

Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

SIX MONTHS AGO the truce negotiations began in Korea. But today the bloodshed continues, and American diplomats and top brass persist in carrying on the most shameful war in which our country has ever been engaged.

A hundred thousand American dead, wounded and missing have been listed in this war which nobody—not even the most cynical politician—bothers to call a “police action” any more. And more than that, we have killed, maimed and rendered homeless a million Koreans, all in the name of preserving western civilization. U.S. troops have acted like beasts, as do all aggressive, invading, imperialist armies. North and south of the 38th parallel, they have looked upon the Korean people with contempt, called them filthy names, raped their women, lorded it over old women and children, and shot prisoners in the back.

Is it any wonder that Rev. Adam Powell, N. Y. Congressman, returns from a lengthy tour of Britain, Europe, the Near East and Africa to report that the United States is “the most hated nation in the world.”

Yes, our government is well hated because it has forced on the people a policy which places this nation in deadly opposition to the liberation movements of hundreds of millions of people in all parts of the globe.

WHEN THE IRANIANS took back their rich oil fields from the British exploiters, whose side were we on? Now that the Egyptian masses are calling for John Bull to get out of Egypt and the Suez Canal, what position do we take? With Chiang Kai-shek's mercenary troops violating the borders of Burma to achieve a springboard for attack upon the Chinese mainland, do we rush to protect the sovereignty of Burmese soil or do we lend covert and open support to Chiang's marauders?

In Indo-China, Indonesia, Malaya—which side are we on? The question almost answers

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Freedom

“Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!”

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The Charge IS Genocide



Drawing of Paul Robeson by the distinguished artist, Charles White

Make the Rulers of This Nation Heed!

ON DEC. 18 PAUL ROBESON led a delegation in New York and William L. Patterson strode into Paris' Palais Chaillot to present the historic petition, “We Charge Genocide,” to members of the United Nations secretariat. The petition charged the government of the United States with the mass murder of the Negro people.

One week later, on Christmas night, 1951, the lynchers gave their answer: Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Moore were bombed to death as they lay in their bed at Mims, Florida.

They thought by this bestiality to cut off the current of our protest. They meant to silence the Southern clamor for votes and freedom. They sought to discourage us from waving our grievances before the eyes of the world.

How they miscalculated!

On Jan. 19 at Jacksonville, not many miles from where the Moores lie buried, James M. Hinton, South Carolina president of the NAACP, exhorted delegates from 12 Southern states to a renewed dedication in the struggle to bring Moore's killers to justice and to win the unhindered right to vote.

Hinton had himself escaped from a South Carolina mob. He had himself recently received a warning note from the cowardly Klan. But he stood erect and thundered: “Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

And throughout the land, the thunder of the people's wrath was heard.

In Miami a thousand citizens, black and white, marched through the streets to a memorial service for the martyred dead.

In North Carolina a banker, editor, minister, lawyer and labor spokesman shared a church pulpit and merged their voices in the cry for justice.

Negro fishermen and white fur trappers—union brothers in Louisiana's gulf and bayous—demanded that the President act.

Woodsmen from the State of Washington, seamen on both coasts, housewives, domestics, auto men and steel workers, men and women of all denominations and every walk of life transformed their initial dismay into spirited protest and accusation.

But our voice has not yet been loud enough!

More than a month has passed since Christmas. The killers are still at large. The government has set its apologists to work and has failed to place the murderers behind bars and on the gallows where they belong. It has failed in 10,000 lynchings since 1882.

The charge of genocide is true!

We must heed Paul Robeson's call for the all-embracing unity of the Negro people together with the multi-million forces of labor and progressive Americans. The NAACP civil rights mobilization in Washington on Feb. 17 must become a fighting expression of the popular demand for an end to the crime of lynching. A million copies of the Civil Rights Congress historic document, “We Charge Genocide,” should be put into the hands of the people.

In united voice we must roar until the heavens quake and the rulers of this nation heed: Avenge the murder of the Moores! Stop the crime of genocide!

The 'Many Others' In History

A Conversation from Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS



Good evenin', Marge. I am sorry I woke you up. . . . Yes, I know it's 12 o'clock. . . . Well, I got to work tomorrow too but I just have to tell you about your friend Mildred. . . .

Honey, I went to a Negro History meetin' tonight. It was held on account of this is either Negro History week or month. . . . Why, of course it should be a year-round thing, but a week or a month is better than a "no time," ain't it?

Marge, I really "fell in" at that meetin'! Let's admit it—I look good, don't I?

Well, they had several speakers. There was one pretty young colored girl who was a little nervous but she came through fine and gave a nice talk about Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth and many others. . . . and a distinguish lookin' man who was kinda grey at the temples

spoke about Frederick Douglass, Nat Turner and many others. . . . Then a middle age white woman delivered a rousin' speech about John Brown, Frances Harper and many others.

I noticed that everybody would name a couple of folk and then add "and many others." Well, when the talkin' was over they asked the people to speak up and express themselves. . . . Why of course I did! I got up and said, "This has been a delightful evenin' and I'm glad to be here but you folks kept talkin' about 'many others.' . . . But you didn't tell much about them.

"Now I can't think about the many others without thinkin' of my grandmother because that's who you are talkin' about. . . . My grandpapa worked in a phosphate mill in South Carolina. He was

a foreman and made eight dollars a week. He and grandma had seven children and paid eight dollars a month rent. It cost ten cent a week for each child to go to school, ten cent apiece for the nine in the family to belong to the burial society. . . . and the pickings were lean. Each child had to have a penny a week for Sunday School and grandma put in two dimes a week for the church.

"Once in a while she squeezed out seven nickels so's the children could go see lantern slides. Them kids wanted at least one picnic during the summer. They ate up one can of condensed milk a day. . . . a tablespoon in a glass of water. . . . that's how they got their milk.

"Christmas and Easter was a terrible time of trouble and worry to my grand-

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Negro Unity, Choice of Allies Can Help Change the World

By W. E. B. DuBOIS

In the later half of the nineteenth century, the task of the American Negro was comparatively clear so far as object and method were concerned, but exceedingly difficult because of the obstacles faced. We had a set determination on the part of most white Americans to keep the Negro "in his place" as a low-paid worker and servant, a disfranchised citizen, and a person without social recognition, living under caste conditions.



W. E. B. DuBois

Many Americans opposed this program, and among them were even among these opponents, however, most of them drew the line of Negro progress strictly at what was called "social equality." It was the object of the Negro leader, therefore, at this time to fight for the enforcement of the Constitution; to explain the results of disfranchisement, not only on Negroes but on whites; and to argue for social equality.

