

EDITORIALS

WARREN COUNTY'S SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION

The administrators of the public school system of Warren County a few years ago won themselves a great deal of attention when several Negro principals and teachers in the county were fired, apparently because of their activities in organizations seeking to get Negroes registered and qualified to vote. Again the superintendent of schools and the board of education of Warren County are in the headlines. J. E. Allen, the superintendent, is accused of some shady manipulation of county school funds, involving the disappearance of \$10,000 drawn for teacher pay in certain certain Negro schools. According to the evidence so far covered by investigators no teachers got the \$10,000; indeed it appears that the persons for whom the checks were drawn were not employed as teachers. It is said that one one-teacher school on the payroll was not even operating.

The Negro principals who lost their position a few years ago were dealt with pretty summarily, though the general impression among Negroes was that their chief offense amounted to the instruction of the community in American citizenship principles and practices. On the other hand the Warren County Board of Education has announced that Superintendent Allen is still the superintendent. Mr. Allen is ill, so no one has been able to find out anything from him for publication. Meanwhile the law enforcement authorities seem to be moving with infinite deliberateness and caution and remarkable respect for the sensibilities of Mr. Allen, who does not feel well enough to answer the charges and bear his name or vice versa. The latest reports are that parents (white parents, too) are complaining because the school plants are not ready for the opening, largely because Mr. Allen has been too ill to do his work recently, and no one has ever been named in his place, even temporarily. At least one member of the Board has let it be known that Mr. Allen is still the superintendent, regardless.

Warren County's school administration looked pretty bad a few years ago. It looks a whole lot worse today. Possibly some healthy changes are in the making.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

Wake County is in good financial shape, as nearly as we with our very limited knowledge of high finance can make out. It was in the newspapers that the auditor has reported a balance of \$169,821.54 in the county's general fund, and one of \$53,667.57 in the fee and commission fund. We don't know what the latter is, but it sounds as though the county were at least \$50,000 ahead there, making a total of more than \$220,000 of unexpended funds.

From other sources we have heard that the state and county allowances for families certified for relief in North Carolina are pitifully low. We have heard that there are certain welfare funds supplied by the state, and supplemented by federal aid, which are distributed through the county. These funds in some cases may be added to by counties which can afford to do so, so as to increase the amount of benefits received by indigent children, and maybe other needed cases.

North Carolina boasts a whopping surplus, and now Wake County seems to be saving money also. Meanwhile North Carolina ranks among the last 8 states in the amount she puts up to match most of the Federal Aid funds granted to states

for certain needy elements in the population, including the aged. We wonder how Wake ranks among the counties of the United States and of the state. We should like to know, so that we can decide whether as citizens of the county we should be proud or ashamed of the money Wake County is saving.

We decided long ago that the less we boasted about the State government's fat and growing surplus, what with the high sales tax and the low social welfare expenditure rating of North Carolina, the better. Now how about the county? Is it the same story?

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—

According to a press dispatch a teenager who threw eggs at a Progressive Party rally in Birmingham was about to be taken into custody by a policeman, until he assured the officer that he didn't know egg-and-tomato throwing was against the law. Whereupon, considering the poor lad's ignorance, the kind cop released him, presumably with the admonition that he go in peace and sin no more, now that he had been enlightened.

THE LEAVEN

Out of the discussion aroused by the civil rights issue there emerges now and then a distinctly encouraging note, showing that the South, in spite of its peculiar sensitiveness to what it calls "outside interference" of persons from other sections, variously characterized as fanatics, reformers, "holier-than-thou" critics, vote-seeking politicians and other things not even so polite, is also thinking.

