

# The Carolina Times

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## THE PLATFORM OF

### THE CAROLINA TIMES

#### INCLUDES:

- Equal salaries for Negro Teachers.
- Negro policemen where Negroes are involved.
- Equal educational opportunities.
- Negro jurymen.
- Higher wages for domestic servants.
- Full participation of Negroes in all branches of the National Defense.
- Abolishment of the double-standard wage scale in industry.
- Greater participation of Negroes in political affairs.
- Negro representation in city, county, state and national governments.
- Better housing for Negroes.

Saturday, September 25, 1943

## THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

At Salerno, Italy, it is reported 10,000 American soldiers made the supreme sacrifice defending the landing our troops had made in that small city and drove the enemy back in defeat. Those men died that those of us back home might have the right to continue to live unafraid among the nations of the earth. It was their firm belief that those of us left behind were worthy of their noble sacrifice and that should the hour ever come when it appears that the sacrifice they made was not enough, that their countrymen to the last man would step forward without hesitancy to take their places to offer their lives in the cause for which they so nobly died.

Theirs was the belief of free men—of men who possess faith in the destiny of this nation, and the principles for which its government was established. Theirs was the belief of men who cherish the right to worship God as they please, to pursue life, liberty and happiness in our own way, subject to our own laws, made by our own officials, selected by our own citizens. Theirs was a glorious death.

In North Carolina 5,000 Negro teachers continue to meekly submit to a most humiliating salary differential that robs them of their health, efficiency and the children they teach of adequate educational instruction. In spite of this not a one of that 5,000 has had the courage to step forward and offer his miserable little teaching job as a sacrifice for a cause that involves questions as momentous as those for which their fellow Americans are offering their lives all over the world.

It cannot be that all of these 5,000 Negro teachers believe in the will-o-the-wisp salary equalization tale which continues to be told them by certain strategically situated Negro leaders in this state. It cannot be that among that 5,000 Negro teachers there is not one who can tune in on freedom long enough to catch the spirit that is America—the spirit that made 10,000 American soldiers give their lives.

At Raleigh the state treasury is bursting with an over-surplus of money. The millions now piling up have become embarrassing to the present administration, that is searching for some legitimate way to spend some of the state funds. This ought to present a challenge to the Negro teachers of North Carolina to throw off the shackles that have bound them for so long and they should take a stand now once and for all for the immediate abolishment of the teacher salary differential. They ought to go into court and seek the remedy which they have failed to get through patiently waiting for the fulfillment of empty promises made them more than 10 years ago.

Unless they are willing to do this they ought to hide their faces in shame as traitors to those men who died for them and others of their countrymen at Salerno. They ought to admit that they are a bunch of cowards who are unfit to teach American youths who are now and will be called upon to sacrifice more than a little two-by-four teaching job to preserve their nation's place among respectable peoples of the earth.

## PLAIN TALK

BY EMBER CARTER

The statement of Lieutenant Colonel Davis to the press correspondents in Washington is a statement of a superior individual and a real soldier. All of the reports from the newspaper correspondents on the fighting front are pale in comparison to the more or less detailed and comprehensive statement of the Commanding Officer of the First Negro Pursuit Squadron in the history of ca. It is couched in simple but effective English. It has terseness of the military order and the clarity which one rarely finds in writing these days. Lieutenant Colonel Davis has proved in a highly difficult field that he is an inspiring leader and a competent soldier. He has followed in the footsteps of a worthy sire. The record of the colored men under Lieutenant Colonel Davis will do more to break down the color line in the United States than all of the speeches, and all of the committees, and all of the pleas that can be directed to the War Department. And it will require racial antipathy to the most virulent sort now to justify further restriction of colored boys in the Air Corps. As to the conduct of the Negro soldier, sailor or marine when he faces racial prejudice and discrimination, he might well take a leaf from the statement of Lieutenant Colonel Davis.

not the function of the Negro soldier and sailor to attempt to change the discriminatory laws of the South. I realize that for a northern boy who sees Jim Crow for the first time that it is something of a shock. And it may be a long time before he can recover his equilibrium. But he must recover and prove that he can be a good soldier — or sailor, or marine, whatever the case may be.

And a good soldier or sailor or marine obeys orders, respects the laws of the states and cities even though he knows in his heart that these laws are a travesty on democracy, and a mockery of the ideals for which he has been called to face death.

