

# Freedom

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

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This Is A  
SWEAT BOX

Edward Brown  
lived in this. Read  
his story on Page 4.



## Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

THE COUNCIL ON AFRICAN Affairs called a press conference the other day. It had to do with the present disobedience campaign in South Africa in particular and the whole question of colonial independence in general.

Dr. DuBois, our great scholar and authority on Africa presided, ably assisted by Dr. Alphaeus Hunton, the guiding spirit of the Council. Mrs. Vicki Garvin of the Negro Labor Council and other leading community figures, including my dear friend of many years, that fine musician Dr. A. Granville Dill, were present.

What a challenge these brave African brothers and sisters of ours pose for us!

We know a bit about Jim Crow here in this land of our birth. We've had 300 years of one kind or another. Our basic campaign today is around the issue of our civil rights—FEPC, anti-poll tax and similar legislation guaranteeing our full right to vote and to representation at all levels; an anti-lynching law to see that we can vote without violence and that our lives are protected; anti-segregation laws at all levels affecting the ghettos; education; Smith and McCarran act repeal to insure freedom of speech and protest—and this last is decisive.

Behind all of these struggles lies the need to watch the drive

(Continued on Page 3)

# Virginia Fishermen Hold Fast In Strike to End 'Sea Slavery'

By JAMES W. KELSAW  
FREEDOM Southern Correspondent

On Sunday afternoon, June 15, as the song "You Can't Scare Me, I'm Sticking to the Union" came from loud speakers scattered over the area, 2,000 colored folk gathered on Wiggins Beach at White Stone, Virginia. A mass meeting was being held by the striking Menhaden fishermen of Local 700, International Fur and Leather Workers Union. The majority of these people came from Lancaster, Northumberland, Essex, Middlesex, Matthews, Richmond, and Westmoreland counties. Some came from North Carolina and other places.

The meeting was one to be long remembered. It's spirit reminded me of the old out-door baptizings after the yearly revivals the folk down in Wilcox County, Alabama, use to have. Here was the real spirit of the Negro people being applied to the solution of pressing economic problems.

Communities like Reedsville had been highly pressured—men fired from jobs, deprived of credit, threatened with foreclosure of mortgage, automobile and furniture notes. But they were standing fast. "This is the first time I've ever seen Negroes stick together," Mrs. Audrey Carter of Lillian, Virginia, told me. "I'm in this struggle head, neck and heels." Mr. Walter Henderson of Merry Point expressed himself in a similar way. "I'm going to stay ashore until the contract is signed or God come move me." Here was unity. Here, for one seeking the path to Negro freedom, was a glimpse of the future.

The background of the strike had begun to take shape in my mind when I met Bob Logan, international representative of the Union, in Merry Point. On

(Continued on Page 3)



ROBERT LOGAN, international representative of the International Fur & Leather Workers Union (Ind.), is shown addressing an outdoor mass meeting of striking Menhaden fishermen of the union's Local 700 at Wiggins Beach, White Stone, Virginia. Seated just below microphone is John Ball, local president. To Logan's left, seated, are Sam Freedman, leader of the Furriers Joint Board of N. Y. and Cornelius Simmons, international representative, Local 705.

## Memo to Political Parties: Act for Civil Rights NOW

DURING the entire month of July the eyes of the nation—and the world—will be turned on Chicago, the heartland city of the U. S. A.

Beginning with the opening gavel of the Progressive Party Convention on Independence Day and extending through the last amen of what promises to be a Democratic slugfest, the major political organizations of the country will meet to select their candidates for president and vice-president, and to adopt programs for the vital election campaign of 1952.

All parties will be faced with an unprecedented political demand of the Negro people. That demand, reinforced by a probable million-

and-a-half new and recent voters in the South, and the balance-of-power Negro vote in eight Northern industrial states, is clear and unanimous. It is not merely for promissory notes—Negroes have a stack of them from 1948—but rather for action on civil rights now.

Eighteen national Negro organizations, headed by the NAACP, have set up civil rights headquarters in Chicago's Roosevelt College to press for the adoption of acceptable planks in the platforms of the two old parties.

**B**UT IF RECENT performance is to be a guide, neither Republicans nor Democrats are likely to qualify in terms of men or measures. Weighted down by their Dixiecrat wing

the Democrats are thick in the mire of compromise. While the President, at Howard U. commencement exercises, renews promises he made four years ago and failed to deliver, the murderers of Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Moore remain at large. And Truman's favorite candidates, Stevenson and Harriman, are but pale shades of the Roosevelt whose name they invoke in bids for Negro support. The Illinois governor thinks the states ought to handle FEPC! (Wonder if he's talked to his fellow-Democrats, Talmadge and Byrnes recently?) And Harriman's Illinois Central Railroad is the defendant in a suit bought by a Negro woman

(Continued on Page 2)



# Leaders Demand U.S. Support For Growing African Struggles

While major centers in the Union of South Africa erupted on June 25 with demonstrations carrying into effect the popular pledge to defy unjust laws of the Malan racist regime, a cross section of Negro leadership in the United States directed a petition to President Truman calling for "genuine and unequivocal support of the principle of self-determination for the peoples of Africa and other subject lands.

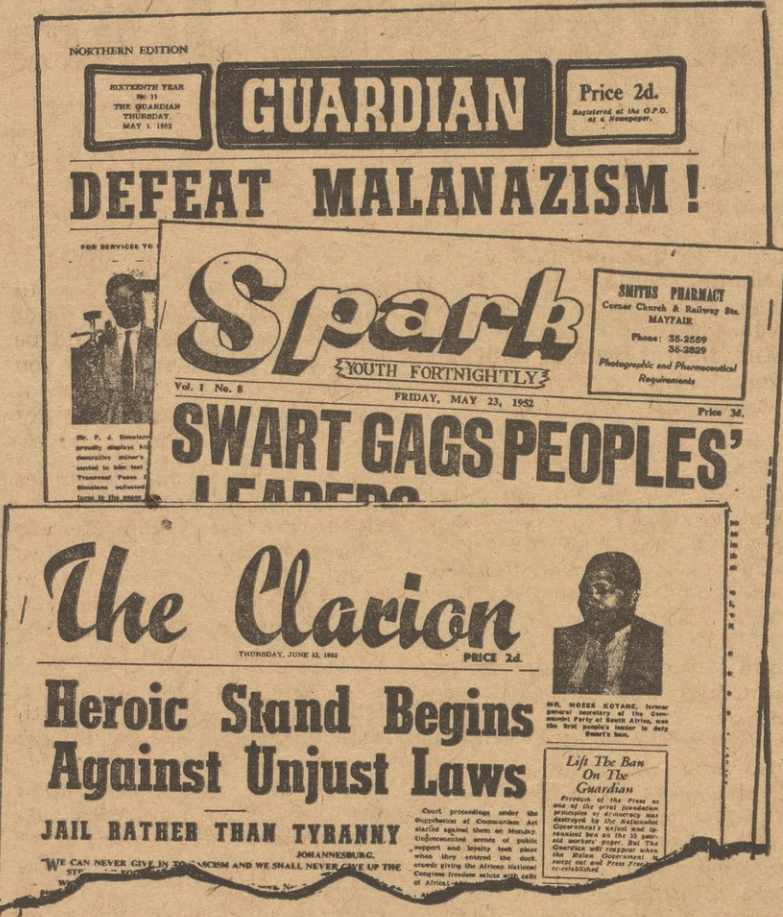
In the gold mining town of Odendaals, Orange Free State, a demonstration of women against a government regulation that they carry special "passes" resulted in the police murder of one man and the wounding of several women. In Capetown, Johannesburg, and other cities, leaders of the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the Mine Workers Union and other organizations, were thrown in jail because they addressed public meetings in defiance of the unpopular "Suppression of Communism" Act.

