



THE PASSING OF A GREAT AFRICAN A Tribute

by Bernard FONLON

In the shadow of Christlanborg Castle, official residence of the President of Ghana, there lies a man whose passing should claim, from every conscious African, the tribute of a thought. For if the **Wind of Change** sweeping through Africa today goes down as the revolution which more than any thing else put a mark on the mid-twentieth century, Dr. DuBois, American Negro, Ghana citizen, who died at Accra on the 27th of August 1963, at the venerable age of 95 years, Dr. DuBois shall go down as the pioneer, indeed the father, of the Pan-African Movement.

Pan-Africanism, however, was but a part of his preoccupations; nothing that concerned the welfare of black folk in particular and that of the under-privileged world in general was foreign to his zeal; student, researcher, teacher, historian, sociologist, poet, novelist, political militant — he was, in every one of these capacities, first and foremost, a fighter for the freedom and the dignity of Negro peoples, a fighter for the rights of those, no matter what their race, who suffer wrong and oppression.

He is third of the **Grand Triumvir**, the three Negro leaders who tower head and shoulders above the rest in the history of the last hundred years; for, in the story of Negro leadership, when one thinks of Frederick Dougless, and of Booker Washington, one thinks almost inevitably of William Edward Burghardt DuBois.

A DEDICATED SOUL

He was born on the 23rd of February, 1868, into a comfortable middle-class family in the small Negro community of Great Barrington, Massachusetts. At a time when even a primary school formation would have been an invaluable acquisition to any Negro, young Will DuBois got an education which would be the object of pride to any man, anywhere, at any time: it took him through three universities — Fisk, Harvard, and Berlin — and was crowned with a Doctorate in Philosophy in 1895.

In order to appreciate fully DuBois's work for the Negro peoples, it must be borne in mind that at the time when, as a young man, he dedicated himself to the service of his race, the Negro was just up from slavery in America, and, in Africa, the chains of servitude were being clapped on him anew: it was the era of the notorious Scramble and the Partition of Africa. And dark days lay before the blackman on either side of the Atlantic. It was a time in the Negro's **Via Dolorosa** that called, as DuBois put it himself, for "the strongman, the master-felt man, the honest man, the man who can forget himself"; the crying need was for leadership of exceptional calibre. And, by reason of the great opportunities with which he had been blest, DuBois felt, and naturally, that he had a mission to participate in this leadership.



ABBIA

Even as early as his young days in Fisk University, he was wont to assert :
I am a Negro ;

and I glory in the name ;

I am proud of the black blood that flows in my veins.

On his 25th birthday, even before his final university studies were over, he solemnly dedicated himself to the service of the Negro race :

I am glad I am living, I rejoice as a strong man to run a race, and I am strong — is it egotism, is it assurance — or is it the silent call of the world spirit that makes me feel that I am royal and that beneath my sceptre a world of kings shall bow. The hot dark blood of that black fore-father born king of men — is beating at my heart, and I know that I am either a genius or a fool... this I do know : be the Truth what it may I will seek it on the pure assumption that it is worth seeking — and Heaven nor Hell, God nor Devil shall turn me from my purpose till I die. I will in this second quarter century of my life, enter the dark forest of the unknown world for which I have so many years served my apprenticeship — the chart and compass the world furnishes me I have little faith in — yet, I have none better — I will seek till I find — and die...

These are my plans ; to make a name in science, to make a name in literature and thus to raise my race. Or perhaps to raise a visible empire in Africa thro' England, France, or Germany.

