

EVENTS OF THE
TULSA DISASTER

BY
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STENOGRAPHER & AUTHOR

"EVENTS OF TULSA DISASTER"

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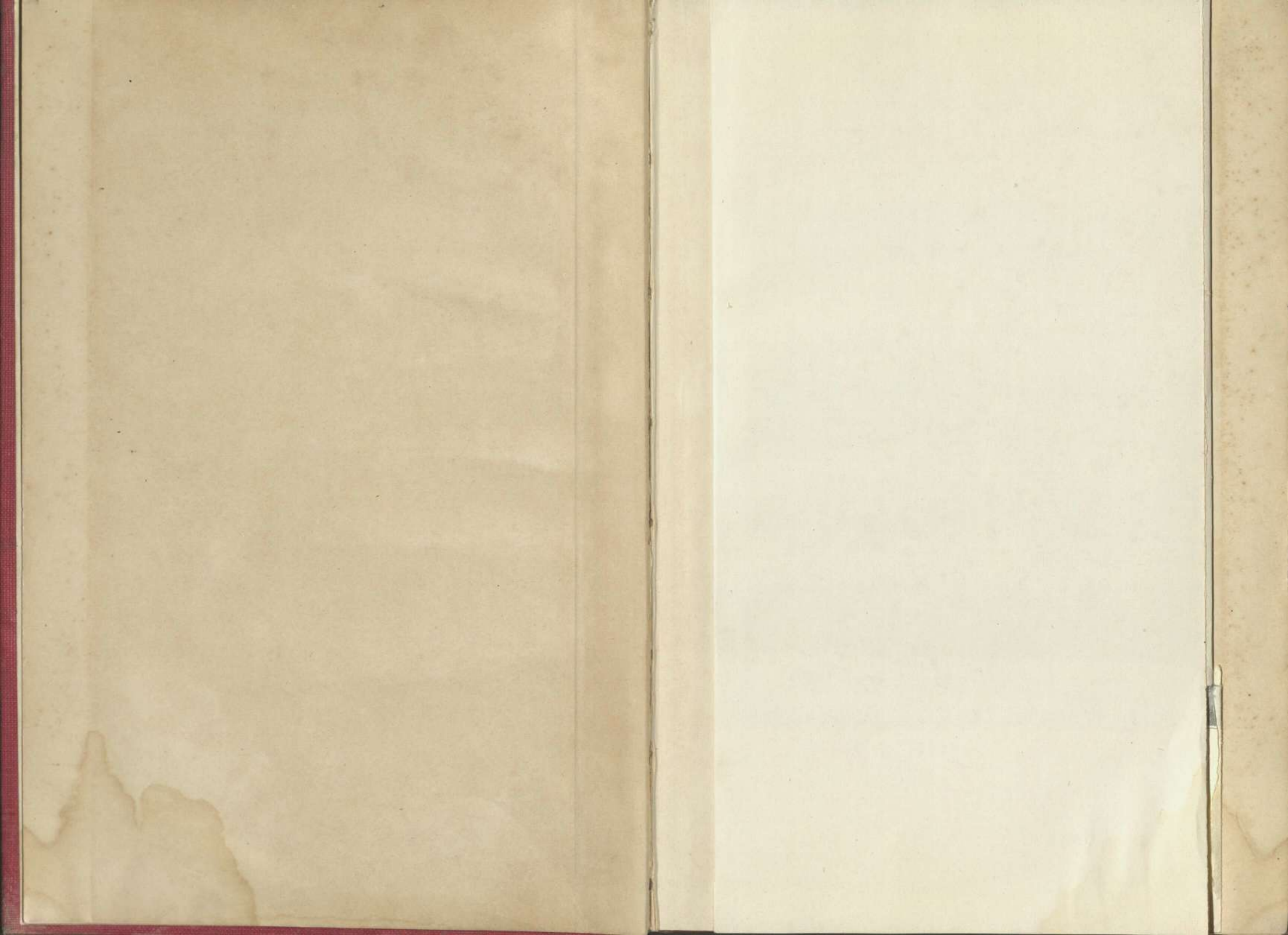
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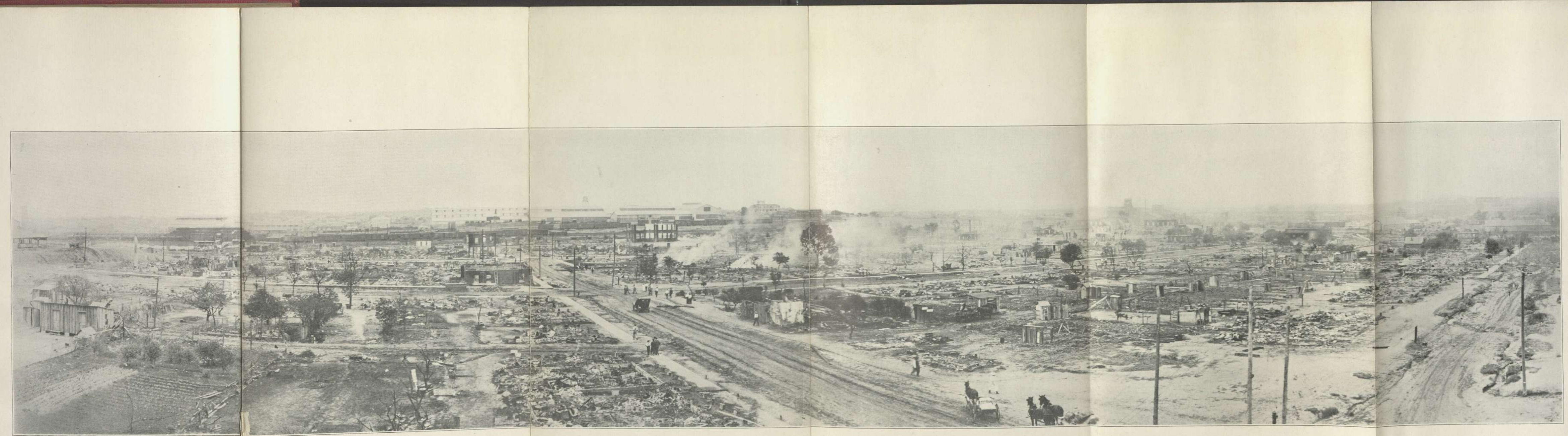
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MRS. MARY E. JONES PARRISH

FOREWORD.

I came from Rochester, N. Y., in 1918, to visit a brother who lived in Tulsa. In Rochester, our people were of a limited number, and the sole business engaged in was restaurants, hotels, rooming houses, barber shops, beauty parlors, etc. During my few months stay in Tulsa, my eyes feasted on the progressive sights they beheld among our group.

Every face seemed to wear a happy smile. This peace and happiness was destined to change to a deep and quiet sorrow, for it was at this time that the hand of the World War was felt most keenly here. Our Uncle Sam summoned 250 Black boys at one time. These boys did not hesitate, but bravely heeded the call, many never to return to their then beloved Tulsa. These brave boys gave their lives to make the world safe for democracy. Is it safe? Let Tulsa, the city that suffered thousands of its innocent, law-abiding citizens to be made homeless, answer.

We pray that God will be merciful and never let these noble Sons of Ham, whose life blood stains the soil of "No Man's Land" know what their loved ones and friends whom they left behind, have been made to suffer.

Tonight as I write and think of Tulsa then and the Tulsa of June 1st, my eyes well with tears and my soul cries for justice. Oh, America! Thou Land of the Free and Home of the Brave! The country that gave its choicest blood and bravest hearts to make the world safe for democracy! How long will you let mob violence reign supreme? Is democracy a mockery? Is this beautiful "Land where our fathers died, the land of the Pilgrims' pride" to drift into Bolshevism and anarchism as Russia has done? If King Mob continues to rule it is only a matter of time until we shall witness some of the scenes of Russia enacted right here on our shores.

The rich man of power and the fat politician who have maneuvered to get into office, and even our Congress, may sit idly by with folded hands and say, "What can we do?" Let me warn you that the time is fast approaching when you will want to do something and it will be too late.

When mob violence first began, it originated in the South, and its victims were Black men and women. Today

the hand of King Mob is being felt in all parts of the United States, and he is no respecter of persons, race or color—not even sparing white women.

The Dyer Anti-Lynch Bill's passage will be a glorious victory towards making the United States safe for its peaceful, law abiding Black citizens. We, as a race, especially, doff our hats to Mr. Dyer, the originator of this bill, and to the noble men of Congress who voted for it. I cannot go further without paying respects to the sheriff of Kentucky, who so courageously defended his post of duty and the life of the prisoner placed under his care. Had America more men who, like him, respected their path of office, even to the extent of using a machine gun if necessary, we would have less lynching parties and racial troubles. The Tulsa Disaster was really caused by a threatened "Lynching Bee," and because the men of Color rose up in defense of the law and to protect a fellow man from the hands of the lawless horde that had gathered around the jail. (See extracts from the Literary Digest of June 18th.)

Just as this horde of evil men swept down on the Colored section of Tulsa, reducing the accumulation of years of toil and sacrifice to piles of brick, ashes and twisted iron, if something it not done to bring about justice and to punish them, thereby checking that spirit, just so will they, some future day, sweep down on the homes and business places of their own race. This spirit of destruction, like that of mob violence when it is once kindled, has no measure or bounds, neither has it any respect of place, person or color. At one time lynching was considered a Southern pastime. Today the land of the North has also been branded with this abominable sin and disgrace.

How recent seem the beginnings of this little book! It is my sincere hope and desire that it will serve the purpose of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that is, that it will serve to open the eyes of the thinking people of America to the impending danger of letting such conditions exist and remain within the "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," and to pay a tribute to the martyrs of the Tulsa Disaster and massacre.

This was the idea of the story, and with this little prefatory word I commend it to those who may chance to read it.

—MARY E. JONES PARRISH.

MY EXPERIENCE IN TULSA.

After visiting Tulsa in 1918, I returned to Rochester, and remained there only five months before being called to McAlester, to the bedside of my dear mother who departed this life after six months of patience and care by the children who loved her so dearly. I then decided to locate in Tulsa. I had heard of this town since girlhood and of the many opportunities here to make money. But I came not to Tulsa as many came, lured by the dream of making money and bettering myself in the financial world, but because of the wonderful co-operation I observed among our people, and especially the harmony of spirit and action that existed between the business men and women.