(FREEDOM pointed out in its April issue that the Malan government is propped up by huge investments of U.S. industry, direct government loans, and the purchase of uranium from waste ore in South African gold mines.)

The 2500-word petition of Negro leaders, initiated by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, was signed by more than 160 clergymen, educators, doctors, lawyers, cultural, civic and labor leaders from 28 states and the District of Columbia.

Pointing out that "Peace cannot be won with either guns or dollars," the declaration contends: "If America's name is not to be hated throughout the world wherever people struggle for liberty, our government must completely revise its foreign policy and give concrete evidence, through its conduct in the United Nations and in all areas of international economic, political and military relations, of its genuine and unequivocal support of the principle of national self-determination."

The petitioners state that "The Negro people of the United States are deeply concerned with the achievement of effective international safe-



FIGHTING publications are an important part of the campaign of the African, Indian and colored peoples of South Africa in defiance of unjust laws. Pictured above is the masthead of the last issue of the GUARDIAN published before the paper was banned by the Malan government. In the course of a determined fight to restore the GUARDIAN's publishing right, a new organ, THE CLARION, has appeared to carry forward the people's struggle.

guards for human rights—for themselves and for darker peoples throughout the world who are victims of the racist doctrine of white supremacy. From this racism stems the failure of our government to protect the lives and rights of its Negro citizens—in Cicero, Illinois; in Groveland and Mims, Florida; and from it stems also the inhuman repression of non-white peoples in Asia and Africa by the Western powers.

"Those non-white peoples most assuredly want none of the 'American way of life' experienced by 15 million Negro Americans. Nor can the continued rule of racism in the United States be ended as long as the enslavement of darker peoples throughout the world continues."

Among the church leaders

signing the petition were Bishop C. C. Alleyne, Philadelphia; Rev. James W. Eichelberger, Chicago; Rev. Edward D. McGowan, New York; Rev. David H. Brooks, A. & M. College, Tallahassee, Fla.; and Rev. Charles C. S. England, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Others included Prof. Henry D. Davidson, principal, Bibb County Training School, Alabama; Rev. D. V. Kyle, dean, Jackson Theological Seminary; Dr. Lucien Brown and Dr. Catherine Lealtad of New York; Atty. Earl B. Dickerson, Chicago; Dr. Carleton B. Goodlett, California; Georgia Douglass Johnson, Washington, D. C.; Ernest Thompson, secretary, Fair Practices Committee, UERMWA; Clayborn T. Dillard, chairman, C. & O. Railway Co. Colored Workers, West Virginia;

present. We have to do with the past only as we can make it useful to the present and the future. To all inspiring motives, to noble deeds which can be gained from the past, we are welcome. But now is the time, the important time.

"Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here today? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and natural justice, embodied in the Declaration, extended to us? and am I therefore called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the

benefits and express devout gratitude for the blessings resulting from your independence to us?

"Would to God, both for your sakes and ours, that an affirmative answer could be truthfully returned to these questions! Then would my task be light, and my burden easy.

"But such is not the state of

Excerpts from the famous Fourth of July oration of the great abolitionist leader, Frederick Douglass, delivered at the Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., July 5, 1852.

# It Happened Last Month

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**—The Alabama State Board of Education, pushed by the Birmingham Real Estate Board, the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and Governor Persons, cut all of Chapter 28 out of *The Challenge To Democracy* and made over 50 other revisions in the textbook which 12th grade white and Negro students will study when school opens next fall. Chapter 28 denounced racial discrimination, advocated equal sharing of the benefits of democracy by members of all groups, and stated the facts of employment discrimination.

**REIDSVILLE, GA.**—Attorneys of Mrs. Lula Bell Jenkins, mother of six children and pregnant at present, charged that she is serving ten years in prison on trumped-up charge of assault with intent to murder, because she resisted improper advances of white men.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**—A noted peonage and extradition lawyer filed a suit asking \$50,000 damages for having been forced to ride in an old-fashioned dirty railroad car behind the engine because he was a Negro. The Southern Pacific Railroad is the defendant.

**ATLANTA, GA.**—When the Supreme Court undertook to rule on the constitutionality of segregation in two court cases at Claredon, S. C., and Topeka, Kansas, Gov. Herman Talmadge repeated an earlier threat to close all public schools in Georgia if the court rules against segregation. This time he was joined by the governors of South Carolina, Mississippi and Virginia.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**—The NAACP asked the Democratic Party of Alabama to remove its "white supremacy" slogan from the party's official election ballot.

**TULSA, OKLA.**—The Tulsa branch NAACP opened an attack on the discrimination practiced by Douglas Aircraft Company in not hiring colored persons as skilled workers.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—William H. Bailey, local teacher filed suit against the City of Los Angeles for \$103,070.73 for damages to his home which he says was bombed March 16 by "a mob of disorderly and riotous persons."

**CHICAGO, ILL.**—The National Council of Churches of Christ in USA went on record June 12 as being unalterably opposed to segregation and vigorously urged the churches to strive for a "non-segregated church and non-segregated society."

**SEWANEE, TENN.**—An all-white faculty of the third annual Cumberland Music Festival resigned because of the refusal of the University of the South's trustees to admit Negro divinity students to their School of Theology.

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—With his shotgun in hand and pistol in reach, Angus Bates began a two-gun stand to protect his home after discovering the charred remains of a wooden cross, apparently burned in his backyard.

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**—Audrey Patterson, America's celebrated woman track star, was recently barred from using the municipal track in City Park Stadium for her practice sessions in preparation for her coming participation in the Harrisburg (Pa.) Olympic try-outs.

**MCDONAL, PA.**—Two white undertakers refused to allow the body of Mrs. Laura C. Harris, 85 and white, to rest in their chapels following her death in McDonal where she had lived for the past thirty-five years. Mrs. Harris was the mother of two Negro sons.

# 'You May Rejoice, I Must Mourn' — Douglass on July 4

"Fellow citizens, I am not wanting in respect for the fathers of this republic. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were brave men.

"They were peace men; but they preferred revolution to peaceful submission to bondage. They were quiet men; but they did not shrink from agitating against oppression. They showed forbearance; but that they knew its limits. They believed in order; but not in the order of tyranny. . . . They were great in their day and generation. Their solid manhood stands out the more as we contrast it with these degenerate times. "My business. . . is with the

the case. I say it with a sense of disparity between us. I am not included in the pale of this glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you this day rejoice, are not enjoyed in common. . . . This Fourth July is yours, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn.

" . . . Whether we turn to the declarations of the past, or to the professions of the present, the conduct of the nation seems equally hideous and revolting. America is false to the past, false to the present, and solemnly binds itself to be false to the future."



Frederick Douglass



# Brutal Captains, Federal Screening Take Negroes' Lives and Jobs at Sea

About a year and a half ago, the National Maritime Union attempted to have one Franklin B. Weaver, the Chief Mate aboard the Isbrandtsen ship Flying Trader, removed as "trigger happy." Weaver instead was made captain of the freighter.

