EDITORIALS

EXECUTIVE ACTION

The news report that Louis Johnson, secretary of defense, is taking concrete and positive steps to enforce President Truman's order banning racial discrimination in the Armed Forces is an encouraging one. It remains to be seen how successful his efforts in this direction will be.

As commander-in-chief of the Armed Forces the president of the United States has broad powers in shaping the policies of the nation's military establishment, and the secretary of defense is next in authority. Mr. Truman has shown that he is not waiting on the Congress to enact civil rights; he has made several moves of his own as chief executive and head administrator of the U. S. Government to enforce the rights of Negro citizens in areas where he already enjoys the authority to act. In doing so President Truman is proving his sincerity in respect to his civil rights program in the most logical and effective manner open to him.

It is evident that some progress has already been made by the various arms of the fighting forces in ameliorating conditions. The 332nd fighter group is scheduled to be dissolved with its personnel to be distributed among other units of the Air Force, according to Secretary Symington, a Negro is due to be graduated from the Naval Academy in Annapolis this year. A more satisfactory method of assigning Negro recruits for training has been adopted. But much more remains to be done. It seems that the President and his top assistants mean to get on with the job.

FANTASTIC

The fantastic scheme of Soviet Russia to establish a Communist Negro nation in the South at some indefinite time in the future, as alleged in the testimony of an American Negro in court, deserved front page space only because it served to show how the Russian Communists think. As a forecast of what might happen its value was nil.

Only an infinitesmal minority of American Negroes see in Communism anything but a snare and a delusion. They pin their faith in Democracy, and they have seen no evidence of any connection between Democracy ad Sovietism. They are more than willing to stake their future on the Constitution of the United States, its letter and its spirit, and what they want is not some new ideology, but a fuller application of the American ideals. Nobody is more American than the American Negro. He is as much an American as he is permitted to be, and all he wants is the privilege of being more so.

PROGRESSIVE NORTH CAROLINA

Among the several things to which the North Carolina 1949 General Assembly cannot point with pride, outstanding is its doing to death in its last few days of a bill to establish a minimum wage of 40 cents for women workers.

There was opposition to the bill from the first, and several industries which hire large numbers of women at low wages had wangled exemptions from the application of the bill in their particular cases. The failure of the legislature was no more sorry a spectacle than the lobbying of those industries which put up the plea that however justified the minimum wage of 40 cents an hour might be in general there were good and sufficient reasons why it should not apply in their cases.

When the legislature finished amending the bill to accommodate all the special pleaders who succeeded in getting exemptions, the bill covered such a few workers that it made little difference whether it was passed or not.

The lobbyists had their way. There were few to speak for the underpaid women workers. They were on their jobs, trying to make enough at less than 40 cents an hour to live another week, and they were not organized, nor were they sufficiently well-heeled to hire influential personages to lobby in their interest. Those who make less than 40 cents an hour don't have much chance of presenting their case. "To him that hath—" the Bible says.

North Carolina should be thoroughly ashamed of itself that in 1949 it does not have a minimum wage law, even for women workers. The next time a Tarheel feels the urge to boast about its progressiveness, he ought to recall the fact that there is no state minimum wage, not even a forty-cent one, not even for women. When North Carolina appraises itself in relation to other states, before it makes claim to leadership it should reflect on this fact, among others: That its legislature did not pass a bill to provide a forty cent minimum wage law for women, not even after the bill had been shot full of holes with amendments.

ALL THE WAY UP

There would have been nothing remarkable in the fact that Dr. Harold L. Trigg was appointed to the board of Education of the State of North Carolina had he been white. With his long and broad experience in education, public as well as private, there is no question that he is eminently qualified to serve acceptably in the position.

Governor Kerr Scott deserves all credit for his wisdom, and for his courage and fairness in making the appointment, the first of its kind ever to be made by a North Carolina governor, and very probably the only one at least in the recent history of the South.

But North Carolina itself also is due recognition in this instance. For as significant as the nature of Governor Scott's official act was the manner in which the people of North Carolina accepted it. The General Assembly confirmed the apointment immediately, and whatever opposition might have been offered was quickly shut off, the man whom Dr. Trigg succeeded on the Board promptly moving to bring this about.

Public reaction to the history making move of Governor Scott has been uniformly good, insofar as the CAROLINIAN has been able to discover. All of which speaks well for North Carolina.

