

MR. WILLIAM J. MAXWELL
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
608 SOUTH WRIGHT STREET
URBANA, IL 61801

June 13, 2008

Subject: NEGRO DIGEST

FOIPA No. 1110007-000

Dear Mr. Maxwell:

The enclosed documents were reviewed under the Freedom of Information/Privacy Acts (FOIPA), Title 5, United States Code, Section 552/552a. Deletions have been made to protect information which is exempt from disclosure, with the appropriate exemptions noted on the page next to the excision. In addition, a deleted page information sheet was inserted in the file to indicate where pages were withheld entirely. The exemptions used to withhold information are marked below and explained on the enclosed Form OPCA-16a:

Section 552

Section 552a

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| <input type="checkbox"/> (b)(1) | <input type="checkbox"/> (b)(7)(A) | <input type="checkbox"/> (d)(5) |
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160 page(s) were reviewed and 160 page(s) are being released.

Document(s) were located which originated with, or contained information concerning other Government agency(ies) [OGA]. This information has been:

- referred to the OGA for review and direct response to you.
- referred to the OGA for consultation. The FBI will correspond with you regarding this information when the consultation is finished.

You have the right to appeal any denials in this release. Appeals should be directed in writing to the Director, Office of Information and Privacy, U.S. Department of Justice, 1425 New York Ave., NW, Suite 11050, Washington, D.C. 20530-0001 within sixty days from the date of this letter. The envelope and the letter should be clearly marked "Freedom of Information Appeal" or "Information Appeal." Please cite the FOIPA number assigned to your request so that it may be easily identified.

The enclosed material is from the main investigative file(s) in which the subject(s) of your request was the focus of the investigation. Our search located additional references, in files relating to other individuals, or matters, which may or may not be about your subject(s). Our experience has shown, when ident, references usually contain information similar to the information processed in the main file(s). Because of our significant backlog, we have given priority to processing only the main investigative file(s).

If you want the references, you must submit a separate request for them in writing, and they will be reviewed at a later date, as time and resources permit.

See additional information which follows.

Sincerely yours,



David M. Hardy
Section Chief
Record/Information
Dissemination Section
Records Management Division

Enclosure(s)

The enclosed documents were processed in response to your FOIPA request to FBI Headquarters (FBIHQ), and were contained in FBIHQ file **100-71654**.

Due to the age and condition of the original documents, we have found that some of the copies reproduced therefrom have been extremely difficult to read. While we realize the quality of some of the documents are poor, every effort has been made to obtain the best copies available.

EXPLANATION OF EXEMPTIONS

SUBSECTIONS OF TITLE 5, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 552

- (b)(1) (A) specifically authorized under criteria established by an Executive order to be kept secret in the interest of national defense or foreign policy and (B) are in fact properly classified to such Executive order;
- (b)(2) related solely to the internal personnel rules and practices of an agency;
- (b)(3) specifically exempted from disclosure by statute (other than section 552b of this title), provided that such statute(A) requires that the matters be withheld from the public in such a manner as to leave no discretion on issue, or (B) establishes particular criteria for withholding or refers to particular types of matters to be withheld;
- (b)(4) trade secrets and commercial or financial information obtained from a person and privileged or confidential;
- (b)(5) inter-agency or intra-agency memorandums or letters which would not be available by law to a party other than an agency in litigation with the agency;
- (b)(6) personnel and medical files and similar files the disclosure of which would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy;
- (b)(7) records or information compiled for law enforcement purposes, but only to the extent that the production of such law enforcement records or information (A) could be reasonably be expected to interfere with enforcement proceedings, (B) would deprive a person of a right to a fair trial or an impartial adjudication, (C) could be reasonably expected to constitute an unwarranted invasion of personal privacy, (D) could reasonably be expected to disclose the identity of confidential source, including a State, local, or foreign agency or authority or any private institution which furnished information on a confidential basis, and, in the case of record or information compiled by a criminal law enforcement authority in the course of a criminal investigation, or by an agency conducting a lawful national security intelligence investigation, information furnished by a confidential source, (E) would disclose techniques and procedures for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions, or would disclose guidelines for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions if such disclosure could reasonably be expected to risk circumvention of the law, or (F) could reasonably be expected to endanger the life or physical safety of any individual;
- (b)(8) contained in or related to examination, operating, or condition reports prepared by, on behalf of, or for the use of an agency responsible for the regulation or supervision of financial institutions; or
- (b)(9) geological and geophysical information and data, including maps, concerning wells.

SUBSECTIONS OF TITLE 5, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 552a

- (d)(5) information compiled in reasonable anticipation of a civil action proceeding;
- (j)(2) material reporting investigative efforts pertaining to the enforcement of criminal law including efforts to prevent, control, or reduce crime or apprehend criminals;
- (k)(1) information which is currently and properly classified pursuant to an Executive order in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy, for example, information involving intelligence sources or methods;
- (k)(2) investigatory material compiled for law enforcement purposes, other than criminal, which did not result in loss of a right, benefit or privilege under Federal programs, or which would identify a source who furnished information pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence;
- (k)(3) material maintained in connection with providing protective services to the President of the United States or any other individual pursuant to the authority of Title 18, United States Code, Section 3056;
- (k)(4) required by statute to be maintained and used solely as statistical records;
- (k)(5) investigatory material compiled solely for the purpose of determining suitability, eligibility, or qualifications for Federal civilian employment or for access to classified information, the disclosure of which would reveal the identity of the person who furnished information pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence;
- (k)(6) testing or examination material used to determine individual qualifications for appointment or promotion in Federal Government service the release of which would compromise the testing or examination process;
- (k)(7) material used to determine potential for promotion in the armed services, the disclosure of which would reveal the identity of the person who furnished the material pursuant to a promise that his/her identity would be held in confidence.

Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice

New York, N. Y.

GSJ:PAS

January 29, 1942

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

RE: "NEGRO DIGEST"

Dear Sir:

There are herewith forwarded to the Bureau the November 1940 and December, 1940 issues of the "NEGRO DIGEST".

This periodical was published by the "NEGRO WORLD DIGEST" at 1 West 125th Street, New York, New York. The NEGRO WORLD DIGEST is no longer listed at the address given, 1 West 125th Street, New York City.

Inquiry was made by telephone of the NEGRO PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, located in that same building and it was learned that the periodical, "NEGRO DIGEST" had definitely ceased publication some time ago and the publishers of NEGRO WORLD DIGEST had passed out of existence.

Very truly yours,

P. E. Foxworth
P. E. FOXWORTH,
Assistant Director

Encls. det.
2-5-42
Pub. files
K.R.M.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 6-18-80 BY SP-5 [signature]

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100-71654-1
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
16 JAN 31 1942
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
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WAR DEPARTMENT

Army Service Forces

Headquarters First Service Command

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Classified by letter
311.19 Declassified
8-17-43

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b7c

16 August 1943

TITLE: SHOULD JEWS AND NEGROES UNITE? - BY LOUIS HARAP and L. D. REDDICK

Summary of Information:

Subject is a twenty-eight page pamphlet written by Louis HARAP and L. D. REDDICK, and is published by THE NEGRO PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, 308 Lenox Avenue, New York, New York. The pamphlet consists of two sections: the first is ANTI-NEGROISM AMONG JEWS by Louis HARAP - the second is ANTI-SEMITISM AMONG NEGROES by L. D. REDDICK.

In ANTI-NEGROISM AMONG JEWS, the author deplores the fact that Jews generally dislike Negroes, and recommends that the two groups combine so that, through their increased strength, they may get for themselves some of the social and economic privileges which are now denied them.

The Fair Employment Practices Committee, HARAP states, has found that Jews and Negroes are the two most oppressed groups in the United States. By oppressed, the author explains that he means that they are the groups which live under the greatest economic handicaps.

Unfortunately, the author continues, the Jews and the Negroes have failed to realize that they have a battle to fight together. They have stayed apart because there have been many causes of friction between the two groups.

In New York City, for instance, there are a number of causes for anti-Semitism among the Negroes. In the Bronx, Jews in the past have frequently hired Negroes at substandard wages. Jewish store owners in Harlem have refused generally to hire Negro clerks, and the Negro in Harlem has often been compelled to pay his exorbitant rent to Jewish agents who were only representatives of the landlords.

Until lately, the author points out, the Jew has not realized that he had, in America, a great deal in common with the Negro. The American Jew has occupied an economic position far better than that of the Negro; in addition, the Jew has been able to rise to economic and social positions always barred to the Negro. However, with the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe and in this country, the Jews have at last an opportunity to realize that their problems are different only in degree and not in kind from those of the Negro.

"Persecutions are akin," the author concludes. Further action should be taken: "An extensive educational program undertaken by Jewish organizations of this question would advance this co-operation. In the interests of that democracy in which their mutual interests lie, Jew and Negro should act together."

Source: HFSC
Previous Distribution: None
Distribution (see last page)

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ON 8-20-80
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LETTER DATED 8-8-80 of source of information
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ANTI-SEMITISM AMONG NEGROES by I. D. REDDICK, deplores the fact that Negroes dislike or openly hate Jews; explains the feeling on the basis of economic competition, and recommends that the two groups combine for their mutual benefit.

The author begins: "To a man from Mars, it must seem strange... that the Jewish and Negro peoples on planet Earth are not allies. The Martian observer sees the Jews kicked about in Germany and the Negroes kicked about in Georgia..."

REDDICK finds, moreover, that there is virtually no literature which discusses the problem of relationships between Jews and Negroes. It is necessary that the question should be brought into the open in order that the two races may cooperate.

The author finds that there is hatred in each race for the other; among the Negroes, certain causes can be found for their dislike of the Jew.

For the most part, in the United States, anti-Semitism among the Negroes is an urban phenomenon; it is in the cities that the greatest economic clash occurs between the two races.

In New York, for instance, anti-Semitism among Negroes arises frequently from contact with the landlord, the merchant, the employer of domestic help, and the professional man. In Harlem, the housing is, the author points out, atrocious. Rents are, considering the size and quality of the apartments, the highest in the city. Frequently, the story gets started in Harlem that houses are owned by Jews. The author remarks that it is most difficult to find out whether Harlem real estate is predominantly Jewish-controlled. However, he doubts that it is, but at any rate, many Negroes have come to believe that they are being fleeced by Jews who own their houses.

Similarly, the merchant in Harlem, if he is a Jew, is blamed on the basis of his race for discrimination which all white merchants practice. It is true that prices of food and clothing are slightly higher there than they are elsewhere in the city.

Again, the "Bronx slave market" has caused the Negroes in Harlem to hate the Jews of the Bronx. Negroes seeking domestic work used to stand on street corners and accept jobs at as little as fifteen cents an hour. Fortunately, "employment stations" have been set up by the city, and the worst of the abuses have been done away with.

Finally, in various professional fields, the Negro has come into competition with the Jew. In the Harlem Hospital, for instance, Jews hold many of the internships, and Negroes find it most difficult to complete their medical training if they have been so fortunate as to be able to get any.

The Author concludes that the only solution for the problem is a

double attack on both groups. The Jews must be convinced that their problem is very similar to that of the Negroes. Similarly, the Negroes must be persuaded that they can gain much strength by joining forces with the Jews. Their problems must be discussed in a frank and open manner.

The pamphlet ends with laudatory letters from the NEW YORK AMSTERDAM STAR NEWS; THE NEW YORK AGE; THE JEWISH SPECTATOR; THE CALIFORNIA EAGLE; THE NASHVILLE GLOBE AND INDEPENDENT; THE BOSTON CHRONICLE; INA LOWTHORP of Brooklyn, New York; CHARLES COGEN, Bronx, New York; and BERTHA SZOLD LEVIN of Baltimore, Maryland.

DISTRIBUTION:

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WAR DEPARTMENT
Army Service Forces
Headquarters First Service
Boston 15, Massachusetts

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17 September 1943

RECEIVED FROM
MIS 9-17-43
SPBID

Subject: ARTICLES APPEARING IN NEGRO DIGEST AND THE NATION

Summary of Information:

The NEGRO DIGEST is a magazine of comment relative to the Negro and his problems and is published monthly by the Negro Digest Publishing Company, 3507 South Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Though in its initial stage of growth, the magazine has a wide circulation throughout the eastern states among Negroes.

The NATION is a magazine of liberal opinion widely circulated throughout the country. It frequently states the opinions of some of the country's most outstanding Communists. It is published weekly by the Nations Associates, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, with Margaret Marshall as its literary editor.

Africa At The Peace Table - by W.E.B. DuBOIS
NEGRO DIGEST - August 1943

DuBOIS, a Negro, is considered one of the foremost scholars in America. He was editor of THE CRISIS, official organ of the NAACP, during the hectic days of World War I. He organized an effort to win Negro representation to the Versailles Conference, and at present, is editor of THE PHYLON, Atlanta University quarterly.

In this article, the writer makes a plea for a new deal for the approximately 125,000,000 people who live in Africa. It is pointed out that during comparatively modern times, Africa has played a very important part in two great world movements which benefited other continents exclusively. These movements were:

1. The African slave trade which transferred perhaps ten million laborers from Africa to America and played a major role in the establishment of capitalism in England and Europe based on sugar and cotton.
2. The partitioning of Africa after the Franco-Prussian war which, with the Berlin Conference of 1884, brought colonial imperialism to flower.

DuBOIS contends that this means that the trade in men gave way to a trade in raw materials and that the political domination which involved a monopoly of raw materials to the various contending empires was predicated on the exploitation of African labor inside the continent. It is stated that the land was taken away from the natives without compensation and that they

Source: HFSC
Previous Distribution: None
Distribution: (See last page)

Evaluation
of source of information

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were forced to move to the poorest land on the continent.

It is the author's belief that unless this question of racial status is frankly and intelligently faced, it will not only be confined to Africa but will affect the whole world. He believes that more than the welfare of the African is involved. It is pointed out that "as long as there is in the world a reservoir of cheap labor that can raise necessary raw materials, and as long as arrangements can be made to transport these raw materials to manufacturing countries, this body of cheap labor will compete directly or indirectly with European labor". The power of investors and employers over the political organization of the state will increase, says DuBOIS, and this will lead to agitation and revolt within the state on the part of the laboring classes and to wars between states which are competing for domination over these sources of profit. The author writes, "and if the fiction of inferiority is maintained, there will be added to all this the revolt of the suppressed races themselves, who because of their low wages, are the basic cause of the whole situation. It would be a grave mistake to think that Africans are not asking: 'Is it a white man's war?'"

It is pointed out that one would think that Africa would be carefully considered today in any plan for a postwar world, but it has not. This fact the writer considers very unfortunate because "after this war, the United Nations will be almost irresistibly tempted to consider Africa from an industrial and commercial point of view as a means of helping pay war costs and re-establishing prosperity". It is charged that the assumption among the white races is that the only problem, so far as Africa is concerned, is that the various dominating nations of the world must henceforth be treated equitably in sharing the material and the labor. There is no thought concerning the aspirations of the peoples of Africa.

In closing his article, DuBOIS sets out five objectives of post-war planning for Africa:

1. A renouncing of the assumption that there are a few large groups of mankind called races who are, because of certain hereditary differences shown by color, regarded as incapable of useful lives and effective progress.
2. A repudiation of the feeling widespread among white peoples that the dark peoples of the world exist not for themselves, but for their uses to white Europe and America.
3. A universal agreement that in Africa, the land and the natural resources belong primarily to the native inhabitants and that necessary capital for the development of the continent's resources should be gradually and increasingly raised from the savings of the natives which a higher wage and a just incidence of taxation would produce.
4. A systematic effort to train an educated class among the natives who would be allowed to express its opinions and

the same be given due weight.

5. Take the political control away from commercial and business interests owned and conducted in the foreign nations and vest this control provisionally in an international mandates commission.

The Deep South Looks Ahead - Condensed from FORTUNE
NEGRO DIGEST - AUGUST 1943

This article sets forth, in a sketchy manner, the racial problem as it exists in the South today and points to the possibility of even greater complications in a postwar South. It is pointed out that the average Southerner just doesn't think at all about the Negro other than that he is inferior. This attitude of superiority was conferred on him by slavery and was cemented by the Civil War and the North's tragic mishandling of the postwar period. Quoting from the article, "A few Southerners who fought the war between the States are still living; millions of their children and grandchildren are. Their still glowing resentment far surpasses their ability to reason about the Negro".

It is stated that were it not for the fact that demagogues are constantly harping on white racial unity, there would probably be greater harmony between the races, especially in the South. The belief is expressed that only a minority of the white Southerners believe that economic and political equality is bound to end in social equality and "mongrelization". Hence, it is stated that the bulk of the whites have no objection to the Negro's attaining a greater degree of economic and political equality. It is stated, "But they are against social equality, or the right to mingle with the other race. Unfortunately, they really don't think much about it. Sometimes, their demagogues denounce social equality when they are really bucking political and economic equality, and the people don't bother to think through the distinction". It is pointed out that what the Negro wants and hopes for is the right to take jobs for which he is qualified and the right to vote, some of the things that both white and black men are fighting and dying for at present. The Negro has neither, so he is either very cynical, very discouraged, or very indignant.

"The contradictions of the war, in other words, have naturally made the body of Negroes restless. Their leaders reflect their restlessness in various degrees. Many do what they can within the rigid framework of southern customs. In order to get other equalities, they tactfully avoid discussions of the social equality issue. This is the tradition of schools like Tuskegee and Atlanta University".

In closing, it is suggested that today's racial troubles are "nothing beside what may well occur if Negroes and whites must go back to their old status after the war, for postwar dispersion and displacement are bound to follow race lines. Unless more plans are now made, there will be few jobs

and whites will probably hang onto most of them. Returning white soldiers will have a high priority, and returning Negro soldiers will at least expect a job".

Some Notes On Harlem - by Margaret MARSHALL
THE NATION - 21 August 1943

The author believes that simply because the recent trouble in Harlem is generally felt not to have been a race riot, there is a tendency "to heave a sigh of relief, compliment the New York City administration for handling it so efficiently, and forget the whole thing". The writer condemns this stand and cautions that what has happened in Harlem is only a prelude to what might happen and should serve as a sharp warning. In spite of the praise heaped upon the city administration for its handling of the outbreak, it is pointed out that many Negroes feel that the riots were in part due to the far too lenient handling of day-by-day infractions of ordinary civic decency. The author states, "It is common knowledge that on the streets of Harlem filthy language, the peddling of dope, the depredations of 'baby thugs', sidewalk crap games, the molestation of women who live there, and all the other manifestations of hoodlumism go on continuously, and are largely ignored by policemen who have been told to 'go slow' in order to avoid any charge of discrimination or who share the minority psychology that it doesn't matter as long as Negroes are only invading the rights of other Negroes".

