

THE DEEP SOUTH SPEAKS

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For the NNPA News Service
NEEDED—A NEW NEGRO!

In a certain city in the deep South it is reported that during the past four years colored physicians, for the most part, made croaker sacks of filthy lucre.

In this town, as in many others of the South, hundreds of mothers lost their lives while in the valley of the shadow because they did not have the proper prenatal care due to their poverty stricken conditions. So many white doctors were impelled to deliver charity cases without a fee, in the local charity hospital, while colored doctors were accepting fees for delivery of problem cases at the maternity clinic sustained by the United States Health Service as a demonstration project to show what can be done with local voluntary cooperation under immediate local supervision.

In every instance where professional whites move in to do service without charge, there should be colored professionals who are public spirited and socially enlightened enough to top that contribution even at a sacrifice. The degree to which a man contributes of his means, himself, and skill without regard to self-remuneration determines whether he is the equal of other men who make such contributions. In the area of adventurous free public service we need a whole generation of new colored individuals if we are to give birth to a race of people or segment of one world citizenship.

A soldier friend of mine returning from Europe tells of a young colored soldier from the deep South spying another colored soldier from some part of the British Empire as he walked along with the white British comrades. To the colored Yank from Dixie the sight of the colored British-born soldier was a sight for his sore eyes. He yells to him "Hey man," but the colored Britisher refuses to recognize the Dixie Yank.

He and his buddies enter a saloon for a drink of beer. Soon it is discovered that the boy from "down behind where the sun goes down" in the deep South has followed the group into the saloon and is butting in on their conversation with "What do you say man—where are you from?"

By this time the colored Britisher realized that he had better take the situation in hand. He turned to the pitiful boy, who was so woefully penalized by being born

black and in Dixie, and said to him, "I am your color, but not your kind." For the first time, that colored soldier realized that he not only lived in a world of people of varied colors but of various kinds.

"Some day, if we make progress, that boy is going to grow up to learn men are more often discriminated against, Jim Crowed and shunned because of many shortcomings, lack in social graces, inability to make themselves do what they ought to do even though they don't want to do what they ought to do than because of their color. He is going to learn that he has no right to pull others down by commission or omission, insofar as trying to force himself into a level of society into which he has not evolved.

We need a host of new colored individuals who will sacrificially give of themselves to others—men and women who will go into the most backward places and make a sacrificial contribution to the end that those lowest down who want to climb up and out may have the opportunity to do so. Needed—a new Negro, a Negro who is big on the inside and yet is as humble as a lamb, a Negro who is truly willing to spend and be spent to the end that the races of mankind may unite as rivulets pouring into one sea.

It's one thing to be denied by others, but to deny oneself to the end that others may have the chance to climb up and serve their fellowmen is to do that which is most noble and earns a county from the gods, such as the psalmist speaks of when he said "He prepareth a table before me in the presence of my enemies. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Our enemies magnify our littleness and use it as an excuse to oppress the weak and defenseless. As we evolve as human beings out of the wilderness of racialism, we must take care as to the type of men and women we lift up into places of might and power. It is a very dangerous thing to life a little man or woman up into a place of power. To do so is to give a baby, as it were, a bomb to play with. Hitler was a little man, so was Mussolini. Racists are little—be they white or black. They are dangerous.

No group of people in all the history of the world ought to be more concerned about inward spiritual growth comparable to outward growth in the material realm than colored people. It is he in American society who may find that most of his material success is like the leaf which is carried forward on the bosom of the river rather than like the swimmer who swims against tides. He may do well to be ever aware that most of his houses are built on a dying racialistic philosophy born of prejudices which are no longer respectable, and comes the dawn—our appreciation of the important effort on our part to develop a Negro who is one in kind with the earth's most evolved, regardless of race or nationality, will deepen and we, through character building agencies supported by ourselves will make a real contribution to the building of a world civilization.

A white man, black man, Jew, German, or Britisher may in any case be of the same race, but it does not necessarily follow that he is of the same kind. Kind and not race or nationality is the important thing. Good men come of those who take upon themselves the task of building better men of those lowest down.

From that fire, the needed new Negro will come. Gold comes only out of fire. Only those who choose to go through the fiery furnace have what it takes to give him the gold-like quality which is accepted in the courts of those who live to serve in the knowledge that one can only enjoy that which he gives to deserving others.

On all fronts we need a new leadership—one that loves humanity, serves mankind, works for universal peace and universal brotherhood. When that leadership arrives, racial discrimination, prejudice and exploitation will vanish like snow in the July sun.