

"GRAPES OF WRATH"

You will need to read very thoughtfully the story of the interesting sidelights on Pedro Alibu Campos, the Nationalist revolutionary of Puerto Rico, as told by Lynn Nisbet in last Saturday's DURHAM SUN, to put your finger, with us, directly on those responsible for the attempt to murder President Truman last week.

You will need to think seriously about the American tragedy of segregation to understand what is happening among the overwhelming numbers of darker people of the earth, who are beginning to take desperate chances with their lives and those of the Puerto Rican Nationalists.

You will need to know that there is such a thing among men as human dignity, self respect, manhood and personal pride and that some men value these things above life itself.

Lynn Nisbet, in the typical insulting and shallow thinking style that attends a majority of white southerners on the matter of segregation, refers to Campos as "the illegitimate son of a wealthy and highly respected Spaniard and a Negroess." The father of Campos being white and wealthy, Nisbet as usual refers to him as being highly respected, but when he gets to the Negro mother of Campos he loses all respect for the woman and refers to her as a Negroess, a most insulting term to be used in designating a woman of the Negro race.

Nisbet tells us through relayed information obtained from one Phil Hedrick, who spent several years in Puerto Rico and knows Campos personally, that Campos has a good education, including a degree from the University of Puerto Rico, Harvard Law School and that for "a short time after graduation he taught law there."

Says Nisbet in further reference to Campos:

Drafted into the American Army during World War I, Campos worked up to an officer's commission. For a time he was stationed around New York and New England and got along well. When he was transferred to Charleston, S. C., trouble began. According to the Hedrick version of the story, when Lieutenant Campos was asked to move from a white coach to a Jim Crow car at Washington on his way to South Carolina, he swore eternal vengeance against the United States. From that time until now he has devoted a major part of his energy and real ability toward effectuating complete freedom of his native island from the United States.

CONVICTED — In 1936 or '37 he was convicted of treason for efforts to recruit an army on the streets of San Juan for the specific purpose of overthrowing the Puerto Rican government, which was sponsored by the United

States. He was sentenced, along with eight or ten others, to a term of ten years in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta. He served about six years of the time, was released and lived for several years in and around New York. He returned to Puerto Rico several years ago and continued with vigor his opposition to the established island government.

When you have finished reading thoughtfully and thinking seriously about Campos you will then need to know about another Harvard law graduate, Ben Davis, Jr., a Negro communist, born and reared in Atlanta, Georgia but now of New York City. Davis is one of the 11 communists tried and convicted for plotting to overthrow by violence the United States government.

Davis, is also the son of an illustrious father, who was an editor and publisher and a national committeeman of the Republican party. Young Davis was educated at Amherst college in Massachusetts and was also a law graduate of Harvard. He returned to his native city and State to practice law but was treated so badly by the courts of Georgia that he was forced to leave and go North where he later became an avowed communist.

Now you have the complete picture of the events, circumstances and conditions that have turned two American citizens into persons bent on the overthrow of the government of their own country by violence.

We put our finger directly on the South and its advocates of the system of segregation, insults, abuses and hatred against non-white people as being responsible for every communist and other plots to assassinate the President of the United States and overthrow its government. We put our finger on men like Senators Hoey, Rankin, George and Smith and Governor Talmadge as being responsible for the rising tide of hatred against our country among the darker races of the world.

This idea that we in this country can forever heap insults on men because their skin happens to be of a different color, without reaping unfavorable repercussions is asinine. This idea that men in high public offices can bray like jackasses over the radio and in the public press about white supremacy is stupid and will lead to the creation of dangerous situations in this country.

The real culprits behind the plots against our governments are those who stomp and strut about race superiority. They are the ones who need to be jailed and tried for treason. These desperate men, who are the products of our hypocrisy, our pretense of Christianity and democracy are not fanatics as Lynn Nisbet would have us believe, they are the harvest of seeds sown by the advocates of segregation and white supremacy, they are the grapes of wrath.

SHAW UNIVERSITY NEEDS A PRESIDENT

We don't know what the Trustee Board or those in control of the affairs of Shaw University have in mind for the future of that institution, but it appears to us that the long delay in selecting a president is doing the school no good.