On October 25 of last year, the Alabama-born Captain pumped three bullets into the body of a young Negro seaman. Before he went to his room to get the revolver, Weaver admittedly beat 24-year-old Harvey with a black-jack and handcuffed him.

The entire unlicensed crew of the Flying Trader walked off the ship following the killing and refused to return with Weaver in command. Although the Captain threatened them and finally logged them as deserters, the men would not budge, and returned to press charges of murder against Weaver.

These charges were later reduced by a grand jury to voluntary manslaughter "in the heat of passion."

Two lily-white Federal Court juries heard the charges against the burly, six foot, 200 pound Weaver. Both failed to find the Captain guilty. Weaver had pleaded "self-defense" in the shooting of Harvey who weighed 125 pounds and was

about five feet six inches tall and handcuffed at the time he was shot.

On June 19, a jury which included a bank vice president and a real estate broker split 8-4 in favor of convicting the captain after 11 hours of deliberation. Weaver was set free for the second and perhaps the last time.

The Isbrandtsen Co. has an especially bad reputation among seamen. Known among seamen as the "Hungry Goose Line" because they are constantly being forced to sue for wages withheld for "disciplinary" reasons, the company has gone openly to war with the union on the Weaver issue.

Throughout the trial defense attorney Mahlon Dickerson tried to show a "conspiracy" of the union against Weaver, and that mutiny was imminent on the part of the union members. Capt. Clayton McLaughlin, operating manager for Isbrandtsen, told reporters that the union would "be the death of the U.S. Merchant Marine" as soon as the Korean War ended.

Constantly, during the last 10-day trial it was repeated by the defense that the captain is absolute master of the ship, and that no land-locked bunch of jurors had the right to

judge the actions of a "master" while at sea.

Coast Guard hearings on the possible revocation of Weaver's license have been suspended pending the outcome of the criminal prosecution. It is doubtful, however, if the Coast Guard, busy "screening" militant Negro seamen, will act, should the government declare it will not prosecute.

It is to be noted that Joe Curran of the NMU and the NAACP lashed out at those who would free the Alabama-born killer, Weaver. Walter White said that his organization would press to see justice done, "no matter how many trials it takes," and Curran stated that "it is highly improbable that an NMU crew can be found that will ship with Capt. Weaver." Curran also said he would press the Coast Guard to declare Weaver unfit to carry a master's license, and has asked union members to write to "everyone from Truman on down" to get justice in this case.

The NMU leader has not come out against screening, however, which under its phoney "war emergency" front, threatens to break the entire trade union movement on the sea, and to drive Negro workers off the ships and the waterfront.

## Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

(Continued from Page 1)

toward war—for with war all meaningful struggle for our rights would cease. "It would be 'disloyal' or 'subversive' you know to talk about freedom of our people, as even Mother Bethune discovered.

Now, whatever our difficulties and disabilities, the South Africans are even more fiercely oppressed. Pass laws, curfew laws, unbelievable conditions in housing, jobs, all the stigmas of segregation in stations, public places, stores and so forth.

So what do they do. When Malan, prime minister of South Africa announces complete segregation of the non-white Africans and restrictions upon the Indians and so-called colored (mixed) population, all of these three groups headed by the eight million black Africans have joined forces in what must eventually be a tremendous movement toward liberation.

They declared on April 6th their determination to oppose the new oppressive laws—and it started on June 26th. They refuse to obey Jim Crow and submit to arrest at this stage. Just imagine if we started something like that in the South—or even in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville and Los Angeles.

**S**UPPOSE THE representatives of all of our organizations—NAACP, four million Baptists, one-half million AME Zions to which I belong, the millions of other churches and fraternal organizations, could unite long enough to confront the nation's leaders in the White House, Senate and Congress with a demand for an end to all talk (single and double), with a demand for **action now**.

Well, we wouldn't have to worry about the forthcoming political campaigns. We would not have to wait upon the hoped-for good will of politicians who must make some compromise with the Dixiecrat South. We'd have our civil rights. This is the challenge I see in the South African militant protest.

These South Africans aren't afraid of baiting. They march in thousands with raised clenched fists. They sing their songs of protest (including some of mine, may I modestly add). They clamor for an end to war preparations and demand peace. They say quite sharply and plainly they want their youth alive to struggle for the independence of Africa, not dead on foreign battle fields in the interest of those bankers and factory and mine owners who have come to South Africa, especially from the U.S., to take away their land, diamonds, gold and uranium.

These South Africans—African, Indian, colored, white and

black workers—see no threat from the lands of Eastern Europe, from the Soviet Union Republics, from the people of the new Chinese Republic led by the great Mao Tse Tung. Quite the opposite, all these are friendly people whose struggles give hope to the African peoples. There in South Africa it happens to be the "Western Europeans" who came generations ago to despoil the land and enslave the indiginous inhabitants, and who still rule as tyrannical masters—like our Southern Byrnes, Talmadges and Rankins.

These Africans are proud of their leaders who are making great sacrifices, leaders of every shade of opinion. They are as proud of their leaders who behave like our Ben Davis as of others who are not so advanced in their thinking. But they are joined, unified for the common purpose of their full equality and independence. How we here could learn from this—we Americans of African descent, of all groups, from whatever lands we have come.

**A**ND finally, these Africans realize that the old political parties (the so-called Liberals and Conservatives, equivalents of our Democratic and Republican Parties), serve the interests of those who rule, who own. They do not and cannot serve the masses of the people, black or white. So they have had to form their own Congresses and look forward to their own party, springing from themselves and serving the people.

This, too, we of colored America might ponder as the political conventions converge on Chicago. I have already pondered, so I go to enter the struggle for Mrs. Charlotta Bass, one of our bravest women and a modern Sojourner Truth, for Vincent Hallinan who is in prison because of his beliefs, for a Progressive Party led by men like Dr. W.E.B. DuBois—accepting no compromise, demanding full rights for our people, full dignity for the American worker, peace and prosperity for all of us, South and North, East and West.

## Virginia Fishermen Hold Fast

(Continued from Page 1)

April 1, 1952, Local 700, of the Fur and Leather Workers Union called on the fishing companies to enter collective bargaining negotiations so that a contract governing wages and working conditions might be agreed on. The employers, described by Frank Brownstone, district director of the Union, as being "viciously anti-labor and anti-Negro," would not budge. The strike began May 26, and on June 15, only five of seventy boats had sailed. Of the 1,800 men of Local 700, only 40 were fishing.

Willie Jackson told of some of the hardships the workers suffer. Fishing boats have no showers. On some the men wash their faces in buckets. Two years ago there were boats without toilets. Twenty-one men sleep in one compartment, 15 feet long and 12 feet wide, in bunks three and four high. The fish fumes eat through your clothing, turn coins and even your teeth black. They made one man go blind. Mr. Jackson has been fishing for a long time, "but will not hit another lick until the Union contract is signed."

John Ball, president of Local 700, spoke of other hardships. The work is hard and dangerous, and the men are not protected by insurance. "You walk in your grave day and night too," says William E. Laws, secretary-treasurer of the local. Laws knows of men who were drowned and whose bodies were left at sea.

The pay is small, "11½¢ per thousand catch," explains Ball, "and 1½¢ is held back until the end of the season. I know of four men who lost \$600 like that last year because they were fired or got sick." To make the situation worse, food on the boats costs \$35 and \$40 every two weeks.