In the first half of the 20th century the world was so upset by war and depression, that even the United States could not keep its attention centered on Negroes, because of its absorption in world problems which compelled it to yield and progress so far as Negroes were concerned. Moreover, and of most importance, the demand for Negro labor was so great and increasing so fast, that employers demanded it, and labor unions had to recognize it. Thus, by and large, the first half of the 20th century showed distinct advances in the legal and economic status of American Negroes.

But the Negro was not and is not free, and the peril today is that he may not recognize that the problems which he faces in the second half of the 20th century are quite different from those which he faced in the 19th. He is going to become a voter in the United States, but that does not settle the question as to how he is going to vote. It really poses for him new and absorbing political problems. He is going to secure, certainly for a considerable number of the group, a more substantial economic position, with larger income; but this again raises the question as to what he is going to do with his income, by what methods he is

On Feb. 23 the Negro people and peace-loving men and women around the world will celebrate the 84th birthday of W. E. B. DuBois. FREEDOM is proud to present its readers this estimate of the status and future of the American Negroes from the pen of the dean of American scholars and outstanding leader in the fight for peace.

rest of the world. . . . and finally, and to increasing extent, he is going to be able to meet his fellow Americans on a plane of friendship and cooperation, but what is that cooperation going to be for, and with what kind of Americans is he going to cultivate friendship?

The world facing American Negroes in the 20th century is

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PETER SALEM, ex-slave, killed British Major Pitcairn in the battle of Bunker Hill, shouting to his comrades, "The day is ours!"

'Bull' Connor Convicted

Morals Case Bares Birmingham Graft

By BILL STEVENS

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—The verdict that ruled Eugene (Bull) Connor — Birmingham police commissioner and arch-enemy of the Negro people — guilty of a morals violation has cracked this town wide open. Now all can see the graft, corruption, and brutality of the Birmingham police department and those who pull the strings behind the scenes. (It is notorious that the police department is controlled mainly by the Tennessee Coal & Iron Division of U.S. Steel Corp.) These hidden "important people" are frantically trying to patch up the crack before too much is seen.

EXCLUSIVE

It all started with a feud within the police department. A complaint was received about a house of prostitution popular with prominent businessmen. Thelma Ward, charged with operating the house, was arrested, and a trial was held. A city detective, Henry Darnell, cursed out the complainant at the trial and made the statement that a non-guilty verdict would be given. Darnell was placed on "sick leave," and so

was the captain of police, Chief Hancock, when it was charged that he not only frequented Thelma Ward's, but was trying to shake her down for \$100 a month.

Darnell, out for revenge, trapped Connor and his private secretary in a bedroom on the seventh floor of the Tutwiler Hotel. The two were charged with "tending to breach the peace, cohabitation with person of opposite sex other than lawful husband or wife; and occupying a hotel room with person of opposite sex other than a close relative." The trial lasted three days. On Jan. 7, Connor was convicted and received a \$100 fine and a suspended sentence of 180 days at hard labor. Ironically, Connor had been elected to office on an anti-vice platform and had

himself introduced the law under which he was convicted.

The sensational trial of Bull Connor, in the heat of the arguments, brought forth many charges and counter-charges of graft and corruption. This testimony was left hanging in the air, and the pieces still have not been fitted together. Twice during the trial two famous police cases were brought up and "deals" were mentioned.

Also, a reporter testified during the trial that Darnell asked Connor at the time of the arrest, "What happened to the \$100,000 the juke box operators paid to get juke boxes back in beer joints?" W. P. Engel, president of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, stated that he had asked the City Commission to legalize the use of juke boxes at the request of two or

three concerns who sell them and several restaurant operators. Engel has not been asked whether any money changed hands.

The churches have been amazingly silent—particularly the Baptist churches, of which Bull Connor is a member. Only a few individual ministers, the Wesley Foundation of Ensley Highlands Methodist Church, the Birmingham News, and the Birmingham World, local Negro newspaper, have responded to the pressure of the people and publicly demanded Connor's resignation.

But the mass of Birmingham citizens—and especially the Negro people—ardently agree with Henry Darnell's statement that, "Just like thousands of others, I'm fed up to here with Mr. Connor and his actions. If judgment day were called for killers, murderers, thieves, sinners and hypocrites, and they all were resurrected tomorrow, Mr. Connor would be underneath them all."

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Liberia's Exploiters Hail Tubman's Inauguration

By W. A. HUNTON

"Pomp, splendor and dignity" marked the inauguration of Liberian President William V. S. Tubman, Jan. 7, according to unrestrained dispatches from that U. S.-occupied West African Republic. They had good reason for making it a big show. Tubman is the man who has opened up Liberia, as no one else has, for the full and exclusive benefit of American exploitation.

Before Tubman, Liberia meant only Firestone and rubber to most Americans. Today it also means a big American-operated iron ore concession exploited for the benefit of Republic Steel Corp.

It means another big concession, the Liberia Co., founded by the late Edward R. Stettinius Jr. and his Wall St. associates for the exploitation of Liberia's other resources.

It means a new modern port paid for (on loan) by the U. S. Government, built by the U. S. Navy, and operated and controlled by a combination of U. S. business firms with interests in Liberia.

It means, perhaps most important, a permanent military-naval-air base strategically located on Africa's west coast.

Yes, Liberia today looms pretty large in America's global interests. So it is no wonder that official and business

flee the country for his life.

It is unlikely that the visitors from the U. S. raised other embarrassing questions, such as the Council on African Affairs has asked the members of the official U. S. delegation to answer. These questions concern the continuous oligarchic rule of Tubman's True Whig Party, representing the minority of 12,000 Americo-Liberians.

They concern the suppression of civil rights and labor's demands.

And they concern the pittance spent by the government for education—less than the amount appropriated for policemen's salaries. But the enlarged police force was needed, said Tubman, because "there must be security and safety for development and investment."

A Letter from Liberia

'This Land Is Ours!'

If you could have been in Liberia on Jan. 7, the day William V. S. Tubman was inaugurated as President, and could somehow have managed to take a secret poll of the population, you would probably have found the overwhelming majority thinking not about Tubman, the man of the day, but about Didwo Twe. Twe was their choice for President in the May election. But he and his Reformation Party were ruled off the ballot. Twe was hounded out of the country.

fearful for his life. His supporters were jailed and persecuted.

The press stories about the inauguration didn't mention these facts. But a letter from Liberia recently received by FREEDOM told us more about that country than all the newspapers put together. We pass on to you some extracts from that letter.

