

EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

Twentieth Annual Debutante Ball

The debutante ball idea had its beginning in America in the 1700's. One of the most famous of its kind is the Monday German of the Bachelor's Cotillon which this year took place in Baltimore this past Monday at the Lyric Theatre.

It is surpassed in age only by the Assembly Ball in Philadelphia and the St. Cecilia Ball in Charleston, S. C.

The Raleigh AKA Debutante Ball, we learn, began 20 years ago, and at the time five young women were formally presented to society.

This elaborate social affair was the acme of the social season for the younger set, as well as adults, too, for that matter.

In terms of the hundreds of years of tradition associated with debutante balls, we assume that good character, family breeding, good manners, politeness and courtesy, intelligence, and a wholesome personality were the main requirements that the prospective "debs" had to meet.

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The Reverend Fisher Testimonial

Last Sunday afternoon a testimonial was held at the First Baptist Church for the purpose of honoring the Reverend George A. Fisher, rector of Saint Ambrose Episcopal Church for 21 years.

The tributes pictured him as a champion of human rights, in that he did all in his power (1) to help his fellowmen rise above the handicaps of color; (2) to help Negroes achieve first-class citizenship in the areas of employment, human welfare, education, and suffrage; and (3) to gain for them representation on the local housing and hospital authorities, and so on.

Regardless of whether or not we agree on the service or disservice Reverend Fisher has done for the local citizens, we do know that the observance took on the tone of a rector attending his own funeral.

But later, in all seriousness, Reverend Fisher said that among the good things said about him, he was glad that some people branded

9th Special Education Conference

The Ninth Annual Special Education Conference, which met in Winston-Salem on November 21 and 22, revealed that the North Carolina special education program for exceptional and handicapped children is "one of the best in the South."

When Special Education Director Felix S. Barker spoke at the opening session last Friday, he said that when he joined the program in 1948 "there was nothing but legislation," no appropriation. In 1957-58 a million dollars will be used for special education in North Carolina.

In nine years there has been tremendous growth in services to atypical children, such as the mentally retarded, visually handicapped, crippled (orthopedically handicapped), mentally gifted, hard of hearing, speech defectives, home bound and hospitalized, and so on.

There are 233 teachers and therapists serving the 79 special education programs in the State. The State pays 184, while 49 receive their salaries from local districts.

Negro teachers and therapists in the special education program are distributed as follows:

