



Christmas 'Give'

There is something about "small town ways" that is appealing to us on Christmas morning. In a small town, one expects his friends and neighbors to greet him with the expression: "CHRISTMAS GIVE." He expects to give a small token, and his friends expect the same of him. But likely as not, both he and his neighbor will ignore the request or pass it off with a grin. "Christmas Give" is an expression that itself shows the Christmas spirit. The exchange of gifts is not necessary, however, because "Christmas Give" is in itself sufficient.

"Christmas Give" is to December 25, as "trick or treat" is to Halloween. It can mean "a world of difference" to children in the community. They don't expect something big; often an orange, apple, or a stick of candy will bring a smile on a child's face. Any adult who has given children an apple on Christmas morning is richly rewarded from knowing that he has made dozens of little hearts glad. Besides, the cost to the giver never runs more than a few nickels or dimes.

It is pleasant to hear "Christmas Give" in the morning when children rally around the Christmas tree to see what Santa Claus has brought them. The expression goes well with toys old and new. This year toy people have the "gift-opening occasion" a new note of Christmas cheer. Around the tree one sees in addition to the standbys many new toys, such as, toy planetariums, "moonscopes," and telescopes.

Standing, however, in the limelight — and most likely the favorite—is the toy "Sputnik," an item consisting of a half-globe with two rails along which a miniature satellite runs. It was rushed to the market the second week of this month. IT'S EVEN GOT A TINY DOG INSIDE!

Yes, the utterance of "Christmas Give" is soothing to parents and grandparents who are glad it is all over—for a year at least. Well do they remember that in order "to come out ahead" in the last minute mad rush, they had to become "desperadoes." A football scrim-

mage cannot be compared to it.

What comfort it is to know that for a long time at least you won't have to rub shoulders with seething, last-minute shoppers—necktie buyers, perfume sniffers, searchers for toys, and the great mass of undecideds.

But let us turn to another side of the picture. Great was the joy experienced in erecting and trimming Christmas trees in private homes. Magnificent was the feeling you had when you worked on the committee that planned to bring Yule cheer to the unfortunates. How happy you were to know that the ill, the poor and the friendless were served.

We are happy that the Christmas spirit in our country is evident by a spirit of giving and exchange of gifts. There are thousands of small and large factories which work all year round to produce toys and dolls for Christmas—toys that will make thousands of little girls happy. Billions of dollars flow each year into business enterprises because of our Christmas custom of exchanging greetings and gifts.

Some people are like a sponge—soft and good-natured. To get water out of a sponge, you have to squeeze it. The harder you squeeze, the more you get. People like this enter with reluctance in the true spirit of Christmas. We are glad that we don't have many people of this kind.

Then we have the honeycomb. The honeycomb does not have to be pressed. It just overflows with its own sweetness. It represents the true spirit of giving without thought of return. It is a completely unselfish spirit.

We can make life better for those around us through the Christmas custom of exchanging greetings and gifts of happiness with each other. It is well that we have one season of a year when we can concentrate on such friendly interest and perhaps the spirit will stick around months after Christmas comes and goes.

Show us a man who isn't glad to hear and say, "CHRISTMAS GIVE."

He Must Be Destroyed If Peace And Democracy Are To Win In America



What Other Editors Say

MISSISSIPPI'S GOVERNOR FOR INTEGRATION! — Believe it or not, Gov. J. P. Coleman of Mississippi, headquarters of Dixie's rampant racism, has come out in favor of a new veterans hospital at Jackson, the state capital, even though it would be racially integrated!

Mississippi would have to donate the land for the Federal installation, so a bill is in the current legislature to cancel the state's authority to do this in order to prevent the erection of the hospital.

Warning over television that "it would be an easy thing for them to switch the hospital to Memphis if we made what they considered unreasonable restrictions," the Governor told his listeners, "I don't think 30 acres is too much for Mississippi to give for an \$11,000,000 hospital and I am personally in favor of it."

