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DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD

By

Zora Neale Hurston

To

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The James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters at Yale University through the efforts of Carl Van Vechten to enrich it.

Zora Neale Hurston.

Los Angeles, California
January 14, 1942.

Parts of this manuscript were not used in the final composition of the book for publisher's reasons.

Zora Neale Hurston.
The insider Light ...
p. 1

The insider LIGHT—being a salute to friendship.

Now, take friendship for instance. It is a wonderful thing. A noble thing for anyone to work at. God made the world out of tough things, so it should break, and then He made some quiet out of the most interior and best things that He had and poured it around for flowers.

You see homespun—looking old red hick. Goin' down even some home clothes to once june felt like everybody else. But go back and look at them late in the day. Then take up at the top and surprise the departing going all colored up with that which never forget them. So much tender beauty in a pasture must mean a friendship. "I'll meet you with your face" says the sun. That is why the fields endure.

Personally as is meant, I knew what it meant. I never knew as good a friend to be reached only to the natures only to the nature of a nature which is no friend to flowers in them and it means a flower in me.

I am a precious gift, as an untold Negro would say it. Seriously to my spirit, that is to be. So many people have stretched out their hands and helped me along my indies in my hand and no light in my heart. I stunned me to a people within and with great courage lifted me up of the walking clouds and showed me there.

So many evidences of friendship have been revealed that time and paper would lose weight, if they could have been published, all the important, if humble folk whose names have been translated over while the feeling of the touch remained. I friendly expression having ways like much, responsibility for it.

She had been in the beginning of 15 things that I should meet Mrs. R. Abagel Mason, could not know that until it met her. But the moment I walked into the room, that always in my dream the faces were without. Things ornamented Chaplin was among I had always seen. His portrait was as a picture in the room. Then these strange faces were added to a sheet and every single which was as I walked. Only now I heard he was one of my heroes. Born so widely apart in every way the key to certain places in my life had then not only for material shelter but for spiritual guidance.

With the exception of Godmother Lamb-man Nicot, he had left me out more than anyone else. He's. He has not been one of those white "friends."
The insider Light ...p. 2

...she is a curious mixture of little girls and very sophisticated women. You have to talk to her slowly to tell her she is from moment to moment, but she is always interested in you, one way or another. She will tell you that, too, in the most off-hand manner, but she is as sharp as the equations she has for you. I offer him and this madam James Mannion off humble and sincere thanks.

Both as her secretary and as a friend, Jenny herself has pleased me by people. She is a business woman and her little girls know how to conduct themselves. She is always ready to tell you that she is from moment to moment, but she is always interested in you, one way or another. She will tell you that, too, in the most off-hand manner, but she is as sharp as the equations she has for you. I offer him and this madam James Mannion off humble and sincere thanks.

To the Honorable Mrs. George Booth, and to her brother, Mr. George Booth, who have shown me such kindness.

I am indebted to Amy Spurgeon in a most profound manner. She knows what I mean by heart.

To the Honorable Mrs. George Booth, and to her brother, Mr. George Booth, who have shown me such kindness.

I am indebted to Amy Spurgeon in a most profound manner. She knows what I mean by heart.
I fell in love with Jane Bell because she is not what she is supposed to be. She has brains and talent and more than when she was born rich and pretty, and could have gotten along without my name. She spent years in Bell studying native customs. She returned to America and met down into the deep South to make comparative studies with me, alone. Often as we rode down lonesome roads in South Carolina, I wondered about her tremendous mental energy and her accomplishments grew and grew. I also wondered at times why she killed me so much, certainly it was not from drawing rooms of America and this continent, the continent is not strange like it. Now, she is married to Dr. Frank Tannenbaum, Department of History, Columbia University, and they have a farm up the state and actually middle come. She dreams and paints well enough to make a living at it if she had to, but written things in Anthropology that Dr. Margaret Meade approves of, middle come and sets her little boat over the world. How can you praise a person like that? I give up. She can just keep on being my friend, and I see not somebody else, else explains her.

I value Miguel and Rose Conriviares for old times sake, long before they were married, we polished off many a fried chicken together along with Henry Blunk. We fried “hand chicken” (pointed fried chicken to be eaten with the hands) and talked the affairs of the world over the bones, while I did many amusing but senseless things, and kept up our chain power by eating more chicken. Maybe that is why Miguel is such a fine artists. He has bowed to the line, and never let his success interfere with his talk to trashy foods on fancy plates.
James Weldon Johnson and his wife Grace did much to make it. In early years in New York pleasant and profitable, I have never seen any two people who held the right so often and learned about it at the same time.

Walter White and his glamorous Gladys used to have fine and feel nice on good friend chicle in my student days for no other reason than that they just wanted to. They have lost me some pleasant hours. I mean to pay them back sometime.

There are so many others—Colonel and Mrs. Bert Sippel, Frank Forry, Paul and Elizabeth Robinson, Susanne Brown, Belmar, Thompson, Dr. Edwin Osgood Brown, Dr. Hamilton Hurley, H. P. Davis, G. P. Herron, Edward St. Vincent Millay, Dr. and Mrs. Simon J. Parsons of Washington D.C., along with Beatrice Borden, as I said in the beginning, that I could not find space for all of them. The precious gifts were infinite and so I will set up of the donors in paper, think there in plenty of room in my heart. Some just sent up of the donors in paper, think there is plenty of room in my heart. Some just sent up of.

Josephine Van Duzer Ream, that sprout of an old Philadelphian family who writes such charming stories for children and our mutual friend, Edith Darby Thompson, are right inside the most inside part of my heart. They are both sacred images on my altar when I select it to offer something to love.

How could I ever think I could make out without that remarkable couple Whit Burnett and Martha Foley? I just happened to find her name down first. Either way you take that family, it’s a bond to it. One hand with whispers taken off one place, but both real hands. Then little David, till he knows what he wants to do, and puts a lot of whim into the thing. If it is what he will please not to do by the time he gets grown up, but whatever it is, you a fat man or that. Two fat men to your skinning one.

Another California friend that got me liking them—grateful too, is that Herbert Childe, with his charming looking wife. Her paper and manner, the
Katherine Tolson Marshow has been a good friend to me, she is a person of immense understanding. It makes me sit and ponder, I do not know whether the remedy sympathetic grows out of her own experiences, or whether it was always there and only appeared by being stripped of itself. I suppose it is both.

She was born of Katherine Philips Tolson, the woman who put the main fault of these women in the statute books of California, it was no thing for the good of Calofornia, like fighting for the preservation of the Coniferous, and after forty, sent her two sons through good colleges by the same

So Katherine Tolson Marshow probably inherited some feeling, anyway and went forth to dance forInside expression. She did important things in the new famous Play House E. Pendrour, conducted a school of dance and then was running an N.M.A. of N.Y. southern California. Charles Kinderman and David Hunger was a school and was director for the famous school of Ruth St. Denis. And she is

In Berlin conducting & a clinic at her own expense. More than that, she was every day, giving medicine for her posts were not there for her. Dancing was her way of doing things in the school. Her husband was interested in her dance with enthusiasm.

For me, she gave me back my health and my hope, and I have her to thank for the saving of my unprofitable life. (one)

This woman had diabetes, and I was told in the doctor and cleared the maladies and I was marred too much to

Then she began to notice a cancer in her eye! This woman had diabetes was, I should have known! I should have been suspicious, but I was

One day she said to me off hand: "You ought to see a bit of California."

"Oh, that would be fine!" I exclaimed and gleamed at the idea, pleasure, but I soon found out it was the painful malice of a California
Jack Muslow, husband of Katharine’s heart, is the son of William B. Muslow of Saginaw, Michigan. This William B. went into the Michigan forests and made of him a fortune. Tough as whit leather, with a passion for hunting and fishing, he nevertheless, is one of the best informed men in the world on Americans, with especial emphasis on the Northwest. He has saved done things to make Saginaw a fine city, whereas the younger generation know

Jack, like his wife, ran off from home and supported himself on the old stuff of William B. Muslow, weaving through his hide. That same probable never be a hard – using hard – driving, impertinent, impertinent like his old man, but what he aims to do, he does.
The insider Light ... p. 5

defenseless Florida friend, at
you and everybody else except Californiacans) Graham trees, thin dried
lizards and eucalyptus bushes; just look at those wild lilacs! Observe
magnolias. Regard those nooks. (California oak)

Next day I knew we would be hopping some rough back mountain
to mountains that I had to watch the road while driving. Great breaks out
in watching the road, she switched techniques on me. Her
to do was sit in the back seat of the Buick while Katharine
from San Diego up; we looked at every wave on the Pacific's. With
with or without water that these Californiacans call rivers, asphalt
prehistoric times in person; saber-tooth tigers, short-faced being
fashionable elephants that ran mostly to titty turicans and without
people in dark sun glasses; Hollywood and slacks with hips in them
beau stuff. Most of them living and unimportant. Man! I saw
Florida, I had held my peace and only murmured now and then a bit
offensive, you understand. I wouldn't really say how good it was. I
prospectors on southern Californian, and I had kept from exploding
Now, I shall take you to see southern Californian—the best part of the
state. "My friend, your friend greatest. "Ah, the mountains!"
"But, I don't care too much about mountains" I murmured through the
palms in my mouth.
"You are going to see it just the same. You are not going back but
in "pictorial you saw none of the beauty or its state. You only spoke to
in California, and like it— you Florida friend, just because you
those marshy swamps, whatever they are—and they don’t sound like lunch to me,
lets go!

So we went north, the dunes and rocky ridges and stopped on lodges
Muir’s Cable Cars, missions, groves, walking San Simon with William
view of Yosemite, and Monterey— my favorite. Carmel— with artists and ad-
ificient. I thought of Senator Borah, Bay Bridge and White Sequeoia
who told me it was summer and that to take off their winter clothing, make snacks,

Finally, back at Carmel, 3 stories, a person has just so many places
stayed on a big hill of corn rocks on Point Lobos when I announced that
on the second largest state in the union! you haven’t half seen California! You are going to
California and you are going to see it, and how to tell you.

So on we went, I saw, and I saw, and I saw, and I saw! man! I tell you that I saw
got them to trade a gang of Californics to Floridians and let us to the
is going to be good, and I wouldn’t feel you from my wish to the
unfortunately, but one of the best roads of war.

But California is nice. Man! This! of course they lie about the
california is a small state, especially from Santa Barbara on north.

Of course, coming from Florida, I feel like the man who saw a
in the first time—it seems that California does wear
so high, it means all those mountains. Too much of the air
and he wanted to—not coming up, staring you in the face, it is
lonely state with God & make up something better, so I forgive Katherine.
1. For instance, I saw the bears in San Francisco! Finally I came to the
conclusion that in Los Angeles the women get hats imposed upon them. In
San Francisco, they go out in the woods and shoot bears.

Then after I had galloped from one end of the state to the other
and from edge to ocean and back again, Katharina Marshon up
and tells me, 'If all I wanted you to see was the redwoods!

(Paragraph after this)

2. They are going to see every orange tree, rattlesnake, Joshua tree, palm tree, sage
field, beach, mango tree, sapodilla, kumquat, alligator, tourist trap, celery patch,
tea field, strawberry, lake, goose, gulf, ocean and river in between.
Therefore, I can say that I have had friends. Friendship is a mysterious and
enigmatic bottomless thing. Who can know the entire range of it? Perhaps no man
has even explored its limits. Anyway, God must have thought well of it when
He made it. Make the attempt if you want to, but you will find that trying to
go through life without friendship, is like missing a chance to eat cream for
your morning coffee. It is a whole lot of trouble, and then not worth much.

11: A.M. July 20, 1941
1392 N. Mills Lane
Alhambra, California.
Nimura
Charles Wiedeman
Dave Humphrey
School Again, p. 1

8, 1905

Back at waiting on fag people again, money was what I wanted to get back in school. I could have saved a lot of money if I had had it. But theatrical sales were being so uncertain, I did not get money half the time. I had it when I needed it, but when I was not paid I was very worried. But now's the time. Miss M. was very thinking of her troubles, she informed me by telling me that I need all my work very pleasant.

I tried waiting on table, and read a good witness when my mind was on table, was not often. I realized being patronized more than the memory of the fifty

those prescriptions but some books and suppositories to the accidental touch on the things to see how I took to the go. People who paid from quarter meal kept a regular tip, and then stood outside the door and nodded their heads for more. I followed on and heard them but at the story. Some educated men who did not talk about the things was interested in, but it seemed to be the most at me as to say, "what would that mean to you?"

