

EDITORIALS

WHAT BROUGHT VICTORY?

The end of the war with Japan came with dramatic suddenness. Was it Russia's entry into the struggle, or was it the atomic bomb, which caused proud and fanatical Japan to throw in the towel?

Despite the fact that Japan's great land armies were almost intact, the fact is that she was beaten months ago. Her chances of ultimate victory, barring some world-shaking invention or discovery of her own in the art of destruction, were practically non-existent, even with but Russia or the atomic bomb. Resistance had not become impossible, but was already futile.

The fantastic power of the atomic bomb was undoubtedly the factor that decided the issue. No amount of patriotic fervor, based on emperor worship, the glorification of war, or anything else, could withstand the prospect of the unprecedentedly wholesale slaughter and destruction which the terrible new weapon demonstrated itself capable of. There was no defense against it, no time nor opportunity to work out one, no possibility to develop a retaliatory weapon of like potentialities. As was said in these columns only a short time ago, the Japanese are after all only human. They would stand almost any loss as long as there were any prospects of stemming such losses, but they could not stand the prospect of the certain and swift national annihilation threatened by the atomic bomb.

It will be natural for the Japanese to be bitter and revengeful toward the United States in years to come. The pride of the nation before vanquished nation has suffered a terrible blow. Japan must be regarded and watched carefully in the future, for more than that the United States and other great nations must avoid all special and preferential treatment of this non-combatant nation, and the bitter and deep animosities and antipathies which the Japanese people have understandably developed toward the white world will have a basis for existence; so that the Japanese people have long cultivated toward the western world may disappear. The Japanese must have living room and a place in the new world order.

The Japanese people have understandably developed toward the white world will have a basis for existence; so that the animosities and antipathies which the Japanese people have long cultivated toward the western world may disappear. The Japanese must have living room and a place in the new world order.

PSYCHIATRIC CASES IN CONGRESS

An eminent Washington physician, an authority on mental disease, has advanced the theory that indulgence in alcohol is responsible for much of the bizarre, asinine, and sometimes shocking behavior of some of our congressmen and other government officials.

The medical man, apparently with all seriousness, feels that the mental efficiency of Congress is being undermined by certain of its members who are habitually on intimate terms with the "demon rum." They get that way, he says, because their salaries are sufficient to allow as much indulgence as they please; because lobbyists and favor-seekers follow the practice of oiling up and mellowing down these whom they seek to influence by passing out free drinks, and because many of the statesmen turn to drink, just as many other people do, as an escape from strain, stress and worry.

The persistence of pathological indulgence in alcohol as revealed in the behavior

of some congressmen are very interesting, as set forth by Dr. Michael M. Miller, the psychiatrist who is responsible for the statement. Symptoms appearing often within the halls of Congress, says he, are: "Repetitive verbalization and rationalization — a tendency to repeat words and ideas over and over. Vulgarity, rudeness and belligerency, as displayed in filibusters, debates and committee hearings. Aggression, directed, not to the welfare of society but to their own special interests. Wishful amnesia. . . Impaired judgment."

The above signs and symptoms are common in the disease called alcoholism, which is quite a different thing from following the urge to take a drink now and then, or going on an occasional bender. They also occur in many other mental disorders.

We do not know enough about the personal habits of certain of our statesmen, of whom we may take Senator Bilbo and Congressman Rankin as typical, to say whether or not they are victims of alcoholism; but there is no doubt that the symptoms outlined by Dr. Miller show themselves clearly and often in the sayings and doings of our heroes just mentioned. Maybe it is alcoholism, maybe it is some other mental disease with a long and unpronounceable name. But whatever it is, the description of mental unsoundness certainly seems to fit.

If may be then, that we have been doing our poor brethren like Bilbo and Rankin an injustice in holding them responsible for their antics, some vicious, others simply irritating or disgusting. Maybe they need sympathy and psychiatric treatment. Certainly it is futile to write them letters, or to try to answer publicly their fulminations and ravings. Mentally ill persons can be reasoned with only to a limited extent. They cannot be reached by any ordinary means of argument, reasoning or persuasion. They are impervious to facts which do not fit into their distorted scheme of things. It is positively worse than useless to rave back at them.

It is equally useless to call on Congress to impeach them, as some individuals and groups are now doing. Once a man gets into Congress, it is the custom of Congress to put up with him and protect him practically without limit.

