

# Side Lights Or Shadows On The Recent Race Riots at East St. Louis, Illinois.

By Mrs. Delores Johnson Farrow, R. N.

Before the mob had ended its work of killing law-abiding Colored men, women and children at East St. Louis, Ill., I had fully decided to accompany Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett to that city.

For, as a matter of fact, so few members of our race feel such outrages keenly enough to pitch into the fight and help bear the burdens of our oppressed ones, not alone with money and verbal utterances, but with the supreme sacrifice, our personal services; thereby showing their oppressors that we do care for our own and are willing to offer up the highest and best in us, in defense of their rights.

Since the Red Cross nursing organization excludes from membership Colored nurses and anticipating the increased racial antipathy that follows such outbreaks, I decided to go to East St. Louis with Mrs. Barnett, help her in any way possible to fix the responsibility for such inhuman, illegal acts and give my professional services, if needed, to the sick and injured refugees.

Before and after reaching East St. Louis, for the first time in my life, I began to fully realize how bitterly cruel was race hatred. Men who said they were soldiers, sat just across from us on our way to St. Louis; were bragging in loud, profane voices about the accomplishments of the mob and bitterly denouncing the militia for protecting "Niggers." Then one stooped over and muttered either "I did not" or "I would not." I could not tell which.

I have an extract from the Post Dispatch of St. Louis of which Carlos F. Hurd, the man who has given such unbiased, widespread publicity to the affair, is a reporter, which reads as follows:

"An intoxicated soldier returning to East St. Louis from St. Louis on the back platform of a street car to-day

boastfully exhibited clips of cartridges to the conductor and a passenger, who happened to be a Post Dispatch reporter, and said that he fired 17 of them during the riots. 'I must have hit something,' he said. He was asked what he was shooting at. 'Niggers, of course,' he said. 'I can't see anything but black targets.' He had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket."

While in East St. Louis in a conversation with a soldier who said he was from Springfield, Ill., though in a more conservative way, showed all too plainly that his sentiments were with the mob and that the fight for democracy and justice to all had not been his reason for donning the khaki.

While viewing the ruins of "Black Valley" and studying the apathetic faces of the White and the sad discouraged faces of black passersby, I began to think of the pitiful, heroic efforts that Negroes are making all over the country to become desirable, useful citizens and that such barbarous, savage methods as are used by his much vaunted superiors to foil his attempts would prove futile.

That the lives of those of our race which have been taken so wantonly have not been sacrificed in vain; instead the consciences of the good people all over the land will be aroused that Negroes, too, will make higher, firmer resolves and a new and powerful impetus will be given them.

I hope because of the East St. Louis orgy, every Negro the world over will become an active member of the N. A. A. C. P., the Negro Fellowship League, and other similar institutions for the good of the race.

Before closing I want to thank those Post Office employees and their wives who defrayed the expenses incurred by my trip to East St. Louis. It was a complete surprise to me, for which I express my sincere appreciation.



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Graduate nurse from Provident Hospital, this city, who accompanied Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett to East St. Louis, Ill., and assisted to look after the wants and comforts of the victims of the mob in that city.