

The Carolina Times

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THOUGHT:

POWER: "But that ye may know the son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of palsy, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.)"—Saint Matthew 9:6.

With prayer and crying strong, Hold on the fearful fight, And let the breaking day prolong The wrestling of the night.

The battle soon will yield, For thou thy part fulfil; For strong as is the hostile shield, Thy sword is stronger still.

Thine armour is divine, Thy feet with victory shod; And on thy head shall quickly shine The diadem of God

Author Unknowns.

SUPPORT OUR COMMITTEE

The splendid showing made by the Colored voters in the primary last Saturday deserves the praise of all Negroes in Durham, and goes to show what can be done with an organization. We take off our hats to E. N. Harris, political chairman of the Committee on Negro Affairs, who so perfectly the organization's political efforts that very little could be accomplished by those whose sole purpose is selling their efforts and the votes of the race for the highest dollar.

The local Committee on Negro Affairs is doing much to erase some of the wrongs suffered by the race in Durham, and certainly the work it has done in halting the political crooks among Negroes is enough within itself to justify its existence and support.

No man or group of men can meet all the demands of all the Negroes. In spite of some of the criticisms which the committee is receiving from several chronic knockers it is doing more than any other agency in Durham to fight the many injustices of the race. The Durham branch of the Committee on Negro Affairs should be supported.

MORE RECOGNITION NEEDED

The calling of three Negroes for jury service in Durham last week, even though they did not get a chance to serve, marks a step in the right direction. The ultimate goal will be reached only when it becomes a common custom for members of the race to serve as jurors in Durham county.

Respectable Negro citizens in Durham, and all over the south, are anxious to do what they can to make the communities in which they live better places. Giving them the right to serve on juries, especially when Negroes are being tried in our courts, places them in the position to render a district service in helping to rid the communities in which they live of violators of the law.

The same applies to other positions in which the common custom is to bar Negroes. Our boards of education would do a far better job in providing education for Negroes if they would include on them a representative of the race. Many teachers who are unfit for work in Negro schools because of shortcomings other than scholastic, could be eliminated and replaced by persons better fitted to serve as instructors.

There are in North Carolina several Negro colleges with mixed trustee boards, and as far as we have been able to learn the plan has always worked to the advantage of the colleges. Certainly if Negroes are capable of serving on college trustee boards, they are capable of serving on boards of education to advise concerning the affairs of Negro public schools.

What applies to juries and boards of education applies to other important boards and positions where the affairs of Negroes are concerned.

The Negro is entitled to more recognition in the affairs of government if he is going to be expected to pay for the maintenance of government.

GARVEY'S GIFT TO HIS RACE

Marcus Garvey is dead. Thus passes a man whose work endures though decades have gone. No higher tribute to the soundness of ideals could be paid. This paper said in Garvey's life time that he was a constructive force in the Negro race, and we say it again. The race consciousness which many of us talk glibly about now was bred and born largely in his Universal Negro Improvement Association.

Where other Negro leaders were attempting a solution of the race problem by some sort of union between the races, Garvey taught that being a Negro was to be heir to one of the greatest ancestries on earth. Under fantastic uniforms he organized groups in many centers of population. Finally the U. S. government under the mistaken idea that the ideals of the organizations were not in the public interest, deported Garvey, though not once did his followers attempt what since the fund, the silver shirts and a lot of other disaffected whites have actually done.

Negroes no longer think of their color and their hair as badges of shame. From the "Kansas City Call," May 26th.

AS TIME MARCHES ON BY WILLIAM STRUDWICK

IN THE SANCTUM —To you who would seek success in communion with thy Creator—Seek him not where ways are over-run, or men lift their voices loudly and cry out his name. —But go out some place alone with your thoughts, and surround your being with the things he has manifested to all mankind, in the voices of nature; stand and wait quietly there, or somewhere in your own inner sanctum, and a floodgate of hopefulness shall come; such as you have never known before. —Then the feeling comes that makes the worries that were yours, however pressing they were, seem but petty things compared to the new resilient hopeful strength you feel; then, the Creator has answered your prayer.

THOUGHT: The fellows we usually like best are just a little better than the worst and a mile worst than the best.

COMMENCEMENT COMMENTS

—Amid much sparkling of teeth and abundance of words millions of high school and college graduates all over the world are being launched out into the show seeming. —We pause, we reflect; and solemnly pray a contrite prayer for some of them.

They launched a new program somewhere two years ago to do away with commencement festivities. Result, 50 dotting mothers swooned outright and the committee went into hasty conference and reversed the decision. Of the bright bespectacle lads who make the cum laude speeches and such, the world seldom hears what they say and often never read of what they do after they leave there!

