

Editorial Viewpoint

The CAROLINIAN'S

WORDS OF WORSHIP

"Who is my neighbor?" From the Bible. When a man approached Jesus and, among other questions, wanted to know who was his neighbor, the Master told him the story of "the Good Samaritan." From this parable, we should get a lesson today.

Many of us have from time to time come in contact with our neighbors. By the term "neighbor," however, we do not mean altogether the person living next door to us.

In this world, there are many individuals who have needs which can be met only by some sort of social action, or appropriate legislation. One of the great dangers facing us today is that of living a life so sheltered and busy that we never observe the person in need. Most of us tend to live out of sight of suffering people even in large cities where there is so much of it.

Many times, we pride ourselves in living in a selected part of town—a restricted residential district. Thus we move among "nice" people, belonging to pleasant churches and never feel the pang of misery so widespread among us. It is difficult to put ourselves in the place of the man who must constantly live in the squalor of poverty.

Modern means of communication have made neighbors of all nations of the world. We can no longer isolate ourselves from the things going on about us. No greater task faces the present-day generation than to discover what it means to be a good neighbor on an international basis.

You have read this parable spoken by Jesus. Suppose the Good Samaritan had arrived on the scene when the robbers were attacking the traveler. What should he have done? Suppose efforts were being made to rid the road of robbers, what part should he have taken? Can love stop with relief, or must it go on to prevention?

The great religious scholar, Dr. James I. Vance, once said: "A religion that says, Lord Lord, with holy accents, but cares nothing for the prisoner in jail, for the child in the factory, for the prostitute and the drunkard, for the underpaid and the underfed and the underclothed, has long since been branded as a base counterfeit. The Christian who not only passes by on the other side, but who fails to lend himself to efforts to rid the world of such infamies and injustices has not begun to follow the footsteps of his Master."

Who then is my neighbor? Answer this question for yourself.

Time To Curb Rape Upsurge

The rampant upsurge of rape in particular sections of this country has become a matter of deep concern to the public, and more especially, to mothers of young girls.

The most recent incident involving a 36-year-old white man and an 11-year-old colored girl serves notice to young women who are in the habit of frequenting the streets at night and opening their doors to strangers.

It is time that these young women begin to seriously safeguard themselves against vicious attacks by sex maniacs.

Of course, any citizens, man and woman alike, has the right to use the streets legitimately at any time and with the protection of the law.

As for protection by the law, colored women are well aware of the complications and ambiguities which are brought to bear on this matter.

Up to recently the illusion prevailed that white women were the ones who needed the most protection against indecent assault by colored men. The most recent rape incidents have, however, presented a problem which demands of the law equal protection for all concerned. How effective law enforcement and

protection will become on an equal basis is still dubious.

In the circumstances, therefore, colored women and parents of young girls may take stock of the problem and do much to help curb this vicious criminal outbreak.

They may do well to keep off the streets at night as much as possible. They should refrain from making provocative display of themselves in public places. They should seek strong and reliable escorts in the event they have to be out at night.

Colored women can prevent opinions of immorality held against them by members of the white community whose men have forced women of color to subjugate themselves to all kinds of base practices.

The only way to prevent trouble is keep out of the way. And colored women can exercise more caution against being preyed upon by lustful men.

These women should remember that the scale of justice has not yet been balanced and they stand the chance of losing their cases in court as well as their pride and dignity in the community.

United Giving - Another Side

In the April 26 issue of the *News and Observer*, there appeared an article calling attention to the many hands in the local citizen's pocket.

"Outstretched palms, seeking donations for worthy causes, are becoming a frightening phenomena on the American scene, according to many national and local observers.

In Raleigh, citizens are cajoled into giving to about 20 different national causes a year—including the United Fund, set up so they would only have to give once."

To begin with, we are not opposed to united giving for worthy causes; in fact, we welcome the opportunity. Those of us who are proponents of the United Fund "way of giving" must adapt our thinking as to see the other person's, or agency's point of view.

Regardless of an agency's reasons for refusing to join the United Fund, we must remember that in America we must guard the principle of "freedom of choice." And it may be a good thing for us all, that many organizations approach us independently to do our Christian duty.

There is a growing tendency in this country to organize our various ways of life into big business with a president, board of directors, paid executive secretaries and business managers, and so on. What should become personal and individualized stewardship dwindles into insignificance under the wings of a United Fund Good Samaritan.

For a man to consider his humanitarian duty performed when he gives only once a year is to dwarf the imagination for helping human misery and suffering about us. Good Christian stewardship can be evaluated in terms of one's annoyance at the many requests to aid individuals in need.

Of course, some may say that it is frustrating to be called upon to give to so many causes each year. But we must remember that everyday we may be called upon to relieve suffering in a financial way. The constant pain of giving may be the Almighty's way of making us good stewards.

