

The Lighthouse AND INFORMER

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Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Occasionally, we hear today someone say something like this: "The Lighthouse and Informer is a controversial, radical, agitator newspaper which keeps beating war drums on matters it might well leave be. It fans passions and excites the people. It is a menace".

Whether or not there is truth in any of this, history and time will prove. But it is a viewpoint we note here, and now that attention be not diverted from the real goal and we turn back while on the road marked "straight ahead".

We can think of no truer nor better way of considering such a viewpoint—if it be than of looking back to yesterday, looking around today and envisioning tomorrow at the changes which have been made, are being made and portend.

Back in 1940, long before any changes began, this newspaper began preaching its doctrine of the right of Negro school teachers to get equal salaries for equal training and experience. It gave of its space, time, it even put its few pennies into travel costs, as its staff took the word to teachers. When the matter was laid before federal courts, not only did the courts agree, but the state itself adopted its first plan of equal salary schedules. Were we wrong? If we were, how could so many others go along with us?

And, at about the same time, we told the citizens all had a right to join all political parties and could not be siphoned off into voteless groups by subterfuges and bigotry. If we were radical, if we were preaching a doctrine not good for South Carolina, then again the courts—all of them in the land—backed us up, and about South Carolina the white citizens too agreed for they elected Negroes to party places of honor, and have placed them on several state and local bodies, and now that they see it, agree that the practice should have been adopted long before.

And over the years, time and again, we have reported instances which for some reason, escaped daily newspapers, to have each report verified. Remember the Isaac Woodard incident? We told the story a month before anybody else. Remember the Pine Island

rapeslaying? The Wa're beating' of 1943? The brutal whippings on state farms—still going on? Nobody has disputed the facts. Nobody does so now. Who is there to say it is no time nor place to talk about living and its problems? Why has God given us life?

Today, there is discussion as to racial segregation. We oppose continuation of it, for it is a luxury, a stigma, a menace to our community and blackguards our state. And of course those disagreeing are horrified, as they were when we spoke for equal salaries and the ballot. Are they right and we all in the wrong? Let's see:

Standing with the newspaper's views on the subject are the 120,000 members of the AME Church, the 350,000 Negro Baptists in South Carolina, the thousands others in the AME Zion, Methodist, Colored Methodist churches, the 6,000 Negro teachers, the Masonic and Elk lodges, the state federation of women's clubs, not to mention the various and sundry groups of white citizens, who have all combined behind this same viewpoint.

Are we to be told that this newspaper's opinion on the subject then is singular, at that of a madman, all on a limb by himself stirring the citizens to revolt? The people can and do think for themselves. This fact political rulers would disallow and stop. It isn't pleasant—by any means—to discuss the bigotry one man displays to another fellow being. A newspaper such as ours could find it so much easier doing something else. But who's going to take up these issues, if we don't? The daily press, grounded in big business, and dominated generally by those who created the situation, haven't done so, and won't even respect any opinion differing from their own, built upon race and Civil War, rather than contemporar society.

Christ was put to death for preaching that all men are brothers, and should be so considered. He offended those smug and sleek, and satisfied in their sin. Two thousand years later, the world still regrets that act. It has learned that He was right.

We've been right thus far. At least so long as the courts and such a large segment of the citizens agree with us, we are satisfied.

Atlanta's Tragedy Holds Lesson For Others

More than 30 persons were dead within a few days in Atlanta last week, all supposed victims of poisoned moonshine whiskey, and practically all—if not totally—colored.

Briefly: They got it in liquor from their bootlegger, who was handed a mixture of moonshine and methanol. Arrests have been made but nothing can atone for the deaths and the others injured, some permanently, by the mixture.

What happened in this instance in Atlan-

ta could also happen as disastrously and as easily in every other community where an illegal whiskey traffic exists. And moonshine flows free and more abundantly among the lower income groups. It is sold cheaper than store-bought stuff for quick sales, the buyer not noting that it is also quicker and cheaper way to death.

The drinker ought to remember this astounding tragedy. He should resolve now to drink only legal whiskey—that safeguard for his protection.

The End of the Road For Joe Louis

Many hearts were saddened Friday night when Joe Louis suffered the greatest indignity of his boxing career, saddened because it was the end of the trail and he was not able to envision a comeback as he did to avenge the beating given him thirteen years ago by Max Schmeling.

The great Joe Louis, now an old man as far as prize fighting goes, is a legend, one people like to remember and talk about. He has done more for boxing, and excellent relations in athletics than any other champion of all time. He's been clean and a good fellow, in and out of the ring. That's why the citizens like him. That's why their hearts were saddened. Where before they had assurance of his success, they sat hoping for too much—for the miracle—they knew was beyond reach. Louis has reached the end of the trail.

