

Freedom

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

Vol. III—No. 2

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FEBRUARY, 1953

10 Cents

'Making' History



DAUGHTER BILLIE JO is not sure mother, Mrs. Margaret Fuslier, is going to get the proper pin for fastening cloth to quilt backing. They are both members of a unique History Quilt Club. See story on page 7.

Here's My Story

By PAUL ROBESON

AMONG THE THINGS I cherish most are the expressions of friendship and hope for the future which come to me from youth in all parts of the world. For Negroes, as for all oppressed peoples, so much depends on the course which the young generation takes — their early involvement in the struggle for freedom —

that I want to share with you parts of a letter I have just received from Jamaica, B. W. I.

"Allow me to extend to you, on behalf of the Jamaica Youth Movement, warmest fraternal greetings from the youth of Jamaica.

"This movement, despite the inevitable red smear, is undauntedly intensifying the struggle to win freedom, dignity and a place in the sun for the youth of this country. No doubt you will be interested to hear that we are supporting the International Conference in Defense of the Rights of Youth and we have accepted the invitation of the World Federation of Democratic Youth to send a delegation. In an effort to popularize the conference, we are calling a second National Conference on youth's rights here in Kingston, in conjunction with radio broadcasts and public meetings."

As the youth of the world prepare for a highly important conference in Vienna, we may expect the State Department to do everything possible to prevent an adequate representation of young people from the United States. While we fight for the right of our youth to have passports for this conference, it is good to know that the sentiment and problems of peoples of African descent will also be voiced by our sturdy young friends of Jamaica.

Ouch, Doc — That Hurts!

In the little town of Taylor, Texas, the civic big-wigs got together and named Negro Dr. James Lee Dickey the outstanding citizen of 1952. And everybody agreed that things were looking up — up to the balcony, that is, because that's where Negroes sit in Taylor's Jim Crow movie house.

But the Associated Press points out that in 1921 when Dr. Dickey settled in Taylor Negroes couldn't go into the theatre at all. So one must admit that Negroes are making headway in their upward climb. Who knows? Given another 32 years they may start moving downward again — toward the orchestra seats. What's the matter, can't you wait?

Listen to Dr. Dickey. He says: "Everyone just needs to be patient, and things that seem to be problems won't be problems any more." And we say: "Ouch, Doctor, that hurts!"

Puerto Rican Troop Sentences Recall Gilbert Case; Expose Jim Crow Policy

The savage punishments imposed by the United States on Jim-Crowed Negro troops in Korea for alleged "cowardice," exposed by the NAACP two years ago, were repeated on an even grander scale this month with the announcement of the court-martial convictions of 94 members of a segregated Puerto Rican regiment for refusing to fight on the Korean battlefield.

This highly-decorated regiment, the 65th, has proportionately suffered about six times the casualties of U.S. mainland troops; makes up more than a third of the front-lines burden carried by the U.S., and has been thrust continually for

more than two years in the very center of the thickest ground action.

While the soldiers are drawn from Puerto Rico and the Puerto Rican communities in the U.S., the officers of the 65th are for the most part white mainlanders who speak no Spanish.

The regiment has fought in nine major campaigns; its members had won 1,007 decorations, including 12 Silver Stars and four Distinguished Service Crosses. The alleged acts of cowardice committed by these same troops, were not revealed by the Army until more than four months after the in-

idents; then sentences of from 10 years to six months were announced.

This was followed by a statement from Col. Robert L. Lancefield, 8th Army Staff judge advocate that with Puerto Ricans "there are a lot of difficulties imposed because some of the leaders cannot even talk to them. A substantial number speak little English." Surely, few of these "leaders" could have been Puerto Rican.

While U.S. troops hold only about one-fourth of the Korea battle-front, Puerto Rican troops according to Gen. Omar Bradley, make up more than a third of this number. The remainder of the lines are held, in the main, by South Korean troops. It should be remembered that Puerto Ricans are only one-seventy-fifth of the U.S. population.

This lends credence that President Dwight D. Eisenhower's cynical campaign proposal to "let Asians fight Asians" has now become the official policy of the U.S. government—only extended to "let colored peoples fight colored peoples."

Negroes will not forget the life sentence handed out to Lt. Leon Gilbert three years ago—turned to 20 years imprisonment only by the world-wide indignation shown at this naked racist act.

Protest among Negroes here became so great that the NAACP decided to send their special counsel, Thurgood Marshall, to Korea to investigate reports that the Lt. Gilbert incident was not an isolated one.

Marshall returned with the news that Negro troops, totally segregated by then-Commander MacArthur—otherwise known for his psychologizing on the "Oriental Mind"—were completely shattered in morale.

Negroes, who like the Puerto

most ferocious combat, were especially chosen for "cowardice" prosecutions, given 40-minute whirlwind trials, and sent to jail for life, 50 or 25 years. Thirty-two Negro soldiers at that time were executed, as against two white soldiers who were given short sentences.

After Gen. MacArthur's recall, a good deal of publicity was given to so-called progress in the "integration" of Negro troops. Judging, however, from reports from Negro vets returned to this country, this "integration" policy consisted of scattering a few Negroes into all-white groups, commanded by white officers.

The Negro troops in the new situation, not only have hostile white officers to contend with, but are surrounded by enlisted men who emulate the racist patterns of their superiors.

As Lt. Gilbert was ordered to lead his men into certain death by a white officer, so Lt. Juan Guzman was ordered by his white mainland superior Maj. Harry M. Elam to lead his platoon up a hill which was being raked by fire from above.

Puerto Rican soldiers have complained bitterly that they have been especially subjected to "cannon fodder" action, far above their share of the fighting. Last November, Brig. Gen. Thomas E. Phillips, U.S.A., retired, wrote that U.S. mainland troops losses would amount to the hundreds of thousands if they were proportional to losses suffered by the Puerto Ricans.

All sections of the Puerto Rican community, and even the most conservative of the Puerto Rican newspapers, here and on the island, have demanded an immediate investigation into the savage sentences—many of them reduced from life imprisonment.

