

## Parents, Wake Up!

This past week was designated Youth Appreciation Week, an idea that has good intent. However, we are constantly reminded of the disparity between what is intended, and what is actually the case. Our youth are our hope for the future but this hope is rapidly failing as a majority of our young people run roughshod over the principles of decency and respect.

In regard to this, an incident reported in the news media comes to mind. There is the case of two girls who allegedly accused a man of giving them an apple with two razor blades imbedded in it during their trick or treat forays. Of course this created a tremendous furor, with the accused finally spending three days in jail as a result of the charge. However, it was finally disclosed that the girls had concocted the whole story because they became angry when the apple the old man had given them was bruised. This type of incident illustrates a very glaring deficiency in our child rearing methods. It is indeed a sad state of affairs when our children have no more re-

spect for themselves and others than to defame the character of an innocent person because of childish animosity.

The above incident is not an exception to the general rule, but when compared with some of the other things our youth do it seems to lack real seriousness. For when you consider the fact that more teenagers than adults are arrested annually for serious crimes, the picture is definitely foreboding. FBI director J. Edgar Hoover has said our youth have become America's biggest headache. His words are strangely familiar, for as an ancient seer put it: "As for my people... children are their oppressors..."

A youth appreciation week is indeed a good idea, but 52 weeks of youth appreciation would be immensely better. Parents need to heed the handwriting on the wall and begin wisely leading their children to maturity rather than just observing them as they grow up. Either we accept the responsibility of raising them or we suffer the consequences of not doing so.

## The Future of DCNA

We are unable to put our finger on the reason for the sorry, listless and downright poor showing made by the black voting machinery in the sales tax election held on November 4. We say without fear of successful contradiction that no election in the past has seen such a poor showing on the part of Durham's black citizens. Two questions loom glaringly before us and will not go away. Was it the lack of leadership on the part of the Durham Committee on Negro Affairs as a whole? Or was it due to the lack of leadership on the part of the chairman of the political department of the DCNA?

For the past 25 years or more, during which the office of this newspaper has been the headquarters for the political efforts of the DCNA, we have never seen an election in which not one worker, or official of the political department of the organization, was seen at the headquarters in search of working material or instructions from or by the political chairman, who, to make it worse was not on hand during the entire day.

## A Diamond in the Rough

Often if one looks deep enough into the swirling muck of decadence that is our world today, a ray of hope is spotted. Such was the case at the first annual awards meeting of the Human Relations Commission Wednesday night.

Awards were given to individuals and institutions that in the Commission's opinion had rendered much service in the area of human relations. All the recipients of certificates were very deserving of the recognition they received. But one in particular stood out like a glowing beacon in the foggy mist of doubt.

Alger Marable was cited for his work this summer with the Operation Municipal Services. It was noted by the director that this young man had worked all the summer, eight hours a day, asking only that they give him the chance to work. In many

person this would be commendable, but it becomes even more notable because Alger Marable is only sixteen years old.

Today it is rare indeed to find a sixteen-year-old willing to work, much less willing to work for nothing more than the satisfaction derived from a job well done. Then too, after seeing this young man we are not surprised that he has done this. For even at his young age, the light of purpose shines in his eyes. He is tall and slender, with almost regal bearing, clean-cut and neat. His handshake is firm, and his demeanor polite. In other words, Alger Marable is a youth to be appreciated. He is a real diamond in the rough.

The Carolina Times thus congratulates Alger Marable, and the parents that have done such an excellent job of preparing him for life's hard pull.

## Things You Should Know

William H. LEWIS...

... EDUCATED AT AMHERST

AND HARVARD, HE BECAME A

MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE AND ASSISTANT U.S.

