

"A Disrupting Factor, In Peace Efforts"

-STRAIGHT AHEAD-

With Olive Adams

THE CAROLINIAN

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PAUL R. JERVAY, Publisher

EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

A Triumph From Several Angles

The election of Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, to the school board of the City of Atlanta, was a heartening personal triumph for Dr. Clement, and a signal gain for the Negroes of Atlanta. But it was more than that. As President Clement himself has observed, it was sense and fairness of the voters of Atlanta at large. Says TIME magazine: "Some members of Atlanta's Democratic Party Executive Committee decided to make sure that Clement would not come close (to election). The first thing they did was to write Washington for any information the House Un-American Activities Committee might have. Finally last week, just two days before the primary election they burst into print: Clement had been a mem-

ber of the Civil Rights Congress, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, and the Southern Negro Youth Conference — all three listed by the House committee as Communist front. The anti-Clement forces figured that would finish him. "The same night, the executive committee hastily called a meeting to broadcast the charges against Clement. To his enemies, the fact that he had resigned from these organizations before they were listed made no difference neither did the fact that he never been anything but a fervent anti-Communist. "Once a Communist," cried Committeeman Watson Cary, "always a Communist" — and the majority of his colleagues seemed to agree. When a motion was proposed that the charges be dropped, the commit-

tee voted 5 to 4 to keep them. Only at the last minute did not member get cold feet. 'I'm changing my vote, but not my mind,' said he. The result, 5 to 4 for Clement. "To all intents and purposes, the anti-Clement forces had done their job; it hardly seemed possible that a Negro could live down the bad publicity Clement had received. But on election day itself the citizens of Atlanta apparently felt that Clement had had a raw deal. By an 8,000 - vote majority, they elected him to the school board." Dr. Clement's own comment as quoted by the magazine, sums it up very nicely: "I've been feeling for some time that the people of the South are far ahead of what some think they are."

Calling Names

Raymond Moley, one time top New Dealer, but now a syndicated columnist whose writing is not only very conservative but often uncharitable to the point of bitterness, recently called the term "isolationist" a "saide" one. Now people are too often labeled isolationists to whom the label does not properly apply and that is not fair. But there is nothing snide about the term itself. There are isolationists who are honest and decent, and they are

usually quite patriotic. To call a man an isolationist is not to "smear" him. On the other hand there are columnists and others who do not hesitate to refer to honest, honorable and patriotic persons who believe that the world can be made safe by some kind of international accord, as Communists or sympathizers. There are those who go as far in that direction as to advocate a world super-government, and believe that the sacrifice of some national sovereignty

to such a government would be not only justifiable, but necessary, to make it work. Such persons are called all kinds of names, being referred to as Reds and Communist sympathizers and from those characterizations on down to that of nut or crackpot. Almost always their critics feel that these people are unpatriotic. Compared to the names they get, the characterization, "isolationist," is very tame.

Joe Walcott And Father Time

Satchel Page may or may not last out this season. At any rate he is called on to perform only as a relief pitcher, and that not too often. But Jersey Joe Walcott should retire forthwith from the ranks of active pugilists. His time is up. Joe was fortunate ever to have won the championship at the age he did. Few such accomplishments

are in the records, and his was a deserved tribute to the excellent care he has always taken of himself and the kind of life he has led. It was also probably a pertinent commentary on the scarcity of good young heavyweight fighters — a condition which still exists. The short count song and dance was not even a good face-saver. Joe