Maybe the best thing to do is to hope that their constituencies will become sufficiently ashamed of them to retire them

to impeach them, as some individuals and groups are now doing. Once a man gets into Congress, it is the custom of Congress to put up with him and protect him practically without limit.

Maybe the best thing to do is to hope that their constituencies will become sufficiently ashamed of them to retire them from public life. If the people who elect them are too unintelligent or too pathological themselves to realize that their representatives are a disgrace to them, and continue to return them to Congress, the Congress should at least recognize that certain of their members, being not entirely responsible, must be subjected to certain restraints. The Senate, for instance, can abolish filibuster whenever it desires to do so by the simple process of applying the cloture rule. Party pressure can be brought whenever party leaders are willing to assume responsibility. Ostacism and group censure could be effectively used.

Possibly if the same members of Congress realize that they are dealing with mentally ill characters, they will develop and use some techniques of control.

ONE REASON

One of the reasons why such characters as a certain well-known statesman from Mississippi can continue to flourish in the law-making assembly of the world's greatest democracy was revealed recently. Senator Bilbo was invited to attend a meeting of the liberal Democratic members of the Senate. The same man who by his recent display of assorted boorishness, venom, actual of feigned ignorance, and an amazing callousness toward not only large minority groups of his fellow citizens but even his close associates, is invited to identify himself with those who regard themselves the leaders of the democratic forces in our highest law-making body.

As long as our great champions of democracy in Congress choose to take that kind of attitude toward such as Senator Bilbo, it is not difficult to understand why his kind can continue so boldly to play the role they love.

Our Special Advice: If you can't spell, don't use a typewriter.



MAKE SURE OF A BIG HARVEST!



Second Thoughts

By C. D. HALLIBURTON

The appointment by Mayor La Guardia of a committee of ten to make a thorough study of the color line in organized baseball brings to mind again a minor but important and depressing flaw in the American scene. The committee includes Larry MacPhail, president of the New York Yankees, and Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and representative Negroes like the Rev. John H. Johnson and Bill Robinson. The two club presidents are regarded in some degree as representatives not only of their respective clubs, but of their leagues also. It will be remembered that some Negro players did try out with the Dodgers last spring, but none were signed.

That Negroes are not accepted in organized baseball is largely a matter of tradition. The war has shown that Negroes and whites can fight and work together. The colleges have long demonstrated that Negroes and whites can take part in sports together, as teammates and as competitors.

There are three main obstacles of a practical nature, over and above tradition, inertia and prejudice, to Negroes in big league

baseball. One is the fact that the teams train in the South. But if the owners of the clubs were determined, that difficulty could be overcome. They could simply refuse to train in a locality where the Negro team members would not be given a square deal. Most towns selected as spring training places are anxious for the business and publicity advantages gained thereby. Furthermore, spring training is really more a matter of publicity and promotion than anything else. It could be dispensed with to a great extent. During the war the teams gave up going to the far South, and some trained at home.

Another objection sometimes raised is that many of the big league clubs have "farm" teams in southern localities. They draw a large proportion of their new players from these farm teams. But all farms are not in the South. Many are members of leagues all of whose teams play in the North only. The third objection often heard is that the big league teams contain a large proportion of southerners on

that one is obvious. Baseball players are well paid, and it can easily be believed that very few players, whatever their sectional origin, would forego the chance of a big league career for the sake of avoiding contamination by Negroes.

St. Louis and Washington are the southernmost cities in the two big league circuits, and the only ones below the Mason and Dixon's line. America has been broad and generally fair to Negro football and track stars. Negro athletes have played a big part in the victories of the United States in the Olympic Games of this century. There are no insurmountable obstacles to the use of qualified Negro players in organized baseball, at least in the big leagues, which are almost entirely in the North, where Negro athletes in other sports, individual and team, have long been accepted. If inertia and timidity can be overcome, and if some big league owners and managers develop the courage and sportsmanship to insist on giving Negro players a chance to show themselves on the

Games of this century. There are no insurmountable obstacles to the use of qualified Negro players in organized baseball, at least in the big leagues, which are almost entirely in the North, where Negro athletes in other sports, individual and team, have long been accepted. If inertia and timidity can be overcome, and if some big league owners and managers develop the courage and sportsmanship to insist on giving Negro players a chance to show themselves on the



Lest We Forget...

By W. L. GREENE

The Post-war period has begun and our domestic problems are hardly any nearer solution than they were at the beginning of the conflict. On a national scale the colored American has gained many opportunities in the armed services and the nation's economy which has been withheld traditionally. In the South, however, and in the laws of the Southern States the old status still obtains. That freedom from discrimination and legally-entrenched prejudice which has been decreed for the people of lands liberated by our forces in Europe is not yet decreed for the colored American at home. And we speak of TIME.

