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The Kingdom Within

The Kingdom Within

A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM
AND ITS SOLUTION

by

Robert Lee Maffett

Foreword by GAIUS JACKSON SLOSSER, PH.D.
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To my wife

Lelon Jones Pearson Maffett

*who has endured many of the things spoken of here;
and to my daughter and my son*

Zandra Lisa and Robert Lee

*who must face a dark future, which is ever looking
brighter, with faith, courage, and prayer in order
to have equality and equal rights with all men.*

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FOREWORD

BECAUSE OF ITS VERY NECESSARY MESSAGE, insisting that if we are to be Christian there must be the elimination of any and every attitude of mind and heart, both in theory and practice, which does not provide for the equal rights of all men, whenever and wherever the Christian Gospel is fully accepted and lived by, I take great pleasure in commending this treatise.

I have known Robert Lee Maffett for many years. He was an exceptionally able student when in the Western Theological Seminary, being held in the highest esteem by both the faculty and student body. As an ordained Presbyterian minister, now in the pastorate in the Presbytery of Philadelphia, he is meeting with remarkable success. He is a man of deep insight, with courageous convictions. What he has written in this volume, with respect to the necessity for the elimination of all forms of racial segregation, expresses my own personal attitudes.

I disagree with Mr. Maffett's treatment of the subject only in the field of certain allusions to Biblical and general Church history persons. With this exception, I hope readers will not fail to profit by the central message of the book.

GAIUS JACKSON SLOSSER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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The Problems of Race Relations

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are faced with a time of great racial tension, as great as or even greater than that which brought on the Civil War. Racial tension has been increased by the Supreme Court's decision on ending racial discrimination, segregation, and prejudice in the public schools. This tension is the real number-one problem of race relations right now. This tension must be relieved before it bursts out into open physical violence.

The problem of race relations is as old as mankind itself. It is based on fears that stem from one man's desire to dominate the other man. From the cave man down to this present age, men have had to live with each other in economic, social, political, religious, and psychological relations of varying degrees of closeness depending on the size of the population and the law of supply and demand. The problem of race relations has been intensified as men have had to depend more on each other. The Indians of America didn't have any race problem, as we know it today, before the white man came to these shores. Upon the white man's arrival, the Indian became fearful that his food supply would run out when he saw his forests being cleared away and the land transformed into big plantations. His way of life was being encroached upon. This encroachment forced him into a warring relationship with his competitor. Since the white man was victorious, the Indian and the white man were brought together in various relations, like other people in other parts of the world. In peace and war, they had to deal with each other, and in the end the Indian found himself confined to reser-

vations. This could not have been a pleasant relationship, especially from the Indian's point of view.

In order to expand his frontier in his newly acquired country, the white man captured black men along the coast lines and in the interior of Africa and brought them bound in chains to America and worked them as slaves. These slaves were very valuable in clearing away forests, making way for the rich farm land of America. But, as time went on, the economy expanded with the development of industry, the population was increased by native births and heavy migration from Europe, and the slaves yearned to be free. The problems of the white and black men's relations increased to the point where the Civil War was fought to end slavery.

Apparently, no one, up to now, has found an adequate solution to the problem of race relations. Studies have been made, books have been written in large numbers, various racial groups have been organized, movies have been made, court decisions have been rendered, and many laws have been enacted to solve the race problem. However, the race problem is still with us today. It will continue to be with us until we are "converted" from within our souls.

There is an adequate solution to this problem. It is sensible, but very difficult for us to understand and accept. This solution lies within the heart of every human being. The greatest danger to America lies not beyond her borders but within. The Communists will not have a chance to destroy America if we are really willing to face our number-one problem with faith and courage to do that which is absolutely necessary to build the strongest possible defense for national and international security. If we are willing to take a really good look at our faults and shortcomings and after that reach a firm decision, then we must face the real causes of our problems. But a decision won't be enough. We must take action at once, after we see the facts, to mend all our torn fences so that we can have reasonable security from being destroyed. Our fate depends on how well we, as true Americans, can accept every man for what he is worth here at home and

solve our problems without being told from without. Where do we begin? We say that we are being denied our personal freedom when the courts and laws tell us how we must live in relation with racial groups against our own will. It is well to remember that when one desires freedom for himself and at the same time denies freedom to another he is destroying his own freedom. Therefore, we must begin where the problem really starts.

How the Race Problem Begins

BASICALLY, every race problem begins with the persons directly concerned. But there is more to it than that. Science has proven that the cells of human beings are different from those of other animals. However, given human cells, it cannot be determined from whom those cells have come—from the white man or the black man. It cannot be scientifically determined whether the cells have come from a Caucasoid, Negroid, or Mongoloid type. They are just plain human cells. The biologist can tell human blood from that of the lower animals, but all four types of human blood are found in all stocks and races of men. It is true that no two human beings are exactly the same, but all human beings are alike in some basic respects. Yes, people do differ in the amount of pigmentation found in the skin, and in certain physical features and characteristics, but their wants and desires are basically the same.

There are stupid persons in all racial types. But no racial group is limited to any certain capacity for learning. All the professions and trades can be learned and mastered by all racial strains. It doesn't matter whether the Americans or the Russians or the Chinese produce and drop the atomic or hydrogen bomb, the end result is the same—mass destruction and chaotic devastation of property and human life.

However, all human beings love to enjoy peace, security, and freedom. All human beings want comfortable and adequate housing facilities for their families, good schools for their children, good jobs to provide the necessities of life, and security

when they are too old to work for a living. The ways and means of securing these things in life as we know it lead to frustration and discontent. Therefore, protective barriers are set up to keep the position of superiority one racial group has established and enjoyed over another. Maintaining superiority finally leads to discrimination and segregation.

Children are born with the instinct to love the ones who attend to their needs. Certainly they are not born with attitudes of racial discrimination and segregation in their hearts. It is a well-known fact that an infant doesn't stop to distinguish the color of the woman who nourishes him from her breast. Let me give you a personal example.

We had a little daughter born to us on January 23, 1947, in the Passavant Hospital in Pittsburgh. The mother was one of the first Negro nurses to work in this hospital. She had been serving and working with a baby specialist there. At the time of the birth of our little daughter, this specialist had a seriously ill five-month-old baby in the hospital. The mother of this baby boy was a fourteen-year-old white girl who never wanted to see her illegitimate child. The baby had been adopted by a childless couple who couldn't have children of their own. This couple were willing to pay any price to save the life of their adopted son. The specialist had done everything he knew how to do and the condition of the baby didn't improve.

This baby boy couldn't hold milk on his stomach. His intestines had almost closed to the point where liquid food could hardly pass through. The specialist was really worried. Observing that my wife had far too much breast milk for her infant daughter, the specialist remembered that the sick baby had never been fed from the human breast. He had an idea. Why not let the sick baby receive nourishment from this Negro mother's breast in the natural way? He knew the Negro mother's attitude toward the racial problem. "Maybe," he said, "this process will save his life."

So the process of feeding the sick baby from a Negro mother's

breast began. To the surprise of the doctor and the nurses who stood around observing what would happen at the first feeding, the baby had no difficulty, for the first time in weeks, while the human milk was passing through his digestive tract. Feeding after feeding led to the full opening of the walls of his intestines. A few days later he was such a vigorous eater that the Negro mother wondered if she would have enough milk left for her own daughter. The black and white babies were fed one after the other. In ten days' time, before the Negro mother was ready to leave the hospital, the doctor and foster parents were positively sure that the seriously sick baby boy would live. He did!

Now, let us suppose that this sick baby had been adopted and taken home by this Negro mother. As long as she loved him and satisfied his physical, emotional, and spiritual needs, he would never realize he had a white mother and father—unless he was told by someone who knew the facts. On the other hand, let us suppose that the foster parents had objected to the Negro mother giving her breast milk to their seriously sick adopted son. He, beyond every shadow of doubt, would have died. Peculiar as it may seem, they didn't raise any objections. On the contrary, they were more than happy to have the life of their only son saved in this manner.

One thing is sure—this white baby boy didn't object to the arms of the Negro mother that held him securely to her breast. He didn't say, "No, doctor, she is a Negro!" The foster parents didn't raise the question about their baby being contaminated. For once, they forgot racial segregation and discrimination. At least, the foster mother was grateful enough to write the Negro mother for several years. In the last picture she sent of her son, he was a happy, robust, and ruddy youngster playing in the snow.

Certainly this substantiates the fact that racial discrimination and prejudice are not born in children, but are taught to children in one way or another by parents or some other adults. As long as this is done, we will continue to have the race problem.

My parents are of one generation, I am of another generation, and my children are of another generation. Life is different for every generation. Our children have enabled me more and more to realize that our race relations become problems only when we teach our children our personal feelings, beliefs, attitudes, accepted codes, and the practice of living in separate racial groups. We planned not to talk about white and Negro relations in the presence of our children to see how long it would take them to learn and understand whatever racial differences are to be found

between black and white people. It was only after they had gone to public school and mixed with Negro and white students that they began to ask, "Mother, who is a Negro?" "Mother, when will my skin turn like hers?" "Mother, what do they mean by the colored children?" One day our little daughter came home all excited because one of her older white classmates had said, "Zandra, your skin can never be like mine because you are a Negro." This is where it all begins. Who would poison the minds of innocent children?

Betty Lou is a little white girl who lives across the street from us. She and our daughter Zandra are bosom friends. We don't believe that it is proper for parents to allow their children to go from house to house without specific permission from their parents. Along with Betty Lou, many other children came into our yard to play with our children. We assumed that Betty Lou had permission from her mother to come over and play with our daughter. One summer her coming over became a morning and afternoon habit. Naturally, our daughter wanted to return some of the visits. We had a pretty fair idea about how our white neighbors felt about our moving into their street.

One day, while I was working on the lawn, our daughter kept pestering us to let her go over to Betty Lou's house. Betty Lou, her mother, and a host of children were on the porch and street outside the house. It was a beautiful spring afternoon. As it has always been my wife's practice to keep our children neat and clean at all times, our daughter was freshly dressed to make her first visit to Betty Lou's house. So off she went with a skip and hop across the street. She was really happy to visit her little playmate in her own house for the first time.

It was easy for me to continue my work on the lawn while carefully observing how our daughter would be received. Her mother watched from a second-floor front-bedroom window. This is what happened.

Betty Lou ran down the steps to meet her Negro guest and threw her arms around her shoulders. She did it just as any little girl would have done. The other little girls followed as they

made their way to the porch. But before the happy children could get their play activities going, Betty Lou's mother stood up, placed her hands on her hips, looked across the street toward me, and started telling the children something. We were too far away to hear anything she said to the children. Nevertheless, we saw her escort her daughter and some of her white visitors inside the house, and our daughter came hopping and skipping back home across the street. We were anxious to know what excuse Betty Lou's mother had given to our daughter for having to go inside the house on such a beautiful spring afternoon when every child desired to be out in the open.

"Mother," she called, running into the house. I dropped my lawn mower and went inside to hear what our daughter had to say. "Mother, Mother," she kept calling, searching the house for her and finally finding her. "Betty Lou had to go inside to eat dinner. May I go back over when she finishes and comes back out on the porch again? May I, Mother? We didn't have time to do any playing," she protested innocently.

"We'll see," her mother replied.

"But, Mother, she'll be back out after dinner. Betty Lou said so and I want to go back. We have some games to play. I don't have any girl friends to play with me. Bobbie has boys all the time."

"Yes, yes, Mother understands, dear." Her mother tried to comfort her. "Suppose we wait and see if Betty Lou comes back out on the porch."

"O.K.," she agreed and went back out on her own porch and began rocking in a rocker.

"Did you see what happened?" I asked my wife.

"Yes, my dear, I saw everything."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Let her go back as soon as they come out. Maybe she did have dinner at this hour. How can you know? You are not over there to see what they are really doing. It isn't fair to jump to conclusions. The only way to lick this problem is to face it."

"That's true," I agreed. "We must face it. But, it may be a

good idea to stop Betty Lou from coming over so much so that her mother can have a chance to see the other side of the situation. Why is it that she will allow her daughter to come over here so often and our daughter can't even go on her porch to play? Somehow I have a feeling that she will never let our daughter go inside her house. If my assumption is right, why let her daughter come over here so freely?"

"I'll tell you why," my wife replied. "It's because Betty Lou's mother recognizes the intelligence of our children. I've talked to her several times. Quite a few of the mothers around here know perfectly well that Zandra has something to offer their children. She is a 'forward' child. They know that Zandra led her class all during the school term. When parents see your children neat and clean all the time and they know your children are taught not to use bad language, they want their children to play with yours."

"Well, as far as I am concerned," I commented, "I feel like going over and talking to her. She doesn't realize what she is doing to her own child, to say nothing about the other children around her."

"Why don't you go on over and talk to her? You are the minister."

"The only reason I don't go over is because I don't know her motive," I answered. "I wouldn't like to accuse her falsely. She could have had a legitimate reason." I went back to work on the lawn.

The dinner period was a short one—twelve minutes, to be exact. Betty Lou, her mother, and the other children were back on the porch. Our daughter was permitted to return to complete her interrupted visit. Again we both watched to see if it would happen again. It did! And we are firmly convinced that neither our daughter nor the white children realized what was being done. But this time our daughter came home and cried. She just couldn't understand why Betty Lou had to go in so early, when the sun was still shining brightly, that they couldn't get to play their games.

Can you imagine what a problem this created in our home? What would you have told your daughter under similar circumstances? We have never and will never speak unkindly to our daughter about Betty Lou's mother's attitude of prejudice. We told her that they could always look at television and play their games in our house, on the porch, and on the lawn. We told her that Betty Lou's mother knew what she was doing and the children had parents to guide them in the right way and do the right things for them. Our daughter was happy again when she knew Betty Lou would be back to play with her. Betty Lou has been coming back and back again and the girls' friendship is still growing. But our daughter doesn't know, yet, the real reason why she has never been able to enter Betty Lou's house right across the street.

Not only was Betty Lou back the next day, she seemed to have been overwhelmed by the fact that our daughter had joined the Brownie Scouts. She just simply had a fit and continued to pester her mother until her mother permitted her to go with our daughter to a troop meeting with the intention of joining the all-Negro troop. We took them in our family car and you would have believed the two girls were sisters. But, in a few days, Betty Lou's mother told my wife that her husband didn't approve of their daughter joining a Negro Brownie Scout troop. We were more than sorry to hear this, not so much for the parents, but for Betty Lou.

Here was a little white girl being denied the opportunity of being a brownie scout because her father didn't want her to belong to a Negro Brownie Scout troop. Who can tell what conflict was going on inside the mind of this child? Who was in the position to help her understand life? One thing we do know, Betty Lou had a love for the companionship of our daughter, and her father cannot really take that away from her. The two girls are classmates. Day after day we have seen them go skipping and jumping off to school with their arms around each other's shoulders. They are young, too young to fully understand, now, what is going on. Betty Lou would not be denied the op-

portunity of becoming a brownie scout; she pestered until she is now with an all-white troop. But, as happens again and again, this is the beginning of the race problem for the children. The problem began with the white parents in this particular instance.

When we started our work in Philadelphia about eight years ago, we had a fine young white woman missionary to work with us, with the idea of moving toward integration. All the children, white and black, in this community were invited to come to our Happy Hour. In the beginning we had twenty-three white children, mostly boys, coming to the Happy Hour and Sunday school. The building we were using had formerly been used by an all-white Presbyterian congregation. From my survey, the Negro children had apparently never been invited to attend Sunday school or any other activities in this building before we took it over. We noticed that one by one our white children were disappearing. In the gymnasium one day I saw a little Negro boy handling one of the little white boys in a rather rough way. I drew near enough to hear what he was saying so vociferously.

"You get out of here!" he was demanding. "You used to belong here. But we are here now and you can't come in here!"

"Just a minute, young fellow," I interrupted, pulling them apart. "Where did you hear that? Who told you he couldn't come in here?"

"My mother," he answered innocently.

His answer pricked me to the bottom of my heart. I was really angry. Up the stairs I took him by the hand to the side doors. I was thinking, What has this Negro mother got to do with what we do here at the church? She had never been to the church to see what was going on.

"Sonny," I asked, "where do you live?" He told me. "Good, Sonny. You may go home and tell your mother that the minister sent you home to stay away from the church until he has a chance to talk to her." The next day I found myself at the address which he had given me. The family lived in a two-room apartment with four youngsters. It was dirty and filthy, with

broken furniture. Someone had to sleep in the small kitchen on a dirty cot. The mother was bitter. We talked about the situation of inadequate housing and high rent, and finally we got to the incident of her son and the little white boy. I told her frankly that our church was open to all boys and girls and all the people in the community. The only person we actually didn't want was the person who objected to any other person being there. She could see my point and admitted the fact. But when you understand that this family had to live in a three-story house with five other families, a total of twenty-eight persons, where at one time only one family lived, you can view her attitude in a different light.

Nevertheless, again the parents! Parents on both sides of the racial fence. But the weight tends to be heavier on the white side. I later saw a Roman Catholic white mother slap her son and hit him over his head in the same gymnasium for going inside a Protestant church.

For another instance, our daughter, whom you have heard much about already, had a severely abscessed tooth and gum area that was quite painful. She was taken to the nearest dentist, who incidentally was white and lived less than a block from Temple University Hospital. He had arranged the appointment over the telephone. But when my wife and daughter and son walked into his office, he refused to treat the child, despite her pain, on the ground that he had never ministered to Negroes before and he didn't intend to start it now, at his age. His regular patients would not approve of it!

When I arrived home that day and was told this incident, I immediately called Dr. Pierce on the telephone. When I told him who I was and requested to discuss the matter with him personally, he roared, "I discussed all I have to discuss with your wife when she was here. I have nothing further to discuss with you or your wife about the matter." He banged the telephone receiver down on its base.

I then called the editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the

Evening Bulletin. Each receiving operator gave me an editor of the local-news section. The editors were told our story about Dr. Pierce's refusal to serve a little Negro girl in the city of "brotherly love." I was chagrined by their comments. They wanted to know if I wanted to publicly crucify a doctor who had a perfect right to serve or refuse to serve anyone he chose. I told them frankly that he had publicly crucified himself when he refused to serve humanity to the best of his ability with his professional knowledge. Even in the South, we had never had any white doctor refuse to serve us when we needed medical attention or treatment. It was difficult to believe, but it was true, in the city of "brotherly love."

But, what was more painful than the toothache was the fact of our children hearing Dr. Pierce openly refuse to serve them. This was contrary to what they had been taught by their parents. They asked many questions, questions difficult for any sincere parents to answer truthfully. We could only say to them that in this world we have good and bad men. Dr. Pierce was a bad man in refusing to give his professional service to all little children alike, for God intended them to be served. They repeated this phrase as often as they thought of it for several weeks, "Dr. Pierce is a bad doctor."

Many similar experiences can be recorded of Negro people all over the North. It is not really necessary to give more examples because you have been able to see that parents and other adults are directly responsible for the continuous perpetuation of the race problem. The bitter seeds of race prejudice, discrimination, and segregation are sown in the heart of every generation by parents and other adults whose minds are closed and who fail to see the need of recognizing the source of this race-relation problem and facing it realistically.



We Must Face the Problems of Race Relations Realistically

No PROBLEM can be solved by looking at it from a long distance, seeing how ugly or ferocious it looks, and then running away from personal contact with it. This is exactly what many people have done for years on both sides of the racial fence when they have encountered the problems of race relations. In order to face the problems squarely one must be willing to give up or sacrifice some personal rights and privileges. First of all, we must realize that the race problem does exist! Since it exists, we must go about in the best possible way to find the solution, as we would for other problems. The problem concerns not only the Negro race of America; we find millions of colored peoples all over the world fighting for justice and equality, which have been denied them. We must recognize the fact that white people are being outnumbered and that white Americans are the vital target of this most tragic situation in the world today. How long, white Americans, will you continue to be that target? As long as you continue to refuse to face this problem realistically? Or until some catastrophe destroys you?

Where you have children of different nationalities located in the same community, it is impossible to keep them from having some form of personal contact with each other. They are going to play together, fight, and make peace together much more quickly and far better than the adults in that community. I

have seen white and black children playing together one minute, fighting the next, and making friends and peace a few minutes later. It is natural for them to do this. In some sections of our great country, they have been and are going to school together and adjusting themselves admirably well. This is done when they are left alone to make some decisions for themselves. Let us take a leaf from our children's book.

From slavery to the present time, no race on earth has made progress so rapidly as the Negro people here in America, especially under similar circumstances. Whether or not you want to believe this, it is true nonetheless. The black people of America have had to work for the white people in some physical way to make whatever type of living they have had. They were brought into economic as well as social relations with their employers. From these relations, they have been taught many things. They have learned the skilled trades and professions and are now fighting for their due recognition.

Children have always shared their playthings together whether they have been owned by white or black. If a white boy saw a Negro boy make a better play wagon on the farm, he strove to make one even better. I took pride myself in making one a little better than the white boy, because it was natural for me to make my play wagon. And the process went on, as I can recall so vividly from my boyhood days on the farm. We must recognize this urge to accomplish something better than the other fellow in all phases of life, in all arts, professions, and skilled trades. So all young men and woman, regardless of race, creed, or color, who desire to progress, are striving to get into the better colleges and universities. They will adjust themselves if and when they are given the free opportunity.