"I am sending you a picture of some of the leaders of the Reformation Party of Liberia, taken at their prison compound



LEADERS of Liberia's Reformation party shown in the jail compound where they are confined at Monrovia. Six or seven men are kept in cells four by six feet, without bedding, medical care or even food except that brought by relatives.

at Monrovia. They are associates of Didwo Twe.

"Relatives of the men go to the prison every morning and evening, carrying food and even bathing water for them. The government is not feeding these men. No bedding is provided, or medical care. Six to seven men are packed into a cell four by six feet. Only God takes care of them.

"Just recently, President Truman ordered soldiers and policemen to look for Didwo Twe and kill him. These men were armed. They went to Twe's farm and damaged some of the houses in his village, looking for him in order to shoot him because he wanted to run against Tubman for President.

"The President has detectives going around the whole country, especially in Monrovia, and when they hear you saying

anything in favor of Twe, you will be put into jail. If this letter of mine is caught, I will be jailed for life. Yet I am right and correct.

"This is the kind of life in Liberia since its founding. The entire native element is suffering. We are suppressed always. No matter how bright you may be, you cannot hold a post in the government. There is no freedom of speech in Liberia. Only one party is allowed, the 'Traditional True Whig.' If you talk you will be sent to prison without a warrant.

"This is the kind of life our great grandfathers endured, but we their children will no longer take it. This land is ours; we are the owners of the country. There will be no peace in Liberia until a real native-born is elected President of the country."



Didwo Twe

America turned out in full force to applaud Tubman's inauguration.

Contributing to the "dignity" of the occasion were Harvey Firestone, Jr. and 12 officials of the Firestone Rubber Co.; officials of the (U. S.) Liberia Co. and Liberia Mining Co.; of the Mississippi and the Farrell shipping companies and of the Texas and Socony Vacuum oil companies; and the official delegates sent by the U. S. Government—Edward R. Dudley, Ambassador to Liberia; Maj. Gen. James S. Stowell of the Air Force; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, and Carl Murphy, president of Afro-American Newspapers. Admiral Oren was another honored guest, and the crew of his U. S. S. *Monrovia* plus 600 Marines paraded through the capital.

Tubman assured his foreign friends that he would guarantee protection for their investments. To prove he meant it, he promised among other things to institute compulsory military training for males between the ages of 16 and 24.

Tubman's American guests were, we imagine, too polite to inquire as to the whereabouts of Mr. Didwo Twe, popular choice of the Liberians to replace Tubman. He was barred from the ballot and forced to

How Schuyler Sees It

'George' Carries On in Bilbo Tradition

By EUGENE GORDON

"George writes as he sees it," Mrs. Schuyler told a reporter recently. She added: "If people would follow his advice we wouldn't be in many of our predicaments."

It just happens that "he sees it" exactly as the Negro's genocidal enemies see it.

Did the Negro people ever follow Bilbo's advice? That freak from Mississippi advised the Negro not to support a Fair Employment Practice Committee. He told the Senate in June, 1945 that FEPC was a "trouble-breeding thing," that it would "bring about confusion, trouble, and even bloodshed in the nation, especially in the South."

Schuyler also advised Negroes not to support FEPC. He said that "To enforce such a law" would mean "complete totalitarian supervision of our economic life"; that, "being naturally unpopular, such a setup would encourage nationwide violation and resentment." ("Views and Reviews," Feb. 23, 1946.)

Then this Negro "spokesman," writing in a Negro newspaper, had this to say about a law that would legalize discrimination in employment:

"If the central government can tell every establishment everywhere what its employment policy is to be and enforce its will by use of police power, then it can do likewise in every other field and justify its action on the ground of democracy and humanitarianism."

One can give the same reason, of course, for having no law against lynching. Reconstruc-

tion laws in the South were "naturally unpopular"—with the ex-slaveholders. But under them, social equality in the Deep South was a reality for the first time. There hasn't been any kind of equality there for Negroes since Reconstruction was destroyed.

Now let's see what would happen to the brave people of Liberia if they "followed George's advice."

In 1928 he attacked Harvey Firestone, Sr. as "the Big Rubber Man from Akron" who made a loan to Liberia in order to exploit that Negro republic. ("Views and Reviews," Aug. 11, 1928.)

Schuyler sailed for Liberia in January 1931. A subsequent article in the *Courier* (Oct. 8, 1932), instead of carrying on the scrap with the imperialist Big Rubber Man, suddenly slammed into the people of Liberia. They were, he wrote, "unbelievably provincial and arrogantly narrow."

In the same article this Negro American claimed that "Imperialism may be good and bad" and that in Liberia it was good—or, as he put it, "more a benefit than a bane."

A month later he had completed this particular about-face. He wrote that "instead of the Firestone Company exploit-

ing Liberia it is the other way around!"

What about accepting political advice from this would-be "adviser"? Would it lead us out of our "predicament"?

In 1934 Schuyler had advocated "a radical change in a society so ordered"—that exploited the whole Negro people.

Two years later, writing of the Presidential campaign, he ridiculed "the spectacle of our various Negro leaders swallowing the shortcomings of the

gang they espouse and scrambling to get as large a piece as possible of the 20 million dollar campaign fund. Unfortunately, I have been unable to get on the payroll of either side, not being a Negro bishop."

The Afro-American published as usual lists of sworn Republican and Democratic campaign spendings. Its story revealed Schuyler as the champion swallower of them all. His name was on both Democratic and Republican lists!

Birmingham Graft Bared

(Continued from Page 2)

The Negro citizens of Birmingham are all too well aware of what Bull Connor is and what his police department does. They know of the Birmingham police practice of notching a gun every time a Negro is shot in "self defense." They know of the six unsolved bombings of Negro homes. They know of the day-by-day terror as Connor's men play the game of cat and mouse with the Negro people. They know what it's like to be stopped at any time of the day or night to be searched, to have their homes searched without a warrant.

What can be done now to rid the town of the beast? A recall petition is being circulated to obtain names of 5,000 qualified voters residing in the city of Birmingham.

The mass indignation of the people of Birmingham and the

circulation of a recall petition forced the formation of a "citizens' investigating committee." This sugar-tit to the public consists of R. DuPont Thompson, attorney; H. A. Berg, retired industrialist; Mervyn Sterne, investment broker; Creye Tate, attorney; and—at first—the city's three commissioners, including Bull Connor, to investigate himself. Under pressure, the three commissioners quit the committee. All committee meetings have been closed to the public and the press.

The Connor scandal shows that the whole graft and corruption-ridden system of Jim Crow is cracking at the seams. Once the white people find out the real nature of this system and unite with the Negro people against it, it will be a simple matter to build a system of honesty, decency, and democracy in the South.