On leaving the Frisco station, going north to Archer Street one could see nothing but Negro business places. Going east on Archer Street for two or more blocks there you would behold Greenwood Avenue, the Negro's Wall Street, and an eyesore to some evil minded real estate men who saw the advantage of making this street into a commercial district. This section of Tulsa was a city within a city, and some malicious newspapers take pride in referring to it is "Little Africa." On Greenwood one could find a variety of business places which would be a credit to any section of the town. In the residential section there were homes of beauty and splendor which would please the most critical eye. The schools and many churches were well attended.

Space will not permit me to give a full description of the Tulsa folk here. "Tulsa, Then and Now," by Prof. G. A. Gregg, A.B., which follows will give a mental view of our group in Tulsa.

After spending years of struggling and sacrifice, the people had begun to look upon Tulsa as the Negro Metropolis of the Southwest. Then the devastating Tulsa Disaster burst upon us, blowing to atoms ideas and ideals no less than mere material evidence of our civilization.

A Colored boy accidentally stepped on a white elevator girl's foot. An evening paper hurled the news broadcast, with the usual "Lynching is feared if the victim is caught." Then the flames of hatred which had been brewing for years broke loose.

Since the lynching of a White boy in Tulsa, the confidence in the ability of the city official to protect its



prisoner had decreased; therefore, some of our group banded together to add to the protection of the life that was threatened to be taken without a chance to prove his innocence. I say innocence because he was brought to trial and given his liberty; the girl over whom the trouble was caused failed to appear against him.

On the evening of May 31st, I was busy with a class in Typewriting until about 9 P. M. After my pupils were gone I immediately began reading a book which I was very anxious to finish (must admit, however, that I was never able to complete it), so did not notice the excitement until a late hour. The evening being a pleasant one, my little girl had not retired, but was watching the people from the window. Occasionally she would call to me, "Mother, look at the cars full of people." I would reply, "Baby, do not disturb me, I want to read." Finally she said, "Mother, I see men with guns." Then I ran to the window and looked out. There I saw many people gathered in little squads talking excitedly. Going down stairs to the street I was told of the threatened lynching and that some of our group were going to give added protection to the boy.

I am told that this little bunch of brave and loyal Black men who were willing to give their lives, if necessary, for the sake of a fellow man, marched up to the jail where there were already over 500 white men gathered, and that this number was soon swelled to over a thousand. Someone fired a stray shot and, to use the expression of General Grant, "All hell broke loose." From that moment quiet and peaceful Tulsa was turned into a hot-bed of destruction.

My little girl and I watched the excited groups from our window until a late hour, when I had her lie down and try to rest while I waited and watched. Waited and watched, for what—I do not know. One could hear firing in quick succession and it was hours before the horror of it all dawned upon me. I had read of the Chicago Riot and of the Washington trouble, but it did not seem possible that prosperous Tulsa, the city which was so peaceful and quiet that morning, could be in the thrall of a great disaster. When it dawned upon me what was really happening I took my little girl in my arms, read one or two chapters of Psalms of David and prayed that God would give me courage to stand through it all.

The Frisco tracks and station form a dividing line between the business section of White Tulsa and Black Tulsa.

It was here that the first battle was staged. Like mad bulls after a red flag or blood thirsty wolves after a carcass, so did these human wolves called men rave to destroy their fellow citizens. But these brave boys of ours fought gamely and held back the enemy for hours. Owing to the shortage of ammunition they were forced to retreat from Cincinnati, and immediately the advancing force began to pillage and burn that section.

About 1:30 o'clock the firing had somewhat subsided and it was hoped that the crisis had passed over. Some one on the street cried out, "Look, they are burning Cincinnati!" On looking we beheld columns of smoke and fire and by this we knew that the enemy was surging quickly upon Greenwood. Like Stonewall Jackson of old our boys stood "Like a stone wall," offsetting each and every attempt to burn Greenwood and the immediate vicinity. I had no desire to flee but my heart went out in sympathy for those who were fighting so bravely against such tremendous odds. I forgot about personal safety and was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see the outcome of the fray. The firing and burning continued at long intervals. In the early morning, about 3 or 4 o'clock, the Midway Hotel was seen to be burning. A friend in the building with me called up the Fire Department. The answer was, "They will be out right away," but they failed to show up. About 5 o'clock a lady friend called up the Police Department and asked how soon the Militia would reach Tulsa, and the reply was, "About 7 o'clock." Looking south out of the window of what then was the Woods Building, we saw car loads of men with rifles unloading up near the granary, which is located on the railroad tracks near First Street. Then the truth dawned upon us that our men were fighting in vain to hold their dear Greenwood. A fit of restlessness seized us and Mrs. Jones and I walked the halls, looking first out of the windows and then out of the doors. In our excitement we would sometimes forget ourselves and lean out of the window, when we would receive a timely warning to get back or be shot. At an early hour the lights were all out, so we prayed for daylight in hope that the worst would be over, but not so, for daylight had a distressing surprise in store for us.

After watching the men unload on First Street where we could see them from our windows, we heard such a buzzing noise that on running to the door to get a better

view of what was going on, the sights our eyes beheld made our poor hearts stand still for a moment. There was a great shadow in the sky and upon a second look we discerned that this cloud was caused by fast approaching aeroplanes. It then dawned upon us that the enemy had organized in the night and was invading our district the same as the Germans invaded France and Belgium. The firing of guns was renewed in quick succession. People were seen to flee from their burning homes, some with babes in their arms and leading crying and excited children by the hand; others, old and feeble, all fleeing to safety. Yet, seemingly, I could not leave. I walked as one in a horrible dream. By this time my little girl was up and dressed, but I made her lie down on the dufold in order that the bullets must penetrate it before reaching her. By this time a machine gun had been installed in the granary and was raining bullets down on our section. Looking out of the back door I saw people still fleeing and the enemy fast approaching. I heard a man groan; looking up just in time to see him fall, and was pulled into the house. Still I could not flee. Finally my friend called her husband, who was trying to take a little rest and they decided to try to make for a place of safety, so called to me that they were leaving. By this time the enemy was close upon us, so they ran out of the south door, which lead out on Archer Street, and went east toward Lansing. I took my little girl by the hand and fled out of the west door on Greenwood. I did not take time to get a hat for myself or baby, but started out north on Greenwood, running amidst showers of bullets from the machine gun located in the granary and from men who were quickly surrounding our district. Seeing that they were fighting at a disadvantage our men had taken shelter on the buildings and in other places out of sight of the enemy. When Florence Mary and I ran into the street it was vacant for a block or more. Someone called to me to "Get out of the street with that child or you both will be killed." I felt that it was suicide to remain in the building, for it would surely be destroyed and death in the street was preferred, for we expected to be shot down at any moment, so we placed our trust in God, our Heavenly Father, who seeth and knoweth all things, and ran on out Greenwood in the hope of reaching a friend's home who lived over the Standpipe Hill in the Greenwood Addition. As I neared the hill I could see

homes on Eastern and Detroit burning, and also discovered that the enemy had located on the hill and that our district was entirely surrounded. We thought that we were leaving the firing behind, but found that our danger was increasing for a machine gun was located on the hillside. As we neared the addition we caught up with other people fleeing in the same direction. We finally reached my friend's home, but to our disappointment found that she and her family had fled after watching for me all though the night. I then decided to follow the crowd in the hope of reaching safety. On and on we went toward the section line, the crowd growing larger and larger. The question on every lip when a newcomer from town would arrive was, "How far had they burned when you left town?"

At the section line I met Mrs. Thompson, her husband and family. They were on a truck and had started east. She called to me and I ran to them and got on the truck. Soon we had started again on our quest for safety. On and on we went, past many farm houses, mostly White. They looked at us as if we were animals escaping a forest fire. We passed many of our group. The most pathetic sight was an old couple struggling along on foot. How I longed to get off and give them my seat, but I dared not leave my little girl alone to perish. When we passed, the old lady asked us to take her coat; it was too heavy. We did but have never been able to find her again. After we had gone several miles we began to see automobile loads of men with guns going east ahead of us. We wondered where they were going but we were not destined to wonder long, for as we neared the aviation fields we saw their destination. The planes were out of the sheds, all in readiness for flying, and these men with highpowered rifles were getting into them. As we went further we saw several men leaving the fields, going to the house, returning with guns and heading towards Tulsa.

After we had traveled many miles into the country and was turning to find our way to Claremore, we looked up the road and saw a race lady coming toward us. My lady friend and I went to meet her. She advised us to not try to pass through a little adjoining town, for they were treating our people awfully mean as they passed through, taking their guns from them and threatening to place them in prison. She made us welcome to come to her home and remain until it was safe to return to Tulsa.

We gratefully accepted her hospitality and returned with her to her home. There we rested and were as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. Having been out in the hot sun all day without hats—only make-shifts made from leaves—we found the shelter of a roof very refreshing.

A bread wagon met the fleeing people on the roadside and sold the bread. On the way we bought bread so when we stopped to rest we had bread and water, whenever and wherever we could get it. Oftimes the men would stop and dip water from a branch, using their hats for cups. In France? No, in Oklahoma. After reaching this home the crowd thronged there was too large to supply them out of a pail so a washtub was drafted into service and pride cast to the wind. We were so famished and our lips parched, the children crying for a drink, that this was the best tasting water we could remember of having tasted. I can never forget a family who started out and had the misfortune to lose one wheel off of their wagon and, therefore, had to get out and walk. In that number was a mother and father with a six-months-old infant—such a fine and healthy baby. The father would run along and carry it awhile when the mother would take it until she was tired out. When they both were just about exhausted the father cried out, "Will some one help us?" Being a mother, naturally my heart was in deep sympathy for them, so I called to them to bring the baby to me and I would care for it awhile and let them rest. They finally succeeded in getting another wheel, after going miles on the hub of the broken wheel.

The aeroplanes continued to watch over the fleeing people like great birds of prey watching for a victim, but I have not heard of them doing any harm to the people out in the direction where we were. I have been reliably informed, however, that they fired on the people who were gathered in groups in the colored park close to town.

