

Here's
My Story
By PAUL ROBESON

ONCE IN OUR HISTORY there was a Fugitive Slave Law. You remember Dred Scott. Slaves who escaped to the North, were dragged back, contrary to every fundamental constitutional fight of political asylum.



The infamous Supreme Court decision, delivered by Chief Justice Taney, contended that the "black man has no right that the white man is bound to respect." Clearly this was not a decision of the people of this land — of the Abolitionists, of the Frederick Douglasses. This was a decision reflecting the slave-holding South.

And now, today in 1952, we have a foreign relations committee headed by Senator Connally of Texas. We have a Smith-Connally Act, sponsored by the same Connally and Smith of Virginia. We have the denial of free speech, of the sacred right of freedom of belief. We have the denial of freedom to travel. We have a McCarran Act, denying freedom of entry, for example, to our West Indian brothers and sisters, the Statue of Liberty notwithstanding.

I WENT WEST this past month, to Seattle, just across from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Here was a convention of the Canadian section of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, a fine union with black and white leadership—Ray Dennis, Asbury Howard, Harvey Murphy, and that great leader of labor, Maurice Travis, secretary-treasurer of the union.

Now no American needs a passport to go to Canada, so in spite of my passport difficulties, I expected no action by the State Dept.

At the border, in Blaine, Washington, there were many Canadian acquaintances and a very friendly Vancouver press. They assured me that the Canadian Government would not refuse me entry, and that Vancouver was waiting to give me a warm welcome. I have appeared in Vancouver many times in concerts, in Othello, have spoken at the university there. No city has been friendlier throughout the years.

I remembered Douglass, Harriet Tubman and hundreds of our folk who escaped by the underground into Canada around Detroit—at Windsor for example. Again I felt the sympathetic understanding of the Canadian people, against a background of racial persecution in my own country.

The representative of the American State Dept. called me in and very nervously informed me that, though no passport was needed, a special order had come through forbidding me to leave the country. If I did, it might mean five years, and a fine! (I thought of my great and good friend Ben Davis—it's about time a major fight was launched to free Ben. People in

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Freedom

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

Vol. II—No. 3

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Memo to NAACP Leaders: It's Time to Fight—Not Fawn

By CLAUDE BLANCHETTE

Washington looked the same last Feb. 17-18 when 800 of us gathered in the Hotel Statler for a Leadership Conference on Civil Rights called by the NAACP and 50 other national organizations. But looks are deceiving. We soon discovered after visiting our senators and representatives that civil rights was a dead duck in this Congress. In the past four years, it was clear, the Dixiecrats had stealthily captured bipartisan power. Northern politicians of both old parties had traded support for "state's rights" in return for "Congressional harmony" on Truman's war program, now furnishing bullets to shoot down colored peoples fighting for their freedom.

The leaders of the conference—most of the NAACP officials—must have sensed this change in Washington, for they held their fire against the pro-war bigshots, severely limited the participation of Negroes in the program and excluded representatives of all organizations not originally among the sponsors. We were termed by Walter White and others a "respectable," "non-Communist" gathering reportedly representing 35 million organized members back home.

On Monday, Feb. 18, the morning after a scrumptious dinner the night before in the beautifully decorated Hotel Statler, we set out from the Senate Caucus Room to visit our lawmakers. Most of them were not in, and of those who

were, an alarming number either declared themselves flat-footedly against doing away with the filibuster and passing civil rights legislation, or they were evasive and wanted to "wait until a bill was drawn up." Senators from Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan and California, for example, were among the fellow travelers of the Dixiecrats. Their names, in order, are Leverett Saltonstall, William E. Jenner, Bourke Hickenlooper, Earle C. Clements (former Governor of Kentucky), Homer Ferguson and William F. Knowland.

Rep. Richard Vail, of Illinois, virtually attacked a Jewish delegate for lining up "with Negroes when Jews are not

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An Editorial

Cadillac Leadership

RETURNING FROM the recent sessions of the United Nations Assembly in Paris, Dr. Channing Tobias, alternate U. S. delegate, announced to the world that he had "foiled the Russians."

The Russians, according to the eminent doctor, had tried to "embarrass" the United States by making frequent references to the persecution of Negroes in the South. And Tobias' answer was that he had survived a boyhood in the South and that he had grown to be a man of sufficient education and standing to be appointed by the President to the UN.

A few days previously Walter Lee Irvin had sat in an Ocala, Fla., courtroom and listened as a lily-white jury united with a foul-mouthed prosecutor and a wood-whittling judge to condemn him to death in the electric chair.

His body was bullet-ridden. His friend, Samuel Shepherd, had been killed by a hate-crazed sheriff. He was a

(Continued on Page 6)



WILL NAACP LEADERS provide "Cadillac leadership" or put up a real fight for civil rights? Walter White seems to be pondering this question.



NAACP MEMBERS, concerned with lynchings, bombings and terrorism, are looking for leadership that will let them in on the fight.

Victory Corner

Those 700 students in Kingston, North Carolina, who walked out on a two-day strike last November demanding improvements for their Adkins High School, got their demand. Kingston school officials have promised \$255,000 worth of improvements including a gymnasium, vocational building and four brand new classrooms.

A 21-year-old white foreman went up to Jake McKinney, a Negro worker at Chicago's Wilson and Co., and said, "How you doing today, Sunshine?"

"Who you talking to?" was the fast question from 32-year-old McKinney.

"You; you look like a shonuff happy-go-lucky boy with a bright and happy smile." And that was exactly the moment young Baxter was sent crashing to the floor, from the power of Jake McKinney's fist.

With lightning speed, McKinney was fired. Happily the anti-discrimination dept. of the United Packinghouse Workers was on the job. There was an investigation and McKinney was rehired on the ground that Baxter's insult had not only been an infringement of McKinney's dignity but that of some 35,000 Negro members of the union.

Last month, militant attorney Harold Flowers of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, received a poison pen letter, apparently from the local outfit of the Ku Klux Klan. The letter threatened his life if he didn't leave town, for good.

Flowers, who has been active in the fight against the Jim Crow schools in Arkansas, turned the note over to authorities, took a pre-arranged trip to Los Angeles, made a speech and said: "If I die I will die effectively. Segregation has got to go!" He then calmly took the next plane back to Pine Bluff, to go on with his work.

The Pittsburgh Pirates and the Cincinnati Reds finally signed two Negro players in February—their first.

Negroes all over the country felt good when Marion Anderson sang before that mixed audience in Miami. We felt even better when we learned of the no-segregation clause which she has inserted in her contract, which means that she will never again sing for a Jim Crow audience. Bravo!

In Harlem, after six years of trying, this community has achieved at least the blueprints for a new super retail market in the area, which has been one of the big fights of the Consumers Protective Committee. It is to be at 142nd St. and 8th Ave.

A consistent picket line struggle against the Ford Theatre in Baltimore has paid off in the end of the segregation policy of the theatre. Due to the picketing, box office sales dropped and the theatre was forced to drop Jim Crow.

Defy Detroit Witch-Hunt

The Un-American Activities Committee is demonstrating in its witch-hunting attempt in Detroit that one thing enemies of democracy can't stand is to see the labor movement and the Negro people join hands.

The committee centered its attack on Ford Local 600, with its militant Negro membership and leadership, and the National Negro Labor Council. And as the hearings opened, one of the "uncooperative" witnesses was menaced in his plant by a gang who dangled a rope in front of him. They told him they were from Un-American head John S. Wood's home state, and "if you don't like the way the KKK does things in Georgia, we'll teach you."

