

April 6 Is D-Day in South Africa

Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

AT THE ANNUAL dinner of the Jefferson School of Social Science in New York the other night I heard Viola Brown of Winston-Salem, N. C., tell of the South and its struggles. She pleaded with us to remember that down there is the core of our struggles for liberation. Down there are the daily, nay, hourly battles for survival, for a crust of bread, for a decent wage, for a protecting roof, for our children's future, for simple human dignity.

The basic unity of the working masses of this land and the Negro people must be forged there. We have the same oppression. We must stretch out our hands and clasp them in never-ending common struggle until victory be the people's.

And not only must this be done here in these states we have helped to build. We must reach out across all our borders, to the laboring folk of all the world, struggling like ourselves in the so-called proud West, but controlling their own destinies and building a new life and new human beings in the new and old people's democracies of the East, in Europe and Asia. And our strength and aid must reach our brothers and sisters in Puerto Rico, in all of Latin America and the West Indies, in Africa, in Korea, where our military now goes beyond the atom bomb and uses bacteria to spread diseases such as cholera upon the colored peoples of the earth. What a warning!

I was deeply moved by the challenging words of this modern Harriet Tubman. Mindful of my links with the State of North Carolina, with the courageous struggles of the tobacco workers, Negro and white, recalling the heroic life of Miranda Smith, I read the following little story of my youth—and of today.

IN MY BROTHER'S church recently a beautiful lady came up to me and said, "You don't know me. I'm your cousin from North Carolina. I remember you as a baby, when your mother came down to visit us. Do you remember?"

Do I remember? Yes, rather hazily—Aunt Margaret, Uncle Zeke, tens and tens of my relatives living on the very soil where my father had been a slave. As a matter of fact, during the years of emigration from the South, hundreds of my relatives had come North (with tens of thousands of oth-

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Two Minutes of Silence Will Demonstrate Unity

By ESLANDA GOODE ROBESON

April 6 is D-Day for South Africa. When that day dawns the 10 million African and colored inhabitants will rise in defiance of 300 years of oppression. By protest, demonstration, resistance and non-cooperation with the harsh laws that keep them subjected, they will tell the two million white rulers that they may rule no longer.

And on April 6, millions around the world will demonstrate their sympathy and solidarity with the courageous action of the South Africans. Colonial and oppressed people everywhere will take heart from this magnificent bid for freedom; and here in the U. S. our struggle for equality—also 300 years old—will receive new hope and inspiration.

The most dramatic expression of our kinship in this struggle will occur at noon on Sunday, April 6, when the Council on African Affairs has called for TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE throughout the land in token of our sympathy and in tribute to their courage. The Council will hold an open air meeting in Harlem the night of April 5, and other community demonstrations will take place April 6.

When I visited South Africa a few years ago I had the feeling I was in Mississippi, in Alabama, in Georgia. There was the same segregation, discrimination, persecution and oppression of the African people, the same bitterness and fear

between white and black for the same reasons.

The laws which the South Africans are about to resist are the most unjust and humiliating ever imposed on any people. The whole policy of the all-white government is APARTHEID—which means separation of the races.

Under the Group Areas Act of 1950 every town and city in South Africa must have rigid racial zones, separating the Africans, Indians and Colored (mulatto) from the white—and from each other. (South Africa has been brought before the United Nations for this Act.)

On railroads, in post offices, schools, public buildings, parks, lavatories, etc., there must be FOUR different sets of accommodations for the four different sections of the population.

Africans are not allowed to live in or near the towns and cities in South Africa unless they have jobs which require that they live there for the convenience of white employers.

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First Woman V. P. Candidate

Progressives Name Mrs. Bass

By BEULAH RICHARDSON

The promise of unity and peace is again in our land. This promise and opportunity is offered in the nomination of Mrs. Charlotta Bass, a Negro and a woman, as vice-presidential candidate of these United States on the ticket of the Progressive Party.

She is a woman of gentle heart and firm purpose, of soft voice and unbending principle, of wise conviction and great strength. This purpose, principle, conviction and strength she has used fearlessly and unstintingly in her 40-year fight for the full freedom of her people.

As a young woman, Charlotta was well aware that it was that un-Godly and tyrannical alliance between the rich men of the North and the former

slaveholders of the South that severed the unity of the Negro people and the poor white working masses. It had been a unity in which black men and white sat together in both state and national legislatures.

But the greedy depravity of a few amoral and murderous men betrayed those hard won gains of the reconstruction years and severed that Negro-

white alliance, setting the one against the other in crushing competition.

It was this awareness and the ever-present situation of the Negro people as betrayed citizens that led the young Charlotta and her husband to travel to Los Angeles, California in the year 1910. There they purchased a newspaper,

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PROGRESSIVE PARTY candidates for President and Vice-President—Vincent Hallinan and Charlotta Bass—are congratulated by Paul Robeson. Hallinan faces a jail term as a result of his intrepid work as lawyer for Harry Bridges, West Coast longshoremen's leader. Mrs. Bass is the first Negro woman ever nominated for this high office in the United States.

Freedom

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

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"PEACE—YES! War—No!" says this poster in Montevideo, Uruguay, where the Peace Congress of the Americas was held despite an official ban on the proceedings. Turn to page 3 for Lorraine Hansberry's exciting account of the event.

Connor Jails Freedom Man

On Friday, March 28, Earl Chapman, Southern representative of FREEDOM was picked up in his room in Birmingham, Ala., and held for three days on a trumped-up charge of "vagrancy." The arrest took place soon after Chapman had attended an impeachment hearing against Birmingham police chief Eugene "Bull" Connor in order to prepare a story for FREEDOM.

Chapman has now been released and the charge against him dropped, but the fight to take FREEDOM into the homes of thousands of Southern readers has just begun.

"Bull" Connor doesn't want FREEDOM in Birmingham or any place in the South. But the Negro people of Birmingham, who have suffered more than 40 police killings in the past three years, Klan-bombings of their homes, gestapo-like raids and manhunts of progressives, and constant abuse and intimidation—these people do want and need FREEDOM.

That's why we're celebrating Paul Robeson's birthday (April 9) with a campaign for 20,000 new subscribers. Three thousand of those subs are going to come from the South and Earl Chapman is going to stay on the job, in spite of any kind of intimidation, in order to get them.

What will you do? Please turn to page 8, now.

Good News

Best news of the month was the acquittal of William L. Patterson of charges of "contempt of Congress" for refusing to supply names of people who contributed to the Civil Rights Congress bail fund. Rep. Lanham of Georgia on that occasion shouted a vile racist epithet at Patterson and had to be restrained from attacking him physically.

"My special thanks," said Patterson, "and those of the CRC, go to the courageous Bishops Council of the AME Church and the executive board of the National Baptist Convention, which together represented more than three million Negro communicants, in their protest against my second trial."

Job rights of Negro women was the subject of an all-day conference called by the Chicago Negro Labor Council. Pointing to the Negro woman's position of being "chained to the lower rungs of the job ladder," conference sponsors said: "The fight of the Negro people for their full equality cannot be achieved unless Negro women are free to participate fully in that struggle."

A heartening sign in the labor movement was the expulsion by the big Inland Steel local of a white worker for his racist insults to Negro workers. Five white workers in his own department testified against him at his trial. The local also demanded that the company fire him.

A resounding rebuff to the AFL's Jim Crow policies was administered by Pennsylvania Railroad dining car workers when they voted 5-1 in favor of the Dining Car and Food Workers Union (Ind.). Solemn warnings by officials of Local 370, Dining Car Employees Union (AFL) that the independent union was "Communist" failed to influence the workers. Neither the AFL nor CIO has ever put up a fight to get Negro railroad workers upgraded from the dining car, porter and red-cap jobs to which they are limited almost entirely.

Five youth leaders who have been speaking out for peace hailed the indefinite postponement of their scheduled appearances before the House Un-American Committee as "an important victory for peace, forced by nationwide protests." Among the five were Paul Robeson, Jr. and artist Charles White.

The smell of "white supremacy" is being cleaned out of one Harlem street since neighbors haled Miss Elizabeth Moesch into court for stinking up the neighborhood. The odors

by the elderly white ex-school-teacher were caused, the complaint said, by around 40 dogs



coming from the house owned kept in the rubble-filled house. Miss Moesch explained that she kept the dogs to protect her from Negro neighbors, among whom she had lived in fear for 32 years. "They don't like me," she explained.

For the first time in history, two hidebound Dixiecrats were forced to apologize for mispronouncing the word "Negro"—and to twist their warped tongues into something like the correct sound of the word. Coleman Young, executive secretary of the National Negro Labor Council, brought about the humbling of the bigots when he thundered back at the pompous inquisitors of the House Un-American Committee during the Detroit hearings: "I resent the slurring of the name of my race!" And committee chairman Wood of Georgia and counsel Tavenner of Virginia had to splutter an apology.



She's Like One of the Family

By ALICE CHILDRESS

Hi Marge! I have had me one hectic day. . . . Well, I had to take out my crystal ball and give Mrs. C—a thorough reading. She's the woman that I took over from Naomi after Naomi got married. . . . Well, she's a pretty nice woman as they go and I have never had too much trouble with her, but from time to time she really gripes me with her ways.

When she has company, for example, she'll holler out to me from the living room to the kitchen: "Mildred dear! Be sure and eat both of those lamb

chops for your lunch!" Now you know! She wasn't doing a thing but tryin' to prove to the company how "good" and "kind" she was to the servant, because she had told me already to eat those chops.

Today she had a girl friend of hers over to lunch and I was real busy afterwards clearing the things away and she called me over and introduced me to the woman. . . . Oh no, Marge! I didn't object to that at all. I greeted the lady and then went back to my work. . . . And then it started! I could hear her talkin' just as loud . . . and she

says to her friend, "We just love her! She's like one of the family and she just adores our little Carol! We don't know what we'd do without her! We don't think of her as a servant!" And on and on she went . . . and every time I came in to move a plate off the table both of them would grin at me like chessey cats.

After I couldn't stand it any more, I went in and took the platter off the table and gave 'em both a look that would have frizzled an egg. . . . Well, you might have heard a pin drop and then they started

Community FEPC Group Wins 33 Jobs in Harlem

By HARRY HUDSON

NEW YORK—it all started one evening after work last August, when Mrs. Mae Atkins, a garment worker, took a good look at the five butchers trimming meat behind the counter of the U.S. Meat Market at 1786 Amsterdam Ave. in Harlem.

