

THE FUTURE OUTLOOK
Greensboro Negro Newspaper.

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NOTICE TO READERS.

Our editorial pages are open to any one who wishes to express his or her opinion, on topics of social, racial, national or international affairs, providing your copy is accompanied by your signature. The right to refuse to publish any article is, of course, reserved by the editor.

THE FUTURE OUTLOOK,
505 East Market Street
Greensboro, N. C.

BRIEFS

The boss says we have a static silhouette here in the office — the shadow of that new office boy.

Most of us would be pleased if there was a way to ration the words of those endless telephone conversationalists.

Fashion writers refer to a static silhouette. This is as unintelligible to us as that other kind of static—the radio variety.

A new ink glows in the dark. This should be an effective means of preventing one stumbling over the wastebasket at night.

Zadok Dumbkopf says that when he first heard of the Hong of Wong, he thought folks were referring to a new big league home run king.

Another reason the Japs have failed to pull off their "spring offensive" against Australia may be the fact that it's autumn down under now.

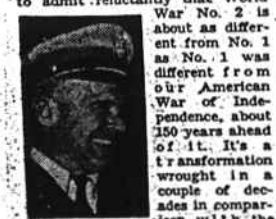
Boston newspapers are using horses to deliver the news. An excellent idea, which would have been applauded by that famous old Bostonian, Paul Revere.

Stewart Says:

Japan's Bombing Shows How Much War Has Changed

By CHARLES F. STEWART
Central Press Columnist

OLD-FASHIONED professional fighters, on land, and, even more emphatically at sea, are beginning to admit reluctantly that World



Brig. Gen. Doolittle

War No. 2 is about as different from No. 1 as No. 1 was different from our American War of Independence, about 150 years ahead of it. It's a transformation wrought in a couple of decades in comparison with the preceding 15.

They don't like to admit it because it makes them seem like back numbers.

Aviation is what's poisoned their original system.

It was a mere adjunct in 1914-15. They thought it was going to be the same thing again. Instead, it threatens to supplant them. The groundings still have hopes, as to the future. When it comes to OCCUPYING an enemy country, they reckon that surface troops will have to do the business. They are getting ready for an actual invasion of the European continental terrain. Flyers can come down via parachute, but not in sufficient numbers and at a rapid enough rate to escape being chewed up

about as fast as they hit terra firma. Grounding invaders simply can roll in, in irresistible waves. That presumably is what our A. E. F. is in Ireland for—to swish, while the English, across the Channel and swamp Germany, in co-operation with the Russians, from the other direction. Sir Stafford Cripps told parliament about it, as Winston Churchill's spokesman, a few days ago.

Flyers Pave the Way

But the aviators are expected to prepare things for this surface movement, in advance.

During World War No. 1, of which I saw quite a bit, as a news correspondent, the airman was an observer mainly. He might spill a few bombs. German airships were something of a nuisance over London, but no serious worry. The damage they did was negligible.

That was what orthodox warriors anticipated this time. Instead—My!—they raise hades.

It's reciprocated, too. Put what German air bombers have done over England and what British flyers have done to German centers like Rostock and Mannheim isn't a circumstance to Japan's vulnerability as a target for our own airmen. Brig. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle and 79 other American flyers proved this a few weeks ago without losing a single plane.

You need to have lived in Japan, as I have, to appreciate that kind of a raid's effects in the Mikado's realm.

On a second thought, I slightly qualify that reference to the Mikado.

Some unquestionably Americanly loyal locally-born Japs, whom I know, assure me that Emperor Hirohito didn't want to get into this war and that a lot of his countrymen didn't, but that they were yanked into it forcibly by Nippon's war lords, the crazy Samurai. Their hope is that we ought to propagandize decent Japan and we'll win 'em over to our side in due course.

Just now, though, is an emergency.

Momentarily the poor cusses require extermination.

So do the Germans, but they're not so easy to exterminate.