Here is another instance of the nickel under the foot, so when Mississippi gets a chance to get an \$11,000,000 Federal handout it conveniently forgets all about State's Rights and grabs for the stake.

Of course the legislative special session may kill the whole proposition out of difference to the white supremacy and racial segregation it has traditionally preached, but we suspect that like Omar Khayyam they will "take the cash and let the credit go."

May we inquire what is the difference between an integrated Federal hospital and an integrated public school?

—Pittsburg Courier, Dec. 14.

TEMPORARY RELIEF FOR TAXPAYERS—Those of the free-spending fraternity who have been on tenterhooks because of Uncle Sam's insistence that they tell all about their expense accounts are now feeling a bit more relaxed. Uncle Sam has relented. No one will be called to account for expense account transactions during 1957.

Good news through this reversal may be to those who spend their employers' money with such a will, the garden is not without weeds. Internal Revenue has let it be known that taxpayers with expense accounts had better start keeping accurate tabs on such spending in 1958, so that they will be in a position to supply "expense account" information.

This whole subject seems to lend itself to frivolous treatment. The howls of outrage that prompted Uncle Sam to change his mind about being tough this year have a comic element, though those who uttered them would not appreciate it.

All the same, the idea of faithfully reporting expense account dealings in income tax returns has its serious side. Expense accounts often supplement earned income in very substantial amounts, and there is no logical reason why the government should not have its share of such income just as it puts the bite on regular earnings.

The earlier Internal Revenue Service announcement, that a complete report on re-

imbursed expense accounts in 1957 would be demanded, threw the ranks into confusion. As a matter of fairness, it is well that the demand is being postponed until next year. But the idea of just forgetting about the whole thing is not a good one. The expense accounts loophole ought to be closed.

—Journal and Guide, Dec. 14.

PROGRESS SOMETIMES LAGS — Person County is out to eliminate one gap in school progress. There is one school left in the county at which toilet accommodations are limited to outdoor facilities. It intends to remedy that condition.

One difficulty is that it is a joint North Carolina-Virginia undertaking. Located near the Virginia line, it is supported by both states. It serves pupils from that section of North Carolina and Virginia.

Action to provide sanitary toilets seems imminent but no plans have yet been launched to do anything about a modern heating plant. It is a school for Indians—and the only one in that section of North Carolina; but its plumbing and heating, now, amount only to privies and a pot-bellied stove.

Obviously, interest has been lacking in Raleigh as well as elsewhere. There have been, it seems, some oversteps in the State's alertness to school needs. How many other pot-bellied stoves and privies schools, one wonders, are left in North Carolina? Commendations to Person County for leading a movement to do something about High Plains School.

—Durham Sun, Dec. 14.

JUST FOR FUN

Christmas At Froese Bottom

Cornyard reminded me that I had promised to attend the annual Christmas party held each year at Froese Bottom on Christmas night.

Who else was there? Well, Annie Belle, for one. This party was her style for it was a grass-roots affair. And may I add, she was more than a match for the local boys up in Double Bottom County.

Annie Belle "took a liking for" one of those smart gals, and saved talking girls who was just her speed. When I looked at her from a safe distance, she showed her fangs at Big Henny and laughed and knew not why, but nevertheless the fun and merriment flowed on.

Cornyard didn't see Annie Belle, since he had his eyes on that rustic table of "wood eaters." Just let me tell you all about it.

THE TABLE WAS spread in Uncle Robert Jones' warehouse and was loaded with turkey and other varieties of meats, as well as piles of vegetables generally available at "chattering struts." I learned that a hoke was due in the sound in the afternoon and word was laid in and burned until it was filled with glowing coals—over which chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigs, and the whole brood of an OX were roasted.

There were biscuits, served with peaches, and other parades, with facts, and every manner and description of pie. It was an occasion of high astronomical enjoyments.

