

"Oh, No, Brother, Nobody's Going to Forget About Willie McGee"

By SHIRLEY GRAHAM

Willie McGee's steady, quiet voice is still. His feet won't walk no more and, for the first time since he was born, his hands are folded across his breast. But Willie McGee's not dead. Oh, no, brothers, he's not dead. He's just planted in the soil of Mississippi in the good, black soil of Mississippi, and things down there will never be the same no more.

Walking around Laurel, Willie was just one of the many black "boys" from across the tracks. He'd cost the sovereign State of Mississippi very little for schooling and such. The town paid no attention to the street where he lived. Nobody ever saw a water sprinkler going down that street. Even after Willie married and was the father of 4 children they called him "boy." That's the way it was in Mississippi.

Willie liked a good time just as much as anybody else. Some evenings he would shoot pool with the gang at Pete's, sometimes he and Rosie, his wife, would take in a movie at the Strand, the one "For Colored." But Willie was smart. He worked hard and he never got into trouble—that is, not until he did a job at that woman's house and she saw him.

Willie McGee was what they sometimes refer to as a "likely buck." He wasn't so large but his body was firm and hard, his shoulders broad and his smooth black skin rippled over flowing muscles. Easy to see that Willie was a good man.

He told how it was a few hours before they strapped him into the electric chair. They printed his words in the Jackson Daily News. Even people in Mississippi know that a man don't lie sitting in

his death cell.

"This incident I tried every way I could to avoid. I left town and dodged her. She always give me down the country. Many times I have been picked up on Jefferson Street by Mrs. - - - leaving there off the Negro school grounds, going out Jefferson Street to the Negro cemetery, bring me back at the same place I get out the car, a 1937 Ford. I would go home. Just any time she wanted something done she would come to the house and get me."

Rape—the Mississippi court said. That's a laugh! Only it wasn't funny to Willie McGee, nor to Rosalee, his wife, or his four children.

Nobody ever saw the like of what happened in Jackson, the capital of Mississippi that weekend.

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Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

JUST GOT BACK from the West Coast and an exciting visit with trade union leaders and rank and filers who are charting a new course in American labor history. The recent convention of the National Union of Marine Cooks and Stewards set a standard in labor's struggle for the full rights and dignity of the Negro people that other unions in our country might do well to emulate.

Revels Cayton, the dynamic union leader who is now an organizer for the Distributive, Processing and Office Workers in New York, and George Murphy, our general manager at FREEDOM, made the trip with me and we all had an exciting and fruitful time.

"Rev" has his roots deep in the Coast where for many years before coming to New York, he was the outstanding Negro labor leader in a vast area that stretches from San Diego to Seattle. He was leader of the MCS, and was closely associated with the struggles of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union—the men who keep the cargo moving on the docks and in the huge warehouses of the coastal cities and whose president, Harry Bridges, is one of the finest union leaders of our day.

For "Rev" it was like old home week as we sat with his old colleagues in informal bull sessions which got to the heart of the problem the MCS and all unions face: strengthening the bond of unity between its Negro and white members.

The problem can be simply stated:

(1) The union faces the combined attacks of government agencies and greedy waterfront employers because of its unrelenting fight for the economic rights of its members and its progressive, pro-peace program;

(2) The union can only withstand these attacks if the membership stands solid behind a militant, uncompromising leadership;

(3) This solid unity of the membership depends more than

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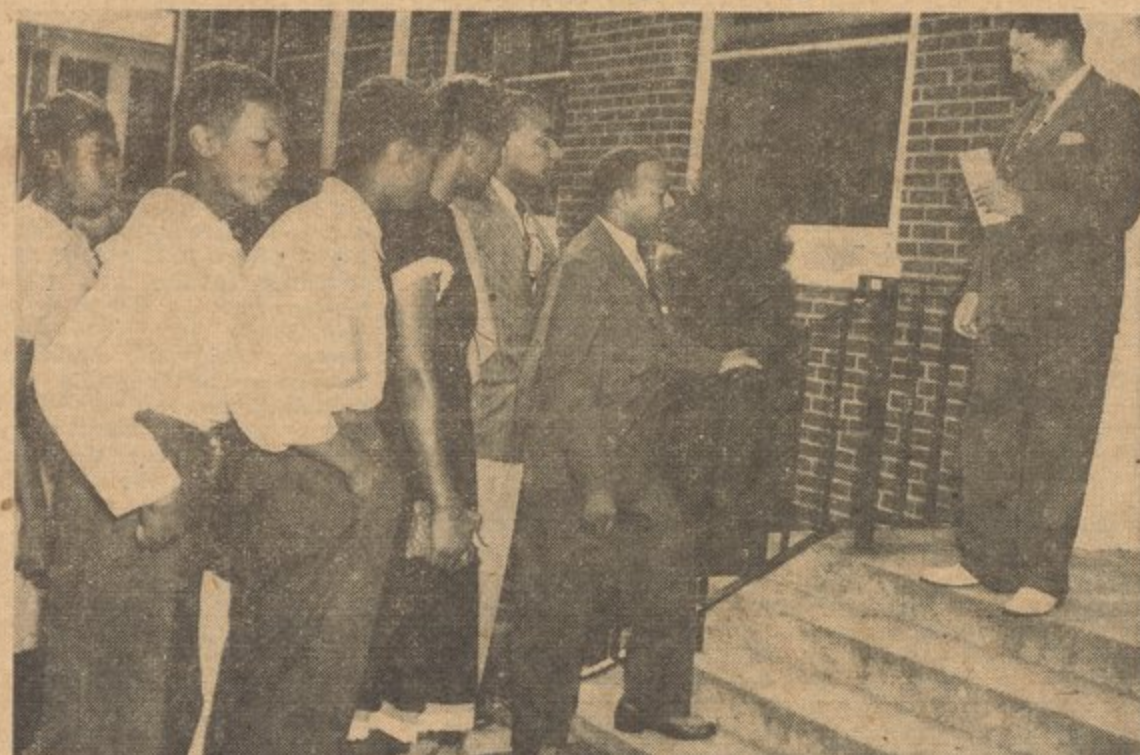
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Mass Demand Backs Court Fight To Abolish Segregated Schools



SEGREGATED EDUCATION was challenged by this group of high school students in Richmond, Va., in 1948. Led by Lester Banks, state secretary, and (behind him) Martin A. Martin attorney, of the NAACP, the group is met on the steps of King George High School by T. Benton Gayle, county superintendent of schools. They demanded admission to the all-white school on the ground that the county had failed to provide equal facilities for them. Their request was called "unreasonable" and "illegal." Now the NAACP has taken its challenge of the school system to the courts.

DePriest Death Recalls Fighting Ga. Solon

The recent death of Oscar DePriest, first colored man ever elected to Congress from a Northern state, focused attention on the Negro's historic role in the legislative affairs of the country. An AP dispatch claimed that DePriest, first elected from Chicago in 1928, was the second Negro elected to the House of Representatives. The Negro press quickly nailed this deliberate distortion, pointing out that 20 Negroes had served in the House before DePriest's election.

A prime example of the Negro's fight to hold on to the legislative foothold won after the Civil War comes from Georgia. In 1868, 25 members of the State Legislature were expelled because they were Negroes. Following are excerpts from a speech delivered in the Georgia House by Henry M. Turner, protesting the ouster order:

Mr. Speaker:

Before proceeding to argue this question

upon its intrinsic merits, I wish the members of this House to understand the position I take. I hold that I am a member of this body. Therefore, sir, I shall neither fawn or cringe before any party, nor stoop to beg them for my rights. . . . I am here to demand my rights, and to hurl thunderbolts at the men who would dare to cross the threshold of my manhood. There is an old aphorism which says, 'Fight the Devil with fire,' and if I should observe the rule in this instance, I wish gentlemen to understand that it is but fighting them with their own weapon. . . .

You may expel me, gentlemen, but I firmly believe that you will someday repent it. The black man cannot protect a country, if the country doesn't protect him; and if, tomorrow, a war should arise, I would not raise

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By DOXEY A. WILKERSON

WHEN lawyers for the NAACP went before the three-man Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Charleston, S. C., on May 28, with a petition asking the court to restrain and enjoin the all-white county school officials from effecting "any distinction based on race or color in making available to the plaintiffs whatever opportunities, advantages and facilities are provided for school children in Clarendon County, South Carolina," a new high level was reached in the Negro's historic struggle for education.

Dixiecrat Governor James S. Byrnes, anticipating the possibility that the cases may succeed, has repeated his public announcement that "South Carolina will abolish the public school system before allowing Negroes and whites to attend the same schools."

