

HERE IS WHAT--

(Continued from Page One) up Hastings street in Detroit's famed Paradise valley. It might have been a street in Nazi ravaged city of Poland or a ghetto in Germany, for it is hard to believe that this destruction could have been wrought since you last walked through this same area less than 24 hours ago.

Not a single white man's business property escaped the wrath of rioters bent upon expressing physical resentment of wholesale killing of Negro soldiers, the murdering of Negro men by white policemen, discrimination in jobs and homes and a thousand other injustices that are to blame for the destruction you are witnessing. Looting and destruction of property, killing and burning of automobiles, all this is still going on as you

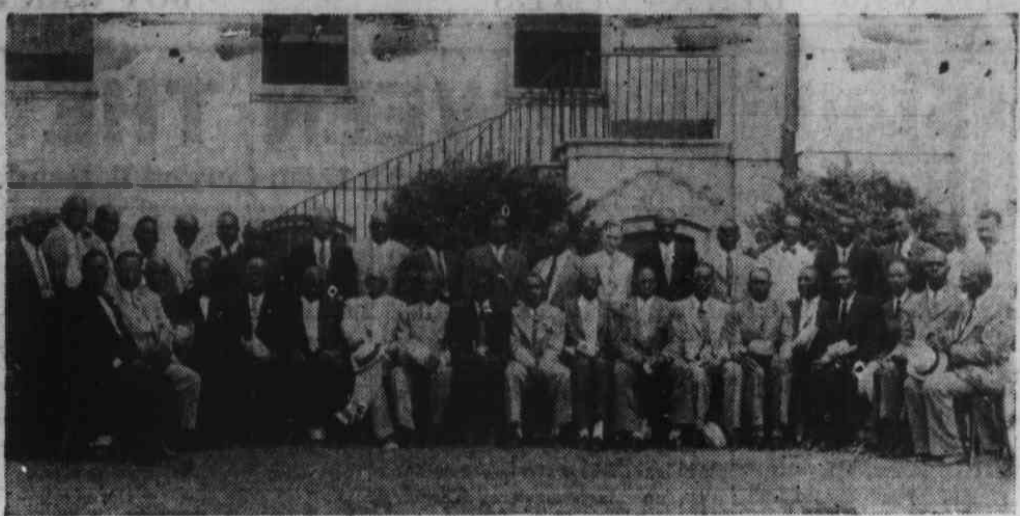


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make your way up the street, walking ankle deep in glass from smashed windows, automobiles, streetcars, and show cases that have been hurled through open fronts of pillaged stores. Your first glimpse of the real riot gives you a sickening feeling... you are at Vernor highway and Hastings street... a white man is caught by a group of angry Negroes who block his way in the middle of the wide thoroughfare... he is set upon with bricks... there is a dull thud and a gush of blood from his head as a stone crashes home... by some miracle he is able to drive away but you see him crash into the curb less than a block away.

You are sick from this attack as you approach the corner of Division and Hastings where police killed two Negroes the night before... you spy an old woman with a small child, evidently a granddaughter, clinging to her torn skirts, looking up into her bedragged face as the woman carefully selects canned goods from the shelves of a grocery that has been opened by looters... from another store across the street you see two looters in flight, one with a quarter of a large slab of bacon, making their way up an alley... you walk two doors up, picking your way carefully through the glass and timber... here you see the remains of a clothing store... merchandise scattered and equipment wrecked... from behind the wrecked iron grating put there to protect the owner, grotesque shaped modelling women's clothes seem to glare out at you.