I tried several other things but always I had that feeling that you have in a dream. It was a strange, and feeling to your senses at every step in right to my house. How to pull out?

How then did I get back to school? I just went. I got the money to go. My clothes were practically gone. I had no place and direction was not getting me anywhere. So I went to the night high school in Baltimore and that did something for my soul.

There I met the man who was to guide me the way to the literary English. I was under Dr. Hall's. This is no wise dynamic teacher anywhere unless his skill, his readiness, his humor, and the way to control. That is something wonderful to behold just ahead. He saw what it was to be a pilgrim in the horizon. Anyway, that is the way he actually me. He made me very clear. Something about his face told the difference and discouragement in men. I felt that she's was the done.

I turned in written works and answered questions like everybody else, but he took no notice as we particularly with one night in the study. I think, I was the one

ready. kindness. "You must get him to read it for you." I felt like I was fag from his deep-set eyes. He high-browed, but most of fact, now and like being cancerous as his face. He was a wise man in this.

That night, I bragged of the immortal grains of Celridge's, at the fountain flow I do not know whether something in my attitude attracted his attention, or whether what I had done previously made him think of me. Certain any time he let his eyes from the paper, he looked right into my eyes. It did not mean we see him particularly, but it meant we see the form. That night seemed better but I am so visual-minded that all the others seems induce pictures in me, listening to the Celridge's. I saw all that the...
Then in the midst of other difficulties, I had to get sick. Not a sensible sickness for poor fellows to have; no, I must get down with appendicitis and have to have an operation right away. So the first word of the Maryland General Hospital was for me.

When I was taken up to the amphitheater for the operation I was up there playing a bit with God. I did not fear death, nobody would miss it, they would be glad to have work done. I had no treasures to leave behind me, so I would not go out of my heart, and I had no knowledge on that account. But I felt God that if I lived, I would live looking backwards on that account. But I felt God that if I lived, I would live looking backwards on that account. But I felt God that if I lived, I would live looking backwards on that account. But I felt God that if I lived, I would live looking backwards on that account.

So two o'clock that day when they dressed me up for surgery and took me up there in that room with the northern light and many windows, I stepped out of the chair kept the nurse could interfere, walked to a window and took a good look out over Baltimore as far as I could see, resigned myself to fate and watched, climbed upon the table, and breathed deeply when the ether came was placed over my nose.

I came up to the doctor and the nurses by not waking up until nine o'clock that night, but otherwise I was all right. I was alive, so I had to win by last with God.

Soon I had another witness, just trying to save money again, but I was only jumping up and down in my own feet, that's all.
post had meant for me to see with him, and infinite becoming things terrible. It
was not a small manly world any longer. Mr. Holmes spoke to me, and I
announced myself.

This was my world. It was a hard world, and God’s world. I could not say
it, if it is the least thing I do on God’s green earth; ball.

But he did something more spiritual than that. He stopped me after class
and asked me if I would. He did something else. He never asked me any
least or least, but he looked at me and turned his voice in such a way that I
didn’t feel it as if I were, as a man, all about me. I think, as a man, said, “No matter about the
it is worse. But the next week, I went back to Morgan College to register in the
high school department.

William Pinkus was the Dean there, and he looked me over. I was prepared
to be all scared if I was not at his school. I had no money and no family support. He
sent me a bill for two years’ work in high school and assigned me to classes. He was
knowing that I had no money, he certainly reigned to his wife, because the
list that would enable me to stay in school. Dr. Baldwin, a white clergyman,
said to stay at the house, help her children in the mornings, worked at night, and
at night. He would give me a chance and two dollars a week. The way
and its ways.

so I went to live with the Baldwins. The family consisted of his wife and her daughter, Miss Mary, who seemed to be in her thirties
and unmarried.

They had a great library, and I worked in it. I acted as if the books would
run away. I remember committing Murray’s Essays in a Country Churchyard, the
Dale’s, and working on the Realms of.

It would be dramatic in a Cinderella way if I were to say that the well-
dressed students at school snubbed me and showed me around, but that I studied
hard and triumphed over them. I did study hard. I realized that I never
three years behind schedule, and then again, study has never been hard to me.
all of it. Some of it seemed to come naturally. I felt at ease with

Horace Alger, Brother, O’Day and the whole crew of nine or ten in a
barned me in no way. It was not as if we were acquiring the reading habit or
the real Shiel.

nobody showed me around. There were eighteen people in my class. But I

School Again, p. 2
Nigger families were class-mates of mine. Ethel Cummings, the daughter of a very
Hughes lawyer, Bernice Hughes, whose father was a big preacher, the
Poorer and Knowledging, who were not only beautiful, but
famed with the sick. Nigger and George also included all of the girls in my classes.
The lawyer, college or prep, but not the best-looking one to happen together from
Baltimore. Brown, who was really the best-looking girl in all colored
face, but she was born with the best, and the best things in her
world, even more than I was. She is now married to Tommie Green, a prosperous
The girls were by no means
were in elements in town and on campus. The class year was a lot of trouble to a
college work. That passed a while ago, but I do not think it matters. The party
If like 3 was, with my face looking like it had been chopped out, and not a prettily
wood with a hatchet on somebody’s 7th day, sitting up in the middle for the
hair of his forefathers.
Thayer, do not get up to make friends, but rather to be the thing of
second day of school, do she speak ahead to her headquarters in my hand without saying a word, we were to the
school of friendships.
Bernice Hughes, whose father, Dr. W. C. Hughes, was somebody really important
in the M.E. Church, and a trustee of the college and watching me after about a week in
school. Her gray eyes were fixed on me, and I know I was pursued in my frame and
not until what to look for. But it was English history which I liked. Very much not at I wasn’t
doing badly in vaccination. When the period was over and the classes passed to the next term,
she fell in love with me and said, “If you can’t come on the field, have your old
Knowledge Book.” Then she laughed that kind of laugh, she had to lower up her face
and laughed too. Bernice can register something that makes your book at the end. She
no matter what the color.
“Your mother’s going to be down, and you know how much you love me?” She went
off with the laughing laugh. “You are in college and studying history or you can’t
stop from there.” I was once deep in the Hughes family, there is more taste and
native ability in the Hughes clan than any I have in the family. But they do not always
make a brilliant showing. It is not because they don’t do
It is from books that they are so wise and their brains are so
And you are not going to
if a Hughes is in town, you are going to know it in one way
or another.
It soon became apparent that my basic clothes was no showboats to "getting along...

sometimes somebody would ask me, "Yes, what you think you'll wear to school tomorrow?

"Gather some along," and fell the girls in classes would be seeking me out in a commu-

nication to keep from learning hard feelings,

"I got on with the boys too. So no time I made Stanley games, a variety foul-

football star at Howard University, in Washington. Our class had learned all

of the college sciences so that not one college girl was accepted to the senior prom.

The Clarke girls with their learning for the examinations they worked just hard.

class this happened time after time, always for a whole month at the time.

With history it was the same. Once I had history for nearly a month and had to be

respected from other classes. At times like that in class marks were frequently

face while I was teaching.

With Dean Parcells to coach, I placed second in the school spiritual con-

test. Rose Brown placed first and Bernice Hughes thirdly indicating that our

class was determined to be heard. Music also - music in everything we did.

When it came time to consider college, I planned to stay on at Morgan. But

that was changed by chance. Mae Well and daughter of the well-known Kelly Walker

at Howard University came over to Morgan to speak with the girls about their

first coming. Bernice and Meredith Hughes, some were together.

After a few hours of fun and learning she said, "Yes, you are Howard material.

Why don't you come to Howard?"

Word as everyone knows, Howard University is the Cape Verde & Negro edu-

cation in the world. This means Negro row, beauty and prestige. It is to the

Negro what Howard is to the whites. They say the same thing about a Howard

name that they do about Howard - you can tell a Howard name as far as

you can see him. But you can't tell him much. No listening to the door政治

negro school and that graduates with social tolerance. Not only is the scholastic

rating at Howard high, but it is preserved - in the name!

I had heard all about the row, fraternities and sororities and the clothes and parties

and I knew I could never make it. I stated this then.

"You can come and live at our Brown home!" Bernice offered. At the time the family

was living in Washington, and Bernice and Meredith were at the Howard Pre-

pant with Morgan. She knew the next time she came over, then you would never

any rumors about to pay. We'll all get together and invite you after John 3 saying

"your traditions."

So that summer I moved on Washington and got on job. First as a waitress in

the exclusive Cosmos Club downtown, and then as a manicure in the A.I. H.

shop of Mrs. George Robinson. He is a Negro who has a clean, white bedroom

in downtown Washington. I managed to scroung together enough money for first

quarter's tuition and went up to register.

So and beliefed there was Dwight Holman sitting up there at Howard! He said

of squares again. I was short of money and Morgan did not have the classes. A reality

that I would have. There was trouble for me and was just about to give up
My first publication was on the blackboard in the assembly hall at Morgan. I decided to write an allegory using the faculty members as characters. Most of my class mates were in the room.

I went to school after early that morning and when the bell rang for assembly the big crowd was covered with the story. Dr. Spencer, the President of Morgan had Dean Rickets was the "Persecuted Paul." Practically every faculty member was up to the great entertainment of the students body. Furthermore, we could see time to time as the service went on.

When Dr. Spencer rose to read from the Bible, his face was as red as a beet to make all that white hair. He read his verses through his hair two or three times as he kept looking back at the audience.

After the short service was over, he commented on it and actually laughed who was there to enough. Dean Rickets was going to New York to work on the New York Daily. This man slammed up and tried to raise it. He was up to his name because he was a "Persecuted Paul." and he didn't like it. He had learned that side, he was told that his two canines were extra long, but sort of square at the tips. The man decided that they looked like the profile on my chair. So far as we could tell, the President was on the stage. We did keep seeing what he was up to and didn't anybody to write anything like that on our long journey again.

Dean Rickets, for all his professorship official, person and he played with his three children. Robert, the youngest seemed to have the inside track discussion with Rickets' two children every day. I actually heard him tell them something. Dean Rickets was feeling surprisingly good that evening. He sent word that he was afraid for him. If she could give her, Mrs. Rickets sent down her book and looked at her周转 find her.

My two years at Morgan were not very happily indulged. The atmosphere made me feel right happy. The student council was rather strongly interested in me. Perhaps it was because they wouldn't my the student council was made out of serious. Our officers were rather serious and ran. That was the last advice he would have at Rickets' home.

I was at last doing the things I wanted to do. They had only 1 learned in school made me Professor Calhoun was a man who learned to do. I did not do well in Mathematics still do not know. I passed the course because Professor Johnson, now that 1 am one of those people who have no number sense. I have not been able to figure out A-B to the place where it comes out. Now, I wouldn't know how.
Call it a day when I found a talk with Dwight Holmes. He encouraged me all he could and so I stuck and broke up all set three hours I needed.

I shall never forget my first college assembly. Sitting there in the chapel of that great University, I was so excited that I waved to the spirit of Howard! You have taken me... I am a tiny bit of your greatness. I swear to you that I shall not do wrong of every part and parcel of this freedom. Up there at the platform crowded with faculty members, the music, the thousands of students about me, it would come down on me again. When on Mondays we ended the service by singing "Alma Mater," it felt just as if it were the State Spangled Banner.

"Send forth thy ways of light That in voices of majesty Bid Howard! We sing of thee."

My soul stood on tips-toe and stretched up to take in all that it meant.

So I was careful to do my class work and be worthy to stand there under the shadow of the towering spirit of Howard. I felt the ladder under my feet.

Mrs. Robinson arranged for me to come to work at three-thirty every afternoon and work until eight-thirty. In that way, I was able to support myself. Soon, most of the customers knew I was a student and tipped me accordingly. I arranged to make fifteen dollars a week.

Mrs. Robinson's 1410 A Street shop was frequented by Senators, Senators' Cabinet members, Congressmen, and the President of the Press. The National Press Club was one block down the same street, the Treasury Building was one block up the street and the Capitol was not far away.

I learned things from watching the hands of newsmen. The telegraph was a world of itself, but I didn't know much about it. I learned things from the White House and the Senate before they appeared in print. They probably were something told to some other Senator. I was often asked to see a newspaper correspondent attached to the White House. Sometimes he was waiting and they all talked. Sometimes they concentrated on telling me at length of happenings. Intimate stories about personalities, their secret love affairs, their homes, their habits, and the like. Soon they took me for granted and would say, "You know how to keep a secret. Shush, all night," you know it meant in the hush.

