THE FAMILY TREE

This photo shows some of the 125 living relatives of Oliver Greer at a family reunion held a few years ago. Represented in this group are five generations of the Greer Family, which took a European tour for its re union this summer.

Nine years ago an unusual and equally interesting book entitled 'The Tree' was published, it was marketed at $10 a copy.

It was subscribed to by 125 persons, living in 20 states, all of whom were related to the editor.

The author is Oliver N. Greer, and the book was a detailed history of his family dating back to 1840.

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THE BOOK contains pictures which have been in the Greer family for nearly a century.

'The Tree' indicates the Greer family began with George and Delilah Greer, in Charleston, S.C.

In the introduction, written by a cousin, Mrs. Sylvester Ray Reeder, the family history is reviewed.

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ACCORDING to Mrs. Reedtr, many years ago slaveholders sailing from Africa discovered that they had purchased the son of an African king.

'They thought at first it was a joke . . . a royal slave! The son of an African king — the prize catch! But then the joke began to pall. They knew they would go back for more of this human cargo . . . to go back and encounter a king whose son had been enslaved would mean certain death or possible exposure, since in spite of the fact that slavery had become an American institution the act of trading with human cargo was illegal. . . . in order to insure this fortune they knew this prince had to be admitted to America as a free man. . . . (this is why members of the Greer family were never slaves.)'

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THE FIRST born of the prince was a daughter whom he named Delilah. Delilah fell in love with a slave named George whom she married after having a white man purchase and free him for her. The distribution of the book brought about many simple family gatherings held as annual reunions. Then in the summer of 1967 a more unique type of reunion began.

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THEY CALLED it the Greer Family Tour of Europe.

The family visited 11 countries during a 22-day tour of the continent.

It cost each participant $795.

Here are those who made the tour:

Mrs. I. W. Carraway, Fayetteville, N. C.; Mrs. Anne G. Clarke, Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. Rachel L. Cooper, Loris, S.C.; Mrs. Leonye P. Cunningham, Florence, S.C.; Henry Greer, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. Willie Greer, New York, N.Y.; King Thomas Greer, St. Albans, N.Y.; Mrs. Olivia Greer, Peekskill, N.Y.; Miss Addie R. Gore, Greenville, N.C.; Mrs. Julia Gore, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Denise Kirkland, Florence, S.C.; Mrs. Bertha Reeder, Fayetteville, N.C.; Mrs. Eula Belle Robinson, Asheville, N.C.; Ansley D. Smith, New Bern, N.C.; Mrs. Ansley D. Smith, New Bern, N.C.; Miss Lois P. Turner, Fayetteville, N..C

Dr. Marguerite Frierson
502 Spaulding Street
Fayetteville, N.C.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

ROLAND HAYES one of the world's most famous tenors.

How many AFRO readers remember Roland Hayes?

How many can recall historic appearance at the Ford Theatre in 1933?

It was then that the great tenor did a repertoire of 18 songs and four encores. He did recitals by Mozart, Schubert, Debussy and the ever beautiful American spirituals.

The integrated audience was thrilled beyond measure by the poetic quality of the singer's voice; and according to critic reviews all the tunes were 'protected by the artist with considerable dramatic force.'

TODAY Mr. Hayes lives in Brookline, Mass. he is 80 years old.

It seems incredible that the general American press failed to recognize Mr. Hayes 80th birthday with the honors due a man of his stature.

Roland Hayes was the first of his race to gain international fame on the concert stage. The circumstances under which he achieved this are almost unimaginable in today's concert world.

FOR OVER 55 years brilliantly displayed exgraobrilliantly displayed extraordinary musical perceptive-

His mother was a slave and he was born in a cabin in Curryville, Ga. His father had a natural gift for singing and the young Hayes inherited it.

Throughout his youth he struggled to get the chance to sing before the public and get professional training, but the American institution of prejudice barred him from every opportunity.

WITH ALL efforts for advancement in America, exhausted Hayes turned to Europe.

He staked his life's earning on advance study with Sir George Henschel and a London debut in Aeolian Hall.