Let us frankly admit that the greatest fear in this idea of the integrated schools is that the sexes of all races and nationalities will have the opportunity to mix freely and some mixed romances will result. Let us face our number-one fear, that of the Negro fellow and the white girl falling in love. For surely this is the white man's greatest fear in the deep South. We will

go into this fully later on. But for the present, let us face the bare facts as they are. We can no longer hide behind the racial barriers set up years ago. They are gradually being torn down, one by one. We all have seen Negro mothers with children fathered by white men. They had little or no choice in the matter. However, through the providence of God, their children were normal physically and mentally, and many have been outstanding in our nation. White girls can bear children of Negro fathers in the same normal manner. If you don't believe this, go to Europe—England, France, Germany, and Italy—on the war paths of the Negro GI's. I know of cases right here in Philadelphia. We must admit that if God intended the races of the world not to mix, He would have made it impossible for them to produce offspring. All the multitudes of laws that men have devised down through the ages, from Moses to the present time, have not stopped the human races from mixing. Laws of men haven't been able to accomplish very much along this line because they are contrary to the laws of God's nature. This is where we have failed most miserably in solving our problem of race relations. Why not admit the well-established fact that we cannot defeat the purpose of God's nature? We can hope to have better results by cooperating with God's nature and divine laws. My firm belief is that God intends to unite His separated family on earth. I firmly believe that it would be humanly impossible for the Negro mother to bear a child of a white father or the white girl to give birth to a child fathered by a Negro if God didn't intend it to be done. God doesn't intend man and the lower animals to mix, because it is physically impossible for them to reproduce offspring together. We mentioned this basic difference when discussing the cells of man and the lower animals and their blood types.

In addition to this social aspect of our problem of race relations, we must face certain basic economic factors. All minority groups have the right to share in the natural resources that God gave to the world—and especially here in America. Every man should have the right to seek the best possible job



suited for his particular ability and qualifications. Persons with special skills and professional training should be free to seek employment wherever jobs are available. World War II has opened many new avenues to minority groups here in America, particularly the Negro people.

When we travel through the South, we can observe many changes. Radio and television have done more for the Negroes of the South than any other means of communication. They want what they hear advertised on the radio and see on television. They want farms, electricity and electrical appliances, cars and trucks and tractors, and fine clothes, and they are getting more and more of these things. It is not strange to see a Negro family living in the "white house" where a big plantation owner lived a few years ago. They not only live in these houses, they own the land, and they are building cinder-block and brick houses in the country. They don't depend on the white man for their food supply today as they did in former years. They drive to town and purchase what they need and want. We must face the fact that Negroes, especially the Negro GI's, are not going to be ordered and bossed about by southern or northern white men as their fathers and mothers were in past years. This fact is borne out in the following episode.

Last summer we were visiting in Alabama. This was the first time in eight years. A story had come to Philadelphia a few years ago about one of the richest white men in a certain county being killed by a Negro GI. I had worked for this man and many of his close relatives when I was a farmer. His brother supplied my family with what we needed, when I was there. This man owned thousands of acres of land, cotton gins, stores of all kinds, animal stock, and an interest in the county bank. I understood him and he certainly did indicate that my work was satisfactory to him. But not a single member of my family mentioned the incident while we were visiting. I had a desire to talk about it and find out more of the details, but refused to ask them anything. It was best for their safety not to tell what they might know, because of their economic relations with the

living relatives of this man. However, I went to this man's old house just to see how things had changed around the store, cotton gin, corn mill, and so forth, and I could remember many things of the past. Not one word was said about the past. Strange? Not if you have ever lived in the South for twenty-two years, as I have, and understand the Negro-white relationship as well as I do.

The story goes, as it came to me here in Philadelphia, that a twenty-two year old Negro GI married a girl whose family lived on one of this man's farms. Spring came and the Negro GI was not plowing in the field like the other men on this particular farm. The white man ordered him to plow a mule. The Negro GI refused on the ground that he wasn't one of his "niggers," as he had been called. His refusal was good enough reason for the man to shoot him through the hand with a firm demand that he "catch that mule, hitch him up, and plow him."

The Negro GI caught that mule, hitched him up, and started plowing him with a bullet hole in his hand! But before going to the field, after the white man had gone, he took his hunting gun and put it down one leg of his trousers knowing that his trouble maker would return later to see how well he was doing. Later as he was plowing along, he heard some pistol shots being fired at him. Truly his trouble maker had returned after taking some strong drink, which he was famous for doing, and was shooting from a ditch some distance away. He was laughing and making sport of the "nigger" who refused to plow his land when ordered. The Negro GI spotted him and employed the military tactics he had been taught in the United States Army—he ran and fell in rapid succession to protect himself until he was in good position to fire back at the enemy. When he was within good firing range, the Negro GI centered the heart of the white man with one blast.

The tragedy of this incident is that when this man's only surviving sister heard the news, she collapsed and died. We will simply leave the story there. The fact is this: We must face the reality of our common problems, so that with more and

more contacts with the outside world, the Negro people of the deep South will gradually liberate themselves against all odds. The southern white people must face the facts, as well as the northern white people. Of course here in the North the Negro has a better chance to fight back more openly. It is only when we face these problems realistically that we can hope to have peace and security on a national and international plane.

The Economic Problems of Race Relations

ALL DURING WORLD WAR II, thousands of Negroes left the South and migrated to the East, North, and West. The basic reason for this mass migration of the Negro people was economic. Unless you are a Negro and have lived in the South, it is absolutely impossible for you to understand fully the economic plight of the Negro people in the North as well as in the South. You may read all the surveys and studies that the experts have made of the situation and still you won't be able to get the full picture from the Negro's point of view. It is quite possible for the experts to talk to thousands of Negroes all over the country, to visit their homes, attend their churches and schools, associate with them as much as possible and still not be able to penetrate the inner core of their economic plight. I am well aware of the varied traditions of the South. But there are certain things that seem to stay covered up. The Negro has a subdued personal pride in himself and he doesn't allow the experts to find out everything about his emotional and psychological self. He may make it appear that he is somewhat satisfied with his lot. It is a well-known argument of many southern white leaders that the Negroes are quite happy where they are. They say that northern "nigger" agitators stir up discontent among a few Negroes of the South. Believe me when I tell you frankly that this is the biggest lie anyone could possibly believe. Let us look at a few economic facts.

Although there are thousands of Negro farm and property owners in the South, there are still millions of Negroes who

own no property and exist in bare poverty. There are still thousands upon thousands of Negro boys and girls who know nothing but farm labor. Unless we have some drastic, realistic economic and social changes, they can never expect to earn very much cash money in the near future. It will take many more years for them to throw off their economic and social yoke. But even now, their dreams, hope, and aspiration are high. They are still dependent on the white man to a large extent for economic assistance, but they are gaining more independence. They must continue to work hard, long hours with low pay, but they will eventually accomplish their purpose. It is the white man's land on which they live and depend for a living, but they are acquiring more and more land. The system is known as "share cropping." The system is a little better than slavery, and the Negroes are gradually destroying the system.

Thousands of Negroes, scattered all over the South, are literally bound to the land they live on. This can be explained in terms of the personal experience I have had with the system. First of all, let me state that I have worked and lived on a southern farm as a share cropper, wage hand, and farm owner. The share cropper can, supposedly, rent land on "half"; he is supposed to pay for half of the fertilizer and seed he uses and receive half of the crops he produces, while the landowner furnishes him a shack to live in, stock, and farm equipment, pays for the other half of the fertilizer, and gets half of everything produced. Another method is "third and fourth." In this case the farmer furnishes his own stock and farm equipment, while the land owner furnishes the land and the shack to live in, and receives a third of all the cotton, and a fourth of all the grain produced. Of course the wage hand hires himself out to the farm owner for a weekly or monthly wage, which is always very low.

In the first two ways of farming—on half or third and fourth—the end results are practically the same. Many such Negro farmers never get out of debt to the white man. They don't have any cash to operate their homes with. Therefore, they are com-

pelled to bargain with the landowner for staple foods, clothes, household articles, medicine and medical care (if any), and everything else they have to have and can't raise on the farm. They can go to the store where they have been given credit and get these items. Now here is one fact that you don't often see in surveys and reports about the economic situation of those Negroes. I have never seen any of those Negro farmers given written receipts or statements stating the exact amounts that they are paying for the things they are purchasing and the exact amount of interest they are paying on the dollar. If any such records are kept, the white merchant or owner keeps them. The Negroes generally accept their word for it and go on working and hoping for the "settlement day" to come to see if "they would come out of debt this fall."

Most of them never get out of debt. After the crops are gathered, these Negro farmers look hopefully for a settlement. They usually get a settlement all right. Just think how much work they have done from spring to fall without receiving any cash money, unless they have had the opportunity to do some extra work for the boss. They work all year round looking for fall, when the cotton is sold, to receive their little cash. Most of them never have gone to the cotton market with the boss to sell the cotton they have produced. This is usually done exclusively by the boss. It is the boss who brings the green rolls home in his pockets. I have seen many Negro farmers waiting patiently to hear "how much I got for that bale of cotton," and "how near I am out of debt."

Once in a while you will hear this: "Joe, you may get out of debt this fall and clear a little. Take this fifty-dollar bill and buy some things for your family." This is the bait. It makes Joe feel a little happier. "Oh, Joe," the boss presses toward his desired end, "it won't be long before we can have a settlement. But, remember, you are still in debt. Let's hope you'll be able to pick four or five more bales of cotton."

Joe takes that fifty dollars and waits for the boss to call him for a settlement. If Joe becomes impatient and asks for the

settlement he is told, "Wait until all the cotton is out of the field and sold. The price of cotton is going down, Joe." Finally settlement comes. Joe usually finds that he has spent far more than he has made. Joe was charged any price for the things he purchased. He has no written receipts to prove or disprove what the white man says. Joe is paying up to and sometimes beyond 25 per cent interest on the dollar. If he makes fifteen to twenty-five bales of cotton, sometimes he manages to clear an extra fifty dollars at settlement. In some rare cases, I have known Joe to clear up to five hundred dollars when he has had an exceptionally good year. Joe has to use this money to buy winter clothes and shoes for his family, and usually finds himself back in debt again before Christmas. He can't move from a farm while he is in debt; there are laws forbidding it. This system keeps thousands of Negroes bound to the land they live on.

The wage hand lives a somewhat different economic life. At the end of the specified period he will receive the cash he bargained for. But farm wages are always low in the South. Back in 1931 through 1935, I was working as a wage hand. My hours went from four o'clock in the morning to seven or eight at night. I was required to work Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—except one Saturday afternoon in the month when I asked to be relieved to attend the Baptist Conference of the local church. I tried to be a good Baptist. The most I ever received for these long hours was the enormous sum of thirteen dollars a month, plus the smoke house to sleep in, and some food.

The smoke house, where the potatoes, peanuts, and dried and canned fruits were kept, became my home during my tenure of service. My bed was a small cot in one corner. It was covered with two sheets made of the rough fabric of the fertilizer bags. I never saw anything that looked like a bedspread. There was no wash basin for me to use inside the smoke house. I usually had a special place on the boss's porch to wash up for meals. I had to use the open woods or the barns for my bathroom. Therefore, I got one bath a week, on Saturday night after I

reached the home of my parents. My meals came in various ways, depending on the people for whom I was working at the time. For instance, when I was working for a certain woman whose husband had been killed in a lumber-truck accident, I ate on a small table in one corner of her kitchen, while she sat with her children eating at the "big table" more or less in the center of the room. I had a certain amount of food parceled out to me at each meal, at breakfast three to five white biscuits with molasses, fried pork, and white gravy—I have always liked brown gravy better. I was considered a big eater because I had the audacity to ask for more!

Well, this was a wage hand's life and it is much the same today. However, I have the firm conviction that it is only a matter of time before this will be a thing of the past, even though many white people will continue to try hard to keep the system going. Later, I hope to give you some reasons why there will be a change in the future. From the time I got up in the morning until I went to bed at night, I had to do hard work, rain or shine; thunder and lightning made no difference. My woman boss required me to feed the stock and pull up weeds around the house, barn, and yard while breakfast was being prepared. After breakfast, I went to the field to plow, or to use an ax, hoe, or saw, depending on the type of weather. When the ground was dry I plowed one mule in the morning and another mule or horse in the afternoon. I was required to take good care of the animals by stopping them under a shade tree when they worked up a sweat or got hot. While the mule was cooling off, I was required to cut weeds and sprouts around stumps, because she had mostly new grounds. I could not stop to rest myself. I had to keep on working while the animals were allowed to cool off. This may be the answer to many who have seen me do physical work today and ask, "How can one man do so much work?"

So, my friends, you can see why I was able to fall right off to sleep every night. At night I would dream about getting away from it all. I would go off to school someday and get an

education and return to teach my people better. But more than once I was awakened by the rats gnawing my fingers. This was a frightful feeling because usually I thought that the rats were snakes biting me. Somehow I managed to realize that my personal plight was part of this economic pattern I was living in. I wanted to have economic freedom and equality and could see only the "white rats" gnawing away at my very existence. The desire to have economic freedom and equality, which I felt at that time, is more pronounced in the South today than ever before. It is only natural for subjugated people to feel that way, because they are human beings. I have been accused, since I have been living in the North, of being supersensitive on the racial issue. I am quite sure that I am not. Every well-meaning, intelligent person must desire to have and expect to give economic freedom and equality to all men who can meet the standards set by the society they live in. How would you feel about it if you had been forced to live in the smoke house with rats gnawing your fingers after you had worked fourteen or sixteen hours?

You have seen how the Negro farmer faces his economic problem. The Negro city workers may make a little more cash money. But most of them are still confined to certain job classifications; jobs that keep them in a certain economic bracket. The great masses of Negroes are limited to domestic work and laborious work in mines, factories, and shops. However, the professional Negroes, the schoolteachers, the few doctors—I have never seen a Negro lawyer in the deep South—and preachers, enjoy special privileges. I have known many of the older ones to fall in line with the established customs and traditions in order to hold on to their positions.

During our visit to Alabama last summer, we were talking to a Negro woman school principal who had received her Master's degree from Columbia University in New York City. She was telling us how difficult it was for her to carry out her own program to give her pupils better subject matter. Before

she was made principal, many of the teachers worked in the homes of rich white people as cooks and domestic servants after school hours. She suggested that they give up the extra money in order to have more time for preparation in carrying out her unique program. One of her teachers worked for the district superintendent of schools, and this teacher would not cooperate with her program. Instead of being able to institute a better school program, the Negro principal found herself almost in the position of being fired—especially since the Supreme Court's decision to end segregation and discrimination in the public schools. I believe that this young Negro principal has the right attitude. She is not forcing the issue. She is willing to wait it out, to wait to see what clarifications the Supreme Court will give on how the decision is to be enforced. She is not willing to stop her fight. She is going about it in a quiet way trying to win all her teachers, or as many as she possibly can, to work for integration. She is aware of the fact that most Negroes look to their teachers, preachers, and professional people for leadership. It will be teachers, young teachers like this young woman, who will never stop fighting for complete integration of the public schools in the South.

Part of the great upsurge for economic freedom and equality for the Negro people all over this country has come from such dynamic Negro leadership. For years progressive Negro teachers and preachers have encouraged their people to seek more and more education and skilled training. They have done a masterful job. It is true that we still have a small minority group of Negro teachers and preachers in the South who hold faithfully to the Bilbo-Talmadge line for their own selfish advantages. I was reading an Alabama newspaper last summer which quoted a Negro preacher over in the state of Mississippi as saying, "The Negroes are happy and satisfied with their present status. They like their segregated schools and churches and do not want this so-called integration." The average Negro in the state of Mississippi, as well as all over the South, calls such a preacher or teacher an Uncle Tom. The large majority of Ne-

groes are for some other plan. Progressive Negro leaders have persistently taught and preached the doctrine that their people should do more for themselves and take better care of their earnings. This doctrine is one we never hear much about in the newspapers. But it has done more to help the Negro people than that old-line doctrine of "keeping the Negro in his place."

What is the Negro's place anyway? Is he a second-class citizen or a first-class citizen? No nation can be any stronger than its weakest people anymore than a chain can be stronger than its weakest link. A chain can be made of the strongest steel, but if one link is weaker than the other links, that chain will break, under stress and strain, at that one weak link. The tensile strength of the chain depends on the strength of every link. So does the strength of any nation depend on the strength of all racial groups in that nation. The Negro people have played a vital part in all phases of the development of this country. They will continue to do so. They have been moving slowly, but now they are going places much faster.

Any people will respond to the way they are treated. The Negro people have been accused of being filthy and dirty, irresponsible on jobs, destructive of physical property, and so forth. If these people have been guilty of such accusations, have we thoroughly investigated to see why this is really so or why this appears to be so? The economic factor has played a significant part. Since the Negro has been forced to live in certain tenement areas, he is neither happy nor satisfied with his situation. He has been forced to accept what he doesn't really want. It is psychologically important that we thoroughly understand his inner feelings. His economic situation has forced him to seek housing for himself and his family where he can afford to pay the rent, which is often much higher than his white counterpart is paying in better tenement areas. In many cases he is forced to pay rent much higher per month than the total payment would be on a house per month. You ask why he doesn't buy a house? Well, it is like this. The first problem is segrega-

tion in housing and restrictive covenants to keep Negroes from buying new houses where the down payment is low or nothing at all. Seldom can a Negro buy a house with no down payment and 100 per cent financing as many white people can. The second problem is the down payment on a house, which is several hundred dollars more than he has been able to get together in one lump sum. Discrimination and segregation force many Negroes who manage to get the down payment to buy houses in undesirable neighborhoods. The whites feel that Negro neighbors cause the value of their property to go down. The Negro takes little care or pride in keeping up the property of someone else. He finds it much easier to buy a Cadillac than a house. For one thing, he finds that the down payment is far less. He wants to enjoy something in life before he is too old!

Let me suggest a thing or two to the Negro himself. What can he do to help raise his economic status? First of all, the Negro must know that he has the ability and the mental capacity to learn to do anything that any other man can do under God's sun. Negroes have excelled in every field where they have been given equal opportunities to train themselves. The Negro must constantly strive to be in a commanding position in the field of economic employment and business management. The economic situation can change for more and more Negroes if and when they put themselves in the commanding position. I say "commanding position" because one must be adequately qualified and prepared for any work or position he seeks. This means training in all the skilled trades and professions. Many times in my ministry I come across young men and women who are not trained in any specific trades or professions because they were not permitted to go to this school or that school, or they met some discouragement. They simply gave up the hope of preparing to do the things they wanted to do in life. Consequently, they are not in a commanding position for employment today.

Surely one will meet discouragement in all walks of life. This has been true throughout history; it is true now; and it will be true of the future. When disappointments come to the

Negro, youth especially, he must always find some other means of accomplishing his aim. Never stop at the first no, or the second no, or the third no. I personally feel that real leadership from all quarters can help lick this economic problem.

Some years ago, when I first came to Philadelphia, we didn't know of any Negro girl operators here in the Bell Telephone Company. A Negro girl complained to me that she had been discriminated against by the Bell Telephone Company because of her color. It is always a sound procedure to know the facts of any particular case before taking steps. Because of a vigorous protest about the inequity of the new telephone rates that the company was planning at the time, the district manager of our exchange, Mr. Albert Barnes, called me and made an appointment so that the matter of protest could be discussed in my office. This gave me the opportunity to bring up the matter of the Bell Telephone Company not having Negro operators in our district. He admitted this was the case. Then he cited the many years it had taken for him to rise from repairman to his present position, after graduating from Princeton University. Since we had a common Presbyterian background, at least I felt we had a base to work on. He went on to tell me about many changes he had seen the Bell Telephone Company make over these years of service.

Mr. Barnes assured me that he would personally see to it that any girls I sent to apply for positions as telephone operators, office clerks, or any other positions that were available would be employed on the same basis as other girls—their personalities and educational qualifications. The next Sunday, I made the announcement from the pulpit that any Negro girls who wanted employment with the Philadelphia branch of the Bell Telephone Company should see me during the week. The congregation was asked to help find girls with pleasing personalities, good speaking voices, and at least a high-school education, and send them to me at once. I didn't even get to make my usual visits that Sunday afternoon, because my telephone calls came in rapid succession—Negro girls seeking further

information. Appointments were made with everyone who requested an appointment. Some even let it go with the end of our telephone conversation. For the next two weeks, I interviewed these girls and put them through certain tests to see if they could measure up to the qualifications outlined and explained to me by Mr. Barnes. Not many of these girls did and I told them so frankly. Here Negro girls had a wonderful opportunity and I couldn't afford to take any chance, not even one chance! Of all the girls I interviewed, the three girls I finally decided upon, fortunately, had different shades of color. One was extremely fair for a Negro and I hesitated before making a decision. One girl had beautiful brown skin while the other was fairly dark.

Their applications had been marked "special" and I had them fill them out correctly before leaving my office. Now they were ready for their big tryout in the Bell Telephone Company's main office located at Seventeenth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. I am happy to say that all three girls passed the tests and were accepted by the company. Later I was sent three more applications for recommending three more girls. Mr. Barnes and his supervising staff had been well pleased with the Negro girls I sent to them. Why? Because I was sure that they had the necessary qualifications for the jobs available to them. They were in the commanding position for the kind of employment they were seeking. Now the girl who had complained about being discriminated against by the Philadelphia branch of the Bell Telephone Company did not meet the necessary requirements from the company's point of view. Neither did she meet them from mine. In the first place, she didn't dress neatly, and, further, her personality wasn't good.