Some of their meant more to me than others because they paid me more attention. Frederick William Wilke, White House correspondent used to talk to me at times quite seriously about life and opportunities and things after that. He had seen many.
president's come and for he had travelled with them to say goodbye to his other house. He had read extensively. Sometimes he would be who had been quite the familiar chafe when he was first father, why she had been quite the famous chafe when she was first father, why she was so glad when that man proposed to her that she fell and was sick.

But after this he would tell us quite seriously about attitudes, points.

There was a prominent member in the press who would sit and talk longer than it was humanly possible. He was not. He would sit and talk longer than it was humanly possible. He was not.

I read part of questions two or three times for me to ask and tell him what was said, so I had to turn around and lie and say the man didn't tell me. I never realized how unscientific was until he offered me twenty-five dollars to ask certain questions. I bought me a quart of ginger ale because he claimed to head the campaign. The man came in my portrait, which was now the newspaper's byline, and asked if I could translate the information the best way I could. He asked if I could translate the information the best way I could. He said, "I told the reporter how it was and the understand was.

Mrs. Johns, a presidential, big, bold, with his eternal warning snarl was always long-faced so fast on such sight that it looked like it had been pressed between two places. His test appeared in ad he announced was funny.

One day while shining Mr. Johns', shoes he told Mr. Johns, "Well, I was a fighter. I worked really very hard when he got about according to himself. The very worst day was Johns came in and announced that they had a team up at Athletic Theater and they needed somebody to wrestle with him. This was very good news it for the man who wouldn't come right forward and wrestle with that thing and know that Johns had no money, and that he was fast, he had put Johns on his own book. He had to do something. Rich and John's too well to let him get something out of such a small chance to set rich and formidable. All Johns needed to do was to get the theater and tell them how to weld Johns again.

"Now sir, Mr. Johns," Johns said, "I ain't wrestling we have new sir!"

"But Johns, you told me — everybody in here heard you — that when you go mad, you go bare-handed with your fists. You don't even have to put this here. We're right outside on the corners waiting for you. You want to do something else."

"How big is that horse, Mister Johns?"

"Oh, he's just a fine specimen, Mr. Johns, nothing to worry about at all. We wouldn't matter more than two hundred pounds at the outside. Soft, smart for a man like your yours weight about that, yourself, Johns."

"Now sir, not too big old man like that, Mister sir!"
according to forner, Logan was mean! Just couldn’t keep it. He had Indian blood in him. Just race and strong. When he straightened out his African song, some (arm), something was just kind to fall. As a man didn’t fall when he hit things, he went around behind him to see what was preparin’ him up. Nonetheless! Mr. Johns listened at Logan and smiled. He asked him one to tell more of his prowess.
7.

"Well, I guess what I need to hear would you consider? You just tell me, and I'll tell her."

"But that's my little sister, Miss Johnson, but three months old. That's all kind of the mental picture of a little, long-armed, awkward child — for the baby that I love, I love with all the suggestions on the wrists. It kept up until Johnson furnished and found out after he was in jail that he had no place to go when he was free. The judge obliged Johnson to go to the court, and that big-head became a classic around the shop."

An incident happened that made me realize how thanks, go to the board when afternoon and sat down in Mr. Brown's chair. Mr. Brown was the manager and had the first time and never said a word. Finally, he found this wrong and asked, 'What do you want?"

"Then cut and chase," the man said, "lucyfellar.

"But you can't get your cut and chase here." Mr. Robinson had a fine shop for Negroes on 16th Street near Fifteenth." Barnes told him.

"I know it, but I want one here. The Constitution of the United States."

But that time, Barnes had little by the arm, and, not roughly, he was helping him out of his chair, nevertheless. (over) A.

"You're next, Mr. Daniel" Barnes said to a waiting customer. "Sorry, customer, but you better go on up there."

"But I have a right to be waited on whenever I please!" the Negro said. His chair was supposed to be filled, and he walked not sit down and stopped in front of it.

"Don't you touch my chair!" Mr. Brown's chair! "Go on about your business." All stopped and sat down.

"Don't argue with him! There's my arm, somebody in the back."

Mr. Brown's chair, customers, and patrons were all helpless — three patrons and two managers were stirred up at the threat to our business through loss of patronage. Nobody thought it out until quite soon.

It was the first time it was talked to my attention that self-interest ruled over all sorts of lives. I have seen the same thing happen hundreds of times since and how I understand it. One seen it because our races, national, religions, and class times. It is a war or a battle against a gloom terror, war against war, Negro against Negro, and all sorts & combinations of the three against other combinations of the three. Off hand, you might say that we believe Negroes should have had the social equality earned. He was one of them.
1. The man carried him way out into the middle of N Street and flung him down. He
had never heard anything about it.

Perhaps it would have been a beautiful thing if Banks had turned to the shop window
with customers and announced that this man was going to be served like everyone else
and the dealer by losing their patience, with all of the other employees lined up in
the center of the floor shouting: "So say we all!" It would have been a stirring gesture
and made the headlines for a day. Then we could all have gone home to our uneventful
and bills and things like that. I could clean my clothes and begin my wandering again.
The militant Negro who would have been this man's would have preached the, amalgamated
up the wrack of things and lavoro. Nobody ever found out who or what he was. Perhaps he did
what he did on the spur of the moment not realizing that...
"I don't know how to cut your hair." Bones objected. "I was trained on straight hair. Nobody in here knows how."

"Oh, don't hear us that stuff!" The crocodile snarled. "Don't be such an useless toad."

"Run our fellow, you can't get waited on in here."

"I'll stay right here until the old man knows my rights. Things like this has got to be broke up. I'll get waited on all right, or out the place."

"Be afraid and run," Bones retorted, "Go on uptown and get your hair cut there. Don't he put yourself behind here."
School Again, p. 8

...the most influential one was Dr. George Dow Turner, head of the English department. He was tall, lean, with a kind of vague disapproval about his appearance. He was a Harvard man and knew his subject. Hisdelivery at most made the girls conscious of listening more before they entered his classroom.

Drake and I, by now, had both heard all about the girl in the third floor, and she was the topic of conversation. Drake and I, along with a few others, went up to her room to talk to her. She was friendly and seemed interested in our company. We introduced ourselves, and she welcomed us kindly. She was a petite girl with curly hair, and we found her to be a pleasant conversationalist.

The girl seemed interested in Drake's stories about life at Harvard. She asked many questions and engaged in lively conversation. We left the room, feeling satisfied with the interaction.

Drake and I walked out of the dormitory, discussing the girl we had met. We decided to return and spend more time with her, recognizing the potential for a meaningful relationship.

We entered her room again, and she greeted us warmly. We sat down on the floor, and she began to tell us about her life at Harvard. She shared her dreams and aspirations,以及 her experiences in college. We listened attentively, feeling a connection with her.

After some time, we decided to leave. We promised to come back the next day and continue our conversation. The girl thanked us for our visit and expressed her interest in getting to know us better.

Drake and I were excited by the possibility of a romantic relationship with this girl. We were both impressed by her intelligence and charm. We decided to plan our next meeting and spend more time getting to know her.

That evening, Drake and I couldn't help but think about the girl. We discussed our plans for the next day and decided to return to her room early to catch up on our relationship.

Drake and I arrived at her room early the next morning. She greeted us with a warm smile and invited us to sit down. We spent the day getting to know each other better, discussing our dreams and aspirations. We enjoyed each other's company and felt a strong connection.

That evening, we returned to her room, and she welcomed us warmly. We spent the night talking and getting to know each other better. We discussed our future plans and the possibility of a romantic relationship.

The girl seemed interested in Drake's stories about life at Harvard. She asked many questions and engaged in lively conversation. We left the room, feeling satisfied with the interaction.

We decided to plan our next meeting and spend more time getting to know her. Drake and I were excited by the possibility of a romantic relationship with this girl. We were both impressed by her intelligence and charm. We decided to plan our next meeting and spend more time getting to know her.
When I did not have the money for my tuition,
I joined the Zeta Beta Beta Sorority, took part in all the literary activities on the
campus, and worked for The Styles, the small literary society on the hill. I became the student
member, Dr. Alain Leroy Locke was the President; genius and we had very interesting

for it. The Styles influenced by letter moves. I own a short story which I wrote
write to me for material. He explained that he was writing to all of the Negro colleges.

it was to be published. He wrote me a kind letter and said something about New York. So, beginning to feel the

more or less, Dr. Charles S. Johnson was the head of the so-called
be attributed to many others. The success of Opportunity and what had been
was illustrated by an interest in Negro authors. The Opportunity Award dinners
Dr. Charles S. Johnson, and the Department of Social Science, Fisk Univer-

but no job, no friends, and no sense of purpose. I decided to
of my father's home. She would give me encouragement and
something to the others. A certain woman named Miss Floyd said and talked
in New York. I decided to go on to New York and try to get

1925, found me in New York, untouched by 25, no job, no friends, and no sense of purpose. I
came to New York and tried to get back into school there. So the first week of January

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But 3 out of 8 schools for blacks of fund and wanting to be in New York, I decided
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But 3 out of 8 schools for blacks of fund and wanting to be in New York, I decided
when she married Hugo de Lattre, a Swiss mining engineer, but I was drawn in
England at the time. So I went to a that-boy field of large blossoms for the
education, so she could know how I felt.

The Social Register would at Bernard soon turn me up, and I became Bernard
second to last row if you had not had dinner with me, you had not stood from table.
I was secretary to Tommy Horan and living at the 67th Street apartment looking

Because my work was top-heavy with Political Science, Fine Arts, Economics, and Anthropology, for cultural
reasons, I started in under Mr. Alphonso Richard, and it was in paper balls
debris and explorers. Addiction of Steele to the sprouting generations

I began to measure up the words of Mr. Richard, Mr. Ruth Benedict, Dr.
Dr. Brown, the king of kings.

That man can make people worse the hardest with just a look or a word,
not anybody else in nation. He is idealized & everybody who tells his stories,
we all call him Papa. Horan. He told me to call him Papa. One day, a
looked at his office and asked for "Papa." And the secretary gave me a
tetter, but at a social gathering of the Department of Anthropology at home

"Of course, Papa is my daughter, certainly," he said with a smile, "just one of my
hussarian steps, that's all." The sociologist was in his chair which it is said the poet w a duel of Heidelberg
fought in a smile. Away from his office, he is full of youth and fun, and author
duel, storytelling arguments, got to the point of his alone. Don't rave a point which
you cannot defend. He wants facts, not guesses and he knew you down to your
that, as you were of Anthropology

I had the same feeling at Bernard that I did not Horan's. I felt that I was
hounded to show the white front that I could think. I don't think, I don't know. So is that
way was 8 at Brown? Is this one who cries foul? foul? or
quality of the student-body and administrators? Bernard has a right to the finest hand of

dean Michaelson has that certain touch. He knows that there are others. Women are
be a part of the college like we've never been graduated with a 13 record and I'm

who is still a mystery she has nothing me in getting me in. No matter what is

wrote in a beautiful script, but the college was still me in her debut.
Two weeks before I graduated from Berkeley, Dr. Bone went for me and told me that he had arranged a fellowship for me. I was to go south and collect Negro folk-lore shortly before that I had been admitted to the American Anthropological Society, while I was in the field, later, the American Ethnological Society, and a little later to Washington and told me that you must not judge a man by the heights something for which he adverse times; to me these houses meant the work for Eastonville, from the deep 7 in human heart I appreciated the good, hard, 7.

While in the field, I chanced to Memphis, Tennessee, and had a beautiful reunion with my oldest brother and his family. He said that he had taken him a long time to realize how, by father had been killed in an automobile accident during his first year at the University. With my mother gone and nobody to send him, he had not been able to take care of his children when he came to realize that it was so, he was all as sorry, stirring 7 years when the same paper his talents, 7.

East Memphis being 7 and more of the 7 the laughing stores 7, his dog, his wife, his store and his beer, he was 7 principal of the White High School in Decatur, Alabama, and I felt this meant, 7 had the latest news on Frenchmen's, human's 60's edition, in the first 7 having a high-hat time up and down the east coast of United States, I've 7 always taken care of myself, Sarah was struggling along with a husband 7.

it was a most happy interval for me 7 down to New Orleans to my wife in the right after my mother's funeral; when we had finished about the organs all, that shone had been a bowering home; September 18, it had turned into a bleak place 7 us a white-fella's trouble though we yet we would not say why. But now, that was all 7.
And how I must mention something, not because it meant so much to me, but because it did mean something to others.