Nonetheless the appointment is both a personal tribute to Dr. Trigg and a due recognition o the intelligent concern of Negro citizens of North Carolina, not only with Negro education but with North Carolina education. In the far distant future men like Dr. Trigg will be selected for such positions solely on their qualifications, without consideration of racial representation. But until such time, is only proper that the Negro minority under a bi-racial educational organization, should have intelligent and capable representation in that organization all the way up to the top.

STEPHEN WISE

The death of Rabbi Stephen Wise was a great loss to the causes of freedom, brotherhood and tolerance. For many years Rabbi Wise was an outstanding champion of justice and of friendship and brotherhood among groups differing in race, religious faith and national origin. A man of strong convictions, broad sympathies and great energy, he gave unstintedly of his unusual talents toward making the world a better place to live in for all men. He will be missed.

THE CAROLINIAN

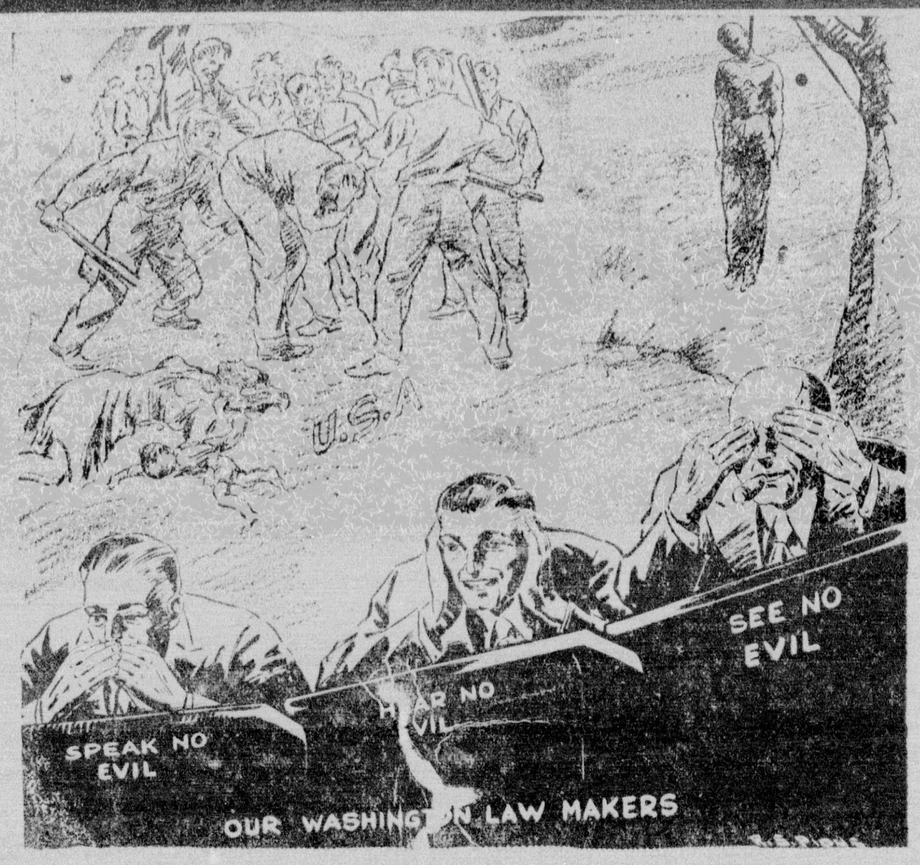
Published by The Carolinian Publishing Co. 118 East Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C.

Entered at the Post Office at Raleigh, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

P. R. JERVAY, Publisher
C. D. HALLIBURTON, Editorials

Subscription Rates
One Year, $3.50; Six Months $2.00

Address all communications and make all checks payable to The Carolinian rather than to individuals. The Carolinian expressly repudiates responsibility for return of unsolicited pictures, manuscript, etc., unless stamps are sent.



ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO CIVIL RIGHTS

Second Thoughts

BY C. D. HALLIBURTON

While there has been widespread concern in North Carolina and all over the nation with what many consider to be the menace of Communism directed from Russia, relatively little attention is being paid the slow but definitely steady spread of that active and hard-driving band of Russian-inspired Ku Kluxers.

It may be that the alien nature of Communism renders it more easily identifiable than American-born Ku Kluxism, which has been with us many years ago, but on the rise again in the South, encouraged by events made in other parts of the country. It may be that our familiarity with the Klan has made an American phenomenon, rendered less formidable by our long habit and tradition than Communism.