It will take time, we say, and thus pass the responsibility up as the merchants of prejudice would have us do. Less than a decade ago we declared ourselves

against the program of racism in Europe and began lend-lease to aid those who fought fascism abroad. We entered the war and pressed to victory over German in a little less than four years of the conclusion of the war, we have outlawed the German legislation which discriminated against any citizens on account of "race, national origin, or creed." JUST FOUR YEARS IT TOOK US TO OUTLAW THE CROW ABROAD. We still have it here in the Sunny South with no official apology coming from the lawmakers.

Instead of our Dixie solons seeking ways and means of bringing our fair land around to the notice of our democratic creed, we find them insisting on keeping all our discriminatory laws in force and leading the babel of voices clamoring for peace by

FORCE OR ARMS. They are not concerned about the causes of war to the extent that they would have us set the world an example. Racism such as is enunciated in the laws and practices of the SCHOOLS, EVEN OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL flourishes unchallenged by any amount of power in the nation except a few small church groups with, as yet, little political influence. The Supreme Court again. It once decided that segregation was not discrimination. That was long ago and in a different age of human relationships. Today it is the prime necessity of civilization to get rid of the hypocrisy of racism. Either we are a world of people who ought to have freedom and equality or we have fought a war to establish might instead of right

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. M. W. Williams

Subject: Jacob Adjusts Personal Relationships. Gen. 33:1-11, 17-20. Key Verse: Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace. Rom. 14:19. Nearly three thousand fifty-five years ago, somewhere on the eastern side of the Jordan River, North of the Dead Sea (at the little river Jobbok (Blue Tarent) about one hundred miles from Esau's home, Edom, a spirit of forgiveness is demonstrated by the action of two brothers.

We left Jacob at Bethel in our last lesson vowing to give God one tenth of all he should earn since God had promised to bless and bring him back to Bethel. A young unmarried poor man travels to Haran is kindly received and treated as a guest for the customary time (30 days). Laban, his mother's brother proposed to marry Jacob, who, in turn, asked Laban what he could do to marry Rachel, Laban's daughter. Lezon

promised to give Jacob his daughter, Rachel for a wife if he would work for him (Laban) seven years. This, Jacob consented to do and after seven years Labon gave him the elder daughter Leah and when Jacob protested, Labon told him to work seven years more for Rachel. At the end of fourteen years the old man gave him Rachel. Now Jacob propose to work three days and pursued him. The Lord watch between me and thee, etc.) Laban returns home, and Jacob continues his journey.

THE NEGRO IN LATIN AMERICA

HAROLD PREECE

JACQUES ROUMAIN — HAITI'S POET AND FIGHTER

One year ago, this week — on August 18 — Latin America's greatest contemporary Negro author, Jacques Roumain, died of tuberculosis while serving as Haiti's ambassador to Mexico. Lord Byron, the great British poet, died at the same age from wounds incurred while fighting in Greece's war of liberation against Turkish imperialists. It might be said also that Jacques Roumain died of wounds inflicted by Wall Street imperialism during his fight for the emancipation of his people and for the people of the whole world. Wall Street — appointed Haitian dictators put him in a foul prison with little light or air. His health broke, but his spirit survives in Port au Prince as does the spirit of Byron in Athens.

Jacques Roumain was a close friend of an exiled Haitian writer, Max L. Hudicourt, who is a close friend of mine. Through that near acquaintance, I feel that I knew Jacques Roumain; and it is with a deep sense of personal loss that I commemorate the first anniversary of his death.

But, I'll take Max Hudicourt's word for it that the books of Jacques Roumain, translated into English, will some day be on the shelves of every school library in our country — along with the works of Roumain's other friend Langston Hughes. And some how, I think that Langston Hughes — or maybe, Langston Hughes and Max Hudicourt collaborating together — owe us a book or Jacques Roumain.

Too often, the books which deal with the lives of men and women who have given hope to a sad world, are written after these men and women are dead. They are compiled from second-hand material, and sound like worn-out victrola records when you read them.

But Max Hudicourt, once locked in the same prison with Jacques Roumain and still fighting for the same principles, could give us a personal impression of his friend. It would be read by every Negro and every white, conscious that the culture of the Americas is at least one-third African — the other two thirds of the mixture being respectively white and Indian.