Joe Louis, they say, went back to boxing to clear a tax indebtedness with the government. He was too old-then. Now that he has about spent himself, and it appears the government will consider a compromise, he should quit. He's proved himself the greatest champion by the number of defense of

the crown he once wore. He has not been able to set a new record of coming back.

Rev. DeLaine's Role

There seems some doubt as to what part the Rev. J. A. DeLaine, formerly of Summerton, had in the Clarendon County suit. Rev. Mr. DeLaine moved off after hearing James M. Hinton, state NAACP president, promise support to communities working on equalizing school facilities during summer school here in 1947. Returning home, he took the matter up with fellow ministers, and ere long found himself chairman of a committee, which last year formally petition school officials a second time for equalization. We believe he was president of the Clarendon county branch, which was to replace an earlier one at Manning.

The original case filed, however, was not an attack on segregation. It sought equalization of facilities. Rev. Mr. DeLaine helped sell plaintiffs his idea, and did such a fine job that he found himself issued by the principal of Scott Branch school, who resigned during parent demands for improvements,

WEEKLY SERMONETTE

OPERATOR, GIVE ME GOD

By Chaplain George A. Russo

(Captain U. S. Navy)

Somewhere in Korea, a Marine, Corporal Robert L. Mills, approached Hal Clancy, staff reporter for the Boston Traveler, and said: "Look, would you do something for me? Would you send a message to my kid, Cris? He's only three years old and he's got himself all mixed up. I want to straighten him out."

"Okay," said Clancy. "You dictate your message to Cris." The Marine squared his shoulders and began: "Dear Cris, I hear you tried to telephone God the other day. No, that's wrong. We have to start over. I'll tell you what happened, and then we'll start over. Okay?"

"Sure," the reporter said. "Well," Mills explained, "My kid, Cris, is pretty smart for three years old. When he gets troubles he never bothers with small fry. He goes straight to the top. He picks up the telephone and calls God. It's just his special way of praying. I guess. He doesn't mess around. See?"

"Strictly a big time operator," Clancy admitted. "Strictly," Mills agreed. "Well, here's what happened. I got a letter from my wife. She tells me Cris didn't like the idea of my going back into service so suddenly. So he asked God —

by telephone — to please keep an eye on me and send me home. Only you know what happened? Cris turns to his mother and says, 'Nobody answered God isn't in'. It really upset the kid not to get his call-through. I'd like to write something that would clear up this for him. But I just don't know how to put it."

It was a big problem. A Marine rifleman, who had been listening, said: "Well, look at it this way. Where were you when the kid made his phone call?"

Mills figured a bit. "Inchon, I guess," he said. "A real hot place," the rifleman said. "Remember the beach, so smoky with shellfire you couldn't see. Remember how they were up on the hill throwing everything but the trees down on us; remember the seawall we had to climb?"

"It was a hot place. It was the end of the line for some guys." There were a few seconds of silence. And then the rifleman asked: "How do you feel, Bob?" "Me? Fine! Why shouldn't I? Nothing happened to me."

"That," said the rifleman, "is what I was thinking". Mills nodded slowly and grinned. He looked at the reporter. "You ready?" Hal Clancy said he was. Mills dictated: "Dear Cris, You got through just fine. Thanks!"

Letty M. Shaw

Despondency Is But Temporary

Not only the world revolves on its axis, but life is a cycle that spins our actuality.

Several days past, I met a middle-aged lady who was lamenting the fact that her sumptuous possessions are now destroyed. She had accumulated a great deal. Without warning—a destructive burning left only smoldering embers. She felt her life of little value, because she was forced to start anew. Do you feel somewhat similar? If so, weep no more for what is passed; rather, lift your head; rejoice, knowing that the opportunity to rebuild confronts you.

There is no such thing as winding up the ladder and remaining atop eternally. All through life we may culminate and downfalls. As an infant you might win a beauty contest later find yourself remaining in the first grade two years; still later, gaining mental facilities; and at the same time losing personality; after a lapse of duration, folding

steadfast to all the attributes of life's victory; only to lose the same at the bat of an eyelid.

It is this radical conversion of events that — fashions and keeps life beautiful and free of the monotony of all accomplishments or no accomplishments.

There may be many (I am certain of one) who will read this article and say "You are definitely erroneous. You can reach the top and there remain."

I beg to differ with you. Your thoughts are illusory; however, I say to you as did Mark Twain to many, "Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may exist, but you have ceased to live." Even illusory concepts have a role which must be recognized.

In time you will discern with the clarity of vision. At present, you conceive that the rose is of a different species than the lily, but you can not detect the fragrance of either.