"On one side of the counter," she said, "was a crowd of shoppers. Most of them were Negroes. On the other side were the five butchers, all of them white. And I thought, 'Why should we always be on the one side of the counter, buying, and never on the other side, selling?'"

And though Mrs. Atkins didn't know it at the time, this was the moment that the Community FEPC Committee was born.

Mrs. Atkins was a delegate to the Job Action Conference called by the Greater New York Negro Labor Council March 8. And delegates from this city's labor unions stopped in their discussion of means to fight Jim Crow in New York's major industries, to listen long and respectfully as this modest yet dynamic woman described the inspiring work of a neighborhood committee which has won 33 jobs for Negroes in shops of the Harlem-Washington Heights area in the past eight months.

At least 20 neighborhood stores are displaying the committee's FEPC poster in their windows, and the people are taking seriously the slogan "Spend Your Money Where You Find the Key."

"Some people thought our slogan should be a regular door key," said Mrs. Atkins, "but I held out for a skeleton key. Because our committee is going to open all the doors!"

Starting out last August with Mrs. Atkins, her husband Ben,



MRS. MAE ATKINS is shown shopping at one of the community groceries where her committee won agreement from the proprietors to hire Negro clerks. Notice the FEPC sign in the window.

and a neighbor from across the street, the committee now boasts 125 members, and it is growing.

Last August, the proprietor of the meat market didn't take Mrs. Atkins very seriously when she and a neighbor went to see him demanding that he employ a full-time Negro butcher in addition to the five white butchers. He even insulted them—told them that Negroes were "undependable."

"Then we went to the American Labor Party, and with their support, we got 3,000 leaflets," Mrs. Atkins said. In their leaflet the committee demanded not only that a full-time Negro butcher be hired, but that no white butcher be fired. Negro-white unity was a strong point in all of their campaigns.

Though there were only seven people on the committee at this point, they did not distribute the leaflets on the street. "We rang doorbells," Mrs. Atkins said, "3,000 doorbells." And Friday night—lo and behold—there was a Negro butcher in the U.S. Meat Market.

When the committee inquired, however, they found that the butcher was hired only for the weekend. So they got out a new leaflet saying, "We are not going to take the

crumbs from the master's table. . . . We spend our money full-time, and we demand a full-time Negro butcher—but permanently."

The next morning they put a picket line around the market. The owner called the police, who tried unsuccessfully to break them up. The butchers were laughing and having a wonderful time. But the owner was frantic. He reduced the price of chicken by 12 cents. And the pickets found a new slogan: "You can't buy this community for 12 cents."

Six customers crossed the picket line that day. The owner admitted he lost at least \$1,000 in business.

The U.S. Meat Market now has a full-time Negro butcher.

The committee's next big victory was at John's Vegetable Store, 3826 Broadway, where a Negro youth had been working a 10-hour day for 20 cents an hour.

The committee asked the proprietor to give the youth back pay at the rate of one dollar an hour, and demanded that he hire a full-time Negro clerk at union wages.

The employer told them he "couldn't trust a Negro," and "Negroes are lazy."

The committee set to work ringing doorbells again with another 3,000 leaflets. The first day of distribution, the store lost two-thirds of its business.

A rainy Saturday morning they went out in force with shellacked sandwich signs picketing the store. No one crossed the picket line that day.

After a little more negotiation the employer agreed to pay the youth \$225 in back wages; he also agreed to hire a youth on Saturdays for a dollar an hour and on Sundays for \$1.50. And he sent the following note to the committee.

"I apologize to the community for my discriminatory policies."

As for the committee, Mrs. Atkins says, "Our immediate goal is 50 jobs and we don't expect it will take long."

A Conversation from Life

talkin' about something else.

When the guest leaves I go in the living room and says, "Mrs. C—, I want to have a little talk with you."

"By all means," she says.

I drew up a chair and read her, thusly. "Mrs. C—, you are a pretty nice person to work for, but I wish you would please stop talkin' about me like I was a cocker spaniel or a poll parrot or a kitten. . . . Now you just sit there and hear me out."

"In the first place, you do not love me; you may be fond of me, but that is all. . . . In the

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Inter-American Peace Congress

'Illegal' Conference Shows Peace Is Key to Freedom

By LORRAINE HANSBERRY

Up and down the Americas, some people have already been murdered, scores have been tortured, thousands have been imprisoned and thousands more have fled their homelands in exile. Throughout Latin America, the interventionist policy of the United States Government has made the very word PEACE illegal.

In Brazil a young woman was murdered in the streets; a young boy had instruments of torture placed under his gums, because he collected signatures for peace. In Argentina, no one may organize for peace without fear of imprisonment.

When all nations and all peoples need it so desperately, peace in the Americas is illegal.

One hour after my plane landed at Montevideo, the capital of the small South American republic of Uruguay, I was warmly embraced by one of the great women of the Americas, Maria Rosa Oliver, of Argentina, the secretary of the Inter-American Sponsoring Committee of the Inter-Continental Peace Congress.

Senora Oliver told me that the conference had been officially banned in Uruguay. The U.S. Government, leading the nations of the world in the most extensive armaments race in the history of mankind, did not want this conference to take place.

This particular conference had been called by the representatives of 179 million people who suffer some of the worst colonial exploitation of any area of the world, and who stand to lose the most from a third world war.

Representatives of delegations had been summoned to police headquarters and had their passports checked. Police were everywhere, watching, being obvious in their presence.

Senora Oliver explained: "Of course, despite all intimidation, the Congress will be held."

There were over 250 delegates from nine countries: Paraguay, Brazil, Venezuela, Argentina, Puerto Rico, Chile, Colombia, Uruguay and the United States of North America. Delegates from the West Indies, Mexico, Canada, Peru and Panama had been stopped in their own countries in some cases and held at foreign borders in others.

Every effort of the U.S. State Department was being made to stop this conference. So brazen was the U.S. Government's role that Mr. Cassidy of the U.S. Embassy at Montevideo personally sat in on some of the police questioning.

Dock workers in Montevideo were on strike for higher wages (for Uruguay is one more country in South America where the stranglehold of U.S. interests has sent the cost of living skyrocketing). And they included in their demands the demand that the Congress of Peace be held.

Delegates had been driven alone to the "plenary session," given plates of food and instructed to be prepared to get up and dance in the event the police should arrive. A pianist was posted at the piano to provide light music immediately if need be. Behind drawn blinds the reports were given quietly

and fast and without applause.

One after the other the nations of the Americas reported. The United States delegation learned that Paraguay was a typical example of what the war drive of their nation was doing in South America. There is martial law in Paraguay, and a child of 11 needs a police permit to attend school. The wealth of the nation, cotton, is drained out to make gunpowder for a war the Paraguayan people have no sympathy for.

Of this nation, the U.S. Government demands troops for the murder in Korea.

The Paraguayan delegates told how in 1947, when the people of the country revolted, the U.S. air force was sent against them. Today, almost every family in the country has one member in political exile.

The representatives of each nation who rose to speak had similar situations to describe. The Chileans told of the robbery of their copper, which can be exported only to the United States, at the prices the United States sets. The Puerto Rican delegate described the transformation of his country into a big military base.

It became clear from their charges that the key to the freedom of these peoples is peace. They understood it and spoke out against all war.

A young lawyer of Argentina spoke, Leonor Aguiar Vasquez of Buenos Aires. Twenty-six years old, she had been a member of the International Women's Commission which investigated atrocities in Korea.

"I can tell you about 10-year-old children who have been raped. I can tell you about whole forests and fields which have been burned so that people will starve to death. I can tell you about women and children who have been strafed from the air when they attempted to put out the fires. . . ."

"The people of Korea no longer raise the white flag of mercy, for they expect none. What I have seen in Korea is not war at all. It is the extermination of a people."

In the special women's session I heard the delegates tell of the struggles of the women in their countries for peace. Many have been jailed, like Eliza Brenco, of Brazil. One young woman 23 years old had been killed in a street demonstration.

In the name of the Negro people of the United States, I was given a beautiful bouquet of red carnations by the women of Brazil; a lovely hand-made handkerchief from the women of Paraguay; a traditionally costumed doll from the women of Uruguay.

At the meeting of the women I was voted the honor of sitting on the presidium. When I entered the meeting of the youth, the entire gathering stood and applauded. Everywhere I spent hours signing autographs and being interviewed by the press. Everywhere I was warmly embraced and asked to bring greetings to my people, and to tell them how great was the admiration of the peoples of the Americas for their struggles.



BRAZIL'S PEACE HEROINE, Eliza Brenco (right) embraces FREEDOM's Lorraine Hansberry at the Inter-American Congress for Peace at Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A. Senhora Brenco had been jailed because she said: "The women of Brazil don't want their sons to die in a senseless war."

At 10 o'clock on a Saturday night, representatives from all the delegations mounted a huge platform that stretched across one end of the city's main plaza. Behind was an enormous blue and white sign that could be read for blocks: PAZ! (Peace!)

Powerful loudspeakers carried the voices of the speakers through the heart of the city. Jammed into the square were at least 5,000 citizens of Uruguay.

The authorities said there must be no mention of the name of a foreign power. And so there wasn't, from the platform. But again and again it was shouted from the crowd: "Yanqui Imperialismo!"

The chairman of the U.S. delegation, Mary Russak, rose to speak. "We of the peace movement in our country feel great responsibility for what is happening in your country and in all the countries of Latin America. We pledge ourselves to return to our country and fight for peace." She was cheered.

It was my turn to make the presentation of the U.S. delegation's gift to the Uruguayan host peace committee. I started: "In my hand I hold a message from a man whose name in our country is synonymous with the word peace. . . ." And as the translator got out this much, the ovation broke. From everywhere went up the cheer: "Viva Robeson!"

There was no need to call his name; 8,000 miles from home, 5,000 people stood cheer-

ing the man who, could not himself be with them, because the same State Department that wishes there were no peace congresses at all, anywhere, refused to grant him his passport.

This was the final victory. The Inter-Continental Congress for Peace had been held. The peoples of the Americas, North and South, had come together. Somehow, resolutions had been introduced, discussed, approved and printed by the end of the Congress, and a great open air meeting had been held for the ears of all Uruguay.

In fact, the banning was extremely unpopular with the people in this country where written in the streets was the slogan: "NO URUGUAYANS TO KOREA!"

The conservative press had editorialized about "the Congress that wasn't seen or heard — THAT WAS!"

The fact that 50 per cent of the people of all Latin America are undernourished, while only 3 per cent of the land is cultivated; that national governments are held in economic subservience to a United States bent on war, were facts too powerful to be stifled.

