MASSES & MAINSTREAM

NEGRO HISTORY WEEK 1955

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The Case Is Not Closed!
By Herbert Aptheker

THE ORDEAL OF MANSART
FROM A NEW NOVEL
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THE NEGRO AND FOREIGN POLICY
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MRS. CHAPMAN and MRS. HARPER
By Samuel Sillen

Turning Point for Intellectuals?
By Milton Howard

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The Case Is Not Closed!

TWO HANGINGS ON GUAM

By HERBERT APTHEKER

'T IS 9:22 in the morning of January 27, 1954. An armored truck stops - twenty yards from a newly-erected scaffold located near a hangar at the Northwest Military Air Field on the Pacific island of Guam. Armed guards ot the area. A Negro man, 24 years old, climbs out of the truck and walks, ith firm tread, to the gallows, mounts its seventeen steps and, directing is remarks to assembled newsmen, says:

"They are making a big mistake and they are not accomplishing anything by xecuting me. Even after the execution, if they find the guilty parties, I do not hold my heart anything against them. But I pray forgiveness for them and I pray for ose who are making this mistake."

The executioner offers to strap him to a body support. He rejects it and rns to the minister. "Please read the 23rd Psalm," he says. Over his head placed a black hood; sounds issue from it as though he is still seeking to eak. As the trap is sprung the minister is reading, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." It is 9:30; at 9:45 the 24-year old is quite still. A octor pronounces him dead.

Ten minutes later another truck appears. This vehicle, balking at its task, as broken down and is pushed onto the scene by an ambulance. Soon this mbulance will haul the corpse of him who now jumps out of the truck.

A 36-year old Negro man, this time. He, too, walks firmly up the gallows' eps, and also rejects the body support. The officer in charge is nervous: ur times his prisoner has tried to escape. Confidentially, the officer tells a porter: "He is a brute."

The "brute" does not ask for prayers. He turns to the apprehensive officer d says, so that all may hear: "You are just complying with an order, sir. ou have not solved the crime." The hood is fastened. It is 10:08; the trap

is sprung. At 10:25 the body is still—its breath is gone, its neck is broken. A doctor pronounces him quite dead. The body is removed. All is in order.

FIVE years before, in January, 1949, these two men—Pvt. Herman P. Dennis, Jr., the first to hang, and S/Sgt. Robert W. Burns—and a third Negro member of an Air Force service outfit, Pvt. Calvin Dennis, were arrested, separately, by the Guam police—that is, by Marines, since Guam was administered by the Navy. Each was accused of participating in the rape-murder, a month before, of a young white woman, Ruth Farnsworth, a clerk in a curio store, The Jade Shop.

The men were questioned individually. The question period lasted from five to ten days. During this time each was held incommunicado. None was told of his rights in terms of answering or not answering questions; none was told that anything he might say would be used against him in a trial. None was allowed to see counsel, or anyone else, except the questioners and certain "persuaders."

It is the jail in Agana, Guam. Lt. Commander James P. Hackett, U.S. Naval Reserve, Chief of Police, is present. So is Albert E. Riedel, Inspector of Police, Berkeley, California, called in as an expert consultant. For the rest, we turn to a letter written in 1949 by Calvin Dennis:

"I didn't know anything about this crime . . . I didn't know what it was all about. So this fellow named Hackett start asking me questions about the crime that happen on the 11th of Dec. 1948, I told him I don't know anything about no crime, until I saw it in the papers. Hackett ask me what I was doing that night. I told him I was driving the bus. He ask me have I any proof of that, I told him I have. Hackett said he didn't believe it. Hackett said I want you to tell me the truth, I said I've told you the truth sir. I said if you don't believe me I will get proof.

"Hackett said he found a smock in my truck, and said it belong to the lady that got murdered and rape. Hackett ask me did I know anything about that, I told him no I don't no anything about it. Hackett said it was about 8 or 9 pieces of rags in the truck, and said he picked out the cleanest one. I told him I didn't check to see was any rags.

"Hackett said Calvin if you don't tell me the truth, he said he was going to pin murdered and rape on me. I told him I've told the truth & have proof he said he didn't believe a dam word of it.

"Hackett said he would make me a promise of the $4000 reward. I would get part of it if I would sign a statement. I told him I Don't know anything about a crime & I am not signing any statement. He said when he got through with me I would sign one. I wouldn't sign it.

"Hackett & Redell start beating and knocking on me from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock that afternoon. Hackett threaten to hang me, & forcing me to sign a statement, bending my arms, and all that, threw me in the cell for 16 hours without any water or food.

"The next day I was so sick and sore, I didn't know wether I was going or coming. Hackett & Redell come out there the next morning and ask me was I going

sign a statement. I told him, I know nothing to sign no statement for. Hackett & edell starting beating on me again, calling me all kinds of names. I was sick and sore, was crazy. I didn't know what I said, I didn't know what I was doing.

"I couldn't help myself. Hackett say if I play ball with him, he would see I got t in 30 days. He said if I didn't play ball with him, he would see I got the death ntence. Hackett show me a photo of a filipino where he got hung on Guam, he said I didn't tell him something about the crime, that's the way I'll be hanging. He d every n----- he got hung, he would get a promotion . . .

"They had me so crazy after beating and forcing me, I didn't care what I said, d my mind was gone . . . I had proof for everything I did that night. They didn't lieve the truth."

Calvin "confessed."

While Calvin Dennis rested, the preservers of law and order entertained erman Dennis. "On the 8th of Jan. they began to question me. From that y through [to January 12] they pounded questions after questions, even e one night (not referring to nights I was beaten)." They showed erman Dennis the same gruesome photo they had shown Calvin. They d him that the other two had "fingered" him. They told him if he con-ssed and implicated the others he would get at most ten years and be free maybe five and that he could pick his own job while in jail and he'd me out and he was then only 19, so look how young you would still be d will you sign a statement?

Between questioning came visits from three Marine guards.

"All they did was twist my arm behind my back and made a punching g of my stomach and sides." Finally, on the fourth day: "I had only two oices, die or live—so I thought. I rather serve ten years than die, so I d what he told me to say."

Finally, Burns, a mess sergeant, 31 years old. He is arrested on January He, too, is questioned. Commander Hackett wants to know where he s on December 11. He doesn't remember; it's a month ago. What did u eat for dinner on December 10 and December 11? He can't remember t—are these men crazy? What is it they want? Are they investigating lack market in food? I can't remember what I had for dinner three days o and they want me to tell them what I had thirty days ago.

IEDEL hooks him on to what he says is a lie-detector. Then he discovers it's about the rape-murder. He denies any knowledge of it. He is not n beaten, but is thrown into a shack with a pig, chickens, vermin, a cot l a mattress. The next day a paper is flung in to him. It's the *Guam ws* reporting his "statement," under the banner head: GUAM KILLER NFESSES.

Food is brought—the first in 24 hours. He is famished, but it is so l that he flings it to the animal residents of his shack.

Then another visit with Messrs. Hackett and Riedel, with three Marines standing by. Thirteen hours of persistent questioning, the two law officers relieving each other, interspersed with blows from the Marines. But Burns will sign nothing.

Then, in truth, "the rough stuff started; the floor of the room we were in was all that kept me from being beaten into the ground."

The Berkeley Inspector hits him with a wet broom. Two Marines work him over with rubber hoses; a third lambastes his face with fists covered by tightly-fitting gloves. Burns gets up, breaks loose, and fights back. He knocks the Lieutenant Commander down with a blow. Then all five are on him at once. Blows and kicks from all directions. He is knocked into insensibility.

When he awakens in a cell both eyes are swollen nearly closed, three teeth are missing, blood oozes from ears, mouth, nose; forehead and chin are bleeding. He is visited by a Marine. This one is friendly, most sympathetic. He wants to help, he regrets his troubles, tell him all about it; what really happened? Anyone can make a mistake. Burns reiterates his innocence. The friendly one turns on him with a leather thong and beats him.

Inspector Riedel and three Marines appear. They question him for 15 minutes, then beat him; then question him, then beat him. The sun sets, it is deep into the evening, and now: "I could no longer feel the beating, but could hear the blows, which sounded like they were off in a distance."

Then: "I heard water splashing and was soon aware of some one pouring water on my face. The room spun in a crazy whirl, then became clear."

Someone was talking to him; was it Hackett or Riedel? He didn't know, but then the words became clear: "Sign right here, boy, and everything will be all right."

They will kill me. How shall I stop them? I shall not sign, but how shall I stop them? I say: "If you bring me a priest I will talk." (I am not a Catholic, but maybe asking for a priest will get them to stop.)

