

EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

Seventy Per Cent Is Not Passing

Our public schools have developed a way of indicating the progress of students by grading. Students are taught to think of seventy per cent as passing. Yet the question may be raised, "In the game of life, is 70 per cent passing?"

The grading system we use has many shortcomings. Educators have endeavored to correct these evils by developing ways of showing a student's progress in matters other than subject matter. Many schools issue report cards that show how the pupils develop in attitude, leadership, ability to follow the leader, cooperativeness, and so on.

We are not criticizing nor praising the system of grading in our schools. Yet we must remind you that in the game of life one cannot be satisfied with just passing. In life, we are graded by what we accomplish. We urge every student to make more than 70 per cent in his courses, for that is just passing. Why be satisfied with 70 when you are capable of earning 91 per cent?

Remember that in the game of life, nothing less than 100 per cent is passing!

Merely learning the names of things might get a student a 70 per cent passing grade in

school, but it won't work when he gets out into the world and begins earning a living. Out in the world a lawyer either wins his case or loses it, and a doctor's patient either gets well or he doesn't. In life nothing below 100 per cent is passing.

It seems that our schools are putting a premium on "just getting by." Our citizens must somehow reverse such negative thinking. Life presents to us many opportunities to succeed daily. We must grasp these opportunities, put our best foot forward, and use every ounce of our strength for worthwhile living. The Negro cannot afford to do less than his best.

It would be a good thing if every high school graduate worked for a year before going to college. This would give him a foretaste of the real world and the demands it will make upon him. As a result of this experience, the student would learn to spend cautiously the money he earns by the sweat of his brow; that is, if parents refuse to send him anything during this work year. It is just as important for him to learn how to spend money as how to earn it. Life is very exacting, and the student will soon learn that nothing less than 100 per cent is passing in the game of life.

National Retarded Children's Week

November 17 and 24 have been set aside as National Retarded Children's Week. The observance of a week in their honor is one of the most worthy efforts of public relations of which we are aware. A physical and mental handicap can sometimes, and often does, create in the child's mind a psychological condition that is harder to defeat than the handicap and retarding condition itself.

The greatest handicap besetting the mentally retarded, both educable and trainable—as well as the millions unborn—is not their intellectual incapacities. It is, very simply, "normal" people.

Despite heartening strides being made by militant parent groups to bring them out of the shadows despite national recognition made possible to some extent by National Retarded Children's Week, and despite the fact that this year the Federal government has appropriated \$4.5 million to tackle this problem, they are still branded as complete misfits by an IQ-conscious world. And may we say that it is a world that makes reading and writing a criterion for human society membership.

As outcasts—so to speak—these children have stood almost ignored in a scientific world that has been busy, on one hand, hurdling generations of work to cure physical afflictions—and, on the other hand, has clung superstitiously and very erroneously to the Middle Ages belief that retardation is a hopeless, hereditary, low-stock affliction that is somehow associated with wrongdoing, guilt, and "the sins of our fathers."

These children constitute one of the greatest, snow-balling medical and sociological problems in North Carolina and the rest of the United States, and they still meet rejection the minute they enter the world—or, to be more accurate, the minute it is apparent that they are actually mentally retarded.

It is a happy coincidence, however, that North Carolina celebrated last Monday in Goldsboro during National Retarded Children's Week its Training School for retarded trainable Negro children. The school, which cost \$4,500,000, was built for Negro patients between the ages of six and 25. In all, ten buildings have been constructed at the site.

The retarded child is found among people of all races, colors and creeds. We have in this country approximately 16,000,000 Negroes. Of this number, about 320,000 are mentally retarded persons.

During this week, we are urging every citizen to become interested in knowing more about the problem of educating and rehabilitating our retarded children and citizenry.

Student Legislative Assembly

should be grateful. The saddest part of it all, however, is the fact that the Negro delegates—because of race alone—can hardly expect to be elected to the North Carolina legislature now or in the near future. While, on the other hand, their white associates will not face the handicap of race in seeking seats in this august body.

Grant that the stigma of racial barriers will not continue to haunt us. Negroes must be given the opportunity to participate in making laws for the State of North Carolina. One of our greatest weapons to achieve this end is the power of the ballot. We must go to the polls and vote.

STUDENT LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY The Student Legislature, which recently convened at our State Capitol, passed a resolution proposing a repeal of all state laws prohibiting racial inter-marriage. The resolution drew sharp protest from Representative Harold Cooley, Governor Hodges of North Carolina, and many other citizens.

We do not wish to argue the pros and cons of this issue, since it is our purpose to call attention to another matter gravely affecting Negro members of the Student Legislature.

