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In Memoriam
PAUL DICKSON
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MRS. PAUL DICKSON, Editor

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THURSDAY, FEB. 4th, 1943

A Negro To His Fellows

By ELDEN R. LINDSEY

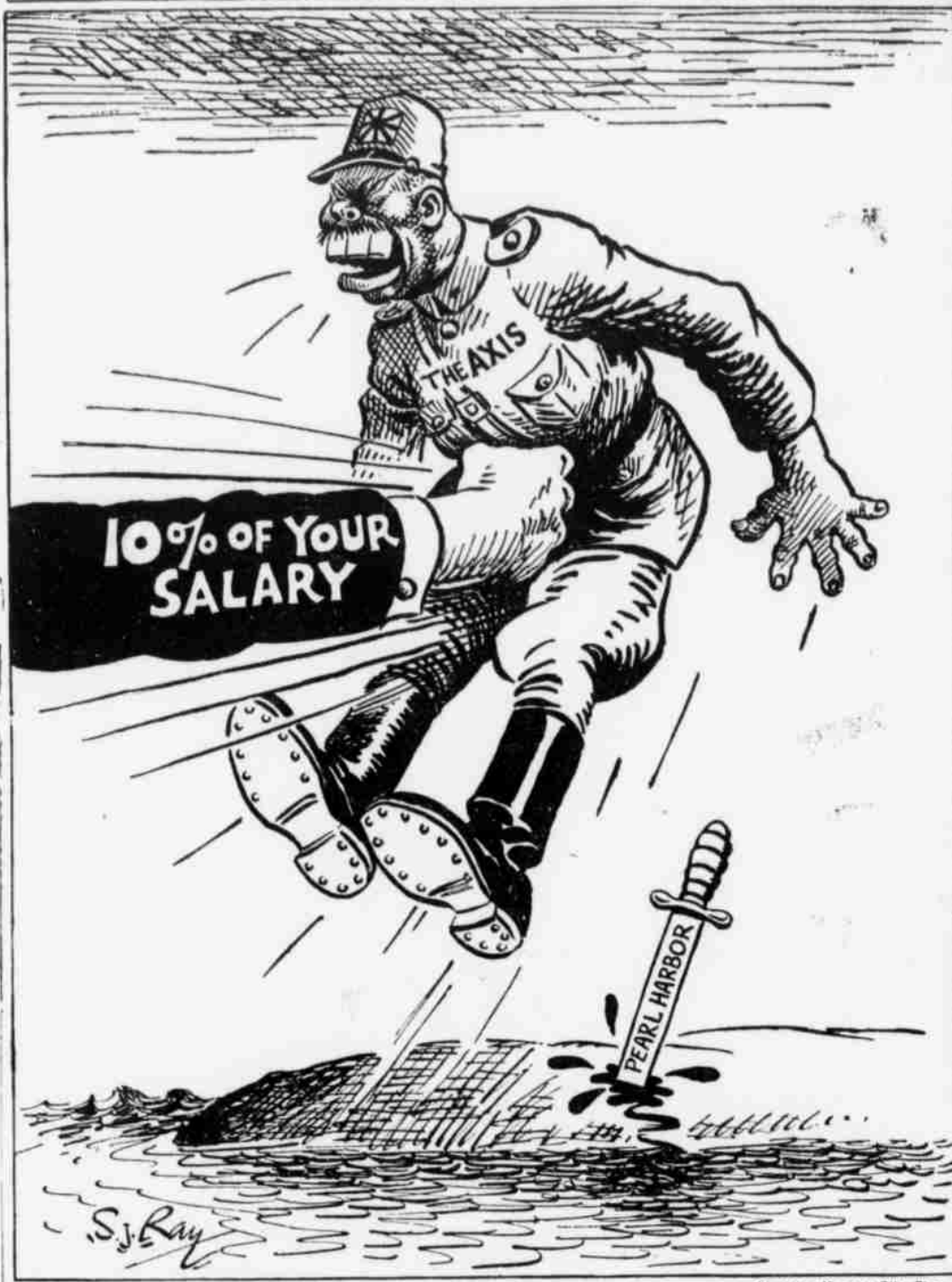
The following is an article clipped from The Christian Science Monitor which strikes us as one of the fairest things in regard to the present Negro situation we have seen. It is worthy of the consideration of every white and colored Southerner and United States citizen.—Editor.