Everything went well until late in the afternoon. An elderly man with some daughters and grand-children came to where we were stopping. He was sent to a nearby farm store to procure food for the family. There he was told that the Red Cross workers were coming out in trucks to bring food to the suffering people and to take back to town all who desired to go. Instead of buying food, as he was

instructed to do by his daughters, he informed the store people that there were "lots of people" up where he came from desiring food. They told him that they would send the trucks right up on their return from town, which they did, but when the trucks came they found no one to take back. After spending such a dreadful night and day and witnessing so much destruction, how could we trust a race that would bring it about? At that hour we mistrusted every person having a white face and blue eyes. Since, we have learned that the Red Cross workers came like angels of mercy to heal and help suffering humanity. When the man told us what he had done the crowd started out to look for another haven of rest. We walked about two miles across the prairie, most of the way having to carry the children to keep the weeds from stinging their tired little limbs. We were well paid for the walk for these kindly people prepared hot lunch for the bunch and provided us with a place to sleep, so we remained here for the night. Altho we were over thirteen miles from Tulsa we could, at about 10 P. M., see the smoke rising from the ruins.

The next morning we were up bright and early, alert, listening, to see what we could learn. About 10 o'clock a White man came out in a car to get a man who worked for him. He informed us that Greenwood had been burned. It was then that I shed my first tears. We spent the remainder of the day and night here and the next morning resolved to return and view the ruins of devastated Tulsa. That morning while waiting for the Red Cross truck to come for us we saw a man who had become separated from his wife and believed her to be shot off a hill side. He said that they were firing on them as they ran, none of the shots taking effect. We learned later, however, that his wife had only ran down the hill side and in that way they had become separated.

The Red Cross truck arrived for us about 9 o'clock and we started for Tulsa immediately, reaching there at an early hour. We did not enter there through our section of town, but they brought us in through the White section, all sitting flat down on the truck looking like immigrants, only that we had no bundles. Dear reader, can you imagine the humiliation of coming in like that, with many doors thrown open watching you pass, some with pity and others with a smile? We were stopped at the Exposition Park. Here we saw hundreds of our group huddled in like so

many cattle and guarded. In the department where the women had been corralled, were many army cots. They were also issuing out clothing and sandwiches. Here again I breathed a prayer to the Heavenly Father for strength. There were to be seen people who formerly had owned beautiful homes and buildings, and people who had always worked and made a comfortable, honest living, all standing in a row waiting to be handed a change of clothing and feeling grateful to be able to get a sandwich and glass of water. Somehow, I was tempted to get off and share my fate with the rest, but my friend's home was not burned so, being asked by her to accompany them home, I accepted the invitation. Leaving the Exposition Park we rode for blocks through the White district where we proved to be an interesting spectacle. Soon we reached the district which was so beautiful and prosperous looking when we left. This we found to be piles of bricks, ashes and twisted iron, representing years of toil and savings. We were horror stricken but strangely, we could not shed a tear. For blocks we bowed our heads in silent grief and tried to blot out the frightful scenes that were ahead of us. One thing we noticed was that every one of our group that we met was wearing a tag inscribed "POLICE PROTECTION." On asking the meaning of this we were told that the town was under Martial Law and all of our group had to wear these badges in order to be permitted to come out on the streets and that everyone had to be indoors before seven o'clock. All of the places of business were also closed by this time. At last we reached my friend's home to find it still standing but with everything torn up and a part of her things gone. After preparing lunch and resting awhile, we retired for the night.

Arising early the next morning we were greeted by another bright and beautiful day, but, indeed, a sad one. Our hearts felt burdened and heavy as one feels after returning from the last rites over a loved one. Being alone in the midst of all this distress, with only my little girl, I felt that I had not a moment to lose, so I dressed hurriedly, ate a bite and rushed up town to see what was going on. I felt as if I was in a wilderness of darkness and did not know which way to go. However, in looking around I found that the High School building was still standing, so was making my way towards it when on observing more



Little Florence Mary Parrish, who is her mother's inseperable companion. At a tender age she has decided to be a court reporter and an attorney. Florence Mary has been operating a typewriter since she was three years old, having learned her alphabet and taken her first spelling lesson on a typewriter. Now she understands the operations of any standard machine.

closely I saw a big white streamer with a red cross on it. Then I felt more relieved, for this meant that THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD was close at hand and was not forgetting any of her children in distress, even tho they had black faces. When I was close enough to read the sign I read, "HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS." I breathed a prayer of thanks. Across the street I saw a big white tent and on looking up I read "Y. M. C. A. HEADQUARTERS." I felt pangs of joy, for this meant to me that I was getting in close touch with friends again, having had charge of the class in typewriting and shorthand under the Y. M. C. A. up until the fateful night. I passed by for I was on my way to the telegraph office to try to get in touch with my people. I succeeded in reaching my brother Reuben in McAlester over long distance. He had heard that my little girl and I were burned in the building, as no one had seen us leave it. He also urged me to leave Tulsa immediately, but I wanted to see affairs through so decided to remain in stricken Tulsa.

Returning to the Red Cross Headquarters I found long rows of women, men and children waiting their turn to receive clothing such as was obtainable. And the thing that I could not understand was why these innocent people, who were as helpless as babes, were placed under guard. Nevertheless, heavily armed guards were all around the building. Some were kind and manly, others were beasts dressed in uniforms. These poor people stood for hours waiting their turn; some were seen to sicken and faint. The nurses would immediately take them out of line and give them treatment.

I finally succeeded in getting inside of the door where I was met by a guard who asked what I wanted. On being told I was directed to a room where I was registered. From here I went upstairs into the clothing room in quest of a change of clothing for my little girl. Here I found stacks of clothing and shoes. Having worked hard always for an independent living, thereby being able to have what I wanted within reason, this was wormwood and gall to me, just to be standing around waiting to get a change of secondhand clothing, but what could I do? What we had on were soiled, they being all we had, and I was not yet permitted to go to town and purchase more. I succeeded in getting a change. On leaving this room everyone was

searched to see that no one had more than a change. (Horrors!) Down stairs in the office I found telegrams from loved ones and friends who were trying to locate me. I immediately answered them. Everyone said "Leave Tulsa at once." I answered, "Am safe but cannot leave now."

Leaving the Red Cross Headquarters I went over to the Y. M. C. A. tent. There were gathered many people shaking hands and greeting each other like soldiers following a great battle. All seemed anxious to relate his or her experience. This organization furnished cold water for many thirsty throats. It also had a relief department in one side and two women employed to distribute clothing. Here one felt free to come and spend hours meeting friends. Posted in conspicuous places over the grounds around these places were lists of letters and telegrams.

In order to help the people get in touch with their loved ones who were anxious to hear from them, Mr. Theo Baughman, of the Oklahoma Sun, succeeded in getting out a little daily paper, and each day he would publish these lists. Each day the people sat under the tent and watched for these lists as well as for the lists of dead in the big dailies.

On arriving home this afternoon I found Brother Edward, who had risked the danger of passing by armed guards (entrances to our district were heavily guarded and everyone was required to have a "Police protection" badge to enter) to come for me. He insisted that I return home with him. Again I resolved to stay in Tulsa and see the outcome of this calamity.

Days passed without any important change in matters. Everyone seemed nervous and undecided what to do. Brother Harrison had written me to come to him at Langston. I was preparing to go when I was engaged by Rev. H. T. S. Johnson, of the Inter-Racial Commission, to do some reporting for that organization.

This proved to be an interesting occupation, for it helped me to forget my trouble in sympathy for the people with whom I daily came in contact. Up to this time I had worn no badge. A lady friend and I had business up town one very rainy day, on returning home we were approached by a guard who demanded to see our cards. On being told we had no cards we were accordingly ordered to return to the city hall and get them. This was a perplexity for

us in that one had to have some white person vouch for them regardless of their station in life before the trouble. We went to the City Hall. There I met Prof. Gregg, Executive Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. We explained our plight to him; he in turn offered to assist us. He explained to an officer in charge that I had been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, even showed him the check for three months' work which he had just paid me. This check was signed by the Executive Secretary of the Central Y. M. C. A., up town, yet it would not serve as a passport to secure a card. As I had never worked for any white person in Tulsa I was at a loss just what to do. It was plainly shown that a white man's word was the only requirement to receive a card. I pondered just what to do, then I thought of a business firm and called them up. They came down and identified me and that was sufficient. I received my card without any trouble.

THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL.

The primary rooms of the Booker Washington School were converted into an emergency hospital. I can never erase the sights of my first visit to the hospital. There were men wounded in every conceivable way, like soldiers after a big battle. Some with amputated limbs, burned faces, others minus an eye or with heads bandaged. There were women who were nervous wrecks, and some confinement cases. Was I in a hospital in France? No, in Tulsa. One mother was so thoughtless as to burden her infant for life with the name of "JUNE RIOT."

AS A REPORTER.

During the weeks that I served as a reporter I interviewed many people and no two had the same experience to tell. I was informed that the dead were so quickly disposed of on that night and day until it was impossible to ever get an exact record of the dead and wounded. I was further informed that the enemy was well prepared, as a conquering army going out to battle, with ambulances and trucks to pick up and care for the dead and wounded.

