

THE CAROLINIAN

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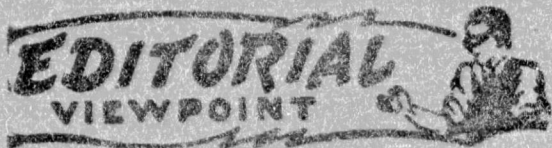
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No Place For Party Politics

Beginning with foreign policy, there never was a time when the Truman administration had to face an emergency with its major allies falling away, and one of them threatening to quit and hand over a bloody war to the United States, which has promised to take on this responsibility on its own, if necessary.

So runs part of an editorial from a frankly Democratic daily newspaper. The editorial is here commenting on Vice President Nixon's now celebrated recent speech before the newspaper publishers, and this part is in reply to Nixon's criticism of the previous administration's foreign policy which included the statement, "During the seven years of the Truman administration our foreign and military policy was characterized by weakness, inconsistency, compromise of principle at the conference table."

This country has had great and difficult problems of international relations to face since the time preceding World War II. It has had hard decisions to make. Whichever party happened to be in power as the situations have arisen has had to take primary responsibility for reaching these decisions, at the same time trying to enlist bipartisan support for its policies. We have lived for the past two decades in an era in which almost any one of these difficult decisions could turn out to be a good one or a bad one, depending on following events. Often there has been no choice between good and bad, but only between bad and worse, with very little to indicate which was which.

The foreign policy field today is eminently one in which hindsight is much easier than foresight, criticism much simpler and safer than performance. The Truman administration can point to some solid achievements in foreign relations, which began with resolute action against Communist guerrilla activities in China. There was no weakness in organizing the Berlin air lift in the face of danger. Mr. Truman did not hesitate to meet actual Communist aggression against the Republic of South Korea. He did this, however, in conjunction with the United Nations, an organization the Eisenhower administration appears to have overlooked for the time being.

Moreover, the truce in Korea was a completion by the Eisenhower administration of something begun under the previous administration, and a result that would no doubt have come about had there been no change in administration. And of course the Korean cease-fire reflected little credit on Eisenhower and Dulles, just as it would have been little to the credit of Truman and Acheson. It was a dreary end to an unhappy situation—that is, to the extent it proves to be an end at all. It might turn out to be only a lull, while a shift of front was made from Korea to Indochina.

The real point is that both administrations have done the best they could in the light of our own good and that of our friends and allies. Neither has proved or will prove omniscient. History will record that both made mistakes.

What is needed more than criticism of the one party by the other while praising itself is a unity at home which transcends party lines in our foreign policy. Honest differences of opinion cut across party lines. All good Americans want the same results from our foreign policy. Let us get together to work for those goals.

Many a person of mature age must have reflected more than once that some kind of quiet revolution has taken place in Arkansas in the past few years.

Up to a few years ago the "Diamond State" had a rather unenviable record in race relations. From 1922 to 1952, 236 Negroes were lynched in Arkansas, according to the WORLD ALMA-MATER—70 more than in South Carolina during the same period. Many will remember, though possibly rather vaguely, the race riot in Elaine, Ark., which turned out to be more of a massacre than a riot, and several celebrated cases in which Arkansas governors proved adamant and reactionary in dealing with Negroes convicted on questionable evidence, of serious crimes, charges of peonage were common and well attested.

Somewhat off the beaten path, with the Mississippi River as a many respects, the main eastern boundary, Arkansas has been regarded as rather backward in many respects. The main east west railroads run either north or south of the entire state, and the Ozark Mountains have had their function in inhibiting communication. The part of the state

"Is This In The Plan, To Stop Integregation In The Schools?"



— C. D. Halliburton's — SECOND THOUGHTS



near the Mississippi and other rivers harbored great cotton plantations, were, according to reports, primitive, almost aboriginal conditions existed well into the first third of the twentieth century.

The paper-back classic of a generation or more ago, "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas," did little to enhance the state's self-image in the volume. It is doubtful that many under But what about modern Arkansas? It will be recalled that the medical school of the State University was one of the first of any state institutions of the South to admit a Negro student. As we recall, it was a young Negro man at that, and she was graduated some time ago.