Is giving once enough?

Will The Church Find A Way?

Recently, at the 175th annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese in Philadelphia, a sharp attack was made on racial segregation not only in churches but in church-related institutions. The convention called for immediate steps to end such restrictions.

Of particular interest in this connection was a report presented to the recent 41st annual meeting in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of the National Lutheran Council which noted that since 1950 nearly 500 students from ten non-white cultures and races have studied at Lutheran colleges and seminaries.

In a survey made public in April, 80 of the 167 Lutheran churches in Greater New York

City reported that their congregations are interracial. Fifty other churches said they were willing to be integrated but are not now because of their homogeneous neighborhoods.

This year a series of human relations workshops to study ways of establishing an interracial parish ministry is being held in eight of the 32 synods of the United Lutheran Church in America. The first was held in April at Springfield, Ohio.

The efforts on the part of these two churches to lift racial barriers within the church are indeed worthy. Many other churches become courageous in this respect. It is the will of God.

That Plastic Bag Again

If we judge the state of affairs by the number of articles appearing in the newspaper regarding the plastic bag, pretty soon it will go out of existence. Already in a previous editorial, we stated our views on the matter; yet we cannot miss this opportunity to make further comment on the question.

There is a discussion as to whether to ban the use of plastic bags or not, because they have caused death.

The ban has never been put on refrigerators, lawn mowers, guns, knives, detergents and cleaning fluids which have caused perhaps more deaths than plastic bags. Why ban one of these dangerous items and not the others?

Banning the use of any of these items is not the answer to the problem. Plastic bags, for ex-

ample, are very useful, not only to laundries, factories, and grocery stores but to the housewife as well. To keep vegetables fresh, to package frozen foods, to protect out-of-season clothes from moths, dust and fading, the plastic bag has been very useful. And we have mentioned only a few of the beneficial uses to the American family.

The public should be further educated, as it is now in some respects, through daily newspapers, television broadcasts, the radio and by word of mouth as to the dangers of plastic bags.

The companies making these bags should stamp a label on them as "unsafe to use with children in any respect." In this way, the public can be taught to use them with safety.

Embarrassed By The Stalling On Civil Rights Legislation



SENTENCE SERMONS

BY REV. FRANK CLARENCE LOWERY For ANP

WIND AND WATER

1. Here are two of Nature's indispensable supplies . . . the Wind that touches the vaulted skies . . . the Water that quenches man's craving thirst and cools and refreshes his physical frame when all other things grow waste.

2. Yes, these marvelous bits of Heavenly charm were placed here to help man, and not to harm . . . but man, when resorting to his own blighted-minded thinking substitutes this pure elixir of life for intoxicating drink.

3. Other characters, like the woman at Jacob's well, need almost to be overtaken by a peculiar Spell, before realizing the invaluable worth of Water, especially to a weary sojourner.

4. Water, to this dear woman was nothing new . . . hear her ignorantly argue with Jesus, "art thou greater than our father Jacob who gave us the well and drunk thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?"

5. This is the stupidity, moral and spiritual ignorance Jesus had to deal with in His day; but now, two thousand years later, let us see what we have

to say; here he is as an insane man trying to strike at the Moon, while right before his eyes here on earth are blighted areas, poverty, strife, prejudice, ignorance and hate still inflicting a tormenting wound.

6. No wonder this dear woman after her conversion by Jesus, the dispenser of the eternal and only Living Water, ran up town frantically to tell every sin-sick brother, for He revealed to her sins, as could no other.

7. This is what makes it so terrible for our war-torn world today . . . Christ, with His Living Water is trying to come into our hearts to stay, but Satan with his song-and-dance seems to have the majority of men under a deep spell as if in a trance.

8. This started a way back in Nicodemus' time and has followed down in an unbroken line . . . just think, a man like Nicodemus, a peer among men, erudite and profound, was absolutely lost when Jesus spoke about Wind and Sound—then when the Master told him "thou must be born again," this truly was the beginning of the end.

9. Indeed, this is very true even in this very day, old Satan keeping men busily engaged with things of less importance like stubble and hay . . . yea, men of means and large affairs swerving about on swivel chairs . . . but Satan keeping them in ignorance regarding their privileges as Heavenly Heirs.

10. Elements like Water, Wind and Rain, to the average man are just a common and usual thing, until something quickly upsets our regular routine, and then we begin to sense what all of these gifts of God mean . . . and while Nicodemus like all men could not see, but feel the wind, Christ by the same token came that men might have life, and be happy without and within.

11. The human and Divine nature of Christ will always be a mystery to man, for though His face is unseen, He holds the whole world in His Hands.