The British public filled the hall. They left that Hall cheering the name of Roland Hayes and before long he was the concert rage of England.

He gave a command performance before King George V and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace.

HAYES' CAREER on the stage was as illustrious as any in history. He has been honored by the patronage of the heads of state of every nation in Europe. All the major European opera houses hold Roland Hayes as one of their greatest performers.

WHERE THEY WENT

DATE	CITY	HOTEL	ADDRESS
2-4	London	Alexandra National	330/340 Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, N. 4
4-5	Amsterdam	Euromotel	10 Joan Muyskenweg
5-6	Luxembourg		Europaweg E. 9
6-7	Heidelberg	Dauphin	42 Avenue dela Gare
7-9	Lucerne	Drei Konige	Bruchstrasse 35 Ziegelhauser Landstrasse
9-10	Innsbruck	Bellevue	H. Haemmerle-Hungenburg
10-11	Venice	Plaza	Mestre
11-12	Florence	Ambasciatori	Via Alamanni 3
12-15	Rome	Dei Congressi	Viale Shakespeare 29
15-16	Livorno	Palazzo	Viale Italia 195
16-18	Nice	Scribe	20 Avenue G. Clemenceau
18-19	Grenoble	Grand	5 rue de la Republique
19-22	Paris	Palais D'Orsay	9 quai Anatole-France

SERGEANTS THREE

By MIKE DAVIS
AFRO Staff Correspondent in Vietnam

Sgt. Horace Harrington snatched his black stocked M-16 rifle from the small bench and went running out over a small dirt knoll into the jungle.

MIKE DAVIS

He's stocky, around 210 pounds on his six-foot frame.

He wears a small, diamond earring in his right ear lobe.

He has earned three Purple Hearts, two Bronze Stars and the Army Commendation Medal.

He still has three pieces of shrapnel embedded in his chest.

He wears a diamond earring in the lobe of his left ear, but no soldier in the 173rd Airbourne Division has ever questioned the masculinity of Sgt. Horace Hasrington of Suffolk, Va.

Testing

No man has ever wanted to, or could ever summon up that much courage.

Some members of the 173rd had moved down to our forward perimeter section to test weapons and set up the night's patrols.

The day before Sgt. Harrison T. Wells of Bainbridge, Ga. had killed three Viet Cong who had attempted to sneak up on the weapons test ground and shoot at the American troops.

Today Sgt. Harrington was going to make sure that the area was clear.

He threw his rifle into the automatic position and squeezed off the full clip of 18 bullets.

Fifty yards away leaves fell from the trees.

Sgt. Harrington cocked an M-79 grenade launcher, fired and cleared a large patch of jungle.

Sgt. Robert Parham, a 31-year-old soldier from Fayetteville, N.C. who has been in the Army 14 years, walked to a dusty bunker and pulled out three, large canvas bags.

Claymores

"Okay, You men," he yelled, "we are going to set up 16 claymore mines in that field and blow the jungle to hell."

The men put on their helmets and moved out over a small hill and into the jungle.

A thin, brown wire was stretched from each mine and then run back over the hill.

"Place your detonators," Parham commanded.

The men locked the deadly devices and then ran back over the hill.

"Everybody down," Parham commanded again.

"Fire one, Fire two, Fire three," he screamed.

Black smoke filled the air. Dirt, rocks, wood flew over the hill and landed on the rear position.

Jungle

"All clear," Parham called out, "men move forward."

We moved out into the jungle clearing.

The odor of smoke filled the air and burned our nostrils as we walked through burning jungle.

Sgt. Parham moved to the front of the line and placed a M-60 machine gun on two sand bags.

He fired three rapid bursts. Dirt, water and jungle foliage were kicked through the air by the bullets.

Tracer rounds set small fires as they landed in clumps of dried brush.

"You men place your weapons on automatic fire," Sgt. Willie Wells of Crestville, Fla. commanded. "Prepare to test your weapons."

Grenades

32 soldiers in jungle striped combat fatigues lined up on the forward perimeter and began firing.