The Negro soldier or sailor or marine must strive to be the living proof of his equality if not his superiority to those who would make the color of his skin a badge of dishonor. He must acquire all the military or naval technique which is available for him to learn. He must keep alert, and buckle down and grasp everything he can whether it be the firing of a rifle or the repair of a truck. He must attend his classes dutifully, develop a military bearing, look his officers in the eye and give them the proper recognition without hesitancy and without cringing. To civilians he must be courteous, so that, whether they be black or white, they will feel safe

In my humble opinion it is that such men as you are in

their country's defense. The battle against discrimination, against segregation, against injustice must be fought not by the enlisted or officer personnel but by the citizens on the outside of the armed forces through their organizations such as the NAACP, the Urban League, the Council of Churches and other similar organizations and by the Acting Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War.

For neither the soldier nor the sailor nor the marine can hope to change these things since he is always subject to military or naval discipline and will become the object of prosecution sooner or later. And so to a New York boy or an Ohio boy — or a Michigan boy or any boy from North of the Mason Dixon Line who finds himself in the heart of Texas, in "sunny Carline" or in Alabama I would say, "Soldier" — bring it to the man, "Give hell to your man." Show your superior officers that "you can take it when the going is rough." This doesn't mean that you should take insults, or epithets. If you have to submit to these go through channels and protest it. You will get a hearing, although it may take some time. You leave the solution of the race problem to those best fitted to attack it.

This procedure I believe is best in the long run. E. A. C.

— Buy War Bonds —

## SPANISH BLOOD

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

In that amazing city of Manhattan where, before the crash, people were forever building things anew, there lived a young Negro called Valerio whose mother was a colored washer-woman but whose father was a Porto Rican sailor. Valerio grew up in the streets. He was never much good at school, but he was swell at selling papers, pitching pennies, or shooting pool. In his teens he became one of the smoothest dancers in the Latin-American quarter just north of Central Park. Long before the rumba became popular, he knew how to do it in the real Cuban way that made all the girls afraid to dance with him. Besides, he was very good-looking.

At seventeen, an elderly Chilean lady who owned a beauty parlor called La Flor, began to buy him neckties. At eighteen, she kept him in pocket money and let him drive her car. At nineteen, younger and prettier women — a certain comely Spanish widow and one Dr. Barrio's pale wife — began to see that he kept well dressed.

You'll never amount to nothing," Mattie, his brown skinned mother said. "Why don't you get a job and work? It's that foreign blood in you, that's what it is! Just like your father."

"Que va?" Valerio replied, grinning.

"Don't you speak Spanish to me," his mama said. "You words in a democracy. And, mind you, they ARE discriminatory, and of themselves creating bad feeling and prejudice."

Majorities feel their very number entitle them to supreme power, that their interests as a group must come first. Minorities too often place the privilege of their group before the rights of all citizens. In both cases far too frequently those rise to the top, to positions of power who seek personal aggrandizement and who by their actions hurt the group which they claim to represent.

The majority looks upon the minority as not quite as they are — as something different from the herd — and they don't like that. Minorities for their part too often have a chip on their shoulder. When banded together for "self protection" they become a powerful pressure force which is often irritating to the majority. And much too frequently both sides forget that they are Americans governed by the same laws, and subject to the same responsibility.

This is true whether the difference be of political party, class, religion or color — and in each of those groups there are minorities and majorities.

Summer Welles called the term "racial or religious minority" accursed. And he was right, though he could have added class to the list. It is the whole idea of segregation and separation of people into groups, treating them generally not individually, that we are fighting today. In the brave new world which we hope will come after this war, let us guard against group thinking. Let us remember that we are all citizens of a nation, and citizens of a world of United Nations. For as Mr. Welles also said, "It is inconceivable that the people of the United Nations can consent to the establishment of any system where human beings will still be regarded as belonging to such minorities."

Let us — majority and minority — work together as individuals regardless of the group from which we come. Let us accept our personal responsibilities and fulfill them before we start fighting about our rights. Let us prove what we are, forgetting whether we be minority or majority. Just let us only be Americans all.

know I don't understand." "O. K., mama," Valerio said. "Yo voy a trabajar." "You better trabajar," his mother answered. "And I mean work, too. I'm tired o' comin' home every night from that Chinese Laundry and findin' you gone to the dogs. I'm gonna move out o' this here neighborhood anyhow, way up into Harlem where some real colored people is, I mean American Negroes. There ain't nobody settin' a decent example for you down here 'mongest all these Cubans and Porto Ricans and things. I don't care if your father was one of 'em, I never did like 'em real well."