One lady told me that she saw a woman shot, not mortally, just ahead of her while fleeing for safety; and an-

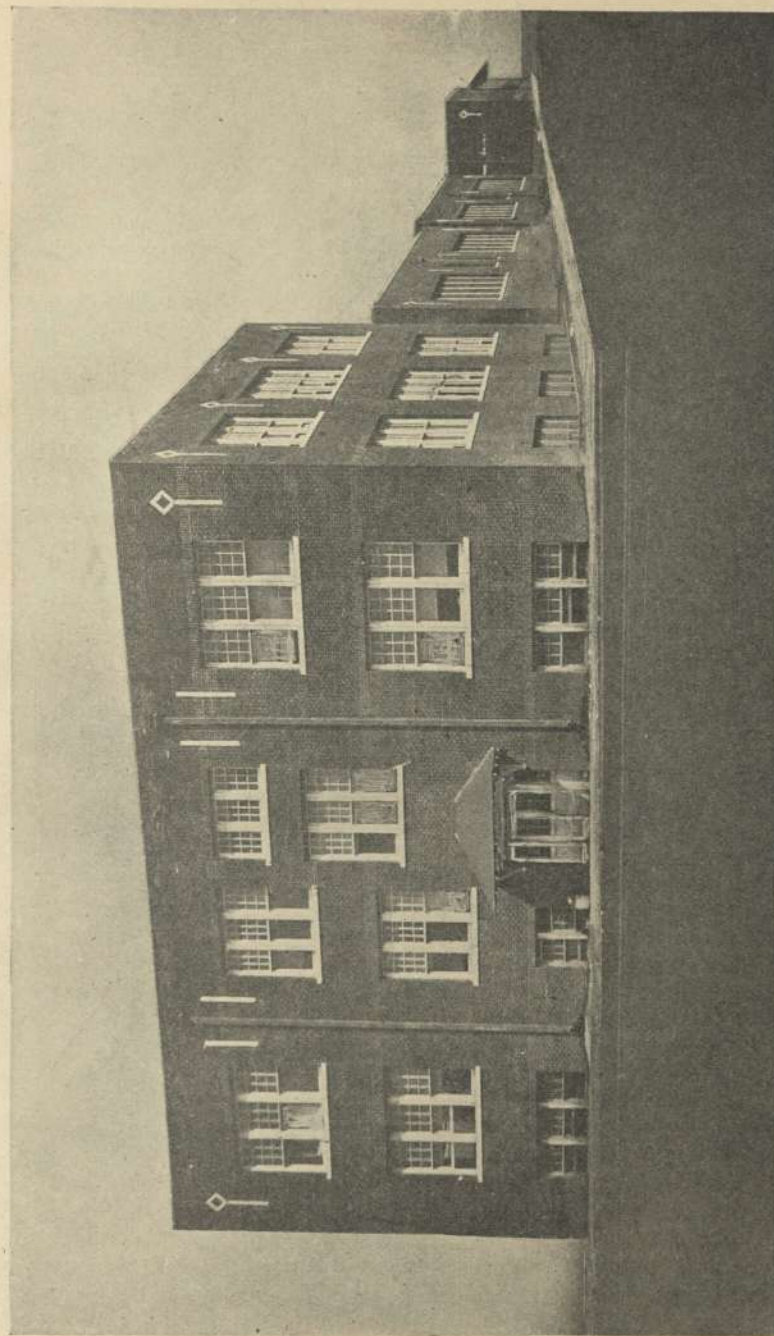
other was seen to become a mother before she could reach a place of safety.

Everyone with whom I met was loud in praise of the State troops who so gallantly came to the rescue of stricken Tulsa. They used no partiality in quieting the disorder. It is the general belief that if they had reached the scene sooner many lives and valuable property would have been saved. Just as praise for the State troops was on every tongue so was denunciation of the Home Guards on every lip. Many stated that they fooled them out of their homes on a promise that if they would give up peacefully they would give them protection as well as see that their property was saved. They surrendered and were taken to the various places of safety, where they were cared for by that kindly angel of mercy, the Red Cross. When they returned to what was once their places of business or homes, hopes built upon the promises of the Home Guards, how keen was their disappointment to find all of their earthly possessions in ashes or stolen. (Read testimonials.)

About this time a body of loyal race men called a meeting at the First Baptist Church and organized THE COLORED CITIZENS' RELIEF COMMITTEE and the EAST END WELFARE BOARD. Before the smoke of the massacre had blown over the City Dads had gotten their heads together and succeeding in passing a new fire ordinance to prevent these poor homeless people from rebuilding on their homes again. These men worked faithfully and have fought many battles for their fellowman. They looked after the needs of the people both physically and legally to the best of their ability, with the assistance of the outside world. It was through the inspiration supplied by this committee, working in harmony with the Red Cross, that Greenwood has been rebuilt today.

LESSONS OF THE DISASTER.

The Tulsa disaster has taught great lessons to all of us, has dissipated some of our false creeds, and has revealed to us verities of which we were oblivious. The most significant lesson it has taught me is that the love of race is the deepest feeling rooted in our being and that no race can rise higher than its lowest member.



BOOKER WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Some of our group who have been blest with educational or financial advantages are oftentimes inclined to forget ourselves to the extent that they feel their superiority over those less fortunate, but when a supreme test, like the Tulsa disaster comes, it serves to remind us that we are all of one race; that human fiends, like those who had full sway on June 1st, have no respect of person. Every Negro was accorded the same treatment, regardless of his education or other advantages. A Negro was a Negro on that day and was forced to march with his hands up for blocks. What does this teach? It should teach us to "Look Up, Lift Up and Lend a Helping Hand," and remember that we cannot rise higher than our weakest brother.

"Comfort the feeble minded; support the weak." I Thes. 5:14.

TESTIMONIALS OF THE TULSA RIOT.

Tulsa, Okla., June 20, 1921.

The first information that I received of the Riot came about 9:30 o'clock Tuesday night, may 31st, 1921. I was attending a play given by the Senior Class. A little boy came up, almost out of breath, and exclaimed, "They are trying to lynch a Colored man down town and the Colored people are going down to prevent it."

The meeting broke up in some confusion and all went home. We sat up at our house till about midnight and then we decided to go to bed. There was little sleeping, for the noise of guns kept us awake all night.

About 5 o'clock a very peculiar whistle blew. This seemed to have been a signal for a concerted attack by the whites, for immediately a terrible gun fire began. Aeroplanes also began to fly over very low; what they were doing I cannot say for I was in my room.

About 5:30 someone called up our home and said for the men not to fight for the Home Guard were visiting the homes and searching them, but that they would harm no one. A few minutes after that some men appeared with drawn guns and ordered all men out of the house. I went out immediately. They ordered me to raise my hands, after which three or four men searched me. They told me to line up in the street. I requested them to let me get my hat and best shoes but they refused and abusively ordered me to lineup. They refused to let one of the men put on any kind of shoes. After lining up some 30 or 40 of us men they ran us through the streets to Convention Hall, forcing us to keep our hands in the air all the while. While we were running some of the ruffians would shoot at our heels and swore at those who had difficulty in keeping up. They actually drove a car into the bunch and knocked down two or three men.

When we reached Convention Hall we were searched again. There people were herded in like cattle. The sick and wounded were dumped out in front of the building and remained without attention for hours.

By JAMES T. A. WEST,
Teacher in High School.

Tulsa, Okla., June 21, 1921.

Roomers came in and told me that the White people were burning the Colored people's homes on Archer Street. Then I heard guns firing; this continued until early in the morning, when everyone ran away and left two other men and me. Later the Guards came, told one of these men to come out, but he replied "I am shot," he then fell in my house, shot through the back. Then I came out of the house and tried to save something but failed.

My greatest loss was my beautiful home and my family Bible. I am 92 years of age so they failed to bother me. I came up Easton to Frankfort Street, ran through the pipe yard, was nearly overcome by smoke but was rescued and carried to Convention Hall. Mrs. Johnson (White), of St. Louis, took me to the Catholic Church. I remained there until about 2 o'clock, then was carried to the Fair Grounds by the Red Cross, then brought back to the Methodist Church. A Colored lady told me to come to her house and live, but when we got there her home was in ashes. Mr. Williams (Colored), then took me in charge and I was afterwards taken over again by the Red Cross and kept out at the Park. Then I was recommended to some White man who would take care of me. There had been some Colored people to ask about me, one, a very dear friend of mine. As I have no children or relation, I had planned to will her my valuable property even before this happened for she has treated me as a father. They did not let her take me, but as they have let me out to go to the White man, I think I shall go to her instead, as I would like for my property to fall to my own race. This is the worst scene that I have ever witnessed in my 92 years.

JACK THOMAS.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

On the night of the Riot we had our class of Bible study, as usual. After the class was over, and far into the night, we heard shooting down town, which we could only interpret to mean that there was trouble of some kind. We went into the house and went to bed listening to the spasmodic shooting, which clearly convinced us that there was trouble.

In the morning the shooting was more severe in front

of our house. The Whites were firing on Colored, who, seemingly unaware of the trouble, were on their way to work, and in passing were met with volleys of shot. We remained in the house until some folks came and stated that if we wanted protection we had better go to Convention Hall at once. This we promptly did, leaving our house partly open. About two o'clock we were called for by some White friends and brought back to our home to find everything considerably tumbled around, but no serious damage done.

We found a White gentleman in charge of the house, who related to us that himself and son and a few neighboring White friends had prevented any further molestation of our home. They stated that they were ready to stay with us all night if we thought it necessary to insure that we would not be molested.

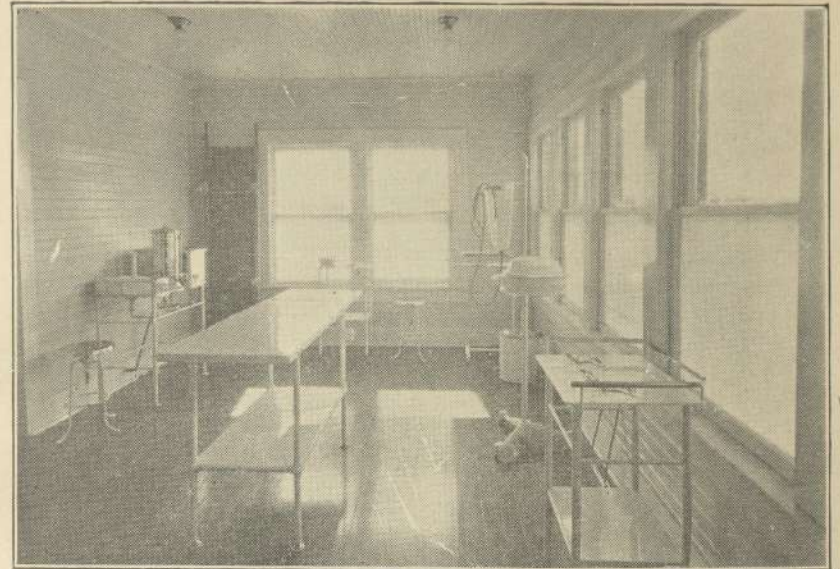
My principal loss was a two-story brick building on Greenwood Street. (Of course, we lost some clothes, shoes, money and other things in the house that we did not consider worth while.)

As to preventing such mob violence, I refer you to my statements in the Oklahoma Sun, Tulsa, Okla., the Black Dispatch, Oklahoma City, The Muskogee Scemiter, Muskogee, Okla. That is the best solution I know of for race riots and mob violence.