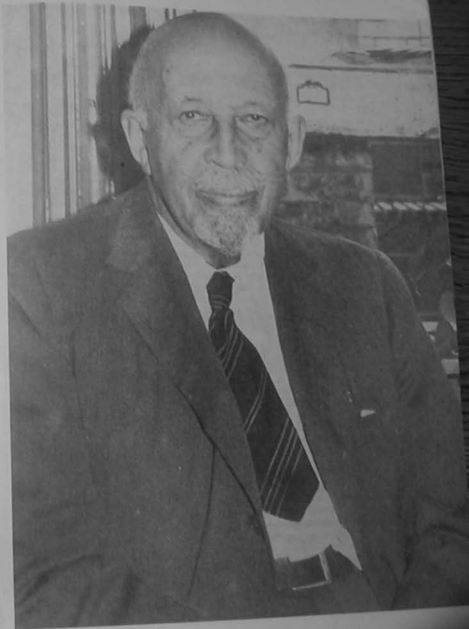
I wonder what will be the outcome ? Who knows ?

Today we see the outcome, and we know.

INTO THE ARENA

Back from Germany and armed with his doctorate at Harvard, it was borne in upon him that the activities through which he could best render service to the Negro race were teaching in Negro universities and research into Negro problems : the education of its **Talented Tenth** would render the urgent double service of dispelling ignorance and providing the black community with enlightened leadership ; research would give him a precise appraisal of Negro problems and provide a scientific basis for the struggle for Negro advancement. Yet he was not destined to keep at these for long.

For, although Emancipation had been proclaimed at the dawn of the eighteen-sixties, the lot of the Negro was far from happier ; he was despoiled of his vote and reduced to political impotency ; he was denied the protection of the law and crippled by economic disabilities ; in society, his lot was the ostracism of the pariah. But as if these were not enough, white resentment at the Negro's very existence vented itself in violence and, often, black-white relations were rocked and marred by bloody race riots. But the most horrifying shape that white violence took against blacks was lynching. According to accounts, some of these lynchings were so barbaric that one stands aghast how it could happen that people who proudly proclaim "**In God we trust**", could perpetrate acts of such unearthly butchery.



Professor William Edward Burghardt DuBois

In the face of such savagery, no leader dedicated to the defence of his people could rest content with teaching and research in a university ivory tower; the call rang out for organization and direct agitation to whip up Negro indignation into active militancy. And, in answer to this call, DuBois and a few radical friends launched the **Niagara Movement**.

The men of the Niagara Movement, declared their manifesto, coming from the toll of a year's hard work, and pausing a moment from the earning of their daily bread, turn toward the nation and again ask in the name of ten million the privilege of a hearing. In the past year the work of the Negro-hater has flourished in the land. Step by step the defenders of the right of American citizens have retreated. The work of stealing the black man's ballot has progressed and the fifty and more representatives of stolen votes still sit in the nation's capital. Discrimination in railways and public accommodation has so spread that some of our weaker brethren are actually afraid to thunder against colour discrimination as such and are simply whispering for ordinary decency.

Against this the Niagara Movement eternally protests. We will not be satisfied to take one jot or tittle less than our full manhood rights. We claim for ourselves every single right that belongs to a free-born American, political, civil and social; and until we get these rights we will never cease to protest and assail the ears of America. The battle we wage is not for ourselves alone, but for all true Americans. It is a fight for ideals, but this, our common fatherland, false to its founding, become in truth the land of the "Thief and the home of the Slave" — a by-word and a hissing among the nations for its sounding pretensions and pitiful accomplishment.

Never before in the modern age has a great and civilized folk threatened to adopt so cowardly a creed in the treatment of its fellow citizens, born and bred on its soil. Stripped of verbiage and subterfuge and in its naked nastiness, the new American creed says: fear to let the black men even try to rise lest they become the equals of the white. And this is the land that professes to follow Jesus Christ. The blasphemy of such a course is only matched by its cowardice.

The Niagara Movement, however, did not achieve much more than this ringing protest. Moreover, Atlanta University where he taught depended on the generosity of philanthropy and because DuBois' radicalism was stirring up resentment in philanthropic circles, he was becoming an increasing embarrassment to the university. But a chance soon came which fitted his radical mood more perfectly than the university chair. There was a lynching in Springfield some Negro leaders including DuBois, the following year, to form the **National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples**. Thus when, in 1910, he was invited to take up the editorship of the *Crisis*, the association's organ, he leapt to the occasion.