MARSHALL contends that the fundamental cause of the riots can be summed up in one word - segregation. She believes that the immediate as well as the remote causes of the outburst can be traced to the Jim Crow mentality which had its birth in the South and has now spread to the whole country. It is pointed out that "In normal times segregation breeds a defensive attitude among Negroes that ranges from the militant advocacy of equality to black chauvinism and plain irresponsibility. The war has accentuated these tendencies. It has dramatized for the Negroes their position as a minority, creating fresh resentment against all the disabilities of segregation. And these disabilities are glaringly pointed up by the constant discrimination and frequent violence meted out to Negroes in the armed forces of a country that is fighting in the name of democracy".

The writer states that all people in America who believe in democracy should understand with their minds as well as their hearts that segregation must be eliminated and policies advocated towards that end. In Harlem, it is suggested that these policies should include equality in housing, employment and wages, an intensive program of social education and rehabilitation and respect for the rights of the individual.

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①
NEGRO DIGEST
3507 Parkway
Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill.,

December 5, 1943.

The Negro Digest has recently started an advertising campaign that has undoubtedly increased its national circulation and is in a position to influence a considerable number of Negroes. The publication attempts to simulate the Reader's Digest.

An examination of the contents of the publication causes doubt that it will be helpful in leading to more harmonious race relations. Negroes reading the Negro Digest are likely to become more agitated after reading numerous articles in the publication. It is believed that this publication handled properly could do much to help prevent racial friction.

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DATE 6-18-80 BY Sp-5 RJO/MLC

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21 DEC 22 1943

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NEGRO DIGEST

Mr. Tolson	_____
Mr. E. A. Tamm	_____
Mr. Clegg	_____
Mr. Coffey	_____
Mr. Glavin	_____
Mr. Ladd	_____
Mr. Nichols	_____
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Mr. Quinn	_____
Mr. Nease	_____
Miss Gandy	_____

5619 SOUTH STATE STREET
 CHICAGO 2, ILL.
 Telephone: Englewood 3900

70528

100-21654-20
100-238787-20
61-1563-274

August 9, 1944

Honorable Sir:

We have written to the AMERICAN MAGAZINE asking their permission to reprint the section of your article on Nazi spies which deals with the Negro. The article appears in the August issue of their publication.

We are writing now to ask your cooperation in granting us permission to reprint the article, and we would appreciate it very much if you would urge AMERICAN MAGAZINE to do likewise.

Enclosed is a copy of our publication for your inspection.

May we have your answer today by wire collect?

Respectfully yours,

John H. Johnson
 Managing Editor

John H. Johnson 94-4-4263
 100-11-20-22

Handwritten notes:
 14
 name to Johnson
 JHJ:vd
 Enc.
 8/15/44

Hon. Edgar J. Hoover, Director
 Federal Bureau of Investigation
 Washington, D. C.

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Handwritten notes:
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 to editor of American
 8/14/44
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Handwritten signature:
 Wint...

the Old Jerusalem Baptist Church was dedicating its new building that evening and naturally we felt that we had to go.

This was of course a great occasion. The church was filled to overflowing with the pious while you could hardly see the pulpit for the pastors who had come from everywhere to rejoice with the people that they had forged a new weapon with which to fight Ole Satan.

We were received with great courtesy, were given a place in the front row, and were soon hearing the Reverend Perkins deliver his stirring sermon, "No Boll Weevil in Heaven." He was followed by a number of visiting pastors until finally, at midnight, the pastor of the local church stood up, and said, "Won't one of the white gentlemen say a few words?"

Naturally I wanted to talk myself but, since I was among a people who have natively good manners and therefore had to be manne'ble myself, I arose and said that my distinguished friend, Mr. Bradford, would speak for us.

Much surprised, Mistuh Royce got up and walking slowly backward and forward in front of the pulpit, began to talk about what a fine thing it is to worship the Lawd in a beautiful building; about King Solomon's temple, and columns of porphyry and onyx and ceilings of gold and marble. He continued in this vein for some minutes and then

he abruptly changed the tenor of his talk.

"Friends," he said, "I just want to tell y'all that there's an old Greenville boy in this congregation tonight, Mr. David Cohn. (Congregation: Do tell!) He grew up in this town, hunted rabbits on the protection levee, graduated from that high school down there by the Leavenworth sawmill, and could have got him a job right here in town. But, oh no. The town wasn't big enough for *him!* So he went down to New Awleens where he got so rich that he bought out the biggest bank in town!" (Congregation: Well suh!)

As I beamed on the congregation and they beamed on me, Brad went on:

"But Mistah Dave is a man that's hard to please. So one day he got on that Panama Express train, went clean up to Chicago, Illinois, got him a taxi, and told the man to take him out to Sears and Roebuck. There he saw Mister Julius Rosenwald, the boss man. 'Mr. Julius, how much do you want for this business?' asked Mr. Dave. 'Two million dollars,' said Mr. Julius just like that. So Mr. Dave reached in his pocket, handed him twenty thousand one-thousand dollar bills and said, 'I'm the boss man from here out.'"

This caused an immense stir in the church. Folks shuffled their feet, said, "Well, Lawd," and indulged in exclamations of delight-

ful surprise because they all knew Sears, Roebuck and here was a boy born and brought up right there in Greenville who had risen to such eminence that he could just walk in and buy out its boss-man. While I revelled in my rise to fame and riches, Brad continued:

"But even that didn't satisfy Mr. Dave," he said. "Next thing he did was to go up to New York City where he got on one of those steamboats that cross the Atlantic Ocean and he got off in Paris, France. There he bought a house with a hundred rooms. And he had him a lady and a case of drinking whiskey in every room!"

The sensation caused by this announcement was so great that it was some minutes before quiet was restored. The men laughed aloud in delight. The ladies fluttered their palmetto fans with Finlay's Drug Store Advertisement stencilled on the back, modestly hung their heads, and said "Lawd, he'p us"; everybody was pleased that a Greenville boy had gone out and conquered the world.

"Well, there he was with all those ladies and all that whiskey when, one night, he looked up on the wall and there it was in letters of fire ten feet tall: 'Minnie, Minny, Tikel, Tikel.' Then he heard a Voice coming from the ceiling. It said: 'You are doing the wrong thing. You are wasting your substance in sin and losing your chances of glory up yonder. You

ought to go back to the town where you were born and give all your time and *all your money* to the church.'" Brad suddenly stopped—"And that's what Mr. Dave is doing here tonight!"

He sat down. The congregation whispered excitedly. The forty visiting preachers on the pulpit looked at one another significantly. Brad smiled a smile of deep satisfaction. He knew what was coming and so did I as I slumped in my seat.

Then the Reverend Arbuckle, a pastor of engaging charm, arose, put his hands on the Book, and gazing benignly at me said: "Mister Dave, I'm coming aroun' to see you fust thing in the mawnin' and I know I'm gonna write you' name behin' a hundred dollar bill."

Now Brad looked at me as I had looked at him the day I had caught the catfish. No one knew better than he that long before the services were over that night the glad news would have spread by the grapevine all over the Mississippi delta that the Lawd had told a rich man to come home from sinning and give all his money to the church.

There is indeed no day in that area when preachers, deacons, and plain pulpit-hands are not out asking their white friends to give them something to help repair the church or reduce the mortgage. And here was a rich man who would spend his time handing out folding money

to the folks who were doing the Lawd's work. I would become the target of hundreds of pastors, whether ordained or jackleg, from Rolling Fork to Rena Laura, from Itta Bena to Hushpuckana, and as far away as Lake Village, Arkansas. I would never again be able to tread the ground of my beloved hometown in peace.

My course was plain. Common decency required that I give \$100 to the Reverend Arbuckle. But self-protection demanded that I flee the region at once. I put my check in an envelope and asked The Queenly Woman, Mr. Will's cook, to give it to the pastor.

The Outdoor Age

AN OLD SOUTHERN NEGRO was undergoing a thorough physical examination by a city doctor. Amazed to find the old man in such excellent condition, the physician asked incredulously, "How old did you say you were?" "Eighty-seven," was the firm reply.

"In all my years of practice, I have never seen a man even 15 years younger than you in such perfect condition. To what do you attribute such long life and good health?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Doc. When me and my wife got married we made sort of an agreement not to argue. If she ever got mad around the house, she promised she wouldn't say anything but just go back to the kitchen until she calmed down; and if I ever got mad I wasn't to say anything but just walk right out the back door and into the backyard and—"

"Yes," interrupted the puzzled physician. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, Doc," drawled the mountaineer, "as a result of that agreement, I reckon I've led what you might call somewhat of an outdoor life." Sally Brooks

Then I arose early and was up and away in Brad's car bound for New Orleans with him, he grinning all the while like a catfish stealing bait. As we drove through the sleepy towns and hamlets, I saw dozens of rickety churches whose pastors even now were dreaming of shining new tin roofs and gallons of paint bought as emblems of my repentance of a life of sin.

To this day I have never been able to revisit my home town except under cover of night. And that old pulpit orator Roark Bradford often reminds me: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he hooks the catfish of a friend?"

¶ A catfish story that ended up in a Mississippi Negro church

Roark's Revenge

Condensed from Saturday Review of Literature

By David L. Cohn

ROARK BRADFORD, the author of distinguished novels and books of short stories including *Ol Man Adam* and *His Chillun* from which *The Green Pastures* was made, is a man of many talents. As an orator in the Negro pulpits around Plain Dealing, Louisiana, he rivals the famous Reverend Childress, the Albino Preacher.

But, above all, he is a catfishing man out'n the book who can do more with a cane pole and a dime's worth of hooks and string than most folks could do with all the tackle in Abercrombie & Fitch.

Mistuh Royce (as the colored folks call him) is a slow-and-easy man, as kind and gentle as his own Angel Gabriel who passed out ten-cent seegars to de Lawd. Yet this

is the story of how he wreaked an awful vengeance for a wrong I had done him.

It all began one day when we went fishing along the banks of Deer Creek in Mississippi. On this occasion we were especially anxious to catch an elusive catfish of giant size known to the countryside as "Ole Tom."

My fishing skill and piety are far less than Brad's, but just before that evening sun went down, I caught Ole Tom who weighed nearly five pounds, and as he flopped upon the bank Brad gazed unhappily on my prize. Then he said: "Boy, I'm going to get revenge on you for doing me bad."

If I had known what was in store for me, I'd have left the country—as I was eventually compelled to do.

A day or two later, we went to Greenville, the Mississippi Delta town where I was born, to spend a few days with our mutual friend, William Alexander Percy, who was then writing *Lanterns on the Levee*. From him we learned that

DAVID L. COHN is a native-born Mississippian who has written *God Shakes Creation*, *Picking America's Pockets* and *Good Old Days*. He wrote the provocative *How The South Feels About the Race Problem* in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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(June 24, 1944)

Will The Peace Bring Racial Peace?

By Wallace Lee

(Director, Negro Digest Poll)

VERY FEW Americans, either white or Negro, believe that post-war U. S. A. will enjoy an era of racial peace.

Canvassed in the Negro Digest Poll for August, a cross-section of the American people have a defeatist, fatalistic attitude toward racial violence and see no chance that present advances in racial relations will mean an end to color wars on the home front.

Most in fact expressed the opinion that the armistice would mean a fresh outbreak in racial clashes. Reasons for this belief ranged from outright expressions like "We've got to put Negroes back in their place" to calmer opinions such as "Too many folks just won't do anything about the bad boys in our midst."

The question asked was: "Will The Peace Bring Racial Peace?" and the results were:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	11%	73%	16%
West	14%	68%	18%
South	10%	78%	12%

Most Negroes queried in the poll declared that the Negro would not stand for backward, reactionary steps that would mean the loss of gains made during wartime. They felt that determination of many whites to push them back in their places would lead to outbreaks. The tally among Negroes showed:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	9%	76%	15%
West	10%	71%	19%
South	15%	66%	19%

Feeling among whites seemed to be more heated in many instances than among Negroes. The "back to normalcy" argument seems to prevail among many. Results in the vote showed:

	Yes	No	Undecided
North	14%	70%	16%
West	20%	63%	17%
South	7%	83%	10%

The high percentage of those undecided seems to indicate that a great deal of doubt on the question in many minds although those with opinions seems to hold them quite strongly.

Prejudice not inherent in America, but a product of economic order

The Economic Roots Of Race Hate

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By Carey McWilliams

IF I WERE a Negro living in America, I would strive unceasingly for the fulfillment of the promise of American democracy and I would never permit myself to lose faith in the eventual achievement of this goal.

I would constantly remind myself, and others of my race in America, that the great basic documents of American democracy, such as the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, do not use the word "white" and are wholly free of race bias. That discrimination exists in America must be accounted for quite apart from these basic documents, for American institu-

tions, as such, are free from racial discriminations. In this fact, I believe, consists the surest proof of the eventual achievement of ethnic democracy.

The whole weight of the American tradition supports the Negro in his fight for racial equality. It is true that a dual tradition has grown up in America: an older tradition of equality, of fair treatment, of liberalism, and a more recent tradition (dating from about 1876) of bigotry, intolerance, and racial arrogance. But the latter is not the real American tradition and it finds no sanction in American institutions, nor is it consonant with the finest—the enduring—expressions of that tradition, as in the works of Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, and Lincoln.

If I were a Negro, I would recognize that there can be no solution of the racial minority

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problem in this country in a world in which insecurity and fear oppress the people. If the world that emerges from this war is a world which breeds hatred and distrust as between nations, peoples, and classes, then we may well expect that these same hatreds and fears will prevail as between various ethnic groups inside the United States.

I would also realize that if we fail to maintain full industrial employment and consumer purchasing power in the post-war years, then nothing that can be done to improve race relations now is likely to represent permanent improvement. I would also recognize that the South is, as President Roosevelt has stated, our Economic Problem Area No. 1, and that any improvement in race relations must presuppose a general improvement in the economic life of the area for all of the people of the area, white and black.

Recognizing these considerations, I would seek, by every possible means, to strengthen the alliance between the Negro minority and the forces of organized labor in America; between Negroes and the liberal and progressive movement. I would never permit this alliance to be broken or disrupted.

I would also show a lively interest in the plight of other racial, national, and cultural minorities in the United States. I would interest myself in the problems of the Jew, the Indian, the Filipino, the

Chinese-American, the Japanese-American. And I would seek to establish inter-racial rather than mono-racial forms of social organization. That is, I would ask other groups and individuals to join in whatever organizations or programs are set up for the improvement of the position of Negroes in American life.

At the same time, I would insist that it is the responsibility of the federal government to maintain the integrity of federal elections; to protect all citizens of the United States in the free exercise of their constitutional rights; and to see to it that no citizen of the United States is denied, solely by reason of race, the opportunity to become a responsible citizen.

Where states, for example, deny Negroes free and equal access to educational institutions and cultural facilities or where states deny Negroes (or any other racial group) access to medical and public health facilities; where states or localities make it impossible for Negroes to obtain adequate housing or employment; in all such cases, I would most strenuously insist that it is the responsibility of the federal government to provide the remedy.

I would insist that the racial problem is essentially a national problem, and that the federal government must recognize its responsibilities toward racial minorities. I would fight for the establishment of a Fair Racial Practices Act; for

they will ask social equality for civilized human beings the world over.

There is a similar attitude with regard to health; we want white people to be well and strong, to "multiply and replenish the earth"; but we are interested in the health of colored people only in so far as it may threaten the health and wealth of whites.

Thus in colonies where white men reside as masters, they segregate themselves in the most healthful parts of the country, provided with modern conveniences, and let the natives fester and die in the swamps and lowlands.

It is for this reason that Englishmen and South Africans have seized the high land of Kenya and driven the most splendid of races of East Africa into the worst parts of the lowland, to the parts which are infested by the tsetse fly, where their cattle die and they are forced laborers on white farms.

Perhaps in no area of modern civilized endeavor is the matter of race revealed more startlingly than in the question of education. We

have doubts as to the policy of so educating the colored races that they will be able to take part in modern civilization.

We are willing to educate them so that they can help in our industrial development, and we want them to become good workmen so long as they are unorganized. But when it comes to a question of real acquaintanceship with what the more advanced part of the world has done and is doing, we try to keep the backward races as ignorant as possible. We limit their schools their travel, and their knowledge of modern tongues.

Beyond this we have only mention religion. There is no denying that certain missionaries have done fine work in ameliorating the lot of backward people, but at the same time there is not a ghost of a doubt that today the organized Christian church is unfavorable toward race equality.

It is split into racial sections and is not disposed to disturb to any great degree the attitude of civilization toward the Chinese, the Indians, and the Negroes.

It's In The Bag

ONLY NEGRO bagpipe player is Harry Madden, with a Canadian regiment. His father, Corp. Joseph Madden, recently was awarded the British Empire medal by his King. Squeamish by nature, Corp. Madden triumphed over himself when a buddy was badly hurt—amputated his leg with a pocket knife, and applied a tourniquet.

Ed Sullivan, New York Daily News

war; (3) eventual fair distribution of both raw materials and manufactured goods; (4) abolition of poverty; and (5) health.

To anyone giving thought to these problems, it must be clear that each of them, with all of its own peculiar difficulties, tends to break asunder along the lesions of race difference and race hate.

When we discuss any of the listed problems, we usually see the solution within the frame of race and race difference. When we think of defense against aggression, we are thinking particularly of Europe, and the aggregation which we have in mind is not simply another Hitler but a vaster Japan, if not all Asia and the South Sea Islands. The "Yellow Peril" as envisaged by the German Emperor William II has by no means passed from the subconscious reactions of Western Europe. That is the meaning of world police and "our way of life."

When we think of the problem of unemployment, we mean especially unemployment in the developed countries of Western Europe and America. We do not have in mind any fundamental change so far as the labor of the darker world is concerned. We do not think of full employment and a living wage for the East Indian, the Chinese coolie, and the Negro of South Africa or even the Negro of our own South. We have little or no thought of colored labor, because it is dis-

franchised and kept in serfdom by the power of our present governments.

In both the United States and the Union of South Africa it has been the organized white laborers who have systematically by vote and mob opposed the training of the black worker and the provision of decent wages for him. In this respect they have ranged themselves with exploiting investors and disseminators of race hatred like Hitler.

Our attitude toward poverty represents the constant lesion of race thinking. We have with difficulty reached a place in the modern white world where we can contemplate the abolition of poverty; where we can think of an industrial organization with no part of its essential co-operators deprived of income which will give them sufficient food and shelter, along with necessary education and some of the comforts of life.

But this conception is confined almost entirely to the white race. Not only do we refuse to think of similar possibilities for the colored races but we are convinced that, even though it were possible, it would be a bad thing for the world.

We must keep the Negroes, West Indians, and Indonesians poor. Otherwise they will get ambitious: they will seek strength and organization; they will demand to be treated as men, despite the fact that we know they are not men; and

the enforcement of the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment; for legislative sanction for the FBPC; and for similar measures.

I would fight discrimination wherever it exists and in whatever form, not just in those instances where discrimination affected the Negro; but all types of racial discrimination. I would be unalterably opposed to segregation in all its forms and however manifested.

