

Future Is Yours--

What Are You Doing About It?

(Presented as a Special Service to Negro Youth by The OMAHA GUIDE in Cooperation with the National Urban League's Vocational Opportunity Campaign.)

The Stories Of Two Accountants

—one near enough to the top to look back and tell how he planned his future.
—the other an excellent example of a good beginning.

CHAUNCEY L. CHRISTIAN—CPA

One in every 141 persons in the United States is an Accountant—almost one million men and women. But only 17,000 of these are registered Certified Public Accountants; the examination, in every state of the nation is one of the stiffest. Chauncey L. Christian is among the very few Negroes who have qualified. He was the first Negro in Kentucky, 22 years ago.

One of the highest categories in the Accounting field is "management control." At the present moment, Mr. Christian has the responsibility for handling the finances of Gale Agencies a New York City managing and booking firm doing a yearly business totaling several million dollars, and for the management of its 30 staff members.

Before coming to New York, Mr. Christian was chief figuring expert behind-the-scenes of million-dollar construction company—owned and operated by Negroes—where swiftness and accuracy in accounting was a main pivot around which the company's success turned. Efficient cost figuring wisely figured bids, and close budgeting swept the company through job after job. It was the only Negro company receiving contracts from the federal government for building post offices which it erected in cities in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New Jersey and New York. It received federal contracts for defense housing in Louisville, Kentucky; for a \$1,500,000 housing job in Baltimore; and a \$2,000,000 defense project in Wash., D. C.

With the war slump in construction work, Mr. Christian came to New York. At about the same time Gale Agencies decided to bring Negro executives into the firm and had turned to the Urban League of Greater New York for guidance in the selection of an Accountant. Mr. Christian was recommended and in the three years of association with the organization has been encouraged, in his position as controller, to exploit his capabilities fully.

He takes away the doubt and mystery of competing and winning in the American business world.

"Color may be a handicap," he says, but it is not a barrier. It is obvious that a Negro must 'do a better job'—but then anybody should 'do a better job' if he wants to get ahead."

Although born in New York, Mr. Christian went south at an early age to live with his grandmother in Richmond, Virginia, where he finished high school, and attended Virginia Business School and Union University. His first real job was that of clerk for the Southern Aid Society of Virginia, Inc., a successful Negro company, he received his first real commercial aspirations. Finding he was a long way from knowing all he should in Accounting, he began to study at night. His next job was at Tuskegee Institute where taught bookkeeping and other business subjects, and later made Assistant to the Director of Industries—but he kept studying, spending most of his spare moments in the library.

"He kept studying" was like a refrain in young Christian's life. Even after leaving Tuskegee to take a job as an Accountant (moving subsequently to Louisville, Kentucky) he continued to "burn midnight oil." In addition to his work he became "figuring master" for many of the new enterprises in Louisville, most often Negro businesses. Not only did he design and install accounting and business systems, but he trained personnel as well. In 1925 he took his examination for CPA.

Mr. Christian, who has been described as one of the most talented accountants and tax consultants in the country, is a secure, confident American citizen. "Many of the problems facing Negro boys and girls are solved by proper technical training and determined effort," he explains. "There is nothing difficult about it—"

This man who is reaching the top in his field, would be very pleased with

John A. Cooper, Accountant, United Nations

—a young veteran, on his first real accountant job. Early in 1946, shortly after his army discharge, John Cooper packed away his khaki, put on his civilian suit and visited the USES offices in New York City. He wanted a job as an accountant. He had no "pull", no "contacts."

He was a trained Accountant, asking for a job on his ability to do it. When he was told by the interviewer that an accountant was needed at the United Nations headquarters, he went right away. He didn't stop to ask himself, "Will they want a Negro Accountant. Can I do the job. How will they treat me. Suppose... Maybe... Perhaps..."

He remembered his four good years at Morehouse College where he majored in business Administration and Accounting; the practice work he'd had during the last two years there with a CPA firm in Atlanta; his part-time job as a student with the firm; the special auditing job he'd done; and the extra study in Cost Accounting he'd had through the Armed Forces Institute, while he was in the army.