The representatives of the Americas came together and said in their great call to the peoples:

"If you do not wish to be the victims of military plans which will involve the sacrifice of our youth in the fields of battle of Korea, or in other wars which are not in the defense of our countries, then sign — SIGN FOR A PACT OF PEACE!"

— New York —

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THESE LATIN AMERICAN workers are typical of the peoples represented at the peace meeting of the Americas. About 126 million of Latin America's 179 million people are of African, Indian or mixed ancestry. Brazil alone has 21 million people of African descent.

South Africans Demand Full Freedom Now!

(Continued from Page 1)

Many Africans must live on "locations," which are special slums five to ten miles outside the town. The vast majority are forced to live in remote, barren, overcrowded reservations and must have a special pass to go out on the roads at all.

I visited many of these locations and reservations and they reminded me of the reservations into which our U. S. Government has herded the American Indians.

April 6 was chosen as the explosion date because that is the anniversary of the coming of the white European to South Africa, arrogantly bringing "civilization" to the African people who were highly civilized when the Europeans were still living in caves.

Far from bringing "civilization," the Europeans drove the Africans off their land, forced the African people to work for them for practically no wages, set up an all-white government with the aid of army and police, and systematically tried to destroy African political, economic, social and cultural organizations.

The Malan Government has said flatly that South Africa is a white man's country, for the two million white minority, and that the ten million African and Colored majority can have no rights whatsoever in it.

Daniel Malan, premier of the present all-white Government of South Africa, insists that it is right and reasonable that this should be so, because God made the black African very different from the white European, and so he has to be treated very differently.

The African National Congress replied to this with great dignity: "The question at issue is not one of biological differences, but one of citizenship rights which Man, not God, arbitrarily grants to one section of the population and completely denies to the other."

In this campaign of protest,



J. S. MOROKA
Pres., African National Congress

There are profits* to be made from racial subjection in South Africa—and the U. S. A. is right in there making them.

For instance, the Newmont Mining Corp. pays 13 cents an hour to non-white workers in its Nababeep and O'okiep copper mines in South Africa. O'okiep paid a 90 per cent dividend in 1947-48, 142½ per cent dividend in 1948-49. (Mining Year Book, 1950.)

On the board of directors of Newmont (surprise!) is Gov. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina—the man who has announced he will do away with public education rather than give up segregation.

the African National Congress asks the population to deliberately break laws of discrimination, and to suffer the penalties inflicted for breaking them; to refuse to cooperate with the authorities, defying post office and railroad laws; to hold protest meetings and demonstrations "in a peaceful, organized manner."

The South African Indian National Congress fully supports the African National Congress and will participate in the campaign. The groups are demanding full equality for all South Africans, regardless of national origin or color.

"We desire to state emphatically," said the African National Congress, "that it is our intention to conduct this campaign in a peaceful manner, and that any disturbances, if they occur, will not be of our making."

Mr. Malan has warned that the non-white population will be "dealt with" if they go ahead with their planned demonstrations.

The mere announcement of the resistance campaign touched off the violently smoldering differences among the whites, who have long lived in terror of such rebellion. The Supreme Court of South Africa ruled the Voting Act invalid—the law forbids non-whites to vote for the white candidates who will run the government. And the Torch Commandos, ex-servicemen's organization, began a campaign against the Malan Government.

Negroes in the U. S. will watch with profound interest this national campaign of resistance. The words of the African National Congress echo across the seas to us: "The African people yield to no one as far as pride of race is concerned, and it is precisely for this reason they are striving for the attainment of fundamental human rights in the land of their birth."



Y. M. DADOO, chairman of the South African Indian Congress, addresses an open-air meeting in Johannesburg. Dadoo said: "We say to the herrenvolk-minded Nationalists in power that . . . they cannot hope to halt the onward march of the people."

CABLE SOLIDARITY

Dr. J. S. Moroka of the African National Congress and Dr. Y. M. Dadoo of the South African Indian Congress wired the following message to Paul Robeson and the Council on African Affairs, which has announced a program of sympathetic demonstrations in this country:

"Eleven million non-white South Africans greatly elated and inspired by news of American expression of sympathy and support for our struggle against racialism and Malan fascism by observing two minutes of silence on April 6, day of the people's protest against 300 years of slavery, and pledge to conduct the struggle of defiance against unjust laws.

"Our struggle is part and parcel of the common struggle of oppressed peoples everywhere against racial discrimination and denial of human rights. Best wishes to the great Negro people and to all American democrats in the world fight for peace, freedom and equality."



DANIEL F. MALAN
South African Prime Minister

Progressive Party Names Mrs. Bass

(Continued from Page 1)

the California Eagle, and in their first issue—published April 14, 1912—addressed themselves editorially to the passage of the Dribbler bill outlawing discrimination. When the bill was finally passed they fought to make it a lawful reality in the lives of the citizens of California.

Mrs. Bass states in her calm, quiet manner: "I fought especially hard for the employment of Negro people. I went before the City Council in 1918 and informed Richard B. Norton and the Councilmen that there were 35,000 taxpaying Negro citizens in the city and county of Los Angeles, yet there was not one employed in the General County Hospital. I informed them that it was my understanding that taxation without representation was unlawful and discrimination forbidden.

"They assured me that they would employ Negroes. They employed nine as attendants, but today there are both attendants and nurses numbering to some hundred and fifty."

In 1918 when a Negro family, the Johnsons, purchased a home on 17th St., it was the opinion of their white neighbors that they had to get out. While Mrs. Johnson and her husband were at work these neighbors nailed up their windows and doors and left a sign reading:

"If you value your hide, don't let night catch you here." Mrs. Bass gathered together 100 Negro women, and they marched from her office to the home on 17th St. They stood in the yard and on the stoop of their sister's home, sentinels of justice, law and order. They stood from twilight until midnight, speaking no word, singing no song; just stood silently proclaiming the right of mankind to be free. They stood silently and watched the neighbors flee. Not until two deputies assured them that justice would be done did they return to their various homes.

Here indeed is a woman among women!

In 1925 she defied the KKK by printing one of their leaflets

and warning the citizens that death was in their midst. When they came to make good their threats, she was alone in her office.

"Eight red-faced men peeped in at the window, trying the door knob to get in. I picked up my husband's gun off my desk and watched them one by one make a coward's retreat.

"Do you know, they dared bring a suit against me for libel! The court house was crowded as was the block outside. Hugh E. McBeth, a Negro lawyer, won that suit and Judge Chambers made that wise decision."

Mrs. Bass also won the right of Negroes to work on the Boulder Dam project. She won a three-year fight with the Southern California Telephone Co. to employ Negroes by organizing 100 Negro citizens to cancel their subscriptions.

She organized the Industrial Council to create better working conditions and wages in employment for the Negro, and through it raised the first \$50 in Los Angeles for the defense of the Scottsboro Boys.

In 1951, when her Negro sisters decided to sojourn to Washington and address this government for absolute, immediate and unconditional redress of grievances, Charlotta Bass led the delegation to the War Dept. And with an Uncle Tom doll made in Japan in her hand demanded, "Is this the way you represent the Negro while you send our sons to kill and be killed? Bring our sons home!"

And when Harry and Harriet Moore were blown to death in their beds, Charlotta's was one of the voices in the Governor's mansion demanding, "Find the killers of the Moores!"

This is Charlotta Bass, a heroic fighter who waged a 40-year battle that has brought her now, a founding member of the NAACP in California, national chairman of the Sojourners For Truth And Justice, ex-editor and publisher of the California Eagle, a Negro and a woman, to the nomination as Vice-President of these United States on a Progressive Party ticket!

What Can We Do Here in the U.S.?

• Get your church to join in the TWO MINUTES OF SILENCE at noon on Sunday, April 6, in tribute to the South African resistance campaign.

• Send messages of solidarity to Dr. J. S. Moroka, President-General, African National Congress, Box 9207, and Dr. Y. M. Dadoo, Chairman, South African Indian Congress, 18 Barkly Arcade, 38 Market St., both in Johannesburg, South Africa.

• Send letters and resolutions to the Embassy of the Union of South Africa, Washing-

ton, D.C., and to the Permanent Delegation of the Union of South Africa to the United Nations, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y., supporting the demands of the African, Colored and Indian peoples of South Africa for repeal of the government's discriminatory laws.

• Protest to President Harry Truman, the White House, Washington, D.C., against any further loans, military assistance or aid in any form to the Government of the Union of South Africa as long as it maintains its Hitler-like racist policies.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PAUL!

Robeson: The World's Symbol of Freedom

By Eslanda Goode Robeson

Paul Robeson, while still living, has become a symbol and a challenge. Just the mention of his name brings pride and joy, love and courage, and sometimes fear, to the hearts of men, women and children all over the world. He has a few enemies in high places who fear him; he has millions of friends in high and low places who love him, and fear for him.

Ever since his spectacularly successful college days, and continuing through his even more spectacularly successful career, Paul Robeson has been accumulating admirers and friends. Athletes and sports lovers, musicians and lovers of music, actors and audiences, lovers of freedom and fighters for freedom, alike revere his name.

Millions of people in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Americas call him Paul, with great respect and warm friendship. Millions of people all over the world immediately recognize his beautiful voice.

Hardened critics have written of his voice: "It has organ notes"; "His voice is more beautiful than any song he will ever sing"; "It is a voice in which deep bells ring"; "It is like the wind in the treetops" (the bells and the wind of freedom).

And of his acting they have written: "He is one of the most thoroughly eloquent, impressive and convincing actors I have looked at and listened to



CZECHOSLOVAK YOUTH demonstrate their regard for Paul Robeson at a great stadium concert in Prague, 1949.

in almost 20 years of professional theatre-going"; "His personality is more vital and interesting than any role he will ever play."

And of his athletic prowess: "He is the greatest defensive end who ever trod the gridiron."

Along his way, Paul Robeson has collected a fabulous list of honors, among them:

- Class Valedictorian, Phi Beta Kappa, 12 varsity letters in sports, and election to Cap-and-Skull at Rutgers.
- All-American end in Walter Camp's Football Teams of 1917 and 18.
- Honorary degrees from Rutgers, Hamilton, Moorehouse (Atlanta) and Howard Universities.
- The Abraham Lincoln Medal (1943) for the most notable and distinguished service in human relations in New York.
- The Donaldson Award (1944) for the best acting performance (Othello).
- The Spingarn Medal (1945) awarded by the NAACP for outstanding Negro achievement.

Paul Robeson's voice has become a force to be reckoned with. He has studied the music, languages, and ways of life of many different peoples, and he translates their songs into much more than music.