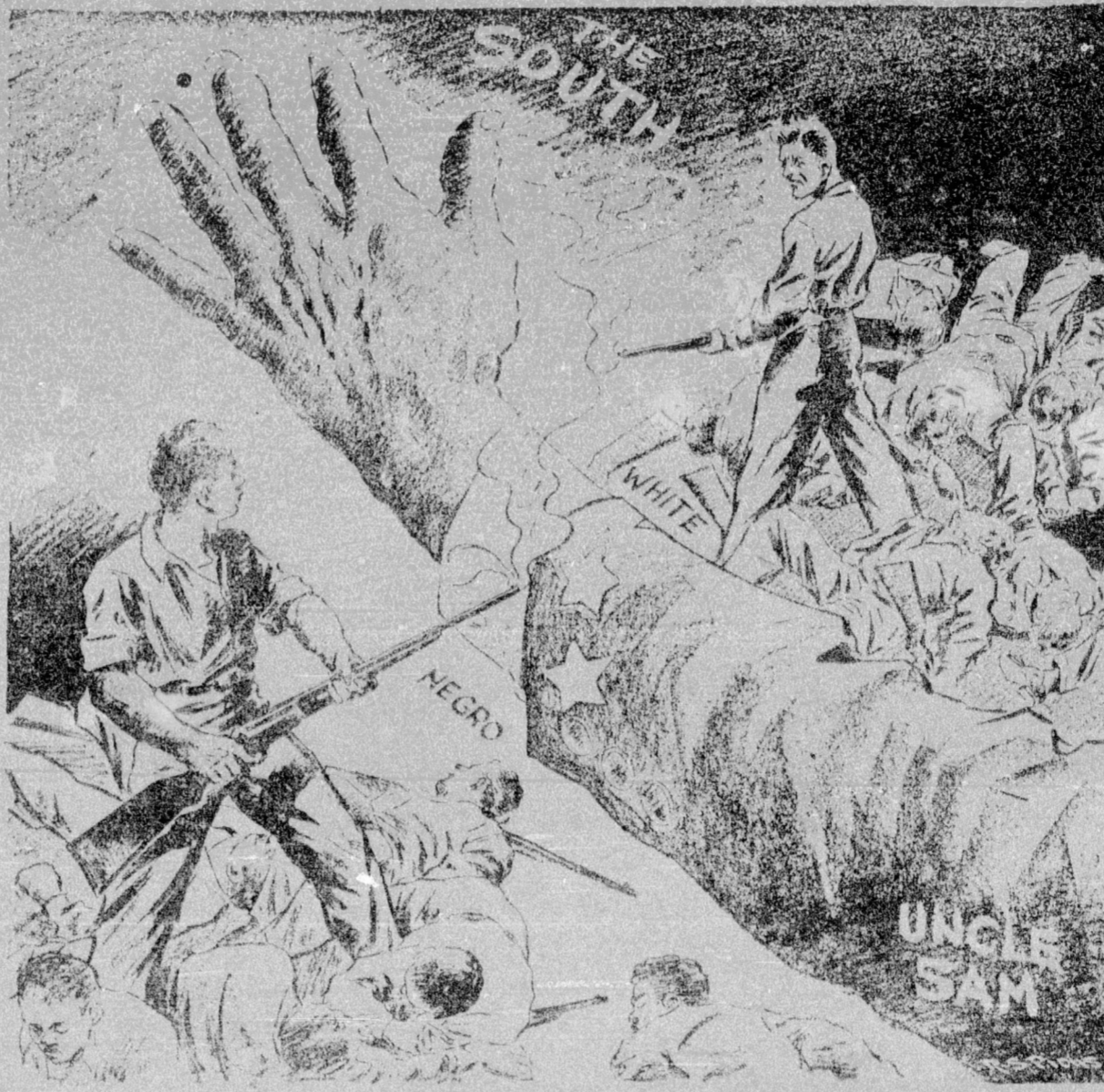
One such note was sounded by the Franklin (N. C.) Press, as quoted in the Raleigh News and Observer of some weeks ago. Franklin is a small town in the western part of the state, and that the editor of a small town newspaper rather than of a metropolitan daily is responsible for the voicing of such sentiments as are quoted below is of great importance. It shows that straight and liberal thinking on one of the most vital state, sectional and national issues is really widely diffused — a fact that is distinctly encouraging.

After taking the customary crack at outside interference the Franklin Press said:

"The time has come when the South must apply to the Negro two fundamental truths. (1) Every individual is entitled to the opportunity for the development of such talents as he possesses. (2) Discrimination is wrong, constitutionally and morally."

"The South insists that the Negro is not ready to be given the ballot, en masse and overnight. As a practical proposition there is plenty of evidence to support that argument. But there are many whites who aren't fit for the ballot, either. And if the South really wants to do something about this situation, it can set up voting standards far more intelligent than the poll tax, and then apply those standards with equal justice to members of both races. For after all, nobody objects to an intelligent Negro's voting. (He means nobody should object. Our revision.) Again, incidentally, a set of standards designed to determine the citizen's actual qualification for the ballot would result in vastly better government—in the the South and elsewhere."