First witness to be called was the courageous Rev. Charles A. Hill, who declared:

"The Negro people throughout America are on the march to possess the promised land of true democracy for which they have paid their full measure in blood, sweat, sacrifice and death on every battlefield where this nation of ours has fought—and they will not be denied that right."

Burrs and Barbs



"SENATOR, my department can convict and execute 10,000 Negroes for rape each fiscal year. And if that damned Vishinsky raises a howl about it, we'll charge him with rape too!"

Frederick Douglass School Opens Its Doors in Harlem

On March 17, in a lodge building at 124 W. 124th St. in New York, a new school will open its doors.

Sponsored by a group of Harlem citizens, the school has been christened the Frederick Douglass Educational Center. Its director is Rosalie Berry, formerly registrar of the Jefferson School of Social Science.

Among the faculty members will be W. Alphaeus Hunton; Lloyd Brown, the novelist and editor; Alice Citron, whose outstanding work in Harlem public schools made her the target

of anti-Negro elements in the Board of Education; Jose Santiago; Lorraine Hansberry, associate editor of Freedom; and Doxey Wilkerson, well-known educator.

Dollie Mason and Martha Johnson will have charge of a children's program which will include music, art, dancing and social subjects.

On Saturday, March 15, the school is sponsoring a Harlem Music Festival and Dance in Golden Gate Ballroom, featuring West Indian, Negro and Puerto Rican culture.

In the Freedom Family

Robeson Birthday Tour Will Benefit Freedom Fund

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

Cultural celebrations around Paul Robeson's birthday, which falls on April 9, will take on new significance as labor, church, peace, youth, women's and cultural organizations throughout the country join in a series of huge festivals during the months of April and May, honoring this great people's artist and fighter for peace and freedom.

Following weeks of discussion and planning, representatives of the National Negro Labor Council, the Council on African Affairs, FREEDOM and leaders of cultural groups have agreed to sponsor the birthday festivals jointly as the UNITED FREEDOM FUND. The purpose of the UFF is to raise fifty thousand dollars to carry on the work of these organizations to which Paul Robeson has devoted so much of his time and talents.

The United Freedom Fund will be the medium through which the sponsoring organizations will work in each city where the birthday festivals are held. Elsewhere on this page is a tentative schedule of these affairs.

In addition to the festivals, the United Freedom Fund will sponsor a nationwide ROBESON BIRTHDAY GREETING APPEAL, which will enable hundreds of thousands of people in every walk of life to send greetings to Paul through their trade union, their church, their youth group, or as individuals, enclosing a contribution to the United Freedom Fund. You will receive a greeting card soon. Be sure to fill it out and send your contribution. In this way you will be able to show in a concrete way what Paul Robeson's leadership means to you in the Negro people's fight for peace, freedom and equality.

Seven artists have been work-

ing for the past week to draw a head of Robeson which will be used to adorn the special greeting card.

Because we want to make sure that every member of the FREEDOM Family can participate in these great events around Paul during the months of April and May, we want you to write in at once with suggestions, ideas on how we can make this the biggest birthday celebration for peace and freedom and equality ever held in America. Write to Miss Edith Roberts, director, United Freedom Fund, 53 West 125th St., New York 27, N. Y.

Robeson Concert Tour Schedule

- Boston—April 6
- New York—April 9-11
- Newark—April 13
- Philadelphia—April 15
- Baltimore—April 17
- Washington, D. C.—April 20
- Cleveland—April 23
- Chicago—April 25-27; May 29
- St. Louis—April 29
- Pittsburgh—May 2
- Detroit—May 4
- Blaine, Wash.—May 18
- Seattle—May 20
- Oakland—May 22
- San Francisco—May 23
- Los Angeles—May 25
- Denver—May 27
- Milwaukee—June 1
- Minneapolis—June 3

Urgent Notice!

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Your address-plate on the wrapper tells the month and year your sub expires. "12-51" means December 1951; "3-52" means March 1952—THIS MONTH.

If your sub has expired or is expiring with this issue—RENEW AT ONCE. Just clip out the address-plate and mail it today with \$1.

CORRECTION
The February issue of FREEDOM was mistakenly marked Vol. II, No. 1. Its correct number was Vol. II, No. 2.

FREEDOM ASSOCIATES

53 West 125th St., New York 27, N. Y.

Enclosed is one dollar each for the following annual subscriptions to FREEDOM:

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Egyptian People Fight for Freedom

By LORRAINE HANSBERRY

In November, 1951, some 250,000 Egyptian people marched in stark, sober quiet through the streets of Alexandria, one of Egypt's largest and most famous ancient cities. Their trek to the palace of the king passed 300,000 equally silent massed Egyptians. The next day in Cairo there was an almost identical demonstration. Then a voice broke

the meaningful silence of the march: "We will spare no sacrifice until the Valley of the Nile is free from imperialism."

This was one of many warnings to the British imperialists of the Egyptian people's weariness of the 70 years of brutal foreign rule and exploitation. The building of the Suez Canal took some 20,000 Egyptian and Sudanese lives. It has since bulged the pockets of British, French and American interests, while a bitter Egyptian writer commented only three years ago:

"Ninety-nine per cent of the peasant population are sick with not one disease but two or three . . . and 80 per cent of the population are illiterate. . . . The present income of a peasant family is now less than \$40 a year."

The average Egyptian, then, lives to be somewhere around 27 years old.

This was the Egypt which, a couple of months after the November demonstrations of silence, struck out in organized force against its oppressors. British occupation troops had murdered some 40 Egyptians at Ismailia, and all Egypt broke into anti-British demonstrations. In Cairo, everything that

bore a British flag or label was burned or wrecked, and great throngs of angry patriots demonstrated before the government building for their immediate independence.

This is the same country where for months 75,000 Egyptian workers have refused to load food or water or anything else for the British. And this is the same Egypt, the traditional Islamic "cradle of civilization," where women had led one of the most important fights anywhere for the equality of their sex.

Last February, Madame Doria Shafik, president of the Daughters of the Nile (Bent el-Nil), the foremost women's movement in Egypt, led a thousand Egyptian women right into the halls of the parliament and demanded feminine representation. And significantly, it was this same women's movement that in January offered some 250 trained young women for guerrilla combat service against the British in the canal zone.

The "warnings" are over. The Egyptian people, like other African peoples, are tired of the exploitation and humiliation of the foreign rule of a white supremacist, imperialist nation.

They will no longer tolerate domination by a nation which, after the last war, rolled heavy tanks right up to the palace gates of King Farouk, to guarantee by force the choice of a pro-British Egyptian premier.

One writer describes the guerrilla movement as being constantly reinforced by workers, students, peasants, the local police and Egyptian army officers.

American and British newsmen and frightened diplomats have tried again to label this new surge of a colored people for freedom. "Nationalistic fanaticism," they call it; "losing Egypt to the Reds," a "threat to world peace," etc. It is clear, though, that the only threat to world peace is the imperialist powers' insistence on keeping British tommies on Egyptian soil.

A French correspondent, Pierre Courtade, writes from Cairo: "It is not a matter of a straw fire, a flame of passion exasperated by the crimes of colonialism, but of a profound movement which has already gone so far that it can be considered irreversible."

In other words, the Egyptian people intend to be free.



THIS YOUNG EGYPTIAN woman is a member of her people's "Liberation Battalions" organized to wrest Egyptian soil from foreign interests. She symbolizes the Egyptian people's part in the spirit of liberation that is sweeping all Africa. Along with their activity in the national liberation struggle, Egyptian women are fighting for their right to vote and hold public office.