For the past ten years there has been little news of atrocities or even aggravated racial friction emanating from Arkansas. Instead, we hear that the state university is full of Negro students every summer. The head of the Negro land grant college, we have heard, is a candidate for the Ph.D. degree from the University of Arkansas. In such respects the erstwhile "backward" state seems to be ahead

of the allegedly enlightened North Carolina.

But the most recent evidence of the revolution was furnished by Associated Press just a few days ago, in the following news story, datelined from Paragould, Arkansas:

"A small country church in a farm community near here made history... when it opened its rolls this month to 10 Negroes."

"At Little Rock, Dr. B. H. Duncan, editor of the Arkansas Baptist, said he believed the Oak Grove congregation is the first racially mixed membership in an Arkansas church affiliated with the State Baptist Convention."

Dr. Duncan proved himself to be a master of understatement. If the story is true, the country Baptist church may be the only one of its kind in any denomination other than Roman Catholic, in the real South.

What a contrast between "backward" Arkansas and "liberal" North Carolina, in the latter of which three student workers were recently let out by action of high Baptist officials in a star chamber trial, at least partly because they believed in student fellowship between white and Negro Baptist young people.

— STRAIGHT AHEAD — With Olive Adams

NEW YORK, (GLOBAL)—This is a tribute to a young woman we have never met. She is a relative of a dear friend, and we have followed every development in her life story.

This young wife is twenty-eight years old, has three young children and has been living for the day when her husband would finish dental school and open his office. Toward this goal she has worked diligently.

One day last winter, she was standing on a corner waiting for the traffic light to change, when a car mounted the sidewalk and ran into her, inflicting such serious injury that it was necessary to amputate her left foot. The spirit of many a young person would have been weighted down with the thought of such a loss. But her first reaction was to express the hope that this new complication in their lives would not interfere with her husband's finishing his dental course. Her next concern was for the driver of the car, who happened to be a young Mexican boy. In her section of the country, Mexicans are victims of considerable prejudice.

Throughout the ordeal of surgery and constant pain, she has remained cheerful to a point where her family often felt that she was playing a part and would one day break down. Such a reaction might well have developed, for no matter how strong the conscious desire to bear up under adversity, there often comes a time when even the indomitable spirit suffers a temporary setback. But not once has this young woman, who had been so active and so fond of dancing, expressed anything but concern over the trouble which she had had to put the whole family. And, whenever any of her relatives put on a doleful face, she chides them saying, "After all, isn't it fortunate it didn't happen to my head?"

tained her cheerful attitude and even while still in the hospital, was planning for her return home, and was figuring out how she could be as self-sufficient as possible. She is home now, and only regrets that she cannot yet take on her full household responsibilities. Her latest brief communication contains the cheerful notes: "I'm so happy. The doctor says I can soon be fitted for my dancing foot," and

"Isn't it wonderful to belong to such a big, warm, friendly family as ours?"

There are people who say today's women aren't as good as grandmas—that today's female is made out of synthetic material. To that we say "Bosh" and offer as exhibit "A" this plucky gal from California whom we have never met face to face, but hope to some day.

1. This common word of several letters bespeaks some shadows and some pleasures, covers a multitude of sins, veiled beneath some smiles or melancholy grins.

2. Some of these facial expressions carry the earmarks of unspoken intentions, that rob the possessor of everything fine, and leaves him in old age to fret and pine.

3. But the greatest mistake any human being can make while dwelling here in the earth, is to forget those less fortunate ones who too are here by natural birth.

4. Indeed, we must not forget that we are our brother's keeper, and go seeking comfort for ourselves alone, but in every way humanly possible give bread to the neighbor, and not a stone.

5. Forgetting to do good and living in a shell, allowing the world to pass by, is certainly no part of a humanitarian, but quite befitting for a Satanic spy.

6. This is the vital moment when a man should forget, if such sad mistakes he has made, and start anew for the living God and strive toward a heavenly grade.