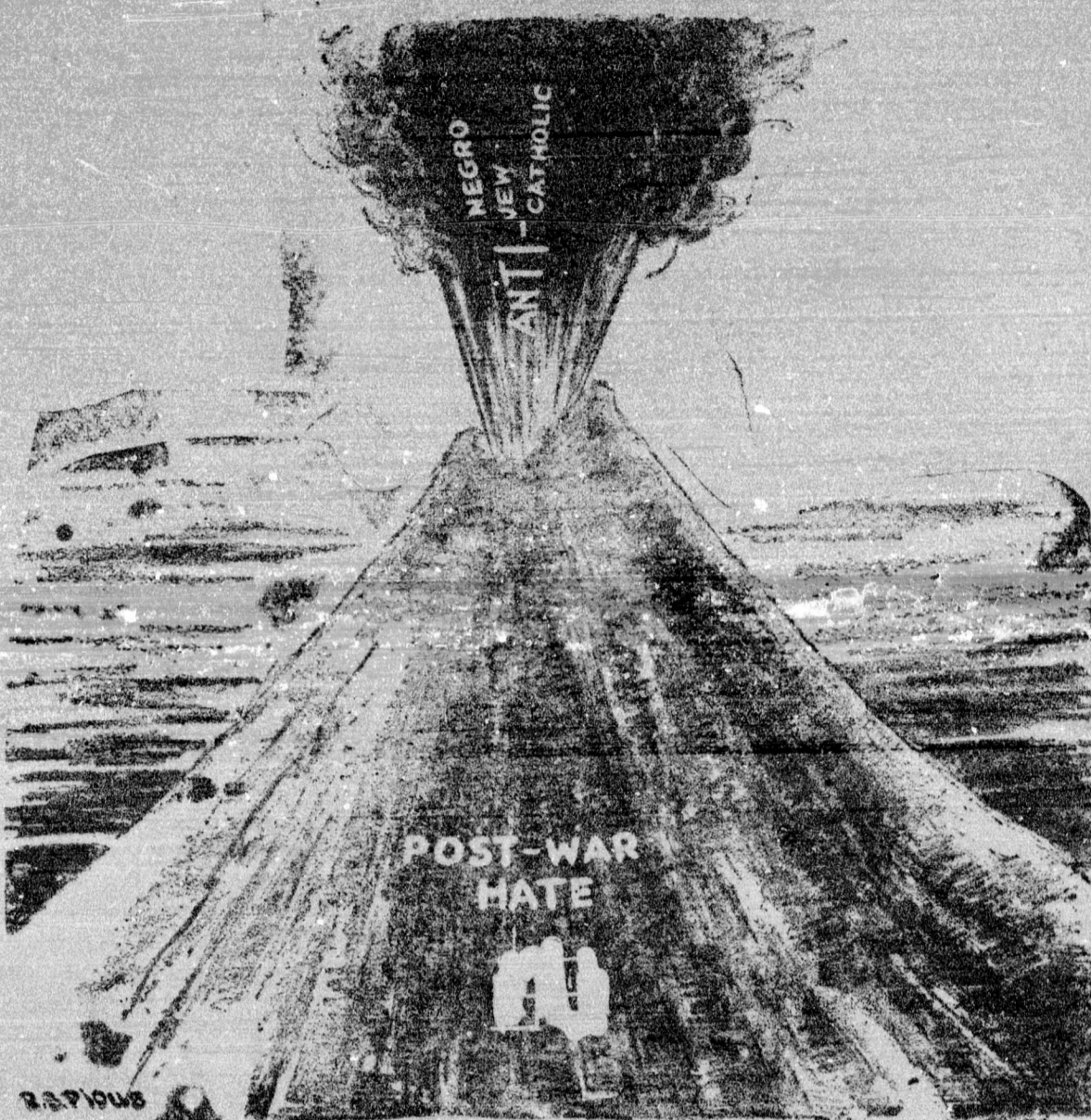
should have kept quiet except for what little noise would have been made by his hanging up his gloves. Walcott got a late start as a top-ranking fighter, but he did very well, financially and otherwise, for the time he was at the top. He should have no regrets over an honorable retirement on the most logical of all grounds, superannuation.

Senator Robert F. Wagner

The death of former Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, reminds us again of how soon a man can disappear from the horizon once he seeks to be active in public life. Senator Wagner should not have been forgotten so soon by the general public; but it is a safe assumption that there were many among the ranks of organized labor as well as elsewhere who had not forgotten him and his solid contributions to federal welfare legislation during his senate career. A true liberal and hu-

manitarian, Wagner was a New Deal stalwart and a leader in the cause of the "forgotten man", F. D. R. depended on him, not only to back the New Deal, but also for ideas, as he did on few others. Mr. Wagner was no parlor liberal, but a self-made man. A poor immigrant boy, reared in the slums of New York, he struggled up the ladder by his own efforts. And he never forgot from whence he came; he aligned himself with that class all his life and worked for their

benefit. Besides his championing of direct labor laws, he helped to draft and push through Congress the Social Security Act and low-rent housing legislation. Senator Wagner was an active officer of the N. A. A. C. P., showing that his interests were not circumscribed by race. A true champion of the common man, he retired from the Senate in 1949. He had done a great work. His name should be had in remembrance. His type is not now in the ascendancy in the federal government.