I would insist that I opposed discrimination and segregation because they threaten the continued existence of American democracy; and I would couple all such campaigns with a reiteration of my abiding faith in American democracy.

I would be an anti-fascist, not a passive but a militant anti-fascist; not a summer soldier in the fight against fascism but a regular campaigner. As an anti-fascist, I would support the war as vigorously as I knew how; and insist that the peace be a real peace and not another breathing space between wars.

Lastly I would never permit the rantings of the Rankins, Bilbos, and such bigots, to weaken or to impair my faith in American democracy, for I would realize that these men do not represent the real American tradition nor do they speak for a majority opinion in this country.

I would also recognize that, as the industrial revolution spread

throughout the world, the individuals and social classes who found themselves in control of the new means of production, sought to use this control as a means of exploiting other people. That as part of this process, groups without previous industrial experience were constantly drawn into the orbit of industrialism but were consistently forced into the lower brackets of employment. Wherever this situation existed (or still exists), the newest group was invariably characterized by certain social stereotypes and myths.

In America, the Irish, the Slavs, the Italians, the Greeks, the Russian Jews, and many other groups, were all victimized by this same situation. Where race has been an added factor in the process, then adjustment has been retarded longer than in cases where race was not a factor. I would recognize, therefore, the economic and social roots or sources of what are called "racial antagonisms"; and I would always remember that the feeling of racial antagonism is not inherent in people, but that it arises out of situations which are created by the character of our economic order.

Race prejudice, in other words, is a manufactured product. I would not expect the liquidation of the last vestiges of prejudice and discrimination until an economic order had been established upon some basis other than private profit for a limited number of individuals.

Origin Of 'Strange Fruit'

Condensed from PM

ON THE FLY-LEAF of Lillian Smith's Boston-banned novel, *Strange Fruit*, appears the following: *Title from song of same name by Lewis Allan, courtesy of Edward B. Marks Music Corp.*

We had heard Billie Holiday sing *Strange Fruit* at the Onyx Club and in the Commodore recording. The lyric goes:

*Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.
Black body swinging in the southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees
Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth.
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,
And the sudden smell of burning flesh.
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,
For the sun to rot, for a tree to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.*

It is a haunting song. We got to wondering what kind of mind it had come out of, so we went to see Lewis Allan in his pink-walled apartment on Gerard Avenue, the Bronx. We had to go late in the afternoon because Abel Meropol, which is Lewis Allan's real name,

is an English teacher and doesn't get home till after 4. Here are some of the things he told us:

"I have always felt that Tin Pan Alley could say much more in its lyrics. *Strange Fruit* was originally written as a poem. Then I wrote the music for it—a song protest against lynching.

"As a human being," he said, "I'm moved as most decent human beings are by any form of oppression or discrimination. . . . One day someone showed me a photograph of an actual lynching. Imagine that—a lynching of a human being. It helped crystallize my feelings. I suddenly saw all lynchings—as strange, very strange fruit.

"When Billie Holiday introduced the song at Cafe Society there were several what you might almost call incidents. Some Southern women tried to prevent her from singing the song. One woman went so far as to go to her at the piano and take hold of her dress, telling her over and over—"You don't want to sing *that* song."

"More and more people in Tin Pan Alley are doing that kind of song today. More and more should."

In the United States the race problem is peculiarly important just now. We see today a combination of northern investors and southern Bourbons desiring not simply to overthrow the New Deal but to plunge the United States into fatal reaction. The power of the southerners arises from the suppression of the Negro and poor-white vote, which gives the rotten borough of Mississippi four times the political power of Massachusetts and enables the South through the rule of seniority to pack the committees of Congress and to dominate it.

Nothing can be done about this situation until we face fairly the question of color discrimination in the South; until the social, political, and economic equality of civilized men is recognized, despite race, color, and poverty.

In the Caribbean area, in Central and South America, there has been for four hundred years wide intermixture of European, African, and Red Indian races. The result in one respect is widely different from that of Europe and North America; the social equality of Negroes, Indians, and mulattoes who were civilized was recognized without question.

But the full results of this cultural liberalism were largely nullified by the economic control which Western Europe and North America held over these lands. The exploitation of cheap colored labor through poverty and low prices for

materials was connived at as usual in the civilized world and the spoils shared with local white politicians. Economic and social prestige favored the whites and hindered the colored.

A legend that the alleged backwardness of the South Americans was due to race mixture was so far stressed in the world that South America feared it and catered to it. It became the habit to send only white Brazilians, Bolivians, and Mexicans abroad to represent their countries, to encourage white immigration at all costs, even to loss of autonomy, to draw color lines in the management of industry dominated by Europe and in society where foreigners were entertained. In short, to pretend that South America hated and distrusted dark blood as much as the rest of the world, often even when the leaders of this policy were known themselves to be of Negro and Indian descent.

The Atlantic Charter as well as the agreements in Moscow and Teheran have been practically silent on the subject of race. It is assumed that certain fundamental matters and more immediate issues must be met and settled before this difficult question of race can be faced.

If we measure the important matters by current discussion, we may range them somewhat as follows: (1) defense against aggression; (2) full employment after the

be channelized, exploited, and fed by an ambitious group here and there, by the deliberate agitator, or by a corrupt municipal machine.

Before they have spent themselves the disorders will become more widespread, more ambitious. National organization will provide the literature, direct the drives for membership, systematically feed the furnaces of antagonism. The independent groups will then join hands in a "coordinating committee."

The Klan may prove small fry compared to some Exalted Order of

the Hooded Knights of the White Camellia. Certainly there is reason to anticipate organizations of real magnitude. The prejudice and vehemence of the antagonisms will outstrip those which existed after 1919.

Many of our uprooted and delinquent youngsters will live in a daydream world of the old Wild West or seek to emulate the more recent jungle fighting in the Solomons. In the absence of Redskins or Japanese, they will find their own neighbors more accessible to attack.

Condensed from American Journal of Sociology

NO.

By W. E. B. DuBois

I DO NOT see after this war, or within any reasonable time, the possibility of a world without race conflict. This is true despite the fact that race conflict is playing a fatal role in the modern world.

The supertragedy of this war is the treatment of the Jews in Germany. There has been nothing comparable to this in modern history. Yet its technique and its reasoning have been based upon a race philosophy similar to that which

W. E. B. DUBOIS is editor of the quarterly magazine *Phylon*. He was one of the first Negroes to win a Ph.D. from Harvard, was for many years editor of *Crisis* and is author of a number of books.

has dominated both Great Britain and the United States in relation to colored people.

Not only does Western Europe believe that most of the rest of the world is biologically different but it believes that in this difference lies congenital inferiority; that the black and brown and yellow people are not simply untrained in certain ways of doing and methods of civilization; that they are naturally inferior and inefficient; that they are a danger to civilization as civilization is understood in Europe. This belief is so fundamental that it enters into the very reforms that we have in mind for the post-war world.

Copyright, American Journal of Sociology
(March, 1944)

SUCCESS STORY

¶ Muriel Rahn, 'Carmen Jones' star, pays off her manager-husband in love

Carmen Pays Off In Love

Condensed from Baltimore Afro-American

By Michael Carter

WHEN her contract with Billy Rose expired in June, Muriel Rahn quit *Carmen Jones*. Miss Rahn had looked at her title role in this Broadway hit show as a stepping stone to even greater heights. So, she stepped out.

"My ambition is to be on the stage as a concert singer, not as an actress in performances like *Carmen Jones*. I have achieved what I consider necessary to take the next step, and I'm simply taking it."

Aside from her personal ambitions, which necessitated her leaving the show, Miss Rahn had several gripes against Billy Rose, producer.

"My number one gripe was unequal publicity. Rose failed to exploit me because I was not his personal discovery. I was a singer before I came to *Carmen Jones*, and I'm still a singer.

"Because I worked my way up by

hard study, Rose avoided giving me publicity. He says that I don't have the Cinderella angle and that people like to think that colored actors are just lucky finds, picking cotton or washing dishes today and a Broadway star tomorrow.

"That's not so. We study and work like all other actors and singers, and, if we are lucky enough and good enough, we get the breaks."

There are two Muriel Rahns. One is simply, Muriel Rahn, star of *Carmen Jones*, terrific soprano, and you think, a woman of the world.

The other woman is Mrs. Dick Campbell, who can't exactly cook, but who devotes all her time to her husband. It is difficult even to get her to talk about herself, or *Carmen Jones*.

She will say, "I played my one hundredth *Carmen* on the same day I celebrated my eleventh wedding anniversary."

Copyright, Baltimore Afro-American
(May 27, 1944)

When Muriel was tapped for *Carmen Jones*, she had already been in Broadway and European plays, and had worked on WPA and taught school too.

In manner she is quiet, until she becomes excited. Then she talks a great deal.

She has had sufficient experiences in life to portray almost any role. "We went to Europe on our honeymoon. It was mixing business with pleasure, because I sang in Paris and other places, but the pleasure ran out when America went off the gold standard.

"We went broke and rushed back to America tourist class. We did not have any money. I mean that. We were broke."

Muriel Rahn says, "All I am I owe to my husband. He's really a Paul Muni. I was in the theatre with a pip squeak soprano voice, and when he came along, I fell in love.

"I am his exclusive property and I always say he married me to protect his interests. He developed me as a singer, as an actress and as a woman—I mean I understand about life now.

"I mean that from him I learned how to walk across a stage, and also how to walk across life, which is more important. Most of all I learned how to live as a colored woman, in a hostile world."

Campbell, who is, as she says, a good looking man, manages her.

"He's my personal representative and I pay him off in love."

The only contract that exists between these two people is the one they signed when they were married. Campbell, who has an important job booking colored shows with the USO, subordinates his job to Muriel, and she subordinates her job to him.

In a sense they are the Lunt and Fontaine of the Negro race.

Muriel's real name is Muriel Battey. She was born in Boston, but her family moved to Tuskegee, where her father was in charge of the photography department and her mother worked in an administrative post.

She took her middle name, Rahn, because "Mother did not want to take our family name on the stage."

Before her stage career she attended "good old Tusky high and went two years to Atlanta and two years at the University of Nebraska."

Later she taught school in Winston-Salem, N. C., at Alabama State, and in Dover, Del. All the while the urge to sing grew. Finally she broke loose from school teaching and joined "Eva Jessye's choir at \$50 a week. I sang in the chorus of Uncle Tom's Cabin and have been singing ever since then."

When the depression hit "I could not go back to the South. I had to make my own way here in New York." It was then that she

reluctant to harness the Negro's energy at the workbench even in its manpower crisis will certainly press for a surrender of his new status when his presence becomes competitive. If we resented the Negro when we needed him, how will we feel when we don't need him?

"Watch out for the first symptoms of a shrinking economy," Dr. Louis Wirth, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, warned the National Urban League. "Race tensions today are as nothing compared to what we may expect when the sirens blow and bells ring and peace comes again."

The problem will rack the nation and bring confusion even to those who seek to attain full citizenship for the Negro. The conflict between the "all-or-nothing" group and those who seek "one step at a time," the issue of gradualism or revolution, may, on its own level, develop a violence that will merely feed the larger social problem.

During World War I, one and a half million Negroes came North and never went back. During World War II, in an atmosphere hardly as sanguinary, that number is almost certain to be exceeded.

One of the surprising developments has been a narrowing of the gap between Northern and Southern attitudes toward the Negro. A survey made by the United States Employment Service in January,

1942, six months after the President's executive order prohibiting discrimination in war industries, indicated that 51 per cent of American industrialists did not and would not employ Negroes and that only a minor difference in percentages distinguished the employers of the North and South.

The relations between whites and Negroes in the United States will not remain purely a domestic issue. Hemispheric unity may be involved.

In 1941 the then President of Haiti visited this country. After official receptions in Washington, the Marine Band was asked to give him a farewell salute at the railway station. The Southern leader of the band refused to be present but instructed the band as to what they were to play.

He probably assumed that the "ignorant islander" wouldn't know the difference, and the President of Haiti, entering the train to the tune of *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, gave no sign that he did. But throughout the countries of Central and South America, the story is mentioned whenever relations with the United States are discussed.

Here at home racial antagonism will at first lead to accidental outbreaks, appearing in some communities as naturally as weeds in an untended garden. It will not be long, however, before the organizer appears. The local propaganda will

racers. This group includes Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University; R. F. Clement and Ira de A. Reid of Atlanta University; F. D. Patterson of Tuskegee, and many other Negroes. It includes editors and publishers like Virginius Dabney of Richmond; Ralph McGill of Atlanta; Mark Ethridge of Louisville, and many others among the whites. John Temple Graves, Birmingham columnist, is a sympathetic observer who insists on making haste slowly. Credit for important, if less conspicuous, work belongs to newspaper men in smaller cities.

Jim Crow practices are yielding in labor unions. Negroes have become members and officers of the Southern Sociological Society, councils of social agencies, and organizations of social workers.

NO:

Condensed from the Book, "The Rest of Your Life"

By Leo Cherne

AS TENSIONS grow and the resulting bitterness takes root, new racial disorders, of which we've had a foretaste in war, will disfigure the American scene. But the baiting of all other minorities will

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Between World Wars I and II yeoman work, largely through educators and church workers, was performed by the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, which Will W. Alexander directed dynamically from an Atlanta office. This organization has recently gone out of existence to give way to a set-up of larger scope, the Southern Regional Council, with Howard W. Odum, North Carolina sociologist, as president.

In *Race and Rumors of Race*, Odum and a group of associates have run down and exposed a carload of wild reports, exaggerated facts, and plain lies about racial strife. Incidentally, many of these rumors have perished, with an accompanying reduction in wartime racial tension.

be overshadowed when we confront the most vulnerable target for violence in America — the Negro.

The frayed temper which emerges from war, the will to retreat, the need for escape, the inquisitor's comfort in finding a scapegoat, will provide the fagots, but economic conflict will light the fire.

The war has done more than the Emancipation Proclamation to give the Negro an economic place in America. But a nation which was

worked on the WPA, and with her husband, appeared in night clubs. Later she played in Broadway dramatic productions, and was doing concert work when she started in *Carmen Jones*.

She thinks that in *Carmen Jones* the colored performer has reached a new high. "Hammerstein has taken the colored player out of the bandana and put him in costume. It's a step towards a better future. From it and other plays colored

performers will learn that they can do better roles and demand them.

"Broadway does not yet like educated colored actors; even my going to college was resented. It's all part of the 'great democracy—rags to riches myth' that just is not so. But this ends on a high note.

"I'm looking towards a bright future for the whole race." Looking at her husband she added, "And for the Campbells, too."



Ballot Blues

THE RICHEST NEGRO in Mississippi, brown, freckled Dr. S. D. Redmond of Jackson, says that registration laws, even more than the poll tax, prevents Negroes from voting in his state. White registrars, says Redmond, are permitted to turn down any applicant who cannot answer "intelligent questions."

When a Negro comes to apply, the registrar will ask him:

"Boy—do you know the meaning of *delicut status quo rendum hut*?"

As the bewildered "boy" begins fumbling with this phrase the registrar continues:

"Well, maybe that's too hard for you. Here's a simple one. If the angle plus the hypothenuse equals the subdivided of the fraction—then how many children did your mother miss having?"

And if by some miracle the applicant answers this tongue-twister successfully, the registrar will say, "Boy—since you're so smart . . . tell me what's going to happen to you if you don't get the hell away from here?"

Richard Durham, Chicago Defender

Senators who are planning to vote for this appropriation (FEPC funds) had just as well get ready to select one of these mulattos or high-brown yellow girls as their stenographer, because Dr. Ross and his organization will be serving notice on them that Senators are discriminating against the colored girls of the nation; that Senators ought to have Negro girls in their offices. It is coming, and I assure them that when they get one all the B. O. powders on earth will not dissipate the odoriferous aroma they will find permeating their offices day by day.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

We in the South have never discriminated against the colored race as to employment. There are certain types of employment for which they are superior, and for which we would prefer them to white employees. On the other hand, there are other kinds of employment in which we prefer the whites.

Sen. Tom Connally of Texas

When in any governmental agency white women and Negro women are compelled to use the same toilet facilities, it is an encroachment upon the constitutional liberty of both the races when they desire or when either desires to be segregated.

Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas

We count it more important than any presidential election to maintain white supremacy.

Sen. John H. Bankhead of Alabama

If suffrage should be granted in the District of Columbia, the Negroes would soon have control of the city and the alleys would be completely outvoting the avenues.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

The Roosevelts, the Ickeses, the MacLeishes, the Guffeys and the Wagners believe that the power of the federal government should be employed in forcing white men and women to use the same washbasin facilities, the same toilet facilities in our industrial plants as Negro men and women. They are the Washbasin Democrats. The Roosevelt wing of the Democratic Party is the Washbasin wing.

The Southern Watchman

What the people of this country must realize is that the white race is a superior race, and the Negro race is an inferior race. Social equality is growing in this country, and in addition to teaching the white race the importance of racial purity, we must prevent racial intermingling by law.

Sen. Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi

ROUND TABLE

*Will The Peace
Bring
Racial Peace?*

Condensed from Virginia Quarterly Review

By H. Clarence Nixon

YES:

INFORMED observers see a postwar crisis in race relations in the South. But in spite of demagogic storm clouds, the South can weather the racial crisis.

Negroes can point to significant social gains in the last six years, thanks to Negro leadership, the Supreme Court, the New Deal, the CIO, and the war, with its manpower needs affecting all races and with a United Nations' emphasis on interracial democracy. This development has put much of the white South in a paradoxical dilemma, with forward thinking in in-

ternational affairs and backward thinking in interracial affairs.

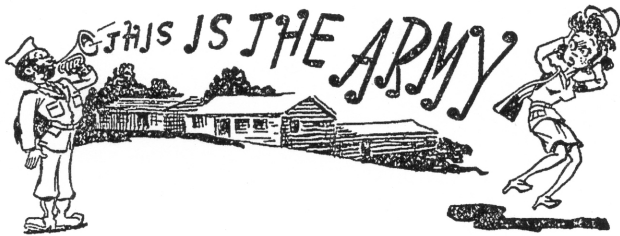
One horn of the dilemma will have to go. Science, statistics, and ethics oppose extravagant assumptions of "white supremacy." The Southern cultural pattern will have to change, as has the American constitutional system, to permit more economic, educational, and political opportunity to Southern Negroes, whose Northern brothers have an important strategic voting power. There is no hope for a prewar status quo through either national political party.

There is no permanent solution or fixed pattern for race relations in the South. But there is a good prospect for adjustments between the limits staked out by the two sets of extremists, white and colored.

Such an approach is being sought by able Southern leaders of both

H. CLARENCE NIXON is president of the Southern Political Science Association. He has taught at Iowa State College, University of Missouri, Tulane and is a lecturer at Vanderbilt University now. He is author of *Forty Acres and Steel Mules* and *Possum Trot*. He is a native-born Alabamian.