It works. They send for a priest; they stop beating him. The priest comes. What is it? he wants to know, and is especially puzzled when he hears that Burns is not a Catholic. Burns explains. The priest asks if he is innocent. Burns says he is, and the priest says in that case he is to hold out no matter what happens. Burns asks that the priest tell his outfit of his whereabouts and his predicament.

When the priest leaves, the police return. Burns says he will sign. They say that in that case he can have food. Coffee and sandwiches are brought him, and pencil and paper. Burns turns to eat—he is starving. No, not yet. First you write your confession; then you eat.

Sgt. Burns takes the paper and pencil and he writes: "I, Sgt. Robert W. Burns, do confess complete innocence of the tragedy of Ruth Farnsworth."

Again, he is beaten until he is unconscious. He awakens on his cot

lay on my bed, tried to understand how such things were permitted in e military service of a civilized nation."

Two more days they work on him. He confesses nothing. He pieces gether his whereabouts on December 11 and tells it to the tormenters in etail—names, hours, places. Every new detail earns a new blow. For two ore days. Then they quit and allow him to see his commanding officer and s chaplain, first warning him that he is to say nothing of his treatment. he does, he will live, briefly, to regret it.

He tells them nothing, except that he is not guilty.

He is moved from his shack, to a cage—an actual cage used to transport imals. And this cage, with the United States Air Force Sergeant in it, is aced eight feet from the main road of Agana "where an enraged crowd outed curses and threats in vile profanity." Then to a stockade, to await, ith the two others, a trial.

THE crime occurred on Saturday, December 11, 1948, at about 8:45 in the evening. Ruth Farnsworth was alone in the Jade Shop at that time, ie to a conjunction of rather unusual events. First, another part-time erk, Sue Blackledge, who would normally have been with her, had left 7 p.m. to go dancing. The manager of the store, one John W. Arnold, r reasons never made clear, was also absent. The night watchman came gularly at 9 p.m. (which was closing time) and remained until 7 the llowing morning.

At about 8:30 that evening, Miss Blackledge says she passed the shop on r way to the dance (a peculiar circumstance, for passing the shop meant ing quite a bit out of the way in terms of reaching the dance-hall from r home—this, too, was never explained) and noticed that the lights were t. This was irregular for that hour; nevertheless, she did not go in and d not investigate, though why not is unclear.

At about the same time, two military police observed two Filipino ldiers leaving the shop, but they apparently noticed nothing unusual d did nothing. That same evening, somewhat earlier—the time was never npointed—a Mr. Moylan, operator of a drug store in the town of gana—some 5 or 6 miles away—and his brother had been in the shop, d on leaving they saw two white men, civilians, enter, and they noticed black civilian car parked outside. Neither the Filipino soldiers nor the ite civilians were ever apprehended (nor does the record disclose that police sought them) but the testimony as to their presence at the scene the crime on the evening of its occurrence was never broken down by prosecution.

At 9 p.m. the night watchman appeared, and turned up the light switch. e light did not go on (the wires had been torn out of the main switch

in the rear of the store). The watchman struck a match, and saw some disorder in the place. He checked the cash register and found $7,000 in it —there had been no robbery. (This extraordinary sum of cash, in a small curio shop, competing with a large Post Exchange just across the street, was never explained.)

The watchman then became aware of the absence of Miss Farnsworth. He left, but did not go across the street to the office of the Provost Marshal, where investigators and military police could be found. Rather he started to walk to the home of the manager, in Agana. He succeeded in getting a lift and soon reached the manager. The manager and he went to the Agana jail and picked up Commander Hackett, in charge of the police force. The Commander took a Marine with him and the four men reached the shop at something like 9:35 or 9:40. Using flashlights the men searched about the store. They found several bobby pins on the floor, a lapel watch there, too, and a pair of women's shoes, widely separated, outside. After a few minutes of this—sometime before 10 p.m.—Commander Hackett suggested that the search be called off—indicating that it was late, and Saturday evening, and things could wait.

A searching party appeared on the morning of Monday, December 13 (why the police decided not to continue the search that Saturday night, and why none was conducted Sunday, is unexplained). At 10:30 of the morning of the 13th, a private in the search party found Miss Farnsworth, assaulted and apparently violated (later medical testimony was to indicate that there was not conclusive proof of actual rape) some 300 yards from the shop, in towards uncleared jungle. She was not dead.

Commander Hackett directed the search for clues, sent for a photographer, had pictures taken. All this time, no first aid was given the victim. About an hour and a half after Miss Farnsworth was discovered, an ambulance finally came and took her to the military hospital. She died some twelve hours later—about 1 a.m. of December 14. Apparently she never regained consciousness—at any rate no statement from her during this twelve-hour period seems to have survived.

The facts would appear to show that if search had been instituted at once and had Miss Farnsworth been spared the agony of lying out in the woods all Saturday night, all day Sunday and most of Monday morning, she probably would not have died.

IT IS clear that the Civil Administration of the island hoped to keep jurisdiction of the case and to get a quick trial and conviction and call the matter settled. So far as the authorities of the Air Force were concerned there would apparently have been no opposition to this had it not been for

he timely and courageous intercession of a Negro chaplain, Captain E. E. Grimmett, attached to the Air Force on Guam.

Captain Grimmett, having finally been permitted to see the men, wrote at nce to a relative of one of them—Mr. Elbert A. Dennis, then of Indianapolis, ncle of Herman P. Dennis, Jr. He told the uncle of the tragedy that had efallen the men and added: "We feel certain that they are not guilty of he charge; however, they [i.e., the Dennises, not Burns] have been ter-orized into signing confessions."

He urged that other relatives be notified at once and the National ssociation for the Advancement of Colored People be contacted so that an ffective defense might be organized. Mr. Dennis did this at once, and from hen on remained in the center of the struggle to save the lives of the men.

Captain Grimmett, meanwhile, in Guam, began to organize something f a defense movement, too. He asked permission of superior officers to go mong the Negro troops and appeal for support of the prisoners and for lonations with which he meant to hire a civilian attorney. Such an attorney vas contacted on the island and agreed—for the immoderate fee of $15,000 —to enter the case. Staggered by the sum, but determined to go on, the Chaplain continued, with great success, in gathering financial and moral upport.

At this point the Air Command intervened, forbade further defense fforts of this nature and prohibited the collection of money. Simultaneously, owever, the case was taken out of the hands of the civil administration that is, the Naval Department) and placed within the jurisdiction of the ir Force.

The trials were originally set for March 18, 1949, but were first put off ne month and finally postponed until May. This delay was due to a defense emand for a court-martial to be composed of officers from an area other han Guam (the court was flown in from Tokyo), and, especially, to the fforts of the defense to get counsel unprejudiced against Negro defendants, nd eager to really defend them.

Indeed, the second postponment of the trial came only because Chaplain Grimmett, on behalf of Herman Dennis and Robert Burns wired the Presi-ent of the United States telling him that the men were being denied defense ounsel of their choice, and—for good measure—sent a similar wire to the ittsburgh *Courier*. With this wire, that leading Negro newspaper became nterested in the case, an interest that was to grow as the years passed and to each unprecedented heights just before the final execution date.

BUT the fact is that the men never did get the counsel they wanted; above all they did not get the services of Lt. Col. Edward F. Daly, then attached the Judge Advocate office on the island. All the details of this complex

story need not be told here. Suffice it to say: Col. Daly had succeeded in gaining personal knowledge of the frame-up character of the case; he had himself gotten hold of evidence implicating other persons whose actual identity he did not know, and, when the men requested his services, he was arrested, charged with ungentlemanly and un-officer-like behavior, confined for mental examination, his papers rifled (and important evidence bearing on this case stolen) and he himself forced to resign from the service.

Moreover, his secretary, Miss Mary Louise Hill, swore that she herself had overheard conversations involving the police and Col. Daly which indicated that the prisoners had been beaten into confessions, and specifically that she had heard the police say that a deal had been made with Calvin Dennis promising a commutation of his death sentence if he confessed and implicated the others. She also swore (in affidavits presented *after the trials* had ended) that the "accusations against Col. Daly were malicious and unfounded, and brought only to prevent him from being defense counsel for the accused." Further:

> "That she assisted Col. Daly in preparation of defense of the accused, and that he was in possession of material evidence in their behalf which was not presented at the Court-Martial, and while he was confined, many of the papers, and other evidence, was stolen from his office and quarters. It appears to her that truth, honesty and justice have not yet reached the Air Force in Guam."