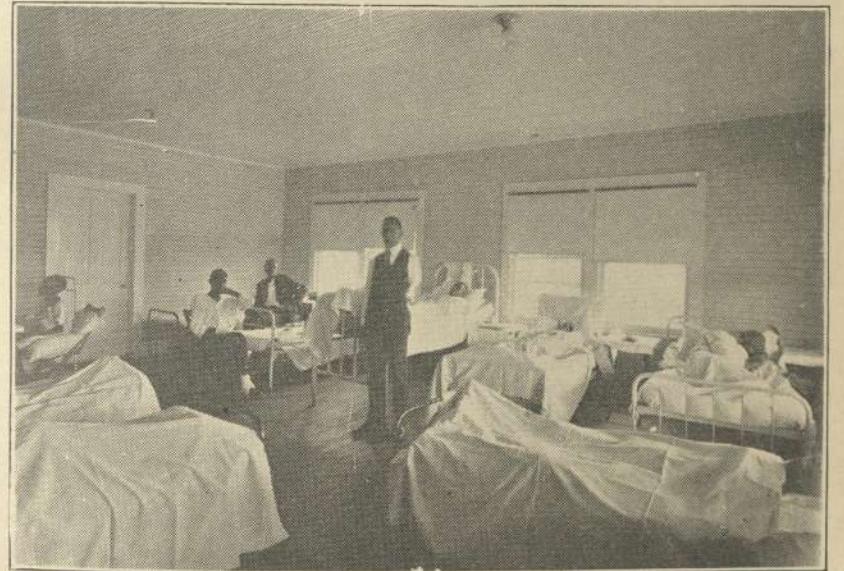
RICHARD J. HILL, Atty.,
International Bible Student.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

On Tuesday evening, about 9:30 o'clock, I heard the report that they were going to mob a Colored boy, but my family and I remained at home. Then we heard firing. I ran for my daughter, then a man and his family came running by and he said, "The Whites have burned my home and over \$7,000.00." His wife had on about one piece. Then a crowd came and reported that they were burning and killing as they went (meaning the Whites were killing and burning). I ran behind a cabinet but they were crowding us so closely that I ran out to an out house where I began to pray. Then the crowd of Whites ordered everybody to come out of the house, but they were slow about coming out so the ruffians shot against the house. I ran further and saw about fifteen White men chasing a man



OPERATING ROOM MAURICE WILLOWS HOSPITAL



WARD IN MAURICE WILLOWS HOSPITAL

who was helpless—they even fired at him, but missed. I then went upon the hill carrying a small bundle of clothes and bedding.

I was lost from my daughter and her baby until late in the afternoon Wednesday. I saw about five women faint. At the Presbyterian Church I saw about four little children who were lost from their mothers. Old and young had to pile on trucks and when we were being driven through town men were seen clapping their hands rejoicing over our condition.

MRS. ROSEATTER MOORE.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

Immediate Cause: There was a report in the Tulsa Tribune that threats were being made to lynch a Negro for attempted criminal assault upon a White girl, which was wholly without foundation or cause.

Second: White men reading this report gathered at the jail to take part in the lynching and the Negroes, seeing this gathering, rightly concluded that lynching was the object of the White people, and consequently armed themselves and came on the scene and offered their support and assistance to the sheriff. While this was in progress a fight between some Whites and Negroes was started which resulted in several members of each side being shot. The Negroes then left the Court House and came to the East End, leaving a guard at every approach to the Negro quarter.

Desultory firing on both sides was kept up for several hours, when the Negroes, believing all danger of an invasion by the Whites over, went to their homes. But, during this time and unknown to them, plans for an armed invasion of the Negro quarter by the Whites under protection of the city and county police had been under way. The avowed purpose of this invasion was to disarm the Negroes and to corral the men or arrest them that they might not do any further harm. They (the Whites) did this and in most cases met with no resistance except in cases where no reason was given by the Whites for entering the Negro homes, and this was generally the rule. The Negro did not know whether he was being called out to be shot, or what, for shooting was all he could hear or see. If he

submitted without question he was taken to jail, but if he dared to question the intruder he was shot.

After all the men had been corralled, the women and children were told to go to the Public Parks where an armed guard would protect them and that a guard would protect their homes.

This ended the Riot so far as the Negro had anything to do with it.

Then came the great unthinkable, unspeakable climax. The White people went into those homes just vacated, carried away everything of value, opened safes, destroyed all legal papers and documents, then set fire to the buildings to hide their crime.

Then, not satisfied with the result, framed charges against every leading Negro in an attempt to jail them and to intimidate the others, saying that the whole fault lay with the educated Negroes.

The fact is that the educated Negroes have never caused trouble or friction, but there has been allowed to flourish a crowd of uneducated Whites and Negroes who lived by their wits, and it is the intermingling of these Whites with these Negroes that has always been the starting point of most of our trouble.

By P. S. THOMPSON, Ph. C.,

Pres. Tulsa Medical, Dental & Pharmaceutical Assn.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

Causes: Race prejudices and the national lack of confidence in law enforcement. This lack of confidence in law enforcement causes the Negro to feel that it is necessary to protect himself in most cases of threatened lynching. If the party is a member of our group he is most generally lynched, even though promised the assurance of protection by law, and if of the other group, he is not lynched if given such protection.

The lynchers often not only get the guilty parties but wreak vengeance upon the innocent as well. Hence, the circulation of a report of lynching of members of our group is a signal to get ready for self-defence. It's like a spark in gasoline, it is generally uncontrollable and does not require leadership to mass its forces. But it often requires cool heads to prevent a conflagration and catastrophe. This was even employed in the Tulsa Riot.



REV. WHITAKER AND FAMILY DISTRIBUTING RELIEF GOODS

First the report of lynching, the signal to arms, the promise of protection, the rapid spreading of lawlessness, the cooler heads failing to act with sufficient alacrity to prevent the catastrophe.

Shortly after daylight on Wednesday, June 1, 1921, I received a call to come to the hospital to dress two wounded men. I dressed hurriedly and started to the hospital. Just as I opened my front door a shot was fired at me from a nearby hill, the bullet grazed my leg. I shut the door. A few moments later my wife, hearing the shots, slightly opened the door and a second volley was fired. At this time the shots struck the porch. We shut the door and my wife said, "Doctor, let us go, our lives are worth more than everything." I sat my cases down in the hall and my wife and niece hurriedly dressed, locked the house and departed.

Shortly after we left a whistle blew. The shots rang from a machine gun located on the Stand Pipe Hill near my residence and aeroplanes began to ply over us, in some instances very low to the ground. A cry was heard from the women saying, "Look out for the aeroplanes, they are shooting upon us." The shots continued to be fired in rapid succession from high powered guns from the vicinity of the hill. We continued to flee until we were about two miles northeast of the city. There we tarried at the home of a friend. Shortly the fire broke out, the bullets continued to whistle. The fire grew rapidly, we saw it spreading over our entire district south of the hill.

About 10 o'clock men came out in cars and told us the troops had come. Shortly afterwards we saw men dressed as soldiers in automobiles rounding up the people and asking them to go back, that they were safe, and on our return my wife and niece were told to go up Greenwood Street and I was searched and told to go in another direction to Convention Hall, where I was marched with hands up and hat off. I was searched with hands up by two or three different sets of officers. I reached Convention Hall about 10:30. On the way to Convention Hall, possibly thirty minutes after the troops came, there was only one small fire north of the hill, but the next day when I viewed the devastated area, there were hundreds of houses burned after the troops had rounded up the men and taken them to Convention Hall.

I remained at the Convention Hall until I was released and sent with a Red Cross worker and the County Physician to the Morning Side Hospital to assist in treating the wounded in company with the County Physician. I came by my home to see if it was destroyed and to get my medicine cases.

On reaching the house I saw my piano and all of my elegant furniture piled in the street. My safe had been broken open, all of the money stolen, also my silverware, cut glass, all of the family clothing, and everything of value had been removed, even my family Bible. My electric light fixtures were broken, all the window lights and glass in the doors were broken, the dishes that were not stolen were broken, the floors were covered (literally speaking) with glass, even the phone was torn from the wall. In the basement we gathered two tubs of broken glass from off the floor. My car was stolen and most of my large rugs were taken. I lost seventeen houses that paid me an average of over \$425.00 per month.

I worked heroically for the Red Cross and being the Assistant County Physician my work was doubly hard. For the first three days did not stop to clean up my house, save moving my furniture onto the porch. I worked extremely hard for three or four days after the riot, I almost collapsed. We slept out at the Fair Grounds, the first night without any bed, on the hard floor; spent the next night or two at the schoolhouse, then we came home and slept in the house with the doors broken and the window lights out. In the meantime I was assigned to a sanitarium, where the slightly wounded were treated. I dressed a number of cases without any assistance, in the meantime answering a number of calls out in city for the Red Cross.

About the fourth night after the riot I received a call to go to the Fair Grounds, where a large number of Negro refugees were assembled. My wife being nervous and suffering other infirmities as a result of the Riot, urged me to stay with her as she was seriously sick. I asked to be excused as I had already made two calls that same evening. The next night I was asked to go to the Fair Grounds, not having sufficiently recovered my strength and doing heavy work during the day I asked them to see if they could not get another doctor in my stead, so they

found one. I continued to work at this sanitarium for the slightly wounded and also treated cases in the city. To my surprise, about a week or ten days later I saw statements in the paper that I refused to work with the Red Cross without pay. And the White Medical Association voted to discontinue an allowance of \$25.00 per week for the above reason. A day before this, however, I was given the credit of leading a riot two years ago; going up to the police station and demanding to see if a certain prisoner was safe who was threatened to be lynched. Of this occurrence I knew nothing at the time it happened until the next morning and for two years after this said event occurred. Although many were quite familiar with it, my name was never mentioned.

It seems that several things have been said and done to discredit and to kill the influence of the men who have large holdings in this burned district.

By DR. R. T. BRIDGEWATER,
Assistant County Physician.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

Fourteen Years In Tulsa.

In these years I have noticed a growing racial hate by the lower Whites because of Negro prosperity and independence; also a racial hatred because of Negro rooming house porters, whom they claim associated with White women in these places. Of this hate Yellow Journalism was mostly responsible in promoting.

Next, lax law enforcement by both county and city. The lawless element of both races were so arrogant until it was dangerous for the best citizens to make much protest. The "Chock" joint evil being of the worst type of breeding places for lawlessness. Where White and Colored of their kind met and socialized. These forces reached the place of unrestraint, broke loose on a pretense, and thus swept down upon the good citizen with all the hate and revenge that has been smoldering for years. So the innocent suffered most, who thought little of their homes being burned.

