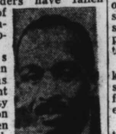
Book Review

By Saunders Redding

SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL, by Louis R. Harlan. University of N.C. Press, Chapel Hill. 290 pp. $4.00.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the practices of Southern white educational and political leaders have fallen far short of their propagandized professions.



Mr. Redding

There has never been and there was never meant to be equality of education as between white and colored.

Indeed, the South was not exactly enamored of the idea of public education in the first place.

Leaving quite aside the romantic efflux from certain writers on Southern history and the Southern "way of life," it is true that only in the South was an effort made to impose the European pattern of society.

Only in the South was there a true landed aristocracy and a true landless peasantry.

For this latter class, which of course included the colored slaves, there was no need for schooling and education was a privilege they could not aspire to.

The aristocrats meant to keep it that way while at the same time they meant to get for their own sons the best education available.

Laid out and paid for by those who could afford them, private academies and private colleges came into being here and there.

They were not very good schools, but students from them could go on to the University of Virginia, where, traditionally, only the sons of "gentlemen" went, and which was to all intents and purposes private too.

* * *

EVEN AFTER the idea of public education began to take hold in the South and certain crusading public-school-minded men, aided by Northern philanthropists, began to push it, the issue of education as the privilege of the few remained very much alive.

As a matter of fact, now that it was in argument — roughly 1870—the aristocratic notion gained strength from desperation, and though it slowly gave ground under pressure from the underprivileged whites, these latter in their turn were solidly against colored.

This too resulted in a struggle that, slowly gathering momentum, pitted liberal Southern whites and Northern philanthropists against White Supremacists.

The history of this struggle is the meaty substance of **Separate and Unequal.**

* * *

THE PLACE of the struggle was the heartland of the old aristocracy — Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia.

That aspect of it in which the public and private idea of education were opposed was settled quickly in the early 1900's, for then, when Northern philanthropy began to organize for colored education, all elements of the white South combined to fight "learning for darkies."

State legislatures and school boards saw to it that greatly disproportionate shares of public funds went to white schools.

School superintendents gave more thought to keeping the colored teacher down than to building the white schools up.

Thanks to this, Southern white schools lagged far behind schools in the rest of the country, and colored public schools —in physical equipment, in teacher and curricula standards, in educational morale — lagged an even greater distance behind Southern white schools. The statistical tables tell the story.

By 1915 discriminatory devices had been so effectively and habitually employed against colored education and colored schools were so greatly inferior to white schools that the theory of "separate but equal" was obviously exactly what it is now — joke.

How cruel a joke is the point of Louis R. Harlan's excellent study, **Separate and Unequal.**

Legal Advisor

By ROBERT WATTS
Baltimore Attorney

My children love to play the pin ball games. Some stores permit them and other stores refuse to allow them to play. What is the age limit for children in using the slot machines in different stores in Maryland?

ANS. The law states that children under 16 are never permitted to play these slot machines. Children 16 - 18 years of age are forbidden to play the machines during school hours. It is forbidden to gamble on the machine at all times.

* * *

MY FATHER was killed some years ago, and my mother was receiving money as compensation from the State Accident Fund. My mother died a few months ago. I want to know if I am entitled to collect what she was getting?

ANS. No. You are only entitled if you were depending on your father for support. You are not entitled as an heir to the money your mother was getting.

* * *

I HAVE been saving my money for the last six months at home. I now think it best to put it in the bank, but I'm afraid because my husband and I are separated and someone told me that he could get it out since he is my husband. Is this true?

Answer: No, married woman can have her separate estate. Long ago this was not true. You can even own property in your own name. If you die, however, the money in the bank will go 1/3 to your husband and the other ⅔ will go to your children.

* * *

IF A HUSBAND is untrue, cruel and stays away from home more than he stays there, can a wife with three children leave him and get support for their children from the husband?

Answer: If your husband's cruelty is to such an extent that you are afraid or are subject to serious bodily harm or if you can't continue to live with him and maintain your self respect, you can leave. This would be "just cause and reason."

You don't have to put up with this type of conduct. Of course, if the cruelty you refer to is nagging, drunkenness or sallies of passion, this is not sufficient.

If you have definite proof of your husband's unfaithfulness, this too would be just cause for leaving.

Where Did You Get Your Name?

(Continued from Page 1)

lish; one who made cloth of mixed color.

MURCHISON, Ira (co-holder world record 100 meters) — English; from Murch, son of the dwarf.

NEWCOMBE, Don (Los Angeles Dodgers) — English; the newly settled stranger, newcomer.

PAIGE, Satchel (Miami Marlins pitching ace) — English; a male servant.

RAINES, Larry (Cleveland Indians) — English; from rainy area, dweller at the Sign of the Frog, another tavern marker frequently used.