Miss Hill further states that prior to the trial the Government informed her that her services were no longer desired on Guam and that she was to be sent home at government expense. But she did remain behind long enough to testify at the trial that she had personally heard Commander Hackett state that the confessions had been beaten out of the men. Thereafter, a later affidavit makes clear, and even a Review Board admits, the prosecution prevailed upon her to sign a false sworn statement repudiating this testimony, but, getting a conviction despite her testimony, the false affidavit never was presented.

After testifying for the defense, Miss Hill was returned to the States—but now at her own expense! A suit for transportation charges was filed by Miss Hill against the government.

Indicative of what the legal situation finally resolved itself into, is the fact that the attorney for Sgt. Burns—an attorney in a capital case—was assigned at the last moment and that he had never seen the man he was to defend until ONE DAY before the trial commenced! And the "defense" of Burns took 90 minutes; while defense counsel actually ordered him (in the military sense, of officer to enlisted man) not to take the stand in his own defense, though he urgently desired to do so.

The three men were convicted and sentenced to die. Herman Dennis was ied first; his trial ended May 16. Sgt. Burns was tried last; his trial ended ay 30.

The trials were held in the Cross Roads Service Club. Cushioned sofas id chairs were provided for the hundreds of men, women and children ho attended (about 200 were at the first trial, as many as 800 at the last). awkers sold soft drinks at momentary interruptions in the legal rigamarole. utside, soldiers armed with rifles, one at every twenty feet, surrounded the ub. Racist hysteria was at a fever pitch.

The convictions were based primarily upon the "confessions," especially at of Calvin Dennis, for Herman Dennis repudiated his confession at his al. Calvin Dennis did not—he held to the hope of a deal that would bring m release in not over ten years. Actually, however, Calvin Dennis could t tolerate the horror of the deal, and in a private letter (in this writer's ssession) written as early as September, 1949 he repudiated his confession, ted that it was extracted by torture (as quoted earlier) and affirmed his solute innocence. Two years later, in September, 1951, he repeated the bstance of this letter in legal affidavit form.

The other evidence adduced in court was of the flimsiest circumstantial nd. One white person testified that he had seen Sgt. Burns and Herman ennis near the scene of the crime early on the evening of its occurrence. nother testified that he had seen three Negro soldiers, looking like the fendants, on the road near the shop that same evening.

One Negro soldier swore that he heard Burns boast, at breakfast, in the ess hall, that he had killed Ruth Farnsworth. But this could hardly have d much weight, even with the members of the Court Martial, for others ere at this table at the same time and all swore that they heard nothing e that statement. (Burns himself later explained that this man had a rsonal grudge against him, for Burns had caught him in a theft.)

The prosecution produced a piece of a smock that Commander Hackett ore he had found in Calvin Dennis' truck and which it insisted belonged the murdered woman. But Miss Blackledge testified that the smock was t worn by Miss Farnsworth the night of the murder, and other testimony de it clear that Commander Hackett, or some helper, had most con- niently found this smock under the seat of that particular truck, and still der that seat some five weeks after the act was committed!

Perhaps most damaging to the minds of the officers of the court was ss Blackledge's testimony that she had heard Pvt. Herman Dennis express approval of the Jim Crow arrangements in Guam, and his belief that separation of Negro and white was wrong.

But basic to the conviction were the confessions—including one repudi- d in court, and the other soon thereafter renounced, and this despite

the fact that Miss Hill testified that she had herself heard the Police Chief boast of the violence he had used to extract both confessions.

The Court overlooked not only this evidence of torture; it chose to ignore other details, such as the fact that the men were incommunicado for from five to ten days, while the law in Guam required arraignment before a judge within 24 hours of arrest; or the further fact that none of the men was told of his rights under the law, especially in terms of making or not making statements; or the further fact that it was proven that the prosecution had tampered with and forced into a perjurious statement Miss Hill, a witness in the proceedings.

The Court overlooked the fact that there was sworn testimony pointing to the presence at the scene of the crime, about when it occurred, of at least four other individuals and that none of these had been apprehended. It ignored the fact that the prosecution had not thought of taking fingerprints at the scene—or, at least, had not introduced them in evidence—though beer cans were found near Miss Farnsworth. It ignored the fact that a man's jacket had been at the scene of the crime; that it belonged to none of the defendants and did not fit any of them.

The court chose to ignore the iron-clad alibi of Herman P. Dennis and of Sgt. Burns, both of whom had several witnesses who swore as to their whereabouts when the crime was committed, and who told in great detail each independently, exactly what the defendants were doing and why they remembered this, etc. We give just a few examples, from the record of the trial of Herman Dennis:

Herman Dennis had testified that on the evening of the crime he had been to a movie near his outfit and that he had seen a particular picture which he described in detail. He stated that he had met X and had sat next to Y and had asked for a light from Z and had walked back to the barracks with Q and so forth. Then T/Sgt. N. G. Brooks swore that he saw the accused buy a ticket to the movie at 7:45 on the evening of December 11. Sgt. O. H. Clayton, assistant manager of the movie house, swore that the defendant was in the building that night. T/Sgt. J. D. White swore that the defendant had sat next to him throughout the movie and that he had come in around 8 p.m. Cpl. M. S. Scroggins swore that he saw the defendant after the show and that they walked back to the barracks together talking about the picture. That theatre was about 6 miles away from the Jade Shop where at about 8:45 Miss Farnsworth was assaulted.

All the facts tend to show that the Court was intent on convicting these men and that nothing could have changed its verdict. The whole spirit of the proceedings may be sensed from one paragraph of the findings of the Review Board upholding the verdict in the case of Herman Dennis:

"The court had its opportunity, and persons reviewing the record of trial will have theirs, to judge the weight and credibility of Herman Dennis against that of the Attorney General of the Naval Government of Guam, the Chief of Police of Guam and Mr. Riedel of the Berkeley Police Department, who are men of established character, reputation and integrity."

This says about as clearly as an official document under the circumstances can: Who can take the word of a Negro and his Negro friends when it is opposed to "distinguished" respectable white officers of the law? How shall "law and order" be maintained if the officers of the law are not upheld, no matter how flimsy their case and how apparently water-tight the alibi of the Negro defendant, especially one proven to have been open in his opposition to Jim Crow?* The paragraph exudes racism and snobbishness and callousness and these were the attributes of the "legal" procedure that condemned the men to die.

AS FOR "character" and "integrity" let us, indeed, offer some comparative notes in terms of the Chief of Police of Guam and Herman Dennis. Lt. Commander Hackett for years was a member of the Chicago Police Department, and then was attached to the police force of General MacArthur in Tokyo, Manila and Seoul. Everyone knows the incorruptible character and the sterling integrity of these police forces; everyone knows their reputations for humane conduct and the model they have offered in terms of anti-racist and anti-chauvinist conduct. We have seen something of Commander Hackett's behavior in connection with the young Negro man, named Herman Dennis, Jr., himself, and we dare to assume that it is the kind of behavior he learned in "handling" the Negro population of the South Side of Chicago and in "dealing with" the "natives" in Japan, the Philippines and Korea.

As for the Negro prisoner—he was all of 19 years when apprehended, so that he had had a long time in which to befoul his character and besmirch his integrity. He began working as a small child living in Texas, and studied hard at night and became a plane mechanic before he was 17. He had, he writes in a letter, "planned going to school and earn a degree as an instructor or qualified mechanic." And then he had hoped to "leave for Trinidad or some other foreign country where I can make something for my family, and in the meantime have freedom."

But he hadn't been able to make it—this Negro youngster in rural Texas —and so as soon as he could he joined the Air Force. And the first notable thing to happen to him in the service occurred in September, 1947 when he

* Sgt. Burns was also quite militant in his opposition to discrimination. In 1947 the Air Force banned the Pittsburgh *Courier* from its McChord Field Base. Burns led in the successful fight to reverse this order.

was stationed in Keesler Field, Mississippi and a terrible hurricane hit the Gulf region, flooding whole counties, taking many lives and ruining millions in property. About 400 yards from the mainland, not far from the field, eight (white) people, including two children, were marooned on an island, with no water, no food and no light. Volunteers were called for to cross the 400 yards of swirling water, in hurricane weather, and carry back these eight people. Six servicemen volunteered and among them was 17-year-old Herman Dennis, already almost six feet tall and weighing near 170 pounds and strong and concerned about people dying. So Herman Dennis and five other men crossed the waters and got to the marooned people and brought them all out, one by one, safely. For this, in Mississippi, the Negro serviceman, Herman Dennis, Jr., received an official Letter of Appreciation from his Commanding Officer, Major R. W. Deppe, going through channels, which concluded:

"I want everyone to know that your courage and physical stamina make you an example of what the Air Force desires in its men. If I never had known it before, I certainly would know now that you are a real soldier."

