

ZORA NEALE HURSTON • TESTIMONIAL ON WALTER WHITE • C.1935

UNPUBLISHED
WPA
STORIES
FLORIDA
FOLKLORE
NEGRO
LEGENDS

THE
X-RAY
—
ZORA
NEALE
HURSTON

ZORA
NEALE
HURSTON

ZORA NEALE
HURSTON'S
SORORITY
YEARBOOKS
WITH THREE
CONTRI-
BUTIONS

THEIR EYES
WERE
WATCHING GOD

ZORA NEALE
HURSTON

THEIR EYES
WERE
WATCHING GOD

ZORA NEALE
HURSTON

JONAH'S
GOURD VINE

HURSTON

DUST TRACKS
ON A ROAD

ZORA NEALE
HURSTON

THEIR EYES
WERE
WATCHING
GOD
—
ZORA HURSTON

SERAPH
ON THE
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MOSES
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—
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MOSES:
MAN OF THE
MOUNTAIN

ZORA NEALE
HURSTON

TELL
MY HORSE
—
ZORA NEALE
HURSTON

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W A L T E R W H I T E

(THE FINDER-OF-THE- WAY)

TO THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE:

I note that Walter White has served The Negro race, the minority groups, the United States of America and the decencies of the world for twenty-five years.

I wish to pay homage to Walter White, first as a long-time friend. In that capacity, he has been all that a friend should be. He knew how imperfect I was all along, but friended with me just the same. But I wish to pay my reverence to something greater than friendship on this important occasion.

I want to give him his right name, as the human home of the greatest of Negro spirits, HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER.

HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER is that will to victory distilled in Negro souls, that has and will carry on through and despite every difficulty. If not today, somehow, someday to the dignity of manhood, and the right to happiness. HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER is not new. He has been with us in America since the first slave ship dropped its miserable load on American soil. He hovered over the burdened ships like a great, but invisible bird, and followed them across the seas on the winds of panted prayers. The bread of Hope and the foe of despair. Wherever the burden was heaviest, and the agony most bitter, there was HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER making laughter out of sorrow, and songs out of sighs. "But wait", he whispered "The unchanging laws of the Universe shall not be mocked." And again he said, "In another time, I shall come in the flesh, and walk the world like a natural man, and I shall fight with other weapons."

What name he would use, and what he would look like, the singers in the dark did not know, but that he would come, and that he would prevail, the knew and said.

Walter White has done many of those things spoken of old. Like King Arthur of England, he has in his hand the weapon forged for him by the power behind right that might be delayed, but that cannot be denied. It is sharpened and keened by millions of rough hands that have stroked its edge, and longed for the arm to wield it. Walter White has suffered, and will suffer, but that is the fate of all men of destiny. The weapon was for his hand. It is not for him to say that he has won innumerable battles against the hordes of Intolerance, Hate and Injustice. It is his lot to go on. If he has not merely kept up the fight of the Abolitionists for physical freedom from bondage, but broadened the scope to defeat new, and more deceptive forms of slavery, the new and more complex tasks are still his. He has accepted the universal essence in his body, and he must go on.

To a good friend, a great writer, a greater human soul, I turn my humble thanks. Walter White is more than a defender of Negro rights. By his courageous defense of these, he is the defender of the honor of America, and the civilized world. He is one of the world's great citizens. He is a maker-of-a-way-out-of-no-way. He is the incarnation of that great Finder-of-the way, HIGH JOHN DE CONQUER, the DAY*BRINGER. He has fought the good fight.

With faithful feelings,

Zora Neale Hurston
Zora Neale Hurston

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FLORIDA FOLKLORE

Negro Legends

There is a legend that has grown up about the huge alligator which inhabits Lake Belle at Eatonville. He is said to be an ex-slave who escaped from a Georgia plantation during the Indian wars in Florida. He had been a famous medicine man in Africa before he was captured and sold into slavery. On his escape he made his way down into Florida and joined the fighting forces of the Indians under Osceola and Billy-Bowlegs. When they were defeated and scattered, this Negro made great African medicine one night on the shores of what is now known as Lake Belle and at the finish he transformed himself into the American counterpart of his clan god, the crocodile, and slid into the waters to wait a friendly time. He had said time and again to his comrades that he would never die by the hand of the white man nor be re-enslaved.

It had been a sad period for the Indian forces that ended with the alligator incarnation of the former African priest. Osceola had been tricked into captivity, Bill Bowlegs had been slain, their ragged forces had been driven south and east before the conquering arms of the

white man at last. Some had been removed to Oklahoma and the more relentless had been forced to seek refuge in the trackless wilds of the Everglades. The African priest saw no hope for himself in following further the fortunes of war. He announced his intentions to his brothers in arms, made his nine-days preparation before the day of his big medicine, stood before his sacred fire with his supplication and entered the lake to wait the coming of his kind as he predicted. Now and then he assumes human form and lives in the village and about. There is a tremendous all night bellowing of Alligators in the lake when he returns. Then the village says, "The Big One has gone back home."

Negroes like all other ethnological groups have their mythical cities and places. These mentioned here are well-known in Florida as well as other states where the folk-negro exists.

Diddy-Wah-Diddy

This is the largest and best known of the Negro mythical places. Its geography is that it is "way off somewhere". It is reached by a road that curves so much that a mule pulling a wagon-load of fodder can eat off the back of the wagon as he goes. It is a place of no-work and no worry for man and beast. A very restful place where even the curbstones are good sitting-chairs.

The food is even already cooked. If a traveller gets hungry all he needs to do is to sit down on the curbstone and wait and soon he will hear something hollering "Eat me! Eat me! Eat me!" and a big baked chicken will come along with a knife and fork stuck in its sides. He can eat all he wants and let the chicken go and it will go on to the next one that needs something to eat. By that time a big deep sweet potato pie is pushing and shoving to get in front of the traveller with a knife all stuck up in the middle of it so he just cuts a piece off of that and so on until he finishes his snack. Nobody can ever eat it all up. No matter how much you eat it grows just that much faster. It is said "Everybody would live in Diddy-Wah-Diddy if it wasn't so hard to find and so hard to get to after you even know the way." Everything is on a large scale there. Even the dogs can stand flat-footed and lick crumbs off heaven's tables. The biggest man there is known as Moon-Regulator because he reaches up and starts and stops it at his convenience. That is why there are some dark nights when the moon does not shine at all. He did not feel like putting it out that night.

ZAR

This is the farthest known point of the imagination. It is away on the other side of Far. Little is known about the doings of the people of Zar because only one or two have ever found their way back.

BELUTHATCHIE (BEH-LOO-THA-HATCHIE)

This is the country where all unpleasant doings and sayings are forgotten. It is a sort of land of forgiveness. When a woman throws up to her man something that happened in the past (some act that he has perpetrated against happiness), he may merely reply, "I thought that was in Beluthahatchie." (I thought that was forgiven and forgotten long ago.) Under other circumstances one person may say to another, "Oh, thats in Beluthahatchie." (That is already forgotten. Don't mention it. I hold nothing against you.) This place is "The sea of forgetfulness where nothing may rise to accuse me in this world, nor condemn me in the judgment."

WEST HELL

West Hell is the hottest and toughest part of that warm territory. The most desperate malefactors are the only ones condemned to West Hell, which is some miles

west of Regular Hell. These souls are changed to rubber coffins so that they go bouncing through Regular Hell and on to their destination without having to be carried by attendants as the Devil does not like to send his imps into West Hell oftener than is absolutely necessary. This suburb of Hell is celebrated as the spot where the Devil and Big John De Conqueror had their famous fight. Big John De Conqueror had flown to Hell on the back of an eagle, had met the Devil's daughters and fallen in love with the baby girl child. She agreed to elope with him and they had stolen the Devil's famous pair of horses that went by the name of Hallowed-Be-Thy-Name, and Thy-Kingdom-Come. When the Devil found out about it he hitched up his equally famous jumping bull and went in pursuit. He overtook the fleeing lovers in West Hell and they fought all over the place, so good a man, so good a devil! But way after while John tore off one of the Devil's arms and beat him, and married the Devil's daughter. But before he left Hell he passed out ice water to everybody in there. If you don't believe he done it, just go down to Hell and ask anybody there and they will tell you all about it. He even turned the damper down in some parts of hell so its a whole lot cooler there now than it used to be. They even have to make a fire in the

fireplace in the parlor now on cool nights in the wintertime. John did that because he says him and his wife expect to go home to see her folks some time and he don't like the house kept so hot like the Devil has been keeping it. And if he go back there and find that that damper has been moved up again he means to tear up the whole job and turn West Hell into an ice-house.