Gov. Luis Munoz-Marin has appealed to Army Chief of Staff J. Lawton Collins to proceed

(Continued on Page 8)



ON BATTLEFIELD — JIM CROW RULES

URGENT NOTICE!

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Smith Act Defendant Explains 'Why I Joined the Communists'

By EUSTACE GOODSON

One Negro Communist has served two years of his five-year sentence in a Federal prison under the Smith Act; two are political refugees; two more have just been convicted under the Act; and three others are among the 18 arrested in the recent round-up of third-echelon Communist leaders throughout the country.

What are they like? What made them join the Communist Party? How do they live, think, and work? Have they any regrets about their activities? Outside of Benjamin J. Davis, who was convicted with the first top-ranking 11 two years ago, little is known by the majority of the people about the others.

This story is about Pettis Perry, Alabama-born sharecropper, one of the two Negroes battling for their freedom in the Federal Courthouse in Foley Square, with 13 other second-ranking Communist leaders. The other Negro in this group is a woman, Claudia Jones, West-Indies-born, who faces a double jeopardy: deportation under the McCarran Act and prison under the Smith Act.

Perry has worked hard and come a long way in the political party of his choice. His young wife feels honored to stand at his side, as she will tell you. Whether one agrees with the political philosophy of Perry and his colleagues, one cannot help but admire their courage.

Witnessed Lynchings

Pettis Perry, whom his friends call Pete, was born on January 4, 1897, on a tenant farm near Marion, Ala. His folks before him had been sharecroppers, living in debt all their lives. His boyhood was spent under what he terms "slave-whipping barbarism." He saw people flogged, lynched, hunted, starved and even driven to insanity.

By the time he was 14, he had made up his mind that "before I'd let myself be beaten by white people, I would die, that's all." Keeping this pledge to himself, young Pete at 17 took his post at a window of his shack with a gun, as many another Negro had done before him, and remained there for two days and nights waiting for the mob to come. It happened that this mob did not come. The next year found him on the road.

For the next 15 years Perry traveled the length and breadth of the country, usually by freight train, riding the rods, seeking the life which he could not find. During these years he learned all the skills of a Negro migratory worker.

He knows the tension of a picket line just before the cops charge, the proud defiance of a Negro in the South when he risks lynchings by opposing the white boss who tries to cheat him. He knows the near starvation of the sharecropper and what it means to be deprived of schooling because of his race.

Hears of Scottsboro

The arrest of the nine Scottsboro Boys in March, 1931, proved to be the turning point in his life. He heard of these young Negroes' plight in the first copy of the Daily Worker that he had ever seen, and his

Who 'Stirs Up' Trouble?

In America, one . . . unique national condition which does not exist anywhere else, is the degradation of 15 million Negroes to the role of second and third class citizens.

The prosecution cannot ignore or explain away this historic fact which shames this country in the eyes of the world. It has sought instead to minimize the bitter oppression of the Negro people by urging upon you the hypocritical view that these conditions are really non-existent but have been created by the Communists to "stir up trouble."

Such a view insults the intelligence of this jury. Surely the members of this jury know that the Communists did not invent or "stir up" the facts of Negro oppression. These facts cannot be concealed—they are certainly not concealed from the Negro people.

The United States Government is supposed to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people. If that is so, how shall it be explained that the U. S. Cabinet contains not a single Negro? How shall it be explained that not a single Negro has ever served on the United States Supreme Court? How shall it be explained that none of the Federal districts has a Negro United States attorney in charge? How shall it be explained that no county in the United States has a Negro sheriff; no city has a Negro mayor, no state has a Negro United States Senator, and no division of the U. S. Army is commanded by a Negro general? Are these bitter truths—"trouble" stirred up by the Communist Party?

If the Government is really interested in meting out justice to those who "use and exploit" the Negro people, why does it not indict and bring to trial the arch-financiers and plantation landlords? . . . It is they who spread the evil myth of "white supremacy," who rule by lynch-law and terror, who keep the Negro people from the polls, who foster and protect the Ku Klux Klan, the Dixiecrats and the fascist gangs.

—Excerpts from summary statement of Pettis Perry to the jury.

many years of riding freight trains gave him an identity with them. "That was the thing that really developed my national consciousness," he said.

A few days after that he went to a picnic given by the International Labor Defense. When he reached the grounds he heard a sheriff telling a group of white people that they could remain on the picnic grounds, but that the Negroes had to go.

"There must have been 3,800 people there," Perry recalls, "and about 55 of them Negroes. The delegation of whites told the sheriff that if he threw out the Negroes, he would have to throw them out." The picnic continued as planned.

"This seemed to be a different type of white population from any I had ever seen," he relates. "I'd seen white individuals who were right but I'd never seen a mass of white people standing together for Negro rights. Made quite an impression on me. . . I figured, 'This is where I belong,' and I joined the I.L.D."