But it is possible to believe complacently that the third appearance of the Klan. We may be right in thinking that it will never be received by enlightened people and patriotic citizens as it was 20 odd years ago. But it need only consider itself and its making a strong bid for a return to power was vividly demonstrated in Gastonia, a city in North Carolina, not Georgia, a short while ago.

The alert and courageous editor of a daily newspaper, the Gastonia Gazette, having learned of the reorganization of a Klan branch in his home town, attacked the hooded order, its ideals and its methods, in a series of editorials. The United press quoted the following statements from the editorials of Mr. J. W. Atkins, who, according to the UP, is the publisher as well as editor of the Gazette, and in his 60's:

"There is no place in this country for an organization that has to hide the faces of its members behind a white sheet."

"The Klan's whole program is built on prejudice and hate."

"Gastonia didn't need a chapter of the Ku Klux Klan."

The burgeoning Klan has answered its adversary, Mr. Atkins, by burning a five-foot cross on his front lawn.

The gentleman reacted to this cowardly attempt at intimidation in the way one would expect in view of what that sort of thing has been leading up to. A cheap publicity stunt, Mr. Atkins called it. The cross, he said, was quoted in the United Press dispatch.

By that Mr. Atkins meant, no doubt, that he was not afraid of any personal harm, and he is doubtless right. The Ku Klux Klan is not strong enough yet in Gastonia to attempt any violence against a man of the standing of the editor of the Gazette, and it may well be true that it will never be a personal threat to him. But there is cause for Gastonia and North Carolina and the United States to take cognizance of the incontrovertible fact that not from Moscow but from Atlanta, whose leader was not born in Georgia in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but who lives in Georgia, U. S. A.

The Klan can come back to North Carolina and the United States if we stand by and permit it to do so. There is not as much ignorance and bigotry and prejudice in the United States today as there was 25 years ago, but there is still enough for the Klan to feed on, with its program of racism, perverted and bigoted Protestantism, and rustic jingoism. There are those whose greed will stimulate them to benefit from the readiness of the followers whom Mr. Atkins dubs "$10 suckers." And no one has yet disproved P. T. Barnum's dictum that there is one born every minute.

It is time to be on the alert in North Carolina and throughout the nation. The Klan is ready to try for a comeback.

IN THIS OUR DAY

BY C. A. CHICK, SR.

The second Sunday in May is dedicated to the honor of motherhood. On that day every individual is expected to remember his mother and to demonstrate it with some act of kindness.

Of the many special days we have, other than Christmas and Easter, I can think of no other day that has so much sentiment attached to it; no other day that brings back to one's mind so many pleasant thoughts as Mother's Day. It carries the adult back to those sweet childhood days when he played with the other children in the family home of which mother was the balancing wheel. It carries an adult back to the days when he, as every child does, asked mother so many puzzling questions: "What makes it rain?" "Where is God?" "Where did I come from?" Every adult remembers how patient and sympathetic mother was in her endeavor to answer the many perplexing questions which daily the children put to mother. Moreover, the adult recalls that at once the home was a hospital in which mother was the head nurse and also in charge of physiotherapy. Every bruised finger or toe or knee found its way to mother where only mercurochrome or in many cases, consisted of a kiss on the injured. As other times, one recalls that when the children pulled each others hair, or when there was a dispute over their play things (a question of property rights), mother had to serve as a court and judge. In whatever capacity mother was called upon to serve her children, as a physician, as a teacher or as a judge, her actions were always tempered with love. And even at times, if mother found it necessary to use her hairbrush for something other than to brush her hair, that, too was tempered with love.

A mother's love for her child more nearly exemplifies the love of God for mankind than anything else does. It has been said that God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become indifferent to each other, husbands may desert their wives and wives their husbands. But a mother's love chounts through all in good regale, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother's love continues. She forever remembers the infant smiles that once gladed her heart, with rapture the merry laugh the joyful shout of her childhood, and the opening promise of his youth.

No other human influence affects the total character as much as that of his mother. Said John Quincy Adams: "All that I am my mother made me." And in the words of Lincoln, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Let us hope that our present generation of women will not become so engrossed in "world affairs" or in so-called "careers" of any nature that they neglect the greatest of world affairs or the greatest of careers, namely bearing and rearing children. It is all too true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

SENTENCE SERMONS

BY REV. FRANK CLARENCE LOWRY FOR ANP

Keep this in every man would become a lighting stone if he would cultivate his own garden instead of story short of Godly Elements of theme.

