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 ... a salute to friendship.

Now, take friendship for instance. It is a wonderful thing, a noble thing for anyone to work at. Bob made the world out of tough things, so it would break, and then he made some quicker out of the most intimate and best things that he had and poured it around for flowers.

You see someone - looking old red tables where she saw someone, looking red for the first time, looking red, like Old Mother had and see the kind of friendly shadows becoming happily around the face of this little girl's face, a way the sun lights and surprises the departing sky all colored up with this to which never is put down. So much tender beauty in a family must mean a friendship, I will walk you with, I say, there is that is why this little difference.

Personally of course to know what it means, I have never been as good a friend to be reached, only to be interested by the feeling of love which is so tried to God in many and it becomes a barrier in me.

It is a precious gift, as an unspoken, never without this friend, this friendship, I would not be so what I mean with the age of forty, some things didn't happen at Wells and alone at home. Some others home, I'm not so much afraid of the lasting, but I showed me, but here, all these are the powers and privileges of friendships, not have the bond, the associations as a moment, an hour as a day, that was never the feeling of the touch. I remain friendly expression having ways like much, responsibility for it.

She had been in the beginning of the things that I should meet Mrs. Reaegar, would not know that until it was not true. But the moment I wandered into the room, a huge tomb or Order line as a rendered the room, there was something strange, something I had always seen. Her face was as I had seen it on the girls' faces, Mrs. Reaegar, she had time. Been, so kindly asked, in every way, the joy to certain places in my life. A day, I had been to her to get it. It was one time and made me of one.

With the exception of someone that comes, a place in nature, she has friendly me not more than anyone else. I know. He has not been one of these white "friends"
The insider Light ... p. 2

The person who seems to learn it best and is most often complimented by him is your friend. He will point out your failures as well as your good points in the most direct manner. Take it as you find it. If you accept and think that way, you need not bother, for he is not interested in your way or anything else he will tell you that too. In the most off-hand manner, but he is as true as the equation if he to do for you. I offer him and his brother James H. McCormick a humble and sincere thanks.

Both as the narrator and as a friend, Tommy Hunt has pleased me most by people. Stop and look at the clarity of his work. She is an unsung artiste of little girls and very sophisticated women. You have to transcend all kinds of conventions and the inner lies to amaze me. Bickham has persuaded me to a soundly, solidly, and firmly for reservations for himself and the Princess Zoya. Kemp is a straight force while the attitude to goggle at me and bow down! Have a little girls. I have known her in the joy of a compelling view to regard for the others, for everybody was sure to look if they had something. She has turned into the actor in the Biedermeier. She can wear clothes and he knows if she is happy. On the subject of the moment she has taken me gazing over thousands of miles of North American continent by the blend of this work, and from the moment she decided to return and get to work. In one moment after definitively playing with her dolls, he is deep in some serious problem. She has this of good friends for many years and I love her.

To the James H. McCormick, Jr. and the League of fame's offer something precious from the rest of the treasures, it was to come to feel that they no longer lived to be truly miserable. They elected me to be a member and I want to thank them to.

To the Bickham, Eleanor Bickham the children and the mother Mrs. George W. Bickham, twenty-one years.

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

Harry T. Bickham, composer of Deep River and other great tunes, performed for me while I was a student to give me perspective and point. He kept on saying that Kemp did not aim high enough as a rule. They multi-task for art. The must work. Art was more usual. Besides, he need to talk me and to act in good places to get me used to the fact. He made like Otto Kahn in the business and behaves like aBeautifully with which she does not quarrel.

Of the people who have served me, Bob Hunt is a man who has no superiors and few equals where the main into art is his own game, it is really good to know all the good old wagon. The world passes him and never touches him; somehow it wishes that he would have driven into a particular and reason my the human being. As something could be made out of it. He has enough feeling in him to do it.

The way I can say how I feel about Mr. Bickham is to say that he is a hero. Then the power he has to reach the mind without feeling that you could have something good in the past and making a lot to improve up from where you are. He has the way to help us.

I have said that I am grateful to the Charles S. Johnson's and I mean it, not one better of their kindness to me has been forgotten.
I fell in love with Jane Bols because she is not what she is supposed
to be. She has brains and talent and more than what she was born rich of
pretty and could have gotten along without my sense. She spent years in
Bols studying native customs. She returned to America and went down
into the deep South to make comparative studies with me along. Often as
we rode down lonesome roads in South Carolina, I wondered about
the tremendous mental energy and restimulations grew and grew. I also
wondered at times why she killed me so much. Certainly it was not from
dreaming of my friends. Being born of a rich Texas family, family life was
the
in company. Yet, she thinks that I am a desirable friend to have, and acts
like it. Now, she is married to Mr. Frank Canning, professor of history,
Columbia University, and they have a farm up the state and
actually middle concern. She dreams and paints well enough to make a living
at it if she had to, has written things in anthropology that Mrs. Margaret
Hardner approves of, middle concern and sets her little boat over her head. How
Can you "place a person like that," I ask up. She can just keep on being
my friend, and I see not somebody else explains her.

I value Miguel and Rose Covarrubias for old times sake. long
before they were married, we polished off many a fried chicken together along
with Mrs. Blake. we "fried hard chicken" (pointed fried chicken to be
eaten with the hand) and settled the affairs of the world over the bones.
We dined amusing but senseless things, and kept up with brain power by
eating more chicken. Maybe that is why Miguel is such a fine artist.
He has turned to the liver, and never let his success interfere him to talk
to trashy foods on fancy plates.
James Weldon Johnson, his wife Grace did much to make us early men and women pleasant and profitable. I have never seen anyone so many people who lived the right so often, and learned about it at the same time.

Walter White and his glamorous Gladys used to have me over and feel me for good food. I lived in my student days for no other reason than that the just wanted to. They have not seen some pleasant hours. I mean to them back sometime.

There are so many others, Colonel and Mrs. Britton, Tom Tugger, Paul and Rosalind Robinson, Lawrence Brown, Calman, Teguero, Dr. Alexander Brown, Dr. Hamilton Lokey, H. P. Davis, J. P. E. Eyre, Edwin St. Vincent Millay, Dr. and Mrs. Simon, J. Carson of Washington D.C., along with beautiful Beulah. As I said in the beginning, that is a precious gift, what these do of me I could not express for all of us. There is plenty of room in my heart. I have just sent you the down home paper, though there is plenty of room in my heart. It was just sent off by time, to largely be together and a friendship and fast together by time. It would have been

Josephine Van Daltren Rees, that spent of an old Philadelphian family, who visits such charming scenes is children and our mutual friend, Fidella Darby Thompson, me right inside the most inside part of my heart. They are both sacred figures 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 her name down first. Either way you take that family, it's got a hand to its hand with whirlers that are all round, but they're real hands. Then little David, they'll never know what he wants to do and that's not a lot of whim into the thing. It is what he will think to do by the time he gets grown, but whatever it is you a fat man on that. Two feet man to your skinning one.

Another California Carroll that got me letting them and grateful too, is that Herbert Childe, with his charming looking wife. New paper and manner, the
Katherine Tolson Marsh was born as a friend to me, she is a person of immense understanding. It makes me sit and ponder; I do not know whether she truly sympathetizes with women or her own experiences, or whether it was always thus and only accompanied by having struggled herself, I suppose it is both.

She was born of Katherine Tolson, the woman who put the main point of her life that others might benefit from it. She did many things for the good of the women of California, like fighting for the preservation of the redwood forests. She was, as a woman, in the Washington Disarmament of her time.

So Katherine Tolson Marsh probably inherited some feeling anyway and went far to dance for inside expression. She did important things in the life of the famous Play House and Broadway, conducted a school of dance and taught the famous Ruth St. Denis. She was famous for her way of dancing. Dancing was the way of doing things in this. Her main passion was into this other field. Her husband was into the field with enthusiasm.

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

I was spread and lonely in the desert. After she married, she spent some time doing it in private. She was there every day, giving medicine for her. She was inspired by the dying. Dancing was her way of doing things in this. Her main passion was into this other field. Her husband was into the field with enthusiasm.

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Jack Marvin, husband of Katharine's heart, is the son of William B. Marvin of Saginaw, Michigan. This William B. went into the Michigan forests and amassed a fortune. Tough as wire leather, with a passionate love of hunting and fishing, he nevertheless, is one of the best informed men in the world on American wild animals, with especial emphasis on the Northwest. He has planted alone things to make Saginaw a fine city, which the young residents know little about, because he himself says nothing.

Jack, like his wife, ran off from home and supported himself on the old stuff of Williams B. Marvin singing through his hide. That same probably never be a hard-leading, hard-driving, unprincipled kind of man, but what he aims to do, he does...
defendered Florida Friend.

She helped me in the desert, growing poppies, succulents & cactus, to
lizards and agave bushes; just look at those wild lilacs! Observe
California oaks.

Next day she knew we would be hoping up some rough back mountain
and every hump and hollow would be pointed out to me, no need for us
that peak! Wow! you can look down even that time, when I took
lunch, Jack Marshall was passed into service, so all I had
twisted my head from side to side and pointed out the sights.

From San Diego up, we looked at many waves on the Pacific's
with and without water that those Californians call rivers, aspall
pitons where the remains & prehistoric animals had been found; the
Chairs, before bears saw Californians and pulled long faces! Old
then there was barracuda and sharks went, abalone beaches full of
all swearing to God and other responsible characters about the sea.
Southern Californian, and thought I had done something. We being
or two about our own climate and trees and things like that. Nothing
latter I wanted to be polite so I drew a long breath when we had

"Now I shall take you to see Northern California—the last part of the
state in my friendship friend greeted," Ah, the mountains!"

"But I don't care too much about mountains" I murmured through the
cheeks in my mouth.

"You are going to see it just the same, you are not going back cast
in feeling you saw none of the beauty of my state, you only fetched
In California, and with it - you Florida friend, just because you
thoroughbred turtle have been used to tramping down in swamps and
is no reason for you to ignore the beauties of California's mountains.

So we went north, we drove over rocky ridges and stopped on ledges
located above the sea and gazed upon the Pacific. Redwood forests, gold-
endless white sand, missions, gorges, gulches, Santa Barbara, Big Sur
won't carry me - and the memory of the Sequoias, mountains that didn't have names
and other round balls of soft rocks, and there were table rocks and pianos
made of rocks.

Finally, back at Carmel, I struck a rock, a person had just sat down there, and
saw the sea. But did I escape? No, indeed! I was
thought I had found the idea of Californians and knew what it was about.
and I went to Point Lobos when I announced that

"Oh no!" Katharine quipped importantly, "See Californians! Why this
you are going to. I have you out here and I mean to make you wish that
California, you are going to see it, you have to tell you."

So on we went, I saw, and I saw and I saw! Man! I tell you that I saw
California, I mean to write to the Floridians Chamber of Commerce and
quaint. It is going to be grand, and I wouldn't feel your from my wish to tell
you the sad story of it all. But the Constitution don't go away, so it will

But California is nice. Man news! Of course they lie about the
california climate more than we do about ours, but you don't hold
California is a small state, especially from Santa Barbara on north

Of course, coming from Florida, I feel like the man who said a
its tips a bit high, I mean all those mountains. Too much of the state
and he wanted on - not near it up, staring you in the face, is it

But on the whole, California will do for a
mission for showing me the place. Another score for friendship.
For instance, I saw the bats 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 them.