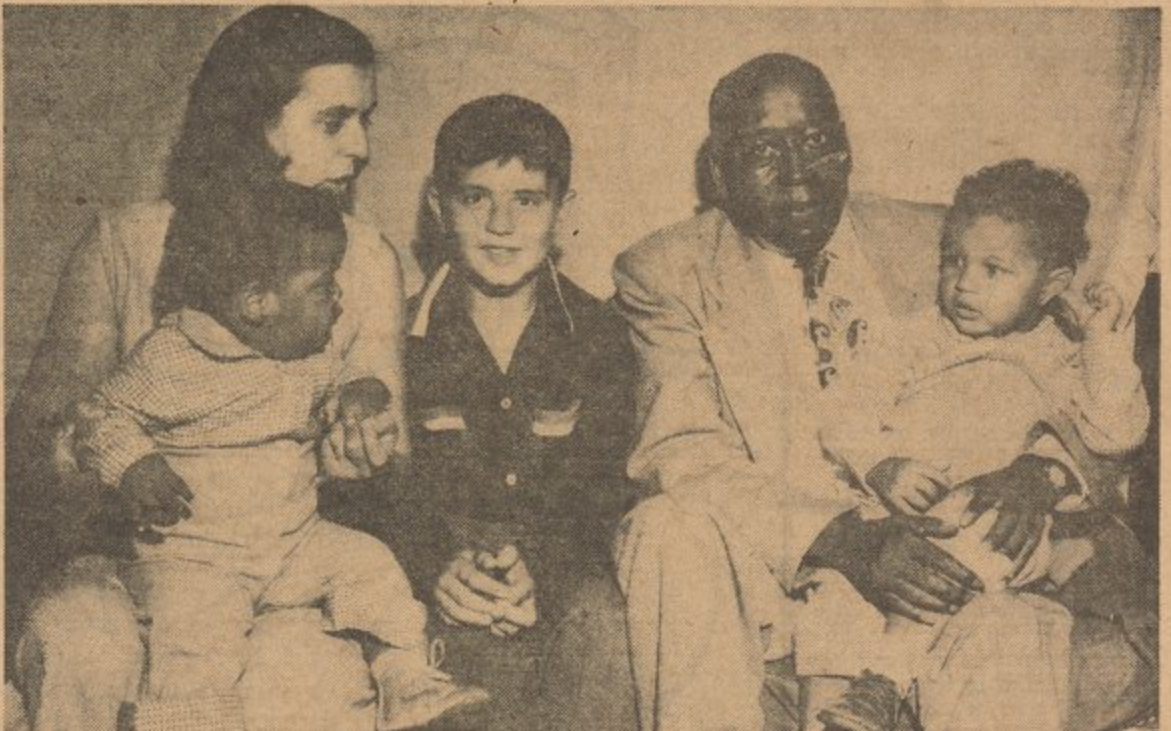
"Caught a Sucker"

A Negro acquaintance tried to stop him, warning him that the concern of Communists for Negro rights was only a bait with which to hook him, and Perry replied: "If this is bait, they've really caught a damn big sucker. If they're willing to get shot, willing to go to jail, willing to get beaten up, willing to pick a Negro for Vice-president, just to get me into the party, then that's bait for me."

Perry joined the party and threw himself into the work with all of his pent-up ability and zeal. He was soon being pushed faster than he felt his lack of education would permit him to go. So he buckled down to teach himself to read.

The book he selected upon which to cut his literary teeth was the Communist Manifesto, because he wanted to understand the theory of his newly

(Continued on Page 8)



HOME: The word has a special meaning for Pettis Perry as he spends a quiet moment with his family. Like other Smith Act defendants, the Secretary of the Negro Commission and Chairman of the Farm Commission of the Communist Party faces stiff fine and imprisonment. Here, Perry bounces two-year-old Pete Jr., on his knee while Mrs. Perry holds Richard, 12, is Mrs. Perry's son by a former marriage.

It Happened Last Month

HOT, SPRINGS, Ark.—Dr. D. V. Jemison, 78-year-old religious leader, will retire as national president of the National Baptist Convention. Dr. Jemison made the announcement at the mid-winter session of the group. His successor will be elected at the national meeting to be held in Miami, Fla., in September.

TULLULAH, La.—Negro parents here retained New Orleans attorney A. P. Tureaud to guide the court fight



against the practice of Fifth Louisiana District school boards of closing down Negro schools during the harvest season. White schools remain open.

RADFORD, Va.—Religion triumphed over race segregation when historic Grove Avenue Methodist church permitted a Negro minister to preach in the church. The Rev. Levi Miller, executive secretary of Christian education in the Washington conference of the Methodist church, addressed a youth conference at Radford College and at Grove Avenue Methodist church, both white institutions.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—The Florida Supreme Court is scheduled to hear arguments for the appeal of the conviction of Walter Lee Irvin, twice-convicted defendant in the Groveland "rape" case. The injury of one of Irvin's lawyers forced the postponement of the appeal, originally slated for the last week in January. Defense lawyers will cite 22 errors committed by the court in sentencing Irvin to death in his second trial.

CHICAGO—A Municipal Court jury awarded \$100 damages to Jimmy Williams after finding that a bowling alley had illegally barred him from bowling with white members of the UE Local to which Williams belongs. Discrimination against Negro bowlers has long been practiced here, but bowling alley officials in the city have announced a reversal of policy.

Harlem Tenants Organize as Housing Crisis Deepens

By GEO. B. MURPHY, Jr.

It was a tired and angry crowd of some five hundred women, men and children that streamed out of the parish hall of Harlem's St. Philip's Episcopal Church into the bitter cold of 133rd Street late in the evening of January 28.

Many of them were elderly people. Their worn faces, the faces of working people, bespoke another frustrating chapter in their long struggle to obtain decent housing; away from the cat-size rats, the stinking uncollected garbage, the falling plaster, and the cold, windowless cubby-hole rooms which they call home in the ghetto of Harlem.

They had rushed home from work in response to a call to a housing meeting issued by the Harlem Urban League and representatives of the Godfrey Nurse Housing Project for Middle-Income families.

The notice to the meeting had said they would get an answer to the question uppermost in their minds; when would they go while the wreckers cleared the area bounded by Lenox Avenue, and Fifth Avenue, from 132nd to 135th Street. And they had other questions too. How could they be expected to pay rent in a project where rentals are scheduled to begin at twenty-one dollars per room, as much as many of them were paying for two and three-room rat holes per month.

They got no answers to any of their questions, because the



A HOUSE TO LIVE IN: This is a typical "back porch" and "recreation area" in the Harlem slums.

meeting was called off.

"All of us are mad about this," said Mrs. Emma Hughes, who lives with her husband in a tiny two-room apartment at 69 West 133rd Street. Mrs. Hughes is 65 and her husband

is 74.

"We've lived here for four-

teen years," she went on, "and we don't want to leave this neighborhood. What we want is some repairs and some painting and some heat. They haven't painted this place in six years. When we went on delegations of the Harlem Tenants Council to the City Plan-

ning Commission, they told us that we would just have to shift for ourselves. At other places they told us that they might find a place for us somewhere in New Jersey. Where will we go? We can't afford to live in this project they are building in this area. That's why we're going to fight this thing."

