

Africo-American Presbyterian

"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 32.

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THE SOUTH'S MOST DEPENDABLE INDUSTRIAL ASSET

By Rev. A. U. Frierson, D. D.

To the Editors:

I would not burden you and your readers with my frequent mental peregrinations, could I do otherwise. My apology is somewhat Socratic. I am not able to resist the pull of my "demon," whose voice keeps buzzing in my ear, and simply seems irresistible.

If, therefore, my articles crowd for space that you have for other and more important and interesting matters, either return them at my expense or consign them to the waste basket.

The South being mainly an agricultural section of the country, it ought to be comparatively easy to place finger on her most substantial labor factor. When I name it, however, some people will be surprised, some will pooh pooh the idea, and still others will turn away in derision. Be that as it may, all candid people will allow that my claim is well-founded, and ever falls without the pale of controversy.

From the time the Negro, against his own volition and without his consent, set foot on American soil, took up his task on the scattered tobacco plantations of Virginia, on the rice farms or Carolina, and in the cotton fields of the Piedmont, he seems to have heard and heeded but a single order, to wit: Occupy! As he toiled on the hills of Virginia to make tobacco, in the swamps of Carolina to produce the rice, and amid the foot-hills of the up country, on the cotton farms, he early proved himself to be an indispensable and invincible industrial factor. Therefore, with a superb industrial record dating back from 1619-20 to 1926 without a break, the Negro has established his claim incontestably as the South's most reliable and dependable industrial asset.

When the wealth of the country consisted chiefly in tobacco, rice, cotton, crude tar and lumber, the Negro was the Hercules of field and forest, and to this good day he has not paused even to "mark time." His worth and work have not been confined exclusively to any single section of the country, but are known and felt throughout its bounds. His share and contribution in the development of the country are significant. He has richly earned the right to sing proudly and lustily with the rest, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and with added emphasis, "Land where my fathers died."

There are some people who would humble his just pride, and chill the ardor of his patriotism by basely and arrogantly holding over his head and hurling into his face that old bogey, "This is the white man's country." The Negro in some quarters has accepted this as a whole truth, whereas it is only a half truth. While it is a white man's country by right of brain, it is as truly the black man's country by right of brawn. Each without the other were useless.

The Negro is no striker, and never has been. Even in the colonial days, when at times he outnumbered the white more than five to one, there was possibly a single outbreak. The sluggish days of his merciless and cruel enslavement afford no exception. There were only spasmodic attempts at rebellion as they were initiated and inspired by an erratic or alien. The apologist explains this by saying that the Negro lived in mortal dread of his master and knew that his very existence depended upon absolute submission and unquestioned obedience to the will of the master. But since there are at least two angles of approach to any debatable subject, would it not seem as plausible

to argue, when all the facts favorable and adverse to his bearing are in, that after all nature has richly endowed him to face an ugly situation and sustain a strain uncomplainingly, under which others chafe, rebel, and grow desperate?

Would it be a strain on the charity of those with whom he has lived longest and whom he has served faithfully to admit that the Negro is thoroughly seasoned with the grace of patience? These qualities he has exhibited in most marked degree and now I call you, who know him best, to record that where other toilers sulk, pine, even languish and die, the Negro sings, dances, laughs, and grows sleek and fat. He has worked the streets, built the public roads and highways, felled the forests, constructed the railroads, tunneled and leveled the mountains with a song. His voice has been heard in the fields as it mingled with that of the early spring bird, and without faltering continue through summer, and only to die away after having made the welkin ring with the song of "Harvest Home."

His habit of associating toil and song has so largely become his mode of life, that some Southern men have a superstitious dread of a Negro that will not laugh and sing while at work. All of you will bear me witness that the average Southern white man wants on any job for which he is responsible, a force of colored men who will crack jokes, laugh, and sing. If perchance one happens to slip in, who seems meditative, thoughtful, quiet, the "boss" keeps his eyes on him, and will get rid of him in the shortest order, on the merest pretext, the assumption being that the man of color that will not sing and laugh, while at work, will not wear that job long or heavily on heart or hand.

Again, the apologists explain by saying, this man lives on the light-side of life and is incapable of serious and consecutive thinking. But slight reflection forces the conclusion that the Negro is possessed of the "bears" in an exceptional degree. His power of endurance and forbearance sets the pace for the world. For any man or people that can sing and laugh in spite of the rigors of a Northern winter bordering the climate of the frigid zone, and under the squalid Southern sun of summer, well-nigh tropical, while at work, will never make a Socialist, Bolshevik, revolutionist, anarchist, or otherwise. You can depend on that. Any man or people, whose passion for music and love of merriment and laughter can be excited and stirred by the sight and touch of pick and shovel, never make strikers. Any man or people that can tune to music the heavy thud of the sledge and ring of the anvil, the rattle, clatter and click of steel, can never be marshalled into formation of organized law-breakers. In our bright and beautiful, sunny Southland, silent, yet eloquent and unmistakable testimony fills the air, as to the prominence and importance of the place held by the Negro as an industrial asset. A voice is heard in the land, coming up from thousands of unoccupied houses fast falling into disuse and decay. Ten or thousands of acres of fertile and productive lands are given over to waste and are rapidly growing up into forests. The once famed mule has visibly decreased in number and depreciated in value.

