

The Carolina Times

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DO YOU WISH TO LIVE IN FEAR? Do you wish to live in sorrow? Do you wish to live in perturbation? By no means. No one who is in a state of fear or sorrow or perturbation is free; but whoever is delivered from sorrows and fears and perturbations, is at the same time also delivered from servitude.—Ephesians.

PEACE, IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

The tragedy of war torn Europe and parts of Asia cry out against the doctrine of peace on earth and goodwill to men brought to the world nearly two thousand years ago by Jesus of Nazareth. At this Christmas season the peace that is America's is truly wonderful, more wonderful than we in this country can realize who have not seen the deep sorrow which follows in the wake of war.

Instead of blackouts every byway and highway in America, where the name of Jesus is known, is aglow with the spirit of the season. Peace reigns and hearts are happy that war has not entered the picture to besmear its radiance and beauty.

Critics may call Him an impostor, fools may laugh at His doctrine, but none can deny that wherever it is practiced that mankind is blessed.

This lowly carpenter's son came to the world without money, land or houses. No great army encamped about Him to broaden His domain or crush His enemy. Instead of hatred He preached that men should love one another. Instead of greed He taught that men should freely give of their substance.

In spite of contrary practices and teachings His kingdom continues to increase and the world is beginning to realize as never before the futility of putting their trust in might rather than right.

At this Christmas time, with peace reigning in America we would have this nation utter a prayer that those in Europe and other lands will soon turn toward the simple truths taught by Jesus instead of the sword for a solution of their problems. We pray that they will learn to love instead of hating; for in doing so they will find a peace that is truly wonderful, "a peace that passeth all understanding."

NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

We fail to see anything to write home about because large motion picture producers have taken seriously the matter of having a Negro censor board for motion pictures. Although we have looked with disdain upon the slurs hurled at the race on the screen from time to time we have not worried half as much about it as we have the fact that Negro actors of unusual ability are seldom given an opportunity to get in the big earning class.

Now we know there are many who will say that so long as the race is disregarded and not considered seriously by those who control the picture industry Negro actors will continue to be given only light parts for which the income is low. On the other hand we do not believe a Negro censor board is going to help out in the unemployment situation unless that board is going to have the power to get Negroes into better paying jobs in the motion picture industry.

It appears to us that there is being too much significance attached to non-essential things. It is like riding on the front seat in a northern trolley car, but never getting an opportunity to drive the car or take up the tickets. The only consolation that we see is that the front seat is closer to the man who does drive the car. Freedom to spend without freedom to earn soon enslaves the spender. Freedom to cut out distasteful scenes to the Negro in pictures is a fine thing, but the freedom to work and earn in pictures is better.

What Negroes need to fight for is the right to vote, the right to serve on juries, the right to work for a living, and the right to earn equal pay for that work. They need to fight for equal educational opportunities, equal public health service and equal protection under the law. These seem to us a darn sight more important than what some narrow minded nitwit says about the race in picture.

A man, be he white or black, with a good paying job, a healthy body, a comfortable home, an interest in the public life of his community and country, and training enough to understand a little history of the rise and fall of nations does not worry about he who laughs first. He knows that he who laughs last gets the better laugh.

HEYWOOD BROWN

The passing of Heywood Brown will certainly be regretted by Negroes all over America. As a defender of the under dog Mr. Brown possibly had no peer among white newspaper men in America. His column appearing in the New York World-Telegram, in our opinion, was read by more members of the race than any other in or out of America's largest city.

Heywood Brown walked with kings but never lost the common touch. He knew the common people and could speak their language. He understood their yearnings and fought side by side with them in an effort to have them realized.

Once he had taken up his pen in a battle for the masses he never laid it down until the victory was won. He asked no quarter and gave none and was possibly at his best when ridiculing these dastardly persons in high places who would tear down the very portals of our democratic form of government to enrich their own private coffers.

That the nation has lost a distinguished journalist and the Negro a faithful friend must be agreed with. Not only will his column be missed, but its influence for good will be missed. All America's minority groups have possibly lost their greatest champion.

Let us welcome all experiences fearlessly, however trying, for it is through our weaknesses we become strong. Through our misfortunes we become wise. Through the slow stages of imperfection, all perfection is attained.—Jeanne G. Pennington.

COURAGE IS THE CHAMPION of justice, and never ought to content but in righteous actions.—Ephesians.

A MAN WHO WILL STAND any other taunt is furious if you call him a coward. It seems as if you charged him with every vice at once.—Phillips Brooks.