It is estimated that the Godfrey Nurse Project, a privately financed housing venture, will house some 2,000 people in an area where an estimated 8,000 people are now living. Although the majority of the people living in this area are in the low-income bracket, the project is being built for middle-income families.

Mrs. Mary M. Lawhorne, who also lives at 69 West 133rd Street, a five-story walk-up tenement building, had a similar story to tell.

"I've lived here in this two-room apartment for nine years and I had to fight the landlord for a year in order to get a big hole in the ceiling over my sink fixed. And I didn't get it done until I refused to pay any more rent. He threatened to evict me and I had pictures of this place taken and took him to court. The judge slapped a housing violation on him and then I finally got the hole repaired."

According to officials of the Harlem Tenants Council at 2 East 125th Street, more than 15,000 Negroes in Harlem live in sub-standard cellar apartments. Of the 500,000 applications filed with the New York City Housing Authority for low-income apartment housing, these officials estimate that a minimum of 100,000 come from Negroes in Harlem. They also

pointed out that more than 15,000 families in Harlem face eviction to make room for housing projects being built for middle-income groups.

Although landlord pressure groups, working in conjunction with the Republican majority in the Dewey-controlled New York State Legislature, are out to scuttle the New York State Rent Control Act, which is due to expire June 30, the New York Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild, in a report prepared by its committee on Social Legislation said:

"The Legislature in recognizing the need for rent controls in our state set forth in the preamble to the present Act as follows: 'That unless residential rents and evictions are regulated and controlled, disruptive practices and abnormal conditions . . . will produce serious threats to the public health, safety and general welfare.'"

The committee's report also pointed out that despite the fact that the birthrate for New York State in 1951 was the second highest in thirty years, the "increase in new housing did not begin to meet this increase in population."

The Harlem Tenants Council is conducting an intensive campaign among the people of this community, the largest Negro community in the world, calling for a "merger of all tenant groups fighting the common battle for decent housing, strengthening of rent controls, against all evictions, and for a program of forcing the city administration to assume its responsibility of forcing landlords to correct violations."

BOOKS

FIRST BOOK OF NEGROES, by Langston Hughes. Illustrations by Ursula Koering. Published by Franklin Watts, 699 Madison Ave., New York City 21. \$1.75.

Those few Americans, Negro or white, who are at least familiar with the name of Frederick Douglass, usually know very little or nothing about his life's work or his writings. And fewer still know even the names of Nat Turner or Harriet Tubman. And while

it is no wonder that this is so, since the great American effort in history has apparently been to hide, to distort and to omit the mighty footpaths of the historical giants of Negro history. The result has been a great, gaping hole in the education of most Americans, a hole which begins to form when we are children.

For this reason, Langston Hughes' First Book of Negroes,

a lively, well written child's brief history of the Negro people, is a timely and welcome sight for all bookshelves where young people (12 and under) are about.

Mr. Hughes has very cleverly woven bits of Negro past into a child's view of today. And while there are parts of the "view of today" which aren't too accurate, the book begins to fill a need. For there is a lot in it for young minds to learn, a little to make smiles; and most important, there is much to give the non-Negro youngster an early respect, and a good deal to make young Negroes start life proud.

There are stories of the explorer, Estevan, who came to the New World in 1539 and discovered the territories of Arizona and New Mexico; the 30 Negro explorers who were with Balboa when he discovered the Pacific Ocean; the black man, Pedro Alonso Niño, who sailed with Columbus in 1492; Africa and the Watusi people who can jump eight feet in the air (Western Olympic champions have three-fourths of an inch to go before they reach the seven foot mark!). And most important there are stories about the African people who were brought to this country in the 17th Century, stories which tell how the slaves fought back against slavery.

The book is written with a sense of dignity and an excellent sense of story telling. Toward the end there are a series of portraits of famous Negroes. They include Jackie Robinson, Satchel Paige, Ralph Bunche, Edith Sampson, Marion Anderson, Gwendolyn Brooks, Lena Horne, Thurgood Marshall and Mrs. Bethune. Yet, as if by magic, nowhere, not in drawings, not in a sentence, is the

mention of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois or Paul Robeson—and the publishers have called it, "The First Book of Negroes!"

Adults who read this often charming and delightfully illustrated child's history will want to buy it for their children or other little friends who ought to know many of the things which are found in it. But they will probably ask the question which occurred to this reviewer: "What would the Old Militant, Fred Douglass, say if he should leaf through this little book today and note these sentences on the very last page: 'Here (in the U.S.) people are free to vote and work out their problems. . . Here all of us are a part of democracy. . .'"

It's a curious kind of democracy where political and racist pressures oblige the foremost living Negro poet to write a child's history of the Negro people in which he may not even mention the name of the man who has both unearthed and made so much of that very history, the name of W. E. B. DuBois.

It's a false democracy where a writer may not write the name of perhaps the most famous and beloved living American, who has been one of this nation's finest athletes and actors and who is even yet called by many the "greatest living bass-baritone." To overlook all that greatness cannot be an oversight, yet there is no mention of Paul Robeson in this Hughes' book.

In 1953, The First Book of Negroes could be a truly wonderful experience in the education and entertainment of young people were it not for the omissions of publishers, who, in their time, can do nothing, not in drawings, not in a sentence, is the necessary to

"Letter From a Georgia Mother"



During February, Brotherhood Month, New Yorkers will have the opportunity to see a rare and heart-stirring moving picture. "A Letter to a Georgia Mother" was written, recorded and acted by migrant agricultural workers whose life and work ranges from the tip of Florida in the orange groves to the potato fields of New York and New Jersey. It was produced by the Agricultural Workers Union.

In addition to the movie, Mr. Sam Henry, President of the Brotherhood of Sharecroppers, Tenant Farmers and Farm Laborers, will tell the story of his life as a sharecropper and his experiences in helping to win a better life for the rural people of the South. Two public programs are scheduled, for the Theresa Hotel, 125th Street and 7th Avenue, Thursday, February 12, at 8 p.m., and on Sunday, February 15, at 8 p.m., at the Jefferson School, 575 Sixth Avenue.