In all the hullabaloo about civil rights and states's rights, involving impugning of motives and bitter recriminations, it is very refreshing to find those of the South who are facing the facts in a dispassionate and analytical frame of mind. A number of newspaper editors throughout the South are doing so, men like Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution and others in smaller places. And though they almost invariably have some reservations, especially as to the desirability of segregation and the undesirability of anyone outside of Dixie having any ideas about the Negro in the United States, they are nonetheless moving in the right direction and taking more and more of the people with them.



In Unity There Will Be The Strength



Second Thoughts

By C. D. HALLIBURTON

The brief republic the State of Georgia and the United States enjoyed from Talmadgeism has come to an end, as Herman has been duly and regularly elected to the governorship. It is well to remember in assessing what has happened in Georgia, that Thompson was never elected to the governorship by the vote of the people of Georgia, but the late Eugene Talmadge was the last candidate to be chosen to the office by the regular election machinery that only his death made possible the new method of election from the rest of the state.

The election of Herman Talmadge is being widely attributed to the effect, but highly effective aid given by Truman and the National Democratic Party. Their civil-rights-for-Negroes program and stand furnished immediate ammunition for Herman to use in his campaign in the small towns and back country districts which predominate in the Georgia scene, and which have more than their proportionate weight in Georgia elections because of the county unit system. (It should not be lost sight of, however, that Herman Talmadge was a clear state-wide popular majority over his opponent.) But it should not be forgotten that Herman's father was elected to the governorship well over a year ago, before the civil rights-state rights issue was projected in the form it now takes. The situation in Georgia which allowed the election of Sam Talmadge is not a new one. It is just more news because of the Government's and the national Democratic Party which have taken place within the past six to nine months.

What does the election of Talmadge mean to the Negro in Georgia? In the cities there will be little change in his status on the whole, but the move toward citizenship and equality in civil rights has been slowed down generally. The Klan now feels, and justly so, that it has a powerful friend in the capital. In out-of-the-way places, what may be coming is forecast by the murder of a Negro who voted after being warned by the sheriff not to do so. Unofficial backing with best official backing has undoubtedly been strengthened.

According to Time magazine, some indication of what may be expected is revealed in a statement made by the governor-elect himself.

"The most significant thing about my victory is that it demonstrates to the people of the world that Georgia does not favor or will rights. . . . There undervotedly, Mr. Talmadge has probably spoken the truth. He did not say that it is the civil rights measures of President Truman and the Democratic Convention that the majority of voting Georgians disapprove. He said 'civil rights' which means civil rights for Negroes, period. It is the time-honored concept of the white supremacists in Georgia and the remnants everywhere that Negroes have no inherent rights, that what they do enjoy is by difference only."

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POET'S CORNER

SONG OF THE CITY
Chimneys smoking,
Sirens blaring,
Puffed faces,
Black eyes staring,
Dust and smog,
That hide the sun,
Screaming whistles,
When day is done,
Noise and tumult,
Sirens and confusion,
Sounding hopes,
Sad disillusion,
Love and hate,
Sorrow and pity,
Birth and death,
The teeming city.

THE STORM
By E. Hel Young
In torrents, rain beats on my
slack
Within as well as out,
And this it will continue through
The night, I have no doubt
I've gotten to some kindling wood,
Floored buckets under leaks,
Lowered the windows and shut the
doors,
I watch the lightning streaks,
So sharp, precise, and to the
point,
It splits the heavens wide,
Oh God, I thank Thee for this
shack
In which I may abide.



BETWEEN THE LINES

BY DEAN B. HANCOCK FOR ANP

DIXIE BARKS DANGEROUSLY

There can be little doubt that one of the danger spots of the 20th century world is in Dixie. Truman's civil rights stand has given a certain element of the south their long desired excuse for showing how determined they are to keep the Negro permanently subjugated. The civil rights issue has not created any new feelings and attitudes; it has given those already extant a chance to throw off the veneer of democracy and Christianity that for several years has enmasked them.

However distressing may be the events transpiring in the deeper south, it is far better to have these ugly sentiments in the open than to have them whitewashed or glossed over. If the south is threatening to revert to certain types of barbarism then it is well for the nation and the world to know it.

However, it is seriously to be doubted that even the reactionary south is willing to revert to programs and practices which have made of our vaunted democracy a by-word and mockery in the eyes of the more civilized peoples of the earth. It remains to be seen how long our nation can afford to let certain elements of the south stigmatize us in the mind of the world. It should be remembered, and the sooner the better, that what is threatening defenseless Negroes, but rather the defamation of our goodly land before the judgment seat of history.