But Negro parents all over the South are proclaiming that they will no longer tolerate such facilities as the primitive, run-down and unhealthy Negro elementary schools in School District 22 of Clarendon County, where modern, spacious, well-equipped elementary schools are provided for white children. A similar suit has been filed by NAACP attorneys in Prince Edward County, Va.

The traditional and quite illusory goal of "separate but equal" schools for Negroes is abandoned in these cases. Here is a new and fundamental challenge to the whole structure of segregated schools. Moreover, unlike earlier challenges on the graduate and professional school level, these new Virginia and South Carolina cases attack school segregation at its base, in the public elementary

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Here's My Story

By Paul Robeson

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ever on a new kind of fight against Jim Crow, not only in union affairs and contract negotiations, but in every aspect of American life.

For the Negro members know that their people are now suffering the most brutal and calculated oppression in recent memory—legal lynching, police brutality, arson, bombings, mob violence—all manner of insult and injury—and they are looking to the union not only as the guarantor of their "pork chops" but as a special defender of their rights and their very lives as well.

After one of those all-night sessions, I came away with the feeling that the MCS will certainly settle this question in the right way. And the main reason for this confidence is the splendid group of Negro leaders—men like Joe Johnson, Charlie Nichols and Al Thibodeaux—who combine with their sterling leadership in the general affairs of the union a constant battle to win the entire membership for actions, not just words, around the vital problems that face the hemmed-in, hard-pressed, Negro communities of the nation. They are important figures in labor circles who have refused to become so "intergrated" that they could forget their beginnings and their main strength—among the masses of their people. We need more labor leaders like them, and like the ILWU's Bill Chester, throughout the land.

OF ALL MY CONNECTIONS with working men and women, there is none of which I am more proud than my honorary membership in MCS. I shall always cherish fond memories of the convention in the Fillmore district of San Francisco, of the wonderful audience of union men, their wives and friends for whom I had the honor to sing and speak.

But here again, the main drama of the convention was to be found not only in the public mass meetings, but in the working sessions, committee meetings, national council discussions, and caucuses which hammered out a fighting program for peace, security, and equality. And I mean real equality, not just the paper kind!

It would be hard for MCS to have any other kind of program and survive. Fully 40 per cent of its membership is Negro; and more than 60 per cent of the convention delegates were colored members. The convention took place during the last stirring days in the

world-wide struggle to save the life of Willie McGee. And it was a reassuring sign to see the men from the ships "hit the deck" in the Golden Gate Commandery Hall, owned by Macedonia Baptist Church, and vow vengeance against the lynchers.

Most important, the key white leaders of the union, Hugh Bryson, president, and Eddie Tangen, secretary-treasurer, recognized that their special responsibility was, not simply to ride the wave of indignation and red-hot militancy of the Negroes, but, above all, to lead the white membership to an understanding of its stake in the fight for Negro freedom.

For one thing is becoming clearer every day. If the Negro's struggle for liberation is crushed under the hammer blows of American racists, the whole labor movement will go down with it. The racist and the labor-hater have the same face—big business. The industrialist and plantation owner who want to return Negroes to slavery also want to return all labor to the sweatshop. And if white workers want to keep their unions and their hard-won rights they'd better move fast to see that Negro Americans gain their long-lost liberties.

THAT'S THE LESSON of Hitler Germany which we must never forget and which I never tire of telling to American working men and women. The labor leaders who stood aside in the early thirties and saw six million Jews set upon were soon, themselves, in exile, in the good earth, or—if their knees were flexible enough and their souls craven enough—in Hitler's phony "labor front."

And no sooner had Hitler crushed the natural opposition to his outlandish campaign to "stop Communism," save "Western civilization," and preserve "Aryan supremacy," than he plunged Germany and the world into the holocaust of World War II.

Then it was not merely the Jews or the working class of Europe that suffered, but all mankind—men and women; tall and short; black, brown, yellow and white; Mason, Pythian, and Elk; businessman, intellectual and professional; Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist—hard shell and soft shell, too!

HOW WELL SHOULD this history of our times be remembered! Today's would-be Hitlers are not in Germany; they are right here in the United States. They would ex-

tend the Korean war (under the banner of Confederate flags!) to the whole continent of Asia by refusing to make an honorable peace of equality with the 475 million Chinese people. Whether by the MacArthur or the Truman plan, it makes little difference—for they are both talking war, not peace; and the proud people of Asia are still "hordes" of "coolies" and "gooks" in their sight.

They would turn Africa—emerging from the status of a slave continent—into a blazing inferno in order to crush the independence movements on the West Coast, the Sudan and South Africa, and in order to increase the fabulous wealth which the Morgans, Firestones, Mellons, DuPonts and Rockefellers are extracting from the inexpressible subjugation and misery of our African brothers and sisters.

They would do all these things—if they could. To date they have been stopped in their tracks by the steel-like will of Asia's millions, by the determined liberation struggles of Africa's sons and daughters, by the stubborn resistance of the people of Europe who suffered most from Hitler's maniacal plan—and by the fact that they are not alone in possession of "the bomb."

More and more, however, the American war-minded madmen must feel the resistance of **THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN**. They must be openly challenged and defeated, lest our country go down the shameful road along which Hitler led Germany to destruction and degradation.

THERE MAY BE a few high-placed stooges in hand-me-down jobs who will try to get the Negro people to go along with the program of our would-be world conquerors. But they couldn't be found at the MCS convention. Instead there were hard-working union men, talking and fighting for their people's rights and for a decent life for all workingmen. They are emerging not only as union leaders, but as the rightful stewards of the affairs of our entire people in their community organizations. And one must mention the splendid women who are fighting by the side of their men in MCS and ILWU!

The convention was a sign that the resistance to war, poverty and prejudice is growing where it needs most to grow, among working men and women who have at stake in this struggle their whole future and that of their children. The focus of the struggle today is on whether we can force payment on the promises which have been made to the Negro people for 87 years—and never kept. If we don't cash in on them, then the American promissory note of the good life, democratic government and human equality will be as phony as a nine dollar bill to everybody else.

The MCS convention meant to me that the Negro people have some wonderful allies in our job of seeing that there's some "promise-keeping" done—but quick! It was sure good to be there!



"Now I say old man, your talk of treating Negroes as equals is all very well. But how would you like to have one marry your sister?"

"Nobody's Going to Forget About Willie McGee..."

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With the courts all set on execution people came appealing to the Governor. They came to hold a "Sunrise Prayer Meeting" in behalf of Willie McGee. On the night of May 4 crowds began streaming into Jackson by automobile, chartered bus, Greyhound, train and a few by airplane. Negro and white folks, Negro women from all the surrounding country and white women from as far away as New York. They came from Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia and Texas—white folks and black, men and women, old and young—all night they came. You could hear their feet beating hard on the ground.

The prayer meeting was



Willie McGee

scheduled for 7 a.m. By 6 o'clock two police cars appeared. A half hour later some 200 city and highway patrol cars were swarming into four square blocks near the Capitol. When people kept pressing into the square cops jumped out and started arresting everybody they could lay their hands on. They used their clubs. By and by all the jails in Jackson were crammed.

In another jail a few miles away Willie McGee was told what had happened. They told him how they put those "crazy

fools" in jail, how they beat them. They told him that all the rest "ran away, scared as hell." They asked him "What's you gonna do now, Willie?" They waited to see him break down. But Willie never said a word.

Early Monday morning they asked him, "You know what's going to happen tonight, Willie? You know what day this is?" And Willie said, "I ain't a talkin' man."

Willie sat quiet by a big brown box filled with his clothes. He told the reporter he'd washed them himself while he was in jail. He took out a cigarette, fumbling because his hands were shackled. After a while a reporter gave him a light, but he didn't ask for it. "What was the blues song you was singing today?" asked the reporter. "Wasn't no blues," said Willie. "A hymn." "Sing it for us Willie." The lady reporter asked real nice.

Willie took a long, thoughtful draw. He sucked in the smoke and held it in his throat. He seemed to draw in its strength, then let it go from his mouth in a thin wisp. And his voice came strong and clear. Nobody in the room moved while he sang:

My Father knows, my Father understands

When I see Jesus He'll know the reason why

My father knows . . .

He never did break down. They said there was something cocky about the way he took his seat in the electric chair. My God, they asked, what's he got to be cocky about? He sure didn't act like he was scared.

Well, he won't sing again. He won't walk about either, or take Rosie to the Strand. Forget about it? Oh, no, brother, nobody's going to forget about Willie McGee. He's planted in the good, rich soil of Mississippi and everybody knows that good seed dropped in that soil grows. Yes, Lawd, like a tree planted beside the waters—it grows!