Germany is substantially built. Its factories and things can have sizable chunks blasted out of them, and still function. A Jap factory, though, resembles one of our "temples" in Washington. Set it afire and it's a goner, for a whole group of city blocks. It isn't confined to that one; others catch quickly.

Planes Have Advantage

It can't be done navatorially. Most of the places aren't close enough to the seafloor. Yokohama is, and it's in Kobe, but not farther inland. They call for aviation. And it must make 'em holler to have bombs dropped as close to the imperial palace as LaFayette Park is to the White House—just across the street.

I know that imperial layout—a palace, with a big park around it, a wall around that and a moat surrounding the wall.

Well, it's nearly impossible to worm in on an alleged defense of that kind with a naval force. It's gotta be squashed from overhead.

Plane-carriers are fine, to get close up. Transports are vital, to land ground forces, and supply 'em. Cruisers and destroyers are essential to run errands. But big ships are getting to be superfluous.

Aviation protects 'em, more than anything else does.

Aviation appears to be IT in modern warfare.

WE, THE PEOPLE

A Series of Editorials By HARRY H. PARKER, (Assistant Director of Recreation, in Charge of Negro Division Greensboro Recreation Commission.)
Written Especially for THE FUTURE OUTLOOK.

II.

"A Tribute to the Negro Business League."

"All life's a business," says President L. H. Russell, president of the local chapter of the National Negro Business League. And he's right! Following this premise, Mr. Russell tackled the job of organizing the Greensboro Negro Business League. I have nothing but words of praise for this fine organization. Congratulations to President Russell and the business men who have made this organization go, and goodness knows we needed it badly. The League's main project over the year has been the establishment of a day nursery,

an excellent idea, which is surely but slowly, taking the form of reality. The League has purchased its lot, and is working on plans for a building. I understand that a temporary building may be used, with the co-operation of the W. P. A. and other agencies, until a new building can be constructed. I give the League credit for staying on the line. The organization has not attempted to do a hundred and one projects; it has concentrated on the day nursery, and it looks like it will stay with it until it has been completed. This is good planning. I believe.

Last week we wrote about the "forgotten man." Much of the success of the Business League has been the result of the joining together of all the business folks, all the small shop keepers, grocery men, shoemakers, fish marketers, and others. These are the men who have put the League over. Do you remember the banquet presented by the League some while ago, honoring domestic and service personnel? That really was something! What a swell idea it was! Windsor Center was full that night women, remembered and honored by a crowd of "forgotten men" and women, remembered and honored by the league. And those banquets and luncheons at league meetings every week were swell, too. 'Tis a fine organization—the league. More folks ought to join up and work with the projects they sponsor. I have heard a lot of criticisms from the usual bunch of "knockers" about the league, and its president. You know, there's an interesting game—the "knockers." They complain, and negatively criticize everything that happens, good or bad, they always can do it better than anyone else; but one odd thing is that they never do anything themselves—nothing worthwhile. I like this self-inventory business; before folks start talking about others, seems to me they ought to look at themselves first; then they'd be so busy getting themselves straight that they wouldn't have a second of time to worry about other people. I am not talking about what I think, but what I have experienced. There are some perpetual "knockers" who make it their business to knock me and the center, too, but as Funeral Director Perry Brown says, "every knock is a boost." Just look at some of these "knockers" sometimes. Their closets are so full of the proverbial skeleton that they really need a whole house of closets. Why I could tell you something about some of these folks that would make you fall on! And would make you scratch your head, and ask how in the name of goodness could they ever think about talking about someone else.

Well, I sort of got off the subject, but honestly, just the thought of these "knockers" is enough to get anybody off. Back to the Business League—this man Russell is a swell fellow; you can say what you want about him but he's done a jam up job in heading up the Business League, and he's a true man of the people—that's what I like most about him—the other men in the league are just that way, too. And another thing I like about this man Russell—he's not a "fence-sitter." Well, what is a "fence-sitter"? you ask. Well, a "fence-sitter" is one of those folks who has no convictions nor stand of his own; he goes with the wind—with the crowd; he's for anything the crowd is for. President Russell is far from this sort. He says hat he means, makes his stand and keeps it, and fights for it. I wish everybody was that way around here; maybe we could really accomplish something. Good luck, Mr. Russell and members of the Negro Business League! Keep up the good work! Forget the "knockers" and the "fence-sitters," for they will not hurt you.