Chauncey Christian would have laughed with contentment had he been along with John that morning. He would have said: "There are a million Accountants in America—and to look at him, unruffled, confident, you'd think there was just one."

At the United Nations, John Cooper's job is Accountant in the Budget Control Section of the Administrative and Finance Division. He is one Negro among 25 other persons—French, Norwegian, Dutch, Canadian Filipino Australian. Sponsored by one of his Accountant colleagues, he is a member of the National Association of Cost Accountants, a professional organization which allows him to keep up with the new developments in his field.

For John Cooper this is just beginning. He's got a lot of plans, and he is losing no time. Along with his job, his association with other persons in his field, he has enrolled in a New York CPA School for evening classes. He is continuing to do something about his future.

"THE FUTURE IS YOURS—PLAN AND PREPARE!"

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EDITORIAL NORTH 24TH STREET

The people who reside in the Near Northside community and who must of a necessity use North Twenty-fourth street as their main thoroughfare, indeed have a sorry avenue to do business upon.

The pavement along this street is in a deplorable condition. Holes filled with slushy, melting snow is in evidence everywhere dirty paper, bottles and other debris litters the street. Slowly, very slowly, does the trash-filled sewers carry off drenching down-pours. Icy conditions prevail in front of scores of vacant lots.

These and other conditions present a challenge to the business men and civic-minded people of the community.

There is no logical reason why one viewing Twenty-fourth Street North from Cuming, might exclaim in disgust "What A Shanty Town!"

Strategically located mid-city, the Avenue, as it is known to its many corner-posing, after-dark luminaries, who, blazingly utter without any discretion whatsoever, foul words of a kind, only their ilk could possess. It might well be a thoroughfare that the citizens of this community would be proud of—it might well be a thoroughfare, clean, free from hazards of limb and health, lined with progressive business locations, owned, operated, managed and staffed by courteous, efficient persons such as those found at the Electronic Sales—Service Store, owned by Lieut. Harry Buford, the Sharp Inn, owned by Mr. Leonard Glenn, The Carver Savings & Loan Assn., Johnson's Drug Store and many others.

Will the Citizens accept the Challenge that is theirs or in despair, let it die???

THE COMMON DEFENSE by Rev. Wm. Kernan HUMAN RIGHTS

The Human Rights of the United Nation is currently engaged in writing a preamble to a proposed International Bill of Human Rights.

Americans may wonder why there should be any difficulty about that. They remember Jefferson's words in the preamble to the Virginia Declaration of Rights, "that all men are born equally free and independent and have certain inherent natural rights, of which they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity." They remember Hamilton's answer to Dr. Seabury, "The particular aim of society is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature." Why, then, should it be an arduous task to draw up a Bill of Rights for the United Nations.

It is because another idea man today possesses the minds of many, and competes with the principle of human rights which has found root in America.

It is the totalitarian idea which disregards man as free individuals and sees them only as part of a mass—a race, a class, a religion. It is the idea which denies that men as individuals have any rights whatsoever against the State. It is the idea which accounts for the cruel and inhuman persecution of the Jews by the Nazis, the deportation of slave laborers, liquidation of opposition parties by the Communists.

It is the idea expressed by the Yugoslavian representative on the United Nations Human Rights Commission. As summed up by the American representative on that Commission, He said that "in many of the Bills of Human Rights which had been presented for study the emphasis was wrong because it was based on the rights of individuals, whereas the new trends in the world made it impossible to consider individuals except collectively."

This is the idea which has already enslaved millions—destroyed millions—and today threatens the freedom of millions more. It is an un-Christian, and un-American idea. That is axiomatic and admitted.

But when we in this country refuse to judge our fellow-Americans on their merits as individuals—irrespective of their race, class creed, or color—when we exclude them from our schools and colleges, our neighborhoods and factories—and sometimes even our churches—we are giving allegiance to the un-American idea by regarding men in the mass rather than as individuals. We are leading our strength to the un-American idea which is today competing everywhere with the American idea for controlling the minds of men. We are helping to create an atmosphere can live and grow strong.

America needs great purpose—vigor in pursuing it—in nothing more than this: to embrace and hold fast to her ancient principle of individual human rights and, in accordance with it, to put an end to racial and religious discrimination; and to raise a standard of human rights which all the wise and honest of the world will acclaim.