Recall Ga. Solon's Fight

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a musket to defend a country where my manhood is denied. The fashionable way in Georgia when hard work is to be done, is, for the white man to sit at his ease, while the black man does the work; but, sir, I will say this much to the colored men of Georgia, as if I should be killed in this campaign, I may have no opportunity of telling them at any other time: Never lift a finger nor raise a hand in defense of

Georgia, unless Georgia acknowledges that you are men, and invests you with the rights pertaining to manhood.

You may expel us, gentlemen, by your votes, today; but, while you do it, remember that there is a just God in Heaven, whose All-seeing Eye beholds alike the acts of the oppressor and the oppressed, and who, despite the machinations of the wicked, never fails to vindicate the cause of Justice, and the sanctity of His own handiwork.

OCTAVIA HAWKINS

Modern Harriet Tubman Fights for Peace, Freedom on Chicago's Teeming Southside

CHICAGO—The spirit of Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman didn't dissolve with the end of the Civil War.

It's throbbing today in the breast of one Octavia Hawkins of Chicago.

Now, Mrs. Hawkins is 114 pounds of human dynamite who has spent the greater part of her 42 years blasting away at the bastions of American race prejudice.

She is a restless mother of five children dedicated to the struggle of shaping a world where all children will have an equal chance to develop according to their abilities. She is a real handsome woman with thin streaks of gray in her hair and big deep-set eyes that reflect both hope and weariness.

This Hawkins woman could be called a radical—but she is no radical without a rudder.

She knows where she's going and what it takes to get there. Her forte is the labor movement and she is one of its most eloquent spokesmen. Mrs. Hawkins is financial sec-

retary of UAW-CIO Local 453—which embraces 6,000 white and Negro workers—the most progressive UAW local in Chicagoland.

The midwestern labor movement has no greater champion of world peace. Labor's struggle for Negro and women's rights is years ahead because of this fiery little woman. The UAW - CIO could use several thousand more MEN and women like her.

Mrs. Hawkins' militancy is not a romantic adventure. "Everything I do is absolutely necessary for my own existence," she'll tell you.

"The history of my race, the history of my economic class, my personal experiences as a woman give me but one choice—if I am to be honest with myself."

Born in Georgia

In her predominantly male plant she has a seven-year history as chief steward and committeewoman and is today president of the shop. She is a founder and former vice-president of the Southside Ne-



Octavia Hawkins

gro Labor Council.

Octavia escaped the Ku Klux Klan-plantation rule of Georgia, when her widowed mother brought her and five other children to Chicago when the labor leader was three years old. But at 14 she learned how they do it the Yankee way.

She joined that endless bat-

talion of southern Negro and "foreign" child laborers in Chicago's unorganized sweatshops. Working an eight-hour day at the Nachman Spring Co., she attended Wendell Phillips high school at night and graduated in five years.

Works as Welder

Even as a teen-ager she displayed a heart and talent for leadership. Her stubbornness broke down a segregated restroom at Nachman's and later she became the workers' top representative in wage negotiations. Management got smart and kicked her upstairs into a supervisor's job. But the promotion didn't bowl her over.

She was profoundly disturbed over the fact that she and hundreds of other white and Negro workers did not earn enough to purchase a Nachman mattress—a product created by their own hands. That problem on a world-wide scale continues to disturb this woman.

Mrs. Hawkins' introduction to Local 453 came during World

War II, shortly after she was hired at the Maremont Automotive Corp., where she is presently employed as a welder.

Unfortunately, too little is heard about such rank-and-file women leaders as Octavia Hawkins. She and sister workers will hardly gain the publicity of the Edith Sampsons and other cross-country club women. However, she is loved and respected in her community.

"The struggle for world peace, the fight for labor's emancipation, the fight for Negro rights and women's rights can not be separated. The future belongs to those who see this clearly," says Mrs. Hawkins.

The masses who gather on Chicago street corners and respond to her plea for civil rights, the members of her church who are touched by her profound feeling for what is right, the working men and women in her union who weigh her counsel—they all know that they have met the future in Octavia Hawkins.

Mass Demand Backs Court Fight To Abolish Segregated Schools

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and secondary schools of the Black Belt.

Both of these cases began on lower levels of struggle—against "discrimination" and "inequalities" within the segregated school pattern; and it was in the course of these limited struggles that the Negro citizens involved found it necessary to move forward to the more basic demand for the complete abolition of the system of school segregation.

Students Strike

The Virginia case grew out of a long series of protests against the intolerable condi-

tions at Robert R. Moten High School, located in Farmville and serving Negro pupils throughout Prince Edward County. The struggle reached its climax with a two-week student strike. Fed up with their long outmoded, poorly equipped and greatly overcrowded school building—contrasting sharply with the two modern high school buildings serving a much smaller population—the 455 students at the Moten School left their classes on April 23, demanding that the all-white school board set a definite date by which construction would begin on the new high school building prom-

ised the Negro community for the past five years.

The striking students set up headquarters in the basement of a local church; conducted picket lines around the school; sent a delegation to present their demands to the superintendent of schools; and vowed: "We are going to hold out for either a new building or admittance to the school now being used by white pupils." They were backed by Negro citizens of the community, more than 1,000 of whom met on April 26 and voted unanimously to ask the National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People to take steps to eliminate the segregated school system which now prevails.

Negro Majority

The students returned to school only after the NAACP agreed to back a formal petition by 33 Farmville pupils and their parents demanding admission to the public schools without regard to race. That petition is now before the county school board, and will be taken to the federal courts when the board turns it down.

It is no accident that both of these basic challenges to public school segregation arose in agricultural communities in the Black Belt. Negroes constitute close to four-fifths of the total population in Clarendon County, and more than half of the total in Prince Edward County. It is precisely in such predominately Negro areas of the agrarian South that Negro-white school inequalities have always been most marked. It is there that the impoverished schools of the Negro majority contrast most glaring-

ly with the far superior schools of the controlling white minority. And it is there that this unjust and oppressive state of affairs gives rise to the deepest and most widespread resentment among the Negro masses.

The role of the NAACP in the struggles for equal educational facilities has been outstanding, especially during the past two decades. Now, responding to militant struggles among the southern Negro masses, NAACP has raised the demand for the abolition of public school segregation altogether—a demand, incidentally, which strikes deep at the whole Jim Crow structure upon which the super-exploitation and oppression of the Negro people rests.

The fundamental nature of this demand is reflected in the sharp reaction to the Prince Edward and Clarendon County cases by spokesmen for the Bourbon South. Not only do the governors of South Carolina and Virginia, among others, threaten to close down all public schools if the courts outlaw segregation.

Bourbon Reaction

The Richmond News-Leader declares undying opposition to having "white and colored boys and girls mingling intimately during the formative years of adolescence"; and asserts, with customary under-estimation of the Negro masses: "We cannot believe that Virginia Negroes comprehend the grim path down which their leaders are pushing them."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch threatens "friction, trouble, and even violence . . . if segregation in the public schools is suddenly knocked out by court decree throughout the South."

The Roanoke World-News warns: "Attempts to force open white schools to attendance of colored pupils is a cruel illusion

for the Negro that can only bring trouble and bitterness and disappointment."

But the Negro press and Negro people generally hail this latest and most basic challenge to the inequalities inherent in Jim Crow education. A full-page spread in the Chicago Defender bears the eight-column head: "THE B.G. SHOW-DOWN IN SO. CAROLINA—JIM CROW SCHOOLS FACE TOUGH TEST." An Afro-American editorial acclaims the Virginia case in an editorial entitled: "HERE'S THE ANSWER." The Norfolk Journal & Guide editorializes: "The inevitable turn from equalization suits to the more far-reaching action to abolish segregation was expected when some counties made only token moves to carry out decrees of the Federal courts, and some other countries made no move at all."

New Stage

It is clear that a new stage has been reached in the struggle of the Negro people for free and democratic schools. This issue now takes its place alongside the Negro's fight for the ballot and for election to office as a main focus of the mounting movement for equality in the South.

In the course of these struggles for democratic reforms—in the schools, in the franchise, and on other fronts—the Negro people will grow in unity and militancy. They will continue to learn the inadequacy of limited demands within the overall structure of Jim Crow oppression maintained by the Bourbon lackeys of the imperialist rulers of the South. In the Black Belt areas of Negro majority population, they will one day raise the fundamental demand to exercise their right to govern themselves. And there will yet be an America in which this right can be fully achieved.



IT'S FACILITIES like this "toilet" in a Negro school in South Carolina that are responsible for the demand for an end to Jim Crow education.

Editorial

Our Cup is Full and Running Over

"GO WHERE YOU MAY, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival."