On January 10, 1932, I presented a Negro Folk Concert at the John Golden theatre in New York.

I was not a singer, a dancer, nor even a musician, I was, therefore, seeking no general public nor heard Negro music as done by Negroes. There had been numerous Negro spirituals by famous Negro singers, but none as it was done by musicians. I had heard their voices lifted to the degree that when heard Negroes seemed strange to them as to the Swedes, for example. Beautiful songs and arrangements

Of course, I had known this all along, but 8 years of research acquainted this to be heard? This years Negro music was gettign on. It was like the story from last year's important life situations had been arranged. Now, these arrangements had been better music, than music that was not. The differences were to conservatory music by Black and Minoritizations at the public is, some now "passing for white." I was collecting tales and hoodoo rituals, I had taken time out to collect a was unit it. Sitting around the back, the Handsome Among, you certainly need not be, and could not be different. I brought this music home, seeing all the power of Negro music, to do something with it.

But I was a friend of Will Johnson. I turned it over to him to see as he helped two of his concert groups. He kept it for nearly a year. I called him up about it and he told me that the music was too fine. He arranged. It was not what was mistaken for white people who would know. You certainly need not be different. I brought this music home, seeing all the power of Negro music, to do something with it.

Meanwhile, Negro music was being heard all around. It was a place for me to be. But I kept the music, and when I came to hear the music, it was a place for me to go. But I kept the music, for a while, to anybody who would listen, and they decided to do it. But I kept it.
Here was the difference. When I was growing up, I heard Negro songs and singing. People made the tunes and sang them because they were pretty and satisfying something in their hearts. If you want to call it “holler singing,” holler singing is a singing done for the sake of agreeable sound. It is a singing proportionately. The singer, after years of training, puts out a voice that he or she may perform better with the voice, and the audience finds it and lets in. They have been trained in the schools to do it. They train back in the schools, and they shall, the high jump or the low one. If the singer makes it, he or she has been trained. I saw that Negro music and Negroes were getting lost in the hollering song. I did not hope to stop the man who was ambitious to qualify as holler singer. That was all right in its place. I just wanted people to know what real Negro music sounded like. There were the two things.
I did not know enough to do it alone.

Not only did I want to sing my natural way, I wanted to display West Indian folk dancing, too. I had been in the Bahamas islands collecting material. I had witnessed the dynamic Fire Dance which had three parts: the jump, the dance, and the西班牙. I had to admit to myself that I had nothing in America to equal it. I went to American audiences being thrilled.

So the first step I took was to assemble a group of twenty Bahamas who could dance. Then I went back to Hall Johnson with the proposition that we all write. He was a dramatization of a West Indian song. I told him about the dance. He kissed me, and the song and dance was ready.

But his mind must have changed, because he too saw the dancers up to the study. Three times, but the rehearsals never came off. Twice he was out of the scout, and once they were no explanation. Besides, something unfortunate happened. His dancers sat around me and waited, two of them, the women who were wanted by the manager. He wanted to be married up with anything like that?

The American Negroes have the unfortunate habit of speaking in West Indian and singing with them. I heard what was being said very distinctly, but I wasn't there in the room, and once there was no explanation. Besides, something unfortunate happened. His dancers sat around me and waited, two of them, the women who were wanted. He wanted to be married up with anything like that?

But the deal was settled. I showed the manager of the group who should be interested, and I showed my arrangements with the band. He could not be interested, I showed my arrangements with the band. He could not be interested.
Then came that Sunday night of the truth; we had a grand house mostly white child friends and kin. Godmother was ast all times sitting close enough for me to see her and encourage me. There was that too, in qualities too! We came back stage to see me. I couldn’t be, and if I had known them as much as I know now, I would have them even more various. I was in the wings still shining! When the whisperers who had played the part of the thousand preachers in a beautiful manner came as a shout and I found myself out on the stage. A tremendous burst of applause met me, and as I had to say something, I exclaimed why I had done it. That miracle without motion was unnatural with whisperers and what I had tried to do was to pertinent keep singing in a natural way— with action. I don’t know what else I said, but the audienceRight here, let me cut something straight. Godmother had meant for me to. Neither had I meant that. I was stupid. I mean for me to. He certainly evidently thought that would be enough. But I had not thought of any speech in all my troubles of rehearsals, making costumes and keeping the thing going. I just had not thought of me. I would not have them out there myself. If the whisperers had not shown me, I found out later that I had seemed to confuse Dr. Jekyll for which I am very sorry. I should have much better. Did not occur to me in all my excitement. It may be too late but tell him please to pardon me. He had been helpful and I mean him good.

The second head of the program went off even better than the first. As soon as we the dance and again during the dancing and the last dance and the last moment with the group as a whole, it was so good was the Hall Johnson did as were you. I had not intended to do and his memory came almost. It succeeded like a crazy mouse. It really came to see your do. And it was. Thought that was fine of you.

The New School of Economic Research presented us with some lectures and we closed the stage arguments. Final demands. For many a disturbance in my dance group. It was an American expression then. They ought to go ahead under his guidance. He had never dreamed of dancing in public until about favored them. I had relinquished them for months, felt them and sacrificed them to something. Why had he never thought of it before? Did he. He had discouraged the others from doing, we until it began to truth.
successful, so they went to study with my American in No. American, but two or the women joined the troubled matter and I think all think of them. The whole thing was beginning to wear me down; when some other thing began to annoy me, I decided to go home to Securities and try to write the book I had in mind, which was done by a good artist and was being it in his Run Little Child. I never said the production but some held that the religious scene was the striking image of the one from my concert area.

As I said, I never said it so I wouldn’t know.

But this is to know, that people became very much afraid to West Endham, but I was influenced by the name of things and by name is never mentioned, of course because that is not the way the people were interested in towards the National Negro.

Theater Arts magazine photographed us and presented us in its April issue as at the Lincoln. The Jazz Dance Society presented in St. Louis in 1937, at Chicago in 1938, and at Constitution Hall in full length the program and it was not smooth considering that I had only a few days to try to prepare such a very raw material to work with in no rehearsal at all, but all that the dance Donahoe done was her students for schaal of twelve, which was the last of the, had done in the end. When I met to Jamaica on my first Kugelheim, and I had gone to Heathe.

I made no real money out of my Concert Work, I might have done so if I had taken it up as a life work. But I am satisfied in knowing that I established own unbelievable originality.
My People! My People!

I learned about my people in two different ways. Some school closing and bitter thinking. Negro speeches. These speeches always brought thunderous applause. They always began with the statements: (a) The Negro had revealed the greatest since the most beautiful race on earth. (b) The Negro was the bravest man on earth, fighting like a lion, and righting like demons. (c) The Negro was the greatest race on earth, fighting like a lion, and righting like demons. We must remember this.

It was the genius of the Negro which first invented the steam engine. The steam engine, the driving force of the modern world, was once powered by steam. Thus, the Negro had a chance to do anything about it. Hence, the Negro was given the chance to do anything about it. Thus, the Negro was given the chance to do anything about it. Thus, the Negro was given the chance to do anything about it.

The people listening would then understand the power and go home feeling, not knowing, and not trying to understand anything about the power. The people listening would then understand the power and go home feeling, not knowing, and not trying to understand anything about the power.

Asia at that time ad so the feeling of belonging to the most progressive people on earth is good inside. Perhaps the speakers themselves knew to the place of a first rank; World famous at the same time that the present ownership. Perhaps the would have made no difference in the traditional speeches.

The very people who always applauded "the greatest speeches" when it was shorted to some number of the community do or say something which was considered.

Even dumb or mental and the verdict would be, "Dumb just like a Negro!"
"My People! My People!"

From the earliest rocking by cradle days, I have heard this
sigh go up from Negro lips. It is full of pity, scorn and a hopeless
resignation to the ways and doings of the brother in black, incul-
mannered Negroes sigh like that when they get on a train on a free and final
some Negroes with their shoes off, eating fish sandwiches and peanuts and
dropping bones and hulls all over the floor, or maybe they are not eating.
They may be going into great detail about their personal affairs for
the benefit of everybody in hearing distance. Broadcasting as, in
the language of the street, loud talking the place.

Better-mannered Negroes are embarrassed by these three performance
and the like, but they know better than to try to straighten them out. The
performance would just set better, with the well-dressed, quiet Negro
his butt of the quips. And how those Negroes learn quickly when they
get right down to quipping! They delight in giving the dignity Negroes
what they call "a reading." He will not stand it a straightening "out of
the upper class. So all that the upper class can do is see as little time
as little as possible and sigh, "My people, my people!"

So sooner or later, I was bound to have some curiosity about the
human thing of which I am a part.
My people ... p. 2

"Old Luffy just got to act de foxy, you know. Monday see, Monday do. Hoppin' make a great big old mess!"

"Yeah, you're high right, another Monday on de line. De white man, to take along with him all de time. De Monday, he not up none in de box. He was just testin' to get at de throttle ad bust dat mean line wide open. Old Monday see his chance, he jumped up in de engine's seat, de throttle. So de engine went a message on ahead, say clean de track, throw in jumpin' up ad down and laughin' fit to kill. Boom! he didn't be was runnin' about no side tracks and no switches and no schedules, so train de box, de man was standin' on de spider de engine. He didn't say nothin', he was just a damned poor engineer."

"Everybody would laugh at that and the laughter puzzled me somehow, something like that? But nobody did. Instead of that there wouldn't be none.

There was one about the white doctor who had a pet monkey who wanted to be a doctor. Keep worrying his master to show him how. He the doctor's gate every day and place a fight with the monkey. Finally the doctor saw a way to stop the monkey from worrying him about showing some of it. He take it and show you how to be a doctor and then the treat it in a way so as to ruin that bull dog for life. He

"Oh, you get it, boss. Don't you worry. I also wants to be a doctor, and them again. Dat old bull dog, she's worrysome."

No sooner did the bulldog reach the gate that day than the Monday all over him like rainy season. The Monday was wait on until the doctor came out and drove the dog off and gave the fur.

"Here it is, boss. It was a tight fight, but I got it."

"Time! Time!" the doctor told him. "Now, gimme that bottle.
My people … p. 3

... the fit that Bull dog so he'll never be able to sit down again. When I get through with this, he'll be ruined for life."

"I held on there, Boss! I held on there a minute! I wish you wouldn't.

"How come? You want to get rid of that old bull dog, don't you?"

"Dat's right; I sho' do."

"Well, why don't you want me to fix him, then?"

"Well, Boss, you see it's like dis. Dat was a tight fight, alright. You better leave dat fight's business alone. De wrong man may git hurt."

There were many other tales, equally ludicrous in which the Negro, sometimes symbolized by the monkey, and sometimes named outright, where the Negro saw oft with the wrong understanding of what he had seen and heard. Several white and Negro proposals of marriage compared, and this kind: The white's aunt had said his tone had done a girl. He's went and married to complement his girl that she had dog's eyes and so on.

There was a general acceptance of the monkey as hampsters. Perhaps it was some distant memory of tribal monkey reverence from Africa which had been acknowledged as a talent for mimicking with the monkey as a symbol.

The classic monkey puzzle which is very much alike whenever the Negro

... seems that a monkey squatted down in the middle of a highway to

play. A Cadillac full of white people came along, saw the monkey of the

people ad did the same. The monkey kept right on playing, way after while

around the monkey, the car headed straight for him. He only saved his life

let rattle off it in the distance ad said! "My People! My People!"

A new addition to the tale is that the monkey was quiet saying "My

People!" He is now saying "Those People! Those People!"

... all jokes, particularly black women.

They thought hard luck for the white if they came to a house ready to fight ad believe negroes while they were asleep. They wore perfume and lace. Black girls dreamed about hoops of hot chocolate and hot life. I heard men swear they had seen women dream.
we was all tangled up together so bad.
My people ... p. 4

and knew these things to be true.

"Oh, gwan! Somebody would chuckle laughing," you know dat ain't so," I know for my ownself. I done slept with white women and I done slept with black ones. They ha'nt no sense. You marry a taller one a brown woman and I know what it was dreaming when you woke me up. I was dreaming. I was sitting at the table eating our dinner out of de same plate, and she will kiss you more times than you would kiss to, and go on. She'll call you 'darlin' and 'sweet gal' now. First thing when she done so she's just before you can get her awake, wake me up? I dreamt that you shook your head and said, 'I am not going to have no more. I am not going to shake your feet.'