Organizations interested in making this program part of their Negro History Week and Brotherhood Month celebration can get further details from the Committee For a Free South, 53 West 125th Street, or by calling Mary Michaels at CY 4-9733.

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BARBED WIRE CAGES is the answer of the British to the demands of the Kikuyu people for independence. From these cages the African patriots of Kenya are herded into jails or onto farms where they work as slave laborers on land the British have stolen from them.



SYLVANUS E. OLYMPIO is shown, left, presenting to the UN Security Council an appeal for unification of the Ewe people of West Africa, now exploited under both British and French administrations.



ELEVEN KIKUYU YOUTH of Kenya are shown being arraigned on murder charges before white police superintendent P. S. A. Steenkamp. They are among the hundreds being rounded up by Britain in its anti-independence campaign in Kenya. Jomo Kenyatta, leader of the Kenya Africa Union, is now on trial and is being defended by a battery of British African and Indian lawyers headed by the nationally famous London barrister, D. N. Pritt.

How They vote

When the UN General Assembly Eyes Will Again Be on Africa. In delegates Failed to Vote Once for A

Should Africans whose land was stolen from them by the British in Tanganyika have it returned? *No!*—says the U.S.A. Should the people of Togoland achieve unification and freedom? *No!*—says the U.S.A. Should the UN investigate the vicious "white supremacy" oppression of the Malan government in South Africa? *Abstain*—says the U.S.A.

And so on a whole series of questions relating to Africa and colonial peoples, representatives of the United States in the recently-adjourned UN General Assembly

What the Sym

The 15 resolutions described in the right-hand columns of the African peoples for equality and independence, or at least prov

Y—means support of the proposal.

N—means opposition to the proposal.

The Nations

The Score

	The Score				B
	YES	NO	O (Abstain)	ABSENT	
United States	0	13	2	0	O O
Britain	0	13	2	0	O O
South Africa	0	15	0	0	O N
Australia	0	11	3	1	O O
Canada	2	9	4	0	O O
New Zealand	0	14	1	0	N O
France	0	10	3	2	O O
Belgium	0	11	3	1	O O
Luxembourg	0	10	3	2	O O
Netherlands	0	13	2	0	N O
Denmark	0	10	5	0	N O
Norway	0	9	6	0	N O
Sweden	1	11	3	0	N O
Iceland	0	5	2	8	N O
Greece	4	2	8	1	O O
Turkey	0	1	7	7	O O
Yugoslavia	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Israel	4	1	10	0	Y Y
Formosa	12	0	3	0	O O
Argentina	10	0	5	0	O O
Bolivia	11	0	1	3	Y Y
Brazil	12	1	2	0	Y Y
Chile	12	1	2	0	Y Y
Colombia	7	5	3	0	Y Y
Costa Rica	6	2	1	6	Y Y
Cuba	7	3	2	3	Y Y
Dominican Republic	4	4	7	0	Y Y
Ecuador	8	2	5	0	Y Y
El Salvador	12	0	0	3	Y Y
Guatemala	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Haiti	12	2	1	0	Y Y
Honduras	8	2	0	5	Y Y
Mexico	14	0	1	0	Y Y
Nicaragua	2	2	5	6	O O
Panama	4	1	2	8	Y Y
Paraguay	1	2	4	8	O O
Peru	5	3	7	0	O O
Uruguay	8	4	2	1	Y Y
Venezuela	9	2	4	0	O O
Egypt	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Ethiopia	13	0	2	0	Y Y
Liberia	13	0	1	1	Y Y
Afghanistan	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Burma	15	0	0	0	Y Y
India	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Indonesia	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Iran	14	0	1	0	Y Y
Iraq	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Lebanon	2	0	0	3	Y Y
Pakistan	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Philippines	14	0	1	0	Y Y
Saudi Arabia	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Syria	14	0	0	1	Y Y
Thailand	8	0	7	0	Y Y
Yemen	13	0	0	2	Y Y
Byelorussian SSR	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Czechoslovakia	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Poland	15	0	0	0	Y Y
Ukrainian SSR	15	0	0	0	Y Y
USSR	15	0	0	0	Y Y

Editorials

Another Waterfront Crime

A STATE CRIME COMMISSION has been turning the spotlight on conditions on the New York waterfront. The picture which it exposes is not a pretty one. Kickbacks, extortion, loan sharks, bogus unionism, petty and grand theft and recurrent violence are all part of the scene.

Left to the interpretation of the daily press, the hard-working longshoremen will turn out to be the villain of this story. Actually he is the prime victim.

Shipping is a sick industry; it is suffering from a depression brought about by the war-inspired embargo on East-West trade. But the shipowners are not doing poorly. They continue to make record profits and keep the longshoremen at starvation levels by bribing their leaders, hiring gangsters to do their dirty work and crying "Red" every time a real rank and file movement gets under way.

West Coast longshoremen tackled this problem years ago by setting up a democratic union under the militant leadership of Harry Bridges, now being persecuted and threatened by the government with deportation to his native Australia. On the West Coast Negro dock workers have some dignity and status in their union, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, and a fair shake at the available jobs. On the East Coast in the International Longshoremen's Association, AFL, headed by "King" Joe Ryan, Negroes are strictly second class members, as symbolized by the plight of a fighting, predominantly-Negro local, 968. It's time the spotlight was turned on the special problems of the Negro longshoremen on the East Coast, and FREEDOM intends to do this for our readers in an early issue.

'White Man's Burden'

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION to our front-page article on the court-martial sentences against members of the Puerto Rican 65th Regiment in Korea. The figures show that out of every 10 U.S. soldiers on the battlefield three are Puerto Ricans. Add to this the estimate that Negroes make up almost two-tenths of the front line troops and we have a picture of half the U.S. troops at the line of fire being Negroes and Puerto Ricans—while these two peoples make up only about 12 percent of the population!

And add to this Eisenhower's decision to let Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa mercenaries loose on the mainland of China, and we have an Anglo-Saxon, "white man's burden" war policy with a vengeance.