Reconstruction, Once Buried, Lives On

By Louis B...

Unity of Negroes, Poor Whites Gave U.S. Only Real Democracy

"Negroes have made more progress in the past 80 years than any people in the history of the world!"

How many times have you been confronted with this smug assertion by a "friend" of the Negro people who sought to excuse the lynchings, bombings, Jim Crow schools, "white only" restaurants, the segregated movies and railroad cars, and the general anti-Negro cussedness which abounds in the United States today!

The next time this happens invite your friend to take a good look at history—especially the history of the Negro's participation in the political life of the nation. The fact is that for nearly 80 years Negro Americans have been struggling to regain the political foothold they won during the Reconstruction period!

And there's still a long way to go. Suppose you were to pick up your local paper tomorrow and find that a merchant ship from Latin America or the Far East had steamed into the port of New Orleans laden with valuable cargo. You'd probably pass on to the next item, unless you have a special interest in shipping news. But if the article went on to say that the master of the ship sought out the United States Collector for the Port of New Orleans to declare his cargo and pay a substantial sum in duty for the precious commodities; and if you knew that the U.S. Collector was a Negro—then that would be more than shipping news.

It would be news of political democracy and suppose the same paper an-

Readings in Negro History

FREEDOM recommends the following books as reliable sources of information on the history of the Negro people:

- Black Reconstruction** —By W. E. B. DuBois
- Souls of Black Folk** —By W. E. B. DuBois
- Darkwater** —By W. E. B. DuBois
- Color and Democracy** —By W. E. B. DuBois
- The History of the Negro People in the United States** —By Herbert Aptheker
- The Negro in Our History** —By Carter G. Woodson
- Negro Orators and Their Orations** —By Carter G. Woodson
- The Life and Writings of Frederick Douglass** —By Philip Foner
- The Negro in the United States** —By Franklin Frazier

FREDERICK DOUGLASS SPEAKS OF VOTING

"It was once said by the great O'Connell that the history of Ireland might be traced like a wounded man through a crowd by the blood, and the same may be truly said of the history of the colored voters of the South.

"They have marched to the ballot box in face of gleaming weapons, wounds and death. They have been abandoned by the government and left to the laws of nature. So far as they are concerned, there is no government or Constitution of the United States. They are under control of a foul, haggard and damning conspiracy against reason, law and constitution.

"How you can be indifferent, how any leading colored men can allow themselves to be silent in presence of this state of things, we cannot see."

From speech at 1883 National Convention of Colored Men.

announced that the postmaster at Columbia, S. C., had placed before the U.S. attorney for the area evidence leading to the indictment of the Palmetto Knitwear Company on the charge of using the mail to defraud its customers. If you knew that the postmaster was a Negro and the U.S. attorney was white and that they were both leading members of the Carolina—that would be more than post office news.

It's hard to imagine these things happening in the South, U.S.A.—even though thousands of ambitious politicians are going to be bending our ears back with talk about civil rights and our "democratic way of life" from now until November.

But they did happen 80 years ago. There were Negro port collectors, postmasters, sheriffs and deputies, internal revenue collectors, probate judges, court clerks, state legislators and Federal Congressmen.

They were Southern men and women and, together with the white colleagues with whom they shared political power in the Reconstruction governments, they gave this nation the only experience in real democracy it has ever had.

Their names and their deeds should be remembered as we celebrate Negro History Week.

Two of them, Hiram Revels and Blanche K. Bruce, were U.S. Sen-

ators from the state of Mississippi, the state of Bilbo, Fielding Wright—and Willie McGee.

In Louisiana, where desperate prisoners at the Angola prison farm recently cut their tendons in protest against the intolerable conditions, and where Roosevelt Ward, the brave Negro youth leader is held under arrest by the U.S. government, a Negro, P.B.S. Pinchback, served as lieutenant governor with great dignity and skill.

When South Carolina's governor James Byrnes shouts from the depths of his hate-shriveled soul that Negro and white scholars will never attend the same schools in "his" state, he wants the people to forget that they once did; that Negro office holders like Cardozo, Smalls, Rainey and Elliot helped set up the first free public school system in the state, that the state university once had a mixed faculty and student body which was an inspiration for the rest of the South and the nation.

People's Rule Smashed by V...

Let us imagine what would have happened if the Reconstruction governments had been permitted to continue on the course they had charted. The power to make laws and ~~to levy and collect taxes, to supervise education and sponsor social services, would be in the hands of the vast masses of Southern people, black and white, who today are ground down into poverty, illiteracy, disease and votelessness by a small and vicious clique of "white supremacists."~~

And that power would include the right to regulate the use and distribution of the plentiful but abused resources of the rich and beautiful South.

Should any American be afraid of such a vision? Surely not one who really believes in democracy and the welfare of the people.

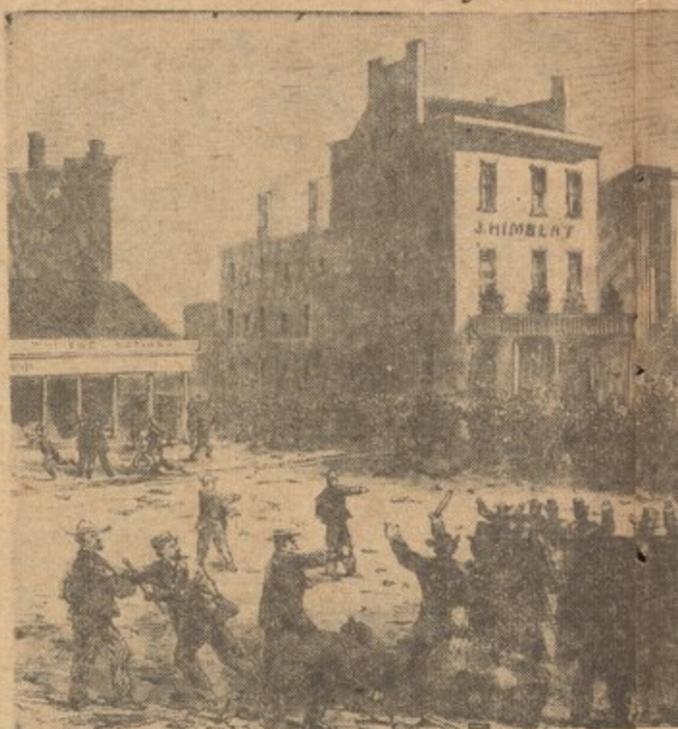
But there has always been a small and powerful group in the nation which abhorred such beliefs and tried to kill such visions. That group was, and is today, the Money Power —Big Business.