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

Paragraph after this.

The are going to see every orange tree, rattler, grasshopper, Cacti, palm tree, sage, fig, hedge, mango tree, cypresses, kumquat, alligators, tourist trap, celery patch, bean field, strawberry, lake, goat, gulf, ocean and rivers in between.
Therefore, I can say that I have had friends. Friendship is a mysterious and
deep-seated phenomenon. Who can know the outer reaches of it? Perhaps no human
beings have ever explored its limits. Anyway, God must have thought well of it when
He made it. Make an attempt if you want to, but you will find that trying to
go through life without friendship, is like millions of cans to eat cream for
your morning coffee. It is a whole lot of trouble and the most worthless

II: A.M. July 20, 1941
1392 Hurley Lane
Altadena, California.
NIMURA
Charles Wydaman
Davi's Humphrey
School Again

8, 1856

Beck out watching on flag-pole again. Money was what I wanted to get back in school. I could have named a list of money if I had had it. But theatricals were
merely being so uncertain, I did not get more half the times. I had it when I had
it, but when it was not paid I knew worried. But even I needed it. Miss W. was
having her troubles, she informed me by wordly, so I never directly asked her for
any thing more. I had no resentment, either. It had all been very pleasant.

I tried writing on table, and looked a good witness when my mind was on school,
was not often. I resented being patronized more than the monitory of the forty
three presumptions but once looks and snippets to the accidental touch on
the table to see how I talked to things. People who paid for quarter meal, keeping
a medical tip, and then stood outside the door and waited their heads for me to
follow on and hear them out. If the story. Some educated men who sat not talked
about the things I was interested in, but it seemed to matter looked at me as
much 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 to turn a room, and nothing to your hands at every step in sight to
my wonder. How to pull out?

How then did I get back to school? I just went. I set till a surprise to
get the money to go. My clothes were practically gone. Myself and & center
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 give me the key to literature. An
English, I was under. Dr. B. H. Holmes. There is no more dynamic
teacher anywhere under my skin. He radiates serious and wise and wise to your mind.
“Tell me,” something wonderful to beheld just ahead, tells to see what it is. He is an
pilgrim to the horizon. Anyway that is the way he attract me. Anyhow. He made me
very clear something about his face told the disciplined and discouragement in men to
felt that the thing would not be done.

I turned in written work and answered questions like everybody else, but he
looked no notice as we particularly with one night in the study of English, poets like
Shakespeare. He would Samuel Taylor Coleridge, you must get him to read it for you
and this teacher from his deep-set eyes, his high-bred, but sort of not more and
like Clapp, Clapman, or Vloget in turn a skin.

That night he dignified the immortal Rhymes of Coleridge, as at the fountain's
flow. I do not know what the something in my attitude attracted his attention, or whether
what I had done previously made him direct the stream as me. Certainly any
time he lifted his eyes from the page, he looked right into my eyes. It did not
make me see him particularly, but it made me see the poem. That night seemed
magical but I am so wise-minded that all the other verses induce pictures in
me, listening to Shakespeare. From then for the first time, I saw all that the
Then in the midst of other difficulties, I had to get sick. Not a sensible decision for poor folks to have, no, I must get down with appendicitis and have to have an operation right away. So the big ward of the Maryland General Hospital was for me.

When I was taken up to the amphitheater for the operation I went up in their place or cut with God. I did not fear death, nobody would miss me there. They all left with God. I had no treasures to leave behind me, so I would not go out of very much, and I had no treasures to leave behind me, so I went out of very much. And I had no treasures to leave behind me.

But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account. But I left God that if I lived, I would look back and bewail on that account.

So two o'clock that day when they dressed me up in surgery and took me up to that room with the northern light and many windows, I stepped out of the chair where the nurse could interfere, walked to a window and took a good look, but once Baltimore and the world as far as I could see, resigned myself to fate and marched, climbed upon the table, and breathed deeply when the terror came were placed over my knee.

I scared the doctor as the nurses by not waking up until five 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 come more, again, but I was only jumped up and down in my own feet twice.
School Again, p. 2

but had meant for me to see. I am in a world of fine, and infinite beaming things, which I was not a part of a day's work, for days after. Mr. Holmes was not there, and

This was my world, to myself, and my school, for, in it, I was surrounded by it, if it is the best thing to do on God's green earth. I

But he did something more interesting than that. He stopped me after class for about myself, but the fact that he had come as late as he had, was all about me, it is his manner said, "No matter about the

I went back to class after the last two sentences. I did not say a word to him about the

high school department;

William Plessius was the Dean there, and he spoke to me, too, I was prepared to be all scared of him, and his other students. I had no money and no family, except to a limited extent. I was in high school and assigned me to class. He was

knowing that I had no money, he evidently spoke to his wife, because she made me that would enable me to stay in school. Dr. Baldwin, a white clergywoman, a girl to stay at the house, help her chores in the morning, work at night, and at night. He would give me a house and two dollars a week. The way

was, he had a wife and a daughter, Miss Marcy, 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 Mary's Elgin in a country churchyard. Read it, and started on the Realms, Pulpitax.

It would be dramatic in a Cinderella way, if it were to say that the well-dressed students at school surrounded me and showed me around, but that I studied

three years behind schedule, and that again, study has never been hard to me, all of it, some of it could be called reading, I had been through the whole Bible, and

Horatius Algernon, Bihnaa M. Clay and the whole clay of divine monarchs in all

burned in me in no way. It was not hard, because acquiring the reading habit of the vast Latin one,

nobody showed me around. There were eighteen people in my class, and
School Again, p. 3

Of them were boys. Book-loving, well-dressed girls from Baltimore's first successful lawyers, Bernice Hughes, whose father was a big theatre, the whose family is distinguished in the professions all over America. They took to the black long-haired girls in all classes of the school. They had only black eyes, but in a class they done well by themselves, while the black girls seemed to hate it. They were teachers at Philadelphia, Town houses, cars and country places, and things like that.

The girls were in the majority. They were in demand in town as well as on the campus. The class was a lot of trouble to the college; they passed a mile around it, but it did not help matters. They passed each other at the first and second of the day, while the pretty girls romped on.

As she was, with a face looking like it had been chapped off in a windy place, pretty to make things worse, she had only one dress, a change of underwear or one. She was not ready to make friends, but neither did she shirk away. She second day of school, the principal showed her in the library, while the principal showed her in the library, and the principal showed her in the library, and she kept them at the front, a model of politeness and so began.

Bernice Hughes, whose father was Dr. William L. Hughes, was somebody really important in the White Church, and a treasurer of the college and watching over almost every week in school. Her gray eyes were fixed on me, and her red lips were pursed like a prune. She did not know what to do. But it was English History which she liked. When Hughes did not doing badly in school, when the period was over and the class passed to the next, she fell in love with me and said: "If you eat one more piece, I'll have to cut your old Knowledge Ring." Then she laughed that kind of laugh. She has to laugh up her face and laugh too. Bernice can register something that makes your blood run in the wrong direction.

"The selfish girl in town, how do you know her name?" She went on with the chuckling laugh. "You are in college and studying here a fool, you are just about to faint from these. It was once deep in the Hughes family. There is more poetic and artistic ability in the Hughes clan. The square Elliot family is more intellectual, less artful. If they do not always have a brilliant showing it is not because they have not the same virtues as another. Their books do them one way and their brains another. And you are hard going to forget them either. If a Hughes is in town, you are going to know it in one way or another."
at some became apparent that my choice of clothes was no hardship to get along.
Sometimes somebody would ask me, “Zora, what you think you’re going to school tomorrow?
Gather some along…” and all the girls in the class would be looking at me with a sense of satisfaction to keep from laughing hard feelings.

It wasn’t long before I was in charge of the college service. The head nurse, Miss Clarice, was in charge of the senior class. She was a great help to me. I remember it was the only class I could get along with. Of course, it was the only class I ever taught.

Miss Clarice was the only one who was ever taught to teach. She was the first teacher I ever taught. The class was determined to be the head nurse of the house, and in everything that went on.

When it came time to consider college, I planned to stay on at Morgan. That was changed by chance. Miss Wood, a daughter of the well-known W. E. B. Du Bois, Howard University, came over to Morgan to speak with the students. She heard from my other classes. At times like that, my class mates were very happy.

“Why don’t you come to Howard?”

Word has everyone knows Howard University is the best training for Negro educators in the world. This goes Negro more, beauty and prestige, it is to the Negro what Howard is to the whites. They say the same thing about a Howard man that they do about Howard—it’s the same thing. You can tell a Howard man as far as you can see, but you can’t tell them much. No teaching to the doctorate in the Negro schools and their graduates with great tolerance. Not only is the scholarship nothing at Howard, but it’s something in the manner.

I had heard all about the money. I could never make it. I stated that.

“Your name comes at the house. Your name is Zora.” Bernice’s office. At the time, I was living in Washington, and Bernice’s office was in the Hotel Apartments near Morgan. She knew the time she came over. She knew where you were and didn’t pay you. We all got together and wrote you a job.

So that summer I moved on Washington and got a job, first as a waitress in the exclusive Cosmos Club downtown, but later as a manicure in the Hotel.

To this day, I held there was Dwight Hensley sitting up there at Howard. He was a man with a clean and white background in downtown Washington. I managed to get a job, to get up on Tuesday.

So and besides, there was Dwight Hensley sitting up there at Howard! He was one of my regrets again. I was short of money, and money did not have the effect on me that it now has. There was trouble for me and I 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 first sound was the blowing of the horn. The principal, Dr. Spencer, the President of Morgan and Dean Richland were the "Peculiar Birds." Practically every faculty member was up to the great entertainment of the student 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 an apple and his thin frame shone with white hair. He read his force through his veins, two

After the short service was over, he commenced on it and actually heard who was time to succeed Dean Richland, who was going to New York to work on the W. A. I. L. P., this man climbed up and tried to raise. He was up the name because of "Roast Tootly" and he didn't like it. He had earned that name. His two famous were perhaps long, but sort of genuine at the time I conceived that they looked like a package on my black. So far as we

He did sometimes went missing and dressed anybody to write anything like that on his time was just a boy. Down in his apartment, Mr. Picard saw the good with him. It was in a room of the Richland house every day, I actually heard him at the last minute, but Harriet, one of their children, was it, and was in the Richland house every day, I actually heard him. It was far from the Richland house every day, I actually heard him. It was far from the Richland house every day, I actually heard him.
Call it a day when I had a talk with Dwight Holmes. He encouraged me all he could.

And so I stuck and woke up all of three hours I needed.

I shall never forget my first college assembly. Sitting there in the chapel at Yale University, I was so excited that I shouted to the spirit of Howard! You have taken me... I am a tiny bit of your greatness. I swear to you that I shall

...at last wear my cap. Every time I sat there no paper and parcel of the above was there... Straddled and Howard brown not true... I was straddled for truth and right...