When he sings folk songs and classics, he translates them from the past into the present, or transports his listeners from the present into the past, and either way adds new life and significance to the songs, and new understanding and appreciation to the listeners.

When he sings "Were You There?" he sings not only of the crucifixion of Jesus, but also of the lynching crucifixion of the Negro people, the

cremation of the Jewish people, and of the intolerance, fear, hatred and brutality which caused these tragedies. One can almost hear him sing: "Were you there when they crucified the Moores?"

When Paul Robeson sings songs of sadness, people weep; when he sings songs of hope, they take heart; when he sings songs of protest, guilty governments worry.

No wonder our nervous government tries to keep him quiet, tries to prevent people from listening to him, tries to immobilize him. I do not know

PAUL ROBESON was born on April 9, 1898. In connection with the celebrations of his birthday which are taking place throughout the country during the months of April, May and June, FREEDOM has prepared this Birthday Supplement.

of any other single person who has required the combined power of the State Department, the Administration, the theatre, film and concert industries, the press and radio to keep him from the people. He is a powerful man.

The late Alexander Woolcott wrote of him:

"Of all the people I have known in my wanderings over the world, Paul Robeson is one of the few of whom I would say they have greatness. . . . In his case I despair of ever putting into convincing words my notion of this quality in him. I can say only, that what he does, thinks and is, by his unassailable dignity, his serene incorruptible simplicity, Paul Robeson strikes me as having been made out of the original stuff of the world."

Paul Robeson is, indeed, a member of the human race; and as such he is interested in, sympathetic with, and doing what he can about the problems and yearnings of his fellow human beings, especially their yearning to be free and at peace.

That is why Paul Robeson has millions of friends all over the world. His only enemies are those who do not want him and his fellow human beings to be free and at peace.

Yes indeed, Paul Robeson, while still living, has become a SYMBOL and a CHALLENGE, THE SYMBOL AND CHALLENGE OF FREEDOM AND PEACE.

Peace Leader Describes Robeson's World Peace Role

By REV. WILLARD UPHAUS

It was a high moment in my life when our common concern for peace brought me together with Paul Robeson as fellow members of the World Council of Peace. It is a rich experience to participate in committee meetings when his world outlook and richly-stored mind are applied to questions at hand. I know now how a dishonest and hostile press can misrepresent a truly great man.

That Paul Robeson is one of the world champions of independence and self-determination for all under the heel of the imperialist oppressor has been proved many times, but never more clearly to me than at the Second World Peace Congress in Warsaw. The mere mention of his name there brought heartfelt acclaim.

The dictatorial policy of the U.S. State Department that denied him a passport to attend kept his body at home, but it could not contain his spirit. Three thousand delegates and visitors sat in rapt attention as they listened to a recording of his message to carry on the struggle for peace and freedom.

Few people appreciate fully

how much Mr. Robeson's social insights spring from a deeply religious background. The son of a minister and the brother of one of New York's leading Negro pastors, he has taken seriously the Biblical concepts of justice and brotherhood and then bravely gone ahead to translate them in terms of homes, health, education and full emancipation for his own people—indeed, for all those who toil without full reward. To him this emancipation is world-embracing, so that the hungers of colonial peoples everywhere lay claim to his heart.

Paul Robeson's life proves that all great art takes its inspiration from close contact and fellowship with the common people. He feels their aspirations and hopes and applies his great gifts of speech, drama and song to the cause of human liberty and peace.



IN 1944-45 ROBESON gave the greatest performance of "Othello" in the history of the American theatre.

Lawrence Brown: Musician Who Honors Music

First Robeson-Brown Concert Huge Success

By MARIE SETON

In the summer of 1922, when he was still a student at Columbia Law School, Paul Robeson first went to England to appear in a production of *Voodoo* with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was during his first few days in London that he met Lawrence Brown, who was to play such a large role in his life.

The early rehearsals of *Voodoo* took place in London, where Robeson went to stay in the extra room which John Payne, the American Negro singer who had come to England, had in his flat at 6 Regent's Park Road.

As it later turned out, had Paul Robeson gone to stay anywhere else in London, his whole future life might very well have been quite different. Living in the other extra room at Payne's was a third young Negro from America—a musician.

"One night, just for fun, Paul sang a few songs. He had the most magnificent voice," said Lawrence Brown, 29 years later. "I knew at once that it was possible for him to become a great singer. But I had no idea then that we would ever work together."

Lawrence Brown had been living, playing and studying in London for two years before Paul Robeson came to spend a few days at John Payne's. He was five years older than Robeson, and a man whose life was dedicated to music as a result of the sacrifice of his mother who had worked to inspire him to get an education and become a musician. She had died too soon, but her inspiration remained with him. He went to Boston to study music and his work had become a perpetual memorial to her vision.

On the surface, Larry Brown had a fawn-like lightness and a whimsical gaiety. The subtlest and most sensitive of souls, he was a man who made a piquant jest to turn aside the pointed dagger of pain.

"I was born in the South, but I never saw white Americans

clearly until one night in Paris," said Lawrence Brown. "I was staying in a hotel with Roland Hayes. Some Americans arrived and demanded that the French manager eject us from the hotel in the middle of the night because we were black men. They did not think that in the middle of the night we would have no place to go. They were not in their own country. . . ."

Though Lawrence Brown was to contribute hundreds of remarkable transcriptions of the traditional songs of sorrow of the Negro people, he was a musician to whom all the music in the world was as his own—an expression of humanity to love and honor with exquisite interpretation. Very early, he was captivated by the music of Ernst Bloch as expressive of the soul of the Jewish people who, like himself, had suffered bondage.

The Deepest Voice

He had been the accompanist of Roland Hayes, the first great singer of the Negro people in the 20th century. He had come to Europe with Hayes and stayed on to study—and live as a free man.

Now, at John Payne's in the summer of 1922, he heard the young law student, Paul Robeson, sing for the first time. Brown was busy in London arranging transcriptions of many hitherto unknown Negro spirituals which had never been written down. Far from home, he knew that here was the voice of the Negro people; the deepest voice, for it sang true with all the half-tones, the indefinable rhythm, the colors, as it were that ranged from a velvety black bass up the tonal scale to light, clear, translucent overtones.

Meanwhile in London, Lawrence Brown had been ceaselessly working on his arrangements of Negro spirituals and



LAWRENCE BROWN joins with Paul Robeson in "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," to the great delight of their audience.

a volume of his transcriptions was published in England. He remembered Paul Robeson's magnificent natural voice singing spirituals at John Payne's that evening in 1922, and Brown decided to send him a volume because Robeson, too, loved the music of their people.

"It seemed to me as if I had heard nature itself singing in Paul. But even when I sent him the volume, I had no idea we would ever work together," said Lawrence Brown.

In March of 1925, Brown suddenly decided he must return to America because his father was dying in Philadelphia. He had no plans as to what he would do back in his native land; but he wanted to see his father. He went straight to Philadelphia—and buried his father.

Then he came to New York and went directly to Harlem.

He put down his luggage and, having nothing to do, decided to take a walk. He went down to the street.

Popular Man

"There, standing on the corner of 135th and 7th Avenue, alone in front of the bank, was Paul Robeson," Brown recalled. "By then, Paul was the most popular man in Harlem with everyone wanting to shake his hand—first because of his sports record, and now because of his recent success as an actor at the Provincetown Playhouse in Eugene O'Neill's plays *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and *The Emperor Jones*."

"But he was standing alone on the corner. I went over and said 'hello.' He asked me what I was doing that night. I wasn't doing a thing. Paul said he had promised to go down to Greenwich Village and spend

Marie Seton is a British theatre and movie critic who knew Paul Robeson and Lawrence Brown during the 12 years they spent in England. She was associated with the Embassy Theatre in London which presented Paul Robeson in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* in 1933 and *Stevedore* in 1935. Her biography of Sergei Eisenstein, world renowned movie producer, will be published shortly in London.

the evening with Jimmy Light, the man who had directed him in O'Neill's plays. He said we might play some songs. He liked the volume of arrangements I had sent him."

Brown noticed that Robeson had not changed with fame. He was the same serious, quiet and pondering young man who had come to John Payne's and gone off to the British provinces with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company. Robeson had remembered his father's words: "Be yourself."

Robeson suggested to Jimmy Light that he would like to sing for him two of Lawrence Brown's arrangements of little known spirituals to show the contrast of spirit to be found in the music of their people.

"He sang," Brown remembered, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot first; then *Every Time I Feel the Spirit*, where I joined in as the second voice. It was completely spontaneous. My joining in excited Jimmy Light. He said, 'Why don't you fellows give a concert?' That was how it happened!" Brown smiled his whimsical smile full of tempered wisdom.

James Light had suggested something revolutionary in American musical history. There had never been such a thing as a concert wholly devoted to Negro spirituals and work songs, and the only interpretations of the spirituals which had ever been presented to the public were in choral form by the choir of Fisk, the Negro university.

Quick Preparations

"We had only three weeks to arrange our program and rehearse the songs before the first concert Jimmy Light, Harold McGee and Eleanor Fitzgerald arranged for us at the Greenwich Village Theatre," Lawrence Brown continued. "We chose what we felt were the most beautiful of the spirituals."

Word of these unique concerts spread like wildfire. Everyone connected with the Provincetown Players strove to make them a success. Walter White, secretary of the NAACP, invited many of his friends. The day before the concert, Heywood Brown wrote in his column in the *New York World*:

"I want to recommend this concert to all those who like to hear spirituals. . . . Into the voice of Robeson there comes every atom of passionate feeling which inspired the unknown composers of these melodies. If Lawrence Brown's arrangement of *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* does not turn out to be one of the most exciting experiences in your life,

(Cont. on p. 4 Supplement)

Tribute from Negro Actors

The richness of Negro culture has received no finer expression than in the career of Paul Robeson.

It is no great achievement to use one's talent for the glorification of the past and the status quo. But when a great artist in an age of oppression lends his strength and his creativity to the noblest of all causes, the Liberation of Mankind—this is rare courage. In so doing Mr. Robeson has achieved unequalled stature not only as the artist and the leader, but as the human being.

That is why we, the undersigned Negro actors, are proud to pay honor to this great man on his birthday.

Julian Mayfield
Sidney Poitier
Earl Jones
William Marshall
Leon Bibb
Ellsworth Wright



PAUL ROBESON with English players of the Unity Theatre in the British production of "Plant in the Sun."