Before the Negro applies for any job that requires formal preparation, he or she should be sure of having the necessary qualifications. Any employer, whether he be white or black, has the right to refuse to hire or employ any applicant if he or she doesn't meet the requirements listed for the job. But if the Negro has the necessary qualifications, he or she should go all

out to acquire the job available to him or her. When you can do the job, don't ask, "Is it for colored?" or, "Will they take a Negro?" Such questions indicate inferiority in themselves. One must assume that the jobs are for any persons who can qualify. One must assume the attitude that if I have the necessary qualifications the job is for me. If the Negro goes about securing his job this way, he has a far better chance in competition for gainful employment. One should never accept any position as a figurehead to satisfy some popular feelings. One can see this from past history. A pressure group may put pressure on this company or that corporation to accept a Negro in some important position to show good faith. One should go into every position with the determination to give the job the best possible service, and demand respect and dignity with it. Employers appreciate employees who show ability and initiative in their work. In order to be a credit to the company or one's racial group, one must continue to find better ways of doing things.

Employers all over America are beginning to realize more and more that the employees who can do the jobs best are better for their companies. So the Negro must not stop because he faces disappointments and difficulties. The Negro must take the Boy Scouts' motto, "Be prepared." Your dark skin can't hold any position in the economic field. But a prepared mind can.

On the other hand, we do find employers refusing to hire Negroes because of the color line. The economic factor alone, however, is removing that barrier. Let us look to the famous sports of baseball and boxing for examples. Some baseball teams in the National League gave Jackie Robinson a pretty tough time when he was first signed up with the Brooklyn Dodgers. However, as time went on, the fans, whenever Jackie Robinson played baseball, came out in large numbers. This was particularly true in Philadelphia. When the Dodgers came to town, baseball management saw a great turnout of Negro fans as well as whites. What made it so obvious was that even in Connie

Mack's stadium, where the Athletics were falling apart from the lack of revenue, the Phillies would do a thriving business when the Dodgers came to town. What happened? Nearly all major-league teams have signed up Negro players. One big reason is the economic factor. These Negro players will attract more fans. It takes baseball fans to pay the large salaries of players and club owners. So baseball management has found it profitable to sign up more and more Negro players. This is true also of boxing. Not only was Joe Louis the greatest boxing champion the world has ever produced, he was responsible for the largest purse to go into the white man's pockets from that sport. Consequently, any Negro boxer with any boxing ability can easily find a white manager these days.

But this isn't the whole story. The Negro baseball players, the Negro football players, the Negro boxers have not been inferior in comparison with white players and boxers. They have played the games and boxed outstandingly well.

I don't feel or believe that any sensible Negro will object to strict policies of employment on the basis of qualifications. What he will continue to object to and even fight is the double standard of qualifications—one set for prospective white employees and another set for the Negro applicants. If and when employers set up a fair, equitable standard of requirements and hire the first person meeting those requirements best, business will grow.

For instance, one of our department stores in downtown Philadelphia employed my barber's daughter as a stock girl. This Negro girl had really been trained to do office work. Soon after her employment, the chief filing clerk took sick. The work piled up. There was no one else on the staff who could do the work at this time. Orders continued to pile higher and higher. One morning the manager of the department was desperate. The appeal was made in the presence of this Negro girl, "If anyone knows anyone whom I can get to do this work right away, please let me know."

"You might have someone you can use right now if you

would ask her," Earnestine, the Negro girl, replied, looking her boss straight in the eyes.

"Well, Earnestine, if you know of any such girl here in the store, will you please tell me?" requested the manager.

"I can do the work," Earnestine answered. She had been able to evaluate her own ability in comparison with the other girl's because she had seen her work. Now this desperate situation had presented to her the one opportunity which she had wanted. "This is the type of work I trained for and worked at for a short while," she added.

"Well, why didn't you tell me before that you could do the work?"

"Because you didn't ask me, and the store didn't give me the type of work I applied for," Earnestine answered.

"O.K., come on, Earnestine and let's get started," the manager said. The thought of color had vanished out of sight in the large piles of orders and other business matters piled up on the desk.

Earnestine went to work. She didn't loaf on the job. She gave the job all she had. Within two days, the large volume of orders had completely disappeared. She continued to work in the position. When the other girl returned, she was given another position because Earnestine had done the job better than she had. Earnestine was much more efficient and did more work in two days than the other girl had been doing in a week. Earnestine held that position until she had to resign to give birth to her son. After that, she was asked to return to the same position. She had found the same kind of work in a larger store which paid her more money. So it is far better, economically and otherwise, for employers to give jobs to those persons best qualified for them—regardless of color.

America will enjoy greater prosperity when management employs workers on the basis of their qualifications. There may be, and we can be reasonably sure that there still are, fields of economic employment from which qualified Negroes are excluded. But, don't gamble on the future! Even the South fully recog-

nizes the handwriting on the wall. The time will eventually come when Negroes will be gainfully employed in all phases of science and industry. The sooner the better. The sooner this economic problem of race relations is solved the better it will be for all Americans and all America.

Where you have suffering from the lack of adequate housing, schools, and public facilities, on the basis of equality for all people, there will continue to be strife and discontent. The sensible thing to do is the right thing. The right thing to do at all times is to provide equal opportunities and facilities, which will make America strong and keep her safe from the forces of evil within and the Russian sickle without.

The Social Problems of Race Relations

THERE IS A CLOSE PARALLEL between the economic and social problems of race relations. Invariably, the economic relation and economic associations will lead to a social relation between the black and white people. We will attempt to show how the economic relation leads to a social relation. We will also examine the basic reason for the social problems in public and private life, schools and other public facilities, and the like.

Since the Negroes have had to do mostly menial work, they have worked as servants for all types and classes of white people. As domestic servants and farm workers, Negro women have had personal and intimate contacts and relations with white men, and Negro men have had personal and intimate contacts and relations with white women. In this personal relationship, both the Negro and white people have acted and reacted according to their natural instinct.

For years, we have heard all kinds of tales and lies about the Negro not being fit to associate with white people for various reasons. The Negro man has been chiefly accused of being a rapist and has been lynched for raping white women. His highest aspiration, it is alleged, is to go to bed with a white woman. Every Negro man knows this to be far from the truth. Most Negro men who were born and reared in the South know that it is really the other way around, if anyone is to be accused of being a rapist. Have you ever heard or read of a white man being lynched for raping a Negro woman? Have you seen the thousands of half-white Negroes throughout the South? Did you

ever question how this could possibly be when their mothers are all black? The only way to get to the source of this evil is to go to the facts. From the time of the first black woman who was forced to come to this country against her will down to now, the white man has cohabited with her. He has found her body desirable in a physical way, but he has persistently done everything possible to keep his bastards from having social equality with him.

Because of their economic plight, Negroes, especially Negro women, have had to suffer the indignities of servitude along with giving their bodies to be used to satisfy the physical lusts of some white men. Let me tell you of a typical case. During the depression of the late twenties and early thirties, most Negro men were out of work. I know of a Negro woman who got a job as cook and housekeeper for a certain married man. After working there for some time, the Negro woman became pregnant. Her husband didn't know what would happen when she could no longer work, because he didn't have a job. On the night when the baby was born there was almost a life taken! It was obvious that this baby's father was not a Negro. Let us ask the question "What would a white husband have done if his wife had given birth to a black baby?" This Negro husband reacted the same way. He wanted to kill both the mother and the father of the helpless infant. His wife admitted that she had had to submit to the white man in order to keep her job. She admitted that she had prayed for the baby to be as "black as tar." But somehow God, through His infinite power and nature, revealed the true facts about this baby's father. The Negro had to swallow all this in order to keep alive.

Here it is felt that personal experience will best illustrate how the economic association leads to a social relationship between the Negro and white people. I once worked for a white man who had two sons and a daughter living on the farm. The older son was the first person to introduce me to sex. He was much older than I was at the time, I being only eleven years of age. I discovered that sex and girls were his constant sub-

jects. Of course it was interesting and thrilling to me, hearing this for the first time in my life. He must have mistaken my age because of my size. Anyway, he finally worked up to the point where he wanted me to do a particular thing for him. He had told me quite a bit about women. Now, he had one big desire. That desire was to make personal contact with a certain Negro girl I knew. She was very fair and beautiful. Her father was a mulatto. This young man was willing to give me all the money he could muster if I would help him make the contact. The suggestion really frightened me because it was contrary to what my parents had taught me. I needed the money, to be sure. But my tender conscience wouldn't permit me to do such a sinful thing. I refused him flatly and made an enemy. To this day, my brothers don't know the real reason why we were shot at several times with a 22-caliber rifle.

We were pulling fodder for this young man's father when he first shot at us. We had changed from fodder pulling and were picking cotton that afternoon. For some reason our father wasn't with us, and the young man's father and mother had gone to town. We had gone to the cotton field across the road from the house after eating dinner. Shortly after we started picking cotton, we heard the rifle being fired and bullets striking nearby. My brothers and I suddenly realized what it was and ran for cover behind a big dead pine standing alone in the field. We could see the young man standing on his front porch and aiming at us. We cried and begged for mercy from this young man while he laughed and was having fun. We were scared to death, but the bullets kept coming. We cried and called out to him, pleading for our very lives. The only thing we could do was to wait and pray that his ammunition would run out before any of us was hit. God answered our prayers.

After the shooting ceased, we went back to picking cotton. The young man came to the field later and said, "I was only having some fun off you little niggers." He just laughed and laughed about how we "little niggers" cried and pleaded for our lives. Fun or no fun, I knew why he did it. Therefore, I

persuaded my brothers not to tell our father. We couldn't imagine what our father might have done if he had been told about this. We didn't know what the final result would have been. We had seen one of our dear uncles so severely beaten that he later died about a matter like this. We didn't want this to happen to our father. Whether anyone has ever told our parents about this incident, I don't know. But this incident made me decide this one thing: I would seek an education with the ultimate determination to help the Negro people realize the importance of defending themselves and demanding justice, equality, and freedom. It also made me determine to fight for the protection of Negro women from ravishment by white men.

Carrying out my determination, I completed two full terms of high school and then returned to work on the farm during the summer. This time I was working with a white man who was hired as I was. He too talked about sex and women. I listened to him to see where he would finally end. He was a married man and knew all the angles. There was one thing I knew too: I was intellectually superior to him. Becoming fed up with the nature of his conversation, I decided to ask him a point-blank question. I was prepared for him, because I was much stronger.

"Mr. M—," I said, "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, sure," he replied. "Ask anything."

"Please tell me this. You have been telling how a black gal can roll and shake and twist, how she can shake you flatter than a dish rag. Now, I want to know, please tell me, what would you do if you came upon me with a white girl and she was rolling and shaking it up to me? What would you do to me?" I demanded and stopped pulling fodder and held the green blades in my hands.

"Well, I tell you," he began to answer, "if I saw you riding a white gal, I would say, 'Hurra for the black boy. The black boy is trying some white!'"

"No! No! No! You wouldn't," I retorted. "You wouldn't say that at all. The first thing you would do would be to gather a mob to lynch me."

"Well," he asked, "then what would you do if you saw me riding a black gal?"

"I would do the same to you as you would do to me. I would do my best to kill you," I answered firmly. His face turned red. But my answer stopped the conversation.

Before this I had another interesting experience. It had been raining and I was cleaning out manure from the mules' stables that afternoon. We received our mail in a box beside the white family's mailbox. As I was working, a white girl came to the barn and brought me a letter. She came alone. I was the only person in the barn until she came. She brought me a letter from my first Negro girl friend. I thanked her for bringing me my letter and started to shovel manure after stuffing the letter in my right hip pocket.

"Hey," I heard her say to me in a whispering voice, "ain't you going to read your letter? I know it's from your girl."

"I don't have time now. I'll read it tonight," I answered and turned to look at her.

"Go ahead and read it now," she demanded. "On a day like this you should want that gal nearby. Tell me," she continued as she rubbed her right hand between the legs of the overalls she was wearing, "how do you kiss her? Oh, come on and tell me. Tell me what thrills you get from her."

"I don't kiss girls," I said in a firm voice.

"You must be a sissy, then," she said and looked at me disappointedly. "I don't see how you could be alone with a gal like me and not want to kiss her."

"I don't get alone."

"You are alone in the barn with me right now and I ought to pull that thing off because it's no good to you if you're not going to use it."

I didn't say another word to her, for I became frightened. I ran past her out the door into the open. I could imagine what would have happened to me if her father or any other member of the family had come to the barn and found her in the stable

with me. I drew water for the cattle until I saw her go back inside her house.

The summer I graduated from high school, in 1940, I had to find a job to earn some money in order to enter college that fall. I knew a fine young white minister who was able to get me a job with a certain wealthy family. The woman agreed to pay me thirteen dollars a week, more than I had ever made in a week up to that time. I had worked for thirteen dollars a month before, but not a week. Thirteen seemed to have been my lucky number.

This woman's husband was the president of a large chemical corporation. I cannot identify the city, and the identity of the white woman cannot be published. The chemical corporation had plants in seven southern states. Her husband was gone practically all the time while I worked for her.

She was my boss and I had to do everything: keep the flower garden, hedges, and lawn cut, clean the house, paint, serve at night parties, and so forth. She had a full-time Negro woman cook. I was not permitted to enter the house by the front door. I had to walk around the house to the back and ring a bell at seven o'clock every morning to be let in. I was required to get to work before the cook came. My boss knew my ambition to go to college and she seemed to have had a passion or love for ambitious young men—both black and white—as you will soon see. When she became more acquainted with me and I with her, she started coming to the door to let me in—in her nightgown, which was very thin. She would always greet me with a pleasant smile and I felt that because she had everything any woman could wish for, she had no seductive ideas toward me. I had always heard that really rich white people didn't mind being a little friendlier with their servants. This is the way I took this white woman to be.

But, as time went on that summer, I began to change my mind about her. This woman played it smart. She was so gentle and kind, even under the influence of liquor, that a Negro found

it difficult to keep from loving her. I knew the art of cleaning a house and polishing furniture of the best quality, which she had. One morning I was told to clean the bathroom, because it was her custom to take her bath the first thing in the morning. After finishing the bathroom, I was told to polish the furniture in her bedroom. I thought she meant her husband's bedroom which adjoined hers. No, she actually meant her bedroom. When I opened the door to enter her bedroom, I discovered that she was still in bed. I abruptly turned around and started out. But she called me back with that sweet voice and charming smile of hers. She told me that since I was going to college I had better get prepared to be sociable. I was told in a gentle way to go ahead with my polishing work. I started on the dresser, but she kindly requested me to do the bed first. What could I do? I didn't want to lose my job for not obeying her, which I probably would have done. So I went over to her bed and began my work with the song on my tongue that we sang at vespers in high school, "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin."

The woman continued to talk enchantingly as I polished her bed while she was still in it with only a thin nightgown covering the upper part of her body. She would roll over slowly, making sure her legs weren't close together. Instead of seducing me, it all made me angry! During her sweet talk, I was thinking about the race riot in that same city. It had all happened when a white husband walked into his house and caught his wife with a Negro fellow who had worked there for five years, and she screamed rape. I steeled myself and finished polishing her furniture.

A situation like this does seem a bit paradoxical. I was required by this woman to enter her house by way of the back door and take my food on a platter to a table in the basement to eat. At the same time, I was required to work in every room of her house, meet her guests at the front door, through which I could not enter, clean her front porch, and put on a white butler's suit to serve her and her guests. Further, when her be-

loved husband was at home, she didn't act too friendly toward me, in a personal way at least.

In her basement, where I ate, there were all kinds of imported wines and ales and liquors. She tried to get me to take a drink on several occasions. I refused firmly every time. One day, after I had assisted her to bed the night before, she came to where I was eating my lunch in her basement. I stood up as she came down the steps. She requested me to sit down, which I gladly did because I was hungry and wanted to eat my lunch. Before I had resumed my seat, she had taken a chair opposite me on the other side of the table. Once again, with that enchanting smile, she began to tell me what I had been missing. On another occasion I had given her my views on what I believed a real gentleman should be and how he should conduct himself in the presence of women. But this time she was really sincere, I do believe. She wanted to know frankly if I had ever had any sexual desire for women. She went into a long dissertation on what would happen to me if I did not have intimate relationships with women before I got married, if I was really normal. Somehow, she too must have believed that I was a sissy. She went on to explain how I wouldn't be able to control myself in a natural way after I had my first sexual relation with a woman if I waited too long; I would go crazy trying to make up for what I would have lost during my younger years. When I asked her how did she know that I hadn't been with any woman in a personal way, she told me that she had had a little experience with men and I was the exception. I am a married man, the father of two children, and I haven't gone crazy yet—not quite.

To this very day, I am firmly convinced that I could have gotten into her fine bed with her even without making the first effort. She certainly did offer me every opportunity. But before I left her, she thoroughly realized that her game had been lost. Knowing this, she gave me many new items to take to college with me. Her last request of me was for me to write to her after I reached college and I did. The last time I heard from her, she

and her husband had moved to a coast town of Florida to live.

This is how the intimate social contact between the Negro man and white woman begins. The economic factor leads to the social in an unnatural way. These examples have been cited to show that the Negro man is not a rapist. There isn't any such thing as a Negro man raping a white woman in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, or any other state. Thousands upon thousands of Negro men can give you incidents similar to the ones I have just given you, and they would be true. But many Negro men have been too weak to resist temptation. Consequently, several have been lynched when they were caught, or merely in a position to be suspected of, cohabiting with a white woman, who had given herself to them freely.

This is the basic fear of the white man in the South. He knows his women know that he has had his fling with Negro women servants in their homes. He has done every possible thing to make the world believe that if a Negro man is given too much freedom, he will rape every white girl or woman in sight. This is far from the truth. The truth is that if the Negro man and the white woman were given the freedom to meet socially on the same level, social patterns would change radically. The southern white man realizes that his women are human. When wives and daughters are left weeks and months on end, while their husbands and fathers are away, and handsome Negro men servants are left to care for them, the servants become the means of inexpensive sexual gratification—which can be fatal to the Negro, though when a Negro man fraternizes with a white woman, he can be reasonably sure that she is not going to tell. Please don't misconstrue what I am saying; I am not implying that all white women seek to seduce Negro men. Nothing could be further from the truth. But what I am saying is this: White men have used economic pressure on Negro women and their families to seduce them, while Negro men have been freely invited to intimacy by white women. There isn't any such thing as a Negro man raping a white woman. From a purely physical standpoint, every woman and every man can determine the

truth of this by realizing that it is almost a human impossibility for one to put a piece of thread through the eye of a needle while the needle is in motion.

So we see that the one big fear of the social relation between Negro and white is that of Negro men coming into closer contact with white women. This should no longer be a fear when we understand the truth behind the whole myth. Various jobs will bring Negroes and white people together. What is vitally important is how they will react and get along in a social way. Up to this point one may say that we haven't touched the real social problem at all. By social relations, the average person thinks only in terms of a Negro boy dating a white girl, or Negroes associating with white people in their homes, in schools, and other public places. What is meant here is that one racial group must come into personal contact with another in order to have a social relation.

With the Supreme Court's decision on ending segregation and discrimination in all public schools, we have an explosive issue on our hands. It seems to be more disturbing to white people than to Negroes. This is true because Negro people have very little to lose and all to gain; they now have a legal right to attend public schools from which they were barred before. Now that the Supreme Court's decision has been made, what will we, the people, do?

First of all, let us admit that this law cannot change our deeply rooted prejudices. Such a change must come from the bottom of our hearts. In the background, many people realize the good that this will mean to our nation. But we don't want to give up traditions and customs, which we must do if we are to have complete integration. The schools are the best places to begin. Everyone expects his child to learn the fundamentals of life from the school he attends, along with the basic home training. But there are many problems involved in integration. Let us look at the South for a moment.

For years the Negro public schools of the South have been

staffed by Negro teachers whose education has ranged from the completion of high school up to four years of college. When integration takes place, what will happen to these Negro teachers? This is a problem facing many Negro teachers in the South today. These teachers have been looked up to and respected by the Negro people as a whole. However, we do recognize the fact that the requirements for Negro teachers have been much higher in recent years. But even with a college degree, many Negro teachers are wondering what will happen to them if the all-Negro schools are abolished. Will these teachers be integrated in the same way the pupils will be?

This is the primary fear of many Negro teachers. On the other hand, many teachers will be glad to see integration in all public schools so that teachers' salaries can be equalized. In some southern states, the Negro teachers' salary scale is lower than that of white teachers. From talking to Negro teachers it is possible to get the idea that they don't want integrated schools. But here again one must know this one fact before deciding whether they do or do not want integration. Their emotional expressions may not reveal the real feeling and longing of their hearts, because they may be insecure in their teaching positions. It is fair to assume that there will be many who disagree with me, but this is what I have observed and I believe it plays an important part in this whole matter. The Negro teacher who has had all his formal education in an all-Negro college in the South will be more hesitant about integration than the teacher who has attended a northern college or university. This is not true in all cases, for I know some teachers who have received all their formal education in the South in an all-Negro school and are in favor of integration. But my statement can be understood when we consider the fact that when the Negro teacher attends an integrated college or university, he has had an association that will fit him better for an integrated school. On the other hand, the teacher who has attended an all-Negro school hasn't had the experience of association with whites on

an intellectual level, and his educational facilities have been limited. White people who are against complete integration are quick to seize this fact.

We find parents undecided as to the right thing to do in this process of integration. The best thing for teachers and parents to do is the right thing. However, many of them don't know what is the right thing to do. They listen to conflicting views and it is difficult for them to make the right decision. When considering this matter, weighing the advantages and disadvantages, one must conclude that whatever will bring the greatest good is the Christian thing to do regardless of personal loss or pride. The teacher should be willing to accept that which is best for his racial group as well as for all other people, despite the possibility of losing his job, whether he be black or white. The parents should want the very best for their children in every case. We must admit the inferiority of the segregated Negro public schools in the South in comparison with the white public schools. What is good for the white children is good for the Negro children in preparing to make a living. We know the children will adjust themselves, if they are left alone—notwithstanding that they need the proper guidance.