Mr. Ball knows the companies can meet the union's demands. From the fish they catch come fertilizer, chicken feed, hog feed, and five-and-ten pearls—not to mention the oil. Sometimes as much as 12 gallons are gotten from one fish.

John Ball has fished for 37 years and the strike is the first time he has been out of work in that time. He says, "I plan to stand up like a man. Not being able to work does not bother me as long as the Union holds."

The Negro communities are supporting the strike. Rev. J. J. Nickens and Rev. Richard Spence are lending militant

aid. The women have formed auxiliaries and are raising funds for school books and other necessities. On Sunday evening, June 8, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Laws received a call saying a number of men had packed and were planning to go to work Monday morning. They got in their car and drove all night long, from house to house, urging the men to hold on. The fishermen did not go fishing.

At the meeting at Merry Point, Ben Gold, international president of the Union pledged support of its 100,000 members to the fishermen's struggle. Bob Logan spoke for all when he said: "We are here today for a just and righteous cause, the fight for Negro freedom. I am proud of the men and women of Virginia, proud that here the fight is really beginning. We here must stand together and not as individuals. We have the chance. What we do here will help determine whether 15 million black Americans will obtain their freedom."



"We'll stay down here until they settle with the union."



325,000 PERSONS WHOSE DEATHS COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED BY HEALTH INSURANCE WILL DIE THIS YEAR.



# ... From Brunswick, Georgia to Koje Island, 'V Prisoner Tells Court of Horror Of Georgia Camp; Fights Return

By FREEDOM's Southern Corr.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — A small courtroom was crowded on June 17, mostly with colored people who had expectant looks on their faces. A medium sized, brown skinned man with a balding head took the witness stand. He answered to the name of Edward Brown in a voice a bit too low. Otherwise he seemed calm and even dignified as he began to tell of the cruel, inhuman, and brutish way he had been treated by Southern prison officials.

Thirty-nine year old Edward Brown had been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder in Macon, Georgia, in 1937, after being assured of only five years if he confessed. Since then he had escaped three times. Now he was renewing his fight against return to a Georgia chain gang.

He started with the "sweat box."

"You can't stand up in it and you can't lie down. You got to be in a crouch all the time. First your knees give out and when you try to sit down you must pull your knees up. Then your seat gets it because the bottom of the box is roughed-up concrete, and pretty soon you have to stand up again. Now you get awful headaches because your neck is bent down. Finally you ache all over and after a while you pass out. . . . Added to this trouble is the 120 degrees it gets inside, and the one bucket for 'sanitary use' that stays with you until you come out."

By this time the courtroom was quiet and tense with shock. But what Brown was saying was familiar to me. I had heard it many times before from friends and kin folk. It might easily have happened to me.

Brown told of being "stretched" twice, "staked out" twice, put in stocks, hung up by his wrist, and having liniment forced up his rectum.

Four other men who had been on Georgia chain gangs confirmed Brown's story. One



STAKED OUT: Edward Brown's own drawing shows how he was left in a field, bound and helpless, face covered with molasses, the prey of wild animals and insects.

of them, Huel Thompson, a white man, had this to say:

"We are all treated like in purgatory; but the colored have two strikes against them when they come; it never lets up."

Moses Ross confirmed Brown's description of punishment even I had not heard of. He called it "The Dipping Barrel." The victim is chained half-way down in this contraption with the top reaching two feet above his head. He faces the anguish of dipping furiously as the water pours in, and the terror of drowning if he doesn't dip fast enough.

Testifying for Georgia was Jefferson Bryan Hatchett, Director of Georgia prisons. I've known Hatchetts all my life, not in Georgia but Alabama, and yet they baffle me. With an honest look on his face Mr. Hatchett said: "Why, Georgia is the world's most liberal place."

Hatchett maintained that the riveting of "picks" on prisoners' ankles stopped in 1943. His honest looking expression did not change when he was shown a story from the Atlanta Constitution in which he himself described how a prisoner escaped from him by sawing his picks off. He said that nineteen year old J. R. Henderson, who testified that he wore picks in 1950 and 1951 and showed the scars they left, needed mental attention and that he would see to his getting it if allowed to take Henderson back to Georgia.

It was "regrettable" to the man from Georgia that in 1947 eight prisoners were shot dead and eight more wounded at the Brunswick, Georgia camp, when they protested against working in swamps and snake infested ditches without protection. To the question why

**KILLINGS?**  
THE "police action" in Korea has entered its third year. In terms of length it is the second longest foreign war our country has waged. On other scores it has no equal; it is certainly the most unpopular war in U.S. history—and the most dishonorable.

Is there any wonder? Recall its sordid beginnings.

The President committed U.S. troops to battle and to death without asking Congress for a declaration of war—a "formality" which the Constitution requires. The character of the struggle was clear at the outset. The Korean people became "gooks" in the U.S. press and civilians on that unhappy peninsula were soon the objects of rapine, plunder and murder at the hands of U.S. troops.

General Roberts, former head of the American Military Government in South Korea, declared that one American soldier was worth ten Chinese, and brass hats began to act as though the lives of the people of the Far East were worth nothing at all. Flame-throwing tanks, jellied-gasoline bombs, saturation bombing of non-military targets, have laid waste a once beautiful land and tortured a still-proud people.

The current climax of this nightmare of destruction is the charge of the Korean and Chinese people that our troops are using germ warfare, and the open rebellion of prisoners in the Koje Island and other camps against the murderous handling of their U.S. Army captors.

Faced with the facts and the accusations, government and military spokesmen wash their hands like Pilate, turn on a pained expression for the public, and say: "Who, us?"

30 white prisoners recently cut their heels in protest against cruel treatment, he mumbled, a little less forcefully now, "Some people will do anything to get out of working."

Hatchett's "evidence" of the "good aspects" of Georgia prisons consisted in the main of fifty pictures, a movie obviously made for the purpose, and several prison publications, one of which had the confederate flag on the cover. David Levinson, Brown's able attorney who stated that "I took this case without fee because to me it represented not only the fight of a man but of a people," charged that Brown faces "death or serious bodily harm," in facing return to Georgia. The Judge reserved decision. But the spectators, especially those who know the South, knew that Levinson's charge was valid. They could not forget the force of Brown's words: "If I have to go back to Georgia, I'll kill myself on the way. I can't take that torture any more."



DAVID LEVINSON, attorney for Edward Brown, plays a pickaxe used to shackle prisoners.

## Southern Prison Farms Practice

Is the case of Edward Brown the exception or the rule in Southern prisons and "work" camps? In order to find the answer FREEDOM looked into the record and found that the most barbarous crimes of the Middle Ages are repeated daily, today, in the South, U.S.A.

Cruelty and corruption in Southern prisons have a long history. In the thirties there were such clear and exposing writings as *Georgia N-----r*, by John Spivak, and *Hell On Earth* by Sasha Small. More recently Haywood Patterson voiced horrifying descriptions of Alabama prisons in *Scottsboro Boy*, and Howard Carwile, a white Richmond lawyer, pulled the lid off the "type of hell on earth that the Virginia State Prison Farm is." The unbroken record of neglect, filth and brutality continues.

In October, 1950, the *Readers Digest* carried an account of a flogging at Kilby Prison, Alabama:

"A shrill scream of agony followed the thwack of the lash; a two-inch strip of flesh puffed across the boy's back. One guard ground his knee into the writhing shoulders, another sat on the kid's legs. Grinning, the hulking prison flogger

raised the six-foot leather lash again. Six miles away in Montgomery, the state capital, 100,000 people went about their business not knowing that a skinny kid of 23 was being beaten to the brink of insanity."