HEAVEN

In this city there is the celebrated Sea of Glass where the angels go out to glide every afternoon for their pleasure. There are many golden streets, but the two main arteries of travel are Amen Street, running north and south, which is intersected right in front of the throne by Hallelujah Avenue running from the east side of Heaven to the west. All of the streets are a pleasure to walk on, but Hallelujah Avenue and Amen Street are "tuned" streets. They play tunes when they are walked upon. They do not play any particular or set tunes. They play whatever tunes the feet of the walker plays as he struts. All of the shoes have songs in them too. Everybody's shoes sing solme, sol do, sol me, sol do, as they walk up and down in Heaven. The rumor is that there are no more Negroes in Heaven.

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God used to let them go there in great numbers, but one Negro came there who could not wait until Old Gabriel showed him how to fly. He was so eager to use his new wings that he took off over Heaven and got so cocky he tried to fly across God's nose. He fell and tore down a lot of God's big gold and jeweled hanging lamps and knocked over several of those big golded up vases that are standing all over Heaven. When he got through falling, down and breaking up, God just gave him a look and Gabriel knew just what to do. He went to the Negro and ripped off his wings. He told, the destruction-maker says, " And it will be a long, long, time before you get anymore wings too." The Negro told Gabriel, "I don't care if I never get no more. I sure was a flying fool when I had 'em." So since that time they have been mighty careful up there and some folks say that no more Negroes have qualified as yet.

On Route #17 north of Jacksonville the white owner of a large barbeque stand has named his place Diddy-Wah-Diddy. He said he did it because he was always hearing the Negroes around there talking about this mythical place of good things to eat, especially the barbeque. So he thought that it would prove a good title.

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Well, its on crossways. Every other fish got his tail on straight but de porpoise. His is on crossways and bent down like dis. (He bent down the fingers of his left hand sharply from his knuckles.)

De reason for dat is, God made de world and de sky and de birds and animals and de fishes. He finished off de stars and de trees. Den He made a gold track clear 'round de world and greased it and called de sun to Him and says. "NowSun, Ah done made everything but Time and Ah want you to make dat. Ah made dat gold track for you to git on it and go 'round de world jus' as fas' as you kin stave it and de time it take you to go and come Ah'm gointer call it 'day and 'night."

De porpoise was standin' 'round and heard God when He spoke to de sun. So he says, "B'lieve Ah'll take dat trip around de world myself."

So de sun lit out and de porpoise took out. Him and Him! 'Round de world - likety split!

So de porpoise beat de sun 'round de world by an hour and three minutes.

When God seen dat He shook His head and says, "Unh, huh! Dis aint gointer do. Ah never meant for nothin' to be faster than de sun."

So He took out behind dat porpoise and run him for three days and nights befo' He overtook him. But when He did ketch dat ole porpoise He grabbed him by de tail and snatched it off and set it back on crossways to slow him up. He cant beat de sun no mo' but he's de next fastest thing in de world.

Everybody laughed one of those blow-out laughs, so Mack Ford said:

"Mah lyin' done got good to me, so Ahm gointer tell yuh how come de dawg hates de oat.

De dog and de cat used to live next door to one 'nother and both of 'em loved ham. Every time they git a chance they'd buy a slice of ham.

One time both of 'em got hold of a li'l extry change so de dog said to de cat, "Sis Cat, we both got a li'l money, and it would be fine if bof of us could buy a ham apiece. But neither one of us aint got enough money to buy a whole ham by ourselves, why dont we put our money together and buy us a ham together.?"

"Aw right, Brer Dawg. T'omorrer begin' Sat'day, le's we go to town and git outselves a ham."

So de next day dey went to town and bought de ham. They didnt have no convenience so they had to walk and tote it. De dawg toted it first and he said as he walked up de road wid de ham over his shoulders, "Ours! Ours! Our ham!"

After while it was de cat's time to tote de meat, She said, "my ham, my ham, my ham." Dawg heard her but he didnt say nothin'.

When de dog took it again he says, "Ours, ours, our ham!" Cat toted it and says, "My ham, my ham."

Dawg says, "Sis Cat, how come you keep on sayin' 'My ham' when you totes our meat. Ah always say 'Our ham!'"

De Cat didnt turn him no answer, but every time she toted de ham she'd say "My ham" and every time de dawg toted it he'd say "Ours."

When they was almost home, de cat was carrin' de ham and all of a sudden she sprang up a tree and set up there eatin' up de ham. De dawg did all he could to stop her, but he couldnt climb and so he couldnt do nothin' but bark.

But he tole de eat, "You up dat tree eatin' all de ham, and Ah cant git to you. But when you come down Ahm gointer make you take dis Indian River for uh dusty road."

Ole Devil looked around hell one day and seen his place was short of help so he thought he'd run up to Heben and kidnap some angels to keep things runnin' till he got reinforcements from Miami.

Well, he slipped up on a great crowd of angels on de outskirts of Heben and stuffed a couple of thousand in his mouth, a few hundred under each arm and wrapped his tail 'round another thousand and darted oftowards hell.

When he was flyin' low over de earth lookin' for a place to land, a man looked up and seen de Devil and ast 'im, "Ole Devil, Ah see you got a load of angels. Is you goin' back for mo?"

Devil opened his mouth and tole 'im, "Yeah," and all de li'l angels flew out his mouf and went on back to Heben. While he was tryin' to ketch 'em he lost all de others. So he went back after another load.

He was flyin' low and de same man seen him and says, "Ole Devil, Ah see you got another load uh angels."

Devil nodded his head and said "unh hunh," and dat's why we say it today.

It was slavery time, Zora, when Big Sixteen was a man. They called 'im Sixteen 'cause dat was de number of de shoe he wore. He was big and strong and Old Massa looked to him to do everything.

One day Ole Massa said, "Big Sixteen, Ah b'lieve Ah want you to move dem sills Ah had hewed out down in de swamp."

"I yassuh, Massa."

Big Sixteen went down in de swamp and picked up dem 12 x 12's and brought 'em on up to de house and stack 'em. No one man aint never toted a 12 x 12 befo' nor since.

So Ole Massa said one day, "Go fetch in de mules. Ah want to look 'em over."

Big Sixteen went on down to de pasture and caught dem mules by de bridle but they was contrary and balky and he tore de bridles to pieces pullin' on 'em, so he picked one of 'em up under each arm and brought 'em up to Old Massa.

He says, "Big Sixteen, if you kin tote a pair of balky mules, you kin do anything. You kin catch de Devil."

"Yassah, Ah kin, if you git me a nine-pound hammer and a pick and a shovel!"

Ole Massa got Sixteen de things he ast for and tole 'im to go ahead and bring him de Devil.

Bix Sixteen went out in front of de house and went to diggin'. He was diggin' nearly a month befo' he got where he wanted. Then he took his hammer and went and knocked on de Devil's door. Degil answered de door hisself.

"Who dat our dere?"

"Its Big Sixteen."

"What you want?"

"Wanta have a word wid you for a minute."

Soon as de Devil poked his head out de door, Sixteen lammed him over de head wid dat hammer and picked 'im up and carried 'im back to Old Massa.

Old Massa looked at de dead Devil and hollered, "Take dat ugly thing 'way from here, quick! Ah didntthink you'd ketch de Devil sho 'nuff."

So Sixteen picked up de Devil and throwed 'im back down de hole.

Way after while, Big Sixteen died and went up to Heben. But Peter looked at him and tole 'im to g'wan 'way from dere. He was too powerful. He might git outaorder and there wouldnt be nobody to handle 'im. But he had to go somewhere so he went on to hell.

Soon as he got to de gate de Devil's children was playin' in de yard and they seen 'im and run in de house, says, "Mama, mama! Dat man's out dere dat kilt papa".

So she called 'im in de house and shet de door. When Sixteen got there she handed 'im a li'l piece of fire and said, "You aint comin' in here. Here, take dis hot coal and g'wan off and start you a hell uh yo' own."