After the Civil War it wanted the South—not as a land of security, equality and opportunity for the newly-freed slaves and the millions of poor whites. It wanted the South as a dumping ground for the capital being accumulated by Northern industries and banks; it wanted to control the cotton, own the land and exploit the new industries for super profits.

Reconstruction stood in the way. And Reconstruction had to be smashed.

All sorts of weapons were used to do the job, but the main one is all

The drawings on this page of seven Negro Reconstruction congressmen are the work of the young Negro artist, Ed Strickland, who studies, works and paints in New York City.



NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE of 1866. Scene shows freed stitute for a radical convention and the attack bice of many cases in which force and violence were used top the South. Official casualties listed 35 Negroes anree cluding 10 policemen) wounded.

too familiar to us today—the doctrine of "white supremacy."

Pit the whites against the blacks, incite strife wherever peace is found, make bitter enemies of natural allies—these were the watchwords of the new and unholy alliance between Wall Street Money and the bankrupt Southern bourbons.

The alliance was sealed by the Ku Klux Klan in the blood of thousands of Negroes slaughtered for voting, in the enactment of the Black Codes which imposed segregation, introduced the poll tax, grandfather clause and white primary.

As late as 1878 in South Carolina, where the Reconstruction reached its greatest heights, there were 62 Negroes and 78 whites in both houses of the state legislature. But by 1884 only half the number of Negroes voted in the state as six years before. And by 1900 the Negro vote had practically disappeared in the whole South.

The defeat of Reconstruction left a bitter legacy for the South. Sharecropping misery, lower wage levels, sub-standard housing, a dearth of

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Alabama



JOSEPH H. RAINEY
South Carolina



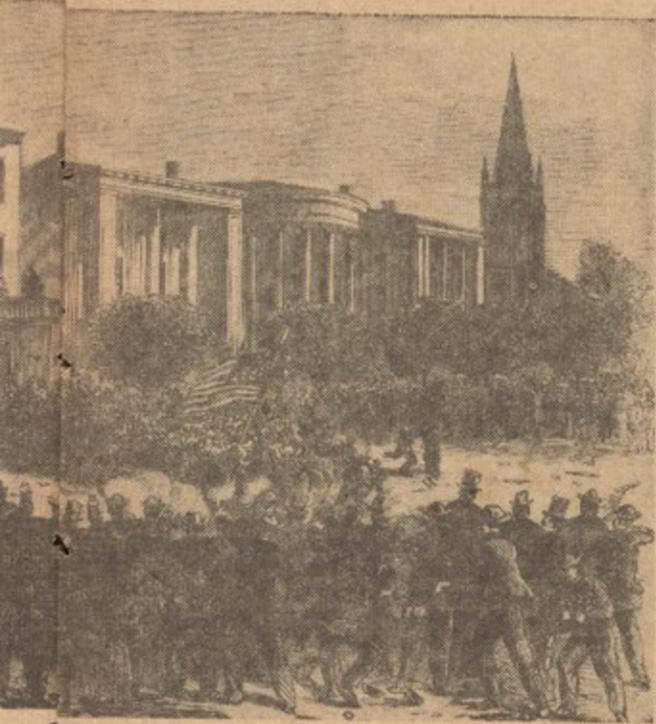
ROBERT C. DeLARGE
South Carolina



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...edmen's procession marching to the Mechanics' In-
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More than that, the South's main product, Jim Crow and the uncivilized philosophy of "white supremacy," follows the Negro wherever he goes, North, East, West, or abroad.

W Rise and Come Again'

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...gro vote.

His final speech to Congress in 1901, according to one historian, voiced the feelings of the Negro people of the South whose votes had been taken away by violence, cheating and unconstitutional legislation:

"These parting words," he said, "are in behalf of an outraged, heart-broken, bruised and bleeding, but God-fearing people; faithful, industrious, loyal people; rising people, full of potential force."

And the white men of Congress stirred uneasily as their Negro colleague's prophetic words rang out:

"This, Mr. Chairman, is perhaps the Negro's temporary farewell to the American Congress; but let me say, Phoenix-like he will rise up some day and come again."



H. LONG
G. ia



ROBERT BROWN ELLIOT
South Carolina

Fight to Vote And Hold Office Gains in South

Since 1900 the Negro's path has been a long and hard climb up from political oblivion. Twenty-seven years after George White of North Carolina made his 1901 farewell to the U.S. Congress on behalf of the Negro people, Oscar DePriest took his seat as representative of the first district of Illinois. Today, 24 years after DePriest's election, there are TWO Negroes in the U.S. Congress, Adam Powell of New York and William Dawson of Chicago.

At this rate of "progress" American "democracy" can look forward to having 10 Negroes in the House of Representatives 240 years from now!

Shall we be satisfied with this pace? Sixteen million American Negroes and millions of whites who want to see democracy work say No!

All history—including Negro history—moves faster today than ever before. If Negroes were represented in government in rough proportion to their numbers in the population there would be some 50 black Representatives and 10 black Senators from the South in the U.S. Congress.

In the great state of New York, where nearly a million Negroes form one-eighth of the population, seven of the 56 state senators would be Negroes. Today there is none; nor has there ever been one in history. The bustling city of Detroit has never sent a Negro to its common council; no black man or woman has ever represented the metropolis of Cleveland in the Ohio state legislature.

The picture is alarmingly the same in every state in the North—Negroes have only token representation in the executive, legislative and judicial branches of government, or none at all. And in the South we witness a situation little different from that against which the American colonists revolted nearly two centuries ago: taxation without representation.

But the American people did not use up all the democratic energies in the Revolutionary War. Today the struggle for Negro representation is at a new high. The Negro, grown tired of political crumbs, intends to plant his feet squarely under the table of government and have his first good meal since Reconstruction.

That's the meaning of the mounting struggle for the right to vote that has proceeded in the South since the Supreme Court responded to public pressure and outlawed the white primary in 1944. In the eight years which have followed, a Negro electorate of some 250,000 has grown to more than a million. And in four cities, Winston-Salem and Fayetteville, N. C., Richmond, Va., and Nashville, Tenn., Negroes have been elected to municipal governing bodies. The NAACP has announced a drive to bring Negro voting strength in the South to two million in 1952, and the goal is one which can be reached.

As this vote rises it is clear it will not be cast for the Eastlands, Ellenders, Wrights, Rankins, Connollys and Byrnes who now befoul the legislative and executive seats of the states and nation. It will be cast for Negroes, themselves, and for whites who put democracy above the interests of the corporate rulers of the South. The 8,000 votes cast last month for Kermit Parker, a Negro



SENATOR HIRAM R. REVELS
Mississippi



JOSIA T. WALLS
Florida

candidate for the governorship of Louisiana, are a sign of the political times in the South.