Robeson Has Deep Roots In the Labor Movement

By REVELS CAYTON

When FREEDOM asked me to do a piece on Paul Robeson's relations to the labor movement in the United States, I thought it would be a snap. I had been with him on the docks of San Francisco as he participated in more than one strike. I had seen him plunge into the magnificent battles of auto workers in Detroit and Flint, ore miners on the Mesabi Range, tobacco workers led by the deceased but unforgettable Moranda Smith in Winston-Salem, coal miners in West Virginia and processing workers in Memphis.

Sure, it would be a snap. All I'd have to do would be to put it all down like it happened and that would be it—the story of Paul Robeson and the labor movement.

But then I got to thinking. Would it? Maybe that's not enough, not what's needed today.

And so I went to see Paul and we talked way into the night. I said, "Paul, how do you get this way? Why are you always talking about the problems of workers and especially the struggles of Negro working men and women?"

The answer began to come slowly and earnestly. Paul Robeson talked about a childhood and youth which most of us have never learned about or forget when we see his name in lights or in newspaper headlines. As a barefoot kid he spent hours hoeing in the corn field; at the age of 12 he was a kitchen boy in one of the largest hotels in Rhode Island, up at 5 a.m. and working through until night. At 16 he was in a brick yard doing a man's work; they worked seven hours a day because that was all the men could take. There were always about two men short, trying to keep up with the machines, so speedup is nothing new or strange to Paul Robeson.

He worked in the shipyards as a riveter's helper. He worked on the docks and as a hod carrier. Work—hard, back-breaking work—was a big part of the life of Paul Robeson the child and youth.

The experiences of the boy were not lost on Robeson the man as he became a world-famous artist in the Nineteen Twenties. As a singer he chose the folks songs of his people as the base upon which to build an artistic life.

In the late Twenties and early Thirties in England, Paul Robeson was on the picket lines time after time; in the coal mines, on the waterfront, in the textile areas — of Wales, Scotland, England, Ireland. He met workers from all over the

world on the soil of Republican Spain and, with them, was part of an heroic struggle which had much to do with softening fascism.

I asked Paul what he meant by the term "Negro liberation" which he uses so often. He answered, without a moment's hesitation: "I would compare the struggle of my people today with their struggle in the days following Emancipation. We are still not free and our fight for equality has to reach the heights it reached in those days. All movements which lead to that end are part of the Negro liberation struggle, as I see it, and the Negro workers have a special part to play."

"The 15 million Negro people are in the main workers and poor farmers. These workers, organized and unorganized, expect Negro trade unionists, especially the leaders, to be very close to their problems. There is the most profound demand in Negro life for the closest association between the churches and the trade union leaders of the masses of the Negro people."

"The Negro trade unionist has the deepest responsibility to the entire Negro people in their struggle for liberation. This was the essence of the Cincinnati convention of the National Negro Labor Council. The Negro unionists recognized the demands made upon them by the masses whom they lead and millions of others who will look to them at some future time for guidance."

Robeson believes that the demands upon allies must match the heroic struggle of the Negro people, themselves. It was not easy in the days of the underground railroad, in the 1850's and '60's, but the Negro people found a John Brown and an Elijah Lovejoy, a William Lloyd Garrison and a Wendell Phillips. They found millions of white brothers and sisters in the U.S. and over the world who stood by and struggled until victory.

"Today," says Paul Robeson, "we must have such a high level of unity between Negro Americans and their white allies. And this is needed especially between Negro and white

trade unionists, for here rests the very foundation of the struggle for full liberation."

As we talked, the basis of Paul Robeson's philosophy of liberation became clear. He talked about the meaning of Peekskill, about the ties between the Negro people and darker peoples in other lands. He threw out a challenge to Negro and white labor leaders such as I have seldom heard.

He said more than there is space to recount in this issue, and so I asked him to include his comments in his next column for FREEDOM. I hope he does, because we trade unionists and labor leaders need to hear what he's got to say.

Salute from Youth

'You Are... What We Must Follow'

Selma, Alabama
March 15, 1952

Dear Mr. Robeson:

In 1951 a senior of Talladega College, for his senior project, attempted an interpretation of the present world crisis through a study of the writings of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. The Forethought of that great project opened with the following paragraph:

"Paul Robeson is my hero; my admiration for him is equalled by the esteem with which I regard William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. That is the topic sentence to my project. Do not construe it into a sentimental expression paying sentimental reference to two great men of my time. It is not meant to be. It is an allusion to what the 24 years of my life have taught me to be relative truth. For as I endeavor to gather in proper perspective the true nature of the crisis of my day along with the men who are putting forth bold effort to deal effectively with that crisis, I see no two American Negroes nearer the center of vision than stand Paul Robeson and Dr. DuBois."

The project ended with this Afterthought:

"My mother taught me the



James W. Kelsaw

Christian concept. My education has somewhat shaken my belief in divine miracles. That it is the divine mission for American Negroes to save the good things of western civilization and at the same time guarantee the emancipation of the world may be a question. But the challenge is clear; the opportunity is real. That is a relative truth—relative to the context of the present world situation—and not to discover and under-

stand that truth may prove a fatal crime to mankind."

The above paragraphs are mentioned as my birthday greetings to you to let you know that you do not stand alone. They are the conclusions of one born and nurtured in the black belt of Alabama. There are many around me who will conclude likewise when they know their relationship to the present world struggle, and they will know.

Thus I say to you, lead on. A generation is in the making that cannot be led by "Cadillac leadership." For "Uncle Tomfoolery" we have nothing but contempt. You are symbolic of what we must follow. And though we lack your stature, and are weaker in terms of insight and experience, we measure up in determination.

Your for Peace
and Freedom,
James W. Kelsaw

Alice Childress Play To Open in New York

The Theater Chapter of the Committee for the Negro in the Arts is presenting a new dramatic review, *Gold Through the Trees*, by Alice Childress, co-author of the highly successful *Just a Little Simple*.

Gold Through the Trees concerns the ties between the African peoples and American Negroes. It touches, in dance, songs and sketches, on the classic beauty of Africa, the story of Harriet Tubman's part in the Underground Railroad, and the present-day freedom movement.

The review will be shown at the Club Baron, 132nd Street and Lenox Avenue, New York, from April 7-May 19, Monday to Thursday nights, at 8:40 P.M. Prices are 90c, \$1.20, and \$1.80, tax included.

To purchase tickets call Charles Griffin, at UN 4-4002, on Mondays to Saturdays, from 1 to 5 P.M. Special rates for theater parties are available.



IN WHITE HOUSE PICKET LINE of United Public Workers protesting Jim Crow policies at the Bureau of Engraving, Paul Robeson walks with the late Mrs. Theresa Robinson and the noted Des Moines attorney, Charles P. Howard.



ROBESON singing to dry dock workers during their lunch hour in Oakland, Calif., in 1942.

An Intimate Portrait

My Brother, Paul

By REV. BENJAMIN C. ROBESON

The family had just finished dinner, the day was hot and sultry. We began to lounge comfortably in our common den, when suddenly Bill suggested that we strike up a few tunes. We started out with gusto, Bill, Paul and I. "Down by the Old Mill Stream" was the ballad of the day. After touching it off, we gradually went through our repertoire which touched everything from "Turkey in the Straw" to "Silent Night."

We were making one of those minors known only to home-loving groups. Paul was bearing down on it with boyish glee; in fact, all of us were. Out of all the discord, Bill yelled "Wait a minute, hit that note again, Paul." Paul put it out of the lot, and Bill said, "Paul, you can sing."

"Stop kidding me, boy."

"My musical education has been sadly neglected," said Bill. "But Paul, good music sounds good, just like good food tastes good. You can sing, but to be sure we have no accident, when we return tonight I want you to sing 'Annie Laurie.' If you satisfy me, the Robeson manse will issue its first musical diploma."

We broke for a baseball game in the lots, which was the perfect end to every fair day. Upon returning home, we settled for the night (strange to say, most of them were always spent at the homestead). Bill called for his selection. His memory was tenacious—he forgot nothing. Paul had to satisfy him to have any peace. Bill listened as he warbled, and concluded, "Paul, you can sing."

Of course Paul thought it a stupid joke, and I voted with him. Singing was the last talent of the Robeson family, according to our judgment. Father had kept it all, we long ago decided.

As to Paul's singing ability, a number of circumstances gradually forced Paul to the conviction that there might be a grain of truth in Bill's position. He gave himself with more attention to helping the choir at church. Entertainments were always numerous, and the law

of the parsonage was that every child must do something. The rest of us had recourse to nothing but a recitation or essay, and Paul, to be different, was forced to sing.

From this to the Glee Club in school he went, until finally he was at least partially satisfied that he could sing. Still, the idea of branching out into concert work was not even an embryonic thought. Whatever he does today in the line of singing started that July afternoon, with Bill, Paul and myself. Without that happening, I doubt if he would ever have been near any singing group.

Bill sleeps today in his grave harboring the unrealized ambitions of his heart in the medical profession; but, the more I think of it, he wrought better than he knew. Paul is medicine to me—the music of his soul has cured me of many maladies. Bill was practicing medicine with an uncanny vision when he made his diagnosis and prescribed that course of treatment.

Mother gave us much — a queen in the realm of an education which carried all of its power into the spiritual region. She wrote as many sermons as father, and as I gaze upon them today, I often wonder how she did it; how it was she could so uncannily frame those gems of thought and feeling.

She gave to us an inflow of Quaker blood with all of its spiritual propensities. Its out-working seems to have been more pronounced in Marion, Paul and myself. I attribute this to the fact that, when we drew near, she was suffering greatly from the impairment of her eyesight and, as always, suffering tends to touch the depths and bring to the surface the finest that we have.

To understand Paul, one must know this. He moves by his in-



FAMILY PORTRAIT. At the christening of the newest Robeson, little David Paul. Left to right, seated: Mrs. Paul Robeson, Jr.; Miss Lilly Lewis, godmother, holding David Paul; Mrs. Eslanda Goode Robeson. Standing: Paul Robeson, Jr.; Mrs. B. C. Robeson; Paul Robeson; Rev. B. C. Robeson.

ner revelations. Experience has taught him to do this. He never fails, is never disappointed or perplexed when he follows his flash. He is at perfect ease moving this way. In a moment he senses everything—he asks every question that comes to the normal mind, and answer or no answer, he obeys his flash.

In early youth he decided to take the ministry. Father's death, the war with its shattering of dreams plunged him into the depths of something he is just now beginning to fathom.