REAVIS, Phil (Villanova high jumping star) — English; minor official appointed as work supervisor.

RICKETTS, Dick (pro basketer) — English; pet form of Little Rick, from Richard the Lion Hearted.

ROSEBORO, John (L.A. Dodgers) — English-Scottish-German; dweller at the Sign of the Rose, another fairly common innkeeper display.

SAULDSBERRY, Woody (pro basketball star) — English; from Saul, a sallow wood in Gloucestershire or Sall, a sallow wood in Norfolk.

SLIGH, Jim (N.C. College All-CIAA basketer) — English; one who was dexterous and skilled.

STANFIELD, Andy (former Olympic sprinter)— English; from Stony Field in Norfolk, or dweller on or near stormy land.

STRODE, Woody (ex-UCLA grid great now in movies) — English; from Stroud, marshy land in Gloucestershire; maybe from near habitat of strudolf, the ravaging wolf.

TALIAFERRO, George (former pro football star) — Italian; one who cut or worked with iron.

TEMPLE, Ed (Tennessee State track coach) — English; dweller near religious house or foundling abandoned in a temple.

TRIPLETT, Mel (pro football Giants) — English; the youngest of three simultaneous births.

WEIR, Reginald (1957 national seniors tennis champion) — English; dweller near a dam or fish trap.

YOUNGER, Tank (retired from Los Angeles Rams football) — English-German; the younger of two sons or business associates. The other? He became the Olds progenitor, natch.

Our Readers Write

If you have a problem, let us help. Make letters short. Address AFRO Magazine Section, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Newark, N.J.—Since those Senate Crime and Racket investigations started, we have been hearing a lot about the Fifth Amendment.

I must confess that I don't really know what the exact wording of this Amendment says. Can you print it for me please?

LAMAR BRAXTON

The Fifth Amendment is one of the ten original amendments, called The Bill of Rights. It reads:

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, in actual service, in time of war or public danger:

"Nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, or be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law;

"Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

* * *

TRACK RECORD

Norfolk, Va.—I claim that Dave Sime holds the word record for the 100-yard dash. Right or wrong?

J. W. DAVIS

Right, in a way. The record of 9.3 is held jointly by Mel Patton, James Golliday, Leamon King, and Roland Locke as well as Sime.

THEME SONG

Edgewood, Md. — Could you please tell me the name of the theme song on the "Meet McGraw" television show

MRS. O. O. OWENS

The song is "One For My Baby," by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen.

* * *

ADDRESSES

Chicago, Ill.—I would like to know if you have available any addresses of colored hotels or rooming houses in Toronto, Canada. I plan to spend my vacation there.

OTIS B. HUNTER

Suggest you send for an AFRO Travel Guide. It lists accommodations all over North America. Send 25 cents to AFRO Travel Guide, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

* * *

CAMPS

Parkersburg, Pa. — I would like to know the names and states of some good camps for 10-year-old girls. Can you help me?

OCEA BOLDEN

We do not have any such lists available, but you should contact your local YWCA and Girl Scout odganizations for information. Also the Urban League.

* * *

OLD COINS

Hamlet, N.C.—Can you give me the address of some old coin dealers, or tell me where to write for information as to the price of old money?

LILLIE W. YOUNG

The address of the American Numismatic Society is Broadway bet. 155th and 156th Sts., New York 22, N.Y. The American Numismatic Association's address is P.O. Box 577, Wichita 1, Kans. Either organization should be able to furnish you the information you seek.

* * *

ADDRESS

South Boston, Va.—Will you please give me the addresses of such rock and roll stars as Fats Domino, Little Richard, Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry, etc.?

I have numerous songs I'd like to get on display, and have been advised that BMI publishers would help me without exhorbitant fees.

CLARENCE TERRY

Personal addresses and phone numbers of stars are never given out to protect the stars, and to allow them to have some privacy. They may all be contacted through the companies for whom they record.

Looking For Someone

If you want to locate missing friends or relatives, enclose $1 in an envelope along with a description of the person, where and when he was last heard from. Send it to Missing Persons Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Persons with information concerning these missing people, address all correspondence to Missing Persons, c/o, AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Lizzie M. Bonner of Baltimore, Md., is looking for Levy Purvis also of Baltimore. Approximately 55 years old, wears glasses, 5' 4" tall and weighs about 145 pounds. Complexion brown. Last seen Saturday, February 1, 1958.

W. R. Jenkins of Baltimore, Md., is looking for a young lady that he met in Boston, Mass., while a patient at the Chelsa Ward Hospital. She worked in the cafeteria. Her name is Florence R. Wilkerson. She is about 5 feet 3, weighs about 115, brown-skinned, and very attractive. I have her class ring with the initials F. R. N.

* * *

Mamie Hamilton of Bostic, N.C., would like to locate her brother, Joe Flack, whose native home is North Carolina. Tall, brown-skinned, age 61. Last heard from about October, 1956.