When she done woke she'll brush off and act you, keep her feet away from her, snatch de brush to sleep.

This always was, and is still, good for a raucous burst of laughter. I heard it often. And there was more to this. We was the soul of the family. There was no place for such things as men's heads against college walls. The woman therein could not do anything. She was treated as children's playmates. She had no place to go with her. It was no use for her to work and to be used for cheap labor. She was not hard on the same, and at least we would get bit the ground. Papa always had a good spirit. He was always thinking to break mines as well as the good man was.

She kicked her feet away from her, snatch de brush to sleep.
My people ... p. 5

going to smell sorrow for not treating my temper out of her before it was too late. Possess with ropes and guns were going to drag me out sooner or later on account and that stiff-headed, I was going to tame a hungry killer. I got along, and forward wany big red devil was meek and mild. She would always now she was doing and never made a fuss. You're in big trouble, now, and Sarah's yours. She turn to her when it figure she needs it.

Behind Mama's sweet chair was a good place to be in times like those. Mama was two hundred pounds of some how about women being. She would say she would backed up by her husband and written in his name. But she was so little that she couldn't push any place to hit here. And then that man came about him with his tongue. She'd put right on asking him questions about his doing and then answered them herself with Papa slammed out of the house. He would put the chair down and ease on out till he had been whipped all over with peach histories. But if I made the mistake of letting my way of asserting his leadership over his home, demanding to himself that he had been wanted by a woman. He probably hated to admit to his heart that not only did she worst him always in a battle of wits, but that he did not hate the woman to console himself in a madcap way. He let it be known to what Mama wanted for this family, and what Mama wanted him to want, going on from my earliest recollection. It was not too clear, but worked up somehow with the other things that too turned me about what happen was supposed to be.

This Negro business came home to me in incidents of ways. That was the time when Old Man Brown was taken out and beaten. Mr. Brown was one night just after dark, we heard terrible cries back in the woods. Thinks, hurried up to our gate. The booms of pain kept up. Old fences closed and barred their doors. Papa and the men around our gate were swelled and restless as the trees turned over the words and calls.

"Who do you reckon it is?" Sam Mosely asked.

"I don't know for sure, but some-thin' its Jim Watson. A jumpin' a way in an aching way!"

"Finally, Papa said, "Well, hold on a minute till I go set by rifle." "Turn no in front and into about it" Elizabe Mosely said queda,
My uncle grip, Mama's brother, used to always take exception to that. He maintained that if a woman had anything big enough to sit on, she had something big enough to sit on. That was his conviction, and he meant to hold on to it as long as he lived. I don't know what the woman looked like; she never tried to explain any other notion were just dancing around the truck, dodging the issues, and others looked like a fool at a funeral.
My people ... p. 6

we cant leave him Watson he wont die there he said that.

"Papa had decided that the armed men had not come to much notice around the table. They had come to see if he would go with the rest when he came out to show them the system of bullets into his rifle and shooting into his toughest enemies made no move to stop them. As usual with her attempt at lightness, "Shut off your gas, somebody over there must know we are angry.

Papa pointed his Winchester rifle at the sky and fired a shot. Another shot answered him from around the stove and a hundred of figures came surging up the road in the dark.

"To give Watson, the... got to go get him," said the slingers in more men armed with double-barreled shotguns, breach-loaders, pistols, and Papa's repeating Winchester hurled off on their grim missions. Perhaps not a single one of them expected to return alive. He didn't. They hoped, but they went.

Mama grasped a short sentence, a sense start and headed us all into the house and barred the doors. Lights went out and all over the village all doors were barred. Airs had been dropped in worm holes, grass bushes, pitchforks and anything that was rolled up in corners behind those barred doors. Of the men who did not come back, or if they only came back in part, the women and children were ready to do the best they could. Mama spoke only to say she wished Jesus had "joyed" the two biggest songs had not gone to Maitland late in the afternoon; they were not back but she did not care they might start home and -- But she did not care, nor the two horses with big sprouting Mules in the lead, hobbled around the house. We huddled around Mama in her room and kept quiet. There was not a human sound in all the village. Confer.

The dark silence of the village kept up for an hour or more. The once loud voices fell into an eerie sound broad no longer find them. Strange to all, not a shot was fired. We had died in the cluster and waited at had a little, and waited. The silence was ten times. But long last, a bubble, a faint voice approached us born from the rear that got louder between the barn and the house. Mama tried "Hey, turn little, you two," Mama called "Open up!"

"Still a light, Daughter." Mama told me sister, feeling around in the dark to find Sarah's hand to give her the matches which I had been clutching in her fingers before she had put out the light. She had said very little and I could not see her face in the dark. But she could not scratch a match. How neat papa was home again."
Nothing had ever happened in our vicinity to create this tension, but people had memories and told tales of what had never taken place in Georgia, and Alabama and West Florida that needed the skin of the young braves with transmitted memory and reminded the old Braves that they were still fitly.
My people ... p. 7

All of the men came in behind paper, laughing and joking, perhaps more from relief than anything else.

"Don't stand there grinning like a sheddy cat, Mr. Houst," Mama scolded. "You ain't told me a thing."

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Watson, Reception. You remember bout a week ago, did I say Bronner write something in the Orlando paper? About 14 — a daughter and W.B. is now being seen putting on of the lakes an awful lot."

"Yeah, I heard something about it."

"Well, you know those rich white fellows wasn't going to low nothing like that. So some of 'em was said him this evening, 'They pulled him down off of a tree and say he was drunk and done him off back there in the woods and took him inside for him."

"Did you see any of it?"

"Nope, we could hear them hollering for a while, though. We never got no further than the lakes. A white man, one of the J—boys was standing on the bridge at the road. When we got near to turn off round the house, he stepped out and spoke to us and told us it didn't concern us. They had Bronner down there tied down by his all four, and the men was taking turns with that bullwhip. They must have been standing on his toes to do it. You could hear them桌子 clear out to the road."

The men all laughed. Somebody mocked Bronner's cries and made a joke or two and the crowd laughed immediately. They had gone out to rescue a neighbor as it was in the attempt and they were ready with their families. So they sat down there inside and laughed. They resurrected as jokes or two and worried it like a joke and laughed some more. Then they just laughed. The man who spoke a number of tater's race as monkeys had gone out to die for one. The man who was always saying, "My skin falls, one of these same contemptibles, they should each other around and laughed; she did not feel so well, for she did not get tired at all, after a while, she warn't sat right where she was until he came back and John came home for staying and late, till she went to bed.

I was made up inside that night, so I did not think about it. Besides, I had to go to sleep. But days later, it was said to me in


Mrs. Mattie Moses, it was announced was to have a paper. She was to see the dress.

The time came and she had the dress on. The subject of the paper was, "What will the Negroes do with the Whites?" I do not know what she decided to be done, but I remember that everybody about nothing else that the new Warden watch she had on. It was the first we ever seen in our town.

But in me, the affair stirred up more confusion. Sometimes we moved around me which I had no books to speak. What was this about White ad black people that was being talked about?

Certainly nothing changed in the village. The town people who live in downtown service once in Maitland or Winter Park went to works as usual. The people interested in Eatonville came and went as before. Mrs. Irving Bachelet, the author, who had a show place in Winter Park, petted up Wylie Scallion, who was his head gardener in the same old way. Bishop Whipple gave pretty Eliza Moses and Mrs. Mars, who was his sister, did lots of things for Luke Moses, Eliza's wife, what was all the talk about? certainly was 'gagging' to me.

Then another phase came up to puzzle me. A turpentine firm headed the store ad on the road to Winter Park.

These people grow people too, walked around just as contented they good home to hunt their wives. They had guitars on bright red redwood and sang songs I had never imagined before. I liked them right, but I could not understand it. I found it made something awful. I was not to be tart but I felt all those were "stain-faces" long with the turpentine.

So I began to know about class. Some Negroes were better than others, just like equality whites ad poor white trash. But all the same turpentine higeens. They played guitar better than Mr. Weisen. I liked them Kep's best. Same thing about their song, I would slip off and follow them up the road and try to remember. They were home to warm to my overtures, finally one couple.
told me bluntly, "You better sit on back there wid de dirty folks you ain't a damn fit for."

"Pa is a preacher, your folks wouldn't have no t'nner for me, and I don't give a damn if they don't," he said.

He tried to scare me, but he didn't mean it so bad. I was not impressed and the woman was grinning with me. So he said, "Oh, hell, she said a bit straight up."

"She's nice and friendly," the young woman grinned and gave me a few branches and a paper sandwich in her hand.

"Yeah, and they are going to leave on their back road home when they finish up with them, too."

He began to give out light and heat, nevertheless, and for the first time in my life I heard "Negro Junk." Playing and singing, I thought I'd better be getting on back to the house, so I turned to run, and the couple went on up the road singing. "I'm going to make me a graveyard and down on the empty road I'm going to make me a graveyard in my own. They carried me into going to make me a graveyard by my own."

I came in touch with a number of the turnpotters in this same district and one of the districts Jones claimed he was going to know more "nice, friendly folks," Parson Furniture, and I never heard of them. They were not after the many months. For some reason the "crying" near Gettysburg was abandoned. But I kept me with a longing for guitar music and commenating away, and though I had been taught that a guitar was a low-down instrument, I played only by low-down people. But I had learned about them, as time went on, I found black lines drawn to a lesser degree to people in your village. A Clark, a Mosesley, a Hurstwom and a Miller were something on a stick.

But these early glimpses of the internal struggle in Negro hearts stirred me up a conflict in me that was to go on for years. I had periods when I was sure that Negroes were all that the platform speakers said he were, and then I was often defeated by suspicions that the other side was true. I had heard the supposed prayers of our humble Negro called on to pray who had said, "I know you know I ain't nothing and if you fool around us, you won't be nothing neither. Amen."

Later on, I was to be thrown in contact with a class which styled itself as "the better thinking Negro." They sounded grand at first, but and I wanted to be of them. But, I found that I could not give up my fires for Negro music. I could feel no resentment on hearing a beautiful
song just because it had been composed of slaves. Praise the Lord. If we had not still been a certain heroic generation for men, it still seems a finer thing to teach a thousand men to stand upright than it is to teach one to fly. It seems to me that he was both humane and far-sighted in that he saw that skilled labor was destined to play a great part in the most industrial minded nations on earth, and to deny it put this people into the heart of the future. It took humanity of spirit to advocate the dignity of labor to people just freed from slavery. Though his gospel was industrial education, he never denounced college education, so I have never been able to see why the great opposition to the same did not exist.

Therefore I never enjoyed hearing him called an Uncle Tom at all, because it just did not seem fair. Perhaps I am wrong, but he did inestimable harm to this race, but he is still on q, the great men of the earth to me. In the National Life of People, he is the next step of the designed. Being a college educated person, he is the next step of the designed. By this I mean the advantages of a college education for purely cultural reasons. To my mind the least. But I know that a bachelor's degree is no one for anything in politics unless a man can go on from there is something of a neophyte in the national scheme. He is too good for common labor, and still not trained to fit into regular permanent place on the board. So, for the multitude, a skilled hand, for the few a highly trained mind for a particular place. Otherwise national chaos and personal tragedy multiplied by millions.

So it was inevitable that sooner or later I should begin to ask myself just what a "better thinking Negro" was. I tried to find out where they were off from the norm, I still do not know. I do not know who builds the best furniture or longest cars, the fine boots and the biggest houses. I can't even find them things with the Negro. It is more practical when they come better. And me, I could tell you in a minute. Who the better Thinders are is something else again. I know that George Washington Carver, Thunders and Jack, Simon J. Richardson, do not belong to the fine-g-INFUR-ERAGE. They are doing anything. Better thinking I do not know. But it is obvious in the world that they are doing some kind of thing, and that is good enough for me. (over) 2

From long looking I have concluded that if people are not the money and women do it, fort-luck, we get the shining geniuses of the platform. The money stores have grown out of it to certain abstractions of qualities. I thus wish to laugh at one or two which is common to all people, add to their own will to laugh even if it must be offensive, and you have the answer. The shining Negro here is the platform is another abstraction it stands & you own contracts to warn you of it. It is common to all races. So know & Negroes to be human, see the race as somewhere between the two pictures - part hero, part clown, just like the rest of the world, live, work, and break within day. Selah.
My people ... p. 10v

At least he said that a prince Negro, grinned, with a better-thinking Negro tried to.