"Aw, ma, why didn't you ever learn Spanish and stop talking like a darkie?" "don't you darkie me. I'm your young hound, you! I won't stand it. Just because you're a straight-haired and yellow and got that foreign blood in you, don't you darkie me. I'm your mother and I won't stand for it. You hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am. But you know what I mean. I mean stop talking like most colored folks. just because you're not white you have to get back in a corner and stay there. Can't we live nowhere else but way up in Harlem, for instance? Down here in 112th Street, white and colored families lives in the same house — Spanish speaking families, some white some black. What do you want to move further up in Harlem for, where everybody's all black. Lots of my friends down here are Spanish and Italian and Argentine, and we get along swell."

"That's just what I'm talking about," said his mother. "That's just why I'm gonna move. I can't keep track of you, runnin' around with a fast foreign crowd, all mixed up with every what-cha-may call it, and lettin' a shades all women give you money. Besides, no matter where you move or what language you speak, you're still colored less'n your skin is white."

"Well, I won't be," said Valerio. "I'm American, a Latin-American."

"Hugh!" said his mama. "It's just by luck that you have even got good hair." "What's that go to do with being an American?"

"A mighty lot," said his mama, "in America." They moved. They moved up to 143rd Street, in the very middle of American Harlem. There Hattie Gutierrez was a happier — for in her youth her name had been Jones, of Gutierrez, but just plain colored Jones. And she had come from Virginia, not Latin America. She had met the Porto Rican seaman in Norfolk, and had lived with him there and in New York for some ten or twelve years, working hard to keep him and their house in style. Then one winter he just disappeared at sea, probably lost his boat in some far off port-town, settled down with another woman, and went on dancing his rhumbas and drinkin' his rum without worry.

Valerio was a handsome child, not quite as light as his father, but with olive-yellow skin and straight black Spanish hair. He looked more foreign than Negro. As he grew up, he became steadily taller and better-looking. Most of his friends were Spanish — speaking, so he possessed their language as well as English. He was smart and amusing out of school. But he wouldn't work. That was what worried his mother, he just wouldn't work. The long hours and low wages most colored fellows received during the depression never appealed to him. He could live without struggling.

He liked to dance and play billiards. He hung out around the Cuban theatre on 110th Street, around the pool halls and gambling places, in the taxi dance emporiums. He was all for getting a good thing

out of life. His mother's moving up to 143rd Street didn't improve things any. Indeed, it just started the ball rolling faster, for here Valerio became what is known in Harlem as a hep cat. In other words, a man about town.

His sleek-haired yellow star rose in a chocolate sky. He was seen at all the formal invitational affairs given by the exclusive clubs of Harlem's younger set. He was seen at the midnight shops stretching into the dawn. He was even asked to Florida Sutton's famous Thursday midnight at homes where visiting dukes, English authors, colored tap dancers, and dinner coated down-towners vied for elbow room in her Sugar Hill apartment. Mattie, Valerio's mama, still kept her job ironing in the Chinese laundry — but nobody bothered about his mama.

Valerio was a nice enough boy, though, about sharing his income with her, about pawnin' a ring or something someone would give him and helpin' out on the rent or the insurance policies. And maybe, once or twice a week, mama might see her son coming in as she went out in the morning, or leaving as she came in at night, for Valerio often slept all day. And she would mutter, "The Lord knows, cause I don't what will become of you, boy! You're just like your father!"

Then, strangely enough, one day Valerio did get a job. A good job, too — at least, it paid him well. A friend of his ran a night club on upper Lenox Avenue. Gangsters owned the place, but they let a Negro run it. They had a red hot jazz band, and a high yellow revue, and bootleg likker. When the Cuban music began to hit Harlem, they hired Valerio to introduce the rhumba. That was something he was really out on to do, the rhumba. That wasn't work. Not at all, hombre! But it was a job, and his mama was glad.

Attired in a yellow silk shirt, white satin trousers, and a bright red sash, Valerio danced nightly to the throbbing hand-drums and seed-filled rattles of the tropics — accompanied by the orchestra's usual instruments of joy. Valerio danced with a little brown Cuban girl in a red dress, whose was mat of darkness, and whose hips were nobody's business.

Their dance became the talk of the town — at least, of that part of the town composed of night lifers for Valerio danced the rhumba as his father had taught him to dance it in Norfolk when he was ten years old, innocently — unexpurgated, happy, funny, but beautiful, too — like a gay sweet longing for something that might be had, sometime, maybe, some place or other.

Anyhow, business boomed. Ringside tables filled with people who came expressly to see Valerio dance.

"He's marvellous," gasped ladies who at the Ritz any time they wanted to.

"That boy can dance," said portly gentlemen with officers' full of lawyers to keep track of their income tax. "He can dance!" And they wished they could, too.

