

# THE CALIFORNIA EAGLE

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### THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

The evolution of the American Negro is a story, of men groping about in darkness, seeking the inspiring light and glorious warmth of the mid-day sun of knowledge and culture. Let us move the hands of time back three dark and dreary centuries into the jungles and dismal swamplands of that monstrously dark continent--Africa.

The sun darkens as it scales the sky; the earth quakes; the sleek black bodies of men are hurled against the throbbing earth, and the rain falls in cadence upon the ground. The day passes and save for the barbaric beating of tom-toms and the yells of mottled faced witch-doctors, silence is supreme. There they stand, a people, governed by the laws of Nature and



CARL SMITH

their own superstitious minds. They hunted for food and clothing by day, and beneath the pale moon huddled around fires to protect themselves from the prowlers of the night. So with their low degree of intelligence and their superstitious, perverted by others of a higher degree of mentality, was quite possible. They lived precisely as their ancestors had done in the days of Egypt and Babylon. There was no change, no progress, no development.

Suddenly their peace was shattered. Seated in their hunting ground, living without progress, the progenitor of the American Negro was led to an outrageous slavery as is a lamb to the slaughter. Eating the bait of novelty and foreign trinkets, he followed the pathway that led to wrong, oppression, and suffering. Picked in the bottom of boats like the victims in "The Black Hole of Calcutta," the physical jester, held at the hands of the cruel master, death, and were thrown to a watery grave. The great law of Nature is--

#### "The Survival of the Fittest"

True to this law, only the strongest and most healthy natives of Africa survived the hardships to America. Let us treat of these, these beaten dog-like appearing savages.

Reaching America a people, who had roamed beneath the free sunlight of heaven for generation after generation, were beaten and caged in a plantation as is a fierce Numidian lion. As a trainer teaches his beast to perform tricks by the use of whip, so the Negro was taught by the calvarine tail to till the soil and perform household duties. Thus, denied the freedom that was his sacred heritage the Negro was forced to endure both physical and moral torture beyond description.

Of the suffering endured by the Negro there is much to be said. Entering America he was conducted to that awful slave market where the bodies of men, women, and children were shown to gloating eyes to be sold as merchandise. Above the wild yells of the mobs rings clear the voice of the auctioneer. "Who wants a human soul? I am bid three hundred dol-

lars; four hundred; five hundred; five hundred once; five hundred twice; sold!" Picture human souls bartered for five hundred dollars.

Receiving a home a girl or a woman was forced into a slavery that women of all ages, centuries, and nationalities feared and hated. This slavery gave variety of colors to an originally black people. Some one has said that "every cloud has a silver lining." In keeping with this true principle fate occasionally smiled upon the oppressed Negro. Kind masters lightened their heavy burden. Their newly found God protected, guided, and kept them. In their idle moments they huddled together as in days of old, and sang songs of praise to their Creator. Today these songs stand as America's only folk songs. True to the words of the ancient philosopher: "Evil shall not transgress for might is not right," the evils and the might of slavery in two centuries perished, and the Negro once more became a free being. But with his freedom came the evils of lethargy, ignorance, and immature mental development. This was the result of two hundred years of misguidance, denial, and oppression.

The Civil War and the Emancipation Proclamation, which were instruments of fate to make possible the freedom of the Negro, had both good and bad results. Under the mantle of the plantation and the jurisdiction of a single master the suffering endured by the Negro were kept at a minimum. But when freed and put under the governance of many masters, namely: society, education, prejudice, and lethargy, the burden became almost unbearable. There they stood like so many sheep leaderless and without education shrinking from the attack of the feared wolves. But with all these bad effects the Civil War became the inalienable instrument of a fair people and the Emancipation Proclamation, an immortal document. The pall of slavery was pulled from over the tomb of oppression, denial, submission, and wrong. The sons of the African Ethiopian once more became physically free.

As Humanity broke the fetters of prejudice, greed, and hate, she placed among America's great laws of government, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. The Thirteenth abolished slavery and involuntary servitude, thereby making certain the freedom of the so long oppressed Negro. Under the Fourteenth America's adopted son became a citizen and was given equality before the law. The Fifteenth granted political freedom. So armed the Negro, was put into the world's struggle to battle against adversity with the meager powers of his mind and his unskilled physical strength.

