



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

The Crisis, Vol. 6, No. 4

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port to salary, promotion and authority, and that a spirit of good will without hypersensitiveness is the thing most needful. Is such a solution Utopian? It is not. It is plain common sense, and if the board of control of the Colored Orphan Asylum cannot carry it out they would better give place to others.

Finally, it is a great mistake to have a governing board over an institution for colored people on which the Negro race is not represented. There is no argument of social compatibility, wealth or education which should for a moment defend such an anomaly and injustice.

Slavery

The civilization of South Africa, by means of theft, disfranchisement and slavery, goes on apace. Recently the better-paid white workingmen who have long been attempting to climb to affluence and democracy on the necks of black slaves have been led to strike. London papers thus detail their reasons:

"The mining of gold in South Africa produces an appalling death roll.

"The white underground workers in the South African mines number between 10,000 and 12,000. It is stated that there are 4,000 new cases of miner's phthisis among them annually.

"Last year more than 1,000 of the 2,000 men examined by the medical commission were found to have phthisis. No rock driller could work in the mines for sixteen years and escape it. Death takes place, as a rule, before the age of 40. After two and one-half years service 25 per cent of the men are affected, and the proportion increases till after fifteen and one-half years' service the percentage affected is 100.

"Furthermore, the death rate from accidents in South African mines is the highest in any part of the world. The accident death rate in 1910 was 10 1/4 per thousand. Not less than 10,000 men die in these mines every year."

If this is true of South African white men, with a vote and a voice and high wages, what, in the name of a merciful God, can be the condition of the voteless and voiceless black who toil for dividends to support luxurious restaurants and churches and automobiles in London and New York!

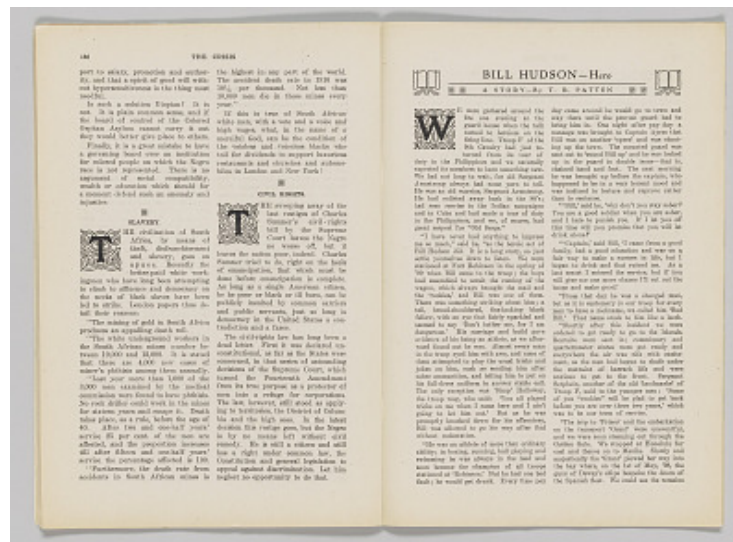
Civil Rights

The sweeping away of the last vestiges of Charles Sumners's civil-rights bill by the supreme Court leaves the Negro no worse off, but it leaves the nation poor, indeed. Charles Sumner tried to do, right on the heels of emancipation, that which must be done before emancipation is complete. As long as a single American citizen, be he poor or black or ill born, can be publicly insulted by common carriers and public servants, just so long is democracy in the United States a contradiction and a farce.

The civil-rights law has long been a dead letter. First it was declared unconstitutional, as far as the States were concerned, in that series of astounding decisions of the Supreme Court, which turned the Fourteenth Amendment from its true purpose as a protector of men into a refuge for corporations. The law, however, still stood as applying to territories, the District of Columbia and the high seas. In the latest decision this vestige goes, but the Negro is by no means left without civil remedy. He is still a citizen and still has a right under common law, the Constitution and general legislation to appeal against discrimination. Let him neglect no opportunity to do that.

Bill Hudson - Hero

We were gathered around the fire one evening at the guard house when



the folk turned to [heroism?] on the [?] line. Troop F of the 9th Cavalry had just returned from its tour of duty in the Philippines and we naturally expected its members to have something new.

"We had not long to wait, for old Sergeant Armstrong always had some yarn to sell. He was an old [warrior?], Sergeant Armstrong. He had enlisted away back in the 81's; had seen service in the Indian campaigns and in Cuba and had made a tour of duty in the Philippines, and we, of course, had great respect for "Old Searge."

"I have never had anything to impress me so much," said he, "as the heroic act of Bill [?] did. It is a long story, so just settle yourselves down to listen. We were stationed at Fort Robinson in the spring of '09 when Bill came to the troop; the boys had assembled to await the coming of the wagon, which always brought the mail and the 'rookies,' and Bill was one of them. There was something striking about him; a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking black fellow, with an eye that fairly sparkled and seemed to say 'Don't bother me, for I am dangerous.' His carriage and build gave evidence of his being an athlete, as we afterward found out he was. Almost every man in the troop eyed him with awe, and none of them attempted to play the usual tricks and jokes on him, such as sending him after sabre ammunition, and telling him to put on his full-dress uniform to answer stable call. The only exception was 'Simp' Halloway, the troop wag, who said: 'You all played tricks on me when I came here and I ain't going to let him out.' But as he was promptly knocked down for his effrontery, Bill was allowed to go his way after that without molestation.

"He was an athlete of more than ordinary ability; in boxing, running, ball playing and swimming he was always in the lead and soon became the champion of all troops stationed at 'Robinson.' But he had one bad fault; he would get drunk. Every time pay day came around he would go to town and stay there until the provost guard had to bring him in. One night after pay day a message was brought to Captain Ayres that Bill was on another 'spree' and was shooting up the town. The mounted guard was sent out to 'round Bill up' and he was locked up in the guard in double irons—that is, chained hand and foot. The next morning he was brought up before the captain, who happened to be in a very lenient mood and was inclined to lecture and reprove rather than to sentence.

"'Bill,' said he, 'why don't you stay sober? You are a good soldier when you are sober, and I hate to punish you. If I let you off this time will you promise that you will let drink alone?'

"'Captain,' said Bill, 'I came from a good family, had a good education and was on a fair way to make a success in life, but I began to drink and that ruined me. As a last resort I entered the service, but if you will give me one more chance I'll cut out the booze and make good.'

"From that day he was a changed man, but as it is customary in our troop for every man to have a nickname, we called him 'Bad Bill.' That name stuck to him like a leech.

"Shortly after this incident we were ordered to get ready to go to the Islands. Recruits were sent in; commissary and quartermaster stores were got ready and everywhere the air was rife with excitement, as the men had begun to chafe under the restraint of barrack life and were anxious to get to the front. Sergeant Setphein, another of the old 'landmarks' of Troop F, said to the younger men: 'Some of you "rookies" will be glad to get back before you are over there two years,' which was to be our term of service.

"The trip to 'Frisco' and the embarkation on the transport 'Grant' were uneventful, and we were soon steaming out through the Golden Gate. We stopped at Honolulu for coal and thence on to Manila. Slowly and majestically the 'Grant' plowed her way into the bay where, on the 1st of May, '98, the guns of Dewey's ships bespoke the doom of the Spanish fleet. We could see the remains

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