

GOVERNOR HODGES AND "SOME NEGRO LEADERS"

In a radio address last Wednesday night, Governor Hodges stated that "some Negro leaders" are working for his voluntary segregation plan which he proposed several weeks ago. The governor further stated that the "some Negro leaders" did not want their names known because they do not want to be pressured by "professional agitators."

Just what kind and who the "some Negro leaders" are who want to secretly lead Negroes down the humiliating road of segregation we would like to know. It appears to us the governor is only whistling in the dark since about every Negro of any consequence in North Carolina has let it emphatically be known where he or she stands on the matter of the governor's insulting proposal of voluntary segregation. Mr. Hodges also appears to be clinging tenaciously to the hope that he will be able to find a "Sambo" within the race who is traitor enough to become an apostle of his monstrous enigma of "voluntary segregation."

For the benefit of the governor and other unintelligent white people we hope to now and forever set them straight as to Negro leaders. No Negro, be he a college president or shoe shine boy will be self to be about racial matters tolerated as a leader who is not willing to pay the price to have sense enough to know of leadership. He must "be if any Negro has promised willing to go to Coventry him that he is working for or sometimes and let the populace bestow upon him their segregation" he is merely doing so because of pressure or

In spite of the fact that leaders in such organizations as the General State Baptist Association, the North Carolina Teachers Association, Negro Masons, the Inter-denominational Ushers Association, the A. M. E. and A. M. E. Zion Conferences, the North Carolina branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and numerous other organizations, representing a cross-section of the race, Governor Hodges still insists that working for his proposal of voluntary segregation.

Now we would like to know what kind of a leader it is who does not have conviction enough of his belief in voluntary segregation to let his name be known? If such a person exists he certainly is not worthy of being called a leader of Negroes and in the very nature of the case would have little or no influence among them. As stupid as Governor Hodges has proved himself to be about racial matters is he about to be about the whole of his proposal?

Intelligent Negroes of the state want no more friendship than any words they can utter. In fact every real friend of the race in this state is well-known by every Negro of average intelligence and needs no introduction, since the majority of them have been so often lambasted, and persecuted in the public press and elsewhere.

After learning that a Shor- tis was a member of the opposing team in the proposed contest, Mr. Oz Stritch straightway mounted himself in the tallest tree of his state so that he could be seen and heard throughout the State when he issued his edict forbidding his state's school to participate in the contest. Because the tree in which he perched was so tall, his state was noted for its exceptionally tall trees—that he was not only seen and heard by all his statesmen and countrymen, but also by several of this country's neighbors. (Some scientists now say that the tree in which he assumed his perch bore the name "Pine," a species now wholly extinct.) This said Mr.

Oz Stritch thought he cut a grand and glorious figure, perched in his state's tallest tree with his long nose silhouetted against the evening sky.

But, Mr. Oz Stritch had not been apprised of the sentiment of the people of his state nor the students of the school before he climbed out onto that fatal limb. It was common knowledge, even to the smallest urchin that the contest meant that the school's officials could carry away several well loaded goods machines after the contest, for thousands of people were known to flock to these contests and were required to drop some item in one of the many goods machines situated at the scene of the contest. Some proffered the belief that Mr. Oz Stritch never fully recovered from the head-in-mud-burying contest, that the mud dried up in his ears, penetrated his ear channels and had eventually affected his powers of thought. Others simply said he was born too late.

In any event, Mr. Oz Stritch was quite surprised when students began hurling pebbles at his perch, and, in attempting to dodge them, he slipped from his limb and crashed headlong to the earth with a resounding crunch! Luckily he fell on his face so that his nose cushioned the fall, saving him from incurring a broken neck. This was not told until the eventual outcome of the situation was, but it was said that Mr. Oz Stritch presented a ludicrous sight, flailing his arms and legs vainly from his inverted position with his head stuck fast in the earth at the spot on which he had fallen. Even though a few of his friends dared to try to extricate him, their efforts were to no avail, and Mr. Oz Stritch remained there for sometime in this untenable position. Crowds, it is said, passed to taunt and mock him, and he became the laughing stock of his country.

But It Is Happening Now Under A New Name



THE FABLE OF THE NOSES

Once upon a time, many Maker with the long nose as world equipped to maintain planet called earth (which vanished suddenly long ago from the solar system in a mysterious cloud of smoke) there existed a very prosperous nation. Its people were industrious, worked hard and played hard. The nation was so large in land area that its inhabitants very early struck under the general heading of "Shorties."

In years past, the Longites in a particular section of the country had found it economical and expedient to use Shorties to fill the hoppers of their goods machines. (It must be remembered that these goods machines were equipped with large vats near the top which had to be filled before the machines would produce. The filling of these machines was a laborious task and required a goodly number of strong men.) Even though the goods machines were so few in number,

Albeit, this proposed contest had excited the imaginations of not only the students (who were happy to have any excuse to forget the uninteresting concerns of goods machine manufacture) but also of the rest of the people of the state, who took advantage of such diversions by flocking to them by the thousands. These contests were waged between a select group of students, referred to as a team. These teams often occupied the full time and talents of half a dozen or so of grown-ups whose jobs were tutoring, spying on possible opponents or assuaging the bruised limbs of the hapless players who were frequently injured during the contests. The whole state, as it were, looked forward in eager anticipation to the contest. But, alas, one of members of the opposing team was a Shortie.

