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Rev. George W. Brown

All efforts to obtain a popular verdict in the case of the killing of Erwin Jones have failed, the family of Jones have returned to their native state of Louisiana where "we are not afraid and we have some rights," is the way the youngest sister of the victim stated. But the committee hopes that something has been accomplished. Something really has been accomplished. The aftermath of this case has brought to the fore people who champion the rights of the oppressed in both races. We have been made cognizant of the fact that there are people of both races who will help us fight for our rights with their time, their money and their brains. All the members of the committee that helped to keep up interest in the killing, finally causing a Grand Jury investigation gave their time, money and ability without charge. These people deserve a vote of thanks from every Negro in the community and admiration from everyone. Fighting practically a hopeless case, they nevertheless stuck to their guns to the last.

But the man responsible for all this was practically unknown at the time of the incident except for a few people in the Guilds Lake area. No one prompted or prodded this man to take the lead in a fight for fairness and justice as we have been taught to expect under the American way of life. No hope for monetary gain was his as the Rev. George W. Brown of Gona Street Baptist Church, Guilds Lake gave justice an apparently badly needed jolt in the arm. A man who stepped forth because he hated to see his race abused. The kind of man that would be a credit to any community and one that is badly needed in this section. No selfish motives were his as he swung into action. The mere fact that a Negro needed a helping hand brought him on the run and he stayed in the fight and is still in it, spearheading an attack on the jimcrow treatment of the Negroes that has attracted nationwide attention. Prominent jurist have sided with him in his fight for the right. Daily newspapers up and down the West Coast have published editorials that backed him in his stand. His kind are very scarce in this neck of the woods, the Negroes should never forget Rev. George W. Brown.

There are many Negroes who had both the time and the money to give to help in this much publicized case who did absolutely nothing and gave not one penny. There are several organizations among the Negroes that have not spent one penny to help their fellowman in time of need. These organizations did not give a penny toward helping defray the expense of this case. Yet, most of these people are the 'old residents' here and are supposed to be the 'solid citizens'. No wonder that the race progress in this area has been so slow. It is no wonder that there are no Negro policemen in Portland, that for the first time we have Negroes in the Public School system here (newcomers), that no Negroes fill positions of training and ability in the city or county government. It is no wonder that the Negroes are held in mild contempt and their puny and inefficient efforts to obtain recognition are brushed aside so brusquely. The people who are or rather have been accepted as spokesman for the Negro race hereabout have not had the interests of the race at heart. Purely selfish motives activated their desires and interests. Men like Reverend Brown are very, very scarce, let's don't lose him.

LISTEN FRIENDS . . .

By Margaret Taylor Goss

WHAT'S BACK OF SCHOOL STRIKES?

Events are happening these days across the face of the nation which give us just cause for alarm. For example, a wave of strikes against the attendance of Negro students at schools which for years have enjoyed harmonious race relations hits the midwest and even has echoes in the east. In Gary, the steel center, white students suddenly refuse to go to school with their colored brothers demanding separate schools. In Chicago, the same thing occurs at several high schools. In Chicago too, a property owners association advocating restrictive covenants and crying the wolf's cry of rape girds for gestapo war against Negro citizens moving into a certain area.

These are not isolated happenings as some would have us believe. These incidents are plotted and planned and there is some significance to the fact that during the time of these occurrences Gerald L. K. mith, the arch fascist, was having meetings of his pro-fascist group in and around the midwest. Certainly these things are being done to provoke racial strife and if you want the key to the whole thing just find the answer to the questions:

Who in America would benefit most from racial strife during this period of wavering reconversion? Who is against full employment? Who wants to smash the labor unions? Who wants to divide and rule at the time when unity of all the people, black and white, is the only thing that will guarantee their gaining the things for which white and black Americans have so recently died? Who wants to smash the unity of the United Nations? Who prophesies that the third world war will be with the Soviet Union?

The answers to these questions are the key and the answer is one and the same. They are the reactionary big business interests both on a national and international scale. They are using Hitler's weapon of "divide and rule". The steel magnets are using it in Gary where the school strikes were fomented. What better way is there to smash the steel union and its demands for higher wages than having the children of Negro and white workers fighting each other?