Max Hudicourt could tell how Jacques Roumain renounced the Haitian creole aristocracy into which he was born to champion the cause of his country's black masses, drudging in the bondage that imperialism imposes upon black people in the sugar mills and the houses of native quislings who sell out their race. He could tell how the poet went to Paris like other sons of the Haitian aristocracy, but came back as something other than an affected dandy, willing to live on the blood and sweat of Negroes enslaved because they lacked the "white blood" prized by the Creoles.

He could tell of Jacques Roumain's contacts with Negroes from the United States, from the Caribbean, and from West Africa, working together for the complete and final emancipation of the Negro and all other peoples through the old International Trade Union Committee of Negro Workers in Paris. Max Hudicourt could measure the effects of these Negroes — men like William Patterson of the United States and Wallace-Johnson of West Africa — on Jacques Roumain. He could say truthfully that Jacques Roumain stopped writing pale, little verses about moonlight and roses to write about people after meeting men like these.

For Jacques Roumain saw the hope of Haiti and the hope of the world's subject peoples symbolized in the Haitian workers who organized labor unions in a country where Wall Street, through Creole bosses and the puppet Creole governments, decreed that there should be neither unions nor democracy.

He saw the eternal passion for freedom of the colored peoples expressed in the poorly-armed, poorly-clothed Haitian controlled guerrilla bands which carried on running warfare against the handsome-armed and handsomely-decked out U. S. Marines. Maybe the little people who organized unions and guerrilla bands thought that they were fighting only for Haiti. But their countryman, Jacques Roumain, said in his poems read throughout predominantly colored Latin America that they were fighting for all humanity.

Max Hudicourt could write how they were both imprisoned when they started a paper in Port au Prince which breathed the spirit of the Prophet Micah, thundering against those "who also eat the flesh of my people and flay their skin from off them — chop them in pieces — as flesh within the caldron."

Langston Hughes could take up where there he could produce letters received from Jacques Roumain over a period of years, showing how the soul of a poet and the soul of a fighter continued to grow and push through the prison bars which held his body.

Langston Hughes could tell how he and other authors throughout the world flooded the Haitian government in Port au Prince and the Haitian embassy in Washington with protests demanding the freedom of Jacques Roumain. With his fine and moving artistry, our peoples' poet could analyze the quaking fears of the Creole puppets hugging their plantations, hugging their pennies dribbled down from Wall Street when the world let them know that they had imprisoned one of the world's outstanding citizens.

For the Haitian guerrillas, and the poet who wrote about those guerrillas, belong to mankind before they belong to any country of mankind. Moreover, poets like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country. And they who stone the prophets are also those who stone the poets.

I'm hoping that Messrs. Hughes and Hudicourt would print in that book one protest received from a club of white women writers in the South — the Manuscript club of Wichita Falls, Texas — protesting the stoning of a man who was both poet and prophet in Haiti. It would be a fitting climax for the authors to show how the Haitian government unlocked the poet's cell and made him ambassador to Haiti to quiet the peoples' wrath.

Jacques Roumain is dead. But his books are the distilled wrath of the people, not to be quieted till the people are free.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It can wipe out everything bad — or good — in the world. It's up to the people to decide which." — H. G. Wells, on the atomic bomb. "Newspapers these days make me too nervous!" — Mrs. Emily Perry, Putnam Valley, N. Y., who refused to read them on her 18th birthday. "Both industry and government must hasten their plans for reconversion to peacetime production." — Pres. Ira Mosher, Natl. Assn. of Manufacturers, after atomic bomb announcement. "Planned economy" is actually a relic of the Middle Ages. — Pres. Roger M. Kyes, Harry Ferguson, Inc., Dearborn, Mich. "This is some way to get votes!" — Vocalizing Congressman Clara Booth Luce, Connecticut, in a summer theatre play. "I have more time on my hands now!" Harry (the Hop) Hopkins, who has left the White House.

THE CAROLINIAN Published by The Carolinian Publishing Co. Entered as second-class matter, April 6, 1940, at the Post Office at Raleigh, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1978. R. J. RIVAY, Publisher C. D. HALLIBURTON, Editor-in-Chief CARL EASTLING, Circulation Manager Subscription Rates One Year \$2.00, Six Months \$1.25. Address all communications and make all checks payable to The Carolinian rather than to individuals. The Carolinian expressly repudiates responsibility for return of unsolicited pictures, manuscripts, etc., unless stamps are sent. 118 East Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C. Telephone 9474