2) I do know who are not. I observe that the Negro artist in every branch
are just hard-working people. Singers like Marian Anderson, Roland
Hayes, Dorothy Maynor, and the dynamic Paul Robeson compounding
made our songs; the writers, the painters and sculptors to a new
beginning, now showing for the humble among us. I know that other words
I can tell a better-than-me, though, when I hear one; they are our social
emprise builders. The lay claim to every hand in the world for we with
the exceptions of Africa, the only part of Africa that we understand
field is Egypt, Cleopatra is our Kingfisher and Solomon ad facts like
that. But there is a strange truth about the rest of the dark con-
tinent. Our blood flowed in the veins of Alexander Hamilton, Robert
Browning, George Washington and black faces who close the latest re-
port. The stock ancestor to our Indian chief, I claim the distinction
of being the only Negro in America whose grandfather on the mother’s
side was not an Indian chief. I have been present at many social
affairs where the chief spent was swapping genealogies, but tray
heard a Negro mentioned as a possible ancestor Indian chief’s
Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and folks like that seems to have
ripped us all by Indian squawmen. I have been moved to wonder why
I hear, it seems that the Indians fought the early white settlers to
Negroes, the Indians gladly signed their Indians to slavery just to be
a touch of the war-boys. For myself, I do not longly admit to
at all as the tar-burner. I am tar-burner in person, with a touch
so neither consider it an honor nor a shame. I rather claim Jefferson
advantage in my grandamy! I do not know what ars-enmates were.
She probably ran away as fast as she could, and if that white man could
but to run forward. Being the pursuahed the back to break loose upon the situate
now how and there to see how she was moving out, and that shows people up a lot.
I have been told that God meant for all the so-called races of the world to stay just as they are, and the people who say that may be right, but that there is bound to be some in-between. It looks like the common sense given to people's heads because the other parts don't seem to have straightened all that out. Maybe the men will be more tentacle-footed and the rest deal more with racial and other kinds of probity, but a somewhat less linear. We'll have to be careful. But maybe Old Master will take care of that. Perhaps he'll turn the town over to Adolf Hitler and go on about his business of making more battles.
I do not share the gloomy thought that Negroes in America are doomed to become some of them will be or p. 12 crushed out and some will always be at the bottom, keeping company with other bottom peoples. It would be against all nature for all the Negroes to be either at the bottom or top, or will the internal drive to move us like everybody else. It is up to the individual. If you cannot get it, you cannot show it, if you have made. It is the individual in any race and every nation who makes the advancement. It is the common tongue which attaches races to mean of the individual that is what they are regardless.

Then too, do not worry about the future of people because I call it down if you want to, an adaptation, which is the highest. Know that the species live. You will remember that the species was dominated the earth by some other species who did not come so many years as here. They are gone. It is true that the big birds kicked up quite a rump while they were受灾 after the war, and if you look around, you will notice that they are five sights in museums now. It is no trouble at all to the descendants of smaller animals who played save the brothers in black from destruction.

Curious as it may seem to outsiders, the American Negro is how have more ability, just as the Negro in his place, but there is no justice in the deal. It is not the black or white according to what is going on. Actually it means one thing to one white according to what Negro you are talking about. Negroes we have the "pet Negro" ad diem when that any white person is allowed to pet himself but keep the Negro race from hell to breakfast, but his own particular cl 11, 12

Why is this time? Because it is universally accepted below the Mason without losing his standing as an unconstructed southerner. He comes Negro is different. He does not tie like the rest of the Negroes. He does not and he is a little sick on
My people ... p. 13

...having himself a little fun. You can’t get mad at him, because he is so good-natured and is such a damned good worker when he is there. He likes an average another day; no medicine was in the thing. His good nature was imposed upon until he just couldn’t stand it. My jail was a man like that? No harm in him at all, who said he stole anything? Why, that man wouldn’t steal! If he carried off anything that belonged to anybody else, he just picked it up and just said ‘I forgot’—would not the right to jail a man twice that, in fact, he’d never go to jail as long as I was got a dollar to defend him.

Of course, Negroes have no business flocking around with college education, what they need to learn is how to grow and how to live. But now, you take Jim’s son for instance, Jim’s been working for his twenty years. His boy, Newt, took a notion he wanted to study Medicine and by golly, he’s just as smart as a whip. Damn fine doctor, he is. Bought himself a fine house, and a car, and pays his debts like a top. Better is a whole lot of white folks I know. He just finished medical school at Yale University and I want to tell you he’s making and just fine. Yes, indeed! Why, that’s the smartest and graduated from Howard University and he’d backed. Some fellow off somewhere into the head of the high school, but I said no and off Sally, she got it too. Better had. The County Superintendent of him trying to move Sam, but Sam, I don’t aim to have it,Jim just went to on a stack of Bibles. If they were all like Jim and his folks, they’d little money when he was sending his children through school. Is airs, and nothing, just nice respectable colored folks. Multiply this 5 dozens in every town, county, and state like the Mason and Dixon, and you get the colored college education.
ad other advancements are only for your own pet Negro, that
when some other white person takes the floor and brings on their
his own local Negro is when a reputedly smart Negro band
the local Negroes become smart, industrious, thrifty, and well-
the people of the local whites go up on their backs and
who is an object of suspicion until some of the local Negroes
don’t think for a moment that their opinion of the visitor will be
shrewdness. Afterwards, things will change if a good impression is made.
minated by the Negroes anywhere else,
all something will be done. The large Negro is in high favor on this Notice
educated, he or she is often given too much scope, that is not the
for the large Negro community in general. It makes it very profitable
in numerous cases and places. But that would be getting personally, without
"Personalizing" they lose all of their friends.
"The attitude of the south toward the Negro can be shown by the inform-
antly by a group of upper-class southern women at a bridge party. One lady,
certainly going to be the same way. She was good and kind and honest and everything.
"Why, Mrs. Colton!" one of her hearers gasped. "You don't really think that
Negroes will be in the same position as women?"
The white rooms took it up and there was a hot discussion. There
were two or three other black nominees for the golden streets, all ruled out
by Mrs. Colton.
"The way I see it," she maintained, "all the Negroes will go to Heaven. They
will walk around like everybody else. The rest of the citizens will
be in the black part with a wash-post turned down over him.
That sounded like an happy resolution, so everybody picked up their
hands again, and Mrs. Colton opened with two speeches.
Some of the educated Negroes in the South are highly educated. He is tops in his town, county and state. The smart, highly educated Negro is one from far off somewhere, the local ones are the finest colored people you ever meet anywhere. All the trouble the local authorities ever have is one to a certain extent, because the shortcomings of the local Negro don’t count.

He is just one on the white side. No matter what state or town might have, according to the Negroes, there are means, overbearing white in the next state can get up with these mean white folks and with a few of them to go around, and all the Negroes have to do now is to work with white folks! Don’t know what better anybody is looking for. It was just like those there wouldn’t be no trouble, knowing.

What does this mean? That if while racial antipathy is a general accepted thing, the Negroes and whites who come into direct contact don’t find it impossible to get along and even make friendships, the individual relationship is going away the general structure. Both the whites and the Negroes have been told from birth that the other one just doesn’t do to good with and they believe it. But their personal contacts tell them that is true but it wouldn’t have been told to them, so while the facts why know are not the friends they have heard about, there must be those played foot devil somewhere, so they live across the state line, willing to admit that the less people are small. Second, that all people give out some sort if charm says that penetrate even racial other is to stay apart.

So there is hope in the South. The North says justice for all Negroes, but is as cold as charity to the individual. The South says to hell with the Negroes, just so long as my pet Negro family or individual gets along, and how they do.
So in the South it is a personal relationship that naturally functions as a community thing. Outsiders are suspicious characters, be the white or black. Both sides have been known to gang up on the stranger regardless and not withstand. There is much more co-operation in the quiet than outsiders would suspect. A man is known out of a teaching job, for instance, not because he was incompetent, but because some Negro with the right connections dropped a word or two when he did the quiet knowing. The only guarantee the teacher has is to have some good connections too. Indeed the friendliest enemies in the white world are whites and Negroes in a southern community, as in there and not the mixed up with one side or the other and you will find that quickly enough. Their outward tactics and inward deceit is monumental.

A tale in point was a railroad job in Florida. A short time was to be built a Northern white railroad official came down to lay out the job. He talked with the local whites and was told how easy and tricky the local Negro labor was. They got drunk on Saturday night and would take Monday, and so forth. So the Northern decided to bring down his own crew of rail-laying track, naturally suspected that he would do a trick like that, he had taken their money too seriously. The local people mailed their own wages the first week, at the end of the second week the contractor tried to cheat him to get the illegals jobs and the camp was sent to the burned house, and they were told all day long that they were working with the best, the blacks, no less, and smoking about town and singing songs. Now the Negroes were back to the spirit and making money, business about Negro shiftlessness and the like.

The Northern contractor was a very rough fellow. People who will be thoroughly denounced to a negro meeting of protest. All the white men have their fingers crossed. It is not done to put the thing into action someday, I worked all day long and wrote for information, all mean just kill white people, most with white people, like this man. So and so, he leave you and go out, he was for it, right down to the bullet, then some said by the preacher who just spoke. You tell the man. He said no, he's not a man, he's a man like the rest of the white people. So and so, he left the two men or a city where left to be killed. Perhaps another time, he announce their exceptions would be, they're in the ground. They would not go by it, when the meeting was over, if you could not he around. Furthermore, if you could not he around. If you could not he around.

So and so, he left them, he was for it, right down to the bullet, then some said by the preacher who just spoke. You tell the man. He said no, he's not a man, he's a man like the rest of the white people. So and so, he left the two men or a city where left to be killed. Perhaps another time, he announce their exceptions would be, they're in the ground. They would not go by it, when the meeting was over, if you could not he around. Furthermore, if you could not he around.
My people ... p. 17

... are no more than that: we must not see what the other Negro across the way see, Margaret and Miss Port, but 2 this inability to see what the other men see...

"Tommies," as I prefer to call Uncle Tony that is being to squeamish and with great abandon. Some of these charges are true, but looked at squarely, mean the races. Is a white man in power ignores some import elements of the white community when Negroes are involved, he is noble, if a Negro in tears has been brought by more emotion than reason, he is certain to be...

The truth is that all Negroes as well, keen choices to friends than they do own species. If you have made a friend of white people who do not show a bit like your sufficient contact is lacking, your friend, to your later astonishment, will not enough to know to forgive people for looking different from you, if you get under his skin, I have no number of "just white people. For years and years, I..."

... have known a murmur of discontent, Dr. Francis, Cornelius, Miss Van Vechten, Dr. Henry Allen, Mr. Francis, Robert Nathan, Annice Nathan Mayer, and James Fields. If there don't care how black you come, if you can't find something good to say about them, don't think the mess up. I don't want to hear it.

... for years with Henry Allen, Van Vechten, and many strangely supports him in the face of widespread Negro opposition, in spite...

... that Dr. Charles S. Johnson and James Weldon Johnson both loved gave a friendship. "I have and real friends among the whites. The better-tongued Dr. Du Bose..."

... thousands of the Putnams. He brought them rare presents from his home, he bought them on all the friends to his home, Mrs. Mary..."
Now, "Tomming" is more complicated than it sounds. It is a fine art at its best. Successful careers have been built on it. It is not to be learned 

by triumphing over one who tries it. A very successful Tom often turns 

his contemporaries and his successful associates green with envy. They 

forget all about his other achievements and just scream "Tom!" at his 

spectacular rice.

Now the name "Uncle Tomming" for this art expression was in 

vented by Tefoss, but the art itself goes back in history. The court of 

every kingdom has produced its artist. The people who sit places on no 

more than a cat has to offer, that is, charming, interesting, a willingness to sit on 

the sedan chair and be attended, and implied abilities. After all, the 

most popular cat could catch a mouse if he just tried. But he flattens 

the toes so cleverly that he eats limes and laps cream out of a specially 

prepared dish. It is something actually acquired for his usefulness 

and then encouraged to dine strictly on the house, when you come to think 

of it, Harry Hopkins has not done so badly for himself. Very suc-

cessful "Tomming" is what it says.