Most people, like myself, stayed in their homes, expecting momentarily to be given protection by the Home Guards or State Troops, but instead of protection by the Home Guards they (the Home Guards) joined in with the

hoodlums in shooting in good citizens' homes. This was my experience, so after seeing no protection from them, I took my family and a few friends in my car and drove four miles into the country where we were gathered up by State Troops who were perfect gentlemen and treated us like citizens of real America.

By E. A. LOUPE, Plumber.

Tulsa, Okla., June 23, 1921.

About 9:30 on the night of Tuesday, May 31, 1921, I heard the report of guns and thought it a fire signal. Then I found out what the trouble was. I became tangled up with the walls of my bed room and after getting straightened out I went to the door, saw people rushing to and fro. I called to a man and asked what the trouble was and finally my neighbor told me that the White people were going to lynch a man. I dressed the little girl who was with me at the time and went to a neighbor, stayed there until about one o'clock and then returned home. I tried to sleep but could not, so arose about 4:30 Wednesday A. M. and saw people rushing from Greenwood and that section of the town. A group of Whites, stationed on the hill, fired upon them, some falling, others struggling on to safety. Then it dawned upon me of the danger of my invalid mother who has been helpless for four years. She was about six blocks from me up in the direction from which the people were fleeing.

I reached her in the midst of a rain of bullets. My sisters and I gathered her up, placed her on a cot and three of us carried the cot and the other one carried a bundle of clothes; thus we carried mother about six blocks, with bullets falling on all sides. About six squads of rioters overtook us, asked for men and guns, made us hold up our hands. There were boys in the bunch from about 10 years upward, all armed with guns. They would go into the houses, take what they wanted and then burn the house.

Our men were all disarmed as soon as caught. About 11 o'clock the enemy took my invalid mother and one of my sisters, supposedly to send them to Convention Hall for safety. Another sister and I scouted about until one o'clock when along came a truck and picked me up and carried me to Convention Hall where I stayed until about 2 o'clock. On entering Convention Hall I failed to find my mother

so I went in search for her. With the aid of the Red Cross I found her that night at the North Methodist Church. I made myself contented until Thursday and came out to see if I had a home. Out of three houses that had brought me \$45.00 per month rent, I found one little rickety shack. After finding it I returned for my mother, kept her until Sunday morning, and in the meantime I tried to get a pass to send her away but failed to get one, so I took what little change I had left and sent her away. She remained unconscious for two weeks and then passed away. When we were trying to take her to safety an aeroplane shot down a man right in our path.

I feel that this damnable affair has ruined us all.

By MRS. CARRIE KINLAW.

Tulsa, Okla., June 23, 1921.

On the night of the Riot I was living at 623 Hill Street. My wife was sick, having been confined only three days. She was under the care of Dr. Jackson, who was to have called the next morning at 8 o'clock. I heard the firing all night. In the early morning the Whites began firing on my house so I had to try to find a place of safety to take my wife. When I returned my children had taken her to a neighbor's home. By that time they were looting and burning my home. We had two large trunks which they took into the street and burst open, took what they wanted and set fire to the rest.

The rest of my family with my wife made it to the soldiers for protection. She was so sick that she fainted. They had me surrounded so I got a water barrel, rolled it into an orchard of peach trees and hid in it until the storm passed over.

I lost about \$2,500 worth of property.

By J. P. HUGHS.

Tulsa, Okla., June 24, 1921.

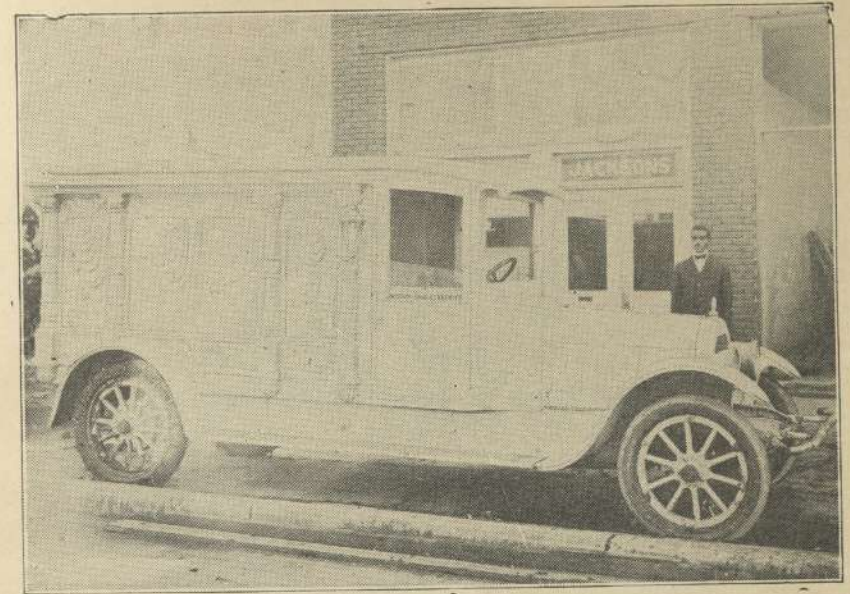
I was living on Williams Street and was at home on the night of the 31st. I went on the street and met about seven women running for refuge from Archer and Greenwood Streets and that section of the town. I watched over them at my home throughout the night. When morning came and the firing started they again ran for safety, leaving my wife, three children, a baby and two elder children,

and myself. I continued to watch over my family until about 8 o'clock A. M., when the two elder children, a girl and boy, fled northward for safety leaving my wife, baby and me. My wife, not being well, I remained at home amid the shower of bullets from the hill. We opened the house, raised the curtains and shades and stayed in sight as near as possible amid the bullets—we would appear on the porch. To the best of my ability I kept all males from the house. Then a bunch of Whites came down from the hill. My wife and I ventured out amidst the volley of fire, met them about a block from home and told them that my wife was sick and I did not want to leave her. They had me to raise my hands and searched me. I was bare-headed—one did not want me to even get my hat, but my wife threw it to me. The Lieutenant who was leading them assured me that my wife and baby would be safe and that my home would not be molested. Then I was marched to the top of the brick yard hill and there I was called all kinds of names by boys from 10 years to men of 60. Then I was loaded on a truck and carried to the corner of Boulder and Brady Streets and here I was taken off the truck and searched again; cursed, called all kinds of names in the language of "Take your hats off," "Throw up your hands," "Be submissive and obey to the letter." Even boys of 10. I obeyed.

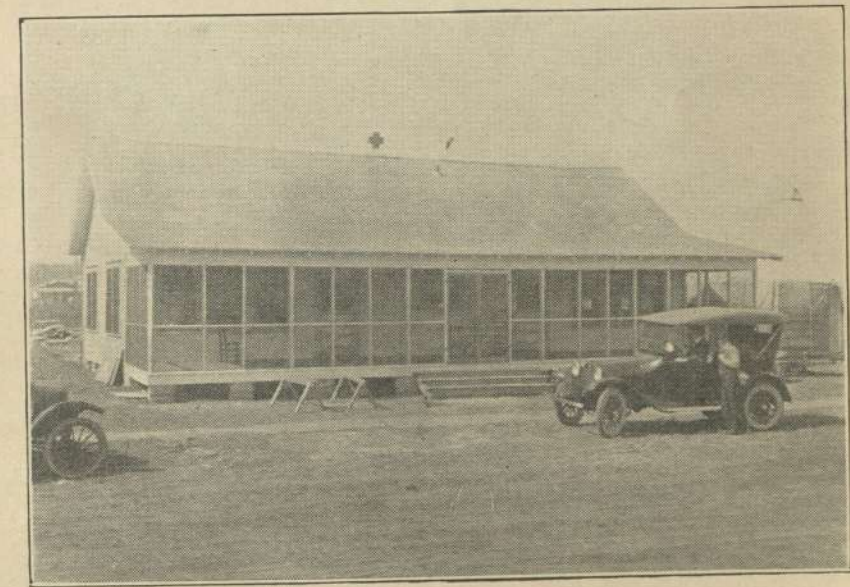
After entering Convention Hall I met with very courteous treatment because I was well known among the better class of Whites. In the meantime my wife and I were separated. They took her and baby to the park, she being sick. I was in a fit of eagerness to find her so I phoned the man by whom I was employed and he came and got me released, took me in a truck and went in search of my wife. At the Baseball Park I found that my daughter had fallen into an epileptic fit and was sent to a hospital.

In a frenzy of despair my task had just begun, but by the help of the "God send" Red Cross answering my wants as far as first aid to the body, but no satisfaction of the mind. I found my wife and baby safe at the Fifth Street Methodist Church.

If we had had complete co-operation from the officers of Tulsa they could have prevented all this disaster, and not use the occasion to demoralize our business industries and



FUNERAL CAR OF JACKSON UNDERTAKING CO.



MAURICE WILLOWS HOSPITAL

our nice homes, but instead of protection it was seemingly a matter of destroy and abolish all Negro business and nice residences.

By A. J. NEWMAN.

Tulsa, Okla., June 24, 1921.

On Tuesday evening we heard the shooting and several friends came to my home for shelter until about 2 o'clock. Then in the early morning the Whites were stationed on the hill with machine guns and high powered rifles, firing upon our people as they tried to run for safety.

About seven o'clock the Whites or Home Guards came for the men. Then they took the women and children, promising them safety. After they had the homes vacated one bunch of whites would come in and loot. Even women with shopping bags would come in, open drawers, take every kind of finery from clothing to silverware and jewelry. Men were carrying out the furniture, cursing as they did so, saying "These d— Negroes have better things than lots of white people." I stayed until my home was caught on fire, then I ran to the hill side where there were throngs of White people; women, men and children, even babies, watching and taking snap shots of the proceedings of the mob. Some remarked that "The city ought to be sued for selling D— niggers property so close to the city." One woman noticed the First Baptist Church, which is a beautiful structure located near a White residence district. She said, "Yonder is a nigger church, why ain't they burning it?" The reply was, "It's in a White district."

I saw an old Colored man, Mr. Oliver, who stayed with Dr. Jackson. I hailed him and asked him to help me with my handbag. He told me that Dr. Jackson was killed with his hands up. He said the ruffians ordered him out of his beautiful home. He came out with his hands up and said, "Here I am boys, don't shoot," but they shot him just the same. About this time some Home Guards appeared and ordered Mr. Oliver to come to them. While doing so a bunch of rifles were raised to shoot. The guards fell down and Mr. Oliver took shelter behind a post just in time to save his life. Then Mr. Oliver went to the Guards and they searched him, with hands up, and took over \$50.00 from him, which they failed to return, and then took him to Convention Hall.