Copyright, Virginia Quarterly Review
(Summer, 1944)



¶ Detroit still tinderbox town
one year after disastrous race riot

Anniversary Of Hate

Condensed from Newsweek

ON THE NORMANDY beach-head a chaplain and a detail of Negro orderlies were digging graves for those who had recently fallen in battle. Soon Nazi planes droned overhead and dropped their bomb load.

When the attack was over, the chaplain crawled out of his foxhole. His detail was nowhere in sight. After a quick search he found the men in the graves they had dug.

Glad to see them alive, he asked: "Aren't you superstitious about using a grave for protection?"

"We'd rather be in a grave temporarily than permanently," was their quick reply.

John Gardner

RETURNING to camp one evening, a two-star general couldn't produce his identification, and the Negro rookie on guard refused to let him pass. Exasperated, the general leaned forward, pointed to the stars on his shoulders and bellowed, "Do you know what these mean?"

"Sure," popped the Negro youth.

"You got two sons in the service."

Deton Reynolds

A NEW Negro cavalry recruit at Fort Reilly was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the instructor, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

The horse bucked, and the recruit went over his head.

Yelled the instructor, "Did you have orders to dismount?"

"I did, sir."

"From headquarters?"

"No, from hindquarters."

Martin Dowd

OFFICER: "Orderly, bring me another knife. This one is dirty."

ORDERLY: "It can't be dirty, sir. The last thing I cut with it was a bar of soap."

Monroe Wells

AFTER A SCHOOL session preparatory to the first practice leap at a U. S. paratrooper base, a newly arrived Negro soldier asked his sergeant, "Now what if I'm up there and the chute doesn't open?"

"That," snapped the sergeant, "would be called jumping to a conclusion."

Marshall Warren

A YEAR had passed—but time alone could not blunt the memory of Bloody Monday in Detroit.

Through the war arsenal of the Midwest still stalked the nightmare of June 21, 1943, when a brush between whites and Negroes at Belle Isle recreation park touched off a citywide conflagration of racial hatred—a 24-hour-long paroxysm of knifing and beating that took 35 lives and injured hundreds.

And on the anniversary of that civic blood-letting, Detroit walked on eggs. Despite the promise of Mayor Edward J. Jeffries: "We do not expect any recurrence of the rioting," thoughtful citizens admitted that the basic causes of the flare-up still smoldered.

Carefully charted at the desk of John Ballenger, soft-spoken Detroit police commissioner, was a succession of inflammatory encounters less publicized than last year's riots: fights on streetcars, rowdy raids on neighborhood gathering spots, and run-ins at factory gates. (Daily, huge mobs of Negro and white war workers raced each other to

waiting cars and buses with police squads standing by).

The pattern bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the pre-riot period of 1943, and many a well-intentioned try was made at prevention. Ballenger added six hours of "sociological study" to the police-school curriculum and enlisted Negro leaders in an advisory committee on Police Department matters involving race issues.

Earnest church, school, and welfare groups preached tolerance. The Greater Detroit Inter-Racial Fellowship, outgrowth of the post-riot Mayor's Committee, worked for months on a long-range program. Its findings were less a progress report than a list of projected goals, merely calling on citizens to help the situation by "good personal conduct and example."

The practical roots of racial ill-feeling flourished nonetheless: bad housing (10,000 units were still needed to bring Negroes up to the standard housing level), bad transportation, bad recreation facilities, bad liaison (unlike other cities where the Negro upper stratum, dependent on whites for economic

Copyright, Newsweek
(June 26, 1944)

security, shushed protests of their own race, the entire Detroit Negro community tended to be aggressive, even belligerent, in its attitude).

While Detroit Negroes bought "less housing and less comfort for more money" and all Detroiters uneasily pondered a critical postwar future in which industrial realignments and fewer job opportunities would create new resentments, the city took no chances on a second edition of Bloody Monday.

As loitering youths of both races watched in awed silence, "police commandos" traiped on Belle Isle, carrying riot guns, bayonets, machine guns, and tear-gas bombs. A brand-new, comparatively huge riot squad, the commandos were versed in military mob-handling tactics.

Backing them up were the 31st and 34th regiments of Michigan state troops and conveniently located in River Rouge Park, the Army's 728th Military Police Battalion.

In readiness was a plan for deploying these forces in case of a major emergency: First riot call to police headquarters brings out police commandos; state troopers and MP's are simultaneously alerted.

Immediate liaison over a special phone and radio network is set up between the riot scene, the police commissioner's office, state armories, and MP headquarters. The mayor calls the governor for state-troop aid. In less than fifteen minutes, the initial striking force of the 31st regiment is on its way in full battle dress. Within three hours, some 2,275 men of the 31st and 34th are mobilized and ready to go. MP's probably "parade" into city with complete battle equipment, available for immediate action.

Should this impressive array not suffice, city fathers planned for additional battalions of 2,000 men to be rushed in from Fort Custer.

Haven't You Forgotten Someone?

A RABID DOG belonging to D. N. Cunningham, who lives near Purcellville, after biting two children and a colored man on Friday, attacked a horse and a hog before it was killed. The dog's head was examined and found positive. According to officials, the dog had not been vaccinated against rabies. The children are receiving the anti-rabies treatment. It was learned here that the horse will also be given treatment against the disease.

Loudoun (Va.) News

lunchroom were the twenty German prisoners. One of their guards was at the door with his carbine slung over his shoulder, the other was talking to the cashier. The other diners were staring at the Nazis in fascination. The prisoners sat relaxed and easy at the tables, lighting cigarettes, drinking water, taking rolls from the baskets on their tables, and munching them unbuttoned, their eyes incurious, their attitudes casual.

"God damn! Look at that," said Butterfield. "We don't amount to as much here as the men we're supposed to fight. Look at them, sitting there like kings, and we can't get a scrap to eat in this place without bending our knee and sneaking out to the kitchen like dogs or something."

The cook said severely, "Where you from, boy?"

"He from Trenton, New Jersey," said Brown.

Butterfield stared around at them and saw that only Randolph and the cook even knew what he was talking about and that they were both looking at him with troubled disapproval. Brown and Jerdon and the girl just didn't care. He turned and crossed the kitchen and went out the back door.

The cook said to Randolph, "I'll wrap some sandwiches for him and you give them to him on the train." He shook his head. "All the white folks around here is talking about all the nigger killing they going to do after the war. That boy, he sure to be one of them."

Randolph cracked his big knuckles unhappily. "We all sure to be one of them," he said. "The Lord better have mercy on us all."

Chez It, The First Lady's Coming!

LEGENDS of Eleanor Roosevelt's tour last year circulate around the Pacific. One day a party of Negro soldiers was bathing in a creek on Guadalcanal. An MP drove by and shouted, "Get out of there quick and put your clothes on. Mrs. Roosevelt is going to pass down this road in a few minutes."

The soldiers thought the MP was ribbing, and amiably shouted back, "Go pound sand up your back." When Mrs. Roosevelt did drive by a few minutes later it was hard to say whether she or the soldiers were more surprised by the spectacle each presented to the other.

Noel F. Busch, Life

followed him in. There were five or six tables and a lunch counter and, although it was around twelve, only a few diners. A cashier's desk and cigarette counter was by the door, and seated behind it was a gray-haired woman, stout and firm-chinned and wearing glasses.

Butterfield went up to her, rested his hands on the edge of the counter, and then hastily removed them.

She looked up.

Butterfield said quickly, "Is there any place we could get something to eat, Ma'am?"

She looked at him steadily, then her eyes shifted to the others, who were looking elaborately and with desperation at their shoes.

"This all of you?" asked the woman.

"Yes, Ma'am, there's just us four."

"All right," she said. "Go out to the kitchen. They'll feed you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

Butterfield, trailed by the others, started back toward the kitchen.

"Just a minute," said the woman. "Go out and around to the back."

They turned, bumping each other a little, and went back out the door.

Brown said, when they were outside, "Mr. Butterfield, he sure do it."

"That's right," said Jerdon. "You want to look out, Corporal. That Butterfield, he'll be getting your stripes."

Butterfield and Randolph didn't answer, didn't look at each other.

In the kitchen they found a thin, aged colored man in a white apron and a young, thick-bodied colored girl, who was washing dishes.

"What you want?" asked the cook.

"Something to eat."

"Man, we're hungry," Jerdon told him. "We ain't put nothing inside us since before sunup. Ain't that right, Brown?"

"Since before sunup *yesterday*," said Brown.

"The lady say you come back here?" asked the cook.

"That right."

The cook took their orders and, as he worked, asked them what camp they were from, where they were going, how long they'd been in the Army. He told them about his two sons, who were in the Engineers at Fort Belyoir.

"Labor troops," said Butterfield.

"A bunch of ditch diggers and road menders."

The cook stared at him. "What the matter with you, man?"

Butterfield didn't answer. He lit a cigarette and walked to the serving window, looking out at the woman at the cashier's desk.

Suddenly Butterfield threw away his half-smoked cigarette and called to the others, "Come here and look at this."

"What?" said Randolph.

"You come here and see this."

They all came over, the cook, the girl, the three other soldiers.

Sitting down at the tables in the

¶ Much-travelled Mrs. Paul Robeson finds America will always be home

Othello's Lady

By Olive Pearson Rice

Condensed from Christian Science Monitor

THIS IS IT, decided Mrs. Paul Robeson, wife of America's foremost Negro singer and actor, with characteristic aplomb, as they drove into the spacious grounds of "The Beeches" at Enfield, Connecticut, in search of a home two years ago.

"I was very sure," she explains with her warm, eager laugh, "because the house was so big and had such huge, high-ceilinged rooms. I knew Paul could relax here, the whole six feet three of him. He's so big he dwarfs the average room."

Mrs. Robeson is a gracious hostess, speaking fluently on many subjects from her wide experience both here and abroad. But Paul, their strapping, 16-year-old only child, is the subject nearest her heart.

As a big, happy, brown baby he grew to look so absurdly like his famous father—even his baby voice was deep, recalls Mrs. Robeson, laughing infectiously—that no one ever asked his name, just naturally called him Paul. He graduated from Technical High School in

Springfield, Mass., and will go to Cornell University in the Fall. Yes, he likes music very much, but he wants to be an electrical engineer!

That's like his mother. When her music teacher urged her to develop her lovely contralto voice, this Harlem girl, then Eslanda Cardozo Goode, decided she'd rather specialize in science. To this end she majored in chemistry at Columbia University and became a surgical technician in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

It was while taking an extra year in medicine at Columbia that she met Paul Robeson who was attending Law School there after graduating, cum laude, from Rutgers.

After they were married, Paul decided against law as a profession for himself as he soon saw that he was limited in this field because of his race, so he turned to the stage where he felt the sky was the limit.

"Essie" Robeson took a course in the theater to help him. Then he became a famous singer over night. His wife took this in her stride,

Copyright, Christian Science Monitor
(April 21, 1944)

too, and promptly became his efficient manager.

"I have had such a wonderful life," she says happily as her expressive face lights with a sort of inner radiance. "We went to London in 1925 and there, for the first time, we could be unselfconscious about our race. We were welcome everywhere.

"We lived in many countries and then went to Russia where there is no racial problem at all. We loved Russia and put Pauli, then nine, into the model Soviet School in Moscow.

"We would like to have stayed forever, but first of all we are Americans and Paul felt that his son should be brought up in his own country. So we returned to America in 1939."

While abroad, Mrs. Robeson studied anthropology at London University. She hopes to receive her degree this summer after a final year of study at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Her cultured voice deepens, "I had been told that I, as a Negro, was inferior, and I wanted to know why. I found nothing in my many years' study of anthropology to support this theory."

Paul Robeson is proud of being a Negro and he wanted his son to see Africa. "I want him to have roots. To know and feel that he is a Negro."

Partly for this reason, and partly to do field work for a thesis for her

doctorate, Mrs. Robeson took Pauli to Africa for four months.

While there, she kept a voluminous diary and took many pictures (she is a semi-professional photographer) which form the backlog of the book on Africa she is now rushing for a deadline. Her first book, *Paul Robeson, Negro*, was published both in London and New York.

What must have been the feeling of the wife of the greatest Negro Othello since the days of Aldridge, a century ago, when she heard roll after roll of applause on the New York opening night?

"Relief was my supreme feeling," acknowledges Mrs. Paul Robeson with seriousness in her face. "We had worked so hard up to that point, our immediate feeling could only be relief."

Today, Mrs. Robeson is an ardent lecturer and worker for the cause of her race. "The Negro problem is not so much of a problem as America believes.

"It can be handled through legislation," she assures her audiences, "then one can approach the subject, not from the viewpoint of the individual, but from the principle of the thing."

As she slipped into her Red Cross motor corps coat, Mrs. Robeson added in adieu, "There are 13,000,000 of us in America backing the attack. Arbitrary color separation is unimportant—we are all Americans."

they sure no place for colored around here."

Butterfield said sourly, "We'll just go to the U.S.O."

"Oh, man, that's rich," Brown said, and he and Jerdon laughed.

"They got a U.S.O. in this here town?" Jerdon asked the baggageman.

"Not for you they ain't," said the baggageman.

"Man, ain't that the truth," replied Jerdon.

Randolph said stubbornly, "We got to get something to eat."

The baggageman said, "You want to walk to Rivertown you get something. That the only place, though."

"Where's Rivertown?" Butterfield asked.

"Take the main road down past the mill. It's about three, four miles."

"Hell, man," said Jerdon, "I'm hungry now. I don't have to walk no four miles to get hungry."

"You stay hungry then," said the baggageman, and went off.

"Well, ain't this just dandy?" said Brown.

The men all looked at Corporal Randolph, who transferred the manila envelope from one hand to the other, his heavy face wearing an expression of indecision.

Butterfield said, "There's a lunchroom in the station. You go tell them they've got to feed us."

Randolph said angrily, "You

heard the man. You heard him say there's no place to eat."

"You're in charge of us," Butterfield said. "You've got to find us a place to eat."

"I can't find nothing that ain't there."

"You're just afraid to go talk to them," said Butterfield. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Brown said, "Corporal, you just let Mr. Butterfield handle this. He'll make them give us something to eat." He and Jerdon began to laugh.

"O. K.," said Butterfield. "I'll do it."

Brown and Jerdon looked at Randolph.

"My God," said Butterfield, "you even afraid to come with me while I ask them?"

"You're awful loud-talking—" Randolph began, angrily but defensively.

"You coming with me or not?" Butterfield asked.

"We're coming with you," Randolph said.

The four soldiers went into the colored section of the station and walked through it and into the passage that led to the main entrance. The lunchroom was right next to the white waiting room. The four men moved up to the door, bunching a little as though they were soldiers under fire for the first time.

Butterfield opened the screen door of the lunchroom and they

Brown said, "That what they are?"

"Sure," said Butterfield. "See what they've got on their backs? 'P.W.' That means 'prisoner of war.'"

The four soldiers moved forward. They stood on the fringe of the crowd, which was mostly white, looking at the Nazi prisoners with wide-eyed curiosity. There were twenty Germans standing in a compact group, acting rather exaggeratedly unconscious of the staring crowd.

A small mound of barracks bags was in the centre of the group, and the eyes of the prisoners looked above and through the crowd in quick glances at the station, the train, the seedy town beyond. They were very reserved, very quiet, and their silence put a silence on the crowd.

One of the guards spoke to a prisoner in German and the prisoner gave an order to his fellows. They formed up in a rough double column and moved off.

Little boys in the crowd ran off after them and the knot of watchers broke up.

When the four soldiers were alone again, Brown said, "They don't look like much. They don't look no different."

"What did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"Man, you just don't know noth-

ing," said Jerdon. "You're just plain ignorant."

"Well, what did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked Jerdon.

Jerdon shifted his feet and didn't look at Butterfield or answer him directly. "That Brown, he just don't know nothing," he repeated. He and Brown began to laugh; they were always dissolving in laughter at obscure jokes of their own.

A trainman got up on the steps of one of the coaches, moved his arm in a wide arc, the pant of the locomotive changed to a short puffing, and the train jerked forward.

The colored baggageman came trundling back in his empty truck and Corporal Randolph said to him, "There any place we can leave these bags?"

The baggageman halted, "You taking the one o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Dump them on the truck. I'll keep them for you."

Randolph said, "Any place we can eat around here?"

"No, they ain't."

"Where we have to go?"

"They ain't no place," the baggageman said, looking at them as though curious to see how they'd take it.

"Man," said Jerdon, "we're hungry. We got to eat."

"Maybe you get a handout some place," said the baggageman, "but

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN

¶ South presents best opportunity for solving Negro problem

The Challenge Of The South

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

By James E. Shepard

IN ONE of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* the characters wished for an opportunity to live their lives over. They were sure that they, in the light of their experiences, could direct their destinies and master life's uncertainties to the end of having a better and happier life.

However, when it so happened that a magic elixir was concocted and drinking it they became young again, they found themselves doing the self-same things they had done as they trod the primrose path of youth the first time.

Many people during all ages have had the strange desire to live their lives over again. I have usually considered such persons to be those who have squandered

their opportunities, or who have made regrettable mistakes, or who have unfulfilled desires. The chances are that, like Hawthorne's characters, a second go at life would lead to the same place for them.

It is nevertheless true that today we live in an age full enough of wonders to make poets of us all, and in such an age it is better to be a youth of 10 or 20 than an old man of 80 or 90. For the youth of 10 or 20 standing, so to speak, upon the shoulders of the accumulated wisdom and experience of the older man will be able to see more and go farther.

If I were this youth, my wish would not be to live a different life from what I have lived in the sense of doing different things, but my wish would be to do more of the things I have tried to do in my God-given span of life and to do them better.

JAMES E. SHEPARD is president of the North Carolina College for Negroes in Durham, N. C., and one of the foremost educators of the South.

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I make this statement not in the sense of smug satisfaction with my life as lived, for every man sees, or thinks he sees, many mistakes that he could avoid by the previous experience of making them; but I make it because I have tried to live by certain fundamental principles of life which, if they may not be classed among the eternal verities, are still good guide posts for life's journey.

If I could live my life over, and the circumstance of place were mine to determine, I would elect to live in the South, and to be more specific, in North Carolina. It is in the South that the need, the challenge and the opportunity are still greatest for all of the things that I should want to do in a new life-time.

The South is where the largest number of my people live; the South is where the largest number of Negro and white people live in ignorance and poverty; the South is the focal point of the race problem; and in the South the sensible cultivation of good race relations will be productive of the greatest good in solving this problem.

I should prefer to live a new life in the South because the South is the land of tomorrow's promise. Observe, if you will, the increasing expenditures of public funds for the education of the Negro and white youth. Watch the steady growth of home ownership, of invested capital, of insurance and success-

ful businesses owned and controlled by the people of the South, Negro and white. Consider, too, the purposeful concern on the part of Southern leaders for the future of this section, and the plans that are being formulated to guarantee the progress of the South in the post-war world.