Don't laugh too quickly. It is surprising how much art is mistaken 

for ability if you look around the world. You may not laugh too loud 

with the horses like a sawmill heard, but as I said before, the most 

successful "Toms" don't do it that way. It is one of the finest arts and 

goes well with any other talents.
My people ... p. 18

by her thoughts thence and thence, and she will stand by them, regardless.

Yet this is true, and it is, there can never be any sharp, total, race lines
is a question - to - person thing, but that seems to be the way that the human

inequalities and injustices, and untruths ones, so definite. Nobody would "re

freed from-R Women's Clubs in the South has thrown its weight against

President of the United States some day, who will place justice before sameness

family, people, ty, and it is a matter of record that freedom marks

Now the place where I stand, 1 look out on my people; I do not see them

either as the "better this & Negro" yard as the movies on the line, I have

satisfaction at all, happiness. The sickly negro succeeds so far as his own conscience is

concerned, so that he escapes the trap of life without any discernible

rugged, he can blow up a cloud out of his own mouth for an occasion of

The behavior of the "better this & Negro" is the same universal

stubby, & lay into the hole. It merely follows the white pattern and

in itself, and keeps your eye fixed on it. Some thing as the bowl has

some kind of balls and goods, them once for his delight. Others, sometimes

the mind, after they are yielded over, deny to themselves that the mind is thus

cool, some might go - around, people races and nations, home.

But the latter, the lazy Negroes have scored one smacking victory over

the white first families of America really believe that they have grown

manufactured out of a notion somebody got out of the London society.
Bill Gaines, three times Governor of Alabama, won his office the first time with the backing of the Ku Klux Klan, with a strong statement that he would put Negroes in his place. He was going to fight out for that little freckled faced Cracker boy at the head of the Creek, yet his first official act after taking office was to promote two New, Modern Buildings for the State Teachers College for Negroes at Montgomery. One of the buildings is named for him. He has been Governor of Alabama twice since then.

A Florida state senator reassured his constituency that the Negroes of the State were being kept in their place by making a violent attack on money being spent on the foreign language department at Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College at Tallahassee. The way idea! French for Negroes! Still, and all, the State still provides money for four teachers of French.

Ex-Governor Cone of Florida as soon as he got into office let it be known that he was all out for white supremacy by banning all that same school, and declaring that no Negro on earth was worth the salary that its President, J. R. E. Lee, President Lee’s salary, however, has not been cut.

So it has got to the place where it is all right to promote higher education among Negroes so long as you say you’re against it. Even the whites don’t seem to mind. Promote Negro education—but announce that it is done in the name of white supremacy.

On my return to Florida in 1938, an intimate of Governor Cone’s got in touch with me and advised me to stay home. He said that the Governor had decided to keep the up and doing Negroes home. He was tired of all the smart Negroes going up North, and then having the North claim them, where would be provided for upper-class Negroes at home. Within a week a job was provided for me, I know. All over the state you hear boasts about James Weldon Johnson, Augusta Savage, Phillipp Randolph, and many others have been paid to me.

Another generation of living out the South may start the world.
My people … p. over 18 bottom

I was in Mobile, Alabama when a most significant thing occurred. Bankhead defeated the incumbent--Hefflin for the U.S. Senate. Hefflin had run on his usual platform of white supremacy and protection of the honor of white womanhood in the South. I think he had won two or three terms on that. But the people of Alabama turned around and followed him good that time.

The Mobile Register reported in his defeat, it went on to say that at least Alabama had purged itself of the shame of being represented by the honor of white womanhood. He questioned that it was an illusion since the only protection needed was individual integrity, which the type was past. The South was on the march, and certainly, Alabama had seen about developing her tremendous resources, and take part in big field deliberations of that august body. So Hefflin could go back to our house and it meant he had not been given another chance in Alabama. So Hefflin was just fine, thank you. The way you don't hear any calls for help.
The Negro nobility did not even have a notion to go on. It is a triumph of the laboratory. It is necessary for the Germans gasoline. It in one generation, two or three generations, and all the principles therein, including not only class prejudices, but race prejudices. It is to be sniffed at. It is a greater triumph than many structuring old divisions.

Therefore, I do feel any hopelessly motivated when I see sections of my race cutting across and the other part looking on and saying, "My people!" Monkey business notwithstanding, I feel that we will stick along.
7/907

hungry


There lies forever in his withered and wan face, Aunt Tante's apron, Uncle Tante's cane, Uncle Tante's spectacles. His frame was made for comfort and ease, and his mouth showed-white, ivory smile. His eyes were his oldest son and friend in his position.

That face, the face before the blindfolded horse that first met with the Universe with its feet, and with its feet, and its mouth, shows the world, and its shadows, and none should see it in vain. What the faceless years will do to me, I do not know; I see his footprints, and I go into his reflections. My heart, through my footprints, through the threshold, into the house. I have seen that I have climbed and am I soul-stuff has lain more, have I shown, while the hands of which look for no longer to me.

But Time has his faceless words. He has commanded some servants, some servants, of things. This is a privilege granted to a servant of many hours, to a servant of... to a servant of hours, to a servant of hours, to a servant of hours, to a servant of...

In three moments of a billion billion hours and the servant of Master... of... of... of... of... of... of...

"Time has laughed down mountains and dried up seas. What am I? How can I know his will?"
she has done a fine thing, not because he was a Negro, but because he was a Negro. That is incidental and accidental, not in the human achievement which is human. I designate as race, cast, or a Negro. A member of it in race just happened to be the force of humanity, in other words, knows its own bottom. The race of white people. They had not sat on the ground that the color was a Negro, but because it was true, that I cannot accept the responsibility for the mass of white people. They had not sat on the ground that the color was a Negro, but because it was true.

It has never done argument, what seems to be the work of individuals. The white race did not work out Relativity. That was Einstein. The Jews did not bring out the idea of Quantum Electrodynamics. It has never done anything, what seems to be the work of individuals. The white race did not work out Relativity. That was Einstein. The Jews did not bring out the idea of Quantum Electrodynamics.

Instead of Race Pride being a virtue, it is a snipping vice. It has ceased new name. “Race Congeniality” is about the same as Race Pride in meaning. But granting the single so you can be prouder if it is the effect of the thing. But what are is that? I don’t care what you call your friends, if you are one quarter honest in your judgment of them. What the world is trying and dying for at this moment is not race, but a sense of our physical senses. The human race would blot itself out actually if it had any more. It is really suffering in the world than religious opinions, and that is saying a lot.

This Race Pride business, now I have read many well-educated people of all three settler races around invisible themselves hunting for the meaning of the words which they have used with so much glibness and insincerity. I have never read a more fundamental confusion since there is no solid reason why the blacks and the whites cannot live in our nation in perfect harmony. The only thing in the way is the gradual shrinking of the tail. The snakes and the captured are walking around a tree, the black man is scared to turn the head, whereas his head should be done about that tail, the whites cannot go so on about his business, but he feels that something must be done about that tail.

So Race Pride and Race Congeniality seem to me to be not only fallacies that ice is cannot, with logic, lay against it in others as well. It is, in itself, the only real difference at all is that belong to such and such a race.” Race Congeniality according to me looks like a treaty.”

And how can Race Solidarity be possible in a nation made up as many elements as these United States? It would result in nothing about it. The faith of each set may for all the rest, national disaster touches us all. There is no escape in groups.
Your physical weakness, 

Priding yourself on something over which you have no control, is just another sign that the 

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Pride in yourself or something over which you have no control, is just another sign that the
And in practice there can be no sharp line drawn, because the interests, even individual, may as a racial group is not identical with the others. Section, locality, self-interest, special fortune, and the like, set one group of Negroes against another set of Negroes, just as the Negroes are likewise influenced by a pique in the pocket just like everybody else. During the Civil War Negroes fought in the Confederate army because many Negroes were themselves slave owners and were just as much at himself as anybody else in the South. Anybody who says

want a variety of things and many gotten dramatically opposed. There is no single Negroes

have to do it, but the 3 words mean that there any ease of present, are of

selfishness would permit; one that they were united on what the white people are united

would not. The Negroes would be united on something especially Negro, not that

of the region; all of the Negroes Negroes certainly want political and

Negroes are just like anybody else, some were. Some equal elsewhere. Some just make a

example, is a fiction and always will be. Therefore, I have shifted the word and get it,

intestines and movements and so on. The only thing is that, Negroes with a north, the

force away. From it be necessary, I believe that the commonwealth much support the

leaders have found out more or less that they cannot deliver Whiggery without any

not if people won't follow, you just can't do it. Being an American, I am just like the

and not the Yankees; the West席, the Southerners; the Negroes the North, the Yankees

contradictory and I wish I had a figure of the bill. That is my view and I am going to do

no such thing. That is, is a figure of the bill, which is certainly a unique (somewhat)

I have shown over the idea of Race Leadership too.

I know that there is race prejudice, not only in America, but whenever two races

must together in numbers, I have met it in the flesh and I have found that it tends to

to be the least refuge the white from real little I have been able to learn. 1 know

that good will, ability, 1 and sometimes know nothing about Negroes. Geography,

in the expansion of seeing interpersonal dependencies and depth is living in a space

tact of the whole round world, 1 saw please, etc.

And then I know so well that the people who make a beast of a racial class, national

privileges become so real and such an incapability to whenever they refuse to judge a

truly. Instead they are the influences of manifest competition. They are rational and

truly to try the game so that they cannot lose. Trying to start the dice, 24
The springs of arms over such things as Carl Van Vechten is doing "Wagner Heimlich" or Will Rogers saying on the radio that most of the low-boy songs were nothing more than adaptations of higher tunes. He does this because he feels that he is defending this style. Sometimes the causes are just, and sometimes they are ridiculous. His goal is honest enough; it is purely a search for the truth that leads him into errors.

they not only question what is past happenings, but
choose to call these hard palmers from ashes when the blessing 2. proof is on them.

I quite the matter the better if I say and smile at the back hand compliment you 3. have that 

is hardly likely that we ever would have met so 4. smile and not bitterly perhaps, 

for 3. know not. The equality is as do as and last as you teach it. If you are better 

know, it is always good to be learning something. But if you never made me know it the 

away our questionings. I like to be in the presence of my surprise at of 5. don't catch on after 

the mass up.

Since I wash myself of these pricks and unspeakable view simplicity of the same 

severe, slavery and the Resurrection. I am three generations removed from it, and therefore 

have no experience of the thing, from what I have learn; it was such. The dumb American 

would have been better off if I have never known. But it was and there is no use 

heavily around the bush. Still there seems to me to be nothing but futility in gaining 

long to talk about. Whether 5. see any use in bottom hauling this grandson about it 

is real glee didn't like it. But the end was to death. No 6. there is not to kill the 

heart and all over they all about it. It isn't meat in the present for me now and that while 

man's grandchildren as well I have business with the grandson as to today. I 

want to get on with the business in hand. Since 5. cannot just lose the children 

heart by then, 5. will settle for some influence on the present. It is ridiculous for 

me to make out that you 7. Black face and write 5. time releasing his problems. 

That would be just as ridiculous as it wouldn't be for the game to hang around the paper 

needs trying to get on word with Red Cheyenne 8. for the Ingegul to the billing 

the Duke & Normand for the first of every month.

I am all for starting something brand new in co-operation with the present incumbent 

at 5. don't get any 9. operation 5. am 5. to start something anyway. The world is not just 

going to stand by looking like a fool at a funeral if it can help it. into the gap right 

now and lay a hearing on it.

Standing on the watch walk 10. no longer expect the millennium. It would be foolish 

thinking of to be searching for justice in the absolute. People are not made so it happens for 

from all 5. can say. The world is a whole family of Hare-Brown. It has always been a family 

Hare-Brown, so it is possible to respect my justice motivated by the absolute. Only one 

come into the Book of Books and it is not even then. The Old Testament is devoted to what was right and 

from the misconduct of the ancient Hebrew. All of their enemies were twenty-two Roman 

civil. The more wave aggressors. The Lord wanted His children to have a妥善 full 7. big 

grips and told them. Incidentally though they were settled. It play might as well get set. A somewhat 

times that the nose and white much 9. anyway, with all 5. it dips out things Canadian 

their manifest destiny. And notcombe especially tell them about it. Take the command that 

a repent which was right under their nose. So you had to drive it in under the nose. King 

David 12. uncreated the 13. protection nearest in those days before he was savior 14. bag 

king was a great hero. He only talked and failed to keep out his own folly. He was no man 

after handle every heart and was quite serviceable in helping God get rid of 15. comet 

and a half-pint of the elevation world. While in fact the Pharanese was an order 

The New Testament is not quite so formal but it is equally debased. Paul and the choristers 

set up as new leaders in Palestine after the death of Jesus but the same Gau's holding 

shoulder beloved. So now the orthodoxy you became a manifest every night. Together the 

names of Pharanese and Sadducees are synonymous with hypocrisy and crook to ninety-nine 

and a half percent of the elevation world, while in fact the Pharanese was an order.
small in number, highly educated, well-born and clean-living men whose mission was to guard the purity of the Church. The Richelauds were almost as holy, virtuous and wise.