Theater Guild Notes Drop In Gate Attendance After Long Boycotting

BALTIMORE — Worried Theater Guild members, who had been boycotting the play, "Darkness at Noon," scored the segregation policy because of "ideological considerations" and also because it drastically reduces the number of theatergoers, and is therefore bad business.

Dr. Bryllion Fagin, director of the Johns Hopkins University, recently when I had to visit Montgomery, I called a friend from Atlanta to be sure that I might obtain one of the guest rooms at Alabama State College. To my amazement, my friend asked me if I would like to stop at "the new hotel."

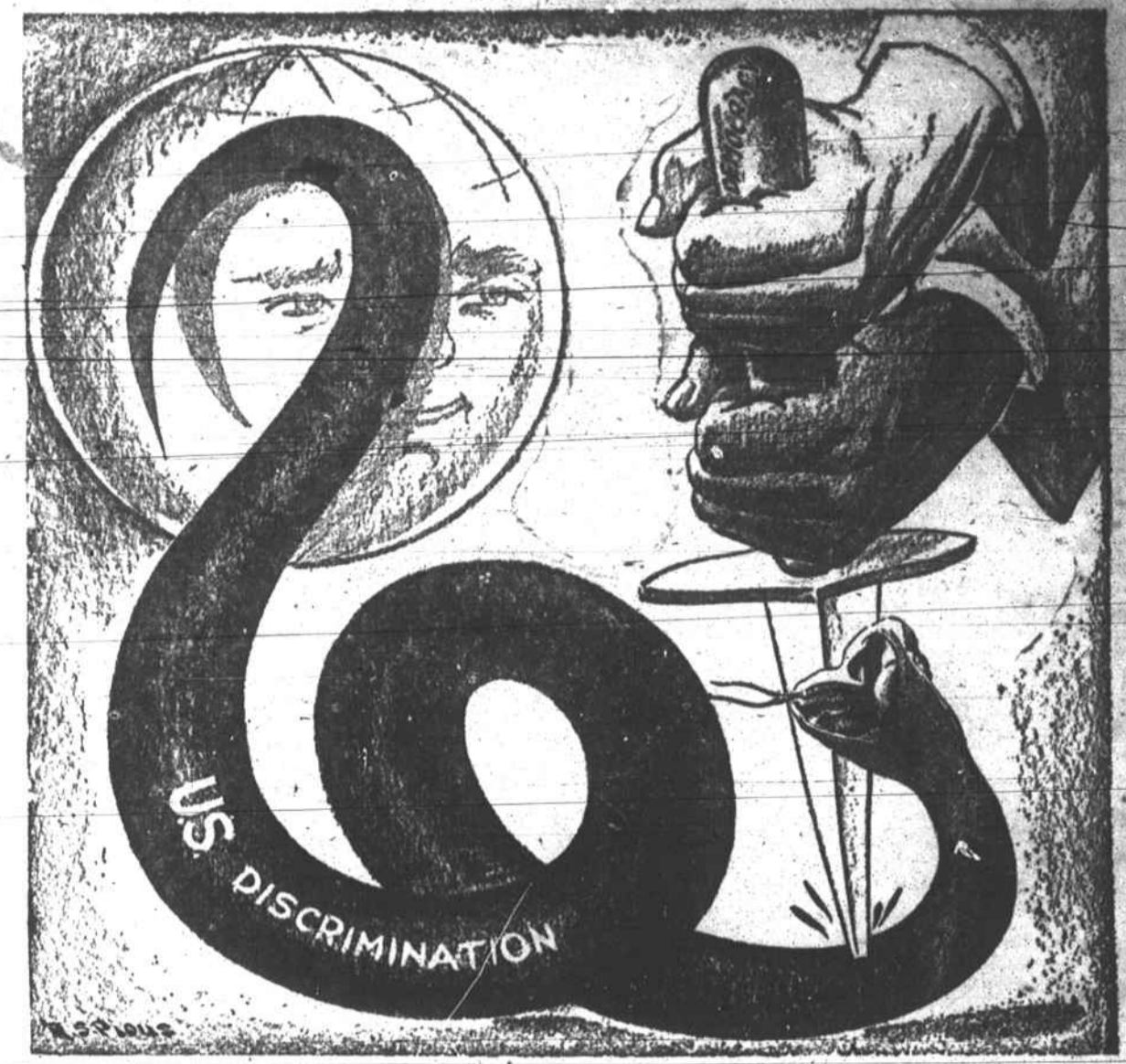
The morning after that call to Montgomery I was seated in the restaurant of that city's new Hotel Ben Moore. I had already parked my luggage in a clean room, had the morning shower and shave—now a wholesome breakfast was before me.