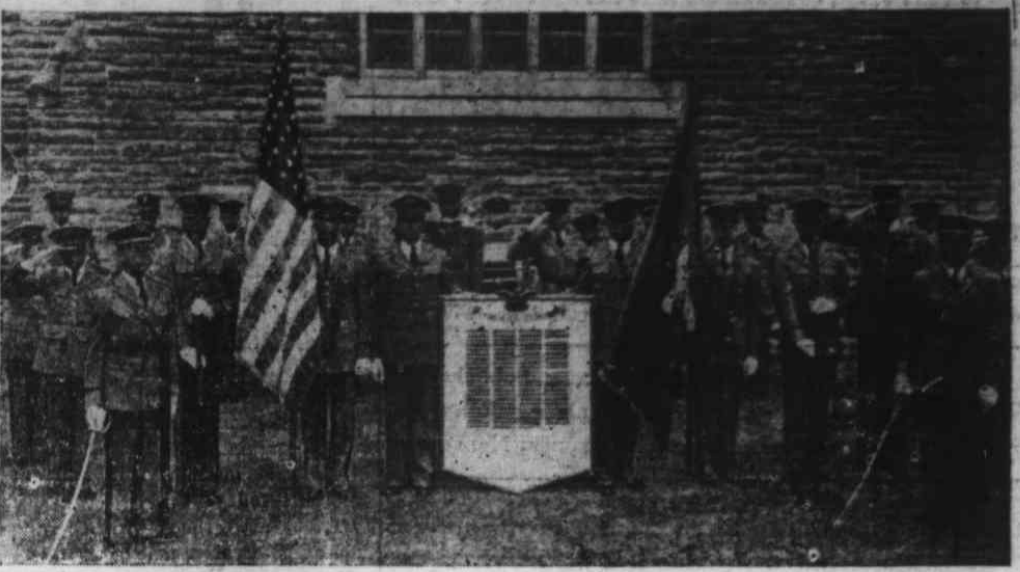
On up the street you run into more destruction, for only those stores with the sign "colored," hurriedly written in large letters, went unharmed... you run into a man who had virtually gone into business, selling the loot from nearby stores. Incidentally enough, he is trying to



Ministers who took advantage of the Health Education Institute held for them at Dillard University last week. Under the direction of Dr. Paul B. Cornely, of the school of medicine at Howard University, prominent authorities in medicine

offered lectures and demonstrations of particular value to ministers interested in raising the local standards of health. about a dozen shots fired by the policemen and one of the men is crippled... And a block away you see men cleaning out travers passing out whiskey, beer and wine... there is a loud crash and you look around in time to see a man with sledge hammer wrecking about \$3,000 worth of store equipment. You get off Hastings street and go down St. Antoine which is fairly quiet except for looting of the few white own stores... you come back up Brush street and hear the Rev. Horace A. White pleading with Negroes from a sound truck to stop looting and killing... But his pleas produce only negative results, for two blocks away you and other Negroes watch white rioters on Woodward avenue drag Negroes from street cars and murder them... you see Negro's automobiles stopped, the occupants beaten and kicked and the vehicle overturned and burned, and you know that it is impossible to reason with a people watching members of their own race murdered... Now the crowd is running up Brush street... A white man is caught trying to escape through the line... he is dragged from the car, some one calls him a white so-and-so... his knees buckle from a blow from an iron pipe and he sags to the pavement covered with a thick coating of pulverized glass and dust from red bricks, both becoming pasty as the man's blood mixes with the powdered glass and stone... two feet land in his face and the crowd scatters on up the street where another victim has been caught. Now you are at Eliot street where Negroes are driving back a mob of about 1,000 whites... they are pushed back to John R street but in less than 10 minutes they are coming at the Negroes again, this time behind two policemen with drawn guns, policemen leading the white mob against the Negroes... a bloody battle is prevented here by the providential arrival of a riot squad which begins to throw tear gas into both crowds... you go up Brush street, glad to be able to stop the tears from the gas... At Willis you see a Negro stop a white man and tell him to turn back... you hear the white man tell the Negro "there ain't a nigger in the world gonna lay a hand on me" and before he can shove his car into gear, the Negro's fist crashes into his sneering face, he is dragged from the car, beaten into pulp and tossed onto the sidewalk... At Warren avenue you see a colored man running towards a dry-cleaning shop and in a second you see a policeman running after him... the policeman fires six times, the man halts, straightens up, grabs his groin, and starts spinning as he buckles in the middle and falls sideways to the pavement... the crowd is angry but helpless for the revolvers of about a dozen police are menacing them. The police take the dead man away in a few minutes his murder is avenged only 30 feet from where it occurred. A white man is caught driving slowly by the corner... he is dragged from his car, beaten and kicked, and as one man stands in his face, another pumps six shots into his body which is left lying in the street for an hour... At the same

Service Honor Roll Dedicated at St. Emma



ROCK CASTLE, VIRGINIA—The Cadet Corps of the St. Emma Military School, at an impressive ceremony, present to the school an Honor Roll containing the names of the hundreds of former cadets now in the service. The students of this boarding high school have completed their year's work in class room, shop and farm, and are now returning to their homes in all parts of the country.