I don't believe that the basic issue here lies in the integration of the public school itself as such. Many people resist the idea of integration in the public schools because they fear its social implications. When white and black are associated in school, it becomes much easier to carry this social relation to the homes. It is just as bad here in the North as it is in the South when it comes to Negroes buying houses in certain locations. Some people suspect that the integration issue is a front for the housing issue. There are many white people who would be content to have their children go to school with Negro children, but they would not dare live next door to Negroes. Living next door to a Negro means closer social contact. It would be easier for one to open his doors to a person whom he has learned to know at close range than it would be for him to open his doors to a

stranger who comes from a longer distance. This is what many people don't want.

The real-estate interest plays a vital role in perpetuating racial segregation and discrimination in housing. Here in Philadelphia we know that a Negro cannot buy in certain areas regardless of how much he is able to pay for the property. We know that one can get almost a 100 per cent mortgage on a new house. Almost all new houses are sold to whites only. In a few cases, we know that builders have bought vacant lots in Negro sections and built new houses—inferior—to sell to Negroes at extra-high prices. Negroes are forced to pay higher prices for old houses than white people pay for new houses. This is because of the real-estate interest. We can show you block after block here in Philadelphia where Negroes have purchased at high prices and then improved their properties. When the first Negro family moves into any block, something takes place. Within two or three years almost all the white people will be gone! In the case of the few exceptions, the white people have found the Negroes to be good neighbors. When Negroes invest their hard-earned money in real estate, the white people ought to know and understand that they didn't buy their houses to let them rot. If this were their intention, they would have continued to rent and tear up some other man's property.

Of all the interracial marriages I know, not a single one is the result of the couple being associated in school together. They have come either from job contacts or social association *in the home area*. Please observe that I am saying "home area" and not the home itself. The couple found some place to meet and have their dates. When we understand the facts we see that the fear of more interracial romances and marriages as a direct result of being in school together shouldn't be as great as it is today.

Subconsciously it is feared that an integrated program in the public schools will lead to more personal association in the home. It is only natural for a classmate to want to have

other members of his class come to his home for one reason or another. Again, it is fair to say that integrated schools will bring integration to the home eventually. This is what is feared most of all. But it should be desired most of all by wide awake, thinking people. Let me illustrate this point from another personal experience.

In February of 1945, I applied for an apartment in Lowrie Hall at the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Up to that time, as far as I know, a Negro had not made application for an apartment in Lowrie Hall. A fellow student requested me to make the application when he found out that I wanted to take my wife there. He and his family were living in Lowrie Hall and he knew there would be two vacancies at the end of the term. He had informed me that students were given apartments on the basis of their positions on the waiting list—in chronological order. If I could get the application into the office by the next morning, I would be the first one on the waiting list. This would give me the best possible chance as far as this part was concerned.

When I applied the next morning in the business office, the business manager, Jarvis Cotton, D.D., gave me the application blank and made a friendly comment about this being the first time he had received such a request from a Negro student. The only thing for me to say at this stage of the game was that I hoped that this particular application would be treated in the same manner as the one I had made for entering the seminary. The seminary had been receiving Negro students for years. They could live in the dormitory and have white roommates, eat in the dining room with the white students, take baths together in the same bathrooms, and use all the facilities of the school. But never had a Negro man lived where he would come into personal contact with the white wives and other women living in Lowrie Hall.

The next morning, when I looked in my mailbox on my way to class, I found a note from the president, Henry A. Riddle,

D.D., asking me to come to his office. I had a feeling I knew what he wanted with me. So straight up the stairs I went to Dr. Riddle's office.

"Good morning, Mr. Maffett," Dr. Riddle said, shaking my hand. "Won't you please sit down."

"Thanks, Dr. Riddle," I replied, taking the chair he had motioned to me. "I have a note here stating that you want to see me."

"Yes, that's right, Mr. Maffett. I would like to discuss the application you made for an apartment in Lowrie Hall. You see, as far as I know, we haven't had a Negro couple living there."

"I am aware of that, Dr. Riddle," I replied. "But, new things are happening these days and since someone must experience the beginning of every new thing, I suppose you and I must face this new thing together."

"I am not sure," Dr. Riddle cut in, "that it is that easy. If you will please excuse me, I want to ask Dr. Cotton to come in for a moment."

"Surely, Dr. Riddle," I agreed. "By all means bring him in." Dr. Cotton came into the office and took a chair across the table from me. He had had ample time to think the problem over and was prepared to offer every possible reason why I might not be able to meet the financial requirements for living in Lowrie Hall.

"Mr. Maffett," Dr. Cotton began to say, "there are several things I feel you should know before we go any further with processing your application for the apartment in Lowrie Hall. The first thing is the financial matter involved. I must raise the question of your ability to pay the rent, your tuition fees, your food bill, and all the added expenses that will be incurred in the event of such a move. You see, it is easy for me to place our white students as assistants or student supply pastors in various white churches. They make from two to three hundred dollars a month and we can be reasonably sure that they will have the money. You see, Mr. Maffett, we cannot take any

chance on having you become a liability to the seminary."

"May I say something, Dr. Cotton?" I asked. "Please understand from right now on that I thoroughly understand and can appreciate what you are saying to me. But I can guarantee you that my wife and I will not become a liability to Western Theological Seminary. I will admit that at the present time I don't have any employment that gives me an income. But I worked my way through high school and college and I don't owe a penny to any institution or school where I have been a student. You may check with them if you care to. By spring I expect to have a job."

"As to the job aspect, you can't be sure, can you, Mr. Maffett?" he asked.

"Unfortunately, no, Dr. Cotton. I am not sure at the present time. Your office secretary assured me that she would let me know about the next request she gets from any place downtown. However, I will not depend on or wait for that. I will be out looking for a job just as soon as I am completely adjusted here."

"There is another important angle, too," Dr. Riddle pointed out. "You may not understand, Mr. Maffett. I am not sure what the trustee board may think, or what their position may be on this issue. This is a matter of policy, which I must bring up before the trustee board, since we have never had Negro students in Lowrie Hall. It is a different story in the dormitory. You all are fellows and you don't have to come into personal contact with the wives of the students living in Lowrie Hall. Your wife would have to use the same laundry facilities their wives use. The social contact involved may present us with an unpleasant problem."

"Dr. Riddle," I said, "I assume that I have come to a Christian institution, where I am now studying for the Christian ministry, and I pray to God that I am now talking to Christian ministers. It seems to me that we wouldn't have as much social contact with the white students in Lowrie Hall as we have in

the dormitory. Certainly, we won't be sharing the same room for sleeping, as I am now. We won't be taking baths in the same bathtub nor using the same wash basin and showers. We won't be eating at the same table, as we do in the dormitory. It really doesn't make sense to me. But, as far as I am concerned, I am demanding an apartment since I know I am first in line for one. I am expecting to be given the same privileges as white students. Since Negro blood is being shed on the battlefields of Europe and in the Pacific, the Negro must stand up and fight for his rights here at home. Sir, what will the Christians do? Where will the Christian church be if the United States and her allies lose the war? All my brothers who are of age are in the armed services. They are fighting to preserve your freedom as well as the little bit I have. They are fighting abroad. I must fight to make it better for them here at home if and when they return." I finished calmly and sat there.

"We agree with you, Mr. Maffett," Dr. Riddle said. "But because of social customs, well established, deeply rooted, we cannot promise you an apartment at this time. We are not making any final decision here today. We will let you know after the faculty and trustee board meet."

"Thank you, gentlemen," I replied and walked out of Dr. Riddle's office. I wasn't bitter. And, somehow, I had a feeling that their eyes had been opened. Somehow, I felt that I would eventually get the apartment.

The next week I received another note in my mailbox. This time it was from Dr. Cotton's secretary. It was about a job at the Presbyterian Bookstore in the Granite Building downtown. The store needed a shipper. I went immediately to the Presbyterian Bookstore after classes were over and had an interview with Mr. Gibson, the superintendent. Mr. Gibson was a young man. He told me about his former shipper, Bill Baker, who was in the army. Bill Baker had lived in the Gibson's home ever since he graduated from Johnson C. Smith University. They loved Bill and received him as another member of the family. This was in my favor. I realized that Mr. Gibson and I would get along

fine. I accepted the job for eighty-five cents an hour for the first forty hours, and time and a half for every hour after that number per week. I went to work that same afternoon.

I really found a mess. Orders were piled up, the store was dirty, and thousands of books were disarranged and stacked in every available space. I went to work at three o'clock in the afternoon and had to prepare all orders for shipping. Usually I worked in the store proper until it closed at five o'clock, and then I went to the shipping room. Mr. Gibson was more concerned about getting the orders out than cleaning up and rearranging the books in the store. I never waited for him to tell me what to do. In two weeks' time, all back orders were out and the store itself started to take on a new look. In three months' time, I had cleaned all bookcases and rearranged all books in an orderly fashion. My brief course in library work back in high school really did help me here, especially in arranging the books according to subject matter. The sales clerks had been having difficulty in finding certain books for the customers. Now they could find more of the books the customers wanted.

Mr. Gibson came to me one day and told me what a change he had noticed in total sales since I had been with the store. Many customers had made comments to him about the efficient service which I had given them. While I was rearranging the books, I memorized hundreds of authors' names and book titles. I remembered where I put the books on display and where the reserved stock was kept. Many times I heard the white girls, clerks who had only a high-school education, tell customers, "I am sorry, but we don't have the book. We had it last week, but we are out today." It did my heart good to reach under the counter or to this shelf or that shelf and put the book into their hands and keep walking, without saying a word. The customers took notice and smiled and I found myself becoming a sales clerk without being asked.

After I had worked there six months, I went directly from my classroom to the floor of the main store to wait on cus-

tomers. I was never without a customer and many times I observed the white sales girls standing with their arms folded. Many ruling elders and preachers came into the bookstore. We talked about the new books and the vacant churches. Some of them had never seen a Negro occupy their pulpits. But when they found out that I was a theological student at the Western Theological Seminary, I became the first Negro to preach in some of these churches. From such contacts, I recall being invited to speak to the students in the College's church at Grove City College and in four other city and country churches the same day. As I was leaving the minister's home in the afternoon, I supposed he was as shocked as I was when his little daughter insisted on kissing me good-by. I bent over and she planted a warm kiss on my colored cheek. I had the same experience at another minister's home after I had been invited to speak at his church for the second time. Twice I received a kiss from this minister's daughter. I am sure this minister and his wife were real Christians, because they had ample time to warn their daughter before I returned the second time. She was about eight or nine years of age. Her parents received her gracious act with a pleased or an approving smile.

I have related this bookstore experience in order to point out two specific things. The first is that I had employment and so was sure of being able to meet the financial requirements at Western Theological Seminary although I had enough money deposited in the post office and the First National Bank of Pittsburgh to meet these requirements for more than one term. Between what I made at the bookstore and my preaching engagements, I averaged \$75.00 a week; one week I made \$125.00. I was at this bookstore two and a half years before I graduated from the Western Theological Seminary. The second thing is that I had many social contacts and experiences with white people that I would never have had otherwise. Day after day I talked to white men and women, white females, both young and attractive and old and lined. I met many Christian white men, preachers and laymen. From these contacts, my wife and

I were invited into their homes and churches. Never did we experience any unpleasantness.

Now back to the application for the apartment in Lowrie Hall. The faculty and trustee board must have come to some conclusion. At least my application was approved and I was told that it would be the beginning of the next term before the family could get moved out of my apartment. A white student friend of mine, who had been with me in college at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, was going to live in the country manse where he was student supply for the summer. He permitted me to subrent his apartment for the summer until mine would become available. I moved in alone since my wife was teaching in Barber Scotia College, Concord, North Carolina. After she came, we went about making plans for our own apartment when it would be vacant. We decided on a plan to prove to the faculty, the trustee board, and all who were observing this experiment of Negroes and whites living together on the same social level that it could be done. We had a firm belief that it would succeed if at least earnest efforts were made by one party on one side of the color line.

My second term had started and Mrs. Maffett and I were in our apartment. Immediately, we planned to start having each family in Lowrie Hall come to our apartment for dinner and games. We planned to do this at the time when all of us were freest. Starting with the families on the third floor, where we lived, we would gradually work down to the first floor. They were happy to come. My wife and the white wives worked out some wonderful entertainment for their busy student husbands. I am sure that it was with her finesse and grace that my wife won the love and respect of all the white wives and their husbands living in Lowrie Hall. Not only did we have the families in Lowrie Hall for social fellowship, we had many of the fellows from the dormitory, particularly all foreign students.

Our social association was so firm that we discovered this: Many of the white wives were having financial and domestic problems. The wives would invariably come to my wife for ad-

vice and financial help. Sometimes they borrowed money and food without their husbands' knowledge. As our financial records will show, it cost Mrs. Maffett and me on the average of forty-five hundred dollars a year to entertain and meet our financial obligations at Western. We paid not one month's rent in advance, as required, we always paid three. This was the price we were willing to pay for having social equality.

One night we found two Pittsburgh policemen standing outside our apartment door. They told us that they had been called by the neighbors in an apartment twenty feet away from ours because we were fighting. There was a fight in Lowrie Hall that night. But it was not between a Negro man and his wife. It was a white-blind-student minister beating his wife. She carried the scars and left him.

The price we were willing to pay meant more than social equality. It meant that the white student ministers had personal experiences to preach about in their pulpits after leaving the seminary. It proved to us and to them that Negroes can meet the standards set by white society if and when they are permitted to do so.

One thing more. We discovered something that has a direct bearing on the issue of complete integration today. We discovered that deeply rooted prejudice is very difficult, if not next to impossible, to dig out—out of the heart of a person. This is the crux of the social problems of race relations at the present time. The student minister who first told me how to go about making application for the apartment in Lowrie Hall lived with his family on the same floor as we did. They had a little daughter, who had started attending public school. She came to our apartment every day. I have seen her in bed with my wife many times when she was resting. We treated her like a daughter of our own. Her mother was pregnant and, on the surface, she appeared to appreciate my wife's help with her daughter, especially when she wasn't feeling well. Finally, the day came for her to go to the hospital to deliver her new baby. Her husband had arranged for their daughter to stay with us while she was

in the hospital. We don't know what had occurred between the parents. But we do know that this happened. The night when the child's mother went to the hospital, the child began to act strangely. Up to this point she had kissed me good-by when I went to work in the afternoon. She had actually called me father and daddy more than once or twice. She had been an obedient child, a lovely child. But this night when I got home at about ten thirty from working at the bookstore I found the child raising the roof and refusing to go to bed. At first we thought that she was grieved over the fact of her mother being in the hospital. We tried to tell her about how wonderful it would be for mother to bring a little brother or sister home to her. She raved on. Then we decided to question her about her reason for not wanting to go to bed in our home. This is what she said: "My mother told me I am not to sleep with Negroes. Your skin is black and mine is white. My mother said black people and white people don't sleep together. I don't want to go to bed with any Negroes."

There we had it in a nutshell. The mother of this little girl had not gotten to the point where she could rid her heart of the deeply rooted prejudice. We could recall how she had previously told us the sordid things her parents had taught her about Negroes when she was a little girl. We had to call this child's grandmother at midnight to ask her to come and take the little girl, who refused to sleep in the bed in which she had slept so many times before.

The father, I am quite sure, would have been hurt to his heart if he had known this. We have never told anyone this story before. But I hope he and his wife will read what I have written. Only this family will know who they are. But they can use this experience to help break the barriers of social prejudice, segregation, and discrimination and bring about complete integration of Negroes and white people.

We have used the names of Dr. Henry A. Riddle and Dr. Jarvis Cotton for a purpose. They are living witnesses to the fact that we didn't have any unpleasant social incidents while we

were at the Western Theological Seminary, other than the one I have just finished telling you about. Dr. Cotton has personally thanked Mrs. Maffett and me for setting such a fine example for our racial group. Dr. Riddle volunteered to come to our church before we invited him. He wanted to come because of us. We love him because he is a Christian. He delivered one of the most outstanding sermons heard from our pulpit during 1954. I am sure that Dr. Riddle and Dr. Cotton will be happy to share their experience with any one who may be afraid to venture out to accept the Negro on an equal social basis. As I see it, someone must be willing to pay whatever price there is to be paid to have complete social integration. The price may be high for some. But it will be only a matter of time before it will come to be a living reality. Who will be willing to pay the price? What about the Christian church?

The Religious Problems of Race Relations

HUMAN BEINGS act contrary to reason in many ways and cases. They know what is best for them. Yet they go against reason and follow their weaker nature. Some people who profess their belief in God think more of themselves than they do of others. They believe, and will admit it, that God wants all men to love one another. Heaven is desired by all men. It can be obtained only by obeying the laws of God. Those who rebel against reason and lust for power in all forms, succumb to greed and hatred, and seek the approval of men cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Real preachers, priests, and teachers of the Gospel of Christ and the love of God have many problems and worries in this world. They have to fight against men who use the Bible as a smoke screen to cover up their evil deeds, which brings about more worry and fear.

Many things aren't comprehensible to men. Common is the knowledge that men took unsound thoughts of the past to be the pure Gospel. Certain customs and traditions didn't bother the religious leaders, because they were generally accepted. The victims of deplorable circumstances and conditions were the ones who rose up in violent protest. Usually they have been weak and too fickle to break the unscrupulous power of their oppressors.

The fact can't be denied that northern white Presbyterians have done a fine job among Negroes in both the North and

South. Look at their schools, churches, Sunday schools, and large parish areas. Theirs was the first major denomination to follow the federal troops and establish churches and parochial schools in the South. Millions of dollars have been spent to train, equip, and enable the Negroes to become better citizens. Search the records and you will find resolution after resolution by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America to give equality to and to have an open fellowship with all people regardless of race, creed, or color. If this, then, has been the official policy of this great church, we must ask this question: Why aren't the Negroes communicant members of the white Presbyterian churches in the North? Why can't white and black Presbyterians worship together in all local congregations? Why do we have all-Negro Presbyterian churches scattered throughout the North?

This is not only true of the Presbyterian church, it is true of practically all Protestant denominations. The churches of all denominations in the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, which is a stronghold of Presbyterians, must answer these searching questions before Almighty God. Only in one church will you find Negro and white Christians worshipping together as communicant members of the same congregation. It isn't true? You can't believe it? It is the Roman Catholic church. Although the Roman Catholic Church cannot be considered to be completely integrated, she is far ahead of the Protestant churches. For this reason we have seen the Roman Catholic church grow by leaps and bounds among the Negro people in both the North and South. The Protestant churches have seen this trend and have done a lot of talking about it, and that is about all they have done. No one should blame the Negroes for joining the church in which they are received as sons and daughters of God here on earth. A situation like this should cause any citizen of God's kingdom to rethink his personal beliefs in the Eternal.

In the South the white people are noted for not letting the Negroes associate with them in any public place. But it is

supposed to be different in the North. My family and I visited an all-white congregation worshipping in the same block in which we live here in Philadelphia. It was on a Communion Sunday in August. We were given Holy Communion like all the rest. But when the service was over, several curious worshippers wanted to know, "Who invited you?"

As a Christian, who can help asking himself some questions when pondering this dilemma? One question of paramount importance should be this: Why aren't Negroes, of all the colored peoples in the world, accepted in the society of the white man, especially in his church? If they can't be accepted on the basis of being members of the human family, some reason must be found. Many Protestants are greatly perplexed over what we see. How can any man be a real believer in God and refuse to worship with his black brother, who believes in the same God, in a place of common worship?

We see double social and religious standards in the Christian church here in America. Negro and white are working side by side on certain jobs, without friction. But there is no social or religious intermingling in their homes and churches. What place should the Christian or anyone who believes in God take in the world today? Every man's place should be to serve God and his fellow man. There must be some way to bring all men together within the boundaries of brotherly love. Some men know this way. It has been known ever since Christ came to earth to build His kingdom in the hearts of men. Men have been so mean that they wouldn't then and haven't now accepted this way of Christ.

Before going into more detail on the place of the Christian church in this whole realm of integration, I would like to give you a sermon I preached to the faculty and students at Western Theological Seminary early in 1947. From the comments received from both faculty and students, I feel that it may be of some value to you. I was a senior at that time. I am firmly convinced that we must get back to Christ now, and this text is a good beginning.

ONE BODY IN CHRIST

My sermon topic for this morning is "One Body in Christ." My text is Romans 12:15: "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

There is no greater truth in the minds of people in our day than this: Society is an organism similar to the human body. This is not a new idea, nor is it an exclusively religious or Christian idea. It was a common doctrine of the Stoic philosophers that man was made for society and that every man should believe himself to be born, not for himself, but for the whole world. But it seems as if men have dissociated themselves from this idea in the present age. Men do not take as proper care of their human bodies as they should. They take still less care to see to it that society is kept clean and healthy. The human body cannot serve society well when it is diseased and unhealthy. All parts of the body must work together in a coordinated fashion in order to give the maximum efficiency. Human beings make up society. The Christian church is a social institution because she is composed of Christian people with different talents and personalities. These Christian people make up the visible church of Christ on earth. The true church is the body of Christ. That body must be kept clean and healthy and not allowed to become corrupted and diseased with the sins of this world. Is the church, as we see her in our day, clean, pure, and healthy?

