

THE BETTER WE KNOW US ...

"Today I am the exact opposite of what I thought I wanted to be five years ago," says Mrs. Betty J. Hanes of Winston-Salem as she reflects on her career with Wachovia Bank and Trust Company.

A retail training specialist, Mrs. Hanes conducts Wachovia's retail accounts and retail lending programs for Personal Bankers.

"I spend two weeks out of every month teaching," says Mrs. Hanes as she explains that when she graduated from college in 1971, the last thing she wanted was to be a teacher. "I had tried practice teaching in a high school and decided that wasn't for me. I didn't realize what a difference there is in teaching career-oriented adults. But back then, I just wanted a job in which I could use my accounting degree without having direct involvement with the public, and I found it as a credit analyst at Wachovia."

A year later, according to Mrs. Hanes, she was ready for a change and transferred into management training. "This was the real turning point in my career for I discovered that what I really enjoyed was work-

ing with people. I became a Personal Banker and thrived on the challenge of establishing personal relationships with my customers and helping them solve their various problems. It's hard for me to believe there was ever a time when I didn't want to work with people."

Her success as a Personal Banker led to her being chosen to train for her position. "I completed my certification as an instructor at a very good time," says Mrs. Hanes. "Wachovia was in the process of centralizing and coordinating its statewide training programs, and I was given the responsibility of up-dating and tailoring the Personal Banker programs I would be teaching. I started out updating the materials, and I've been updating them every since. The banking industry is prone to constant change, and I enjoy the challenge of keeping my materials up-to-the-minute."

Drawing on her own experience, Mrs. Hanes has personalized her programs so that the trainees become familiar with almost any situation they may encounter as Personal Bankers. "We don't stop with the

technicalities of how to do the job," she emphasizes, "we help them develop professional expertise so that when they complete the program, they really and truly are Personal Bankers. This isn't some kind of gimmick; we have the real thing for our customers."

Mrs. Hanes, who was promoted to banking officer last January, says that she feels there are numerous career opportunities for women in banking. "However, regardless of race or sex, to be successful in any career, you have to work hard, have initiative and be patient. Things don't happen overnight; it takes time. Perhaps the most important thing of all is not to be afraid to move in new directions. Look at me, I'm doing exactly opposite of what I originally started out to do, and I'm loving every minute of it."

As to her own future, Mrs. Hanes admits that she is always looking ahead. "I have already identified what I would like to do next within the bank," she says, "but I realize I need to do graduate work in preparation for that step. It may take me a long time to get there, but I know where I am going."

In the meantime, Mrs. Hanes will be busy with a brand new challenge - that of combining a career with motherhood. "My husband, Jerry, and I are eagerly awaiting the arrival of our first child in November," says Mrs. Hanes. "I am planning to take a two months' leave of absence, and then my mother, Mrs. Margaret James, will babysit for me so I can return to work. I am confident that I can be career oriented and still be a good wife and mother who is devoted to her family."

Mrs. Hanes also plans to remain active in civic and community organizations. A graduate of Johnson C. Smith University of Charlotte, she is a member of the J.C. Smith General Alumni Association and is vice president of both the Winston-Salem Chapter of the alumni association and the Delta Omega Chapter of Tau Gamma Delta Sorority.

She is also hostess of the Personality Club of United Metropolitan Baptist Church, a member of the senior choir and journalism committee and is former president of the Youth and Young Adult Fellowship.



THE TRIBUNAL AID

VOLUME IV, NO. 14

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1976

\$6.00 PER YEAR

25 CENTS

MEMBER: North Carolina Black Publishers Association

North Carolina Press Association, Inc.

**A VIABLE, VALID REQUIREMENT
RESPONDING TO
BLACK NORTH CAROLINA**

The 1976 Editions of THE TRIBUNAL AID will be dedicated to America's bicentennial Celebration, with emphasis on contributions our Race has made in the making of America, from birth to the present.

In 1976 there should not be a need to lift these contributions from isolated sources. Our past

should be interwoven into the fabric of our civilization, because we are, except for the Indian, America's oldest ethnic minority.