The next year this Herman Dennis, all of 18 now, is in Guam, and he writes home how anxious he is to make good and how he is trying to get permission to go to school and learn more about mechanics and engineering, but somehow all his applications fall through and he cannot make it:

"It is hard to go to school over here. I didn't have the opportunity while in the States . . . Since I have been in this army I haven't accomplish any thing I want; they won't give it to me."

And in January, 1949, as we have seen, Herman Dennis, Jr., is being entertained by the distinguished Commander Hackett, himself. We will let the records of the two human beings be compared and we await with confidence the verdict as to character and integrity, adding only that in prison, too, Herman Dennis showed he was a real soldier, for from it he wrote, in a letter smuggled out:

"I've seen enough segregation in my 21 years [it was late 1950] . . . I am hated here because I tell these people what I think of them . . . I won't let them push me around and talk to me like I am a dog. That is why I was put in isolation for 14 days on bread and water and a full meal every third day."

All review boards continually rejected the appeals of the men for a new trial. These rejections came in the face not only of the flimsiness of the evidence in the original trial, but in the face of the fact that post-trial affidavits established the frameup character of the proceedings to the full.

First, there was Calvin Dennis' detailed and circumstantial affidavit repudiating his confession as being torn from him by torture and bribery. Second, there was the 2500-word affidavit by former Colonel Daly detailing his personal knowledge of the frameup, both against the accused and against himself. The same affidavit declares that he knows the mail of Chaplain Grimmett was tampered with and held up by the Air Force and that the Commanding Officer was anxious "to get rid of Grimmett." Mr. Daly declared that he knew, of his own knowledge, that one of the men involved in framing evidence was a former C.I.D. man who had been fired because of alleged participation in corruption and that he was promised his job back if he performed well in this case. And Mr. Daly stated that he had himself accumulated evidence, since stolen from him, tending to prove the innocence of the prisoners, and that this evidence had been deliberately kept from the court.

Third, there was the 2000-word affidavit of Chaplain E. E. Grimmett who told of the opposition he met when he tried to help secure adequate defense for the men; who told of knowing personally that the prisoners had been terribly maltreated; who told of being informed by a Marine sergeant that the men were being framed; who told of his phone being tapped and his mail tampered with. In this affidavit the Chaplain swore that he had personally heard two generals declare that come what may the convictions must stand for "we must save the Air Force at all cost"; that he personally knew the prosecuting officer threatened and attempted to bribe the prisoners; that he had in his own possession a written offer from Commander Hackett to Herman Dennis of a 10-year sentence in return for his confession, but that this document was stolen together with other material relevant to the case; and that the racist feeling on the island was so intense that in any case no fair trial of Negro men was possible.

Fourth, there was the striking fact that Herman Dennis, in his "confession" and Calvin Dennis in his, had each referred to the other as "brother" when in fact neither was related to the other in any way whatsoever, and they had not met until November, 1948, when Herman had brought Calvin a letter meant for the latter and mistakenly given to the former. The clear effort, on the part of both men, in making this glaringly false assertion, was to cast doubts upon the confessions themselves, quite apart from the torture used to extract the confessions and the fact that both repudiated them (Calvin not until after his death sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment; but Herman repudiated it at his trial).

All this, plus the affidavit of Miss Hill, already referred to, did not move any review board or body of persons, including Presidents Truman and Eisenhower to grant a new trial or to commute the death sentences of Sgt. Burns and Pvt. Herman Dennis.

WHAT was behind the frameup and behind the murder of Miss Farnsworth? A study of all the available evidence convinces this writer that the conclusions which Herman Dennis and Robert Burns and Calvin Dennis each independently reached are valid. These men believed and declared (Sgt. Burns publicly in the pages of the *Pittsburgh Courier*) that the island of Guam was a center of a multi-million dollar dope-smuggling racket, plus colossal investments in black-market operations involving tires, gasoline, medicines, fuses, batteries, and a thousand and one other items supplied to an air, naval and military center. They further were convinced that the Jade Shop (the little curio store that happened to have $7000 in cash in its register on one particular evening) was a center of illegal activities related to all this. (It is relevant to point out that, in the pre-trial investigations, the owner of the Jade Shop admitted to drug-addiction.)

It is further difficult to believe, given this enormous illegal activity and the tremendous investments they involved, that the police department, if no other authorities, were not deeply involved. All the defendants further were convinced that Miss Farnsworth knew too much and was planning to or had threatened to talk and that therefore she was killed and that therefore the police were remarkably lax in searching for her and amateurish in failing to seek or obtain any real evidence, and in failing to discover any of the four people, other than the defendants, whom witnesses swore they themselves saw at the Shop the evening of the crime.

After the convictions of the two Dennises, but prior to the trial of Sgt. Burns, Commander Hackett urged Burns for the last time to confess his guilt and to implicate the others in the crime. In return he promised him commutation of a death sentence and relatively quick release from jail.

Burns writes that he answered him in this way:

"Why should I ruin the lives of two men whom I do not know? . . . You may lie, use brute force, browbeat, withhold evidence and twist the facts of this case into a complicated mess if you wish, but your nights will be sleepless ones . . .

"As I have told you before, you have handled this thing badly, so badly in fact that I am of the opinion you know who the killer is, and in some way are connected with this crime.

"Why did you wait until Monday to investigate the disappearance of Ruth Farnsworth? Why did you fail to search for fingerprints? How do you account for the lights being turned out at a switch box which was located in the back room of the shop? Only a person who was very familiar with the building could have known the location of the main switch.

"You claim the crime was done in twenty minutes. How could a stranger enter the front of the store, walk past an employe, go behind the show cases of the jewelry to the back room, turn out the lights by the main switch, assault an employee, carry her out of the front door, place her in a truck, drive around to an isolated area, and commit rape three times, without being seen from the Provost Marshal's office directly across the street? All this done in twenty minutes; a fantastic fabrication of

alse facts to cover your guilt or incompetency. I am no longer in your jail where you ould beat me at will. So there is no promise you can offer or nothing you can do o make me admit something I have not done."

The whole case, the curious conjunction of unusual events, the affidavits, he tortures—the whole congeries of evidence—give overwhelming weight o the suspicions of the prisoners. And when one understands the millions nd millions involved in the smuggling and the black-marketing, and the ower and ruthlessness of the gangsters concerned, it becomes clearer why Generals were so intent on carrying through this case, "in order to protect he Air Force" and why, despite the manifest need for at least the most areful investigation by people (*including Negro people*) not professionally

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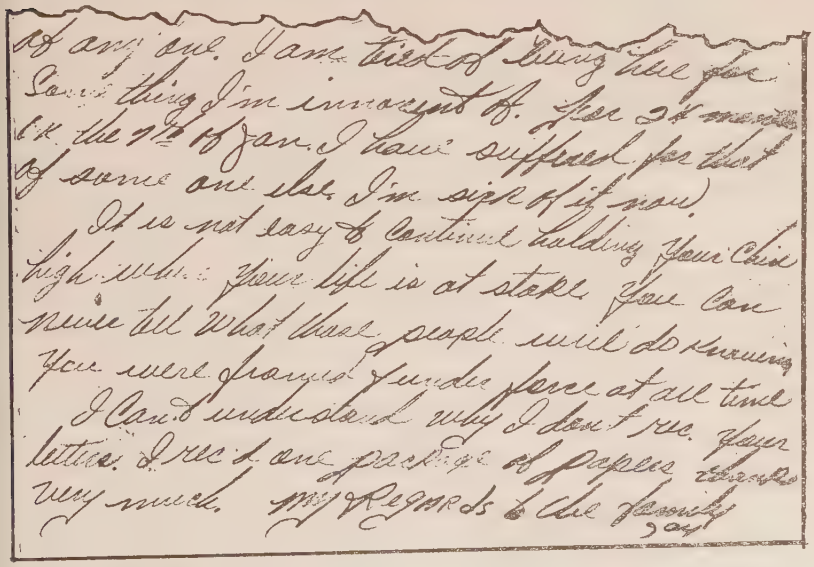
Extract from a letter written in 1951 from a jail in Tokyo by Herman Dennis, Jr., to his uncle, living then in Indianapolis.



