

now facing, on its own initiative, the problem of race relations. But it is not to be supposed that this progressive element of the South will be able unsupported to cope with a situation in which the well-organized opposition has the advantage of tradition and habit. It has been a great achievement to bring white men and black men in the South face to face in this way for the adjustment of their own difficulties; but it is unfair to

leave them unsupported and unaided in the midst of suspicious and even hostile forces to work out a problem for which, after long years, the Nation as a whole has not yet been able to find a successful solution. We may believe that a great step forward has been made when the initiative and driving force of such a movement originates in the South. Here now we have the South assuming the leadership of the Nation in settling

a problem to which every part of the Nation has made a contribution in the past, and which every section of the Nation is confronting in one way and another in the present. Its successful adjustment will be an achievement of which America as a whole may be proud—an example which will be eagerly followed in a world where race relations are becoming increasingly serious and perplexing.

HAVEN

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

GIVE me to rest in a quiet town
Built by old rovers of the sea,
Where they have come to lay them down
Sure of their spirits' mastery.

On shaded streets along the sands
Are white-walled homes where strong men dwell,
And the presence of far-off lands
Born of the sounding harbor bell.

There is the peace of tasks well done,
Of faith true kept with high emprise.
This I ask when my race be run,—
To share the light in sea men's eyes!

FROM KRAAL TO COLLEGE

THE STORY OF KAMBA SIMANGO

BY NATALIE CURTIS

"I WAS over fifteen—almost a man—when I first heard of the alphabet," said Kamba Simango, an African native now in this country. "I used to practice shaping my letters by drawing them in the sand on the shores of the Indian Ocean. We thought that the written notes white people sent each other were some kind of magic. And we used to play at imitating this magic by pricking designs on the broad leaves of trees and pretending to read them, magically."

Few stories are more eloquent of pluck and purpose than that of Simango, a full-blood native of the Ndau tribe of Portuguese East Africa. Among Simango's people there has been little white colonization; theirs is a pagan, primitive land. But trade routes, leading from the interior to the Coast, he through Portuguese territory; and the blacks must labor for governmental and commercial enterprises in industrial systems that are slavery in all but name. "In old times," said Simango, "black men were owned by individuals. Now they are owned by governments and corporations." To bring the wealth of Africa to the ports and thus to the world's markets for the benefit of white men is the allotted and the practically unpaid task of African natives.

Although it is the policy of the Portuguese to keep the blacks ignorant, an

American missionary did attempt, in Simango's youth, to teach the natives at Beira, a seaport settlement where the blacks throng from outlying villages to lead and unload steamships. But the pupils were waylaid by the Portuguese, who flogged them and gave them such stinging stripes on their hands that the blood spurted from under their fingernails. Then, with swollen, bleeding palms, the would-be students were sentenced to hard labor. The missionary, himself racked with fever, abandoned his enterprise; but, in pity for the African boys, he told them of a mission¹ in Rhodesia, just across the border of Portuguese territory among the same tribe of Ndau people, one hundred and sixty miles from any railway, in the heart of a black population. In secret, Simango and another boy set out, traveling warily, hiding by day, walking by night, till they reached the mission of Mount Selinda. Here, on the edge of a primeval forest, a few brave white folk lived in isolation from their race, mastering the native tongue, reducing it to writing, translating the Bible into the vernacular, and teaching the surrounding blacks.

Simango soon proved by his concentration and ability that he had capacity for leadership, and his teacher decided that he should have greater advantages

¹ Conducted by the American Board of Missions.