Vote Against Hunger in India

By EDWIN NOSHI

When Harlem's Rev. James H. Robinson was sent on a tour of North African and Asian countries recently by the Presbyterian Church to help "soothe" the colored people's worldwide resentment of American hypocrisy in foreign policy, he wrote of India:

"As an American Negro, every door was open to me. . . . I found them warm and friendly . . . intensely interested. I should say, hotly interested, in the American race problem . . . they lack confidence and faith in American democracy partly on this issue. It undercuts our influence all over these lands."

Rev. Robinson's concern for the lack of "influence" of the Truman Administration's foreign policy did not override the Indian people's primary recognition of him as a Negro. He was received with sympathy by Nehru statesmen, militant students and Communists alike.

Centuries of similar oppression have given the Indian and Negro peoples a natural understanding that the U.S. Congress, which does not regard the lynching of Negroes as a crime, is the same Congress that okays war on Asian people, that debates whether or not to drop atomic bombs on Asian countries again if they persist in their liberation struggles.

And in the future the Indian people will not forget that it was this Congress that haggled about prices and tried to force the Indian government to agree to political subservience before it would ship desperately need-

ed grain to India. The grain was cut from 200,000 to 40,000 tons when the Indian Government answered the "white supremacist" demands: "You cannot treat the great nations of Asia in the old ways."

In India, correspondents saw: "People . . . gathering grass from the roadsides, eating bark

from the trees, boiling jute leaves which do not satisfy but only stifle hunger." And ". . . groups of living shadows, nothing but skin and bone, incapable of even moving . . . sick children who waste away on their mothers' knees."

The Afro-American editorialized: "Nothing could better

illustrate the callous indifference of these conservative Congressional breast-beaters to the fate of peoples whose skin color differs from theirs. . . . Over and above the selfish political reasons, our professed love of all humanity dictates that this badly needed grain must be shipped to these people without further delay."

India is that great subcontinental nation of Asia that gives the world 1/5 its population. It is the country that a few years ago relieved itself of British domination and today works toward complete freedom from the control of foreign interests. It is tackling its age-old problems of land, disease and famine, which are problems of government and account for the widespread interest in the recent Indian elections.

The results of the elections show the people's growing disfavor of the Nehru regime, which has failed to give answers to the basic problems of the country. One of the most significant indications of this was the heavy swing to the Communist Party. The party was outlawed in some districts, restricted in others and underground in others—but after the elections it emerged as the second strongest party in all India.

The Indian people have been deeply impressed by the great land reform movements accomplished by the Communists in China, as well as the leadership of the Indian Communists when they led four million peasants in wresting land from the landlords—until Mr. Nehru's Congress Party sent troops to smash them.



HUNGER is what the people of India were concerned with when they voted for candidates who stood for land reform. This child is suffering from rickets caused by poor food.

Thousands Mourn J. Finley Wilson

Thousands over the land mourned the death Feb. 19 of the incomparable fraternal leader, J. Finley Wilson. Born in 1881, Wilson for 30 years held the post of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks.

In a message of sympathy sent to his widow, Mrs. Lea Wilson, Paul Robeson said:

"J. Finley Wilson, the greatest name among our people in the fraternal life of America, will always remain with me as the symbol of a man who stood for all that is noble, all that is courageous, all that is lovable in the life of our people in their march for full freedom, peace and equality in this, our native land."

Chicago Defender Editor Dies

A career of 36 years with his newspaper was ended when Lucius C. Harper, the executive editor of the Chicago Defender died in Chicago Feb. 10 after a four-month illness.

The Georgia-born newsman, who was educated at Fisk University and Oberlin College, was the founder of the Defender's famous Bud Billiken club which once a year sponsored the Southside's biggest community-wide celebration. He is best known and respected for his "Dustin' Off the News" column and as a fierce journalistic enemy of the notorious Negro-baiter, Westbrook Pegler.

He will be remembered as one of the noble personalities in journalism.

Repeal the Smith Act — Stop the Persecution

I Know a Communist

By Eslanda Goode Robeson

Yes, I really do know a Communist. I daresay it sounds silly, when you come right down to it, to brag that I know a real live Communist, when grownup people are saying—some under oath—that they don't know, and never have known, any Communists.

This particular Communist is a personal family friend of long standing, and I wouldn't part with him for the world, even if the FBI, Administration, State Dept. and what-have-you tell me I can't have him for my friend. No, sir, I'm gong to hold on to my good friend. And besides, this Communist is a wonderful guy. His name is Benjamin Davis, Jr.

Ben—our little family calls him Benjy—is very American and very Negro. He was born in Georgia, was educated in the schools of his state, and at Amherst and Harvard in New England, where he played tennis and football very well indeed and was an excellent student. He took his degree in law.

When he went back to his native Georgia to practice law, he found that the courts had no respect for him as a Negro lawyer, nor for his clients, and despite all his fine legal training he couldn't get to first base with justice in the courts.

One of his first clients was a Negro youth, Angelo Herndon, who had been framed by the Atlanta law on an ancient "insurrection" statute because he led the people to the City Hall to demand relief of their hunger.

Davis knew he needed allies in his fight to free Herndon; so he joined the Communist Party.

Just as some Americans joined the Republican, Democratic or Socialist Party, so Ben Davis joined the Communist Party. All of them were equally legitimate political parties, and there was no law against any of them. And as a Communist he was elected

twice to the City Council of New York.

Yes, Ben Davis is really a wonderful guy. What happened to him can happen to any of us: the Supreme Court decided to call his political party, the Communist Party, "a clear and present danger" to the Government of these United States, and decided to send the 11 Communist Party leaders to prison.

Now this could happen to the Republican Party, to the Liberal, Socialist, or Progressive Party, if the Supreme Court were to decide that it was "a clear and present danger" to the government.

As a matter of fact, the Republicans had better watch their step, because Vice-President Barkley said in a campaign speech in Kansas City some time ago, that everyone voting the Republican ticket would be voting for the Kremlin, and would be giving aid and comfort to our enemies by showing them that we are divided within.

It must be that our government is very nervous and fearful.

I for one have made up my mind that I am not going to live a life of fear and hate. I am not afraid of Communists. They are not bothering me. (In fact, it is the Klansmen, the Administration and the police which are bothering me and the Negro people.)

With my Communist friend Ben Davis and his colleagues in prison, then I as a real friend will have to work and fight to get them out. This I will do, because I know they have committed no crime.

So I am going to stand by my friend Benjy. I would have no respect for myself as a person if I did less. What kind of security have you got, if you have no respect for yourself?

Yes, indeed, I know a Communist. And I wouldn't exchange him for all the unAmericans in these United States.

Why Do They Want to Jail

By ELEANOR GRAY

On the evening of Feb. 21 a tall young woman leaned across a speaker's rostrum and looked intently into the upturned faces of a Harlem audience. Her voice vibrated with deep feeling as she said:

"On this, my 37th birthday, I think of my mother. My mother, a machine worker in a garment factory, died when she was just the same age I am today—37 years old. I think I began then to develop an understanding of the sufferings of my people and my class and to look for a way to end them."

A few weeks after this festive birthday celebration, marked by the gifts and tributes of hundreds of friends and admirers, the honored guest, Miss Claudia Jones, would stand in a federal courtroom and face a hostile government attorney intent on calling a temporary halt to her search.

As executive secretary of the national women's commission of the Communist Party and alternate member of its national committee, Miss Jones is one of 16 Communist leaders whose trial starts March 3.

Listening to the soft voice of this dynamic woman, one tried to associate her with the government's charge—"conspiring to teach and advocate the forcible overthrow of the government." But it was impossible to do so. If Miss Jones' views represent a conspiracy, it is the most public and open conspiracy in the history of the nation; for she spoke quite plainly and fully.

