

Africo-American Presbyterian

"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii 32.

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BY THE WAY

The Editor of The Columbia (S. C.) State is using a deal of printer's ink and expending much energy in ethnological research to prove that the Abyssinians are not Negroes, since, according to native tradition, Menilehek, or Menelek, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, was their first king. These people are too rich in history and traditions to be Negroes, as the Editor of The State thinks and has a desire to tell the world. He gives scientific reasons for the color of their skin, but none for their thick lips and blunt noses and woolly hair—those of pure Abyssinian stock.

This brilliant Editor, in so many cases of this kind, seems to feel that it is his whole duty to keep the world informed as to "who's who" racially, if there is doubt; especially if the arrow points toward Negro or African extraction exerting itself as one of the factors of world powers.

The question with the Negro is: If the Editor of The Columbia State can succeed in proving that the Abyssinians are Semitic and by no means of African extraction, what has he gained for the reading and thinking world, and what has the Negro lost in body, mind, heart and soul; or in anything in reach of human opportunity?

It is strange that some men, who seem to be wise, set up pegs to knock down, while quite a number exchange six for a half-dozen; meanwhile they assume the air and posture of one all-victorious, or the man of the hour.

It is said that an Irishman, after purchasing a railroad return ticket from the ticket agent—hearing the American people are hard to fool—called his friend aside and whispered: "Pat, I've fooled the American man." Pat asked, "How, Mike?" His reply was: "I've bought a return ticket, and I aint coming back."

Perhaps he was not coming back, but what did he gain, since railroad companies do not sell return tickets for less than one-way fare. Then, too, what did the ticket agent or railroad company lose by virtue of his not coming back?

There is a certain aristocratic clan in Berkeley, Charleston, and Colleton counties that has succeeded to a finish in impressing a certain class of Negroes that they are not Negroes.

In no other section of the United States do you find white people so interested as to who is Negro and who is not Negro as you find in the counties mentioned. But I must go cautiously, for the Editor of The State is from Adams Run, Colleton county, and about 13 miles from Edisto Island, the hot bed of the colonial and ante-bellum aristocrats. But he knows that in and around Adams Run, Rantowles, Ravenells, and through the hill sections of Colleton county, there is a class of Negroes called "brass ankles." There is nothing in them of foreign extraction. They sprang from the soil and loins of the counties of their fathers and mothers, Berkeley, Charleston and Colleton, S. C. Many of them do not know of any other.

I should say in this connection that Negro men are not responsible for the begetting and existence of "brass ankles." Perhaps the world is aware of this fact.

"Brass ankles" were taught that they were not Negroes; and it was the custom when the hour of preaching arrived

on the Sabbath for the slaves, "brass ankles" were given a seat on the ground floor while the real slave Negroes with no Anglo-Saxon extraction occupied the gallery. Of course, this made the "brass ankles" feel that they were among the elect and cream of the South; and this was perfectly natural.

It is interesting to know why they are called "brass ankles." Although the white brother's blood be in "brass ankles" veins; and although "brass ankle" was accorded special privileges in the days of American slavery, his case today is not envied. He attempted to enter his white relatives' schools. They shut the door in his face. He moves into white rural communities among the aristocrats. They pass him by on the other side. Poor brass ankle's social life is pathetic. He is in a class by himself. The Negroes pass them by and watch them from under the rims of their hats with a doubting and repulsive eye.

"Brass ankles" were slaves in the days of slavery with special privileges; but around their ankle was welded a brass band with his owner's initials engraved in order to identify their brass ankle slaves if this class of slaves attempted to escape to the underground railroad for freedom, as many of them from Georgia and Virginia did.

This may be a distorted or modified tradition, but Mr. Samuel Gilliard Stoney has written a book entitled, "Po Buckra;" and in this book he gives the "brass ankles" consideration. But I am sure that the origin of the name brass ankle is not far off the mark; for I have read of brass ankles and talked with brass ankles of brass ankle lore. And, by the way, Mr. Stoney is of Charleston.

But, after all, this matter of race designation is the outgrowth of social and political power; or the result of duty performed; or the nature of the person or thing named. You will find this the case in Hebrew names; and it is the same with races. Study the origin of names of countries and races and you might be surprised as to how some races got their names and how some great countries came to be designated as to their names. It is interesting to know how the poor white man in the South came to be called "cracker" or "po' trash." You know why he is called "buckra" or "reb." Of course the Negro knows the origin of all his names, from "darker" down.

Suppose all black folks are not Negroes and all white folks are not Caucasians, as the Editor of The Columbia State seems to want us to know, then who is naturally responsible for the former and who is socially responsible for the latter with all of the depravity entailed?

This matter of "who's who" will not stand very much pressure. I is like ancestry: it does not pay to go very far into it lest you find some of your people on the gallows or in the hen house.

UNCLE BILLIE.

The modern mind is lacking in its labeled exhibits of sin. The consciences of our grandfathers were stirred to repentance by the visible reminders of sin which surrounded them on every hand. Insanity, epilepsy, blindness and various forms of disease; earthquakes, floods, tornadoes and other violent physical upheavals—these were interpreted as the divine punishment of perversity. Now we look for the causes of disease in germs not in sins.—Dr. R. W. Sockman.