Excerpts From The Nation's Magazines.

THE NEGRO DIGEST

Said former Governor Ellis Gibbs Arnall of Georgia, well known southern liberal, "The Colored man, be he Japanese, Chinese, Indian or Negro, is the natural enemy of the white man, in the same way that the tiger is the natural enemy of the lamb." Speaking further Mr. Arnall said, "I have seen Negroes

all my life, and it has never occurred to me that there was anything tigerish about them. Some of those I knew were exceptionally shrewd, businessmen, some were teachers, some were sharecroppers, some were proud farm owners. A few 'white man's niggers', as I disliked instinctively, in the same way that I dislike scallawags, quilters and the stink of cheap moonshine liquor in a Saturday night crowd... they were a little mephitic and a little vulpine as they played the role of Uriah Heep in blackface, but they were not tigerish." Uttering what many black and white Americans have dared to say

The Sanctity Of The Individual

(by RUTH TAYLOR)

A nation as well as an individual is known by what it believes. The beliefs of totalitarian regimes are clear to all. They believe in the sanctity and supremacy of the state and the complete subservience of the individual. He is but a pawn. His work, his religion, his home, his children are directly under the control of his master the state and its self appointed rulers. He may read, listen to and say only what they wish. Even his beliefs are regulated and regimented.

The direct antithesis of this are the beliefs of a democracy, based as they are upon the sanctity of the individual. The state is but the composite convictions of its citizens. He is no pawn—but a free man, considered capable and intelligent enough to govern himself with due regard to the rights of others. His laws are the traf-

fic rules determined upon by himself and his fellows as the most convenient way to give freedom to all by cooperation for the common good.

He may work where and when and how he will—provided that work harms no one nor so affects him that he becomes a charge upon the state. If he doesn't like a job or a locality, he is free to get up and leave.

He may worship in his own way—freely and with only his own conscience to determine his beliefs. His faith is not for the State to dictate. It is between himself and God.

His home is inviolate, protected from even the State itself by the Bill of Rights. His children, provided they are cared for and educated, are his to guide and cherish—not to be taken from him, as long as he fulfills his duty of father-

OUR GUEST Column

(Edited by VERNA P. HARRIS)

FARM POLICY AND URBAN BIGOTRY

(By HENRY J. STRONG, Editor
National Union Farmer)

DENVER.—Just what has national farm policy to do with the minority problems in many of our cities?

Remote as the two may seem, they are directly inter-related, and an understanding of that fact is quite important.

As a recent migrant to Denver after many years in the South, I was surprised to find that the strongest racial prejudices in this city are directed against Mexicans and Japanese, and not against Benton J. Strong Negroes.

That does not mean that there is no discrimination against the latter. There is. But I fear that I see even some elements in the colored race participating in discriminations against Mexicans and Orientals.

The Mexicans and Japanese are Denver's newcomers. These late comers offer economic competition in the labor field to the old settled population, including Negroes, and this condition has, as usual, given rise to tensions which sometimes flare into violence.

The situation in Denver is very largely an outgrowth of an agricultural matter.

A majority of the Latins came here originally as farm workers, to help harvest the sugar beet crop. Many of them lacked funds to get home when the harvest ended. Some settled voluntarily. Many of the Japanese, removed by the Government from the West Coast during the war, likewise came to the irrigation farming areas to find seasonal farm work and a subsistence. When the harvest was over they could not go back West. They moved to town.

Most of these new residents in this area were either recruited to come to the sugar beet fields to help meet a national emergency, or they were ordered from their homes on the Pacific Coast. They now want nothing but security, like all the rest of us.

The problem will not be solved by hot tempers. We can prevent it from becoming increasingly intense by intelligent action on a hand policy in the United States. We should stop the trend toward large commercial farms, which recruit and move migrant workers, and then cast them off. We should encourage owner-operated family farms throughout America, and western lands should be developed only on such a pattern. The Southern plantations, as cotton becomes mechanized, should be similarly converted to give people security on the land, rather than to drive them into cities and other areas.

Meantime, a realization of why the man next door is next door is essential to eliminate our prejudices and our tendency to attach blame to people who are actually themselves victims of undesirable social and economic forces.