"Force and violence?" Miss Jones interrupted her talk with sardonic laughter. "Why, I and my people have been victims of real, not imaginary, force and violence for centuries." She referred to the force and violence of the hooded Klansmen "reaching new heights every day," the police brutality in the Negro ghettos, the cops' billies on workers' picket lines.

The Administration could find a lot to do if it really wanted to track down the instigators of force and violence, Miss Jones declared. But it chose to hound and jail the Communists be-



CLAUDIA JONES AND PETTIS PERRY face trial for opposing work for a better life for their people and all workers. Here they expose themselves and 15 other Communist leaders indicted under the Smith Act.

cause they "are the most consistent fighters for peace, equality for the Negro people, the rights of labor, and socialism."

How did this young woman come by her convictions? Claudia Jones was born in Trinidad, British West Indies, and came to New York at the age of eight. What promised to be a brilliant academic career was cut off when she had to go to work to contribute to the support of her family. She became a part of the young generation of the '30's—at the height of the depression five million youth between 18 and 25 were out of school and out of work; almost a million of them were Negroes.

In order to find the answer to her problems and those of her generation, Claudia Jones joined the Young Communist League. Very soon she became one of its top executives, an editor of its publications, and a well known figure in the general upsurge of protest and social consciousness

which eventually involved organized youth in the Youth Congress.

Miss Jones' eventual leadership in the Communist Party and her major part in the battle program in the battle women and for peace.

One of the tributes party came from her in a soft and steady voice had been "so quick since she had been a so high." He said that not agree with all the Communist daughter, with anyone to fight have those views, but that in her way she had life to fighting for her.

And in response Claudia Jones said: "All we Communists can people is the same for our views that mine."



Negro Press, Leaders Warn

When Mr. Truman's Department of "Justice" dusted off the hysteria-bred Smith Act and began to lock up prominent Negro leaders who are Communists, Negroes up and down the country stirred uneasily. Through the silence of fear, voices began to be raised in protest. No Negro, they pointed out, is safe when one cannot "conspire to advocate" changes in a government that must be held responsible for the killing of Negroes, for denying them freedom and equality.

One of the most resolute voices was that of the Rev. J. Plus Barbour. Rev. Barbour edits the National Baptist Voice, which speaks for four million Negro Baptists. He said, in calling for opposition to the Smith Act:

"The Negro has more at stake than any other group in America. The very life of the Negro church of which I am a part depends on freedom of speech.

"In this battle I am not concerned about the ideology of my allies. The main thing is, America must have freedom of speech. On

this platform all lovers of America can unite. . . . No thought control in America."

Two noted Negro attorneys petitioned the U.S. Supreme Court for a rehearing on the constitutionality of the Smith Act and the conviction of the 11 Communist leaders. They were Richard E. Westbrooks, chairman of the civil rights committee of the National Bar Association, and Earl B. Dickerson, former member of the Chicago City Council. "Discrimination against the Negro people is deeply inbedded in the fabric of government," they stated, "particularly the governments in the Southern states. . . . It is inevitable that the decision will inhibit and impair legitimate efforts to extend democratic protections to the Negro people."

William R. Hood, a top officer of some 65,000 members of Ford Local 600, United Auto Workers, CIO, called for resistance.

"As one who feels strongly about the way Negroes are treated in this 'American way of

life," he said, "I am calling upon my people everywhere, no matter what their political beliefs or ideology, to join in the struggle now for the defense of these victims of fascism for this is our first line of defense."

A similar warning came from Tom Blair, columnist for the Boston Chronicle. "This may be the beginning of the end of all civil liberties," he wrote, "for all political, racial and religious groups who speak out against injustice."

New York City Councilman Earl Brown, writing in the Amsterdam News, suggested that if it were not "unpopular," "many persons would have spoken against the court's decision."

He wrote: "These are no days to remain quiet in face of attacks upon human freedom anywhere. But this is just what happened in the case of the Communist. . . . A deadly silence enveloped the nation. Only a few newspapers . . . spoke out. . . ."

Notable among these was Black Dispatch of Oklah

Prosecution of Our People!

Jail These Leaders?

Sharing the platform and joining in the testimonials to Miss Jones was one of her co-defendants, Pettis Perry. He is chairman of the Communist Party's farm commission, secretary of the Negro commission and also an alternate member of its national committee. Perry will act as his own attorney in the forthcoming trial.

Heavyset, strong of limb and feature, Perry was born in rural Alabama and grew up at Marion Junction in the cotton belt of that state. He has traveled in almost every state in the union. In the course of the fight to free the victims of the Scottsboro frameup, he, too, found the Communists and joined their ranks in California.

Mr. Perry talked of Miss Jones in glowing terms. Referring to her "brilliance and boundless energy," he likened her to the heroines of the anti-slavery struggle, Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth.

Then he turned to a contemporary figure, Channing Tobias, who had recently told the world from his United Nations platform all farmers in the U. S. have a plot of land and are "independent." Mr. Perry said he had been born on a plantation and that if Mr. Tobias would please tell him where his plot of land was he might go back to Alabama and claim it. The house roared.

The Administration may have made up its mind about Claudia Jones and Pettis Perry. But if these two Communist leaders can speak to enough Negro people and working people around the country, the government may have to change its mind.

For the main thing that strikes you about the woman from the West Indies and the man from Alabama is that they are "just like" millions of other Negro people from one end of this country to another.

Many of the people at the birthday party were not Communists and they seemed to sense this fact. An elderly woman said after the affair was over, "Well, goodness, that young woman doesn't seem to be talking about anything I don't teach my children to fight for every day that the Lord sends."

opposing war and fighting
they examine a picture
under the Smith Act.
Photo by Inge Hardison

involved five million
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responsibility for its
battle for equality for
peace.

tributes at her birthday
from her father, who told
steady voice how Claudia
quick and bright ever
had been a little girl, just
that although he did
all the views of his
daughter, he would join
to fight for her right to
views, because he knew
she had dedicated her
for her people.

Claudia Jones said:
 ask of the Ameri-
 same kind of respect
 that my father has for

'Afro' Speaks On Hounding Of Jacksons

(The following is reprinted from an editorial in the "Afro-American," Feb. 23, 1952.)

Since June 20, 1951, J. Edgar Hoover has kept eight of his most proficient agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation lurking about the door of 911 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn.

It was on that date that the FBI attempted to arrest Dr. James Edward Jackson, scion of a well-known Richmond, Va., family. He had been indicted under the Smith Act.

But Dr. Jackson wasn't home. In fact, the FBI has not yet been able to get its hands on him.

Chagrined at their failure, these agents have wreaked systematic revenge on his wife, Mrs. Esther Cooper Jackson and their two daughters, Catherine, 4 and Harriet, 8.

They have rung the door bell at all hours of the night. They have hounded and harassed this woman and her children. Even friends have been intimidated by Mr. Hoover's relentless minions of the law.

Each Christmas card received



HARRIET TUBMAN looks approvingly down from the wall on three modern heroines—Mrs. Esther Jackson and her daughters, Harriet (a namesake) and Kathy.
Photo by Inge Hardison

was carefully checked for the address of the sender. Every visitor is followed home and put through an intensive grilling.

All three members of the family, down to the four-year-old daughter on her way to nursery school, have a constant FBI escort.

Persons possessed with less endurance than Mrs. Jackson

and her tiny daughters would long ago have cracked under the terrifying pressure. . . .

It looks like some of those eight blue-coated FBI boys frittering away their time trailing innocent four-year-old children down the streets of Brooklyn could be more profitably employed tracking down bomb-throwing killers in the everglades of Florida.

