

P R E F A C E

By CONSUELO YOUNG-MEGAHY

With our ears still smarting, throbbing....and prickly....from the din and scorching blasts of the primary ballyhoos....just passed, it seems not one whit amiss to....ponder the words spoken....(at the All-woman's dinner)....by that charming, very feminine administrative head....and Assistant State's Attorney General of Ohio, Elsie Austin.

"Against all odds....and forces," she said, "we must work for a broader aspect of world problems....if there is to be eventual solution.

"For the Race....the new day of going forward....has arrived. And if freedom, growth....and development are to be obtained....it must be with a new spirit of unity. The time has passed....in which it was enough to face issues with limited understanding....fettered by ignorance and misinformation.

"If racial adjustments are to be stirred and abetted....to really attack our problems forthrightly....the latter must first be interpreted in terms of self....not Race. Any other approach is futile....for it is impossible to view understandingly....universal problems....without an insertion of self....commensurate with a logical understanding....which necessarily follows in the wake of a procedure....from the known to the unknown.

"There must be leadership-vision, broad and inclusive enough to realize the emancipative qualities teeming in a national attitude....tolerant and eager....for a true interpretation and participation in all issues....affecting the rights and happiness of all peoples. Approach from any other angle....except for the general welfare....or the solution of any problem....from the angle of an isolated group interest....is futile."

"Why futile?" you ask.

Well, I suppose that can best be illustrated....by a citation Miss Austin gave concerning a recent conference....where one of the members asked, "Is there not a weakness in the main attitude of your people toward world issues? Do you think they would be just as interested in the anti-lynch bill....if the Negro was not concerned?" Rather a good question to ask....I'd say....(even though you might find it a difficult one to answer truthfully)....for it brings to light rather harshly....if not cruelly....our general indifference toward issues....which we feel only indirectly....(if at all)....affect the consummate totality of our existence....but which each day....more decisively blot the horizon....in the direction of the light....we seek....on the solution....to our effrontements.

It is high time then we broaden our horizons;....that we shudder at the mistreatment of the Jews in Austria; at the massacre of the Loyalists in Spain; at the slaughter of the yellow peoples in China....knowing all the while....the negligence of just commitments....on the part of allied nations....unable to view the conquest of Ethiopia....in terms of their own annihilation....has brought about this chaotic fermenting....mucilaged on the threshold of World war.

And as Miss Austin says....in order to counteract the subtle danger of idealogical aggression....we need greater stress....and emphasis placed upon new standards....in social and political education;....more searching into the political fitness, background....of state and government office-seekers....in terms of their attitude and stand on labor, minority groups....and governmental policies. We need higher standards for our businesses....which comes with the expansive training in same....we have not given much thought to. We need a more serious consideration with reference to the consumer....(really a labor idea) -cooperative movement. In short....through sacrifice....of time, energy and action....we must prepare a new picture of unity (far better than regimentation) of purpose....as harmoniously blended....in all constructive forces....as nature itself. Herein lies a real contribution....a new mental behavior pattern....to be acquired....and much more hopeful than the despair and wretchedness....so realistically portrayed....as the Negro's plight....in the Federal theatre production....of Big White Fog. However, one must really see the play....to realize some of the enthusiasm Susan Glasgow and Kay Ewing must have felt....during its first reading.

Above all else....(and Lord knows....what with the Amateur Minstrels....the Provident Fashion Review....the Chickadees Musical Show and Review....beside all the other various and sundry obligations....on the Easter calendar)....state your attendance....at the Chicago Defender Bud Billiken club's seventh annual Easter Music Festival. Trained children's voices will raise in unison at five respective centers including Metropolitan Community Church, Southwestern and Greater Union Baptist Churches, Wabash Y.M.C.A. and the Good Neighbor Settlement House. Encouragement of juvenile activities on this blessed afternoon deserves your wholehearted support.

With so much that is fine and commendable....coming from the pen of Race authors....it is no wonder....the recent meeting of A. K. A.'s Theta Omega chapter, presided by Evelyn Shropshear, Ruth Montrose, Leora Law-William Dove, Lucille Wilkins, Mercedes Officer, Mary Brown, Sadie I. Daniels, Laura Lofton, Mary Mayo, Beth Manney, Irma Lumber, Emma Matthis, Mae Mellan, Hortense Love, Bernice McIntosh, Lucille Roberts, Adelaide Walden, Angela Turpeau, Velma Fields, Clarice Hatcher, Emmatee Ferguson, Florence Ish, Mary Brock, Nelmatilda Ritchie, Bennie Ruth Doneghy, Arline Washington, Edna Connor, Ernell Bowles, Edna Sherrod, Mae Starks, Thelma Kirkpatrick, Alpha White, Bessie Willis....held their innuendos....on chair's edge....listening to the inclusive Negro bibliography....compiled by soror Irma (librarian) Clark....who's been cumulating and classifying the works....for over two years.

But say what you will....the aura of sentimentality....which surrounds these religious weeks....finds intense expression in the hallelujah feeling....which brings thousands scurrying homeward by motor, rail and plane....to be there on the morning the "King Is Risen."

Another prodigal son....(whom Chicago has learned to call its own)....is being heartily welcomed home....and surrounded in his swank new offices at 717 East Sixty-third street....by hosts of former friends, acquaintances, old and new patients. And from what I hear....there's hardly an hour....you can't find him plating and bridging painlessly. Know who I mean....? Of course....Emory Gray. And a better dentist than he....is hard to find.