So when you see a Jack O'Lantern in de woods at night you know it's Big Sixteen wid his piece of fire lookin' for a place to go.

Well, one Christmas time, God was goin' to Palatka. De Devil was in de neighborhood too and seen God goin' long de big road, so he jumped behind a

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stump and hid. Not dat he was skeered uh God, but he wanted to git a Christmas present outa God but he didnt wanta give God nothin'.

So he squatted down behind this stump till God come along and then he jumped up and said, "Christmas gift !"

God just looked back over his shoulder and said, "Take de East Coast," and kept on walkin'. And dat's why we got storms and skeeters - its de Devil's property.

I should mention it is a custom in the deep South for the children to go out Christmas morning "catching" people by saying "Christmas gift." The one who saysit first gets a present from the other. The adults usually prepare for this by providing plenty of hard candy, nuts, coconuts, fruits and the like. They never try to catch the neighbor's children but let themselves be caught.

"Who all know what uh squinch owl is? Frazier lit out. "Man, who you reckon it is, dont know what dat bad luck thing is?" Christopher Jenkins asked. "Sign uh death every time you hear one hollerin round yo' house. Ah shoots every one Ah kin find."

"You kin stop 'em without shootin' 'em. Jus' tie uh loose knot in uh string and every time he holler you pull de knot uh lil bit tighter, Dat chokes 'im. Keep on you ohok 'im tuh death. Go out doors nex' mawnin and look ahround you'll find uh dead owl round dere somewhere." Said Mah Honey.

"All you need tuh do is turn somethin' wrong side outuds, pull off yo' coat and turn it or else you kin turn uh pocket." Carris Jones added. "Me, Ah always pull off uh stockin' and turn it. Dat always drives 'im off."

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-a-

"Throw some salt on de lamp or stick uh rusty fork in de floor will do de same thing. In faet its de best of all; Ah mean de salt in de lamp. Nothin' evil cant stand salt, let alone burnin' salt."

New Orleans is now and has everbeen the hoodoo capital of America. Great names in rites that vie with those of Hayti in deeds that keep alive the powers of Africa.

Hoodoo, or Voodoo, as pronounced by the whites, is burning with a flame in America, with all the intensity of a suppressed religion. It has its thousands of secret adherents. It adapts itself like Christianity to its locale, reclaiming some of its borrowed characteristics to itself. Such as fire-worship as signified in the Christian Church by the alter and the candles. And the belief in the power of water to sanctify as in baptism.

Belief in magic is older than writing. So nobody knows how it started.

The way we tell it, hoodoo started way back there before everything. Six days of magic spells and mighty words and the world with its elements above and below was made. And now, God is leaning back taking a seventh day rest. When the eighth day comes around, He'll start to making new again.

Man wasn't made until around half-past five on the sixth day, so he can't know how anything was done. Kingdoms crushed and crumbled whilst man went gazing up into the sky and down into the hollows of the earth trying to catch God working with His hands so he could find out His secrets and learn how to accomplish and do. But no man yet has seen God's hand, nor yet his finger-nails. All they could know was that God made everything to pass and perish except stones. God made stones for memory. He builds a mountain Himself when He wants things not forgot. Then His voice is heard in rumbling

judgment.

Moses was the first man who ever learned God's power-compelling words and it took him forty years to learn ten words. So he made ten plagues and ten commandments. But God gave him His rod for a present, and showed him the back part of His glory. Then too, Moses could walk out of the sight of man. But Moses never would have stood before the Burning Bush if he had not married Jethro's daughter. Jethro was a great hoodoo man. Jethro could tell Moses ^{carry} could/power as soon as he saw him. In fact he felt him coming. Therefore, he took Moses and crowned him and taught him. So Moses passed on beyond Jethro with his rod. He lifted it up and tore a nation out of Pharaoh's side and Pharaoh couldn't help himself. Moses talked with the snake that lives in a hole right under God's foot-rest. Moses had fire in his head and a cloud in his mouth. The snake had told him God's making words. The words of doing and the words of obedience. Many a man thinks he is making something when he's only changing things around. But God let Moses make. And then Moses had so much power he made the eight winged angels split open a mountain to bury him in, and shut up the hole behind them.

And ever since the days of Moses, Kings have been toting rods for a sign of power. But it's mostly sham-polish because no king has ever had the power of even one of Moses' ten words. Because Moses made a nation and a book, a thousand million leaves of ordinary men's writing couldn't tell what Moses said.

Then when the moon had dragged a thousand tides behind her, Solomon was a man. So Sheba, from her country where she was, felt him carrying power and therefore she came to talk with Solomon and hear him.

The Queen of Sheba was an Ethiopian just like Jethro, with power unequal to man. She didn't have to deny herself to give gold to Solomon.

She had gold-making words. But she was thirsty and the country where she lived was dry to her mouth. So she listened to her talking ring and went to see Solomon, and the fountain in his garden quenched her thirst.

So she made Solomon wise and gave him her talking ring. And Solomon built a room with a secret door and every day he shut himself inside and listened to his ring. So he wrote down the ring-talk in books.

That is what the old ones said in ancient times and we talk it again.

It was way back there - the old folks told it - that Raw-Head-And-Bloody-Bones had reached down and laid hold of the taproot that points to the center of the world. And they talked about High Walker too. But they talked in people's language and nobody knew them but the old folks.

Nobody knows for sure how many thousands in America are warmed by the fire of the hoodoo, because the worship is bound in secrecy. It is not the accepted theology of the Nation and so believers conceal their faith. Brother from sister, husband from wife. Nobody can say where it begins or ends. Mouths don't empty themselves unless the ears are sympathetic and knowing.

That is why these voodoo ritualistic orgies of Broadway and popular fiction are so laughable. The profound silence of the initiated remains what it is. Hoodoo is not drum beating and dancing. There are no moon-worshippers among the Negroes in America.

Once Sis Cat got hongry and caught herself a rat and set herself down to eat 'im. Rat tried and tried to git loose but Sis Cat was too fast and

strong. So jus' as de oat started to eat 'im he says, "Hol' on dere, Sis Cat! Aint yougt no manners atall? You going set up to de table and eat 'thout washing yo' face and hands?"

Sis Cat was mighty hongry but she hate for de rat to think she aint got nomanners, so she went to de water and washed her face and hands and when she got back de rat was gone.

So de oat caught herself a rat again and set down to eat. So de rat said, "Where's yo' manners at, Sis Cat? You going to eat 'thout washing yo' face and hands?"

"Oh, Ah got plenty manners," de oat told 'im. "But Ah eats mah dinner and washes mah face and uses mah manners afterwards." So she et right on 'im and washed her face and hands. And oat's been washin' after eatin' ever since.

[Handwritten notes and signatures in cursive script, including dates like 10/00/01 and various names and initials.]

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THE X-RAY

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ON TO BALTIMORE

Sixth Annual Convention

with

Alpha Gamma Chapter Hostess

DECEMBER 27-30, 1925

The Programme includes

27—Registration

7 P.M.: Officers' Meeting

28—Opening Session

5-7 P.M.: Card Party

8 P.M.: Public Meeting

29—Business Session

8 P.M.—Formal

30—Business Session

8 P.M.: Banquet



NELLIE A. BUCHANAN
National President

Convention days are drawing near and there are ever so many loose ends to check up! This has been a good year—we have come a long way and I hope you feel that we have accomplished some few things.

Do we know one another any better—are we developing into finer, broader women, are we clinging to those ideals that have always been a part of our true Zeta spirit? What has your influence been upon friends, home and community?

CHRISTMAS AND CONVENTION TIME

The Yuletide season is approaching and with it comes the spirit of good will, of enthusiastic reactions, of untiring efforts to broadcast joy. What is more fitting than to have Convention Days when one is so enthused.

The Editorial Staff sends heartiest greetings and best wishes to her Sorors. We are sincerely striving to make Zeta a strong and telling force in this community.

We feel that our success is due largely to your splendid co-operation and to the sincerity we have shown each other.

EDITORIALS

"Sometimes I shut the door on all the world
And go alone to that most secret place
Where there is only God.
Just God and I! There
Together we go over subtle acts
Mistakes and small hypocrisies of mine,
I strip my self from shams and shackles free
And stand aghast at my duplicity.
And while I feel it often hard to bear
The burning of God's knowing eyes on me,
I feel me stronger grow just from their gaze
And my nakedness it seems to me is clothed
In raiment new that is most wondrous fair
When next I venture forth—Sincerity
Is the gift that God in secret gave to me."