Othella Branch of Northfork, W. Va., is looking for her sister-in-law, Bertha Branch, her two daughters, nieces. Helen Branch and Katherine Branch. Last seen in 1923 in Omar, W. Va. Their husbands and father were killed in Omar, W. Va.

* * *

Bessie Hall of Baltimore, Md., is looking for her niece, Lillian Scott of New York, her nephew, Willie Legree of Marcus, Pa., and Janie Lester of New York.

* * *

FOUND

Lewis Pender of 673 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia 23, Pa., knows the whereabouts of Marilyn Davis's mother, Hazel Davis. He also thinks she has a sister she has never seen before.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: — Many people have written in and called to ask that their Looking For Someone insertion, be placed in a certain edition of the AFRO.

The column is run in all of the ARFO papers, and is circulated all over the world.

Your Prayers Are Asked

For a very sick woman who needs understanding . . . For a sick daughter whose mind may be healed. . . . For Marie Smith. . . . For Willis who is sick in the mind . . . For Annie and Lottie. . . . For my daughter Ida that she will feel better from her leg trouble and kidneys. . . . For Oletho Edward. . . . For a Brother Robert that he may gain weight and be healed. . . . For Kenneth and Chris that they may be reunited for the sake of their daughter. . . . For Loretta and Puddin that they may prosper as entertainers in show business. . . . For a mother that she may be completely healed and be able to return home. . . . For the removal of evil influences. . . . For a son's life. . . .

And for all sick and suffering people wherever they may be, that it may please God to heal them, And that Peace may prevail in the world.

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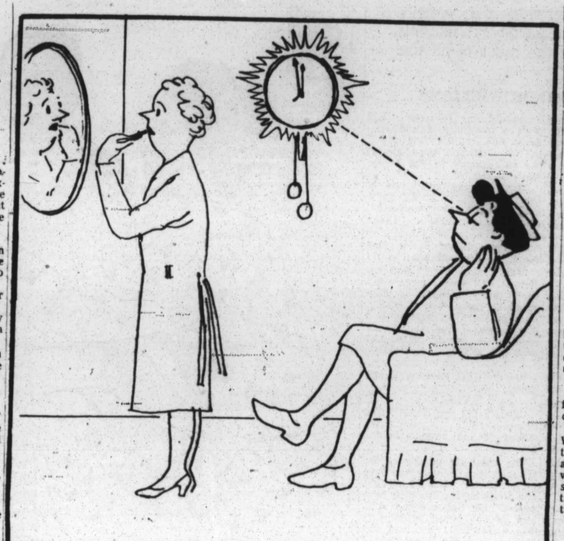
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HERE IS MILDRED

The Late Little Sister

Some people are always late. If it were possible, they'd be late to their own funerals. Our girl Mildred discusses a friend who has that "always late" habit. Hope she doesn't step on your toes.

By Alice Childress



"Of course we were only due at the meeting at 10 o'clock."

Marge, come on in and make yourself at home.

I spent Saturday and Sunday with Little Sister.

She is a cousin of mine and not little at all, but her folks called her "Little Sister," and everybody else went along and did the same.

* * *

She is a nice woman except for the fact that she is a couple of hours behind life.

. . . I mean that we are now at twelve o'clock but she will not be where we are until two.

* * *

IT MUST have started, when she was a child, but she has never caught up.

Little Sister is the one, who has made folks change plans and make room for her bein' off the general time followed by the rest of us.

Her children are late to school almost every mornin'. Her dinner is a last minute rush, and the reason the department stores stay open late two nights a week is strictly on account of her.

I know a lot of folks tear around behind the clock like that, get all flustered and upset and tore up about it; but Little Sister is not at all upset because she thinks things are supposed to go that way.

* * *

SATURDAY the children were gobbin' down their breakfast, so's they could get to Scout meetin', but Little Sister made them ease up and take their time.

"After all," she says, ". . . it's kinda damp and rainy today, so I know they don't expect the children to get there at exactly ten, if you make it by eleven or so that will be in plenty time."

* * *

LATER ON in the afternoon we were to go over to have lunch with her friend at two thirty.

At two o'clock Little Sister hadn't begun to dress yet.

I was sittin' there all ready to take off, but she was out in the garden plantin' a bush.

"Girl," I says, "don't you think you'd better come in here and get ready?"

"The lady is expectin' us in a half hour."

She just laughed . . . "Oh," she said "two thirty, so we don't have to get there until three or so."

* * *

THAT IS exactly what we did.

The woman was just puttin' the things on the table because I'm sure she was used to Little Sister by now.

We had a right nice time, but when it got to be about four-forty-five I reminded my cousin that she had promised to meet her husband with the car at the railroad station.