From 1619 to 1926 the Negro's shoulders have borne the burden and felt the heat of the day throughout the Southland. I can scarcely resist the temptation to say that he has proven

ATLANTIC SYNODICAL S. S. CONVENTION AND SCHOOL OF METHODS

By Rev. T. B. Hargrave

to be the country's most dependable asset. He has nobly responded to his country's every call to labor, whether irksome or light, till he was mustered out of the "Railroad Brigade" of the late World War. Every attempt to sidestep him has proven a snare. Every effort to supplant him or find some substitute for him, has proven a delusion.

From all that has been said, it is fair to conclude that if he is given a "square deal" and a man's chance he will keep our Western prairies and Southern hills and plains covered with green corn, and your cotton fields white unto the harvest. He will keep the fires burning in the furnaces of your factories, the spindles turning and the looms in motion in your mills. He will keep your mines open, your engine for trade and transportation breathing and throbbing, and your trains and steamboats running on scheduled time. If a chance is given him, I wish to assure all concerned that the section, and even the country he has loved so purely and served so long and faithfully will never call to him in vain.

In making up the Negro's status as an industrial asset men would do well to heed the words of Shakespeare's Othello, paraphrased, "Speak of him as he is, nothing extenuate, Nor set down ought in malice." Lancaster, S. C.

YADKIN CENTRAL DISTRICT CONVENTION.

By Mrs. J. H. Clement.

It was on the evening of August 5th when the doors of Cherry Street church, of High Point, were thrown open to welcome the delegates and ministers of the Central District Sunday School Convention of Yadkin Presbytery. Not only were the church doors open but the homes of the many friends of the Cherry Street members.

Thursday evening was the time for opening the Convention. An electric storm came over the city and the rain poured, but the delegates and friends were out in large numbers.

Dr. J. C. Alston, pastor of Lloyd church, Winston-Salem, preached the opening sermon. It was enjoyed by all. We were indeed glad to have Dr. Alston to bring to us the many truths. The program for the evening was a treat to the delegation. Dr. J. C. Morgan, Superintendent of Cherry Street Sunday school, welcomed us on behalf of the Sunday schools and Rev. S. L. Parham, B. Th., pastor of the First Baptist church, made a welcome on behalf of the Ministerial Union of the city.

Dr. J. A. Bonner responded. His address as usual was enjoyed by all who heard him. After being welcomed by the splendid gentlemen the delegates felt at home.

A collection of \$6.17 was lifted and the meeting adjourned until Friday morning.

Friday A. M. at 9:00 o'clock we had a lively praise service conducted by the faithful Superintendent, Mr. B. C. Ellison, of Hillsboro. He is always ready and willing to do his part and is a man who believes in business going on in a business like way.

We then had a business session which called for the election of officers. This was done with Dr. W. G. Avant, of Pine Street presiding. The officers are as follows:

Mr. C. W. Robinson, President; Rev. H. C. Miller, Vice-Pres.

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the place of Rev. C. W. Francis, of Anderson, S. C., and made a wonderful impression.

Wednesday the Convention enjoyed a beautiful social, directed by Mr. Black and Miss Dawson, and a lovely spirit was shown by all.

Thursday morning Rev. S. T. Redd, D. D., of Savannah, Ga., spoke from the subject, "Individual Liberty and Christianity," and Thursday night Mrs. J. T. Douglass and Mrs. Snively made wonderful addresses which afforded every delegate information of the highest kind.

Friday Rev. G. W. Long, of Cheraw, S. C., in his usual impressive way spoke from the subject, "The Church's Challenge to the Young People." It took Dr. Long to present this subject to the large number of young people present and the directors are to be congratulated on their wise judgment.

Friday afternoon of the Convention was selected for the great contest between the Reds and Blues. These contemporaries had battled all during the week; and although the Reds boasted of their experienced men, the Blues had youth and inspiration from such leaders as Dr. G. W. Long and Rev. F. C. Shirley.