If you have travelled south of the "line," you will appreciate how I felt that morning. I have been in too many dumps which carry the name "hotel." You know the kind. First you are afraid to get into the bed—if you call that thing a bed.

Then, you may have to walk a mile to the facilities—there it is a "standing-up" proposition, all the way. Usually, the water is cold. If there is hot water, it might be a bit warm late and very early. But most of the level it's just out of order.

At the Ben Moore, I found everything that I desire in a hotel, and for your information, Montgomery is in Alabama—deep, deep in the heart of Dixie. There are a hundred other southern communities that could stand such a hotel facility.

'They Can't Live Together'



John H. McCray



The Rest Of the South Looks To Us

That a prophet is without honor in his own country is a saying as old almost as civilization, but it can also be the reverse, and that was one of the thoughts we formulated after our visit in Savannah, Ga. last Friday night, where we addressed a political action unit of the NAACP in that seaport city. Since, we've been comparing southern states, and on the basis of what we find, perhaps we've been too busy to evaluate our own

handwork. On the other hand, perhaps it is better that we haven't had time or chance to do for then, the story would be different, one richer in words than in deeds.

Much like Charleston in its terrain and in its constant stream of visitors usually about seaport cities, Savannah, at the same time, is unlike Charleston. It has about the same population, but while there is a fierce pride among Charlestonians, Savannahians are more listless.

There isn't a Viola Louise Duval, or a John H. Wrighten in Savannah. There isn't a business man with the civic interest and ambitions of A. J. Clement, Jr. There isn't a coterie of ministers vocal yet on the real issues of the day, who openly support the NAACP and urge every citizen to move with unity. At least this is our impression.

We talked with several citizens here and there, in search of an action program, or a latent one, and the best we could liberalize was the possibility of one if more of the people become interested, and petty groupings dissolve for common good.

Specifically, we think that the Savannah people are not yet conscious of what should and can be done. Nobody has given them yet the shock treatment they need. Their two newspapers, even have bothered to whip up their spirits and open their eyes.

On the other hand, we think they are very much interested, judging from the number which lauded South Carolina. "Now, take South Carolina, for instance. You people are doing over there," more than one declared. They were doing nothing in Savannah, and to too much even in Georgia.

Savannah, for one thing, has too much

by way of diversion. You find a night club in almost every block, and my host told me they do a flourishing business. So, who is going to take time out to sweat and fret over so obnoxious a thing as the race issue when he can go half a block and drown it all in a few gulps?

Savannahians vote, and at first did very well; then, factionalism develop and they relate that the last election wasn't so good. I am told that what is true of that city is perhaps worse in the state as you move up northward. President Wesley W. Law of the NAACP does his best, but he isn't yet able to count on enough people working with him and the result reflects against everybody.

The Savannahians and some of the others we talked with, think that South Carolina today is the hope of southern Negroes. One gentleman pointed out that although Georgia has more than a million Negroes, it does not have but about 15 chapters of the NAACP, less than one sixth of the chapters now operating in South Carolina. These cannot or do not match the organizational power of South Carolina.

And we find also that nowhere do the Negroes in the Deep South have the numbers knitted together, nor the support we have in our state, which seems terribly significant when one notes how little the rest of this area has, and that it is the area of operation for the white supremacists.

Proud, or not, we must work harder now and with great speed, lest we lose not only the rights we've won, but all the hopes and ambition of the rest of the South.

Moss H. Kendrix

Montgomery's New Hotel—A Memorial



WASHINGTON, D. C. — If you are going to be in or near Montgomery, Ala., and need a hotel room, I can recommend you to a hotel—thanks to a modest little businessman-farmer, who has constructed a modern hotel facility in memory to his slave born father.

miss some good ones in which I have lived. In Charlotte, N. C., there is the Alexander. It's "A-1".

The Summers-in-Jackson, Miss. isn't bad. Neither the Little Page in Oklahoma City, nor the Nylon in Columbia, S. C. could be considered sub-standard operations. The Crystal White in Houston, stands very high on my list.

Then there are ones in Nashville, New Orleans, Little Rock, Memphis, Kansas City and Miami, in which you can rest yourself in with pleasure. Miami, with the new Lord Calvert and the well-known Mary Elizabeth, has the best hotel facilities in the South.

If this were intended to be a tribute, it would go to the mild-mannered, maybe somewhat shy, owner of the Hotel Ben Moore—M. F. Moore. If it were a challenge, and I hope it is, it would be directed to the guys and gals who operate you know—those holes called hotels.

Mr. Moore's story, his building a decent hotel, would not be a story, if the many other members of his race were giving the travelling public, of my race, the hotel accommodations we are able to buy and do buy through first-class fares far fourth class facilities. He calls it a monument to his slave-born father. I prefer to call it a living monument.