Seconds later the quiet, calm, green beauty of the jungle was disrupted by black smoke, flashes of fire and noise. The men reloaded and fired again.

Again the jungle became dark with smoke.

Harrington, and Wells fired a volley of grenades through launchers to secure the outer perimeter and then posted guards on the surrounding hills.

The brass colored belts of ammunition glistened in the early morning sunlight as black and white faces peered out into the jungle.

Sgt. Robert Parham
Fayetteville, N.C.

Sgt. Horace Harrington. Norfolk, Va. holding a M-60 Machine gun.

The air was still filled with smoke as the "Sky Soldiers" sat down to open cases of c-rations for lunch.

Riots

Overhead the big guns of C Battery roared, delivering deadly charges into no man's land, beyond the perimeter.

Overhead a recon plane laced its way through the cloudless sky, circled, and dipped a wing as it flew over the position of the 173rd Brigade.

Harrington knocked the back out of an ammunition case, turned it up end and sat down.

The firing had stopped.

The jungle was peaceful and beautiful again.

"I been in the brigade three years and then it was about 85 percent colored and Puerto Rican," he said. "It's pretty much integrated now, and I got nothing to say about that. But it ain't like it used to be because morale is pretty low right now.

"You know we lost a lot of men this year. Fighting has been pretty hard lately."

Virginia

Harrington said that he heard about the summer riots in the United States while out on a combat mission and that he thought colored Americans had good reason to be dissatisfied with conditions at home.

"Let me tell you one damn thing," he said, "I went home on emergency leave and I went into this place in Virginia and they wouldn't serve me.

"Then I got to thinking that I shouldn't be risking my life for those people. Now I am only trying to stay alive.

"I am not going out looking for anymore fire fights and I am only going to shoot at Charlie when he shoots at me.

"If you want to know the truth about it, if I was home during the riots I would have been out there too.

"And I'll bet you that I really would have known what I was doing."

Expert

Sgt. Parham is a happy go lucky fellow with a "devil-may-care" attitude. Behind a boyish smile he hides 14 combat operations and 11 enemy kills.

He smiles when he talks and it's difficult to tell if he's serious or kidding, but most of the men treat him as if he is serious all of the time.

"It's a good thing to do with him," one of his men observed.

Parham is an expert on every kind of field weapon in the Army's artillery.

His competent training and advice has saved countless lives in Vietnam.

"That guy's a walking book of knowledge," one of his men pointed out. He knows a lot about the operation of mines and once something he casually mentioned saved the lives of five men.

"We were out on an operation and the weather had been pretty bad for two days.

"We were having electrical storms and most of the men were new and didn't know that lightning can set a claymore off when you are carrying it.

"He ordered the men to put the mines down and walk away from them until the electrical storm was over.

Experience

"Minutes later one of the mines went off."

Most people would call an experience like that luck.

But for the men of the 173rd Airboune Brigade it symbolizes the day in and day out effectiveness that characterizes the Sky Soldiers.

It's because of men like Harrington, Wells and Parham that the Brigade has been able to command a record respected by all branches of the service.

These men have killed other men in combat and make no attempt to apologize for it or try to reconcile it with philosophies on the war.

They are first and foremost soldiers. They are trained to kill. That's their job, and they do it well.

Reputation

They feel a unique association with the 173rd. In fact all three of them feel that "they are" the 173rd.

They each have outstanding combat records and feel that they have been adequately recognized by promotions and rewards.

They have the espirit de corps and the ability to "hang tough" as a unit or as individuals, blazing their way alone to clear an enemy trail.

They are steeped in tradition and reputation, and one of those reputations was particularly gratifying to this reporter.

Harrington, smiling as he finished his C-ration lunch said, "You know we have never lost a combat reporter during our entire tour in Vietnam.

"We ain't going to start by losing one of our own."

The big sergeant with the diamond in his ear was correct, as this dispatch suggests.

> Remember, me of guns and rhymes,
>
> And kings who kill so fast,
>
> That men you kill too many times
>
> May be too dead at last.
>
> ROSE O'NEILL

Sgt. Harrison T. Well
Bainbridge, Ga.