C. D. Halliburton's SECOND THOUGHTS

As commencement time rolls around again, one almost inevitably is reminded of the tremendous—almost incredible—progress that has been made in the education of the American Negro. This is true if one compares today with 50 years ago, or 20, or even ten years past. We do not have the mass of statistics at hand with which to document this statement, but there is certainly no doubting that it is a fact. TIME magazine, to cite one figure reported in its recent feature article, "The U. S. Negro, 1933," that the enrollment of Negroes in colleges has increased 2,500 per cent since 1930! Older readers can readily recall some pertinent facts, not exact figures, which are equally eloquent indices of progress: Until about 1920 there were not more than three or four colleges for Negroes which did not operate a high school department or academy, and the enrollment in that department

usually exceeded by many times the number of students taking college courses. Graduates of these high school or academic departments had no trouble in qualifying as public school teachers. In 1920 Negro holders of a bona-fide master's degree were seldom met with; a doctor of philosophy, other than those who had had the degree conferred as an honor by one of the Negro colleges, was a rarity. (Yes, they conferred honorary Ph.D.s, or some of them did.) The CRISIS magazine in those days had no difficulty in publishing pictures of the entire graduating classes of practically all the Negro colleges, as well as individual portraits of all those the magazine could contact with receiving any kind of degree from "white" institutions. In 1920 many of the southern states were supporting no degree-granting institutions for Negroes. Such state-supported

institutions as there were were largely normal and industrial schools. In some cases the normal part might better have been designated "sub-normal," and the industrial training was often a joke. Commencement time also always reminds me of the great confidence our people have in education as a means of improving the lot of their children over their own, and of the great sacrifices so many Negro parents have made and are making every year to help their children achieve a higher educational status than they themselves achieved. These parents show up on commencement day. I have seen them every year for more than twenty years. Their pride and joy at the graduation of their son or daughter from college are always touching and inspiring. The graduates are under a heavy moral obligation to make something of themselves, if only because of the debt they owe their parents.



Gordon B. Hancock's BETWEEN THE LINES



THE BETTER SOUTH HEARD FROM There are those who refuse to sell the South short, in spite of some distressing happenings which from time to time mar the pages of the south's history. There are some sordid incidents which are best forgotten; but all in all, the South of today is a big improvement on the South of yesterday, just as the South of tomorrow will be a bigger improvement on the South of today. Great souls do not wait for great happenings and events to actually transpire, but can divine them and see them afar. The great entrepreneur is not the one who follows others' lead, even as Henry Ford did in mass but who initiates and originates, production of automobiles or as Woolworth did when we saw the advantage of making a penny profit on myriad sales. Ford and Woolworth were economic statesmen and business prophets who blessed their generation. Booker T. Washington was such an entrepreneur in race relations. He inaugurated almost every departure that has propelled the Negro race forward these years since emancipation, especially in those areas of economic endeavors. Booker T. Washington long ago raised the question of whether the Negro should seek other climes than his native southland or whether the Negro should let down his bucket where he was. It is true that millions have sought their fortunes in other regions than the South and have been wonderfully rewarded. But the Negroes who let down their bucket at Washington's behest have also been wonderfully rewarded. This writer happened to be in Atlanta when the city was voting the other day for mayor.

The incumbent had been elected four times and was seeking a fifth term. He was opposed by a candidate who dead-beated him in his fourth candidacy. Strangely enough, the incumbent, Hartsfield, has been invariably inclined to be mayor of all the people, Negroes included. His opponent, Brown, has been rather inclined to string along with the Talmadge line which is in essence anti-Negro. Since their last contest was so close and the mayor's margin of victory was a matter of hundreds of votes, the South had its eyes on Atlanta to see if the reactionary forces of Talmadge would prevail. Hartsfield made no denial of the fact that he would welcome the support of Negroes, while Brown feigned an indifference to their support. Hartsfield swept the field and sent Brown down to a crushing defeat. Negro-phobism did not pay off for Brown. An attempt at fairness and justice paid off for Hartsfield. Negro and white Atlanta combined their forces and returned to office a statesman and repudiated a politician who in this late day is still trying to exploit race prejudice for political ends. But the glory of the current Atlanta election stemmed about the election of Dr. Rufus Clement, renowned president of Atlanta University, as the first Negro to the Atlanta Board of Education. When Brown was conceding the election of Hartsfield he dwelt at length on the evils of bloc-voting by which he claimed the Negroes so effectively to effect his political downfall. But the fuller analysis of the election returns showed that not only did President Clement

unseat a white man with a long term on the Board of Education, but that Dr. Clement's election was due to an overwhelming support of whites. Whereas Negroes supported Dr. Clement to the number of more than 9,000 votes, whites gave him 13,000 votes which gave him a greater total than the mayor received. The point of this column is to show what a change is taking place in the South. When Atlanta votes out a white incumbent of many years and a vote in a Negro, we are in very truth seeing strange things today.