. . . I am tired of being here for something I'm innocent of. For 24 months on the 7th of Jan. I have suffered for that of someone else. I am sick of it now.
It is not easy to continue holding your chin high when your life is at stake. You can never tell what these people will do knowing you were framed and under force at all time.
I can't understand why I don't rec. your letters. I rec'd one package of papers, thanks very much. My regards to the family.

involved in the services concerned, this was repeatedly refused by the highest officers of the land, including two Presidents of the United States.

FROM January, 1949 through January, 1954—for five excruciatingly long years of torment—the prisoners maintained their dignity and their courage (with a temporary, and thoroughly understandable lapse on the part of Calvin Dennis).

Sgt. Burns was baited, beaten, put in solitary, starved, tempted—but he yielded not an inch. The fire of the ordeal tempered him, it did not destroy this noble son of a great people, and in this he was fittingly representative of his people who have endured over three hundred years of crucifixion and have developed and matured in resisting it.

Herman Dennis, hardly more than a lad when jailed, similarly never crawled and never begged and never broke, but defied the jailers and grew in the process. His letters from prison—many of them smuggled out—belong in the magnificent company of literature that has sprung out of the hearts of jailed martyrs.

"It hurts to know you have been convicted for something you didn't do. Even though this is not the first time it happen."

"Dear {he writes to an aunt} I was convicted to Death. It hurts to know you are convicted for a crime you know nothing about, but that is Life. Have no fear, it doesn't have to be approved . . . don't worry about death . . ."

"It is not easy to continue to hold your chin high when your life is at stake. You can never tell what these people will do knowing you were framed and under force at all time."

"I am damn sick of this hell hole . . . Had I told you what I have been doing they would send the letter back, so you can guess what it is . . . I'm sick of being punished for someone else, and I'm tired of being pushed around, therefore, you can guess what is happening."

"I notice in the paper . . . in Los Angeles where the white is trying to prevent other whites from selling homes to Negroes. But just the same they are teaching Japanese democracy when they should teach themselves."

"Where is the justice the western powers (American white men) so speak about? Are we going back to slavery again, or is it we are still living in slavery, and it isn't anything but propaganda to the nations that the Negro race has freedom. What freedom? Freedom of what? If hanging our people every day is freedom, then we have it. The only freedom we have

s the freedom of sacrificing our lives for that of the white men during he time of war."

"I'm so full with anger and grief that my stomach muscles are turning nd trembling. I can't seem to get frighten. It just hurt like hell all over... 'm trying hard to control myself and keep my chin up . . . It's hard, erribly hard."

He tries to explain in a letter that must get by the authorities, what he s being made to endure:

You don't know what it is like here—It's like standing away from a wall eaning against it with your weight only on your five fingers of each hand. Try it for twenty minutes, ten, with your arms straight forward if you think t's easy . . . Oh, yes, my cell is also cold with cracks in the floor."

A month later the youngster is in the hospital suffering from stomach lcers and pneumonia.

Meanwhile, the campaign for their freedom and vindication goes on. gt. Burns and Pvt. Herman Dennis, themselves, help conduct the fight rom their cells, suggesting friends, organizations, forms of pressure, petition ampaigns, legal steps, etc.

Outside, the campaign is pioneered in by Chaplain Grimmett, and then Mr. Elbert A. Dennis, Herman's uncle. This man, with extremely limited unds, a family, job, and the pressures for conformity so heavy upon a Negro person in the United States in the midst of the cold war, nevertheless edicates himself with single-minded devotion to the struggle. He writes thousand letters—to the NAACP, trade unions, the Civil Rights Congress, elatives and friends, Senators and Congressmen, Presidents, Generals and awyers, newspapers—and of very great importance, a steady stream of etters to the men themselves, cheering them up, assuring them of his faith n their innocence and telling them something of his efforts. With him hroughout the fight and contributing herself important efforts, is his wife, Mrs. Claudia Dennis. Of very great consequence is the early and sustained nterest of the very powerful Pittsburgh *Courier*. Helpful from the beginning s Mr. Willard B. Ransom, distinguished Indianapolis attorney and a leader f the NAACP.

Legally, the appeals are carried on by the NAACP, with Messrs. Thurood Marshall, Robert A. Carter and Frank Reeves, of the legal department f the Association, and especially Mr. Carter, fighting hard to secure justice.

The first stage of the legal struggle concentrated on the effort, within the egalistic framework of the Air Force itself, to get a review board or other ompetent authority to order a new court-martial. This failed and in August, 951, President Truman approved the sentence of the men, but withheld

execution until all legal remedies were exhausted. The next and final stage of the legal battle was the effort of the NAACP to get the civil courts to order the Air Force to relinquish its hold over the case and to turn the proceedings over to the civil authorities. The structure of the law is built so as to make such transfer practically impossible, but the NAACP pushed the battle right up to the Supreme Court after all lower courts had rejected their appeals.

The United States Supreme Court did hear a plea by the NAACP seeking to convince the Court that it should issue a writ of habeas corpus instructing the military authorities to turn the men over to the civil administration for incarceration and new trial.

In February, 1953 Messrs. Robert A. Carter and Frank Reeves argued this case before the Court, while for the United States, arguing against any process to delay execution, was the Solicitor General in person.

In June, 1953 the Supreme Court decided, 6-3, against the appeal of the NAACP. Justices Douglas, Black and Frankfurter filed unusually strong dissents. Justice Frankfurter distinctly said that "this case should be set down for reargument" and Justices Black and Douglas italicized that *"undisputed facts"* indicated in the clearest possible terms that basic constitutional rights of the petitioners had been denied.

Nevertheless, the whole process reverted to the sole custody of the Air Force and it was intent on hanging the men. President Eisenhower, taking its intent as his order, refused commutation and ordered that the men be hanged. The last week in January 1954 was set for the execution and the gallows were erected out in Guam.

Now the defense effort reached a crescendo, climaxed with the publication, for five successive weeks, of the magnificent words of Sgt. Burns himself. Meanwhile, the *Courier* assigned its managing editor, Mr. William G. Nunn, to personally write about and "cover" the story. The *Courier* threw itself fully and completely into an effort simply to persuade the President to *postpone* the executions until an impartial commission, with Negro members, as well as white, could review the whole case—a case which three U.S. Supreme Court Justices said reflected most gravely on the administration of justice and one in which basic rights of the prisoners were grossly violated.

On January 10, 1954, Mrs. Robert L. Vann, the publisher of the paper, personally wrote to President Eisenhower making this appeal and requesting permission to discuss the matter with proper authorities at the White House. On January 13, 1954, Mrs. Vann and Mr. Nunn spent two and a quarter hours at the White House explaining what they wanted, pointing to some of the horrors of the case and in turn listening to reassuring statements relative to great concern that justice and only justice be done.

Nevertheless, despite this quite unprecedented action, the President of the United States insulted decent opinion throughout the country and especially displayed contempt for the Negro people and their spokesmen, by turning down all appeals, refusing to grant any delay, or provide for any additional review of the case. He ordered that the executions proceed as per schedule.

And when, on January 27, 1954, Robert W. Burns and Herman P. Dennis were hanged, two absolutely innocent Negro men were executed not by the order of any Governor of some "backward" state, so that the U.S. government could plead that "states' rights" tied its hands. No, when those two innocent Negro men were hanged, they were hanged by the direct order and on the personal responsibility of the President of the United Stats, contemptuous of the clearly and unanimously expressed opinion of every major Negro organization in the country, every Negro newspaper, of the last minute (alas, too late) expressions seeking delay from leaders of CIO and AFL unions, and the entire range of progressive sentiment in the country. Robert W. Burns and Herman P. Dennis were legally lynched by the Government of the United States, and this act was done in support of the attempted terrorization and the continued super-exploitation of the Negro people, and in support of a monstrous frameup almost certainly hiding the filthy activities of a gang of smugglers, black marketeers and murderers, with influence and power reaching high into the seats of the mighty.

ROBERT BURNS attempted to send the series which the *Courier* published through proper channels, but he was refused, and they were smuggled through. In a similar manner did this undaunted man get through to Mr. Nunn of that paper his last letter, written a few days before he was executed, and published by the *Courier* on January 30, 1954. Writing, said Burns, while "death hovers over my door," he reiterated, "I have committed no murder." He said he had "always believed in the strength of goodness and truth" and that he had known "nothing but humiliation and bitter suffering for five long years." Were he ever to be freed, he said, "I would slowly crawl around the world to find those responsible for this suffering—the sweetness of vengeance would be mine." And in his closing lines he urged: "Let my people know we are yet in bondage."