Who would dare assert that he is not in the ministry? His singing and acting just happen to be the means of his livelihood. He is bearing the cross of a despised, oppressed and neglected people; he is voicing the heartaches of the years that he has seen—and the memories of his father rehearsing the flight through blood and tears via the Underground Railway to the rostrum of freedom where he could proclaim what he knew was "good news."

Have you heard Paul sing "Witness"? He is there the personification of his father with his own personality added. He is singing then for his Lord and Master; for while he may not be orthodox when it comes to church attendance, he believes and knows to whom he has committed his all.

Here lies the heart of his singing and acting too. He visions himself breaking down the barriers that have imprisoned his race for centuries. He knows that hidden away in the teeming millions of African extraction, there are others who if favored by fortune would be out there in the swim making a healthy contribution to the progress of humanity.

His vision only begins there—he sees how blind, unreasonable prejudice in all of its forms is; how it blocks, destroys and stultifies; how it has its grip on the world and at every crossroad, whether it is national or international matters, struggles to choke and stifle the finest and best within us all.

The ditch-digger who glorifies his job can thrill Paul much quicker than a learned scientist, obeying rigidly the law of facts and forever refusing to take off his shoes in their presence. The personality striving to explore the outer reaches of his horizon, and then expand it soulfully, can grip Paul's attention any time, whether he be Bert Williams in his inimitable field or Chaliapin who walks the heights with the immortals.

Lawrence Brown Honors Music

(Cont. from p. 2 Supplement)

write and tell me about it."

The personal efforts and the publicity which the first concert received led to a fabulous scene outside the theatre.

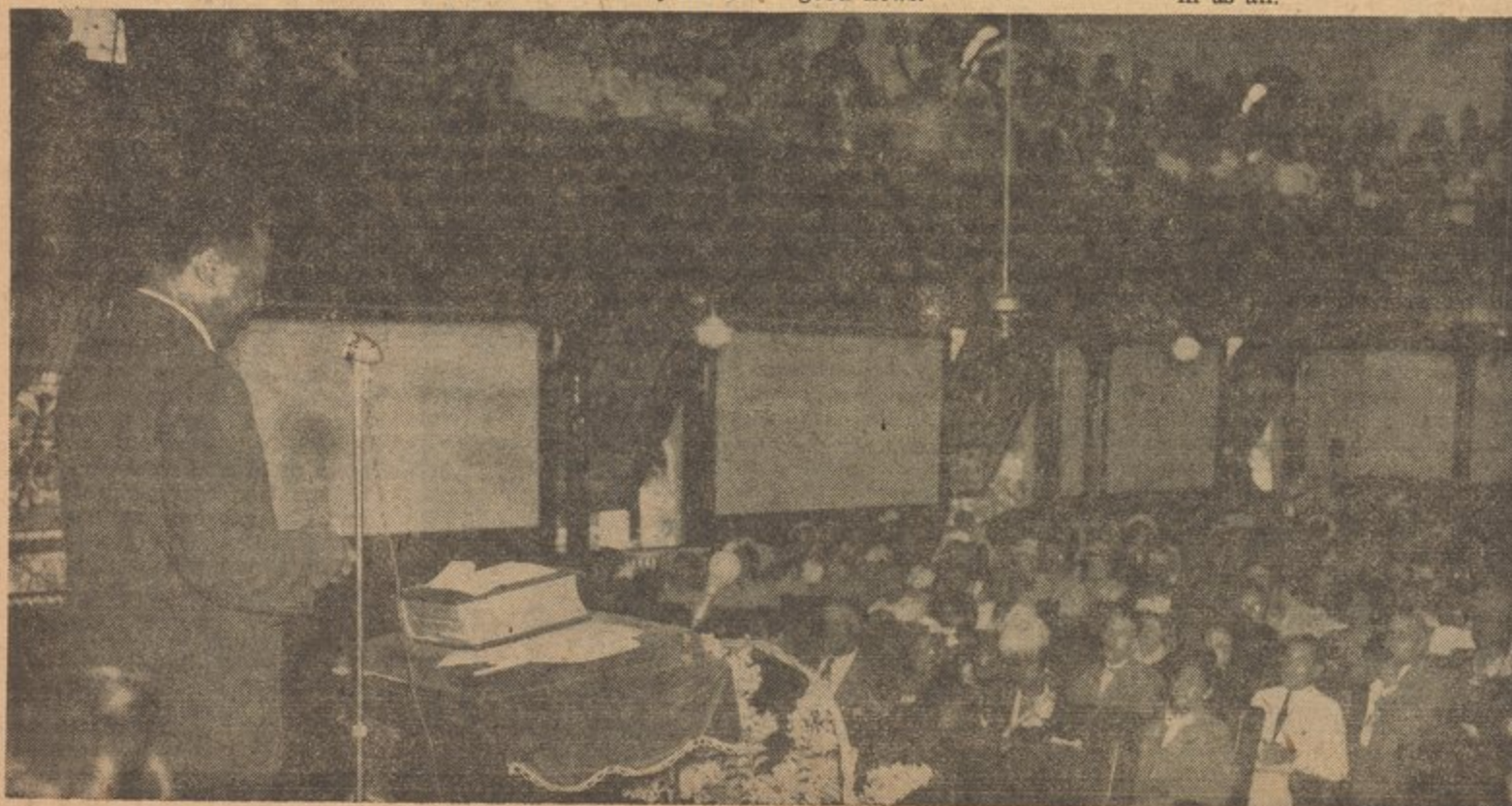
"We didn't see it ourselves," said Lawrence Brown, "but we were told that people offered as high as \$50 for two tickets in order to get in."

But behind the stage, and out of sight, Paul Robeson and Lawrence Brown were unaware of anything but what confronted them: whether or not an American audience would accept their singing of songs born from the suffering of their slave ancestors.

"Even then I knew that Paul had very deep feelings about his people. He would not sing a song he did not feel," Lawrence Brown recalled. "We didn't know what was going to happen, and we were frightfully nervous. Later, I was able to control my nervousness, but Paul has always been nervous before any concert. It is his sensitivity as an artist which gives him his greatness."

At the end of the concert, the audience was overwhelmed. The people simply sat and clamored for encores, as audiences would do for the next 27 years.

"People came up to us and said they had never enjoyed a concert before as they had enjoyed this one. They were very complimentary," said Lawrence Brown.



MACON, GEORGIA church congregation listens to Robeson concert in 1948.

Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

(Continued from Page 1)

ers of my people) and many followed my father and Uncle Ben and Uncle John, and Cousin Carraway and Cousin Chance, to Princeton, N. J. — seat of one of the oldest of American universities, its student body predominantly Southern aristocracy.

So the South was transplanted to the North, to the center of the State of New Jersey, 50 miles or so from New York City — and with it the plantation relations.

My early youth was spent hugged to the hearts and bosoms of my hard-working relatives. Mother died when I was six, but just across the street were my cousins the Carraways, with many children — Sam, Martha, Cecelia. And I remember the cornmeal, greens, yams, peanuts and other goodies sent up in bags from down in North Carolina.

Here in these early years came my deep sense of belonging to my people, to the bedrock of my people — farmers, domestic servants, hack drivers, teachers, preachers. Here I was proud of my aunts, uncles and cousins. I loved them, treasured them. They were strong and kind, descendants of our African forebears, wonderful representatives of the black and brown people of the world.

AND FATHER—what dignity, what restraint, but how concerned for his children; especially for me, the youngest, the baby. How simply he gave of his life to me and others, to the whole community. How brave he was, how uncomplaining.

I remember later in Westfield he told me to do something. I didn't do it, and he said, "Come here." I ran away. He ran after me. I darted across the road. He followed, stumbled and fell.

I was horrified. I hurried back, helped Pop to his feet. He had knocked out one of his most needed teeth. I shall never forget my feeling. It has remained ever present. As I write, I experience horror, shame, ingratitude, selfishness all over again.

For I loved my Pop like no one in all the world. I adored him, looked up to him, would have given my life for him in a flash—and here I had hurt him, had disobeyed him.

Never in all his life (this was in 1908 and I was ten; he died in 1919) did he ever have to admonish me again. This incident became a source of tremendous discipline which has lasted until this day. "What would Pop think?" I often stop and ask the stars, the winds. I often stretch out my arm as I used to, to put it around Pop's shoulder and ask, "How'm I doin', Pop?"

My Pop's influence is still present in the struggles that face me today. I know he would say, "Stand firm, son; stand by your beliefs, your principles."

You bet I will, Pop—as long as there is a breath in my body.

Robeson Passport Case

State Dept. Says African Freedom 'Against Best Interests of U.S.'

By LLOYD L. BROWN

The truth comes out in a whisper . . . but let it roar around the world. **THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT CONSIDERS THAT ADVOCATING INDEPENDENCE FOR THE COLONIAL PEOPLES OF AFRICA IS AGAINST THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES.**

This shocking policy was not announced, of course, on a Voice of America program beamed to the world. Not in a formal speech by Secretary Acheson or John Foster Dulles. Not in an official press release.

But it is official policy, revealed last month in the fine print of a government document. That document is a brief submitted by government attorneys in the case of Paul Robeson's passport.

A year and a half ago, on August 7, 1950, when the State Department revoked the passport of the world-famed artist, the only explanation given was that "Paul Robeson's travel abroad would be contrary to the best interests of the United States."

The officials did not dare to say why; but now the dirt comes out in the wash.

On March 13, 1952, the case was argued in the Court of Appeals in Washington. Contesting the arbitrary passport cancellation, Robeson's attorneys pointed out that their client must have the right to travel, both as an artist and as a leader in the world movement for peace and colonial liberation.

And that's when the government's lawyers let the truth slip out.

The passport cancellation was justified, they said in a footnote of their brief, "in view of applicant's frank admission that he has been extremely active politically in behalf of the independence of the colonial peoples of Africa . . . the diplomatic embarrassment that could arise from the presence abroad of such a political meddler, travelling under the protection of an American passport, is easily imaginable."

There it is: the naked, brutal



FROM COUNTRIES all over the world, they are asking Paul Robeson to come back and sing. Raise YOUR voice and demand that he be allowed to travel.

policy of U.S. imperialism.

The political meddlers of the State Department, who openly through the Marshall Plan and secretly through Project X spies intervene in all countries around the world, would be "embarrassed" by an American Negro leader abroad advocating liberation for Africa!

The Negro people and all other democratic-minded Americans have always stood for African independence. The common people of our country have never considered and do

not now consider it "embarrassing" to speak out for the independence of nations.

The conclusion is clear: it is the State Department's opposition to colonial freedom that is against the best interests and will of the American people. And it is the freedom policy of Robeson rather than the imperialist program of Truman that is supported by the people of other lands.