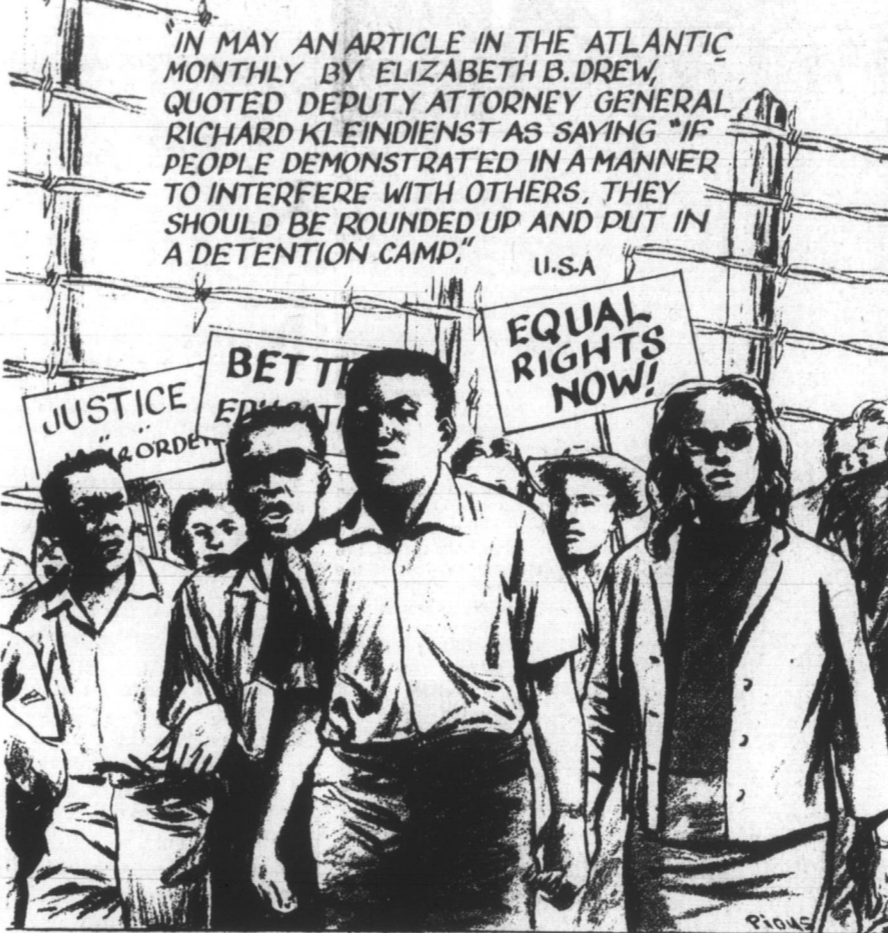
DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN BOSTON. HIS

LATER APPOINTMENT TO ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

OF THE U.S. WAS DEFENDED BY PRESIDENT TAFT!



## But Who Will Decide When Protest Is Interference?



"IN MAY AN ARTICLE IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BY ELIZABETH B. DREW, QUOTED DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL RICHARD KLEINDIENST AS SAYING 'IF PEOPLE DEMONSTRATED IN A MANNER TO INTERFERE WITH OTHERS, THEY SHOULD BE ROUNDED UP AND PUT IN A DETENTION CAMP.' U.S.A.



## The View From Here

By MILTON JORDAN

For many years the name "uncultivated gold mine" would have been a very appropriate title for Hayti. For more decades than anyone would care to remember this well-known, even renowned ghetto of Durham was noted for its dilapidated buildings facing Pettigrew Street, housing struggling business concerns. Behind Pettigrew on the mish-mash of narrow streets and alleyways living structures sagged in various stages of decay. Swirling clouds of dust were the companions of good weather, and boggy rivers of mud the comrades of rain, sleet and snow.

But for all of its decay and degeneracy, Hayti was not poor. Many a fine brick home now gracing the better sections of Durham were built with the money gleaned from various legitimate, and not so legitimate enterprises in Hayti. There has always been money in Hayti, even as there is money in the neighborhood now. Thus the premise of poverty stated in this column last week is reemphasized again. Poverty is not always a lack of money, but often a mismanagement of money. It goes without saying that Hayti is blighted and rundown. It is also a fact that a great proportion of the crime and social problems have their breeding ground in Durham's forgotten section. However, just as there is a reason for everything else, there is a reason for this.