7. The blood of Christ we

of the allegedly enlightened North Carolina.

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GORDON HANCOCK'S BETWEEN the LINES

THEORY ON REVERSE

A theory of the rise and fall of theories would make interesting reading. For indeed it is a strange day when some new theory does not come to the fore; and it is an equally strange day when some old theory is now thrown into disuse. It is in the field of the practice of medicine where we find many of our most imposing theories inflated one day and deflated the next.

The writer well remembers when typhoid sufferers could have little or no water; today they may have all the water they want. Not many years ago strict dieting was recommended; today restricted dieting is not recommended. More recently a salt free diet was advised for this class of ailments, and already this theory is widely questioned. A few years exercise was widely prescribed as the synonym of good health; today emphasis is placed on rest.

From the earliest times periods of relative quiet have been recommended for those recovering from operations; today patients having even serious operations are urged to be up and about the very next day, and soon as possible they are ushered out of our over-crowded and overcrowding hospitals, and it is difficult to dissociate this newest theory from pressure by the hospitalization companies who would have most to lose by a protracted hospitalization, and more to gain by a short one.

Some months ago news came out of Charleston, S. C. saying that the crime rate among Negroes was lower than among whites. This about runs counter to all sociological theories, which say that there is close correlation between sub-standard living and crime. With Negroes ordinarily in the substandard bracket, it is against all sociological theory for the Negro to have a lower incidence of crime than the whites of the same community. Yet such is reported from Charleston.

Now comes the explosion of one of the Marxist theories to the effect that socialism thrives among the working classes with their misery and squalor and destitution. A correlative theory would be that communism, an

accentuated form of socialism, would attract the proletariat who use threats to our democratic way of life but the bourgeoisie. These revelations throw into reverse one of the major Marxist theories. When the nation's finger of suspicion is leveled at such Dr. Oppenheimer, not only one of the nation's and world's top-flight scientists but doubtless drawing one of the world's top-flight salaries, we have food for serious thought!

Then we have the spectre of what is called "campus communism" thriving among the bourgeoisie and the sons of the bourgeoisie, which is contrary to the theory that communism feeds on squalor and misery of the ghetto. Instead, we have it lifting its head on the campuses of our powerfully endowed and supported institutions of learning. This paradox must somehow be resolved.

If higher standards of economic well-being cannot stay the fatal hand of communism, what will? Will our billions poured out and still pouring out into the coffers of foreign nations for their cooperation in the fight against communism, achieve the desired results? When the higher-ups of the nation in so many instances give week-knee allegiance to our great nation while the proletariat are dying in its defense, we have before us a question that is somewhat tied up with our national survival; and the sooner we solve this question the sooner we get on with the matter of national security.

The most amazing feature of a somewhat ugly situation is the steadfast stand of the Negro of this country. He sits back and eats at democracy's second table, but in the clutch he turns a deaf ear to the siren of communism and stands fast among the fallen. The very stand of the impetuous Negro throws him out into bold relief among those who fall while living on the fat of the land.

Just as the Marxist theory is thrown in reverse by the experiences of the times, so will the theory that this country's welfare is furthered by a separatist, interracial economy. The ever attending segregation are democracy's greatest liability!

Mother's Day Honors a Forgotten Woman

By Rev. Joseph E. Manton

ON MOTHER'S DAY doorbells ring, telegrams are delivered, and carnations bloom in button holes, in order to honor Mother. The idea of honoring Mother has its roots deep in religion. "Honor thy father and thy mother." The idea was in the Commandments long before it ever got into the calendar.

Possibly we emphasize this one day too much. For a whole year of work, worries, and wrinkles, poor Mother gets one day of candy, cards, and carnations. And inside these gifts there is hidden a contract to keep on working for the next three hundred and sixty-four days.

FOR THE EPITAPH of Rev. J. Manton every true Mother you could carve this simple sentence, "She lived for others." Notice, she does not only give us our life, but from then on she lives her life for us. In the dictionary of genuine motherhood, "self" is the last word on the last page. God must have made a Mother's heart for sacrifice.