Let Asians, Africans, Latin American and Negroes kill themselves off for the greater glory of General MacArthur, General Whosits and General Motors! That seems to be the "new plan" of the new President and his cabinet of eight millionaires and a reconditioned steamfitter!

Can there be any question but that Negroes must fight for peace and oppose this suicidal foreign policy, in their own self-interest and in defense of the good name and the real security of the United States? It's time to redouble our efforts. The hour is getting late!

Four Good Reasons

(From the Baltimore AFRO-AMERICAN)

JUSTICE will be served if the death sentences given Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted of atomic espionage, are commuted to life sentences.

The feeling is inescapable that the severe sentences would not have been passed had not this couple been members of a minority group.

This feeling is bolstered by the fact that never before in the history of the United States has a civil court given a death sentence for espionage.

There are also grave doubts in this case. One is that the government based its case almost exclusively on the uncorroborated testimony of a free lance spy, who by involving the Rosenbergs managed to escape the death penalty and secure for himself a 15-year sentence.

Another is the testimony of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Dr. Harold Urey and others that in 1945, the date of the Rosenberg crime, there existed no basic atomic secrets.

Actually at that time it was not certain whether any nation could even produce an atomic bomb.

There may be others, but we think these four reasons are sufficient to justify the President in commuting the death sentences to life imprisonment.

Keep Turning that Spotlight



OPENING THE MAIL

Appeal

I am writing to ask you to make an appeal in FREEDOM for me. You know, Frank Grazlak lost his job last Dec. 13th; my husband on April 28th. Grazlak is a disabled veteran. His wife is ill and has been in the hospital. They have received no answer from the appeals board, although the hearing was on June 6th. My husband's hearing was Oct. 28th and he hasn't received an answer. Since that time, our condition has become desperate. He has been unable to get or keep a job.

Would you please ask your readers to write the Secretary of the Army demanding these men be given their jobs back? They themselves say there is no reasonable doubt as to their loyalty. It is like giving a man a death sentence when he is denied the right to work.

Mary Agnes Barnett
Louisville, Ky.

Note: Walter Barnett and Frank Grazlak were fired from the Army Supply Base in Louisville because of their activities in the National Negro Labor Council and the Progressive Party.

Surprised

Recently I received a very pleasant surprise when I received my first copy of FREEDOM. The contents of the paper made such a deep impression on me that I immediately had to share it with somebody. Therefore, I read it to my neighbor. He also was greatly impressed by the quality of the paper.

is Mrs. he wanted my January

copy so that he could show it to friends in New Jersey; secondly, he gave me \$1 for a subscription for him.

I wish FREEDOM Associates the best of good luck and will try to get as many subscriptions as possible for your inspiring and enlightening articles.

Shirley Winslow
Bronx, N. Y.

Whose Civil Rights?

I am a cab driver and my employer is a Negro. My fellow workers are both Negro and white and our relationship is very good and could be much better if we had a good labor union in which to fraternalize.

Many intersections in Chicago are covered with "No Parking" signs, but it isn't unusual to see taxi cabs parked in the wee hours of the morning taking a chance of snagging just one more fare to help pay high prices, taxes and milk for the babies. It was one of those ungodly hours that a police officer saw fit to give me a ticket for violation of parking rules. Now I don't want to condone the breaking of traffic rules, but after this cop had written the ticket he tried to involve me in an argument by demanding, "What the h--l, aren't you a white man? Then why are you driving a n----r cab?"

It was then that I knew why I was penalized for such a minor offense, while others are not, and it is now that I know why the police do nothing to protect the lives and property of citizens from organized mob violence when these citizens entertain Negro guests in their homes.

In conclusion, I think it

would be a good deal if the Mayor of Chicago, while talking about fighting crime, would educate his policemen that CIVIL RIGHTS are for all the people.

R. Pleasant
Chicago, Ill.

Likes "Marge"

Read your paper for the first time when a friend gave me last month's issue. You're using journalism that can't help but hit hard because you're telling the truth! Especially enjoyed Alice Childress' "Merry Xmas, Marge." Keep up the fine work.

Vera Parise
Brooklyn N. Y.

Real Freedom Wanted

I am writing this letter to let you know that I am glad to know we have people in our race like Mr. Paul Robeson and Rev. Hill and so many more. I say this to you: I hope Mr. Paul Robeson and all the rest keep on fighting and fighting until we black people on earth get our freedom, and I mean freedom. I am interested in the destiny of the FREEDOM paper. I have turned in seventeen dollars from people who are also interested in the destiny of FREEDOM.

Louis Hartley
Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Friends

I subscribe to your FREEDOM paper and I do enjoy reading about the progress the Negro people are making. I hope the contest is open to us here in Canada who are anxious to have your paper known and read. Please send me sub blanks and I'll try my best to get as many new readers as possible.

Mrs. Coluba Smith
Toronto, Ont.

Women Portray History in Artistic Needlework

Designer's Unique Idea Unites Races in 'Quilting Bee' Based On Incidents in Negro's Past

In 1949 when Benjamin Irvin first began assisting the people of Marin City, Calif., to celebrate National Negro History Week, the question women most frequently put to him was, "I'm not artistic, but what can I do to help?" They would point to the illustrated display he was constructing. Mr. Irvin, trained in architecture and mural painting, discovered that many of the women claiming not to be artistic were turning out quilts in their spare time, traditional in design, but full of exciting color and exquisite craftsmanship.

Mr. Irvin resolved to put their talents to work, and thus was born the History Quilt Club, a unique interracial organization. Choosing Harriet Tubman, one of the great figures of Negro history as subject, Irvin made a full-scale design, and the ladies cut out and appliqued cloth pieces onto a background, adding embroidery for details, then quilted the entire work. This special process was worked out on a trial and error basis in the quilters' first project. "Working out the design and putting the different parts together," says Mrs. Margaret Fuslier, "taught me so much about colors and patterns. I had done plenty of sewing before, but I didn't know anything about quilting. Now I feel I could do one myself." The group was so painstaking in their efforts they won second prize at the California State Fair last year.