She just went on drinkin' tea and says . . . "Oh, that train is ever so late on some days, he won't expect me on the dot."

When we got to the station Jim was standin' there shiftin' from one foot to the other, tryin' to keep warm, but he didn't say a word.

By this time I was gettin' used to her time and was able to adjust right nice.

If she said dinner at six that meant any time right on up to eight o'clock, you had to figure ahead.

* * *

THAT EVENIN' we were invited to a big dance at ten o'clock.

Little Sister said it wouldn't make sense to get there before midnight, so we arrived at twelve thirty.

Marge, the folks were just beginnin' to fill up the hall, so it seems that I was the only one who didn't understand the right way to figure time.

* * *

I DID notice that the club givin' the dance had to pay the band for two hours overtime, because folks thought the dancin' time was too short, and they didn't want to go home.

Little Sister told me she would drive me to the station on Sunday afternoon, but I wouldn't let her do it.

I called a cab.

Little Sister's friends might know about her bein' behind the clock, but I was afraid to count on the railroad humorin' us along.

* * *

THAT WOMAN has influenced folks all over the country.

The other day Reverend Wright announced in church that a speaker would be there at eight in the evenin', so he wanted everybody to make sure and be there no later than eight-thirty . . . because they must start by nine.

* * *

NO, I don't understand it!

My club is goin' to give a dinner-dance and the president is 'puttin' five o'clock on the ticket so's we can get goin' by seven.

Do you think they're expectin' Little Sister to show up?

If they're not . . . why can't they print what they mean?

APRIL 7, 1933

Beer Comes Back

All of you won't remember the day Prohibition ended, but take it from those who were there, it was indeed a happy day.

It was raining in Baltimore at 12:01 o'clock on the morning of April 7, 1933. Nobody cared.

Beer was back, and thousands of Baltimoreans crowded the streets, hotels and restaurants — waiting to get their first legal drink of real beer since 1918.

Thousands more crowded outside the two Baltimore breweries that were open at the time — the Globe Brewing Company and the Gunther Brewing Company. They didn't expect to get a taste of beer at the breweries, but they stood around anyway, simply enjoying the sight of real beer moving legally once more.

"Happy Days Are Here Again!" the crowd sang. It was a good-humored celebration, despite the rain, the thunder and the lightning.

THEY HAD gathered outside the breweries hours before when the first trucks backed up to the loading platforms. At South Conkling Street, a Government inspector stood nearby, whistle in hand, and pecking at his watch every few minutes.

He was supposed to be waiting for 12:01 a.m., but he had set his watch ahead ten minutes —to give the trucks enough time to race uptown to the hundreds of spots where thousands of Baltimoreans eagerly waited to quench their thirst.

It seemed, to many in the crowd, that the time would never pass.

Eleven thirty!

* * *

AS THEY waited, the Baltimoreans thought about the fourteen years since the passage of the 18th Amendment—and their thirst for real beer increased.

Actually, repeal of the Amendment was still months ahead, but April 7 marked the passage of the Cullen-Harrison act redefining intoxicating liquors as those containing more than 3.2 per cent alcohol by weight. This was a content which comfortably admitted real beer while excluding wines and hard liquors.

When Prohibition had passed, there had been 26 breweries in Baltimore. Now there were only two.

Eleven forty-five.

The breweries were ready for this day, because during the dark days of Prohibition they had never given up hope. Gunther had kept its organization and equipment together, making ice and legal up of 1 per cent beer. To make this "near beer," they had to make real beer and then take the alcohol out.

So, on April 7, 1933, they were ready.

Eleven fifty-five!

"Five minutes more," a man bellowed through a megaphone.

Midnight!

* * *

"TIME," shouted the Government official.

The crowd roared its approval, auto horns blasted, and the trucks began to roll. Truck after truck. Truck after truck.

A black limousine carrying six cases of ice bottled beer raced out of the brewery's yard and headed toward Washington, where the brew was to be presented to President Roosevelt.

Beer was back!

Uptown, the beer was dispensed, this first night, at a dime a glass. Strangers grinned at each other, lifted their glasses and shouted, "Prosit," "Cheers," "Here's How." And the crowd began to sing:

Take me down, down, down where the brown lager flows;

It goes down, down, down, but nobody knows.

The same scenes were enacted all over the nation. It was a happy day.

In the 25 years since, the brewing industry has pumped more than 38 billion dollars into the country's economy, the first flow coming when the nation needed new lifeblood in its arteries following the depression.

The Federal excise taxes paid by brewers alone has totaled 13 billion dollars—enough to build a fleet of atom-powered submarines.

Brewery workers have earned more than 6 billion dollars in the quarter century. Buying over 40 pounds of highest quality farm produce for each barrel of beer, brewers have boosted the farm economy by two and a half billion.



"I want it in a bottle and a big pail I'd spit it in like the boxers do!"