Such a delay may be indulged in to secure some outstanding personality to head the school. We rather think, however, that the damage that is being done, if allowed to continue, will so far outweigh the good, that whoever is selected will have such a tremendous job in getting the school back to normal operation that he will wreck his own health in trying to do so.

We understand that the affairs of Shaw are now being administered by an interim committee, which at its best is no substitute for the head of an educational institution. If it were schools would stop the employment of presidents and place their affairs in the hands of interim committees instead. Be that as it may, we think Shaw University is losing ground with only an interim committee to administer its affairs.

While a football team may or may not be a true indication of the academic qualifications of a school, we think the sudden deterioration of Shaws' football team from one of the strongest in CIAA circles to one of the weakest, reflects the unstable affairs that exist at Shaw under its present unfortunate state.

Coach Brutus Wilson is one of the finest and most efficient coaches in the CIAA conference and he has wrought wonders at Shaw since taking over the helm of its football eleven, but even he cannot make up for the demoralization that is bound to arise when the final authority and responsibility is divided among three or more members of an interim committee, with neither being willing to shoulder the full responsibility of decisions that are quite often of vital importance.

Shaw University has made too great a contribution to the race for its alumni and friends to stand by and see it seriously wounded when there is no need of it. Shaw University needs a president and it needs one now.

Two Thirds Of The World, Still Waiting For Action



Spiritual Insight

By REV. HAROLD ROLAND
PASTOR, MOUNT GILEAD BAPTIST CHURCH

"FROM THE DEPTHS"

"In my distress I called . . . and cried unto my God: He heard my voice . . ." — Psa. 18:6.

The Psalmist here strikes a very common everyday note of human experience as he sees life ebbing and flowing like the tides. Indeed, life is an uncertain and changing thing — it has its ups and downs. But these rapid changes make life rather interesting. Today we stand on the exalted heights of fame, acclaim, success, wealth and health. Tomorrow, all too soon, we are plunged into the darkest depths of misfortune, failure, sickness and seeming defeat. Many can prance in the glory of the heights but they fold, crumble and collapse in the dark depths. The Psalmist discovered that there is a power for the darkness. He had found that there is a power for the darkness. He had found that there is a power for man when he hits the depths. He hits the depths. He called and got an answer. That voice gives strength and courage. Thus he begins his climb out of the depths. In a world like this it is a blessed thought to know that . . . "In my distress . . . he heard my voice . . ."

The true test of a man is not the heights but the depths. Anybody can face the peace and calm of an untroubled sea but it takes faith and courage for the dark clouds and the raging storms. Anybody can stand on the heights. Any weakening can stand in the glamour of popularity but the real test comes when you are caught in the darkness of the depths. The test comes in the dark hour of reverses and criticisms. The test comes when you hit the depths. Anybody can stand on the heights when the multitude says let us "make

God men can always stage a comeback. In West Point in the thirties they tried to plunge Young Ben Davis into the depths for keeps. They tried to crush his spirit with isolation, insults and intimidations. He would not be counted out! He came bouncing back from the depths. He had that inner spiritual power which helps man to rebound from the depths. Mothers you need to give, this to your children. Teachers you need to generate and set in motion this power in the minds and hearts of those committed to you.

The anchorage of the mind, heart and soul in the source of power of the universe is the only hope in a world of ups and downs. This is the power for the heights and the depths. Faith in God is the key to life's ups and downs. He will abide on the heights and when life sinks to the depths . . . "In distress I called: he heard my voice."

Ballad Of Willie McGee

By DON WEST

Come gather around
And listen to me,
I'll tell you the story
Of Willie McGee!

It's away down South—
The land of cotton—
Where a rich man's sins
Are soon forgotten.

But a black man's ways
Never are quite free,
And that was the case
With Willie McGee.

In Mississippi—
It's old Rankin's state—
Where fear's the master,
The old reprobate!

A woman there was—
Maybe just like Eve,
Caught hold of Willie,
Wouldn't let him leave!

She took him along
To her own soft bed:
Lie with me, Willie,
What they say she said!

But Willie held back,
Scarce taking a breath,
He knew such an act
Would be certain death!

Then up went a yell
Of a Negro rape,
For Willie McGee,
There was no escape!

They'd burn that black man
To a sizzling coal,
Destroy the body,
Yes, and damn his soul!