And, for years, DuBois' superb editorial talents made the *Crisis* the focal point of the Negro struggle.

PAN-AFRICA

The outstanding thing about his leadership is that it embraced the whole Negro world, so much so that one can assert without fear of error or exaggeration that the entire struggle for the freedom of black folk, on either side of the Atlantic, rests on his shoulders. For DuBois' devotion to Africa was intense and the attraction of Africa, to him, irresistible.

The spell of Africa is upon me — he exclaimed. The ancient witchery of her medicine is burning my drowsy, dreary blood. This is not a country, it is a world — a universe of itself and for itself, a thing Different, Immense, Menacing, Alluring. It is a great black basin where the Spirit longs to die. It is a life so burning, so fire encircled that one bursts with terrible soul inflaming life. One longs to leap against the sun, and then calls, like some great hand of fate, the slow, silent, crushing power of almighty sleep — of Silence, of Immovable Power beyond, within, around. Then comes the calm. The dreamless beat of middy stillness, at dusk, at dawn, at noon, always... Africa is the Spiritual Frontier of human kind.

In order to appreciate the overwhelming significance of DuBois' services to the land of his ancestors, one needs to keep constantly in mind what the condition of Africa was, during the first three decades of this century. Imperialism was at the height of its power and few could dare to challenge it; the continent had long been reduced to submission and silence; and education, dealt out in meagre doses, had not yet produced those who were destined to give authentic vent and voice to the African resentment.

Who then would speak for Africa?

Who else but those of the descendants of the African exiles who, in spite of impossible odds, in America and in the West Indies, had wrung an education from the grudging and hostile white man?

Who else, among these, more prepared to do this than DuBois himself?

Thus he found himself with the Pan-African Movement from its very genesis and stood steadfast by it, and nursed it tenderly until it was mature enough to be transferred to the African continent. For he participated as secretary to the very first Pan-African Congress that was organized in London, at the dawn of the century, by a Trinidadian barrister, Henry Sylvester-Williams, as a forum of protest against the aggressive policies of imperialism in Africa; on the death of Sylvester-Williams, he took up the struggle and organized five further congresses between 1919 and 1945.

Unlike Marcus Garvey whose Negro Zionism had for final purpose the leading of the Negro peoples from the New World back to Africa, DuBois sought, through the Pan-African Movement, to promote national self-determination among Africans, under African leadership, for the benefit of the Africans themselves. He saw the struggle for African independence as inextricably linked with the fight for Negro equality in the United States; for it was his African background that was being used as an excuse to keep the Negro down; self-

determination in Africa would hasten real emancipation for the Negro in America. This view has since been amply vindicated by events.

When the Conference at Versailles was about to be held at the close of the First World War, DuBois felt it imperative that the voice of Africa should be heard at such a historic and far-reaching gathering. With the very able assistance of Blaise Diagne — then member for Senegal in the French Chamber of Deputies — who had the ear of Clemenceau, he organized the second Pan-African Congress to coincide with the Conference.

We in Cameroon have a special debt of gratitude to DuBois, because it was he who originated the idea of international trusteeship, an idea that shaped the course of our history for forty years and without which it is doubtful whether Cameroon could have survived as a political entity; there was nothing to prevent the victorious allies from dismembering the conquered territories and integrating their share purely and simply into their adjacent colonies. But led by DuBois, the Pan-African Congress passed a resolution urging the allied powers to place the former German colonies under international supervision to be held in trust, for the inhabitants, as future self-governing territories.

There is no need here to go into the details of the Congresses that he organized between the wars; but stress must be laid on this that the indifference which he met with on every side, and the difficulties he had to face, and the fact that he clung to the idea notwithstanding, show how deeply convinced DuBois was that Pan-Africanism would triumph in the end.