It is the purpose of the Student Legislature, we believe, to give young college students experience in law-making techniques. For this, we

Children's Book Week

ILLUSTRIOUS and dedicated men and women, they will be lead to dream dreams and gain vision and encouragement for walking the road ahead.

Encourage them also to read the children's series containing books about St. Augustine, Bach, Martin Luther, Shakespeare, Leonardo, Francis Bacon, Moses, and Jesus Christ.

As a race, we need to read more and become better informed. Our children will benefit from extensive reading, because it will (1) increase their vocabulary, (2) improve their spelling, (3) sharpen their ability to criticize and evaluate, (4) help mold wholesome attitudes, and (5) encourage them to have a purpose for living.

Reading a good book gets to one's heart faster than anything else. And it is often more valuable than capital—for it makes capital.

READING is the fire of the soul.

scientists to slave a whole year for \$10,000 or less; our teachers are called upon to take charge of the nation's children for nine months at an average salary of \$3,600 to \$4,000. We expect our ministers to administer to our spiritual needs for the pitiful average salary of \$3,000 during a church year. A highly skilled worker can earn \$100 a week, or \$5,200 a year; but an entertainer can earn this amount in three days. A topflight executive earns \$50,000 a year, but a movie star is paid this amount in less than a month.

—The Miami Times, November 9.

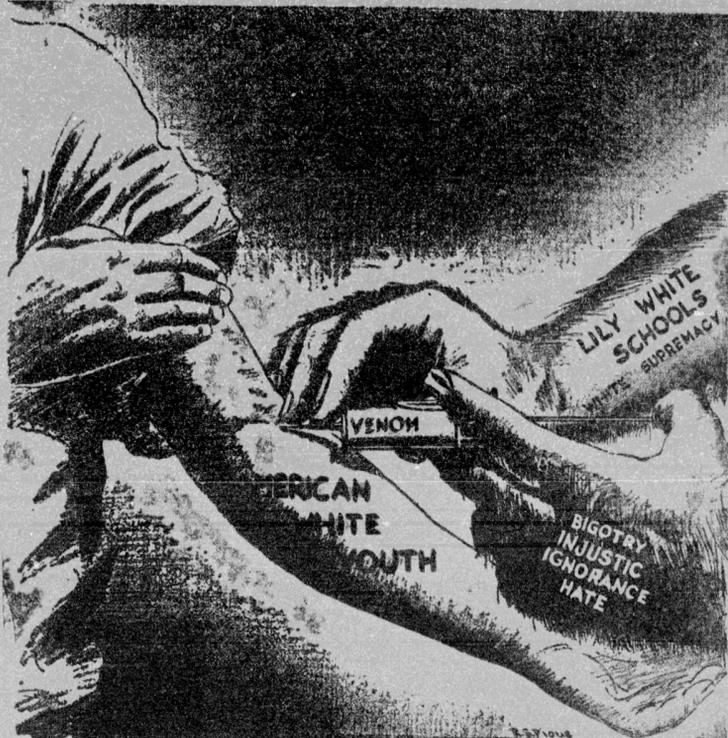
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Philadelphia Tribune, November 12.

RACE RELATIONS: THE ISSUE REMAINS — Greensboro City Council can hardly ignore the thoughtful letter of a responsible Negro organization, the Greensboro Men's Club, begging the council not to close the city's swimming pools because of the integration threat.

The letter itself is couched in temperate language. "Over the years," the letter says of the club's history, "Our program and procedures have al-

They Don't Have A Fair Chance In A Segregated School System



SENTENCE SERMONS

BY REV. FRANK CLARENCE LOWERY For ANP

ALL PASSES, ART ALONE ENDURES

1. Early in my boyhood I first noticed this inscription above the main entrance to the FINE ARTS Building, and for want of understanding I could not grip its most fascinating and mysterious meaning.

2. But, as time moved on, I began to learn of some of the worthwhile things of which you and I should become very fond; things not alone portrayed in a picture of sculpture, but magnificently converted through spirit and culture.

3. Yea, virtues beyond any imitation and truly without any limitation . . . beyond the pale of brush or pen, that only the spiritually filled could comprehend.

4. All things then began to look new, and with spiritual brush and paint I began to break through; I knew the course would be long and many times unpleasant, but I decided to give the world an expensive present.

5. I realized this picture had

to bespeak many virtues, with colors and tints quite contrary to man's nature, and if the full meaning were to be fully displayed, it could not be accomplished without God's aid.

6. So sincerely I sought Him to come into my heart, and pledged that from Him I would never depart . . . then graciously He entered my name on a scroll and the mysteries of Heaven began to unfold.