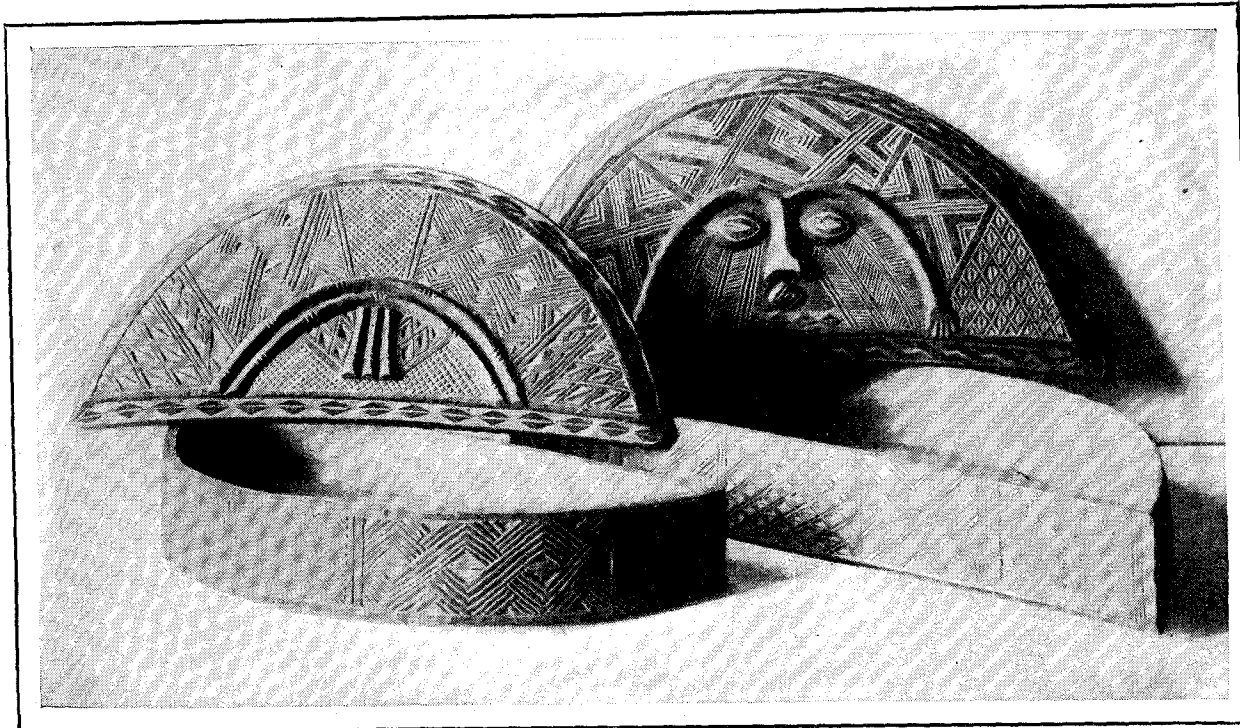
than the African schools could offer, as few of these had equipment for industrial training. The teacher herself raised money to send Simango to Hampton Institute, Virginia, the pioneer industrial school for backward races in the United States. Here I met the African boy shortly after he landed, a plucky but homesick alien, alone in a new country. His English was still faulty, his accent peculiarly foreign; in manner and mien he was totally unlike the American Negro. Somehow, through him, one sensed instinctively that the communal solidarity which makes primitive people live as a group rather than as individuals must permeate the personality of each member of the group till, in the individual, one feels the many. Simango was but a figure that stood out—like a bit of African wood-carving—from the background of his people, never isolated, but of the one substance with them. He had come to America to learn in order better to help those at home. His tribe was always with him.

To my interest in his native music he responded with enthusiasm; devotedly he helped me make the book, "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent," which he hoped would "help to bring the weak, unnoticed race to the enlightened people of the civilized world."

As Simango became more proficient in



KAMBA SIMANGO



Courtesy of Hampton Museum, Hampton Institute, Virginia

THE ART OF SIMANGO'S NATIVE LAND—CARVED WOODEN BOX, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA

English he steadily "climbed the tree of civilization," as he put it, reaching the top in many of his classes, till soon he was made color-sergeant in the daily military drill—an honor conferred at Hampton for high standing. Meanwhile, in recreational hours the boy from Africa was quietly fitting himself for college. Graduating from Hampton, he entered Columbia University, where, at Teachers College, he is equipping himself for special duties as an educator in Africa. He is working his way by serving as informant to Dr. Franz Boas, Professor of Anthropology, who is making studies of the language, customs, religious conceptions, and folk-lore

of Simango's tribe, giving the African student in return a thorough scientific training in the ethnology of his race. Simango's instructors agree as to his application, his keen sense of logic, and his general intelligence. "There is no class," they say, "that he could not enter"—a statement that challenges the assumption of the mental inferiority of the black race. Perhaps it is the effort (rarely literal among sophisticated people) actually to be what he professes as a Christian convert that gives to Simango a simple, straightforward standardization that makes conscience, in him, seem a visible force.

I often think of Woodrow Wilson's

playful description of the American college youth who offers "passive resistance" to the efforts of his instructors with a defiantly good-natured "Now teach me if you can!" Some are born to education, some achieve it, others have education thrust upon them. To reach Mount Selinda Mission, Simango walked two hundred miles through the jungle, where he heard the lions roaring at night. ("I feared them less," he said, "than to be caught and sent back!") He has won his schooling through sheer grit and purpose. For to him education is the longed-for key to the gateway of opportunity which leads to service to his race.



Courtesy of Hampton Museum, Hampton Institute, Virginia

LIKE SIMANGO, THESE CARVED WOODEN CUPS AND THIS LADLE HAVE ALSO MADE THE LONG JOURNEY FROM AFRICA TO HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

THE RACE PROBLEM—RUMOR AND THE TRUTH

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IT was with the superintendent of an iron furnace located in Ohio that I was talking. He had been describing the building of a new furnace, in the construction of which the best mason-work is essential. "I never in the world would have finished on time if it hadn't been for two bricklayers from Alabama," he said. "They did more work and better work and they worked more cheerfully than any other men I had. They were Negroes trained at Tuskegee."