In the North the demand for representation is no less intense. Here the fight is for an end to gerrymandered districts which nullify the Negro vote; for the designation of Negro candidates for all major offices; for the appointment of Negroes to posts at all levels, including the president's cabinet; for non-partisan unity in the '52 elections.

Will the powers-that-be accept this resurgence of the Negro's political consciousness any more complacently than they did 75 years ago? They have already unleashed the Klan to stop the voting movement in the South. The martyred Harry Moore is a witness of their intentions. They have flooded the coun-

try, and the world, with the false propaganda of Anglo-Saxon superiority. They have bought off some few of our leaders with paltry crumbs from their vast empire.

But today they will not succeed. They will not succeed because millions have learned the lessons of history. These lessons tell us that progress depends on unity of the whole Negro people, unity with labor, resistance to the lies which divide Negroes from poor whites, unceasing attack against the common enemy of both, the handful of billionaire racists who rule the nation and lead the people to ruin and war.

Reconstruction, long murdered and buried, is not forgotten. It lives in the political struggles of our lives from day to day. That is a prime lesson of Negro History Week, 1952.

A New Senator is Seated

A tense moment arose in the United States Senate when Blanche K. Bruce of Mississippi appeared to take his seat. As the Negro legislator's name was called he rose, prepared to stride forward to the well of the Senate chambers where, according to the custom, he would be introduced to the body by the senior senator from his state.

But the senior senator from Mississippi did not take kindly to the idea of Negroes voting and holding high office. He kept his seat and Bruce paused for an un-

easy moment, still waiting to be escorted to the front. Suddenly the senior senator from Massachusetts, chairman of the Senate, and leader of the movement for radical Reconstruction—Charles Sumner—rose and moved to Bruce's side. Taking his arm, he led the Negro lawmaker forward and presented him to the Senate.

Thus did Blanche Kelso Bruce assume the seat in the United States Senate which had been vacated by Jefferson Davis, unlamented President of the Confederacy.



JUBILATION outside the gallery of the House of Representatives as the Civil Rights Bill was passed in April, 1866. For the first time, equal rights for Negroes was written into the U.S. Constitution.

Here's My Story

(Continued from Page 1)

itself. In each case we have been on the side of the Dutch, the French and the British colonial powers who stand arrogantly, arms akimbo, feet spread wide, blocking the road to national liberation and independence.

But the peoples of the world are determined to brush this colossus aside and move on to their cherished goals. They want food for little children who die of all kinds of horrible diseases which only require a decent social order to be wiped out. They are tired of 25-year life expectancy in India, preventable "plagues" in Africa, misery, destitution and death everywhere.

THESE MILLIONS in the colonial world want peace, not war. And they are joined by millions in Europe, Latin America, Canada and the U. S. who are tired of slaughter. For the people in the colonial world are not only the victims of the Truman-Eisenhower war policy. All over Western Europe, where the national economies have been taken over by U. S. capital through the Marshall plan, the standard of living for workers and farmers has worsened, prices have gone out of reach, and the governments have forfeited their right to fully determine the destiny of their peoples.

And any worker at home will tell you that something has to be done about the wage freeze, sky-high prices and unprecedented taxes which make it impossible to make ends meet.

For the Negro people, the war means all this and more. It means that Anglo-Saxon arrogance is at flood tide, and the result is death—for the Martinsville Seven, for Willie McGee, Edward Honeycut, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore, Samuel Shepard—and hundreds more. It means a hate-crazed mob at Cicero, Ill., and the bombing of Dr. Percy Julian's home in Chicago. It means a government, bent on conquest, has no interest in preserving civil rights at home because civil rights imply the right to protest and war-bent rulers need conformity, not protest.

SO THE NEGRO PEOPLE have a special interest in the fight for peace. And we are given the opportunity to express that interest in the campaign now being waged by the American Peace Crusade for a million signatures to a five power pact of peace. Already 600 million people all over the world have signed the petition. It calls simply for the great powers of the earth—the United States, the Soviet Union, China, Britain and France, to sit down and work out a peaceful solution to outstanding differences.

Obviously the White House and Pentagon strategists want no such peace conference. They want to be left undisturbed in their plans for bigger and more profitable wars. But we must disturb them! We must demand: End War—Make Peace Now! An immediate truce in Korea! A meeting and peace agreement among the five major powers!

When a neighbor knocks on your door and asks you to sign the American Peace Crusade petition, I hope you will. In fact, don't wait. Write to FREEDOM for petitions or get them from your local peace organization to spread among your neighbors.

That's the way to help change the disastrous policy of this government. That's the way to guarantee that a few years, or months, from now the President of the United States will not be asking Negro youth to go to Africa to help maintain British rule in one of its seething colonies or "protectorates."

That's the way to peace and equality of all peoples.

Tide's Rising, Charlie



In the Freedom Family

Negro History Cultural Festival, Birthday Celebrations Coming Soon

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

Really exciting events for February: on the 29th, FREEDOM is presenting a mammoth Festival of Culture at the Golden Gate Ballroom to climax the celebration of the first anniversary of our paper and Negro History Month.

We have lined up a program so chock full of the finest artists in the country that it will be the biggest of big things to have happened anywhere in a long, long time! Paul, of course will be the center of attraction, but in addition (look here!) there will be: William Marshall, Sidney Poitier, Alice Childress, Beulah Richardson, Harry Belafonte, Margaret McCaden, Hope Foye, Donald McKayle, the United Fellowship Chorus, the Harlem Dance Group, and lots more!

Margaret McCaden has come on to the staff to round up this finest cultural evening ever put over and to see that the tickets get sold and we're sure glad to have her. Welcome, Margaret McCaden, to the full-time Freedom Family!

And while we are brimming with activity around this affair our eyes are turned to April, Paul Robeson's birthday month. This year the celebration of this great peace

fighter's birthday has special significance for his millions of friends all over the world and especially for the battling Negro people in the U. S. A.

So Paul's birthday will be celebrated in giant cultural meetings in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Boston, Los Angeles, and many other cities. Still everybody who will want to shake his hand and give him their heartfelt wishes won't be able to greet him personally. But everybody will be able to send Paul greetings. Arrangements for this are being made by a joint committee of FREEDOM, the National Negro Labor Council, the Council on African Affairs, and cultural groups. Along with the greetings contributions are being asked for the Freedom Fund which will support the work and program of these organizations engaged in the struggle for Negro rights.