My soul stood on tipsy toes and stretched up to take in all that it could.

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 leading to.

Mr. Robinson arranged for me to come to work at three thirty every afternoon at work until eight thirty, so that way, I was able to support myself. Soon, most of the customers knew I was a student and tipped me accordingly, & arranged to give me twenty dollars a week.

Mr. Robinson's 110 B Street shop was frequented by business, Senate, Cabinet Members, Congressmen at the House and 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 not far away.

I learned things from watching the hands of men sit together. The talk was of world affairs, national happenings, personalities, the latest sports from the baseball news of Congress and things like that. I heard many things from the White House and the Senate before they appeared in print. I probably knew in total to some drink of flattery of being told and warned not to repeat what I had heard. Sometimes I would see it while I was waiting and they all talked, sometimes they concentrated on talking with each other, sometimes they talked about what had happened, or what they remembered. I was surprised to see how close room счеты с the Library. I soon was told me for granted and would say, "I know you how to keep a secret. You are all right." Now I was waiting in disfavor.

Some time went to me then other became so 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 like that. He had seen more
presidents come and go. He had travelled with them, to say nothing of his other books,
full of stories and exercises, such as committing on the wife of an ex-president.

But at other times he would tell me quite seriously about attitudes, points, etc. There were other prominent members of the press who would sit and talk longer than it
wrote out questions two or three times for me to ask and tell him what was said.

2. He had been quite the gentle man, whom we were glad to have that he left the world.

3. He was one of the great and another a more facile politician and so on.

4. He was quite remarkable, the man was great not another a more facile politician and so on.

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according to foigan, foigan was mean! just couldn't keep it. he had a mean streak in him, just mean and strong. when he straightened out his african soap some (arms) something was just not right to pencil. he man didn't fall when he hit thing, he went around behind him to see what was pressing him up. you see! he, johns looked at foigan and smiled. he asked him one to tell more of his promises.
"Well, Logan, what 10am? You hear now would you consider? you just tell me, and I'll tell you what it say with the man."

"Got me a little tributary, Mrs. Johns, but three months old. Dat's de kind of work I want to do."

"I want to viraselle, good, yeasinks!"

Wringing with a tiny hand was too much for the shop. Defensively every sort went them in with suggestions on the viraselles. It kept up until Johns furnished and found out after he was in debt that it had no sense on it when he bought. The judge closed and offered to give the judge the dung, barber still persistent with a promise of good will offer to give the judge the dung, barber still persistent. An incident happened between the court and that boy, head of classics and the shop.

"I think it's a shame," the man said helpfully."

"But you can't get a hair cut, no shave here. Mrs. Robinson has a fine shop for Negroes on W Street near Fifteenth," Banks told him.

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

But 4 that time Banks had hit by the arm, not roughly but he was helping him out of his chair, nevertheless. (over) A.

"You're next, Mr. Davis." Banks said to a waiting customer. "Sorry, mister, but you better go over there now." "But I have a right to be waited on whenever I please." The Negro said, and started towards Upham's chair, which was being occupied. Upham's usual, the negro claimed, "But it's not in my place to sit in the chair of a Negro." "Don't argue with him! That's my place. I'm the boss, my boy."

"And I'm a Negro barber. Customers can and must be served, regardless of race."

"I did not participate in the melee. I was too young."

"But I wanted to tell you, gentlemen. If your business was threatened, it was only that night I had that I analyzed the thing and realized that I was going to suffer some discrimination from the crowd which I considered was up to something. And that was true. Black barber, three barbers, two barbers, all sorts of things. There was no such thing as happening hundreds of times since and how I understand it, one say it happened every race, national, religious or class line, or color, or skin against skin. Negro against Negro, all sorts of combinations of the three against other combinations of the three. Off hand, you might say that we talking Negroes should have told the social thing and served him. He was one of us."

(Continued on page 8)
1. The man carried him way out into the middle of 14th Street and flung him to the ground. He had never been sorrer about it.

Perhaps it would have been a beautiful thing if Banks had turned to the shop crowdled with customers and announced that this man was going to be served like every other man at the table by losing their gratuities, with all 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 buns-bake for a day. Then we could all have gone home to our unpicturesque and tell their stories later. I could clean up the leaves and begin by wandering among the "Milliner." Nellie who would have been the buns would have packed up the, unwiped bags, wrinkle buns and buns. Nobody knew how late in what he was. Perhaps he did what the dead on the spur of the moment, but nothing that
"I don't know how to cut your hair," Banes objected, "I was trained on straight hair. Nobody in here knows how."

"Oh, don't hand me that stuff!" The crocodile snarled. "Don't be such an Uncle Tom."

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

"I'll stay right here until he else I know my rights. Things like this have got to be broken up. I'm get waited on all right, and nice the place."

"Go ahead and wait," Banes retorted, "Go on uptown and get your hair cut there. Don't be

"I'm gettin' waited on right here!"
School Again, p. 8

...
But all the rest of us, temporarily, at any rate:

For not only would the 14 Street shop have soon forced to close, but the 14 Street shop and all of his other six downtown shops.
...en to New York and try to get near to school there. So the first week of January...
when she married Hugo de Callatay, a Swiss mining engineer, but it was done in
London at the time. So I want her to have a boy full of George blossoms for the oc-
tasion, so she could know how I felt.

The Social Register abounds at Bernard, but now turn me up, and I became Bernard
family, teak, and Smokey. If you had not had lunch with me, you had not slept from two
I was secretary to Sammy Horace and living at the 67th Street clausen, apartment hotels,

Because my work was too heavy with history, history, and ideology, my academic
reasons, I started in under Dr. Ideology Reichard, and a term paper called
der the attention of Dr. Fays. Boris suddenly gave up my dream of being alone.
I began to measure up the words of Dr. Reichard, Dr. Ruth Benedict, and

Dr. Boris, the King of Kings

That man can make people worse, the hardest with just a book and a word,
not anybody else in creation. We is idealize every human who talks his words, we
call them Papa Jonas. He told me to call him Papa. One day, I
turned into his office and asked for "Papa Jonas," and his secretary gave me a
ticket, but at a social gathering of the department of anthropology at his home.

"By God, Jonas is my daughter, certainly," he said with a smile. "Just one of my
nun's steps, that's all." 

The school was on his church which it is called the god in a city of Heidelberg
built in a smile. Away from his office, he is full of youth and fun, and others
dwell, chatting arguments, got to the point in his book. Don't review it which
you cannot defend, he wants facts, not guesses and he leaves you down to

that, so you like of anthropology

I had the same feeling at Bernard that I did at Howard. I felt that I was
however, to show the white feet of the school Theodore. I don't see it for granted that they
enter the school. I saw that it was at Bernard. Not even one who puts forth, and law
quality of her students, body, and graduates! Bernard has a right to the finest list of

Dean Heidelberg has that certain touch. We know that there are others who wanted
in a part of the college since since already graduated with a B.A. medal and I
also, who is still a swimming school in this college, and for them I would still be in her debt.
Two weeks before I graduated from Barnwell, Dr. Boons 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 I was to leave, I was invited to become a member of the American Antiquarian Society, while I was in the field, later, the American Anthropological Society, and a little to which he has many. But the depths from which he came. So to me there seems the war! But in automobiles, from the depth of my inner heart. I appreciated the foot that the

While in the field, I chose to Memphis, Tennessee, and had a beautiful acquaintance with, my oldest brother and his family. He said that it had taken him a long time to realize that my father had been killed in an automobile accident during his first year at the university. With my brother gone and nobody to console him, life had not been the same for him. Instead of feeling bitter as might have been expected, the clairvoyant had left out the

In Memphis, my brother Bill was doing very well as a pharmacist and running the butcher the slaughtering butchery. As he does, his wife, his store and his son. He was the principal in the West High School in Decatur, Alabama, and I heard them market. I had the latest news on him, having been there about a year ago when the same paper that told the

Last Memphis, again, he lived, it was the beginning of the year of the year, the house, the West Memphis was the place of the United States. He always took care of himself. Sarah was struggling along with his husband John

It was a most happy interval for me. I drove back to New Orleans to my work in the night after my brother’s funeral. When we had finished we sang our homeward song down the last part of the United States. We had never heard about school. But he had developed into a chief love and loved her. We all walked a short distance and a quiet funeral, a glowing array. To let the warm air condense of wind, and kindled. We had walked our home suddenly down from the

As we were leaving, the forest was empty, and I was in the presence of the United States, that made ever. We could touch each other in the spirit of within the fleet.
And now I must mention something else, not because it means so much to me, but because it means something to others.

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

I was not in the music business, nor was I a musician. I was, therefore, seeking no particular public as I had the concerts I knew were doing Negro music as done by Negroes. Time had been numerous by, let us say, Macedonia Baptist Church. They had been concluding with such music that their faces lifted to the degree that when real Negro music tended strange to them as to the Swedes, for example. Beautiful songs and arrangements of some, I had known them all along, but my years of research revealed this to be heard? This was the story of Negro music was getting on. It was little the story from what had been important. The arrangements had been better music than music, but on the way was not. They continued were to concentrate by music, but music was not. They remained ears to those who listened. They were highly influenced with both and aiming to develop and musical to the public. This was a savior for the public. folk song was all descriptions. I was not supposed to do that, but I could not

sell more of the same odds. Now I sold nine quarters, half of the same, where I sold them in as I went. My people are not going to be able and could not do differently. I brought this music home, seeing all the places.

But a friend of Bill Johnson came to him to see the music. He stayed for nearly a year. I called him up about it, but only wanted to have his music and that was well.

and the arrangements were to be arrangements, and spirituals and spirituals that had been well.

Hope Baptist Church, where I stayed was great to hear the singing and where churches where this concentration just spirituals held by a tunes and everybody seemed to be singing without words, for I had seen those people carry on a song of worship just

vocalizations.

When the people sang the song, it would have Negro concert for a while, to anybody who wanted listening and then decided to go.
Here was the difference. When I was coming up, I had heard songs and singing. People made the tunes and sang them because they were pretty and satisfied something in 'em. Later, it got away from home and learned about 'holler singing.' Holler singing, if you want to call it that, is not done for the sake of agreeable sound. It is a singing proportion. The singer, after years of training, puts out a thing that he or the band performs certain things with the voice and the body. The people use their voices to amplify the voice. In the black tradition, the singer would sing in the high-pitched or the low-diffused. If the performer makes it, then the audience will go with it. I saw that Negro music and musicans were getting lost in the backing song. I didn't want 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 the singing very naturally, I wanted to display West Indian folk dancing. I had been in the Bahamas Islands collecting material. I had seen the dynamic Fire Dance which had three parts: the jump, the Sky Roll and the Conga. It was so stirring and magnificent that I thought it could not be missed. My whole feeling was that we had nothing in America to equal it. I went to America's museums to learn them. I could not find an

So the first step was to assemble a group of native Bahamians who could dance. Then I went back to Hall Johnson with the proposition that we all write a song, and a dance for a dramatic concert. I had the entire group with the fire dance for a climax. Hall Johnson liked it very well.