We are not unmindful, of course, of the fact that a few Southern politicians still make capital of the supposed threat of Negro domination, but therein lies the challenge of the times, or the "cross that raiseth me," to the high ground of striving to prove to white men and black men that the framework of American democracy is broad enough for all citizens to live within it and enjoy its blessings and protection.

As a young man again, I would certainly go to college to broaden my knowledge and understanding of things, of men, and of events. In addition to expecting college to provide me with a better understanding of my world, I would expect college to give me some of the skills and tools for more adequately doing my chosen work. I should wish, however, to avoid that kind of education in college that would make me vainglorious, or wise in my own conceit, or in plain words a "smart aleck." I should wish, too, to escape the kind of education that would insulate me from understanding the common people.



Condensed from New Yorker

By Robert McLaughlin

THEY CAME into Forrest Junction at eleven-thirty in the morning. Seen from the window of their coach, it wasn't much of a town.

The station was bigger than you would expect; it was of dirty brick and had a rolling, bungalow-type roof adorned with cupolas and a sort of desperate scrollwork.

Corporal Randolph, a big, sad Negro, said, "Here we is."

Private Brown, his pink-palmed hand closed over a comic book, looked out the window. "How long we here?" he asked.

"Until one o'clock," said Randolph, getting up. "Our train west is at one o'clock."

The two other privates—Butterfield and Jerdon—were taking down their barracks bags from the rack.

Their coach was up by the engine, and they descended to the platform into a cloud of released steam, with the sharp pant of the engine seemingly at their shoulders.

The three privates, with their

bags slung over their shoulders, stood watching the corporal. He was checking through the papers in a large manila envelope marked "War Department, Official Business." It contained their railway tickets and their orders to report to a camp in Arizona.

"Man," said Brown, "you better not lose anything. We don't want to stay in this place."

"This don't look like any town to me, either," said Jerdon.

Butterfield, slim, somewhat lighter in complexion, and a year or two older than the others, looked around him. "Hey," he said, "look what's up there."

The others turned. Down the platform they could see two white soldiers armed with carbines and what appeared to be a group of other white soldiers in fatigues. A crowd was forming around them.

"They're prisoners of war," said Butterfield. "You want to see some Germans, Brown? You say you're going to kill a lot of them; you want to see what they look like?"

Copyright, New Yorker
(June 17, 1944)

By Richard Burns

'Man' And Supermen. In Washington, Mississippi's Sen. Theodore "The Man" Bilbo was asked by a Negro reporter whether he thought Nazi soldiers superior to American colored soldiers. He replied: "The Nazis are white men, ain't they?"

Death Takes A Democrat. In Charleston, S. C., Mayor Henry W. Lockwood told his constituents that he'd rather die than see Negroes voting in the Democratic primary. A month later he died.

Be Sure With Pure. In Richmond, Va., a white baby was abandoned at a Negro family's doorstep. A white housewife wanted to adopt the baby — but first insisted on a blood test to determine whether the child had colored blood.

Barratry Or Bias? In Colorado Springs, a Japanese-American protested discrimination against two Negroes at a local movie, was arrested, charged with "barratry" (inciting quarrels), and fined \$50.

Color Card. In Washington, a light-skinned girl still carries a card given her by a Southern town police chief certifying she is colored. Her husband is dark and she must show the card to whites when they try to start trouble over "social equality."

Price of Prejudice. In Providence, R. I., Negro members of the AFL Boilermakers' union must pay twice as much for insurance as white members.

Naughty, Naughty. Somewhere in the South, Negro members of the First Caribbean Regiment of mixed soldiers from the West Indies were warned never to attempt any friendship with a white woman, whether she was willing or not.

White House Shadow. In Washington, a Negro soldier who lost a leg in Italy was refused service of a cup of coffee in a Thompson's restaurant two blocks from the White House.

Kitchen Cleanser. In Washington, a white woman was fired as kitchen supervisor of the elite Hotel Statler because she ate with some of the colored help.

Invitation to Insult. In Chicago, William L. Hutcheson, Carpenters Union president, aspired for the vice-presidential nomination at the GOP convention. At a press conference, he was asked how he would handle the racial problem. He replied: "The same way as we always have in our union." Queried on how the union treated Negroes, he answered: "Why, we just say, 'Nigger come in.'"

A Negro college would doubtless give me a better perspective for the work that I should want to do, for in spite of the many hardships and struggles that I have experienced in my efforts to establish a worthwhile educational institution for Negroes, I am sure that I would undertake the same task again. For to me it appears that nowhere in the history of the world has the transforming effect of education upon the life of a people had a greater test of its power or been more clearly demonstrated than in the case of the American Negro.

When I was a boy the advice given to young men was to join the church, get a job, get married, and join the Masons. I think that advice is still good today, and I would be inclined to follow it again. In addition, I would add my membership to those organizations that strive within the principles of democracy to bring about an improvement in the condition of mankind in general, and of the Negro in particular.

To give my thoughts concerning the future of the Negro in business and politics, I must leave the pleasant speculation of living my life over and return to my present state of maturity and experience, for I believe that prophecy is safest when based upon history. The history of the Negroes' advancement since slavery gives us every reason to believe that Negro business will grow commensurately with his constant development in education, wealth and racial pride.

The Negro will eventually cease to be politics but will get into politics on an intelligent, independent and honest basis, in the sense that he will have and exercise the privilege of casting his ballot according to the dictates of his political understanding; and without special restrictions because he is a Negro. I believe the groundless fears that prevent this in the South will soon be removed.

I would always keep before me as inspiration the thought that "over the roughest spot on earth there is a patch of heaven's blue."

He Made The Grade

DURING THE RUSH for gasoline ration coupons in a Chicago high school, a Negro teacher registering applicants recognized one as a former student of hers. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Well, Sam," she said, "to think that after all these years I'm finally able to give you an A!"

Caroline Stamps

Hate mongers, who spread ideas and patterns which provoke disunity should be treated with as much seriousness as those with communicable diseases.

*Elsie Austin
President, Delta Sigma Theta*

We cannot defeat inhuman ideas underlying the Axis until we accord proper treatment to the 30 million of our citizens in our country who are our so-called minorities.

*Malcolm Ross
Chairman, FEPC*

Any form of racism, any form of deep disunity within any one of the great nations, means a weakening of the battle against Fascism. The racial issue in any corner of the U. S. is part and parcel of the major fight against Fascism.

Lisa Sergio, radio commentator

Labor unions are doing more than any Protestant church in America to abolish racial discrimination.

Dr. Ernest F. Tittle

We cannot hate people of other religions, races, languages or nations without expressing contempt for God.

Vice-President Henry Wallace

Racial and religious intolerance in the United States is a malignant disease. If we continue in this practice, we are surely contributing to the downfall of our freedom, to the end of democracy, and to the creation of a tyrannical dictatorship.

Pinckneyville, Ill., Democrat

Segregation is not merely a Southern tradition. Segregation is an ancient, psychological mechanism used by men the world over, whenever they want to shut themselves away from problems which they fear and do not feel they have the strength to solve.

Lillian Smith

It's like scraping your fingernail on a blackboard to talk too much about economic justice for the Negro. But it's another one of those domestic problems we keep deferring, just as one postpones a trip to the dentist, and our very unwillingness to discuss it freely is a substantive part of the indictment against us.

Edwin A. Labey

To say to a Negro that no matter what his competence, and no matter what his personal worth, he is not to be permitted to have a part in the processes of citizenship seems to me a cruel and a shameful thing.

*Mrs. Dorothy Q. Rainey,
Georgia Democratic Leader*

We cannot have a first-class democracy with second class citizens.

D. R. Sharpe

After the war the Negro must again face the stark reality that in many sections of America "the four freedoms" were never meant for him.

Benjamin E. Mays

Chano composed three years ago for the annual "Cumparsa" street carnival, the Cuban Mardi Gras.

Muna Sangansimba has a weird but catchy melody, plus a comedy patter and a whim trick finale.

Every now and then the Vedado longhairs try to suppress Afro music on the grounds that it does not represent the best in Cuban tastes, but it always bobs up again in the jam-packed bistros of Marianao, where the best citizens stay up all night to enjoy it. It's as much a part of the Cuban scene as rum and sugar.

This new vogue is so pronounced that the Cuban Tourist Commission is already huddling over plans to finance an Afro-Cuban revue on Broadway next winter, figuring it will build up more postwar tourist interest than the usual budget devoted to posters.

In World War I at Aix-les-Bains, the late Jim Europe, the real originator of jazz, predicted that, because of its pure melody and hot rhythm, Afro-Cuban music would some day spread throughout the world.

Copyright, Variety, July 5, 1944

Teachers Triumph

Condensed from Newsweek

▶▶ FOR THE FIRST TIME, a Southern state has agreed to pay Negro teachers the same as whites.

Prompted by Gov. J. M. Broughton's personal intercession, the North Carolina State Board of Education approved plans to eliminate salary differentials. (Example: Class-A white teachers get \$96 a month, Negroes \$92.)

Thus North Carolina more than made good on its 1943 pledge to equalize teachers' pay in three years. Thanks to a school-budget surplus, the board decided to take on the \$201,000 extra cost in one lump.

Actually, North Carolina's differentials have been smaller than those elsewhere (Southern average three years ago: 50 per cent). And although other states are moving toward pay equalization, North Carolina has the advantage of a school board that foots all school bills.

Elsewhere state-board allotments are supplemented by county and city funds, hence local action is required for equal pay. Among cities planning such moves are Houston, Texas, Knoxville, Tenn., and Norfolk and Richmond, Va.

Copyright, Newsweek, July 3, 1944

dolls, and would like to keep them for longer periods.

If a girl's name appears on the Honor Roll, she may borrow any doll she chooses, and keep it for six weeks. Every two weeks she brings the doll back to the Toyery for inspection. At the end of the six-week probationary period, if the record shows that the child has given the doll good care, the Toyery issues an "adoption paper" indicating that the doll belongs to her permanently.

Since its establishment two years ago, the Toyery has registered more than 700 children, and has lent fully a thousand toys. At Christmas time each year, and on birthdays, each child receives a toy of his own as a gift.

Copyright, Toys and Novelties, June, 1944

Southern Sanctuary

Condensed from Pittsburgh Courier

By Joseph D. Bibb

quiet and relaxation. Those who return from the "Halls of Montezuma" report that they are treated "like human beings" in the gateway to Latin America.

Talk about Mexico has become the consuming obsession of colored visitors and with voices welling with enthusiasm and excitement, they narrate how the color line fades away when they cross the border at Eldorado and set feet on the soil of the Aztecs, Madero, Villa and President Cardenas.

"We stopped at the finest hotels, dined at the most fabulous and exclusive restaurants, lingered at the fashionable resorts and unflinchingly returned the frozen stares and piercing gazes of white Texans," say some of the American colored people on their return to the States.

Copyright, Pittsburgh Courier, June 24, 1944

Watch For Afro

Condensed from Variety

By Edward Perkins

ing the republic via radio, night clubs and records, and will soon have potent effect in the United States, Mexico and throughout Latin America. It's a postwar natural.

It all stems from *Muna Sanganfimba*, an Afro rumba which

▶▶ THOSE OF DARK SKIN in the United States, with sufficient wealth and means, have been quietly stealing away to Mexico for short spells of peace,

▶▶ CHANO POZO, Cuba's ace Negro composer-musician-singer-dancer, has created an amazing new trend of original Afro-Cuban music that is sweep-

|| Ol' Satchmo at 38 still biggest diamond attraction

Baseball's Biggest Drawing Card

Condensed from PM

By Joe Cummiskey

WHO IS the biggest drawing card in baseball? Joe DiMaggio? Teddy Williams? Bobby Feller? Could be. But I doubt it.

I'd say offhand, and from the record, it's a big gangly guy known as "Big Boy"—Old Leroy (Satch) Paige. And he's also—and has been for years—baseball's top paid star.

Ol' Satchmo—179, 6 feet 3, size 14 brogans—is with the Kansas City Monarchs, and he's just past his 38th birthday.

Fellows like Leo Durocher and Dizzy Dean who have seen Satch work will scoff at the age of 38 and swear he's better than 45 but that draft board card kinda convinced me.

How many games have you pitched, Satch?

"Hard tellin'. Better'n 2000 I guess. I got five scrapbooks filled with pictures and more than 2000 little items. It takes time to clip all those. Last season on a trip from Kansas City to Boston I threw at

least one inning for 29 straight nights, rain and thunder."

Pitching over the recent 10 years, has averaged him about \$40,000 a season—a season starting down in the tropics country and probably ending before 47,000 at Comiskey Park in Chicago in the East-West Negro game.

Satchel has invested his earnings, operates a big apartment building in Kaycee, raises flocks of hens and hobbies in antiques and photography.

His money arm? Well, in the major leagues—if they had a work-horse anything like the Satch—he'd probably be kept under glass and coddled. Not Satch.

He does have a personal trainer named Frank Lloyd who has been with the Monarchs for 20 years, the last six of them exclusively as Satch's rubber. No fancy stuff on the Satch's soupbone. Just large applications of plain olive oil.

Ever seen Satch pitch? Well, sir, he really puts on a show. Who ever heard of a pitcher deliberately loading the bases to lend a little

*Copyright, PM
(July 2, 1944)*

drama to a strikeout? He did it in Pittsburgh last season.

"There were two away and I was getting ready to leave the game. I go four, five, maybe six innings now. Josh Gibson, the Homestead Grays homer hitter (the Babe Ruth of Negro baseball) was slated to hit, providing three men came up ahead of him.

"Josh's Dad had bet me \$5 I couldn't strike Josh out. I walked those three guys and by golly, I got that Josh on three straight pitches. Josh is a great hitter, but I got his number.

Paige likes to boast about the season he played in Puerto Rico, winning his 23 straight and hitting .401. When he lost his 24th game by 3-2, the fans wouldn't speak to him.

"They said I musta been out drinkin' the night before."

Paige is as unusual as he is great. Before all his games he takes part in the pepper drill and often works out at third base during infield practice. He wears two pair of heavy stockings because his legs are so pipe-stemmy.

The other night at Griffith Stadium in Washington, he set a new

night record when 26,000 fans turned out. He has drawn 50,000 to Briggs Stadium in Detroit and has gone over 40,000 several times in Chicago. Likewise in New York.

Paige was sick the night the record was set in Washington. His mates said he'd better see a doctor and that he probably couldn't play. Satch would have none of that.

"See all those people?" He said, pointing. "They're here to see Satch pitch and Satch will pitch." He did too, for five innings.

Clark Griffith, looking at the turnout in his ball park said:

"Amazing. I don't know what to make of it."

Satch does though. He makes a lot of money and is satisfied with his lot. He would like to see the Negro players get a chance at the major leagues, but for Satch, he says:

"What club in the majors could pay me the kind of money I earn pitching this way?"

What club indeed, Satchmo!

Paige thinks he has four or five more pitching years left. Could be. He's truly an athletic phenomena of our time—and our Dads before us.

Diplomatic Dilemma

A SOUTHERN WHITE asked an Englishman how he liked Americans in Britain. The Britisher replied that he found them courteous, well-behaved, friendly and generally desirable, "but," he concluded, "those white Americans they brought with them are impossible."

Charley Cherokee, Chicago Defender

believable. I've been around fighters for a long, long time. I've looked over hundreds of experienced boxers and hundreds of youngsters; but never have I seen any human being who approached this kid Nuttall in God-given natural ability. He's positively uncanny."

Did Armstrong say that this young Nuttall was a white boy? a reporter asked.

Yes, indeed, Hammering Henry emphasized. And for that reason Armstrong is convinced that he will become the first Negro manager ever to guide a white fighter to a title—"perhaps three titles—featherweight, lightweight and welterweight."

The youngster's father, Morris A. Nuttall—a Brigham baker and former professional middleweight scrapper—asked Armstrong to become manager of his boy after refusing an offer of \$10,000 to tie up with another manager. The elder Nuttall figured Henry was the pilot he wanted for his son because of Armstrong's reputation for square dealing and because he had been triple champion.

Copyright, United Press, June 14, 1944

Harlem Toyery

Condensed from Toys and Novelties

By Leopold Lippman

▶▶ THE HARLEM TOYERY is a toy loan center, set up much like a library, where children from 2 to 12 years of age can borrow toys without charge. It

is a completely non-commercial project, created by the Juvenile Welfare Council, to help meet the needs of the children of Harlem.

Children often gasp in amazement the first time they visit the Toyery, and many of them browse delightedly for hours among the varied toys.

Any child who lives in the immediate neighborhood can apply for a loan card, which entitles him to select a toy and take it home for a week. At the end of the week, the toy must be brought back, but if it is in good condition, it may be renewed or exchanged for another.

Children who consistently take good care of the toys can earn the title of "Honor Borrower," a privilege which entitles them to choose the most desirable toys in the Toyery.

Some children become closely attached to the toys they have borrowed. Girls, particularly, develop a genuine affection for

A Black Among Reds

▶▶ THE 11-YEAR-OLD SON of an American Negro father and a white Russian mother, has recently been accepted as a cadet in a branch of the Suvorov,

Condensed from Chicago Defender

famous Soviet Union military school.

He is Jimmie Patterson, whose father, Lloyd Patterson, died of a spinal ailment in Moscow more than a year ago.

The elder Patterson, who was born in South Carolina, had been living in Harlem.

Patterson had been trained as a painter, but had never had a chance to use his skill. In Russia he was commissioned to decorate the walls of the noted Hotel Metropole in Moscow.

Both Lloyd and Jimmie appeared in Soviet movies, the father in "Tom Sawyer" and other films with American themes. Jimmie, as himself, played in a picture called "Circus," the story of an American woman who found freedom for herself and her child in the Soviet Union. The boy became famous throughout the USSR for that role.

As a student at the Suvorov, Jimmie will be trained as a commander in the Red Army.

Copyright, Chicago Defender, July 1, 1944

Hank's 'White Hope'

▶▶ BROWN-SKINNED Henry Armstrong, the poetical pugilist, dreams of the wonderful world of tomorrow in which he will be building his young

Condensed from United Press

white "miracle fighter"—Keith Nuttall—to ring championships and fabulous wealth, assisted by television.

Armstrong, former triple champion, is enthused about young Nuttall: "I want to fight as long as I can store up a war chest with which to back young Nuttall, the most amazing youngster I ever saw.

"This Nuttall kid is only 13—or maybe 14—now. He lives in Brigham, Utah. He weighs only about 90 pounds. He's still an amateur. But what he can do with his fists is absolutely un-

Color Line In The News

By Marshall Field

THE DISCRIMINATIONS and indignities to which Negro soldiers and sailors have been subjected not only rankle deeply in the hearts of all Negro Americans, but are a source of shame and concern to many white Americans.