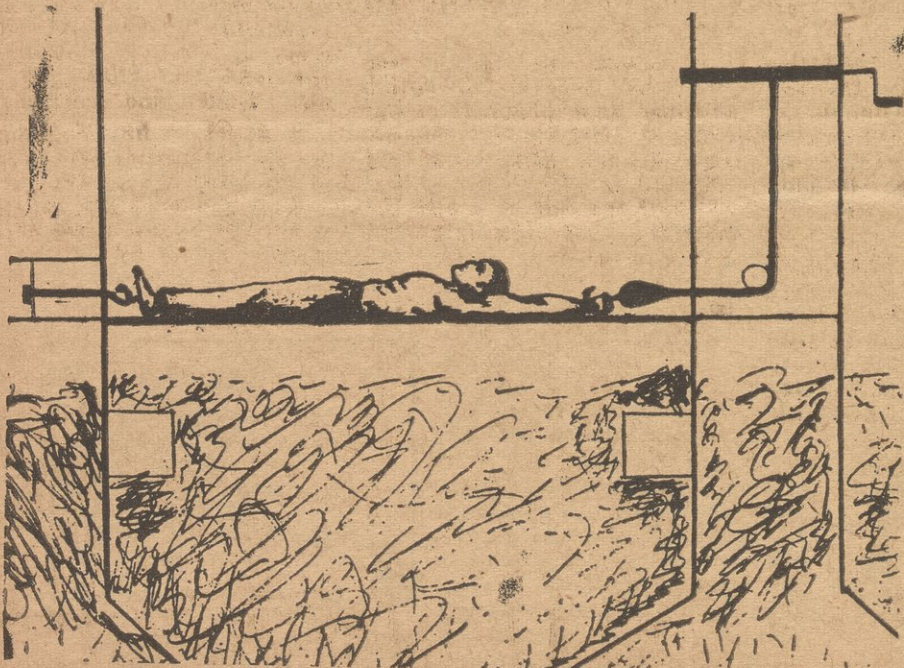
The account tells further how the wounds appeared to a reporter. "The warden led the way to a long row of two-tiered cells. Sparrow (the reporter) heard Kah before he saw him. He was in a dirty, six-by-six room with a bunk, a latrine and a washbowl. The rank stench of disinfectant mingled with the sour odor of men. On the metal bed along the wall the trembling boy lay whimpering with pain. The warden jerked the sheet from his back. After a quick look Sparrow turned away. There were huge, two-inch welts across the buttocks which looked like slabs of raw liver against white skin."

In April, 1951, Jesse Carrol Wilson, former inmate of Road Camp No. 1, near Salem, Virginia, told of conditions there. "One day I saw a fellow so sick, he couldn't get up, but the guard said he had to. When the sick fellow said he couldn't, they threw him in the jail.

That's the six-foot leather lash again. Six miles away in Montgomery, the state capital, 100,000 people went about their business not knowing that a skinny kid of 23 was being beaten to the brink of insanity."

The account tells further how the wounds appeared to a reporter. "The warden led the way to a long row of two-tiered cells. Sparrow (the reporter) heard Kah before he saw him. He was in a dirty, six-by-six room with a bunk, a latrine and a washbowl. The rank stench of disinfectant mingled with the sour odor of men. On the metal bed along the wall the trembling boy lay whimpering with pain. The warden jerked the sheet from his back. After a quick look Sparrow turned away. There were huge, two-inch welts across the buttocks which looked like slabs of raw liver against white skin."

In April, 1951, Jesse Carrol Wilson, former inmate of Road Camp No. 1, near Salem, Virginia, told of conditions there. "One day I saw a fellow so sick, he couldn't get up, but the guard said he had to. When the sick fellow said he couldn't, they threw him in the jail.



STRETCHED OUT: Brown's drawing shows the device on which prisoners are tortured for hours at a time.



# 'White Supremacy' Rules the Prison Camps . . .

## WHO - US?

Why it's ridiculous! You must remember, we represent Western civilization!"

As for us, after 300 years experience with Western civilizations' "white supremacy" in the U. S., we would put nothing past them. General Dodd and General Boatner of Koje Island fame (or should we say, infamy?) hail from San Antonio, Teaxs, and New Orleans, La. The U. S. Army officer corps is made up predominantly of Southerners. They are the products of the exclusive military institutes which dot the Southern landscape and of a social order which puts its "best" men through the rigors of a "white supremacy" indoctrination unsurpassed in any part of the world. They are the products of a society which produces the unbelievable horrors in the prison camps of the South so graphically described on these pages.

Would the warden of the Georgia prison camp in which Edward Brown was "stretched out"—suddenly turned commander of a camp in Korea—hesitate to use flame-throwers and tank bullets in order to carry out his "screening" assignment?

The question answers itself.

The American people must reclaim the honor and integrity of our nation by calling to a halt the racist butchery in Korea and in the South of the U. S. A.

Every candidate for public office in the 1952 elections should hear the aroused cry of a united people:

Two years is too much! Stop the war! Make peace now!



Edward Brown, escaped Georgia fugitive, disappeared on Georgia chain gangs.

## CRC Appeals for Letters to Save Fletcher Mills

In 1945, Fletcher Mills, an eighteen-year-old sharecropper barely escaped an Alabama mob after defending his life against an attack on him by his landlord.

In 1945 Mills was picked up in Detroit by the FBI and released when extradition papers were not completed in time by the State of Alabama. He was free until 1949, when the FBI again arrested him, this time in Philadelphia.

Mills is still in danger of being sent back to Alabama. He needs your help. The CRC is urging messages to the three officials who can stop it: U. S. Attorney General McGranery, in Washington; Gov. John Fine in Harrisburg; and District Attorney Richardson Dilworth in Philadelphia.

## Justice Feudal Tortures Daily

at's the six-by-eight cell used for special punishment. You don't get any food these but once every three days. The of the time you're fed on bread and er. I remember one time eight ows were all serving time in the six-eight cell together. There wasn't room them all to be chained to the wall he men were chained together."

n March, 1951, another report on the inia State Prison Farm stated: ck men, who need emergency hos- lization, are forced to do the hardest k under a gun until they fall out. n they are hung up on the rack— etimes ten hours per day for 30 days. y starve in cold, solitary confinement a bread and water diet. They are uently gassed in the face and beat ercifully with blackjacks. Inmates o are carriers of contagious diseases ot properly isolated from other oners."

left with three gashes in his head.

A report of March 3, 1952, tells of the trial of a "Dark Ages" jailer in South Carolina, who tortured women prisoners. Jailer Reuben L. Irby was charged by an array of witnesses of counts of "cruelty which ran the gamut from sexual relations with inmates to the brutal beating of handcuffed women with heavy straps until the blood ran down their backs." He hung one man upside down and beat another one until he was unconscious.

Irby was fined only \$100, and in imposing the fine Judge Timmerman said: "Although the jury thinks otherwise, there is some doubt in my mind about your guilt. This case is not nearly so serious as it has been publicized although you were a little rough."

One report stated that by such sentiment Judge Timmerman was encouraging "more brutality in a section of the country which needs no encouragement in this regard. His attitude is even more reprehensible and dangerous because Judge Timmerman is not just a local Magistrate. He is a Federal District jurist, whose influence is far-reaching."