Contrary to the common belief, the greatest losers from the resurgence of reactionism in the south is the nation rather than the Negro. If the south's bite is going to be as bad as its bark we are in for some unhappy developments. But it is seriously to be doubted whether the more decent elements of the nation can afford to let the south run its proposed course of Negro-hating and Negro-baiting as in the doleful days of reconstruction.

However, it is our studied belief that when the final chapter of this anti-Negro resurgence is written, it will be found that the south's bark was worse than its bite. Not that there is not an element willing to carry through to the bitter bloody end, but that decency in the south and nation will also reassert itself in behalf of Christianity and democracy.

Although we may gainay Christianity and its teachings as many do under stress of passion and the pressures of life, only the practice of Christianity and the spirit thereof offers hope in this critical hour. The hope for an eventual righting of the ship of state in the south depends in large measure upon the vitality of Christianity in the lives of the people. The forces of materialism offer little or nothing to the solution of our present problems. When we propose to detach the current issues from the Christian concept, we are exposing minority groups to great tribulation. The hope that the south's bark is worse than its bite is the hope that there are enough Christians in the south to redeem the situation, for at present it stands in the need of a great redemption.

It is our studied belief that the sweep of Talmadge and Long into the office upon a strong tide of demagoguery may not be as bad as it seems. Young Talmadge is not going to eclipse the late Huey Long. It would not surprise this writer in the least if some of these reactionary political victors do show a surprising consideration for the rights and responsibilities of Negroes and other minority groups.

The south can not be but so bad, after all! The Negroes here have made too great progress to write off in toto the possibility of great future gains for Negroes. As long as the church doors and school doors remain open, I am disinclined to despair. The same thing that has worked hitherto for the Negro's advance is still working. Those same silent forces through which the Negroes have wrought miracles are still at work.

We must not be discouraged by the turn of political events in the south. It is greatly to be hoped and even believed that the south's political bark is worse than its bite.

THEN IT HAPPENED

ALLAH, ALLAH BE PRAISED

Big Tom would hit a chick before you could say Jack Robinson. Next to hanging around the Red Moon, Tom liked banging chicks best. The iron duke was the only law woman respected, he used to say. Hardly a week passed that news did not circulate down Chicago's South Parkway and the tributaries—that Tom had rearranged some chick's dental department.

Tom fell into a jumping party on E. 35th Street one A. M. After saying "Hi, ace," to some of his fellow craftsmen, he saw this new girl. She was from Anderson, Ind., and her name was Bea. She was a bit on the stout side but that was all right with Tom.

Bea and Tom hit it off like turtle doves. For two whole weeks, they were made for each other. But this smoothness was endangering Tom's rep. So, without reason—and without further ado—he threw a hard, straight right at Bea. The fact that he was in front of Dick Jones' place of business at 47th and South Parkway made no difference. He threw the punch.

Bea slid under Tom's right and stuck two fingers in his eyes. He squinted and blinked. This was something new. He struck back awkwardly, trying to see Bea was out of range. This was most embarrassing to Tom. Had to get himself together.

Tom started another right and Bea pronged his eyes again and was out of range as the hard right flew into space. It flew back quickly to cover his stinging eyes. This was getting awful. Had to think of something. Beside, she was fighting dirty.

Suddenly he grabbed for Bea. She pulled away, shifted and planted a crushing left on Tom's jaw which snapped his head around. Tom grabbed again. This time she spun him around like a professional and reeked him with another left. Boy, this chick could hit! He shook his head to clear his senses.

Again a right was started and again Bea pulled the same trick on Tom. He stood holding his eyes with both his hands. Bea shuffled in and threw her neat 185 pounds into a murderous, driving right into the lover's belly. The force of the blow buried her arm to the elbow. She lifted and repeated with her left. Tom bent double. Bea moved in to cut him down.

With terrific left hooks to the jaw, Bea dropped Tom to his knees. She ended her onslaught by taking one of her shoes, with the long spiked heel, and beating the beads of his head.

The next day, Tom appeared at the Red Moon with his head wrapped in white bandages. He was wearing dark glasses. The boys left their favorite stools, knelt on the floor before him and said, "Allah, Allah be praised."

AMERICA

By JOHN HENRIK CLARNE For ANP

I love this arrogant young nation,
Who parades her glory
Like a saucy maiden in a new dress,
I am warmed by its brightness
And strengthened by its zest.
In spite of its short-comings
And its over-rated might,
I will not yield one inch of it
Without a fight.

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