ZETA PHI BETA
EX-RAY
CONVENTION NUMBER

CHICAGO
DEC. 1926



Official Directory
Zeta Phi Beta Sorority
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VENETIA E. NICHOLS, Financial Secretary
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CHAPTERS

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DELTA—Manhattan State College, Kansas City, Kan.
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KAPPA—Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.
LAMBDA—Nashville, Tenn.
THETA—Wiley College, Marshall Town, Texas.
ZETA—Athens University, Athens, Ohio.
MU—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
ALPHA ZETA—Baltimore, Md.
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The X-Ray

Official Organ of Zeta Phi Beta Society
Published Twice a Year.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1926 No. III.

The object of this publication is to help Zeta up the hill; to inspire finer womanhood; to encourage cooperative thinking and acting; and to be of distinct service to each Soror. It is planned so as to tell in one convincing glance the whole dramatic story of Zeta Phi Beta.

WINONAH W. HARVEY - - - Editor
RUTH HODGES - - - Associate Editor
LILLIAN R. SMITH - Managing Editor

THE CONVENTION NUMBER

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Opportunity - - - - - Lydia R. Mason
When the Pendulum Swings Back
Winonah W. Harvey
"Spears" - - - - - Zora Neale Hurston
"The Cracker Box"

A LETTER TO YOU

My Dear Sorors:

This month we are making an attempt to reach you through the X-Ray. We are very happy indeed to make our official organ our medium.

First we wish to ask you to accept our sincere gratitude for the loyal support and hearty co-operation given last year. To our Ex-National President, Soror Buchanon, her cabinet, to President Lewis, to the General Board, to the various Chapters and to the individual Sorors who have extended courtesy and kindness, who have co-operated with us in any way to make Zeta Phi Beta a success in behalf of the General Board, we wish to give you many, many thanks.

Dear Sorors, I am making an appeal to each and every one of you for the prompt payment of General Dues. Also bear in mind the tax of twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars per chapter for the General scholarship. Consider it an investment in the moulding of Finer Womanhood. In the final analysis this is the only kind of investment we can make that will live down through the ages. Zeta Phi Beta is going on and upward and is assuming an increasingly important place in the life of the American Negro.

The program of our Sorority should not be held up because of a few dollars. We are sure that every Soror wants to be a part of our splendid program. We want no delinquent links in our chain, and every link must remain.

It is expected that every chapter will pay up the dues one hundred per cent, and not one chapter will come up without its quota of the scholarship fund.

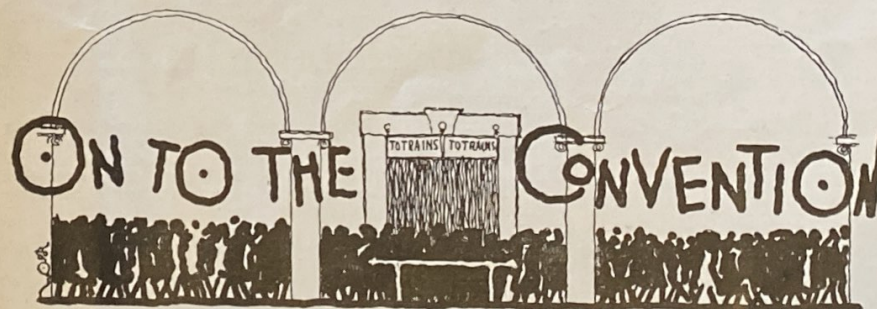
Let those who are graduating this year as well as those who have been out of school for a year or so and have become delinquent, bear in mind that a Zeta girl's greatest duty to Zeta Phi Beta begins after she leaves school and begins her life's work out in the world. Please pay up your dues.

Remember, when Zeta calls we'll answer one and all. Zeta is calling.

Sisterly yours,

VENETIA E. NICHOLS,

National Financial Secretary.



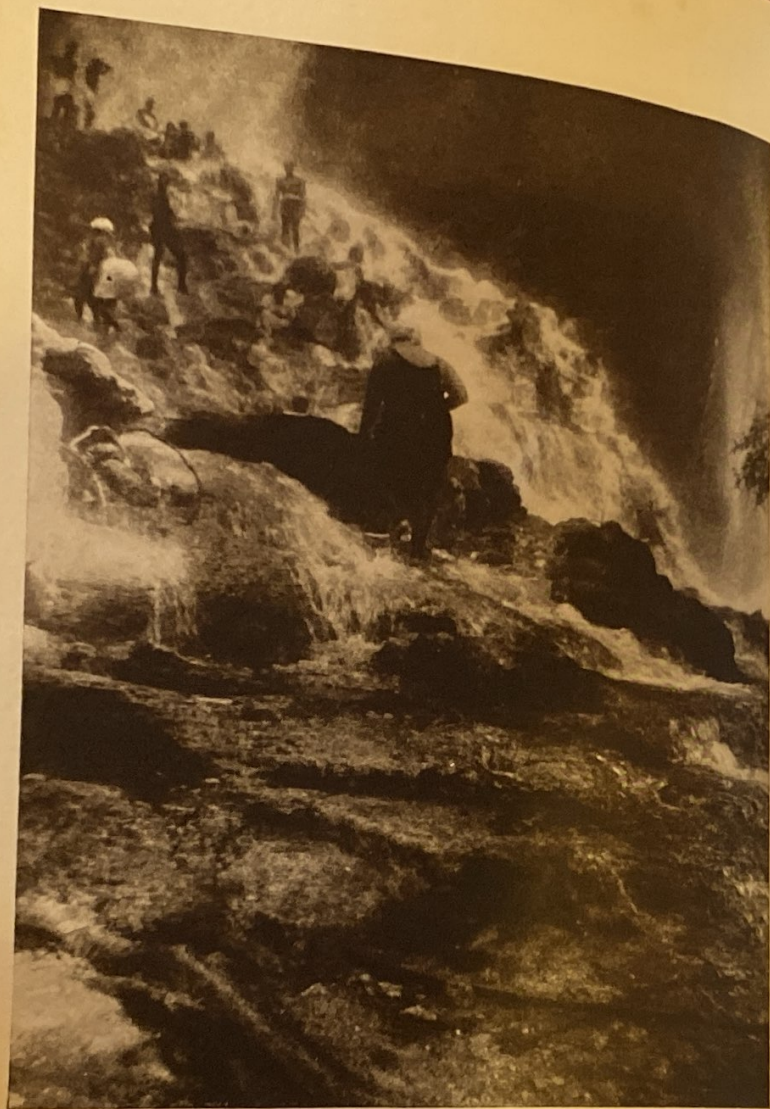
4442

TELL MY HORSE

VOODOO & LIFE IN HAITI & JAMAICA



Zora Neale Hurston



ASCENDING THE SACRED WATERFALLS AT SAUT D'EAU

TELL MY HORSE

BY
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON TORONTO

COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY
ZORA NEALE HURSTON

MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

TO
CARL VAN VECHTEN
GOD'S IMAGE OF A FRIEND

28
300
49

One of the most complete collections of American negro folklore that has ever been published forms Part I. Authentic descriptions of the weird hoodoo practices as carried on by negroes in the South today composes Part II.

MULES AND MEN

By Zora Neale Hurston

Author of "Jonah's Gourd Vine"

Foreword by Dr. Franz Boas
of Columbia University

Illustrated by Covarrubias

Zora Hurston has made here probably the greatest and most sympathetically recorded collection of Negro folklore in the world (we say "folklore" but in this book B. Moseley called them "big old lies we tell when we're jus' sittin' around here on the store porch doin' nothin'"). And tall lies they are about men "so black till they have to throw a sheet over their heads so de sun kin rise every mornin'." Included in the first part are folk-tales, typical sermons by colored preachers and a number of negro songs with complete musical accompaniment — the famous "John Henry," "East Coast Blues" and "Mule on De Mount." In the second section the author's equally exhaustive first-hand study of the hoodoo practices of the Southern darky is clearly evident. She explains the origin of hoodoo, describes the weird practices and rituals of the famous Marie Leveau of New Orleans, her successor and many other hoodoo doctors. No more vivid atmosphere could be created as a background for this authentic material, no more intimate facts could be told, than those which Miss Hurston brings to us here — herself a member of the richly imaginative race about which she writes.