It is for us who live to answer this call for justice. It is for us who live to stop this system of frameup and legal lynchings which the state and federal governments of the United States employ as a policy to help the ruling class maintain itself in power and feed its insatiable appetite for plunder.

It is for us who live to demand a re-opening of the case of Burns and the Dennises. We want to vindicate the names of the men hanged. We demand the arrest and punishment of the murderers of Ruth Farnsworth. We demand the punishment of those responsible for the false arrest and the frameup of evidence that resulted in the murdering of Burns and Dennis.

Calvin Dennis, himself, also an innocent man, has been in jail for six years and faces a lifetime of imprisonment. And since he heroically repudiated his confession, one may be sure that unless this whole frameup is exposed fully and legally he will remain in prison for the rest of his natural life. At last reports available to this writer Calvin Dennis was confined in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. His case should be re-opened and re-examined. If this is done by people concerned with truth and justice, Calvin Dennis will be a free man.

The Dennis-Burns case cries out for a complete overhauling of the archaic courts-martial system in this country, with its vicious sentences, its officer-bias, its caste domination, its race prejudice, and its nearly complete independence from civil control. It teaches that in the United States, in civil and military courts, no Negro person should ever be condemned to die under any circumstances where Negroes are not involved in the judging and in the sentencing. The simple fact is that, in this country, the odds against a Negro person getting anything approximating justice from the police and from the courts, military and civil, are a million to one and that elementary decency would require that no Negro be condemned in a capital case without the active participation in the legal process of Negro personnel.

Vindicate the names of Robert W. Burns and Herman P. Dennis, Jr.!
Indemnify the families of those two men!
Free Calvin Dennis!
Stop legal lynching in the United States!

The Ordeal of Mansart

From a New Novel

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

M&M *is proud to bring to its readers a section from a new novel by the Dean of American letters, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. This novel, which totals over one thousand manuscript pages, depicts the life of a Negro man, in the United States, from the post-Civil War period to the* 1950's.

The selection here published is part of the fourth chapter of the novel. The place is South Carolina; the time is 1876—*the fate of Reconstruction hangs in the balance. Tom Mansart, a Negro member of the State legislature, is seeking an alliance with the planter element in an effort to prevent the complete overthrow of the advances made in the past decade. A leader among the planters, Col. Breckinridge, has promised to address a gathering of Negro political leaders and discuss the question. The selection opens with a Negro meeting waiting for the appearance of the Colonel.*

SO NOW Mansart was waiting, and the group was watching him doubtfully. It was getting late, not only in the day but in the year and in the ulmination of the Campaign of 1876. The meeting began to get turbulent nd out of hand.

"Where is Breckinridge?" they growled, louder and louder. The door pened softly and a man glided in. He spoke to Mansart low and long and nen went out. Mansart sat in startled silence and then arose heavily.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have been ignored—or betrayed. Breckinridge s sitting at his club. He has not started here. Perhaps he never planned to ome. The Klan is riding the countryside; they are gathering here quietly n the streets. We must——"

There was a slight movement at the door. It opened slowly and framed n it against the night was the figure of Mrs. Du Bignon Breckinridge, tall nd slim, with the carriage and simply-gowned grace of a born aristocrat. ne was a white woman in a world of black men. Silence was complete.

It had come about quite by accident. Colonel Breckinridge, she was sure, ad gone to address the Mansart meeting. She was, of course, disappointed ecause she had hoped he would let her accompany him. Yet she half-

expected that he would not think this proper; and even if he did, he was advising with Southern gentlemen like Wade Hampton—darling old man that he was, with his courtly bow and smile and his facile "the ladies, God bless them—and keep them out of politics and business." No, she would not be expected; and she wandered out into the never-palling beauty of night on the Battery, when a little black figure slipped up the front steps, handed her a note and was gone. She smiled. Negroes so loved secrecy!

The note was from Mansart. He said the Colonel had not yet arrived; could she say if he was coming to the meeting and when? She glanced back at the clock in surprise. The meeting had been set for nine. It was well past ten. What could have happened? What could have delayed him? Many things, of course, but Mansart must be reassured. The Colonel was sure to come. He was doubtless already on the way. Then she turned quickly—of course that was the thing to do—she herself would take the message. She would meet the Colonel there. He might not like it but he would understand. She threw a mantilla over her black dinner gown.

Betty Lou came out on the porch. "You're not going out, Mother?"

"Just a moment."

"The streets didn't look quite safe as I came in."

"Nonsense. I'm not going far." And she went out. The Battery was beautiful. Always she had loved to saunter along it at night, revelling in the beauty of the harbor beyond. She walked slowly since she might meet the Colonel on his way to the meeting or even possibly already returning. But perhaps it was easier for him to approach the Negro church from the Club by way of other streets. She paused to recall that labyrinth of alleys that branched east from the docks. She used to know the nearer ones well in the days of Aunt Betsy, when she went to call on her or fetch her. Of course she could find that house, and the church was not far. Anyone would tell her. It was now quite dark and she hastened her step.

As she started to turn into an alley which she recognized, suddenly a white man loomed in front of her.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked unsteadily.

She realized with quick repulsion that he was quite drunk. Disgusted, she made no reply but walked on without quickening her step. Never before had she even thought of insult on these streets, despite war and evil. But as she stepped into the darker alley she heard behind her men snarl and curse, and without looking back she knew they were white men. She walked calmly on toward the flickering gas light on the next corner and descried a crowd of Negroes. The crowd had something unusual in its aspect. It made no effort to shuffle out of her way but remained stolid, silent, except for another voice beside her which said: "Better go back where you belong, lady."

She stepped off the sidewalk. Suddenly she was startled; suddenly she

realized that she had blundered into something of which she had not dreamed: hate, fear, hurt and revenge swirled silently round about her.

But she only knew a part of what was happening. The whole situation in the state was coming to a head, with attempts at final and fatal understanding. Everyone was suspicious. The hoodlum who accosted her at the head of the alley suspected the worst. He lurched to find Scroggs. Scroggs, who not far away in conference was telling doubtful men what Breckinridge had proposed to him, was startled. Was he being double-crossed as he always suspected he might be? Perhaps the aristocrats were playing a shrewd game. This mysterious white woman at night in the Negro district might be messenger or spy; might be a lady or a bitch. In any case she was up to no good and must be caught. Or better killed and her death laid to the "niggers." What would quicker unite the whites and seal the bargain? He sent a dozen armed spies gliding silently under the cover of night in the unlit alleys of the Negro quarter. In bitter rage he brooded.

The crowd of Negroes gathering in the alley and seeing a white woman approaching began to wonder if some Negro was not selling out to the whites and that here was evidence of negotiations through which their freedom and rights were to be sold away. When they saw the whites moving at the head of the alley they let out a growl of distaste and hate. Mrs. Breckinridge paused and looked either way. Something hard and cruel was afoot and she did not quite know what to do. Then she saw a man approaching. He was well-dressed and walked erect. Instinctively she turned quickly toward him, assuming that he was white, and started to speak when she saw to her surprise that he was black. She hesitated but a second, however, and then said:

"I beg your pardon, but could you direct me to Emmanuel Church?"

He started to brush past without a word. Then he stopped, peered into her face, hesitated, and without a word turned abruptly.

"This way," he said and hurriedly led her across the alley, around a corner into a wider thoroughfare and toward a large dark building. She was surprised, thinking to see a crowded, lighted edifice. She turned to ask but her guide had gone. There was a shadowed basement door before her. She groped her way to it and knocked. The door opened and a lantern was thrust into her face. There was a gasp and hurried whispering. An inner door opened and she stood before 500 colored men, with Tom Mansart on the rostrum.

IT WAS by no means the first time Mrs. Breckinridge had faced a colored audience. She had talked to Sunday schools and churches; to picnics and gatherings of servants. She knew their giggling, fidgeting and soft laughter; their hearty "Yaas ma'am" and "Thank you!" But this was different. Here

was silence—cold, exploring silence. There was no laughter, no expectancy; rather she sensed surprise, doubt, antagonism, distrust. The silence became oppressive. She looked at Mansart uncertainly and stepped toward him. She spoke low and clear:

"I represent Colonel Breckinridge," she began; "he has been detained but I expect him any minute. He has, meantime, authorized me to say——"

She got no further. From without two shots in quick succession rang out. Suddenly the lights of the room went out. She was unceremoniously seized and propelled along to a dark closet-like room. She turned on her captor in outraged repulsion. He was Tom Mansart. Lighting a small candle he looked at her.

