**Coming Stories by** Edward Worthy Edward Lawson Dorothy West

Ziff Co., 608 Dearborn St., Chicago Advertising Representatives

**ILLUSTRATED FEATURE SECTION**—October 8, 1932

ELUE RIBBON FICTION IS FOUND EVE RY WEEK IN THE FEATURE SECTION

The Finest Writers

Send Their Stories First to the Illus-

trated Feature

Section

the New York City Hall Park. He heard of him since I could remem-"My Mammy was Irish"

Mary White Ovington Looks Backward posed for ... and it's a perfect like- ber. He was coupled with Garri-42 Years. Sits in the Gallery at Henry **Propriety of a White Woman's Mar**rying Mr. Douglass.

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS

(Copyright applied for)

In one of his early essays, DuBois finds that the white man, under his polite talk, is always thinking the question, "What does it mean to be a problem?"

I have found since I have become known in radical Negro work that colored people, under their pleasant sonal matter." greetings, are thinking, "Why did you take up the Ne-gro cause?" Indeed, as the question is in no way embarrassing to me, they sometimes ask it. I try to answer guing, the one in defense of the sent im away pleased. Anyway, he dominant race, the other in defense always said so. He was the only proves his besis and that he, not but it takes a long time to explain. One thing after another occurs to me as a contributory reason. And in the effort to answer this question I find myself reviewing my many years of Negro work. So I have written this story that will take nearly half a year of the AFRO-'AMERICAN'S weekly issues.

It will deal with my work, with controversial matters, will talk frankly of colored people as well as of white. Before this I have had an eye on educating the white world. These reminiscences are not meant to educate anybody. They are what I think important bits out of a portion of my life of thought and action. The editor of the AFRO-AMERICAN believes they will interest you. If the questions asked by people all over the country are a criterion, I believe he is right. So my reminiscences begin.

## By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

CHAPTER I

quette in a city inadequately light-

The time is 1890. Two young peo- ed. The girl is conspicuously blonde, ple are walking down Fulton Street, blue eye, pink cheeks, golden hair; Brooklyn. The girl, ir long winter the man-well, if you want to know coat, slips her hand into the man's what the man looked like, see Mcarm. When night con s this is eti- Monnies's statue .f Nathan Hal, in

"HE LOOKS LIKE AESOP"

son in my ercited thoughts. In The couple turn down Orange imagination I had seen him, after Street to Plymouth Church. They his perilous journey by train and Ward Beecher's Church in Brooklyn are going to a . sture t. Frederick boat, s t foot on free soil in Phila-Douglass, who recently, against the dolphia, and I had followed him as to Hear Frederick Douglass Speak. advice of his oldest friends, married he preached against slavery in the a white woman. He gave his ex- North and in England. He was one Argues with Her Escort Over the planatic: to a mixed audience in of the great group of men and

LE IT IS NEWS

REMINISCEN

Atlanta: "My father was white, my mother was black. My first wife was black, by second wife is white. ference not only between my atti-I have paid my res\_ cts to both my tude and that of m friend, but beparents." The two young people tween my attitude and the attitude are arguing excitedly on this mat- of all Southerners and most Northter., The girl is of New York and erners. If they knew the Negro at Yankee descent. The young man, all they knew him as a servant. I she realizes for the first time, has did not know the Negro in the flesh. roots in Baltimore. My 'mammy" was Irish and quite "How could she do it?" the young as devoted, I am sure, as any black

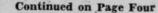
man says. "If she wanted to, she had a right to," the girl p rsists. "It was a per-an old, blind Negro, led by an attractive boy, came to our church

accept for a moment, and still ar- ard Orphan Asylum. I think we

church. tact. Otherwise, I knew the race They sit in the gallery almost over by its heroic deeds. The platform. The meeting-house The Southerner feels that this we know that we have never seen.

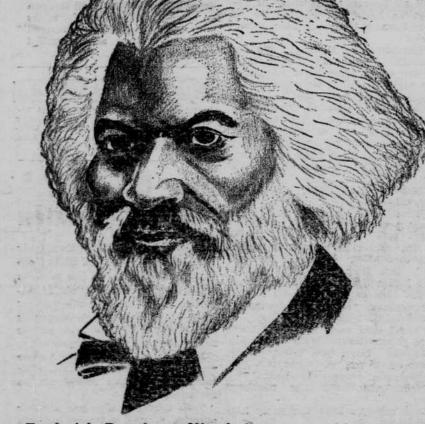
woman. We had no Negro servants. But this is whot the man will not and asked for money for t' Howof the individual, they enter the Negro with whom I had any con- I, knew the Negro. But 3 h right?

We have not seen Leonidas at Thermopylae or listened to Spartacus. But we know the Gre\_k and the Roman better by reading their history han by confining ourselves to the acquaintanceship of the nortses and fruit venders who come to us from Greece and Italy. I read the story of the slave in his insurrections and his escapes from serfdom, in Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass, in Box Brown and Anthony Burns and a host of others. This heroic side of lavery the South hated and feared and denied. So I maintained that I did know the Negro because I knew the pos-







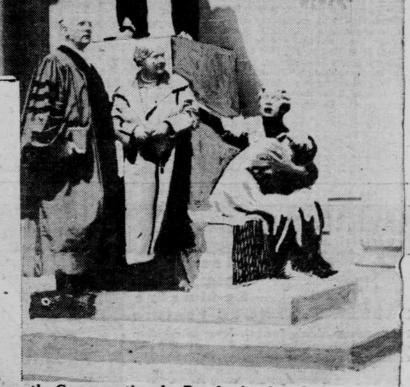


Frederick Douglass-His father was white and his "y heroes. To my companion who mother black, so his first wife was Negro and his sec- had always thought of the Negro as a servant, this unknown colored ond Nordic in order to pay his respects to both parents.man wer a revelation but I had

that, under reecher's leadership, has heard many anti-slavery speeches, is filled with expectant people. The organ plays "John Brown's Body' and Douglass mounts the platform.

He is a strong, owerfully built man, with a brown skin and a shock of bushy hair. His eyes gleam with that liveliness to things a out him common ) the Negro. He stands the reading desk, imme vable, unsmiling looking at the opplauding audience. The girl leans forward clapping excitedly. The man leans forward, too, and pays his tribute. "I don't wonder she married him,'

he says. "He looks like Aesop.' I had ne.er seen Frederick Douglass before (I d.o the "ind person not to resume it) and I was never to see him again, but that night was to me : great event. I had come face to face with one of



Plymouth Congregational-Beecher's church in Brooklyn today, and monument to Henry Ward Beecher, whose views on abolition of slavery were not strong enough to hold the Ovingtons.