Paul gave this illustration on more than one or two occasions. It is clear that he had the same object in mind when writing both the twelfth chapter of Romans and the twelfth chapter of I Corinthians. His object was to show that diversity of offices and gifts among Christians, far from being inconsistent with their union as one body in Christ, is necessary for the perfection and usefulness of that body. It is just as unreasonable for all Christians to have the same gifts as for all the members of the human frame to have the same office or function. The true church of Christ can reach perfection only when people of all denominations and nationalities perform their duties to God and their fellow men according to the gifts which God

has given them, because we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

In the first place, the whole family of God ought to be united with a vital unity. The different members of the body of Christ form a complete unity because they partake of one common life. First Corinthians 12:13 says, "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." The unity of those who together form the body of Christ and the family of God is not a mechanical unity, as a pound of beans in a bag; nor is it a unity imposed by external force, as the ingredients in a loaf of bread. But as the life of the human body maintains all the various members and nourishes them to a well balanced and harmonious growth, so vital unity maintains the body of Christ, the church. Remove the life from the human body, which supports it, and see if the members will cease functioning. They will. But as long as life is maintained, each member is nourished and each member maintains its form. The lion and the tiger eat precisely the same type of food, but that food nourishes in each a different form.

The unity of the family of God is a unity of this kind, a potent and vital unity. The same spiritual life exists in the family of God, derived from the same source, supplying the members with the same energy, and causing them to act with similar attitudes and motives. This unity does not set up the barriers of segregation, discrimination, and hatred against any members of this one body of Christ. Superseding and transcending all these barriers, this unity causes men to live together harmoniously in the human family. Because a thing was done or was the custom in the past, it doesn't necessarily mean that it is to be continued in our day. Whenever a tradition or custom stands in the way of one's performing his religious duty, he must get rid of that tradition or custom at once for the sake of the unity of the body of Christ and the family of God. But we do not have that unity in our churches and homes at the present time. Many of our present-day churches are "exclusive" and

will not open their doors to other members in the one body of Christ and the family of God. The answer to this problem is this: Those churches and homes are not Christian enough!

In the second place, the efficiency of the body depends upon the multiplicity and variety of the members of which it is composed. "If they were one member, where were the body: If the whole body were the eye, where the hearing?" The lower forms of life have either no distinct organs or very few. The higher we ascend the scale of life, the more numerous and more distinctly differentiated are the organs. In the lower forms of life, such as the amoeba, one of the simplest known animals, one member discharges several functions, and the animal uses the same sense organ for locomotion as it uses for eating and digestion. In the higher forms of life, each department of life and activity is presided over by its own sense or organ. The same law holds true for society and the family of God. Among the tribes, lower down the scale of civilization, each man is his own farmer, or huntsman, or shepherd, or his own priest. Each man does everything for himself. But as man becomes more civilized, the various wants of society are supplied by different individuals and every function is more or less specialized. This same law holds true for the one body of Christ and the family of God. It is highly organized and no one member can do the whole work of the body. Therefore, one member has this gift and another has that one.

It is the duty of the Christian church to utilize every faculty for good which her members possess. Each member is dependent one upon the other. It is because of this fact and this fact alone that we have so much trouble in our homes, in our churches, in our society, and in our world. We do not know, or we do not care to appreciate, the contributions which the various members of our society can make. Each member of the one body of Christ is different and distinct and has a gift of his own. Some are fitted to nourish the church herself and maintain the one body of Christ in perfect health and first-class efficiency. There are others fitted to act and work in the sinful world out-

side. There are still others fitted to give new life, energy, and vitality to the church from within.

Everyone, therefore, who is drawn into the fellowship of the body of Christ and the family of God has something to contribute to its good and to the work that it does. But some people are not allowed to contribute what they could to the body of Christ and the family of God, because unfortunate barriers are vigorously raised against them in certain quarters. It is because they have not been given the same economic, political, and social advantages as their compatriots that they are branded inferior by certain classes of people. This isn't altogether their fault. The greatest fault lies with those who are responsible for erecting these barriers. The things that are said about these people can be said about any other group of people who are given the same treatment. No man is a true Christian or a true believer in God when he cannot accept and allow another person to make his contribution to the body of Christ and the family of God, the visible church on earth.

In the third place, there is to be no slothful disparagement in the body of Christ and the family of God, and there must be no depreciation of other people. First Corinthians 12:21 says, "And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." Yet, this is what some church and religious people are saying. I have heard many sermons preached to the effect that we have a church of this denomination here on this corner of the street, another church of another denomination on the other corner, and the other people in the same block attend various churches of the same denominations across town. They go all out denouncing such un-Christlike, such unreligious practices. But does this really touch the core of the real problem? If they really and truly wanted to find a solution to the real problem, they would go all out denouncing the diabolic practice of certain church people or religious people of not permitting a particular group of people to attend the church or synagogue that are located in the same blocks in which they live, to say nothing about their

becoming communicant members! Any person should have the right to attend and become a communicant member of Christ's church and the family of God anywhere he chooses. No church can be a true church of Christ, and no person can be a true member of the family of God until the church or the person makes no distinction as to who shall compose the membership of the church based upon the amount of pigmentation found in the skin.

Each one of us has a great responsibility to make the church become more Christian. We must no longer accept traditions and customs blindly. We must put our Christian and religious convictions into action in our homes and in our churches. We will have plenty of disappointments when we do, because many people are not yet Christians and not prepared to become real members of the family of God. They have professed God only with their lips but not with their hearts, acts, and deeds. Let us have unity in our human family by associating with all people alike. Let us choose guests for our homes from all members of the one body of Christ and the family of God with no regard to their color, but because they are decent, respectable, and genuine fellow creatures. We can make it a point to have one of our friends who feels that it cannot be done be a guest with us at the same time. He needs to be exposed to working Christianity.

It is our Christian and religious duty to bring people together on the highest level in order to keep the body of Christ and the family of God in a healthy condition. This must be done. You must do it. We can do it by realizing that the family of God ought to be united with a vital unity, and by doing everything possible to keep that unity and nothing that will cause it to be broken. It can be done by realizing that the efficiency of the body of Christ and the family of God depends upon the multiplicity and variety of the members of which it is composed. We must cooperate and allow each member to make whatever contribution that he can make to keep the body of Christ and the family of God in a healthy condition. It can be done by

realizing that there must be no slothful disparagement in the body of Christ and the family of God, and there must be no depreciation of other people. We must do this with the ultimate determination not to let any man drag us so low that we hate him afterward. For thus saith the Lord, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Amen.

* * *

That was my sermon. Who could be more hypocritical than the people who teach and preach that God is love and the father of all mankind, and refuse to be associated with another brother of a darker color, because of traditions and customs? Who is more hypocritical than the man who teaches and preaches the love of God—God is love, and we must love one another—and at the same time prevents a brother from worshipping that God in his church, because his skin is of a different color? Who is giving the better service to mankind, the man who serves with gratitude because he is happy to make an earnest living, or the man who uses the weakness of another to increase his own wealth and power? The answers are obvious, and it is for every decent citizen and Christian to recognize them and act accordingly. Good service is done only when it serves to make people better.

Many Negro people as well as white people are blinded by ignorance when it comes to real Christianity and true brotherly love. This question must be asked and every man must search to find the right answer to it. Can any man have the kingdom of God within himself and still feel superior to a brother and therefore refuse to worship with him in the same place of worship? There is only one answer. Even when certain white people fail to admit it publicly, they know deep down in their hearts that all men are equal in God's kingdom. But some people continue to let traditions and customs stand in their way—the way to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Let me give you a real case about a Negro woman who applied for church membership in a certain white Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia. One Sunday, after morning worship, we had a British Jamaican Negro woman apply for church membership. We had never seen her before and we assumed that she was a stranger in our community. We were curious about why she was applying for church membership the very first time she attended our church. It seems more natural for a person to want to know something about a church before joining it. We soon found that she had a letter in her hand and she handed it to me as she explained how a certain white church, the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, had refused her membership and had referred her to our church.

The letter was addressed to our session from the minister of the church on behalf of the session. It stated, among other things, that since we were a new church and needed as many members as possible, we would be happy to receive her, and that since this woman was from British Jamaica and was not familiar with American traditions and customs, she would feel more at home with the people of her color. This woman had filled out the application blank which Bethlehem required after the applicant has worshiped and taken Holy Communion for six months in the church. She had been received in a gracious manner by the members in general up to the time she made application for church membership.

But when the session of Bethlehem received her application for membership, she ran into her first snare. A white woman member was chosen from the church to visit Mrs. Enid Thomas. She was to explain the tradition of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America that white people and Negroes had their separate churches. She was told that the members didn't mind her worshipping with them, but they would not approve of her joining their membership. She was told that the session had to refuse her application on that traditional ground. She never met the session, personally. But the minister recommended her to Bethel, since one of his elders was on the

session of Bethel. He was appointed by the presbytery and came only to stated meetings.

The statement was true that we needed all the members we could possibly get—we still do for that matter. But not this way, and not that badly! Under the circumstances, I was forced to tell Mrs. Thomas that our session, too, had to refuse to take any official action on her request until presbytery had a chance to make a decision on this basic issue affecting the social pattern of our church.

The letter that the white minister had written was sent to the Standing Committee of Social Education and Action. The committee went to work and I was at presbytery when the matter was brought. The committee was painfully aware of the explosiveness of the issue and sought to avoid a blowup by requesting that the church's name not be used in the debate that was sure to strike sparks. The question of the power of presbytery to say what a local church's session should do in a case like this started a verbal fight. Ministers, Christian ministers, fought on both sides in the verbal battle. It was clear to me that a definite distinction could be made between the old and younger ministers. There were more younger ministers than older ministers in favor of instructing the local session to admit Negroes as communicants of the local church. Unfortunately, we had an old white moderator at this time (he has since gone home, where every man must go) who showed what side of the fence he was on by using his executive power to table the whole matter "indefinitely," thereby stopping the heated debate before it could come to any sort of vote. From that day to this the issue has been glued to the table.

I had many long telephone conversations with the minister about the matter. He was in the predicament of jeopardizing his call to Bethlehem if he fought his session. Within a year after this incident, he left this church. During the same period of time, our session accepted Mrs. Thomas into our fellowship.

A few months later, I was attending a meeting at the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, which is located at Broad and Dia-

mond Streets, Philadelphia. One of the elders greeted me and made some statement about how they were always so happy to have the "colored brothers" come to their church. I looked at him and my mind went back to the problem of Negroes becoming communicant members of this church.

"Sir," I said, "did I understand you correctly? Did you say you are an elder of this church?"

"Yes. That's right," he answered. "You understood me correctly. I am the elder representing our session tonight."

"Elder, I know you are busy meeting people. But I'm going to stand aside here and wait for a moment. There is something I want to ask you." I stood patiently until everyone had gone in. "Do you know who I am?" I asked the elder.

"No," he answered. "I don't believe I do."

"Do you know Elder Yearling?" I asked.

"Yes, I surely do. He's one of our elders."

"Well, that's just fine," I said. "Elder Yearling served on my session for a year, when we were first organized."

"Oh!" he replied hesitatingly. "You are from the new colored church, Bethel, at Nineteenth and York Streets."

"I'm the minister there. And since you and your session are always happy to have us 'colored brothers' come into your church, I wonder if you remember anything about a Mrs. Enid Thomas, who applied for membership here at Bethlehem?"

"That colored, Jamaican woman?"

"Yes. The woman who applied to your session for church membership. I understand your session refused her application. I am just curious to know on what basis did you refuse her church membership?"

"Well, basically," he searched for an answer, "she did not meet our qualifications. All of our members have got to be able to read and write. You see, she was a nice woman, but not intelligent. My Lord, she couldn't read and write English."

"Please listen to me carefully," I requested. "I am sorry that I must break off this conversation. But Mrs. Enid Thomas is a member of Bethel now. I had a very nice letter from her

former white pastor in Jamaica. She has more than an average intelligence. I understand that she obtained a Master of Arts degree from the University of Cambridge, England. I don't see how your session could call that 'ignorance' unless you have all Ph.D.'s," I told him. I walked on and left him wondering. Looking back, I saw him hurrying up the steps, out of sight. I saw him next at the dinner table. As I sat at the table observing the white waitresses serving us, I realized that this session had not bothered to find out the facts about Mrs. Thomas' educational background, to say nothing about her financial position. I am quite sure that the ruling elders of Bethlehem Presbyterian Church didn't know that Mrs. Thomas had maid service in her home, that she and her husband owned many houses all around their church building, that she was studying real estate in order to help her husband manage their properties as a business enterprise, that it would be people like her who would make this church what Christ wanted it to be.

This case of Mrs. Enid Thomas is one of many such tragic situations in the Christian church today, where practice contradicts our religion. The voice of the Christian church has cried for justice, equality, and freedom for all people, including the Negro. The church was the first to see segregation and discrimination in industry, public transportation, housing, and so forth. At the same time, the church has lagged far behind in the real process of complete integration. This is un-Christian. Yet the church follows a definite pattern that perpetuates racial discrimination, segregation, and prejudice. This is especially true of the Protestant churches.

I have seen this pattern clearly in Philadelphia over the past eight years. In our Northern cities, when the Negroes move into certain areas, the white people systematically move out. These areas have been occupied by white people for years. There they built their churches and reared their families. But where the homes move the churches must move, too; they follow the same pattern. After the homes move, the white people find themselves coming back to a Negro neighborhood to worship

for a while. But when this situation develops, there is a scramble to sell church properties as fast as possible and build churches in the new locations to which the members have moved. So the pattern is that the white churches move with the white people and thereby perpetuate segregation in the church.

The Bethlehem Presbyterian Church is a good example. For the past two years, this church has been a problem to presbytery. About a year ago, I heard an old white minister crying on the shoulders of presbytery, "Good old Bethlehem has stood for years of Christian service in Philadelphia. Now she stands as the last Presbyterian church on Broad Street north of Market Street. It is the responsibility of presbytery to do something to save good old Bethlehem." As I sat there listening to him, I wanted to shout back, "Let good old Bethlehem open her doors wide to all the people living in the community. Let them come in to give her new strength and new blood. Let the white people stop running away from the community! Let the white members stop running like rats when the Negroes move near them, as if some black cats will surely devour them. Let the white members be Christian enough to be united with their black brothers and sisters on earth. Let them be happy to help God build and unite His kingdom on earth. When good old Bethlehem does this, my dear white brother, good old Bethlehem will save herself." But I remained silent, with the idea of writing this story someday.

Half a block behind the Bethlehem Church, the Camac Center for Negroes is located. This center is operated by our presbytery and our Board of National Missions. The place is far from being adequate to give the type of service needed in the area. Bethlehem had the facilities to do the job. Bethlehem kept her facilities closed to the needs of the boys and girls in her neighborhood. For recreation, these boys and girls have had to walk past Bethlehem, in rain, sleet, and snow, to come to Bethel, located eight blocks away. Bethlehem stands to remind them of the night when the Mother of Christ had it said to her, "No room in the inn."

In this Bethlehem situation, we can see that it is the local, individual church which continues to perpetuate segregation and discrimination in the Christian Church. The Committee on Church Relations of the Philadelphia Presbytery has finally found a solution to the Bethlehem Church. Its efforts and strategy have brought about a merger of Bethlehem with another church. At the same time, the Berean Presbyterian Church (a Negro congregation) and the Camac Center have moved into the building. Although it is not what many of us hoped for, it is a step forward in the right direction. Only a few of the former members of Bethlehem elected to stay. But, from our presbyteries up to our General Assembly, the great ideal is the complete integration of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

Here are some of the Principles of Presbytery Strategy of the Presbytery of Philadelphia:

PRINCIPLES OF PRESBYTERY STRATEGY

PREAMBLE:

The Church Relations Committee of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, believing that a local Presbyterian Church is an outpost of the entire denomination, not an independent entity, and on the basis of ten years' experience in the field of strategy, church development and research, would recommend approval of the following beliefs and principles by which the Committee shall continue to operate:

1. We believe that every local church has the primary responsibility of ministering to its immediate total community.
2. We believe that a total strategy for a metropolitan area calls for an alert and planned program of extension for city and suburban communities.
3. Since various historical factors have operated in the past to cause the establishment of competitive Presbyterian churches in some areas, and since in some instances churches of sister denominations also exist in these areas, we believe that these communities would be more adequately served

and the interests of the Kingdom of God would be advanced if one or more of these competitive churches were merged or relocated.

4. We believe that when a church contemplates removal from a neighborhood by merger or relocation, careful consideration should be given to maintaining an adequate Christian witness in the former neighborhood. This will include a study of the Protestant population and the number of Protestant churches which are serving the area.
5. We believe that when a church property is to be sold for religious purposes in connection with the removal of a congregation from an area, every effort should be made to sell the property to an approved denominational group.
6. We believe that the Presbyterian Church has an unavoidable responsibility to present an effective Christian witness in the inner city. This means a reappraisal of local church situations and the cooperative development of new techniques in ministering effectively in such areas.
7. We believe that an effective ministry for a church requires adequate strength in leadership and finances, and that since there is not sufficient National Missions money to provide for all these needs in the metropolitan area, it is the responsibility of the churches of the Presbytery to share in meeting this obligation.
8. Since it is not possible to provide a Presbyterian Church for groups of Presbyterians in every community, we believe that consideration must be given to our accepted responsibility to cooperate in an interdenominational approach in the establishment of new churches.

Certainly we must recognize customs and traditions. It is not fair to history not to do so. But, at the same time, customs and traditions must not stand in the way of progress, progress of the Christian church toward complete integration. Bethel, my own church, must be classified as a segregated church. Why

is this so? Have I done everything possible to have an integrated church?

Well, let us take a look. I came to the area with the fullest intention of making this church an integrated church. The surveys made were for white people as well as Negroes. White people were certainly invited to come and join our worship of Almighty God. Some white children did come to our Sunday school, Happy Hour, and recreational programs. Visits were made in many white homes. Some of the white mothers came out once or twice. Some were invited to teach in the Sunday school. One white mother, who used to bring her little daughter to Sunday school, made a tentative promise to teach. Others found various excuses. This mother moved suddenly and we haven't heard from her since. This was all during the first year of my ministry in this community.

When we came to Bethel on November 2, 1947, we found a white Baptist church, located at Eighteenth and York Streets, and a white Methodist church, located at Seventeenth and York Streets. Today, we have the same three denominations in the same locations, from Nineteenth and York to Seventeenth and York—Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist. But the three churches have all-Negro congregations. The definite pattern has made it so. Almost all the white people have left the area; only a few remain, the Jews and Italians.

Contact made with the white Baptist church about having some type of interracial service proved to be fruitless. They turned the idea down flat. Since we had no baptismal pool in our church, I requested the white Baptist church to lend us theirs one Sunday afternoon to baptize candidates who wanted to be submerged. The minister came to our church one Sunday morning, just before worship, to inform me that he was sorry his deacons had refused our request.

Yes, I do believe we could have had an integrated church here at Bethel, if it were not for some basic fears and if our white friends had stayed in the community. It is just as unrealis-

tic to ask white people to drive back to an all-Negro community to worship as it is to ask Negroes to go out to the suburbs to worship on Sunday morning.

I had a lot of dealing with the former Clerk of Session of the "white Bethel." He was a nice, kind man, as far as that goes. But he was fearful of the idea when I suggested that all the white members who lived near the church at that time stay on as members. This was his fear: If they stayed on as members, the Negro boys would want to date their white daughters. A white woman was of the same opinion when I talked to her about the same idea. On the other hand, the Negroes to whom I broached the subject felt that it would be a good thing for the community in general. However, I did find some Negroes with Baptist and Methodist backgrounds who opposed the idea.

Recently, I have talked to a lot of ministers about the idea of a completely integrated church. The Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers are all for integration. But some Baptist and Methodist ministers are still in doubt. There are some who feel it would work in some churches. Others feel that their congregations would not want it for these reasons:

1. Their mode of worship is emotional and the integrated church would destroy their individuality.
2. The freedom they have enjoyed over the years would be taken from them.
3. They fear that ministerial powers may be curbed, especially where the ministers have followed their personalized type of government.

Other reasons were given. But these three seem to have been most outstanding. However, I firmly believe that these reasons are traditional, in the sense that the Negroes were forced to establish separate churches apart from the whites. This dates back to slavery days. The white man encouraged the Negro to be "religious" in order to keep him in his place. The well-established white church built Negro missions to keep the Negro from

worshiping in the white church. Perhaps it is best to illustrate this from another personal experience, which really made me want to find out more facts and more satisfactory answers.

My high-school years were spent in a Presbyterian mission school. It was located in the state of Alabama. At the time I entered this school, there were only three Negro teachers among the fourteen teachers on the faculty. The president, the principal, and the other teachers were white. After having left the farm to go to school in the city, where I would be taught by white teachers for the first time, I really was scared to death. Yes, I had the feeling that these white teachers were different from the Negro teachers who had taught me before I entered the classrooms in this school.

These teachers were kind to me and helped me to adjust myself to my new environment. Soon I found them to be teachers, not strange creatures such as I had expected them to be. I had always asked a lot of questions about things new to me, particularly new subject matter in books. Bible study was required of all students in this school. It became one of my favorite subjects. When one studies the Old Testament, it is natural for one to want to know more about the lacking details. So it was with me when we came to the Song of Solomon. One day our teacher read, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem . . ." This struck me like a thunderbolt, Solomon being a black man! It didn't seem right. All the pictures that I had ever seen of Biblical characters, including Christ, looked like white people to me. Could a black man be a king? I asked myself this question and I decided to ask my teacher. I knew she had the answer.

"Miss To—nd," I asked, "was Solomon really a black man? Did he have black skin like mine?"

"Why no, Robert," she answered. "Solomon didn't mean to say that he was a black man. Certainly, his skin wasn't colored at all. He meant his sins were black in the sight of God. Solomon had been a terrible sinner! I would say he is using a figure of speech. He is actually referring to the black deeds he had done."