Following the feast, the young people were ready for the dance. Only the oldtime "cake walk," the "Diddy-Whiddy" stomp, and the Monday German Waltz were traditional.

WE ARE A MUSIC-LOVING race, proverbially, and present were many piano plunkers and horn "blowers" whose organs of mine were strikingly developed.

—and who could thump the piano with dexterity.

But, at the expense of being egotistical, I must nevertheless declare that I was considered the one and only "Guitar Slim" back down in Fairfield County, N. C. Many a time I came home with my pockets "bulging at the seams" with valuable coins.

It was my friend, CORNYARD, who told the boys and girls about my talent. With "Fellow" Gore at the piano, I borrowed a guitar and cut loose with that "Elvis Presley Rock." (It was against the musical traditions of the Froese Bottom Christmas party and dance, but I like to break traditions.) YES SIR-REE, the roof raised up and set down again. BOY! I never had so much fun in all my life.

Did I get an ENCORE? You bet I did—and to satisfy the enthusiastic curtain call, I announced that I would play "Carolina Hoke." This was sweet and low-like, giving the Froese Bottom Hoke an atmosphere of dignity. What is more, it was more in keeping with expectations from a DCC. I was mighty proud of myself, too.

NOW READERS, don't get any wrong ideas! This is not a plug for the future ennoblement, but a place in the next year! Well, just notify Cornyard six weeks before Christmas and he will get you one of those Froese Bottom Christmas dinner and party invites for \$2.50.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

The Forgotten Man

We hardly expected such a condition to exist in North Carolina, until we read in the Durham Sun (December 14 issue) an editorial which commented on the pot-bellied and privy High Plains School for Indians in Person County up near the Virginia line. The editorial went on to say that Person County intends to remedy this condition by providing sanitary toilets for this Indian school.

Such discrimination on the part of school authorities to provide sanitary toilets for this school before now is one example of proof that the American Indian is "the forgotten man" in this country. He is somewhat like the "second-class citizen," the American Negro.

In Arizona, for example, the Indian is prohibited by law from buying intoxicating liquors. Persons convicted for selling whiskey to Indians in that state are punishable by legal and judicial means. We are not condoning the sale of liquor, but if whiskey can be sold legally to whites and Negroes—then why not to Indians? Upon what grounds can we justify this practice of discrimination?

In North Carolina and elsewhere in the United States discrimination is practiced not only against Negroes but against Indians as well. At many places the separate facilities for

whites and Negroes, traditional in the South, are joined by a third—for Indians. Not accepted by the whites, for example, the Croatan (Robeson County, Lumber Indians) are also rejected by other Indian tribes because of the predominantly Caucasian features. Thus, these people must live cut off from surrounding society as well as their own racial group.

The Indians in Person County have been using up through 1957 out-door privies, and their school has been heated by the old pot-bellied stove. That this condition exists in Person County, North Carolina, is almost unbelievable. If an impartial survey were taken at this time, we wonder how many more schools there are in North Carolina and the Southern States without sanitary toilets and running water. The answer might cause the United States to bow its head in shame before the eyes of the world.

We have isolated the American Indian and placed him on reservations to "rust away" in ignorance, poverty, economic and political activity. We have relegated him into a position of third-class citizenship. This does not speak well for the United States. Something constructive and humane must soon be done for "this forgotten man."

THE PULPIT VOICE

A Christmas Meditation

That was a tragic event in the Christ story which it was written, "She brought forth her first-born son, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." The town of Bethlehem, it appears was so busy making ready for the census ordered by Caesar Augustus, until they had little time for anything else. They were excited at the prospect of such a busy week end. All of the old home townsmen would be busy in the busy week end, occupied with such an occasion, it never occurred, not even to one, that God might be that week end as the background for his mightiest act among men.

