BY GORDON B. HANCOCK

TRADITION OR CONDITION?

WHEN THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION nominated President Roosevelt for a third term last week in Chicago, it did the wisest and most logical thing in the premise. It was a matter of proceeding from the known to the unknown with Roosevelt as standard bearer; while in the case of Willkie, it is proceeding from the unknown to the unknown.

It is true, nobody knows what turn events will take, but Roosevelt has proven himself in situations that were critical and when measures had to be heroic. He has brought thus far and in a in so far as ability is concerned, Roosevelt is a known quantity. As much cannot be said of Mr. Willkie. If this country wishes to trust its destiny in the hands of an unknown, untried leader, it has perfect right so to do; but common sense does not so dictate present.

There are only two objections that really can be raised against Roosevelt and one is political and the other is traditional? Politically, Roosevelt is a democrat, and of course all Republicans of a certain persuasion will object to him on general principles, which have no place in critical times like these. Intelligent men expect the Republicans to quibble and heckle over non-essentials. They expect the opposition party to raise opposition to the good and the bad. Nobody expects Republicans to endorse a Democratic nominee and on general principles then the fight that Republicans will make on Roosevelt should first of all be regarded as mere politics in the interest of the Republican party.

Divested then of its political aspects, the coming election should, evolve around the issues of internal unity and international safety. Even more important than our vaunted liberty and freedom is the matter of their security. Liberty without security is merely a psychological figment, fringed with fantasy. More important than the solution of our internal troubles is this matter of perpetuating "the American way of life." More important than the matter of securing Negroes their every right is the matter of preserving the democratic ideals through which alone the Negro may hope for the future. Totalitarianism holds little of hope for minority groups in general, and Negroes in particular; our fortunes therefore, are bound up with the democratic ideologies.

Roosevelt seems to be our best hope to combat the fascist movements and ideologies. He has manifested his interest in the masses and has striven to remember "the forgotten man."

That the forgotten man has gotten a better hand in the New Deal cannot be doubted. It is true that every man's dinner pail has not been filled; but Roosevelt has seen to it that the man with the full dinner pail share something with the man with empty pail. This, it is true, has irked certain classes, but it has started off a revolution and kept this nation with even keel. Politically there is nothing against Roosevelt aside from the fact he has tried to keep faith with the forgotten man!

The big fight then will be waged around the tradition of the term. This should be no great barrier to thinking men throughout the nation. Tradition is not something too sacred to be sacrificed. It is just a pattern of behavior which has nothing of the sacred in its except insofar as it meets conditions. Different conditions call for new traditions just as "time makes ancient good uncouth." Breaking down certain traditions is one of the pressing needs of the hour. It was once traditional to lynch Negroes accused of certain crimes or no crimes at all. Who wants such tradition perpetuated? It was once traditional that no Negro has rights any white man has bound to respect. Such was a hellish tradition and its complete passing will be a blessing.

It is even traditional now in certain quarters that Negroes can live cheaper and therefore should be paid a small wage than whites. This tradition is best seen in double standard of teacher salaries throughout the South. Who wants such tradition preserved? It is traditional among certain ignorant whites that Negro women are utterly without virtue. The lie of this has been proven a hundred times and still persists but who wants to preserve it? It is traditional among certain Negro religious circles that "seeing and hearing" something is a part of conversion. A tradition that needs discarding.

The Conditions demanding Roosevelt leadership are more important than third term tradition! TRADITION OF CONDITION?

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As Time Marches On

William Strudwick

Last Saturday night tragedy again stalked the whisper lanes of Haiti. The whirling dervish of four natives of the city enroute to New York into hasty oblivion. So swift, so crushingly sudden was the accident, and so devastating its destruction that it makes one want to say, 'Hurry and help that friend you've been intending to help for so long; on home now and tell those you really care for just how much you do care, and add a little more kindness to the deeds you do each day; for, we never know when the moving finger may jab A PERIOD of our little page in this panorama of nights and days.

It should, too, make those who have at various times the lives and safety of others in their hands, be just a little more careful. All the world it seems these days moves on wheels, swift wheels, unfortunately, there is no room for error, you can only make one mistake at 80 miles per, just one, no more.

THIS PILLAR ADDS SYMPATHY HERE TO ALL THE BEREAVED FAMILIES.

REMEMBER Remember me when I am gone away, Gone far into the silent land! When you can no longer hold me by the hand,

Nor I half turn to go, yet turning, stay, You tell me of our future that you planned; Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to council or pray, Yet if you should forget me for a little while And afterwards remember, do not grieve; For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had Better by far that you should forget and smile Than that you should remember and be sad.