The quilt of Harriet Tubman was the center of attraction at the Negro History Week ex-

hibit a year ago and has been displayed at other affairs about the San Francisco region. The second quilt, a much more intricate work, will depict Frederick Douglass, greatest of Negro American statesmen, showing him as a young man making his first public address before an anti-slavery convention in 1841. Designer Irvin has made costumes and architecture authentic and drawn faces from contemporary photographs and prints. Future plans call for a series which will honor Negro heroes from ancient Egypt's Pharaoh Ikhnoton to the present day's Dr. W. E. B. DuBois.

The women had different reasons for joining the group. Mrs. Martha Johnson, one of the more expert sewers and the first to join in with Mr. Irvin's project, admits, "This is much more interesting than quilting at home all alone, doing the same little patterns over and over again," while Mrs. Bernice Vissman claims, "It's amazing how close you get to the quilts when you work on them. I scarcely knew anything about Harriet Tubman before, but now we all call her 'Sister Harriet,' and she's a friend." Mrs. Birdie Smith adds, "When we're quilting, I like to let my thoughts run back over the years to other quilting bees I've known. We talk about Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass, too, and that's the way you really get to know about our history." But all agree there is lots of fun to an old-fashioned quilting bee brought up to date, and find a challenge



MEMBERS OF HISTORY QUILT CLUB shown above are appliqueing shaped pieces of cloth onto background of quilt depicting Frederick Douglass. Later, embroidery will fill in details. Behind quilters is prize-winning "Harriet Tubman," showing the great heroine of the Underground Railway in her uniform as scout for the Union Army. North Star guided her when she rescued slaves from the South, and the owl in lower left corner of quilt symbolizes night. Mrs. Tubman used owl's cry as signal to the slaves. Quilters (l. to r.) are: Miss Florence Shandeling, Mr. Irvin, Mmes. Martha Johnson, Bernice Vissman, Birdie Smith, Margaret Fuslier, and daughter, Billie Jo.

in the exactitude and tricky needlework demanded.

Even the husbands of the quilters joined in the project by inviting in friends and cooking a fancy dinner to raise

money for materials. The group has also had printed full-color greeting and postcards of the prize-winning quilt, "Harriet Tubman," which they sell when the quilt is on display to help

defray expenses. Materials for one quilt cost from \$30 on up, and a quilt takes about four months to complete. Quilters treasure their work so, they will not be considered for sale.

Stories for Children: Dunbar Wrote Poems of Everyday Life

When Paul Laurence Dunbar was about ten years old, he loved best of all to spend long winter evenings listening to his mother tell about the old days during slavery, before Paul was born. Paul's father had run away to the North on the Underground Railway, to a little town just north of the Ohio River, called Dayton.

Little Paul was glad that the terrible times of slavery were over, but he still loved to hear about life on the plantations. His mother told wonderful stories about how the slaves found things to laugh and sing about in the cabins at the end of the day, when the hard work in the fields was over. Little Paul's eyes would light up and he would laugh and laugh when happy things happened in the stories, and when sad things happened he would cry a little bit. Paul loved the way his mother spoke. It seemed so soft and beautiful to listen to. And she had a way of saying things that were different from the way other people in Dayton spoke. It seemed to little Paul more colorful and full of life.

Paul was a very good student in school and he and his two best friends built a printing press in a basement and published their own newspaper. But Paul was not as interested in machines and printing presses as he was in books and writing. So he began to write poems and articles himself. He was very clever and he knew how to make people laugh. Sometimes his poems made a little fun of his friends in school, or sometimes he would make fun of himself.

When Paul graduated from high school he knew he wanted to be a poet and he wanted very much to go to college, but he was poor and so he went to work as an elevator operator. And he was making

people up and down on the elevator he would sit on a little stool writing his poems or reading his books. His favorite American poet was James Whitcomb Riley, who wrote wonderful, friendly poetry that sounded just like the people in Indiana where Riley lived.

Paul had an idea. Why not write his poems the



way his people talked! Like his mother and most of the people he knew talked. That's what he would do, and he would write about all the things his mother had told him about and things he knew about out of his own life. About candle-lighting time and Thanksgiving, about banjo music, and about wanting to dance, about wanting to sing and about little brown babies with sparkling eyes and beautiful things like when Malindy sings the spirituals!

And so Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote hundreds of poems and put them into books and people all over the country read them, and Paul was invited many places to recite them aloud.

But all of Paul's poems were not happy ones. Some of them were sad and still others were ringing protests against the insults and mistreatment of his people. Once when a white man got up at a meeting and said that Negroes were worthless and lazy, Paul put aside some happy poems he was going to read and recited another poem he had written called *Ode to Ethiopia*. The poem told how proud Negroes were, and how much they had given to the world and that they need never be ashamed. And Paul wrote many other beautiful poems which were not in what people called "Negro dialect," and many of them are today as famous as his poems which make people laugh.

Paul had always been sickly and frail and he died when he was still a young man. But because he gave so much to his people in laughter and beauty during his life, they named schools, libraries, banks and big apartment houses after him. And today you may get his poems in the libraries. They are fun to learn and recite and it is a wonderful way to celebrate Negro History Week in February.

A Conversation from Life

By ALICE CHILDRESS

Marge, turn off the television so you can hear me talk, because what I got to say is a lot more interestin' than hearin' that man singin' a song about a box of kitchen cleanser.

I served a buffet cocktail party this evenin' for Mrs. H., and of course her notion of a few friends is a lot different from mine, but be that as it may, we all got to work for a livin'. . . Well, her crowd is what they call "smart," so after they ate up all the shrimp salad and chicken loaf, they lolled around chit-chattin' about poetry, paintin' and the problems of the world. . . You know, Marge, it is easy to pass yourself off as one of the "smart" crowd, because all you have to know is two words: "wonderful" and "amusin'." There's hardly anything they can think of that isn't "wonderful" or "amusin'," from the President to a pussy cat.