7. From that day to this I knew of no Artist who could interpret on canvas the high spiritual emotions of an humble Saint's bliss; these are unspeakable and have to be discerned through trial and conflict and the spurs he has earned.

8. Thus the Title inscription above may not have been intended to fit your cases but, its not partial to any member of the human Race . . . in fact, all who follow the Cardinal principles and uphold Christ's name are Artists indeed, and carry an undying spiritual flame.

9. The virtues known as longsuffering, patience, tenderness, amiability, forgiveness, love, joy and peace, and the Artistic spiritual waves that never cease.

10. Truly then, this is the Art that ALONE ENDURES, that embraces all of Heaven's peace for strife, health for all from the TREE OF LIFE.

11. Those who want to enjoy all-in-one, give themselves to the ETERNAL SON, for with HIM the highest gifts He eternally insures, for He is the sole author of the ART THAT ALONE ENDURES.

12. Thus a Saint who passes on under this glorious array, the officiating Minister has to this to say "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." — This is the enduring ART that has no end.

ARE YOU LISTENING? —

Speaking at a symposium on the theme of the Parent-Teacher Association in Orlando earlier this week, the Rev. Paul J. Wagner, Pastor of the Palm Ceia Methodist Church, Tampa, said on the subject of "Growing Toward Mature Responsibility" theme of the convention:

"Schools and churches for sometime have been condemned by not having produced good enough people to live in an increasingly difficult world.

"I apologize for the church for sometime producing such little people who can look at people outside their group, those who differ from them in race and creed, only with a critical eye.

"If I have a Negro or a Buddhist or Hindu or cannot tolerate other groups the trouble is with me, not them. Then I am sick spiritually."

We believe these words could do a lot of people a lot of good. As the late Tony Wong used to say: "Are You Listening?"

—The Miami Times, November 9.

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ways been tempered with patience and moderation. It is in this spirit that we appeal to you not to take recourse to measures of extreme which in a few years from now Greensboro itself would look back on with a sense of shame."

The letter commends the local NAACP chapter for with making further demands for swimming pool integration through court actions." It also declares that selling of the pool will "only reinstate endless counter actions."

Its general conclusion is that "a conference table would be a far better thing than a public auction block."

Only recently two Tar Heel Cities, Charlotte and Durham, at the behest of prominent business men, set up top-level interracial commissions to sit down and discuss some of the pressing racial problems of the moment. This idea stemmed from the belief that recent developments have broken down white-Negro communications and now threaten to bring turmoil and upheaval in many communities which formerly prided themselves on racial good will.

Perhaps Greensboro City same approach. For the issue of harmonious race relations will be around for a long, long time, whether the swimming pools remain open or closed. And Greensboro can scarcely allow a policy of drift or deterioration to replace what has been a cooperative and constructive grappling with interracial problems.

In the words of the Chapel Hill News Leader, "No city in North Carolina wants to see public questions solved by bayonets. The way to avoid them is to meet for mutual information and help."

—Greensboro Daily News, November 14.

WE NEED HONEST CONFESION — American scientists say Russia's feat in sending a second—and bigger—Sputnik into space is not surprising. And, the President himself plans to make a speech aimed at restoring confidence.

It appears now that what A-

JUST FOR FUN

BY MARCUS H. BOULWARE

My Friend Conyard And Shaw Homecoming

I ran into my friend CONYARD on Fayetteville Street last Saturday while waiting to view the Shaw University Homecoming Parade. And it occurred to me that I hadn't seen him since we rode together on the Greyhound bus from New Orleans to Atlanta.

We agreed that we would take over old times at Vic Peables Cafe immediately following the football game. CONYARD excused himself almost at once. Then I turned around just in time to see ADDIE BEE and we clinched mitts.

ADDIE: Gee, I read your column last week—but I think you left out the PICK-UP WOLF. (But before I could say anything ADDIE BEE showed me a newspaper clipping which read)

"What man needs, says a leading neurosurgeon, is a fall to wiggle. Some where in the course of evolution we lost our tails. But we still have the compulsion to relieve brain tension at the top end of our spinal columns by wiggling the bottom end. Unfortunately we don't have the equipment to do it."

ME: He's got sumpin there, ANNIE BEE? The doctor may be right, but if our tails were suddenly returned to us, how would we use them? Would we lash them to show anger, like a cat? Or was them to show pleasure, like a dog? Or swing them, like a cow? Or swing through trees by them, like a monkey?

ME: I don't know, but making a decision like that could be more frustrating than not having a tail to wave at all.