These words were spoken by Frederick Douglass to a group of white ladies who had gathered to celebrate the nation's Independence Day in Rochester, N. Y., on July 5, 1852.

Without changing a word or comma, they may be used to describe the state of civil liberties in the United States 100 years later.

May, 1951, might well be called the bloody month of May. The pages of this paper could easily be filled with accounts of the police murders, criminal arson, legal lynchings and mob violence that have been visited upon a brave and unoffending people these past 31 days.

THE CUP OF OUR ANGUISH and anger is brim-full. Do not let it spill over, America! We have had more than enough of the burnings, the lynchings, the mobs riding at night!

We call upon all decent Americans—and to our friends in labor in the first place—to join us in calling a halt to the "revolting barbarity" which is the hallmark of America's treatment of the Negro.

A PRIME EXAMPLE of the nation's "shameless hypocrisy" is contained in a recent speech of Dean Acheson, son, Secretary of State. Mr. Acheson had the

Right Message — Wrong Address

The Secretary called upon the people of Georgia to throw off the dictatorship under which they live and join the American people in the enjoyment of democratic freedoms.

But, as you might suspect, Acheson was talking (via the Voice of America) to the people of Georgia, U. S. S. R., not Georgia, U. S. A.

It just so happens that the people of Georgia, U. S. S. R. seem to be doing all right. They were an oppressed nation under the Czar, but one of their sons has become the head of the government in the entire Soviet Union. His name is Joseph Stalin.

Of course, there's no chance that the people of Georgia, U. S. S. R., will fall for the Acheson line and turn their Republic into the Jim Crow, Klan-ridden "paradise" which is Georgia, U. S. A.

And there's no chance that Negroes will pay any attention to the State Department's blarney until some of the distinguished Negro sons and daughters of Georgia have a chance to become president in the U.S.A., or at least Secretary of State, or U.S. Senator, or member of the House of Representatives.

NOTE ON THE COST OF LIVING

We visited the rest room in the main branch of the New York Public Library the other day—the one where you put a nickel in the slot, enter a little private booth and—read the newspaper in solitude. But this time the nickel wouldn't work! The price has been hiked to ten cents.

Who said the cost of living hasn't doubled?

Freedom

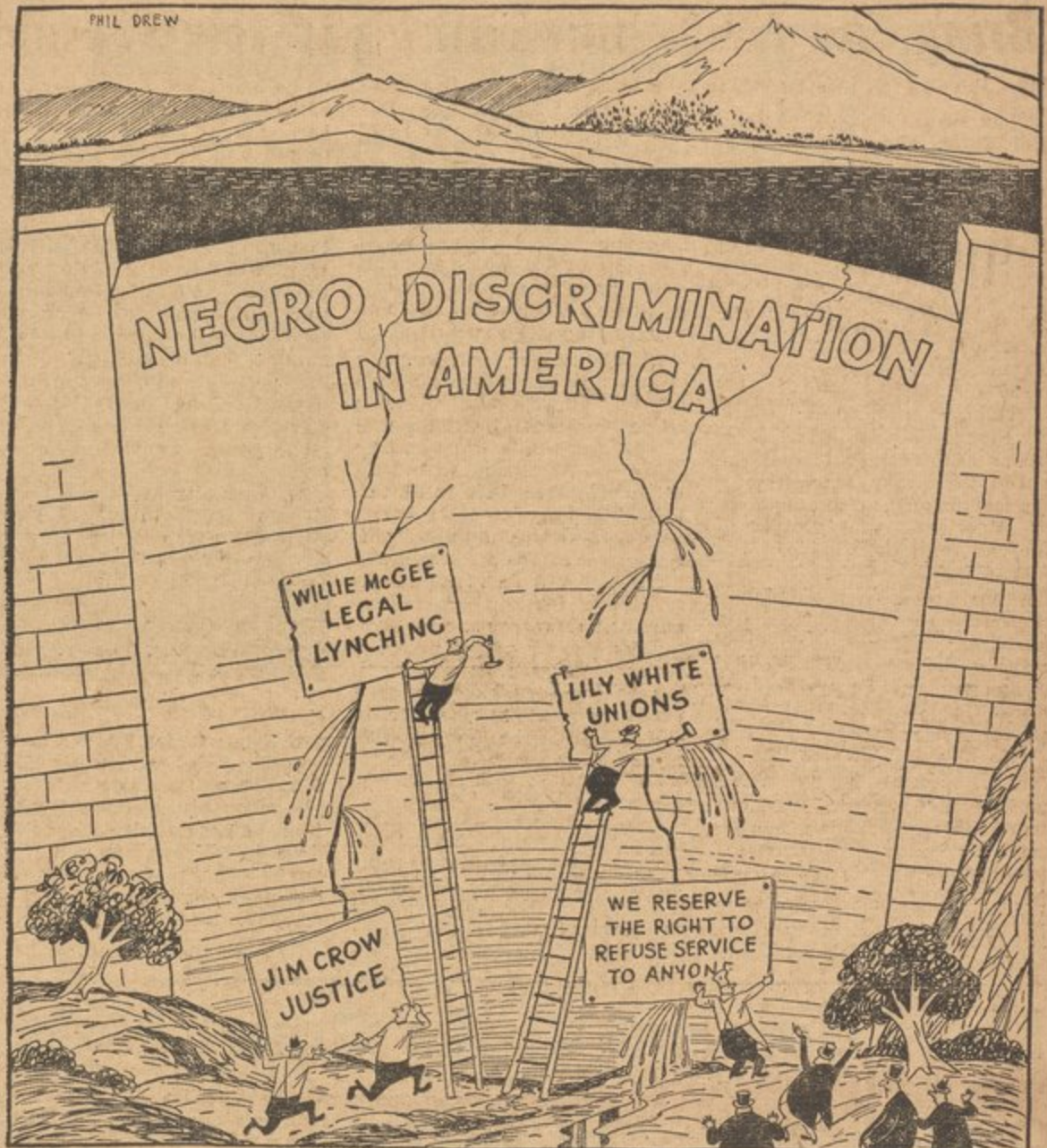
Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!

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The Meaning of Willie McGee



THIS CARTOON appeared in the "Dispatcher," official paper of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, San Francisco. With it was an editorial which concluded: "Our union, and its officers and locals are no longer going to be judged by 15 million American Negro people, 90 per cent of whom are workers, solely upon a willingness to open ranks to Negro workers and merely defend their rights under a union contract. The crucial judgment will be made upon how well we recognize the force of their great movement, the depth of that force, and the true reasons that lie behind the execution of Willie McGee and the attempted frameups of outstanding leaders of the Negro people such as the venerable and beloved scholar, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois."

LETTER COLUMN

Get It Off Your Chest

Praying for Peace

We are praying for the peace and security of all the nations of this earth, for unity and happiness and the expectations of the youth to live and prosper in a world at peace.

As a minister of God's gospel having the interests of the people in keeping with my own, I am still praying to God that all the peace proposals be given their due and the Chinese people let alone.

The poor working classes hate war. We have war because a certain class of warmongers and they are a small group of the rich, not wage-earners—have set out to make war and rake in loads of loot out of the tragedy of the maimed.

Bishop M. L. Deborah
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Whose America?

Bear in mind that the tragedy in Korea is only "police action." Police action is not confined to Korea alone but takes a terrible toll in our own country. Why should the citizens of this country forfeit their citizenship rights to satisfy the cupidity of a petty group of men for power over

the destiny of the world? Why all this tremendous expenditure of life and resources? The reasons given are too vague to justify the sacrifices.

The people who are loudest in supporting the country's course of action make the least sacrifice.

The United States of the present is not the country its founders dreamed of. This is Truman America, not the people's America as Lincoln asserted.

Joseph Calvin
Chicago, Ill.

A Necessity

The wonderful, inspiring articles in Freedom are a necessity for any who wish to understand the struggles of the Negro people for justice and equality.

Morton Shafer
Rochester, N. Y.

From a Logging Camp

I wish to congratulate Freedom for one of the most colorful and close-to-the-people papers out in a long time. Its editorial policy and Paul Robeson's great contributions give to us white workers a deeper

understanding of the great struggle for Negro liberation than we have had here so far.

Tell Paul we are planning a caravan of cars to his reception in Seattle, from the logging camp in which we work.

Brick Moir
Hoquiam, Wash.

Freedom for California

I would like to do everything I can to bring Freedom to my city, so please send me some subscription blanks and I will do all I can to get new readers for Freedom. I believe it is just what we need.

Race Williams
Del Paso Heights, Calif.