THE ABDICATION OF THE TALENTED TENTH

I have said above what a determining part Mr. Blaise Diagne played in the success of the 1919 Congress; the NAACP too, had lent its aid. But, in the subsequent Congresses, both withdrew their support; the NAACP did not think it its mission to fight for the advancement of coloured peoples outside the United States; and, faced with a choice between Pan-Africanism and France, Diagne chose France. This change in the attitude of his former ardent collaborator led DuBois to sound a warning against the danger that educated leaders of black folk would take part in the robbery of their race rather than lead the masses to education and culture.

This is a danger that looms larger as time goes by. In the early years, DuBois had championed the principle that if the highest opportunities for education were placed within the reach of the **Talented Tenth**, they would use their achievements to serve and lead the masses. This was what he himself had done and he seemed to think that the following of this course, by others equally best, was rather in the nature of things. He was later to be disenchanted and to give vent to bitter disappointment.

The majority of the American Negro intelligentsia, he observed, along with the West Indian and West African leadership showed symptoms of following in the footsteps of Western acquisitive society with its exploitation of labour, monopoly of land and its resources and with private profit for the smart and

unscrupulous, in a world of poverty, disease and ignorance, as the natural end of human culture; the **Talented Tenth** had become fully American in defending exploitation, imitating conspicuous expenditure and hating socialism; the relaxation of discriminatory pressures had left the Negro free to move in the wrong direction; Negro leaders no longer led, they were aping the white man's worst traits; class structure among Negroes would increase in rigidity as discrimination decreased; there was no hope for progress.

How true, all this!

It is a frustrating fact that freedom, instead of ushering in a healthy, new and forward-looking Africa, is giving birth, thanks to the capitalist conspiracy, to an unsightly deformity — black conservatism, Negro reaction.

RESURGENT PAN-AFRICA

A very striking thing it is indeed how far DuBois was ahead of his time.

Despite the indifference of former friends, despite the covert hostility of imperialist powers, despite the overt antagonism of Garvey's Back-to-Africaism, despite apparent failure, the ideas of Pan-Africanism were taking root, notwithstanding, and this, especially among the younger generation of politically-minded Negroes who, thanks to increased education between the wars and to the shock of first-hand experience abroad, had gained a new consciousness-men like the late George Padmore, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Jomo Kenyatta. These it was who were destined to bring Pan-Africanism to maturity, and back to Africa.

The shake-up of the world by the Second World War and the reawakening to which it jolted the under-privileged peoples provided a moment and an atmosphere ideal for the relaunching of the Pan-African struggle. DuBois was too deep-sighted to miss this chance. And thus the Manchester Congress was summoned in 1945, on the morrow of the War. As the old man, now 77 years of age, set about, with youthful energy and excitement, preparing for the Congress, he declared that it would become the real movement for the emancipation of Africa.

And it did.

The young men who surrounded him at Manchester are today the makers of the African Revolution.

NO VICTORY WITHOUT SOCIALISM

Even from very early in his career as thinker and leader, DuBois' keen-sightedness saw that the struggle for Negro equality in the New World and for independence in the old was a struggle that could not win a thorough victory without a corresponding economic revolution. For the problem of dark-skinned peoples restive under white domination was only part of a larger problem, namely, the problem of workers weary of an economic system that gave them slavery and their masters luxury.

Though white workers could not be relied on to give their dark comrades a square deal, though fear of Negro competition made them bitterly hostile against the black worker, though white parties of the left might swing right in office when it came to freedom for the coloured peoples, and this, notwithstanding, was still part and parcel of the labour problem; and this, because the Negro was no owner of capital, no employer of labour; his lot was that of the toiler and the dispossessed.

As far back as 1907, that is, ten years before the Russian Revolution and the advent of Communism, DuBois came to the conclusion that socialism was the only genuine solution to the Negro problem; that socialism was the great road to progress and the hope of the world's depressed masses.

