

The Dawn of Tomorrow

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NURSE MIDWIFE—MAUDE CALLEN EASES PAIN OF BIRTH. LIFE AND DEATH

Some weeks ago in the South Carolina village of Pineville, in Berkeley County on the edge of Hell Hole Swamp, the time arrived for Alice Cooper to have a baby and she sent for the midwife. At first it seemed that everything was all right, but soon the midwife noticed signs of trouble. Hastily she sent for a woman named Maude Callen to come and take over.

After Maude Callen arrived at 6 p.m., Alice Cooper's labor grew more severe. It lasted through the night until dawn. But at the end she was safely delivered of a healthy son. The new midwife had succeeded in a situation where the fast-disappearing "granny" midwife of the South, armed with superstition and a pair of rusty scissors, might have killed both mother and child.

Maude Callen is a member of a unique group, the nurse midwife. Although there are perhaps 20,000 common midwives practicing, trained nurse midwives are rare. There are only nine in South Carolina, 300 in the nation. Their education includes the full course required of all registered nurses, training in public health and at least six months' classes in obstetrics. As professionals they are far ahead of the common midwife, and as far removed from the granny as auremycin is from asafetida.

Maude Callen has delivered countless babies in her career, but obstetrics is only part of her work. To 10,000 people in a thickly populated rural area of some 400 square miles veined with muddy roads, she must try to be "doctor," dietician, psychologist, bail-goer and friend. To those who think that a middle-aged Negro without a medical degree has no business meddling in affairs such as these, Dr. William Fishburne, director of the Berkeley County health department, has a ready answer.—When he was asked whether he thought Maude Callen could be spared to do some teaching for the state board of health, he replied, "If you have to take her, I can only ask you to join me in prayer for the people left here."

Maude's duties as midwife are no more important than those as nurse. On her daily rounds she sees dozens of patients suffering from countless diseases and injuries. She visits the nine schools in her district to check vaccinations, eyes and teeth. She tries to keep birth records straight, patiently coping with parents who say, "We name him John Herbert but we gonna call him Louie." She tries to keep diseases isolated and when she locates a case of contagious illness like tuberculosis she must comb through her territory like a detective, tracking down all the people with whom the patient may have been in contact. She arranges for seriously ill men to go to state hospitals, and she keeps an eye on currently healthy babies to see that they remain that way. Whenever she is home—she is childless and her hus-

band, a retired custom-house employee, sees her only at odd hours—she throws open a clinic in her house to take care of anyone who wanders in. And sometimes patients come all the way from Charleston, 50 miles away.

Maude drives 36,000 miles within the county each year, is reimbursed for part of this by the state and must buy her own cars, which last her 18 months. Her work day is often as long as 16 hours, her salary \$225 a month. She has taken only two vacations and has now become so vital to the people of the community that it is almost impossible for her to take another.

When she is not visiting her patients in their homes, Maude holds clinics in churches, school buildings and backwoods shanties throughout her district. Some are for a single purpose—inoculations, classes for midwives or expectant mothers, examinations for venereal disease. Others are open to all comers with all ills. All are part of the activities of the South Carolina State Board of Health, Maude's ultimate employer, which has perhaps the best state mid-wife education program in the U.S. but a recent budget cut seriously threatens it.

At her clinic Maude does not compete with doctors. There are not enough M.D.s in any case to cover the territory, and whenever her patients are in need of treatment that Maude is incompetent or unauthorized to give, she takes them to the health department clinic or the county hospital. There she works under the direction of Dr. William K. Fishburne, from whose shoulders she has taken an enormous amount of work.

NAACP TO FIGHT FOR ILL., MICH., FEPC

DETROIT, Dec. 4.—Plans for vigorous campaigns aimed at securing passage of state fair employment practice laws in Illinois and Michigan were formulated in a meeting here last week end of national, state, and local officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The conference discussed strategy and techniques for pushing FEPC in the Illinois and Michigan legislatures, and the kind of legislation NAACP will support. A state-wide conference will be called in both states of groups interested in FEPC for the purpose of pushing the legislative campaign. Bishop George W. Baber of Michigan is serving as chairman of a leadership mobilization conference called by the NAACP to be held in Lansing early in January. The Illinois State Conference will hold a similar mobilization in Springfield under the direction of Reverend Paul Thurlow.