But his mind must have changed, because I took my dancers up to the estudio three times, but the rehearsals never came off. Twice he was in the front office and once there was no rehearsal. Besides something unfortunate happened while my dancers stood around me and waited, two or three of the niggers below. Who wanted to be mixed up with anything like that?

But he's mind must have changed, because I took my dancers up to the estudio three times, but the rehearsals never came off. Twice he was in the front office and once there was no rehearsal. Besides something unfortunate happened while my dancers stood around me and waited, two or three of the niggers below. Who wanted to be mixed up with anything like that?

And the American Negroes have the unfortunate habit of speaking of West Indian's and steal their words with their voices. I heard them with were.

But the chief and the lieutenant showed him in three faces. I could not tell them face to face. I showed the terrible pointedness, which I do not, so I had to make a move. I showed the nigger, grounded in yesterdays and we all went down to y place in 6th street. It looked as if it was divided. I had a speech to a man in Jackson's Bazaar in Steetman. I had made up my mind and I was there. It all looked hopeless. So I went down next day to tell it all off.

He said I ought to go ahead, it sounded fine to him. But go ahead on your own. Oh, no, I thought it was a threat to Hall Johnson's group. "You are doing something along on this rehearsal rug to throw you off. Go ahead on your own,"

So I went ahead. We rehearsed at my house, in the street, and anywhere. The secretary to John Golden liked the idea of living in the rehearsal and got me the money to buy 5 and she did well by me. Her name was a confidentiality had opposed it at first, but he was finally won over. It had been known in Philadelphia, educated at Harvard and Oxford. She had been known in America for years. He was not at all sympathetic to our expression. To his credit, he has changed his viewpoint.
They came that Sunday night of the truth; we had a good house mostly white child friends and Terence. Godmother was not then setting clear enough for me to see them and encourage me. Fore was then too, in qualities to. We came back stage to give me I could be, and I had known them as much as I knew now, it would have been even more nervous. "Feels such in which angels fear to tread."

From the lifting of the curtain on the dream scene where the shadow screen was with us. The male chorus "linked track" and "spur" to the choruses above. The curtain rose to the lifted and lowered and then again. It was standing in the wings still shivering, when the whisperer, who had played the part of the tower preacher in a beautiful manner, gave me a clod and I found myself on the stage. A tremendous burst of applause met me, and so I had to say something.

I explained why I had done it. That music without motion was unnatural with Whispers and what I had tried to do was to present Hapsburging in a natural way with action. I don't know what else I said, but the audience right here, not out anything straight. Godmother had sent for me to perform. Neither had I spoken to Dr. J. No was stupid; when he told me what he needed at any means in all his troubles of rehearsals, making costumes and keeping the going. It just had not occurred to me I would not have them out there myself. If the whisperer had not shown me, I found out later that I had seemed to image Dr. J. for which I am very sorry. I would have much better did not occur to me in all my excitement. It may be too late, but send him please to persuade me. We have been helpful and I went him good.

The second half of the program went not much better than the first, as soon as we the time and again during the dancing and hundred as Caroline Pate on and Terence last thing. If nothing would have followed it.

Half Johnson did a genuine thing. I had not tickets and he and his manager came almost if it sounded like a crazy man. I really came to see you do stage, but it was thought that was fine of people.

The New School of European Research presented us with several letters and we had many stage arguments, "which demands for more. It was done against the new idea of moving principle."

It was an American explained then and they ought to go ahead under this situation. The Pro, Jones, Rennor and Merton had pointed out to him that they had never dreamed of dancing in public until school finished their naps. They returned them for months, and they saw many times of something. Why had he never thought of it before? He had discouraged the others from doing, but until it began to talk..."
Concert, p. 4

successful... do they want to strike with my American on the American, but two or three
women pointed the trouble macOS and I tried all their of them. The whole thing was be-
ginning to wear me down. When some other things began to annoy me, I decided to go
home to New York and try to write the rest. I had in mind, which was Gandolfini's Bond.
Mike. Before it was hardly started, I heard that Wall Johnson had raised a group
and was using it in his Run Little Chillin. I have seen the production, but since
was told that the religious scene was the splinter image of the one from my concert
as I said, I never saw it as I wouldn't know.

But this is a note, that people became very much with to West Indian
best the influence of that concert running through what was been about move
those people, but that concert and the same notice I got from the critics showed the
Theater Arts Magazine photographed us and presented us in its April issue
as at the Golden Gate. The Jazz Dance Society presented
in St. Louis's in 1937, at Chicago's 1934, and at Constitution Hall in
full length program and it was not smooth because that is not the way that the people
beimports own towards the National Negro.

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Anyway, West Indian dance had gone west and

british art, which was nothing if they
had done in the east. When I got to Jamaica on my first Hugginsheim
fellowship, it was that she had been that a few months before collecting
money in real money and of my concert work. She might have done so if she had
taken it up as a life work. But I was 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 "Negroes." These speeches always thought themselves as places.

In fifty years, at any race on the face of the globe. (4) Negroes with any better and (real); (5) Negroes were the strongest men on earth, for pride that the first heard applied for American independence won that

broom and during Christmas attacks, a Negro who had heard this struck the finest bell for American liberty. They had marched with Colonel South who sought to hold barricades in thousands. It was a Negroes who had been the only one with enough pity and compassion Negro troops under Teddy Roosevelt who won the battle & saved Spain.

It was the genius of the Negro which first invented the steam engine, the Negro's inventions, and now it did just them into practice before credit for what the genius of the Negro brain had produced. Never at first place - the noblest and the greatest men on earth.

The people listening would then themselves for free and go home full speech, and nothing but the God's truth. What a great people we would be.

I had never heard about the miraculous advancement of a nation in people on earth first good inside. Perhaps the speeches themselves knew the place of a first rank World power at the same time that the property ownership. Perhaps it would have made no difference in the traditional speeches.

My own friend would rule and rule any way by other things I heard from to them from the school house noonday, and I always appreciated "the great speeches," when it was shorted, but some members of the community do say something which was longed.

Either dumb or verbal and the verdict would be, "Drat just like a Negro!"
"My People! My People!"

From the earliest rocking of my cradle days, I have heard this sigh go up from Negro lips. It is full of pity sorrow and a hopeless resignation to the ways and doings of the brother in black, inarticulate Negro. Sigh like that when they get on a train on a free seat and find some Negroes with their shoes off, eating fish sandwiches and peanuts and dropping bones and heels 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 on, in the language of the street, loud-talking the place.

Better-mannered Negroes are embarrassed by these time performances 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 the butt of the jokes. And how those fellows learn quickly when they get right down to quipping! They delight in giving the dirty Negroes what they call 'a reading.' He will not stand it straightening 'em out so the upper class. So all that the upper class can do is see as little of them as possible and ride. "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.
It was not said in either admiration or pity. Little Annie was in the singing.

"Old Funny just got to act de foxy, you know. Monday see, Monday de engineer make a great big old mess.

"Yah, youse write right. Another Monday on de line. De engineer and see what he do to run de train. Boy aw were while, he was just trying to get at de throttle and bust dat train line wider open.

Old Monday see his chance. He jumped up in de engineer’s seat, de throttle. So de engineer sent a message on ahead, say, Clean de track.

Well, Bum Monte he was holding de throttle wider. He was ranting about no rule, no track, no switches and no schedules. To start off, Bum Monte was standing on de siding. He’d learn em law. He’d learn em law. He was, just a damned poor engineer.

"Everybody would laugh at that, and the laughter puzzled me some, what’s like that? But nobody did. Instead of that, there would be none.

There was one about the white doctor who had a pet monkey who wanted to be a doctor. Keep worrying this doctor to show him how. So the doctor’s gate every day and place a fight with the monkey. Finally, the monkey saw a way to stop the monkey from worrying him about showing him some of it. Monkey will take it and show you how to be a doctor. I’ll get it, boss. Don’t you worry. I also wants to be a doctor, and then again, dat old bull dog, she is worriesome.

No sooner did the bulldog reach the gate that day than The Monkey all over him like crazy over nice. He put all the hand into it and it monkey a chance to get it. He wants the money to cost into the office with what he had been fight.
My people ... p. 3

"Yes, sir. I'll git 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."

"Hold on there, boss! Hold on there a minute! I wish you wouldn't do dat, boss."

"How come you want to get rid of that red 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 last night. You better leave dat fight's business alone. We wrong man may git hurt."

There were many other tales, equally ridiculous in which the Negro, sometimes symbolized by the monkey, and sometimes named outright, where the Negro was oft with the wrong understanding of what he had seen and heard. Several white ad Negro proposals $6 marriage compared, and the like. The white author had said his home had done's eye. It's valet had hurried to compliment his girl that she had daughe eyes, and so on.

There was a general acceptance of the monkey as a symbol. Perhaps it was some distant memory of tribal monkey reverence from Africa which had been acknowledged by our talent, for monarchy with the monkey as a symbol. Congregate in America is the one about "My People!"

It seems that a monkey squatted down in the middle of a highway to ad lovefully brunch around him. Then came a Buick full of white people ad did the same. The monkey hit right on playing, way after while around the monkey, the car headed straight for him. He only saved his life by a quick leap to the shrubbery on the road. He sat there and watched the a new addition to the traffic is that the monkey has quit saying "My People," "My People!" It is now saying "Those People! Those People!"

It is also amusing that the Negro, and always the blackest Negro being made the butt of all jokes, particularly black women.

They thought hard luck for the Negro if he came to your house ready to fight ad squaddable men while they were asleep. They men had perfume ad ladies. Black girls dreamed about guns, niggers, see-poppin,
we was all tangled up together so bad.
My people ... p. 4

and knew these things to be true.

"Oh, how!

"Oh, how he ain't livin'!!" "You know that ain't so,"

know for my ownself. It done slept wid folks women and it done slept wid

walked her up in the right side she will sit up stretch himself and lay

had done basted you a chick en and cooked you a great big old turnip.

was sitit' on your lap and we was just enjoying ourselves together.

then she would kiss you more times than you would know, and go on

she'll baste you. But you take ad walk up a black bell now, first

Then when she do sit walk she'll take off and set you, hie,

first under it nose ad split your head open wid a stroke,

then she'll kick your facts away from her, snatch de shoes to sleep."

This always was and is still good for a raucous burst of laughter. I

heard I heard about from the white folks, as were they the ridiculous

girls to ruin all the hair it's turn hairs against college walls. This was

the order friends held that it was too much for Negro boys and

no place for them to go written of after they got all these educations. Some of

such things go for the white folks, who know what to do with it. But their

families, had taken these boys to school, and to some extent to

in the attempt. My mother was always standing between us. She coupled

"squint" in spirit too much for fear that dis would turn out to be a

test when Nanna said that, I do not know whether she feared for my future with

in Manna's observation. It predicted cruelty things for me. The white

Somebody was going to blow me down try my face to face. Manna was
going to spend forever for not fearing by tempest out of his heart. It was too
dear. Passes with ropes and guns were going to drag me out sooner or later on
account of that stiff-headed action. I was going to tear a hungry belly on
get along. My frontiersman by Edgar Rice was named and mild. She would always
know of the little bird? Woman would keep right on without what
the boundary mince will come out more than conquer. You leave her alone.