Years ago Black people sold their town within a town down the river. They forsook it, and if they ever struggled from the confines of its boundaries, they denied it. Situated as it is on the other side of downtown, separated from respectability by the railroad, Hayti was always considered to be the "wrong side of the tracks." Those who were born and reared amid the teeming broths of immorality and "white lightning" fell into one of two categories. Either they learned to accept the squalor and filth and exist in it, or they learned to hate the place and longed for nothing more than to get as far from it as they possibly could.

Some did get away. Some graduated from high school, went to college, and then took jobs downtown. If they did not go downtown they at least cut the umbilical cord of their nativity. The young, the strong, the people with the training, the intelligence, the power if you will, fled. They refused to help the uncrowned king of Durham's Black neighborhoods realize its true potential. They fled from the degradation, the stigma and the sickening stench of humanity dying a slow and agonizing death. But in fleeing, they also betrayed those struggling pioneers of Black Durham who viewed the virgin forests of

Hayti and dreamed of an empire. They left those gallant souls who poured their blood, sweat and tears into Hayti to carve from the untamed wilderness the beginning of that dream. They left those courageous warriors of progress who in the face of prejudice, bigotry and seemingly insurmountable odds managed to start on the journey to glory for Black people in Durham. The young ran out, and the weather beaten old folks were left to fend for themselves as best they could, and to sink into the bottomless oblivion of obscurity. Those traitors have sown the wind; they will reap the whirlwind.

Hayti is dying, but the section is not dying a death of obscurity. It, like the fabled Phoenix bird, is falling into the flames on the funeral pyre of progress, only to rise again in reborn splendor. But the new Hayti will not be the Hayti of Black people. White people will take over this time. Black people have a history of lying to themselves to cover up for a lack of knowledge, and have therefore duped themselves into believing prejudice is the reason the east-west expressway is snaking through the heart of their "home." They have also come to believe the lie that the primary reason for urban renewal is to remove them from their roots. Prejudice did not cause the death of a dying neighborhood; and the rebirth of another one. Prejudice is what forestalled the idea for so long. It is the ability of white people to see the amazing potential of Hayti that has pushed Black people to the brink of losing "their thing." And Black people must bear the principle blame; we allowed it to happen. It is a study in paradox to see just how it occurred.

1. There were at one time many Black businesses in Hayti: restaurants, theaters, barber shops, grocery stores, insurance companies, shoe shops, novelty stores, realtors, and a host of others. Rather than support these concerns that were standard mainly because they lacked support, Black people spent thousands of dollars and even went to jail to "beg" the white man for crumbs from his table.

2. Rather than show gratitude for the mothers and fathers who literally worked themselves to death to educate

their young, the hope of the black society sold out to the white man's higher salary. True you make more money, but at the cost of your pride and your heritage.

3. Rather than exhibit dedication and a willingness to sacrifice for future progress, Black people ran way to the enticing, bewitching arms of overnight "success."

The list could continue ad infinitum. But enough has been said to establish the fact that Black people, Hayti's own, have made a drastic mistake. Thus into the void of error steps the white man, his ingenuity, his money, his dedication to betterment; and he reaps the reward of our ignorance.

Solid thinking is behind this entire program of renewal. The expressway is following its only logical route. There is no other place for a east-west thoroughfare to carry traffic through Durham without clogging Main Street. To have the expressway in Hope Valley would not be sensible. The expressway means money, and Black people should be the ones getting that money, but we have let the area deteriorate to the extent that we must see their dream fall under the blade of white progress. Black progress was stabbed in the back by Black unconcern.