Harriet Tubman, Too, 'Conspired'

By CHARLOTTE DORSEY

Even President Truman had to publicly "regret" the fact that U. S. citizens today are afraid to sign their names to a petition containing the immortal words of the Declaration of Independence, upon which the liberty of this country was established. They are afraid because today these sentiments are labeled "Communism," and people who "conspire to advocate" them are put in jail.

During the stormy days of Abolition, gag rule was invoked in Congress against the Declaration of Independence. John

Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, former President, tried to introduce an anti-slavery petition consisting of excerpts from the document. It was tabled.

Almost no rich people associated themselves with the anti-slavery societies. To destroy the institution of slavery meant to break the power of the top ruling class of the country. So to discredit the Abolitionist movement, the slave owners and their representatives in Congress shouted that the existing order was "patriotic" and those who opposed it were "Reds."

Dr. James H. Tornwell, a religious and educational leader in South Carolina, declared in 1850:

"The parties in this conflict are not merely Abolitionists and slave holders—they are atheists, socialists, communists, red republicans, Jacobins on the one side, and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battleground—Christianity and atheism, the combatants; and the progress of humanity the stake."

Sound familiar? They even had a war in those days, a war against the "inferior" people of Mexico to get more land for the slave owners. Decent people were asking, "What are we doing in Mexico?" But they were liable to go to jail for opposing the war too loudly.

In order to perpetuate slavery, the whole democracy of the American people was limited more and more. Anti-slavery presses were destroyed, anti-slavery meetings broken up, anti-slavery agitators dragged thru the streets, stoned, tarred and feathered, jailed and hung.

In the Abolitionist movement itself, debate raged between the "gradual emancipation" advocates and those who wanted im-

mediate freedom. Was it "morally right" for the Negro to set out for liberty, gun in hand?

Frederick Douglass himself passed through a period of "non-violent" advocacy and then took the position: "The slave's right to revolt is perfect, and only wants the occurrence of favorable circumstances to become a duty."

Today, Ben Davis sits in jail, convicted under the Smith Act. Claudia Jones, Pettis Perry, Ben Carreathers face trial. Dr. James Jackson and Henry Winston are fugitives from this unconstitutional law.

In the Abolition period, other staunch leaders of their people defied the Fugitive Slave law. Again and again, Harriet Tubman marched into the South, gun in hand, and led her people North to freedom—with a price on her head. William Still, Josiah Henson and the hundreds of other heroic conductors of the Underground Railroad, as well as the thousands of passengers, risked their lives for freedom—and that was "illegal."

Other leaders made their way to Europe—not to tell the people of Europe how well off the slaves were, but to promote the cause of freedom.

And so today, in a climate of legal lynchings and bombings, the struggle for equality goes on in the tradition of Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass. And the fervent words of a poet, George Moses Horton, written in slavery, ring with current meaning:

Oh, Liberty, thou golden prize
So often sought by blood—
We crave thy sacred sun to rise,
The gift of Nature's God!
Bid slavery hide her haggard
face,
And barbarism fly:
I scorn to see the sad disgrace
In which enslaved I lie.

Birth of Smith Act's Dangers

ng, edited by Roscoe Dunjee. A lead editorial stated: "For 36 years the Black Dispatch has been an open exponent of change. . . . But reaction has reached a point and this place in this country where it can effectually block constitutional changes."

An editorial in the Afro-American said: "The court seeks to tread a thin line of demarcation between freedom of speech that marks democratic governments and the stern suppression of this freedom by totalitarian regimes."

"The line is made so thin that we believe with Justice Douglas that we are entering 'territory dangerous to the liberties of every citizen.' And we might add that it becomes doubly dangerous for minority citizens."

And the Boston Chronicle editorialized: "Today it is the Communists; tomorrow it may be anti-Communists."

The Philadelphia Tribune said: "(Supreme Court) opinion, seems to us, strikes at one of cardinal principles of democ-



MEET THE AUTHOR of the Smith Act—Rep. Howard W. Smith of Virginia.

racy—freedom of speech. Tear it down, destroy it and democracy is no more."

Rev. J. C. Olden wrote in his column in the Louisville Defender: "Send the FBI down in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi and Texas. Let them find the guilty parties there and indict them." There, he said, are those who are "preventing democracy from becoming the government of this land."

In Philadelphia, Negro ministers, civic and union leaders spoke up against the Smith Act. Heading the appeal were Bishop C. C. Alleyne of the AME Zion Church, Rev. W. C. Williamson of the White Rock Baptist Church and John L. Holton. The Negro leaders told Truman:

"The struggle to preserve the First Amendment to the Constitution is inseparable from our fight for full citizenship. We agree with Walter White when he says, 'When Ben Davis goes to jail, a piece of me goes with him.'"

Editorial

Cadillac Leadership

(Continued from Page 1)

young man of poor education and no standing in the President's eyes. He had not survived a boyhood in the South.

Another prosperous colored doctor, one L. R. Hampton of Ocala, Fla., had helped the "white supremacists" bring in the "guilty" verdict against Irvin. He testified against moving the trial and said he knew of no local white man who was prejudiced against Negroes!

Now these two doctors are not the same kind. Hampton is a tooth doctor and Tobias is a doctor of philosophy—but they have two important things in common. They both speak for their masters—in one case the Truman government, in the other the Klan—and not for their people. And they are both Doctors of Uncle Tomfoolery!

ANOTHER MEMBER of this happy band of "leaders" is Mrs. Edith Sampson, who told a Danish audience recently that Negroes in the South are not persecuted. Any time a Negro wants to leave the South, Mrs. Sampson said, all he has to do is take the first bus, train, car or plane out. The fact that the masses stay, she said, is proof that they like it.

As FREEDOM goes to press, news reaches us that Robert Lee Cobb has just been lynched by a mob of 125 men in the woods near Columbus, Miss. The mob chased Cobb with bloodhounds as he ran barefoot through the woods. They riddled his body with bullets and the sheriff boasted: "We finally flushed him out."

Robert Lee Cobb could not get out of the South and could not live in it. He did not own a \$70,000 home or a fine car—the description Mrs. Sampson has given Europeans of Negro life in the U. S. A.

THE CASE of Dr. Tobias and Mrs. Sampson reflects the crisis in Negro leadership. It is a crisis for what Dr. J. Pius Barbour, editor of the Baptist Voice, calls our "Cadillac leadership."

That leadership must decide whether its mission in life is to "foil the Russians" or to free the Negroes.

There was not a Russian in the mob of 125 around Columbus, Mississippi. Not a single Soviet citizen sat on the jury which condemned young Irvin to death. And the bombs thrown at the home of Dr. Urbane F. Bass in Cairo, Illinois, were not made in the Soviet Union.

WE DON'T EXPECT Mrs. Sampson and Dr. Tobias to accept this program. They're too far gone. They have a job to do and they're doing it the best they know how.

And we're not opposed to their having their jobs. In fact, we favor the appointment of more Negroes to high diplomatic posts.