Then the horde of ruffians went down on Detroit, looting those beautiful homes of everything valuable and then burned them, even breaking the phones from the walls. The machine guns just shattered the walls of the homes. The fire department came out and protected the White homes on the west side of Detroit Street while on the east side of the street men with torches and women with shopping bags continued their looting and burning of Negro homes, while aeroplanes flew over head, some very low.

I watched this awful destruction from where I sat on the hill side. As I sat watching my modern 10-room and basement home burn to ashes an old White man came by. Addressing me as "Auntie," he said, "It's awful, ain't it?" and offered me a dollar to buy my dinner with.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

Tulsa, Okla., June 24, 1921.

On the morning of June 1st, I met the mob of Whites at the door where I was. They marched me to Convention Hall with my hands up. From there I was taken to the Ball Park and saw many men and women who were homeless. There I slept on two benches.

I left the park the next morning and looked up my wife who was stopping with some friends. Then I purchased a folding chair, a strop and razor and went down on Greenwood amidst the ashes and ruins and started a barber shop.

From a 10-room and basement modern brick home, I am now living in what was my coal barn. From a 5-chair white enamel barber shop, 4 baths, electric clippers, electric fan, 2 lavatories and shampoo stands, 4 workmen, double marble shine stand, a porter and an income of over \$500 or \$600 per month, to a razor, strop and folding chair on the sidewalk.

I feel that corrupt politics is the cause of the whole affair, for if the authorities had taken the proper steps in time the whole matter could have been prevented.

By C. L. NETHERLAND,
Proprietor of a Barber Shop.

Tulsa, Okla., June 22, 1921.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The catastrophe that occurred at Tulsa on the night of May 31, 1921, to June 1, 1921, was outrageous. It was heinous and beyond our ability to describe, but we have been asked to give our opinion.

Being very busy at our office we did not turn our attention to any of the rumors that were being circulated about an attempted plan to lynch the boy who was supposed to be the accused party of an attempted assault upon a White girl, as the story goes.

On Wednesday, the 1st of June, about the hour in the early morning when the battle was hot, I stood at my window in my room and saw White guards (Home Guards) break in stores of all kinds and carry out the contents that were being loaded onto trucks, then hastened towards the White district of the city. We are very much of the opinion that some of these groceries and dry goods are being sold to us now by various White hucksters.

When we were taken to Convention Hall we were treated very fair. Our opinion is that the affair could have been averted had the better class of Whites and Negroes gotten together and adjusted affairs.

We do not wish to be radical, as a large number of White dailies and pulpits have been in placing the blame. They have based their argument on racial equality, which the Negro has never hoped for nor worked for. Let us, therefore, refrain from such lambast.

Racial equality only means equal manhood and womanhood. The solution, in our minds, is "Let the Negro obey the Ten Commandments and the White man the Golden Rule, then Ephriam will not vex Judas and Judas will not vex Ephriam." We are not giving our full opinion at this writing as we are preparing a personal pamphlet that will deal with all classes of the Riot which occurred here. We are unable to say at this writing when it will be ready.

Sincerely yours,

M. D. RUSSELL,
Exchange Ins. Co.

On Tuesday evening, May 31st, 1921, I was called and told of some mail that was at 500 N. Detroit Ave. When I reached this point I was told of the differences between

the two races. Then it was beginning to get warm, which made it dangerous for me to return to my home in the Addition, so I remained on Detroit Ave. all night.

I saw people of all descriptions going up and down the street, and most of them were armed. Early in the morning, between 5 and 6 A. M., a "Riot Call" was given; that is, the City whistle gave one long blow and then looking through the windows I could see the Whites, armed with high powered rifles coming from the hill and surrounding the Colored district. As they filed past and called into the houses for the people to come out, I said that "I would wait as long as possible." They would say, "Come out, we are not going to hurt you." Several people responded to the call, but I would look coolly on as they marched others away.

Viewing the rear of the house I could see men and boys swarming around the Colored people's homes, while others looted and burned the homes of my people. Watching with my two companions at how my people were treated, it occurred to me to remain there as long as possible, which I did. After seeing most of the property that was near me burned, I surrendered with my companions, knowing that all windows and doors had been shot out and it fell to our lot to come out.

On the arrival of the bunch of Whites, the fourth or fifth time we came out after several shots were fired into the house by the mob. We came out, my companions first. Two or three Whites thrust guns in each man's face and side and took him down stairs. As I neared the bottom of the steps I was met by a man who very unkindly treated me. Seeing a man with hands raised he came up to the blind side and struck me in the jaw. Did I see him? NO! After which I was questioned and my money taken and then for a ride through the busy streets, with hands raised, for about thirty blocks.

On the way my arms got tired and, too, the sun was baking my brains, as I was not permitted to get my hat. I lowered my hands to keep off the sun and was struck on the hands with a gun and told to "Put them up." While riding through the streets, women and children, and very often men, would laugh and make merry.

After getting to the Park, the women were permitted to take the grandstand, while the men were clustering



MME. DORA WELLS



MRS. D. L. BUSH

around on the grounds. Later they were permitted to go to the grandstand, those from 50 years and upwards, while there was plenty of room for all.

Then came the unpleasant duty of getting out. You must have some White person to vouch for you, and, of course, I did not know any one (being an architect, my brother and I have contracted and worked for ourselves). So I was up against a hard proposition, but finally I got out through a young fellow who told a man that "This boy is my brother-in-law."

On returning home the house had been ransacked, two or more of the mob changing clothes. One piece they had changed had been worn about four times. Can you imagine what that fact, alone, brings out?

The worst thing of all was being humiliated before little boys between the ages of 12 and 16 years, so you know it will grow up in the youngsters to try the same thing when he has matured, that others tried, but with less success, I am hoping.

By J. C. LATIMER,
Architect and Contractor.

One of the most horrible scenes of race hatred and Tuesday, May 31st, and morning of Wednesday, June 1st, mob violence occurred at Tulsa, Okla., on the night of that history has ever recorded on the face of the globe.

This sad occurrence committed by more than 5,000 Whites has blackened the city of Tulsa's character and placed a black stain upon this great Oil City that can never be erased, I happened to note, being a resident of Tulsa.

The Daily Tribune, a White newspaper that tries to gain its popularity by referring to the Negro settlement as "Little Africa," came out on the evening of Tuesday, May 31, with an article claiming that a Negro had had some trouble with a White elevator girl at the Drexel Bldg. It also said that the Negro had been arrested and placed in jail and that a mob of Whites were forming in order to lynch the Negro.

Some time during the night about 50 Negroes arrived; then scores with rifles, etc., went up to the district where the accused Negro was in prison, and upon their arrival, found a host of Whites who were making an effort to lynch the Negro.

The Negroes were given the assurance by officials in charge that no lynching would take place, and as they were about to return to the Negro section, some one fired a shot and the battle began. All night long they could be heard firing from both sides, while the Whites were marshalling more than 5,000 men who had surrounded the Negro section to make an early attack in the morning on more than 8,000 innocent Negroes.

As daylight approached, they (the Whites), were given a signal by a whistle, and the dirty, cowardly outrage took place. All of this happened while innocent Negroes were slumbering, and did not have the least idea that they would fall victims of such brutality.

At the signal of the whistle, more than a dozen aeroplanes went up and began to drop turpentine balls upon the Negro residences, while the 5,000 Whites, with machine guns and other deadly weapons, began firing in all directions. Negro men, women and children began making haste to flee to safety, but to no avail, as they were met on all sides with volleys of shot. Negro men, women and children were killed in great numbers as they ran, trying to flee to safety.

As the fighting progressed they were captured and taking all Negro men from their honest homes to a down town hall, etc., also Negro women and children were being taken to different parts of the city. After they had cleared more than five hundred homes of occupants, then the dirty work of firing and looting of homes began.

Torch lights were used with gasoline to burn up the Negro settlement, and, in the meantime, they used large trucks loading up pianos, victrolas and other articles that were in the Negro homes. Wearing apparel and, in fact, the whole of the Negro homes were looted by these rascal Whites who met no resistance, as most of the Negroes were taken prisoners.

We read the Bible about Sodom and Gomorrah, but the sights, as witnessed that morning, nothing could have been worse. One part of the city was cut off from the other by fire, smoke and ashes.

The most horrible scenes of this occurrence was to see women dragging their children while running to safety, and the dirty White rascals firing at them as they ran. Some

of them were pursued more than 12 or 15 miles, and some have never returned.

Negro hospitals, with numbers of sick were burned, and many people perished in the flames, not being able to get to a place of safety.

Tulsa, to which many Negroes had accumulated much wealth and fine homes; Greenwood Street, the Negroes' "Broadway" of Tulsa, and one of the best Negro business streets in the whole U. S. A., now lies a heap of ashes. As the debris was being cleared away, bodies were found buried, burned to a crisp. They had had no means of escape.

The number of Whites and Negroes killed in this raid will never be known. I was detained at the police station to assist the White and Colored doctors with wounded Negroes, and all day long, from early morning until night, truck loads of Negroes were being brought by, dead and wounded. Where they were taken, I don't know.

Several Negroes were tied to the backs of automobiles, and dragged through the streets while bullets were being fired into their bodies.

Women were being chased from their homes naked, with clothes in their hands and volleys of shots fired at them as they were fleeing; some with babies in their arms.

These things, and many others, which I will not be able to mention, were done in America, which makes its boast of true democracy.

Oh, America! Cruel America! Thou art weighed in the balance.

By A. H.

Tulsa Race Riot.

It is impossible to make a full report of the happenings, but what I saw was bad enough, and yet I cannot tell all that I saw. When I fully realized what was happening I saw men and women fleeing for their lives, while White men by the hundreds pursuing them, firing in all directions. As one woman was running from her home she suddenly fell with a bullet wound. Then I saw aeroplanes, as they flew very low. To my surprise, as they passed over the business district they left the entire block a mass of flame.

I saw men, women and children driven like cattle,

huddled like horses and treated like beasts. Thus, I fully realized the attitude of the Southern White man when he has you bested. I saw hundreds of men marched through the main business section of "White Town" with their hats off and their hands up, with dozens of guards marching them with guns, cursing them for everything mentionable. I saw large trucks following up the invaders, as they ran the Colored people from their homes and places of business. Everything of value was loaded on these trucks and everything left was burned to ashes.

