

# THE TRIBUNAL AID

VOLUME IV, NO. 17

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 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.

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

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

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

FORMER HIGH POINT RESIDENT

## RHYMES FROM THE DELTA

PART THREE

A few years ago I found a book entitled RHYMES FROM THE DELTA. The cover of the book was worn and I had no idea at the moment the author of the book. When I turned to the title page I discovered that the author was a High Pointer and a member of my church.

RHYMES FROM THE DELTA is a collection of Narratives and Poems by Mr. George W. McCorkle. In the words of Mr. McCorkle, I would like to share with you some of his recollections about the schools he attended, his first compositions written and first poem published.

I am sure some of the recollections given here and names mentioned will bring back memories to many people in the City of High Point and other states and cities visited by Mr. McCorkle.

Many of his poems are dedicated to people of this city, many of whom we have known.

Continued From Last Week

### LEAVES MISSISSIPPI

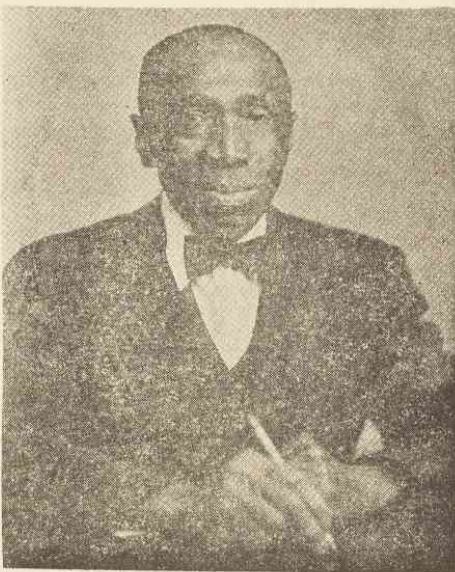
In the spring of 1941, my brother, Rev. E. A. McCorkle, who is Pastor of Allen Chapel Presbyterian Church, Fountain Inn, South Carolina, wrote and asked me to come out of the state of Mississippi. He made no explanations to give me his reasons for asking me to leave the state. The big question in my mind was how would I get out of Mississippi without walking. But I had the courage to write my brother that I would leave Mississippi. So in his next letter he told me that if I would come and stay with him, he would pay my from Canton, Mississippi, to Fountain Inn, South Carolina. This scattered the clouds that were hanging over my head. I at once began to get together my few belongings and in a short while I said farewell to the state of Mississippi.

My brother and I had a happy meeting, for we had not seen each other in fourteen years. Regardless to the size of a town or community where my lot happened to be cast, I have always been able to contact and interest somebody in my writings. I had been in this small town but a short while when my writings began to attract attention, and especially among the whites. I must say that in this small South Carolina town the whites showed and expressed unusual interest in my efforts to write verse. The whites in Fountain Inn who did fail to give me a hearing were: Revs. J.L. Shannon and W. Chester Keller, pastors of the Presbyterian churches; Messrs. Chiple, Superintendent of Public Schools of Fountain Inn; George P. Wenk, President of Citizens Savings Bank of Fountain Inn, and Robert Quillen, editor of a weekly newspaper in Fountain Inn, and also contributor to various daily and weekly periodicals, including the Charlotte Daily Observer.

### RETURNS TO HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA TO LIVE

In the fall of 1941, while still with my brother, Rev. E. A. McCorkle in Fountain Inn, South Carolina, my brother, Rev. T. J. McCorkle, wrote me from High Point, North Carolina, inquiring if I would come to that city and give a recital at St. Mark Methodist Church under the auspices of the Brotherhood of the church. I readily consented to make the trip and give the recital. Arrangements then went forward for my appearance in a recital at St. Mark. It was really one of the greatest pleasures of my life to return to High Point after being away for something over twenty years.

It was here in St. Mark Methodist Church (then Morris Chapel M. E. Church) where I gave my first successful recital. While a student in Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, I visited High Point on account of the illness of my father, Ned McCorkle. While in the city arrangements were made for me to give a recital at Morris Chapel Methodist Episcopal Church. This recital was sponsored by the late Miss Ava Robinson, Mrs. Lola B. Curtright, and Mrs. J. M. Foust. A large crowd came out that night to hear one of its boys in recital. I received a great ovation at the close of the program.