Ellis Arnall declared there is no Negro problem, although the American Negro has a problem. In many respects it is a problem common to all minority groups anywhere in this or any other country.

**SURVEY GRAPHIC—
SEGREGATION, THE
PATTERN OF A FAILURE**

There is an old heresy in America which claims the privilege of aggressive race prejudice as a total of the inalienable rights of the individual. That is a popular argument among race reactionaries today. It has great currency in the South, especially among political leaders. But it also turns up from time to time in the malice of certain news paper columnists who reach national audiences.

As a nation, we have expended valuable energies in perpetuating the wasteful and sterile luxury of biracial institutions. We have wasted the human resources of Negro Americans by submitting them to a relentless system of frustrations and rejection; we have wasted resources of the whole nation in the enforcement and justification of that system. The way things stand along our racial frontiers on any particular day may look grim enough as one scans the stories of excesses in word and deed, which appear in

Gifted Negro Artist Builds Thriving Business

(BY VERNA ARVEY)

Los Angeles, (CNS) Latest mecca for tourists in Los Angeles is a green and red ultra-modern building on West Jefferson Street where Wilmer James, gifted young colored woman, has built up a thriving ceramics business. She has a distinctive line of products: colorful flower pots, bowls, cigarette boxes, ash trays and so on—all selling for extremely high prices in department stores, art shops, art gift shops and home furnishing stores in many parts of the world. Interior decorators also use many of the Wilmer James Ceramics. Miss James' line is different from that of her partner, Tony Hill, who produces lamp bases.

The fact that their business has been so successful commercially never fails to astonish its founders. In the beginning, Miss James took up ceramics more or less as a recreation with the idea of doing something creative. She joined a class under Glen Lukens, internationally noted ceramist, at the Pueblo del Rio housing project where she lived at the time.

Her work attracted attention at a later museum exhibit, and she was offered a job with the Bleeke porcelain company. Later she was employed by Barbara Wallis whose shop featured ceramics of terra cotta clay. Because her work in Miss Willis' shop covered every phase of this sort of activity, Miss James began to wonder why she

couldn't do the same things for herself.

Accordingly, in 1945, she and Tony Hill went into partnership and started a business in a garage. Then they acquired an agent who began to bring in orders which grew bigger and bigger each day. Then they established themselves in a little cubbyhole on Arlington Street—so unpretentious that outsiders didn't even know what was going on inside. It was in two rooms, with no display space and no connecting door. The workers had to go outside to get from one room to another. However, when the agent continued to place orders for more and more work, the two partners bought the lot on West Jefferson and erected their own building, called "Wilmer and Tony Ceramics." They have been in it seven months and already the new building is too small for the rapidly expanding business!

The artistic part of the business—that of creating the basic designs and of putting on the final glaze is done by Miss James and Mr. Hill. Miss James also does her own packing. All else is done by the working staff of eight. Miss James is the daughter of an interior decorator (Mrs. Helen Davies) and a graduate of Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles and of the California College of Embalming. She is married to Army Sergeant George James.

ALONG MY WAY



(BY LAWRENCE P. LEWIS)

ALMOST AN ENTERTAINER

I was down to the AMVETS club 24th and Miami, the other night conversing with Mr. Allen, the manager, and Mr. Whiteside, the secretary about the Benefit dance for the widow and the child of the late James E. Seay. The dance will be held at the AMVETS Club, 24th and Miami, on the night of March 17. All plans were going along swell until we started talking about entertainment.

"We should be able to have a few special acts for that night," the manager of the AMVETS club stated.

"That's a good idea," I said. "I know some people who would be glad to do something. Some dance some play the piano, and many of them sing. Not wanting to brag, but I sing a little myself. Nothing like Nat Cole, but you know, I just don't care to brag about myself."

"I understand," Mr. Whiteside said. "I began, 'D id I ever tell...?' 'Not now, not now,' they both cut me off."

"Somebody has to entertain the crowd that will be there. I just thought that I would give with a number or two. They don't want to dance all the time. At least, the ones in the physical condition that I am in." I said. "Just say for instance that I..."

