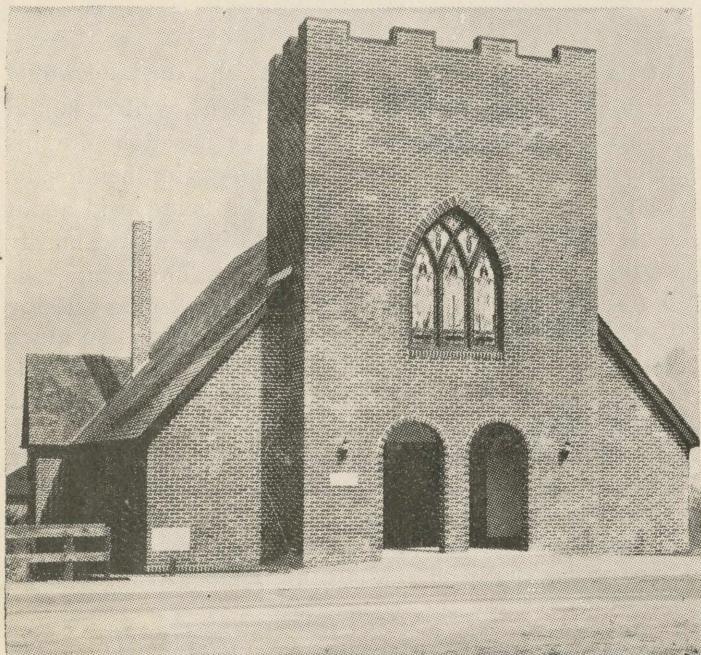


Tacoma Allen African Methodist Episcopal Church

"THE ROSENWALD OF THE NORTHWEST" (By A. W. Johnson)

Boys and girls of all races may be encouraged in their ideals of life if they will consider this man's act of philanthropy, which comes to its climax in this day, after definitely setting his aim while still a boy. It has been well said, "his aim was to do something in a well defined way to rid the world of some of its woes."

George Moore began as a boy to study the lives of the great men of history and very soon learned that those who had accomplished most had done so by help-



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ing others. From among the lives of the great his choice seems to have been the great Liberator and the great Educator, Abraham Lincoln and Booker T. Washington, a white man and a black man. In the search of their respective qualities he found one in common to both. It was the rare but sincere and impressive spirit of "Americanism." He took this one trait for his ideal and stepped on his mark with his eyes single to the future. In his early youth his greatest delight was to help others. First he found an outlet for his philanthropy by giving the little piece of silver then the larger and still larger until he came to the day that he says was a thrilling one for him, for it was the day when he could give a dollar to what he thought to be a worthy cause.

As he grew so his ideals grew. Lincoln the Emancipator had done for others. Washington had done for others. So he would some day take a hand and see to it that the standard they had so well set would never drag in the dust so far as he was concerned. And may we say here that one must not take Mr. Moore for just a "race man" because he is not. He is just a red-blooded American citizen and delights in being known as such. He is one of the brand of Americans that gets his biggest thrill out of a square deal, given or taken.

Then up through the rigors of service in the 25th In-

fantry U. S. A. As a deputy sheriff in Grant County, New Mexico. Battering the cattle range in Montana, challenged with many problems and always victorious in that he never allowed himself to be smaller than his greatest one of them. Throughout his years he has never lost sight of his goal, which was to do a deed where there was the greatest need to do the most good to the greatest number of people. This is after all the true standard and the testing theme of "Americanism."

We pause here to pay tribute to the greatest life partner that God ever gave a man. She was a little giant in business, positive in her life and had a heart of gold. We refer to the queen of this man's happy life, the late Mary Alice Moore.

These two people are the only cheer that will ever linger in the memory of many Tacomans. In the orphanage, in the hospital and among the poor and helpless their names are synonyms for happiness. And now still strong in his determination to even do more for mankind he has reached that climatic hour in life when he can hand the world the greatest single gift ever recorded to the credit of a Negro: a house dedicated to the worship of almighty God.

May we be glad to hale this man as the Rosenwald of the Northwest.

Presentation Speech

"I want to thank each and everyone for your attendance here today. I want to thank the speakers for all the nice things they have said about me. I may not be deserving of all the good things they have said but, if I can so live the remainder of my days that none of you will have a desire to take back one word of what you have said about me here today—when that last day rolls around and death lays her icy palms upon my drooping shoulders, I will fold my arms across my middlings and say go to it, death, you have no sting for me.

"I did not build this Church because it is a Negro congregation. Had A. W. Johnson been a white man, and pastor of a white congregation, and my wife and I had known him as we knew him and had known the condition of the old Church as we knew it, I would have built this Church just the same.

"It was left to the year 1929 to bring to me the saddest and happiest days of my life. March 11th, was the saddest. This day, August 4th, is the happiest. I am happy today because I believe I have made a pretty good start toward carrying out the wishes of the best pal I ever had. Yes, and I am proud today, proud that from my humble station in life I have been able to draw out a gathering like this. We have here today not only a great number of people but a number of great people. We have here today men and women that if called upon could go to Washington, D. C., and successfully carry on the duties of President of these United States. We have here today a representative of one of the greatest governors of one of the greatest States in the greatest country on earth. We have here a mayor and members of a city council that give us all we ask—a square deal. We have with us judges that when you come before them it makes no difference who you are, you can rest assured you are going to get justice. Yes, I am proud because I do not believe there is a man or a woman, white or black, in this gathering today that can go out into the world with one spark of race prejudice in their hearts.