Twenty-five miles southeast of Norfolk, on a lone stretch of the Virginia beach, I was talking with a solitary white fisherman, the owner of a huge fish-trap—an arrangement of nets of formidable length and strength, extending far out into the raging surf. Among the sand dunes were some shacks where, he told me, the fish were packed on ice as soon as they were brought in from the trap, a half-mile off shore. I say he was alone; but there was a boatful of men along the net, and another at the trap. As we stood watching them, the second boat, evidently having acquired a load of fish, set off for the shore. There were eight men in her, all Negroes. Manfully they oared their 25-foot boat, burdened to the seats with a heavy catch; and, as the craft came reeling in through the breakers, I heard the men singing. Singularly appealing was the whole scene: the wild and solitary beach; the plunging breakers; the single white man standing with me on the shore, like a guiding intelligence for his workmen; certain ospreys and a bald eagle hovering over the grim fish-trap; and the daring fishermen bringing the overloaded and unwieldy craft in through the treacherous surf. And they were singing. I thought of Noyes's "Forty singing seamen in an old black barque."

"They are all Negroes," my friend was telling me. "You can hardly get a white man to stay down here and do this kind of work. But these men are cheerful and strong, and they are good seamen. Besides, they never give me any trouble."

GEOGRAPHICALLY we shall move southward four hundred miles or so. The scene is a huge cotton-seed oil mill on the outskirts of Charleston. Here four hundred Negro men are employed. There are perhaps six white men in the plant. My brother has been the superintendent here for nearly fifteen years. Often he is the only white man in the mill; and the mill stands remote from all other places of industry. Here he employs his four hundred men. Here, if you will go with me, you will see them: yard-hands, singing at their work; mechanics in the engine-room, with that

deft skill of their craft writing its lesson of intelligence and care on their open features; here in the pressroom, stripped to the waist because of the great heat, are powerful specimens of the black race, toiling without respite. Everywhere there seem to be good cheer, hard work, understanding, and often a human sympathy and mutual regard deepening into affection.

And this is one more picture. A rice-planter has died. For a generation he has been a wise man and just, kindly, humane, generous. To the Negroes he has been more than an employer. He has befriended them in a thousand ways. Often he has denied himself to share with them the little that he has. They have always counted on him, loved him, trusted him. And now he is gone. What do they do? For miles they come to do him honor. They come, the young and the old, to show their genuine affection for a genuine friend. What can they do? They might be of some little help, at a time when most human help seems a vain thing, but they do not really help. Their grief is too great. "The whole trouble was," wrote one who saw the scene and who described it to me, "that the Negroes were crying so much that they seemed able to do nothing else. I have never seen people so inconsolable."

ALL that I have said is meant to show that, while Rumor would have it that the South is on the verge of a terrific race-war, Truth, if known, will show that in the daily grind of work and of life millions of white people and of Negroes meet and mingle, understand each other, are mutually helpful, mutually dependent, and manage to get along wonderfully well. Indeed, I do not think it is too much to say that the white man and the Negro get along as well together in the South as the white and the white, and the Negro and the Negro. But because of the prurient appetite of the American public for things startling and scandalous, and because of the aptness of the American press to feed this morbid craving, many people have come to believe that conditions in the South are perilous. As a matter of fact, thousands of communities exist year after year without any hint of "race conflict," to use a futile and high-sounding phrase. In the vast majority of these such a thing as a lynching has never and will never be known; and the people there read with amazement and horror of what has happened somewhere else in the South as of a matter as much detached from their own experiences as if it had occurred in Senegambia or in Afghanistan. The whole trouble is, of course, that human

nature is so constructed that tales of the sordid and the gross have that peculiar kind of instantaneous appeal that satisfies our restless demands. It is vain to lay blame on this appetite, and it is useless to censure the press, which merely supplies what the public desires. But it is tragically wrong to form our opinions and habits of mind from sources no more reliable than the newspapers, or, if reliable, so narrow. It is easy to cite other matters in which our daily press misguides the public.

DURING the month of August, 1921, I carefully read the Philadelphia, New York, and Washington papers for the cruel purpose of finding tales as wild and as misleading as some that we read of race riots. Here are a few examples of what I found: "A bald eagle, attempting to carry off a child, held two women and a man with a pitchfork at bay for half an hour." "A farmer making hay was struck on the hand by a deadly 'puff adder.'" (Every small boy should know that the adder is a harmless snake.) "A wild deer raced and distanced the Manhattan Limited, going at fifty miles an hour." Now, all these things sound interesting, but they are not true. In each case there is probably a particle of truth; imagination and a most fertile invention account for all the rest.

In the same manner we read of dread doings in the South. For many years I have lived in the North; but I go home regularly. I confess that after a year's absence, having in the meantime read of the "thunder-heads that loom to presage a mighty conflict of the races," I expect things at home to be different. I anticipate that all the men of both races will be going about armed to the teeth, that the favorite house-dogs will be bloodhounds, and that the chief topic of conversation will be the coming war. My year's reading of the newspapers has fully prepared me for all this. But at home I find things unchanged. I see the same cotton-fields, saved valiantly by the same Negroes and the same mules from being an agricultural shambles; from cabins beside the road I hear the same utterly mirthful and infectious laughter; from the railway home I pass hundreds of these in my long cross-country drive of forty miles, and never once is there a furtive look, a guarded word, a suspicious figure. Things are as they have been for a long time; far better in many respects, and in others certainly not worse. My fears are slowly calmed. I shed the armor of suspicion and mistrust I have been wearing. Relieved, I meet my old friends and neighbors, and begin not to be surprised to see no automatics and