Amidst the present discussion of the American Negro situation, it is not possible that Warren H. Brown, Ph. D., ex-college professor and high-ranking Negro, has done for his race something that no white man has been able to do, namely, expose the evil being done toward race harmony by the sensationalism of the Negro press and calling for reforms, with a reasonable chance that such will be heeded. In his article "A Negro Warns the Negro Press" appearing recently in the Saturday Review of Literature, Professor Brown lays much of the embitterment of his race squarely at the door of the Negro press.

It is important that such an article by a responsible Negro, has appeared. It fits into a pattern that potentially bodes much good to interracial accord, caring, as it does, close on the heels of the first charter ever drawn up by a representative group of Southern Negroes, designed to promote interracial co-operation in the South where 77 per cent of all American Negroes live. About the only criticism expressed in the Southern press concerning the charter was best summed up by Ralph McGill, executive editor of the Atlanta Constitution, in his widely-read column, "One Word More," when he said: "I would have liked for the proposal to have indicated, or affirmed, a definite disagreement with certain Negro leaders and elements of the Negro press in the East, but to have done so would have subjected the proposal to a violent attack from the powers-that-be in Negro politics and economics."

Professor Brown does what the framers of the charter probably

Remember Pearl Harbor—Every Payday



Courtesy Kansas City Star.

could do without having the Negro press—controlled, as it is, almost exclusively by Northern Negro money, whether published in the North or South—pull down the house on his heads. All too frequently the Negro press has busied itself with playing up the bizarre, the sensational, the criminal, the race-hated stirring elements of the news.

In calling for a new deal in Negro journalism, Professor Brown points out:

Most Negro newspapers are what they condemn the most prejudiced whites for being. They are Negro first and American second. They foster segregation by aiming to make all Negroes race-conscious before they are American conscious. They prosper by sensationally playing up the Ne-

gro at his worst. When they publish news of the white community, it is generally an account of the white man at his worst.

After amply substantiating these charges with facts, Professor Brown offers what might well prove to be the remedy.

"Is the larger centers of population," he says, "Negroes of high intelligence and skill are available to establish and publish newspapers that will be worthier representatives of the real mind and character of the American Negro. There is no greater opportunity before the Negro community than to undertake to establish such a press. Meanwhile every Negro with any pride of race has a moral obligation, by protest and pressure, to demand less hate and sensationalism, more fairness

and honesty in his press."

There are many fine things now being done by Negroes that deserve reporting, and more and more of them are beginning to appear in the daily press dispatches. Among them have been the stories of the Negro band playing to keep up morale while the transport President Coolidge was being abandoned, not an easy thing to do; Dorie Miller, Negro Navy mess-boy at Pearl Harbor, exhibiting bravery that won him the Navy cross; Negro troops winning the praise of officers in the African campaign, to name a few. Not the least of these were proposals made for local betterment by a group of Negro citizens to the Chamber of Commerce in Valdosta, Ga., as reported in the Valdosta Times, Nov.

The Things He'd Want To Know

(This little story applies to every mother who has a son in the service.—Ed.)

"The minute we heard that Bill was a prisoner, most of us in our small town hurried to his mother. That's the way it is in a small town.

Bill's mother was out in the barn, helping a cow to "birth" a wobbly-legged calf. No, she didn't want anything, she said. They told her she could get a letter through to Bill soon. Yes, he'd stand it all right, she thought. Her boys stood things without much to-do about it, she noticed. Got it from their father mostly, she thought.

