

THE FEDERATION JOURNAL

"Lifting As We Climb"

ISSUED BY

THE NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF  
NEGRO WOMEN'S CLUBS

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This issue of the Journal is humbly dedicated to Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown who was the moving spirit in the establishment of club work among the women of this state, served as Federation President for many years and has remained active not only in our State Federation but has continued her service as a distinguished leader in the National Federation.

North Carolina women are proud of Doctor Brown. Her unparalleled achievement at Sedalia, her remarkable persistence at Esland, her distinction as leader, public speaker, educator, and author entitle Dr. Brown to more honor than our humble Journal can ever bestow. Fifty years of extraordinary service to her race, her state and nation command not only our highest honor, but also our most sincere appreciation and our abiding gratitude. Written on the hearts of her students are the extraordinary lessons she has taught throughout these years. They cannot be erased, ever. Therein is honor undying, therein is influence imperishable; therein is glory immortal. May it widen and extend to the eternal shore!  
—R. D. A.

Appreciation — — —

The staff of the Federation Journal wishes to acknowledge with sincere appreciation the receipt of the Easter issue of the Bee Hive, the official publication of the Morrison Training School at Hoffman. Again we wish to congratulate Superintendent and Mrs. Brown on the splendid work they are doing, and for all the progress that has been made very steadily since they have been at Morrison.

The "Bee Hive" gives interesting accounts of the clearing away of underbrush and scrub oaks near the lake in preparation for the school to do spring planting, the killing of thirty-three hogs, the purchase of five mules, the purchase of a combine, the completion of the sterilization system for pans and pails, a grooming outfit for cows and numerous other improvements.

There is a new physician, Dr. V. L. Assevera, whose services are available on the campus. Practicing in Hamlet and Rockingham, Dr. Assevera is near enough to give frequent service to the boys at Morrison.

The boys say that they have learned

Convention News

Speakers for the Convention are Mrs. Josephine Kyle for the Friday night session, May 16.

Dr. Ellen Winston for the Saturday afternoon session, May 17.

Meetings will be held at St. Joseph A.M.E. Church.

Dinners will be served in the new Educational Building of the church.

And Not on Bended Knees

On the way to school one bright spring morning not long ago, two teachers with whom I was riding decided to stop for a few hurried minutes to purchase some articles necessary for the school lunch room. Left alone in the parked car, patiently awaiting their return. I began to observe the various persons who, passing along the street near the car, were hastening on to their work.

What an opportune moment. I thought, to forget my own problems, to scan the faces of these pedestrians, observe their carriage, study their demeanor and to imagine what their besetting problems might be.

Mere imagination changed immediately into silent prayer as a middle-aged white woman, struggling slowly along on her crutch, moved resolutely up the street hobbling to her work on that one leg as courageously as if she had two. With a lunch bag in one hand, with crutch under her arm, she crossed the street to enter a doctor's office, which I learned afterwards, she serves as receptionist. God bless this heroic woman, I whispered, as she faces wind and weather and dares all the difficulties of a busy street! To her patience, to her persistence, to her courage, do Thou this day add Thy chosen blessing! Fill her with peace that passeth understanding, I prayed.

A minute of self-reproach eased into a moment of thanksgiving to God, and praise for such heroism, such daring; moreover, into a rededication of my own whole self to my own tasks; and in very truth, into a resolution henceforth to work without complaining as I try to do the holy will of God. Then with spirit uplifted, I said, "While I sit here, I will utter some prayer for every one who passes by."

On the other side of the street, a podgy cook from a neighboring cafe swung lazily around the corner and entered the super-market. One glimpse of his band, cuffed crown, white linen cap, his unbuttoned white coat contrasting sharply with the darkness of his brown skin, evoked verily, a feeling of kinship. Drawn as if by a magnet, the cook ambled at once to the meat counter. What a day, I fancied,

several quotations from Julius Caesar. Everything we read in the Bee Hive seems commendable.

he will have! What a restless struggle he will have with hard ham fingers and over-browned onions, ubiquitous picklers and mustard, with cheap, adulterated coffee! What grace he needs for such a difficult day!

May he serve his patrons, his habitués, railway porters, carefree gum-smackers, slummy women. "God, give us grace and patience," I whispered. "Some heavenly words to smite the smut and vulgarity prevailing in the coarse, impoverished language of his lewd patrons. O God, bless that poor cook. Today, lift Thou, him up and somewhere let him see Thy smiling face."

Children on their way to school tripped merrily along the street; servants trudged cheerily along to their work. Blessings for all of them, I secretly prayed.

A tall and much over-weight Syrian merchant strode along hastening to open his wine-shop fruit store. As I sat there, I remembered what I had seen on the past Sunday as I sat in another car waiting for some friends to make an emergency purchase in the drug store adjacent to the wine shop. Then it was that two of my fellow church members fresh from the morning service entered the wine shop. Sabbath-tired and worship-weary, they overlooked the beautiful bananas, disregarded the shiny red apples, disdained the luscious grapes; and looking upon the wine while it was red and glittering, they drank deep gulps from the Syrian's wine cups filled from springs of bottled-up wine gleaming on his dingy shelves. "God forgive that Syrian merchant for leading my fellow church members into Sabbath-day temptation!" I murmured.

My comrades tripped lightly back to the car. With profuse apologies, they explained their delay. "Blessings on them, too," I prayed.

On to school we sped over a majestic highway. Each of us seemed lost in thoughts too deep for many words, intermittently beset, perhaps, by the inescapable consideration of varied plans for vivifying the Four R's. Entranced we were, withal, by the beauty of the undulating countryside, by the lovely sky apparently brighter that day, and seeming more beautiful than ever as a radiant tabernacle for the sun. How much everything seemed to declare anew the glory of our wonderful God!

"Haven't we had a glorious day?" the music teacher asked. "It seemed so short."

"And weren't the devotions grand?" my daughter added.

"We had such lovely company today," said the first grade teacher in whose car we were riding.

Wondering about the crippled woman, the cook, the Syrian merchant, and all the others for whom I had prayed, but confident that they had spent one happy day, I smiled and said to myself, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—R. D. A.