I do not know, frankly, whether we should castigate the army more or civilian Americans more. Negro soldiers have found they could get only limited transportation from camp to town; when they got there could find only limited recreation, housing and entertainment facilities. If they got into difficulties—as who might not under those circumstances—Negro soldiers have too often found that wearing a uniform was no protection against police brutality.

These things cannot be corrected by civilian or military authorities alone. Joint action is required, but it will not come until these facts are made known to white

Americans as well as Negro Americans.

Americans generally don't know these things. Why not?

The American people's knowledge about the contributions all Americans are making toward the war effort comes from news sources—the press, radio, and newsreels and from films, books and magazines. The Negro as a soldier and a war worker seldom appears in these channels.

Many white Americans have no idea even of the number of Negroes in the armed forces, let alone what their role has been. The bulk of news stories in the daily press about Negroes is not connected with the war. Even now Negro crime stories are more frequent than Negro soldier stories.

There are exceptions to this newspaper treatment. I wonder how many noticed the episode from "Terry and the Pirates" in which Terry was flying from China to India. On the way he passed by the point at which Negro combat engineers are building the Ledo road and fighting off Japanese patrols. Milton Caniff's drawing showed

MARSHALL FIELD is editor and publisher of the Chicago Sun and publisher of the newspaper PM. He also owns the syndicated Sunday magazine Parade and several radio stations.

the Negro engineers. There was no comment, and no tag-line, but it was plain to everyone that these were Negro troops. This is the sort of thing that is needed to break down the Negro stereotype.

A number of nationally circulated magazines have carried stories about Negroes recently, some with pictures. But none has attempted an over-all assessment of Negro contributions to the war; and few have dealt with Negroes as war workers.

After the 99th fighter group brought down 12 Focke-Wolfs in one day the newsreels carried the story. Up to this time there had been no combat or serious soldier shots in the newsreels since the beginning of the war.

On the radio, with the exception of a few special feature programs and the current "New World A'Comin'," most Negro programs have been religious or musical features with little or no news comment.

This being the case, there is little wonder that the National Opinion Research Center at Denver recently found in a nation-wide poll that most white people held the view that Negroes were not contributing much to the war effort.

So much lack of information leads beyond ignorance to hostility. From "do not contribute" it is only a step to "cannot contribute," and from there it is only a step to "should not contribute." It is not

guess work that these opinions are held by many white people. The same poll showed it.

Negro news is segregated just as much as any other aspect of Negro life.

The segregation of Negro news lends weight to Gunnar Myrdal's judgment that "to get publicity is of the highest strategic importance to the Negro people." We all know that the race problem is a problem of the mind. Publicity and information alone will not lead us to a solution of the American dilemma, but they are the necessary first steps to a solution.

Prejudice feeds on misinformation. The protective veil of ignorance is abetted by the segregation of Negro news.

Only an informed and aroused public opinion which sees the danger to our democracy in the waste of manpower and the bitterness which accompanies discrimination can begin to approach a solution.

In this the Negro press and correspondents play a part, but not the whole part.

To my mind the greatest of all Negro editors was Frederick Douglass. This man, who was born a slave and was taught to read and write secretly by the wife of one of his owners, was one of the leaders in arousing public sentiment against American slavery not only in this country but in the British

result of residential segregation in northern cities, such as New York and Chicago. When Negroes migrated from the South to northern cities by the hundreds of thousands during and after the First World War, they were segregated in the least desirable sections and prevented from moving in many instances because of real estate covenants and other restrictive measures.

The fact that they lived together in "black belts," however, made them easily accessible as a group to politicians, who usually appealed to them for their votes on racial lines. Thus Negroes were taught to think of their votes as a quid pro quo, and

that is how many of them use them today.

Actually, however, Negroes have no real status in either major party nationally, although during the campaigns both parties employ a few would-be Negro leaders to electioneer among the colored voters for their support at the polls.

Many Negroes are well aware of this fact; and so the party that nails a real plank into its platform concerning the Negro this year, and then enlists the co-operation of first-class colored citizens to work as equals with other party leaders to put over its candidate, will go a long way toward winning the Negro vote.

War Woes From FIT to HCL

A SOUTHERN NEGRO just off a farm went to work in a large war plant and was surprised when he got his first pay envelope to find a deduction with the notation "FIT." Returning to the paymaster, he asked for an explanation. "I don't remember having a fit," he said.

"Oh, yes," said the paymaster. "Everybody has fits every pay day. FIT is for Federal Income Tax."

Jack Pope

A NEGRO FAMILY MAN who had a good-paying job in a war plant kept borrowing money from his friends. Finally one of them asked him what he did with all his money.

"Oh, about 40 per cent for food, 30 per cent for rent, 30 per cent for clothes, and 20 per cent for amusement and incidentals."

"But that adds up to 120 per cent."

The other sighed. "And don't I know it."

William Church

gets going along about September," they say.

Furthermore, in Governor Dewey the Negro voters have a Republican candidate at whom they will certainly level devastating broadsides. For they hold three specific things against Dewey: first, his failure to back a state fair-employment-practice bill last winter—a measure which had been introduced by a Republican state senator and would have passed if the Governor had supported it; second, what they consider his double-talk about the anti-poll-tax bill (he said he was in favor of it, but refused to ask any Republican senator to vote for cloture); and third, his refusal to favor the Green-Lucas soldier-vote bill, which they supported solidly.

There are other factors, too, which will probably produce Democratic votes. In Harlem the congressional candidacy of the Rev. Adam C. Powell on the Democratic ticket—with solid Communist support—will have its effect, for although the Rev. Mr. Powell is a preacher-demagogue he is popular with the Harlem masses.

If the CIO Political Action Committee prosecutes a doorbell-ringing campaign in the colored sections of the large cities, it will win thousands of valuable votes for Roosevelt, and the influence of pro-Roosevelt unions on their Negro members will probably be strong.

Finally, the Negro population still admire Mrs. Roosevelt fervently for having the courage to stand up and fight their battles for them, and they will remember this when they go to the polling booths next November.

Though these factors will certainly cause many Negroes to vote for President Roosevelt if he runs again, and may, in fact, swing a majority of them back into the Democratic column, it is now equally true that the reasons why they have supported Republican candidates since 1940 will cause them to support them this year. As matters stand now, the Democrats have more worrying to do about recapturing the colored vote than the Republicans have about keeping it.

Moreover, the colored voters cannot be wooed any more by either party through payoffs to a few Negroes near election day or even during the heat of the campaign. It certainly will not help the Administration to appoint some Negro to high office between now and November 6th, for this would be interpreted as a purely vote-seeking gesture and be discounted.

If by chance a serious race riot were to break out this summer, or if there were grave trouble in an Army camp involving Negro soldiers, the movement toward the Republican column would become much more pronounced.

The so-called Negro vote is the

Isles. At the same time he was a Negro leader of great judgement and clarity of thought who understood fully the need for a national solution of the race problem of his time. Against a good deal of opposition he spoke out strongly for an avoidance of sectionalism on the slavery issue.

When Garrison wanted to take a stand against dealing with slaveholders—a solution which would have amounted to promoting northern secession—Douglass spoke out against him. Without ever ceasing to protest by word and deed, Douglass counseled against the John Brown uprising. And Douglass never lost sight of the final objective—full participation by men of all races in local and national life.

He was the first editor to suggest the use of Negro troops in combat during the Civil War, and he urged it not only to whites but to Negroes. He wrote: "Men of color, to arms! . . . Slowly and reluctantly that appeal is beginning to be heeded. Stop not now to complain that it was not heeded sooner. That it should not, may or may not have been best. This is not the time to discuss that question. Leave it to the future. When the war is over, the country saved, peace established and the black man's rights secured, as they will be, history with an impartial hand will dispose of that and sundry questions."

And again he says: "There are weak and cowardly men in all na-

tions. We have them amongst us. They tell you this is the 'white man's war'; 'that you will be no better off after than before this war'; 'that the getting of you into the army is to sacrifice you on the first opportunity.' Believe them not; cowards themselves, they do not wish to have their cowardice shamed by your brave example. Leave them to their timidity, or to whatever motive may hold them back. . . .

"The case is before you. This is our golden opportunity. Let us accept it and forever wipe out the dark reproaches unsparingly hurled against us by our enemies. Let us win for ourselves the gratitude of our country and the blessing of our posterity through all time."

The time and circumstances of Douglass' appeal do not limit its significance to slavery days or to men of any particular race. In Douglass' time this country was engaged in a war over a national versus a sectional solution of a vital social problem. One part of that vital problem involved the freedom of an important part of America's people.

Today, we are engaged in a war in which the freedom of all men is at stake—men of all races and all nations. Negroes have a natural and legitimate interest in the fate of oppressed peoples everywhere—the people of occupied Europe and Asia are under the yoke of the Nazi and Japanese militarists with their

theories of racial and national supremacy.

In this situation it seems to me the Negro press and writers might examine more closely the principles which guided Frederick Douglass. The Negro press has rightly been concerned with the Negro's stake in democracy at home and in Negroes' right to participate fully in the struggle to preserve it. But Negroes share with all Americans a stake in the problem of worldwide democratic order.

If the Negro press is to lead opinion, its columns should not stop short at urging Negro participation in America's war job; or in discussing the fate of the peoples of the Caribbean, of India and the Colonial problems of Africa and the East Indies. Wherever the struggle for freedom goes on—the struggle for political and economic rights and opportunities, whether at home or abroad, black or white, on the farm or in the factory—that struggle should have news value for the readers of the Negro press.

In short, the Negro press has all the rights of a minority, protest press. But it has the responsibilities that go with those rights. In the narrowest sense those responsibilities require that the Negro press should follow the ordinary canons of good journalism—to tell the whole story accurately. In the widest sense those responsibilities require that the Negro press should inform its reading public about the issues of democracy abroad as well as at home.

The masses of people everywhere are engaged in a struggle to broaden the base of economic opportunity and political rights and to secure the fundamental freedoms of free speech and worship. This is the true meaning of democracy. The fight to win it abroad cannot be separated from the fight to win it at home. Let the white press tell its readers more about the fight at home; let the Negro press tell its readers more about the fight to win it abroad.



Color Bar On The Bar

TWO-THIRDS of the 1,200 colored lawyers in the U. S. reside outside of the South as against 23 per cent of the colored population which lives outside of the South.

In Mississippi alone in 1930, there were only six colored lawyers as against 1,200 white lawyers, who neither understand nor care about the justice of black Americans.

President Mordakai Johnson of Howard University

migrating to that city in order to prevent more racial trouble. They felt that the President himself should have made a radio address to the nation condemning race riots and assuring the general public that the government was taking resolute steps to prevent them. When he failed to do this, many colored leaders predicted that he would pay for it at the polls if he ran again.

3. *The failure of the government to enforce the President's executive order prohibiting discrimination in war industries and government departments.* Though the President set up the Fair Employment Practice Committee to see that his order was carried out, it had no power, and Negro opinion regards its performance as having been little better than a farce. When, for instance, the FEPC found that Southern railroads were discriminating against Negroes in the employment of firemen, and ordered them to hire Negroes, the railroads refused to do so, the problem was dumped in the President's lap, he appointed another committee to "investigate" the situation, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

4. *The numerous attacks on the colored population by Southern orators in Congress, and the new campaign for "white supremacy" in the South.* Since the authors of these attacks have been Democrats, there has been an inevitably adverse effect upon the Democratic loyalties of Negro voters—an effect summed

up in the recent statement of Earl B. Dickerson, a Negro leader in Chicago and former member of the FEPC: "Though I have long been a Democrat, I cannot go along with the party and maintain my self-respect. . . . I am now convinced that the Negro can never get anywhere in the Democratic Party as long as it is dominated by Southerners."

In addition to these four chief reasons for the swing toward the Republican side, there is of course another. Negroes seldom vote along racial lines unless the records of candidates compel them to. Like other citizens they vote as they do for a variety of reasons; and their shift since 1940 has not simply been due to their reactions on racial issues but has also been a part of the general nationwide drift toward the G.O.P.

All this is not to say that the vote is in the bag for the G.O.P. Many Negroes will undoubtedly vote the Democratic ticket again this year—if Mr. Roosevelt runs again. (If he does not, the Democrats may just as well say good-bye to the colored vote.)

Some Negro leaders who have been among the severest critics of his Administration are ready to back him again because of what he has done in their behalf in the past, and argue that when he begins to campaign he will certainly woo colored voters back into his fold by the thousands. "Just wait till he

ber, 1943, by contrast, the Republican candidate for governor, Simeon E. Willis, declared after the election—which he won by the narrow margin of less than 5,000 votes—that he owed his victory to the Negro voters; and Mrs. Willis said that as far as she could figure every Negro in Kentucky who had ever voted the Republican ticket did so on that occasion.

In a special election held last March in the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, which is located in the colored section of Philadelphia, a Republican won for the first time since the New Deal; 58 per cent of the colored voters voted for him, though they had previously gone Democratic by as much as three to one.

In Baltimore last year, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Theodore J. McKeldin, Republican candidate for mayor, and aided measurably in his election.

In the meantime a majority of the colored voters in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, West Virginia, and other states have either registered as Republicans or supported Republican candidates in the past year or two. In Cleveland more than 80 per cent of the Negro voters are said to be registered in the Republican column.

Nor is that all. Though the colored vote is important in at least seventeen Northern states, its greatest significance lies in the fact that it constitutes a balance of power in eight big ones. These

states are New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, and Michigan. They have a total of 202 electoral votes—and it takes only 266 to win. No man has ever been elected President without carrying at least some of them, particularly the first four. And these states have more colored voters than any others. That is why the current shift may be of pivotal importance.

What is behind the shift? The following are the chief reasons:

1. *The outraged feeling of many colored citizens over the way Negroes are treated in the Army.* Accustomed to hearing the President champion the rights of the underprivileged during the depression, colored people have expected him, as Commander in Chief, to do something about the numerous cases of intimidation, discrimination, and segregation which have been reported both in letters written home by Negro soldiers from Southern camps and in stories played up in the Negro press. These reports have probably done more than anything else to dampen the ardor of the colored folk for President Roosevelt.

2. *The scars left by the race riots last summer, and the fear that more riots may break out this year or later.* Many Negroes felt that the President let them down last summer. They deeply resented Attorney General Biddle's recommendation, after the Detroit riot, that Southern Negroes be stopped from

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

Written for Negro Digest

By Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.

ON NOVEMBER 23, 1942, I was in the nation's capital . . . that bulwark of democracy and demagoguery, of the free white and the fettered black. With me were my fellow warriors and constant companions, Ben Richardson and Joe Ford. Others, including clergymen and laymen, made up the little party of citizens who had journeyed to our national seat in the interest of good government.

We had come to share the fight for the abolition of the virulent poll tax. I was an expected guest in Washington. The police expected me. They had received notice of my coming. They met my train and undertook to escort me to the Senate building, but I demurred, choosing instead the company of people like myself—representatives of democratic America. Together we walked in the drenching rain to the building within

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whose walls southern fascists and their northern ilk were then aborting all that America stood for.

Because of my fair complexion there was some uncertainty among the guards as to just which man was "that damn n.....r Powell." The doubt was soon cleared up—I was plainly pointed out.

"That's him—the yaller one. Watch him, he's a trouble maker." A semi-illiterate guard said these things loudly enough for all to hear. All of us did—and understood. That's why we were there.

Every possible means of keeping me out of the Senate gallery was devised by the armed Senate police force. Long needless delays were deliberately created to prevent my hearing the vote on cloture. These ruses worked but for a moment. I knew my way around. I saw an honest Senator and gained admittance.

Before entering the gallery I was duly searched by a guard who had the crass stupidity to say, "Got any lick or a razor on you, boy?" My sudden display of contempt, disgust, and no little anger caused him to hasten on to search those who followed me.

Once inside the gallery I found hundreds of seats vacant and knew the guard had lied when he said there was no more room inside. But he was right in a sense. There is little or no room for justice-demanding white people in the na-

tion's capital—and absolutely none at all for outraged Negroes. But we were there to make room—for both.

I noticed as I took my seat that a uniformed guard came and stood alongside me. He stayed there as long as I was in the gallery. When the infamous deed was done, when the poll taxers won for the moment and democracy lay raped before the world, I moved toward the door leading from the gallery. The officer moved with me. I walked down the steps, and he remained at my side. When I came to the main corridor I paused to talk with my friends—to plan our next move. We were not defeated, merely set back. We all knew we would eventually win—right always does. As I stood there talking the officer approached me and snarled, "Move on you—keep goin'".

I asked if I was obstructing the passageway. He assured me I was. The group obliged and we moved.

This did not satisfy the guard. He came over to me and said loudly, "I told you to move on, now keep movin'". I told him I had a perfect right to be in the building.

The guard said no more, but instead made a convulsive lunge at me, yanked his holster around, unlatched its flap, jerked his pistol half out of it and barked, "I said git out of here—now git!"

I looked at the guard with the pistol. He was wizened and ill fed. He looked hungry and brittle. I

knew his gun alone gave him what little security he could muster up in the face of my six feet four inches of height and over 190 pounds of weight. I wasn't afraid. It was a crisis, but those of us who want to live to fight on at times have to let reason supercede wrath.

I walked firmly from the building. My footsteps were hard and noisy—noisy like the exultant clamor of the oppressed on their day of victory. My face was flushed. My eyes glowed with the light of a man seeing visions, visions of a day when I would return to fight, change or unseat these, the mighty—when I would be sent by believing people to challenge these who prostitute our government. In this hour when I had come to the headwaters of my nation to help stem the tide of garrulous self-defilement, I had been driven from her halls of law. In this hour when it seemed that my humiliation was unmatched—I was unashamed because as I walked away I turned to look back on the gold domed symbol of a nation a black man, Crispus Attucks, had died to make possible—to scan a city a black man, Benjamin Banneker, had helped to lay out—and thought on the national security and integrity black men even then were dying to preserve.

I looked back and pitied my country because as I looked I saw America hang her head in shame.

¶ Negro vote seen shifting to GOP—but New Deal still strong

'Ifs' And 'Buts' Of '44

Condensed from Harpers

By Earl Brown

THE NEGRO vote—about two million strong—is shifting back into the Republican column.

The shift began soon after the presidential election of 1940 and it hasn't stopped yet.

In 1942, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Republican candidates for congressional and state offices almost everywhere north of the Mason-Dixon line. It was the first time since 1932 that they had done so, for in 1936 and 1940 they had abandoned their traditional Republicanism to swing heavily behind President Roosevelt.

Now they are swinging away from the Democratic Party; and the change is important not only in itself but because, if it continues, it may prove a deciding factor next fall in case the presidential race is otherwise close.

The recent shift in some localities has been very revealing. Take Harlem, for instance—one of the

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few Negro communities in the country that was Democratic before the New Deal. In the 1938 election Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Democrat, carried Harlem by four to one against Thomas E. Dewey. In that election Lehman carried the state of New York as a whole by only 64,000 votes; if Harlem had gone against him he would have been defeated.

