

I Write As I See

By ARTHUR
 HUFF FAUSET

WE ARE PROUD OF HIM!

HATS off to Henry Armstrong!

When a group of Negro citizens telephoned him from Hollywood that the same American Legion



Fauset

Post which had scheduled him to fight middle-weight champion Ceserino Garcia at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, on Washington's Birthday, refused to let

Negro fighters appear in the Post's own Hollywood stadium, Henry promptly and flatly refused to go on with the fight, which meant thousands of dollars forfeited both by him and the Legion Post.

"Colored boys were allowed to fight in trenches with white boys in the last World War," Armstrong is quoted as saying. "They were allowed to give their lives for their country. So I can't understand why the Hollywood Legion will not let colored boys fight in their stadium. Of course, I will not fight for them."

SPIRIT OF THE NEGRO

Now that's the spirit of the New Negro.

Mark you, too,—that came from a Negro boxer,—not a college professor, nor a business man, nor a doctor, lawyer or politician.

Of course, Armstrong is a superior type, a remarkable type for any race. Like Louis, he makes us all very proud of him. Besides, he is a very thoughtful, serious-minded, intellectually endowed young man. But the fact remains, he belongs to the boxing fraternity.

I don't want to appear biased against our intellectuals. I don't want to stir up class war among Negroes, for essentially we all still belong pretty much to the same class. But you've got to admit it is not often you hear Negro intellectuals turning down money and honor to defend race honor. Remember how Richard Harrison played "Green Pastures" in Washington even though Negroes were barred from the theatre? And only last week I heard a charming young teacher, sincere and earnest in her way, and wanting to be courageous, exclaim, "But Negroes have to work so hard to get somewhere, it can't be expected that they will go without bread, butter and clothing in order to struggle for the race!"

WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

What is most significant about Armstrong's attitude is that it bespeaks the New Negro. I am sure Paul Robeson would react in the same way, and I imagine Marian Anderson, to say nothing of Joe Louis, Ethel Waters, Langston Hughes, Alain Locke, and many others.

But we do know many Negroes, quite a few of them right here in Philadelphia, in professional, political and entertainment circles, who are willing to talk turkey with the white man no matter how much humiliation is involved for the race. These are the Old Negroes. (Some of them are very young, for this matter is one of spirit and guts, not of age.)

Do not be too hard on the old Negroes. Do not be too sure, even, that you are not one of them, for none of us can be certain where we belong until we have permitted ourselves to meet real tests. Simply thank God that at last the old line is crumbling. The New Negro looms above the horizon,

the New Negro who puts pride before dollars, race before personal gain or glory, and courage in every fibre of his body. We are marching on!