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Charles Young, the highest ranked African American officer in the Regular Army of the United States, was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco when he delivered "The Ideals of the Negroes in the United States." Here is a lengthy excerpt from the speech:

"I wish to acquaint you with the spirit strivings of the black race of which I am part and parcel. I fear that the higher interests of my people are going netherward—and yours with them, for when one part of the body is diseased the whole body is not well, and my people are one-twelfth of the body politic. For the solution of ill-named "negro problem"—for it is your problem as well as mine—you have had offered you amalgamation, a hodge-podge of black and white, deportation, extermination, and finally you have had offered you industrialism. I desire to impress upon you the importance of kindness toward this man who so much needs your good offices.

"You have given a few thousands of dollars to Booker T. Washington in order to solve this problem. You have put this money into the slot machine to have the problem solved while you wait. I do not wish to belittle this work nor fail in thankfulness to you for what you have done. But this is not a solution by itself. For when the negro is given industrial training he is often refused work for fear of the unions.

"It has been said that the negro should go into business, but this two centuries of labor have hone to build up capital for someone else and he has not money to start with.

"We have been told to give up altogether the hope of higher education. But even the Tuskegee itself would not exist without the existence of the higher educated negro, and this advice is offered us in the hope of our triumphs in painting a picture for the Salon of Paris, the poetry of Dunbar, the sculpturing of Lewis, and our national instinct for music, which is greater than that of any other race.

"We are between the devil, which would bid us give up hope, and the deep blue sea of our ambitions that are surging in our hearts. A negro sculptures has invented a statue of a man eating his own heart. Nobody but a negro would have conceived of such a thing. We know what it is to eat our own hearts. We know what it is to stifle our aspirations, to have our efforts derided, the finger of scorn pointed at us because we fail to reach the level of the white man. But we will not survive by sycophancy, rise by truckling. This feeling is not the result of higher education of the negro, but is the result of the American negro manhood.

"In every man, it has been said, there is a tiger, a pig, and ass and a nightingale. I do not know as to the white race, but I do know that my race has something of the ferocity of the tiger, the selfishness which the pig represents, the patience of the ass. I do believe that you all have the spirit of the nightingale, representing those things that rise and soar and go upward. The spirit of chivalry is not dead. It is shown in the help the white people have given my people. I do not come today to

work up a maudlin sentiment, to make you "nigger lovers." I do come to demand that as you love your country you will not disgrace its escutcheon by oppression of a man the most kindly and helpful God ever gave. You are going to have a white mans chance, and that is all I ask for the negro. The time of old "aunties" and "uncles" is past. The "sassy nigger" followed, but he too is gone. The negro asking for the white man's chance is the one we now have. Will you give it? The nightingale within me soars and sings and says: "Be of good courage, be true to your high ideals, because these are the things on which your salvation depends."