## Southern Officers Treat Korean POW's Like Negroes in the South

By Eslanda G. Robeson

The prisoner-of-war issue seems to be the great stumbling block to truce in Korea, so let's have a look at it.

The United States says our military are holding 170,000 North Korean and Chinese soldiers and civilians in war prison camps. Our military, practically none of whom speak or understand the Korean and Chinese languages, insist that only 70,000 of these prisoners want to go home.

Now how did they find out which prisoners want to go home, and which want to stay "on our side?" They got some interpreters to ask them. And who were the interpreters? South Koreans and Ching Kai-shek-Formosan-Chinese.

To fully understand this situation, let us suppose there are 170,000 Negro prisoners in a prison camp in the deep South. And let us suppose these Negroes speak a very difficult foreign language, which their captors neither speak nor understand.

So they get, as interpreters, members of the Ku Klux Klan and white lynchers like Sheriff Willis McCall to go into the camps and interview the Negro prisoners, to find out which ones want to go North and take their chances, and which want to remain in the deep South to work on the peonage farms, plantations, chain-gangs and in the lumber camps.

The Ku Klux Klansmen go into the camp, where nobody can see or hear, and they start asking—which means they start telling!

Now if you were a Negro prisoner in such a dangerous situation, what would you say? What would you do? What could you do? And who is to prove what you said and did?

This screening goes on for a long time, until reports begin to seep back into your prison camp stating that most of you want to stay with the Ku Klux-ers. Then you know you must do something to let the outside world know this report just isn't true. But what to do?

Well, suppose you grabbed the Boss of the prison, and held him prisoner? That should tell something to the people outside who are interested. So you do, and it does. The outside world begins to ask questions.

Something like this must have happened at the prisoner-of-war camp on Koje Island. The South Korean and Formosa-Chinese interpreters are to the North Koreans and Chinese prisoners what the Ku Klux Klan interpreters would be to Negro prisoners: poison.

When the desperate prisoners on Koje did capture Brig. Gen. Francis Dodd, the Boss of the prison camp, and held him prisoner for four days, the outside world did start asking questions.

If, as reported, 100,000 of these 170,000 prisoners don't want to go home, but want to come to "our side," why then



AMID THE RUBBLE of war in Korea, a woman cradles the head of her wounded husband as an older member of the family squats beside them.

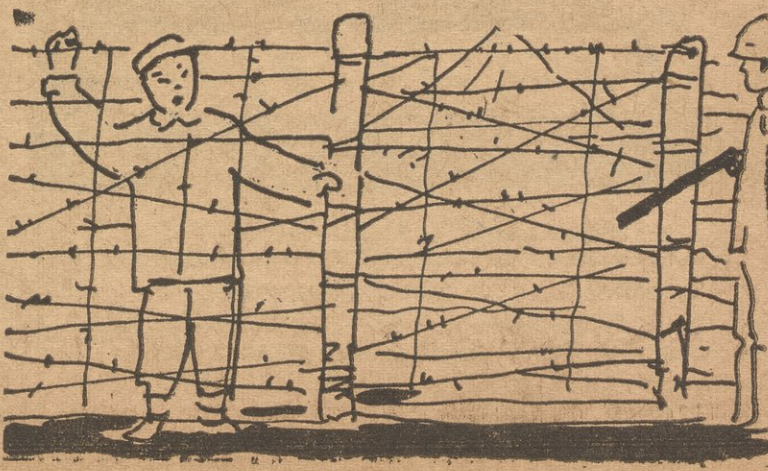
did they grab the big Boss of "our side?" It just doesn't fit.

The negotiations for the rescue of General Dodd tell the story: the prisoners demanded an end to forcible screening, re-arming of some prisoners, killing and ill-treatment of other prisoners.

When General Dodd was finally released and the terms of his release had to be made known, the military in Korea and the Defense Department in Washington rushed into the full-time job of explanations and denials. They said, over and over, offering no proof, that:

1. The prisoners had always been treated humanely, according to the Geneva Convention Rules of War. (It is important to note, by the way, that the United States never signed this international agreement.)
2. The screening of prisoners has never been forced.
3. None of the prisoners have been re-armed.

It should be remembered that the Geneva Convention provides that "prisoners of war shall be released and repatriated without delay after the cessation of hostilities." This is not only the rule, it is also the general custom. Until now, that is.



But the United States wants to keep 100,000 prisoners of war after the cessation of hostilities.

Secretary of State Dean Acheson said at the United Nations less than a year ago that the North Koreans were so low they had a long way to go before they could even be called barbarians.

That was less than a year ago, and now here we are, deeply concerned for these "lower-than-barbarians," welcoming them to "our side," protecting them from returning to their own fellow countrymen.

Well, maybe of the 170,000 "lower-than-barbarians," the 100,000 which our military want to keep are all special exceptions. But that does seem to be a lot of exceptions, doesn't it?

There seems to be a great deal about the Korean War which Truman says isn't a war, that is hidden from the people. As for instance, just how are we defending freedom and democracy in Korea by burning up the land and killing off the men, women and children?

It would be fine if Truman, or the candidates for election to his office, would explain all this in words of few syllables, so we, the voters, could understand.



## Editorial

Memo To Political Parties:  
Act Now For Civil Rights

(Continued from Page 1)

who was Jim-Crowed in one of its dining cars!

As to the Republicans—why bother? Aside from the spelling of their names, there is not enough difference among Taft, Eisenhower and MacArthur to enable the voter to tell them apart. On the matter of civil rights, their hearts all belong to Dixie.

OF THE THREE CONVENTIONS, only one promises action tailored to suit the Negro's needs. That is the convention of the Progressive Party. Denied time by the radio and television networks, censored by the publishers of the big-money press, the Progressives are fighting a brazen conspiracy to hide from the American people the fact that there is a third major party in the race.

From where the Negro voter sits, the Progressives, in one sense, must be regarded as the major party. It is the only party which provides major participation of Negroes in its deliberations. On its opening night a speech by Paul Robeson will precede the keynote address of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. Chairman of the platform committee is prominent Chicago attorney Earl B. Dickerson, and another energetic lawyer, Willard Ransom of Indiana, heads its influential Committee to Elect Negroes to Public Office. Holding the highest staff position of any Negro in the three parties, efficient Thelma Dale teams up with campaign manager C. B. Baldwin to give over-all guidance to the work of the party.

Sharing the helm with this array of Negro leadership are such outstanding political figures as ex-governor Elmer Benson of Minnesota, Vito Marcantonio, the fiery champion of civil rights and labor's needs who represented New York's 18th C. D. for 14 years, and Dr. Robert Morse Lovett, former governor of the Virgin Islands.

CIVIL RIGHTS, OF COURSE, is the prime, but not the only concern of Negro voters in '52. Negro post office workers and government clerks have borne the brunt of the government "loyalty" program. The Smith act not only places white and Negro radicals behind bars; it threatens and penalizes the mildest protest in the fight for Negro rights. And Negro housewives and workers are hardest hit by the high taxes, frozen wages and runaway prices which are destroying the security of all the common people of the country.

Most important of all, the Progressives offer the only major alternative to a foreign policy of wars—cold and hot, little and big—a policy on which the Republicans and Democrats are in substantial agreement.

The Progressives are the Peace Party, and it is fitting that in their battle against colonial wars of conquest they will confirm the nomination of a fighting Irish lawyer who has distinguished himself in the defense of labor, and a crusading Negro woman publisher and civic leader.