In 1942 Harlem swung the other way, contributing to Dewey's election. And in a special election held last February in the Twenty-first Congressional District of New York, a large part of which is in Harlem, the colored people again went Republican—a fact which is said to have caused President Roosevelt deep concern.

Or take the state of Kentucky. There are more than a hundred thousand Negro voters in Kentucky, and they hold the balance of power in Louisville, where state elections are often decided.

In 1936 and 1940 the colored voters in the state went Democratic by about two to one. In Novem-

Copyright, Harpers
(July, 1944)

bring about fair play for the Negro. But in the main the above statement is correct.

Usually a Negro makes the first page of a newspaper only if he commits a heinous crime. It is true that a handful of Southern newspapers have of late years found that they can increase their circulations by devoting some space to happenings among the colored people. But for generations the press has followed the color line religiously and ignored or misrepresented happenings among the Negroes.

The colored people say with reason that many injustices and many terrible events are suppressed or ignored because of the dependence of the Associated Press upon its Southern members for its news.

A terrible example of misrepresentation was an Associated Press report dealing with the murder by white men of some Florida Negroes whose sole crime was that they tried to vote. It utterly failed to tell its readers that American men, women, and children were burned alive by the white mob in this election.

Had the situation been reversed, had a number of Negroes thrown white women and children on the pyre, the story would have reached the front pages of every newspaper served by the Associated Press.

One more case must be cited in this connection. During the first World War the Associated Press was the medium of wholesale lying and crass misrepresentation in re-

porting a race conflict in Phillips County, Arkansas. This it portrayed to the American people—in wartime—as a "Negro rebellion," "of more than a local nature, possibly planned for the entire South."

Now, the truth was that a group of white landlords deliberately attacked a meeting of colored tenant farmers held, under the guidance of a white attorney, to formulate the innocent demand that they receive written settlements of their accounts from the white landlords who were systematically plundering them by refusing ever to render a written statement of their business relations.

This is as far from a Negro rebellion as anything could possibly be. Yet that reflection upon the patriotism and loyalty of the colored people, which have never been exceeded by those of the white people, was spread all over the United States.

Fortunately the facts were later established in the Supreme Court of the United States, which saved from hanging some of the innocent Negro victims of that landlord conspiracy to keep black sharecroppers in complete subjection. But the Associated Press, despite my and other protests at the time, never apologized for the wrong it had done, or sought to rectify its misrepresentation, or even to print the whole story when the vindication by the highest court in the land occurred.

¶ Josh White's 'fighting blues' tell more than any speech

Troubadour For Tolerance

Condensed from New York Post

By Dorothy Norman

JOSH WHITE claims that he has to sing his "fighting blues," with his guitar in hand, in order to express what he really wants to say. He cannot say what he wants through the spoken word alone.

So you find him with his guitar, singing his incomparable ballads nightly, at Cafe Society, Downtown, in New York—holding his audiences spell-bound. For that is where he has the greatest freedom to sing what he wants to say.

Famed as a singer of traditional spirituals and blues, he is not satisfied with singing in these forms alone. He cannot see why the Negro must be represented only by Tin-Pan Alley, or by Uncle Tom's cries to Heaven. He likes best to sing out directly and clearly against Jim Crow practices, as against everything else under the sun that stands in the way of democracy, equality and justice for everybody. No night-club can dilute his fervor. Nor will he take jobs where they try to do so.

There is plenty of irony about

Josh's life: He has sung his "socially conscious" songs by invitation, before the President of the United States three times. He has given six concerts in the Library of Congress. He was sent to South America as a good-will Ambassador.

But just let him try to get a cab in Washington, or eat a meal with white friends in a normal way—right after he has been honored by the highest leaders of our land: It can't be done! Or let him try to buy medicine in the nearest drug store to the Library of Congress, if he happens to be taken ill during one of those request concerts. That can't be done either.

Josh feels that what happens to Negroes in Washington is one of the saddest things in America: "If our Government officials, living right in the capital of our land, where an example should be set for the rest of America, cannot practice what they preach a little better, then so much the worse for everybody!"

Born of religious parents in

Copyright, New York Post
(June 22, 1944)

Greenville, S. C., 28 years ago, Josh was christened "Joshua Daniel."

"My mother named me like that," Josh explains, "because she said she expected great things of me. When I was seven years old I saw a blind man cross the street one day. I helped him across. I was sure this was the great thing I had been born for, and that it was why my mother had named me 'Joshua Daniel.' I rushed home to tell her what had happened.

"My father had been ill for years. There were eight of us in the family, and we were terribly poor. The blind man asked if I could lead him around every day after school. I was to be given \$4 a week for doing it. Since we needed the money so badly, my mother consented. This led to my traveling from city to city, leading blind men around after school hours, until I was seventeen."

Josh would sing spirituals and play the tambourine, while the blind men he led around would sing too, or play some instrument such as the guitar. Pretty soon Josh became national tambourine champion, and also began to be known as the "Singing Christian." He made his first recordings of spirituals when he was eleven.

Finally, on his travels, he found himself in New York one day, where he and his blind companion of the moment were asked to make recordings for a big company. For seventeen recordings of spirituals,

made in two days, Josh received \$100, which he sent home to his mother. Despite the wide sale of these recordings, that is all Josh ever received.

Because the "Singing Christian" could also sing blues so well, he was subsequently signed up to make records of blues, too. Confusion followed.

Churches began ordering all recordings made by the "Singing Christian," mainly because so many people joined the church because of his records, only to find themselves playing blues at times. As a result of complaints, Josh's name was changed to "Pinewood Tom" for his blues recordings to avoid further confusion.

Things were just beginning to go well for Josh during those months, when he happened to walk down the street one day clutching his favorite beverage, buttermilk. He slipped. Afraid he might lose the bottle's precious contents, he held on to it tightly only to fall and crush his right hand against its broken fragments.

When he reached Harlem Hospital he was told that three fingers would have to be amputated, or else his hand might be permanently paralyzed. Frantic at the idea that he might never again be able to play his beloved guitar, he protested, begging the doctors to take a chance that his hand might heal and not to cut off his fingers. They agreed.

¶ Associated Press found guilty of flagrant racial bias in news stories

The Case Against AP

Condensed from the Book, "The Disappearing Daily"

By Oswald Garrison Villard

NO THOUGHTFUL Negro expects any justice at the hands of the Associated Press or thinks that there will be the slightest effort on AP's part correctly to report and interpret the tremendous upsurge among our Negro fellow citizens, than which there is no more extraordinary development in this most extraordinary of wars.

At this writing the Associated Press does not employ a single colored reporter. Yet there are 13,000,000 colored Americans, constituting perhaps the gravest domestic problem under the American flag, who are becoming more and more determined, as they grow in means, influence, and political power, to insist upon having their constitutional rights.

There is plenty of spot news developing every day among these

people, but it does not find its way into print through the service of the Associated Press, whose Southern bureaus conform absolutely to local prejudices, so that, for example, on its Southern wire Negroes are never designated as Mr. and Mrs. but only by their full names.

The greatest weakness of the Associated Press comes from its reliance upon its members for reports of local happenings. Many of the worst injustices perpetrated by it are due to this fact.

Here my clearest example is the reporting of matters affecting the colored people, notably in the South, where the members of the Associated Press do not employ any colored men, are served by reporters imbued with every local prejudice and bent, consciously or unconsciously, on always presenting the white man's side of any race trouble in the most favorable light.

There is no such thing as a square press deal for the Negro citizen in the South, although there are differences in the attitudes of the white journals. There are some papers, like the Louisville Courier-Journal, that are really trying to

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bia's most illustrious families, was a white Arab. He and Marzook were the best of friends, and when off duty, inseparable companions. One day Muhammad refused to go to the movies because Marzook could not accompany him.

The first time I met Marzook was at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, where he occupied a spacious suite next to that of Amir Feisal, who, aside from being King Ibn Saud's second son and Viceroy in the Hejaz, is the Saudi Arabian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On a number of occasions the Amir invited me to have dinner with him in the Wedgwood room at the Waldorf. Marzook sat at table with us and other guests. He was the only Negro that could be spotted in that exclusive dining place. I observed him very closely to see whether he was suffering from any embarrassment or self-consciousness over being the only

colored person at the many banquets and receptions he attended in this country. I invariably found him at ease and unperturbed.

A few American whites looked at him with an air of curiosity. I heard one of them whisper to another: "Why on earth did Amir Feisal choose a Negro to accompany him on his trip to America? He could, like his brother, have brought along a white attendant." The other American shrugged his shoulders. This conversation reminded me that there was still an acute color problem in this country.

Marzook was ignorant of any color problem in America. If he had known about it, I wonder whether he would not have had an additional reason for loving Arabia, preferring not to return to America, the country he called great, at least until the color problem was equitably solved.

An American Dilemma

ONE OF THE FINAL ball games of the Broadway show-league was between the "Othello Otherwisers" and the all-Negro cast of *Carmen Jones*.

With the score 7-6 against the Othello team, and two out in the ninth inning, Paul Robeson came to bat. He hit a long fly, which was caught for the final out . . . "I really meant to get a hit," said Robeson later, "and when I saw that fellow running for the ball, half of me kept rooting 'Drop it, for the ball game' and the other half of me kept rooting 'Catch it, for racial solidarity.'"

Leonard Lyons, *New York Post*

But it was three years before his hand was normal again. This was in the early '30s. Times were hard. The only job he could find at this time at which he could earn a living for himself, his wife and child was as an elevator boy.

Then came the time when the play, "John Henry," starring Paul Robeson, was being cast. Its author, Roark Bradford, who had met Josh on his travels through the South, had written a character into the play called "Blind Lemon," based on one of the blind men Josh had led around. Bradford was convinced that Josh White was the only person in the world who could play that role. But no one seemed to know where Josh was.

One evening while Josh was with some friends, Leonard DePaur, who was to direct the singing in "John Henry," happened to walk into the room. Josh was practicing on his guitar. His hand was just beginning to heal enough so that he could do this.

As he was strumming along, DePaur asked him if he had ever heard of the "Singing Christian." Josh replied that he was the "Singing Christian." And so Josh found himself on Broadway.

But he won't take just any part in any play or film if he thinks it hasn't a healthy attitude toward the Negro. Last year he turned down \$87,000 because he refused to take parts in films in which he would have had to portray Negroes in a manner he felt to be degrading or non-constructive.

Because he is so generous in giving his time and talent to good causes, he is known as the "Benefit Kid." He also broadcasts for the BBC and the OWI, and is as popular overseas as at home. He broadcasts over WNEW every Sunday at noon.

Like all true artists, he has a quality that no one can imitate. If you want to know how the Negro feels, listen to Josh White sing. He will tell you — with music.

Meat The Missus

THERE WAS a crowd in the meat market but a Negro woman rushing in called quickly to the butcher: "Give me ten cents worth of cat meat." Then turning to other customers, she said lamely: "I hope you won't mind my being served before you."

One woman lifted her eyebrow coldly and replied: "Not if you're as hungry as all that."

Ralph Cunningham

MAN OF THE MONTH } *Coast Guardsman Saves 100 To Win Navy Medal*

Condensed from Chicago Defender

A 26-YEAR-OLD Coast Guard mess attendant, Charles W. David, Jr., who heroically faced death in the icy waters of the Atlantic to save the lives of perhaps a hundred men on a torpedoed transport, was posthumously awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal in a simple ceremony at Coast Guard headquarters in New York.

Coast Guardsman David's widow, Mrs. Kathleen W. David, received the medal from Rear Admiral Stanley V. Parker, district Coast Guard officer. She held her 3-year-old son, Neil Adrian, dressed in a Navy play suit, in her arms as Admiral Parker read the citation.

Coast Guardsman David was mess attendant aboard a Coast Guard cutter that went to the rescue of a torpedoed transport in near-freezing temperature in the Atlantic. The Coast Guard reported that countless times David dived overboard to rescue men struggling in the icy waters. He kept diving, despite his own waning strength until nearly a hundred men had been saved.

When the rescue operation had been nearly completed word came from the cutter's bridge that Lieutenant R. W. Anderson, of Brooklyn, executive officer of the cutter, was exhausted and in danger of drowning. Lieutenant Anderson was on a life raft at the side of the cutter helping rescue operations.

David dived once more. He rescued his commanding officer, but died soon afterward of pneumonia induced by exposure.

Lieutenant Anderson was present at the ceremony, and said: "David's bravery under the most hazardous conditions and his unselfishness in sacrificing himself was an inspiration to every officer and man on the cutter."

*Copyright, Chicago Defender
(July 1, 1944)*

¶ Color line unknown in Mecca
where all races are welcome

Black Arabian Knights

Condensed from Asia And The Americas

By **Jamil M. Baroody**

IN ARABIA there is no color or race distinction.

A Muslim, whatever his origin, is a brother and enjoys the same basic rights, embodied in the Koran, which not only is the source or religious tenets, but also lays down the foundation upon which the Islamic social structure is built.

Color bears no social stigma in Arabia, nor does it create any class barrier. African Negroes, dark-skinned Indians and Malaysians, yellow Chinese, white Caucasians and Europeans, if they profess Islam, are on an equal footing.

Every year Mecca welcomes thousands of pilgrims of various colors and races from practically all the Muslim world, which is estimated at about two hundred and fifty million people.

Last autumn, a specially detailed

JAMIL M. BAROODY is a Lebanese graduate of the American University of Beirut. He has traveled extensively in the Near East and Europe, lived a number of years in Paris and London and represented Lebanon at the New York World's Fair.

U. S. government plane brought a royal Arabian party on an official visit to this country.

When the royal party, consisting of Amir Feisal, his brother Amir Khaled and a retinue of aids and attendants, alighted from the plane at Miami, onlookers who had expected to see Hollywood sheikhs were impressed by the utmost poise and dignity with which these Arabs carried themselves. They were all white, or rather suntanned, except a stalwart man dressed like the rest in Arabian garb and headgear and walking immediately behind Amir Feisal.

This was Marzook, a pitch-black Negro. Tall, lean, sinewy, with eyes on the alert and a constant grin betraying an even set of flashing white teeth, he was more than a servant, as one might have gathered from his stately gait and the familiar ease with which he spoke to the Amir and other members of the royal party.

Marzook was Feisal's bodyguard, valet and friend in one. On the other hand, Muhammad, Khaled's attendant, belonging to one of Ara-

*Copyright, Asia And The Americas
(June, 1944)*

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four Negro police on the regular force; they operate only in Negro districts where their work has been very satisfactory in relieving the race tension. The Negro officers are paid \$110 a month compared to \$165 a month paid white officers but equalization of salaries has been promised. In addition, Charlotte employs two Negro police-women to handle Negro juvenile cases.

High Point, North Carolina, has two Negro policemen in the Negro section; the one Negro policeman in Winston-Salem works mainly with juveniles.

In Texas, Austin has three Negro patrolmen who are assigned to one-way radio police cars; Beaumont has two; Houston four; San Antonio seven, and Galveston 13.

Daytona Beach, Florida, has employed four Negro policemen for the past 10 years; they work in the Negro section and are not permitted to deal with any situation in which a white person is involved even though the offense occurs in the Negro section.

In Lexington, Kentucky, three Negro patrolmen operate as plain-clothesmen in a police car in Negro districts. In addition the city has one Negro policewoman. Of

the 18 Negro policemen in Louisville four are in plain clothes.

Other cities which have Negro policemen are Muskogee, Oklahoma, two in plain clothes; Tulsa, Oklahoma, eight, only one of whom is in plain clothes; and Knoxville, Tennessee, five. Negro police have been employed in Tulsa for more than 15 years and are selected through the civil service system.

In St. Louis, Missouri, Negro policemen have been employed for 42 years. There are 24 policemen, nine uniformed men who patrol beats, nine special officers, one sergeant, one lieutenant, two police-women, and two prison guards.

Macon, Georgia, has no regular Negro police but has 70 Negro auxiliary police who work two nights a week under white officers and furnish their own equipment and uniforms. While criticism has been dissipated as far as the Caucasian population is concerned, the Negro population has not fully accepted the Negro officer. The superintendent of police recently wrote that he is "convinced that in the course of time the colored officer will become a fixture. . . . Their work generally speaking has been most satisfactory."

Quiz Answers

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. New Orleans | 4. Detroit | 7. Pittsburgh |
| 2. New York | 5. Los Angeles | 8. Atlanta |
| 3. Memphis | 6. Chicago | |

|| American Negro Theater
builds a new conception of race

Dark Drama

Condensed from Theatre Arts Monthly

By Claire Leonard

SCORES of Negro theatre groups spring up and snap back each year. But the American Negro Theatre takes up its fourth year in New York with new life instilled by a sprightly production experiment, *Anna Lucasta* by Philip Yordan.

"The old portrayals of the Negro's way of life have had their day of fantastic caricatures," says Abram Hill, regisseur of the American Negro Theatre. "With few exceptions, plays about Negroes have been two grades above the minstrel stage—the cork is missing but the spirit is there. This has created an apathy on the part of the Negro, who is averse to patronizing the theatre which reveals him as a happy-go-lucky race in rompers. We of the American Negro Theatre are trying to present a true conception of our lives and to emulate, if we can, the integrity and dignity of artists who have reached out for us: Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson, Richard Wright, Dorothy Maynor, Canada Lee, Langston Hughes and others."

Scripts by Negro playwrights

present interesting material but lack skilful preparation—due to the lack of a workshop—due in turn to the lack of an outlet for realistic Negro plays—a vicious circle. Confronted with that need and with the repeated, ironic advice that he get some practical experience, Mr. Hill reflected—and then went into action. That is how the American Negro Theatre was born.

Most of the members of the American Negro Theatre came from universities. Too "green" to hit big-time, yet above the amateur status, they found no intermediate theatre to groom them for Broadway. The American Negro Theatre provided an outlet.

The members of the American Negro Theatre are seeking to discover a basic "something" inherent in the Negro's native qualities that can be expressed through the theatre. They don't know what it is, nor how it will reveal itself. When they recognize it, they will explore and build on and around it.

Audience response to the American Negro Theatre has been spon-

Copyright, Theatre Arts Monthly
(July, 1944)

taneous; the public has been patronizing the plays it liked and staying away just as briskly from those it didn't. Expressions of opinion are invited through forums' for each production, and written comments are turned in at each performance. A young professor, for instance, questioned the mirthful strafing of *On Strivers Row*, which evoked some resent-

ment. Mr. Hill's answer was: "When a race can laugh at its own foibles, it has really become civilized."

A civilized theatre, in all its activities and offerings, is what the American Negro Theatre is trying to establish as a cultural vanguard in a community of 350,000—the largest Negro community in the world—which is Harlem.