Today, every African leader of any standing, every African thinker of any depth knows that, for us some measure of socialism is a must; socialism, in African unity, is our only road towards genuine independence, our only safeguard against the intrigues of the capitalist conspiracy, our only effective weapon against the might of organized reaction.

FAITHFUL TO THE END

In the defence of the principles for which he stood, for which he had lived and fought a whole life time — equality for the American Negro, independence for his African brother, justice for labour, peace for mankind — DuBois' spirit remained unbent to the last. In fact, in 1951, when he was 83, his campaign for peace aroused the hostility of the American Government and almost landed him behind prison bars. But the *Grand Old Man*, completely unimpressed by the American Government's charges, stepped up his campaign to denounce the same evils and preach the same gospel: that big business was paralysing democracy by creating a military dictatorship; that only some form of socialism could preserve the ideals of democratic America; that nothing could stop communism but something better than communism. No softening down, no equivocation, no compromise.

I wanted, he declared, to dispel, in the minds of the government and of the public any lingering doubt as to my determination to think and speak freely on the economic foundation of the wars and frustrations of the twentieth century.

On the invitation of Dr. Nkrumah, Professor DuBois came to spend the evening of his life in Ghana, to spend what was left of his tremendous energies on a project which he had conceived back at the beginning of the century but never found the funds to embark upon it, until the Ghana Government came to his aid, in the closing days; this project was the *Encyclopaedia Africana* which he has now left with others to complete.

Here a deep-felt tribute must be paid to Osagyefo, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, for enabling the life of this great son of Africa to close in so worthy a way; for nowhere could Dr. DuBois' last days have been more fittingly spent than on the continent that owes him so much; no burial more due than the honours that were rendered his passing in Accra; no soil more worthy to receive his

remains than the soil of Africa. And of all African countries none was worthier than Ghana to honour, and be honoured by conferring its citizenship on this eminent African; for Ghana is the one Negro country where an all-out effort is being made to incarnate the ideas for which Dr. DuBois stood and lived and strove to the end of his days.

When I ask myself what it is in the life of Professor William Edward Burghardt DuBois that emerges as his most outstanding achievement, I have no hesitation whatsoever as to my answer. It is that he stood fast by his principles and ideals right to the end, that his conviction about them grew stronger, that his defence of them grew more vigorous with the passing years.

What then was the secret of this unswerving consistency, this unflinching constancy, this ever-deepening radicalism? The question can be put another way. Why does so much youthful idealism end up, so often, in cynicism? Why is it that, so often, youth who begin as fervent radicals become conformists even before their young days are over? Why do so many ardent progressives end up before long in reaction? In other words, what was it in DuBois that is lacking in the faithful who fall by the wayside?

There can be external reasons why: chill poverty that blights the promises of youth; an illiberal atmosphere that suffocates and smothers youthful aspirations. But these, though formidable, are not the deadliest foes; for, if the flame within burns strong and true, no external forces can stamp it out completely.

The spirit that perseveres to the end is sustained by a threefold force — of feeling, of will and of mind.

SAEVA INDIGNATIO

Idealism, progressivism, radicalism, revolutionary fervour cannot last except in a man with a burning thirst for justice, social justice, a man provoked to fierce, even savage indignation by man's inhumanity to man. For as certain as it is that beneath all conservatism, capitalism, imperialism, monopoly, colonialism, reaction, there lies consuming greed, just so certain is it that there can be no genuine radicalism without a deeply generous nature, a nature that is inclined to over-look personal wrong but cannot brook injury done to others by wrongful social systems. Such a nature was that of this son of Africa.

For he was an angry, angry man, Dr. DuBois, angry against

The white world's vermin and filth;
All the dirt of London,
All the scum of New York;
Valiant despoilers of women
And conquerors of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards,
Drunk with the greed of gold,
Baiting their blood-stained hooks
With cant for the souls of the simple;
Bearing the white man's burden

Of liquor and lust and lies—
 I hate them, Oh!
 I hate them well,
 I hate them, Christ!
 As I hate hell!
 If I were God
 I'd sound their knell
 This day!