INDUCT MILITANT EDITOR IN ARMY

ALBANY, Ga., (ANP) — A. C. Searles, editor - publisher of the militant weekly publication, the Southwest Georgian, surrendered his duties in civilian life Friday and became Pvt. A. C. Searles of the United States Army. The induction of Editor Searles was "preceded by a heated controversy over the arbitrary action of Dougherty County Selective Service board, which stubbornly ignored Selective Service Directive No. 29, which held that newspapers editors are exempt from the war effort, and thus eligible for deferment. Presentation of his case by C. A. Scott, general manager, Atlanta Daily World, to the recent annual session of the National Negro Publishers' association moved the association to appoint a special committee which is to make representation to war department and selective service officials in Washington.

Editor Searles flatly charges that the local board hastily called him up for induction following the exposure by his newspaper of the midnight abduction and brutal lynching of Robert "Bobby" Hall on January 30, which resulted in the indictment by a federal grand jury. But over in the Negro districts the police are on the job, beating women, children and old men and shooting young men in the back without asking questions... Down on Hastings near Adelaide a big brave, husky 200 pound policeman slaps a woman's face and kills her brother who protests this brutality... North Detroit two Negroes are killed by police looking for the killers of a white man... a white man is dragged from a street car and beaten into insensibility... another is struck by a brick and his care crashes into a pole... white doctor is struck by a stone and dies in the hospital. But these are minor incidents in North end, for downtown police are opening up on Negroes with riot guns... one policeman is killed by a Negro protecting his home from white mobsters... police fire back into the house and two Negroes are sent to the county morgue... at another three family house police lay a siege and smoked the occupants out with tear gas... the ambulances keep roaring and you know that more Negroes are being taken to morgues.

You are tired and hungry and lighting and you pray for a heavy rain to keep the factions apart and prevent Detroit being drenched in blood... the fighting continues and the whites keep surging towards the Negro sections... the police keep firing on Negroes and you wonder why they don't fire on the whites who have crossed the "dividing line" ... the rioting is getting worse and you hope Negroes are sufficiently armed to protect their homes and children... you are resigned to the worst at night, but just before bloody battle, troops start moving in by order of the President and city is placed under martial law. You go home and to bed but you don't sleep for you have been through too much and your nerves are jumpy... finally, just as day is pushing back the dawn you doze off only to awaken from what you thought was a

of three law enforcement officers of nearby Baker county. One of the trio indicted was the sheriff.

Local selective service officials in refusing Editor Searles request for deferment held that he was not eligible under directive No. 29, because he was editing a "small Negro newspaper." Searles contended that the directive does not specify that to be eligible for deferment under the order, an applicant must be an editor of a "large newspaper" or a "white newspaper."

An active worker in civic life, Editor Searles was an advisor to the young council of the NAACP, chairman of the Knights of the Round Table, a local youth organization; an air-raid warden in the Albany civilian defense setup.

RUPERT HARRIS CO-STARRING WITH CATS AND THE FIDDLE!

Nashville Tenn., June 30—Posting rave notices as the grandest musical treat yet to grace the nationally famed Club Plantation, this city, manager Mrs. W. K. Davenport announces capacity business due to the honors split musically between RUPERT HARRIS and his newly organized Orchestra and the CATS AND THE FIDDLE, Radio Recording group, headlining the show.

Other highlights on the Revue are Maurice Helbert, Jr. Master of Ceremonies; Slim and Sweet; Jitterbugs Team; Victoria Spivey, Blues Singer; Bobbie and Foster Johnson, dance team; Rhythm Willie, Joy La Joy, Oriental Dancer; and Peckin' Joe, Comedy Dancer.

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1923 ANNOUNCING 1943 20th Anniversary Celebration OF Clarence M. Palmer Special Ordinary Representative NORTH CAROLINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. The Durham District wishes to announce the 20th Anniversary of the services of our Special Ordinary Representative, Mr. C. M. Palmer, as an employee of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mr. Palmer has served the Company efficiently in several capacities and during the past eight years he has rendered exceptional services in the development of the Company's production and collection programs. Therefore, in recognition of his services the district is sponsoring an Ordinary Shower during the week of July 5, and 12, 1943. Each agent is asked to secure one or more ordinary applications towards this drive and we should appreciate it if one of our representatives can serve you in helping to make this effort a success. DURHAM DISTRICT North Carolina Mutual Life Ins., Co. W. L. COOK, Manager C. C. SMITH, Asst. Mgr. W. W. BARBEE, Pres. NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT N. C. MUTUAL POLICIES

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