The contest began at 3 P. M. and each side was determined to win. When the scene of battle had cleared and the smoke lifted, the Blues' flag was still there. To the regret of all Miss Cecelia McCoy, daughter of Dr. A. B. McCoy, and the Reds' only hope for victory, met with an accident, and had to be out of the contest. This, I feel, accounted for the deadly defeat of the Reds, 3-0.

Friday night the Convention witnessed a beautiful pageant which showed how the truth can make one's soul free from the fetters of evil powers.

After the pageant Dr. McCoy was called forward and Dr. G. W. Long presented him with a gift of \$100 from the Convention as a token of appreciation for his untiring service to our Synod and Church in general. It is hoped that Dr. McCoy while abroad will be able to visit Africa as well as Europe, for it will mean much to our Church as well as to himself.

We are proud of Dr. McCoy and the great work which he has accomplished and we hope through the inspiration of this great man we can find others who will and can equal or even surpass his great record. We have them coming, and all they need is a chance as Dr. McCoy has had.

Saturday night, under the direction of Rev. S. Q. Mitchell, a beautiful musical was rendered. Among those who displayed rare talent were Mr. C. Shirley, Dr. A. S. Clark, Prof. A. A. Adair, Dean, Prof. W. C. Lewis, Miss Theodora Percival and Rev. S. Q. Mitchell.

The school opened in full Tuesday morning with each room crowded with hungry souls seeking the fountain of religious knowledge.

At 11:45 A. M. Rev. O. M. McAdams presented a masterpiece to the Convention and held them spellbound from the subject, "Science and Christianity." It will long be remembered.

Mr. J. M. Somerndike presented each day a lecture on "The History of the English Bible," which was very helpful.

Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. the President of Paine College made an address, and following was an address by Mr. A. R. Donnelly, of Sumter, S. C.

Miss Maud Kinneburgh in an address on "College Women" showed plainly that she was mistress of the situation. She presented the progressiveness of women of today and showed how they are thinking for themselves.

On Wednesday morning Miss Theodora Percival, our Synodical lady missionary, spoke in

Churches are showing more interest in their ministers for they are purchasing cars and these cars are like camels facing Mecca on a sacred pilgrimage, for they are crowded with delegates for Augusta. Long may it last!

Hodge Academy, Washington, Ga.

MILLER MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A few Sundays ago the Miller Memorial congregation and choir were invited to worship and sing with the Handley Memorial (white) Presbyterian church in the Norwood section of the city. A very inspiring lecture was listened to by a returned missionary from Africa, Rev. Mr. Washburn.

Rev. Van Horn Murray and daughter of West Point, Miss., stopped over in the city on their way to the School of Methods in Anniston, Ala. He preached a very inspiring sermon at the 11 o'clock services.

Rev. and Mrs. L. R. Taylor motored here from Selma, Ala., and we listened to a helpful sermon at 8 P. M., Aug. 9th.

Miller Memorial was well represented at the School of Methods. There were twenty from Birmingham. Every one seemed to have gotten help spiritually and morally as well as physically. Among those who attended were Messrs. E. R. Johnson, Matt Jones, Jerry Hutchins, Misses Aria Marshall, Gertrude Winfield, Anna Mae McCall, Mesdames Ethel Lindsay, Jessie Johnson Walls, L. W. Johnson, E. F. Roberts, L. L. Curry and children Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sample, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Greer and Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Bryant.

The Ladies' Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. C. H. Johnson. A very interesting program was carried out on the mission subject, "China." Mrs. J. H. Mims, President of the Alaoma Synodical (white), was present and made a very interesting talk. She assured the ladies that they could feel free in calling upon her for assistance in any of their undertakings. A Chinese menu was served at the close of the meeting by Little Gladys and June Sample. Miniature fans were given visitors attending the society.

The Sunday school is planning a picnic to close out the season's gaieties. Plans are being made to use the games as taught at the School of Methods to make the day a lively one.

Mr. U. S. Bryant and Miss E. Newell were married August 1. A part of their honeymoon was spent at the School of Methods in Anniston, Ala.

Miss Louise Ward of Cleveland, Ohio, is the house guest of Elder and Mrs. E. L. Jones on High Street.

Mrs. Wm. Sample and children have recently returned from a visit to friends in North and South Carolina.

Dr. R. B. MacLin has been taking special treatment under the famous Mayo Brothers in Minnesota. He is continuing his stay in Chicago, Ill.

The Miller Memorial delegates at the School of Methods gave their church a deal of publicity during the dinner hour Friday in Barber College. A yell was led by the Superintendent, after which the following song was sung in the tune of "Working Together," which is found in the "Songs for Service."

What's the Matter With Miller Memorial?
What's the matter with Miller Memorial?
There is not a thing we know.
With deep devotion we sing her praise;
No church is so fine as she.
Chorus
Miller Memorial, we'll be loyal to thee.

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