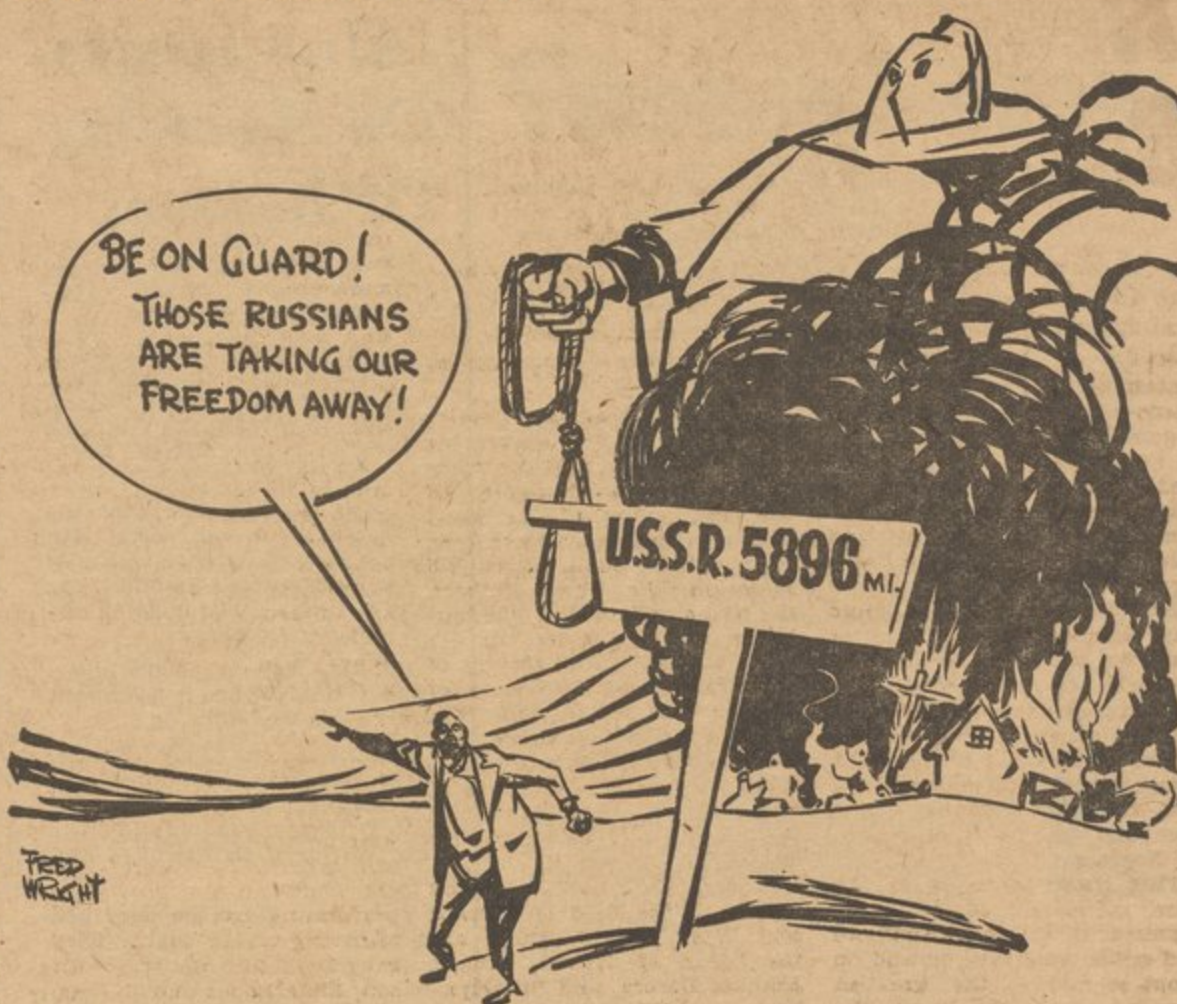
But we are opposed to anybody's mistaking them for spokesmen of the aspirations and needs of the Negro people of the United States.

This should be a warning to the leaders of our established organizations. Messrs. White and Wilkins of the NAACP, Mr. Granger of the Urban League: you may follow the Sampson-Tobias line if you will; cry "Red" every time Negroes mass their strength to fight against lynching, poverty and war. That way, you may land a job in the diplomatic corps and achieve the highest goal within the grasp of our Cadillac leadership.

But by the same token you will lose the right and ability to play a part in the magnificent struggles which are at hand and which will lead to our freedom, as surely as the day follows night.

The aim of the genuine Negro leadership of our time is to free the Negro people—not to "foil the Russians."

Uncle Tomfoolery



LETTER COLUMN

Get It Off Your Chest

"Willie's" Author Writes

I want you to know how deeply pleased I was by Miss Hansberry's review of "A Medal for Willie" in FREEDOM. Perhaps you can share a part of my exhilaration at the very wonderful response to "Willie" when I tell you of the following:

Several weeks ago I received a letter from a white woman in High Point, N. C., telling that she had read the review in FREEDOM and expressing a wish that it were possible for her to see the play.

Then, just before Christmas, I received a very beautiful Christmas card with a long note enclosed. This same lady told me she had gone to New York and had seen "Willie." She wrote of her great enjoyment and special appreciation, being a white woman from the South who "knew" many of the characters practically as next-door neighbors.

All of which made things just a bit more cheerful and peaceful and hopeful during the holiday season—and since.

Pvt. William B. Branch
Indiantown Gap
Military Reservation, Pa.

Weapon for Peace

FREEDOM is a weapon for peace, and no words can express or describe the deep yearning of mankind for brotherhood and peace.

My grandson is in uniform, training to kill. It seems but yesterday that he was my charge and my darling. My oldest son has a son, 7, but if I had no grandsons, I would still work for peace.

We all must wake up!
Lena Caldwell
Menlo Park, Calif.

Out of the Darkness

You are doing magnificent work, and each issue of FREE-

DOM brings me renewed hope that we are going to find our way out of the present darkness.

I am glad to read that Paul Robeson's records will again be available. I have a few but am anxious for more. He stands for everything that is the finest in America today and my two children never tire of listening to stories of him.

Jean Carlson
Lake Comichan,
British Columbia

He Got 42 Subs

After a get-together of a small group of workers with Paul Robeson, I went back to my shop (Local 430, United Electrical Workers) and got 25 subs right away. I turned those in and kept at it and now I have gotten a total of 42.

Workers will buy FREEDOM if you just explain that it is Paul Robeson's paper and only costs a dollar. Let's try it in all shops where there are large numbers of Negro workers.

Ralph Simmons
New York, N. Y.

PEACE AND SANITY

Thought you would enjoy this little incident that occurred the other day on an N&W train out of Winston-Salem.

I noticed a glass partition in the middle of the car and innocently decided it was to separate the smokers from non-smokers! Just before the train pulled out the conductor approached a Negro woman sitting across the aisle from me, and pointing to the front section of the car, told her she belonged up there. And so he went through the car shifting people around. The once relaxed and contented passengers were all disturbed and the car was in turmoil. Everyone was up changing seats against their desire, pulling at heavy baggage.

As the conductor started to take the baggage of a Negro woman to the front a white woman stepped up and told him, "You know this is illegal, don't you? This is an interstate train and you can't segregate passengers on interstate trains."

The conductor immediately became less aggressive and replied, "We can't make them move. We can only ask them to."

The woman then said, "We are not moving."

Unbelieving, the conductor turned to the Negro woman. "You want to move, don't you? We find the races are happier when separated."

"No," she said, "I don't want to move."

Stunned, the conductor left the car and returned with the trainman. I thought we were in for some trouble. They talked the situation over but I was unable to hear what they were saying until the last helpless remark of the conductor: "But they don't want to move."

The train moved out of the station and all the passengers settled back where they were originally and gradually peace and sanity were re-established.

E. B.
Walnut Cove, N. C.

Freedom

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

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'Negro Dancers Are Superb But...' They Don't Get Jobs

By PAULA JONES

A New York dance critic not long ago described how the famous Leonide Massine of the Ballet Theatre stood watching a young dancer perform for his judgment. As she danced, the entire company leaned from a staircase to watch her. When she finished there was spontaneous applause—genuine appreciation, artist to artist. This is how good the small, brown dancer was. Yet it was then that Massine approached Janet Collins and said, "Your dancing is very strong, but..."