DOWNSTREAM In the silent stretches of the night the spirit soul of you comes and haunts me. Reason flies away on he wings of the

night and though I know deep with in myself it may be hopeless hope, it keeps on coming and I make the feeling right. Sad forebodings based on experiences of yesterday fill the night with dreaded anticipations of bitter disappointments to come, yet time marches on.

PRATTLINGS

It seems that accidentally or intentionally they managed to burn them alive at Miss. One report is that the current war is costing Great Britain \$15,000 per minute, which is \$300,000 per hour etc. So as the melody goes—"You tell us your dream and I'll tell you mine."

There is one story of a man who was listening to the war report via his short wave set and became so convinced we would declare war in the next few hours that he packed his few belongings, wrote his relatives, and started down town to enlist. But just as he reached the door a contrary report came in. So he relaxed and let time march on. (OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES).

NATCHEZ

The wrath of the eternal time-keeper one day shall erase from the face of the earth a civilization which dares boast of its progress and yet harbours a Natchez!! The tragedy at Natchez is but one of the soul-stirring catastrophes which from time to time bring these conditions to the forefront of progressive thought: The fetid stench of the sordid existing on mass for a people in some of the lower line states. The Spottsburo case was one. The dastardly attitude toward the Anti-Lynch Bill is another. Yes, we are yet children crying in a wilderness of ill-housing, ill-health and illiteracy.

We have come a long ways it is true but on masses we still flounder in a sea of economic and political chaos.

THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE BY TOPPS

Illustrations for 'THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE' featuring a horse-drawn carriage, a person with a hat, and various mechanical and scientific diagrams.

The Negro Tenant Share Croppers Plight

WASHINGTON — Attention has repeatedly been called to the distress and misery existing among the nearly 2,000,000 tenant families in the South. While approximately two-thirds of these are whites, the remaining one-third, that is, about 668,000 Colored families, is face to face with conditions, intolerable and soul and body destroying.

As tenants, share-croppers, "working on shares," as it is called, they are victims of an archaic economic system which has not appreciably changed during the 75 years of so-called physical freedom.

They are caught in a vicious circle which denies them practically every means to live, or to entertain notions that they can escape from it. The fate of the white tenant farmer is inextricably bound up with that of the Negro peasant. They "ride to fate abreast."

No ill has escaped these tenant farmers. After a year's hard work, instead of having small surplus, they find themselves held by landlords in a state of peonage with increasing debt, rather than rewards for the labor they have performed and the privations they have endured.

The Census Reports for 1940 are bound to chronicle a dismal picture of Negro farms lost by those who had partially emerged from the sharecroppers status; of increased numbers of share-croppers, and worst of all, of enormously increased numbers who have been shored off the share-cropper level to the farm-laborer class, at pitifully small wages.

The prolonged depression has accelerated the low-descending economic scale of these people, and, like the Joads of John Steinbeck's gripping story, thousands and thousands of them have become members of that shifting, drifting, wandering, discouraged group of dispirited nomads to be found in all the Southern States, and, of course, in California, to which many of the white "drifters" have gone.

It is a major social situation and problem not yet solved that is not flattering to rich, boastful, imperious America.

When we speak of "forgotten men" we must include this group who rank highest in the category of the underprivileged. What is the United States of America doing about this major social problem? It is true that an attempt was made by Congress 5 years ago to provide loans to worthy tenants to purchase farms. In the first 2 years there was only enough money for 6,181 loans; 146,000 tenant farmers had applied for help.

God Goes To Town BY WILLIAM PICKENS

A happy angel, standing near the banquet table, at the new heaven on Madison Avenue, in May, said: "Bless you, Father, I love you, Father. I used to think you lived up in the sky or in some other far-off place, but now, thank you, Father, for letting me know you're in town!"

Six Vassar college girls with one of their professors, and I were guests of Father Divine at one of his regular afternoon banquets, which begin at about 1:30 p. m., and last until they get through. The professor and I had places of honor, at the Father's own table; the girls were scattered out there, half way down the hall, among the angels.

About 126 of us were seated, and the rest, a throng of about 250 angels, were packed against the railing, and around the well, and in the approaching hallway, singing the praises of "The Lamb" and the "God", all through the hours of the banquet. Some of the songs: "Behold the Lamb," "Father, I love you so," "March on, Sweet Father," "I love you, God," "Aren't you glad?" "So glad, O God!" The chorus was great, some of the solo voices wonderful.

And there sat God: striped shirt, striped tie, plain gray suit and a bald head. A little brown man, tall and a short woman, who means more to these people than any mystic gods from anywhere. And nearby sat the three angel scribes: Miss Good Nature, Miss Sweet, and Miss Sunshine Pride, writing, writing, writing every word that came through the Father's lips, and every word spoken by an of the guests.