GUARD YOUR HEALTH-AVOID ACCIDENTS, ILLNESS AND INJURY LARGELY PREVENTABLE-ARE COSTING THE NATION AN ESTIMATED ANNUAL LOSS OF 600 MILLION MAN DAYS OF INDUSTRIAL LABOR ALONE.



'AVOID ACCIDENTS-AND ILLNESS'

Sentence Sermons

By REV. FRANK CLARENCE LOWRY for ANP

- 1. It takes more courage to say "no" to wrong when all the rest are saying "yes."
2. Those who say "no" at the right time won't have to feel sorry at any time.
3. It must be true that some men who are now serving time as convicts, didn't take time to defend their honest convictions.
4. An inveterate drinker has his convictions, but he washes them down without any distinctions.
5. A constant liar has his too, but he goes on lying until he's almost through.
6. Many folks are under conviction of sin when they hear the story of the cross, but to stop playing policy, they would rather stand an eternal loss.
7. The heart of man is constantly convicted and has him on the pan, but he still goes on proving to Satan that he is his best man.
8. Folks think they can fool God with their mode of ostrich-head living, by burying their convictions and going on sinning.
9. A certain rich man when in hell asked Father Abraham to send Lazarus "that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." But Abraham as much as told him that he had plenty of time beforehand to keep a cool tongue and head, without now taking up his time to wake up someone from the dead.
10. Stingsy people and those with hot tempers and passions ought to get together with God and learn to conquer all of these, or be convinced in hell that any one of them is a deadly disease.
11. They very best advice any young person can be given from the start is—to put his or her trust in God and develop a strong character and a pure heart.
12. The people in this, God's beautiful world, will some day learn that God's divine order they cannot spurn—and for individuals and nations to succeed, they must God's laws most earnestly heed.

George's Parents Were Slaves; Old Donkeyman Recites Adventures

By Eric Walrond
Journalist and fiction writer; ex-Guggenheim Fellow

LONDON (ANP)—Over at the Seaman's union in Newport Monmouthshire, I had been told: "Old George Clements, the Negro ship's donkeyman. He's 100, if he's a day old. He gets a pension here, and a pension from somewhere else. His son-in-law is a ship's captain. He has any number of great-grandchildren, all quite white."
"Sit down!" cried the old donkeyman. "Take a seat!"
He was born of full-blooded Negro slave parents on the Georgetown, British Guiana, waterfront, but he was completely in the dark about the date.
"I don't know the day I was born," he told me mournfully. "It was in Tiger Bay, where I lived a long time, and my mother took me when I was twelve and put me on a sailing ship, the Eugene. We loaded sugar and went to Greenock in Scotland. When I went back to Demerara my mother was dead and my father was gone. Both of them were dead."
To cheer him up a bit I told him that if he went back to Demerara now he would hardly recognize the place, everything no longer lived in the old slave compounds, all the sea-cows had wandered out of the Lamaha canal into the Botanical gardens; the quaint old circular roofed Dutch houses had almost all vanished in the craze for modern villas, and even the "Buck" aborigines in the streets of Georgetown now wore clothes.
He turned his head aside and a dreamy light crept into his eyes. "I remember," he murmured, "when they used to fight the coolies with broom sticks and ball hooks. You couldn't walk the streets!"
When was that? I asked, "Can you remember?"
"Ah, you've got me there!" he sighed. "After that one trip I never went back to Demerara."
"It was clear, despite a certain haziness—that the old donkey-