The proprietor of the local hotel certainly unified, the anxious Bethlehemites. He was busy. Evidently he missed to himself as he made ready his inn for an unprecedented business. "I'm going to make a little profit or never." The cause for business in Bethlehem was a god send, and the local chamber of Commerce was active as never before. Such was the atmosphere of the hotel in Bethlehem that night when a weary couple, laden with dust from the long road, entered and asked for accommodations for the night.

Their patronage, however, was not the kind for which the innkeeper had planned. He expected the rich, the great, the famous, the big spenders, the shrewd ones as it were, who offered them the shelter of his hotel, but he sent them a subtle. The result of a blindness was that he sent away the most popular of guests to the Bethlehem inn because he was just too busy to see other than what he expected.

From the mistake of the greedy innkeeper, who missed greatness, and a place in history, one can learn an important lesson. Sometimes it seems that we are so busy getting ahead until we are blind to what God is doing, and frequently it is, we are passing up success seeking success. We strain, rush and shove and reach for a goal of self-satisfaction which too often is but a vain illustration.

There were others, however, who though they too were busy with the tasks of life, nevertheless were not that busy that they could not catch the signals or respond to the intimations of God of an impending hour of greatness. The blessed among us are those whose lives though kept busy, are not that busy that they are blind to the spiritual sensitivities of life. Of such were the wise men, the Persians, astrologers. They were busy with the concerns of their work. Yet a new star, a different star was to them a challenge and they left their charts and maps and followed a star before them.

The reward of their quest was the privilege of being a part of a new age, as God had caused to come in Jesus Christ. Also, busy, but not selfishly, occupied with their own ends, that they were blind, were the shepherds. They worked extra during the long spring nights, guarding the flocks against marauding wolves. Yet they heard intimations from the skies of voices of angels, singing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Is it not fitting these many years hence, that we who are favored to live here and now, should as Christmas is upon us, re-evaluate our lives, our goals, our values and the means and methods of fulfilling? Some are just trying to head, and the result is that this preoccupation makes us blind to the realization to know that we walk not alone, and because of this we keep an eye open and an ear always attuned for Him who is always there? And we can live best when we walk by His tempo and call, and never our own.

But the shepherds, the wise men, and unnamed others who had an ear to the ground and knew in faith something of what God was about. These are they who found a treasure dearer than all else. And from this truth Christmas will never change. It is those eternally so, who keep Christ in Christmas, who rejoice in this season in consciousness of what God is doing, who even in the year 1957, will know the joy of birth Christmas really is, the coming of hope, our salvation from darkness which assails us. This is Christmas forever, made known!

Negro Crime—The Know Why

Last week we asked our readers to examine objectively statistical studies which emphasize that Negro killings have made the crime rate in the South considerably higher than what it would be otherwise. This week we want to discuss why there is such a predominance of Negro crime—as actually exists.

The predominance of Negro crime goes back to the days of slavery and the traditions built up then that have been handed down from one generation to the next, especially in the rural South where the Negroes are isolated from contacts with white culture. Slavery destroyed the Negro's native culture and methods of social control but did not develop a substitute system. Family life under slavery was a haphazard affair, a face reflected still in the high rates of desertions and divorces among Negroes.

Schools were not established during slavery, and those since established (until very recently) are far inferior to schools for whites.

Work habits were poorly developed and entrance into business and the professions was (and to a large extent is still) prohibited. Thrift was unnecessary under a system of slavery, and it benefits the rural southern Negro slightly under the prevailing semipeonage system.

These experiences have resulted in a failure on the part of the Negro to develop a high degree of self-respect and personal pride or of self-discipline and ability to work. He is inclined to feel dependent upon whites and often rationalizes thefts with the statement that the whites owe him a living. Thus petty thefts, vagrancy, and abandonment of wives and children are to be expected.

When southern Negroes go North to industrial cities, many of them are bewildered and unable to adjust to urban life. Stealing may seem to be the way out. Others may react to the release from white restraints found in the South by rowdiness and vandalism.

More aggressive Negroes may restrain themselves for a long period of time but eventually rebel against unjust discrimination, and their hatred and frustration may find expression in criminal acts directed against whites.