12. The Winds and the Waves obey His will . . . He rules Earth and Heaven with a matchless skill . . . just be sure you are within the hollow of His Hand, then it matters not what happens in the land.

JUSTICE IN SOUTH UPHELD

Conviction of four white youths for rape of a Negro coded in Tallahassee is more than a vindication of justice in Florida. It sets a standard for the entire South and goes far towards answering the charge that even application of the law cannot be attained in some areas of the South.

The comment of Gov. Leroy Collins of Florida was straight to the point: "The crime was reprehensible to all decent citizens. The trial was prompt and, from all reports I have received, fair."

There is reason to believe that the governor has judged public opinion well. For though there is no general accord on the recommendation for mercy which would seem to eliminate the death penalty, there is wide approval of the conviction. It is as though the reputation of the state, having been put in danger, has been forthrightly upheld.

There is a good deal of truth in the view of one Florida citizen that there would not have been an arrest twenty years ago in such a case. But on this occasion the law went into speedy operation without fear or favor when Deputy Sheriff W. W. Slappey, answering a call for help, rushed to the scene in time to handcuff two of the offenders. The others were soon arrested, to confess, and the road to a quick trial was not blocked.

It is gratifying to hear from the jury foreman that the race question was never discussed behind the closed doors, for that means that the panel of jurors with Florida and Georgia backgrounds was thinking strictly in terms of evidence.

Already held in prison, the offenders will hear their sentence soon and it can be accepted that they will be appropriately punished. That will be a milestone of progress away from a double standard of justice which has prevailed too long.

—Nashville Tennessee

SOUTHERN JUSTICE IS LIFTED HIGHER

Florida justice has set an example for other southern states in the sentencing of four white youths for the rape of a Negro college student.

For Judge W. May Walker's strict adherence to the law does indeed mark a long step towards abolishing the double standard that has prevailed too long.

The offenders in this case, though convicted with a recommendation for mercy, could have been given light prison terms or let off on probation. But the judge's rule had been to impose the death penalty or life imprisonment in all cases, and saw no reason to depart from it. The youths were lucky to have escaped the electric chair, as he reminded.

At the same time, in another part of Florida, a Negro was sentenced to life imprisonment for rape after pleading guilty.

Thus the principle of equal justice has been respected, and the result should go far towards building greater strength for legal processes among all elements of the people.

—Nashville Tennessee

A PSYCHIATRIST FOR FAUBUS

Gov. Orval Faubus of Arkansas seems to be more in need of psychiatric care than Gov. Earl Long of Louisiana.

In his speech to members of the Mississippi Bar Association assembled at Biloxi last week, the hillbilly statesman (2) made a major break-through of the soundness barrier when he declared that "if that cause (continued school segregation and states' rights) is lost, then we are all lost, and it would be a good thing if Russians do destroy us with atom and hydrogen power rather than that we become a nation of criminals and indecent people."

Analysing these remarks, we see clear evidence of dangerous irrationality which has tens of thousands of Americans confined to mental institutions.

Thus, obedience to the law is held to be national disaster and makes this "a nation of criminals and indecent people."

Even though Governor Faubus is an alumnus of Red Commonwealth College, formerly located at Mena, Ark., and presumably an admirer of Soviet civilization, it will be noted that he wants the Russians to destroy us rather than conquer us (as an alternative to integration), because he probably feels that as conquerors they might favor inter-racial, also.

—Pittsburgh Courier

IN THIS OUR DAY

BY DR. C. A. CHICK, SR.

"OF THREE I SING"

We are approaching our National Birthday—the Fourth of July. By and large, it is for the American people a day of joyful and gay celebration. It will be observed in many different manners by many different people according to their tastes and values. This strong advocate of taking all the fun and frivolities out of life. In their proper places and proper prospectives they serve a definite and needed purpose in life.

However, in celebrating our National Birthday, we should pause in our actions and thinking to again re-think the philosophy that gave birth and early nurture to this great country of ours. "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

The one outstanding characteristic of those who founded and nurtured this country of political and economic freedom was that they were devoutly and deeply religious. And, even though they had placed in our Constitution the first amendment, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," the same cannot justly and wisely be implied that they were not religious. Nor did

JUST FOR FUN

BY MARCUS H. BOULWARE

Hearing Aid Fitting

Yesterday afternoon, I watched a technician fit a veteran with a hearing aid using the double-room technique by means of about \$15,000 worth of electronic equipment. The Bill Wilkerson Hearing and Speech Center has four such rooms for hearing aid fitting.

One has to have a knowledge of deafness, science of acoustics, physics of sound, some mathematics for working with formulae, and good common sense. I watched the technician spin the various dials, channeling sound to the two ears of the patient through two or three circuits. She gave speech tests with and without the trial hearing aid, then presented the patient with a trial aid to learn to wear.