But you who betrayed that struggling generation shall not evade punishment. Those dying souls displaced by urban renewal must have some place to go. Of course no place is left but those spacious areas to which you ran. You have tried to escape, but there is no place to hide. You left the slums without realizing that slums are not buildings and things, but people - minds and values warped out of perspective. Therefore, the portent of your future is a thudding, sickening reversal to where you began. You have sown the wind; you will reap the whirlwind.

Apparently, it is too late to atone for past mistakes, but what is happening now should be a well-learned lesson for you. Oddly enough it seems that fate has decreed for you a second chance. Don't blow this one. Don't run again. Stand up and fight. United we stand, moving ahead to progress. Divided we fall into stagnate decay and blight.



## "HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT FEAR"

By Rev. B. A. Mack

Text; Proverbs 28, 1. "The wicket flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

There is nothing like a guilty conscience to drive a man to fear.

He knows what he has done, and he is afraid someone else knows too. He is afraid sometimes to open his mail, or answers his phone, for fear his sin has caught up with him at last.

Actually, probably no one knows, not yet. That will come. For sin always breaks out into the open one way or another. But meanwhile wrongdoers are tortured by the fear that good men have found them out, this is one of the penalties of sin.

There is a solution for this fear, a sin confessed is a sin forgiven, the way to clear the conscience is to repent deep down in the heart, and a clear conscience is a life of peace.

Once we have laid our sins at Jesus cross, we can be like the righteous, living without fear. Our verse says - "The righteous are bold as a lion." A man who has done no

wrong need fear no judge. A man with clean hands can look the whole world in the face.

It takes bold men to do God's work in a hostile world. A man must be strong, unafraid of criticism, and not fearful of opposition, is doing what he knows is right. A man with a guilty conscience cannot be strong enough to face up to life and the claims of Christ. But that boldness is possible for all who confess their sins and repent. No believer in Christ has to fear anything in this world, and courage is the keynote of every great life. Adam disobeyed God and hid himself behind an apron when God called to him in the cool of the evening. Moses killed an Egyptian and buried him in the sand and was put on the run because his conscience made him fear for his life. Judas sold Christ over to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver and his conscience drove him to kill himself, so let us pray that God will make us bold in working for the Kingdom in this world.



## To Be EQUAL

By WHITNEY M. YOUNG

## No More Excuses

ONCE AGAIN, the Supreme Court has spoken. In a unanimous ruling, it affirmed the unconstitutionality of school segregation. The desegregation of every school district is to terminate dual school systems at once, the Court held. The key phrase is "at once."

That phrase is important because many thousands of black high school students are now in all-black schools studying great moments in American history—including the Supreme Court's decision to outlaw those same segregated schools, a decision made when those students were still infants.

Back in 1954, seventeen Southern and border states and the District of Columbia had separate school systems for white and black pupils. But the Court, in ordering an end to such segregation, said they should integrate with "all deliberate speed."

Desegregation proceeded with more deliberateness than speed. Many school districts resisted the Court's orders. Others waited for federal district courts—many with racist judges who were unwilling to act—to order them to desegregate. Still others waited for pressures from federal authorities before complying.

### Paper Compliance, Tokenism

The result was a slow, unsteady pattern of paper compliance, tokenism, and often, outright defiance. The process was complicated by irresponsible political leaders who seemed to have visions of themselves as embattled Confederates defying the Union.

Politics, as usual, played a part in encouraging illegal defiance of the Court. Federal authorities were wary of stirring discontent among racist voters, and the miseducation of black children was seen as a small price to pay for party harmony.

In recent years, federal pressure was stepped up and a greater measure of integration was achieved. But this was endangered by the Nixon Administration's decision to allow school districts still defying the law "more time" to comply.

They've had fifteen years. Why did they need more time? Black people waited fifteen years for the law of the land to be enforced. We've waited 350 years for black children to have the same rights as white children. But Southern districts who defied the law rated more sympathy than black people who wanted to abide by the law.

## Do's And Don'ts



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