

University of Mississippi

eGrove

Clippings

Citizens' Council Collection

9-16-1961

Affairs of State

Charles M. Hills

Clarion-Ledger (Jackson, Miss.)

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/citizens_clip



Part of the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hills, Charles M. and Clarion-Ledger (Jackson, Miss.), "Affairs of State" (1961). *Clippings*. 67.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/citizens_clip/67

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Citizens' Council Collection at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Clippings by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

AFFAIRS OF STATE

By CHARLES M. HILLS



NEGRO PATRIOT

Joseph F. Albright, negro journalist and intelligence officer in the U. S. Air Force in World War II, and for six years special assistant to the U. S. Administrator of Veterans Affairs (Veterans Administration) who now resides in Jackson, has issued a statement that deserves attention anywhere.

It is as follows:

"I am a Negro. I am a Negro who lives in the City of Jackson, Mississippi. . . and, above all, I am first of all an American who just happens to be a Negro.

"Of all these categories, the last is the most important; for anyone. . . race, creed, color, sex or national origin notwithstanding. . . who lives in this country and fails to be grateful for the blessings endowed in being an American is guilty of the most despicable ingratitude possible. This I say without reservation.

DO GOODERS

"Lately Mississippi has been afflicted with a swarm of "saviors" who have come with the dubious intent. . . and from some equally dubious sources . . . of "saving" me; although it has never been made quite clear to me as to just what I am to be "saved" from.

"These self appointed "saviors" have permitted themselves to be arrested, jailed and fined for violating the laws of the state. This, they declare, is an expression of "martyrdom" to dramatize the sad plight of poor little downtrodden me. It seems that this deplorable state of something or other in which I am supposed to be stems from the fact that I cannot. . . by law. . . sit down with the white folks in certain travel conveniences.

"Frankly, I don't give two loud whoops in hades whether I am given this so called privilege or not. I have always held the conviction that "people are people," and that any anthropological distinctions they might possess are of scant importance. I am blessed with my own cherished friends and associates. . . which I have chosen voluntarily, as it should be. . . and beyond these it matters but little with whom I come in contact, sit down with, or otherwise meet. So much for that.

DOWNTRODDEN?

"Now back to my "sorrowful" status as a "downtrodden" resident of this state. First, have a look at the state itself. For one, I am completely sold on its incomparable climate, its great natural resources, its industrial possibilities. . . there are none better. . . and with its finest resource of all: the friendly people I meet every day. I have been in thirty-six foreign lands; I have associated in varying degrees with fellow Americans in every state; and in none of these places have I met with more genuine kindness and simple courtesy than right here in this "Land of Magnolias". (Having come here to live perma-

nently and volitarily, I can say I have never made a better choice in my life.)

"But let us get on with this discussion of my "salvation". If I gave the matter the consideration of a century of thought I could not come up with anything more stupid than being "saved" from all the inherent assets of my racial possessions. I have yet to see a single effort made to "save" the Mississippians of Jewish, Irish, German, Syrian or citizens of any other "white" racial extraction from the acceptance of their prideful heritages. None of these are being asked to surrender the products of their respective racial distinctions. No, it is just I who am being zealously exhorted by these "saviors" to "integrate" myself into being neither fish nor fowl. . . and by so doing to admit that I have nothing worthy of merit and self respect that I have created or with which I am endowed. God forever prevent me from making such a ridiculous and degrading admission.

"DON'T SAVE ME!"

"So, "saviors", now hear this" I don't want to be "saved" from the continuous, adoring association of my own desirable women, some of the earth's loveliest creatures. . . from my own churches which stand as perpetual guiding lights in showing me the path of righteousness. . . from my own fraternal organizations that have provided me with the treasured fellowship of my own brethren. . . from my own great educational institutions without which it would have been a sorry day for Negro progress. . . from my own publications which have carried the proud saga of Negro contributions to America for more than two hundred years. . . and certainly not from my friendship and encouragement that I receive daily from that long and splendid list of white Mississippians without whose generous, sympathetic aid I could never walk successfully down the high road of progress.

TRUST GOD

"That's it, "saviors." Spare me your "unselfish" interest. Just save your efforts for some of the folks back where you came from, and whose "salvation" has long been in need of somebody's attention. I'm going to continue placing my salvation where it belongs. . . in my faith in God and the decency of my fellow Mississippians. For I know that the ultimate salvation for me or anyone else lies in that first and great Commandment: "Thou shalt have no God before me," and the second which is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"And I know, too, that having said He only helps those who help themselves, He is going to take a dim view of my riding on the backs of "saviors" of questionable origin and intent.

"So goodbye, y'all. Don't waste your time on me. I'll "save" myself; and do it right here in Mississippi, than which there is no finer place to live."