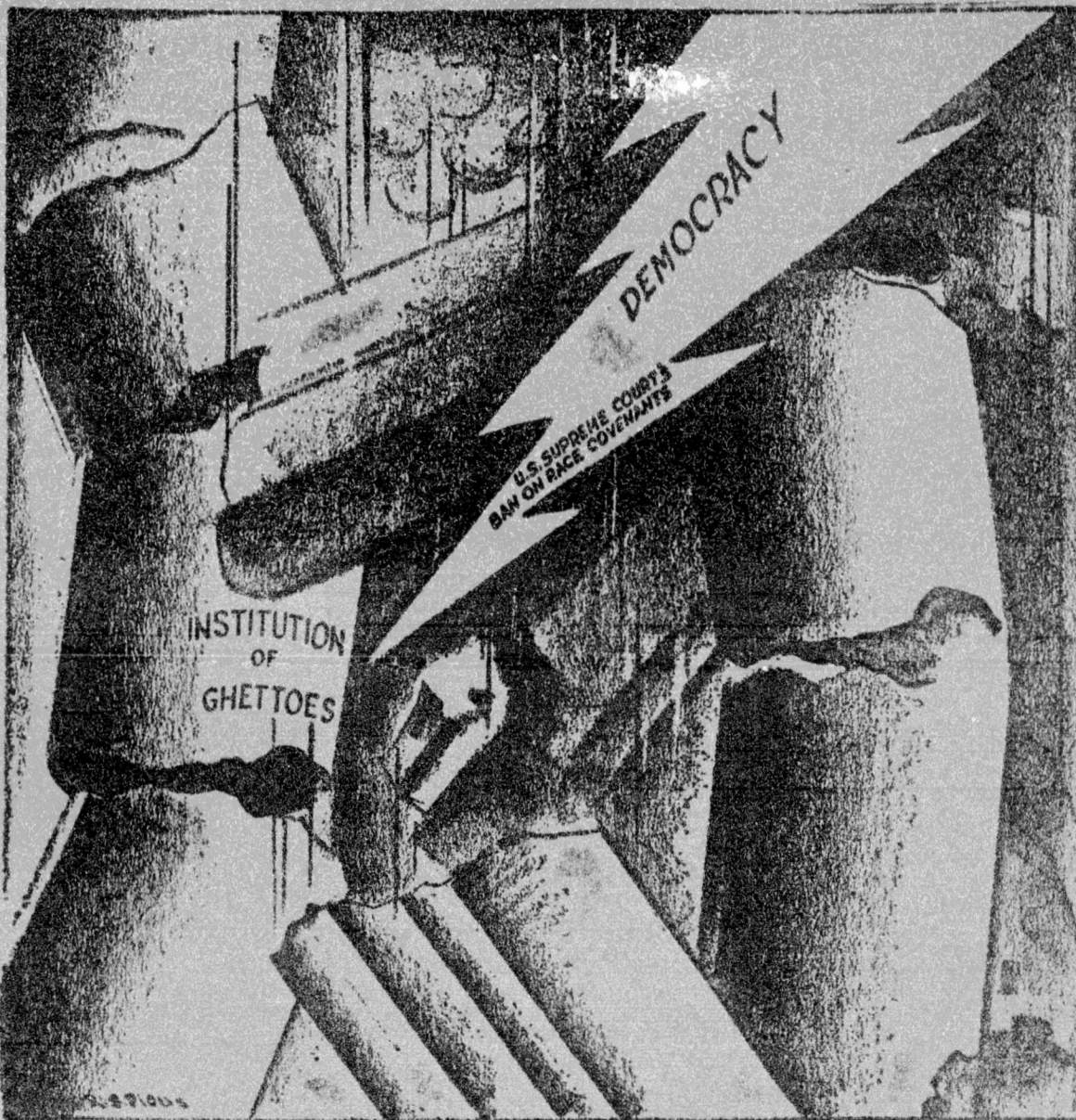
	State Paid	Locally Paid
Teachers of mentally retarded	32	21
Speech correctionists	16	0
Teachers of mentally gifted	0	1
Teachers of visually handicapped	1	0
Teachers of home bound	1	0
Teachers of crippled	0	1
TOTAL	50	23

Raleigh has six teachers of mentally retarded children and two speech correctionists. There are two Negro teachers of the mentally retarded child and one speech therapist.

Wake County has three white teachers of mentally retarded children, and one for Negro children. There is one speech correctionist for white children, but none for Negroes.

Many of the schools in the State would employ additional teachers of exceptional children if qualified instructors could be found. Any person who plans to pursue a college program that will prepare him (her) to teach is urged to consider going into the field of special education for exceptional children.

But They Still Exist, As A Sore Spot On Democracy



SENTENCE SERMONS

BY REV. FRANK CLARENCE LOWERY For ANP

I KNOW, I KNOW THAT JESUS LIVETH

1. As I write these lines I am perfectly conscious that I am alive, and with this definite assurance I continue to thrive . . . but far greater is my belief in the existence of my Savior, as I confidently walk by His side.

2. I need not the signs of Nature to prove His adorable presence, for He is with me in the storm as in the deepest silence; He is just as real when the night steals on, as when I am basking in the Sun.

3. I cannot feel Him with my hand, but toward me His love freely extends. He enfolds me with celestial fire, until lost in His mystery He is my constant desire.

4. Nothing is more real than the feel of His spirit, and this the greatest gift any soul can inherit; It lifts those redeemed ones out of a natural frame, who by regeneration come to know His name.