Somehow, I couldn't believe that Miss To—nd had told me the facts. I had believed everything she had told her class up to this point. Her answer didn't suit me because something was wrong with the way she said this. From that moment on, I began to observe my teachers more closely. They were all called missionaries. My mind was firmly made up that I would never stop searching until I had found out if Solomon was really a black man. I stopped receiving everything my teachers said in classes without asking more than the usual questions. As a result I found myself falling from the good graces of many of my teachers.

A few weeks later, another fellow and I were walking on the streets downtown, where the Negroes had to wait and let the white customers be served first in all stores. We saw Miss To—nd and Miss S—W—D— directly in front of us. We knew that we were not to speak to white women on the streets. We had gotten used to our teachers and they didn't seem to be white anymore. We wanted to respect our teachers by speaking to them. We spoke to them with our best manners. We were shocked! Our white teachers either didn't see us or they simply refused to speak to us. I have always wanted to believe that they didn't see us. As I look back on this incident and see them so busy looking in the store windows, which was too obvious, I have my doubts.

When we got back to the campus, we mentioned this incident to some of the older girls. They had been the victims of similar experiences. Whether our teachers were conscious of our feelings, I don't really know. On the other hand, we had a young teacher come to us from the state of Pennsylvania. She was absolutely different from some of the older teachers. We saw her walking with Negro male students on the streets. She really was the same everywhere I saw her. But some of the others were one thing on the campus and something else when they were off.

After graduation from high school, I entered Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama. Naturally, I sought and found a

Baptist church and finally joined it. Not long afterward, I learned of a farm area where the Negro Baptist church tried to set up a Sunday school for the little Negro children. The white plantation owner refused to allow our Negro missionary to set up the Sunday school and forbade her to give Sunday school literature to those who could probably read it to the children. It made me cry to think of a white man being so mean that he wouldn't even allow the Negroes on his land learn about God, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible. But this wasn't all. A few weeks later, the chaplain of Tuskegee Institute was telling me about a project he and several students were doing. This project was in a place called G's Bend. In G's Bend, not too far from the state capitol of Alabama, some Negroes had been discovered living on a plantation in this extremely large bend of a certain river, where they had been since slavery. They were using wooden plows and they didn't marry. The white plantation owner lived in the city and no efforts had been made to educate them or make them Christians. These Negroes had been taught from the days of slavery to obey the white man. This was all they knew. Not one of them could read his name if it were flashed on a neon sign in the sky. They were taught one other thing—to bear children. The chaplain had been trying to “match heads,” and marry the mothers and fathers of the children. Thanks be to God that the state authorities acted swiftly when this was called to their attention and the facts brought out in the open. A school was started and staffed by “intern” students from Tuskegee Institute. I must leave this story here. For further information, please write the Department of Research, Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama. My point has been that Negroes were forced from slavery days to build and operate their churches and whatever schools they had in many places in the South. Thousands and thousands of these people have moved to other parts of our country, taking this tradition with them.

Let us go back to Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh. During my senior year in seminary, Mrs. Maffett and I made applications to our Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. We were required to give all kinds of references, which we did. Various individuals were sent to interview us. We were questioned thoroughly on our personal feelings and beliefs about racial segregation and discrimination here in America and abroad. One interviewer, whom I knew, was asked why we were being interviewed so carefully in this manner.

"Well, Mr. Maffett," he began to answer, "there are certain members of the board who have the feeling that you, in particular, are a little too sensitive on the racial issue. They have racial problems in Africa, you know. I am quite sure Brazil is out of the picture. The board doesn't believe that this is the time to send Negro missionaries to Brazil."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because the Brazilian government won't accept them at this time. That is my understanding of it. However, from what I have been told and from what I heard said in a meeting, you and Mrs. Maffett are better qualified for Africa than any applicants we have had for some time. I am certainly going to recommend to the board that you be accepted for Africa. You both seem to be well prepared to do the type of job we want done in Africa."

The board's representative from New York City came to have his interview with us. He came to clear up certain points and tie the loose ends. He definitely had a lot of information about us. We talked about many things, especially the problems involved on the foreign missions fields of Africa. And finally we came to a point where the board representative wanted to hear me say what I would do under a given circumstance of racial discrimination in Africa. He gave this illustration:

"Mr. Maffett," he said, "the Board has cleared Mrs. Maffett's application without too much difficulty. But your application hinges on one point at this stage. Mr. Maffett, I spent many years in Africa. I was there with Dr. Irvin W. Underhill. As

you probably know, Dr. Underhill and his wife were fair-skinned people. The native Africans regarded them as the 'white Negroes.' The territory where the board will send you is controlled by the French government. Let us say that you are in Africa. It had been raining and you were out on the field and came to a place where the road was washed out. A white French official came driving up to the break in the road and, seeing you, he ordered you to take his shovel and fill in this break in the road. Understand me clearly now! He has mistaken you to be a native African. You can really pass for some of the strong Africans I have seen. Now, just what would you do in a situation like this in Africa?"

"Well, sir," I answered, "I am assuming you asked me for a frank answer. At least, that is what I am going to give you. Let me say this first. Suppose I had driven up on the other side of this break in the road. If the French official ordered me to fill it in with his shovel, I would in return give him mine and say, 'Look, sir! It seems that we both want to get across this break in the road. Why don't you pitch in and help and we both can soon be on our way.'"

"All right," he replied. "Suppose the French official kicked you, as they do the natives, and ordered you to use the shovel?"

"Sir, if any French official had the audacity to put his foot where it didn't belong, especially in my rear, I would give him my foot in the same place . . . a little harder." His statement angered me and I struggled hard to hold my composure.

"Mr. Maffett, don't you realize that if a Negro, from America, kicked a French official it would be an international incident?"

"I am quite sure, sir, that when the French official raised his foot off the ground to kick an American Negro citizen it was an international incident."

"Well, this is what our board is afraid of. We simply cannot afford to have one of our missionaries involved in an international incident."

"If we were in Africa, I don't think such an incident would occur. I am sure I wouldn't go there to seek or invite trouble.

We would go there for a more important reason—to share our love for our Lord Jesus Christ. It couldn't be any worse in Africa than in Alabama. I lived in Alabama for twenty-two years, and I managed to get along with all the white people with whom I worked and had contact. I believe I can do the same in Africa."

When I made that statement, the board's representative seemed to have realized that they had taken a molehill for a mountain. Before he left, we had signed all final papers to go to Africa as foreign missionaries. But I didn't sleep all that night. By the next morning, I had firmly made up my mind that I would not go to Africa with the idea of suffering such personal indignities there as I had suffered in Alabama. When I told my wife what I had decided, she cried. She cried not because she was sorry about my decision, but because real Christianity was not being practiced as it had been preached.

Now, what has all this got to do with the attitudes of the Negro people toward an integrated church? A lot. It has to do with the things they have had to suffer at the hands of white Christians, the ways they have been taught, the way white Christians have treated them here in America and abroad.

Every Negro who has been taught in the public schools of the South has been taught that he is inferior to the white man. He was taught from textbooks, written by white southern authors, that failed to give the Negroes their just place in history or they gave them an inferior place. I was taught that Solomon wasn't a black man, when the truth is that he wasn't white. I was taught by white teachers all the way through high school and never dreamed that the Negro had any history whatsoever. The books I studied were all written by white authors and screened by an all-white board of education to see to it that I was taught only those things the white people wanted me to know, so that I would be a better servant to them. The white woman down in Alabama who did everything possible to get me to go to bed with her and whose snares I escaped as Joseph escaped the wife of Pharaoh said that Negroes ought to be taught to be better cooks and servants in their homes, trades for which they were

best gifted by nature; then they could expect to receive more in wages. I was told by a white Christian missionary that it would be an international incident for me to resist a white Frenchman who dared to kick my rear end. Some of my white friends have said that I am supersensitive when I dare stand up and fight against racial segregation, discrimination, and prejudice, whether this be practiced by white or black. Thousands upon thousands of Negroes have had experiences like mine. They haven't forgotten them. Therefore, some are afraid of the integrated church. Personally, I have just as many reasons for not wanting an integrated church as anybody. But, when I search my Bible, when I look my Master in His loving face, when I search my own heart for true Christianity, I cannot find any justification for my reasons. Neither can anyone who looks in the Bible and at the cross with open eyes and mind.

How can the church be integrated? The church cannot be integrated so long as Christians continue to practice "traditions and customs." It cannot be integrated so long as white people run from the community when Negro people move in. I was talking to a mother, a member of our church, who has two daughters. They belong to St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church, located at 1845 North Twenty-third Street, Philadelphia. Since I came to Bethel, St. Elizabeth's started taking in anyone who moved into the neighborhood, regardless of color. It was a fine interracial beginning. There were many white people, as a matter of fact many more than colored, at the beginning. The Negroes went in like bees going to honey. But, today, St. Elizabeth's is almost completely colored. It is only a matter of time. My friends, this is not integration. It is running in the wrong direction to find the kingdom of heaven.

The integrated church will be possible only when Christian people become real Christians, as Christ wanted them to be. We must do today what the Apostle Paul said in Philippians 2:5-8: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took

upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." When we are Christian enough to do this, then we will be able to do some practical things to bring about the integrated church.

1. Integration must begin with our Christian ministers. Why? Because the ministers are supposed to be chosen by God Himself. They are God's chosen servants on earth to give His Message to His people. They ought to know the Bible to the point where they will stand firmly against racial discrimination, segregation, and prejudice based solely on color. One must raise the question: Is that minister called by God who is afraid to speak the Biblical truth like the prophets of old, for fear of losing his pulpit? Is his pulpit worth more to him than life itself was worth to the prophets? If and when any minister of the Christian church fails to preach what is right according to the principles of Christ, he is not Christ's faithful disciple. Christian ministers must take a definite stand with their lay officers that any person seeking church membership must be admitted on the same basis as any other person and not on the basis of color. They can have discussion groups where they can point out the important part the black man played in the life of Abraham when he journeyed in Africa and in the lives of the church Fathers. If they are true to Christ, they will forever preach that Christ came to unite all men on earth.

2. The Christian church must change her missionary attitude and approach to all colored people, whether here in America or abroad. Colored people are people like everyone else. The missionary spirit must no longer be like that shown by a Presbyterian women's group that wanted to help us here at Bethel. This group of white women wanted to do some missionary work at home instead of sending all their contributions abroad. At Christmas they have been sending gifts to our children. We do want them to continue doing so. They were requested to come to visit our church and meet some of our adults and children,

who had been recipients of their gifts. But they were afraid our people would not accept them! We wanted them to take part in a program with white and black participants. Evidently they had never thought of participating in an integrated program, which we desired far more than their gifts. We pray to God that they change their attitude. Certainly gifts are fine, and adult Negroes as well as children love to receive them. But Negroes desire, more than anything else, to be loved as human beings. They want you to give them a place in your hearts. They want to join your churches and have all that goes with it. They want to be assured of equality and equal opportunity without thought of the color line.

3. The Christian church must stand up and fight sin and evil where sin and evil are to be found. Picking up and running off when Negroes move into a neighborhood is anything but Christian. If a Christian believes that another is sinful or more wicked than he is, he ought to be willing to sacrifice to help his sinful, wicked brother. How long will white people run from the Negro? The answer lies within their type of Christianity. Whatever Christianity teaches, it certainly does not teach that Negroes, Jews, or members of any other minority groups will be excluded from God's kingdom. Oh my white friends, who have not wanted to live close to or next door to Jews or colored peoples, what will you do? Where will you go when you enter God's kingdom and find all these people there before you? Please listen to me, my friends! Your heaven or hell begins right here on this earth. If you can find peace and joy living with all of God's peoples here on earth, you are likely to continue on in that blissful state in eternity. But if it torments you to live with all of God's children on earth, you are not far from hell!

4. The Christian church must accept the position that legislation cannot take the place of real Christianity. Christians must not accept the idea that man-made laws can make people love one another and get along together. Man must first will to do right in his own heart. No man-made law can make you love a person whom you don't want to love. In this realm, you have

got to want to do right before you can actually live right. You have to will to do the right thing before God's grace blesses you. Whether you are white or black, you cannot accept the other person because the law says you must. You must have the will, the mind, the heart to accept him. A Christian must not try to pass his Christian responsibilities on to local, state, or national governments. To love one another as Christ loved us all, even unto death, is the gift of God.

5. The Christian church must take a definite stand on interracial marriages. Since it is the purpose of our Lord Jesus Christ to bring all men together, the Christian church must give her sanction to those marriages that will help Christ accomplish that purpose. This is what I mean. The Christian church should be willing to teach that a Negro boy is not seeking to marry a white girl any more than a white boy is seeking to marry a Negro girl. Many Negroes are just as opposed to interracial marriages as many whites. The Christian church must teach that the Negro is as proud of the color of his skin as any other people, that white people wouldn't have to oil themselves and bake in the sun to get a tan if they had naturally dark pigmentation. What the Negro does want is equality. He wants equal opportunity to acquire an adequate education and obtain security for his family and himself. He also wants equal protection by law. If and when people of different colors marry, the Christian church should accept them as members of God's kingdom. These mixed marriages should be treated in the same way as all other marriages, as far as the Christian church is concerned. I am sure that ministers would have far fewer family problems to deal with, and the divorce courts would have less business, if couples were happily married. If a white man loves a Japanese girl or a Negro girl and marries her, why shouldn't the Christian church accept them? Here again traditions and customs step in and take over. I mention the case of the white man and Japanese girl because we have read quite a bit about the difficulties such couples have faced since the United States armed forces were stationed in Japan. In other words, if the Christian's heart were filled with the right kind of love, there

wouldn't be any room left for prejudice, segregation, and discrimination.

The positive steps discussed above should be taken by all religious groups: Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants. Certainly the Negro should be proud of his history and the important part the native Africans played in the development and spread of the Christian church. Africa gave three important natives to the Christian church: Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and St. Augustine, although of the Berber type. St. Augustine was one of the first missionaries to go to our motherland, England, to carry to the white people the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. If a native of Africa could have such Christian influence on the white people of England in his day, surely the Negro today can do something to help the white people of America to see the crying necessity of an integrated church.

We have a wonderful opportunity now to achieve integration. Let us look at a concrete example. Right here in our own parish we have an Episcopal church that was once all white; the charter barred Negro memberships. Since a court decision changed all that, we have seen Negroes going into this church in increasing numbers. Fortunately, there are still many young white people going there at this time. It is now about half white and half black; it is now an integrated church. But what about the future, let us say ten years from now? If the trend of the past continues, as it did in St. Elizabeth's, in ten years' time we must expect to have another segregated church. These young white people will marry and move away. The older white members will gradually die out. Following a definite pattern, the neighborhood will get blacker and blacker. Then we will have another all-Negro church.

Now the Negroes can do something about this. Negroes are in a better position to compete with the white man than ever before. They have more education and skills. Therefore, more and more of them are making more and more money with which to buy better homes in the selective areas. They are fully aware of the restricted covenants. Therefore, they must use the court

decisions that are available to them and insist on buying properties where properties are for sale. If their white neighbors suddenly find that the neighborhood is too bad for them, then the Negroes should decide that it is too bad for them also. If their white neighbors move to a more desirable neighborhood, let the Negroes insist on moving right on out there with them. It should be the mission of the Negro to prove to his white brothers and sisters that he can live with them anywhere. It should be his mission to live on the highest possible Christian, social, and intellectual plane, and insist on buying a house where a house is available. Then it should be his mission to seek membership in the church nearest him. More than likely, the church will be in a white neighborhood. It will make for stability of the home and church when our white friends find out that they cannot get away from us and when they realize how un-Christian their attitudes have been. It will be much too expensive for them to keep moving from one neighborhood to another forever. When the Negro moves into a white neighborhood, he must not wait until the white minister or some other white person comes and invites him to worship in his church. It is his Christian mission to walk boldly into the church of his own choice. He must not stop to note the color of the people. He must assume that this is a Christian church, that Christian people compose the membership, and that Christ is there to greet him.

Not only can the Negro do what I have suggested, he can go a step further. As long as any white people remain in the community of Negroes, the Negro must be alert to use every Christian means of bringing them into his church. The doors of all Negro churches must be opened wide to all people in the community. Integration is not a one-way street. All people must want it to become a living reality. Therefore, the responsibility is not on the white people's shoulders alone. It is on every human being's shoulders. Let every human being accept that responsibility and we will have peace in America and throughout the entire world.

The Political Problems of Race Relations

POLITICIANS have been kicking around for years the football of the Negro's political rights and power, from local politicians up to national politicians. As, in the course of time, God's plan on earth continues to be fulfilled, Negroes have strengthened their position in politics. Their voices are stronger in politics than ever before. Since the power of the vote has changed preconceptions about many elections, the politicians have been forced to recognize that the Negro's voice is no longer a "voice crying in the wilderness." It is a voice of political authority.

The organization known as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has done most to awaken the slumbering minds of Negroes. This organization has taken legal action all over America to help the Negro get his rights. In doing so, the association has brought important political and civil issues to the attention of Negroes in the Negro newspapers. The working of the political machinery has been explained fully to them. Now thousands upon thousands of Negroes are standing up to be counted at the polls. Many of them no longer listen to what the white politicians tell them about how they should vote. They are voting for their own choices and for their firm convictions.

It is interesting to listen to Negro farmers all over the South tell how they have learned to vote and outwit the politicians. Some farmers told me that a certain white candidate paid them five dollars each and provided them with plenty of whisky for their votes on election day. He was running for road commis-

sioner. He promised them that he would keep up the roads they used, if they would vote for him. In this anyone can see how much he recognized the importance of the Negro vote. It so happened that in this particular locality the balance of political power was in the Negro vote. These farmers took the candidate's money, which they declared the white man had taken from them, and his liquor, and on election day they voted for the opposition. The candidate who had bribed the farmers lost the election.

Incidents like this will be repeated increasingly as the years go on. Since Negroes are qualifying themselves more and more, they are going to gain the energy to seize this political football and carry it straight through the middle of the political line. They are no longer willing to block on the political line while some white captain calls the plays and some white carrier breezes around the end with ease. More and more they are going to be able to call some of the plays and carry the ball.

The Negro has recognized that some labor organizations, such as the C.I.O., have done far more for him than the politicians. He has been helped to hold his job when the management wanted to fire him. In a few labor unions, Negroes have been given equal opportunity for advancement. Therefore, he is anxious to unite with fellow workers in the fight to gain more and more political power.

So we see this political football out in the open. It can no longer be hidden under the political jersey. It is sheer folly for anyone to believe that Negroes can't hold important governmental positions. They have proven their ability where they have been given equal opportunity.

Yet, the political approach to racial problems is unnatural. It is unnatural in this way. A child doesn't go to the federal government and request legislative action against his father and mother because they don't give him the opportunity to go to the school of his choice, to learn this trade or that profession, or to ride the streetcar, if he likes, instead of walking to where he wants to go. It is natural for parents to want their child to attend

the school where he will be happy learning the trade or profession that will give him a brighter future. It is natural for parents to do everything possible for their children. Indeed, it seems natural for all people to want those things that will make life better and happier for themselves and others. But, it isn't true of all people. Since it isn't true, Negroes have found it expedient to use political and civil issues as unnatural means to natural ends. We will admit that it was the brilliant fight of the N.A.A.C.P. to end discrimination and segregation in all public schools that brought about the Supreme Court's momentous decision. It ought to have been the natural thing for both white and black people to unite their efforts to rid our country of her greatest evil and make her the strongest nation on earth. This wasn't the case at all. Therefore, an unnatural approach had to be used to a legal obligation of what people ought to have done naturally.

I hope no one will get the idea that I am confusing political with legal matters. I have used an indirect approach to the Supreme Court's decision because, although it is a legal matter, it has had political repercussions throughout America. I saw and heard on television Governor Talmadge of Georgia defend that state's position of opposition to the decision. He was speaking officially for the political machine of Georgia. Among the many and varied reasons he gave as to why the state of Georgia would never permit integration of the public schools was one reason the panel should have challenged, but failed to. Governor Talmadge went so far as to accuse God Almighty of segregation, discrimination, and prejudice on the basis of color! He said that God made the black man and put him in Africa, God made the yellow man and put him in Asia, God made the red man and put him in the Americas. But he failed to state specifically where God put the white man. If God made the red man and put him in the Americas, then God gave the Americas to the red man and not to the white man. Governor Talmadge failed to state the fact that long before the white man came to what is called the United States, the red men, the Indians, lived

here. He failed to state that these Indians occupied his native state of Georgia long before his ancestors came. He failed to state that his white forefathers used physical force and all kinds of violence to force the natives of this "good old U.S.A." to surrender their God-given land to them. He failed to state that it was this same evil force of violence that his forefathers used to bring the Negroes to Georgia to work as slaves and make them rich. And the panel let him get away with it. If the Governor has any intelligence at all, he must admit this fact: If the Negroes of this country and especially of the state of Georgia have caused any problems, any embarrassments, *it is the fault of his forefathers*. Governor Talmadge is governor of a piece of land that was taken by force to which Negroes were brought by force and not of their own free will. And certainly he is mistaken when he asserts publicly that the Negroes of the state of Georgia are happy with their present public-school system and the master-servant relation between white and black. He can never be so wrong again.

It behooves Governor Talmadge and all men and women like him to beware! It is folly to take the Negro for granted. It is only a matter of time before God will work out His full purpose in the very heart of Dixie. Those in political power who try to keep colored people from exercising their just rights, given by God, will only succeed in destroying themselves. To any powers that use politics to keep one racial group from having equality and freedom, that same equality and freedom will ultimately be denied. Men who have observed and understood the working of God down through the centuries of history know that good will triumph over evil.