SOME REVIEWS

OF ZORA NEALE HURSTON'S PREVIOUS BOOK

"Mules and Men"

"An excellent piece of reporting in an infectiously interesting style." — *New York Herald Tribune*.

"In Zora Neale Hurston's book 'Mules and Men' you are publishing a distinct contribution. The author worked in a field where she was welcome and brought forth a wealth of bright new material. It is a bold and beautiful book, many a page priceless and unforgettable." — *Carl Sandburg*.

"But no advantage of skin or blood could have produced the book which Miss Hurston brought back from the gay 'woofing' of Florida's lumber camps and the tawdry rituals off the little sinister streets in New Orleans's Vieux Carre. Only an ability to write, a rare conjunction of the sense of the ridiculous and the sense of the dramatic, could have produced this remarkable collection of Negro folk tales and folk customs."

— *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

"It's a grand book, full of the most fascinating lore."

— *Carl Van Vechten*.

"It seems to me Zora Neale Hurston's latest volume, *Mules and Men*, is taking down, at first hand, a hitherto unrecorded body of folk tales and voodoo rituals from her own people in Florida and in New Orleans. The tall tales are delightful and hoodoo rites are uncanny in their dramatic power. The volume seems to me of incalculable value to the folklorists, and a real adventure to anyone interested in the vivid vernacular of Negro life in the deep South. It is an authentic record, interpreted with imagination and uncanny dramatic feeling."

— *Frederick H. Hoch, Kenan Professor of Dramatic Literature, University of North Carolina*.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

9791

9/6/6

Xi Alpha Chapter
of
Zeta Phi Beta Sorority
honoring their distinguished soror
Zora Neale Hurston

Sunday afternoon, October 19, 1941, 4 to 7 o'clock
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Mitchell
1249 West 36th street

Zora Neale Hurston

BARNARD COLLEGE considers Zora Neale Hurston, anthropologist, research student under Franz Boaz (the world's most famous anthropologist), and novelist, among its most outstanding graduates. And well they might. Not only is she the first Negro graduate of that famous and exclusive college but was the first colored woman to get a Guggenheim fellowship (she was awarded two) and was also first recipient of a Rosenwald fellowship for her particular field.

In the anthropological world, Miss Hurston is recognized by leading scholars and universities. She is a member of the American Folklore Society, American Ethnological Society, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. For these societies she has done learned and scientific papers for publication in their journals.

As a fiction writer, Zora Neale Hurston first attracted attention with a story in **Story Magazine** which accepts only quality stories. An article in **The World Tomorrow** entitled "How It Feels To Be Colored Me" also caused wide comment. Both appeared in 1928. Her first novel, "Jonah's Gourd Vine," was accepted by her publishers (J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia) thirteen days after its submission . . . and critics hailed her as the first Negro writer who knew how to tell a story. "Mules and Men," "Their Eyes Were Watching God," "Tell My Horse," and "Moses, Man of the Mountain," are subsequent books that warrant the recognition she has received. She was the first Negro to speak at the Boston Book Fair where she is an annual feature and has also spoken for the New York Book Fair.

Miss Hurston's highly successful novel, "Their Eyes Were Watching God," has been conceded by critics to be exemplary of the most beautiful writing in the English language. The book was published in London by J. M. Dent Company and in the Italian in 1938 at Rome.

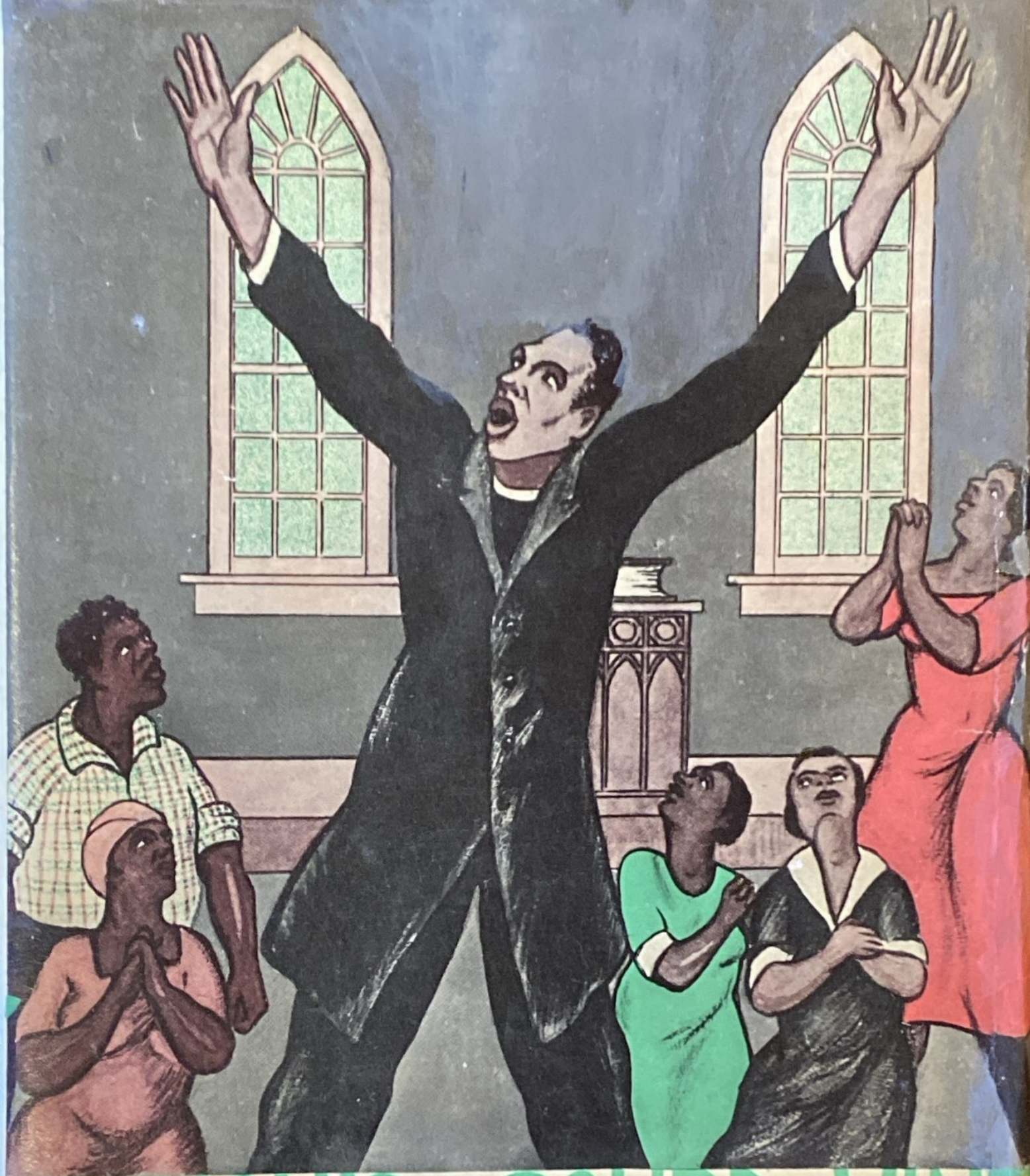
Miss Hurston's collegiate career included Howard University. It was there that she was initiated into the Zeta Phi Beta sorority in 1925 and Zetas are justly proud of hailing her as the most outstanding of their sorors.

9791b

*Xi Alpha Chapter
of
Zeta Phi Beta Sorority
honoring their distinguished soror
Zora Neale Hurston*

*Sunday afternoon, October 19, 1941, 4 to 7 o'clock
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Mitchell
1249 West 36th street*

9791b



JONAH'S GOURD VINE

BY

ZORA NEALE HURSTON

To

Anne Smith Hopkins

A bright flame in a
misty world

With worship,

Zora Nell Hurston

Carl Van Vechten says: "This book seems to me so extraordinary that I recommend it with unrestrained enthusiasm."