The same burning rage, though softened by grief and religious faith pulses through the *Litany at Atlanta* that he wrote on the morrow of the race riot that shook that city in 1906:

We are not better than our fellows, Lord, we are but weak and human men. When our devils do devilry, curse Thou the doer and the deed: curse them as we curse them, do to them all and more than ever they have done to Innocence and weakness, to womanhood and home.

Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!

And yet whose is the deeper guilt? Who made these devils? Who nursed them in crime and fed them on injustice? Who ravished and debauched their mothers and their grandmothers? Who bought and sold their crime, and waxed fat and rich on public iniquity?

Thou knowest, good God!

Is this Thy justice, O Father, that guile be easier than Innocence, and the innocent crucified for the guilt of the untouched guilty?

Justice, O Judge of men!

Behold this maimed and broken thing; dear God, it was an humble black man who toiled and sweat to save a bit from the pittance paid him. They told him: Work and Rise. He worked. Did this man sin? Nay, but some one told how some one said another did — one whom he had never seen nor known. Yet for that man's crime this man lieth maimed and murdered, his wife naked to shame, his children, to poverty and evil.

Hear us, O Heavenly Father!

Doth not this justice of hell stink in Thy nostrils, O God? How long shall the mounting flood of innocent blood roar in Thine ears and pound in our hearts for vengeance?

Bewildered we are, and passion-tost, mad with the madness of a mobbed and mocked and murdered people; straining at the armposts of Thy Throne, we raise our shackled hands and charge Thee, God, by the bones of our stolen fathers, by the tears of our dead mothers, by the very blood of Thy crucified Christ: What meaneth this?

Sit no longer blind, Lord God, deaf to our prayer and dumb to our dumb suffering. Surely Thou too art not white, O Lord, a pale bloodless, heartless thing?

Ah! Christ of all the Pities!

Whither? To life? But not this life, dear God, not this. Let the

cup pass from us, tempt us not beyond our strength, for there is that shudder lest we must, and it is red, Ah! God! It is a red and awful shape.

Selah!

In yonder East trembles a star.

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord!
 Thy will, O Lord, be done!

Kyrie Eleison!

Lord, we have done these pleading, wavering words.

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!

We bow our heads and hearken soft to the sobbing of women and little children.

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!

Our voices sink in silence and in night.

Hear us, good Lord!

In night, O God of a godless land!

Amen!

In silence, O Silent God.

Selah!

A WILL OF IRON

There can be no lasting fidelity to principle, therefore, without a passion for justice and right. But this by itself is not enough; for there are in man other thirsts, born of greed, which, more often than not, prove far more powerful than the thirst for truth and justice. There is the attraction of wealth, the enticement of pleasure, the irresistible force of mad ambition.

In order to crush them, in order that the thirst for justice should prevail, there is need for that unshakable determination, that unwinning courage, that will of steel that inspired these lines of Padraic Pearse, leader and poet of revolutionary Ireland:

Naked I saw thee,
 O beauty of beauty,
 And I blinded my eyes
 For fear I should fail.

I heard thy music,
 O melody of melody,
 And I closed my ears
 For fear I should falter.

I tasted thy mouth,
 O sweetness of sweetness,
 And I hardened my heart
 For fear of my slaying.

I blinded my eyes,
 And I closed my ears,
 I hardened my heart
 And I smothered my desire.
 I turned my back
 On the vision I had shaped,
 And to this road before me
 I turned my face.
 I have turned my face
 To this road before me,
 To the deed that I see
 And the death I shall die.

For a man to have stood firm by his principles, to have fought for them from youth to the extreme of age, is proof enough of a back-bone of granite.

But power of emotion and a will of iron would be but blind and passionate obstinacy, or even destructive wrongheadedness, if they are not enlightened.