Behind mama’s shawl, chair was a good place to be in times that	
of miracle and Mama wished somewhere in the Nineties, when people were
shameless. He would say she would be dead one day. He was only	
little that he couldn’t touch any place to hit her. And just that Mama comforted him with her tongue,
he would beg a chair and threaten to steal if it wasn’t Mama’s
here. She’d keep right on asking him questions about his doing and	
answer him herself with Papa slammed out of the house.
He would put the chair down and keep on out till he had been whipped	
all over with peach pickings. But if I made the mistake of letting	
up, I was going to catch it good and proper. I think that was	
way of asserting his leadership over his home, and denying to himself	
that he had been wanted by a woman. He probably hated to admit to his	
self that not only did she want him always in a battle of wits, but that he	
did not have the nerve to console himself in a madness that was all	
him. He saw this conflict between what Papa wanted for his family, and	
what Mama wanted him to want, going on from 40 earliest memories.
It was not too clear, but mixed up somehow with the other things that con-
tined me about what Negroes were supposed to be.

This Negro business came home to me in incidents and ways. There was the	
time when Old Man Brown was taken out and beaten. Mr. Brown was	
the night just after dark, we heard terrible cries from in the woods.
usher, hurried up to our gate. The sounds of pain kept up. Old Negroes	
closed and barred their doors. Papa and the men around our gate were	
sullen and restless as the dogs turned over the woods and larks.

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

"I don’t know for sure, but some-things its Jim Watson. Ay’how	
he ain’t home yet?" Mr. Clarks said, not all of the men looked at each other in an
talking way.

"Taint no offens ed-dunts about it?" Elizab. Mosely said quaintly,
My uncle gave Mama's mother need 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 be hit on. That was his conviction. He meant to hold on to it as long as he lived. Don't look what the woman looked like. Mama had told us she had no notion were just staring around the truck, dodging the issues, and when looked like a fool at a funeral.
"We can't leave 'im there. Watson's back to death like that."

Papa had realized that those armed men had just come to murder. He didn't want to see if he would go with the rest when the shot came. He turned and ran to his rifle and shooting into his shoulder. Mama made no move to stop him. "Well, we all got families," she said with tears in her eyes. "But he's our man."

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

"Go get Watson! We got to go get him!" said the dogman in his voice. "We had armed the double-barreled shotguns, break-lodgers, pistols, and Papa's repeating Winchesters hurrying off on their grim missions. Perhaps not a single one of them expected to return alive. Mama, she knew. But they went.

Mama grasped a shot in her hand and hurried us all into the house and closed the door. Lights went out all over the village at doors were barred. Mama had been waited in from wood piles, grass hovels, pitchforks, and anything we could find in corners behind those barred doors. If we didn't know him, we didn't know him. And if we only came back in part, the woman and children were ready to do the best they could. Mama spoke only to say she wished he would come back and all the silence and nothingness in the lead, even the sound of a human sound in all the village."

The dark silence of the village kept up for an hour and no more. The once loud voices fell until an strained sound could no longer be heard. "Strange," said one, "not a shot was fired. We had heard nothing in the dark and waited and now it's still."

Mama knelt down by the door and said in a whisper, "I'll not go to mainland I'll stay home and--..."

"Yes, mama," replied the dogman. "But she did not..."

"She feared they might start home and--..."

"Yes, mama," replied the dogman. "I'll stay home..."

"Still a light, Mama," said he, finding the passage which I had seen. "The darkness clung in his fingers before she had put out the light. She had said very little, and I could not see her face in the dark."

"But don't scratch a match, how then paper was home again."

"Yes, mama," replied the dogman. "I'll stay home..."
Nothing had ever happened in our vicinity to create this tension, but people had memories and told tales of what happened back there in Georgia, Alabama, and West Florida, that made the backs of the young colored with transmitted memory and reminded the old hands that they were still free.
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 Chesey cat, Mr. Hurston," Mama scolded. "You aint told me a thing."

"Oh, it wasn't gine Watson at all, Siler. You remember bout a week ago, did a man from the Orlando papers write somethin' in the Orlando paper about a daughter and W. B. g'ime some thing about near forty of the lasses an awful lot?"

"Yeah, I heard somethin' about it," Siler told.

"Well, you know those rich white fellers wasn't going to fool nothing like that. So, some of 'em was said they—this evening. They pulled him down off of a load of hay he was shoveling and drug him off back there in the woods and tanned his hide for him."

"Did I all see any of it?"

"Nope, we could have been hollerin' for a while, though. We never got no further than the lakes. A white man, one of the F—Boys was standing on the bank at the woods. When we got back to turn off road she had been stepped out and spoke to us and told us it didn't concern us. They had Bronner down there tied down on the all fours, and the men was taking turns with that bull whip. They must have been standin' ten or a dozen to do it you could hear them laces clear out to the road."
collection again. There was a program at the Methodist Church and
also going to have a fine new dress to read it in. We all wanted to

The time came and she had the dress on. The subject of her
talk was, "What will the Negroes do with the Whites?" I do not
know what she declared was to be done, but I remember that everybody
about nothing else that the White woman talked
one ever seen in our town.

But as near as I can remember, there was certainly some trouble in the village. The town people who were in the service ones in Maitland or Winter Park went to work as usual. The
White people interested in Eatonville came and went as before. The
Irving Batchelor, the author, who had a show place in Winter Park,
picked up Webley Sewell, who was his head gardener in the same
old way. Bishop Whipple talked to Eliza Mosely and Mrs. Mars, who
was his sister, and lots of things for Luke Mosely, Eliza's wife, that
was all the table about. It certainly was puzzling to me.

Then another phase came up to puzzle me. A turpentine firm near
the store and on the road to Winter Park,

These people grew turpentine too, walked around just as anybody else and sat home to hunt their work. They had guitars and kites and railroad and sing-songs. I had never imagined before I talked with them right

so I began to know about music; some Negroes were better than

others, just like equality whites and poor white trash. But all the same,
some Negroes did, at my rate, I believe their kind the best. Something about
their songs, I would slip off and follow them up the words, at try to remember

as I can, they were home to woman's voices. Finally one couple,
told me bluntly, “You better git on back there, wid de old folks. You give a damn if they don’t.”

He tried to threaten me, but he didn’t make out so good. I was not impressed, and the woman was grinning with me. So she said “Oh, hell, she said a bit louder up.”

“She’s nice and friendly,” the young woman grinned and gave me a jawbreaker out of the paper sack in her hand.

“Yeah, and they are going to lose us in the back door home when they catch us with them, too.”

He began to give it right and hurt, nevertheless and for the first time in my life I heard “Whiskey Buck” played and sung. I thought it the better for the right hand to be on the handle of the hoe, so I turned to run, and the compliments on my road singing. “I’m going to maker me a graveyard of it down on de sissy road, brought me back on de cooking board.” I’m going to make me a graveyard of it own.

I came in touch with a number of the top pickers in this same way. I found out that they was not going to associate with the “divinities” anymore than the divinity himself. The only and histrionic reputations had nothing to do with the back.

They were not around for many months. For some reason the “drift” near Hot Springs was abandoned. But they left me with a longing for the guitar music and commingtating company, even though I had been taught that a guitar was a low-class instrument, played only by low-class people. But I had learned about this, as trunks went on, I found class lines drawn to a lesser degree 2 courses in my own village. A Clark, a Wesley’s, a Hopkinton and a Miller were something on a stretch.

But these early glimpses of the internal struggle in Negro hearts stirred up a conflict in me that was to go on for years. I had periods when it was not, that Negroes were all that the platform speakers said we were, and them I was often deflected by suspicions that the other side was right. I had heard the supposed prayers of my humble Negro called out to pray who had said “Yaller you know I ain’t nothing and nothing neither, Amen.”

Later on, I was to be thrown in contact with a class whose standard itself was the better-thinking Negro. They sounded grand at first note and I wanted to be of them. But, I found that it could not give up its tone for Negro music. I could feel no sentiment on hearing a beautiful
song just because it had been composed by slaves. President T. Washington bad said still had a certain heroic grandeur for me. It still seemed to me that the same idea of teaching a thousand men to stand upright when it was to teach one to fly. It seems to me that he was both shame and sorrow to the nation in that he saw that skilled labor was destined to play a great part in the most industrial mixed nations on earth and to try to put his people into the heart of the future. It was simply by 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 man and his ideas.

Therefore, I have enjoyed hearing him called an Uncle Tom at a wound. It just did not seem fair. Perhaps it was wrong, but his inarticulate hatred of this race, and his role in it, great men are given to earth to it. In the National life of people, he is the next step of the Jewellery. Being a college president, I see the advantages of a college education for purely cultural reasons, to see the least. But I know that a bachelor's degree is no one for anything in practical unless a man can go on from there is something more in the national scheme. He is too good for common labor, not skilled to sit in a permanent hole on the ground. So for the multitudes, a useful hand, for the two-high trained mind for a particular place. Otherwise, national shame and personal tragedy multiplied by millions.

So it was inescapable 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 where the best furniture are the longest legs, the fine boots and the largest brushes. I connect none of these things with the Negro. But I was asked into the "threshold" by the "most cultural" Negroes.

I could tell you in a minute. Who the better-Thinkers are is something else again. I know that George Washington Carver, Tamarind, Judson, Simon, J. Carson, Peter Murray, Richardson do not belong to the few, but as picturesque as they are doing any hotter thinking. I do not know, but it is obvious to the world that they are doing something of the thinking, and that is good enough for me. (more 2)

I know long ago I have concluded that if people are not the money, you must do it, they have not the shining names of the platform. The money stories have grown out of a certain deficiencies of qualities. If the wish to change at one or two which is common to all people, and to that one will to change even if it must be off this, and you have the chance. The shining Negro here on the platform is another expression of wealth and you can amount to warm your arm in it too. It is common to all races. So know needs to be human, draw the scales somewhere between the two pictures - part here, part away, just like the rest of the world. We know black and white all day.
My people ... p. 10v

My people ... p. 10v

at least I said that a passion held the answer for his joyful smile. I could always tell the difference of their 2. I do know who are not. I believe that the Negro artists in every branch are just hard-working people. Singers like Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes, Dorothy Maynor, and the dynamic Paul Robeson; composers like Harry T. Burleigh, W. C. Handy and the unknown composers who made our songs; the writers, the painters and sculptors; to a man original, never scorned for the humble among us. I know that the water can be a noble weapon for any race. I can tell a better than this, though, when I knew one; they are our social empire builders. The lay claim to every land in the world for us with the exceptions of Africa; the only part of Africa that is under our flag is Egypt. Cleopatra is our Vespasian and Solomon and follows the lead. But there is no change in the bloodline in the veins of Alexander Hamilton, Robert Browning, George Washington, and Hooker, who else by the latest report. The stocky ancestors is our Indian chief. I claim the district of being the only Negro in America whose grandmother on the mother's side was an Indian chief. I have been present at many tribal gatherings where the chief spirit was swapping genealogies, but I have heard a Negro mentioned as a possible ancestor Indian chief, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and folks like that, seems to have mixed us all by Indian squaws; I have been sworn to wonder why I hear, it seems that the Indians fought the early white settlers to Negroes, the Indians gladly turned their backs to slavery, just to be a touch of the land. To myself, I do not lightly admit to or shall we say, 'white touch'? But I differ from the part line that as an ancestor, how it claim I just look here that white man told me. Marley has told me, I give my ancestors the benefit of the doubt. More to the point that wasn't her fault. Anyway, he didn't have a half-breed or even how and there to see her was made up, 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 room 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 tangle-footed and get more faster around the feet. That will bring about a reflecting world. It might work, but I doubt it. There will have to be a ruthless, But maybe Old Master will take care of that. Perhaps he turned the turn once to Adolph Hitler and went on about his business of making more battles.
I do not share the gloomy thought that Negroes in America are doomed to be stamped out (voluntarily), not even subtracted to the bottom sitting at bottoms, keeping company with other bottom fishes. It would be against all nature for all the Negroes to be either at the bottom top or in the middle. It has never happened with anybody else, why with us? No, we the individual. If you cannot find it, you cannot show it; if you have made it, you cannot hide it. That is one of the strongest laws God ever forward when we knew it was influenced in certain ways by his life, Tolstoy, Darwin, or George W. Emerson. Their outside looks had they would be just what they are, regardless.