During slavery progress was impossible. There was work to be done, and that work was not to educate ignorant slaves, but to use those slaves as fuel to burn in the fires of our Western civilization. Therefore the real Negro evolution began sixty-four years ago, after the Negro became physically, morally, spiritually, and politically free. And so it was then, that the Negro launched forth on the sea of opportunity.

As a ship must have a captain, so a race must have a leader. Booker T. Washington as the Negro's first leader, encouraged an industrial and agricultural education. He, unlike the witch doctors of the Congo, drove evil spirits away with his cries for general education to all his people. He left the Tuskegee Institute as a last refuge of safety, to the weak and as a fitting memorial to his many achievements.

Under the leadership of its second leader, W. E. B. DuBois, the Negro set out to obtain a general education. It was under the guidance of DuBois, therefore, that the Negro sought the world famous professions. Providence has spared DuBois to see the Negro go through various stages of mental evolution. He sits today, as an oarsman in a skiff, fighting against the current of ignorance.

Regardless of his low intelligence, the Negro was able to produce Paul Lawrence Dunbar--the great poet of

Negro verse. These men, their collaborators, competitors, and followers, were forerunners to the progressive or so-called "New Negro" of today.

Like an avalanche in size and power as it moves on its way, the Negro Race has increased in leaders and strength as it rolls on to its coveted goal. Today the Negro has leaders in nearly every field of endeavor. Let us then recapitulate the works of his most eminent celebrities.

Roland Hayes may be said to be one of the greatest singers ever produced by a people. With the force of his silvery voice he has held millions in awe of his "God Gifted" glory. Countee Cullen is acclaimed the finest lyric poet of the Negro. Jean Toomer's "Cane" will always hold his name high in the world of novels. And Broadway lauds Wallace Thurman, when she illuminates herself with the glittering lights from "Black Mecca." Carver's name stands preeminent as one of the world's great scientists, the man, who with the lowly peanut makes over one hundred foods and other necessities of life. Seated in his chair in Congress, Oscar DePriest represents the state of Illinois. Dealing with a more local group, Fred Roberts, aims to make laws that govern our own state of California. From the operatic stage rings the voice of Florence Cole Talbot who sings from the great masters. Among the master minds of the stage is recorded the name of Charles Gilpin, the star in "Emperor Jones." His great desire to be versatile makes Paul Robeson an actor one moment and an athlete the next.

Following this great aggregation of leaders comes the Negro masses. Washington once likened the Negro to a bucket of crabs who fight for individual attainment. Under his leadership and guidance of subsequent leaders, the Negro masses have learned that "in union there is strength." From the cotton fields and farms of the South, the Negro has branched out into nearly every industry in America. While others put forth disbeliefs and divergences, the Negro held high the conception of a true and living God. Not Franco-American, not Anglo-American, Russian-American, American, the Negro stands today a true and loyal American citizen.

As the roll of tom-toms vibrates thru the jungles of Africa, calling the natives to council, the hum of machines in America denotes the Negro's mental evolution. In the jungles of Africa still roam the brothers of the American Negro. The African still hunts for food and clothing by day and at night still huddles around fires to protect himself from the prowlers of the night. He is still governed by the laws of nature and his superstitious mind. He is still without change, progress, or development. What then has made this change, this development, this progress, in the America Negro? The answer is obvious. "Man is the product of his environment." Since the Negro has been shown the light of education, he stands today--a true product of American civilization.

As the sun lifts its head in the east, man turns to his outlook of the future. And what of the outlook of the American Negro?

With his political freedom and equality he has made a marked progress. If he is given the same freedom and equality in all lines of organized endeavor, surely his progress will parallel the evolution of man from the very dawn of history.

Regardless of racial differences we are all Americans--Red, Yellow, Black and White--birth in this country provides us with common bonds of American citizenship. So, let us in our zeal for our beloved land, forget prejudice, hate and suspicion. Let us replace ignorance with education, enmity with understanding--for then and only then, will the evolution of the American Negro be complete.