CALVIN'S DIGEST

L. BAYNARD WHITNEY

THE BUNGLING BUND

Race hatred and white superiority are synonymous in the German Nazi creed which labels Negroes lesser men or lower men—untermenechen. Insult was added to injury, therefore, when Feulner Fritz Kuhn, head of the Jew baiting German American Bund was handcuffed to a Negro by bunt one man on his way to Sing Sing prison for stealing funds of the Bund. Kuhn bungled the Bund. The best and fiercest fighters in the World War (I) of 1914-18 were Negro soldiers from America, France and other possessions. The blustering Rudolf Schickgraber (Adolph Hitler to you!) remembers this in his devilish efforts to slay two sparrows with one rock. At the opening of the recent conflict (now termed World War 2) on the Western Front Hitler protested to France concerning her use of the black Senegalese troops.

As far as the Nazi's Aryanism, it is generally conceded in most unbiased scientific circles that Aryan heritage in Europe is philological and not racial. "The name was first quite generally associated with the people of Ancient Iran," says a noted authority. "In fact, these people called themselves Aryans, and their language was known as Aryan. These Aryans were related to consanguineous tribes of India, who were also said to be Aryans. The Aryans as a race or single group of people were extirpated in the wars with the Egyptians and

Hittites, and their remnants were finally absorbed by other tribes. No pure Aryan blood, at least not anywhere near as pure as the Semitic strain, has come through the ages."

Another Julian JOKE So Julian stole the show from Father Divine! Well, that is NOT news. He whom the laughing white press gave the unearned name of Black Eagle seldom misses his cue. Herbert Faunterloy Julian is a real life actor for the first disorder. Forever rushing in where Wisdom fears to tread the Colonel of Haile Salasie's one plane air force never fails to walk off with the laurels of publicity. He is certainly no Number Two press agent for Julian.

A master of I-Love-Me, Julian years ago fooled the Negro press into believing he was going to fly to India. Sometime later he confessed to be privately that he never had any intention of risking his neck across the ocean for the Negro race; and added very forcefully that his chief concern was, and would always be, the personal welfare of Hubert Faunterloy Julian.

On various occasions, and among various organizations, it has suddenly appeared that Julian was going to do something magnificent or beneficial for the Negro. He is a good salesman and gets believed; but generally the final outcome sums up to one thing only—more publicity for Julian. His technique will always make him good copy for the white press.

Christmas Comes Again

BY DANIEL W. CHASE

Again the thought of the world turns toward the celebration of the greatest birthday anniversary in its history. And even now as of old the time is ripe for the world to follow the Star, which indicates or will show the resting place of PEACE.

If there is any reason more than another that makes men and women take a different view of life, that is, think of things on a higher plane—it is Christmas. And Christmas becomes as personal as a birthday.

One's mind turns back over a span of years, and one wonders what it would have meant to have been numbered with the three Wise Men. One of them was black, and that alone is significant.

A year the story is related in the home, in the church, in the shop and elsewhere, and each year there is kindled a new hope in the hearts and minds of men and women.

Was the Journey of the Three Wise Men a long and tedious one? Was it fraught with many dangers? Why had they thus left their homes to wander as it were in a desert way? It had been told for many years that one was coming, "WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS," to bring peace to a world torn then, as now, asunder!

And the news had gone abroad that an angel had whispered to a virgin that a child should be born, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord! There has been much dispute as to the time of the birth of this Wonder Worker, but there is no dispute as to why HE came into the world. Three men, termed Wise Men of the East, believed in signs and in one special, and seeing a Star, they followed it, till they came to the place where the young child lay. It was JESUS OF NAZARETH, born in Bethlehem.

But strange as it may seem, things have happened that try the very souls of men, to take in a measure some of the sweetness of the Yuletide from

us. This then is a good time for reflection. It is a season of rejoicing; it is a time when goodwill should permeate the very atmosphere. Too bad that there should be any sound of drum beat telling that war is raging in any part of the world, when the MESSIAH came to bring PEACE! O God, how long, Vital issues are at stake and the whole course of the lives of men and women is likely to be changed.

War, hatred, selfishness, greed, the right of the stronger over the weak, will be held to be old world barbarisms. The pretenses of modern civilization will be replaced by real virtues. Men will be brothers, people will be friends; races other, and mankind will draw will sympathize one with another from love a principle of emulation, and the Christ Child born ages ago, who went about doing good, is now sifting out the souls of men before His judgment seat, and dropping for a moment at least, hearts grown weary with a weight of woe, let us sing:

"Strife at least is end, Still the din of war; Weary men are resting Pledged to fight no more. May this vow of friendship Keep us from all ill— PEACE ON EARTH FOREVER, And to men good will."

RALEIGH ZETAS

Continued from page 3

tions for the Christmas Scavenger Hunt each group was directed to meet at the Home of Miss Mae E. Ligon where the hunt would be concluded.