The nation was composed of many and varied peoples, all of whom had made special contributions to their nation's progress in technology and the Arts. Its different groups of peoples were distinguished by the length and shape of their noses. The ruling class, or Longites, was marked by very long protrusions, some extending to the proportions of even nine inches in length. Among this group and in the nation generally length of the nose was of grave import. The longer the nose, the greater the owner was held in the esteem of his fellow Longites, apparently the notion having arisen that they were so marked by their youths would enter the name was Mr. Oz Stritch, had

Ordinarily, this would not have mattered, but the leader of this particular state, who boasted the longest nose in the State and one of the longest in the land, had pledged that he would go to any lengths to keep the Shorties and the Longites separated, it being the common opinion, especially among Longites, that it was dangerous (even some said unpatriotic) to permit the two to associate in common endeavors.

In fact, this leader, whose

Life Is Like That

By H. ALBERT SMITH

FEAR AS A LIABILITY-NO. II

Last week we noted that a good many people live in constant torment because of fear.

Five Things Happen

Now, when a person concentrates on the element of a difficulty and danger in any given task or the general matter of living life successfully, five things happen to him. Fear invades his life. The obstacles and danger he faces are exaggerated out of all proportion. He tends to minimize his powers and abilities to cope with the situation. He loses faith in God or any other source of help. And, finally, the last three changes in thought and mood, tend to multiply his original fear.

An Example

An example of this needless fear is afforded by one of the greatest characters in the New Testament, a man bearing the name Peter. He and his apostolic associates were crossing the sea of Galilee early one morning in the midst of a fierce storm. It was about four o'clock. Suddenly, they saw a man in garments of flowing white coming towards them as he walked upon the water. It was a shocking, terrifying experience, so much so that "they cried out for fear."

No Blame

For this fear, I cannot blame them too much, if at all. Here was something totally unexpected and beyond any experience they had had. Years ago, I woke up one night and found a man lying in bed beside me when I thought I was all alone. (My father had agreed to give him lodgings for the night, a transaction of which I had no knowledge). For a moment, I was almost paralyzed with fear, but recovered and prepared to strike. The gentleman spoke and recognition brought quiet

Began To Sink

Noting the consternation of the apostles, Jesus identified himself and bade them to have no fear. Impetuous Peter challenged, "If it's you, bid me come to thee on the water." Jesus did. Peter climbed over the side of the boat and started triumphantly to walk upon the rolling waves. But, suddenly, he began to sink. The Master's intervention at his call for help saved him.

A Remedy

I know a remedy for such a crippling fear. It is available to all. That remedy is prayer. And the praying I have in mind is not the emergency prayer that reaches out for God in extremities. But it is constant daily prayer that reaches out for God continuously. In that way, we build up an inner source of faith and spiritual strength that banishes fear.

Attention Shift

It was needless, first of all, because it was induced by a foolish shift of attention on Peter's part. He concentrated on wind and wave, a raging wind and churning sea. A frantic fear replaced an overcom-

Let her alone...why trouble her? She has done a beautiful thing. Mark 14:6

A loving and grateful soul of a woman blossoms forth with a beautiful act for the Christ as he nears the agony of Calvary.

This little act of kindness calls forth the Master's praise...She has done a beautiful thing...

The clouds gather, the way gets hard, and the storm is ready to strike with its fury. The Cross now overshadows the path of the Master's loving ministry. A great woman arises from this setting to show an act of kindness to Jesus. Yet, out of a tender and loving heart she did a beautiful thing. An act of kindness for a troubled soul is a beautiful thing.

Unfortunately, in the midst of beauty their lurks envy—the poison of the soul. Envy would deny the master this little act of kindness. Envy, in its hypocrisy, would discourage this beautiful act of kindness toward Jesus. Envy in its ugliness

would hide behind the robe of charity. How often do we in envy hide behind a robe of respectability. Envy ever seeks to stifle words and deeds of kindness.

Envy would pretend to be concerned about the poor but its real intent is to crush an impulse of kindness.

How many times do we, in envy, try to discourage acts of love in others? How many times are our evil intents clothed up to a rich storehouse of spiritual treasures. Your word of encouragement to a struggling soul is a beautiful thing. The time you take to listen to a painful soul ADDS UP TO A BEAUTIFUL THING. The sick visit, the shoulder offered to cry, and a helping hand in a time of distress ALL THINGS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. Let us take more time to do little acts of kindness amid the world's crying needs: THEY ADD BEAUTY TO LIFE.