(Additional comments on back cover of this jacket)

JONAH'S GOURD VINE

By Zora Neale Hurston

Introduction by Fannie Hurst

This work tells the life story of a big, lovable Alabama negro. "His mama named him two-eye-John from a preachin she heered but dey called him John-Buddy for short." Ned, his "father," called him "yaller nigger" because he had white blood in his veins, and when he could stand the sight of the boy no longer he drove him from the house. So John wandered over the Big Creek to Alf Pearson's plantation where he was born. It was there he learned to love little black-eyed Lucy Potts who could speak pieces better than anyone in the class and on Lucy's fifteenth birthday they were married. John loved her and the infant sons and daughters which began to make their appearance—but other women always held a fascination for him. First Mehaley, then Big 'oman, then others—he couldn't seem to help falling for them. As pastor of Zion Hope he preached, prayed, sang and sinned—and there was *always* another woman. "He wuz uh man and nobody knowed 'im but God."

\$2.00

To
Anne Smith Hopkins
A bright flame in a
misty World
With worship,
Zora Neale Hurston

JONAH'S GOURD VINE

ZORA NEALE HURSTON

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
FANNY HURST*



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON
1934

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON

MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA

TO
BOB WUNSCH

WHO IS ONE OF THE LONG-WINGDED ANGELS
RIGHT ROUND THE THRONE
GO GATOR AND MUDDY THE WATER
THE AUTHOR



Zora Neale Hurston

Zora Hurston is a member of the *American Anthropological Society*, the *American Ethnological Society*, the *American Association for Advancement of Science* and the *American Folklore Society*. She graduated from Barnard College, Columbia University, in 1927 where she studied anthropology under Dr. Franz Boas. She received a fellowship from Barnard to collect Negro folklore and has one of the most complete collections of folklore in that field. This is her first novel, but her stories and research articles have appeared in such magazines as *Story*, *The Journal of American Folklore*, *The Survey Graphic* and *the World Tomorrow*. Besides recording her peoples' folklore in literature Miss Hurston, with her troupe, has given their songs and dances on the stage. She was born at Eatonville, Florida, the first incorporated Negro town in America. She is at present engaged in writing a new book on American Negro folklore.

PROMINENT WRITERS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THIS BOOK

CARL VAN VECHTEN

"As fiction, as sociology, as folklore, this book seems to me to be so extraordinary that I can only recommend it with unrestrained enthusiasm. It should serve to place Miss Hurston at once in the very front rank of those (white or colored) who write about the Negro. Accept my heartiest congratulations!"

FANNIE HURST

"In this work of Zora Hurston there springs, with validity and vitality, a fresh note which, to this commentator, is unique. Here is negro folklore interpreted at its authentic best in fiction form of high order. A brilliantly facile spade has turned over rich new earth. As a matter of fact, not even excepting Langdon Hughes, it is doubtful if there is any literary precedent for the particular type of accomplishment that characterizes *Jonah's Gourd Vine*. Simultaneously these characters are Negroes and people. The author's treatment of whites is as natural and without change of key as it would need to be if she is to succeed in keeping universality the dominant note of her book. Humor, heartache, ambition, frustration, superstition, fear, cussedness, fidelity and infidelity flow naturally behind white and black pores."

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

"Miss Hurston is a young woman of promise. Here are the spirit, the dialect and the poetry of the Negro race in a story by one who of that race yet has the ability to detach herself and see its members objectively. At the same time there is a quality of sympathy which no mere outsider could feel and express. I heartily hope the book will have the wide circulation it so well deserves."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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MOSES

MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN



ZORA NEALE HURSTON

MOSES

Man of the Mountain

BY
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO

Copyright, 1929, by
ERA NEALE HURSTON

First Edition

TO

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

and without him—the Promised Land.

The telling of the story of Hebrew persecution and bondage in Egypt has special significance today because the modern Negro is undergoing a similar fate in some parts of the world at this time.

Moses is Zora Hurston's fifth book—and in it all the brilliant promise of her earlier books crystallizes and comes blazingly to life. The majesty of the old Bible story is here, but in addition there is the special feeling the Negro has always had for Moses as the great magician—the greatest voodoo man of all. The play, *The Green Pastures*, had this same feeling in its portrayal of the Negro conception of our Christian God. Now Zora Hurston, with her singular genius for interpreting her race, writes a book that is unique and unforgettable.

Also by Zora Neale Hurston

TELL MY HORSE

The book is unique in that it tells the inside story, by an *initiate*, of voodoo in Haiti and Jamaica. Zora Hurston herself took part in the rites which are celebrated with all the wild abandon of the native blacks, and she describes what she saw with all the poetry and literary ability that characterizes her writing. This is folklore as only Zora Hurston can write it — the story of esoteric superstitions, savage voodoo ceremonies, strange customs of the little-known Negroes of Jamaica and Haiti. All the mystery, weirdness, horror and comedy of the transplanted African Negro run through the book and color its pages. 26 illustrations.

The New York Times Book Review says: "This book is the result of long and intimate research; and it is itself intimate in a specific and unique sense. . . . An unusual and intensely interesting book, richly packed with strange information. . . . Zora Hurston writes of all this with sympathy and level-headed balance, with no sensationalism, in a style which is vivid, sometimes lyrical, occasionally dramatic, yet simple and restrained."



MULES AND MEN

Zora Hurston has made here probably the greatest and most sympathetically recorded collection of Negro folklore in the world. Included in the first part are folk-tales, typical sermons by colored preachers and a number of Negro songs with complete musical accompaniment. In the second section the author's exhaustive first-hand study of voodoo practices of the Southern darky is clearly evident. She explains the origin of voodoo and describes the weird practices and rituals. No more vivid atmosphere could be created as a background for this authentic material, no more intimate facts could be told, than those which Miss Hurston brings to us here — herself a member of the richly imaginative race about which she writes.

The Saturday Review of Literature says: "But no advantage of skin or blood could have produced the book which Miss Hurston brought back from the gay 'woofing' of Florida's lumber camps and the tawdry rituals off the little sinister streets in New Orleans's Vieux Carre. Only an ability to write, a rare conjunction of the sense of the ridiculous and the sense of the dramatic, could have produced this remarkable collection of Negro folk tales and folk customs."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

4441

Their eyes were
watching God



Zora Hurston

Zora Hurston is recognized in America to be the foremost negro novelist of to-day. It is our privilege to present this, her third and most mature book, to the British public.

Their eyes were watching God may perhaps be best described as the story of a black girl's search for fulfilment. Janie 'saw her life like a great tree in leaf.' But there was no flowering when she and the industrious Logan Killicks were married in her Grandma's parlour. And one day Joe Starks, 'from in and through Georgy,' came walking down the road. Joe spoke of far horizons, of change and chance, and Janie at last agreed to go with him. After Joe was elected Mayor of Eatonville, no one ran the town but Joe Starks. And Janie began to feel lonely. When at last Joe's overbearing ways grew too much for her, she turned on him in fury, and stripped him of his pride. He died, cursing

[continued on back flap]

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

A NOVEL OF NEGRO LIFE

BY

ZORA HURSTON

J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
LONDON

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PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
FOR

J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD ST., LONDON

First published in United States of America in 1937
First published in England in 1938

TO
HENRY ALLEN MOE

her, when Janie was not yet forty, and still a handsome woman. Then one day Tea Cake stepped into the store. He was younger than she, so much younger that at first Janie dared not believe in the happiness he brought to her. But their life together told her all that she needed to know, although the story ends, almost biblically, with flood and overwhelming tragedy.

This is a story of Zora Hurston's own people. Unlike so many other tales of negro life, it is written from *inside* that gay and lusty world. One of its happiest characteristics is the lack of the usual moaning over 'colour problems.' For all its tragedy it is a book of gaiety, humour, and belief in the joy and beauty of life.

Something about the author

Zora Hurston is a native of Florida. She was born in 1903 at Eatonville, the first incorporated Negro town in America. On the death of her mother she was 'passed around the family like a bad penny.' At the age of thirteen she was taken from school to mind her eldest brother's children. At sixteen she ran away and got a job with a white woman as a lady's maid. She was happy, but she wanted to go to school. The woman for whom she worked also was anxious for her to attend school, and at the age of seventeen, Zora Hurston entered Morgan Academy in Baltimore. After High School she went on to Howard University in Washington.