5. Then what a glorious consolation to be able to say "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," for new strength and

power He abundantly giveth, and banishes every doubt and fear that his loving children with implicit confidence, may ever draw near.

6. How well Job knew this Heavenly Violet Ray secret that burned to unknown depths when all else seemed about to fall and decay; nothing to him was more replete than this eternal power from His Master's Mercy Seat.

7. Poets have come on later trying to describe it in this manner, "He speaks and listening to His voice new life the dead receive, . . . the mournful broken hearts rejoice the humble poor believe."

8. In this modern age they would call it "Job's Knowhow"—yes, with an aching brow, he could push aside incredulous relatives including his wife, when pains were cutting in as with a dagger and knife; then in a brief moment, and not out of his head, cried "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" as he lay in his bed.

9. This knowhow, affliction could not shake, for Job had no new contract with his Re-

deemer to make . . . he had met every obligation, paid all the dues, and though unable now to get down on his knees, his bed was his altar, his room a holy Temple and getting a prayer thru, to him was simple.

10. Can we match this knowledge of super-human aid? Can we trust and obey, and not be afraid? This is the time to take inventory and prepare for Job's Day, and use his "knowhow" to wipe all fear away.

11. There is nothing in all earth that could mean more, . . . not even the Sun, all mathematical arrangement, and is only mastered thru spiritual attainment.

12. Can you say without mental reservation or equivocation, "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"? . . . If you can, then you are the beneficiary of all that from heaven cometh, and out of deepest gratitude to this your Redeemer, can say, "And though all Hell should endeavor to snave, I will not I will not no never forsake."

JUST FOR FUN

BY MARCUS H. BOULWARE

AKA Debutante Ball

Cornyard and I alighted from a taxi cab last Friday night and entered the Memorial auditorium to see the 20th Debutante Ball at which time 75 young ladies made their bow to society. The affair was sponsored by the graduate chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.

Cornyard was on his P's and Q's, dressed in tails and all that. He got a red ticket too, while I didn't even have a white one. But I had ways of getting a choice seat in a side balcony just the same.

Did we bring Annie Belle along? No, sir—REE! We left her at home, because that gal ain't got no class. Oh hum—yes, that's true. But to take more than an evening with Annie Belle, she would not know how to act.

THE ACTIVITIES BEGAN at 9 o'clock, and the orchestra played sweet, sentimental music—soft and romantic-like. Cornyard told me after the ball that it put him in the mood for love. Whoever played that trumpet went to town on "I am growing sentimental over you."

Cornyard said he never saw so many beautiful, young "sweet things" in all his life. I said to him, "Suppose you had the opportunity to pick a wife from that group, what would you do?"

CORNYARD: "I'd close my eyes, and take the first one I touched. You know one thing, DOC—weren't those the loveliest queens you ever saw?"

Misses Odessa Brown of Raleigh and Sylvia Ransom of Warrenton were "the apple of the eye." This is what I heard people all around me say.

MY STUDENTS

Three of my freshman English students were participants in this affair, but they didn't tell me, however. They were Bettye L. Hinton, William Sanders, and Exter Gilmore.

Miss Bettye Hinton looked like a beautiful doll whose gown lent enchantment and glamour. At no time did the crowd overshadow the "debs." Cornyard agreed that I was right and added:

"Any gent who failed to see this should have his head examined." Mr. William Sanders, erect and straight as an arrow, ascended the steps a little higher than the other escorts to assist his debutante to the auditorium floor—showing gallantry at its best.

Handsome young Exter Gilmore, in debonair fashion, presented a courteous and pleasing presence as he escorted his debutante down to the pivot spot for joining the ivy leaf.

Yes, Sir, I was as proud of them as their parents were.

THING OF BEAUTY

Every young lady was a star in her own right. To see them from the ivy leaf gradually was a tremendous undertaking—and yet a "thing of beauty" and "a phantom of delight." The elegant gowns, cut with sophisticated simplicity, were shaped as carefully as a piece of sculpture. We saw evidences that the designers and dress-makers handled them so lovingly that the four thousand spectators will never forget the personalities more than the dresses.