Then over our land
Went up a great cry,
All good people said:
Willie shall not die!

And down to the South

"SMALL BUSINESS"

By C. WILSON HARDER

Look for the latest bureaucratic move, the new credit regulations on home buying, to be a focal point of attack when Congress goes back into session late in November.

In fact, this action may well be reflected in November elections.

The heavy protest is coming from cities under 25,000 where the new ruling is hurting.

In communities of this size, the independent building contractor, and his suppliers such as the independent lumber yard, plumber, hardware store and others, are a key factor in the community economy. Together they account for about two-thirds of the nation's home building.

The building boom to fill current needs for housing has resulted in some inflationary trends in large metropolitan areas where big corporations, big financial institutions, and big labor has created artificial price levels.

But in the home towns of the U.S.A., the common sense of both buyers and independent operators in the building industry has kept inflation down. In fact, records show that in 1949 four out of five homes were sold to families with incomes from \$2,000 to \$5,000.

But these facts were obviously waved aside by the bureaucrats.

They proceeded on the theory that there is only one way to get rid of mice in a house. Burn the house down.

So look for a slump in building. Look for unemployment. People thrown out of work by this latest bureaucratic fantasy cannot be absorbed in defense work.

The military will take less than 10% of the lumber supply next year; only 5% of the steel.

This is going to cause Congressmen embarrassment. They voted these arbitrary powers to bureaucrats without any necessity.

Congressmen may try to wiggle out of this by pleading, "forgive us, for we knew not what we did." But from all reports, stupidity is becoming a defense that the people in the smaller cities of the country are getting very reluctant to accept.

People are already starting to ask such questions as this.

"Why were such powers given to men like Carl Gray of the Veterans Administration who at one time was general superintendent of a large corporation and is now a director of a large investment syndicate, or to Ray Foley, head of the Federal Housing Administration, who has been on government payrolls continuously since 1933. What do they know about our local problems?"

Back of this entire move is the underlying drive.

The bureau in charge of rent control wants its powers back. The bureau that wants to build socialistic multi-million dollar public housing projects now see their opportunity.

But all this has no effect on the Frenchman, for just prior to this order, ECA Bulletin No. 1765 announced this information.

The Marshall Plan has just granted France \$10,000,000 for building homes. This will not cause inflation in France . . . because American taxpayers foot the bill.

KENDRIX KOMMENTS

By MOSS H. KENDRIX

THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH

Montgomery, Ala. — Even here at the site of Jeff Davis' government of the Old South, one can see the coming of the New South. As a matter of observation, you feel that the New South is rapidly approaching — the satisfactions and pains of new birth are evident.

From the time that I arrived at the non-Jim Crow airport here until I took a segregated train up-state to Birmingham, I sensed plenty of pride in the New Coming and considerable apologetic disgust in the existent ties to the Traditional Past.

This pride and disgust are reaching down to the common man. I saw this during my first thirty minutes in this Alabama town, and my stay of two days here merely served to emphasize the wide-spread of the trend. Likewise, I saw reaction at work.

I came into the Montgomery airport with a white Air Forces officer, who was experiencing his first visit into the Deep South. Being a Californian, he could not understand why he and I could not share the same cab into the city — a Georgian, I knew.

With an honest type of left-hand apology, the cab driver explained the "down here" custom. It was rather obvious that it did not really matter to him if the officer and I shared the same taxi. Actually, I believe he wanted the two fares and two tips.

I had not gone far along the highway when my driver asked if I had "seen the new housing development." For Negroes, I asked. "Yes," replied the white driver, "you should see it . . . things like that don't happen down here." There again was the "down here," and off the highway we went to see the houses.

My driver was amazingly aware of the social importance of good housing, and I could gather his pride as I took my quick, approving glances. Then, he inquired if I had seen the new hospital. I had seen under construction sometime before the all-Negro Catholic medical center.

With a quick jump back to the highway, there I saw the finished product. On our left was spread the massive City of St. Jude—school, church and the new hospital. On the right was one of Montgomery's public high schools for Negro boys and girls. Not too old was the public high, but the comparison was great.

For sometime, I had promised myself a visit to "The First White House of the Confederacy," which is located across the street from the Alabama state capitol. Now I am glad that I am not a tremendously sensitive person, for I might have concluded that my reception there was an insincere one.