Of course, in politics anything can happen, and the elephant and the donkey may be more flexible than the leopard. They may change their spots in the next few days or weeks.

We doubt it. And it says here that if they don't, as soon as the last gavel is sounded on the conventions and the last weary delegate gropes for the exit—we're coming out swinging in the national campaign for the Progressives' Vincent Hallinan for President and Mrs. Charlotta Bass for Vice-President of these United States.

## For These We Fight—and Vote



## LETTER COLUMN

## Get It Off Your Chest

## Tribute to Moranda Smith

As we gathered on June 8 in Winston-Salem, N. C., for the memorial service of our most beloved Sister Moranda Smith, those who were present realized the brotherhood of man. We realized that our Sister had not died in vain. The wonderful things said about Moranda, who died two years ago at the height of her labors as an organizer of tobacco workers, can easily be said about others if we will only fight the good fight.

May we have more Sisters and Brothers like Sister Smith. We pray for strength and guidance to impel us forever onward.

Ada P. Greene  
High Point, N. C.

## Victory Over the Hill

I want to write you to say how much the workers liked my article. I got all of them sold or given away in just a couple of days! And they read the paper too!—not just my article, but other articles as well. People, Negro and white, have come up to me and congratulated me for the article and said that it was the truth.

Letters from people started coming in right away with two or three dollars in each one. They are still coming in. I contacted the AME Zion Methodist preacher and he said that he would ask his membership to subscribe to FREEDOM, but you know how it is with a good many of the members on strike and on the picket line—they

don't have the money right now.

I took a trip down to Newberry, S. C. a few weeks ago. As I rode down through Charlotte, Rock Hill, Chester and on into Newberry, I thought about the Committee in New York that is fighting for a free South. I looked out over the fields and saw great droves of Negro and white workers working, and on a little further I would see a big fine mansion every once in a while; and all around in between would be one-room broken down shacks with maybe ten or twelve in the family. This made me feel very disgusted, but still I feel like victory is just over the hill. Tell the Committee for me to fight on for a free South, because we are fighting here too.

George Johnson  
Thomasville, N. C.

## We'll Carry On

I wish to express the sincere thanks of myself, my daughter Carol and my son Charles, for the expressions of sympathy we received from Brother Paul Robeson and the staff of FREEDOM when my husband, Charles Nichols, passed away.

After the story about Charlie appeared in the June issue of your paper, we received many messages from the readers. To them, too, we extend our thanks.

My husband, and his entire family, always felt that FREEDOM was our paper. We have long stood for the principles expressed in our paper. My husband fought in the front

lines for those principles for years. I and my children will carry on that fight.

I urge every reader of FREEDOM to join with us in carrying on the fight that Charlie fought so well, a fight to end Jim Crow, a fight to make this a better America and a better world. In the words of Joe Hill, "Don't cry for me—ORGANIZE."

Again, our sincere thanks.

Anita Nichols  
Seattle, Washington

## Answer to Peekskill

I attended Mr. Robeson's concert at Macedonia Baptist Church in San Francisco Thursday evening. It has been my good fortune to hear him on previous occasions in concerts and twice in OTHELLO. Never was he in better voice and form—in fact, never before as wonderful as he was Thursday evening.

His audience was stirred to tears and enthusiastic applause. He responded with one encore, and then one more, ending with LET THE RAIL SPLITTER AWAKE!

Peekskill was in the back of my mind all the time and Mayor Robinson's denial of San Francisco's Civic Auditorium to a great genius and a great human being—our own beloved Paul Robeson!

Cordially, and with every good wish for the continued growth of the United Freedom Fund.

Lena Caldwell  
Menlo Park, California

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# Old Timers' Eyes Grow Misty Recalling Florence Mills

By LORRAINE HANSBERRY

Oldtimers in the theater like to remember Florence Mills. Ask those who knew her as a child star and then as one of the most famous and beloved entertainers of her era. They will sit back in their chairs and let their eyes wander off to the early twenties and they will say, "She was a born singer. That girl had a voice like a natural bird, yes she did. And dance? I can see her now just dancing and singing. She loved it so."

Florence Mills came with her family to New York from Washington D. C. when she was about three years old. She and her sisters used to sing around the neighborhood to help take care of the family. When she was eleven they were booked at McNabe Nickelodeum. Once a week for your nickel you could see "The Mills Trio"—Maud, Olivia and little Florence—dancing and singing and making the audience wild with applause.

Two young Negro writers, Chris Smith and Richard McPherson, saw the act and put Florence into a show they had written, called "Schooldays." The little show at the Savoy Theater on 34th Street was a big hit and it wasn't long before Gus Edwards came up with a similar show for Broadway with a white cast full of eager young unknowns like Walter Winchell, Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor.

Lew Leslie went to see "Schooldays" and when the plans he had for casting Gertrude Sanders in the lead of his "Shuffle Along" didn't work out, he remembered the plucky young dancer from the Smith-McPherson show and sent for Florence Mills. She got the part. That was a lucky day for Florence Mills and Lew Leslie. His show was a hit, but his star was the biggest hit.

New York liked Florence Mills. Audiences beat their hands long minutes after the curtains went down. Her fellow workers liked her too. "The 'big time' never bothered her head." They still remember, "Why she used to leave the theater on 63rd Street after the show and walk home to 133rd where she lived almost every evening. All the other stars had big flashy cars. We used to call her 'Lady Florence.' She was the sweetest, mildest tempered young woman you ever met.



FLORENCE MILLS

And every Sunday afternoon at four, we from the show used to get all dressed up and go up to her house for a social—not the big shots, just us with the bit parts and in the chorus. She would have sandwiches and her husband would get a professional piano player and we had just grand times."

Even the critics liked Florence. Variety, the entertainment trade publication, wrote: "Florence Mills—petite and pretty—is the personification of refinement. . . . This little lady has been brought prominently to the attention of theatrical managers by her admirable work of a quality and temperament unusual in the . . . field."

Of Al Wood's *From Dixie To Broadway* in 1925 Robert Gar-

land wrote in *Theatre Arts*: "Apart from the quite amazing dancing and the fine talent of Florence Mills, the result is of no particular import."

Then came the big chance to tour Europe with the *Black-Birds of 1926*. Almost nobody knew about the appendicitis and one of the few who did know advised that the operation could wait—she should make the tour first.

So Florence Mills went on a tour of Europe. London and Paris agreed with New York that this was a great star. She returned home almost a year later in a wreath of glory and with a fatal case of appendicitis.

The operation was too late, and a few days later reporters wrote accounts of what was

one of Harlems biggest funerals:

"A vast throng of more than 150,000 persons lined Lenox and Seventh Avenues for the funeral procession. . . . Windows were solid with dark faces. Fire escapes were packed and roof tops fringed. . . . As

the last car of the cortege forced its way through the mass that had sprouted through the police lines into the streets. . . . Florence Mills to whom the little chorus girl leaning over the casket had said, "Bye-bye honey," rode up Seventh Avenue."

## Conversation From Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS

### GOT TO GO SOMEPLACE

Marge, I am very sorry and you will have to excuse me but I don't feel like devlin' any more eggs, neither do I feel like making any more potted ham sandwiches and furthermore I ain't so hot on going to no picnic. . . . Yes. . . . I know it was my idea and please don't jump salty because I am going. I only said I didn't feel like going.