He can make it a one man journey or a God-and-man partnership but he is sure to be late if he makes it alone. He will make an eternal slip.

With the forces of evil ever increasing in number and power, man must ever rely upon God or perish. He adds say to sin in kind service.

The heart of man is deceitful and will lead him astray, but with the Kingdom of God strongly established within, he can guide himself aright always.

Satan does not attack a just man anymore, but he can get by far more in a crooked one.

Man's greatest thing is serving and merry minded man, this is not time he can supply a thousand reasons why he really serve.

Men are not (that) and troubled when they provide God and let their unemployable Satan get them into trouble.

Intoxicating liquor is one of Satan's short cuts and with this, youth and old are come to ferrible ruin.

With just the alone he can level them to the ground and care them to hit deep hell, much less serve him on eternal errand.

Why all the force and evil more than a thousand to one and Satan the explode pulling men down a share to God Eternal Kingdom. The only place in it really sound.

Kingdoms and nations have come and gone. But only those that trust in God will prove the mighty and the strong.

Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord and the people whose people live in love, peace and accord.

N. Y. NCC ALUMNI HEAR SPEECH ON NEGRO CULTURE

Mrs. Anna Bobitt-Gardner, director of the Music Academy in Boston, was the guest of the North Carolina College Alumni Association of Greater New York at a social meeting held in the home of Mrs. Vivian Grace, 2100 Madison Avenue, on Sunday afternoon, April 24.

The group invited Mrs. Gardner to discuss the project of which she is the originator called "Portrayal of the Finer Arts and Span of Progress Exhibits" — a classic presentation of art, handicraft and business showing the achievement and culture of colored Americans.

This project has been sponsored by Mrs. Gardner in commemoration of Negro History Week for the past eight years in Boston. The 8th Annual Portrayal and Exhibits program was held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on February 11, 12, and 13.

Among outstanding Negroes who have appeared as guest speakers at the Portrayals are Mrs. Paul Robeson, Roberta Hopkins, Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, and Brig. Gen. Benjamin C. Davis. Students from the Academy of which Mrs. Gardner is director have also participated through dramatic and musical performances. The Academy, a private school of culture and refinement, offers complete courses in piano, voice, violin, dramatics, and classical dancing and has a faculty of eight teachers.

The President of the Chapter, Mrs. E. Chaplin, expressed the group's appreciation to the Alumni group which said, "We are fortunate to have such a concerted and dynamic personality as Mrs. Gardner to come and present this vivid picture of the non-partisan contribution to the history of her race and society."

Mrs. Gardner is also in charge of "Colored America Night at Pops" held in Symphony Hall in Boston.

It is hoped that the New York Chapter of the North Carolina College Alumni Association might co-sponsor the project in 1950 with Mrs. Gardner by a presentation in New York City, using local resources and talent, possibly during Negro History Week.

C F2U CMFWLU SHRDL cmiwh

BETWEEN THE LINES

BY DEAN B. HANCOCK FOR ANP

THE NEGRO LATE-COMER

If somehow or other we could be found to accept the Negro late-comer of Communism we would have gone a long way towards solving one of the urgent problems of race relations. It is one of the wonders of the modern business and political world, as well, that the late-comer Negroes are accepting and pushing Communism while rejecting the free enterprise system. The late-comer can be successful but himself while none the less and mingling with Negroes for those with whom he deals are late-comers himself but it is when the said Negro late-comers meet on interracial occasions that we can see them in all their glaring tardiness.

This release was inspired by the writer's recent attendance at an interracial conference composed of the best of the Negro students of several colleges and of the most liberal white students of several other colleges. It was a great occasion and affairs were conducted after such manner as to lead even an old timer to believe that interracialism is not dead, even though at times it apparently sleepeth.

The discussions of the meeting were of the highest order and would have heartened even the embittered and unconstructed rebel that we find in Gov. Strom Thurmond and Fielding Wright of Dixiecrat fame. I left the morning session of the youth intercollegiate conference of interracial persuasion feeling that we are gradually gaining ground in our fight against credit raids when two hundred young whites and Negroes from our total southern colleges can sit down and talk things over. Even if they said not a word but just sat there and meditated on the things they wanted to do they would have been gaining ground.