man was still able to keep his Indians separate. He didn't get his "Bucks" and Babus mixed up. As a good "mud-head"—that is, a Demerara Negro—he had a tendency to look down with pity and even condescension on the Bucks, Caribs who resisted all attempts to be uprooted from a pastoral way of life in the bush. They were not "blacklegs"—that is, strike-breakers like the coolies; folk who, coming in on indenture, a system of labor recruiting which the Anti-Slavery society in Britain fought until it was ended in 1911, played havoc with the wage rates on the sugar plantations.
"Here!" he growled. "Look at my discharge books."
Ah, they might help. He had them in front of him, handy. He pushed over a pile of six or seven. I turned the limp, thumb-stained pages.
All of a sudden he pounded the table, eyed me steadily and moistened his lips.
"I was on a German ship sailing in the West Indies. We went to a port in Venezuela, La Guayra. The skipper and I had a row over some triviality. Have you ever seen a German officer in mufti?"
"I shook my head and sat up magnetized. The old donkeyman raved on: "One word led swiftly to another. The skipper shouted at me—"Who are you? I snapped back, "Who are you? You are only a bloody German!" Just like that."
He paused, out of breath. His daughter, a partly mulatte of 55, was coolly watching him from in front of the fire leaping up in the fireplace.
"They took me ashore and locked me up in a damp dungeon of a place, a kind of fortress, under a palm tree. Next day the chief of the prison guards sent out to the ship in the harbor for my breakfast. There was no breakfast! In the evening they sent out again, this time for my dinner. There was no dinner. What do you suppose the Spaniards did then?"
I gave up.
"They let me out!" cried the old donkeyman in triumph.
He sat back his eyes dancing with mischief. I ventured a glance at his daughter. With lips compressed with more or less scornful disapproval she was looking down obliquely at him.
The old donkeyman leaned forward again. "I was in the Ariadne Alexander," he continued, "She was an armed merchantman. She was built in 1888. Her owner was a London Greek. I served in her five years. Armistice morning coming up the Bristol channel we rammied a German submarine. I was working as both fireman and donkeyman. When we got into port the water was six feet in the hold."
I rose. With a wide sweep of the arm the old donkeyman suddenly pointed to the black murky cone of a slag-heap just outside the dining room window. "When I first came to Newport," he said, "all that was sea and dock. Any deck hand could go down to the 'Rising Sun' and drink all he liked; cost him nothing so long as he was colored."
"Oh?"
"Yes, the Japs had just licked the Russians and the colored man's stock was rising."
His daughter, plainly worried, was anxious to make sure that didn't get the old donkeyman wrong. She stepped forward eagerly, a frown of deep concern

BETWEEN THE LINES

By Dean Gordon B. Hancock for ANP

As at the close of World War I, so at the close of World War II, the United States is in the most strategic position of any of the nations of the earth in the possibilities of making a lasting peace. As at the close of World War I, we muffed our chances of making good in our strategic position and thereby contributed to the catastrophe that was World War II, so at the close of World War II we are muffing the chance to preserve international peace and thereby assuring World War III.

When the United States arrogates unto itself the sole prerogatives in handling the secrets pertaining to the atomic bomb, it is by that very assumption makes the boldest strokes in rendering asunder the hopes of an abiding peace. This country is not big enough, not rich enough and not good enough to handle by itself the atomic bomb and the secrets thereof. Just as power politics have doomed and damned Europe for to these many centuries; so our great country is resorting to fear politics—power politics by another name—to achieve certain political objectives in international relations. It simply cannot be done.

If this country had been big enough to call into its confidence all the nations of the earth and reveal the possibilities of the atomic bomb, it would have been laying the foundations of the faith that must precede any worthwhile attempts to achieve a permanent peace. But when we attempt to hide the secret and boast that we can outdo the other nations, we simply go about the race of international armament in another way and herein lies the greater tragedy.

What the race in armaments has done to destroy the peace of the past, the race in science will do to destroy the peace of the future and possibly the human race. We are now committed to the policy of trying to frighten the rest of the world with our power. We are going in strong for a program of "bulldozism". If fear were effective in critical situations there might be some hope but nobody is afraid of anybody else these days.

A fear policy among the nations will be about as futile as the fear-policy this country inaugurated against its Negro citizens. It has failed for today the Negro-hating whites any more. The more recent Ku-Klux-ism proves the point that Negroes are no longer terrorized by fiery crosses and hooded goblins. Russia, against whom is now centered the shafts of suspicion and malignment, is not afraid of the United States with even its concealed atomic bomb secret; for the Russians have openly defied us with strong the warning that in five years they will have something just as good or better. Molotov recently asserted concerning the breakdown of the London negotiations that nations cannot beorated about any more.