SALUTE TA AKA'S

Scores, Cornyard wants me to tell you that the "debs" were not the only "pebble on the beach." When you were introduced at the beginning of the affair as members of the graduate chapter, you made a charming and fascinating appearance. Much of your maturity gave the ball a distinguished atmosphere.

There has been nothing like it in Raleigh before. The 1957 Debutante Ball was the best ever. Raleigh, my friend Cornyard, and I salute you for a job well done.

Gordon B. Hancock's

BETWEEN THE LINES

THE NEGRO'S STRUGGLE: BEGINNING OR END?

It is often a fatal blunder when a general prepares his army for a skirmish instead of girding them for a grim and death-dealing battle; for too often what looks like a skirmish turns out to be a battle unto the death. It will be equally fatal for the Negro to minimize an dike like this struggle that lies immediately ahead.

It makes all the difference whether we are leaving Egypt or whether we are battling at the gates of the Promised Land. It seems to this minor prophet, that the latter situation obtains. And there is this big difference: when the Israelites were leaving Egypt and sojourning in the wilderness, God fought for them; but once they set foot upon the land of Canaan they had to fight for themselves and that the battles were desperate and dangerous made no difference.

God ceased to do the fighting when Israel entered the Promised Land. It is even so with Negroes here in America, for a long while, white friends fought our battles with their money and with their blood; but the time is at hand, when the Negro must fend for himself. It is doubtful if another Civil War was fought for our emancipation.

Of course the first war was fought with the sword and cannon. The next war will be one of mind and spirit. The

Negro must fight with his mental and economic and spiritual resources. Through 375 years, this column has been seeking to stir within the Negro a vote-consciousness, a conscience, and a civic consciousness.

By vote-consciousness we mean the wise use of the ballot; by civic-consciousness we mean the opportunity to the white man to earn his daily bread, the one of those wisest uses is doing business with Negroes—the "Double Duty-Dollar" by which Negro can trade among themselves and make jobs for other Negroes.

The grim fact remains that Negroes must depend in great part upon the jobs provided by the white man and the white man's capital, when as a matter of fact, if the Negro wisely used his dollars he could to a much greater extent provide job opportunities for other Negroes.

It does not make good sense for Negroes to "speak up to" and "back up to" the white man, and then turn to the white man for an opportunity to earn his daily bread. The economic reprisals now being threatened in the South are just so many straws in the wind.

The possibilities of the "Double-Duty-Dollar" are best seen in our fine professional and insurance beginnings and in the growth of our Negro press. What has been done by a small way illustrates what may be done in a big way. One of the crowning illustrations of this self-help attempts can be seen in the growth and progress of the A.M.E. Church and allied branches.

The Negro currently is battling at the gates of the Promised Land. He is struggling for first-class citizenship beyond which lies the full life. But when Israel would take over the Promised Land they found themselves confronted with the walled cities of Ai and Jericho.

Those desert tribes had to fight against those protected by walled cities and the lack the Negroes of this country and the world are being called upon to perform, is like unto the fight before walled cities.

It is a long and bitter fight and the final outcome depends in the final analysis upon the favor of God. Israel never could have overcome the resistance of the walled cities in their walled cities, had not God gave fortune to their fighters. It is exceedingly difficult to see how the Negro can overcome without the favor of Almighty God.

It is not enough for us to apply ourselves to our job-consciousness, and to our dollar-consciousness. This writer as naive as I believe that it will not be by power and might that the Negro enters the Promised Land; but by the power and grace of God.

We must and ourselves not for a skirmish but for a desperate struggle, perhaps of long duration. THE NEGRO'S STRUGGLE: BEGINNING OR END?