SCIENCE MUST BE THE BASIS

There can be no genuine radical or progressive who is not at the same time endowed with keenness of mind. For, if indignation is to be a constructive force, it must be led by deep insight; problems must be clearly understood before appropriate remedies for them can be proposed. And yet, merely natural intelligence will not do, it must be intelligence deepened by study and fed with fact and principle.

For if a person is able to get at the truth, right from the start, there is little danger — other qualities being present — that he will abandon the cause before it is won. That is why it is a grave error for a policy or a programme for the welfare of men to be based on airy assumptions.

Thanks to his keenness of mind, thanks to his early research and seasoned scholarship, Professor DuBois got so clear a grasp of the Negro problem that he never had cause to abandon his course, at least in so far as fundamentals were concerned. In fact, with passing years, he is becoming more and more vindicated.

For unlike Marcus Garvey who based his movement on the power of his oratory on the emotions of the masses, Dr. DuBois insisted on the overwhelming importance of scientific research as an indispensable prerequisite in the struggle for Negro equality and freedom. It was imperative that the tackling of this problem be preceded by thorough and intelligent fact-finding; without the groundwork of discriminatory, cold-blooded, scientific research, judgement however shrewd could hardly be protected from the numberless possibilities of error, especially in a question that aroused such violent emotions.

The overwhelming importance of this principle in present-day African affairs cannot be over-emphasized. A programme for the welfare of a people cannot be improvised. Nor can a policy, however intelligent, be successful, if the machinery for carrying it out is riddled with incompetence. No action

can be fruitful if it is not based on thought; and thought is airy and groundless if not based on fact; and facts can only be organized into principles by careful research. First, fact-finding and, then, a programme based on the facts. Airy notions and groundless assumptions, an unwillingness to face the naked truth — these mark the surest road to failure and disaster.

A burning thirst for justice, a firm will never to treat with wrong, keen insight into the real nature of social problems — these are the hall-marks of the genuine radical, idealist, progressive.

One would be inclined to think, and very naturally too, that the fiercest warriors for right should be those who themselves have been the victims of injustice and oppression. But experience shows that some of the most conservative and reactionary elements are to be found among people recently up from misery, thanks to the setting up of a welfare state, and among Negroes lately liberated from imperialist oppression.

On the contrary, some of the greatest liberators of peoples, some of the most ardent revolutionaries sprang from the easy middle classes or were intellectuals who could very well have shut eye and ear to the misery around them and retired into a cosy ivory tower; witness Gandhi, witness Nehru, witness Padraic Pearse of Ireland, witness Nasser, witness William Edward Burghardt DuBois.

The true origin of the genuine radical is not social, therefore, but psychological, not class but character.

A MONUMENT TO HIS NAME

Such was this great son of Africa, this eminent Negro leader who deserves memory and honour wherever there are black men, who deserves a monument in every Negro capital.

But there can be no better way of hallowing the name of Professor DuBois, no monument to his memory more lasting than to take up the fight where he left it and to remain faithful to his principles to the end. The only genuine way whereby African leaders can honour their departed dean is to dedicate themselves anew to their task; to resolve that there shall be no compromise with reaction; that they shall strive to further an ever closer union of the African peoples; to resolve that each, in his state, shall never rest until the point is reached where no mother is afraid that her child will not be educated, where no man is anxious that he will be workless and without means of livelihood, that he will be left uncared for in times of illness, where no man is afraid that he will be neglected in his old age.

Was this not the piercing cry that rang out from his inmost soul throughout his life, the deepest desire of his heart, the single and dedicated purpose of all his striving, namely, the welfare of each and everyone among black folk?

This, however, I can assert that, if the dead came back to life and William Edward Burghardt DuBois were asked how he would be honoured, how best his memory could be hallowed and perpetuated, I am sure he would confirm that there could be nothing dearer to his soul, no more enduring monument to his name than a United Socialist Africa.

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