Then, too, I do not worry about the future of people because I call it strange if you want to, an adaptation, which is the highest form; the species, we will survive. Just remember that the Savannah was our home, but some other species who did not come so many ways are here while they are gone. It is true that the big barber kicked up quite a fuss while they were straining the rope, but if you look around, you will notice that there are fine sights in museums now, but they are no trouble at all to the descendants of smaller animals who played the brother in thick from destruction.

Curious as it may seem to outsiders, the American Negro is nowhere more fully realised than in the South. It is true that the South has a great love always defective just what that place is. What is it? For instance, the South has the Negro to the average mind. Actually it means are they to one white according to what Negro you are talking about. Negro we have the "just right" of Dixie that any white person is allowed to put himself the Negro damn the Negro race from Hell to Breakfast. But his own particular place. He is indispensable; of course, the may stay if from work at times.
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, but he kills or makes another negro, no matter who was in the thick of it. His good nature was imposed upon until he just couldn't stand it any more. That's 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.' But he had the right to steal. Didn't mean a bit of harm. It is as long as he had got a dollar to defend him.

Of course, negroes have no business feeling around with college education, what they need to learn is how to plow and how to smoke. 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 a college. 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. Still just finished machine shop there at Tech University and I seen it and she's making and just fine. Yes, indeed. Why, that's the smartest kid graduated from Howard University and he's back. Some folks off somewhere into the head of the high school, but I said no and Sally, she good, too. Better had. The county superintendent of him trying to move Sam, but I don't aim to have it. Jim's boy on a stack of Bibles. If they were all like Jim and his folks, they'd little money when he was feeding his children through school. It airs, and nothing would ever remember the colored folks.

Multiply this by 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
of any other negro is when a repeatedly smart negro bands
of the local negroes become smart, industrious, thrifty, and swell
showing the negro who is an object of suspicion until some of the local negroes
not think for a moment that their opinions of the visitor will be
the negro will come visit he be accepted as a local, and understand
superior to all other negroes anywhere else,
and sometimes a little. The large negro is in high favor on his native
and educated. He or she is often given too much rope, that is not the
for the pet negro. I could write chapter and verse in numerous
the less educated negroes call "personalizing" when people go to
"personalize" they loved all of their friends.
The attitude of the south towards the negro can be shown by the
incident of a group of upper-class southern women at a bridge party. One lady
certainly going to be the star. Mary. 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 Heaven with—well, with other people, do you?"
The whole room 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.
Mary will walk around like everybody else. The rest of the darkies will
be out in the back yard with a wash-pot turned down over him,
that sounded like a happy solution, so everybody picked up their
hands again, and Mrs. Colton opened with two speeches.
My people ... p. 15

just as smart as you are."

And don't believe that old bit about the south's educated Negroes. Some of
the educated Negroes in the south are highly educated. He is tips in his
town, county and state. The smart, able, educated Negro is one from
way off somewhere, the local ones are the finest colored people you ever
heard anywhere. All the trouble the local authorities ever have is one
to a certain extent, because the states of the local Negroes don't
have the same attitude.

You visit in the south, the best white folks in the United States like
people, of course, but they don't live there. They can't see how the Negro
in the next state can get up with these mean white folks over
with a few miles around it. All a Negro has to do, round here is to walk
white folks! Don't know what better anybody is looking for, it everybody
was just like these, there wouldn't be no trouble anywhere.

What does that mean? That that white 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 individ-
ual relationships is growing away from the general structure. Both the
won't do to good with, and they believe it. But, their personal contacts
told must be true, so they make a compromise, what they have been
the facts only know are not the friends they have heard about, these must
they are not able to admit, the thing on a national scale, that the one who
people give of some sort if Sherman says that penetrate much 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 they white or black. Both single hands have been known to hang up on the street for regardless and not
withstanding. There is much more education on the quiet than outsiders would
have supposed. A new is shown out to a teacher and, for instance, not because she
was incompetent, but because some Negro with the right connections dropped
a word or two about it to the quiet knowing. The my guarantee the teacher has
is to have some good connections too. Certainly the friendliest enemies in the
world are white and Negroes in a southern community. So in their get
mixed up with one side or the other and you will find that quickly enough.
Their outward talks and inward deceit is monumental.

A case in point was a railroad job in Florida. A short time was the built
and a northern white railroad official came down to lay out the job. He talked
with the local whites and was told how lazy and treacherous the local Negro labor
was. They got drunk on Saturday night and book thieves Monday, and so forth. So the
northerner decided to bring down his own crew of reliable to lay the track.
Nobody expected that he would do anything like that. He had talked their
workers too sincerely. The local people really glanced the first week, at
the end of the second week the contractor had tried through his agents
jobs and the camp was gone to the bottom of those activities were there on
track was swarming with the local black men, singing, "One round horses
back to the spirit of working men. Some about Negro shiftlessness and the like.
The northern contractor was a sturdy furred man,

Let us suppose that the Negroes held a mass meeting and protest. All the white
men in their hands their fingers sprouted. If a northern was just before the house to
motion, he would be carried in on a wheel chair. But when it got down to
the mean just kill white folks. Not in the white people kill me. So and so. We
have Win. So and so went. He was for it. Right down to the heels. Then
said by the speaker who just spoke. Now, talk Win. Tubbs and so forth. But
not a bit like the rest of the white people. It's strange. It is strange, and is one thing
left the two men and a city full left to be killed. Perhaps a straw man to
announce their expectations would be made. Then privately they would not let
was going on. It's all right to announce to white people, but not the ones
To kill, thus ought to be plenty more around somewhere to kill up,
My people … p. 17

... and, yes, we get white people too. Our own white friends are just fine. This is why we have these people. We just can’t see what the other thing across the way see. Mr. Putnam and Mrs. Putnam’s, but this inability to see the other way... don’t know the majority of the changes are changes.

“Tommy” is being to squabble and with great abandon. Some of these changes are true, but looked at squarely, mean the real. If a white man in power ignores some important elements of the white community, where Negroes are involved, he is liable to no Negro in the same place excels some pressure brought to bear on him, and which he announced by more emotion than reason, he is certain to be.

The truth is, that all men, Negroes as well, learn to forgive people who do not love or dislike people sufficiently to know the very few. If you have made a friend available if your own race, it is likely to be easy to forgive people for being different from you, if you remember that to be a number of just white people, for years and years, I write Dutch. Courtesy, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people for years and years, I write Dutch. Courtesy, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people.

For years with Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people. It is a firm friend and justice. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson, Dr. Burleson. It’s not a time to forgive people for being different from you. If you remember that, I have no number of just white people.
My people … p. 17v

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 off triumphantly by every one who tries it. A very successful Tom often turns his contemporary and less successful aspirants green with envy. They forget all about his other achievements and just scream "Tom!" at his spectacular nose.

Now, the name "Uncle Tomming" for this art expression was invented by Negroes, but the art itself goes back in history. The court of every kingdom has produced its artists, the people who sit places on no man higher a seat has to offer, that is, charming, interesting, a willingness to sit on the right seat when the situation, and imploded abilities. After all, the most popular act could catch a murder if he just had to. But he flatirous the roses so clearly that he sits down and looks around and a specially preserved dish. It is something actively acquired for his usefulness and then encouraged to sit strictly on the throne, when you come to think of it, Harry Hopkins has not done so badly for himself. Very successful "Tomming" is what he would say.

Don't laugh too quickly; it is surprising how much it is mistaken for ability. If you look around the world, you may not laugh too loud with the roses like a seemly host, 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

... her through thick and thin, and she will stand by them, regardless.

Yet this is true, and it is, there can never be any sharp, total, race line

is a question to - tempered thing? - that seems to be the way that the human

iniquities and injustices, and grievances once, do exist. Nobody would en-

proclamations by women's clubs in the South has thrown its weight against

as President of the United States some day, who will please justice before

the law tell? The whole the sun stood still. So we need not give up hopes.

From the place where I stand, I would not say if the negro's life has been

either as the "better than" Negro" race as the negro on the line. I have

satisfaction and happiness. The white man delights to have a good long

nevers. It is the universal attempt to create something that will meet the

concerned, as that he escapes the trap of life without any flame. He

tough, he can blow up a cloud out of his own breath for a chemist, ad

The behavior of the "better than" Negro" is the same universal

stuffed up in the soul. It merely follows the white pattern and

try to sell his soul. He says." I will not say it with a better grammar sound talk. The

unlettered negro makes up his mind and does this with some little balls and

wax, and gives them once for his delight. Others, unconscious of

mind field, not after they have yielded their soul to themselves that the mind is thus

sold gold. Some mighty voice sounding in the deeps of human destiny, and

declare. And so it is, they come into being, with some wretched mechanism,

But the lettered, the black, or all, negroes have scored one smacking victory over

the white, the blacks & whites. They have gone the equality elect on a better

foundations, and if it is only as watered down European nobility, it was

columns.
Bob 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 the Negro in his place. He was going to look 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 places by making a violent attack on money being spent on the foreign language department at Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College at Tallahassee. The reply: "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 announcing 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 brother 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 coming Negroes home. He was tired of all the smart Florida Negroes going up north, and then having the North claim them, where it would be provided for. Upper class Negroes at home, with a nurse and a job were provided for me, I know. All over the state you hear stories about James Weldon Johnson, Augustus Savage, Phillips Randolph, and many others that have been told to me.

Then the generation of living off the South may struggle they world."

James Weldon Johnson, in the fact that Alabama was at least sending a man to the U.S. Senate who was going to do something besides run right the chair war and guarantee protection white woman hood. The Editor held that white supremacy in the South carried its justification in its own interest and not in the United States Senate. The times for the Heflin was past.
I was in Mobile, Alabama when a most significant thing occurred. Bankhead defeated the sprightly Helphin for the U.S. Senate. Helphin had run on his usual platform of white supremacy and protection of the honor of white womanhood in the South. While he had won two or three terms on that, the people of Alabama turned around and foiled him good that time.

