

## Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

**F**REEDOM FESTIVAL at Rockland Palace." There is many an old friend who would immediately go back with me to a cold, windy day in late November, 1918.

Rutgers vs. Syracuse at the Polo Grounds. That year Rutgers was one of the most powerful teams in the nation. Not quite as powerful as 1917—for in that year a young team averaging less than 19 years of



age had taken on at Ebbets Field the first all-star combination comparable to the college all-stars who today play and sometimes defeat the pro champions in post-season competition.

This Rutgers team had in 1917 beaten the Newport Naval Reserve eleven. On the Reserves were Cupid Beach, 1916 All-American and ex-Yale captain; Callahan, Yale 1919 captain; Chuck Barrett, one of the immortals of Cornell, my son's school; Schacter of Syracuse and other greats. I played my heart out that day and one of the sports writers with a flair for the dramatic wrote: "A veritable Othello ranged hither and yon on a wind-swept Ebbets Field."

So here we are in November 1918 at the Polo Grounds in the final game of the season. Boy, the going was rough. I especially remember Joe Alexander,

### 4-in-4 for Freedom!

a noted physician today, a magnificent offensive and defensive center and a true all-American if there was one. He was a great guy, clean-playing—but, oh, my, when he hit you!

Rutgers lost that day: I still think we were 14 points the better team, but we lost. I did pretty well, I guess, for I made all-American for the second year in succession. It was my last game as a college football player, and I did want so to win.

Incidentally, my very last appearance in Rutgers uniform was the final baseball game against Princeton (my birth-place) in June 1919. We won, 5-1, and I have a little gold baseball as a precious memory.

**B**UT BACK to that November afternoon. I had no time to mope or be sorry for the sad

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**FORCED TO MOVE**—and nowhere to go—is the plight of the Williams family and many others like them. Their homes must make way for a high-priced housing project in New York. (Left to right are Lucy, 7; Bert, 3; Mrs. Ann Williams and the baby, Bernice; Julia, 12; Cornelius, 5, and Lorraine, 9. There are three other children in the family.)

(Photo by Inge Hardison)

# Freedom

Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!

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## Mister Jim Crow Clears the Slums

By DICK JEFFERSON

One of the oldest Negro communities in New York outside of Harlem is about to be liquidated in the name of "slum clearance." But when the luxury housing steal called "Manhattantown" replaces the old homes of hundreds of families, they won't be able to move back in—because the new project will rent at \$30.50 a room.

This is the way the big real estate and broker interests behind the project have it figured out. They want to push the Negroes back into Harlem and take over the area for a lily-white, middle-class neighborhood. This would "serve to safeguard an outstanding residential area from further deterioration," as the West of Central Park Assn. put it. The project will extend from 97th to 100th St., and Central Park West to Amsterdam Avenue.

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# Labor Council Meets, Charts Fighting Path

By VIOLA HARRISON

The Freedom Train, jam-packed with fifteen hundred fighters, rolled out of Cincinnati Sunday, Oct. 28, with the National Negro Labor Council well launched and put into working shape. The singing, cheering, determined delegates and observers—spent with their tireless efforts, restreamed the old train's engine and opened up the throttle to push on up the Freedom Road hewed out by their forefathers.

From the mines, from the mills, from the shops, from offices and schoolrooms, Negro working-class leaders and rank and file workers, organized and unorganized, took their battle posts and girded for action in a nationwide fight not only to attain economic, political and social status equal to white people, but to make America a better place for all people.

This historic two-day conference, the first of its kind, took appropriate notice of the background of its convention city, the most important gateway to freedom on the Underground Railroad of antebellum days. The spirits of Sojourner Truth, Denmark Vesey, Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass and John Brown rose again as the hall rang out with robust ayes and nays.

The theme running through the convention, in the words of its chairman, William R. Hood of Detroit, secretary-treasurer of UAW 600, largest single local in the world, was "to build a stronger unity between black and white workers everywhere to strengthen democracy for all." He reflected the attitude of all present when he defied those who labeled the conference "subversive" before the ink was dry on the sheets of the convention call by crying out, "If this be subversion—make the most of it."

### Hood Challenges Critics

To those whites who raise the "false cry" he answered:

"You have never seen your mothers, sisters, daughters and sons turned away from thousands of factory gates, from airlines, offices, stores and other places of desirable employment, insulted and driven into the streets when they tried to eat in public places. You have never been terrorized by the mob, shot down in cold blood by the police.

"You have never had your home burned when you moved out of the ghetto into another neighborhood. You are not denied the franchise; you are not denied credit in banks; denied insurance, jobs and upgrading. You are not denied union membership and representation. You do not die ten years before the rest of the people because of these and other denials."

And to our own self-appointed Negro leaders of the same ilk, he warned: "Negro America is mad, hurt and humiliated. You have spent your lives growing fat on Jim Crow while your brothers and sisters cannot find jobs, are shot down, have their homes burned and bombed. You may yell when the big white

(Continued on Page 4)



WOMEN TOBACCO WORKERS like this one were represented at the labor convention.

(Photo by Rosalie Gwathmey)

## 4-in-4 for Freedom

See Page 8 for Details of our Subscription Drive



## Editorials

### Atom-Happy Ignoramuses

IT IS REPORTED that when the assassination of Pakistan prime minister Liaquat Ali Khan was announced in the U. S. Senate, Tom Connolly, chairman of the foreign relations committee, remarked: "I wonder what that movie actress who was trying to get a divorce from him is going to do now?"

Undoubtedly the Texas Senator was applying to two men of the East the old yardstick with which our Southern aristocratic ignoramuses have measured Negroes for so many years: "They all look alike to me!"

It is an accurate barometer of the low state of our foreign relations that the Senate should be guided in this field by a man who does not know that Ali Khan is a title, not a name, and who confuses the foreign minister of Pakistan with a prince of India. All we have to say is: Shah!

It is an even graver insult to the American people when the Administration which sponsors a Connolly also indicts Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, a distinguished American who has forgotten more about the world and its peoples than Connolly ever knew. Dr. DuBois, as Senator from New York and chairman of the foreign relations committee, would help restore the nation's dignity in the eyes of the world, would help to guide the nation onto a path of reason, friendship and peace with all mankind.

INSTEAD, THE ATOM-HAPPY Pentagon men and the puny politicians who hold all colored peoples in equal contempt have indicted DuBois for advocating peace! He goes on trial in Washington Nov. 1.

Even though the trial may have started when you read this, it is not too late to raise your voice. Please put this paper down and write two letters to: President Harry S. Truman, The White House, Washington 25, D. C., and Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, Department of Justice, Washington 25, D. C.

Tell them the indictment of Dr. DuBois must be dropped. Tell them that the government which prosecutes this 83-year-old scholar of world renown who has for 50 years symbolized our highest aspirations, has sunk to the moral depths of a Rankin and the bottomless ignorance of Texas Tom Connolly. Tell them now!

### Our Ruthers

ONE BRIGHT SUNDAY MORNING in 1945, Mr. Conery Miller of Waco, Texas, stood before a microphone in a California radio studio. He was the guest of Orson Welles, the "Man from Mars," and was answering questions about his son, Dorie, the hero of Pearl Harbor, who had eventually been killed in the anti-fascist war.

"Tell me, Mr. Miller," asked Welles, "do you think that your son's sacrifice was worth it? Do you think that things will be better for colored people here at home as a result of his death?"

The voice of the Negro farmer came across the coast-to-coast hookup slow but clear: "Well, fi I had my ruthers, I'd ruther have my son!"

Today, in the midst of another kind of war — a dirty, Rebel-inspired campaign for U. S. empire in Korea — thousands of Negro mothers and fathers echo this heart-felt cry.

It's time we had our "ruthers." It's time to demand that U. S. airmen stop violating the neutral zone in Korea, that a cease-fire be established to save additional lives, and that Ridgway's negotiators negotiate a truce in good faith and send our boys home now.

4-in-4 for Freedom!

# Freedom

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### NEAR THE END OF HIS ROPE



LETTER COLUMN

### Get It Off Your Chest

#### Till Freedom Comes

I had the opportunity to subscribe to FREEDOM while attending the Chicago Peace Conference. I shall always be grateful to the person who made the subscription booth there a success and secured so many subscriptions.

Since I am the mother of two small boys, the need of dealing with Jim Crow on a level that my children can understand is ever present. We are white or brown. Your stories for children are being collected and form a scrapbook of favorite stories that will be read and re-read in our neighborhood.

Please, don't ever underestimate the value of a special corner for the children because they will have to carry on the traditions of their parents long after the parents are laid to rest. We only do our children a disservice by shielding them overmuch from the struggles that exist.

I was 25 years old before I knew what the word Jim Crow meant. My son was four. He is more fortunate than I. His childhood and youth won't be wasted in futile searching for ideals to live by.

Keep FREEDOM going till freedom comes.

Marion Hammond  
Berkeley, Calif.

#### Heels Over Head

For quite some time I've been sending you a contribution each month of one dollar. Look sharp and you will almost see my look of pain that it needs be so small, since I am well aware of its importance.

Recently a delegation of

about 200 representing Aid to Dependent Children visited the state capital, Olympia.

Gov. Langlie was "too busy" to see the committee that called on him. But while they were still seated in an anteroom, someone happened to lean against a door which burst open. Bless you! There was His Honor, comfortably reclining on a chaise longue, busy as a one-armed paper-hanger, working hard, heels over head doing nothing but taking it easy. True fact!

All best wishes for Paul Robeson, for FREEDOM and for all of you carrying on the good fight. Unity and solidarity hold the key!

Julia Cockcroft  
Seattle, Wash.

#### He Protested Too Much

I think it is a sad commentary on the prevalent climate of thought in America that young militants such as Roosevelt Ward are incarcerated. It points to one rather blatant conclusion: that the efforts of such as Mr. Ward are proving discomfiting to the "powers that be." This should be enough of an indication for all of us to continue more earnestly than ever before.

It is unfortunate that Negroes have been harmed by weak-kneed, go-slow, do-not-shout leadership. Even today there are such leaders, working as "respectables" for the government, propagandizing Negroes as being recipients of American bounty. However, the Sampsons, the Yergans and others of their ilk never state specifically what bounty. The bounty is that as received by Mr. Roosevelt Ward—a frameup

and jail. Why? He protested too loud.

George H. Redding, Jr.  
Jamaica, N. Y.

#### Free Roosevelt Ward!

Roosevelt Ward lived with Jim Crow, like all Negro youths. He wanted to do something about the attack on the Negro people and the drive toward fascism, so he joined the Labor Youth League in Harlem. Because he was a Negro youth who wanted his freedom, and because he fought for it, he was framed for "draft evasion" and sentenced to three years in jail. He must be freed from jail NOW, not in three years.

Grady Cummings  
New York, N. Y.

#### We Won't Goose-Step

I would like to express my sincere appreciation for the magnificent job being done by FREEDOM in the struggle for peace, constitutional liberties and human rights.

The present course of the U. S. Government, exemplified by the mass murder of the Korean people abroad and the legal lynching of the Negro people at home, is leading us helter-skelter down the road to fascism, war and their destruction of the lives, rights and liberties of the entire American people, plus the peoples of Asia and the world.

But in the words of that beloved people's leader William L. Patterson, "We are not a nation of goose-steppers." This the wreckers of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights will discover—soon.

Russel Meek  
New York, N. Y.

4-in-4 for Freedom!



# Hawaii's Plain People Fight White Supremacy

By Frank Marshall Davis

HONOLULU—The kaleidoscopic plain people of Hawaii are moving slowly through the swamp of colonialism, white supremacy and red-baiting to the high, firm ground of real democracy. The lesson is also being gradually learned here that the treatment of Negroes serves as a pattern for the treatment of other non-white groups.

Not long ago, a white friend of mine stopped to chat with a white tourist snapping pictures in downtown Honolulu. "How do you like the islands?" my friend asked. "They're wonderful and so is the climate," replied the visitor, "but I don't like the people. Too many n-----s."

Actually, there are few Negroes here, although many people would, from appearance, blend into South Parkway or Lenox Avenue with no questions asked. Of the less than a half million people who live on these fabulous islands, about one-third are of Japanese ancestry. American whites, next largest group, are around 30 percent of the total. Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Puerto Ricans, perhaps 800 U. S. Negroes, and smaller numbers of East Indians, Latin Americans, Samoans and others from Pacific islands comprise the rest.

On the surface, there is little racism. Praise agents shout to the world that Hawaii is "a land of racial equality and harmony" where the goals of democracy have been almost realized. The Mayor of Honolulu is part Hawaiian; in the Territorial legislature the Speaker of the House is Chinese; President of the Senate is Japanese and one of the most influential senators is a Negro.

But what they don't say is that almost all of those who make the laws and run the government, with the exception of Mayor Wilson and a handful more, take their orders from the small group of powerful white families who have a stranglehold on the Hawaiian economy. Since these families decree colonialism, white supremacy and red-baiting, that's what they get from most offi-

Frank Marshall Davis was formerly managing editor of the Associated Negro Press. He is a poet and writer who left Chicago a few years ago to take up residence in Hawaii. At present he is a columnist on the Honolulu Record.

cial, no matter what their color.

These families make up a group known as "the Big Five." Descendants of the missionary crowd who flocked here and grabbed the land from the trusting Hawaiians after Captain Cook opened up the islands to the outside world, they control the sugar and pineapple plantations and the sugar trade, backbone of the economy. They own or operate most of the best land, shipping facilities, big stores, distribute leading brands of merchandise and dominate financial institutions. You do little here without paying monetary tribute to the Big Five.

Remove the covering of apparent inter-race harmony and you find white supremacy. There is a ceiling on the height to which a non-white employee may rise in a Big Five firm; there may even be a dual standard of pay in which an Oriental, Puerto Rican or Polynesian will get less than a Mainland white performing an identical job. Whites may not do certain menial work: for instance, on the plantations they may be bosses but not common laborers.

Some residential areas bar non-whites and the two Honolulu English language dailies think nothing of running real estate advertisements containing the word, "restricted." Many public places openly bar Negroes; a few also ban Orientals, Hawaiians, Filipinos and dark Puerto Ricans. There is police brutality. And there are no civil rights laws.

In the old days, the Big Five had things pretty much their own way. Talented non-whites who went along with the Big Five were well taken care of economically; those who persistently protested the brutality of the plantation peonage system were sent to jail on frame-up charges, run out of the Territory or given one-way passage from Hawaii.

But those "good old days" are gone. While the Big Five will try to get rid of or starve those who buck their policies, there has been a steady growth of independent businessmen and leaders who are no longer easily intimidated. Standing back of this new resistance movement is the powerful International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, led by Harry Bridges, with almost three times as many members as all other unions in Hawaii, and which was the first group to buck the Big Five and win. Working closely with ILWU are the smaller but equally progressive Marine Cooks and Stewards, headed by Hugh Bryson, and the United Public Workers; the most important section of the AFL has strongly militant, although erratic, leadership.

Years ago, unions followed racial or national lines. Japanese banded together, Filipinos organized their own groups; national and racial antagonisms were kept and strikes were lost. But under the ILWU educational program, the laboring people have come to understand the need for standing together and the issue of white supremacy has been clearly shown as endangering all non-whites.

This is the reason for the growing interest in the treatment of Negroes. Although there are many non-whites who have fallen for anti-Negro propaganda and many dark Puerto Ricans and Hawaiians are fearful of being mistaken for Mainland Negroes, more and more persons realize that white attitudes toward Negroes serve as a basis for white attitudes toward all non-whites. For instance, the big white dailies ignored or mentioned only briefly the recent Cicero riot but the Japanese dailies gave this shocking event front page headlines.

When the Negro wins his fight for full citizenship, as surely he must, it will benefit the people of Hawaii. Meanwhile, the eyes of the Territory's non-whites remain focused upon the Mainland struggles against white supremacy.

4-in-4 for Freedom!



FISHERMAN OF HAWAII spreads his net for the catch that earns him a livelihood. He is descended from the original inhabitants of the island who now form a small minority of the population.

## Jim Crow Clears the Slums

(Continued from Page 1)

It is no accident that the "slums" to be cleared include a heavy concentration of Negro and Puerto Rican people, as well as Irish, Greek, Chinese, Italian and Jewish working class families. The project, although government financed, will be completely tax-paying and privately owned, thus bypassing the Brown-Isaacs Law which aims to prevent discrimination in government subsidized housing.

It is also planned to tear down the entire area around "Manhattantown," mainly Puerto Rican in composition, to build similar high rent structures. And the cooperative project planned to "clear the slums" around Columbia University will have an upkeep of \$28 per room.

Clearly, these represent concerted moves to push the Negro and Puerto Rican people into ever narrowing ghettos in Harlem and East Harlem. It is the "slum clearance" of Cicero or Birmingham.

There is no getting away from the fact that the people do need some new houses to replace the old, dilapidated ones into which they are crowded, sometimes six or seven families to a single apartment. But Mr. and Mrs. Williams, for example, who live on 99th St. with their nine children, don't pay much more than \$30 for their entire six rooms.

"I guess we would have to move down to North Carolina with my oldest boy," Mrs. Williams told us. "We wouldn't ever find a cheap apartment here big enough to hold us.

Except I don't know where we'd ever find the money to go . . . and pulling the children out of school . . . my husband would have to give up his work at the pet shop. Everyone isn't cut out to be farmers.

"These people just don't have a heart," she concluded with a sigh.

"They just don't seem to care about poor people," said Mr. Williams. "We've got a lot of friends here in this neighborhood. Living here nine years, the whole place is like home to us.

"I've got one of those petitions, and my whole house is signing. There aren't any of them who want to move."

Landlords have spread the rumor that if the tenants keep quiet they will receive \$1,000 toward buying a home, and that if they sign a petition they will be evicted immediately.

Despite this, and because of it, sentiment in the community is rising. More than 2,000 people have signed petitions protesting the project and demanding that the city fulfill its promise for a low-rent project.

A number of community organizations have already spearheaded action, including the West Side Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, the Booker T. Washington Tenants Council, and the American Labor Party. A conference is being called to form a citizens' committee to fight this project and obtain a real low rent development.

All the people are getting together. And they won't let themselves get kicked around.



MARINE COOKS AND STEWARDS UNION plays a vital role in the life of the Hawaiian Islands. Photo was taken at recent convention in San Francisco and shows (left to right) Wally Ho, Honolulu port agent; Eddie Tangen, secretary-treasurer; Paul Robeson, and Hugh Bryson, president.



# National Negro Labor Council

## Labor Council Meet Charts Fighting Path

(Continued from Page 1)

folks tell you to, in order to keep us down, but the day of the white-haired Uncle Toms and the sleek Uncle Thomases is at an end."

Echoing the thoughts of the thousands of Negro workers represented here, Hood said they welcome the cooperation of white workers. "We ask their cooperation, but we do not ask their permission," he said.

Again they stood and cheered when Joe Johnson, fighting seaman from the West Coast, shouted at "the Schuylers, the Grangers, the Sampsons" these words: "We say to you: if you are not going to join with us and help us—for God's sake get off our backs so that we can go forward!"

Jostling Joe, as his mates call him, is port agent for the southern district of the Marine Cooks and Stewards Union, with headquarters in Los Angeles, although only 30 percent of this independent union are Negro workers. He brought the hall to its feet many times with his earnest, down-to-earth oratory.

"Those who label us communistic every time we open our mouths to gain our rights," he said, "don't know the difference between Communism and rheumatism and know little about either. The darker peoples of the world want to choose their own kind of government and their own leaders. It makes me mad as hell for our administration to give away millions to maintain the rulers of their choice in colonial and European countries and don't want to give me my unemployment insurance!"

### "Paul" Is Greeted

Paul Robeson, who was given an honorary membership in the Council, brought the house to tears and cheers with his eloquent songs of the working people and his brief speech.

"I am the same Paul," he said, "who was here not long ago as the guest of the city. I am the same Paul who has acted on the main theater stages here. I am the same Paul who sang here in the concert halls. I have not changed, I have also fought for my people and I am always going to fight for them."

Pearl Laws, well known furriers' leader from New York, angrily told the assembly, in her talk about the Negro woman's role in the struggle for freedom and advancement: "We women will stretch ourselves across the ocean and let Paul walk across on our backs."

Her dramatic account of the Negro women's sojourn to Washington to protest the treatment of their sisters stirred the audience. Besides the ills suffered by Negro men, Miss Laws pointed out, the women must carry the extra burden of being mother and father to their children when their husbands are snatched from their sides and lynched and electrocuted. Her lamentations on behalf of Mrs. Rosalee McGee, Mrs. Josephine Grayson, and Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram brought tears to the eyes of many. When Mrs. Grayson, wife of one of the Martinsville Seven and young mother of five children, read her moving resolution in support of Mrs. Ingram, widowed mother of twelve, who now languishes in a Georgia prison, men wept openly.

The dignity, order, appearance and intelligence of the assembled delegates, about one-third of whom were women, won over the local township before the convention ended. The session had opened in an atmosphere of ridicule, contempt and suspicion on the part of the local press and police. But by the second day, it was plainly noticeable that the atmosphere of the town had changed. Those who came to blame stayed to praise. Police were soon holding up traffic and ushering delegates across the street, and daily press reporters softened and sat spell-bound by what they heard and saw.

## 'Big White Brother' Pose Discarded at Convention

The National Negro Labor Council was planned and engineered by Negroes. There was a sprinkling of white delegates and observers who journeyed to the city to lend their cooperation and pledge the aid of their unions. Their official speaker was Maurice E. Travis of Denver, who had lost an eye fighting for Negro and white workers to advance. He represents the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

The theme of Travis's speech was one of cooperation between white and Negro workers, not dictation by the former to the latter. "I do not come to tell the Negro workers what to do," he said. "Here is a great abundance of genuine Negro leadership. They know what must be done and they are ready, willing, and very, very able to do it." What he had to say was addressed to white trade unionists.

"How have we always talked about Negro-white unity in the past?" he asked. "The big white brothers holding out a generous, fatherly hand, to lift up the Negroes. And, of course, as long as that approach was used, the Negroes somehow never got lifted up."

"I think it is about time that white workers and their leaders registered a fact of life. It is time for them to understand that all over the world, the white man is being tested. Millions of people in Asia, Africa, South America, the Pacific, are taking a close look to see if the white man means what he says when he talks about democracy and equality."

## These Were the People On the Freedom Train

In order to find out what kind of people made the Freedom Train run at the NNLC convention, FREEDOM talked with the delegates. Here are some of the interviews.

"It's the lack of power, and not just the color of our skin that is the basic problem. The reason I'm sold on the NNLC is that it represents power."

The man talking in a quiet,



Asbury Howard

husky voice was Asbury Howard, regional director of the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers Union

"I'm fighting for my freedom. We've been slaves or half-slaves all our lives. It's like living in a dark place where you never see the light. But in the leadership of our own Paul Robeson the sun is beginning to shine. I know now that we're going to reach the top and have freedom and peace and no discrimination."



Estelle Holloway

An expression of serene confidence shone in the face of Mrs.

Workers were getting 40c an hour in the leather factory where Joseph Oliver works when the Int. Fur & Leather Workers Union stepped in in 1941. Now their contract calls for a \$1.09 minimum and scores of abuses have been eliminated.

These improvements are largely due to Brother Oliver, who is not only president of the local, but a leading community figure as well. He is a member of the senior choir of the Watchco Methodist Church, chairman of the Sunday school and president of the Methodist Men of the Church. He also finds time to serve as Worshipful Master of his Masonic lodge.

for Alabama and Mississippi. And all the experiences of Brother Howard's life have taught him the meaning of power.

In 1933 he joined the union at the big Muscoda ore mine of the TCI in Bessemer, Ala., and he saw the power of the union transform the mines in that region from hell holes and death pits to places where the worker had a fighting chance to stay alive and eke out a living. Thirteen thousand out of Bessemer's 22,000 population are Negroes and Brother Howard knows that the reason the steel and ore center is Klan-dominated is fear of the power of this Negro majority. And he knows that the only thing that will stop the Klan is more power, not less.

He is clerk of the Starlight Baptist Church and superintendent of the Sunday school. He is active in the local Masons and V-P of the Bessemer branch of the NAACP. As pres. of the Bessemer Voters League he has sparked a major registration drive to increase the number of Negro voters. During the drive every Negro teacher except two have registered, many of them paying \$36 in back poll taxes.

Estelle Holloway as she talked about conditions in the Eastern North Carolina tobacco country—the section where Paul Robeson's father was born a slave.

"Before the union came," Mrs. Holloway said, "the bosses were cruel. They're still cruel, but they can't tell us, 'Go home and stay so many days till I call for you!' like they used to. And even though the women workers make only 78c an hour, that's twice as much as we used to make before we had a union."

"Our big problem now is to win some kind of year-round security. The season in the leaf houses only lasts from August through the middle of November. Then the workers have to look for jobs as domestics at \$10 or \$15 a week. And if we don't accept any old kind of cheap job offered at the agency, we're cut off of unemployment compensation."

Mrs. Holloway is an active member of the St. James Baptist church, a member of the NAACP and a charter member of the Tri-State Negro Labor Council.



Joseph Oliver



DELEGATES RESPOND to quip their and rheumatism!"

## Convention es

One hundred thousand new reasons for Negro workers in lily-white industries, and a million signatures on a petition for a federal FEPC order were the two main goals of the National Negro Labor Council set its sights as resolutions enthusiastically adopted at the Cincinnati meeting.

In addition to these economic demands, the convention passed resolutions on civil liberties, housing, colonialism, agriculture and youth.

The resolution on agriculture pledged the NNLC to bring the plight of agricultural workers before the entire trade union movement and provided that contact be established between NNLC and organizations working among farm laborers. Financial and other aid was also pledged for organizing efforts in the rural areas.

Highlighting the civil liberties resolution was the demand for dropping the indictments against W. E. B. DuBois and William L. Patterson, restoration of Paul Robeson's passport and unconditional release of Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram. Other provisions were: Repeal of Smith and McCarran acts, ending of discrimination in the armed forces and all government agencies, the granting



Coleman Young



# Charts Road to Freedom



their critics "don't know the difference between communism (Photos on this page by Esther Handler)

## Fishing Still 'Slavery'

"Slavery has not been abolished in the fishing industry. The world ought to know about our conditions and ought to support our union in the fight to improve them."

The voice was that of Roland Johnson of Local 700, Int. Fur & Leather Workers Union, and with him sat George Donoway, Linwood Johnson, also members of Local 700, which is based in Reidsville, in northern Virginia, and Thomas A. Williams, another fisherman, secretary of Local 715 in Jacksonville, Fla.

Why would a union of fur and leather workers be organizing fishermen, one might ask. And the fishermen had the answer.

"We fish for menhaden, an oil fish which is used mainly to supply oil for tanneries. Of course the bosses of the industry don't stop there. They process the body of the fish into meal for chicken and hog feed, the head is used for fertilizer and the scales are made into five-and-ten pearls. So the industry gets everything it



Thomas A. Williams



Roland Johnson

can out of the fish—and out of us, too."

There are 15,000 workers in this industry which stretches from Amagansett, N.Y., to Port Arthur, Texas. And 14,000 of them are Negroes. Many of the boats have all-Negro crews, but only five have Negro captains.

What are the conditions of fishermen? Let one of them speak: "Well, suppose your work took you away from home for half the year or more? That would be bad enough. But if, when the year was done and you didn't have but \$1,600 to \$1,800 to show for your labors, it would really be tough, wouldn't it?"

"That's what we face. We're paid at the rate of 11c per thousand fish. In addition to catching them—a back-breaking, dangerous job—we have to mend lines, repair nets, pickle and salt them and do all other kind of jobs while aboard the boats. There's a hold-back of 2c a thousand in our wages to keep men at work throughout the season.

"When we go out and there are no fish, we don't get paid—so we're at the mercy of the fish

as well as the company. And we have to pay for our food aboard the boats. Sometimes at the end of a three-week trip, we end up owing the company.

"Aboard ship we sleep 18 and 20 men on three and four-decker bunks in cubicles about 12 feet square. The sleeping quarters are in a hold of the ship right next to where the fish are kept without refrigeration. The fumes coming from the fish are so strong they eat through your clothes and turn coins black; they put a black coating on your teeth and eat into your skin."

Roland Johnson and Linwood Johnson live in Lancaster county, Va. They are both members of Mt. Olive Baptist Church. George Donoway lives at Sharps, Va. and is a member of Ebenezer Baptist church where he serves as a trustee and choir member.

Mr. Williams, who lives at Ferdinandino, Fla., is a former choir member at New Bethel AME Church and is called the "singing fisherman" because he's always leading his fellow workers in song. He has a wife and three daughters.

## Resolutions

reasonable ball, and the right to speak for and advocate without fear of intimidation and coercion."

Another resolution called upon all Councils "to establish youth committees to insure special attention to the many complex problems of Negro youths," and urged the national office to give special attention to these items.

A major resolution dealing with colonialism, the Council demands a fraternal hand-picked of brotherhood to all oppressed peoples everywhere and particularly to those who have joined together to engage in the struggle for freedom. It calls for the Puerto Rican and Mexican national minorities in the U.S. is pledged, and the Administration is urged to scrap the war program and to meet a five-power conference (with Britain, the Soviet Union, China and France) to settle outstanding world problems peacefully.

The housing resolution demanded abolition of discrimination and segregation in public housing and called for immediate expansion of the National Public Housing Program from the inadequate 50,000 units to a minimum of 250,000 units per year.



William R. Hood

## 'Big Train' Speaks Of the 'New Negro'

By YVONNE GREGORY

"Hey daddio! I see you here, man I see you with it."

"You listen when I tell you, man. Simple is solid here to speak his natural mind."

Time: Oct. 27, 1951.

Place: Lobby of the Hotel Manse, 1004 Chapel Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Persons: Leaders of the founding convention of the National Negro Labor Council.

They came from Cleveland, Birmingham, San Francisco, Chicago, Houston, New York, Detroit, Denver, Louisville, Winston-Salem, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Seattle, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Jacksonville, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Newark.

One of them was Ernest Thompson, national secretary of the Fair Practices Committee of the United Electrical Workers. The others referred to him warmly and humorously as "Big Train."

It is always hard to tell how nicknames arise. But it would be a fair guess to assume that Ernest Thompson's nickname had grown out of the fact that his eyes glowed and his voice deepened when he talked on his favorite theme . . . "the Freedom Train." Thompson sees the National Negro Labor Council as one of the main pieces of machinery that will get the Freedom Train for the Negro people headed straight down the rails to the complete and final end of Jim Crow.

"Big Train" introduced the keynote speaker, William R. Hood, recording secretary of Ford Local 600, United Automobile Workers, CIO, who came out of the founding convention as first president of the Labor

Council. He said:

"The new wind of freedom is blowing from the seven seas . . . it has brought upon the American scene a new Negro, sons and daughters of Labor. This new Negro comes with the song of freedom on his lips, and believe me when I tell you, that Negro is here today with some tried and true allies. And that new Negro just isn't fooling about where he means to go from here."

The 1,200 new Negro sons and daughters of Labor leaned forward in pride and wonder as they shared the rare experience of listening to an American trade union leader using the poetry of his people to illustrate and strengthen his message. "Big Train" quoted Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poem "Frederick Douglass" in full; referred to Dr. W. E. B. DuBois; quoted parts of Sterling Brown's "Strong Men" and wound up with a reference to Langston Hughes' "Simple Speaks His Mind."

The reading of the Dunbar poem was particularly eloquent. He recited it as though he had been remembering it all his life; waiting for the chance to stand on a platform in Cincinnati, O., as the representative of a new Negro organization dedicated to the fight for full freedom and say the poem which included these words about Frederick Douglass:

"We weep for him, but we have touched his hand,  
And felt the magic of his presence nigh,  
The current that he sent throughout the land,  
The kindling spirit of his battle cry.  
O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet,  
And place our banner where his hopes were set!"

## NNLC Officers Elected

The following officers were elected to head the NNLC for the next year:

**President:** William R. Hood, Detroit, secretary Ford Local 600, UAW, CIO.

**Executive Secretary:** Coleman Young, Detroit, former organization director, Wayne County CIO Council.

**Director of Organization:** Ernest Thompson, N.J., secretary, Fair Practices Committee, UER-MWA (ind.).

**Treasurer:** Octavia Hawkins, Chicago, Amalgamated Local 451, UAW, CIO.

**Vice-Presidents at Large:** As-

bury Howard, Bessemer, Ala., regional director, IUMMSW (ind.); Cleveland Robinson, N.Y., v-p. DPOW (ind.); James Husbands, Durham, N.C., Local 208, Tobacco Workers Int. Union, AFL; Maurice Travis, sec-treas. IUMMSW (ind.); Vicki Garvin, sec. Greater N.Y. Negro Labor Council; Marie Bowden, Los Angeles, Calif.; and Mr. Phillips of the railroad industry.

**Regional Vice-Presidents:** Ewart Guinier, N.Y., sec-treas. UPW (ind.); Viola Brown, Winston-Salem, N.C., local 22, DPOW (ind.); Sam Parks, Chicago, Dist. 1, United Packinghouse Workers, CIO.



Vicki Garvin



Ernest Thompson

4-in-4 for Freedom!



# Unjust Laws Fought in Anti-Slavery Struggle

This chapter from the history of the Negro people's struggle against the Fugitive Slave Law coincides curiously with today's struggle against a similar law—the Smith Act. It is taken from the speech of Charles H. Langston, a defendant in the famous Oberlin-Wellington rescue case of 1858-9. Langston proudly acknowledged his part in rescuing a fellow townsman from kidnapers who would have carried him back to slavery. His denunciation of the unconstitutional law "never meant to be enforced" under which he was tried; of the biased jury and "perjury of a solitary wretch" that convicted him might have been spoken by another champion of his people's rights, Ben Davis, at Foley Square a century later. The excerpt is taken from "A Documentary History of the Negro People" by Herbert Aptheker, just published.

The law under which I am arraigned is an unjust one, one made to crush the colored man, and one that outrages every feeling of humanity, as well as every rule of right. I have nothing to do with its constitutionality; about that I care but little. I have often heard it said by learned and good men that it was unconstitutional; I remembered the excitement that prevailed throughout all the free states when it was passed; and I remember how often it has been said by individuals, conventions, legislatures, and even judges, that it never could be, never should be, and never was meant to be enforced. I had always believed, until contrary appeared in the actual institution of proceedings, that the provisions of this odious statute would never be enforced within the bounds of this state.

But I have another reason to offer why I should not be sentenced, and one that I think pertinent to the case. I have not had a trial before a jury of my peers. The common law of England—and you will excuse me for referring to that, since I am but a private citizen—was that every man should be tried before a jury of men occupying the same position in the social scale with himself. That lords should be tried before a jury of lords; that peers of the realm should be tried before peers of the realm; vassals before vassals, and aliens before aliens, and they must not come from the district where the crime was committed, lest the prejudices of either personal friends or foes should affect the accused. The Constitution of the U. S. guar-

antees, not merely to its citizens, but to all persons, a trial before an impartial jury. I have had no such trial.

The colored man is oppressed by certain universal and deeply fixed prejudices. Those jurors are well known to have shared largely in these prejudices, and I therefore consider that they were neither impartial, nor were they a jury of my peers.

There is not a spot in this wide country, not even by the altars of God, nor in the shadow of the shafts that tell the imperishable fame and glory of the heroes of the Revolution; no, nor in the old Philadelphia Hall, where any colored man may dare to ask a mercy of a white man. Let me stand in that hall and tell a United States marshal that my father was a Revolutionary soldier; that he served under Lafayette, and fought through the whole war, and that he fought for my freedom as much as for his own; and he would sneer at me, and clutch me with his bloody fingers, and say he has a right to make me a slave!

And when I appeal to Congress, they say he has a right to make me a slave; when I appeal to your honor, your honor says he has a right to make me a slave, and if any man, white or black, seeks an investigation of that claim, they make themselves amenable to the pains and penalties of the Fugitive Slave Act, for **BLACK MEN HAVE NO RIGHTS WHICH WHITE MEN ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.** (Great applause.)

I, going to Wellington with the full knowledge of all this,



HANDBILL used to advertise for the return of runaway slaves.

knew that if that man was taken to Columbus, he was hopelessly gone, no matter whether he had ever been in slavery before or not. I knew that I was in the same situation myself, and that by the decision of your honor, if any man whatever were to claim me as his slave and seize me, and my brother, being a lawyer, should seek to get out a writ of habeas corpus to expose the

falsity of the claim, he would be thrust into prison under one provision of the Fugitive Slave Law, for interfering with the man claiming to be in pursuit of a fugitive, and I, by the perjury of a solitary wretch, would be another of its provisions be helplessly doomed to a life-long bondage, without the possibility of escape.

Some may say that there is no danger of free persons being seized and carried off as slaves. No one need labor under such a delusion. Sir, four of the eight persons who were first carried back under the act of 1850, were afterward proved to be free men. They were free persons, but wholly at the mercy of the oath of one man. . . . I could stand here by the hour and relate such instances. In the very nature of the case they must be constantly occurring. A letter was not long since found upon the person of a counterfeiter when arrested, addressed to him by some Southern gentleman, in which the writer says:

"Go among the Negroes; find out their marks and scars; make good descriptions and

send to me, and I'll find masters for 'em."

That is the way men are carried "back" to slavery. . . .

But I stand here to say that, if for doing what I did on that day at Wellington, I am to go in jail for six months and pay a fine of a thousand dollars, according to the Fugitive Slave Law—and such is the protection the laws of this country afford me—I must take upon myself the responsibility of self-protection; when I come to be claimed by some perjured wretch as his slave, I shall never be taken into slavery.

And as in that trying hour I would have others do to me, as I would call upon my friends to help me, as I would call upon you, your honor, to help me . . . so help me God I stand here to say that I will do all I can for any man thus seized and held, though the inevitable penalty of six months' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine for each offense hangs over me! We have all a common humanity, and you all would do that; your manhood would require it, and no matter what the laws might be, you would honor yourself for doing it, while your friends and your children to all generations would honor you for doing it, and every good and honest man would say you had done right!" (Great and prolonged applause, in spite of the efforts of court and marshal.)

"I hasten to hail this work as a milestone on the road to truth."

—W. E. B. DuBois

## A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States

Edited by HERBERT APTHEKER

Fifteen years in the making, this work contains 962 exciting pages—half a million words. Here the Negro people tell their own history, in their own words.

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## Reader Adds to West Point Story

More light on the life of Johnson C. Whittaker, whose forcible removal from West Point in 1880 was described by Lawrence Gellert in our September issue, came this month from another reader. John W. Nicholas of Washington, D. C. writes as follows:

I read Giles Cooper's letter concerning one Johnson C. Whittaker, who was made ineligible to attend West Point in 1880. I wonder if this was the same Johnson C. Whittaker who was ruled ineligible at West Point after it was discovered that he was colored. If so, he did not live his life out in Ohio. He served as principal of the academy at the South Carolina State College in Orangeburg, S. C. until his death in 1931.

Mr. Whittaker was a man of light complexion and was very erect at all times until his death. Before going to Orangeburg he had been principal of the Lincoln High School in Sumpter, S. C.

He had two sons, Miller and John. Miller became president of S.C. State in 1932. He served there until his death a few years ago. He was a first lieutenant in World War I. John did live in Detroit for a while. I do not know whether he still lives.

Mr. Johnson C. Whittaker graduated from the University of South Carolina before entering West Point. He was an ardent devotee of the African Methodist Church and was a member of Williams Chapel in Orangeburg at the time of his death.

## Writing Scholarships

Free scholarships for Negroes to attend the School for Writers, which began its ten-week evening sessions Oct. 29, are being offered by the Writing and Publishing Division of the New York Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, sponsors of the school.

Aware of the fact that the contributions of Negro writers from Frederick Douglass to Langston Hughes and others have immensely enriched the whole stream of American literature, the school hopes to make it possible for many Negro writers, who would otherwise not be able to afford it, to attend any of the four classes being offered.

Among the courses are creative writing for beginners, taught by David Almon, author of "World Full of Strangers"; the short story, by Leslie Waller, and novel writing by Barbara Giles, author of "The Gentle Bush."

Registration for the school is going on at 47 West 44 St., N.Y.C., phone MU 7-2161.



Escaping slaves succeed in breaking through an ambush. (From an old print.)

4-in-4 for Freedom!



# 'Medal for Willie' Deserves a Medal

By LORRAINE HANSBERRY

One of the most exciting things a New Yorker can do these days is go to see the wonderful evening of dramatic entertainment offered by the Committee for the Negro in the Arts at Harlem's Club Baron. At the head of the bill is "A Medal for Willie," an absolutely terrific new play by the young Negro playwright, William Branch.

It is a fast-moving, believable story of a Southern Negro GI who is to be awarded posthumously a high military medal through his mother. The town's excitement builds and builds until the big day when the much talked about general from Washington, the superintendent of schools, the mayor, and the uncle-tomming principal of the colored high school are all at the ceremony.

But Willie's mother just hasn't been able to believe all along that Willie really wanted things to "stay just as they are," like the speeches of the white men say. She finally upsets the whole thing, refusing to read the speech they had prepared for her and saying, "They say Willie is a hero because of all the killing. . . . I think maybe Willie should have had that machine-gun right here at home, where it might have done some good."

And the thin little Negro woman who has heard the same speeches all her life takes the medal and dashes it against the wall, just missing the general's head—and walks out of the ceremony.

The words of a Mrs. Jackson strike home like a dynamite blast. And Clarice Taylor, who plays the role, has a rich understanding of such a woman.

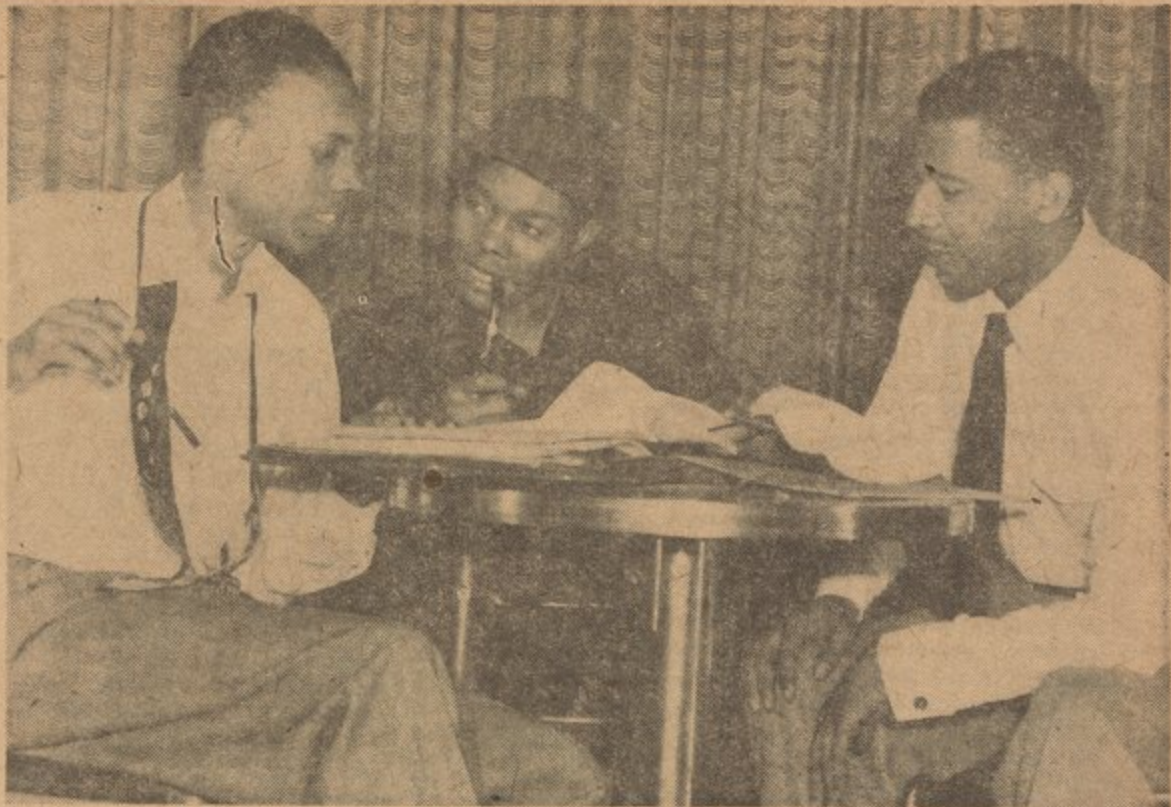
The whole cast does splendid work. Nineteen-year-old Helen Owens, who plays the dead soldier's young sister, treats her audience to a delightful theater experience in her opening hair-fixing scene with Clarice Taylor. Stephan Geirash and Kenneth Manigault are especially entertaining in their roles as the Southern white superintendent of schools and the Negro principal of the colored high school. Julian Mayfield is warm and casual in the role of the young teacher in the prologue

—which is not necessary for the structure of the play. An effective piece of acting is done by Charles Griffin, who plays the father of Willie Jackson.

There is nothing on Broadway more well done or having as much to say as this play by William Branch, who was himself inducted into the army the morning after his opening night.

Bill Robinson, a young Negro actor, does some wonderful acting in the second play, "Swan Song" by Anton Chekhov.

The Committee for the Negro in the Arts is doing a terrific job. Buy up a section of tickets and take your friends, your family, your club to see "A Medal for Willie."



WHEN "WILLIE" was in rehearsal . . . Huddled over the script are William Branch, author; Maxwell Glanville, producer, and Elwood Smith, director. The play's first run is creating a sensation at the Club Baron in New York.

## Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

(Continued from Page 1)

events of the early afternoon. For I had to rush over to the present-day Rockland Palace (then Manhattan Casino) for one of the decisive basketball games of the season.

It was St. Christopher vs. Alpha—not my fraternity, but a wonderful athletic club. There was Gilmore of Howard and Loendi fame, Babe Atkins—and, on St. Christopher, that basketball marvel, little, husky, lightning-fast Fats Jenkins; his brother Harold; Fred Lowery; Johnny Capers, one of the best basketball guardsmen (saw him the other day); Fred Rose, a Jewish lad, accenting the oneness of our American dream; and your humble servant.

Sports was an important part of my life in those days. Football, basketball, track (discus, javelin, shot-put and the Pentathlon—best in five events), baseball. I was a catcher, not as good as Campy, but played

a little semi-pro ball and dared 'em to start to second. I got down to second base a couple of times, but I'm sure the pitchers were slow on the windup.

But of all these activities the closest to my heart remains the St. C. St. Christopher was the boy's club of St. Philips Parish. Father Bishop (Shelton's father) was the rector. Rev. Daniels was in direct charge of the youth activities. Jimmy Ravanel, Chauncey Rowan, Chauncey Hooper, Clarence Williams, Charlie Green—I could go on and on. St. C. played Hampton, the Atlantic City team, Loendi of Pittsburgh and the Spartans with Elmer Carter, the political leader and Bob Douglass, founder of the Renaissance club, forerunner of the modern Globe Trotters.

There were great ball players in those days. I recall a few more names. Huddy Oliver, Pappy Ricks, George Fall,

George Capers (Johnny's brother).

So here I was in Manhattan Center playing forward for St. C. I was fast for a big six footer and played near the edge of the court while little Fats Jenkins dribbled them silly. Then some fast passing—it was hard to follow the ball—and then I'd cut. The ball would come high and I wasn't a bad shot, so I'd grab seven or nine baskets often in a game.

And so this November day we went home to shower and dress and come back for a wonderful few hours of dancing.

AND SO I SEE the evening of November 1, 1951, as a return to a place that holds the dearest memories, memories of Harlem, of my youth deep in the hearts and affection of my folks.

I'm back at the Rockland Palace, at another level, having gone through a kind of spiral, still fighting for the dignity of my people, but fighting harder: saying that time is short, that my folks can't wait for full citizenship, that they want freedom—not for a few—but for all, all of the 15 million

of us South, North, East and West.

We want a future for our youth of constructive effort. For ourselves and all of our land, and for all the world, we want peace and friendship. I have seen many peoples, sung their songs, won their friendship and love, not for myself but for my people—for you, for your son and your daughter, for your grandchildren. So I challenge the lies of would-be war-makers, the same ones who still hold us in bondage and talk about their Point Four program to supposedly raise the standards of living of colonial peoples.

Help us, all of you, to build this paper FREEDOM. Help us to fulfill our responsibilities to you and to those yet to come. From the expressions of affection, from the encouragement that I get daily as I walk the streets of Harlem, I know you will. I'll be glad to see those of our readers who attend our Freedom Festival at Rockland Palace. And we'll be seeing plenty of each other from here on out.

4-in-4 for Freedom!

## Stories for Children

# How Henry Box Brown Was Expressed from Slavery

By ELSIE ROBINS

Once there was a slave named Henry Brown. He lived when every slave who could find a way was running away from the Southland, from slavery. Some slaves ran through the woods for miles and miles; others swam under water in the rivers; and some stowed away on North-bound river boats without food. However they did it, it was always hard. But getting away from slavery was just that important to them. So Henry Brown thought and thought, how could he escape from Richmond, Virginia?

Finally he hit on the idea—to send himself away in a box! He would be express-delivered from slavery! And that is just what he did.

He had a box made 32 inches deep and 24 inches wide and 36 inches long and lined with a soft, cushiony material. He put in it a few biscuits and some water and a tool to make air holes, and he climbed in. Then he had a friend seal up the box with wooden hoops and deliver it to the station. He kept very quiet in the dark



box, and still, though his heart pounded very loud. And hour after hour he was chugged along on his way to freedom.

The next day a friend of his in Philadelphia received a telegram that said: "Your case of goods is arrived and will be delivered tomorrow morning." And so the next morning a driver was sent to pick up the box at the station and deliver it to the Anti-Slavery Society.

When the box finally got to the Anti-Slavery Society four men stood around it. Their hearts were pounding too as they wondered if the precious "goods" was safe and sound. Finally one of them tapped on the lid and asked, "All right?" And the box answered fast, "All right!" And as soon as the hoops were ripped away and the nails pried loose, up stood the ex-slave Henry Brown, alive—and free.

"Gentlemen!" he greeted them with dignity, "I resolved that if I reached safety I would give thanks to the Lord." And, still standing in his box, he sang the psalm: "I waited patiently for the Lord and He heard my prayer."

And ever after that he was known as Henry Box Brown.





## Conversations from Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS

Good morning Marge. . . I come to borrow a cup of sugar and a half stick 'a butter until tomorrow. . . I got a recipe for a "no-egg" cake. . . Ain't that somethin'? What will they think of next? My cousin Ellie give me the recipe for it. I told her if she come across a recipe for some "no-meat" meat balls to be sure and give me that . . . now that's somethin' I could really use.

Oh, no Marge, Ellie ain't workin' now. She can't work with that son of hers. Bobby ain't but 12 but already he's broke one rib and a arm and his forehead is always lumped up. . . Yeah her husband is doin' a little better on the job . . . got a little raise . . . so she quit her place . . . Bobby was climbin' up lamp posts and fallin' off of back alley fences. Child when she heard 'bout him playin' leap frog on the roof ledge she whupped him and then figured she'd best stay home and watch him before he ruined himself altogether.

The woman she worked for wasn't bad as folks go so Ellie decided to give her two weeks notice. . . Well honey I can't tell it like Ellie can . . . you oughta hear her! Well anyway she told this lady 'bout Bobby and explained how she had to leave and . . . bless Bess! the woman fell out. . . You heard me, she fell out! That's just what I said! There she was cryin' and moanin' and just a-carryin' on. . . Now Ellie was speechless 'cause she had no idea the woman was that crazy 'bout her. . . When the woman gets her breath back she starts groanin': "Oh Ellie we were so fond of you and I never thought you'd leave us. . . Oh I never thought you'd leave us."

"Never?" Ellie asked her.



"Really never?" and that woman was dead serious.

"Ellie," she says, "I thought of us as just one big family. . . What's wrong? Why do you want to leave?"

Well, Ellie gets her a glass of water and some smellin' salts and sat down and explained all over again . . . slowly. She tells her 'bout Bobby and 'bout her husband real clear. When she was through the woman asked her, "What have we done to you? Has anyone hurt your feelings? Aren't you happy?"

Well the upshot of it was that there was no way that Ellie could explain anything so's she'd understand it 'cause the way Ellie told it to me, this woman had read "Gone with the Wind" four times and . . . and . . . well it's just given her ideas . . . that's all. . . Look out Marge! The coffee is boilin' over . . . girl stop actin' the fool now!

4-in-4 for Freedom!

# 4-in-4 for Freedom Drive Needs Help!

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

FREEDOM's four-in-four subscription drive is now at the half-way mark. Many of our readers have gone over the top in fulfilling the quota set for every single subscriber to FREEDOM—four new subs during the four-month period of the drive from September 1 through December 31.

Many of our sub-getters in the drive write us wonderful letters, telling of their confidence that we—all of us—must keep alive this fighting Negro newspaper that speaks boldly for peace and equality. They pour out their yearning as mothers and working people fighting, praying for peace and freedom. They write like this housewife from Brooklyn:

"Enclosed you will find two dollars for two subs to FREEDOM. Also one dollar in support of Freedom Associates. I'm a housewife with loads of work. During the months of January, February and March, I raised \$5 and got 14 sub readers. This is one way I am helping the fight to get rid of the chains of slavery. I therefore join FREEDOM's four-in-four drive."

A retired minister sends us his renewal and four dollars for the drive. A mother sends in two subscriptions and tells us that her reason for being so concerned about the life of this paper is that our children's stories have helped her give strength to her young children in the battle for democracy in America.

And so it goes, people from all walks of life in many cities and towns, and from the rural areas of our country; farmers, professionals, young Negro church people, all joined together in a common desire for peace and freedom, express their determination to see that this fighting newspaper is kept alive, by sending in their subs.

They know that it takes more than good wishes to keep a paper like FREEDOM going. They know that the lifeblood of this paper is the fighting

support of its readers, expressed in dollars and cents.

That is why we call upon many of our subscribers whom we have not yet heard from, to hurry and catch up. We can make this drive a success. We

can give FREEDOM the financial aid that will keep it a militant paper that continues to win new friends in the people's fight for peace and equality. Your hard-earned dollars will tell the story.

## Fill Them Out Now!

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Please find enclosed one dollar (\$1.00) for one annual subscription to

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Address City Zone No. State

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## Robeson Passport Campaign Gets New Push Here and Abroad

With the organization in New York of a provisional Committee to Restore Paul Robeson's Passport, the campaign to free the distinguished people's artist from the "house arrest" imposed by the Truman administration has moved into high gear. A one-cent fact sheet on the case has been prepared and may be secured from Miss Margaret McCaden, Sec'y Provisional Comm. to Restore Paul Robeson's Passport, 2286 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. A pamphlet by the novelist Lloyd L. Brown will be ready for distribution Nov. 8.

Meanwhile, invitations to Robeson continue to pour in from all parts of the world. Richard Heller, London impresario who manages the International Celebrity Concerts, is seeking to organize a tour for the great singer in England in the immediate future. And from Bristol, England, a letter

from an admirer reflects the deep affection of the English people for Mr. Robeson. Excerpts from the letter follow:

"I feel I must write to tell you how much your fight for peace and freedom for all people has aroused respect and admiration in many people here in Great Britain.

"Mr. Tom Driberg, M.P., has written of your present difficulties in his Sunday column. We understand you cannot give concerts in America and that you are not allowed to leave the country to give concerts abroad and therefore money problems have arisen. Mr. Driberg, the next Sunday, said he had the biggest mall he has ever known, in response to this, asking to contribute to a fund as a mark of esteem for your work. Because sterling cannot be sent abroad this is not possible, but we hope you will realize how disappointed we were.

"I was present at your concert in Bristol three years ago, and no other concert before or since has impressed me so much. Your singing was a delight to all and the depths of feeling you displayed in your reading of Blake's poem, and in the altered version of 'Ole Man River,' made it clear how sincere you were in the ideas you maintain, at a cost.

"To lose a leader like you would be a great blow to the cause of peace and to the musical world. Hoping this has not taken up too much of your precious time, I would like to close with my best wishes to you and the work you are doing, and also that you win the Rectorship for which you have been nominated. We shall be proud to have you back in England and in this city of Bristol if you should visit us."

Jean F. Perkins

## Burrs and Barbs



"AND NOW ladies and gentlemen we have a Negro leader in the studio who will tell you why you must vote for our candidate."