George W. McCorkle

The late Rev. Rossie Lee Brower, who was a student in Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta Georgia, was serving the church as minister in the absence of the pastor. At the conclusion of my program, Rev. Brower was asked to make remarks. I remember very vividly the remarks made by the young theologian pertaining to my future success.

At that time my father lay very sick in the section of High Point known as "Macadonia." When I returned to his sick room that night and related to him the story of my successful recital at Morris Chapel, my father made this prophecy, "Son, you'll be a power in the world some day." I felt then and feel it more keenly today that those words were divinely inspired. I hope to fulfill the prophecy, not only to Rev. Brower and my father, but also the good wishes and hopes of hundreds of others whom it has not been my good fortune to meet.

### THE RECITAL ON MY RETURN TO HIGH POINT

The Recital which was given under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Mark Church was sponsored by Messrs. T. A. Brower, L. E. Whitaker, J. M. Foust and others was a big success from every angle. The large audience expressed its appreciation in its hearty applause. It was a great pleasure to greet old friends and a host of others I did not know after being out of the city for such a long time. I was so impressed with the rousing welcome given me that I decided to take up my abode in High Point again.

### VARIOUS CONTACTS IN THE CITY OF HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

So far, I have given a brief account of the contacts and rich experiences that have been mine with individuals in other states and cities, in my travels for almost twenty years. My account now is to be centered in High Point and near-by communities. Not one moment have I regretted my return to High Point, my old home town. The city stood with open arms to welcome its son's arrival after an absence of 20 years, and its citizens, both white and colored, continue to open to me doors of opportunity.

### THE CHURCHES

The churches have spared no pains in securing me to give recitals from time to time. My first recital at St. Mark Methodist Church, shortly after my arrival in the city, was the opening wedge to all the other churches of the city. All of the pastors of the city have, at sometime, shown or expressed themselves in some way in appreciation of my work.

### THE SCHOOLS

During the past several years, I have had an opportunity to take part in a program or to give

recitals at each of the colored schools in the city of High Point. I have also been invited to give recitals at schools in the following nearby towns: Trinity, Florence, Thomasville, Gibsonville, Deep River, Burlington, Hamlet and Graham.

### CLUBS

I have also had rich experiences in my contacts with various clubs of the city. Among the clubs entertained in the city have been the Young Women's Club of Main Street Baptist Church, Daughters of Dorcas of First Baptist Church, Youth Fellowship Group of the First Methodist Church, the Civitan and Cooperative Clubs at the Sheraton Hotel, and two years in succession I had the pleasure of entertaining the Medical and Nursing Staff at the City Lake and Brotherhood and Woman's Society of Christian Service of Brooks Memorial Methodist Church.

### ON THE AIR

Through the influence of Rev. W. F. Willott, Pastor of First Baptist Church, High Point, North Carolina, for the past two or three years, it has been my good pleasure to broadcast over station WMFR of High Point. In these programs, I have used not only my own writings, but the writings of other authors as well. It has been encouraging through these years to have received so many compliments from a host of both races who have listened in on my programs. Mr. Bill Smith, the announcer, has been very considerate of me at all times.

### SOME STAUNCH FRIENDS

I take this opportunity to express my deepest appreciation to the citizens of High Point and also of the surrounding communities for kindnesses shown me in my efforts and endeavors to achieve. But among the host of friends, there are those who have gone the "Second Mile." I take pleasure in mentioning the following persons: Prof. S. E. Burford, Principal, William Penn High School; Mr. W. A. Bivins, of the High Point Enterprise; Mr. T. A. Brower; Prof. S. S. Whitted, Principal Leonard Street School; Dr. H. L. Brockman; Prof. C. E. Yokeley; Mr. Robert L. Thompson, Editor of the High Point Enterprises; Mr. W. R. Peters, Superintendent, High Point Memorial Hospital; Prof. Victor Blackburn, Principal, public school at Gibsonville, N.C.; Miss Mytolene L. Graye, Principal, Fairview Street School; Mrs. Lilian E. Donnell; Mrs. Alma McRae; Rev. W. F. Elliott, Pastor, First Baptist Church; Dr. J. C. Morgan; Mrs. W. E. Merritt; Dr. C. T. Whitten; Dr. W. O. Weldon, Pastor of First Methodist Church; Dr. A. M. Greenwood; Mrs. J. B. Jones; Rev. I. P. Harris; Mrs. Carrie L. Mayfield; Mrs. Marvin Slate; Dr. H. H. LeMon; Miss Emma L. Chaffin, Superintendent of Nurses High Point Memorial Hospital (Washington Street Unit); Mr. H. L. Garner, Sr.; Mrs. Alice McLeod; Mr. J. P. Laffoon the printer of this book; Rev. T. W. Blankenship, and Postmaster, S. C. Clark.