"Why did you come here?" he asked. He was in deadly earnest and the sweat poured from his face. She choked back her indignation and answered:

"Colonel Breckinridge was coming to this meeting tonight to give you his word of honor to guard your rights if you will give us your cooperation and support. I cannot imagine why he has not come—or perhaps he has come and——" She paused and stared at Mansart in sudden fear. Had they kidnapped her husband—or killed him? Mansart looked at her long and hard. Then he answered slowly:

"Madam, you acted very wrong. Colonel Breckinridge ain't been here. Why, I don't know. But I do know that unbeknownst you have put yourself unprotected into the middle of a race riot—perhaps of a long death struggle. You have put a terrible weight on us. If anything should happen to you here in the Negro quarter tonight my whole race and all its friends would be held guilty. We must get you home to your friends—quick, if we can!"

"What difficulty will there be—" she began. But Mansart interrupted brusquely: "Plenty!"

She bridled: "I will be judge of that."

"You will not. You'll do as I say or I'll gag, bind and carry you. Listen," he said, speaking roughly but still low-voiced, "what I'm doing is not for you. I am acting for my people. If you get hurt here tonight we would get the blame no matter who was guilty. I am going to try to save you. I don't know whether I can or not. It's a risk, a great risk. I wonder your husband didn't tell you to stay home. Hell will be loose in this city tonight. Come, and for God's sake don't act like a damned fool!"

She stared at him a long moment and then bowed her head. "I will do as you say," she said. His dead earnestness impressed and frightened her. With a bodyguard of two or three persons staying close they went out into the darkness and sneaked along the alleys, turning here and there. They walked far and fast and at last in a little narrow alley came to a house, neat and alone; and after knocking and low whispers they entered the door.

Immediately she remembered the room. It was the home of Aunt Betsy which she had often visited years ago. Little had changed. There was the wide fireplace with its crimson and yellow flame; there was the old carved table and the black framed picture of Christ above. Opposite was the cavernous four-poster bed. On it lay a moaning woman and beside—yes, beside it stood the grim, silent figure of Aunt Betsy. She started toward her but the woman, giving her a grave curtsy which was both greeting and warning, waved her back. She drew back and saw Mansart and his companions listening at the door. Save the low moans of the woman, the house and street were very still. Then there came a loud and peremptory knocking at the door.

EVERYONE stood still and held his breath. Even the woman in the bed sighed after a paroxysm, and lay exhausted as Aunt Betsy fanned her. Again the knocking, and finally Tom Mansart threw wide the door. Two white men stood there, armed with rifles. One looked straight at Mrs. Breckinridge and bowed.

"Colonel Breckinridge sent us to bring you home, Madam. He was afeared the streets might be rough."

Mrs. Breckinridge stepped forward and then stopped. "Why didn't the Colonel come himself?" she asked.

The man shifted his gun. "He's mighty busy, Ma'am—"

"That's a lie!" The heavy voice of Aunt Betsy came from the shadows.

The men swore and both started to raise their guns. Tom Mansart struck one full in the face, and black arms from behind throttled the other. There was a scuffle, a rush, and three shots rang out. One man fell groaning, the other disappeared.

Mrs. Breckinridge found herself lifted, almost carried, rapidly in the darkness out through the back door, until they came to a shadowy barn-like building, and Mansart's voice whispered in her ear: "Madam, that was a trick. You must trust me. I must get you away from here and safe back to your husband. That may prove our faith in him."

He opened the door of the stable and went quickly about harnessing a horse to a light buggy. She waited, feeling soiled and disarranged. Mansart helped her into the vehicle and began driving slowly through the alleys until they approached the harbor. He paused and pointed to the left. Yonder ran the river, and beyond was her home. She started, but he held her back, still pointing: "The Klan," he whispered. She saw the shadow-bedecked horsemen moving in groups and mustering in columns.

Without another word he wheeled the horse out into the street and lashed him. They turned north instead of south toward her home, and involuntarily she gave a low cry. He drove even more swiftly, whispering:

"If we went to your home we'd meet the mob. My life would be as worthless as your honor!"

She stared at him. Was this the truth or was this black man taking her out to the massed Negroes of the islands, to prison or to worse? She went stiff and cold as she heard him still whispering:

"I am trying to reach Race Street and then come in through King to the full-lighted center of the city. Likely there'll be no riders there and I may be able to drop you near the Court House. That's our best chance."

The horse dashed through the night. She sat beak in the seat and began to recover from her panic. She said slowly but distinctly:

"You must believe me when I say that the Colonel fully intended to meet you and give you the assurances you asked. Neither he nor I pretend that we regard Negroes as men fit to take part in government, but we do want you to have justice, a chance to earn a decent living, and an opportunity for your children, especially for the gifted and deft."

Peering anxiously ahead and guiding the horse carefully by railroad tracks and unpaved roads he replied: "Slavery was worse, much worse than you think. I knows; I was a slave, with a master called 'good.' Negroes has more brains and can learn more easily than you think. I'm a Negro; I knows. If you and I had our way freedom would have come not by blood but by prayer. We wasn't asked. Now freedom is come, it's going to stay. What now can we do to see this happen in peace? I thought out a way and tried to get you and the Colonel to back me. He failed me. He sits tonight with the Klan."

"I do not believe it," she cried. "He meant to come; he believes as I believe!"

They had reached Race Street. He turned left cautiously and drove west more slowly. They were out in the country now and the roads were rough but they met few travellers. At long last they turned south into King Street and began to approach the city.

"There is still time," she argued. "What proof have you that all is lost?"

"The whites are set to steal the election and drive the blacks back to slavery. The blacks could fight but they got few arms and are divided up in leadership. But they'll fight if they must. The poor whites, who ought to be with us, hate us worse than they hate the planters. And we are just as stupid and hate them. The North, torn up with panic and graft, is turning back to the planter. Everything, then, rests with the planters or with their leaders—the quality. If they could see straight they could meet the money-grabbers in the North with a mass of good labor, black and white. But no! They are massing the poor whites to kill the niggers!"

She started to speak, then paused in perplexity. He slowed the horse

to a walk. Finally, nearing the sidewalk he stopped, glanced about. No one was visible on foot, and only now and then a carriage and horse passed.

"You are safe here," he said finally. "Yonder is the junction, beyond which you can see the Court House. Your husband will be two blocks further."

"You want me to walk?" she asked, astonished.

"Certainly not. I wants you to take the horse and buggy and drive on. I will send for the rig tomorrow."

She stared at him. "You mean to say that you are sending me home alone in this dangerous night?"

"A white woman is safer alone than with a Negro."

She spoke angrily: "And he himself is certainly safer! But don't come if you are afraid." She reached for the reins.

He hesitated. "Naturally I am afraid," he said slowly, but he was thinking fast. The woman was without doubt straight-forward and trustworthy. If he got her safely to her husband she might yet persuade him and the planters to balk the plans of the extremists. If he deserted her she would turn against him and his plans and her husband would certainly be his enemy. She might even be killed deliberately—even here in the city, and her murder placed at his door. On the other hand, it was dangerous to drive openly into the very center of the city tonight with a planter's wife and into the very midst of a gathering of the Klan. Everything depended on how far he could penetrate before discovery, and how much time would elapse between discovery and actual meeting with Colonel Breckinridge.

If without mishap he could deliver Mrs. Breckinridge safe into her husband's keeping he might even become a hero to the whites. But if his plan was intercepted and made to look like a frustrated kidnapping he would be a corpse before his child was born; and the South would be lost to democracy. He silently took the reins again, glanced about, listened, and began to drive. Mrs. Breckinridge smiled grimly and settled back in the seat. Her panic now had fled and she was thinking clearly. It had all been a mistake. She would get Tom Mansart and her husband together and talk it all out. But she must not let Mansart leave her; it would not be safe for him.

THEY drove silently and at a not too rapid rate until they were opposite Market Street. Suddenly without warning two masked horsemen with white gowns and pointed hoods came out of the street at full gallop. They swept up, one at either side, and stared at the couple. Mansart slowed down a bit but said nothing, and Mrs. Breckinridge, lifting her chin, stared back calmly. Without a word both horsemen turned, one racing back northward, the other galloping full-tilt south. Mansart saw his one chance.

"Hold on tight," he cried, and bending forward he whipped the mare. She leaped forward and they lurched, swaying, toward St. David's Church. The horseman in front far outdistanced them and soon they were aware of the pounding hoofs of a cavalcade in the rear.