What Other Editors Say

GREAT WOMAN'S CENTENARY

The way over which the Negro has come in the United States has not always been "watered by tears." Even in the darkest days of bondage and certainly since, there have been those who have befriended the American Negro and who have given generously of their time, their talent, their money, and themselves to help Negroes take their places in the affairs of their great country.

Such a one was Mother Catherine Drexel, daughter of Francis Drexel, one of the founders of A. J. Drexel & Co. Philadelphia affiliate of the fabulous banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Miss Drexel was born to great wealth November 26, 1857. She could have walked the primrose path, as did so many of the young women of her time. She could no doubt, as did many of her contemporaries and successors, have married some English nobleman bent on bolstering his failing fortunes with her millions.

She chose to relinquish a life of luxury to give service to the Negroes and Indians of any other individual to place America and did more than race relations on a higher level.

In 1898 she gave up the life of a rich, society young lady and started the Order of the Sister of the Blessed Sacrament. For more than 60 years she devoted her entire estate to the Drexel fortune to the education of the most depressed element in the American community.

She founded and maintained Xavier University by personal fortune and maintained 39 elementary schools throughout the South and the North including Saint Peter Claver's at 13th and Lombard Streets; the Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Front and Fairmount Avenues; St. Catherine in Germantown, and the Mother House at Cornwells Heights, Pennsylvania.

This noble woman spent millions of dollars in a quiet way to elevate the American Negro

and Indians, so quietly that when she died three years ago in 1954 many people had no idea she was still living.

The Tribune hails the ushering in of the centenary year of the life of this woman, who gave up all wealth and position to serve the lowest of the low and thereby set an example of unparalleled service in the annals of American education and social worth.

Philadelphia Tribune November 29. EQUAL OPPORTUNITY—Next Tuesday is Equal Opportunity Day, a time set aside by the Urban League to call attention of the nation to the fact that every American ought to have the opportunity to work at the job and in the calling for which he is best fitted and best qualified.

Under our present wasteful social customs a Negro or a Mexican, or an Oriental, or some member of another country, is often denied a job for no other reason than the color of his skin, or his place of national origin, or his religion.

The individual who is denied the opportunity is the first loser, of course, but in the long run the whole nation pays the bill.

Those of us who live in California like to think that ours is a free state. It is in many respects but there is still too much discrimination. We ought to use Equal Opportunity Day as the occasion to launch a program to wipe out every custom and practice that handicaps any citizen in his quest for the job for which he is qualified.

California Eagle, November 14.

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THE PULPIT VOICE

By HAMILTON T. BOSWELL

A POST THANKSGIVING DAY MEDITATION

The Reverend Mr. Very Good walked slowly and thoughtfully in the quiet and hush of the early morning. The park in which he took his morning walk was unusually beautiful in its autumn coat of fading yellow. The warmth and light of the morning sun was gently filling the air with its magic touch of splendor as the Reverend Mr. Very Good watched the silent wonder of it all.

At the foot of a large tree, he suddenly fixed his eyes upon an energetic gray squirrel that had made a discovery of a half filled bag of peanuts discarded evidently the night before.

It was fascinating to the Reverend Mr. Very Good, watching the squirrel with amazing dexterity as he scoured the nuts within his grasp. Suddenly it was that a large dog, himself on a morning search descended with speed upon the alert little squirrel

gathering up his find. But it was as quick as a flash that the squirrel, bag, peanuts and all quickly leaped to the high safety of the tree near by.

The Reverend Mr. Very Good amazed at the drama that was his to watch, stared intently at the squirrel so high up on the branch of the tree, and the confounded dog, who barked, but in vain. The squirrel serenely fondled his prized bag of peanuts, while the big dog fretted below.

Suddenly, the Reverend Mr. Very Good remembered that passage from a familiar psalm, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies". Yes, here was in the flesh the truth of that verse. The squirrel, crunching away, out of reach, but in the very presence of his worst enemy, a hunting dog.

The Reverend Mr. Very Good with a flash of insight, immediately saw the meaning behind all that he had seen. This was without a doubt a fitting

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