I am positive that the courtesy was not a rush-act to get The Jefferson Davis Shrine. When I entered, there were ladies—the hostess and an apparent visitor. When I finished my tour, the visitor had gone — I might still be there discussing facts of his tory.

Over in the capitol, the guard directed me to the elevator with such kind gesture that I might have felt that I had just walking across the Boston Common rather than the grounds of the building on whose balcony Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as president of the Confederate States of America—February 18, 1861.

I arrived in the House galleries, however, just in time to be reminded that I was still in the USA, South. The Alabama representatives were in the midst of consideration of a Senate-passed substitute for the Boswell amendment, which had been outlawed by the Supreme Court earlier this year.

A young legislator was offering an amendment to the Boswell substitute. After a clerk's reading of this proposal, another representative took the floor in opposition to the amendment. He termed the amendment one which would deny the vote to many good, common white people of Alabama — it was not "a nigger amendment," he said.

Near me, the only Negro present, was a white spectator who applauded when the second legislator uttered his first words of opposition to the amendment. His was the only applause, and it took a rather quick fade when the "nigger" angle entered into opposition-discussion.

During the course of the legislative day, Gov. James E. Folsom reminded the body that Alabama's boys and girls were "scattered eastward to Berlin and westward to the borders of Manchuria . . . Some are dying for the right of the peoples of the world to vote . . . Others may have to die.

As I moved to the clerk's office to try for a copy of the proposed Boswell substitute and the attempted amendment, I remembered that Gov. Folsom was the only southern governor that I had ever heard challenge a Negro group to exercise its voting privileges.

It had been in Montgomery, not in New York City nor Chicago, that I had sat on a platform with this same governor and heard him ask for a show of hands of the present qualified voters — then to hear him lecture on the importance of vote from Hick, Alabama to Washington, D. C.

The clerk of the House of Representatives seemingly was gratified to tell me that neither the Boswell substitute nor the proposed amendment thereto had passed. But now as I leave Montgomery, I read that on the same day that the governor's forces defeated this infamous bill . . .

Somebody on the Senate-side of the Alabama legislature offered a resolution for the abolition of the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States. New South can be painful, indeed!

Came a caravan
Of those who believe
In the rights of man.

The resentments of
A subjected race
Were flung right into
The Governor's face!

Oh his eyes were hard
And his face turned red,
If they hadn't a come
'The boy'd a been dead!

The Governor knew
That the people's power
Could save a man's life
At the dying hour!

And that's what happened
To Willie McGee.
His life was saved
But he's still not free!

And if you ask me
The sermon begun,
I'll answer right quick,
Here's how it'll run:

No man on the earth
Ever can be free
Long as one black man's
Chained to misery!

AEC ORDERS BAN ON BARBER SHOP BIAS

Washington —Discrimination in the Community Barber Shop, serving the Atomic Energy Commission's reservation at Los Alamos, N. M., has been banned by order of AEC Deputy Director Smith, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been informed.

The order followed a protest filed with the AEC by the NAACP upon complaint of William G. Stone, an AEC security inspector, who charged that he had been refused service in the barber shop because of his race. Mr. Smith informed Earle W. Fisher, research assistant in the NAACP Washington Bureau, that the manager of the shop had been ordered to perform his contract fully without regard to race or color.

The Carolina Times

Published Every Saturday By
The CAROLINA TIMES Publishing Co.
518 East Pettigrew Street — Durham, N. C.
PHONES: 5-9873—5-0671—J-7871
Member National Negro Press Association

VOLUME 28—NUMBER 45

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1950

Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Offices at Durham, North Carolina under the act of March 3, 1879.

National Advertising Representative Interstate United Newspapers, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. Branch Office: 5 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

It is absolutely impossible for the CAROLINA TIMES to guarantee the exact time of publication or location in the paper of unsolicited articles and pictures, but will strive to conform with the wishes of its reading public as near as is humanly possible.

L. E. AUSTIN Editor and Publisher M. B. HUDSON Business Manager
CLATHAN ROSS Managing Editor V. L. AUSTIN City Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

6 Months \$ 2.00 3 Years \$ 9.00
1 Year \$ 3.00 Foreign Countries Per Year \$4.00