BOOK GOSSIP FROM THE HELEN HUNT JACKSON BRANCH, LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY.

**Books for the Business Men.** Ten million books on business, its way and wherefore, its development and psychology, its probabilities shown through charts, surveys, etc., are published annually in the United States, according to Stuart Chase, himself an author of various volumes on getting your money's worth and similar subjects. In a country which holds the money bags of the world, it is little wonder that the business man has evolved by, and about himself, a great

### WHY BE EDUCATED

(By CARL ECHOLS)

More schooling is too often overstressed. Some of the world's greatest men and women were neither college bred nor college graduates. Ford, Edison, Shakespeare, and scores of other famous personages never attended college. Book-learning is beneficial. But it is not a sufficient substitute for common sense. Theories aid one in better understanding and coping with the task in hand. But theory is a bad substitute for practice.

We are living in an age when to be educated is absolutely necessary. Statistics show that the higher one advances in school, the greater will be the chances to procure the best jobs. This is the machine age; machines are rapidly supplanting manual labor. Again, this is the age of science; knowledge has become so systematically collected and formulated, and so widely diffused by the modern press that there is little need for anyone to remain uneducated.

Many misinformed people think that because they may have graduated from college (finished school, they call it) that they have completed their education. Never were they farther from the truth, for the academic school only prepares one for the Great School, life. We all must attend this school of life, and often those with the least academic training prove to be the most successful students. For no amount of book-learning can take the place of--Common Sense and Mother Wit!

The person of native ability and good judgment, other things being equal, bids fair for success even without book-learning; but they would fare better with some knowledge of books. The educated snob and the bookworm have failed already unless they add to their erudition wisdom and a practical knowledge of human nature. There is no fool like an educated one!

Many, having been denied an education, may alone for this deficiency systematically and persistently pursue a well planned course of "home-studying." Many have acquired the equivalent of a college education in this manner.

Of course the school has a few advantages, such as social contact, exchange of ideas, use of laboratory apparatus, and so forth. But for those who are unable to attend the class room, the equivalent, practically, may be had by regularly following a prescribed course of home reading.

**Editor's Note:** Next week's article will endeavor to show how that any ambitious person regardless of his station in life, may, by persistent, regular, and systematic studying acquire the equivalent of a college education within the confines of his own dwelling place; even while he earns his living.)

body of literature invading every field of literature. We have not only business law, salesmanship, and marketing, management and personal problems treated in sundry ways, advertising treatises by the ton, economics from every angle, but we have too, biographies of business men to remind us of the way success is built; we have friendly advice from the self-made man; letters, diaries, philosophical essays and poems written about the modern business colossus; and finally, we have the literature of amusement for his able and weary highness--the detective stories to rest his active brain, the stage comedies to soothe his tired eyes. The business man is coming into his own in the eyes of the world!

#### Lorna Rea

A new novelist, Lorna Rea, has been pronounced so many ways that the following poem has been inspired:

On Harper's list this Spring you'll see "Six Mrs. Greenes" by Lorna Rea.

"A fine clear style," says F. P. A. In complimenting Lorna Rea.

Poor Mr. Green; the man must be a Trifle blue--thanks to Miss Rea.

**NOTE:**The editorial department of Harper's is of the opinion that the first couplet gives the correct version.

### Lengthening the Shadow Of A Remarkable Woman

By NORMAN L. MCGHEE

To thine ownself be true, was never sought to be more practically applied than in the course being pursued by Mrs. Sallie W. Stewart, National President of the Association of Colored Women.

When Mrs. Stewart accepted the presidency of the National Association in 1928, she did so with a full knowledge of the social desires and economic needs of the colored women of America. Within six months from the date of adjournment of the national conference held in the District of Columbia, Mrs. Stewart had a written outline of the social program which she expected to prosecute during her tenure of office.

In her opinion, the most serious problem facing the colored women of the United States is the lack of adequate facilities for the protection of that large number of colored girls who find themselves compelled to seek employment in the large cities of this country. A brief survey of prevailing conditions under which they live in the cities throughout the United States convinced her of the seriousness of this problem.