Finally, the disabled veteran was given instructions in how to use the hearing aid, extra batteries, extra cords. He signed a number of blanks and forms, the requirement of VA redtape. And finally, he was on his way.

I could not help but soar away into a dream world. If we but only had such a center to serve the Negro race that scarcely get the opportunities to use these services on a local basis, amazing would be the Good Samaritan activities to people with cerebral palsied speech, cleft palate speech, stuttering disorders and so on. I envision such an idea, but do not have funds to carry it out and put it into operation.

THAT GRAMMAR
Mr. Cornyard: "Why do you have misspelled words and bad grammar on the signs in the window?"

The Grocer: "So people will think I'm a fool and come in expecting to get the best of me. Business is the best I've had in years."

"Being an English Grocer, I can't let the Mr. Grocer get away with this. I insist that he use correct spelling."

WHAT KIND OF PIE?

I am deeply disturbed about the fate of the plain, spread-out, stacked-up pie. Those of you who like "good" cakes should be concerned about this blue-chip eatment which is fast disappearing from the American scene.

One lady suggested that we organize a Save-the-Horse-and-Bugy Days Type of Pie Society. If we can get such a club organized, we will expect her and people like her to serve as officers in the upper echelon.

Old fashioned stacked-up pies must be saved at all cost. What can be more delightful to the taste than the old sweet potato cobbler, or the apple and peach cobbler? (Cornyard can hardly bear to hear me talk about this rare delicacy.)

Shucks, too many housewives are running to commercial bakeries. I don't care what they do in those bakeries, they can never concoct a cobbler that grandmother could make.

One can hardly imagine a force of more extended powers of stabilization for a world gone wild in so many latitudes than the storied pie laid upon a foundation of generous proportions, say 12 inches wide and 26 inches long, whether of apple, blackberry, peach, or sweet potato.

Our modern cooks are concerned more with the looks of the cup than the strength of the coffee, and more with the looks of the tablecloth than the side meat of the steaks.

It was the day when women commenced to feel that a pie longer than one foot and higher than two stories bordered on the vulgar, or something inelegant and uncouth. This has led to the smaller pie and a gradual lowering and withdrawing in broad areas of the land.

The cook who can organize and launch forays calculated to bring people once again to commune with their summation is the light of the world. And may this light shine.

Gordon B. Hancock's BETWEEN the LINES

NEGRO PHILANTHROPY APPEARS

ist college now Morehouse, Atlanta; Roger Williams university, Nashville; Selma university, Selma, Ala.; Jackson college, Jackson, Miss.; Leland university, New Orleans and Bishop college, Marshall, Tex.

To say the least, it was an ambitious Christian undertaking, but it had paid moral dividends which began enumeration and description. What the Northern Baptists did was paralleled by the Congregationalists and Methodists. The founding of these schools and the manning of the same by white Christians with the missionary zeal is easily the finest manifestation of Christianity this nation has ever known.

It is all the more fitting that we should take serious note of the current inclination of wealthy Negroes to feel the fires of philanthropy, burning in the soul of the Negro race. It is just one more illustration of the Negro's worth as a citizen of this country.

Down at Benedict college, my first alma mater, there has just been completed a fine building named for one of her sons—a physician who left a sizeable fortune to the school. There is in process of erection, at Virginia Union, a fine building to be named for a grateful alumna who has made a substantial gift with the added assurance that the residue of her sizeable estate will be left to the university.

There are no doubt other fine philanthropic gestures being made by Negroes here and there about the country. These gestures are a fine finger, marking out the way along which the Negro's heart is traveling. These are fertile suggestions for other Negroes who have accumulated sizeable fortunes. It is encouraging to see Negroes inclining to do today what these great Christian Yankees did yesterday.

When I was a boy studying at Benedict college, I was domiciled in a room which had over its door this inscription: "This room was furnished by the First Baptist church of Kirksville, New York." I would often lie in bed on cold mornings, preferring to stay abed to going for breakfast—consisting too often of light bread and tea one morning and tea and light bread the next. But my eyes often rested on the inscription and I imagined that the First Baptist church of Kirksville was in a great city and that the church itself was a large, steeped cathedral on one of the main streets. I imagined that its members were wealthy and lived in mansions.

When I was, in after years, a student in Colgate university, I received an invitation to come to the First Baptist church of Kirksville and speak. They had heard that a Negro from one of the schools they had helped to maintain was studying at Colgate and wanted to see one of the recipients of their philanthropy.

My host met me at a flag station and took me to his crude rural home for the night. I just knew that Sunday morning we would drive into Kirksville city. Instead he took me to the intersection of two rural highways where a little frame post office stood in one corner and a little frame church in the other. That amounted to Kirksville, N. Y. and its First Baptist church.