Not only in our decision to monopolize the atomic bomb secrets did we forfeit the greatest opportunity to render world service of any nation that ever lived, but our studied attempts to condition our financial help on the necessitous nations' adopting our form of government. Bought friends are never paid for, neither are bought international comrades. Europe is veering towards the left, Britain and all, for better or for worse. Europe needs the help of the United States and demands it on moral and humanitarian grounds. For us to force upon leftist Europe—by fear—an ideology it did not want would be the most undemocratic move conceivable.

This column said some weeks ago that a truly democratic democracy was the best defense against communism. More recently Virginius Dabney of the Richmond Times Dispatch said that only by our proving that democracy is better could we hope to stay the tide of communism. A color-struck democracy cannot prove that it is better than communism. A dollar-struck diplomacy cannot prove its superiority. No nation that chooses as its law-makers such men as Eastland, Rankin, Bilbo, Cotton Ed Smith and their satellites can commend democracy to the world even under the spell of one of the mightiest exchequers in history.

The foregoing amounts to the studied but inevitable conclusion on her deeply freckled face. "He is well respected," she told me (I had gathered as much already in the town). "He doesn't smoke, doesn't drink . . ." The old donkeyman cut her short. "Who wives me civility," he cried with asperity, "I give him civility. I keep no company."

Inter-Race Marriage Increase in Hawaii

By Hubert H. White
HONOLULU (ANP) Hawaii retains its position as the "melting-pot" of the world. This truth was confirmed by this correspondent's interview with Dr. Andrew W. Lind, chairman of the University of Hawaii's sociology department and director of its research laboratory.

Dr. Lind and I found that we had attended the same school—the University of Chicago; thus we could speak frankly regarding the subject. Previously I was told by civic leaders that is was partly through Dr. Lind's research that the government did not make the same mistake in Hawaii of removing loyal American Japanese as in California.

A total of 2,321 white servicemen have been married here in the past two years, and of these 895 or 38.6 per cent took non-white brides. Dr. Lind said that no separate statistics were kept on the Negro as a group, but added that they were included in the "all other" group which constituted approximately 40 per cent non-white marriages. "Up to the present time," said Dr. Lind, "Negroes have not composed a large group in our community to warrant including them statistically in the inter-marriage group." Dr. Lind noted, "the very few Negroes living in Hawaii prior to the war were commonly thought of as part-Hawaiian or just 'thers.' The term Negro was rarely, almost never applied to local residents.

"Since 1940 there has been a large movement of Negro troops and defense workers to Hawaii, and almost every district has had direct experience with some Negroes since the outbreak of the war. The reaction of the local residents has varied so greatly by localities and by periods that only the most simple statement would accurately describe all situations. In general the lower and middle class Hawaiians have manifested the most consistently friendly attitudes toward the Negroes."

Using GI jargon, Dr. Lind said a considerable number of transient Caucasian servicemen become "color blind" when romance is involved, reporting that 427, or 18 percent, "fell for" girls of Hawaiian or part-Hawaiian ancestry and 210, or nine per cent, took marriage vows with young women of Japanese descent.

Dr. Lind, significantly stated, "The fear expressed early in the war by certain mainland observers that the local Japanese might exercise a subversive influence upon the newly arrived Negroes was certainly ill-founded."

Some of the more sophisticated Nisei did manifest a considerable interest in the Negro and were somewhat disposed to identify themselves with the Negroes, as another minority group. But the local Japanese, in some cases, have been frankly suspicious if not fearful of Negroes. Nevertheless, said Dr. Lind, "it is only a matter of time that the Negro will be fully integrated. The delay in integration will be governed by the number of white servicemen and civil personnel remaining in the islands, who have some carry-over from mainland racial patterns."

that the faith destroyed when we refused to share the secrets of the atomic bomb, will make inevitable World War III. Color-struck democracy and dollar-struck diplomacy cannot afford the basis of lasting peace.

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