—Christina Rossetti

THESE THEY PEOPLE

There is a story of a rich man who literally grasped the world in his hands and took from it what he wanted. This man stole the love and affection of the his personal friends; ruthlessly he would crush struggling young business men to the earth and ruin; he believed in nothing but his own strength, his own power, his own wealth. On his made way up to the pinnacle of power he really found on that he loved. Even then he found that his life was such a wall of lies and deceit that though he wanted to stop he couldn't stop then. While on his honeymoon—he was called to the city by a faked telegram sent by his friend's wife, a finish affair for him but not for her. In the ensuing argument, she shot him—the husband appearing on the scene takes all the blame. The rich man was not killed by the shot but paralyzed, unable to use any of his limbs or to speak, doomed to lie in the agony of knowing and see his friend take the blame for something for which he is not responsible, doomed to lie helpless and see the bitter tears of his own wife when revelations are made in court.

It was then and only then that he was able to realize just what havoc he'd created with his self-centered life—too late.

When Thomas A. Edison was asked what was the most valuable thing in the world he quickly answered, "Time; for all the money and power in the world can't buy a second of it." And so is, "The moving fingers writes

And having writ, moves on, And all your tears can't wash out a world of it, Not all your Piety or Wit lure it back half a line."

PACING PROGRESS Diogenes, the ancient, carried a lamp around looking for an honest man, some generations ago. The modern Diogenes is looking for the merchant who'll honestly say, "Business is fine," when business is fine. Looking retrospectively at some of our present businesses,

successful and unsuccessful, we find that much has depended upon the individual's ability to grow with the business and the honest effort to keep pace with the times.

All of the lines that were once exclusively ours have gained new titles and new aspects with modern times: The old barber shop has become a Tonsorial Parlor, with gaggets galore, the old corn doctor is now a Chiroprapist; the farmer even is now a man of science, agriculturist and so on. These fields could not all be kept exclusive it is true but those who were engaged in them could have kept pace with the times.

And the value of the printed page to the merchant men etc is yet to be realized fully. The intelligence to see the necessity of eternally telling the public in every manner possible, "I am in business, I am in business, I want your patronage! And doing this periodically and not spasmodically is indeed often the difference between success and failure.

Proprietor personality is a n bring business or send business away. The ability of the little or big business man to always see something of interest in the lives of the "peepul" that is in common with his life is the real personality secret.

FROM THE SANCTUM God forbid the time ever comes when mankind forgets in its pilgrimage back, the source from which it sprung, Mothers.

Any people, any nation, any race is only as strong as its mother. These who often sit alone and pray tear-filled prayers for their own; weep for them; rejoice when they rejoice; haunt Hell's Kitchen when their own wallow in Hell's Kitchen; and shed bitter tears when they ofttime come to a tragic just end.

TO AN OLD FRIEND I wonder if you ever bring to mind Those dream-filled moments spent alone with me.

And in doing so you ever find some remnant of that breathless ecstasy? And do you ever gaze with wistful eye At lovers hand, in hand along the way? And do you ever stop and wonder why We cast our love aside that fateful day? You have not lacked for love Of that I am sure

You have an irresistible appeal; And you possess a certain strange allure That even bored sophisticates feel. But, when within another's arms you lie And gaze into some other face I'll wager you'll recall the nights That I held you a willing slave in my embrace.

Surely, a thing so sweet as our affair Must linger just a bit in memory Far far, too many raptures we did share To ever from the past be wholly free.

—William W. Strudwick

REVERIES

And I too joined a caravaner of nights and days, and sat calmly by watching the shadow play upon the darkened walls and I knew I had not lost you at all. The night was filled with the hub of a million emotions—shadow dreams flickered to and fro in the firelight and I felt the urge to roll back the pages of endless night but time yelled "No More." As the ache of the opium dream clings to the eaker so does that spirit spell of you cling relentlessly to me and I feel the union of our spirit souls tho' you are still afar.

OF PREJUDICE there is one story of a fond mother who worked and slaved to send her son to College; then, worked and slaved again to send him to Med school. The dear son became ill—the mother rushed to the school and moved him home immediately; she rushed out and sent for a bevy of White Medicos to attend her son. He recovered, returned to school and graduated. Later, when he returned to his

Old Notions Upset By WPA History Of The Negro

RICHMOND, Va. —The twenty Africans who were landed at Jamestown during 1619 and their successors for many years following were not slaves but indentured servants. William Tucker, baptized at Jamestown in 1624, was probably the first Negro born in this country. The institution of slavery was not legally sanctioned in the Old Dominion until 1654. The first recorded revolt against slavery, moreover, was initiated by slaves themselves in the year 1687, and other revolts occurred before the Revolutionary War in 1776.

These are some of the many, little known facts which are set forth in "The Negro in Virginia" first state history of the Negro, produced by the Virginia Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration.

Sponsored by Hampton Institute, the project employed an average of twelve highly qualified Negro research workers, writers, and other white collar personnel. They worked under the general direction of Mrs. Eudora Ramsay Richardson, State Supervisor of the Virginia Writers' Project.