We speak of a Mother's Day. Think of a Mother's life. She wonders about us before we come. She works for us as long

as we are with her. She worries about us whether we are away. She gives her milk to our nursing, her sweat to our rearing, and her tears to our straying.

YOU MAY THINK this would make us appreciate what a Mother is. Yet the uncomfortable truth is that too many of us, while we have our Mother, take her for granted. By the time we come to know all that she has done for us, and what she has meant for us, she has died and does the only really harsh thing a good Mother ever does—she dies and leaves us.

Yet who will say that we do not still need a Mother? Don't we need a Mother even more in the headstrong days of manhood and womanhood than we did in the faltering footsteps of childhood?

NOW IT MAY NOT BE a question of breaking windows, but of breaking God's commandments. "She not of running home with a skinned knee, but of crawling home with a broken heart; not of fearing a whipping from an angry father, but of facing the judgment of an angry Lord.

God knows we need a Mother during all our days! God knows? God knew, and so dying on the Cross, He gave us His own: "Son, behold thy Mother!" In her we always have a Mother.

† Pastor, First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

Hard To Keep Up With Them

Only a few years ago Negro baseball fans were able to find out in a minute what "our boy" had done that day. There was only one colored player in major league ball—Jackie. (There was no need then and there is none now to call the full name.)

But today, if all sixteen of the names were in action, it may take a half hour, almost, to check what

"our boys" did in batting and fielding the day before. The CAROLINIAN was made no accurate count yet, but it would guess that there must be at least fifteen, maybe closer to twenty Negro players in the two big leagues this season. It also appears, on an incomplete survey, that all but two of the National league teams have Negro players actually play-

ing, and that half of the teams in the American League do.

You need a check list these days if you're going to try to keep up with all the Negro major league ball players by daily consulting the box scores. If you would add to that the minor league players, we don't know what you would need.

Probation While On Probation

City Judge Doub's motives for giving a suspended sentence and placing on probation a youth who was already under a suspended sentence and on probation, are best known to the judge, of course. That his action was "certainly unusual", an opinion expressed by State Probation Commission Director I. D. Beatty, the CAROLINIAN agrees unhesitatingly.

What makes it even more "unusual" is that Judge Doub handed down the first suspended sentence, with two years probation and for the same offense (stealing hub caps from parked cars) as occasioned the original pen-

ally. That first sentence, suspended on two years probation, was given eighteen months ago, and so had six months to run at the time of the second conviction.

As we say Judge Doub must have had his reasons, but it does not inspire faith in the probation system when such use of it is made.

Cockeyed

Things have come to a pretty pass in this country when the most reliable people are widely regarded to be ex-Communists who have resigned from the party. Whatever they feel like saying about other people as to their former connection with the party is taken at face value, as gospel truth. And it does not do those they accuse much good to say that they also long ago lost interest in and severed their connections with the Communist party or turned completely against the Red philosophy. In order to be believed on this score you must publicize your change of mind, and should, also, for the best effect, name all your old Red buddies you

can think of, always implying that you have seen the light but they have not.

Could any of these loud confessors be counter spies? No one thinks so, or seems to. To become a hero and a super-patriot, worthy of the approval of Senator McCarthy et al., it is necessary that you should have been a Communist, preferably an active one working against your country; then you must have "broken with" the party. Next you must remember all your previous fellow members and tell all you can think of or imagine about them their membership, and their activities, as if you had kept accurate records of all of them though you

were a loyal Red yourself at the time. Then you must tell, implying that you yourself are o. k. now, but all the others still big shots in the Red hierarchy.

If you have never been a Communist and have always hated Red ideologies and methods, you may be a pretty fair guy. But to be a real patriot it is much better to have spent some years of apprenticeship in a Red spy cell. Then if you say, "America, love You," you are sure to be believed.

So a guy named Crouch, who was thrown out of the Army and locked up for his disloyalties, is the one who cuts the finger on men like Oppenheimer.

Stop This Glutton!