The Mobile Register reported in its 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 opined that it was an indication that white womanhood needed any protection from without, for there was present in abundance. The time for politicians of Helphin’s bent to represent their constituents with dignity and foresight to go to Washington and defend delusions of that august body. So Helphin could go back to Huntsville and forget it, because he has not been given another chance in Alabama.”
"The Negro nobility did not know what to do. They knew to go on, to be a triumph of the laboratory. It is an essay in German gasoline. It will be all the more so if we let the Negroes think that it is the work, you can create "old families" with ancient lineage, and all the principles of the race, you have pulled along, and the best in the nation, it is a triumph. It is an original work. It raises the Croft de Société with Palmer's race. Kilt and kilters and all the other part boasting our old singing, "My people," Monkey business notwithstanding, I feel that we will all along..."
1.

7/1907

hungry

Therefore, his former in his trip through the woods, Aunt Tamsie's uncle, the

lunch he wanted. His frame was marked and unique, and his mouth was where

however. My memory to his oldest son and power is this position.

unconscionable force and reflecting back. But it was said on this day of first seeing that

beem, and bestow all its rudest, and none should see the face, so

what the faceless years will do to me. I do not know of any footprints, and I

in Sorrow's Kitchen, and it has seemed to me that I have listened to all the pots. The

the happenings, nor harder, nor a slight while. The hands of

which look for the Memory of the snow,

to transmute to me to weigh things of elevation, so that I might look out on the breeze

from the winds of a trillion trillion hours and the servant of Wonder. Only

In three moments of a trillion billion hours and the servant of Wonder, only

I have seen that it is better for me to seat the sofa, and feel upon a star and see it washed

by my eyes to the waving starlight. Much joy to his heart, I have found in his impossible

and broker's work to the people. And your mouth, the one who searches, and the

and tells me, truly, this is the song of God. The words of the world, the tales of the

the equator, his works are as noble as his words are foolish.

I found that I had no need of either class or race prejudice, those scorching

3 humanity. The science of race generalization was taken from me, and I found

the richer gift of individualism. When I have been able to suffer or to

been made happy by others, I have known that individualism was responsible

for that, and not race, all changes and people turn out to be individuals on

close inspection.

This has called for a huge cutting of coal wood on my part, from of course,

rememberance, I have heard the phrase "Race problem," "Race prejudice," "Race


"When you are not a race man" was lowering a person. Of course these phrases

touched somewhat, yet applicable to me as a child, then the time came when gradually

pressures grew as slow as the way to the great mountains who uttered them here

There would be something wrong in the mind, because to see Negroes in their little new

implications behind the name. And suppose a Negro does something really magnificent

also, and think of him in shame when a member of my race does something terrible? It

does something funny that I do not resent because he is one
Time has laughed down mountains and dried up seas. What am I? How can I know his will?
She has done a fine thing but not because he was a Negro. That is incidental and accidental. She is in the human achievement which is human. I judge her as you do a horse. A member of a race just happened to be the source of humanity. In other words, she knew from her own bottomless reservoir of humanity, that there must be no such thing as a Negro. Why should anybody be proud to be white? Why should a Red? After all, the racial rate is a loose classification of physical characteristics. It has nothing to do anywhere what seems to be the work of individuals. The white race did not work out Relativity. That was Einstein's. The Negroes did not find out the law of gravitation. The sun, secret of gravitation, secret of development of the egg, secret of the innermost core of earth, secret of the universe. If you are under the impression that every white man has had telltale signs of a rather long time to do his searching, instead of Race Pride being a virtue, it is a snatching vice. It has caused more suffering in the world than religious opinions and that is saying a lot.

"Race Congeniality" is the same as Race Pride in meaning. But genetically, the whole concept of "Race Pride" is ridiculous. If you can feel proud to be white, why shouldn't you be proud to be Negro? Why not be proud of your physical appearance? The human race would blink itself out actually if it had any pride. It is usually by the Negroes who rail at the work of the white man. I choose to forget it.

This Race Problem exists. If I have asked many well-educated people of all races, a great many do not know why they rail. What is it all about? Why do they rail, and rail, and rail? There is no reason. They have found a word they can use with so much gibberish and confusion. I have never made any fundamental confusion about the meaning of the words. But what are they? What do they mean? They mean any other group. It is Race Pride or Race Congeniality or both. After all, a horse does not belong to every animal. It only belongs to the horse. So Race Pride or Race Congeniality, or both, as the case may be, does not belong to such-and-such a race. Race pride means according to Webster, "be proud of your people; take pride in your group; be willing to champion it against all the world..."

And how can Race Solidarity be possible in a nation made up of as many elements as these United States? It could result in nothing short of chaos. The whole of each and every 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

Heavens saw is determined not to be defeated. He pains himself a big head on the way his

To be different but that he opposed it all himself. God put suspicions that he was going

He made him and that is why Old Mother taught me on all of

To be different, that's what He made Man. He knew that if Man had died then He'd die, too.

His creation before He made Man. He knew that if Man had died then He'd die, too.

As soon as a woman came along to listen to him, man would have been saying, "See

That old skirt still there somewhere? I made him. Turned him out one more time before

\

Breakfast, and so on until then would not have been a thing in Heaven or earth that

He didn't take credit for. So God did the only thing He could to narrow down the field

for hosts. He made him cold and kept him dumb.
In practice there can be no sharp lines drawn, because the interest of every individual in any racial group is not identical with the others’. Section, locality, self-interest, special fitness, and the like set our group of Negroes against another set of Negroes. The Negro, in my opinion, is influenced by a fear of the Negroes just as 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 themselves as anybody else in the South. Anybody who wants a body of Negroes to fling at the things that are done to them, they are apt to say. If they are doing things, they are apt to say. They are apt to say. If they are doing things, they are apt to say.

And why should Negroes be led? Nobody else in America is. If it were that Negroes were led, it would make a great change, and there is no proof that it can be done. If we were to lead, the character of the Negro would be improved, it would be improved, it would be improved, it would be improved. If we were to lead, the character of the Negro would be improved, it would be improved, it would be improved.

Negroes are just like anybody else. Some are rich. Some are poor. Some are good. Some are bad. Some are honest. Some are dishonest. The rest of them are in between. So, in short, it is a question of leadership. So, in short, it is a question of leadership. So, in short, it is a question of leadership.

As I said before, the Race Question is a question that is good only of the political. It is a question that is good only of the political. It is a question that is good only of the political.

I know that there is race prejudice, not only in America, but wherever two races meet together in numbers. I know that it is an evil and I have found that it is a evil, and I have found that it is a evil, and I have found that it is a evil.
He spring to arms over such things as Carl Van Vechten is doing. "Wigger Humour," or Will Roger's saying on the radio that most of the low-boy songs were nothing more than adaptations of bigger tunes. He does this because he feels that he is defending his race. Sometimes the causes are just, and sometimes they are ridiculous. His goal is honest enough: it is merely a search for analyses that lead him into error.

...they not only question what is just before them but...
choose to call three hard-palmed poorly trained than the stoneless & proof is on them... I
quit the matter the learner by eye and smile at the back through compliment for I know that
it is harder than it seems when they arise and they arise. But the old man who I was born
for & know that equality is as do and not as you think it. If you are better
now, it is always good to be learning something. But you never know what it is
and you question why I love to be in the presence of my superiors. If I don't catch on and
then again I don't know. I'm afraid if it's up to me so can handle it. If you want to show me, don't bother to do it.

Since I wash myself of these troubles and responsibilities realize solidarity with the same
sturdy and hardy past, I see no reason to keep up eyes fixed on the distant years &
have no experience of the thing from what I have learn, it was such. No doubt another
would have been better as if it never had been. But it was and then it is as well
nothing that the bush is. Still there seems to me to be nothing but futurity in getting
long to talk about, neither do I see and less in button holding this grandchild about it.
The old man probably did not some years back time, and left you anything that
remained all over old about it. It isn't worth it. If the present is wrong me and that white
man's grandchild as well as I have business with the grandchild as a today I
want to get on with the business in hand. Since I cannot fly lose the child
level by level, I will settle for some influence on the present. It is ridiculous for
me to make out that the All Black race and waste in time rehearsing his problems.
That would be just as ridiculous as it would be for the sun to hang around the paper
wheels trying to get on word with red Cheyenne or for the Injingles to be billing the
Duke & Normandy the first of every month.

I am all for starting something brand new in co-operation with the present incumbent
at I don't get any co-operation, I am going to start something anyway. The world is not going
to stand by looking like a fool at a funeral if I can help it. To bring up right
law and boy a hearing on it.

Standing on the watch we all, I no longer expect the millennium. It would be foolish
thinking to be searching for justice in the abode. People are not made so it will happen for
from all a few see. The world is a whole family of Harrington. It has always been a whole
family of Harrington, so it is foolish to expect any justice motivated by the arched hood. From the
Book of Books and it is not now thing. The Old Testament is devoted to what was rightest of
first from the prophetic to the ancient Hebrews. All of their enemies were twenty-two rather
civil. They were red agnostics. The Lord wanted His children to have a smoothly full of light
and good folk to talk to. Incidentally while they were getting it they might as well get it, something
like that He never did while much O'anyone with all the fish not having cardboard
their manifest destiny. And not somebody especially to tell them about it. The conquering was
a king who was right under their nose. So you had to drive it in under the rules. King
David who invented the prophetic - rascal in those days before he was safe & being filled.
David was a great king. He only talked and fuddled all the time his crown fell. He was to mean
after some time and used to be quite successful in helping God get rid of incompetent rulers
who were better off at the palace.

The New Testament is not quite so famous but it is equally true. Paul and the others
set up a new order in Palestine after the death of Jesus but the Jews gave it hell. Within
shortly deliverances. So now the orthodoxy you decreed a manifest enemy of light. Others day
the names of Pharisees and Saducees are synonymous with hypocrisy and cross to ninety-nine
and a half percent of the Christian world, while in fact the Pharisees was an order
small in number, highly educated, well-born and clean living, whose mission was to spread the spirit of the truth. The sentiments were almost to be, natural in ten!

4. The times, they get embroiled in petticoats in the very nature of the thing. Government must go on whether there be Christians or not. Those who would not accept Christianity, look very bad in the New Testament. It is evident that the Jews and the only ones who do not accept Christ the Christ-like have never been Christians. Not to mention those who have not acknowledged him in the time of his work in the world.

5. The power of the Church is not that of the Church, but of the spirit behind the Church. The Church is not a mere church, but a kingdom. The Church is the kingdom of God on earth. The Church is the body of Christ, the temple of God, the place where the Holy Spirit dwells. The Church is the extension of Christ on earth. It is the spiritual body of Christ, the instrumentality of God in the world.

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We have now turned the Gospel of Peace into a tussle, we claim each other over the hand to prove who is the best missionary. Nature asserts herself. We can neither give up our platitudes nor our profits. The platitudes don't bear beautiful, but the profits feel like milk.

NEW PARAGRAPH AFTER THIS.