But I watched that woman's face, and I knew better. It was not all from his father. Much of Bill's courage came from that gaunt woman standing there tending to the simple, everyday, age-old problem of birth. No tears in her eyes, but on her face the terrible, strained and curiously peaceful look of the brave who have struggled with sorrow and are not afraid of it anymore.

She'd write Bill, she said. She wanted to tell him that his cow had calved, and that the boys had cleared the new ground and put cane in the bottom land. Those were the things he'd want to know, the little things that had been woven into the fabric of his life. She knew, with an ancient wisdom, that these were the things that would help Bill: the knowing that the way of life he fought for was safe, and going on, like a river running forever to the old, old sea, in spite of storm and earthquake.

And suddenly I knew how right she was. That letter she would write, with fingers gnarled and cramped with the churning and the milking and the picking of butterbeans in the garden, would be a re-affirmation of all that his childhood had meant, for out of that childhood with its simple things, its facing up to realities, the dignity of its work, and the shining beauty of its dreams, had come the courage to face what he was facing now.

He would be remembering the pink mist of peach blossoms in the spring, and the new creak of his dad's Sunday shoes going to the little white church on Sunday, the willow tree hanging over the pasture spring, and the way the wagon wheels cut into the white sand when the horses turned into the gate, his sister's playing on the old organ, the night sound of crickets and cows lowing to be milked, and his father

25, and widely republished throughout the South. The report points out ways they see to increase the output of Negro labor; to reduce illiteracy and disease among their race, and to improve housing conditions.

Such proposals made in true humility and deep sincerity, are something to seize upon for interracial co-operation. They should be even more widely published, discussed, and acted upon by the majority race. At the same time, if the Negro press concerned itself more with constructive stories such as these—and there must be many more of them if the trouble is only taken to dig them up—a great step will have been taken towards promoting better understanding between the races.

saying grace for food. He would be remembering the whole way of life back home, and its preciousness. And holding on to those memories would give him courage in the darkness, and a bright flaming anger at those who would destroy his way of life.

I came home to my own children. And I highly resolved that now, in the days of their childhood, I would see to their building strong the structure of memories. I want them to remember that in our little house we tried to be kind to one another, that we knew the dignity of hard work, and the silver sound of laughter and the rightness of respecting one another's privacy, and the importance of belonging to one another and living the days as well as we could. For I know now that the gentle, patient courage, and the fierce loyalty to their way of life of all the Bills we know is born of a lot of memories of leisurely years and simple ways of living.

From the shine of quiet yesterday Bill carries a gleaming memory to light his way in the present darkness. So may my own children, if ever the need come."

BERNICE BROWN McCULLOUGH,
In Christian Science Monitor.

DIVIDED THEY FALL

Surrounded by big government, big business and big labor organizations, the farmer who tries to struggle along by himself today is rather helpless. He finds agencies on every side telling him what to do, what not to do, when he can do it, and when he can't do it.

Planting a crop, milking a cow, raising a hog or selling a steer have all become acts which virtually require a lawyer's advice.

So today more than ever, a farmer needs the help of cooperative marketing organizations. He needs the advice of experts. Acting individually, he is sunk. Acting collectively, he can compete with the power and the influence arrayed against him.

It is up to the farmer to solve his own problems by intelligent action through his own farm organization speaking for him.

It is encouraging to note the interest shown in organizing a Farm Bureau in Hoke County. Names of paid subscribers will be found in this issue of The News-Journal. J. M. McGowan and A. S. Knowles want it understood that the campaign for new members is now on.—A.B.D.

COTTON GINNING REPORT

Hoke County's latest ginning report, issued as of January 16, shows prior to that date 13,500 bales of the 1942 crop were ginned, as compared with 11,203 bales at the same date a year ago. J. R. Shaw, Census Bureau agent for the county, states that the next and final report will be made as of March 1st.



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