Within the half hour, groups stormed the homes of their friends looking for such things as a picture of Santa Clause, Christmas Card (etching), fruit cake, colored doll, and many, many other items in the spirit of Christmas. Groups headed by Miss Louise Latham, Miss H. Nora Evans and Miss Sallie Sills won the prizes.

Each person choose a number ed slip thereby selecting her Christmas present from the "Santy Clause Basket"

Give Lives For Xmas

Since Christmas is so much the time for giving, it might be well to think of giving something of inestimable value. We cannot create life, but curiously enough modern automobile traffic has put every driver in the position of either taking lives or saving lives. Saving lives is always a desirable end. At Christmas time, the saving of life takes on an added beauty, drawn from the beauty of the season.

Think what it means to a family to lose a member at Christmas. When the cause is age, or a lingering illness, there is at least some degree of preparation. True, the grief may be no less, but it is softened by expectation.

How much more tragic is sudden and violent death. The family group is in the midst of holiday preparations. Relatives and friends are coming. There will be another of those happy reunions. Suddenly the word comes. The door bell or the phone rings. An excited voice announces the news. Some family member has been killed or injured.

Christmas, the time of good cheer, of happiness, of gifts and laughter. All is wiped out. There will be but little cheer, little happiness, no laughter. Death is an unwelcome visitor at Christmas. A broken, crushed body makes a poor addition to the holiday spirit. The little son or daughter awaiting that strange ecstasy of Christmas morning. Older sons and daughters full of cheerful plans. Father and mother with hearts full of happiness at having the children home again.

Give lives for Christmas! For unless you do, Mr. Driver, unless you are careful, Mr. Pedestrian, during this month, over 90 families will have tragedy as a guest for Christmas. Ninety people will not see Christmas. It is depressing to think of the criminal carelessness of it all. One ounce of care and caution, one ounce of Christmas cheer expressed as courtesy on streets and highway, one ounce of good humored patience will save lives not only at Christmas time, but every day. Give lives for Christmas. No other gift will do so much for everyone. Make this a Merry Christmas.

Business Census To Begin Jan. 2

NEW YORK — Dr. C. B. Powell, First Vice President of the Victory Life Insurance Company, publisher of the Amsterdam News, President of the Community Personal Finance Corporation, and one of Harlem's foremost business men, pointed out this week that the cooperation of colored tradesmen with the enumerators who will take the 1940 Census of Business will be absolutely necessary if an undistorted picture is to be obtained. Please turn to page five

MATTER PERISHES BUT SPIRIT NEVER: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Romans 8:14.

Moving into the specious dining room where the table was crowded with delicious components of a real Christmas dinner, the guests proceeded to serve themselves from the platters of sliced turkey, asparagus salad, cranberry sauce, buttered rolls and coffee. Home made vanilla ice cream completed the service.

Hostesses were Mesdames J. H. Coleman, H. C. Perrin, Misses Mae E. Ligon and Beulah Jones. It was truly a Christmas party.

As Time Marches On

BY WILLIAM STRUDWICK

R. B. Eleazer in his study of "Omissions and Inclusions" that make for misunderstandings made the following observations.

"At the request of the Tenn. State Department of Education, Dr. U. W. Leavell of Peabody College made an analysis from twenty text books used in public schools of that state. He stated, 'The material found in these books is entirely too limited to afford the future citizen of Tenn. an adequate basis for judgment and the development of a wholesome attitude in regard to this question.'"

"Of the many contributions the Negro Soldier has made to the stars and stripes, some of the most glaring omissions from the annals of history are the following: The gallant defenders of Bunker Hill in the army at Cambridge, the free Negroes of the colony had their representatives and their name may be read on the pension rolls of the country, side by side with those of the other soldiers of the revolution."—Bancroft, vol. IV, page 614.

"Of the revolutionary patriots who on that day the Battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1779) perilled life for their country. More than 700 black Americans fought side by side with the white."—Bancroft vol. VI, page 142. Altogether about 3000 Negroes saw service in the American Revolution.

Watch this column for more historical facts.

"And in that day the lion shall lay down with the lamb." The sleeping lions have been aroused with lust and greed in their hearts and are ripping viciously at the very vitals of the small but valiant lambs.

Peace on Earth and goodwill towards man seems to be a farce to those in the British Black Out and the French Blue-Out. Nevertheless hopeful men will stand firm with bowed heads and pray that a medium may be found to bring back the peace of former years and destroy the orges who persist in this dread war.

There are many of us who will tell of time when a man whose head was bloody but unbowed stood before a pseudo-tribunal they called the League of Nations and predicted the very day they are now experiencing in Europe. That man was Haile Salasie the King of Ethiopia, the first victim to be offered up. Ethiopia was vanquished and taken over but today her blood still cries out for justice.