Afraid of Truth

What has happened with Paul Robeson's passport case? It's a shame that this great American is not allowed to travel freely in order to sing to the people of the world and carry the message of the Negro's fight for justice to the far corners of the earth. The government is afraid of him because, like all corrupt regimes, it is afraid of truth.

Ferdinand Graham
Battle Creek, Mich.

Chicago Peace Congress Makes Demand: 'Bring the Boys Home to Fight Jim-Crow'

By CHARLOTTE DORSEY

"The sword wielded by General Jim Crow cannot bring freedom to anyone—colored or white—here or abroad."

This simple truth, expressed in the Call to the Negro People for the American People's Congress and Exposition for Peace, tells why the Negro people will be well represented at the mammoth Congress to be held in the Chicago Coliseum June 29, 30 and July 1.

"Thousands of valiant sons of Negro citizens—the shock troops and labor battalions of a Jim Crow army—are among the legions of dead and wounded Americans and Koreans," the call reminds.

"Let the sword be put aside. Let our government recognize the nations of Asia and all the world as free and equal, and make peace with them. Let our troops be brought home from Korea to labor together with all for true equality."

The urgent desire for peace swelling through the cities and countryside will find dramatic expression in the great Exposition for Peace. Five thousand delegates are expected from every state in the union, more than 1,000 of them Negro. They will represent widely varying political, religious and social views, but one common aim will unite them—the need to win

peace on earth, for the right to live and bring up their children free from the horrors of war.

And the peace can be won, judging from the enthusiastic reports daily reaching the American Peace Crusade at 1186 Broadway in New York, which is sponsoring the Congress. Peace councils and committees have been springing up all over the country, coordinating all the local groups working for peace.

Youth groups are sponsoring a "Bring Our Boys Home" campaign in connection with Memorial Day. They are collecting signatures on giant postcards to deliver personally to the White House in Washington.

Peace Poll

Church and women's groups are among the most ardent workers for peace. Foremost among their activities is the conduct of a Peace Poll which is recording the overwhelming desire for peace among people in all walks of life. They are shooting for a goal of 10 million votes by the time the Congress convenes.

One of the features of this unique Exposition for Peace is the cultural contest which is enlisting the talents of writers, musicians, artists, poets and dramatists in the cause of peace. The prize-winning entries will

be hailed at a Cultural Festival which will give expression to the creative energies of the people who want peace in order to live a fuller and richer life.

Round Table discussions will take up "Civil Rights and Militarization," "Colonialism and War," "Standards of Living and the War Budget," "Educating Our Children—for War or Peace?" Workshops will then hammer out methods of meeting such questions as discrimination arising from the war drive, and special problems of labor, youth, women and farmers.

An interfaith devotional service and sports meet will conclude the busy schedule.

Many who cannot get to Chicago for the meeting will participate as "corresponding delegates"—sending their experiences and proposals in writing.

Heading the list of distinguished sponsors of the Congress's Call to the Negro People are Mrs. Eslande Robeson and Rev. Edward McGowan.

Widening sections of the Negro people are joining the peace camp as the contradictions of the imperialist war hit home. The spectacle of Jim-Crowed troops dying in battle against the looked-down-upon colored races of Asia, while at home discrimination and violence increases, is too hard to swallow.

Death Rattle

P. L. Prattis, executive editor of the conservative Pittsburgh Courier, warns that "the United States cannot be in the forefront of white men's armies fighting yellow and brown men in Asia. That will turn these Asiatics, upon whom we depend (for vital raw materials) toward others who do not fight them to win them."

And J. A. Rogers, columnist in the same paper, comments on the Korean situation: "I have good reason to believe that there are even millions of colored Americans who love this land of their birth very dearly and are sacrificing their loved ones, too, who feel that a Chinese defeat means defeat for colored humanity. Distorted! Fantastic! you'll say, but in a land where mere color of skin can send men even to their death, as was the case of Willie McGee and the Martinsville Seven, what can you expect?"

The Afro-American editorialized along the same lines: "The days of colonialism, subjugated peoples and the 'white man's burden' are numbered; the death rattle can already be heard in the throat of white supremacy."

And from "somewhere in Korea" a GI wrote the National Negro Press Association: "Just what am I fighting for? Maybe you can tell me what I am fighting for."

The delegates to the great Exposition for Peace will know what they are fighting for. The slogan "Bring our boys home to fight Jim Crow" carries significant meaning for every soldier in the campaign for peace. It signifies the equality and opportunity for a democratic way of life that will be possible only when this country abandons its racist, imperialist war plans and heeds the voices of millions crying for peace and brotherhood.

In the Freedom Family

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

Spent two weeks on the Coast with Paul last month — and what a time! Don't have space to tell about all we did, but I must mention some of the brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, uncles and aunts who are California members of our growing Freedom Family.

There's Bill Chester, regional director of the International Longshore and Warehousemen's Union, the kind of Negro labor leader who backs up his love for this paper by going out and getting more than 50 subscriptions in a few days; Mrs. Ethel Chester, his wife, an active leader in building the Negro Labor Council and its women's auxiliary in San Francisco; Mrs. Flossie Ainsworth, Marine Cooks and Stewards office staff member and executive secretary of the S.F. Negro Labor Council.

Everybody applauded and stamped up and down at the convention when Senora Alferedo, who hails from Nicaragua, spoke her piece. She's the mother of the rank-and-filers and Paul's mother too.

John Flowers, of the ILWU, who is out to match his 1,000-Signature Stockholm Peace appeal record with 1,000 subs for FREEDOM. He's already obtained his first 100 subs; Mrs. Mollie Berry, wife of a member of the Sealers Union, who is active in the leadership of the S.F. Negro Labor Council.

Joe Johnson, long-time beloved leader of the MCS, and port agent at Wilmington, California; and his wife, Loretta; Charlie Nichols, MCS port agent at Seattle, Washington. Both Charlie and Joe are highly respected Negro labor leaders, who have a fighting tradition behind them and they are both FREEDOM builders.

Osby Taylor, who stood up firmly before the Maritime Screening Committee and refused to be a stoolpigeon, and is out of a job.

Abigail Bryson, brilliant and beautiful daughter of Mexico, singer and guitarist, who manages to help her husband Hugh Bryson, president of the MCS and watch over their two children; Sylvia and Eddie Tangent. Eddie is secretary-treasurer of MCS.

Mrs. Washington, outstanding Negro business woman of Berkeley, who polled a large vote when she ran for State Comptroller on the Independent Progressive Party ticket; Mary Helen Jones, dynamic leader, executive secretary of the Oakland Negro Labor Council; Mason Roberson, columnist on the People's World; Harry Bridges, long-time fighting president of the ILWU; Dr. Carlton Goodlett, courageous S.F. civic leader and former NAACP president; Johnny Walker and Claude Saunders, ILWU stalwarts; Scotty Ballard, Riff Raff Roth, and Jimmy Herman of MCS; Leo Christiansen, Dave Jenkins, Elisa Stinson and a host of others, all members in good standing of FREEDOM's family.

In Los Angeles, where we spent a day, the Civil Rights Congress, under the able direction of Margie Robinson, brought out nearly 3,000 to hear Paul sing and speak. Here we saw Mrs. Charlotta A. Bass, courageous Negro women edi-

tor, and long-time fighter for peace and civil rights; Frances Williams, Jerry Nicholas; John Forrester, executive secretary of the Los Angeles Negro Labor Council.

And, of course, Adele Young, who runs the famous Hugh Gordon Bookshop in L.A. This is a bookstore founded by a former Negro janitor in the L.A. City Health Dept., and what's more he left money in his will years ago which made it possible to open the store. Miss Young is a tireless worker for FREEDOM. She sells 300 copies monthly and has worked out a city-wide program for getting more subs and readers for the paper during the next six-month period.

These are the many cousins, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, all members of our FREEDOM family, with whom we enjoyed many hours of work and pleasure. Our family is growing by leaps and bounds, and the paper is growing too.

We've been receiving a lot of enthusiastic mail about the powerful editorial drawings which appear in each issue of FREEDOM. Thought you'd want to know the man who's responsible for them, so—meet Oliver Harrington.

"Ollie" is our art editor and we think the finest political cartoonist in the country. Of course, we're prejudiced but we're not alone in our estimate of his talents.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts has just announced the selection of Harrington's cover and illustrations for the book *The Runaway Elephant*, by Ellen Terry, for an award in its 29th annual selection of the Fifty Best American Books. So far as we've been able to determine, this is the first time a Negro artist has been thus cited by the Institute.

"Ollie" was educated in the New York City public schools, received his BA at Yale and his MFA at the Yale School of Fine Arts. He was art editor for the *People's Voice*, World War II overseas correspondent for the *Pittsburgh Courier*, and public relations director of the NAACP.