Every act of kindness is a beautiful thing. And the poet says that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Thus a series of thoughts and deeds of kindness add up to a rich storehouse of spiritual treasures. Your word of encouragement to a struggling soul is a beautiful thing. The time you take to listen to a painful soul ADDS UP TO A BEAUTIFUL THING. The sick visit, the shoulder offered to cry, and a helping hand in a time of distress ALL THINGS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. Let us take more time to do little acts of kindness amid the world's crying needs: THEY ADD BEAUTY TO LIFE.

Let not the ugliness of envy keep us from doing acts of kindness.

Every act of kindness is crowned with the blessings of God. God marks every good impulse that stirs in our souls. Even that good thought of yours is amply rewarded. So Let us go on doing and thinking acts of kindness. God will not let them be in vain. God rewards every act of kindness. Men do not always recognize

kind thoughts and deeds. Men will often forget and ignore them. A kind act is sweet to the receiver and a rich blessing to the doer. Every kind thought or deed leaves in the soul a sweet fragrance of peace.

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Capital Close-Up

Federal Aid Underlies "Ed" Confab Debate

As anticipated, Federal aid to education was the principal theme underlying discussions at the White House Conference on Education, here, last week. Whether, how much, and under what conditions were the questions raised. And the much-flaunted absence of floor debate did not seem of much importance, in view of the authority by whose command and power he was succeeding. In that is revealed the absurdity of his fear.

Three Reasons

The fear of Peter was needless, in the second place, for three reasons. First, there was no change in the situation which he faced and was meeting with success. Second, there was no change in his powers or abilities. And, third, there was no change of attitude in the person by whose command and power he was succeeding. In that is revealed the absurdity of his fear.

Make Analysis

Analyze your fears and see if they are not in many instances due to the two major causes we have mentioned. We often build a molehill of difficulty and danger into mountainous proportions that scare us either into half-hearted effort or total hopelessness.

No Change

We also often let fear creep in when neither the situation we face, our own abilities nor our source of help has changed. And, an original fear multiplies until we become the pawns of life, pushed around without getting anywhere, living without either hope or joy or the prospects thereof, instead of becoming the builders of noble destiny as God intended.

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As to "race representation"

Negroes were everywhere, in all three categories, participating, observing and reporting. Some were doing all three, like Frank Stanley, Louisville Defender publisher, who began as chairman of his original dis-

cussion table, and lasted through a succession of round-table chairmanships (all elected) to the "semi-finals"—the last "distilling" of discussants and chairmen before a final topic report was made to the next general session—debating and educating as he went, driving his points home to participants from all over, including Miss "Making friends and influencing people."

Although the recommendation of Stanley's first three roundtables, opposing school segregation as being "uneconomical, undemocratic, and contrary to the full and free educational opportunity guaranteed under the Federal Constitution," was lost in the final drafting of the report to the main body, forty people appointed, some representing organizations—conferred, chatted, introduced friends and expressed opinions. Strangers tapped each other on the shoulder and exchanged views—and we have a slight suspicion that this is what the White House Conference on Education was all about—that it was a device, not only to discuss education, but to educate.

Press, "observers" and "participants" mingled freely, all talking when and to whom they pleased. Groups from State delegations—some governor-appointed, some representing organizations—conferred, chatted, introduced friends and expressed opinions. Strangers tapped each other on the shoulder and exchanged views—and we have a slight suspicion that this is what the White House Conference on Education was all about—that it was a device, not only to discuss education, but to educate.

During the pre-Conference pull-tug we refrained from making comment. We are glad to make this comment now.

Voluntary Home Mortgages Jump

The Voluntary Home Mortgage Program, started a scant year ago, has just compiled figures for October—its ninth month of operation. The rapidly increasing momentum of the program, which has moved the total up to one thousand and one loans to members of minority groups (write for Table I, if you want to check), is attributed to VHM officials—and by lay citizens like your columnist—to the spread of information about the program. Some have thought that it was limited to Veterans, others just have not known about it. Breakdown on October loans showed: 27 FHA-insured loans to individuals, 63 VA-guaranteed loans to individuals, 114 FHA-insured loans to builders of housing.

Multiplying these experiences by the impact of hundreds of participants and observers talking to, rather than "at" each other, and the White House Conference on Education, objectively viewed, must inevi-

(Continued on Page Seven)

SATURDAY

The Carolina Times

DEC. 10, 1955

L. E. AUSTIN, Publisher

CALTHAN M. BOSS, Editor

H. ALBERT SMITH, Managing Editor

M. E. JOHNSON, Business Manager

JESSE COFIELD, Circulation Manager

No guarantee of publication of unsolicited material. Letters to the editor for publication must be signed and confined to 500 words.

Subscription Rates: 10c per copy; Six months, \$2.00; One Year, \$3.00 (Foreign Countries, \$4.00 per year).

Published Every Saturday by the UNITED PUBLISHERS, Incorporated at 426 E. Pettigrew St. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Durham, North Carolina under the Act of March 3, 1879.

National Advertising Representative: Interstate United Newspapers.