Zora Hurston's first story was written for a university magazine. Shortly afterwards she submitted a story to the editor of a journal of Negro life. He entered it in a literary contest, encouraged her to write, and sent her to New York. There she met Fannie Hurst, Carl Van Vechten, and John Erskine, who were judges for the contest in which she won the second prize. Being offered a scholarship at Barnard College, she was admitted there in 1925 as a Junior, to study anthropology under Dr Franz Boas. Later she became secretary to Fannie Hurst; and then she returned to the South to do research work. For many months she explored in the field of Negro folklore and amassed a large amount of material. As a result of this research Zora Hurston was awarded a fellowship at Columbia University. In 1936 she was the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, and in 1937 she was given an extension of the award to continue her studies of native customs in Haiti, whence she has recently returned.

Miss Hurston's first published novel was JONAH'S GOURD VINE. Her second book, MULES AND MEN, was a collection of negro folk tales. THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD was published in America in September 1937.

yellow. She just gives us negroes in the act of living.

To get the full negro flavour, the author causes most of the action to pass in Eatonville, a wholly negro township, and the "swamps" where negro labour raised rich crops out of a fertile land.

Janie, the negro girl in her teens, is restless and full of desire to take hold of the varied experiences of life. "She had been getting ready for her great journey to the horizons in search of people."

Her grandmother denied her the journey, wanted to tie her down to safety, to things.

So Janie was married willy-nilly to an ancient negro farmer, and bore with him till Joe Starks came whistling down the



k-6-2

4444

Seraph
ON THE
Suwannee



A NOVEL BY
Zora Neale Hurston

To

Tamice Devine
a throne angel in
God's best choir,

With Affection,

Anna Neale Hurston

SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE

A NOVEL
by
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1948

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON

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may be reproduced in any form without
the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons*

To
Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
and
Mrs. Spessard L. Holland
With Loving Admiration



(Continued from front flap)

with flowing authenticity. Then Jim interested himself in the shrimping fleets that work out of New Smyrna, and the climax of the story takes place against that colorful background.

The heart of the novel consists of Arvay's long, stumbling progress toward self-discovery and fulfillment. She could not believe that people counted her as high as they did or that she deserved to hold her head up in the good life Jim was fixing for her. It made suffering for her—and for her family as well—before she was able to find out where she belonged.

It is impossible to convey the extraordinary flavor of this book. Miss Hurston has heightened the idiom of her characters with her own inimitable style and achieved something quite different from the "dialect" novel. Enriched by the warmth and vigor that are part of Miss Hurston's gift, *Seraph on the Suwanee* is an animated and striking work of fiction.

Zora Neale Hurston writes about herself:

Born at Eatonville, Florida, first incorporated Negro town in the U. S. Father was mayor of the town three times and wrote the town laws, including one that pregnant dogs could not walk the streets and thereby shock the modesty of the ladies of the village.

The seventh of a family of eight children. Father was a successful Baptist preacher and mother a country school teacher before her marriage at 16. Father also a carpenter. Six out of the eight Hurstons hold college degrees.

Learned to read before school age, and this reading habit became a great trial to the family. Would hide to read whatever was available—from Nick Carter tales to patent medicine almanacs—instead of doing chores. Father bitterly opposed to a child of his reading novels. He considered novels works of the Devil and forbade a child of his to stoop to such. Zora was the offender who read everything that came to hand without discrimination: fairy tales, blood-and-thunder dime novels, advertisements, Bible, even the school books of her elder brothers and sister. Committed to memory numerous poems and chapters from the Bible.

Wrote several pages of doggerel rhymes when eight years old and announced at the supper table that she was going to be a poet like Longfellow—to the horror of her father (who knew nothing about poets or poetry). He angrily forbade any such notion, saying that it was his understanding that poets were low-living creatures with no

God in their hearts and no Bible in their hands. If she wanted to do something, let her be a missionary.

From fifth grade up, teachers complimented her compositions, but up into high school, teachers one and all deplored her handwriting. Teacher in English in high school had a talk with her and advised her to take up writing, but Zora, having always liked geography and stimulated by physiography in high school, had determined to be a geologist. (Still the most interesting subject in the world.) Became student-assistant to the geology professor at Howard University and took all the courses in geology at Barnard. With three others went over to the Columbia College of Engineering to continue, but the instructor shooed them all out after three days of attendance, saying that there was no future for a woman in geology. So then concentrated on anthropology. Received a fellowship from Columbia at \$175 a month and continued in the pursuit of folk-lore.

Wrote her first story after college and it was read by Robert Wunsch (then head of the drama department at Rollins College in Florida). He used it for study in his English composition class, and then sent it on to *STORY MAGAZINE*. It was published, and four publishers wrote for book length work. Wrote a book she had been considering for some time and sent it to a publisher, who accepted it after 13 days of consideration. When the wire of acceptance arrived, Zora was being evicted from her house for \$18 rent.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

SERAPH on the SUWANEE

by ZORA NEALE HURSTON

We have sent you this pre-publication copy of SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE because we are convinced that the only way to appreciate its unique charm is to read it from start to finish.

In trying to write a description that will do it justice, we have found somehow that none of the conventional phrases seem to fit. It is not "deftly contrived." It does not "build with an ever mounting tension to a climax of almost unbearable intensity," although there is plenty of action in it. It is probably not the "novel of the age," but it does have a warmth, a zest for life that is irrepressible and a rough, sometimes bawdy humor that has a way of merging into honest tenderness most disconcertingly.

We can point out that it is the story of Arvay and Jim Meserve, who began their life together in the sawmill country along the banks of the Suwanee River in Florida, lived next in the citrus belt and then found good fortune in the shrimping boats that work out of New Smyrna, but this will not suggest the hearty man-woman relationship that was theirs. There is a seduction scene in the book that is more hilarious than it is salacious. There is a duel between a man and a rattlesnake that is calculated to make anyone's hair stand on end, but none of these factors in themselves give the book its indefinable appeal. It is rather the honest lust for living that shines through it, the extraordinarily colorful idiom in which it is written, and above all the satisfaction of a good story well told.

We think that SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE is a story a lot of people can enjoy. We plan to do everything in our power to let them know about it. If you share our enthusiasm, we hope you will, too.

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SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE

A NOVEL
by
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



NEW YORK
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1948

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A

To
Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
and
Mrs. Spessard L. Holland
With Loving Admiration



8774

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

A NOVEL



ZORA N. HURSTON

Their Eyes Were Watching God

A NOVEL

BY
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



To

Forcival M. Punter, that
beautiful soul who is the
inspiration of this book.

Zora Neale Hurston

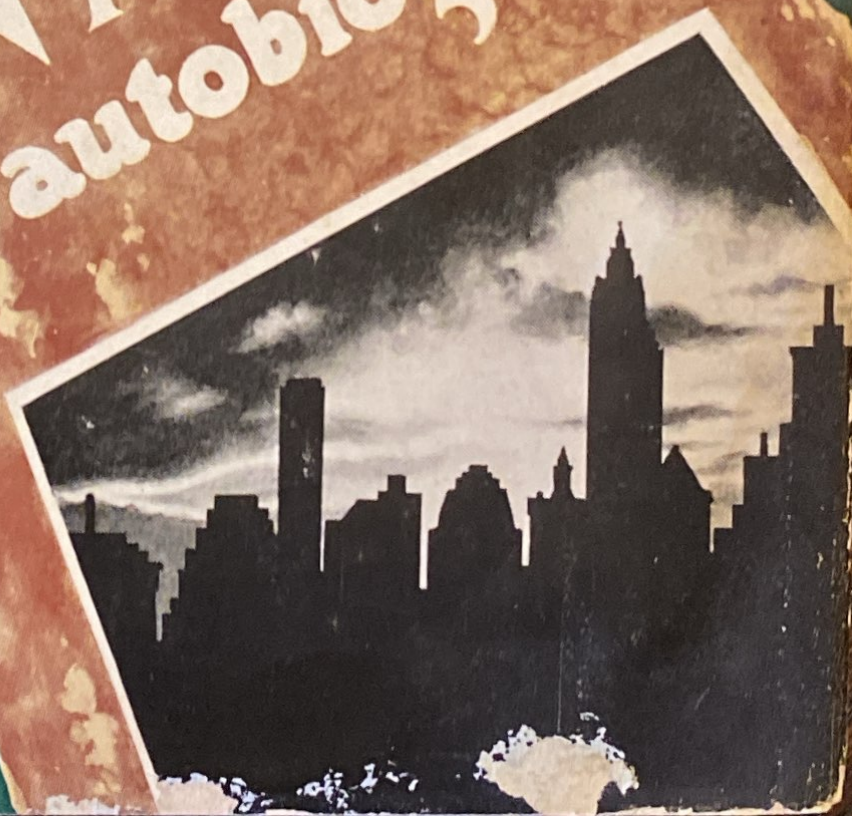
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DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD

an autobiography

ZORA
NEALE
HURSTON



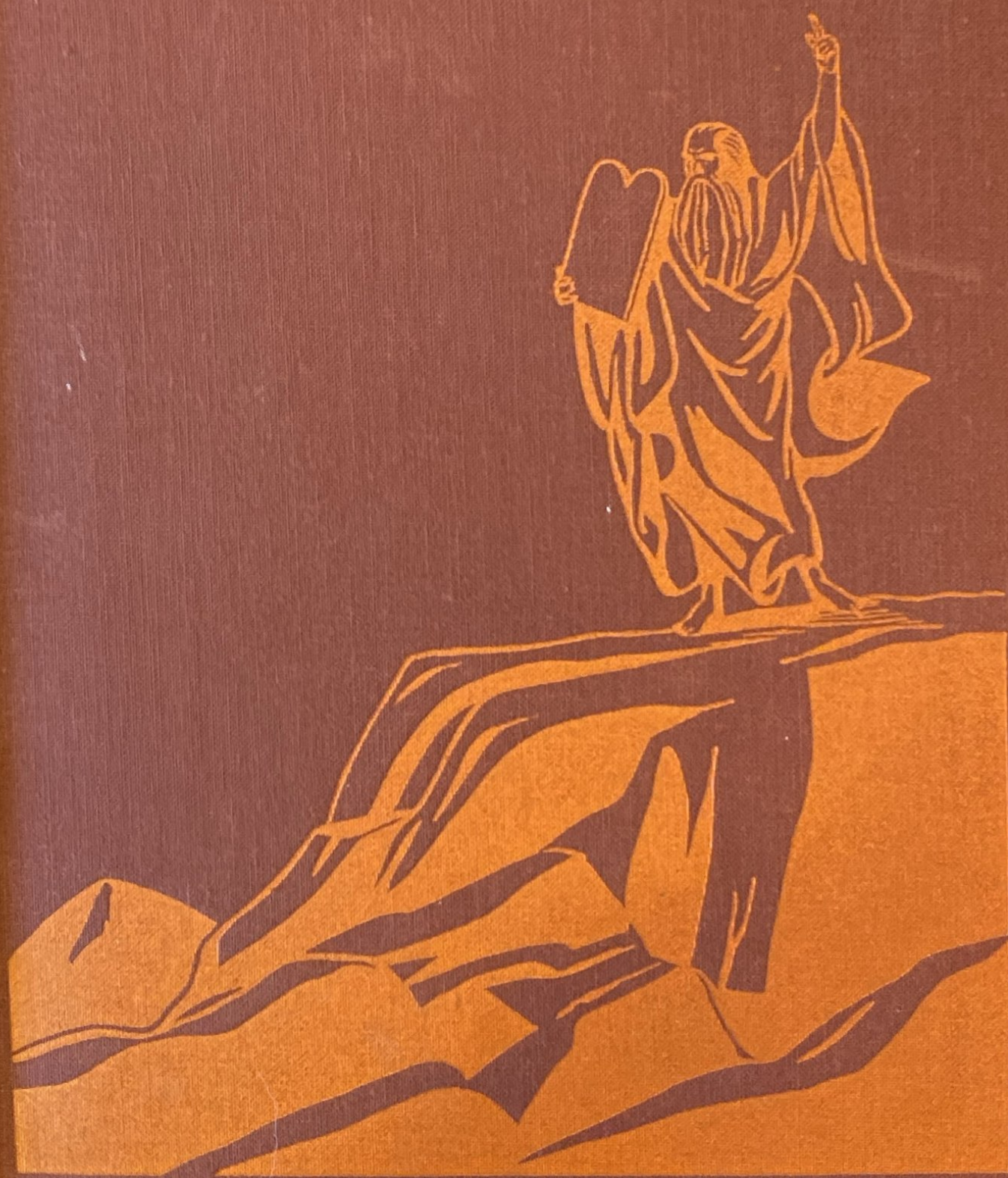
To

Irene Kuhn,
Who plays first trombone
in God's best band—

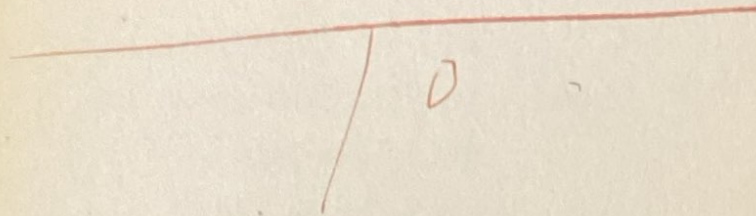
With admiration,

Ma Neale Hurston

3731



MOSES
Man of the Mountain



Marguerite Louell
of the fire and the faith.

Eternally.

Zora Neale Hurston

5738

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

A NOVEL



ZORA N. HURSTON

Their Eyes Were Watching God

A NOVEL

BY
ZORA NEALE HURSTON



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LONDON

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MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA

TO
HENRY ALLEN MOE

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

By Zora Neale Hurston

*Author of "Mules and Men,"
"Jonah's Gourd Vine," etc.*

Miss Hurston was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1936 and again in 1937. She was also given Honorary Mention in the Book-of-the-Month Club Awards this year.

Janie's conscious life had begun at Grandma's gate. When Nanny had spied Janie letting Johnny Taylor kiss her over the gatepost she had called Janie to come inside the house. That had been the end of her childhood. Soon after that Janie and Logan Killicks were married in Nanny's parlor. But love did not come to Janie as Nanny had told her it would. And one day Joe Starks, "from in and through Georgy," came walking down the road. Though he did not represent sun-up and pollen and blooming trees, Joe spoke for far horizons, for change and chance, and Janie at last agreed to go off with him.

(Continued on back flap)

(Continued from front flap)

After Joe was elected Mayor of Eatonville, no one ran the town but Joe Starks. And Janie began to feel lonesome. When Joe took to belittling her, she accepted his words, but refused the thoughts which they gave rise to. When at last his overbearing ways grew too much for her, she turned on him in fury and by her words stripped him of his pride before the town. He died cursing her, while she tried to make him understand what he might have had.

When Joe died Janie was not yet forty, and still a handsome woman. She had refused more than one offer of marriage when Tea Cake stepped into the store one day. He was younger than she, so much younger that at first Janie dared not believe in the happiness he brought to her. But their life together told her all that she needed to know. This is a story of Miss Hurston's own people, but it is also a story of all peoples—of man and of woman, and of the mystery that the world holds.

In *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Miss Hurston has fulfilled the early promise of her first books. This new novel is one of warmth and humor and rich, transcendent beauty.

SOME REVIEWS

OF ZORA NEALE HURSTON'S PREVIOUS BOOK

"Mules and Men"

"An excellent piece of reporting in an infectiously interesting style."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

"In Zora Neale Hurston's book 'Mules and Men' you are publishing a distinct contribution. The author worked in a field where she was welcome and brought forth a wealth of bright new material. It is a bold and beautiful book, many a page priceless and unforgettable."—*Carl Sandburg*.

"But no advantage of skin or blood could have produced the book which Miss Hurston brought back from the gay 'woofing' of Florida's lumber camps and the tawdry rituals off the little sinister streets in New Orleans's Vieux Carre. Only an ability to write, a rare conjunction of the sense of the ridiculous and the sense of the dramatic, could have produced this remarkable collection of Negro folk tales and folk customs."

—*The Saturday Review of Literature*.

"It's a grand book, full of the most fascinating lore."

—*Carl Van Vechten*.

"It seems to me Zora Neale Hurston's latest volume, *Mules and Men*, is taking down, at first hand, a hitherto unrecorded body of folk tales and voodoo rituals from her own people in Florida and in New Orleans. The tall tales are delightful and hoodoo rites are uncanny in their dramatic power. The volume seems to me of incalculable value to the folk-lorists, and a real adventure to anyone interested in the vivid vernacular of Negro life in the deep South. It is an authentic record, interpreted with imagination and uncanny dramatic feeling."

—*Frederick H. Hoch, Kenan Professor of Dramatic Literature, University of North Carolina*.

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