Charles White, noted artist, is doing a special lithographic head of Robeson for the birthday celebrations. We plan to offer it as a premium gift to readers and sub-getters.

Since the last time around

Lorraine Hansberry, who has made such fine contributions to our pages during the past year, came on to our editorial staff full time. As associate editor, Miss Hansberry will help us to bring you the best little fighting paper in the U. S. A. Welcome, Lorraine Hansberry!

We've been receiving a lot of nice letters about Alice Childress' "Conversations." Here's a typical one from a Boston reader:

"My husband and I are subscribers to your wonderful paper. I don't think anything has impressed me more than Alice Childress' magnificent tribute to people, "Merry Christmas, Marge." It is this sort of warm human understanding that makes FREEDOM positively the most indispensable progressive paper published today.

"I have a newborn baby—our first—and when I read Alice Childress' column I realized she had put her finger on what I had been thinking about and yearning for my child. I want Alice Childress' peace for my child, and no compromise either!"

Freedom

"Where one is enslaved, all are in chains!"

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McCaden

Unity, Allies Can Help Win A New World

(Continued from Page 2)

A world revolutionized from that of the 19th. In the 19th century our cure for all problems was education and earning a living. These problems have not been settled, but the question today is, what is going to be the content and object of education; and just what kind of a living is going to be earned. American Negroes must face in their own group the answers to these questions, and the problem of education is not simply the matter of learning to read and write and cipher. These are but preliminary techniques for the acquisition of knowledge. That gaining of knowledge is not simply knowledge of how the forces of nature can be used, but more importantly what kind of machines human beings themselves are, and what they can come to be, and what they have done in the past.

American Negroes facing these problems are today seriously handicapped. First, their children are not learning to read, write and cipher well, not only in their segregated schools, but even in the public schools where there is no segregation. Beyond that, history is neglected. We learn the conventional history of the United States and Europe, and even more sketchy history of slavery and the American Negro. We know almost nothing of the history of Asia and Africa.

In the schools and colleges economics is hardly taught at all, because the industrial organizations of the United States control education, and do not want people to learn of the transformation today of individualism into socialism. It is going on all about us, even in the United States, and yet we do not understand it. That

The Negro Mother

By LANGSTON HUGHES

Children, I come back today
To tell you a story of the long dark way
That I had to climb, that I had to know
In order that the race might live and grow.
Look at my face—dark as the night—
Yet shining like the sun with love's true light.
I am the child they stole from the sand
Three hundred years ago in Africa's land.



Photo by Ray de Carava

I am the dark girl who crossed the wide sea
Carrying in my body the seed of the Free.
I am the woman who worked in the field
Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield.
I am the one who labored as a slave,
Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave—
Children sold away from me, husband sold, too,
No safety, no love, no respect was I due.
Three hundred years in the deepest South:
But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.
God put a dream like steel in my soul.
Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.
Now, through my children, young and free,
I realize the blessings denied to me.
I couldn't read then. I couldn't write.
I had nothing, back there in the night.
Sometimes, the valley was filled with tears,
But I kept trudging on through the lonely years.
Sometimes, the road was hot with sun,
But I had to keep on till my work was done:
I HAD to keep on! No stopping for me—
I was the seed of the coming Free.
I nourished the dream that nothing could smother
Deep in my breast—The Negro Mother.
I had only hope then, but now through you,
Dark ones of today, my dreams must come true:
All you dark children in the world out there,
Remember my sweat, my pain, my despair.
Remember my years, heavy with sorrow—
And make of those years a torch for tomorrow.
Make of my past a road to the light
Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.
Lift high my banner out of the dust.
Stand like free men supporting my trust.
Believe in the right, let none push you back.
Remember the whip and the slaver's track.
Remember how the strong in struggle and strife
Still bar you the way, and deny you life—
But march ever forward, breaking down bars,
Look ever upward at the sun and the stars.
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers
Impel you forever up the great stairs—
For I will be with you till no white brother
Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother.

means that in the last half of the 20th century, American Negroes as well as the majority of American whites, are going to follow the economics of the middle ages, when people "made money," "saved" it, and "invested" for profit, instead of realizing that what men do is to work for what they need in order to satisfy their wants; distribute these satisfactions just in order to consume all

that is produced except that part which is needed for future production; and that future production is also solely for satisfying human needs.

In the Negro group we are going to develop, and indeed have developed, economic classes, whose interests clash—the rich, the well-to-do, the poor. Unless we stop present trends, the rich are going to exploit and cheat the poor, and bitter

enmities are going to rise between these inner groups, so great as to disrupt all unity or what we used to call "race loyalty."

On the other hand, if we keep this class distinction down to a minimum, and if we understand the new socialistic conception of work and income, we will find new alliances among the white people of America and among the peoples of the

world; and these alliances can be used, if we are wise, to improve the condition of men and to transform the world from a world of war, force and oppression into one of mutual striving toward the progress of all peoples and all classes; so as to loose for future civilization the vast energy and potentialities of the mass of human beings now held in thrall by poverty, ignorance and disease.

Stories for Children

A Slave Ship Revolts and Steers Its Way to Freedom

By ELSIE ROBBINS

Would it be now? Would Joseph give the signal now? Each of the slaves kept his eyes on the quiet one who stood at the railing of the ship, watching the harbor of Havana fade into the distance. There was a careful excitement among the slaves, but the captain and the sailors seemed to notice nothing and when they did, it would be too late.

Finally, when they were far enough from land, Joseph raised his arm. The signal! Suddenly a great shout went up from the throat of every black man on the ship. The revolt was on! And as they ran up and down the decks, clubs swung and knives flashed and their very chains were used as weapons. There were terrible screams of surprise and pain from the slavers. They who had tried to bring other men to slavery, now lay about the decks, wounded or dead. All except two, who were permitted to live, to steer the ship to freedom.

Then it was all over. It had been well planned by the leader, Joseph. And when he came up on the deck the 54 new free men cried out to him, "Long live Joseph Cinque, who has



led us to freedom!" And they raised their fists in salute as they cheered their handsome African leader. He smiled back at them and said: "Yes, we are free, but we must land somewhere for food and water."

So three days later, the ship *Amistad* dropped anchor at Colludon, Long Island, and the crew of newly free Africans went ashore.

But at that time in our country, slavery was the law of the land. As soon as they left their ship the brave men were arrested by the United States Navy and put into prison. The President of the United States at that time, Van Buren, wanted to send them back to slavery or punish them in other ways. But most of the people in the world were good and just, so that when Joseph Cinque and his followers were finally brought into the Supreme Court, it was decided that they were heroes and not criminals for killing those who tried to enslave them on the high seas, and they were set free forever.