Well, yours truly was doin' her bit by emptyin' ashtrays and servin' Martinis in between washin' dishes. . . and they was arguin' like sixty about first one thing and then another. . . then finally they started talkin' about war and peace. . . Marge, for the first time "wonderful" and "amusin'" was squeezed out of the conversation.

Some of 'em was sayin' we couldn't have war and some was sayin' we couldn't have peace, and as I told you, I was mindin' my cleanup business. . . Well, one of 'em got the bright idea of tryin' to make a fool out of me by callin' me in and askin' my opinion. . . Hold on, Marge! I did that. . . "Excuse me," I said, "but I have to do my work."

"Oh, Mildred!" Mrs. H. squeals, "Don't be stuffy. I've told everyone how WONDERFUL you are."

So I put down the silent butler and says short and quick, "I'm against war and if most of the people feel like that there'll be peace."

Well, honey, I could tell by the laughter in their eyes that they thought me "amusin'." Anyway, one arrogant, educated, ignorant young man speaks up. . . "Why are you for peace. . . do you have a son?" "No," I says, "I do not have a son, but I got me and I have hope for better days and I'd like to be here to see 'em and I'm lookin' forward to someday be-



in' as much of a woman as I can be. . . I also consider that all children belong to us whether we birthed them or not, be they girls or boys. . ."

At this point, Marge, Mrs. H. starts wavin' her hands and smilin' as if to say that was enough, but I wasn't payin' her no mind whatsoever. . . "Furthermore," I said, "I do not want to see peoples' blood and bones spattered about the streets and I do not want to see your eyes runnin' outta your head like water."

Mrs. H. says, "Oh, you'll turn my stomach, Mildred!" . . . "That is not me turnin' your stomach," I says, "That is war." . . I looked at those young men in their fancy dinner jackets and the ladies in their strapless evening gowns and I went on, "I do not want to see you folks washed in oil and fire. . . no, and I don't want to see your bodies stacked like kindlin' wood. . . I don't want to see mothers and fathers screamin' in the streets. . . I don't want to see blood flowin' like the Mississippi. . . I don't want to see folks shakin' and tremblin' and runnin' and hidin'. . . but I do want to see the KINGDOM COME on earth as it is in Heaven and I do not think that bombs and blood and salty tears is a Heavenly condition."

Well, Marge, they were quiet and as I picked up the silent butler, I added one last remark. . . "When there is true peace we'll have different notions about what is "amusin'" because Mankind will be "wonderful." . .

Marge, they were still quiet when I left.

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Army Jim Crow

(Continued from Page 1)

instantly with such an investigation of the background of the alleged acts of cowardice. The newspaper *El Imparcial* has called for an investigation by the U.S. Senate and the Puerto Rican legislature in addition, and declared that contempt was shown for Puerto Rican troops by mainland American officers.

Neither the thousands of Puerto Rican troops sent to Korea, nor any of the Puerto Rican people had any vote as to whether Puerto Rico should send such troops. This decision was made in the continental United States in a Congress where Puerto Rico has a single representative, but no vote!

The contempt for colored peoples shown by the U.S. government here, and in the Lt. Gilbert case, as well as in the use of bacteriological weapons and napalm against the Korean people is also made manifest in the treatment of the U.S. "ally" the South Koreans.

South Koreans already make up well over half of the troops on the battlefield, and several divisions are being readied for front-line duty in preparation for "Asians fighting Asians." Atrocities against South Korean civilians has led the National Christian Council of Korea to call on Gen. Mark W. Clark and the U.S. Government to "take measures necessary to tighten up the discipline of some United Nations soldiers violating the rights of Korean civilians."

The protest came after a U.S. Army lieutenant and three American soldiers beat to death the Rev. Wha Il Pang, South Korean Presbyterian minister. He was the council's associate secretary.

Mayfield Directs Ossie Davis Play

NEW YORK—Julian Mayfield, young actor last seen on Broadway in "Lost in the Stars," will direct the New Playwrights' production of "The Big Deal," a full-length play by Ossie Davis. Stanley Greene, the theatre's executive director, will produce the play.

Mayfield starred in "Medal for Willie," appeared on many TV shows, and is a playwright himself. His two plays, "A World Full of Men," and "The Other Foot," were produced by Maxwell Glanville at the Elks Theatre in Harlem earlier this season.

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The Pettis Perry Story

(Continued from Page 2)

chosen party. He read twelve hours a day, sweating over one sentence sometimes for five minutes at a time, and looking up almost every other word in the dictionary. He was then 35 years old.

Pettis Perry was 52 when he met and later married his wife in 1949. Mrs. Rose Perry was born in Boston, Mass., in a working-class family of Italian descent and moderate means.

What is Pettis Perry's life like these days? It is filled with work, but the sort of work he loves, for it is his life, Mrs. Perry explained. The father of the Perry family spends his days thus: in court from 9 a.m. to about 4 p.m., where he is on trial and acting as his own attorney; brief conferences with counsel for the other defendants after the session; home to dinner around 7 p.m.; often a speaking engagement at night, and when not speaking, preparing his case at home until midnight.

"Then we have our only quiet hours together," Mrs. Perry continued. "We relax and talk over coffee for an hour. Drinking coffee is about the only luxury we can afford these days."

I visited the home of the Perrys one evening when the two youngest children were being readied for bed. It is a simple home, less than modest, but there is a warmth and intimacy in the family group that could not be concealed by formality.

Pettis Perry is a tired man

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these days, as are all his fellow defendants, for their days are filled with arduous tasks; but they are unanimous in their belief that time will vindicate them. As Perry told the court in his opening defense speech:

"Whatever the outcome of this trial, the cause which I and my co-defendants defend in this courtroom will some day be taken up by the millions of ordinary men and women, Negro and white, and will become a victorious cause."

N. Y. Reception

For Charles White

Art lovers in the New York area are looking forward to the reception in honor of the distinguished artist, Chas. White, on Feb. 8, from 3 to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Committee for the Negro in the Arts, the reception will be held at the ACA Gallery, 63 E. 57th St., and will feature a preview of Mr. White's forthcoming exhibition.

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