ANNIE BEE: Sorry to move on old pal, but I'm parked in a 10-minute zone.

AT 6 P.M. SCENE: Peables Cafe. As agreed we met as planned. I ordered beef liver, French fries, cucumber salad, coffee, potato pie a la mode. CONYARD gave the waitress this order:

Here I want some sandwich houndymers!

Bread smeared with cold mashed potato.

Bread plastered with cold spaghetti.

Liverwurst sweetened with raspberry jam.

Sliced bananas with mustard.

Just then a female walked in and slapped CONYARD on the shoulder.

CONYARD: (to me) Meet my best gal, bandy-legged pigeoned-loed SARAH JANE. (I said, "Hi.")

SARAH JANE: BEE, my feet are killing me! And she slipped off her shoes under the table.

I thought to myself, "What an unfeeling remark to make." At this moment, the waitress came to take SARAH JANE's order.

SARAH JANE: (To Addie BEE and Me) I must confess I am odd but I'm gonna order my favorite. (To waitress) Make it sliced bananas mixed with jam, smoked salmon, crackers, and peanut butter. (To Addie BEE and Me) If you eat the bananas mixed with crackers and peanut butter, that's good "catins." Then she added, "Only don't use sugar on the bananas—somehow it just doesn't go."

They Left

Oh, I forgot to tell you that I whispered to the waitress to hold my order until later. When my pals finished their dinner, they paid their bill and rushed out to get some—well, I hardly know how to say it—WHITE CORN. Don't ask me where? Because the law have ears, you know.

In a few minutes, the waitress brought my dinner, liver, onions, French fries, salad and potato pie a la mode. When a boy, I used to be "crazy about liver."

Yes sir, they know how to cook liver at Peables Cafe. You don't have to use your knife it's so tender. That crunchy cucumber salad made me forget my old pals. Come to think of it, I don't see what CONYARD saw on SARAH JANE. Well, may be he'll tell me sometime.

There is no man on earth fit to have such power and the sooner the people who risk such a terrible fate stop this insanity the better.

Just imagine what would have happened in Korea had General MacArthur had such a stockpile!

Just imagine a Marshal Juin, with his views regarding Algeria, General Spiedel, the Nazi general, or our Monty the Montebank, with his crazy ideas, left in sole charge of such an awful weapon.

They could get a little "high", have a bad attack of liver after a banquet; a hangover; anything—any one of the thousands and one ills that affect a man's temper and judgement—and, called upon to make a split-second decision he could do anything. He could be framed to go it—there are drugs today that could be placed in his food or drink or just near him to distort his judgement. In that state of warped mental outlook the generalism could destroy the world.

Truly little children today should cry: "Papa, I'm Afraid," as great Russian novelist described in his Destruction of the World.

What Precisely Is NATO Defending?

That is the first question the people, not the heads of government like those of Britain and France who have already shown they are prepared to repledge all moral laws and a-gress when it suits them—as they did over Suez recently, must determine.

They are not defending a free world. That is a euphemism made for the consumption of fools. There is not a free world behind the British, French, Belgium, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, South African.

americans need is not reassuring, confidence-building words from scientists and a President. What America needs is to think a bit about the old saying which tells us that an honest confession is good for soul.

It is about time for all Americans to confess honestly that the Russian, have given us a terrible lieking on this Sputnik business and, having made that confession,

Rafael J. Williams, November 9.

Why Rate Increases?

You hear a good bit these days about rising automobile insurance rates. Some people can't understand why rate increases are necessary. The fact is that most companies writing auto insurance are losing money and have been for some time. Take the first six months of this year, for example. Some 440 companies which write about half the automobile business in the country lost a combined total of \$143 million. It doesn't take a financial wizard to see that you are doing business on that basis.

Why are the companies losing money? Well, the cause is a combination of several things, but generally you can attribute it to these two main items:

First, as a nation we have more drivers, we're driving more miles, we're having more accidents, and those accidents are more severe.

Second, the cost of doing business has skyrocketed 200 percent since 1940. Verdicts in liability suits have gone up, today it costs twice as much to settle liability claims as in 1940. Consider New York. There the cost-of-living index went up only 91 percent between 1940 and 1955, but the average jury verdict for the plaintiff in the New York Supreme Court zoomed 230 percent.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

I enjoyed the article entitled "Patrolling a Bear" which appeared in the last issue of The Carolinian. Reporter Marcus Boulware did a good job and it was a pleasure to work with him.

Sincerely,
Tom Davis
Chief of Police

INSURANCE TIPS

By Vastal Lemmon, General Manager
National Association of Independent Insurers

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