Moreover, those young Negroes and whites were doing the most possible thing that can be done in the premises. They are trying to work out a common salvation within the framework of a segregated economy that imposes irksome hard cons on their lofty aspirations. But as long as they keep trying there is abundant hope even though their gains must be gradual unless the white South antigradualist can devise ways and means to make the stubborn and bellicose Dixiecratic yield overnight. However, diplomatic gradualism may be or however repugnant may be the processes and concomitants it will seemingly be found to "sell the cat" we must take what we can get and make what we want out of it.

The case is far from bad when, after all the years are stumbling blocks from the politics and practices of the Dixiecrats. And when these dissenting whites would talk it over with repellent Negroes we are in fact getting somewhere even though our progress be not a spectacular but tragically gradual, and at times distressingly gradual, but even gradual progress is better than calamitous retrogression.

When the meeting herein mentioned was adjourned for the lunch hour, at which the young Negroes and whites lunched together, it was definitely urged that the afternoon meeting would begin promptly at 2 o'clock. At that hour 98 percent of the white students were in their places and about 2 percent of the Negroes. The speaker was introduced on the minute and then began the task of our Negro late-comers. For 20 minutes the meeting was over and and disturbed by these self-same late-comers. It was pathetic to see them tipping in and jostling about trying to find seats.

Whenever our shortcomings are brought to the fore we usually counter by saying "the whites do it." This is our age-old, hackneyed, thread-bare excuse for most of our shortcoming. For our late arriving at meetings and business engagements we put the contention that Negroes have to serve the white man and get off before he can himself get off. This is the stock excuse for late church goers. But in the case under discussion these Negro students were not serving the white proprietaries.

They left their respective schools to attend the interracial conference. Why then could they not give the white students observe the hours of meeting even to the seconds? Is our service to the white merely an excuse for our failures or is it a bona fide reason? It is just as well for us to bear in mind that tardy Negroes cannot keep pace with punctual whites. In a race the punctual bird will get the worm. The tardy Negro late-comer is left in competition with punctual whites.

COLOR NO BARRIER

Fred Jones failed to roll with the punches when he was a youngster. He had to learn because he was an ambitious colored youth trying to get ahead. Today he is enjoying a good life as chief engineer of the United States Thermo Control Company of Minneapolis, the reward for his determination and genius for making bailey machine run smoothly.

Fred Jones' story is told by Associate Editor Steven M. Spencer in "Born Hard," in the current issue The Saturday Evening Post. In it Mr. Spencer calls Mr. Jones "an out-standing figure in the science of refrigeration and air-conditioning."

Fred Jones failed in school because he was a "slow learner." After he had established a fine reputation in his home of Hallock, Minn., Mr. Jones was invited to join the Thermo Control Company, and Mr. Spencer describes his arrival this way:

"I never have been any doubt about Jones' engineering ability. The day in 1930 when he came to the plant, however, the president of the company, Joseph A. Numero, was uncertain as to the self-taught Negro scientist. He took him out to the shop, introduced him and then left. When he came back an hour later the group was in a huddle working out a Jones suggestion on a troublesome order. Another hour and the shop was empty. Numero scented around and found the whole engineering department across the street with Jones, surrounded by blueprints and coffee. Jones has been on the payroll ever since."

Today he is self-taught scientist, his formal schooling having ended in the sixth grade. He has a surprising number of patents to his credit and is largely responsible for the gasoline-powered automatic refrigerators that now keep thousands of tons of food from going to packing houses to consumers. Yet he did not entirely escape the knocks and rebuffs usually encountered by pioneers on the race on the road upward.

His quiet tenacious and his mastery of machinery enabled Mr. Jones to overcome the obstacles in his path, according to Mr. Spencer. After he had established a fine reputation in his home of Hallock, Minn., Mr. Jones was invited to join the Thermo Control Company, and Mr. Spencer describes his arrival this way:

"I never has been any doubt about Jones' engineering ability. The day in 1930 when he came to the plant, however, the president of the company, Joseph A. Numero, was uncertain as to the self-taught Negro scientist. He took him out to the shop, introduced him and then left. When he came back an hour later the group was in a huddle working out a Jones suggestion on a troublesome order. Another hour and the shop was empty. Numero scented around and found the whole engineering department across the street with Jones, surrounded by blueprints and coffee. Jones has been on the payroll ever since."

THEY'LL NEVER DIE • By Elton Fax