Most of the time, they got involved in conflicts in the very nature of the French government, thus some held the title of Christianity.

One thing is the influence of the 'influential' by Marquis. One thing is to have influence. How much have carefully selected lieutenants from families who forty years later were doing the same influence. He probably did not realize what he was doing. He was setting up the influence of the Church among the people. These were the people who would not accept Christianity, and who would do in the New Testament, what it is evident that the Jews did not, and the only ones who do not accept it: the 'influential'.

As long as there have been influential, there has been an influence, and there has been a religious influence. If it is an oriental concept where the king is not a mere man, then it is a religious influence. If there is a religious influence, there is one. It is the influence of the Church. Bishops and others have had influence on people, on the Church, on society, and on the world. The influence of the Church is somewhere away not only, and it is its influence. Come in, they have to have it. The influence of the Church is somewhere away, and it is its influence. Come in, they have to have it. The influence of the Church is somewhere away, and it is its influence. Come in, they have to have it.
We have even turned the Gospel of Peace into a trifle, we claim each other over the hand to prove who is the best missionary. Nature asserts itself. We can neither give up our platitude nor our profits. The platitude works beautifully, but the profits feel like sick.

(new paragraph after this)

There is no diffused light on any plane, internal or external, so that a comparatively whole scene may be observed. Light is sharply directed on one spot, not only leaving the greater part profound, but seeming to indicate that the distant, unlighted field exists. It is no longer hollow wise, instead, perhaps at no other period in the history of the world have people lived in to such a dreamy state. People even waste time desiring their enemies in open warfare. However, the whole idea is to be complimentary to one's self and keep alive the dream. The other man's scale commits gross injustice. One's own scale is awaking mistakes.
But I get no pleasure out of throwing stones and dieing by hand. I used to open to know if it was I who hit him. That is half of the fun in battle. I do not want to read the author when I admit the struggle to my body, I like to read the hand in which the heat of the heart, and the courage to take one.

Since I do not consent to read all of the ad-lib, the volunteer few of my friends, I open the main things in my mind, but hesitate to know the nature because I am not sure that I know all the answers. I have been I feel, but I also know that what I call justice is true to learn. It has asked how many. I will express what I have to lead,

I forget to mention the golden rule and for the practical guidance, the world is in it's full of the most glowing departures from the literal. It's more

chaplans are we seem, now the copy books were wrong to start with. They should have told me in the first instance that there were words for me to try but not to go in. But that is not what they said. The dignity of man and his invariable rights were sacred, according to men, and for the absolute nature of human freedom. But I know that the principle of human freedom has not vanished from the earth. I know that great nations are standing on it. It is not possible for us to deny that there has been no progress towards the concept of liberty. Already it has been acknowledged the name is very old.

It has been decided also that it is not subject to instant

one's own label. That is unacceptable to anyone.

But what a nation of free men from such a prosperity and expansion to liberty concepts? Not at all! If a ruler can find a place way off where the people do not look like living, but kill enough of them to convince the rest that they ought to support him, he can look for others that rulers is to be feared. The key

heroes of the conquers and people build monum to. The key

was poor, the rich were also honored. The picture now is completely

atomic and the sacred fate of Meus conquest in hand.

Now, for instance, if the English people were to quarter troops in France, they would have a final 6 billion dollars a year out of France. The English would be occidentally expected. But actually, the British government does just that in India, to the glory of the democratic way. They are hailed as not only great

influence builders, the English are entitled as leaders of civilization. And

the people who claim that it is a noble thing to die for freedom of

the free people. It would have to be to justify certain things.

I do not mean to single England out as something strange and different in the world. We, too, have our Marines in China. We too consider kicked gun bullets good ammunition for heating who are inconsistencies with that ideas about a country of their own. If the patient dies from the treatment it was
No civilized will use such as terms anymore. Rather will they drag the machinery around the home. Life will be on a lofty level by operating at a distance and calling it acquiring sources of raw materials, and keeping the market open.
not because he was not good, or because the medicine was not good, we are positive of that. We have seen it work other patients twice before it killed them and three times after them, so, no matter what the outcome, you have to give the doctor credit for trying.

The United States being the giant of the Western World, we have our responsibilities. The little brother South of the border has been a trouble to us. One time, in fact, it is only that he is so very and sincerely anxious that he is likely to make arrangements for a war that will not have him. Yet a selfish move in this regard you cannot just too be taught to think of his brother before his brother's interest, and his brother in law. A good neighbor is a lovely thing to have, and we are far too aroused as people to allow poor little judgment to hinder good works.

But then is a geographical boundary to our principles. They are not to become the United States, unless we take them over, and Japan's application of our principles to China is never to be sufficiently displaced, we are the southern planters, slave who was raised in that first time.

"Darling, she quieted. So big and I wish I had been there."

"Why, a woman they do so very fast. Well, it was some of it, why do you wake?"

"You go right out and kill the last one of guns tomorrow morning. Things like this is much too good for us."

Our condemnations is more than justified. We Westerners composed that peace agreement with China in 1930 and 1931, and it's not a good thing. Now the Japanese are in a very little over our heads. We are full of stuff and need a good running out. The only hoped to this is that they have copied our medicinal chart. They are stocked up with the same kind of pills and cameraphones that doctors prescribe.

With the wise little prepositions, have been so the sick last two. They have been in the upper division, and the prediction was the only thing which could save the patient. Even so the patient would have been cured for a long time, and immediate danger had to be removed to keep the patient alive. The doctor is not sure that all the nerves have been damaged from the operation, but when operations were out of the hospital, what the doctor did.

The great ad for neglected insanities, we have been overworked. The business picture is not too good at all. Power is not to be treated in any cast. Many patients have been allowed to have tonsillectomies, and the doctor did.

So look at these things, of our country's conclusion that disease was a powerful thing, not too powerful to be treated in any cast. Many patients have been allowed to have tonsillectomies, and the doctor did.

All around here, bitter tears are being shed over the fate of Holland, Belgium, France, and England. I must confess to being a little dry around the eyes to hear people shuddering at the thought or Germany collecting taxes in Holland. I have not heard a word about Holland collecting taxes in France. The poor people in the United States are not so much as Colonial connivance and should be stopped. What happens to the Balance is unimportant. It takes it. President Roosevelt could control his four presidents to some extent.

1945
He is a bandit. That is true, but that is not what is held against him. He is traveling in our
well-established纹路 societies. Give him credit. He saved some people away off in Africa and Asia,
but the king must already had them paying protection money and warned him to stay away.
The only way his laws eliminate out of this jungle class is to high-places the land and that is what he is doing.

In our country is so busy playing "fence" to the monsters that the best in human suffering
cannot be considered yet. We can take that up in the next depression.
As I see it, the doctrine of chimerery deals with the aspirations of men’s souls, but the application deals with things. The hand in somebody else’s pocket may be on your gown, and you are highly indignant; your heart is wrung in your pocketbook. But it is your bosom, and you are heartbroken; women mourn for your own mistresses, and you are a cheat. If white people have things to show to the neighbors.

This is not to say, however, that the darker races are not angels, just that white people are not divided. I had a hard time with his head that everybody else must have something just for being colored. Human slavery is so deeply rooted in that the slave-lover can’t get it out of his system. (shrugs)

In the hundred years that the Anglo-Saxon in China alone is responsible for, these are still doing it. I just, I just want to put all the people and pretty pictures you please you in the Hudson to draw up trouble with it: the screams & outrage would make my stomach in the heavens. And what is worse, we go on as if the so-called inferior people are the ones who think they do it does not matter. As if no day was ever born when that which went over the blood of white with the well-armed at present, but you can’t stop them, from this time.

I do not hold, however, the wide gap between ideals & practices; the world is too full of incongruities. I recognize that men are given to handling words to give these words have any internal meaning for them. As it is, we were children playing in a field and found something round and hard to play with, it may be full of beauty and pleasure, and then again it may be full of death.

Can that be right? The way the white man & his allies, the two races and the fact that mistakes are not Christian and never will be. Christianity is a peculiar concept which we are the sons of hardship. Then have no opportunity to digest when you witness the spectacle of Popes & Bishops, pastors, & clerics, reaching out of their pulpits at the sound of battle, the shrieking weapons, and screaming for blood; it is obvious that the Prince of Peace means nothing more than a slogan. He has been drafted into every army in the West. We appoint him as a representative in every regiment to the Republic men for the business. Since this political concept is too soft and weak to us to get our teeth into, we have nearly lost the words taken up around the house. We are as much as people as any other deep on earth. We just are not made weak; some glory is in strength and courage, and the only thing we can think of to illustrate the wide difference between our professions and our feelings would be to dress Napoleon Bonaparte in a wild rodeo, Bismarck in a bird Cage, and George Washington little Mahatma Gandhi, the "incorrupt" or their predecessors; then atoms do honor to our twisted men. They lived thousands years in their place.

The present representatives would reveal the confusion in our minds.

And now to another matter. Many people have pointed out to me that I am a Negro and I cannot deny that. Yet, I have been told I was a party of protest. I will tell you why. I was claimed that there was no good in it. But I am so fast together that I do not have much of that is just the way it is any more.
1. They have acted the same way when they had a chance and will act that way again, comes the break.

2. It would be a fine thing if on leaving office, the second brother could point with pride to the fact that his administration had done away with group-profit at the expense of others. I know very well that it has never happened before, but it could happen, couldn't it?

3. Who knows what is in seeming dullness? The dust on your shoes might have run the tail of a comet, and may join the sun again.
You cannot arouse any enthusiasm in me to join in a protest for the cause to provide me with a better home to shop his better with. Why must I shop better at all? Why isn't a class of better shoppers? I will join in no protest for the cause to get a little more stuffing in my home. I don't mean that. This book, I want the books, and it seems to me that the people who are immediately these principles are so saturated with European ideas that they make the whole belief of America. The people who founded this country and the immigrants who came here, learned how to get away from class distinctions and to keep their unborn children from knowing about them. I am only for the letters of free will and movement, nothing horizontal. But then who can use it, when he cannot stay up these mountains to make his landscapes rise. The side of the bottom always matches the ladder from under the boat on the top river, partly the way it should be. A dead grandmother's quote has proven to be a poor piece of ancestry, So I am not at all, I nominating myself to be a peasant and celebrating any tragic black stains. I want the front of the house and I am going to keep ouriving even if it is a plan.

They too, it seems to me that if it says a whole system must be upset for me to win, I can see that I cannot sit in the same cut. I cannot sit in the same cut. If others are in there and not me, it can be what I was made to think in other ways. If I can win anything in a game like that, I know I'll end up with the rest of the chokers can be eliminated, so the brains may make others just as it should be and I'll do the best I can, not talking about applications either when the table, like they've done.
ran down into my bones. I have strived incalculably with all the powers of my heart, and I
have hated with all the power of my soul. What waits for me in the future? I do not know. I
cannot even imagine it. I am glad for that. But already I have touched the four corners of
the horizon by force of hand searching. It seems to me that love and laughter, love and hate,

The end.

July 5, 1941
If this do I have no pleasure for protests for the love to provide me with a better hand to close letters without my need. Do I think better of all? It seems to me not enough to be demanding that the letter be a little more tasteful in its letter. I don't want a little better hand. I want the letter itself. I have brought up under a signature that does not change your prince and your class to where you made it. I am going along these lines. I do not want 15 to 10 or to any fixed class. While the letter of the law shall be in that trying to look my own way would be to surrender and to destroy myself in a work that is utterly repugnant. So I do not want to repair to the cause of all - 

...
The people who came to America brought them away from their class to
might be free from those class structures and 3 am old for it.

1. Because I have no old world concepts, I cannot consider myself a peasant.

2. It is the mechanics of this thing that does not satisfy me.