"We ought to be able to find some professional entertainers that night," Mr. Allen cut me off again.

I said, "that they should, this being a benefit. You know, I would not call myself a paid entertainer, but I'd be willing to..."

"We should start the ticket sales at once," Mr. Whiteside cut in.

"I'll do that," I stated. "Now about the entertainment, I'll begin practicing, and when I feel I am ready then..."

"We'll need placards, and plenty of advertising," Mr. Allen remarked, stopping me when I was just getting to the point.

"We'll have plenty of time to map out the entertainment program to play, but..."

"When I was just a boy, going to

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL! By COLLIER



school, all of the teachers remarking about my voice. I said, "we, or rather the school, presented a musical once a year and I was to be in the chorus. Not the star of the show but I..."

"We can have the hall in excellent shape for that night," Mr. Allen said, not realizing that I had not finished telling them about my experiences in the entertainment field. "We will contact the band tomorrow and get that set, but we must begin the sales and the advertising at once."

"Now we are getting somewhere," I remarked. "The night of the musical they dressed me in white, with a pretty black bow tied around the collar. I was a little frightened when the orchestra began to play, but..."

"That is about all that we can do tonight," Mr. Whiteside said, standing up ready to leave.

As I said, I was somewhat frightened, but I had to play my part. I said hurriedly, not rising from my chair, "My teacher straightened out my tie, and I..."

"We're on our way," Mr. Allen said as he walked out.

"This benefit dance is important to Mrs. Seay and her child. We'll do our best to put it over, and I feel sure that there are many others who will help."

I stood up, pushed my chair aside, and walked out behind them. "Tomorrow we'll talk about the entertainment, and then I'll..."

"Goodnight Lawrence," they bided in unison.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY
Lawrence B. Harris, 51, 2308 N. 26th street, was charged with assault and battery last week in munny court. Harris is reported to have struck his wife during an argument and in turn received a candy bowl broken over his head, wielded by Mrs. Harris. Mr. Harris received treatment at Doctor's hospital for scalp lacerations.

On Being Vigilant
By GEORGE S. BENSON
President of Harding College
Searcy, Arkansas

That the price we pay for liberty is eternal vigilance may seem like old stuff to some of us. We are prone to relax after being vigilant for five years during a hard war. Like the next man, we pay more attention to signs of optimism than to those danger signals that are likely to call us to vigilance.

As modern-day Americans, we indicate by our actions and our interests that we are concerned about a lot of things—but perhaps least concerned about playing Paul Revere roles. Let Samuel Adams and John Hancock and Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry and A. Lincoln and all the others stay in their history books. We won our freedom in 1776, and we've kept it since. So why take the trouble to worry about being vigilant in 1947?

Take the IT IS always a lot of trouble, trouble to have a mind toward our freedoms. With three-fourths of the world embracing doctrines which oppose our cherished freedoms, and with many of the nations of the world scorning our kind of Republic, we shall have to keep on taking trouble to defend our way of life. This is true, even when we know that our Republic is the best and most prosperous anywhere in the history of civilization.

We have called America the melting pot, the place where the cradle of liberty was first rocked, the refuge of all the persecuted of hundreds of brands of minori-

ties. We have been a thrifty people, an active people, a people building a continent, all the while warding off tyrants from abroad and having a care at home for your freedoms and mine.

Defense of HOW IS IT, then, the Mind that we have been caught napping? Have we not in times of confusion at home and trouble abroad, allowed doctrines to creep in which would chain our minds and shackle our bodies as well? Distorting, misleading, boring from within, state socialism at home and abroad presents to us the kind of curse that tyranny has always been to free man. Inroads have been made on some sectors of the American mind.

Did you know that polls have shown that 51% of our people do not know what a balanced budget is? That virtually a third have no conception of the meaning of "free enterprise"? That many of us think it all right to owe a huge national debt to ourselves? That security is something Congress can hand out? That inflation is acceptable because it creates wealth? That there are ways to earn more by doing less?

All these things are fallacies. With other fallacies they will enslave, just as surely as any tyrant. We must make our platform freedom. Can there be a more constructive program than that of free men? Americans everywhere must prepare the defense of their own minds against the inroads of enslaving ideas.

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