I saw machine guns turned on the Colored men to oust them from their stronghold.

Tuesday night, May 31st, was the riot, and Wednesday morning, by daybreak, was the invasion.

H. T. S. JOHNSON, OF THE INTER-RACIAL COMMISSION.

The race riot in Tulsa, on the night of May 31st, and the murder and arson on the morning of June 1st, 1921, never would have happened had the better class of White people and Negroes been working co-operatively for community good. Instead, each went his way, giving no thought as to what would become of any community where the right thinking people leave the running of things municipal in the hands of persons who value money more than they do law and order government.

An awful price—hundreds of lives and millions in property—has been paid, but if the Christian people of both race groups have learned the lesson that, for mutual protection and community welfare, they must concern themselves about the character of city officials, from mayor to the humblest policeman, the investment is worth while. If not fully, the writer believes the lesson has been sufficiently learned to make, forever impossible, a recurrence of the tragedy which makes every loyal Tulsan blush for shame when occasion arises to remember it.

The best evidence that the above is true was the organizing, within less than thirty days after the disaster, of two committees on inter-racial co-operation. One, composed of a group of influential and fair-minded White people, and the other of a no less representative group of Negroes. These committees met a public sentiment on both sides that was a mixture of hatred, suspicion and sympathy. The element of sympathy, however, was more pronounced among the —es of both groups, and that was the leverage with which the White inter-racial committee lifted the lid of Negro oppression upon which the city administration sat with all the weight that politics and graft courts command. In other words, to prevent Negroes from building back their homes and business places, the city commissioners, two days after their district was burned, passed an ordinance extending the fire limits far enough north and west to include all the land which certain interests coveted, as Ahab did Naboth's vineyard. After refusing to heed his plea that they rescind the confiscatory fire ordinance, Judge Mather M. Eakes, chairman of the Tulsa County Commission on

Inter-Racial Co-operation (White), in a law suit against the city, — the fire ordinance unconstitutional, and thus left the Negroes free to rebuild on the lots for which they held deeds. Without this timely aid, the Negro's morale would have broken and the splendid record in rebuilding and re-establishing business, which he is now making, would have been impossible.

Better sanitation, more lights, paved streets, more and better equipped school buildings, ample play grounds and equipment for same, gymnasiums, swimming pool, a library with paid attendant, are our most pressing needs. With a strong Negro committee to make an intelligent survey and an influential White committee to press our claim with existent authorities, in due time we should have the things enumerated above and a greater and better Tulsa will have emerged from the blood and ashes of June 1st. Truly inter-racial co-operation is the way to peace in race relations.

MRS. DORA WELLS.

Too much cannot be said about this noble woman and her great work in Tulsa during the great disaster of June 1st, 1921. Mrs. Wells, although a widow and a heavy loser herself, never faltered in her work. She administered to the sick, fed many hungry persons. Able only to build three small rooms, for many nights she gave shelter to several people. Before the disaster Mrs. Wells was owner and proprietor of the Wells Garment Factory, an establishment that gave employment to several race women. Leaving a home and business, with every comfort of life in them, only to come back June 2nd to find smoldering embers and ashes—the work of a lifetime gone. Although crushed, but not conquered, this woman set to work to erect a temporary building of three rooms, being the first person to erect a frame building in the much coveted district.

Mrs. Wells left Tulsa, August 20, 1921, as a delegate to the Elks Grand Lodge and Temple of I. B. P. O. E. W., held in Boston, Mass. Being an ardent church and society worker, Mrs. Wells was able to put the condition of Tulsa sufferers before that Grand body. By so doing she received clothing from the Temples in the East; also two churches and two clubs responded. Two hundred and sixty-seven persons were given clothing from the bundles from this noble woman's hand, assisted by the members of Daughter

Elks of Cosmopolitan Temple 133, of Tulsa. Persons who needed help most received it, regardless of their fraternal connections. All were treated alike, and today, no one receives more hospitality than those who visit Mrs. Wells. Her table is always ready to feed the hungry, her roof to shelter the homeless. Tulsa can well be proud of such a woman. Loved by all, feared by none, women of her all-around servicable and resourceful type are not found in great numbers, and Tulsa should be proud of her.

The people of Tulsa who benefited by her assistance shall never forget her services rendered in a time of need.

Several cash donations were sent from various Temples, which was divided by her among daughter Elk only.

After eleven months have passed and I have had the pleasure of seeing beautiful Greenwood re-built with two- and three-story business structures, I want to forget that morning of June 1, when I tried to find a hiding place, and there was no place to hide. When we left the Red Wing Hotel (husband and I), bullets were falling like rain, and I resigned myself to my fate for I felt that all avenues of escape were cut off.

Mr. Pack and Lewis called to my husband to bring me out and try to get out of range of the fire and bullets. When I reached the street I become sick and so weak in my knees I could not walk.

There was a man in a taxi trying to help the women escape. He took us in and drove us as far as 1025 North Greenwood. We had friends living there and thought we could stop there, but, alas! we found in a few minutes we would have to go further on, as by that time they were firing on us there.

With Mr. Harris and his family and many others, we started out walking north, but where? We did not know. However, there were about six aeroplanes keeping watch overhead. For what?

When we reached the section line, Mr. Pack and my husband decided it would be best for us to try and get to the Kennedy Building where my husband worked. I would not dare repeat all we heard en route, but when we reached Main and Archer they were trotting a large bunch of our men to Convention Hall, hands held over their heads, bare headed and half clad. The streets were lined with White

people, some in pity for the unfortunate, but the majority seemed to think it a funny thing to do.

We reached the Kennedy Building and were taken care of there for the day. When evening came, they had decided we could go on the streets, but must wear a tag on which was printed "Police Protection." Any one without a tag would be arrested.

The days that followed brought many humiliations. If you had never worked in service you must have a card showing you were in the Red Cross Service or some responsible White person's employment. Guards stationed all about you must show a "Green Card" before you could enter the Colored district.

I am now employed as secretary at Maurice Willows Hospital and find on file a list of names, very incomplete, as follows: Colored wounded 63; Dead, 15.

This report cannot be relied upon as correct.

We dismissed our last Riot patient on April 28, a young man that has suffered much and who is still on crutches.

Let us hope we can forgive and forget those of whatever race that caused such a catastrophe to befall us. Make our lives an example for others, as law-abiding, Christian people, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Things I noticed while trying to escape:

Mother and son, both wounded, one trying to help the other.

Several men wounded, on the side of the road, exhausted, unable to go farther.

Have been informed by nurses that they had several premature births on that day.

Children frantically trying to find parents; wives waiting for husbands, not knowing where they had been taken when the armed men took them away.

To all American citizens everywhere I will say, "Talk against all lawlessness."

By DIMPLE L. BUSH.

HISTORY OF MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Mt. Zion Baptist Church of Tulsa, Okla., was organized in the year 1909 by the late S. Lyons with a small group. He pastored this people about eight months and resigned. Rev. Leonard was then called to the pastorage of the church. He only stayed a short time, and then Rev. C. L. Netherland, the third pastor, filled his place as pastor of this little flock for about eighteen months, then stepped aside and encouraged them to call Rev. F. K. White, who was the fourth pastor and prime mover of the buying of the present site where the church now stands. Rev. White left them in the year 1914 for California. Before leaving he persuaded them to elect R. A. Whitaker, the present pastor, who came in the darkest hours when odds were all against us.

At that time we were worshipping in the school house on Hartford, and in less than three months after my arrival we were ordered to vacate. This we did with a three days' notice. We moved in a "dance hall" in the Woods Building, on Greenwood Avenue. It was there that friend and foe said that the day of hope had passed and it was then that we went boldly to a "Shrine of Grace" and God opened the door through Brother C. Henry, who came to our relief with a message of hope.

The next move was the "Tabernacle" building and the breaking of the ground for the new church site. This will show you where we were seven years ago. We started the "land breaking" without a penny.

Five years ago in June we had a big rally and raised seven hundred and fifteen dollars and fifteen cents. With this we started the work on the foundation of the present building. We had to build up a credit, and work by chances. This was a hard task, as we had plenty of knockers, but we soon found that every knock was a boost. We had a good standing with the following business firms: Ketchum Lumber Company, Miller Furniture Company, Tulsa Brick Company, as well as with our own members and friends, Brother J. H. Goodwin, Mrs. M. A. Wright, Mrs. Ida Grant, Mrs. M. Littles, J. Woods, J. E. Stewart, A. Allis, J. W. Franklin and many others whose names I cannot call.

We give you this bit of history so you will understand

what seven years of toil in a field where conditions and odds are against one means.

We thank the many friends who stayed with us and gave us words of cheer. God bless the good people of Tulsa and the great state of Oklahoma. We have gained many friends of the other races. We shall never forget you and pray the blessings of God upon you. This is our prayer.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

R. A. Whitaker, Pastor.

Leaving Tulsa, as I did, on May 26, 1921, to be present at the graduation of my two daughters, Ruth and Eunice, the latter from the eighth grade, May 27, and the former from Western University, June 2, found me away from Tulsa on the dates of the riot, May 31 and June 1.

But the Tulsa that I left and the Tulsa that I found on my return, June 5!

I left a Tulsa throbbing with life and high hopes, people who were happy, people who in the main were prosperous, a wide awake, alert, active, forward-looking folk. Some who had come in the early day when it tried men's souls, and now were resting and beginning to enjoy the fruits of their years of toil—people who were singing the praises of Tulsa, prosperous.

No man, be he millionaire or pauper, had more pride in Tulsa than her upstanding, forward-looking colored citizens. None clamored harder against the overbearing police system and the evils of the underworld.

Ten months in Tulsa; ten active, constructive months of human hopes and aspirations; ten months of a vision of a better day and then on platform and in press the phrase, "The Dawn of a New Day," was in actual use. This in Tulsa, colored.

Tulsa's colored citizens settled in the north end of the city, separating themselves at right angles to the Tulsa white.

Standpipe Hill jutted out into the colored section like the state of Florida extends into the ocean. This hill is owned by a white man. From it one can get a fine panoramic view of Tulsa and the surrounding country. The white people would not buy it, and the colored could not, although they lived on three sides of it.

The good people of color were building magnificent



REV. R. A. WHITAKER,
Pastor Mt. Zion Baptist Church.