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Date: 1945

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Tourist in Africa

BY MARY BRAGGIOTTI

Rushing to the newspaper for papers the day after an "opening" has been a habit with Eslanda Cardozo Goode Robeson ever since her husband, Paul Robeson, deserted the profession of law for the footlights more than 20 years ago. But when she bought the newspapers on certain days this month she had the immense fun of saying to her world-famous husband, "Believe it or not—this time they're for ME!"

She is pleased with the reviews the critics have given her recent book, "African Journey," published by John Day—pleased partly because they have provided more proof to her that the world is changing and is beginning to be interested in the ideas of true, worldwide democracy which she stresses in "African Journey."

The book is a day-by-day account of her trip through Africa in 1936 with her son, Paul, then eight years old. In it she presents the cause of Africa's 136,000,000 exploited, belittled and underprivileged Negroes—and, through them, for this country's 13,000,000 Negroes and, indeed, all the colored peoples and the minorities in the world.

She's Tipy Hot Vixiacious

And Bubbling With Ideas

Mrs. Robeson sparked as she talked of the changing world recently in the cool living room of her house, "The Beeches," in Endicott, Conn. It's a big Colonial house set far back from the village street and surrounded with wide lawns and shady beechn trees. She's quite a small person, herself—tiny compared to her husband. But there's nothing tiny about her personality. She's vivacious, spirited, bubbling with ideas.

With a B.S. degree earned long ago and a Ph.D. in anthropology won on the way, Mrs. Robeson (her family and friends call her "Esie") is not too intellectual to be an adoring mother. Paul, educated mostly in Russia and England before the war and now a student at Cornell University, is, to put it mildly, the parents' pride and joy. He's on the Cornell football team this fall. Consequently, Mr. Robeson's entire fall concert tour will be built around seeing his football matches so Paul's All-America father won't miss a game. And Mrs.

Robeson's proudest possession is a necklace she had made—much to Paul's embarrassment—of seven gold medallions won by her son in both scholastic sports and studies.

But family and friends interested still leave this spirited woman time for entertaining. She's writing another book and she makes frequent speeches on race relations to all sorts of groups, large and small, white, Negro and mixed.

I'm trying to help lay the foundation," she explained, "so that when legislation comes it will have public opinion ready for it."

She told of two projects she hopes to start soon with Pearl Buck:

"First, we are going to work for a federal bill for a minimum standard of education in this country. Education is not universal; it isn't free. Americans were shocked at the army statistics of illiteracy."

Believes Public Service

Should Be Really Public

"Second, we would like to get a federal bill to the effect that any public service must be really public or else it cannot have a public license."

"Don't you think that's reasonable?" she asked. "Don't you think the American people will accept that? Public is public."

Eslanda Goode was born in Washington Dec. 31, 1896. Her father, part Negro, part Indian, was a clerk in the War Dept. and her grandmother, Frances Louis Cardozo, graduate of the University of Glasgow in Scotland, served as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury of South Carolina. Mrs. Robeson's Spanish blood inherited from her grandfather, is a strong influence on her appearance.

In the prosperous Goode household young Esie was brought up in an atmosphere of discussion. The family, politically minded and always aware of the grave problems of race, was essentially world-minded. She recalls. It had a strong influence on her life.

Having made up her mind during her studies at the University of Chicago that she would be a chemist, she came to New York and took her B.S. in food and nutrition at Teachers College. While still at college she started work as a technician in surgical pathology at the Presbyterian Hospital—she first Negro, she believes, ever engaged by that institution. She stayed there five years. It was the only job she ever had.

MRS. PAUL ROBESON ... a voice for Negroes.

She was still at Teachers, too, when she met Paul Robeson, a student at Columbia Law School.

"We met at a party in Harlem," she related. "Everybody thought he was just one of those football players who wouldn't amount to anything. But thought he was terrific. I told myself, 'I'd better marry him before these people catch on!'"

She did. In Aug. 1922. From 1928, when Paul Robeson first played "Show Boat" in England, the family lived in Europe until November, 1939.

Mrs. Robeson has been an active worker in Endicott's Red Cross Motor Corps. In her brief snatches of relaxation she多地 likes to bowl occasionally with Paul and his friends in the recreation home at "The Beeches." At one time she was a three-mile swimmer and a star basketball forward. Preparing her clear-thinking, courageous speeches and preventing them from taking up much of her time, after a lecture she always encourages a discussion period.

"A subject that almost always comes up during these discussions," she said, "is intermarriage between races. When I do, I say that I always thought that marriage was a private personal affair. Nobody in the United States is ever forced to marry anyone."