Only recently a petition sponsored by the Edinburgh Progressive Film Society with

109 signatures was sent to the U.S. Embassy in London. Addressed to President Truman, it read:

"We, the undersigned, appeal to you to restore to Paul Robeson the passport at present withheld from him. Paul Robeson has won our admiration and respect by his steadfast efforts to improve both the condition of his people and international relations.

"On the other hand the U.S.A.'s policy of racial prejudice and persecution is viewed with the deepest horror by all democratic elements in this country and elsewhere."

Here at home more voices are speaking out on this issue.

The American Civil Liberties Union has denounced the "autocratic practice" of the State Department in the Robeson and other cases, and has called for an act of Congress to "make issuance of a passport to an American citizen mandatory."

In a recent issue of the Yale Law Review, the editors declared that "every American has a constitutional right to a passport, and that the protection of that right has become an urgent matter of national policy as well of civil liberty."

Yes, civil liberty for Americans as well as independence for colonial peoples is involved in the case of Robeson's passport. It must and shall be restored.

I say again, and urgently: **LIFT EVERY VOICE FOR PAUL ROBESON!**

Let OUR voices be raised that Robeson's great voice may once again roll and resound throughout the world, singing the Song of Man, leading the chorus of peoples in triumphant hymn for brotherhood, for democracy, for peace.

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Editorials

South Africa D-Day

"THE voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

Behind the naked oppression which the Malan dictatorship inflicts upon the African, colored and Indian populations of South Africa is the hand and the power of U. S. government and big business interests.

Only last month agreement was reached for South Africa to receive U. S. arms and equipment—as part of the projected Middle East Command.

Now this "Command" is supposed to stop "communism" in the Middle East. But everybody knows it is really intended to shoot down people like the Iranians who had the nerve to take back their oil wells from the British, the Egyptians who want John Bull out of their ancient land, and the black and brown Africans who are vigorously disputing Malan's preposterous claim that he and a handful of European Boers should be the rightful and exclusive rulers of South Africa.

Another recent agreement provides that uranium will be added to U. S. stockpiles from the waste ore in South Africa's fabulously rich gold mines. And back in January, 1951, the Malan butchers received loans of \$80,000,000.

When the African, Indian and colored peoples of South Africa begin, on April 6, a program of defiance of Malan's hateful "apartheid" policies, they will be striking a major blow against the main enemy of Negro freedom in the United States. That enemy is racist imperialism gone hog-wild in a mad dream of world domination.

The courageous, historic demonstrations of the peoples of South Africa deserve, not only support, but emulation, from the Negro people of the United States.

Turning the Tables

MANKIND HAS ALWAYS thrilled at the spectacle of the oppressed rising to confront their oppressors in angry defiance and accusation.

A magnificent example of such defiance took place recently in the city of Detroit. The notorious House un-American Activities Committee pitched its tent in the Motor City and went on a fishing expedition. One of its intended victims was Coleman Young, executive secretary of the National Negro Labor Council.

Mr. Young, born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and reared in the hot crucible of the class and "race" struggles in Detroit, was anything but timid as he faced the committee, presided over by Wood of Georgia, and counselled by one Frank Tavenner of Virginia.

WHEN TAVENNER called Negroes "Negras," Young thundered, "I resent the slurring of the name of my race," and extracted an apology.

He read into the record the stirring preamble of the National Negro Labor Council, calling for the unity of all Negro working men and women; full unity of the entire Negro people in the fight against Jim Crow, lynching and disfranchisement; a world of real brotherhood, security and peace.

Young left the stand a hero of his people, a brightly glowing star in the firmament of our leadership. The committee hearing has been recorded and we understand it will be made available at nominal cost by the National Negro Labor Council, 410 East Warren, Detroit, Mich.

Freedom

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

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One Enemy, One Struggle



LETTER COLUMN

Get It Off Your Chest

The following message of greeting to Paul Robeson was received from Louis Saillant, general secretary of the World Federation of Trade Unions:

The Secretariat of the World Federation of Trade Unions, representing 80 million workers in all lands, send warmest fraternal greetings on the occasion of the 54th birthday of our friend, Paul Robeson.

The WFTU proudly hails this great fighter for peace and leader of his people's struggle for freedom and independence and the enjoyment of human dignity. The WFTU expresses its active solidarity with the oppressed Negro nation, and with all the decent-minded people in America who are fighting for world peace and human progress.

The WFTU expresses its admiration and respect for this world-renowned artist and declares that, even though reaction has temporarily restricted his movements, it cannot bury his art, which is the people's art, and which lives with us always.

We are confident that in the years ahead his struggles will be crowned with success.

Greetings from Vienna

Although I have already joined in a collective message of greetings by the secretariat of the WFTU to Paul, I couldn't let this opportunity pass without sending a personal message to my dear friend Paul, and through him to the 15 million of my people, and all decent-minded Americans who are struggling for peace, progress and human decencies against

the most ruthless reaction the world has ever witnessed.

Notwithstanding the fact that oceans and many mountains separate us, my determination to be a part of this struggle has not faltered. The love and respect for Paul which I have seen among the people everywhere I go in Europe, only serve to give added strength to this determination.

It is in this spirit that I desire to wish Paul, on the occasion of his 54th birthday, many more years of useful service in the cause of the people.

Ferdinand C. Smith
Vienna, Austria

Triumphant

Here is my sub to your fine paper. The news vendor sold two copies to me and especially recommended it. I find it all that he claimed and I rejoice that the Negro people are determined to win their rights, not as a colored people but as human beings.

Success to your paper and your magnificent struggle to have your proper place in the world. Most earnestly do I hope that Paul Robeson, that fine gentleman and great artist, will be triumphant. We cannot descend any lower if we countenance this treatment of Mr. Robeson or of that gentle and scholarly Professor DuBois.

Cora P. Wilson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Garry On!

I am enclosing two applications for subscriptions to your very informative newspaper. It is gratifying to know that my

friend Paul Robeson and his able associates have the courage and the ability to edit a paper remarkably for so noble a cause, namely to enlighten and free the people of stereotyped thinking. Carry on your wonderful task!

Dr. George E. J. Banks
New York, N. Y.

Without Qualification

By accident of birth I am white, but have every respect for my dusky brethren. I shall do all in my power to abolish discrimination against the Negro or any other race. I believe in world brotherhood without any qualifications.

Allan Grant

Whonock, British Columbia

How to Help

Realizing that the only way to get peace is to work for it, and that working to keep papers like FREEDOM alive is an integral part of this struggle, I want to ask you this: how can I help FREEDOM? My husband and I can give you no money and I am free only in the evenings—but please tell me, is there anything we can do to help, outside of direct financial contributions?

May the new year bring us all the nearer to the peace we aim to get.

Mrs. Joyce Murphy
Boston, Mass.

Just getting a letter like this was a big help to FREEDOM. Another way our readers can help is by getting subscriptions—from friends on the block, at church, at work—wherever the people are who want their freedom too. Ed.

'Until the Day I Die, My Life Is Dedicated to My People'

By CHARLES WHITE

Meeting the African delegates at the World Youth Festival in East Berlin last summer was a most moving experience for me. It was exciting to meet the youth of all nations, gathered there to express peace and friendship; but there seemed to be a special kind of understanding between the American Negroes and the Africans. They have a rich understanding of our struggles. And when you speak with them about things in Africa, you think, God help those who mess with them! Even with things as rough as they are over there, they just don't have any fear about jail or persecution.

They asked about our organizations and labor unions. I told them about NAACP and the National Negro Labor Council and the Civil Rights Congress. Most of them knew about the NAACP and would ask how our people feel about Walter White, and if our differences affect the strength of the movement for full citizenship.

One of the African groups had a terrific band, and they could play jazz. This had a lot of meaning for the American Negroes. It made us feel somehow that we did still have some cultural ties with the great African peoples.

Once they were going to put on a performance of African dances, but there were not enough African young women to make it right so they invited some of the young Negro women to dance with them. After a couple of rehearsals they did very well, and we were very proud.

Then they would ask about Paul Robeson. They all told of the African people's great admiration of his courage and direct militancy. They said that in their countries he is thought of as THE American leader, and they asked again and again: "What are you doing over there to see that he sings?"

They were deeply emphatic about one other thing. They

Charles White, one of America's foremost artists, was chairman of the American delegation to the World Youth Festival for Peace in Berlin last summer.

say that we must find ways to establish stronger ties between ourselves and the African peoples.

Another aspect of the Festival that impressed me was the fact that it was held in East Berlin, Germany. There were people who had been Nazis, who had been responsible for one of the worst movements of genocide in the history of mankind—and they were like a people reborn.

I am sure that among the older generations there must be some remnants of the old ways of thinking, but among the youth, nowhere did we feel that anti-Semitism existed. The moving thing is the spirit of the young people in fighting this thing. Their one goal is to wipe out forever the filthy doctrine that caused their people to commit their hideous crimes against humanity. This is why we should be fighting "white supremacy" over here with the firmest determination.

The next most exciting thing was to meet the Korean delegation. (Many of the Americans wept at the first sight of these people.) They entertained the American delegation with a banquet and speeches and cultural presentations and there was an exchange of gifts. They told us about the war and showed us a film of the documented history of the war. No one could see it without being made aware of the true nature of this war.

We realized that the great responsibility for ending the Korean war lies on the shoulders of the American people.

Also of great significance was meeting the Soviet delegation. After all we had heard of this "warlike" country, the only weapons they brought were a whole ballet choreography school, a symphony orchestra and a chorus. If the Soviet Union is preparing for war, these are curious weapons. Later when I went to their country, nowhere were there preparations for war but only the gigantic construction of a peaceful way of life.

I met people from 104 countries at the Festival and we exchanged cultural experiences, our histories and ways of life. This gave me an insight particularly into the colonial peoples of the world, whom we never hear of as nations, whose oppression and fight is identical with the kind of threefold oppression we suffer here in the U.S.—political, economic and social.

I learned a great deal from these people of all nations, and I say that one of the great lies perpetrated today is that the U.S. has a "better way of life."

My mother is from Mississippi and has been a domestic worker for 40 years, since she was a young child. My father has been a railroad worker, a porter, a steel worker and a day laborer. I grew up in one of the poor sections of Chicago and have known hunger and misery. I have had to work as an errand boy, a cook, a porter, a dishwasher and almost everything else, to get to the place where I could paint.