Sentence Sermons

DOING GOOD 1. There is but one choice a man must make if the best for him is to be had; he must love and adore every good and perfect thing, and eschew and hate the bad. 2. His Adamant nature, so opposed to this, leads in an opposite direction; carelessly he drifts along, with little thought and poor discretion. 3. Though a creature of sense, and his own moral agent, he seems unable to stand upright, giving vent to every morbid feeling as if God were entirely out of sight. 4. Just one course is there for his security — it is the one his infallible Savior left for him; following it are no signs of adversity, and at its end no cause for chagrin. 5. Man must learn by Christ's noble example, this is the one and only course — anything else, though glittering and charming, only leads to final remorse. 6. Then will he delight in practicing how much of good he can crowd into each passing day, and give no room to temptations that would lead his soul astray. 7. He will follow the path of his blessed Savior who went about doing good, and give light

NEW YORK (GLOBAL) — There is a saying in politics that goes, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." There have been people, however, who have paraphrased that saying. They say, "If they won't let you in, beat 'em by the joint." These people are members of minority groups who have been denied certain privileges other citizens enjoy. For instance, it is said that certain resorts and hotels that discriminated against the Jewish population, found one fine day that the lease had been taken over by a member of that group. The result was that discrimination in other resorts was lessened. This has happened here in New York. Daddy Grace, albeit with a bad press, has purchased the swank Eldorado Apartments on Central Park West. The incident has created quite a stir among the elite, lawyers, and in that section have been bristled with requests for Negro newspapers, which were the only ones to carry a full account of the sale. It would be interesting to know what's in their minds. Perhaps they are afraid that some morning they might wake up and find themselves living next door to a Negro family. Or, maybe they fear that one day they might be asked to make room for Negro tenants. Even where we sit, it looks as though they can forget their fears. There will be no rush for those apartments. Rentals run around \$60 per room per month, and besides, it is doubtful if Daddy Grace would discriminate against the white tenants. He purchased the building as an investment, nothing more. But just the same, it's a good feeling to know that a Negro can accumulate enough gold hard cash to make such a purchase. In this connection, we are reminded that there have been a number of choice pieces of property for sale around this town that Negroes might have bought. But when the time they couldn't organize the capital.

socialist of hers on a civic committee. The door man had carefully quizzed her as to where she was going, whom she wanted to see, and meticulously "screened" her before allowing her admittance. The doorman will have to be careful now. The person he attempts to "screen" might turn out to be his boss.

TEACHERS, those creatures who never get fatigued and who meet attend more community meetings than are expected of other citizens, of course must attend "local political meetings" if they do not attend, they are accused of "not being interested in the community; they are accused of "not carrying the school to the community." Curiously enough, however, teachers are not expected to have very much to say at these meetings. They are so urged to attend. Apparently it is thought that their very presence gives a certain amount of dignity to the meetings which, in many instances are void of such. In all too many cases all evidences seem to indicate that the teachers are not wanted at the political meetings because of their training and therefore, the guiding influence they could give to such meetings. No, not that it appears that all that is desired of teachers at political meetings is simply "to sit there."

And, if they say anything, they must not disagree with any one or anything said, not even "the least in the meeting." Or, in other words, they must agree with everything and everybody. If the teachers dare to have independent thought and ideas, they are reminded, and the reminder may be a rather rude person, to say the least, that they are the "servants" of the public, that is, the public pays his salary. And, of course, if they disagree too seriously with the "Big Shots" at the meeting (the teachers) are reminded that their positions are very "vulnerable."

Despite all of the foregoing there are those who still wonder why teachers do not attend more civic and political meetings than they do. But it is my considered opinion that it is such things as mentioned above that force a large number of teachers against their will and desire to follow local civic and political meetings like Peter followed Christ, "a far off." You see it is very difficult for the general public to realize that all people get their livings from the public, that down to the civic analyst, whether an individual, "Mr. John Q. Public," pays the bill eventually. People who are conducting private business on a profit making basis, or people who farm, or even those who "baby sit," get their livings from the Public. Until the general public takes such attitude as expressed above, it will of a necessity deny itself the presence of their teachers at their civic and political meetings. The public must learn to look at their teachers as they look at other decent people and it must also permit its teachers to have independent thought and ideas in public, and express them, just as it does other people.

Let's cease at once denying ourselves of the very valuable asset that our teachers would be to us at our local civic and

Do's And Don'ts. OH - ONE WON'T HURT YA - WHADDYA... A KILLJOY? ER - NO THANKS!! Don't Be Lempted. If you Feel You Have Had Enough NO Is The Right Answer.