It is a sin to segregate racial groups and deny them equality and freedom. Political powers may be forced into the position of using unnatural, or legal, methods of making people do what they ought to do naturally. But laws can never create love in one man for the other. Governments make laws to force people to do what they ought to do naturally as human beings. But it

will take the law of Christian love to make men accept one another as brothers on this earth.

Since it is true that men will continue to make laws to govern the acts of men, indirect methods must continue to be used in order to get man to see his greatest need, the need of living with his brother and himself in peace. This can be illustrated by a trip my wife and I made to Alabama in August of 1946. We decided to take "The Southerner" from Washington, D.C., to our destination in Alabama. We would not have to make any changes from the time we got on this train until we reached our destination, so we felt that "The Southerner" was the best train. "The Southerner" carried one coach for Negro passengers.

It is necessary to make reservations to ride "The Southerner." Instead of going to the station to request two reservations, I called the request in over the telephone and asked to be notified when the tickets were ready. The request was for reservations both ways, going and returning.

We found ourselves trying to board "The Southerner" in Washington on a hot summer night in August at about eleven thirty-five. Our reservations called for S-4, seats 36 and 37. We knew that this meant the fourth coach from the engine of the train. When we started up the steps on S-4, a big, black, Negro porter blocked the door with his body and asked if we knew where we were going. I assured him that we did know. He demanded to see our reservation to be sure, and kept blocking the door. I requested him to move aside so that we could get in and allow the other passengers to come aboard. He looked at his watch, stepped aside, gave me back our reservations, and told us that we would have someone to take care of us later.

When we reached seats 36 and 37, we found a young white woman occupying both seats. I asked my wife to request her kindly to give us our reserved seats. The white woman refused emphatically. She, too, demanded to see our reservations, and I asked to see hers. She had a typewritten reservation for seat 36. We saw no reservation for seat 37. Therefore, I requested

her to allow my wife to pass her and take the seat being occupied by a bag. She refused to do that and moved over into the seat nearest the window, putting her bag on the seat where she had been sitting. I politely took the bag and put it up on a rack overhead. Then she began to cut up. The other passengers looked around to see what was going on. But no other passenger said a word. While she raged, I softly told her that if she would be calm I was sure the travelers' representative would straighten everything out. She let it be known that she was from Georgia and niggers didn't ride with white people in Georgia. My wife sat calmly beside her and listened. I sat in the empty seat behind seat 36.

We were traveling through the state of Virginia before the travelers' representative finally came to us with the ticket-taker to settle the matter one way or the other. They took our reservations and examined them carefully. Then they took the white woman's and compared it with ours while she continued to rattle on. We sat quietly and waited and watched. The representative motioned to the ticket-taker and they walked a few steps forward from us. We could hear the travelers' representative telling the ticket-taker that our reservations were the right ones for the seats. We are still wondering how anyone had the time to type the other reservation, because reservations aren't usually made out until you appear with the money at the ticket window to pay for them. He gave the reservations back to us and said that he would find unreserved seats somewhere on the train and return later. We didn't know what to expect.

About an hour later the representative returned to our coach and beckoned to the white woman to follow him. She was slow in doing so and he asked her if she would please follow him. My wife stood up to let her out. The white woman was furious. She snapped and jerked her belongings from the rack overhead. Then we were left alone in peace. We had our reserved seats. When my wife went to the powder room later, she found the white woman fast asleep on a sofa. Apparently

she had refused to take the seat given to her. We rode to our destination in Alabama without further incident.

Our people couldn't believe us when we told them that we rode all the way in a "white coach." A large crowd went with us to the station when we were leaving to see if we were actually going to board "The Southerner" in the Alabama town without incident, and get into S-2, two coaches from the engine. They had never known Negroes to ride in a coach with white people. They were really afraid for us. When the train arrived, we rushed down the platform that had been reserved for the Negro passengers to S-2. Again we had the experience of a Negro porter blocking our entrance. Again we showed him our reservations and were let on the train. But it wasn't three minutes this time before a corpulent, red-faced, white ticket-taker came to us in greater fury than that of the white woman passenger on our way down. In a fit of anger, he demanded to know where we were from and where we had made the reservations. I told him that the reservations would show him the answers if he would be kind enough to read them. He began to look at them for the first time and discovered that they had been made in Pittsburgh. "In the North," he murmured. Then he tried to "sweet talk" the poor, ignorant Negroes from the North into admitting that they had made a mistake and wouldn't be comfortable in this coach. According to him, we would feel more at home in the coach where we would find our people. I told him that we felt ourselves to be with our people and that we were quite comfortable where we were. We didn't care to move to any other coach. Again he became furious and threw our tickets and reservations into my lap, threatening that if we did not stay glued to those seats we would be thrown off the train altogether. We only looked while he threatened us; we did not say a word. Some college students in our coach stopped playing cards and looked at him as he left the coach. We had lived in this town in Alabama many years before and we understood him, who he was, where he had lived all his life, and his atti-

tude. About twenty minutes after he left our coach, I went to the men's room. I did this purposely to give him the opportunity to carry out his threat of stopping the train and throwing us off if we dared to use the facilities which the white passengers used to make themselves comfortable. I had no belief whatsoever in all his big bluffing. Evidently he didn't see me or my wife as we went from and back to our seats, because we were not thrown off the train. He was replaced when we reached Atlanta, Georgia. We had no further incident. The white passengers didn't seem to mind our presence and they talked to us like human beings.

A few years later, in 1950, my mother visited us in Philadelphia. She came on "The Southerner." Her reservation was for one way since she wasn't sure of the date on which she would be returning home to Alabama. I wanted to send her back in another coach. But she didn't want that, for she had been used to segregation all her life. I went to the station to make a reservation for my mother on "The Southerner." As the ticket cashier was checking the reservation over the telephone, he suddenly realized that he had forgotten something and said, "This reservation is for X." This cut me deeply and I told him that if the reservation were for me it wouldn't be for X. He understood what I meant. I saw my mother leaving Philadelphia in a segregated coach.

In December, 1953, both my mother and father came to spend Christmas with us. They came on "The Southerner" and had reservations one way. Reservations were difficult to get at this season of the year because so many Negroes were visiting relatives and friends in the North during the holidays. For once a second coach was added for the Negroes. Even at that we couldn't get reservations for the day my parents wanted to leave. I told them to leave it to me and I would be sure to get them reservations. This I did and sent their baggage on ahead of them. When my mother and father arrived at the North Philadelphia station, I saw them walk proudly into the white coach, without opposition, for the first time in their lives. They

were not fearful because they had been able to go around and see many things here in Philadelphia, and we had explained a lot about how Negroes and white people could mix and be the same as one people.

This was an indirect means of achieving a natural end. It was done with the intention of proving that it can be done when the right technique or approach is used. Negroes will continue to find ways to show all men that they are equal to white people in their ability to use diplomacy and tact when handling a ticklish problem or situation like this one, and that they deserve equality, freedom, and justice.

Even our parents, our older Negro people, are standing up more and more for their just rights, which have been denied them so long. My mother and father would never have dared to ride in an all-white coach if they had not been exposed to something better, to new opportunities. We must reconcile ourselves to the fact that Negro people are being exposed and will continue to be exposed to new things, new ideas, and it is only a matter of time before they will be able to throw off all the shackles of racial segregation, discrimination, and prejudice. Similar experiences are being repeated over and over, again and again. But soon there will be no need for repetition. We young Negroes are replacing our parents, our children will replace us, their children will replace them, and each generation will strive for what our Creator intended us to have. We believe that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.



The Complete Solution Is in the Hands of Youth

WE HAVE SEEN how difficult it is for older people to give up their deeply rooted prejudices. It is clearly understood that we have always had people advocating complete integration. But they have been the minority. I firmly believe that if the adults would allow the young people of America to express themselves freely on the subject, they would choose integration tomorrow. They do not have that freedom. Adults are urged to give their children a chance to make their world free from the fears that are destroying us bit by bit. In this concluding chapter, I would like to have a personal consultation with the white and Negro young people of America. I would like to continue to use simple, plain, everyday language so that even the least learned youth can understand me clearly.

First of all, may I address myself to my many young white friends in America? If it were possible for me to speak to all of you in a group, nothing could please me more. But since you are scattered all over America, let us spend a few moments together in spirit and see if we can come to a better understanding, a workable solution to our basic problem of integration.

Friends, I am happy to come to you wherever you are and speak to you through the written word, because I sincerely hope that you have open hearts and minds to receive the truth. There

must be many unanswered questions on your minds, many unsolved problems in your hearts. If this were not true, I am quite sure that there wouldn't be so many discussions over the radio and television and in the newspapers at the present time. It is true that many white people consider the Negro to be a great problem in America today. You have heard and read many things about the customs and traditions of the South. Lynching and raping make the headlines of our great and influential newspapers. You have heard that the southern white people are noted for their brutality and recalcitrant attitudes toward the Negro. From their deeds, there seems not to be a spark of Christianity and brotherly love in them. Many of the things that you read and hear about them are true. Many white people in the South do not deny them. But many things that you read and hear about the South are not true. The truth can be twisted and distorted by those who love to use it to suit their particular interest in some particular case.

The white people of the North must understand that the white people of the South read and hear a lot about them. Southern whites hear that the white people of the North are wonderful because they love everybody and pass laws to protect the rights of minority groups as citizens of America. But they read about cases that contradict this view and seem to justify their own attitude. During World War II, they read, with intense interest, about race riots in Detroit, Chicago, and even in Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love." They had to laugh when they read that a certain Negro professor was refused entrance to one of the great northern universities for graduate study. They had to pat themselves on the back when they learned how few Negro students are permitted to matriculate in certain schools of medicine, nursing, law, and many other technical fields. Court cases that reveal discrimination against Negroes in hiring delight them. The refusal of certain communities to let intelligent Negroes, who have the money, buy houses among the white people make them stick out their chests. Again and again we must ask ourselves why the North con-

demned the South for forcing Senator Glenn Taylor to pay a fine for using the same entrance that the Negroes were using to go into their own church when Negroes are not allowed to become communicant members of white churches and social clubs in the North.

The Negro knows where to go, what to do, and what to say in the South, where the social patterns are clearly cut. He is told that he has free access to all public facilities in the North. He tries to use them in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, and New York, and literally gets thrown out. Now that the Supreme Court has rendered certain important decisions affecting the whole United States of America, all white people find themselves in the same boat. That boat is being riddled full of holes from all quarters and is in a sinking condition. You must find some safe ground to stand on or lose your position as true Americans.

The people of both the North and South have been in a paradoxical situation. It is easier to see the faults of the other person. More valuable time is spent in faultfinding than in concrete, constructive work to bring about the kind of integration that America needs. We have lost many years of precious time. The white southerners are seeing many of their faults, although the great majority will not admit it openly. To the die-hards destiny has shown herself in all her deadly apparel. Many have resorted to methods used after the Civil War to keep the Negro in his place and prevent the Supreme Court's decision from operating as the law of the land. Some state governments have taken steps to resist the enforcement of this law; some have taken legal action to prevent any further inhumane acts; while others have taken steps to back up the Supreme Court's decision. The crossroads have been reached, and you must make the right choice.

It is unpleasant to talk about one's own shortcomings to another. It is uncouth to be rude to an obliging host, but I must go on and say this: Problems of integration that have been and are still pressing you for solution cannot be localized in

the South, North, East, or West. The problems are the same everywhere. They only have greater significance in certain localities. They all boil down to violent clashes between racial groups. One tries to find the solutions in one way and someone else tries another technique. The North and the South must stop finding fault with each other and use their energy to clear away their own confusion. You must admit whatever guilt that you may have as a racial group and ask God Almighty to guide you in the right way to find the right solutions to your basic problems. These solutions can be found easily in the commandments of God and in the love of Jesus Christ, His Son.

The best way to understand another person is to thoroughly understand yourself first. The Negro is a mysterious being to many of you. He does not seem human to many white people. His idiosyncrasies, his eccentricities, his boisterousness, and his gross ignorance seem to make him different from you. These peculiar qualities and characteristics of the Negro are seen from a distance by you. Fear and misconceptions have kept you so far away from the real problems of the Negro that he has become a bigger problem to you than he need be. His very presence among you, whether you are in the North or South, is causing great unrest at this very moment. This unrest will go on unabated until you come to know the Negro better and all his personal problems. Basically, his problems—personal problems—are just the same as yours or any other person's. He desires to be free, happy, and to have security and protection for himself and his family, like you or anyone else. When these basic things are denied him, he reacts like any other human being. He resists the opposing forces.

You must be willing to accept the Negro on the same basis as you accept your own people. Acceptance must be on the basis of his qualifications, his physical, moral, mental, and spiritual fitness to be associated with you. You don't brand all white men as criminals because some are noted gangsters. You don't brand all white men animals because some exhibit beastly qualities. In your society, you have learned to accept a man for

what he is worth. This is one solution to your racial problem. You must be willing to act at once to accept any Negro into your homes and churches on the same basis and standards which you have always used among yourselves.

You would have some misgivings if I should tell you to take a Negro into your home and treat him as you would any white person. This is exactly what I am going to tell you to do. It will be a good experience for you and I assure you, from personal experience, that your eyes will be opened to greater truths. Pick out some intelligent Negro couple, husband and wife or sweethearts, who have impressed you in the way many of your white acquaintances have done. The novel situation will teach you that the Negro is just as fearful of you as you are of him and just as curious about you as you are about him. Feed him well at your table and let him sleep in your best bed. You will never regret it, if you are seeking the real truth. But first of all, be sure that your heart is in the right place.

Don't expect great miracles to come out of your new experience. Good social relations will come gradually, as in all natural situations. All Negroes are not alike and do not react alike, just as all white people are not alike and do not react alike. You know the Negro can box, play baseball, football, and many other games as well as any white man, and in some cases much better. Some Negroes are outstanding students in your classrooms. In some sports and schools they have been given an opportunity. They will make better company for you in your homes if and when they are given the opportunity. You will never be free to accept Negroes into your church fellowship if you cannot accept them in your home. Acceptance in the church and not in the home is an artificial acceptance. Friendship built upon the basis of one-place acceptance will be a complete failure in the end. So why not start on the soundest foundation possible? The foundation of Christian love and brotherhood is broad enough to include all peoples. You must accept the Negro in your own heart or he will continue to be a problem to you.

My friends, it is a gross deceit to fool yourselves into think-

ing that by passing laws you have given the Negro equality and America integration. Laws are always good when the majority of people have accepted the principles of them in their hearts, obey them in their minds, and enforce them in their daily living. Laws are good to remind people of their duty toward one another. But no law can force you to love a Negro, a Jew, a Japanese, or anybody else. Love is not controlled by laws made by men. It is controlled by the power of God working through Christ in the human heart.

It takes a great man to stand up and fight for the truth. You all must survey the past acts of the white people toward the Negro. You cannot look at them and be happy about them as God's obedient children. The Negro has been a great help to our nation, whether you believe it or not. No man has ever worked harder with his hands, heart, mind, and soul to make our nation strong and secure than the Negro. Many trustworthy slaves fought with the southern army against the North during the Civil War. The South is said to have been fighting to keep the Negro in slavery. Why, then, did the Negro fight to keep himself in slavery? Surely, he did not do it for the love of being kept in slavery. He did it because he was loyal to his master. He has the capacity for accepting the white man and forgiving him because he is loyal to the laws of God—to love and forgive one another.

The Negro also fought on the side of the northern army against the South. He fought hard against the South to free his black brothers and sisters. It is obvious, then, that the free Negro fought his enslaved black brother! Today, the northern Negro must continue to wage his fight for his black brothers everywhere. Again, it was loyalty that compelled the Negro to fight for his country and the things he loved during World War II.

From the facts of history, you can discredit the idea of the Negro rebelling against our country and fighting on the side of the Communists if and when we should get involved in World War III. The great majority of Negroes, in the South particu-

larly, do not like the Communists or their philosophy. They know that they are much better off in their present state than they would be in the Communists' camp. Freedom and equality are just as dear and precious to the Negroes as they are to you or any other people. This is why you cannot forget Dorie Miller at Pearl Harbor. Dorie Miller was a Negro cook, stationed on a United States battleship that was sunk in the sneak attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor. He had never been taught to operate a machine gun. He was serving his country in the traditional way of waiting on tables and being a servant to the white officers when death suddenly struck. Seeing the white gunners killed, Dorie Miller ran to the machine gun. He began firing it as he had seen the white gunners do, and he sent a Japanese dive bomber in a black veil of smoke to her watery grave. Such has been the heroism and valor of the Negro in battle. We were told that the Negro troops gave us our first major victory in the Korean War. So will it be in the struggle for economic and social equality and integration. It certainly will be so in the event of another world war, no matter with whom it may be.

You make light of the contributions that the Negroes have made to our great nation. But you cannot single out an outstanding gangster from among the Negro people, as you can from among your own. Search and you will find that we didn't have any trials of Negro traitors who grafted and stole millions of dollars during the last world war or the Korean War. Look down the list of traitors and spies and see how many Negro traitors and spies for the Communists you will find. But what about the white people? Further, despite the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor, you pity the Japanese and treat them in many respects with the same courtesy as you do white people. They are permitted to live among you, socialize with you, marry your daughters, and attend your great schools of learning. The Negro must be accorded the same courtesy.

Civil rights and liberty are necessary for all of us if we are to

live at peace among ourselves. It is always a good thing to remember this important fact: No chain can be any stronger than its weakest link. A chain can be made of the best steel, but if by some careless mistake a link of aluminum was included, the strength of the chain is greatly reduced. Suppose that this chain, by another mistake, passes inspection before it leaves the factory. The chain goes on its way to market. A shipping company purchases it and uses it in the rigging of a loading crane. Some very precious cargo is needed in some faraway battle zone. This precious cargo cannot be replaced immediately. The chain holds the cargo firmly until it is far out over the water. Then, crash! The precious cargo is lost in the water, because the chain broke at its weakest link. So it is with the security of our country. No country's security, whether it be democratically or communistically controlled, is any stronger than its weakest people. Where there is inequality, segregation, discrimination in schools, in homes, in public places, in churches, or anywhere, there is bound to be unrest and discontent. Where there is unrest and discontent, there is always the grave danger of class warfare.

Let every true American hear and understand me clearly. I speak not with the language of the experts on the subject of complete integration. I speak simply as a common man like you. Anthropological, philosophical, psychological, sociological, and economic theories have been well advanced by the experts on the subject. But what I am saying is common sense that can be understood by all peace-loving and law-abiding people, regardless of their education. It is possible for any man to accept a fellow worker as a friend regardless of race, creed, or color. How do I know? I know from personal experience. From infancy to now, I have had personal contacts and relations with white people. Yes, I have been miserably mistreated. But, because I am a Christian and the love of God is in my heart, I do not hate anyone and I am prepared to accept anyone as a brother or sister in the one human family. As a matter of fact, I love

many of my white friends despite their attitudes because they are ignorant of the facts, which I am trying to get them to accept.

You have no right to advocate civil rights for the Negro if you do not practice equality in your daily habits. The North has always had the greatest voting strength in all national elections. Since so many white Northerners have bitterly denounced the uncivilized acts of their southern brothers in segregation and discrimination, they ought to send men to Congress who will vote to enact laws to eliminate segregation and discrimination throughout America. Congress has had some good bills before it that were not passed because the southerners killed them with the filibuster. But the southerners were not solely responsible for these bills not passing in Congress. The northern congressmen connive with their southern colleagues and make deals too quickly. It is because they have not been converted to the way of life God wants all his children to follow.

Oh, how we boast like Peter until the time comes for us to show our colors and courage, our moral and Christian courage and strength! Peter denied Christ because he did not know the weakness of his own heart. Peter repented after seeing his mistake and became the strongest and greatest of all the disciples. Do you as young white Americans see the mistakes of your fathers and mothers? You do? But, do you have the moral courage to repent, rectify, and become advocates for real Christian principles, as Peter did, instead of looking out only for yourselves? Every young American has this responsibility. Youth must act or face the inevitable consequence of being crushed in a world of confusion and chaos.

You must rid your hearts of all fear. Even now in the face of the Supreme Court's decision, we are far from being where we ought to be. There are so many people against the law because they have not made the change that must be made in the heart. This is where Christianity must take over and do a greater part. Legislation cannot change the human heart. Only the love of God through Christ can change the human heart.

God cannot change the hearts of those who willfully refuse to accept His teachings. People must accept civil rights and integration in their hearts before they can become a living reality.

You must rid your hearts and minds of the fear that the Negro will invade your homes and marry all your daughters, take all the good jobs, crush you under his feet and make you his slaves, if you have complete integration. This will never be the case. There are just as many Negroes opposed to interracial marriages as there are white people, if not more. Basically, the Negroes have always hated the encroachment of the white man on their women, and they have been powerless to do anything about it. Civil rights will give them the opportunity to protect themselves under the law. The mixing of racial groups will be a gradual process. You must accept the fact that the two colors have always mixed. You may not have been told or you may have forgotten that most of the Old Testament stories came to us from Africa, the Black Continent.

You ought to know several facts about our Bible. Where is Egypt? It is in Africa. Africa is the native land of the black man. He had a civilization long before the white man's invasion. He was happy with his king and clan and tribe. Right there in our beloved and cherished Bible we read that beautiful story of King Solomon. King Solomon tells us plainly that he was a black man. Yes, my friends, King Solomon was a black man. Not only that, the Queen of Sheba was a black woman. We read of her visit to King Solomon, who was the wisest man who ever lived. They had riches, and it is recorded that King Solomon had wives from all the nations surrounding his kingdom. He took these wives unto himself in order to have peace with his neighbors. It worked in King Solomon's day. It can work in our day. Yes, my young friends, King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba hold niches in the history of the world. These two black rulers bowed their proud heads to no man.

