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THE PASSING OF "UNCLE TOM"

By M. FRANKLIN PETERS

It has been said and written down in books that "Uncle Tom," with all of his bowing and scraping, his cringing and humiliation is passing, and that his place is to be filled by a New Negro. It is true, and it is not true. If it is true, then there goes out of the life of this nation an interesting and unique personality.

Broken away from the sacred relationships of his own people, brought to a strange land among strange faces and other minds, tutored under the lash of an alien civilization, wonderful in forbearance, courageous against odds and magnificent in faith, he has left his stamp upon the life and institutions of this nation.

All of the wealth and splendor of this republic are largely due to the sweat of his brow. He came to a wilderness and made it a garden; he found a forest and turned it into cities, and for three hundred years he has filled the coffers of his white masters.

The New Negro looks upon the passing of Uncle Tom as a distinct gain. For, it is said, that with him goes all of the cringing and humiliation of a great people. The white south, on the other hand, regards the passing of Uncle Tom as an irreparable loss. For, with him goes all of the chivalry and romance of a once glorious south. May it not be that his passing is also a loss to the New Negro?

"Uncle Tom" was a man. Honest and sincere to the bone, he never felt it a disgrace to work with his hands. His word was his bond. If he contracted a debt, he paid it. Deprived of the means of an education, stories are told of how he would frequently walk twenty miles to hear a man read. If he believed a thing, he believed it and was willing to suffer under the yoke of oppression for that belief. His stability was remarkable. With all of his shortcomings he was the greatest specimen of Negro manhood produced on this side of the Atlantic. And he did all of this in the face of great odds and in spite of slavery.

"Uncle Tom" has not left the New Negro without a heritage. All of the wealth accumulated by the Negroes in the last fifty years was begun by Uncle Tom. He did not have an education himself, but he worked his fingers off to give one to his sons and daughters. Afraid of the treachery of his former masters he buried his money in the bowels of the earth and saved in spite of them.

"Uncle Tom" is passing, and with his passing it is said that a New Negro has come to take

his place, a Negro of another caliber and another mind. Much verbosity has been wasted on what the world may expect from this New Negro. Who is this New Negro? What is he thinking, or, is he thinking at all? Whatever he is doing, it must be greater than what Uncle Tom did, for he has greater opportunities than Uncle Tom had.

Those who have any high hopes, or who are optimistic and overenthusiastic over the progress of the New Negro need a tonic—they must see him as he is. Let them go down to the nearest station and purchase a ticket to: Hawks Nest, West Virginia, or Cripple Creek, N. Y., or to New York City, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland or anywhere, and there they will find this New Negro in all the glory of his indifference and unpreparedness, loud in his denunciation of discrimination and injustice, frantic in his appeals for help and full of promises of what he is going to do, but wholly incapable of participating in any co-operative and constructive action.

It is said that there exists a great deal of restlessness and dissatisfaction among the Negroes of the United States. How true this is can best be determined by what the New Negro is doing. Is it possible for a dissatisfied people to spend the greater portion of its time in frolic and carousal? Who crowds the dance halls and pool rooms of our cities? The New Negro. Every people has its songs and its dances. These are just as much a part of its life as its religion. But when a race of people is willing to spend all of its time in frivolity, it has no right to be dissatisfied. The New Negro will not stay in school for money or God. And this is said with all the appreciation for the courageous struggle of a small minority who believe in themselves and in their people.

The New Negro spends much time reviewing what his fathers passed through. This is no time for history, but work. A great day it will be when the American Negro really becomes constructively dissatisfied. When that day comes we may expect a step forward. The Negro is a slave, not in chains, but a slave of indifference and braggadocio. This is no time to shake our own hands, we must work. It is time enough to receive laurels when we are victors.

The passing of "Uncle Tom" leaves the field to us. He passed through much, but what he passed through can not be compared with what we must and will pass through in the years that

are to come. The darkest day of the American Negro is before him. And God grant that he may wake up in time to face it with determination and preparedness. This is no time for idle talk and fishing. Flattery and lies must be thrown to the winds and truth must be our

light. For, in it alone is freedom. If there is a New Negro, let him act new, think new and fight new. If there is not, then there must be. Let Ethiopia throw away her harp and gird on her sword, for it is day and the enemy stands without her gates!

TALKING POINTS

Brazil plans to establish three lines of steamers to United States ports. The first steamer left August 15 for New York. Sailings will be monthly. One line will consist of express steamers from Rio de Janeiro to Barbadoes and New York, the second of four steamers will call at Buenos Ayres (Argentina), Montevideo (Uruguay), Brazilian ports and New York, and ships of the third will ply between Brazilian ports, Havana and New Orleans.

William Moseby, of 598 Cortlandt avenue, New York, is in the market with a rheumatism cure said to be very effective.

The ground has been broken and work begun upon the People's Theatre, which is to be erected on Seventh avenue, at the corner of 137th street, New York, by the Sarco Realty Co., Inc.

The Harlem Community Enterprises Corp., which has the lot next to the Sarco people, has

put up an open air photo play theatre for the summer.

According to a Constantinople dispatch, Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationalist leader, has issued his first Bolshevik proclamation.

A new Negro steamship line has been organized under the name of the Liberian-American Steamship Company, and with a capital stock of \$500,000, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of \$5.00 a share. The corporation proposes to take over a 3,000-ton ship at an early date.

In the present Congress the Republican majority of the Representatives and the Republican majority of the Senators opposed and killed the bill providing for the extinction of the jim-crow car. Roosevelt (when President) expressly refused the request to send a message to an earlier Congress asking the destruction of jim-crow service in interstate travel.

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MORTE D'ANGLAIS

By BEN E. BURRELL

You spread your pall of power across the world;

You flung your standard o'er the Seven Seas;

Your power was felt with every passing breeze;

On every race your cannon balls were hurled.

The nations trembled at your mighty name, Kings bowed in awe and chieftains homage paid,

The wealth of all the darker tribes was laid Low at your feet. Your poets sung your fame.

Today dissension tears thy ranks at home, Abroad thy subject tribes are armed for war;

The Muscovites are thund'ring from afar; The sons of Erin fight for rights at home. Far India no more hears thy name with awe, Egypt rejuvenated, flushed with pride, With bolder Soudan arming by her side, Defies thy sceptre, and thy sword, and law.

Britain, oh Britain! All thy lust for gold Has brought the nations' hate upon thy head;

Even the mem'ry of thy mighty dead This great catastrophe cannot withhold. The blood of centuries upon thee falls, Europe's great wars thy bold intrigues have wrought;

Oppressor and oppressed have for thee fought, The mangled forms of men from red earth calls.

Hearing thy voice the black man no more quakes,

Gone is his reverence for thy king; and he Is sick of thy brazen hypocrisy, And armed, into thy face his brand he shakes.

You flung upon the earth your pall of power, The nations heard thee, and their kings obeyed,

Great chieftains to thy sovereign homage paid—

But speak, oh Britain! Is not this thine hour?