Any Negro in America could have finished that sentence for him; for in Jim Crow America, the arts are no different from anything else when it comes to hiring Negroes. In fact, at the present time every major ballet company in this country but one—the Metropolitan Opera Company—has a rigid policy: no Negroes.

This shows once again the false standards of a "white supremacist" society. Audience and critics may rave on and on about so and so, the "greatest dancer," when who knows the potential of scores of hopeful young Negroes who are excluded from the field? On the one hand, Negro artists are cheated of their right to perform, as artists, and their right to eat, as human beings; while audiences which feign love for the dance itself are cheated of the work of perhaps even greater dancers than those who now perform. In any event, who will know until the ballet companies begin to hire Negroes?

While the classic ballet companies are terrible offenders, the comparatively new modern dance companies are little, if any, better. This includes the highly celebrated Martha Graham Company, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and most of to others. Martha Graham, in fact, once gave a scholarship to a young Negro dancer who she "regretted" could not perform with her company.

Of more bread and butter significance to Negroes are the popular tap and and the Afro-Caribbean-Latin companies. Of the first, many of the great names in tap dance have been Negro artists: Eddie Rector, Bill Robinson, the Berry Bothers, the Nicholas Brothers. The imitation of their styles has become a part of the history of American dance. The fame of these artists led to some illusions of fairness—which has never existed and does not exist today, beyond the struggles of Negro artists to create it. And the growing number of jobless tap dancers proves it.

Among the most respected names in the field of African and West Indian dances are the "dean of African dance," Asadata Dafora, and Brooklyn-born Pearl Primus. Miss Primus is recognized as the American dancer who has done most to popularize dances of the African and West Indian peoples. Mr. Dafora, a native of Sierra Leone, has pioneered in pre-

senting African folk dance with authenticity to American audiences.

Mr. Dafora is currently giving time to a new idea which may be the beginning of an answer to the current dilemma among dancers. This is the Harlem Dance and Theatre Workshop.

An un-commercialized community outfit based on the teach-perform cycle, it is unique in its low fees and collective approach to work. Young Negro people in the community are offered a chance to study ballet, African and other folk dances and modern dance for a few dollars a week. Though interested primarily in attracting people of the immediate community, the group is interracial.

Groups like these can very well be training schools for a new generation of Negro dancers. They can also develop into performing companies for our maturing artists, like the promising Don McKayle, Mary Hinkson, Elma Lopez and the many others across the country who with their rich talents yet walk about the land with wistful aspiration shining in their eyes.

The admission of just one Janet Collins every 66 years will not satisfy this need.



JANET COLLINS' dancing thrills Metropolitan Opera audiences—after the Ballet Theatre turned her down because her dancing was superb . . . BUT.

audience rose and gave the great Negro singer a thunderous ovation.

"True, Robeson wasn't there in person to receive this tribute. . . . But when Harvey Murphy, on the Vancouver end of a person-to-person telephone conversation with Robeson in Seattle, asked him, 'Can you hear that cheering and applause, Paul?' the world-famous bass-baritone chuckled and replied, 'I sure can.'

"U.S. action in barring Robeson and prominent San Francisco lawyer Vincent Hallihan, who were scheduled to appear at the Mine-Mill convention, turned the Denman Auditorium session into a protest meeting. . . .

"(Robeson) began by singing 'Joe Hill'—the song about the Western Federation of Miners' organizer who was framed on a murder charge in Utah in 1915, and whose last words as he faced the firing squad, were,

'Don't mourn for me; organize!'

"Robeson's golden voice filled the auditorium. Everyone was leaning forward, faces upturned. . . . When the last soft words, 'I never died, said he,' were sung, Robeson paused a moment, then began to speak.

"Refusal to allow me to cross the border was an act of American administration, not an act of the American people," he said, and went on to tell of labor's struggles, of the struggles of the colonial peoples for freedom, and the struggles of the peoples of the world for peace.

"And in closing, Robeson spoke of his own childhood, and his 'pop' who told him, when he was a little boy: 'Stand firm, son, stand firm to your principles.'

"Said the Robeson of 1952, speaking with depth and passion: 'You bet I will, Pop, as long as there's a breath in my body.'

Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

(Continued from Page 1)

Harlem continuously ask, "How is Ben? We need him.")

The Canadians were very angry and explained in no uncertain language that this was no way to build Canadian-American friendship.

John Gray of Chicago was with me, and he did go across the border into Canada for a few moments, to establish his right to do so.

The next night, when the

convention opened, I telephoned a message from Seattle. From this point, I will let Bert Whyte, correspondent of the Canadian Tribune, tell the story:

"SOME 2,000 VANCOUVER citizens heard Paul Robeson sing and speak to an open session of the Mine-Mill national conference in Denman Auditorium Feb. 1. At the end of Robeson's speech the entire

Stories for Children

Frederick Douglass Lived a Hard Life as a Slave Child

By ELSIE ROBBINS

Once, long ago in Baltimore, a young slave boy sat on a wharf watching the long lines of slaves being led from big wooden pens on the dock up the planks and into the holds of ships that stood waiting in the harbor. The ships were to take them further south to plantation slavery. On their wrists and ankles were thick, heavy iron chains.

The boy's heart nearly broke as he watched. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of their unhappy eyes, and he could hear their cries for mercy and for freedom. He too had been a slave on the plantations and as he watched, he remembered the hard life of a slave child.

He would never forget how his mother, who lived on another plantation, used to come to see him on strange, short little visits. Once she had walked 12 miles to talk a little with him, and pat his head and give him a ginger cake that she got from somewhere. He had gone to sleep in her arms that night, feeling warmed and loved, one of the few times in his life. But when he woke the next morning she was gone. He never saw her again, for she died soon after.

All the other memories of his early childhood were just as terrible and bitter. Once he

saw an overseer drag his Aunt Esther across the plantation and tie her to a tree and beat her with a cowhide whip, 40 times. Often he fought with the dogs for food that had been thrown away. He remembered trying to keep warm on cold nights when he had nothing but a little cotton shirt on that was all he had to wear. Sometimes it was so cold that his feet froze and great gashes split his skin.

As he sat watching the slaves being herded into the ships, he thought of all these things and promised himself that some day he, Frederick Douglass, would do something to help free his people.

Later he ran away to the north and joined the Abolitionists, people who were working to end slavery. He went about the country making speeches and raising money, and he published a newspaper called the North Star, which told people about the horrors of slavery and helped bring the time when the Civil War was fought.

So it was that Frederick Douglass, the little slave boy who sat with tears in his eyes watching his people going to slavery, became one of his country's greatest patriots.



Conversations from Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS

Marge, sometimes I can get so mad at my own folks that I could just scream. . . . Honey, I went over to Ruth's last night to talk about startin' up a benevolent social club. . . . Well, Clarice was there and you know that she don't allow nobody to call her a Negro. She is an Afro-American. And also Betty was present, and she says she is colored and not no Negro or Afro-American. . . .

Anyway, we made plans to give dances and social teas and such. . . . Next thing we went on to discuss what folks we would benefit through this benevolent society. . . . Well, durin' the course of the discussion Ruth made a crack. . . . "If that Florida bombin' had happened in the West Indies, the people there wouldn't have taken it!" There was a short silence and then the conversation loped along kind of casual sort of. . . . In a few minutes Betty says, "It's so strange everything is so fine in the West Indies but they keep comin' over here. . . ."

At that I chimed in. "I guess Ruth came from the West Indies for the same reason that I came here from So. Carolina."