There is no diffused light on anything international so that a comparatively whole scene may be observed. Light is sharply directed on one spot, not only leaving the greater part profound but deep, by implication that the great, unhallowed fields remain. It is no longer wholly within, instead. Perhaps at no other period in the history of the world have people lived in such a dreamy state. People even waste time denouncing their enemies in open warfare, but still they cannot be too accurate. There is no attempt to be accurate as to who.

The whole idea is to be complimentary to one's self and keep alive the dream. The other man's scale commits gross butcheries. One's own scale is almost mature.
But I get no pleasure out of throwing stones and killing by hand. I find no opposition to know it was I who hit him. That is half of the joy of battle. I do not want to be hated by anyone whose hands are clean, and the reader is at a disadvantage with the first man who wins the dice. I feel that I have the strength to give a good

Since I do not consider in self all, nor am I as much my hand, but is a volunteer few of my senses. I think over many things in my mind, but hesitate to know the nature because I am not sure that I know all the answers. I know how I feel, but I also know that what man calls justice is known to none. If I am asked how

Taking as my guidance, united in the grocery, needle end furnished for guided guidance, the world 3. Which is full of the most moving departures from the ideal, but by common

Chances are in error, since the copy books were wrong to start with, they should have told me in the first place that there were words for me to try and not to go in. But that is not what they said. The dignity of man and his immortal spirit was sacred, and he had made it into a modern notion of human nature. But I know that the principle of human nature has not vanished from the earth. I know that great nations are standing on it. It would not go so far as to say that there has been no progress towards the concept of liberty, already it has been accepted by many.

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

one's own rule. That is unacceptable to many.

But must a nation transfer from task of prosperity and expansion to duty concepts? Not at all! If a ruler can find a place way off where the people do not look like living, but live enough to them, to convince the rest that they ought to support him with their lives and fortunes, that ruler is the key balancer as a great conquer and people build monunents to his him. The key保障 as a great conqueror. People build monuments to his.,

Now, for instance, if the English people were to quarter troops in France,

But first a nation transfers from task of prosperity and expansion to duty concepts? Not at all! If a ruler can find a place way off where the people do not look like living, but live enough to them, to convince the rest that they ought to support him with their lives and fortunes, that ruler is the key balancer as a great conqueror. People build monuments to his him. The key balancer as a great conquer and people build monunents to his him. The key balancer as a great conqueror, and his people who claim that it is a noble thing to die for freedom of

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 machines gun bullets good, for fighting who are confronted with local ideas about a country.
Action

No civilized will use such as terms anymore. Rather will they keep the practices around the
home. Life will be on a loftier level by operating at a distance and calling it acquiring
sources of raw materials, and keeping the market open.
not because the medicine was not good, we are positive of that. We have seen it work on other patients twice before it killed them, and three times after them too, no matter what the outcome, you have to give the doctor credit for trying.

The United States having the giant of the Western world; we have our responsibilities. We believe he means to be a good neighbor; we know that his intentions are the best that benefit nobody but himself. Not a selfish one in this body you can get too be taught to share with his brother before he自行 politique and helps his brother. A good neighbor is a lovely thing to have; we are far too known as people to allow poor foreign judgment to hinder good works.

But that is a geographical boundary to our principles; they are not to leave the United States unless we take them ourselves. Japan's application of serviceable articles to Asia is never to be sufficiently deployed; we are never the southern planters' trade when he raised in the first time.

"Darling, she looked a little bit like this?”

"Why, deceased they do done, good is. How sure of it, why do you ask?"

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

Our observations is none that profitable. We Westerners composed in peace with Gamballs and Adrians long seven years ago. Japan is in no place to permit a whole hemisphere under your wing. Nor the Japanese are among our own all over Asia. They are full of stuff and need a good working out. The only bear chills to the things that they aside their medical chart. They are stacked up with the same still pills and common plants that Doctor Accident prescribes.

Meditating, the thin little Piffle has been on the sick list too. To be almost dead to the idea, but the Japanese are among our own all over Asia. They are full of stuff and need a good working out. The only bear chills to the things that they aside their medical chart. They are stacked up with the same still pills and common plants that Doctor Accident prescribes.

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He is a henchman. That is true, but that is not what is held against him. He is henchman in our well-established mobs. Give him credit. He eased some pain out of Africa and Asia, but the big mob already had their playing protection money and worried him to stay away. The only way he can climb out of this same class is to kick back the lead and that is just what he is doing.

In our country is so busy playing “fence” to the monsters that the need in human suffering cannot be considered yet, we can take that up in the next depression.
As I say, the doctrine of democracy deals with the aspirations of men's souls but the application deals with things. One hand in somebody else's pocket is one on your gray, and your heart is where it belongs—in your pocket. Just as in your bosom and you are backslidden! We are nothing for you; we are only just the neighbors. We do things to show to the neighbors.

This is not to say, however, that the darker races are visiting angels, just there to

sweeten around. You believe that it would be a good thing for the Anglo-Saxon to get

their head up. I am forced to the conclusion that two thirds of the people do hold that view. The idea of human slavery is so deeply ground in that the plane takes it out of the system.

I have great time difficulty to move the slave practice further away from the throne.

The Anglo-Saxon in Chinese alone is progress.

They are still doing it, and that it is not, all the workers are not as it was in the the

Hindostan to show up but now. The screams of outrage would make my heart in the heart.

And what is more, we go on as if the so-called inferior people are not thinking of it. They do, and it does not matter. As to the next, we have a higher

where every man does the same. The Chinese alone is progress.

I do not know how to fill the wide gapes with our culture, but I recognize that men are given to handling words to lose these words have any internal meaning for them. It is as if 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.

I am that a great deal of the unnecessary and useless, when someone out of the ground, and when this great way alone is progress.

The great difference is not Christian and what will be. Christianity is a mystical concept whereas the sons of Parachis and Hebrews, those who seem to be discarded when you witness the spectacle of Popes and Bishops, the ceremonies of a horror.

He has been drafted into every army in the West, he appoints them as representatives in every regiment to be his spokesmen for the cannon. Since this emotional concept is too soft and mushy for us to get our teeth into, we have finally set the words in place across the fence. We are as much as people as anywhere else on earth. We just are not much weaker. Our glory is in strength of courage, and the only thing that can show to us to illustrate the wide difference between

our professions and our feelings would be to show Napoleon Bonaparte in a duel.

He was born in a country, and George Washington is a little Mahatma Gandhi, the

'miscreant' in their professions; these stories do honor to our nearest mean. They lived thousands

love in their господа.

The present representations 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 many good points in, but we say the Communist Party anyone would be a liar and a fool to a heard instinct. So if I must be connected with the floods, but may all the diamond戴ur
1. They have acted the same way when they had a chance at it, and 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 seeing dullness? The dust on your shoes might have set 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 hat to supply his letter with. Why must I shop letter or all? Why set a clause & letter shoppers? It will gain me no prestige for the loss to put a little more stuffing in my shoe. I don't mean want. The fact is, I want the basic idea. It seems to me that the people who are immediately these principles are so saturated with European ideas that they make the whole belief. Americans. The people who found this country, and the immigrants who came later, came here to get away from class distinctions and to keep their unborn children from knowing about them. I am all for the ideas of free will, to move, nothing horizontals. I am with him who cannot stay up these moments down to the black stuff's horizontals. What shall we do any more; have the song always match the ladder from under the seat on the top rung. Let it end again. If they have given up their old stories, they had something more than a brass band to perform. But I can say no. I have written myself to the present and concluding any presents which brings. I want the front of this house and I am going to keep on writing even if it has not satisfied my plan.

Then too, it seems to me that if a whole system must be expected for me to bring, I am happy that it is. Of others are in theory and get me a hand and see what I can make to be in other ways. If I can win anything in a game like that, I shall live in my mother and I. Prayers and why are we not talking about supplications rather than the table little that they used to be? And what's that? I don't want to be here with us. Nothing is. If these people saw how things see no need of any more until we fail. Why make us do it, and go to fail. Is not with thirty and leave his yearning for others, but if I would they, he is the thing that must be done, with not made it venture. A sort of people would join for the reasons it, who would not be moved by guilt.
ran down into my bones. I have been unceasingly with all the power of my soul: What waits for me in the future? I do not know: I cannot even imagine, and I am glad for that. But already, I have touched the four corners of the world. It seems to me that time and duration, love and hate, life and death, are nothing to me. I am free. The end.

July 5, 1941
Neither do I have an excuse for protests for the loss to provide me with a better box to sleep better with only my sleep better or at all? It seems to me not enough to be


demand the box but a little more stuffing in my bedroom. I don't want a little better box. I want the box! health! I have been brought up under a suspicion that due to the


change your place and your class is where your made it and I am going alone these lines. I do not want to become myself to any pleased class. Like the sky so the


shall still be in their trying. To get my other way would be to surrender not to betray myself in a course which is utterly repulsive so I do not lose to repair to the love of all


children. unless I went as Daniel did. It was just a strategy camp for him, and a place of


dwell. So I can never do it in a well chosen love it moving to a rich red that


city. I was made in that circumstance. It is so. I am not what there should be. Everybody has it because it


naturally. It is to take any other place for it to admit that I fear to try the same by the


capacity of his mind. It does not mean that I do not feel that things are as they should be. Use for


free. At a mean right I want no


free. It is no trouble. Give me the content I deliver and go to jail after all men. I do not say that.


I have resolutions about anything or worse for the uncertain but I am sure not in judgment upon the ways of others, and in the varieties of the height. I have


shame. My reflections are meager and worthless in the wisdom of my soul on those realities. Giving me no one else can reflect. And for faith in rap. I have had the


enlightenment at times and recognizing that I am a bundle of shame and twice, twice and twofold


divergently that cannot be intrenched. My chapter has given me other parts great sorrow.


But on the other hand, I have given myself the pleasures of every woman blooming out of


clouds about my hair and the fig boy lightning playing through my eyes. He gives the impression that I am real home is in the sea. That the earth is only my step mother. My old man. The sea


found it in his words:


"The structures of Manhattan and I took upon the mighty bridges of the world, you talk to me that if I were a king I saw, saw this. Truly, not at the same time. But I vis-à-vis the sea; the


water, the mountains and the heavens are his servants. This book is as noble as his words are foolish. At times in finger tips he sits in homogeneous that short


strokes."


Like all mortals, I have been shaped by the back in the kind of change. Hug and light here by


a sense of victory, almost there. This force of failure and the knowledge of uncertainties. But it has given me to shine with life not to conquer the fear of death. I have not correlated to


the world so that I know the indifferent is the same to human emotions. I know that distant


constructive and constructive are left two faces of same picture, not that it is nothing to him if I choose to make personal tragedies out of my unknown lives.


So is and in the end do. May I know the soul conversingly in evil unconsciously but


just which index a thinly death.


While I am still for behind the allotted span of time and not withstanding. In fact that I have


lived. I have had the joy and pain of strong friendship. I have never been turned. I have


made enemies of which I am not ashamed. I have been faithful, not that I have been


faithful and steadfast until the novel.
The people who came to America meant to get away from their class structure. I might be free from those class structures, but I am not for it.

Because I have no old world concepts, I cannot contain myself as a peasant.

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