We have helped make America what it is, and what it is, since the founding of Virginia. We have been a factor in many major issues in our history. There have been many misdeeds

against us, yet we have been able to live through them and fight back. This is living proof of our history.

Our role in the making of America is neither well known or correctly known. Many positive contributions have escaped historians and have not found their way into the pages of many history books.

We will strive to give readers, Black and white, many little-known facts about our past and it is hoped that a proper perspective of our history will be of value to persons who may believe that as Black people we have an unworthy past; and hence, no strong claims to all rights of other Americans.

Faye Ashe, Black History Editor

FLORENCE SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY

CONCLUSION

"What is now the Florence Primary School has gone through many changes since its beginning as an all Black School in the Florence Community. Mrs. Joanne Delaune, School Historian was unable to establish the exact date of the first school. She has through her research been able to compile the history of the Florence School and its community. Mrs. Delaune spent many hours going through school records, books and interviews with local citizens. On May 20th her research ended with the presentation of the book to the P.T.A. which is now in the school library. All facts cannot be presented here, but you are invited to visit the Library and read the History of the Florence School and community.

Continued From Last Week

Leon R. Harris born October 18, 1886, in Cambridge, Ohio, was given away from the only home he knew, an Ohio orphanage at the age of eight years to a white family in the Kentucky hills. Being a free man he left them at the age of 12 only to find he was alone, no family to turn to thus he knew his education would have to be achieved. But a determined man, he managed three terms at the Tuskegee Institute. There his trade was agriculture. Unable to graduate he wandered north to Iowa in hopes of attending Dr. George W. Carvers School. Having no relatives nor money, his need for a home and identity found him married at a very early age. He was married to Gertrude, the 16th child of an Iowa farmer. This step ending his formal schooling, but not his thirst for knowledge.

With need to support his wife, his jobs varied from construction to farming. While employed with one construction company in Danville, Va., Harris experienced a quite unnatural rainy season. Mr. Harris boarded a train heading south to High Point. Arriving at the train station, Mr. David Blair a collector of Internal Revenue was looking for someone to fill his silo's on the Blair Dairy Farm (a mile or so from High Point). Mr. Harris agreed to take the job and this is how he became acquainted with Mr.

Lyon. The Blair's Manager. Mr. Lyon was a graduate of the Agricultural College of New Hampshire, and he wanted to start farming on his own in the south. The two liked each other so when Harris was asked to work for him, he agreed. Mr. Lyon rented a farm in the Florence community from Dr. H. C. Pitts, a dentist in High Point. The house on the old Bristow place was where the Harris' would stay. He then sent for his wife Gertrude and their five year old daughter, Henerietta.

The need for a place to worship was one of the questions Leon Harris asked his first visitors, the Lindsay boys (Edward & Charles). Being told that preaching was once a month, Harris asked "but you do have Sunday school?" Being told "no, just preaching days." The Harris went to church that following Sunday anyway. With them they took their Sunday School quarterly and a song book. They slipped inside the quaint little Florence community church (Methodist). Gertrude sitting down at the organ started playing a familiar hymn they began to sing. The singing in the church aroused Pressly Raper who lived nearby (property next to playground - Rody Lancaster property) "Having Sunday school, he asked?" "Yes", Gertrude said. "We will have Sunday school every Sunday. Want to join us?" "You bet I do", said Uncle Press. "You all just hold back a minute til I go get my folks up here - Praise the good Lord, he shouted.

The next Sunday more than 30 people attended Sunday School and it lasted over two hours. Uncle Press told all the white people that "he's the same as a preacher". He knows all about the Bible and his wife plays the organ. This Sunday School experience was the beginning work Leon Harris considered a privilege doing in the Florence community. Their Sunday school was so interesting that the people hated to see the hour to come when they had to leave. Then one Sunday, when all the folks left the church for a baptism, Mr. Harris invited everyone back to the church for night Sunday school. Everyone came

back and that started a community get-together which grew again into Tuesday nights as well. They called their meetings "Bible readings." This was carried on something like a spelling bee. The four front seats were the honor seats. Individuals would read a verse, in return Mr. Harris would ask for comments. The person best explaining the verse read would get to sit in the honor seat. No one was every slighted because they could not read. Those who could not read would have their verse read to them. Brother George Wood and his wife were the first white visitors to participate, no white people who ever attended Bible readings ever refused sit in the honor seats beside a black man.

