

A GLORIOUS TIME TO LIVE

ONE of our daily papers recently expressed the editorial opinion that the cowardly handling of the issues involved in the Gary school strike of white pupils was discouraging to those persons who were always hopeful that some way of avoiding extreme displays of racial prejudice in America might be found. We are confident that the opinion must have referred specifically to the failure of the dominant whites of our country to destroy among themselves the perversity, bigotry and arrogance which is responsible for such displays. It seems that it would be discouraging to be a member of a race which was always fabricating fine spun theories which were found to be strikingly fallible when put to the test of the Negro. Such a problem as there is of the Negro is the white man's own problem, of his own making, and, in so far as it causes trouble, it reflects the white man's inability to deal competently with it.

But this is a day and a time when the Negro need not feel discouraged. This is a glorious period when a race with a marvelous past is called upon to prove itself against tremendous odds. The boys and girls of today, the young men and young women, have their fields of battle laid out for them. There are advances to be made, honors to be earned, victories to be won. While the white man must use his time in the plain and dull pursuit of money, the Negro is born into a great adventure of himself against the world. Daily he runs into the challenge to prove himself, to be somebody. Each mark he makes upon the record of progress is a symbol vindicating his position as a somebody among the races of men.

And the Negro who must fight against the world can go into the great battle with a magnificent zest, for he must know, from day to day, that he is winning. He has only to consult the white man's own books to learn that he, the despised Negro, if you please, is the only race that has been able to live beside the arrogant Nordic and survive. The Negro can not only know that he is winning, but he can survey the field and discover that he has many of the enemy afraid. If he looks into Mississippi, Arkansas, Georgia, or any of such states, he will find a

white man who is full of dread for this black race which suffers, but smiles and fights right on. It is glorious to belong to a race which must fight for and wins the greatest things life offers.

As each new day comes this race of ours sends its rockets high into the air to let a watching world know that we are advancing through and over our enemies. Cullen, the poet, a rocket; Alexander, the builder, a rocket; Binga, the banker, a rocket; Overton, the financier, a rocket; Wright, the statesman, a rocket; Moton, the educator, a rocket; Annie Malone, a rocket; Mary Bethune, a rocket; Dubois, a rocket; and Morton, and Simmons, and Redmond, and hundreds of others, flashing signals of our activity, bright sparks of our racial genius.

Gary is not a discouragement to a race that has been tried like ours. It is a demon of prejudice for some new Negro who will emerge to grapple with it. And that Negro will win, either that or the white man of Gary will suffer more than the Negro. For more than sixty years the Negro has been a consistent winner against prejudice. He welcomes the opportunity for more conquests.