Yes my mind is disturbed. Now you know I have never been a fearful woman. In fact I have always prided myself on how I'll stand up to anybody—but to tell the God honest truth, I am scared. . . . yes I am scared to go on this picnic.

I have been thinking about those two Blacknall men that was killed in Yonkers. . . . Now they were out enjoying themselves and was shot and killed by a man named La Bensky. Now you know the jury set him scot free. After I read that I begun to search my mind for any one time when a white person got the chair or was hanged for killin one of my folks and it come to me that if it had ever happened, I never heard of it. I got goose pimples all over. . . . because it was all of a sudden clear as day that a white preson can kill a colored person and it will be alright. . . . I think of it on the subway, in the street—everywhere. I am a walking target.

Now I am a good woman, but if I was not, the law is so fixed so that I could not go 'round killin folks if I want to live myself. . . . but anybody can kill me. And that is why I cannot look forward to a picnic with enjoyment.



You know, when I went to buy those groceries a grey convertible car almost run me down. . . . yes that is an ordinary happening. . . . but I noticed it was flying one of them confederate flags. . . . and that's something to think about.

Oh yes Marge—I am going to the picnic. . . . I shall take my life in my hands and go to the beach. After all we got to go somewhere—sometime.

## Dunjee Honored At NAACP Meet

OKLAHOMA CITY—Tribute was paid to Roscoe Dunjee, militant editor of *The Black Dispatch*, at a testimonial dinner held during the 43rd annual convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A member of the NAACP board of directors since 1934, he has led in the fight for full citizenship since he founded his paper 37 years ago.

## Stories for Children

### Peter Poyas Said: 'Die Silent As You Shall See Me Do'

Forty years before the Civil War was fought and the slaves were made free by the Emancipation Proclamation a great man named Denmark Vesey went among the slaves saying: "As the children of Israel were delivered out of the bondage of Egypt—we must deliver ourselves."

Denmark Vesey was brought to this country when he was about 15 years and his real African name was Telemaque.

When he was 34 years old he bought his freedom from his master and began to make plans for a great revolt that was to free all the slaves in South Carolina and then spread throughout the South.

He began an organization of slaves, men like Peter Poyas and Rolla Bennett and Gullah Jack and Frank Ferguson and Mingo Harth and Batteau Hammett. They were very brave and worked very hard.

By 1822 they had secretly organized 9,000 Negroes. Two hundred and fifty spike heads and bayonets and 300 daggers had been made and hidden in the earth. Maps of gun powder



storehouses and arsenals were made and carefully studied. All the available horses in the district were in readiness for the appointed hour when the great revolt was to begin: 12 o'clock Sunday night, June 16, 1822.

A traitor who accidentally learned of the plans went to his master and told him of Denmark Vesey and his followers. Two days before the revolt was to begin 135 leaders were arrested and tried. Thirty-eight of them were sentenced to death.

As they sat in prison waiting to die, they were told that they could save their lives and win their freedom by telling the names of the slaves whose names had been on the lists they had destroyed before they were arrested.

It was then that the young leader Peter Poyas passed before them on his way to death and said: "Die silent, as you shall see me do."

The other men died as he did, and because of their bravery hundreds of other Negroes lived to plan and take part in many other revolts right up to the Civil War.



# Robeson Concert Crowds Give Answer to Peekskill

Next month will be the third anniversary of that time when a bloody, battered core of 45 men stood in a narrow, dark New York road. They fought off a pack of hoodlums who, spurred on by the American Legion and assorted government officials, had turned out in full force to stop a peaceful summer concert. That was Peekskill, Aug., 1949.

To most honest Americans what happened at Peekskill looked like the very end of the last few bits of freedom still left in the country. What the attacks of the press, radio and government agencies could not do was now to be officially accomplished by brute violence.

A second concert was held at Peekskill and 25,000 people came and again there were attacks.

Some people predicted that this meant the beginning of our country's emergence into a terrible, lawless freedom-less way of life called—fascism.

They said that Paul Robeson could no longer sing in concerts, for the people would be intimidated and would not come for fear of their safety.

Other people understood better how freedom is fought for. Paul Robeson was himself among them. He said, "These concerts shall go on. And I shall go on. And I shall go on speaking for the full rights of my people up and down this America."

Now in 1952, three years after Peekskill, Paul Robeson has just completed a three month concert tour of fifteen cities from coast to coast, during which he sang to an estimated total of 80,000 people.

Forty thousand people from the United States and Canada jammed Peace Arch Park at the Canadian Border. For miles around all you could see were people, people, people—and there was not a single heckler, not one act of violence, not one shout of hatred.

In Seattle, concert sponsors were denied the use of a municipal auditorium. They took the issue to court. They won and the concert was held.

In Berkeley there were public hearings to decide if Robeson should be granted the use of a Board of Education building for a concert. The people turned out in numbers at the hearing to express their feelings, and the concert was held.

And concerts were held across the country in Cleveland, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Milwaukee, Phil-



PAUL ROBESON signs autograph for his young admirers after the New York appearance on his recently concluded concert tour.

adelphia, Newark, Detroit, and Boston.

In Chicago the city officials closed the doors of the halls to Robeson and again the Negro churches were pressured. The second open air concert of the tour was held in Washington Park in the heart of the second largest Negro community in the country, and Paul Robeson sang to 15,000 people.

In Pittsburgh where people go to jail for fighting Jim Crow, all doors were closed. Churches again had been threatened and individuals intimidated until it looked as though there would be no concert in Pittsburgh. A lone Negro businessman offered his hall. It was small, he said, could only hold about 400 people. As soon as the sponsors agreed on the hall, the police sent out a building inspector who promptly found seven fire violations, including a curious

one which stated: "7.—The mixed occupancy must be eliminated. . . ." In Pittsburgh Negro-white audiences constitute a fire hazard in the eyes of the Department of Public Safety.

The determined sponsors corrected the first six conditions and ignored the seventh and the concert was held. Four hundred people filled the little hall while great numbers more listened through loudspeakers which carried the concert onto the sidewalk.

The programs of the 14 concerts included Moussorgsky, Yiddish folk songs, English folk songs, Spanish folk songs, *Old Man River* and songs of the Negro people. There were readings from Pablo Neruda and *Othello*. Hostile critics across the country begrudgingly commented that Robeson's voice was "grand as ever," that it was "warm and moving" and still the "greatest bass baritone."

So it is that three years after Peekskill tens of thousands of Americans who love the voice of Robeson, who love the message of peace and human dignity which they associate with him as well as his music, may yet buy a ticket or pack a picnic lunch and go hear him sing.

Peekskill was real, it was very real. It was the reality of terror and the strangulation of freedom. The success of this 1952 concert is the people's belated but thunderous answer to Peekskill: Paul Robeson belongs to the people! No amount of repression can keep his great art from the great audiences which it calls forth and which the struggle for peace and freedom must provide.

## We Hollered for Help — And You Answered

On June 18 we sent an urgent letter to each member of the FREEDOM family outlining our critical financial situation and hollering for help.

Our letter asked you to renew your subscription if due and asked for an additional donation to keep us going over the summer months.

The response thus far has been gratifying, but by far the large majority of readers remain to be heard from.

Are you one who has not yet replied? If so, please hunt up our letter with the simple reply card and postage-free envelope and let us hear from you this week. If you have mislaid the letter just put a contribution into an envelope and send it in today.

If you have already responded, please accept this as a grateful acknowledgement. Thanks to all.—THE EDITORS

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