"Hot stuff," said young rum runners, smoking reefers and drinking gin, for those were prohibition days.

"A natural born eastman," cried a tan-skin lady with a diamond wrist-watch on. "He can have anything I got."

That was the trouble! Too many people felt that Valerio could have anything they got, so he lived on the fat of the land without making half an effort. He began to be invited to fashionable cocktail parties downtown. He often went out to dinner with white folks. But his mama still kept her job in the Chinese laundry.

(To be continued next week)

## Between The Lines

BY DEAN GORDON HANCOCK

### A SIGN FROM HEAVEN

The Negro is so hardpressed in his struggle for survival in this country that his literary emanations are necessarily burdened with protests. So multitudinous and multifarious are the forces that tend towards his undoing, that he must be ever ready to defend himself against those who would consign him to economic and social death. Protest then has place in the Negro's scheme of things; and we unto the race when it fails to produce able protestants who are like watchmen on the wall telling what of the night.

Within recent weeks there has been a noticeable and definite attempt on the part of the Negro press to sound a note of introspection for the Negro race. More and more attention is being called to what Negroes can do to advance their own cause. The idea is being gradually forced upon us that although the injustices and proscriptions of the anti-Negro white man must be resisted and resented, there are certain fundamentals of racial advancement that are in the keeping of Negroes themselves.

The "Hold-Your-Job" movement is illustrative of this introspection which the Negro sorely needs. Only Negroes can urge upon Negroes to hold their jobs and that Negroes have assumed the responsibility for promulgation of this all-important doctrine is salutary to say the least. But it is not merely in the field of employment that we find this introspection, but in the field of behavior in general. The Negro press for some months in subtle ways has been urging upon Negroes more comely behavior. This is a good sign — even a sign from Heaven — when Negroes begin to campaign among them

selves for better manners and generally improved public behavior.

We may write classics on the injustices heaped upon us by the white man. We may portend unto death about the handicaps that stand astride our upward way. We may pity ourselves with a mournful pity as we stand last in the line of those seeking full citizenship in this country. But the fact remains there is no substitute for good manners and comely behavior. Having good manners is not the same thing as being subservient and obsequious. Good manners and "Uncle Tomism" are not synonymous as some youngsters and "oldsters" seem inclined to believe.

When we therefore advocate good manners and when they are stressed in the Negro press we mean not alone good manners around whites but good manners among Negroes also! No amount of abuse and criticism and resentment of the white man will atone for a Negro's lack of good manners. That our press is alive to those problems is one of the best signs that we are growing in these turbulent times even as we should grow.

### THAT EVIL FEELING

Some weeks ago I was riding a street car in a certain city. I called myself all dressed up, having on my newly cleaned and pressed linen suit with Panama hat and white shoes. A colored man boarded the same car. He was dirty and greasy and smelly. The whites saw him coming and cleared the way. He pressed on to the rear of the car and found the only vacant seat beside me. He appeared to be evil in his mind; for he tried to sit all over me and my per-

fectly clean linen suit.

It was definitely up to me to move or take what he had, which was grease and dirt for my clean suit. I elected to sit it out rather than have him feel that I was trying to high-hat him. I saw that my suit was ruined so thought to explore the situation for further "developments." I spoke softly to him about the weather. He grunted back indifferently. I switched to the war and he grumbled back gruffly.

After riding several blocks I evidently convinced him that I was not a high-hatter, and he loosened up for good. He finally expressed regrets that he had soiled my suit. His evil feeling seemed dissipated and he proved to be a fairly intelligent person only mad with the world because his called for greasy clothes. Negroes who don't care what they say and what they wear on the public carriers cannot help destroy segregation. They help to perpetuate it.

I was in Chicago a few days ago and riding the crowded cars. It was Sunday morning and church time. A colored woman boarded the car with five small children and each had an ice cream cone and she threatened to whip anybody who apparently feared that the children that shebi ya . . . . . ren would soil his clothes. Every two or three blocks some body was threatening to whip the old conductor who was a patently stroke-proof or else the ordeal would have wrecked him. IT IS A GOOD SIGN TO SEE NEGROES ADDRESS THEMSELVES TO SOME OF THEIR OWN SHORTCOMINGS — it is even as a sign from Heaven!

— Buy War Bonds —

## Majority Or Minority

BY RUTH TAYLOR

I wish it were possible to eradicate those two words from the English language

but unfortunately, if one could do this, other words would be thought up to express the

same idea. There should really be no place for such discriminatory

### FDR says:

Curtailed spending. Put your savings into war bonds every payday.