At present he produces the most famous cartoon in the Negro press—"Dark Laughter"—for the *Pittsburgh Courier*. He also does "Jive Gray," a comic strip for the *Courier*, busies himself with book illustrations and teaches drawing and painting at New York's Jefferson School of Social Science.

JIM CROW PAYS OFF

Victor Perlo, the noted economist, in his recently published book, "American Imperialism," shows that the special exploitation of Negroes in American economic life results in \$4 billion in extra profits for big business interests.

MCS Union Bases Policy On Fight for Negro Rights

By JANE GILBERT

The recent 50th anniversary convention of the Marine Cooks & Stewards was a public event in San Francisco. The community and the trade union movement was invited to attend sessions—and did, on a couple of occasions packing the meeting hall out to the sidewalk.

The convention was noteworthy in a number of respects but one unique feature impressed itself upon the hundreds who came to listen to the proceedings.

That was the representation and active participation of members of minority groups, particularly Negro, in the life of the union. This is nothing new in MCS. Though many unions have Negroes and other minorities among their members, the West Coast cooks and stewards union has led them all in aggressive enforcement of a non-discrimination policy.

This convention, celebrating the half-century mark, offered to the community a tangible and dramatic expression of the flowering of this policy.

For example, take the sessions themselves. Of the 5,000 members, some 60 per cent belong to minority groups, about 40 per cent Negro, the other 20 per cent Puerto Rican, Chinese, Mexicans, Filipino and others. More than half the delegates were brothers and sisters of minority groups, rank-and-filers elected on the ships and in the ports.

And the officers. The 13-man general council, the governing body of the union, is composed of six white and seven minority group brothers (four Negro, two Jewish and one Chinese-American).

When delegates "hit the deck" to speak on issues before the convention, representatives of all groups lined up before the floor microphone. When committees reported, chairmen were Negro, Gentile, Jewish, Chinese.

Invited guests and visitors to the convention reflected the same thing. There were Negro churchmen and community leaders, Filipino, Japanese, Negro, Chinese trade unionists from all branches of organized labor.

All this didn't just "happen." Delegates time and again took note of the fact that this unique feature of the convention was the result of a vigorously pursued policy that was the source of MCS strength as a trade union.

The secret, they said, was unity, most particularly Negro-white unity, built consciously in day-to-day struggle and by taking special steps to bring Negroes and others into all phases of union activity. For example, white officers stepped aside in union elections last year to assure the elevation of Negro brothers to leadership.

This policy was given a thorough going-over at the dramatic night session devoted to discussion of a resolution on common struggles of Negro and white workers, which was attended by hundreds of visitors from the Negro community and trade union movement.

As Joe Johnson, MCS Wilmington port agent and Negro leader, put it: "A successful struggle for peace, for wages, and conditions must be centered around Negro-white unity."

China 'Boy' Is Now China Man; Millions Free of Foreign Rule

By ESLANDA GOODE ROBESON

Every Negro will be able to understand and appreciate what is going on in New China. Every Negro who has been called "George" regardless of his right name, "Uncle" regardless of his relationship, "Boy" regardless of his age; every Negro who has been called names, pushed around, made to work hard for little money; who has been prevented from acquiring skills and a good education; who has been forced to live in "The Bottom," "across the tracks," in "colored town," who has not been allowed to enter the public libraries, parks, theatres, stores; every Negro who has been denied proper respect, human dignity and human rights—all these Negroes will be able to understand and fully appreciate what is happening in the Chinese Peoples Republic.

In the New China the old familiar signs "CHINESE AND DOGS NOT ALLOWED" have been torn down. The Chinese people now live in the international settlements and concessions in their cities, which were formerly reserved for whites only, for the foreign government officials and businessmen. The Chinese people now walk freely everywhere in their land with dignity and confidence and with heads held high. They no longer say, in fear, "Yes Sir"



Mrs. Robeson

and "Yes Ma'am" to the white colonial foreigners who ruled them and issued the orders.

The Chinese people have recovered China. They now run their country for themselves and not for the benefit of foreigners. China "boy" is China MAN now, and every Negro will appreciate this and be glad about it.

Nobody gave China back to the Chinese people. They had to fight to get it back. The colonial powers of the West and the Chinese feudal lords who

practically owned China and certainly ran it for their private benefit, ganged up and did everything they could—including supporting and fighting a terrible civil war—to prevent the Chinese people from repossessing their own country.

For years the people worked and fought and died, and finally, last October a year ago, they won that fight, drove the foreigners and the feudal lords off the mainland of China to Formosa, and set up their own Central Peoples Government.

"Slow Boat" to China

I had always thought if I were ever lucky enough to go to China I would go by "slow boat," and of course put in at Shanghai or Hongkong. You know, the fascinating glamorous harbors of the Far East, teeming with rickshaws and coolies, junks and sampans, exotic people in pajamas and basket hats; and, according to the movies and the novels, a hint of opium in the dark corners.

Well, just to show how wrong you can be, the more than hint of opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine turned out to be right here in the light corners and even in the schoolrooms of the United States; and when I did go to China last year, I found it very different from the picture many of us have in mind.

I traveled with many other delegates to Peking to attend

MORANDA SMITH is shown, right, with Paul Robeson on one of Mr. Robeson's many visits to North Carolina to take part in the organizing struggles of Local 22 and Local 10 of the Distributive, Processing and Office Workers of America. Mr. Robeson appeared at Miss Smith's funeral services last year and has prepared a special message for the June 3 memorial service.



Memorial Held at Grave Of Moranda Smith, June 3

Tobacco workers in Winston Salem, N.C. will assemble June 3 at the burial place of the late Mrs. Moranda Smith for a memorial service in her honor. Mrs. Smith, who served as South Atlantic regional director of the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers Union, died last April 13.

In announcing the service, the Moranda Smith Memorial Committee noted that June 3 will mark the anniversary birth

date of the beloved union leader.

"Her untimely death, in the prime of her life, was a great shock to her family, friends and to the labor and Negro people's movement," the committee's announcement said.

A monument will be unveiled "as a lasting tribute to the memory of an heroic Southern worker who dedicated herself to the fight of freedom, economic security and peace."

the First Conference of the Women of Asia. We couldn't have gone by "slow boat" even if we'd wanted to. Chiang Kai-shek was then blockading the port of Shanghai, and the British officials at Hongkong wouldn't let anyone "progressive" through that port (they turned back the Australian and other delegates who did go that way).

Women Understand

Every woman, too, will be able to understand and appreciate what is going on in New China today.

The millions of women in the West can understand—they who have been told over and over that they are the most cherished, pampered, fortunate women in the world, but who find in fact that they are all too often household drudges, unpaid domestic servants on 24-hour duty, with far less than the much heralded equal political, economic and social rights with men.

The women of Old China were far worse off. They had no status nor rights whatever. They were treated as property, bought and sold as commodities, worked like animals in the field. The rule for women was: "Before marriage obey your father; after marriage obey your husband; after the death of your husband, obey your son." Obey, obey, obey.

Now all that is changed. Women in New China have by law and in practice equal rights

with men.

They are officials in all branches of government—legislative, executive and judicial. They are helping to administer the affairs of their country on all levels, from the highest organ of state power to the lowest but very important level of village chief.

A woman, Madame Sun Yat-sen, is vice-president of the Chinese Peoples Republic. Women are engineers, technicians, accountants, doctors, lawyers, judges, carpenters, teachers. Nurseries, kindergartens, schools in cities, towns and villages help take care of the children while the women go about the business of helping the men to build their country.

There've been some changes made in China, and every Negro and every woman who longs to be respected and treated as an equal human being will understand, fully appreciate and applaud these changes.

The women of China no longer only obey. They also issue orders and make policy. The Chinese people not only no longer say "Yes Sir" and "Yes Ma'am" to the white-colonial foreigners and the feudal lords who used to rule them. They do not even say "No Sir"; they say simply and very firmly: NO!

The members of the "free nations," if and when they are admitted to New China to do lawful, reasonable and constructive business which the Chinese people want, will have to mind their manners.



PEACE is the most urgent order of the day for these emancipated women of the New China. Here they are signing the Stockholm peace petition.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Eslanda Goode Robeson is a distinguished anthropologist, author and lecturer. Among her books are "African Journey," "Paul Robeson, Negro," and "American Argument," done in collaboration with Pearl Buck. Mrs. Robeson brings to her writings the rich experience gained from extensive travel in all parts of the world. FREEDOM is proud to present the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Robeson dealing with her personal experiences in the struggle for peace and freedom at home and abroad.