With that Clarice gives us all a sharp look and comes up with, "All I can say is that if they had bombed them folks on the Gold Coast in Africa, them African leaders would have seen to it that somethin' more was done besides not eatin' no oranges!"

Marge! By this time I could see this social club fallin' apart before we got it named hardly. . . . but as mad as I was I had to credit Clarice for that last crack because there was some fac' in it. . . . Now just suppose your mama and papa was bombed to death and then somebody pats you on the back and says, "Don't worry, we're not goin' to eat any more oranges!"

Honey, I'd say, "Double damn that! You gotta bring more than your eatin' habits to this

thing, if you means business!"

Look, Marge! I know it's good not to eat them oranges. . . . but you're missin' my point. There we were about to bust up this club. . . . so I took the floor. "Ladies," I said, "Why is it that every time one of our folks gets lynched or bombed, we gets to arguin' amongst ourselves? I have noticed lately in the colored papers that one or two of our folks have been wearin' their finger out pointin' at each other, callin' names, tellin' who they thinks is a agitator, who they thinks is Communist, who they thinks is a white folks' 'you know what,' and just havin' a merry old time cussin', fussin' and accusin' each other.

"But I have not heard those folks call the Klan nothin' but dastardly and shameful. Why ladies, I even read where one of 'em says, 'This bombing should stop because it plays into the hands of the Russians and makes bad propaganda which they can use. . . ."

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. Moore must be turnin' in their graves when they hear that! Imagine askin' them mean, low-down folks to stop killin' our mamas and papas 'cause it makes bad propaganda!"

"So I propose, ladies, that we use our funds to help build a shrine to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and that we ask every. . . Afro-American, colored, black, and Negro organization (in other words, anybody that may get lynched) to help build it and that we ask any white folks who are ashamed, disgraced and fightin' mad because of the behavior of their own people. . . . to also put their money in it. . . ."

Well, they are agreed. . . . 'cause as Betty put it, "If white folks got the nerve to call a black cake a devil and a white cake a angel. . . . we better watch out!"

Sure, Marge, you can come to the next meeting. . . . we'll all be glad and happy to have you.

Louisville, Chicago, Coast Victories Highlight NNLC Job Campaign

DETROIT — The National Negro Labor Council's drive for 100,000 new jobs for Negroes in industry is setting whole communities in action and producing some notable results. Projects initiated by the Council in many areas are being joined by other community forces, and Negro truck drivers, streetcar motormen, saleswomen, bank officials and industrial workers are appearing in formerly lily-white jobs.

One of the most spectacular projects is being carried out at Louisville, Kentucky, where a giant new General Electric plant is expected to hire more than 16,000 workers. The Labor Council there got the Board of Education to set up classes in armature winding, motor wiring, trouble shooting and other skills in the electrical field. Both day classes for students and night classes for adults are included.

The Council also achieved what it believes to be the first breakthrough in Jim Crow education in Kentucky below the college level, when it got agreement that courses not being given in the Negro high school would be opened to Negroes in the white school.

Broad community support behind the Council's program helped put it over. The campaign, says Coleman Young, NNLC executive secretary, may well be a model for other areas where new plants are being built.

Another notable breakthrough came in Chicago, where the Drexel National Bank was forced to hire its first Negro executive.

The bank, located in the heart of the Southside, hired Negroes only to sweep the floors. Management arrogantly defended this policy when a delegation of Council and community representatives demanded jobs for Negroes.

Mass picketing by the Council, withdrawal of substantial accounts by businessmen, churches, and trade union members and growing community pressure brought capitulation. Capt. Harry B. Deas was hired as assistant service manager of the savings department, and continued pressure is being brought to hire more Negroes.

Other gains were reported from the west coast. The San Francisco Negro Labor Council's campaign to break the lily-white policy of the Key System trans-bay street-cars resulted in the hiring of 90



100,000 JOBS FOR NEGRO WORKERS is the main object of the National Negro Labor Council. This construction worker illustrates an important part of the drive — to win skilled jobs and upgrading programs and break down the restrictions that keep Negro workers in the lowest paid, hardest and most dangerous jobs.

Photo by Inge Hardison

Negro motormen and conductors.

In Los Angeles, the formerly lily-white Sears-Roebuck hired 15 Negro saleswomen.

Seattle reports new jobs won in the lumber industry.

The Detroit Council, which has got the Ford Co. office management on the spot, is pressuring Detroit Tigers manager Spike Briggs to remove Jim Crow from local baseball. This is the same Walter Briggs, Jr. of the Briggs Manufacturing Co. whose workers recently struck against speedup.

The Flint, Michigan Council is tackling a Jim Crow super-

market in the Negro community.

Winston-Salem is fighting the elimination of Negro women from the tobacco industry.

New York reports breaking the lily-white policy of the Muller Dairy trucks, with several Negroes hired as drivers. And Brooklyn breweries have agreed to open up initial production jobs to Negroes. Additional jobs have been won in several other industries.

These and other reports from around the country indicate that the NNLC campaign for 100,000 jobs has won an enthusiastic response among Negro workers.

Memo to NAACP: It's Time to Fight

(Continued from Page 1)

discriminated against." And Michigan's Clare Hoffman tried to hide his alliance with the new Confederacy with red-baiting and name-calling.

Of course, the delegates were angry and astounded at what they found. But they had no chance to express themselves in the conference which, though organized by the leadership of the NAACP, was controlled and led by white labor and government officials. There were altogether nine persons scheduled for platform speeches during the mobilization—seven of them were white, four of these were United States Senators!

It was left to Sen. Hubert Humphrey, Minn., to indicate just who and what had forced the calling of the conference.

"The people of color," declared the Minnesotan, "who have been exploited have had a real awakening."

Listening to him, I couldn't help but think that it is against these awakening "peoples of color" that the war program which he supports is aimed. And my thought ran to Florida, where the excuse for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Moore (for which no demand for action was made by the conference!) was that Mr. Moore was a "trouble maker" and a "Negro Communist." And when I saw the limitations placed on participation of Negroes in the conference, I wondered just how much the conference leaders believed in the awakening "peoples of color," including their own members in

the United States.

There was nothing wrong with the program as it was announced in various speeches, except the abject parroting of the Truman war slogans. A. Philip Randolph's call for pressure on Truman to speak out against the terror and appoint a representative committee to survey the civil rights crisis; proposals to make civil rights an issue in the election campaign from congressmen to the presidency; pressure to have every presidential candidate speak for Negro rights over a nationwide hookup—all of these proposals were acceptable. But there was no chance for the delegates to say how they thought this program could be achieved.

There were few delegates, es-

pecially from the Northern cities, who did not believe that the 52 organizations who sponsored the two-day talk and lobbying session now have their work cut out.

Sitting in Washington, I wondered what would happen when we got back home. Certainly if the local chapters of all the organizations which made up the capital conclave were to get together a lot of heat could be put on Congressmen, and maybe a pro-civil rights Congress could be elected in '52.

And it seems to me that such local coalitions ought to aim at activating the membership of these organizations—and many other organizations, such as churches, fraternal and civic

bodies, which were not represented in Washington.

The Washington gathering was a "leadership conference" and the "leaders" were obviously more interested in maintaining their respectability in the eyes of a war-minded Congress than in blasting the Administration and Congress out of inactivity on civil rights.

It was an interesting meeting, but it proved what I had felt all along—that if we're to have civil rights then the rank and file members of NAACP and all its cooperating organizations are going to have to make their leaders start fighting for freedom and stop fawning over smug pro-war politicians and comfortable labor bureaucrats.