There are beautiful paintings of the *Amistad* mutiny and trial on the walls of the library at Talladega College, Alabama. They were done by the well-known artist, Hale Woodruff.

Conversation from Life

The 'Many Others'

(Continued from Page 2)

ma . . . with seven kids lookin' for somethin' new. . . Toys? Grandma used to take a shoe box and cut windows in the sides, then she'd cover the windows with tissue paper, put a candle in the box, light it, cover it, cut a hole in the top, tie a string on the box so it could be dragged along and that was called a 'twilight trolley.'

"She'd pull up a clump of grass, tie it in the middle to make a 'waist line' and then comb the dirt out of the roots so she could braid them in two pigtails . . . and that would be a 'grass doll' with 'root hair.' . . . She'd get seashells and they would be 'play dishes' . . . and the boys got barrel wires for hoops and pebbles and a ball for 'jacks.'

"Every minute of grandma's life was a struggle. She never had a doctor except for 'sickness unto death' and neighbor women helped bring her seven into this world. Sometimes she'd get down to the 'nitty gritty' and have her back to the wall . . . all the trouble lined up facing her. What to do! What to do about . . . food . . . coats . . . shoes . . . sickness . . . death . . . underwear . . . sheets towels . . . toothaches . . . child-birth . . . curtains . . . dish-towels . . . kerosene oil . . . lamp chimneys . . . coal for the stove . . . diapers . . . mittens . . . soap and hunger?"

"Next thing, Grandma would get cross at the children and she'd begin to grieve and cry if they'd make noise. . . Then

she knew it was time to 'rally.' After the kids was off to bed she'd sit in her rockin' chair in the dark kitchen . . . and that old chair would weep sawdust tears as she rocked back and forth.

"She'd start off singing real low-like. . . 'I'm so glad trouble don' las' always,' and switch off in the middle and pick up with . . . 'Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry' . . . and she'd kee) jumpin' from tune to tune. . . 'I'm gonna tell God all of my troubles when I get home' . . . 'Come out the wilderness leaning on the Lord' . . . 'When I've done the best I can' . . . and her voice would grow stronger as she'd go into 'It's not my mother but it's me oh Lord' . . . and she'd pat her feet as she rocked and rassed with death, Jim Crow and starvation.

"And all of a sudden the rockin' would stop and she'd jump up, smack her hands together and say, 'Atcha drat-cha!' . . . and she'd come back revived and refreshed and ready to go at them 'drat troubles. . . ."

That's what I told 'em, Marge. . . You know, it's amazing that we're all here today! . . . Well, the way they took it you could tell that I was talkin' about their grandmas too. . . So I told 'em, "I bet Miss Tubman and Miss Truth would like us to remember and give some time to the many others. . . ."

I'm going upstairs and get some sleep now. . . Stop that, Marge. . . If I'd of known you would cry, I wouldn't of told it.

'We Licked Jim Crow At Stuyvesant Town'

By RAPHAEL HENDRIX

NEW YORK—Congratulations, congratulations! We did it! We won! The blood ran through my body faster than ever before and nobody seemed to mind the freezing weather as hundreds of New Yorkers stood in front of the office of Stuyvesant Town housing project on the morning of Jan. 14.

The demonstration was the happy ending of a picket line that had marched around the project for four continuous days and nights and that had involved as many as 1,000 fighters at a time against housing Jim Crow. There were never fewer than 150 on the line. And finally the spokesmen for the largest corporation in the United States, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, had been forced to tell a people's delegation that they had had enough: they would withdraw the eviction notices against 19 families who had fought for the right of Negro families to live in this huge 18-block city within a city.

The fight had begun back in 1943 when Ben Davis, city councilman, had fought like a tiger against the lily-white policies of Stuyvesant Town and against the decision of the majority of the council to grant \$7,000,000 tax exemption to the anti-Negro Met. Life.

For me the real beginning was in August 1949 when our family moved into the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Kessler. Kessler was a District 65 organizer and their family was spending their vacation away from the city. They knew that we had been living in furnished rooms, had never had a decent place to live and rear our child since we came to New York from Birmingham, Ala., in 1946, and so invited us to use their apartment for the month of August.

Warm Welcome

We moved our clothes in—Hardine, my husband; Hardine Jr., then four years old, and I—took a deep breath and sort of waited to see what would happen. What would it be like—the only Negro family among thousands of whites? Would the neighbors be friendly? What about crackpots?

We didn't have to wait long to find out. There were a couple of nasty letters from cranks but they were snowed under a flood of congratulatory messages from all over the country. The neighbors brought their children to meet little Hardine so that he would have playmates. It was weeks before I could cook, because we were invited to dinner in the apartments of neighbors each night. At a reception in the nearby Stuyvesant Casino more than 500 friends and neighbors jammed the hall to welcome us to our new community.

We knew then, and every experience since 1949 has confirmed it, that it is not the people of New York who want Jim Crow housing, but the real estate moguls who reap huge profits by keeping Negroes hemmed into the segregated ghettos. And we know now that the people can break down Jim Crow in housing if they fight together against it.

When the Kesslers returned we moved into the apartment of Dr. and Mrs. Lee Lorch. Dr.



MRS. RHAPAEL HENDRIX (center) is welcomed to Stuyvesant Town by neighbors.

Lorch had been fired from City College because of his fight against Jim Crow in Stuyvesant Town. That September he was going on to an assignment at Penn. State University. He has since been dismissed from that post and now teaches at Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn.

The Kesslers and Lorches were among the scores of families which made up the Town and Village Committee Against Discrimination in Stuyvesant Town. Once we were living in the project the committee didn't stop. It campaigned for a bill to outlaw Met. Life's special kind of discrimination, and the Brown-Isaacs bill was the result. It forced from the company the concession that three Negro families would be granted leases—and they were. It fought also to integrate Negroes into jobs in the neighborhood. Result: the A & P and

Grand stores hired Negroes for the first time and other stores opened up with Negro employees.

But Metropolitan Life would not let well enough alone. Like the devil, it hates to see people happy. So a few weeks ago it got out eviction notices for the families who had been active in the fight against discrimination. The people decided to fight back. And they have won. The evictions have been lifted. After more than three years of occupancy our family has been promised a lease, and I never felt better than the other day when I went into the office to fill out the forms.

The way to end discrimination in housing in New York is simply—to end it. Have confidence in the inherent desire of the people for decency and a truly democratic way of life, and fight hard. Victory will come.

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