MEETING OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

The Young People's League of the Yadin Presbyterian met with St. John's Presbyterian church, of Jonesboro, N. C., Friday, November 7th, for its regular Fall meeting.

The League was called to order by the President, and the first hour was spent in out door songs, games and yells; after which all representatives and members present were enrolled.

After the enrollment the ladies of St. John's church invited all present to a table heavily laden with many good things to eat. Before leaving the table, Miss Robinson, of Blandonia church, was asked to express thanks to the ladies, which she did in a few well chosen words.

From supper the group was called to order for business reports were made and the election of officers took place.

The reports from the various Leagues were indeed good and were accompanied by the full assessment from each League represented.

The President, Miss E. Barrett, of John Hall church, asked Rev. F. C. Shirley to preside during election of officers, which resulted as follows:

Miss Margaret Robinson, President.

Miss Pearl Tyson, Vice-President.

Miss Vivian Moone, Secretary.

Miss Rosa L. Blue, Assistant Secretary.

Miss E. L. Barrett, Treasurer.

The Advisory Committee are Mrs. Beatrice McMillan, Mrs. Doye Blue, Rev. P. N. Boykin and Rev. J. E. McMillan.

Miss Bernice Washington, Reporter.

Next was discussion of the topic, "Christian Conduct As It Relates to Home Life." Those taking part in the discussion showed that they had given time and thought to the topic. Then came the closing worship service, theme, "Sharing Jesus With Others." With appropriate songs, Scripture reading and prayers we were made to feel that it was a real service of divine worship.

MISS MARGARET ROBINSON, President.

MISS VIVIAN MOONE, Secretary.

SWIFT MEMORIAL COLLEGE NEWS ITEMS

Dr. W. C. Hargrave, of the English Department at Swift Memorial College, has been greatly honored by the East Tennessee Teachers' Association for Colored Schools by being elected as its President for the ensuing year. The good doctor richly deserves this singular honor. His untiring devotion to duty, his progressive outlook, his knowledge of educational problems, and especially his acquaintance with the problems confronting the schools in East Tennessee are all qualities which make him eminently suited to direct the activities of the Association for the next year. We wish him a successful year as President of the East Tennessee Teachers' Association.

Thanksgiving Day will be "Home-Coming" day at Swift. The Swift foot ball team will play its annual game with Greenville College of Greenville, Tennessee, on that day, and among other interesting items on the day's program is a Popularity Contest in which the Swift co-ed who receives the largest number of votes will be crowned as "Miss Swift" between the halves of

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THE LIQUOR INTERESTS STILL ACTIVE

By Dr. E. H. Cherrington

Behind the "window dressing" of the ostensible leaders of the fight against prohibition, there stand today, as there have stood in all the campaigns for a sober land, the sinister figures of those interested in the financial possibilities of the restored legalized sale of beverage intoxicants. They have at stake a prize worth from five billion dollars a year to seven billion dollars. It has been estimated that with our present population and the general wealth of the nation today, the liquor trade would be worth at least that much. It is only natural, therefore, that large sums should be invested in propaganda against prohibition by those who would most largely benefit financially should this national policy be abandoned or even seriously embarrassed. It is equally natural that the liquor interests should not desire to publicly appear in this fight. It is manifestly to their advantage if it can be made to appear that the question is not the enrichment of the brewers and distillers at the expense of the people in general but, instead, is one of personal liberty, state's rights or other more or less general ideals unrelated to the liquor question. It is also vital to the success of their purposes if the apparent leadership of the fight should be assumed by persons or organizations whose relation to the historic or potential liquor trade is unknown.

The Lobby Investigation of a subcommittee of the United States Senate Committee on the Judiciary revealed more fully the interests and the investments of the liquor group in this fight against the prohibition amendment. The lists of contributors to the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, seized from the files of that organization, by the Committee, showed the extent to which brewing companies and families long identified with the liquor traffic financed the wet fight. The later lists, however, did not show such contributions, an earlier exposure of the brewers and liquor men's gifts having been made, on the basis of the sworn returns made to the Clerk of the House of Representatives under the Corrupt Practices Act.

The wet organization, according to the testimony of its founder, W. H. Stayton, continued accepting from brewers until the 1st of January, 1930.

Another angle to the disappearance of the brewers' gifts appeared when Senator Walsh, of Montana, read into the Record (pages 4124-4125 of Hearings) from the minutes of the wet association the statement in a report of Mr. Curran that contributions from "brewers or persons in or formerly in the trade" had "fallen off so that they now represented about 1.5 per cent." Concerning this Senator Walsh asked: "Did some of the brewers withdraw?" to which Mr. Curran replied: "Certainly, some who had given in 1928 did not give in 1929. If this is withdrawing, it is so."