Paul Robeson

By BEULAH RICHARDSON

Paul Robeson
how proudly your name flourishes
on my tongue . . . even yet.
Thought there are those who ask:
what did you say?
I always repeat, Paul Robeson
speaks for me.
Even yet.

For long ago when quite young
I lived in voiceless penury
You sang a song for me and mine.

For those of us who heard each day
the tyrant scream:
Laggard, low-birth, mean, and jugged
with our pay so that mere sustenance
required the labor of the whole day
and half the night.

Then, as now, I heard your great voice
say in golden note: "LET MY PEOPLE GO!"

I gloat . . . I can't help it, I gloat.
For then I lived only in a dream
of better days to come . . . the better way
of life I dreamed of was rooted in your song.
You sang it well.
It put our fears to flight,
gave us courage to brave a Mississippi
plight of living . . .

I remember there was a boy next door to us
who sang, not so well as you but,
'twas his ambition. Alas, there was no one to

Beulah Richardson is a young writer, dancer and actress living in Los Angeles. Born in Vicksburg, Miss., she attended Dillard University in New Orleans and then studied drama and dance in San Diego. She has written and produced two three-act plays and received the Atlas awards for best actress in minor, character, and featured roles at the San Diego Community Theater for 1948-49 and 1950.



Beulah Richardson

listen . . . but me, my mother, sisters
what could we do? . . . we were so poor
then, as now.
How'er we knew his voice was true and clear
and came from a noble heart.
It fair gave one a start to hear so clear a note
from so thin a frame!

He sang while he was about his chores:
"Sugar Babies," he sang as he fed the chickens
and the back yard rang with the sweetness of his voice.

But then, His song was stopped.
His lungs could not survive the Mississippi plot
of hunger and one day poured forth a flood of blood
instead of pure sweet melody.
He died, Dan did . . . and something of his death was caught up in your song:

"You and me, we sweat and strain,
bodies aching and racked with pain . . ."
You sang for him then.
Your song said he should have lived to sing for himself
'twas his right . . . justice your song said . . .
'Tis wrong to die of hunger.
And when we sat a Sunday moaning a baleful hymn of weariness

of strife
you sang a different tune of the proud and free
and told of a land where it is entirely so
for you and me and us!
It got into my dream.

And when you first refused to sing before a segregated crowd

I was so proud
and thought: tho he has found sufficient livelihood
he thinks of me, of us,
Your not singing said the "other cheek" was equality
and pointed out the way to catch a dream
and make it gleam with life even yet!

Oh yes, your songs have taught me many things:
Who makes our plight of strife and death
and gobbles up the wealth of the land in selfish gluttony?
But who builds up the land, digs out its wealth
and strives to make it free?
Folks like Dan and me.

But, most of all your songs have taught me how to fight.
To speak out, stand up for what is right.

So now I say NO to those who clasp unseemly silence
on your golden tongue,
who dare obscure the light of life.

No more, I say.
Let go, I say.
You tread upon the civil rights of everyone.

LET GO!
This is no little thing to me.
Who thought and spoke and acted when I had no tongue?
Paul Robeson did.
For Dan and fifteen million me's.

And now that I have found my tongue I say
I'll bless his life with mine
and proudly demand your voice be heard throughout the lands.

Paul Robeson must speak for Dan
for me
for us
for even yet. Today.

Negroes Cast in Same Old Roles in TV Shows

BY LORRAINE HANSBERRY

For years Negroes have been subjected to the shrill or lazy yuk-yuking dialect voices of the radio stereotypes. These "characters" are intended to give the nation and the world a distorted and degrading image of the American Negro. And in spite of the constant protest against these disgusting shows, they have stubbornly persisted in radio. Now, with their appearance on the nation's TV screens, they threaten to set American culture back at least 20 years.

The first of these diehard so-called "humor" shows to show up on TV was one of radio's most vicious: "The Beulah Show," the story of a giggling, contented domestic, who according to the producer and writers lives only to take care of her white employers and their children.

Over the years, organized protests against the Beulah Show have come from all kinds of Negro organizations, church groups and civil rights groups; and significantly in the most recent weeks, the Army Overseas Broadcasting Services have been bombarded by protests from Negro GIs in Japan, demanding the removal of the insulting program from overseas shortwave broadcasts.

And as if the Beulah Show wasn't too much, the television bosses now have plans for bringing to TV, after much difficulty, the most despised anti-Negro show in the history of radio: "Amos 'n Andy."

There were hopes, in the early days of TV, that the new medium meant a new kind of break for Negro artists. But as a May 12 Chicago Defender editorial says: ". . . the tendency to cast our artists in clown roles is very deep among the bosses of the television media." And this is the root of the matter. The false and vic-

ious impression of Negroes the TV and radio moguls strive to create and maintain before the people is no accident. The longer the concept of the half-idiot sub-human can be kept up, the easier to justify economic and every other kind of discrimination, so rampant in this country.

The result in the entertainment field is a double-edged sword for Negro entertainers. Artistic heartbreak and sheer hunger drive some to take the degrading Uncle Tom roles and sheepishly defend them. Scores of young Negroes who fill the drama, voice and dance training institutions across the country, except for a few, find the choice too bitter: doing a part that degrades their people or nothing at all.

The indignation of the people has been felt, however, and certain cover-up policies have been adopted. A mixed quartet, Negro competitors in the amateur shows, and now and then a solo singer, dancer or pianist. But nowhere are Negroes parts of regular acting companies or MCing the show. And there is still an almost total absence of Negro workers in the behind-scene TV life: crew men, technicians, wardrobe, scene painters, and directors.

The hundreds of thousands of Negro and progressive TV owners who spend their evenings turning the coaxial dial ought to begin flooding the TV offices with demands for dignified, realistic treatment of Negro life, and for jobs for the hundreds of competent Negro artists whose talent is being ignored or wasted.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Alonzo Pietro, Sea Captain, Helped Discover America

By MARGO

Boys and girls, gather around and listen while I tell you the thrilling story of Freedom's people and where they came from and what they did and how they worked to make our great big beautiful America really a land of Freedom. We will talk about some of the people of the past of whom perhaps you might have heard already and we'll talk about some people who are making living history today in the fight for Freedom.

Who are Freedom's people? I know you can answer that question. That's right! Freedom's people are you and you and you and you and me and all Negro people who want to be truly free. No one wants to be a slave because a slave doesn't belong to himself.

Well, a long, long time ago and still farther back than that Freedom's people and their fathers' fathers' fathers came over to America. Some came as explorers. Some came here because they wanted to live free and happy lives with their families. Some came because they wanted to worship in their own way. Some came be-



cause they didn't want to worship at all. And some came because mean and greedy men who only wanted to make money swooped them up from the shores of their homeland and brought them to this country to work as slaves.

Now, the very first Negro people came over to America with Columbus a long time ago when he discovered Amer-

ica. Of course you all know about Columbus so we won't go into that. You can find his story in all of the history books. But you won't find the full story of Freedom's people in most of these books and as we go along I am sure you'll be able to guess why. I am quite certain that you all are smart boys and girls, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this paper in the first place.

Getting back to Columbus—when he crossed the Atlantic looking for the new world, Alonzo Pietro, a Negro, was right along with him. In fact, Alonzo was captain of one of Columbus' three ships, the "Nina."

And when Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, another one of Freedom's people, Nuffo de Alamo, along with 30 other Negroes, was with him.

Freedom's people traveled along with Narvaez, Cabeza de Vaca, Alarcon and Coronado, all explorers who sought rich cities and treasures that they had heard of. There was one, "Little Steven," who traveled with Cabeza de Vaca and discovered the Zuni Indians of New Mexico. There were many others too and we shall hear about them as we go along.

Justice in Jersey?

New Jersey Pushes Frameup Trial Of Six Innocent Trenton Negroes

BY MILLY SALWEN

TRENTON, N. J.—Here in the city of the Trenton Six, the trial now nearing its close after almost three months of testimony, is like one long held breath. These six men, who once sat with slit trousers and shaved heads, waiting to be taken down the hall to the death chair, now sit in a semi-circle just behind their lawyers, silent, listening, sometimes almost forgotten in the intricate machinery of law.

They eye the 14 white jurors, wondering if and how they are different from 14 other white jurors, who sat listening with pursed lips, and then sent them all to death.

It has been three years, now, since that week in February, 1948, when some of them were jerked from beds in dawn arrests, one waited for hours because he heard police wanted to see him about a traffic violation, another actually walked into the police station to ask a question and was arrested instead. No descriptions, no warrants. Just any Negroes.

Now they sit again in this walnut-paneled courtroom, in a new trial won by the protests of thousands of people, the "fair trial" New Jersey is staging after the crude blunders of the first judge.