WHAT IS A CANADIAN

During the past several years, writers, radio and public speakers, and even advertising men have expounded in numerous ways on this interesting topic—so much so that we have, on occasion, been tempted to provide a final definition by paraphrasing Gertrude Stein—"A Canadian is a Canadian is a Canadian."

Frequently such public "philosophizing" has been with reference to immigrants. We have all heard said, at one gathering or another, often with some vehemence, "We want these people (the immigrants) to become Canadians—we must make them Canadians." (The latter statement brings to mind the proverb about leading a horse to water.)

For the time being we will not go into the matter of WHY we want them to become Canadians. But let's look at what we may mean by having them become Canadians.

Racially we are, and becoming more so, a rather mixed people. There is no pure Canadian, racially. And in spite of the tremendous pressures to conform, pressures of mass media of various kinds to standardize our habits of eating, dress, sleeping, recreation and thinking—we are still considerably un-alike. And the degree to which we maintain this "un-

aliqueness" of habit, especially of thought although other habits affect thought, will determine to no small extent the vigor and health of that somewhat nebulous spirit and body of ideas we sum up in the word "democracy."

When we want the newcomers to become Canadians, do we not mean that we would like them to soon understand and find a place in the fairly wide range of concepts, habits, methods and relationships which we include in our understanding of democracy; that they will learn the language we speak so that we can communicate with them; that they become acclimatized to our social, recreational and cultural pursuits so that we can be "at home" with them and they with us; that in fact they become so much at home and a part of our communities and our nation that their first allegiance, when a crisis calls, will be with us.

Definitions, though often adventurous, are frequently dangerous. May we, however, pose one for your consideration?

"A Canadian is a person, sometime resident of Canada, who is at HOME in Canada and—or—with Canadians."

Christmas Again

We shall soon hear again the bells and the carols, the greetings and the laughter.

This is a very happy season. No other time or occasion has so great an effect upon the discipline and dispositions of men and women. There is something about it that touches human hearts as nothings else can. There is much evident kindness and goodwill. Men become brothers for a season in the name of the Holy Nativity.

The wonder of each Christmastime is, that its essential keynote is not grandeur but simplicity.

Christianity was born on a night so long ago in distant Bethlehem. The religion of the Christ Child has travelled far since then and along many roads. The very simplicities are significant to the wondrous story of the night when Christ was born, are still the unchanged essentials of our holy faith.

That first Christmas found a handful of faithful shepherds gathered at the manger in a lowly stable. With them, adoring, stood the Virgin Mother and Joseph the carpenter.

No crowds . . . No fanfare . . . No proclamation.

In the generations which have followed, men have sought to praise the child by the many wonders of which they have wrought. His churches of exquisite beauty and designs; mighty organs, blending the ancient harmonies of music masters; magnificent bells, fashioned that their pealing might call the sons of men to worship; all these things bear witness to men's great gladness in the knowledge of their Lord. They help provide the "atmosphere" for the proper keeping of a modern Christmas.

Vested choirs and clergy in their robes of priestly office, with moving dignity and solemn ritual, lead the modern pilgrims along the Christian road that brings them to a new-found Bethlehem.

Bells . . . Music . . . Proclamations. It would sometimes seem that the old simplicities have been done away with but in very truth this is not so.

The vaulted naves of splendid churches take the place of the crumbling stable; marble Altars form the modern manger but simplicity remains and humility still triumphs amidst the glories which men have made for God. It is not in any of these things that the Presence of Christ is denoted but in the sacramental Bread.

BREAD . . . We are back again at the simplicities of the first Bethlehem. Bread is not only the staple food of man, it is his simple food. It can be found in the cupboard of the poorest home as well as upon the table of the richest man. It meets a universal need. It is thus, in the very simplicities of life that men find God. The story of the Birthday of Jesus Christ is again retold, when men receive Him under the simple veil of the sacramental Bread.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR