

# Merry Christmas, Marge!

A Conversation from Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS



Merry Christmas Marge! Girl I just want to sit down and catch my breath for a minute. . . . I had a half a day off and went Christmas shopping. Them department stores is just like a madhouse. They had a record playin' real loud all over Crumbleys. . . . "Peace On Earth." Well sir! I looked 'round at all them scufflin' folks and I begun to wonder. . . . What is peace?

You know Marge, I hear so much talk about peace. I see it

written on walls and I hear about it on the radio and at Christmas time you can't cut 'round the corner without hearin' it blarin' out of every store front. . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace.

Marge, what is peace? . . . Well, you're partly right, it do mean not havin' any wars . . . but I been doin' some deep thinkin' since I left Crumbleys and I been askin' myself . . . How would things have to be in order for me to be at peace

with the world? . . . Why thank you dear. . . . I will take an egg nog. Nobody can make it like you do. . . . That's some good. I tell you. . . .

And it begun to come to my mind . . . If I had no cause to hate "white folks" that would be good and if I could like most of 'em . . . that would be peace. . . . Don't laugh Marge 'cause I'm talkin' some deep stuff now!

If I could stand in the street and walk in any direction that my toes was pointin' and go in one of them pretty apartment houses and say, "Give me an apartment please?" and the man would turn and say, "Why it would be a pleasure Mam. We'll notify you 'bout the first vacancy." . . . That would be peace.

Do you hear me? If I could stride up to any employment agency without havin' the folk at the desk stutterin' and stammerin' . . . That my friend . . . would be peace also. If I could ride a subway or a bus and

not see any signs pleadin' with folks to be "tolerant" . . . "regardless" of what I am . . . I know that would be peace cause then there would be no need for them signs.

If you and me could have a cool glass of lemonade or a hot cup of coffee anywhere . . . and I mean anywhere . . . wouldn't that be peace? If all these little children 'round here had their mamas takin' care of them instead of other folks' children . . . that would be peace too. . . . Hold on Marge! Go easy on that egg nog . . . it goes to my head so fast. . . .

Oh yes . . . if nobody wanted to kill nobody else and I could pick up a newspaper and not read 'bout my folks gettin' the short end of every stick . . . that would mean more peace.

If all mamas and daddies was sittin' back safe and secure in the knowledge that they'd have toys and goodies for their

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## Freedom

Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!

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10c A Copy



Robeson congratulates DuBois on people's victory.

### Here's My Story

## DuBois' Freedom Spurs Peace Fight

By PAUL ROBESON

I WAS in the capital city, Washington, D. C., the week-end of the victorious and glorious conclusion of the case of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois and his colleagues.



It was indeed wonderful to feel the underlying joy and happiness in the hearts of all.

There were knowing smiles, handshakes, congratulations. For this was one of the historic points in the Negro people's struggle. The attempt to stop Dr. DuBois from speaking for peace was at the same time aimed to silence him in his defense of the rights of his people to voice their grievances, to call for vast improvements and changes in their condition of second class citizenship.

Time and again one returned to the inspiring figure of Dr. DuBois, to some evaluation of what this victory means and can mean. Here was a most illuminating expression of the people's power, of the people's will for peace.

How could the administration adversely adjudge the eminent Doctor and his colleagues and claim in the same breath that the State Department wanted peace? Hundreds

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## Victims' Kin Rebuke Tobias; Want Justice

By BEULAH RICHARDSON

GROVELAND, Fla.—On route 2 where highway 50 meets highway 27, there stands a house, in a condition of pathetic decay. Its roof is of tin and tar shingles and here and there patches of other kinds of roofing. Its three rooms are covered with imitation brick and the windows missing, many panes have pasteboard substitutes. The sills are painted white.

In the yard there are several chickens that have escaped the decayed hen house and the fallen fence designed to keep them out of the garden, which consists of six orderly wholesome rows of turnip and collard greens. A hole gaping deep and hazardous, meant to become a cesspool, becomes another note of discord in this theme of poverty.

The steps and porch giving under one's weight echo the sharp peril of 15 million Negro

When the news of the brutal shooting of Walter Lee Irvin and Samuel Shepard reached us, FREEDOM sent Beulah Richardson, the noted writer, to Florida to visit the victims' families. Here is her heart-rending story.

people in this nation, the 400 in this Groveland community and the five in this household.

These five American citizens know this ever present peril as cruel, unjust, inhuman reality. For that same lie of rape and legislated hate that in 1949

burned down six homes of the Negro community and set 400 Negro residents fleeing for their lives—has once again brought new terror and grief to the Irvin family. Mr. and Mrs. Irvin tell a story of unrelenting suffering that is a terrible indictment of this American govt. that permits, encourages, condones and supports the genocidal practices and living conditions.

Mrs. Irvin, a mother of four boys and two girls, is a heavy-set woman in her late fifties. Her graying hair, her large tearless eyes, the mask of pain

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"HE WAS A GOOD BOY . . ." said the mothers of both Samuel Shepard (left) and Walter Lee Irvin who lie felled by a sheriff's bullets as they were about to face trial for the second time in the notorious Groveland "rape" frameup. Irvin feigned dead and lived to tell the gruesome tale of cold-blooded murder by Sheriff Willis McCall.



# 'Gold Coast's' Rulers Go, Ghana Moves to Freedom

By LORRAINE HANSBERRY

"Kwame Nkrumah shall live to save Ghana, and as such may God bless him to live long!" These were the words of a 102-year-old Ghanaian woman who last Feb. 10 had walked some six miles from her village to join with 20,000 of her cheering countrymen in celebrating the victorious election of Kwame Nkrumah and 34 members of the Convention People's Party to the Legislative Assembly of the Gold Coast, in British West Africa.

Even as his people had gone by thousands to vote for him, the fiery black leader sat in jail for having led a great general strike the year before. He had broken away from the United Gold Coast Convention under the leadership of Dr. J. B. Danquah in 1948. In direct opposition to the outmoded gradualist policies of the old party, he took up the cry of his people: **Self-Government Now!** and made it the principal demand of the new Convention Peoples Party platform. The result was the overwhelming support of his people and his election as prime minister of the Gold Coast. He was the first African in such a post since the Portuguese established the first slave-trading outpost on that coast in the early 1500's.

White supremacists in every part of the world have tried to make light of the elections, calling them "ridiculous," "black magic" and other such names—anything to deride this great thrust of a people for freedom. But the fact is that the spirit of the liberation movement of the African people and particularly of the people of Ghana is so great and so far-reaching that one of the most exalted things a leader can do is to go to jail in the name of freedom. For this act the people present them with an honorary degree and

cap: P. G. or Prison Graduate, a highly esteemed honor among these people who recognize struggle as the sole guarantor of freedom.

Embarrassed and embattled British imperialist circles try to hang on to the old ways. They issue foolish, paternal statements feigning sympathy for the nationalist movement which they have really tried to hinder in every possible way. But they see the handwriting on the wall. A British spokesman recently stated: "If it is a success (the New African Assembly) then a large number of ideas that have been taken for granted in Africa for half a century will have to be revised."

But progress in the spirit of liberation goes on in the plans of Kwame Nkrumah to advance his country, including a \$211,000,000 plan for improving the country's economic and productive services, social services, communications and general administrative services. Major among all plans is the \$31,000,000 five-year educational plan which has met some opposition in the legislature from reactionary forces.

The first leg of this plan would introduce free primary education beginning next January. In a visit to the United States this June, the prime minister made offers to Negro technicians to come and help in the new educational-development program of his country. But this leader, who has seen

the work of imperialist powers operate in stripping his country of its natural wealth, wants no part of Marshall-plan hypocrisy and political enslavement.

The promise of the future of Ghana is that of all the colored peoples of the world; it is the promise of freedom.

The people of Ghana clearly see their struggles and victories in connection with black folk on the rest of their continent as well as in the United States. A U. S. Negro reporter for the Pittsburgh Courier commented not long ago: "Whenever I make an interview in Accra it is a two-sided affair. I ask questions about events in the Gold Coast and they ply me with questions about the Willie McGee case, the Cicero, Illinois riot, Dr. Ralph Bunche and topics African Negroes are discussing today."

And with similar respect and deep interest, American Negroes watch this rich and powerful land, where the Ghanaian draped robe and sandal has replaced the European business suit in the legislatures; where the cocoa farmers, who produce more than half the world's cocoa, now sell to the open international market instead of the British middleman.

And very important, the name imposed on the country by the foreign exploiters is being officially changed back to the soft, ancient two-syllable word: Ghana.



Kwame Nkrumah

## Fight Quota System That Bars West Indians

By ALEC JONES

In the summer of 1948, a Negro woman appeared before a Congressional sub-committee on Immigration and Naturalization. She was Mrs. Dorothy Strange, Naturalization Aid Director of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. Her mission to Washington that summer was to protest the collusion between our State Department and the British Government which results in limiting to 100 the number of West Indians coming to this country in any one year.



Mrs. Dorothy Strange

In the past four years, a huge percentage of the 7,000 cases handled by Mrs. Strange were a direct result of British-State Dept. collusion. Mainly in two categories, they were of West Indian Americans seeking to reunite their families in the United States or of West Indians seeking entry.

On Dec. 8 and 9, the American Committee will hold its 20th Anniversary Conference in Chicago. At this conference, the vicious discriminatory practices instituted against the West Indian people and sanctioned by our State Department will be discussed thoroughly and acted upon.

West Indian people know Great Britain is allowed over 65,000 visas to the United States each year and West Indians only 100 of them. They are fully aware of the humiliation to which they are subjected by American consuls in the British West Indies as they seek to join their families in the U. S.

They know that usual requirements in applying for a visa for permanent residence in the U. S. are so embellished by the consuls that it is virtually impossible for an individual—if he is West Indian—to meet all of them. Consuls refuse to see applicants. Letters of inquiry go unanswered and the prospective applicant is stymied.

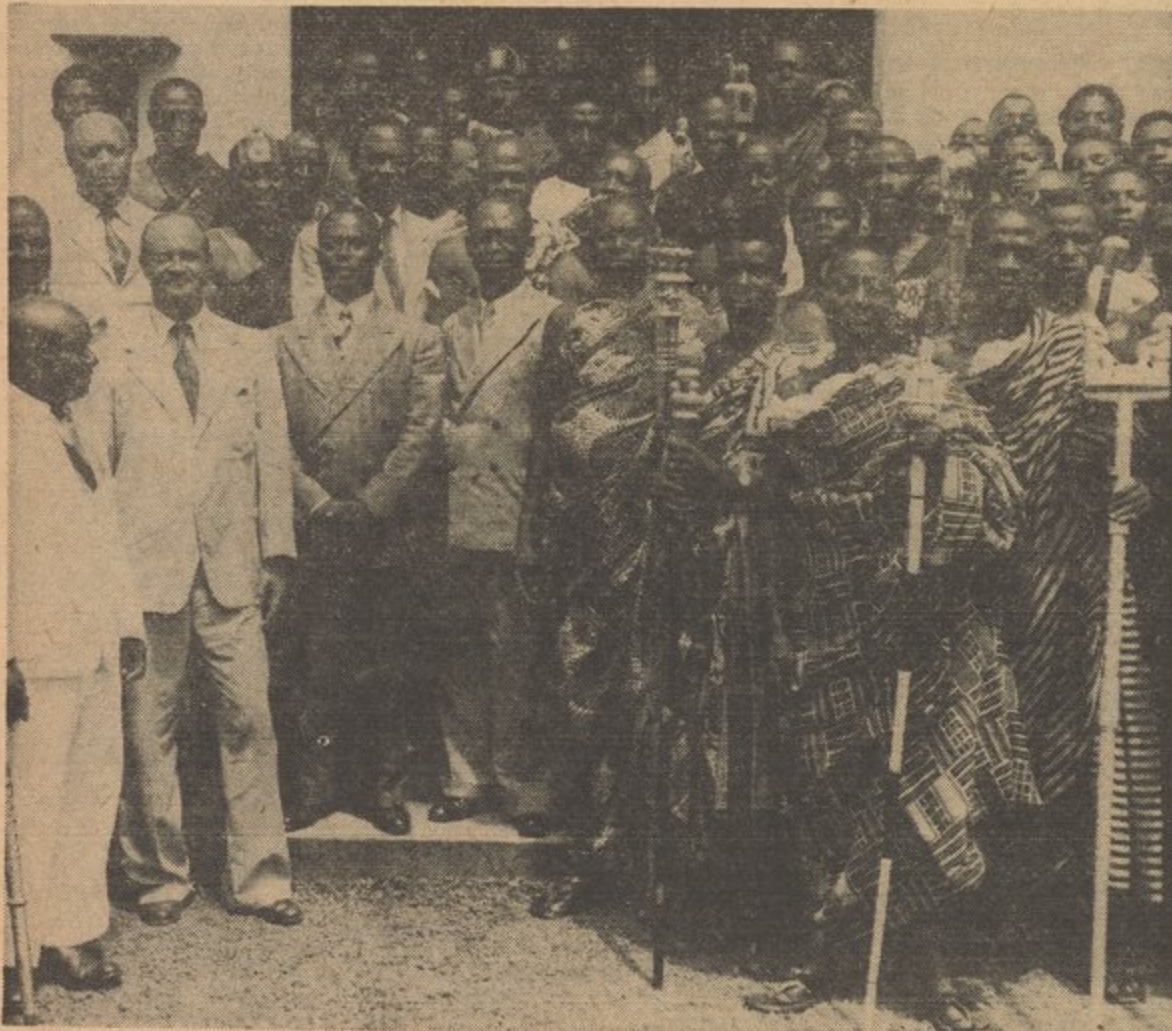
It is these and other examples of prejudice which West Indian leaders will bring to Chicago on Dec. 8 and 9. There, before an audience of hundreds of delegates representing every major national group of America, West Indian America will be given priority. Its story will be

heard and a program of action drawn up.

The temper and spirit of the West Indian community in the United States has been portrayed by such leaders as Ferdinand Smith and Claudia Jones—both of whom the white supremacists of this land feared and ordered deported. Their crime, as that of their 298 fellow-Americans today facing deportation, was failure to remain silent. They spoke for peace, for Negro rights, for the rights of women and they fought for the day in which all men would walk the face of this earth in dignity and equality.

It's not going to be easy for West-Indian America to win an end to repressive quota systems and double standards. Pending in our legislative body is the Judd Bill which makes legal the heretofore gentleman's agreement between the United States and Great Britain limiting to 100 the yearly West Indian newcomers.

The American Committee, through inviting and giving priority to West Indian affairs at its 20th Anniversary Conference, has set the stage for deepening understanding of the very special problems confronting West Indian America today.



KWAME NKURUMAH and other ministers with chiefs and members of the new legislative body of Ghana. People lined the streets to see their leaders arrive at the opening session—something unheard of when the political representatives of the "Gold Coast" were white. Nkrumah is fourth from the left in the second row.



# Southern Worker Calls For Labor Council Drive

By JOSEPH REYNOLDS

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—I was unable to attend the Negro Labor Council convention in Cincinnati due to my physical condition, but I have read the keynote speeches of Brother Bill Hood, Sister Pearl Laws, Paul Robeson and others and I think they express the real down-to-earth feeling of the Negro masses, especially here in the South.

It is my firm conviction that this conference and its leaders have a job to do in the South

What will the newly-formed National Negro Labor Council do to improve the conditions of working men and women in the South? This question is posed, and a program set forth, in this article by a veteran Southern labor organizer and FREEDOM reader.

now. That is the job which hasn't been done by these labor leaders who have betrayed and deserted the Negro people's struggle for freedom in the South, such as the Murrays, the Reuthers, the Bill Greens—and we can by no means overlook the deeds of John L. Lewis, how he has also played his part in deserting the Negro coal miners in the South, who were the first to bleed and die in the mountains of the South to build the union in these mines.

The job that must be done is the job of organizing the unorganized. By this I mean to a great degree the Negro masses. In my opinion the job of building the Negro Labor Councils in the South is more vital today to the whole nation than the birth of the CIO was in 1935-38. I am not attempting to overlook the gains that we made here in that period; but in those days we had to face only the company dicks, city and county officials. Fighting for our rights today, it is the city, county, state, and the federal government's FBI Hitler-like police that we have to face in the South.

### FBI Snoopers

These Truman police can't find the lynchings of the Negro people. They don't dare to trail the KKK leaders but on the contrary, spend 24 hours a day looking and snooping behind rank-and-file Negroes — and also the whites who dare to speak up for the rights of the Negro people. So this is why organizing the unorganized Negro masses is vital today to the whole nation.

The program calls for hundreds of thousands of jobs in filthy white industries. That's fine. But let me also state that here in the South Negroes are being kicked out of jobs right and left, and many of them are members of some of these big labor unions, and these big labor leaders and their local lieutenants are doing nothing about it.

Among the millions of Negroes here in the South there are unorganized lumber workers, sharecroppers, tenants and small farmers who need an organization of some kind for their security, and they are looking and hoping for a chance to free themselves.

I would say there are at least a million or more domestic workers in the South, and I dare say two-thirds of the workers are Negro women. Among these women are wives,



SHARECROPPERS, along with lumbermen and domestic workers, are among those most desperately in need of organization in the South. This North Carolina sharecropper has to live in a tobacco barn. Photo by Rosalie Gwathmey

daughters and sisters of steel, coal, railroad and all kinds of Negro workers. Many of these women are members of sharecropper, tenant and small-farmer Negro families.

### Action Counts

We in the South have been in these founding conventions before. We have heard many big-sounding words from various speakers. But action is what's going to count today. Action is what is going to win over these would-be slaveholders of the Negro people of the South and the working masses of this country.

What is to be done from this founding Negro Labor Council that has closed its sessions in Cincinnati, Ohio?

There must be an organizing drive in the South, to do this job of organizing these millions of unorganized Negro people—a drive like that put on in the early days of the CIO in the South.

There should be a Southern organizational director, with finances and manpower known as the organizing committee (a) to build Negro Labor Councils on a city and state basis among existing Negro trade unionists and their white allies, and (b) to organize the un-

organized domestic workers, farm labor, sharecroppers, tenants and small farmers.

These so-called left labor leaders who head these so-called left unions should be called upon by the national Council to get off the fence and show what side they are on in this fight for Negro rights in their unions and in the South.

They should come together and pool their financial resources behind this Council's drive to organize the unorganized of the South.

Plans should be made to organize a series of affairs, of Robeson concerts with talent from the South such as speakers, singing groups and soloists taking an active part. Those who say they are interested in helping the cause of freedom of the Negro people should be called on, to give them a chance to put words of sympathy into deeds.

There are many Negro veterans of struggle who are waiting for a chance to come forward and again show their ability in the struggle for freedom, who have been made victims here in the South by the white supremacists in the labor unions.

## In 1876 — Yale "Solves" Segregation Problem

By LAWRENCE GELLERT

During the Reconstruction Period following the Civil War, education withheld under slavery was eagerly sought by the freed of all ages. It was no uncommon sight to see three generations of a family of ex-slaves pouring over the same letters under the tutelage of some school ma'm "come from 'way up in Yankeeland to learn us."

The cry was for education—and more education. As fast as the youngsters wriggled through the elementary grades, wherever it was humanly possible to furnish subsistence during the very hard times current, they poured over into intermediary studies.

Soon the Negro stood at the very gates of the institutions of highest learning, clamoring for admittance. And he was not to be denied—long. Here "incidents" occurred. They were inevitable between scions of former slave holders and the ex-slave in a new relationship — on the basis of equality as fellow students.

A yellowed clipping dated Oct. 21, 1876 reports:

"Some years ago a Negro was admitted to Yale College. During the first term of the first

year the freshman class was divided alphabetically into four divisions. The father of the lad next whom the Negro sat by this arrangement was very greatly disturbed at the forced association of his son with a boy of color. Finally, just before the close of the term, he called on one of the professors, and asked him if it was not possible to make some change by which his son would not have to sit next a Negro. The professor told him that he thought such a change would be made in a few days, and the father left, greatly comforted.

"In a few days the class was divided into four divisions on the basis of scholarship, and by this arrangement the Negro was placed in the first division and the white boy in the fourth. As the two boys retained their respective places during the rest of their college course, the father had no more trouble concerning the physical association of his son with a Negro."

Perhaps some reader can furnish us with the name of the Negro lad and his subsequent history. He certainly deserves to be remembered.

## In the Freedom Family

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

Our Four-in-Four sub drive is heading into the home stretch.

With more than 2,000 subs in and over 300 renewals, FREEDOM readers have a wonderful opportunity to put their creative energies to work to guarantee our going over the top by Jan. 1.



Murphy

Here are a few highlights to show our readers what some of their brothers and sisters are doing so that FREEDOM may march proudly into 1952 with growing numbers of subscribers.

In New York FREEDOM celebrated its first birthday

with a huge rally at Rockland Palace. An original script written by our staff member, Lorraine Hansberry, unfolded the history of the Negro newspaper in America and its fighting role in the struggle for a people's freedom, from 1827 to the birth of FREEDOM.

Paul Robeson, Lawrence Brown, Asadata Dafora, re-

nowned African dancer, and a host of Negro artists, writers, musicians, actors and singers directed by Charles Griffin, made this a memorable affair. Admission was by sub-



Brown

scription to FREEDOM. More than 1,200 subs and renewals were obtained.

In Boston, the FREEDOM Committee joined with the People's Victory Forum to sponsor "A Night of Negro and Jewish Culture" at the Jeremiah E. Burke High School. More than 800 attended. The affair was one of the most successful held in Boston in several years and new friends and subscribers for FREEDOM were won.

In Chicago, Mrs. Margaret Burroughs, head of the Chicago Committee for the Negro in the Arts, celebrated her birthday with a party for FREEDOM. Admission was a subscription to the paper. Funds were raised for the committee's work and more than 50 subs secured for FREEDOM.

Out on the Coast, John Flowers, hard-working leader of the S. F. FREEDOM Committee reports that the S. F. Negro Labor Council has increased its monthly bundle order from 100 to 500 copies. In Oakland, Helen Jones, secretary of the East Bay Negro Labor Council, notified FREEDOM that the Council's monthly order has been upped to 250.

So you see things are moving. Our readers are working. Space does not permit us to tell you of many other positive developments, but we have just barely scratched the surface. Think what you can do about giving yourself a dearly needed Christmas gift. What is the gift every American needs dearly this Christmas? Peace, of course. Then go out today and get that sub for FREEDOM and thus help every man, woman and child in our country to enjoy a Merry Christmas.



# Peace On Earth, Good Will to Men — and

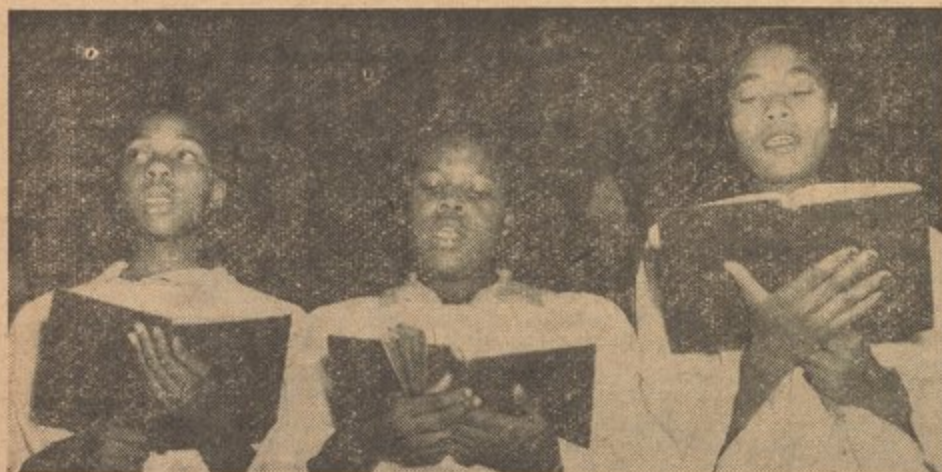


Photo by Rosalie Gwathmey

## DuBois: 'The World Can Yet Be'

It is told:

That once long ago, a great star shone in the heavens. And those who lived in the times saw the star and attached to it: the coming of the Lord; who would deliver all people from the misery and the sorrow of life as it was; into brotherhood and decency and—Peace.

But the haters of peace and of decency who wore the robes of their far-off times, fashioned a cross and crucified the great hope. They thought by the deed that they would make the doctrine of brotherhood a mockery and a sinister thing. They failed.

In our time the great promise of

that star in the ancient heavens, is found in the hearts of the people of the world—the people, sick unto death of the wild, murdering madness that is war.

And again the crucifiers assemble and prepare their weapons. A howling mob of persecutors, becomes a few shifty-eyed liars. Roman robes become the smooth, black cloth of modern justice. And the ancient Roman knot at the wrists becomes fine, modern steel handcuffs.

Such was the meaning of the infamous trial of the great Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. The intention was: to make again a mockery and a sinister thing of the doctrine of Peace. They failed.

# Victims' Kin Demand Justice

(Continued from Page 1)  
on her face, speak an anguish of trapped helplessness. As she talks she clasps and unclasps her hands in a kind of physical grief. Her dress she has fashioned of many scraps of material, here a bit of velvet, there a panel of calico and there a strip of print.

Her right leg is swollen from an infected foot. She struck a stick while gathering firewood and the place where the stick thrust through to the bone is raw and full of corruption. She does not tell of this, one must ask how it happened.

"The doctor told me to stay off of it but I can't. I have to cook and tend to the children ... get them to school."

The children are Alphonso, age 12, third grade; Eddie 13, sixth grade; Joe, 19 and Walter Lee, 25, now in a hospital in Raphel fighting for his life against the three bullets pumped into him by Sheriff Willis McCall as he lay helpless and handcuffed to the dead body of Samuel Shepard, who

was instantly killed by the same six-foot, 250-pound murderer.

Mrs. Irvin, speaking of Walter Lee, clasps and unclasps her hands and says:

"He was a good boy, my oldest. . . . He was born the eighth day of May, 1927 . . . he was a good boy . . . never give me no trouble . . . hadn't been long come from the army when this happened to him. I just don't know . . . I know about the new trial in the papers . . . but I don't see how they could run when they was handcuffed. "I never had a chance to see him. I went the day after he was shot but they just said I couldn't see him."

I read her the statement made by Dr. Channing Tobias to the United Nations about the shooting of the Groveland youth (Progress has been made in the U.S. toward racial equality despite lynchings, discrimination and segregation). This

Negro mother looked at me with her large tearless eyes, eyes that know betrayal; clasped and unclasped her hands, and said: "He just don't know."

She looked at 12-year-old Alphonso and said, "He been sick all his life. He has spasms . . . I counted 35 one right after another one. I put a spoon in his mouth to keep him from chewing up his tongue. . . . He was just skin and bone, skin and head . . . had a hard time all his days."

Water was streaming from Alphonso's eyes. "He got weak eyes . . . somebody punched they fingers in both of his eyes." Alphonso's weak eyes and frail physical condition account for his being only in the third grade. Glasses would certainly help this 12-year-old, but a clasping and wringing of his mother's hands tell me that she has thought of this but has been unable to manage it financially.

"I sure would like to see him (Walter Lee)," her mind fleeing in helpless distress from the plight of her youngest to her oldest. I assured her that some arrangement would surely be made for her to visit her son in Raphel.

Mr. Irvin, a farmer, is a little less anguished and more angry at the fate of his family. "I would like to leave here, I believe I could do a little better somewhere else. But since I got tied up with this man I'm working for, it's stay on or pay off."

Mr. Irvin is a tall gaunt man and his hands seem to be made of stone, so calloused and full of rheumatism are they. He's been working for the "same man" since '37. He was a little reluctant to name his employer but unfolded a tale of inhuman greed that is heard all too often from the lips of sharecroppers.

"This is my house; it wasn't burned down in '49. But this is not my land. My land was over there across the highway. When they was going to put the highway in, they told me I had to move. He (the employer) told me they wanted to see my deeds. Then he come back and tell me everything is all right. They didn't give me back my deeds . . . they told me they was going to give me the deeds to this land. I didn't want to move up there on the hill. They told me we going to move you right across the street. Well so far they never give me the deeds to this land and they never give me any money. . . . I would like to move away but I'm all tied up with this man and I'll have to work for him till I pay him."

So another Negro family find themselves trapped into working out their lives on the farms of would-be slaveholders unless indignant Americans demand that a government investigation be made of the living conditions and debts, actual and imaginary, of sharecroppers throughout this country.

Of his son, Mr. Irvin has to say: "Well I tell you the truth, I don't believe this that they say about my son. He was a good boy. When he was home he work and bring his money right on here to us. He is a good boy and I would like to see him get justice. I appreciate everybody do what they can to help. . . ."



TALKING IT OVER. Pvt. Chae during the Kaeson truce negotiations.

## Maimed Korean

# 'I Wish the Would Sit'

By JOE MARSH

"How many soldiers have died mothers the government has to wish the American people would for a while what their sons are fighting the White House is making thing."

The soldier had been in some of the bloodiest fighting in Korea. He landed at Inchon—"That's where I was when we had met while waiting to hospital at Fort Bragg, N. C. They moved over to his ward and sat down to talk."

Gil is 24 years old. He is still expects to be there several months softly, as if the three bullet holes put across his stomach are taken before Korea, he had stood an ever pain weighs him down, bends him away like an old man.

He smiled and spoke carefully his cigarette. "I was already a private in the first place. Getting promoted was the second mistake, so I was a complete fool and join the Rangers the saddest day of my life." The U. S. Army's Commandos. Gil had fought for bravery with a Jim Crow in Korea.

"Yeah, I got to be a little here but when I get back home here"

# Shepards Ask Protests From Churches, People

The bid for a common unity of all decent American citizens against the reign of terror which the government policy of white supremacy fosters that was voiced by Mr. Irvin was repeated by the Shepard family and an angry indignant Negro populace.

The funeral of Samuel Shepard was held Sunday, Nov. 18, at the Pilgrim Baptist Church. The family gathered from many places to be present, from grandfather Shepard, age 71, to cousin Tommie, age 14 weeks.

The Shepard home was one of those burned in 1949 by the unleashed hate of white supremacy and Mrs. Shepard, a mother of three boys and three girls, expresses rage as she talks of it.

"It was a shock to have to begin all over again. I sold the land in Groveland, practically give it away to get rid of it."

She voiced complete confidence in the innocence of her son. "He was a fine boy to me. Everybody liked him and say that. He had been overseas for three years and worked himself to some rank—I don't remember what, all the papers got

burned . . . like all the rest of my things." Here real bitterness and anger came into her voice and eyes, that a government could take three years of her son's life on foreign battlefields and permit here at home a transgression of every right, including his right to live.

Mr. Shepard, a carpenter who has lost the sight of one eye, is unemployed. He said: "It's hard since I been over on this side but I do the best I can . . . work with growers or whatever I can get. . . . Yes, he was a good boy, always helping round the house. I was in hopes that he would get a fair trial this time."

Mr. Shepard's opinion of Dr. Channing Tobias' statement about the killing of his son was: "I don't think he's much help to the Negro."

The Shepards feel that some effort on the part of the government must be made toward stopping lynching, legal and illegal, altogether. They urged that the church (all churches) send signed petitions to the government protesting; and that individuals send messages to the President protesting his inactivity.



SHERIFF WILLIS McCALL. This is the "man" who shot Samuel Shepard and Walter Lee Irvin.



# Full Equality 'et Be Born Again'

words of the people's spokes-Bois, take a new strength as nds the great hopes:

imperialism perish—British, n, Japanese, Italian, Spanish that of ancient Rome, empire its aristocratic tinsel and cruel conquest, slavery of and slave trade in human

reminds the enemies of the of the promise and power of

we will return one day to all s another group with which rld must reckon; young, dis- ed, bitter voters, disillusioned

because they realize the futility of war as a settlement of human problems, because they saw its glory in mud, pain and torn flesh.

—as he then speaks of war and misery and then of peace:

Can one forget sunrise on Lake Baikal, the gray oaks of Nara, the hills of light of Manhattan? Who may not remember the lynching of Mary Brown, the suicides of bankers in 1929, the cripples crawling out of Guadalcanal, Aachen, and Leyte? Behold the starving children of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Such a world, with all its contradictions, can be saved, can yet be born again.

# World Too Full of People, Say White Supremacists

By LLOYD L. BROWN

Somebody has got to go!

That's what the big brains of White Supremacy are saying today when they look around the globe. Too many of 'em, they say, pointing to the world's majority of colored peoples. Too many now, and more being born every day.

And not only that, but these millions of dark-skinned Asians, Africans, Indians, Latin Americans, are not only claiming a place in the sun but are demanding the land they live on and the wealth upon that land and the treasures beneath. They aren't saying "please," and they won't take no for an answer!

So . . . somebody's got to go. But who and how?

Last month *Look* magazine surveyed the situation in an article entitled "The World's Exploding Population." The piece began with these words: "Before you finish reading this sentence, approximately 16 new babies will be born."

But *Look* had no word of welcome for these new arrivals—not for most of them, that is. And in text and photo *Look* worried about the growth of what they call "slum areas of the world," mentioning the people of Puerto Rico, Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Egypt, British Guiana, Nevada's Indians — and Negroes of the U. S. A.!

Worried *Look* says that science must solve the problems caused by its "infinitely dangerous achievements in controlling death and disease."

How? The monstrous white supremacist answer is unspoken but obvious: If controlling death and disease creates the problem, spreading death and disease will solve it.

Indeed, the A-bomb answer is hinted at by *Look's* caption under a photo of a Puerto Rican mother and her six children: "As dangerous as the atom bomb."

If you think that's too monstrously evil to believe, ask yourself this question: who thus far has been killed by atom bombs? Only Asians, 120,000 men, women, children — and new-born babes — in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Who is publicly threatened today with atomic slaughter? The dark-skinned people of

Korea who have already been slain in the millions by "Operation Killer," jellied gasoline and war-spread disease.

An ominous note for the world's majority people was sounded in two dispatches from Randolph Field, Texas, in the *N. Y. Times* of Oct. 7.

One item announced that Dr. Walter P. Schreiber, an expert on tropical diseases and an expert on mass destruction of "inferior races," a former general in Hitler's army, has joined the faculty of the U. S. Air Force School of Medicine.

The second reported that Dr. Konrad J. K. Buettner, a colleague of Schreiber, had conducted "experiments that showed fair-skinned individuals had the best chance of surviving an atomic explosion."

"Pallid skin will reflect up to 40 per cent of the heat to which it is exposed," Dr. Buettner said, "whereas dark-skinned persons may absorb all but 10 per cent of the heat given off by a sudden blast."

So you can see what they are putting down — and getting ready to really put down.

It's something to study about, all right, and something to do something about. Meaning outlaw the atom bomb. Cease fire in Korea. Stop lynching and police killings at home.

But the white supremacy folks have got their worries too. "Over-populated and desperately poor China already has gone," wails the *Look* article, and warns that India, Egypt and the Philippines "might follow the same route."

Uh huh — only it isn't the Chinese that are gone from China. "You're right," said the Chinese people to the foreign imperialists, "somebody's got to go — you!" And the Iranians said the British got to go. And the Egyptians are saying the same thing too. And the Africans. Puerto Ricans. Filipinos. Indo-Chinese. All the



IS HE "DANGEROUS"? That's the way the white supremacists regard colored children being born all over the world. There are too many colored people already, they say—and talk of dropping the atom bomb on them.

colonial peoples, talking in all their languages, are saying the same words: "Mr. Imperialist Robber, somebody's got to go—and we live here."

And right here at home the Negro people, with their white progressive allies, are getting together as in Cincinnati at the national convention of the Negro Labor Council, and looking old man Jim Crow dead in the eye and saying the same good words: Somebody's got to go, Jim—and it aint going to be us!

And don't be worrying yourself about how many of us there are, because the Good Book says: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." And it says, "Blessed are the hungry for they shall be filled," and it says, "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the land."

We're fruitful and multiplying, and Lord knows we are hungry and poor, so we aim to be filled, yes, and inherit the land too.

Now then—WHO'S got to go?



White of Hiltonhead, S.C., discusses peace with a Chinese soldier. Why can't the leaders of the Big Five countries do the same?

# the American People Sit Down and Think'

ook at all these te—for what? own and think g for, and why bad."

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tween puffs on ool by joining the Airborne Why not be a And that was angers are the n a Bronze Star er company in

oo," he smiled, know it don't

mean a damn. We got a permanent uniform and a permanent medal on." He pointed to the back of my hand.

"Know what really made me think?" he asked. "The battlefield. Ever sit up on a battlefield—just sit and look at the bodies and the blood, and notice some new proclamation by the President, and nothing happens but more soldiers dying. . . ."

I asked what he thought the war was all about. Gil said, "You know what it is? Just a big political deal where the rich man is trying to keep his face clean and the poor man is always getitng his face stepped in.

"And the Koreans—they are brown. What business did this country have going over there? I mean after all, we are over in their lands. . . ." I nodded.

What about the white soldiers—what did they think? "Just about the same as us," he answered. "They know what they'll be coming back to—only it's not as bad as what colored soldiers get. They have no cause over in Korea either!"

Some day millions of people, colored and white, will have to "sit down and think and wonder what their sons are fighting for," and they will need men like Gil.

He said: "And maybe after they do sit down they will get their heads together and stop all this segregation stuff and realize the mistakes they have been making, and make it a democratic world like it should be."



CHINESE STUDENTS joyously affirm their ownership of their own country—and lives. These "over-populated and desperately poor" people have driven out the imperialists that bled their country and are building a life of abundance.



## Here's My Story

# DuBois' Freedom Spurs Peace Fight

(Continued from Page 1)

of millions were tense, listening. There was the threat of a world condemnation of staggering proportions. The halls of the United Nations Assembly would have rung with denunciation from representatives from every corner of the globe. This is the reality of the universal character of the fight for peace.

**F**OR THE NEGRO PEOPLE especially here was massive evidence of our closeness to the people of the world, the tremendous influence of world opinion affecting our rights here in the United States. For our struggle today is in the world arena—not confined within the domestic limits of these 48 states. Asia, Africa, the West Indies, the Middle East, Latin America, the friendly millions of the Soviet Union and the new People's Democracies of Eastern Europe, were alerted.

To all this was brought the overwhelming support given to Dr. DuBois from millions of the American people. As he crossed the continent people of all sections of various communities sprang to his defense: independent progressive trade unions, CIO and AFL locals, scholars, liberals, churchmen, youth. And the Negro people stood there, firm as the Rock. The organizational strength of millions among the Negro people stood ready to testify as to his sterling character, uncompromising struggle. The thousand voices of Negro trade unionists at the Cincinnati convention of the National Negro Labor Council found their echoes in that court room.

**D**R. DuBOIS represented in his being concrete proof of the possibilities of reaching out into the great stream of American life. Here was a true broadening and deepening of the struggle. Let us hold the organizational ties linked in this noble and successful endeavor. Let us advance further the organizational forms created, the broadening process made possible. Let us bring this same unity to bear behind the American Peace Crusade for millions of signatures to the Five Power Pact petition, behind the struggles of labor, behind the just demands of the Negro people for full equality, behind the basic fight to erase from the books the modern Alien and Sedition laws—the Smith-Connally Act and the McCarran Act.

Let this momentum run over into every section of our life, especially into the working masses, colored and white, in steel, coal, maritime, longshore, electrical, packing; and into the millions of the militant Negro people, a great people of great fighting traditions.

Let us channel all these forces into the final victory of the restoration of the real democratic forces of our American life, the setting of this great nation, conceived in liberty, on its destined path of granting justice and equality to all, of striving ever honestly for genuine world cooperation and peace, of profound respect for the aspirations of all peoples everywhere.

We, together with Dr. DuBois and his colleagues, are deeply thankful to the wonderful counsel, the lawyers who upheld magnificently the best traditions of their profession.

We wish everything good to all the five defendants—and to their families. We thank them for their courage, sacrifice and real heroism. We are all elated that Dr. DuBois can return to his labors, can continue to give us of his matchless poetry and prose, to inspire, guide and counsel us. Certainly he can live joyously in the knowledge that he is sincerely and deeply loved by the vast millions of this earth.

# Freedom

Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!

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## A Five-Power Peace Pact Can Stop This Now!



LETTER COLUMN

### Get It Off Your Chest

#### The Songs of Robeson

My wife and I spent the summer in Europe. A good deal of the time we spent hitchhiking around and staying at youth hostels—in France in particular, where the hosting movement is far better developed than here. There we met dozens of working class and middle class young people—French, British, Belgian, Swiss, etc. Almost invariably a crowd would gather after dinner for singing, in almost as many languages as there were nationalities.

The first time I was asked for "les chansons de Robeson" I didn't get it. Finally, we realized they were asking for "the songs of Robeson." Naturally, we were honored to oblige as best we could with "No More," "Joshua" and (after much prodding) "Old Man River."

It was really a revelation to us to see the admiration and respect these young people—who were neither musicians nor "intellectuals"—had for "Robeson"; especially the kids from Algeria and Tunis, but plenty of others too.

Many of us white Americans—and of course many more Negro Americans—have come to think of Paul as a world figure. But it isn't until you get into another country that you really understand just how much of a world figure he is.

Bob Claiborne  
New York, N.Y.

#### The Christian Gospel

A friend in North Dakota sent me a copy of your August issue which I liked very much. You will find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription. Americans have every right

4-in-4 for Freedom!

(and duty) to be proud of such men as Dr. DuBois and Paul Robeson who are actively engaged in preserving good old American civil rights and the other much needed relationships for great living. It is really only a matter of extending to the other fellow what you would like for yourself! Simple as the Christian Gospel, but mighty hard for some.

Rev. M. E. Dorr  
Osage, Iowa

#### 25 New Readers

I am very glad to be of any assistance possible to aid and support your very valuable newspaper. It is the very least that a white person can do. I hereby pledge FREEDOM 25 new readers and am enclosing check for \$5 for the first instalment of this pledge.

Morris Goodman  
Venice, Calif.

#### Peace On Earth

The Christian church knows well enough how far the money-hungry rulers will go if left alone, dating back to the time of Christ when he was crucified for exposing their sins. The coming of Christ laid down the way. Christ was not silenced by them. He talked to the lawyers and doctors. He also talked to the multitudes. Let us do likewise, if we would have peace on earth and good will toward men.

Sandy Smith  
Philadelphia, Pa.

#### Peace and Freedom

I have pledged a total of 25 subs by the first of the year. It's little enough compared to the value of the paper not only to myself but to every fighter for peace who subscribes through me. FREEDOM is do-

ing a magnificent job, in a profound way, explaining the oneness of a real peace and the fight for freedom of the Negro people. Certainly no white peace fighter can be without a sub to FREEDOM.

Betty Haufrecht  
New York, N. Y.

#### Smelter Workers

Including myself, there are now two Negro workers and two white workers in my plant who are FREEDOM subscribers. There are 450 workers at the plant, which is a smelter and refinery for lead, gold and silver. There will be more subscribers. I am going to sell six copies a month to workers at my plant.

Daniel C. Kessler  
Richmond, Calif.

#### Second to None

I like FREEDOM very much. It's like an extension of Paul Robeson's personality; and anything to do with Paul Robeson's personality is second to none in the world in my estimation.

Al Amery  
East Pepperell, Mass.

#### Greetings From Oceano

Greetings from Oceano by the Sea. Enclosed find a dollar donation to help keep FREEDOM in the field. I hope Paul Robeson gets his passport soon. He could be doing lots of good in other lands at this time.

In my little cabin I have pictures hanging on the wall of Paine, Jefferson, Darrow, Lincoln, Robeson, Joseph McCabe and Haldmann-Julius.

Bill Cummings  
Oceano, Calif.

4-in-4 for Freedom!



# Gospel Songs Featured In Carnegie Hall Concert

By YVONNE GREGORY

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's beloved poem "When Malindy Sings" might well have been printed on the programs at Carnegie Hall Sunday night, Nov. 25, at least these lines:

"Robins, larks and all them things  
Hush their mouth and hide their faces  
When Malindy sings.  
... And you finds your tears a droppin'  
When Malindy sings."

Carnegie's stage was a parade ground for a hundred Malindys that Sunday night—all the way from a group of little girls dressed in fluffy white and appropriately named the "Angelites," to Mahalia Jackson, famous gospel singer and the star of the evening. Joe Bostic, Harlem newsman, was presenting the Third Annual Negro Gospel and Religious Music Festival and thousands of Negroes and a few whites packed the hall to the ceiling and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

When we took our seats, the spotlight was bright on a group of women dressed smartly in dark suits, white blouses and red corsages. One stood in front of the others and her voice was a mighty beat of sound as she sang with clear emphasis:

HOW much MORE of THY burden must I bear  
How MUCH more of THY sorrow MUST I share . . .

The audience stamped and clapped with seat-shaking enthusiasm, and one middle-aged man turned around in his seat and impartially demanded of the row of people behind him: "That's right. That's what I want to know. How MUCH?"

The woman with the powerful voice was a member of the



MAHALIA JACKSON

Willie Weir Singers from Chicago. Other groups listed on the program were:

The Daniels Singers of Savannah, Georgia; the Meletones of New York City; the Gospelaires of Philadelphia; Lorenzo Fuller of Stockton, Kansas; Professor J. Earl Hines of Los Angeles; The Harps of Music and the Kings of Harmony.

Each group wore identical costumes and the Daniels Singers from Savannah were particularly dramatic. There were three women and two men. The women wore long soft green choir robes with bright yellow stoles about their shoulders and yellow corsages. This group also had the most varied repertoire of songs. In addition to the usual gospel songs made familiar on records and radio shows, the Daniels Singers sang lovely arrangements of several spirituals. One was a tender Christmas lullaby through which the line "What you goin' to name that new little baby" was woven back and forth in the refrain.

A great tenderness filled the hall the entire evening. Perhaps the presence of so many children in their mothers' laps had something to do with it; perhaps it was the way the whole audience sighed and said "so sweet" when the little Angelites came out for their share of the doings; perhaps it was the pride the overwhelming majority felt in participating in a program of Negro culture, produced and directed by Negroes in a great concert hall.

When the curtains parted to reveal the majestic figure of Mahalia Jackson standing regally in flowing white robes, the audience gave her everything it had to give in the way of sympathy, encouragement and appreciation. The great current that can pass from audience to artist was so effective for Miss Jackson, that though she began her songs in a low, rather subdued voice, she ended her first set with what appeared to be more than her usual power. As she sang "Move On Up A Little Higher," she accompanied the lines "We're going to march and never get tired" by actually tramping about the stage and seemed to grow taller and more powerful in front of our very eyes.

Mahalia Jackson is one of the most successful gospel singers in the country, and shares, along with Rosetta Tharpe, Marie Knight and a few others, the top level of popularity on most of the recorded shows devoted to gospel music. A real tribute to her popular appeal was certainly demonstrated in Carnegie Hall by the thousands of Negro people who not only came to hear her, but tried to do everything in their power to make her concert a success. They certainly did.

## Lift Every Voice for

# Paul Robeson

by Lloyd L. Brown



3c

"LIFT EVERY VOICE FOR PAUL ROBESON" is the stirring, pocket-sized pamphlet describing the issues in the passport case of the great people's artist. It tells of the people's fight to restore his right to travel abroad. Order for your union, club, church and for personal distribution. Freedom Associates, 53 West 125th St., New York 27, N. Y. 3c a copy.

## Mourn Not the Dead

By Ralph Chaplin

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie  
Dust unto dust;  
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die,  
As all men must;  
Mourn not the captive comrades who must dwell  
Too strong to strive  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell  
Buried alive;  
But rather mourn the apathetic throng  
The cowed and meek,  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
And dare not speak.

## Stories for Children

# A Cold Little Newsboy Finds a Happy Christmas

By ELSIE ROBINS

Little Donald blew on his hands and stamped his feet and moved the heavy bag of papers to his other shoulder. How cold it was! And the wet snow made it worse. He thought of the colored picture books in school and how the snow was always so pretty and white. And there were big, thick, green Christmas trees growing out of it. But on the windy corner where the shivering little brown newsboy stood there was only terrible coldness and the slushy, dirty snow on the sidewalk and the people rushing past.

"Paper? . . . Paper Sir? . . . Paper Miss?" he cried out. But everyone seemed to be in a hurry, it was Christmas Eve. How he longed to be home with his mother. He would try to make her laugh, for she usually looked sad since Teddy had gone to the army.

Oh, how he wished Teddy were back home! Big, strong Teddy, who used to laugh and show him how to make toy airplanes with rubber bands. But best of all, his mother hadn't had to work so hard when Teddy was home.



Finally it was very late and the stores had all closed and the streets were almost empty. The little boy started on his way home. There were not many papers left in the bag, but he had made only a few dollars.

At last he came to the building where he lived. He was nearly frozen as he began to climb up the steps. How tired and cold he was, but he wouldn't let his mother see. He took the key from around his neck and opened the door . . . and suddenly there was laughter, strong, happy laughter! Teddy! Teddy was home!

His mother stood smiling and crying beside a tiny Christmas tree all decorated with tinsel and bright colored balls. How happy she was. Donald thought he would burst. His big brother bent down and picked him up with one arm and put the other around his mother. She held out her hands to both of her sons and said, "The only Christmas that I can now live through that will be happier than this one, is when I know that both my sons are home to stay, that there will be no more wars in the world. Merry Christmas, my sons, Merry Christmas!"



Conversation from Life

Merry Christmas, Marge!

(Continued from Page 1)

children . . . that would bring on a little more peace. If eggs and butter would stop flirtin' 'round the dollar line . . . I would also consider that a peaceful sign. . . Oh, darlin' let's don't talk 'bout the meat!

Yes girl! You are perfectly right. . . If our menfolk would make over us a little more THAT would be peaceful too.

When all them things are fixed up the way I want 'em I'm gonna spend one peaceful Christmas . . . and do you know what I'd do? . . . Look Marge . . . I told you now . . . don't give me too much of that egg nog. . . My dear I'd catch me a plane for Al-Georgia somewhere and visit all my old friends and we'd go 'round from door to door hollerin' "Christmas Gift!" Then we'd go down to Main Street and ride front, middle and rear on the street-car and the "whitefolk" would wave and cry out, "Merry Christmas neighbors!" . . . Oh hush now! . . . They would do this because they'd understand peace.

And we'd all go in the same church and afterwards we'd all go in the same movie and see Lena Horne actin' and singin' all the way through a picture. . . I'd have to visit a school so that I could see a black teacher teachin' white kids . . . an' when I see this . . . I'll sing

out . . . Peace it's truly wonderful!

Then I'd go and watch the black Governor and the white Mayor unveiling a bronze statue of Frederick Douglass and John Brown shakin' hands. . . Oh yes! And that statue would be sittin' spang in the middle of the city park.

When I was ready to leave I'd catch me a pullman back to New York . . . now that's what you'd call "sleepin' in heavenly peace." When I got home the bells and the horns would be ringin' and tootin' "Happy New Year!" . . . and there wouldn't be no mothers mournin' for their soldier sons . . . and there'd be no service stars in the windows. . . Boys and girls would be prancin' 'round and ridin' their Christmas sleds through the sparklin' snow . . . and the words "lynch," "murder" and "kill" would be crossed out of every dictionary . . . and nobody would write peace on no walls . . . 'cause it would BE peace . . . and our hearts would be free!

What? . . . No, I ain't crazy, either! All that is gonna happen . . . just as sure as God made little apple! I promise you that! . . . and do you know who's gonna be here to see it? Me girl . . . yes, your friend Mildred! Let's you and me have another egg nog on that. . . Here's to it. MERRY XMAS Marge! PEACE!

To Make What World Safe?

By TOM

Negro: A war is on, you say to me, Protecting our democracy.

With Jim-Crow hist'ry in Jim-Crow school, Jim-Crow life under Jim-Crow rule, Jim-Crow jobs and Jim-Crow trains, Jim-Crow culture from Jim-Crow'd brains, Jim-Crow justice in Jim-Crow co'ts; Soldiers, home from fighting, Shot for placing votes!

Jim-Crow rents for a Jim-Crow home, And a Jim-Crow'd burial when the end is come . . .

Moneybags: Get to it, boy, we've got to win another war!  
Negro: You win it, 'syour "democracy" the damn thing's for, BOY!

A Letter to You from Paul Robeson

Dear Friend:

We're rounding out another year—not only on the calendar, but also here at FREEDOM. It's been a wonderful year, full of heartache, and struggle and achievement in bringing you, through FREEDOM'S pages, the growing and insistent voice of the liberation struggles of our people.

Greater struggles and greater victories are impending. We

need your help to fully play our part. We turn to you as members of our FREEDOM Family.

There are tens of thousands, no, millions, of workers and farmers in the heart of the deep South who will respond to the message of FREEDOM, but we must have the apparatus to get our paper to them.

In time for the '52 elections we intend to play our part in

Harlem Food Racket Makes Eating Risky

By RUSSELL MEEK

NEW YORK—The proprietor of a supermarket in Harlem recently called his egg dealer to complain about a batch of bad eggs. "Oh," the dealer blurted, "you must have gotten the Harlem eggs!"

These "Harlem eggs" are standard fare in many Harlem stores. Selling at top price as fresh, Grade A, they may be uncandled, uninspected, dirty, storage or just plain rotten. They are unloaded on the Harlem market by dealers who connive with the merchants—most of them white—to make a fast buck from a product the trade considers "good enough for Harlem."

This particular store owner told me about his struggle to get first class food for his customers. The dealers wanted to sell him the old, decaying, inferior products that are so familiar to the shopper in this ghetto area. "You can sell them at the regular prices," they tell him, "and we can split the difference."

Meat is one of the hardest things to buy fresh in Harlem. The other day I got a chicken—at 60 cents a pound—that turned out to be in such a state of decay that the bones had turned black. And a pork roast I bought smelled so bad that the proprietor didn't want to acknowledge it came from his place when I took it back.

Another time I took a pizza home and found it was covered with mold.

Another proprietor I know asked me to check the eggs he was getting from a new dealer. He had specified that he wanted only Grade A, fresh Jersey. The first batch were that, all right, but the second batch the dealer brought him were storage eggs, including one rotten one. So the grocer who does want to do the right thing for his customers has the racket to contend with.

Besides the bad food, the Harlem housewife is up against another form of racketeering when she shops. That is the practice the white merchants have of overcharging.

For instance, I was buying a pound of frankfurters that cost



SHOPPING IN HARLEM presents big problems. This housewife is carefully checking her purchases to make sure she didn't get overcharged for the inferior quality food she had to choose from.

Photo by Inge Hardison

Russell Meek is manager of the Family Farmers Cooperative, affiliated with the Farmers Union.

69 cents a pound. They weighed only 15 ounces, so the clerk said, "Not quite a pound, that will cost you 67 cents." I paid and then stopped to figure it out. I stood there while other customers did the same thing—it seemed that every pound was one ounce short. And every one of them was overcharged two and a half cents. That adds up fast.

And a lot of the markets

make the housewife check her other packages when she comes in, on the theory that she is going to steal from them!

Besides counting change carefully, it is very important for the housewife to inspect the food she buys and make sure it is fresh. Milk, for instance, is often delivered to Harlem stores after it is collected from stores in other parts of town where it wasn't sold the day before. The date stamped on it gives it away.

What is the answer for this outrageous state of affairs? The consumer has to stop it by protests, and more protests. The Harlem Tenants and Consumers Council, under the leadership of Bill Stanley, is doing a good job of alerting the community to the need for a big public market in Harlem. Funds have been set aside for this project by the city Board of Estimate, but it still hasn't materialized. Council members have also been picketing meat wholesale establishments to protest the high prices.

Vigilance by every shopper, and organized resistance to high prices and inferior products can help lick the food racket in Harlem.

ter Christmas gift than FREEDOM?

Can you think of a better gift than a cash contribution to help us grow as fast as the times demand?

I'm sure you'll help.

All my best, and Merry, Merry Christmas!

Paul Robeson

fighting for Negro representation, but this means counting our readers in the big cities in the thousands, not the hundreds. And that, too, means more resources for promotion.

And we intend to be an even stronger voice in the fight for peace than ever before—for the peace can be won if the people are aroused. Again, more readers are needed.

That's where we're counting on you. We've been conducting a Four-In-Four For Freedom drive since Sept. 1. Some subs have come in from around the country, but not nearly enough.

Won't you, then, help us to put some pep in the campaign by getting at least one sub each week for the month of December and turning them in as a celebration of FREEDOM's first birthday?

Can you give a friend a bet-

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