That contributions of liquor interests were sometimes so entered into the accounts of the wet organization that the names or the business of the givers was not revealed, was shown by a letter written by the secretary of the association to Hiram H. Walker, of Walkerville, Ontario, manufacturer of a famous whiskey, acknowledging his offer of financial aid and suggesting (page 4148 of Hearings):

WHERE THE NEGRO STOOD

By Kelly Miller
In The Newport News Star

The election is over. My prediction made a week in advance has been verified all but to the letter. The wets are jubilant. The Democrats are casting their anchor to windward for 1932. Mr. Hoover has received the most humiliating drubbing of any candidate of modern times. A margin of seven million majority has dwindled into a minority under his manipulation as head of the Republican Party. Taft suffered like reversal, but the obvious cause was a wide open split in the ranks. Harding was riding to a similar fall but a merciful Providence shifted the foreseen fate to the shoulders of Calvin Coolidge who ducked the blow even as he dodged all of the great issues arising under his administration.

Mr. Hoover is an innocent victim of an undeserved fate. The American voter, under the weight of depression and unemployment, visited the ills of the cosmos upon the administration in power. The master politicians on both sides of the political fence are now busy reforming the alignment for the next presidential campaign. The Republicans have learned a great lesson. Whenever the Grand Old Party of moral traditions turns its back upon a great moral issue, it thereby invites defeat. Any tyro in politics knows that if the administration had assumed an emphatic position on the Eighteenth Amendment and had directed the National Committee to hit hard on the prohibition cy in 'er, the result would have been much more consoling. But because the Republicans were neither cold nor hot, or rather both hot and cold, on this question, the American voter spewed them out of their mouths. Massachusetts and Ohio might have been saved. New York and Illinois would have been less hell-bent towards wetness. Morrow would have won in New Jersey on his own popularity and on the fame of his winged son-in-law. Hastings stood up like a man and won in Delaware.

The election has accomplished one clear result—it has broken the traditional fealty of the Negro to the Republican party. Never before was the Negro vote so obviously divided. The N. A. A. C. P. by a vigorous campaign in at least forty States battled against the pro-Parker Senators. Incidentally it supported the wets against the dries. Their sole aim was to avenge the pro-Parker Senators. Their vindictive policy is one of disputed wisdom. However, they followed their own philosophy to its logical conclusion.

In Harlem Negro voters chose two democratic judges against their Republican antagonists. This is the clearest proof of the record of the division of the Negro vote. The Afro-American tells us that seven thousand Negroes in Baltimore voted the Democratic ticket. The Lord only knows how the Negroes in Chicago voted. If they followed their proclivities and inclination, I fear the bulk of them voted the advice of B'g Bill Thompson for Lewis and wetness. DePriest, the wet, pulled through, while Judge George, the dry, went under. In Pennsylvania the race sustained the acid test. The Republican bosses bade them vote for the Democratic candidate for Governor against that moral giant,

Gifford Pinchot. I must leave it to the Editor of the Philadelphia Tribune to determine how many voted one way, and how many the other.

And so it goes all along the line. Never again can the Republican bosses command the Negro vote on the plea of by-gone benefits. The Negro today faces the future with his back to the past.

This does not mean that all Negroes have forsaken or will forsake the Grand Old Party. The old line politicians remained within the fold from a prudent sense of regularity. Mrs. Addie Hunton and Roscoe Simmons still waved the old flag of Republican glory around which we all used to rally in days gone by. Some, like myself, deemed prohibition the dominant issue, and supported dry candidates, and wished from patriotic reasons to uphold the hands of Mr. Hoover, not as a Republican, but as head of the nation, in the hour of storm and stress. On the whole, I have no doubt that for one reason or another, more than half of the colored voters supported the Grand Old Party. But this support rested largely upon principle and policy, rather than upon traditional fealty and undying devotion.

In the future the Negro will align himself with parties and issues according as they appeal to his patriotism and enlightened self-interest. The Republican party will hardly fail to get its just quota of Negro support, according to the just merits of its appeal. On the whole, I anticipate that the majority of the race will, with eyes wide open to the best interest of the race and country, follow in the train of that party which, in the main, has represented the best patriotism, traditions and statesmanship for the past seventy years. But this will not be from blind superstition, like the man Friday who bowed down and worshipped the sun of his master, Robinson Crusoe. The two opposing parties will attract the Negro voter according to the relative persuasiveness of their appeal.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS

(From The Boston Transcript)

A discussion is going on among the philosophers of New York over the question why women when they gather together in sewing circles or at bridge teas devote so much of their conversation to comparing the imperfections of their husbands, whereas men, when they meet at golf or around the poker table, always give the impression that they are happily mated. Wherever there is a husband who doesn't pick up after himself or who uses swear words in front of the children, the whole street presently knows of it. But a man may be married to a confirmed gold-digger or a Xantippe and not a word passes his lips that betrays his tragedy.

Are we to look for the cause in a finer chivalry in the man? Does he persist in wearing his wife's favor in public after it has become faded and tarnished all because he cannot forget the first long-lost rapture? Or is it merely his selfish, over-weening pride in appearances? And how about the candid wife? The chances are that she pipes only because she must. It is in the nature of woman to talk or burst, and the mysterious, cantankerous ways of even the best of husbands provide her with an inexhaustible subject of conversation and reprobation. When it comes to a case of the worst of husbands, too iniquitous for tea-table badinage, even then she must open her heart

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