I have had two uncles and two cousins lynched. I have



CHARLES WHITE at work in his studio.

been beaten up in New Orleans, had white men draw a gun on me in Hampton, Virginia, and I have been beaten up in New York City—just for being colored.

I say I haven't had any "better way" of life, and my people surely haven't had it. Until Negroes in the South and everywhere else in this country can go anywhere and do anything, can rise to the highest in whatever their field, then we just can't say this is any kind of better way of life! Better than what!

Perhaps when people like my mother don't have to spend 40 years of their lives in domestic slavery . . . then I can begin to see some of this "better way."

And these things don't have to take the next 100 years. I

have seen with my eyes how German youth have changed in a few years. It can happen here. It must happen here. This is not just a moral issue; our government has got to establish the policy. In Eastern Germany, race hatred and persecution are the most severely punishable crimes you can commit. This is the work of government—and the government won't change until our people are in it, functioning in a first class way.

Until then, I can't be just an artist, I can't just paint. I must develop my ability to speak and write, and all my faculties for the fight. Until the day I die, my life and my work is going to be dedicated with all the strength that I have to giving dignity to the lives of the people.

Stories for Children

This Little Piggy Got Dumped on the Sidewalk

By ELSIE ROBBINS

Did you ever hear of a baby carriage that had legs instead of wheels, one that walked instead of rolling? In South Africa they have these walking baby carriages for the children of the Boers (the white people who came from Holland). The "baby carriages" are South African children who carry the white children on their backs!

Mina was a little South African girl whose job it was to be nursemaid to a little Boer boy. Her parents were not allowed to live in the town where only the white people lived. They had to stay in the "location" several miles away where all the Africans were crowded. Mina got very lonesome for them, but she had to sleep in a rough shack behind the house where she worked. It wasn't even as good as a chicken coop.

One day Mina was taking the little Boer boy for a ride on her back. He had never felt so heavy. He was only three and she was eleven, but he was fat and solid—and she was small for her age, thin and frail because she never got enough to eat.

Mina hated the little boy with all her heart. It was hard enough to carry him piggy-back,



but he acted like she was a horse and kicked her to make her go faster. With his little eyes almost lost in his pudgy face, he looked just like a little pig.

One of the sidewalk games of the older white children was to run out and step with their heavy shoes on the bare feet of the little African "baby carriages." Mina saw a group of children ahead and tried to turn back. But the little boy on her back screamed and kicked.

Just then she saw a sight she would never forget. Coming down the street was a procession of her people. They were protesting against the brutal treatment they received from the white people who had taken over their country. They marched silently, their heads held high. Mina saw her mother and father.

Something happened inside the little girl. Suddenly she cast the hateful load from her back and ran to her parents. They smiled and took her hands, and the marchers shouted with delight at the sight of the surprised little Boer boy dumped on the sidewalk. They too were throwing the burden of white rule from their backs and claiming their country for themselves. And all together, they marched on.

Conversation from Life

Like One of the Family

(Continued from Page 2)

second place, I am not just like one of the family at all! The family eats in the dining room and I eat in the kitchen. Your mama borrows your lace tablecloth for her company and your son entertains his friends in your parlor, your daughter takes her afternoon nap on the living room couch and the puppy sleeps on your satin spread . . . and whenever your husband gets tired of something you are talkin' about he says, "Oh for Pete's sake, forget it. . . ." So you can see I am not just like one of the family.

"Now for another thing, I do not just adore your little Carol. I think she is a likable child, but she is also fresh and sassy. I know you call it 'un-inhibited' and that is the way you want your child to be, but luckily my mother taught me some inhibitions or else I would smack little Carol once in a while when she's talkin' to you like you're a dog, but as it is I just laugh it off the way you do because she is your child and I am not like one of the family.

"Now when you say, 'We don't know what we'd do without her' this is a polite lie . . . because I know that if I dropped dead or had a stroke, you would get somebody to replace me.

"You think it is a compliment when you say, 'We don't think of her as a servant. . . .' but after I have worked myself into a sweat cleaning the bathroom and the kitchen . . . making the beds . . . cooking the lunch . . . washing the dishes and ironing Carol's pinafores



. . . I do not feel like no week-end house guest. I feel like a servant, and in the face of that I have been meaning to ask you for a slight raise which will make me feel much better toward everyone here and make me know my work is appreciated.

"Now I hope you will stop talkin' about me in my presence and that we will get along like a good employer and employee should."

Marge! She was almost speechless but she apologized and said she'd talk to her husband about the raise. . . . I knew things were progressing because this evening Carol came in the kitchen and she did not say, "I want some bread and jam!" but she did say, "Please, Mildred, will you fix me a slice of bread and jam."

I'm going upstairs, Marge! Just look . . . you done messed up that buttonhole!

FREEDOM FAMILY

The FREEDOM staff welcomes its new business manager, Bert Alves. A 2nd Lt. in the second world war, he was active in veterans' affairs, and is a former research assistant for the newspaper PM. At FREEDOM he will be in charge of advertising (now you can send in those ads!), subscriptions, circulation and general business.



ALVES

Urgent Notice!

Don't be without FREEDOM IN 1952 — RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW!

Your address-plate on the wrapper tells the month and year your sub expires. "12-51" means December, 1951; "4-52" means April, 1952—THIS MONTH.

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Freedom Opens Drive For 20,000 New Subs

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, Jr.

One year of working, sweating and struggling to publish FREEDOM has convinced us that the Negro people want this paper. They like the fighting spirit it shows in tackling the problems which face us as a people determined to win our freedom now.

They like to read what Paul Robeson has to say about our struggles, and how he came to move and act and speak out the way he does; why he believes so passionately that only the unity of Negro and white working people, confident in the strength of their united will, can win peace, equality and full democracy for us NOW, today.

They enjoy the wisdom, humor and common sense approach to the problems facing our people which Alice Childress gives us in her popular "Conversations" of domestic workers.

They like the straight-from-the-shoulder editorials that will have no truck with Uncle Tomism. They are impressed when they note that FREEDOM is the only paper that gave full coverage to the birth of the National Negro Labor Council, that shows how we can fight for 100,000 new jobs.

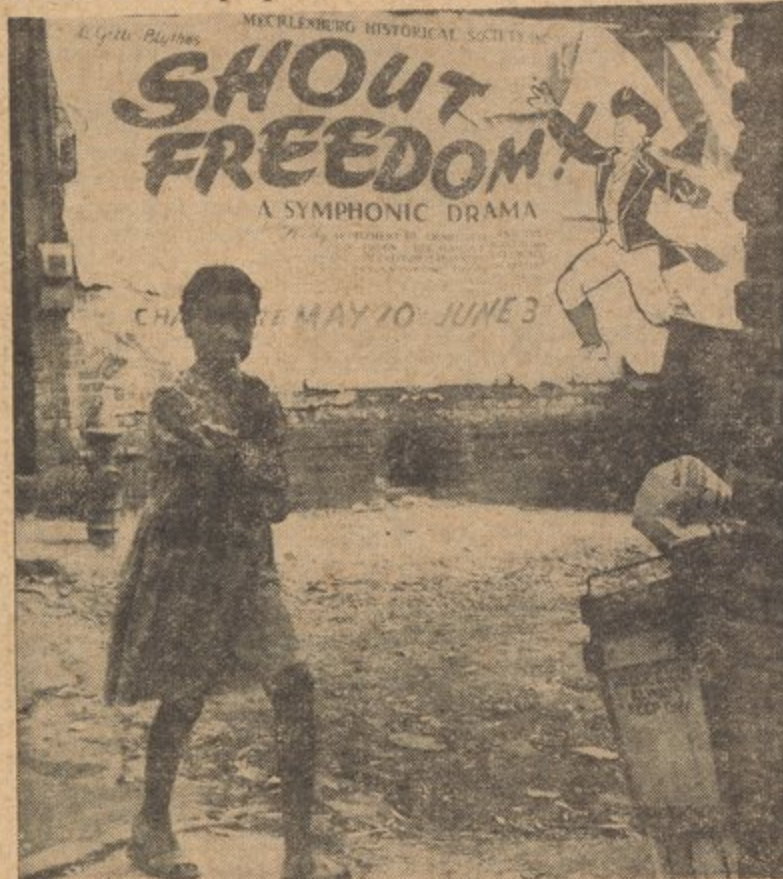
They feel good about how FREEDOM points the way to action around the vital issues of bomb-terror, police brutality, Jim Crow in all its ugly forms—and how to win peace. They are inspired by the fine cartoons on these issues by Ollie Harrington.

This and much more, our readers have told us, is why they look forward eagerly each month for their copies of FREEDOM. But they have lately expressed concern that the paper does not come out often enough. They want to know when we are going to start coming out at least twice a month, how soon this paper will be published weekly.

That is why we are launching a campaign for 20,000 new subscribers during the months of April, May and June, when the celebration around Paul Robeson's birthday (April 9) will be held.

Our readers know that their paper has no income from ads and fancy promotion, but THEY WANT TO KNOW HOW WE CAN INCREASE ITS CIRCULATION SO WE CAN COME OUT MORE THAN ONCE A MONTH.

Well, we say to our regular subscribers and hundreds of first-time readers of FREEDOM: Get On Board Now! We have divided our subscription territory into zones and set a



YES, SHOUT FREEDOM! This little girl, walking amid the rubble of a Southern town, doesn't have much to shout about. But you can help get FREEDOM to her and thousands of others by going to work for our 20,000 new subs. Photo by Rosalie Gwathmey

quota for each zone. Here are the quotas:

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What you can do to put this drive over the top:

1. Take this issue of FREEDOM to every tenant in your house or every neighbor on the block, and convince them to subscribe. Additional sub blanks can be obtained by writing to our office.

2. Arrange to have lunch with every shopmate during this month, and sign them up.

3. Wherever gifts are in order (birthdays, anniversaries, etc.) during April, May and June, give a gift subscription to FREEDOM, and get your friends to do likewise.

4. Discuss FREEDOM at the next meeting of your church group, social club, fraternal or other organization and obtain subscriptions.

5. Sign up every member of the executive

board of your union or organization, and every member of your deacon board, choir and usher board.

6. Plan a FREEDOM party for your friends, relatives and neighbors. Admission should be by subscription to FREEDOM.

7. Arrange with the pastor of your church to address the congregation about FREEDOM, and then solicit subs after the service.

8. If your sub has expired, RENEW AT ONCE.

Every reader of FREEDOM can become a builder of FREEDOM. By making use of the above suggestions, you can easily obtain one new reader each week. Make this your personal goal. Make this your contribution to the struggle for freedom and peace.