Roscoe E. Lewis, of the Department of Chemistry at Hampton Institute, was primarily responsible for the book. He prepared the initial draft and later supervised the task of producing a book which upsets various ideas of the Negro in American life and is regarded as an example of what is possible in interracial cooperation and good will. Throughout every step leading to its production, Sterling Brown former Editor on Negro Affairs for the WPA Writers' Program, gave time, attention and his prestige in the field of American literature to "The Negro in Virginia."

The book is something more than a history. Through nearly 400 pages, it not only delves deeply into facts little known to the American public and often neglected by historians but paints a social picture with bold strokes. The colorful folk speech of ex slaves themselves in the pre-Civil War sections of the book makes it stand out in vivid contrast to the usual historical reporting.

"The Negro in Virginia" is divided into four parts. First treated is the period that began with the landing of the first Africans at Jamestown and that ended with the Revolutionary War. Then comes the ante bellum

home to practice she couldn't understand why certain people gave him and his physics the cold shoulder. Here again we have an example of one who sees through a glass darkly; persons who rush to the most expensive source for the administration of all of their needs with the illusion of bestness.

FROM THE RANKS OF THE FORGOTTEN REVENGE

Debauchery's slave you are now, a vile thing, depraved of all of the vestiges of refinement you once knew, drenched in all of the vices of time, and yet, I can still see in your eye and in your demeanor some of those things you must have learned on a fond mother's knee. That wore tip on your battered hat—the faint indrawn smile as if fearful of being pitied and not wanting pity, an affected sneer with courtly guile. Then, when I turned to go you were neither reluctant nor anxious to part so; some how I gleamed from your studied calm you wanted me to run on because it was truly, hell, the memory lane I started you on. Sights and sounds, faces from the pages of the past rolled by your torrid brain. The one face that had stood between us through the years, you won, yes, but looking at you now I have no regrets, now—no sympathy either, so take off your coat cause I want ya to die without it.

The 38 cracked again and again; the once Dapper gentleman Jim coughed, crumpled, to the floor, smiling, because even dying he had beaten Jack again. Just as the smoke cleared the siren rang out—and a startled Jack went on his last ride. AS TIME MARCHES ON.—William W. Strudwick.

period, ending with the Emancipation Proclamation; then the period of Reconstruction; and finally the contemporary scene. One chapter deals with the Underground Railroad, principal means by which many slaves were led to Freedom. Rebellions and other forms of active protest initiated and carried out by free Negroes, white persons and the slaves themselves are described. These protests that spread throughout slave holding states are held largely responsible for the freedom of a half-million Negroes living lives similar to American citizens prior to the Civil War.

"The Negro in Virginia" devotes considerable space to the Negro as an important factor in the economic, industrial, civic, and cultural life of the Old Dominion and of the deeper South. Employing simple, direct but powerful style, the book analyzes the Negro as a field, hand, a creative artist, a coal miner, a business man, a munitions worker, a Journalist and a soldier. The Negro's work in education, in religion and in the founding of fraternal organizations is discussed.

More than fifty illustrations, including rare prints and photographs, are grouped under four sections of the book entitled "Out of the Past," "City and Farm, Education and Music, and A Living to Make. Of considerable interest are the photographs originally taken by W. Lincoln Highton, of the Federal Works Agency's Photographic Division, and Robert McNeill, young Negro photographer of Washington who served as photographic consultant for the Virginia Writers' Project. Several early photographs, taken by the celebrated Matthew Brady, are also reproduced.

William H. Moses, Jr., architectural instructor at Hampton Institute, drew the tailpieces for the book and the pictorial map used in its front and end papers. Sources for other pictures published in "The Negro in Virginia" are the U. S. Army Signal Corps, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Farm Security Administration, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and the Scudder Studio, Washington.

"It is appropriate," says Roscoe E. Lewis in the preface, "that the first WPA State book on the Negro be produced in Virginia; for here the first African natives were brought and held in enforced servitude, and here also more than two centuries later, freedom for some 5,000,000 of

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PROTEST WARREN'S NOMINATION

NEW YORK — Congressman Lindsay C. Warren of North Carolina, chairman of the House Audit Committee on Accounts, who in 1934 declared that "the House Restaurant has never served colored employees or visitors nor will it so long as I have anything to do with the restaurant," was nominated today by the Senate.

A strong protest against President Roosevelt's nomination of Mr. Warren, was voiced today by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The protest, which was contained in a telegram sent to the Chief Executive and signed by Walter White, executive secretary of the NAACP gave the North Carolina Representative's "unbroken record of hostility to American Negroes" as the reason for urging the President to withdraw his name.

The telegram represented the third protest launched against Warren's appointment to the Controller post by the President. Protests made in 1936 and 1938 were successful in having his name passed over by Mr. Roosevelt.