That fall, the Black School Committee asked Leon Harris to teach their school. He did not want to teach for he told them "I do not know enough." He said he could never pass an examination, get a certificate and besides he loved the outdoors and hardwork of farming. But the people would not accept No, for an answer. John Joyner, Carl Charles, Jim Williams drove to the field the next day where Mr. Harris was plowing. Carl Charles did most of the talking, Professor Harris they called him, we've come to take you to Greensboro to get your certificate. Now sir, they said "We know you can teach and we need you." From that day on, Leon Harris stepped out from behind his plow handles. He took the examination and was given a first grad certificate. The Florence community was very proud because no teacher with a first grade certificate had ever taught in their school. That was a four month term that year in Florence school. The 1890 building on Bundy Road. Renovated under Harris guidance the community made this building as modern as possible. The enrollment was 80 students. That second year the enrollment climbed to over 100. Mr. Harris nailed planks to the seats across the center aisle and made the larger children sit on them, while the tots sat on the floor on the edge of the platform where his desk stood.

Teaching the children was not enough for Leon Harris, there were older people in the community who had not had an opportunity to learn to read or write. He told them to come to the school house with a lamp on Monday and Wednesday nights for classes. Aunt Nancy Raper, Uncle Press second wife was the first one there. She wanted to learn to read her Bible. Within two weeks 20 adults came, some in their 20's, 30's, and some even older. Those adult education classes went from three R's into modern methods in farming.

Mr. Harris had produce that same year - a big crop of Irish Potatoes. The first big crop every produced in that area.

The classes in that little school house changed the hum-drummed life of these people, for theirs was a life of new interest and progress. He taught on simple subjects - history, geography, health, current events anything he thought would interest his listeners.

A white farmer who had originally come from the Blue Ridge wanted lessons from Mr. Harris, and so Mr. Harris taught every member of his family. That same year the community had a corn shirking, the biggest corn shucking ever held in that area. Everyone attended (both black & white) and when all the corn was shucked procedure was, a big dinner. In those early times separate quarters for the black from the white was the usual, but this was not the case for the Harris' and Rapers. Uncle Press asked the blessing that day in the white dining area. The longest blessing that Leon Harris had ever heard. Uncle Press prayed for everyone, sick and well, all the schools and all the churches.

One Saturday while getting some grinding done at John White's mill, Mr. Harris was approached by one of the Mendenhall's, Robert Borum, Mr. Ferguson of the school committee. "Professor, you've done alot for us around here, no one has every took the time or trouble to teach the old folks anything. We are glad you

are here and we hope you never leave." Professor Fouse, Superintendent of Guilford County Schools came out for his usual visit, one day. He got as far as the door and said "Where did all these children come from." Harris told him that these children all lived in our district, and that we needed a new and larger school building before next term. Leon Harris had heard of the Julius Rosenwald fund and investigated. The next time he went to Greensboro he called on Professor Foust. He suggested the plans for the new school. The school committee and Mr. Harris decided that Florence school should be built next to the Florence church being the center of the community's life, and that the new school's location be ideal in case of other contiguous districts to be consolidated with Florence. This building should not be less than three rooms, and the cost would be evenly divided between the county, Rosenwald fund, and the people of this community.

And so it was, spring came when all the black and white people worked together to build this new third Florence school. It was to be called the Florence Rosenwald School because of the money from the Rosenwald Fund. Wil Fuller, John Joyner, Carl Charles, Roy Cole, Jim Williams, Mr. Jeffers were just a few of the people building this school. Trees were donated from Mr. Fin Hiatts place. 'good Old Oak.' Every sill in that school house was hand hewn.

The school was almost finished when Harris' received word that Gertrude's father had passed away, and her mother need to be cared for because she was blind. The Harris' knew they would have to go to Iowa soon. The war in Europe was bringing higher wages in defense plants, and they would be needing more than \$30.00 a month that he received for teaching.

The day the Harris family left was long remembered by the Florence community. As they drove by the school, final touches were being made

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