And the FOOD! I will not blame you if you do not believe: I have never seen better food at any banquet anywhere in the world, and I have never seen so much of it and as much of it as freely given. This Heaven was evidently captured one of the best angel cooks that the progression has ever developed. The Father sits at the center of the head table, and there are two long tables reaching out from it, like two legs, to the far end of the hall. All food, every dish and every cup of it, passes by him, he touches the dishes with his hands, thus blessing the food, and sends one dish to the right and another dish to the left. Each diner serves himself and passes the great platters on the silver, the dishes, the great pitchers and the coffee and tea pots, a dozen or more of them were all of good quality.

First the vegetables, rice, mashed potatoes (with much butter in them), stewed carrots, steamed cabbage, hominy, stewed corn, etc. Then the meats: the great platters paraded by, each person taking out to his liking, stuffed sausage, tenderized ham, halves of chickens (young and tender chickens), great, inch-thick steaks from the tenderloin of beef, breaded veal, and so on.

Then the drinks: all drinks except alcohol, iced coffee, iced tea, then hot coffee, hot tea, then postum (Father poured the water for the postum, thus blessing every cup of it, and each cup, as each platter, passed around the entire length of all the tables. He had also poured the coffee, each cup of it traveling through the hands of all angels).

Then bread: egg-yellow corn bread squares, followed by white bread, then cracked wheat, then whole wheat, then rye, then rye, then doughnuts (sugared), then crackers.

Then came great bowls of gels, of different color and kinds and some apple-sauce (and those of us who were not initiate, thought that this was to be the simple dessert). But later came platters with great slices of cake, passed out by the Father from the Father from the head of the table, to be followed by great tub-like bowls of ice cream, ice cream of all kinds and colors, ringled in every bowl. Father touches these bowls and one travels toward the right and the other toward the left. The great dishes are so heavy that the diner can scarcely hold them in his left arm, as he serves himself.

And, reader, all these filled serving dishes, from the rice bowls that had come first, on through the half chickens and great steaks, down to that final ice cream, were passed a second or more, times, as long as any angel or visitor would consent to take another helping. And this food, all of it, was the best food that can be had anywhere on earth. I have paid six dollars for a dinner at the Astor hotel, and the only difference between that and this free banquet of Father Divine's is that Father Divine had MUCH MORE OF IT. The food was as good, ten times as plentiful, and the diners and angels at least 1000 times as happy as any group I have ever seen anywhere in all my life.

And that service: Singing, singing, singing, all the time singing. Handclapping, shouting, none of it seeming to furnish the least bit of disturbance to the clock-like procedure of this banquet. One of the great angels (both as to size and station) read one of Father's sermons. All ears listened, but there were shouts of applause here and there, even the Father himself often leading the applause.

Then the Father spoke extemporaneously, a strange language, but seemingly perfectly clear to the angels, who shouted and applauded continually, as he said things like this: "For the first time we have true gospel on earth; I have left the world of imagination, I have entered the world of recognition, I have come into the world of realization." What shouts of approval greeted that pronouncement.

This man, up to how at least, has beat the New Deal a mile in the solution of the economic problems of his constituents: they have plenty and no fear of the future; they have happiness and (mental) security; they are not plagued by the dimmed shadow of "race problem"; they have no class war, and no even any classes.

Neither Jesus nor Buddha ever had more praises sung to his face in three hours or so than had this dark divinity. Buddha's thick lips and kinky hair were never listened to with such rapture nor crowned with as much glory. "In spite of all opposition, shouted the god, "we are still here on earth!"

It is said that this man's angels got hold of \$25,000,000 in property in this country; that his activities have saved the state of New York alone at least \$20,000,000 in relief costs. No wonder that one white man, giving Divine the property across the Hudson from Roosevelt's Please turn to Page Five

Poet's Corner

WAKE UP By William Henry Huff Wake up thou slothful sleeper Thou art thy brother's keeper! Wake up, wake up, no longer nap Help free him from thy foeman's trap.

Why sit and dream and slumber? That will thy soul enumber. If thou are asleep today, wake up And wash the inside of the cup.

A LOVERS PRAYER By Wilton Taylor O Heavenly one above Send down thy gracious love Clean my heart from all danger of sin Let the spirit of grace and love dwell within. Make me what you would have me to be Bide with me and keep me free Make me a lover of everyone's soul Teach and show me a successful goal.

THE DAY AFTER YESTERDAY By Wilton Taylor Love continue to appear in a brilliant ray Brighter and in a more pleasant way Love beaming shadows can be seen Moving along sweetly on the movie screen Dreams continue to dream the night away Love continues to whisper until the next day The night passes away in a dream of romance Then comes the day after yesterday in a dance.