Calling His Shots

ONCE, when booked to fight a famous white heavyweight, Sam Langford's guarantee was not in writing. Just before the fight, the promoter told the famous now-blind Negro boxer that the house was a disappointment; there was only \$2800 to pay the two fighters. The white man had his guarantee. Sam would get only the \$300 that was left. "But make it a good fight, Sam," the promoter added. "Chief," Sam said earnestly, "this is gonna be the shortest fight you ever did see."

With the gong, Sam came out of his corner like a sepia panther, knocked out his opponent with one punch.

In another bout with a top-flight light-heavyweight named Jack Lester, at the opening of the fifth round Sam came out of his corner, his gloves extended. Lester looked at him in bewilderment. "What's the idea? This ain't the last round."

Sam grinned. "Boy, that's what you think." The fight ended a minute later with Lester flat on the canvas!

Bertram B. Fowler and Al Laney, *Baltimore Sun*

¶ Total of 110 Negro police on duty in 18 Southern cities

Coppers In Color

Condensed from Public Management

By Charles S. Johnson

AT LEAST 18 southern cities of more than 20,000 population employ a total of 110 Negro policemen, ranging from one such officer in each of the cities of Raleigh and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Owensboro, Kentucky, to 24 in St. Louis, Missouri.

In most instances Negro officers patrol only Negro sections and are limited to Negro arrests.

Negro police form a small percentage of the total police force in the 18 cities except in Galveston, Texas, where there are 13 Negro policemen (10 uniformed and 3 plain clothes) who compose one-sixth of the force and in Daytona Beach, Florida, where four officers compose one-seventh of the total force.

The work of the Negro policemen has proved generally satisfactory and recently there has been in-

creased interest in several other southern cities with large Negro populations in employing several Negro officers.

Little Rock, Arkansas, put eight Negro policemen on the regular force after an unfortunate incident in which a Negro Army sergeant was shot to death by a city policeman who was subsequently exonerated. However, the Negro population was aroused and a number of Negro M.P.'s were assigned to patrol the Negro business district.

At the request of the city government the Urban League of Little Rock submitted the names of 10 Negro men they recommended for the police force and after special training eight were appointed to the force without examination and at regular salary. Since their appointment crime has been greatly reduced in the Negro section, there have been no racial clashes, and public pride in policemen of its own has brought effective cooperation from the Negro community.

Charlotte, North Carolina, has

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(March, 1944)

All-American Family

By Nat Low

IF PAUL ROBESON JR. fulfills his rich promise, the Robesons, Senior and Junior, may well take their place as the most splendid father and son team in American athletic history.

Paul Robeson won 14 letters at Rutgers, made All-American in football two years running and was recently called by none other than Lou Little, "the greatest football player of all time."

Paul Robeson Jr., more intimately known as Pauli, is 16 years old, stands an even six feet and weighs 185 pounds.

In June he graduated with honors from Springfield Technical High School in Massachusetts, the principal declaring, "It was the greatest honor to have Paul Robeson Jr. as a student of our school."

He won four letters in school, excelling in football, basketball, baseball and track. He was one of the leaders of the student body, won innumerable scholastic awards including the Rennsalaer Polytech science and mathematics scholarship.

Next month he enters Cornell University where he will study engineering, besides playing football

and "going out for indoor and outdoor track."

This is the same Paul who spent his childhood in the Soviet Union, returning to the United States in 1940.

Participating in his first AAU junior championship recently, Pauli finished in a tie for third in high jump, clearing the bar at 6 feet 4 inches (the best he's done to date).

Although he failed to clear 6 feet 5 inches he showed enough to guarantee he will be fighting for the American championship within a few years. He's an enormously big fellow for 16, with great shoulders, a tapering waist and strong lithe legs.

He's a magnificent jumper but is a far more promising football player. "I play fullback and am used mostly as a plunger on offense while backing up the line on defense."

He is very fast as well as powerful and will probably be a terror in the Cornell backfield this year or next despite his age.

Wouldn't it be something for the Robesons to be the only father and son All-Americans in grid history?

Written Expressly for Negro Digest

NOT LONG ago, I was driving a visitor to our campus back to his hotel when the conversation somehow turned to a discussion of a mutual friend who had recently passed away in his sleep. The visitor spoke of the deceased man as "one of the finest of all the men I've known." I heartily seconded the statement.

My mind flashed back to the day some sixteen years before when I had seen Dean Raymond A. Kent of the College of Liberal Arts of Northwestern University, mowing the front lawn of his Evanston home. With no false dignity to uphold, this learned man calmly cut his own grass while students passed on the way back to the library for evening study.

I did not meet Dr. Kent until I went to Louisville three years later to talk about the proposed Municipal College (for Negroes) of the University of Louisville.

With characteristic forthrightness, Dr. Kent after accepting the presidency of the oldest municipal

RUFUS C. CLEMENT is president of Atlanta University.

university in America, set about to do something with respect to the university board's promise to open a college for the Negro people—whose taxes helped support the university, but who, up to this time, received no direct educational benefit from it. I accepted his offer to be head of the new college.

I was associated with Dr. Kent for five and one-half years. I came to know him as an honest, fearless, kind and scholarly Christian gentleman. I never once saw him trifle with the truth, nor hesitate to do the thing he felt was right. He respected all men, yet was never a respecter of persons. He led the city of Louisville into an acceptance of the Municipal College as a co-equal school on the same level as and with the same status of the other schools of the university. He saw to it that there was one salary schedule and one standard of excellence in the university.

Forced by the law to operate a segregated institution for the Negro students, he never by word or deed accepted racial segregation as being fair, democratic or Christian. Appointed on a state committee to

study the question of graduate education for Negroes (following the Gaines decision), Dr. Kent was one who saw to it that the committee's report recognized that anything short of opening the state university to all citizens was but a temporary settlement of the question.

Dr. Kent belonged to the increasing number of real Americans who

actually try to practice the religion to which they subscribe and who believe that the ideals upon which our government is based are attainable. I shall always know that color of the skin and racial ancestry in themselves place no limits upon a man's fairness, intelligence and honesty because I have known Raymond Asa Kent.



Electoral College Daze

IN THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE, the South is able to vote its Negro population even though the Negroes themselves don't vote.

In other words, the twelve Southern states now have 25.2 per cent of the nation's vote in the Electoral College. But, since Negroes don't vote, those same states have only 22 per cent of the popular vote of the nation.

Thus, in the last election, the twelve Southern States cast 135 votes in the Electoral College, which was 25.2 per cent of the total. But in the popular vote, they cast only 5,642,000 out of 49,766,000, which was only 12 per cent of the total.

Prior to the Civil War, the Constitution recognized the fact that Negroes did not vote in the South by giving the Southern States a smaller proportional vote in the Electoral College. Since the Civil War, however, the South has got 100 per cent credit for its Negro population in the Electoral College, even though they don't vote.

Drew Pearson, Louisville Courier-Journal

John McCloy, Brigadier General Davis.

Another member, William Henry Hastie, Negro ex-U. S. district judge, now dean of Howard University School of Law, resigned because he said the War Department failed to live up to its promises to give Negroes more vital jobs to perform, especially in the Air Forces. He charged that General "Hap" Arnold would have busted all Negroes out of the Army Air Forces if War Secretary Stimson had not intervened.

A not-so-insistent Negro, Truman K. Gibson, Jr., ex-attorney, took Hastie's place. Much of the Army's official policy on Negroes has come down from this body. The Army early rejected the idea that it was possible to give "equal" (*i.e.*, non-segregated) treatment to soldiers of both races.

Negro draftees came to the Army with inferior training, fewer skills than whites, a fact decisively established by classification tests. The Army has recently tried to improve chances for Negro officer promotions, while it continued segregation for "military expediency."

But the Army officially accepted "no doctrine of racial superiority or inferiority." Said an Army directive to officers: "All people seem to be endowed . . . with whatever it takes to fight a good war, if they want to and have learned how."

The Army admitted that it must depend in the end on individual

commanding officers. On this point Dean Hastie said angrily: "If the Army says it has difficulty in making its order stick, then I say: 1) it's a hell of a poor army which can't enforce its own orders; 2) how many commanders who have been lax have been shifted to other posts? Mighty few."

As of now, the situation was better than it had been, but still bad. The surprising thing was that there had not been more disorder. There had been brawls, sporadic outbursts.

But such incidents were isolated and exceptional. The usual troubles are unremarkable. Some Negroes strut, like some white soldiers, and get into trouble with their own M.P.s. Some get drunk. Some get into fights with colored civilians over local girls. Some go A.W.O.L.

A large part of the Negro 92nd Infantry Division trained for almost a year at Fort McClellan, Ala., with no serious trouble. San Diego reported a lower percentage of rape cases among Negroes than among white servicemen. Tucson's Chief of Police reported: "Conditions excellent, due to exceptionally good behavior."

To the credit of efficient soldiers and intelligent civilians, tension in Negro troop areas has recently been relieved rather than increased. The Army has provided better housing and recreation and segregation is less of an irritant. Even extremists might agree that the situation is better now than a year ago.

least one occasion an "uppity" Negro soldier bus-rider was shot dead.

There was discrimination at every turn. Negro troops being shipped through El Paso, Texas, were barred from the Harvey House restaurant at the depot and given cold hand-outs. They could see German prisoners of war seated in the restaurant and fed hot food.

The attitude of Negro civilians towards Negro soldiers was frequently indifferent and sometimes as antagonistic as the whites'. In Chattanooga, Tenn., Negro rooming house owners told Negro soldiers and their families: "We've got rooms but we haven't got any for you." At Sebring, Fla., a Negro restaurant owner hung out a sign: "No soldiers wanted."

Northern Negroes had plenty of chance to observe the historical political practices of the South. Said a Negro noncom: "On D-day there was all kinds of talk about democracy. But two days later white men with guns refused to allow Negroes to vote in the Columbus (Ga.) city primary."

In Tucson, well-meaning, wealthy white women contributed no solution to the problem when they took Negro soldiers to the exclusive Old Pueblo Club. In England, where Negroes are foreigners, women had experimented without self-consciousness with that kind of democratic get together. In the U. S. it was too deep a break with tradition.

What rankled most with the Ne-

gro soldier was the discovery that he was also in a Jim Crow Army. He was segregated in PXs, barracks, mess halls.

He soon found that he was not to get an equal chance for promotion. It was not Army policy, for obvious if strictly utilitarian reasons, to put Negro officers in command of whites. The Army has commissioned only some 5,000 Negro officers. It had the justification it sought, in the Negro's lack of pre-war military training and his lower educational level.

Proportionately few Negroes were put in combat units. The exceptions had good records; the 99th Pursuit Squadron, flying in Tunisia and Sicily, the 93rd Infantry Division, fighting on Bougainville. Recently at Fort Benning, Ga., a company of black soldiers made their first "combat" jump. They were the Army's first all-Negro parachute company. But Negro soldiers know that these are exceptions: 70 per cent of Negroes are service troops.

The Army had never wanted or hoped to solve America's race problem. That was a job for the nation, and it would take years. All the Army hoped to do was to make and keep its civilians in uniform good soldiers for the duration.

The War Department set about that job with a troubled but determined mind. It set up an Advisory Committee on Special Troops Policies. Among committee members: Assistant Secretary of War

BOOK SECTION



A condensation from the book

By Constance Robertson

In a thrilling tale of adventure, the brilliant daring and bravery of the Abolitionists and their Negro aides in the South is told by a woman brought up in the traditional Abolitionist stronghold of upstate New York. This is the story of a courageous girl and a free Negro who joined to save a fellow Underground Railroad worker from the toils of Dixie law.

Copyright, 1944, By Constance Robertson
Published By Henry Holt & Co., New York (Price \$2.75)

¶ A saga of Abolitionist daring
in the Southern slave country

Fire Bell In The Night

By Constance Robertson

SIX O'CLOCK in the morning was dark enough to keep fellow passengers on the station platform of Jeffersonville, Ohio, from getting much of a look at the tall young fellow bundled up in a greatcoat, with his black wide-awake hat pulled down over his eyes.

They saw him standing in the shadows talking to a Negro servant who was carrying his carpetbag. The Northerners among them—Ohio was an antislavery region—decided that this was some haughty young blade of a southern planter, going home from college.

An old suit, nankeen pantaloons and a fawn-colored coat, a pale-yellow vest of great elegance, fitted Mahala as though it had been made for her. Her hair, cut short, curled up in irrepressible duck-tails over her collar, but that was the fashion for young men.

The matter of a youthful beard,

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which should have been there but was not, would be a danger. The only explanation for that would have to be age; she would have to pose as a spoiled baby—eighteen perhaps would be acceptable—a lad just come into his inheritance.

She would have to rant and rave. She had been in college in the North, the story ran. She was sickened by all this low-class talk of equality and slave-freeing. In a rage, she had—or rather, *be* had, this petulant youth—left the school, shaken the dust of the crude and fanatical North from his boots, and come into the aristocratic South to buy a place and live among people who agreed with him.

A comic, hotheaded creature, this young Mr. Martin would have to be; green and foolish and headstrong, easy picking for the men who would want to sell him a farm or slaves or horses. That would make him popular at once, made him conspicuous enough to keep wary eyes from watching too closely what his brow-beaten Negro servant, Cuffee, might do with his spare time.

Mahala didn't feel like a daring young man, a gay sprig from college, when black Cuffee finally pulled the horse to a stop before a shabby tav-

¶ America's segregated black army
still 70 per cent labor troops

Uncle Sam's Unhappy Soldiers

Condensed from Time

THE highest ranking Negro officer in the U. S. Army, Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis, said recently: "I am hoping to live long enough to see the time when we will have no hyphenated Americans . . . no Afro-Americans, no Negro-Americans . . . [when] all men can live together in peace and harmony."

In the U. S. this week white and black Americans lived together in the Army. But it was not an unhyphenated life. The deep-seated racial prejudices of U. S. citizens could not be put aside by the brotherhood of arms and military authority. The War Department had had some trouble and feared more from the Negro problem.

It was impossible to state in precise terms how uncomfortable the situation was. It was true that mobilization had rubbed the nation's race problem raw. Pinko agitators, self-styled liberals and other citizens of good will had plucked at the sore.

The thin-skinned and irritable Negro press, which has seldom missed a report of injustice to Negro troops and has played it for all it could stand, continued to print

most of the sensational and baseless yarns which flew around, from standard soldiers' gripes on up.

The truth lay somewhere between such red-eyed denunciation and the bland official bunkum of some Army officers that everything was just fine.

Before mobilization, the Army had 13,000 Negroes in its ranks. By March, 1944, that handful had become an army in itself—some 664,000 Negroes, draftees mostly, who had no more liking for military discipline and the small flea-bites of Army life than their white brethren. Most of them were quartered in the South.

The Army had been criticized for quartering Negro troops below the Mason and Dixon Line and the Army had a simple reason: it needed year-round open weather for training. But the results were not simple.

As a group, Southerners insisted that Negroes in uniform keep strictly to the Jim Crow laws. Crowded buses, where the races were forced to mingle, became the scene of ugly flare-ups. In some sections bus drivers toted guns. The South was prepared to back up its Jim Crow laws with force. On at

Copyright, Time
(July 10, 1944)

EDITORIAL OF THE MONTH

Danger! Race Hate At Large!

Condensed from Free World

By Orson Welles

THIS WAR is fought against the source, the very causes of race hate. These are military objectives or this war is without end, without meaning and without hope.

There is no room in the American century for Jim Crow.

The times urge new militancy upon the democratic attitude. Tomorrow's democracy discriminates against discrimination; its charter won't include the freedom to end freedom.

What is described as "feeling" against some races can't be further respected. "Feeling" is a ninnyish, mincing way of saying something ugly, but the word is good enough for race hate when we add that it's a feeling of guilt.

Race hate, distilled from the suspicions of ignorance, takes its welcome from the impotent and the goddess, comforting these with hellish parodies of what they've lost—arrogance to take the place of pride, contempt to occupy the spirit emptied of the love of man. There are alibis for the phenomenon—excuses, economic and social—but the brutal fact is simply this: where the racist lie is acceptable there is corruption. Where there is hate there is shame. The human soul receives race hate only in the sickness of guilt.

For several generations, maybe, there will be men who can't be weaned from the fascist vices of race hate. We should deny such men responsibility in public affairs exactly as we deny responsibility to the wretched victims of the drug habit. There are laws against peddling dope; there can be laws against peddling race hate.

That every man has a right to his own opinion is an American boast. But race hate isn't an opinion; it's a phobia. It isn't a viewpoint; race hate is a disease. In a people's world the incurable racist has no rights. He must be deprived of influence in a people's government. He must be segregated as he himself would segregate the colored and semitic peoples—as we now segregate the leprosy and the insane.

Copyright, Free World
(July, 1944)

ern porch that evening. Seen through spring dusk, fifteen miles south of the river in Kentucky, the town of Darby was no more than a huddle of buildings in the midst of farmlands. Cuffee had pointed out the jail-house at the very edge of the village, at the top of a sharp little hill past which a stream ran down a small ravine into the woods. Mahala stared at it, her eyes fastened to the single light it showed through a barred window.

Was Dal there? Was he sitting, perhaps, at this moment, looking at the barred window, listening to the sound of hoofbeats chattering down the road outside? Was he wondering when she'd come? Did he really expect her, or had he given up hope after all this time, thinking that she had forgotten him? In her mind's eye she saw him sitting on a bare cot in his cell; he was leaning forward. For a moment, his head lifted as he listened to the clop-clop of the horse's feet. Then the sound died away into the night, he dropped his dark head down upon his hands, his body slumped hopelessly. No, it was nothing, he would be thinking. No one for me.

I've got to hurry, Mahala thought for the thousandth time. I've got to act quickly. I've got to get him out.

The jail was out of sight now, around a bend in the road from the main part of the town. Something to be thankful for, Mahala thought, getting down stiffly from the buggy

and crossing the tavern porch. Inside the smoky room, a dozen men turned away from the bar to stare at the newcomer. Now I begin to act, Mahala thought, swaggering across the floor to the bar under their curious eyes. She returned the stare of the gentlemen with interest, leaned her elbows on the counter and ordered a hot toddy.

Before she had finished her drink she was deep in conversation with some of the citizens of Darby. If a gentleman wanted to buy a fine plantation, they assured her, this was the place to come. When Cuffee poked his woolly head around the door to announce that he'd stabled the horse and brought the bag inside, young Mr. Martin was setting up drinks for the crowd, and damned his servant heartily for impertinence. His new Kentucky friends were inclined to smile at the boy's grand airs, but they agreed that his politics were sound. They arranged to meet him in the morning to show him the town.

Before noon, young Mr. Martin from up north had been called upon by a half dozen citizens, and before night he had tasted the smoky liquor, bowed over the young ladies' hands, stuck his long legs under the most highly polished table in all Darby. His manners were well enough, the Darby ladies said; not like a Kentuckian's, of course; not courtly, but what do you expect from a Northerner? He scowled a good deal, and was more interested in what the