There was a strong Christian church in North Africa that did a great deal to spread Christianity. St. Augustine, of North Africa, and many other great leaders made outstanding contri-

butions to early Christianity. If Christianity died out in its birthplace, the Holy Land, and had to be carried back there, then it is no great wonder that it died out in Africa and had to be carried back there. But the facts remain and you ought to know them and give the black man just credit for the wonderful contributions he has made to our civilization and to our world.

In conclusion, I want to impress this fact upon you. You are the ones to better race relations. Laws will help but they cannot do it all. You must learn to accept the Negro on the same basis as you accept other people. He is just the same as you. Circumstances have prevented him from proving his talents. Where he has been given opportunity and equality, he has advanced rapidly. More and more Negroes will become greater athletes, scientists, doctors, nurses, artists, singers, mechanics, and skilled workers if and when they are given equal opportunities to train and prepare themselves.

You are the future's great employers. Employ the Negro on the basis of qualifications that you have set for your employees. Learn to look at the excellent work that the Negro can do and forget about his color. Color is only skin deep. Remember that you love a perfect tan; mixing of racial groups has provided it for many. Don't forget that it is a deeply rooted fear that keeps you from accepting the Negro for what he really is. All children are born equal as far as wants and needs are concerned, and none are born prejudiced. Segregation, discrimination, and prejudice are taught to them by parents or some older persons. Please teach your children to respect all men as men and do not mention the color of their skin. You will never be able to do this unless you become converted to the ways of Christ and let Him and His love govern your lives.

The solutions to our problems of racial integration and better race relations are so simple. They are within you. This fact is unassailable. You must believe it with your whole heart. You are the workers, workers building the kingdom of God. Christ is the chief cornerstone. Follow the light of His cross and

you will enter the kingdom of heaven. This kingdom is within you!

May I turn now to address myself to the young Negro people throughout America? Friends, the hour is grave and the task before us is tremendous. We are living in a world that is becoming smaller and smaller every day. People who have been thousands of miles away from us for centuries have suddenly found themselves to be our next-door neighbors. Modern means of transportation and communication have made this possible. But human relations have not kept pace with technological development; many millions of subjugated peoples are still struggling to find and take their rightful places in our world. They are having a difficult time achieving their aims. Progress has been made in the means of holding these people in subjugation. Greater progress is being made by these subjugated people in taking their rightful places in the world. The acts of our enemies can no longer be hid from the world.

Of all the minority groups in America, the Negro group suffers most. As a result of the never ceasing fight of the Negro people and their friends, the Supreme Court has rendered one of the most important decisions affecting the relations between the Negro and the white man. Now we are searching for answers and solutions to a lot of pertinent questions and problems. The answers and solutions must be found if the black man and white man must live in the same country, in the same state, in the same city, on the same side of the street, and side by side on the same side of the street.

We know what is happening in the South and in the North, in our cities and on our farms. What affects the Negro in the South affects him in the North, and vice versa. We are on the horns of a great dilemma. We are supposed to have freedom and equality in certain things and in certain areas. At the same time, we are being denied the fundamental rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, like many white Americans. There are

many things disturbing our heart, mind, and soul these days. Our future relations with white people must be different from anything we have known before. We must be their neighbors and friends in our homes, churches, and schools.

We must be neighbors and friends of white people because the same God and Father made us all. He made us and put us in his beautiful world like gorgeous flowers in a garden. But we are different from the flowers in the garden, because they grow side by side in the same soil, producing blossoms of various colors without fighting among themselves as we do. A garden of all white flowers is not pleasing to look at over a long period of time. But when flowers of various colors are mixed together, the garden is beautiful and we don't get tired of looking at it. It has such exquisite beauty that is difficult for the most discriminating person not to enjoy it. Black and white people have been placed together in the same world by God for a definite purpose. But they have refused to live side by side and grow together in the beautiful world which God has put them in. Therefore, we must give more careful thinking to our serious problems of racial integration, and act accordingly.

Please do not be surprised at what I am going to say to you, my friends. We know the adverse conditions that we are forced to live under at the present time. Libraries are filled with volumes of technical reports by many great experts on the matter of race—racial problems and race relations. These reports have not solved our common problems of segregation, discrimination, and prejudice. Knowledge of adverse conditions is not enough. Let us see ourselves as we really are. We must be willing to face the facts and then we must be willing to do something about them. In doing something about them, we must have open hearts and minds. Doing some positive things about them is the greatest step that we can take toward better race relations and complete integration.

As Negroes, we should be proud rather than pity ourselves. We have made positive and definite contributions to America in the fields of science, arts, economics, politics, and athletics.

We have greater contributions to make. But we won't be able to make them unless we thoroughly understand the importance of certain things. The Negro and the white man have many common problems. White men control the great wealth of our country because they have had the physical power, the moral courage, and the intellectual knowledge to do so. Nevertheless, it is not necessary that their domination continue. It is time for all white and black people of America to make some real changes for economic and racial equality.

The white man must be told about his wrongdoing. He must be reminded that the jobs he provides should be distributed to all qualified persons regardless of race, creed, or color. His church, his school, his factory, his office, and his store must be opened up to you as employees and not only as common laborers and servants. His laws must be put into practice to give you equal opportunities to secure a decent education, adequate housing for your families, adequate jobs, and many other vital protections. His soul and heart must be converted to right living so that he can accept you as he accepts others. But if the white man were willing and ready to do all this right now, how would you stand in the matter?

We do not deny that the Negro has made wonderful, rapid progress since he acquired some freedom. He has done marvelous things. But, look at the masses of Negroes! In the South, where the largest number of Negroes live, we still have some old, traditional Negroes. They know their places and would rather stay in them. In many instances, you cannot get the old Negroes to relinquish their set ways any more than horses and mules. They can do only certain things with their hands. Take this away from them and life would be ended for them.

We have read of southern Negroes who have bitterly criticized those of us who advocate racial equality for both black and white. The present movement for civil rights and the ending of segregation, discrimination, and prejudice in all public schools is having repercussions in the South among black and white people just as it is here in the North. A few southern

Negroes believe that it would be better for the northern Negro to keep his mouth shut. They are perfectly happy and satisfied with the present state of things. But these are the old, ignorant Negroes, educated in the segregated schools of the South; the kind of Negro Governor Talmadge, of Georgia, spoke about on television. We call them Uncle Toms. We can allow for them. My younger friends, we have no excuse. We must mend our ways in many areas. The young southern Negroes are going places. They are seeking more and more education. They seem to work harder for it than do the northern Negro youths, who have many good, free, mixed schools to attend, even before the Supreme Court's decision.

The last world war opened up a lot of new avenues for the Negro. Jobs were plentiful and paid a lot of money. Any Negro who wanted a job could get one of some kind. This opportunity should have afforded him with the means to buy some kind of house for himself and his family. Thousands of dollars passed through his hands. His earnings ran from forty to a hundred dollars or more per week. He paid forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy dollars per month in rent for an apartment that was too small for his family.

Thousands of Negroes are still without a roof over their heads that they can call their own. Many of them have had the roofs sold from above their heads when they had the opportunity to buy the houses. Just think of the high rent that they were paying. Over a period of ten years the rent they paid would have been adequate to pay for the house. The white man knows that the Negro will not keep up his property when he rents it to him. Therefore, he includes high depreciation charges in the rent and concludes that a Negro is not fit to live in a white neighborhood.

One of the best solutions that can be found to this Negro-white relation is in the Negro's home itself. What people see on the surface is often mistaken for the real intention of the mind and heart. Negro sections of towns and cities are noted for their crimes, immorality, filth, boisterousness, and vulgarity. Their

houses are beat-up and run-down. They don't seem to have pride in themselves. Of course you and I know this is not the whole truth.

The average white man does not take the time to find out the real reasons for these things and why the Negro reacts the way he does. My personal interest in myself and my people has brought me face to face with the real problem. You will have to admit the truth with me because you are Negroes and understand what I am saying. The Negro has a great conflict within himself. From past history, the average Negro feels and believes that he must follow a set pattern of life that has been cut out for him by the traditional white man. When he is looking for a job, he is prone to ask, "Is it for colored?" If he is looking for a house he is apt to ask, "Will they permit Negroes to live in that section?" But many present-day Negroes resent this pattern from the bottom of their souls. This resentment is shown in his treatment of the white man's property. Why should he take pride in something that he does not own himself? To repair a broken fence, to replace the fallen plaster, to unstop the kitchen sink, to paint the house inside and outside, to plant beautiful flowers on the grounds would increase the value of the property. The white man can get a bigger price for his property after these replacements and improvements have been made. Keeping the property in excellent condition is a sure way of having the roof sold from over his head. This is what the Negro thinks about the property that he is forced to rent from the white man.

But we must realize that the times have changed. People are waking up. Some are wide awake. We Negroes have the opportunity to convince the white man that our homes or the places where we live can be just as decent and as beautiful as his. By taking pride in everything we have, we can dispel a lot of doubt, misconceptions, and misunderstandings. By all means, we must learn to buy houses and stop renting them. I know that Negro property owners take pride in keeping up their homes. But often we find them living in a community

where most of the houses are rented. The homeowners are so few in comparison with the renters in some Negro communities that the renters' garbage and trash make the place look like the city's dump. Then all Negroes get branded as not being fit for white neighborhoods. But in the Negro community where the Negroes own their houses, you will find their property just as beautiful as any in sections where the owners are white people with the same amount of income, and in many instances the Negroes do better.

I plead with you, my young friends, whether you be a renter or homeowner, to take pride in the place in which you live. Tone down your voices. Keep the streets cleaned and the sidewalks washed. Paint the outside of your houses and keep them beautiful within. Keep dirty clothes in a laundry bag and not on the floors and do not hang laundry out of the windows. Do not put newspaper and rags in broken windows. Keep your bodies clean and wear clean clothes at all times. Look neat but not extravagant when you go out on the streets, especially when you go looking for jobs. Keep your tongues between your teeth. Be ladies and gentlemen wherever you are and you will be on the right road to better race relations and to racial integration.

Please do not ever forget this: People are very quick to classify you as different when you don't act the way they do and the way they think intelligent people ought to act. When the place where you live becomes just as attractive as the white neighborhood, the white man will soon take you to be like him. Don't let your community and neighborhood be known for its untidiness. Let it be known for its unique beauty. When this is done the stigma will be removed and no one can say, "This is a Negro neighborhood."

Let us remember to save our money and invest it wisely. Our houses and other properties must be kept clean at all times. If a store is inviting to the white man, he will soon forget that it is a Negro's store. Make your place of business and your home just as good as any other anywhere and you will find that your

white friends will respect you as human beings. You have made their homes and places of business neat, clean, and attractive by the labor of your own hands. Remember to do the same for yourselves.

You have had money enough to have started many small businesses and cooperatives. But you are known for your mistrust of one another. I have seen some very good ideas thought out by Negro people and killed by mistrust. Perhaps there were sound reasons for this. In a few instances leaders of some great enterprise have misused money that they had collected. But all leaders are not alike. White men, as well as other people, have also misused other people's money. But, by some means, they have learned to trust one another. You must learn to do the same.

I can never forget a construction job in the state of Alabama. Negroes were employed along with white workers. But the Negro workers discovered that the white workers were being paid two dollars a day more than they for the same amount and kind of work. A young Negro veteran of World War II decided to get the Negro workers to protest to the builder against this unfairness. All the Negroes agreed to strike if the builder refused to give them wages equal to those of the white workers. The men were paid on Saturday. Their young Negro leader stepped forward and told the builder, as he began to hand out their pay envelopes, that he had been elected to speak for the group about a certain matter. Quickly he stated their grievance. The boss started from the oldest Negro worker and went down the line calling each man by name. He asked each man if he was satisfied with his pay. Because of the mean look on the boss's face each man denied any knowledge of such a grievance. The young veteran stood there helpless and bitterly disappointed in his Negro friends. The result was that he was the only one to lose his job, and no one was able to get the raise in wages he needed and was entitled to. This happens to many progressive Negro leaders; their followers fail to back them up at the proper time. I understand that one of the Negro workers

had slipped and told his boss about this matter before it was supposed to have been brought to his attention. This gave the boss adequate time to make ready his rebuff. May I repeat, one Negro lost his job instead of thirty-three getting their proper wages. They went on working for the same amount of pay.

A young Negro union organizer told me about a similar experience he had, not long ago, trying to organize certain parking-lot workers. They were on strike. Day and night the Negro organizer worked to unite the men. They stood with him until it came to voting to decide the issue. Out of the twenty-eight men—Negro laborers whom he believed he had solidly behind him—only four voted to press the demands they had made. He later discovered that the white management had bought them off. It is fair to say, however, that in both of the cases I have mentioned, most of the men didn't have much education. You must insist on the same wages for the same jobs, regardless of the risk of personal loss. Think of the thousands of people you will be helping. It may mean sacrifice and suffering on your part. I do not regret the suffering and the unpleasant things that I have gone through to help our people stand on their feet.

You must learn to keep your problems to yourselves. Every racial group has its peculiar problems. As a Negro man, I say this for your own good. White people do not publish many scandals that would be shocking to the public. Many unmarried mothers never know the sex or color of their newborn babies. These unfortunate girls remain virtuous in the public's eyes because they went on a long visit to friends in a distant city. You must learn to do the same if you are ever going to be accepted as equal to the white man.

You must train yourselves for better jobs. It isn't fair for you to accuse any employer of discriminating against you if you cannot meet his standard of qualifications. Every employer has a right to set work qualifications as far as education and ability are concerned. What you want to be in life you must prepare for educationally. Whenever any new positions are opened to you make sure that you can present workers who are

qualified to do the job as well as or even better than anyone else. Failures do not help your cause any.

There are thousands of Negro boys and girls who ought to be in school at the present time and are not. If you cannot get into the school of your choice you should go to another. You can always find a school when you really want education.

Let us look at the situation in the public schools in the South. Many Negro teachers are not prepared for integration in the public schools in the South. You may ask why this is so. Well, the education of southern Negroes has followed a pattern set by the southern tradition. Many Negro teachers haven't had the opportunity to further their education, because there were no graduate schools for them. Some teachers only finished high school. Maybe they might have gone to the one state college for Negroes during the summer to work for a college degree. They were not able, financially, to come to our fine northern universities, which have always been open to Negro students. So the Supreme Court's decision really poses a great problem to many Negro teachers who have taught only Negro students up to now. However, in view of all this, I still say that Negro teachers ought to be willing to make whatever sacrifice is necessary for complete integration of all public schools everywhere. If the teachers are not prepared for integration, let them seek preparedness. No parent should want his child taught by an inferior teacher, whether he be white or black. All teachers should be required to have the same educational qualifications. I don't want any inferior teacher teaching my children, white or black. We cannot expect the white man to accept an inferior Negro teacher for his children. Neither should we accept an inferior white teacher for our children. Both teachers should be required to have the same qualifications. Negro teachers who don't have the necessary educational qualifications should not stop teaching but should strive hard to get them. At any rate, the integrated school system seems to be the best answer to this problem. From now on all students will have equal opportunity to get the necessary educational qualifications for any profes-

sions. We, my young friends, must be adequately prepared for complete integration.

We must learn to cooperate with one another. In the realm of religion, we have much to our credit. Our simple beliefs and faith in God have brought us a long way. But certain people get a kick out of the "dog fights" that we have at our Baptist Conventions and at our Methodist Conferences. Those who are looking at us and listening can always point a finger and say, "I told you so. See here! Those are Negroes for you. What would they do in our churches?" Please don't let this be said of us any longer. We should strive to make our churches places of peace and understanding. We must strive to make our services so attractive that white people will want to come in and join our fellowship. At least, we should make every possible effort to convince our white friends that we want them in our fellowship. We must go to them; at the same time we must induce them to come to us.

You young people must learn to be more industrious and to know the right leaders to follow. It seems as if you love to be told what to do. The white man has always taken the advantage of this fact. Many Negro leaders have learned to do the same. Unhappily, this is common among our religious leaders, preachers to be exact. We have observed how the Negro preachers who holler the loudest and carry the biggest money bags ride in the biggest cars and have the largest followings. But those who tell you to go to school and get more education, to buy your own houses and stop renting, to own your own businesses, and to be equal with all men are generally ignored. The latter preachers and leaders are your great strength and future hope. Reverse the order of these habits, which were faults of your fathers and mothers, and follow them.

Please remember, my young friends, that God made all material resources for the pleasure and enjoyment of all mankind. Material resources are for your pleasure and enjoyment just as much as they are for the white man's. You have as much right as any man to own property, control natural resources, and

operate factories. You have the right to take part in political life without being bossed. You have the right to strive to hold public office in towns and cities, in counties and states. You have the same right as any white man to strive to be the president of these United States. White men have tried many times for public offices and failed. But they never stopped trying. A white mediator was assassinated for trying to bring about peace between the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine. But a Negro professor, Dr. Ralph Bunche, found the basis for peace between the warring Arabs and Jews. This fact alone is evidence of the Negro's ability to handle the affairs of state. Certainly, the Negro has a place in good government. You young Negroes must train more carefully, work harder, and fight more vigorously for these just rights.

The white man is gradually but surely becoming the minority racial group among the colored peoples of the world. He knows this fact. In the Near and Far East, the natives will receive a Negro gladly where they are hostile to white people. I have no doubt that some of our all-Negro colleges and universities could do far more than other groups, under the circumstances, for good will and peace among these peoples if they were allowed to send teams on tours in these countries, especially in certain vital spots. Yes, the white man is conscious of this whether he is willing to admit it or not. Be this as it may, you have got to fight harder to be recognized in public life and society.

Young Negroes have a very important role to play in this new era of equal opportunity. It is incorrect to say that all Negroes want things to stay the way they are. They don't. There are many wide awake, progressive Negroes. But they are a minority among the seventeen million Negroes in our great America. I have pointed out these facts on both sides of the matter so that you can make up your own minds to do something about them and strengthen your position in the fight for racial equality and integration.

Better race relations and racial integration require a better understanding of one's self. Better race relations and racial inte-

gration require the force of a united racial group to put effective pressure on another group. To be equal one must prove himself equal in every respect. This means that you must think and believe that you are equal to any man so that you can actually become equal.

You must prove that you can be just as sociable, comfortable, and at ease among your white friends as you are among your own people. I have heard many white people complain about the Negroes segregating themselves in one little lot at interracial meetings where they are perfectly free to sit anywhere they may choose. I know this has been true in the past, because I have seen it more than once with my own two eyes. But this is a new era. Learn to be a good mixer. Never sit alone or sit beside another Negro when you go into any public gathering where you are free to sit in the seat of your own choice. The white man will not bite you! He is made of the same material and qualities that you are, although he may be a little more refined by his past opportunities and advantages. You will soon overtake him now that you are going to be equal and to be given equal opportunities.

You must learn that all white men are not alike and do not hate you. You have many sincere white friends in these United States. Many have suffered for your cause. They have suffered even when you were denouncing them. Don't let them down! I question the sincerity of some of our presidents, past, present, and future. The voters ought to know the sincerity of the man before they elect him president. But out of all the famous presidents we have had, excluding Abraham Lincoln, Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower are the two who have stood on their feet and spoken out openly for social and civil rights and racial integration. But it doesn't really matter much who is president when it comes to social and civil rights and racial integration, because the president has no power to make the laws of the land. This power is vested in congress and in congress alone. The president can only issue executive orders in certain areas of civil rights and racial integration. It takes the

congressmen—the senators and representatives, whom the voters have sent to congress to represent them—to put civil rights and racial integration into concrete laws.

Legislation is not going to help much until our hearts are converted to the truth and the right. It is left up to you young Negroes to seek and find the truth and the right. The key that will unlock the door to the answers and solutions to a multitude of questions, problems and difficulties is within you. When you learn the wisdom of this simple counsel you will find that the white man will have more respect for you and will accept you more readily.

This key is the love of God for all men in your hearts. You must accept the white man from your heart. It is well to remember your past history. But it is far better for you not to let past history stand in the way of your progress and advancement in the present and the future. Hating the white man for his past deeds is not the solution. The solution is in your ability to stand on your feet and be equal, be real men and women.

My young friends, only God can help you do this thing. He advises you to take your young white friends home with you and show them how you really live. Let them sleep in your beds, eat at your tables, and enjoy life with you. They will soon forget your color. In doing this you will remember to keep the right on your side at all times.

The Negroes of both the North and South must join hands in a common cause to achieve their just rights. It will mean disappointments to many of the older Negroes. But it will mean better social conditions for the younger ones and their posterity. Accept this challenge now and learn all you can. Never feel or believe that you are inferior to any man. You are not! Never stop when someone says no to you. Search to find and know the truth. Jesus Christ is the only person to give you a free conscience. You must forgive the white man for the wrongs that he has done to you. He must forgive you also. You must pray and have faith in God. He will give you the answers to many of your unanswered questions and the solutions to many of

your unsolved problems from His storehouse of hidden knowledge.

My young friends, the key to better race relations and racial integration is within you. You cannot see it until you get rid of all fear and acquire a real love for your enemies. Christian love is the real key to all the mysteries of life. You and I are building God's kingdom here on earth. Let us seek to build together with our young white friends. Let us, black and white, build it with our hands, minds, hearts, and souls. We will be happiest here on earth when we recognize that if we are to enter the kingdom of heaven after death, we must live happily together here on earth. For one thing sure, there will be no black or white in God's kingdom. There will be only one people—His chosen. There is much work to be done before God's kingdom can come on earth as it is in heaven. But may God's will be done now on earth as it is done in heaven. This means complete integration of black and white people on earth now.

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