### CONCLUSION

Believing that I possess some little ability to write verse, I have consecrated this talent to the Master, and have applied myself to the task of speaking a rhythmic language which has appealed to me greatly from childhood.

My highest ambition is to leave something on record, a thought, a word, a deed that might make the world better because of my having lived in it. Through my feeble efforts, I hope to leave the world a little better than I found it.

These verses come from a soul that is continually reaching out for more light and inspiration; from a heart that is continually praying for better conditions to be brought about for my people, especially in the Southland, where I was born and reared and where my rave so often must stand before a bar of injustice.

In my travels through the Deep South, I have had an opportunity to see and to study the conditions of my race. Quite often my blood has been made to boil because of galling conditions faced by my people.

### SIGN OF HOPE

But in the midst of the most trying and heart-rending conditions, there often burst forth a ray of hope which has given me new faith and courage. And in the words of Paul Laurence Dunbar, I have been able to "Keep Plugging Away." There are rising up from time to time, even in the very hottest beds of prejudice, young white men and women who have the courage of their convictions, and who have the daring to speak and write in defence of an underprivileged group. Thank to our Maker, this number is being greatly augmented as the days, weeks, months and years go by. Through faith in God and love for all mankind, we shall eventually come into our own.

Finally, in my writings I hope to encourage rising youth of all groups to aspire to higher and nobler things. In spite of handicaps, if one has it in his soul to put up a struggle, success is assured. With immeasured appreciation to those of both races, men and women, who have been so very generous in their thoughts of me in my endeavors, and who have sacrificed greatly that I might get a hearing, and thanking those in advance whom I have not had the privilege to meet, and who possibly would have shown as many kindnesses as others; and thanking all those who shall read this collection of verses with interest and meditation, I now take the liberty of sending forth "RHYMES FROM THE DELTA" (REVISED) on its mission, praying that God might further use me for the advancement of His cause, and for bringing of His kingdom into the hearts of men.

Continued Next Week

## Historical Landmarks Of Black America

by Fay Ashe

No more substantial testimony to the role of the Black in the growth and development of America can be found than the numerous historical landmarks in various regions of the country which are associated with Black Americana. Many of these—like the Alamo and Bunker Hill—are not conventionally known as sites involving chapters of Negro history.

OSAWATOMIE:  
JOHN BROWN  
MEMORIAL STATE  
PARK

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE:  
Southern University

This state park, named in honor of the fiery insurrectionist, contains the cabin in which he lived during his brief sojourn in Kansas.

Located in Baton Rouge since 1914, Southern University is the successor to an institute founded in New Orleans after the Civil War. The modern and well-financed plant now serves some 12,000 students on a breathtakingly landscaped site that includes a huge lake. The two university satellites now in existence are located in Shreveport and New Orleans.

WALLACE:  
FORT WALLACE

Only a roadside marker and a cemetery are left as identifying marks of Fort Wallace, another of the military outposts used by the 10th Cavalry. One white officer who came to Fort Wallace as commandant of the 5th Cavalry after having refused a regiment of Negro troopers changed his attitude in the field when Negro soldiers whom he fought alongside proved their mettle in battle against the Cheyenne. The black cavalymen marched 230 miles in nine days, and killed 10 Cheyenne who had surrounded the escort party which was taking the major to his new regiment.

New Orleans: Chalmette National Historical Park Louisiana State Museum

Chalmette National Historical Park is the more precise site of what is usually recorded in history as the Battle of New Orleans, fought during the War of 1812. The battle pitted the motley forces of General Andrew Jackson against 5,400 seasoned English veterans of the Napoleonic campaigns fighting under Sir Edward Pakenham.

1776 Honoring America's Bicentennial 1976