TODAY—those of us who are on this side of the Atlantic give thanks that we are far from these scenes of scientific but barbaric violence; that we can appreciate the coming season celebrated as the birthday of the greatest peacemaker the world ever known—The Master

with our hearts filled with goodwill towards all men and a prayer for those poor souls over there.

"The quality of mercy is not strained," but falleth as the gentle rain from heaven it is twice blessed both to him to whom it is given and to him who receives it. He who gives according to Shakespeare. And so it is to all of us who take part in the Yuletide season by giving as much as we are able to aid those who are less fortunate than we are in Master.

AND LET US FORGET WE need all our talent. Sad, broken, unkempt, rotten desolation greets the companion of a country doctor again and again: little shriveled, youngold bodies attached to little innocent, unknowing heads who shall be the back bone of the nation twenty years hence.

Why? What have I done to deserve this? Little sad, undernourished eyes ask mutely again and again. Crying for what? Freedom! Freedom from ignorance, superstition, and mind in us. Freedom from lack of opportunities and true, loving care of healthy, clean, sanitary hands and needs by right every child's birthright.

What has all this to do with you and me? We know, we drink of the wine of the world, but we forget quickly those little paths still watered with tears. We have today in the cities of New York, Detroit, Washington, Philadelphia and others enough what is now five and ten cent brilliance cluttering the hotels, number rackets and pimp stables to organize and release an organization that under correct supervision and by a simple program perpetuated for healthy ignorance elimination and the creation of sound financial and economic cycles in all places where it is needed.

In a word, the call is a call to arms to perpetuate survival; all concede a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. United in this manner or in any manner against this obvious destructive cancer that is destroying the very vitals of a people we live: divided or heedless we march slowly but truly in the wake of the vanishing American Indian.

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CHRISTMAS The earth has grown old with its burden of care But at Christmas it is always young.

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair And it soul full of breaks forth on the air,

The feet of the humbles; may walk in the field Where the feet of the holiest have trod This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed That mankind are children of God.

primary ulcer or enlarged glands. The onset of this disease is accompanied by sudden headaches, chills, fever, body pains and vomiting. The primary lesion ulcerates and glands become enlarged. The fever lasts two or three weeks, falling about the third day. Convalescence is slow.

Protective measures are at the command of everyone. Rubber gloves furnish protection to the hunter, trapper and skinner of game. Disinfection of cuts and bits should be practiced, as well as the thorough cooling of all wild rabbit, allowing red juice to remain about the bones.

A warning to the poor sports—Please turn to page five

Poet's Corner THE MASTER TEACHER

By W. W. Strudwick

About two thousand years ago—Lived a man we'd have longed to know, Walking the Shores of Galilee Giving all and all to set a people free;

Taking a part for you and me. That was many years ago, But He is one we still know; "The Master Teacher."

His manner of teaching has Never been surpassed; And shall stand as long as time lasts;

He taught by parables simple and true; Clear to all who heard like me and you His masterful discourses are stories dear To which we still pay homage here "The Master Teacher."

I think I can see Him gentle and kind; Always with a people's love on His mind.

The kingdom He talked of still stands in Time A glorious kingdom high up above Built on a pattern of love, Free of all malice, nothing amug; "The Master Teacher."

Of Froebel's method, unheard of then, Of the Herbartian steps, still in future's wing Nothing was said, not in that day;

But He taught principles That shall forever stay— When I think of it now, In my own simple way, My heart thrills as I say— "The Master Teacher."

Meriful God high up above Proved beyond a doubt His bountiful love He sent one strong and stout, To lead his blighted souls out, To free them from pain and the blindness of fear; And to sacrifice His pure love; So dear; "The Master Teacher."

History enrolls it as a magnificent thing Justifiably so drawn by heavens wings; Nothing can surpass it, no one dare deny, As we all read as time rolls by Of that Bountiful Being sent from on high.

In my great heart will forever be The great sacrifice He made for me; "The Master Teacher."

If ever you read this little song And fail to think as you go along Of that Phenomenal gift Made so very swift; I say—we have no rift, You simply, haven't understanding; A doubting Thomas demanding, That which needs no proof; "The Master Teacher."

Times may change, life may fade, But this remains true age after age, Quoted and repeated by ages after age, Of that pain filled sacrifice to set men free

By the Holy Phenomenon on the shores of Galilee Who gave a new hope to you and me; "The Master Teacher."

CHRISTMAS 1940 To a church on Christmas Eve I will go, And there I will kneel—where Candles lit burn soft and low,

I'll send up a prayer to my God (Thanking him for everything, So, What if I have no job? He'll know.

He will know that I mean no harm Be, That I wouldn't steal even if I was a-stavin' (my lead low);

I'll be not askin' Him for dough Nor will it Christmas present be; All I want is peace, life 'n' liberty. —GEORGE SHEEN.