The spectacle of young colored girls alone in these cities, away from home environment, and living in rooming houses and boarding houses where the single and primary interest of those in charge is that they pay the weekly or monthly room and board bill set her thinking. Something simply must be done else Negro womanhood is doomed, she concluded.

Looking about she found her and there brave local attempts to administer to this patent need. In Cleveland, Ohio, she found an establishment known as The Phillis Wheatley Association--the dream come true of that remarkable woman, Jane E. Hunter. An institution which was the product of the very idea which occurred to her as the possible remedy--a home with wholesome surroundings for the working girl--a place where helpful advice, an uplifting environment, might be had for that girl who found herself in a large city without friends or home.

And what a notable institution this woman has built. In brick and mortar, it represents some \$800,000, but in service to thousands of girls who receive the friendly smile, helping hand, and wholesome associations to be had within its doors, its real worth can be easily reckoned.

Realizing that this great institution was but the lengthened shadow of Jane E. Hunter, its founder, forthwith Mrs. Stewart enlisted for aid. Here in Cleveland, Ohio, she said, is the type of institution I should like to see duplicated in every city in the United States.

As a result there sprang into existence the Phillis Wheatley Department of the National Association of Colored Women with Jane E. Hunter, chairman, and regional chairmen as follows: Southeastern District: Mrs. Emma Mosley; Central District: Miss Georgia Williams; Northwestern District: Mrs. Dolly Paries; Southwestern District: Mrs. R. B. Sneed; the Northeastern District has not been given a chairman as yet. From nearly every state in the Union, encouraging reports have come from these state presidents, offering their assistance to cooperate in every way possible. They have also appointed splendid women in the various states to make a survey and help in establishing The Phillis Wheatley Department.

Immediately upon being appointed to head this department, Miss Hunter issued the following statement:

"In every city and town there must and will be a Phillis Wheatley House. A club house that shall be owned and operated by the local clubs that are members of the National Association of Colored Women. The purpose shall be to give protection, boarding facilities and helpful advice to girls traveling from city to city. It will also serve the purpose of housing Juniors. If we are to attract our younger girls we must provide larger recreational opportunities. Mrs. S. W. Stewart, our national president, has visualized this noble and far sighted project and has called to arms every woman and

### "Ole Virginny"

By IDELL BATEMAN

Carry me back to Ole Virginny, Dais whah de cotton, corn and sugar come does grow. Dais whah de birds warble sweet in de springtime, Dais whah dis ole darkey's heart does



MRS. IDELL ALBRITTON-BATEMAN

long to go.

Chug-Chug, Shush-Shush, Sh-Sh-Sh!

With the bump, bump of a myriad wheels on endless tracks, the "Padre" San Francisco bound pulled out. There's a grin on my face that just won't quit. Tis the feeling of luxury that comes stealing over me. I close my eyes and feel myself being carried swiftly, almost motionless along. I open them and there--the brilliant lights overhead. The deep cushioned seats

especially the young women of America to rally until this project becomes a reality.

For thirty-two years the women of the National Association have worked in and out of season and the leaders have made a supreme sacrifice to awaken and organize the women of our race. Through their efforts much good has been accomplished and yet the social program of colored women could have been in a much stronger position had the pioneers of the early days kept their fine influence working full time to the credit of the National Association of Colored Women.

"Let any one make a survey of the local club activities and it will be seen that most houses that offer protection to colored women are owned and operated by a national association of white women. I venture to say that it would astonish us to note the amount of capital paid into these organizations by Negro women for the privilege we have and do enjoy. Yet, we do not own one penny of the vast amount of real estate controlled for our use. We must admit that we have been penny wise and pound foolish.

Our courageous president, Mrs. Sallie W. Stewart, is not asking that we withdraw our support from the already existing homes that are operated and controlled by other national organizations, but she is asking that the local club women in all the States begin immediately to organize in the name of The National Association, local club houses that shall be owned, controlled and operated by colored women of their respective communities. We also invite those clubs now in existence and not supported by a national body to become members of The National Association of Colored Women. In a few cities there exists a club house or working girls' home bearing the name of some great pioneer Negro woman which needs the influence that would naturally come by association with this organization. It is our hope that through the National Headquarters a uniform educational program will be fostered for the best interest of all our local branches."