This judge, owl-like, red-faced Judge Ralph J. Smalley, is more deft. They listen while he toes his way this side of the law, that side of justice. He

rules out crucial background evidence on police Gestapo methods, and then, swiveling in his chair, turns a trim smile toward the jurors and explains:

"You're in the facts department, I'm in the law department."

True, he ruled out three of the six "confessions" because the men were drugged and coerced into signing them; but the other three "confessions" solemnly introduced as "evidence," were gotten by the same cops, in the same room, within the same 24 hours.

The men watch while the slick-haired, cocky little prosecutor, who is rumored to want the Governorship, parades a stable of cops to the stand.

Finally, the men themselves take the stand: Volpe, greedy for this moment, tries to trap the farm worker, Horace Wilson, into saying another defendant fingered him. "Well," he presses, "You'll have to admit that James Thorpe pointed his finger at you!"

Wilson gives him a level stare and answers quietly "Yes, he did." But before Volpe can cut him off he says, "He pointed at me and said 'That man? I never saw that man before in my life!'" And Volpe, his face burning, retreats from that one.

Now the assistant prosecutor, dapper, pencil-moustached Frank Lawton, takes over the questioning in a tiled drawl. He dwells not on the crime, not the alibi, but the sex lives

and personal tastes, to smear the men and shock the jury. He asks, aghast, "You mean you played the phonograph at three o'clock in the morning?"

The questions are still sly, yet many things are different, this time. Beyond the court railing a dozen reporters sit daily, and their stories funnel out across A.P. wires and over the air to the country. And behind them, the people. Half a dozen guards prowl the aisles, alerted like leashed-in hounds, ready to bark "Quiet!" whenever someone stirs, or murmurs. The first night session, when people who work days can manage to come, over 500 people are turned away, some from as far as Philadelphia, New Brunswick, New York.

The windup is close, now. Soon the case will go behind locked doors to the jury, and whatever they say goes, because as everyone will tell you, from the Governor to the judge to the fancy slick magazines, this has been a "fair trial." The requirements were carefully met: each objection was carefully noted on the record, every step of the process measured out.

The nightmare is this: what had happened in Trenton—and it might have been Los Angeles, or New York—is that they have accused six Negro men at random, as you might pick the first six men out of the 42nd Street subway, and given them a "fair trial" with their lives in the balance—complete with a judge, a jury—and a verdict.

Bessie Mitchell Recovering From Major Operation

Mrs. Bessie Mitchell, sister of Collis English, one of the defendants in the Trenton Six case, is recovering from an operation for a tumor at New York's Manhattan General Hospital. The operation was performed on May 18, and after a two-week stay in the hospital Mrs. Mitchell will be required to rest at home in order to regain her strength.

Her health was impaired as a result of her strenuous efforts in the defense campaigns of the Trenton Six, Willie McGee, the Martinsville Seven and other victims of frameup convictions.

Greetings to Mrs. Mitchell from friends and well-wishers may be sent to her through the Civil Rights Congress, 23 West 26 Street, New York City.

Robeson to Sing at Women's Peace Meet

Paul Robeson will be the featured artist in a cultural program for peace at New York's Manhattan Center, June 15, at 8:30 p.m. The program, sponsored by American Women for Peace, will also feature "Singing of Women," an historical musical, the Al-Ye Trio, African interpretive dancers, and singers from People's Artists. Tickets are 60c to \$1.80. Phone MU 3-1524.

What's the Score?

By HANK HILL

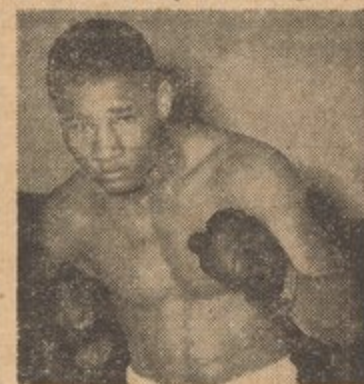
BOXING IS THE ROTTENEST of sport. Joe Louis, with his thunderbolt fists and simple dignity, did more than anybody else to rescue the game from the stench which has been attached to it for years. And there were many lesser champions and many honest pugs who never quite made it, who played the game just like they lived their lives—clean, honest, according to the rules.

But they have too often been the tools of the leeches, gangsters, and jackals who infest the arenas and gyms and make their living out of the sadistic vocation of arranging sheer brutality.

These thoughts ran through my mind the other day when I talked with Beau Jack. The ex-shoe shine boy from August, Ga.

was in Harlem's 7th Avenue Barbecue, soon after his return from Philadelphia where Gil Turner had cruelly beaten him and draped his defenseless body over the ropes.

The end of the trail for the fast moving, weaving, round-house punching lightweight champion was reached some time ago. A shattered kneecap, suffered in the ring, had made him a shadow of his old self, a punching bag for ambitious mediocrities who couldn't lay a glove on Beau in his prime.



Beau Jack

But still he keeps answering the bell, absorbing inhuman punishment, endangering his life. Why? Ask the "managers" fixers and percentage men who've fleeced Beau Jack of his earnings and are now trying to squeeze the last drop of blood out of him.

Beau is a proud and determined man. He won't admit he's been fleeced; in fact he says he's had what he wanted and is "fixed" for life. But in Jack's condition no man would go back into the ring unless he was driven by need. It's time for him and for the boxing commissions to do something before more youngsters are clubbed to death in the ring.

LAST TIME AROUND we talked a good deal about baseball—and the young men who pay the bills by throwing, catching and pelting the old agate are still in the center of the sports scene, what with Jackie Robinson's experiences with bean-balling pitchers, Southern-bred umpires, and Cincinnati Klan-minded "cranks" threatening his life through the mails.

And the last month has seen Artie Wilson sent back down by the Giants, Sam Jethroe benched for trying to catch fly balls with his stomach, and Monte Irvin shifted to right field from first base where he proved to be something less than the Lou Gehrig the Giant brass hoped he would become. Meanwhile, Roy Campanella has begun to find the range and his b.a. has soared with the rise of Brooklyn's Flock to the top of the standings.

But the big news of the diamond is not the veterans of one or more seasons, but the brand new Giant centerfielder from Fairfield, Ala. As we put these few pearls together, the radio tells us that Mays has just hit his first major league home run, a towering blast over the left field fence at the Polo Grounds. True, he went 12 for 0 in a series with Phils (looks like folks are going to start calling the Jim-Crow minded champs the "futile" Phils again) but now he's on his way, and here's one who's willing to get out on that limb which says Willie Mays can become one of baseball's all-time greats.

This first year around, he may not hit .477 which was his average at Minneapolis before Leo Durocher called on him for help, but once he really gets going he'll be murder! So watch Willie Mays.

Also, watch how the "public officials" of Alabama are white-washing the fiendish act of police and fire-department conspiracy of inaction which permitted the homes of 400 of Mays' friends and neighbors to burn to the ground in Fairfield—a town the majority of whose population is Negro and which is controlled lock, stock and barrel by the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., subsidiary of U. S. Steel Corp. Wonder how many brilliant baseball players of the future were burned out by the 'Bama white supremacists?

Well, now that all the big league teams have gone around the league a couple of times, everybody ought to have the pennant race all doped out. How will they end up when the 154th game's been played. Send us your dope sheet and your reasons, folks, and we'll let you take over the column next time. Until then, keep your eyes on young Willie Mays—and on old Jim Crow!

Sam Sage Says:

When I hear folks say, "You can't change human nature," I always say, "It depends on where the particular human's nature is functioning." For instance:

Way back in the days when Oklahoma was still a Territory, they didn't have no Jim Crow, and the white folks, the Indians and the Negroes got along fine without it. Fact of the business, colored folks and Indians owned most of Muscogee and a lot of other towns.

The Red River was the dividing line between Oklahoma and Texas.

One day a cattle man from down in Ft. Worth, Texas, where they did have plenty Jim Crow, got on a train to visit some relatives in Oklahoma City. He fell fast asleep and when he woke up there was a Negro sitting right next to him.

He jumped out of the seat like a bolt of lightning had caught hold of his pants. Then he ran down the car and grabbed the conductor and shouted, "What's the matter with you! Don't you know I'm a white man and we don't sit next to no n - - - s where I come from! Now you get that



black so-and-so out of that seat right now!"

The conductor looked at him and said, "Don't you know we just passed the Red River line?"

The cattleman cooled off just as fast as he had heated up. "Well, I'll be dog-goned!" he said, "I musta been sleeping. I didn't even know where we were!"

Then he walked quietly back and took his seat, and he and the Negro traveler struck up a fine conversation which lasted all the way to Oklahoma City.

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