That not all Negroes thus react is evident in the relatively low rates of delinquency (and it may be assumed of adult crime) in well-organized Negro areas. However, the tendency of well-adjusted and educated Negroes to withdraw from the less well-endowed members of their race contributes to increased crime in that it leaves the lower class Negroes leaderless.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

Vice President Nixon Takes New York Honors

Honors galore are being showered on Vice President Nixon the nation's fairheaded assistant chief. Sunday was a busy day for him in Manhattan. The Irving M. Ives Award Committee of Task Force '57 (a division of the N. Y. Republican State Committee) presented the Irving M. Ives Award to Mr. Nixon at a breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria in the Grand Ball Room.

The same evening Yeshiva University honored Vice President Nixon with a Honorary Doctorate of Laws degree at a special convocation at the Roosevelt Hotel. He spoke later at the Founders Day Fund Dinner.

Kartha Kitt Sparks Salute

Dynamic Kartha Kitt was among the many stars who donated their talents to the Chanukah Festival for Israel in salute to that country for the 10th year. The mammoth event which was held on two days was sponsored by the Greater New York Committee State of Israel Bonds. It was held at Madison Square Garden. The First Annual International Festival of Dance on behalf of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Participating on the spectacular all male cast show were ten stars Avon Long, Percival Borde, main leading dancer of Penni Primus Company, Bha-skar Hindu exponent of the oriental tradition, Mexican celebrated Spanish artist and

both in the great truths of The Bible.

Revela Hughes Installs New Organ

Revela Hughes, dynamic lady of song and organ has replaced her Hammond for a newer organ which she has had installed in her Garden City Mansion Music Room. A graduate of Howard and Northwestern Universities and a noted member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Revela is a world recitalist and a native of Huntington, W. Va., where she taught for many years prior to coming east.

Hall Johnson, composer and currently director and arranger for the Harry Belafonte Folk Chorus informed this writer that he was working on additional compositions which would soon be ready for publication. He said he would be with Belafonte and his group indefinitely and would be traveling with them to Las Vegas their next point of presentation. Harry Belafonte and his singers are receiving rare notices at the Waldorf-Astoria where they play to an S R O audience.

In Our Mailbag

The mailbag was stuffed with inquiries from friends abroad and at home. Sergeant Conrad Clark (ANP Correspondent) sent a copy of The Stars and Stripes from Germany and his yuletide greetings. Navy Journalist First Class Richard Graddick writes from Philadelphia that he will be stationed in Connecticut. Graddick has distinguished himself in the field of service journalism and has achieved

a number of firsts at home and abroad.

The Langston Hughes drama of racial conflict in the South, "Mulatto," opened at the Casino Theatre in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where it is playing to large audiences. Presented by the La Farsa Company, Elso Greco plays the role which the late Rose McClendon acted on Broadway during its year's run in New York. Hughes' play is being compared by various critics to the situation in Little Rock today.

Mrs. Fairfax Jennings of St. Louis who recently visited New York and her sister, Lou La Tour has returned to Missouri to clear up business matters.

Africa In the News

The Ashante King by Serge Khinh presented by the African Academy of Arts and Research was unveiled at Chauncey Northern Studios in Carnegie Hall. Mrs. Ala Kallbain invited this writer to the program. The Annual Social Party of the Ghana Student Association of U. S. A. and Canada was held at Carnegie Endowment International Center Saturday. The film on Ghana's Independence Day Celebration was shown for the first time publicly in New York.

The Rev. M. A. Warren has written a splendid article in Fourth Magazine AFTER MAU MAU WHAT? The work carries excellent photographs in a spread on what is happening in Kenya.

Lucerne Montague tells of Alice in Liberia (YWCA Bookshelf Magazine) on the excellent accomplishments of Alice Teague, president of the Y-Teen club in Liberia.

Happy Holiday to all.

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