Concurrent with the publication of this appeal, considerable correspondence was had with the colored women leaders all over the country. Responses from these leaders reveal that everywhere unanimous approval has been given the plan for the establishment of Phillis Wheatley homes.

"Lifting as we climb" has taken on a practical significance in the affairs of the National Association of Colored Women, and in the not far future the lengthened shadow of a remarkable woman may be expected through the medium of their association to extend its benign, reassuring influence over the lives of the thousands of colored girls residing in the large cities of this country. Thus shall Negro womanhood, everywhere, be exalted.

with their snowwhite head rests. The several faces of the passengers on board, their staid look of inquiry, each one searching the face of the other to discover any hidden secret therein.

The partly, precise, prim-mouthed porter plunges into making down berths with grim determination. "He would almost look human if he only smile,"--that thought, kept forcing itself to the fore.

A nice white man in our compartment. He had the berth overhead. His seat faced ours. So full had we piled it with boxes, bags, coats, sweaters and what-nots, he couldn't find breathing space, so took himself off to the smoker. Hours later he returned asking kindly, timidly, sympathetically if he might have a wee corner. Then came a readjustment, with the rolling of oranges, spilling of bananas, overturning of apples, nuts and fried chicken. Finally we settled down and with the passing of a box of candy our conversation waxed generally. He gave me the impression of a Man of Affairs. He spoke of "running into Frisco" as though it were a dally habit with him.

He was just that casual and cool about thinking of going on to New York that I kept a tight grip on my money bags, feeling them, peering every little while into them to make sure that by some slight-of-hand, their contents had not been removed. I thought of the many warnings from weathered way-farers, "Sew your money in bags, tie them around your waist, thieves, robbers, hold-ups." Yet here sat this evidently nice-man, giving me information that I could not wholly hear because of those doleful whistles. Sleepiness was feigned into as a means of riddance. The porter converted the seats into a comfortable bed.

"Where, oh where is that dressing room? Up and down the car rocking back and forth as one drunken with wine, I teetered and tottered but never a door did I see. Oh, Porter, please, where is the dressing room?" "Out in the back, madam." "But, I can't find it, please." "Must have thought 'Where did this green woman come from, has she never been on a train before?' Resignedly he took me and put his hand on a portion of the wall that gave way, opening onto a comfortable little room to accommodate the making of a lady's toilet.

Lights out. Only the bump, bump and roar of the wheels on the tracks, the plaintive ooooh-oooh-oooh, scream of the engine to be heard. On through space, the occasional house in the distance, the rising and sinking of hills, the bright lights of the approaching town. The falling of weary eyelids, rocked to slumber and all's well.

### The Commencement At Bluefield Institute

The thirty-third Commencement of Bluefield Institute began Friday evening, May 31st with exercises by the Secondary Class, Saturday afternoon, June 1st Class Day of the College of Education was followed by the President's reception to the graduates and "Tap Day" elections of the Pyramid Honor Society. In the evening four scenes from "Hamlet" featured the College Night program.

The Baccalaureate address, Sunday afternoon, June 2nd was delivered by Rev. Emory B. Smith, Director of Publicity of Howard University. Monday was Alumni Day. A baseball game between the alumni and the varsity was featured in the afternoon. The address in the evening was given by Prof. J. Rupert Jefferson, principal of Sumner High School, Parkersburg, W. Va., and member of the Advisory Council to the State Board of Education. The annual Alumni Reception followed.

At the Commencement Tuesday morning, June 4, 16 received Smith-Hughes certificates: 49 from the Secondary Department; 25 Normal; 3 Junior College; 1 Business Administration. The degree of Bachelor of Science in Education was conferred upon 6; in Business Administration 1; in Home Economics 1. Professor Raymond W. Logan, head of the Department of Sociology at Virginia Union University delivered the Commencement address.

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