The most powerful American anti-aircraft gun has a range of 14,000 yards.

THE QUISSING KIDS



Poetry In Everyday Life

FRIENDLY LIBERIA.

People in friendly Liberia,
Don't worry about frost or sleet.
For summer days are pleasant,
With waves of shimmering heat.

Liberian winters are rainy seasons,
With almost continuous showers;
The natives stay home and rest,
Throughout the long winter hours.

The soil of Liberia is fertile,
With valuable forested lands,
Where bamboo, oak and mahogany
Grow profusely on every hand.

Potatoes live for seven years,
Without need of replanting;
Farmers merely recover the vines,
And the crops continue growing.

Negro statesmen rule Liberia,
With noble wisdom discreet:
Negro judges in stately garb,
Hold the nation's judgment seats.

No cannibalism or civil slavery,
Exist in Liberia, today,
Passage of time and intelligence,
Have swept these evils away.

Ocean trade routes connect Morrovia,
With London, Liverpool and Philadelphia,
While ancient Arab caravan trails,
Link the interior with continental Africa.

Liberia is near the equator,
And in contrast to North America,
Occupies a parallel of latitude,
Further south than tropical Panama.

Florida is relatively cool,
Compared with sunny Liberia,
Which is in the tropical zone,
Occupied by northern Venezuela.

Many prominent Liberian socialites,
Were educated in America,
And the native civilian population,
Is a social asset to Africa.

Many thriving coastal towns,
Including Marshall and River Cess,
Have splendid ocean harbors,
Contributing to commercial progress.

As a whole this frontier country,
For Negroes stands unexcelled,
A fit haven for race posterity,
In peaceful contentment to dwell.

THE MEASURE OF TRUE GREATNESS.
The crimson rose will fade,
And the mighty oak must fall,
Death, God's recompense rod for

kingdoms,
Eventually is justly felt by all.

For all men vile sinners are,
Whom dwell on earth's thorny sod,
And no being is supremely good,
Save one, namely the Christian God.

The measure of true greatness,
Though often held in doubt,
Is steadfast Christian virtue,
As wise men have found out.

The king who knows not Jems,
Is like a barren guard,
Whom in an evil hour,
Is cut off by the spirit's sword.

Here are some everyday attributes,
By which great men are known,
Virtuous traits of character,
In the succeeding stanzas shown.

To love our neighbors as ourselves,
Always observing the laws of God,
To the very best of our abilities,
Battling bravely for the common good.

To be calm when jealous enemies rave,
And brand us with unjust accusations,
To remain inwardly optimistic,
In the face of provoking situations.

To be humble whenever good fortune,
Happens to knock at our door,
Deeming worldly riches naught,
But vanity to the spiritually poor.

To refrain from persecution,
Of souls whom do us wrong,
To let the hand of God repay,
Enemies whom are ruthlessly strong.

To oppress not the humble poor,
Nor mislead the spiritually blind,
Neither lust for silver or gold,
And even to enemies be kind.

To run life's race with patience,
Unjealous of other's good works,
Attending to our own affairs,
Avoiding places where dangers lurk.

He whose feet do follow,
This path of virtue rare,
Is truly a great individual,
With wisdom and some to spare.

—William Malet Carpenter.

NEGRO DROWNED

Efforts were being made to recover the body of William Julius McLean, 16-year-old Negro youth of Dunn, who was believed drowned in a pond near Bunn Level. Coroner Melvin McLean said the body had not been found, and efforts continued.

Ontario produces 75 per cent of the electrical apparatus and supplies manufactured in Canada.