Tom lashed the horse into a gallop. Mrs. Breckinridge was frightened but had regained complete control. She knew just what she would do. She would find her husband at the Hall or drive home. She would explain about Mansart and his bravery. He would be protected and rewarded. Then conference with his followers would start. She thought it all out clearly. They reached Broad Street, but a swift riding cavalcade of unmasked horsemen faced them and reined their horses to a halt so quickly that Mansart was upon them before he could halt his foaming mare. Mrs. Breckinridge saw her husband coming on a great black gelding. She called to him and fainted. She was lifted to his horse and they rode wildly home.

His fellows and the masked cavalcade did not follow Colonel Breckinridge. They turned toward the dark and heavy waters, dragging the unhitched buggy. The wind from off the bay rose and shrieked in their faces as they swept back into the sinister alleys. They dragged Tom Mansart from his buggy and threw him against his own door. He fell against it with outstretched arms and bloodshot staring eyes. A hundred guns thundered and lightened as a wind of lead shattered the house where his body leaned and left it a jelly of mangled flesh, blood and bone. Three cries rent the cold night: a howl of death, the scream of birth-pain, and the wail of a newborn babe.

Within, the tall black woman, looking incredibly old, never raised her head from the laboring woman who writhed on the bed. Slowly she soothed the mother and lifted the child. She held it to her approaching the door and silently anointed its forehead with its father's blood. Then, stepping in the blood and entrails she bore it, wailing softly, into the night.

All the long night mad men rode in darkness and darkness rode to dawn. The world began weeping and its tears blinded the stars. In the white city homes were dark and close-shuttered. Women cowered and men fingered their guns. In the black alleys dark forms scurried north until the mass merged and a thousand Negroes hid in the wide new sanctuary of Emmanuel Church. Bishop Cain welcomed them quietly—Bishop Cain, once Congressman and editor, dark leader of the unled. A song started deep in the bowels of the men—

"O, Brethren, my way—my way's cloudy!—My way—O send them angels down—"

The Bishop started to speak, but another voice pealed and hearts stood still. The old woman came in, naked from neck to loin, marching with one

thin arm aloft. In her vast hand lay a blood-stained child. Slowly she swayed and danced through the church. The Bishop, standing still behind the altar, saw a thousand years of the African Dance of Death gliding out of the past. Snake-wise the throng followed the dancer, moaning to her cries:

"Curse God! Ride, Devils of Hell with the blood-bought baby! Burn! Kill! Burn! Crawl with the snake! Creep and crawl! Behold the Black Flame!"

Shriek rose on shriek, with tossing hands and spitting mouths. Slower the sibyl moved, almost whispering: "His name is Manuel," she cried. "He is Called!" She disappeared into the night.

The throng sat, stood and lay prone, exhausted. The Bishop stepped before the altar, sank slowly to his knees and said:

"Let us pray."

NEGRO AMERICANS AND FOREIGN POLICY

By JOHN PITTMAN

SPEAKING at the 92nd anniversary observance of the Emancipation Proclamation in Brooklyn's John Wesley ethodist Church last January 9, a distinguished Negro scholar hailed the year 1955 as a year of "worldwide revolution." Dr. George Kelsey, a one-time Georgia newspaper carrier who is now associate professor of Christian Ethics at Drew Theological Seminary, said 1955 was characterized by peoples in all its parts rising up against economic inequities, unjust governments, token religions and rule by "racial arrogance."

"The American Negro is a definite part of this picture," he declared. Which poses the question: what kind of part—for this "worldwide revolution", or against it?

The answer to this question will, of course, be given in the coming months. It would be presumptuous for anyone to say definitely at this time what it will be. Because there is a conspicuous schism in Negro America: ideologically, the Negro people are sympathetic to the cause of peoples seeking liberation from colonial bondage and racist oppression; organizationally, we are bound to the bipartisan foreign policy which is today the main enemy of movements for national independence and the right to self-determination. And since the weight of Negro opinion, like that of public opinion in general, is expressed through organizations, our sympathies and support for other peoples seeking freedom will register only to the extent that we are able to make ourselves heard above the hush-hush imposed on our organizations by the present regime of cold war and thought control.

Here arise two more questions: is it only by Negro America's direct intervention in Washington's foreign policy that we can support the anti-colonial national liberation movements overseas? Is there any indication that Negro America's organizations are conforming more to the thinking of their members?

The answer to the first question, it seems to me, is an unqualified no. The fact is that Negro America's fight for integration, the slogan "free by '63", if you please, has already influenced U.S. foreign policy. One observes a number of recent developments attributable to this struggle. For instance, a little thing but a first-rate indicator; the U.S. delega-

tion to the United Nations now employs Negro women messengers, a Negro woman adviser, while even during he Truman Administration it became a practice to include a Negro among the alternate delegates. The use of Negroes overseas as part of the personnel of U.S. embassies and agencies, especially those charged with propaganda and information functions, is another case in point.

One is constrained to observe also the ostentatious display of cordiality and hospitality with which the State Department greets such foreign visitors as Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, Liberia's President Tubman, Haiti's President Magloire. Moreover, when U.S. delegations in the UN cast their votes in support of colonialism and racialism, as in the cases of Tunisia, Morocco, and the Union of South Africa, they strive frantically to "explain" and "justify" these votes in such a way as to confuse and mislead Negro America.

Finally, there is a solid body of opinion which holds that the U.S. Supreme Court decision for desegregation was motivated, in part, by cold war strategy. It was noted that the State Department's propaganda arms worked overtime in dispensing the news of this decision to the four corners of he earth. The propaganda, many Negroes also noted, sought to represent the ruling as a gift from the benevolent rulers of America, conspicuously omitted any reference to the Negro people's 87-year battle—a battle costing innumerable sacrifices to the lynch mob and the legal lynchers and a frightful toll in untaught minds and blighted lives—for adherence to the letter and spirit of the American Constitution.

THESE instances, some readers may feel, are of a negative character. They reflect only slight alterations in thes urface of U.S. foreign policy, and show no basic changes whatsoever. They prove only that the rulers of our country find the truths of racialism at home embarrassing to their pretensions as freedom-lovers and "free world" defenders abroad, and trat, without undertaking any really decisive steps to change the situation at home, they are seeking to alter the appearance of reality, to exhibit it as something else. And in the case of the visits of Haile Selassie, Tubman and Magloire, there is a fear that the new manners are the come-on for massive theft of the resources of these lands and a buttressing of their colonial status.

This is true. Few of our people can be found to deny it. Yet, the fact that even such superficial steps are taken is an argument in support of the thesis that Negro America's struggle for full citizenship influences foreign policy. It is an indication of the new influential position of the Negro people in international politics. The pity is that the vast potentialities of this new position for supporting the worldwide movement of peoples for national independence and the right to self-

determination are neither utilized nor fully realized.

Why not? The answer leads logically into our next question — into the fact that our sympathies and desires are one thing, while they are blunted, distorted or suppressed in the process of organizational expression. Consider, for instance, these excerpts of a letter to Ambassador Ernest A. Gross of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations from the Youth Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, written early in 1952 when the U.S. delegation abstained from voting to place the French-Tunisian conflict on the agenda of the Security Council:

"We find it very difficult to reconcile the position of the United tates government in this issue, especially in view of the historical and traditional history of our country in championing the cause of all downtrodden peoples to a right to free and equal discussion of all issues. This action in effect is a repudiation of our belief in these fundamental concepts of human rights for which the United Nations was established to preserve and protect."

Certainly, it conforms to the thinking o fthe majority of our people. Then why was it not made the basis for a campaign of information and organization among young Negroes? Why did it not become the policy of the parent organization?

ON DECEMBER 5, 1952, the NAACP. in association with the International League for the Rights of Man and other groups, did address a communication to the U.S. delegation to the United Nations. This statement reflected the real policy of the NAACP national leadership. Did it state clearly and unambiguously the feeling of the Negro people? No, it did not. It distorted and blunted its protest by couching it within the framework of cold war ideology.

The atrocities of the colonial authorities against the Africans were protested on the ground that they would help Communism! The failure of the Washington government to act in conformity with the interests of both Africans and Americans was condemned not on the ground of its immoral and undemocratic character, but because it might cause the Africans to look to the Soviet Union for help!

". . . the African crisis is bound to unfold. It is bound, unless the world reacts swiftly with wisdom and intelligence, to move from violence to greater violence, from uncertainties to irrevocable acts and decisions . . . the advantages of this situation fall alomst automatically to the Communist foe . . . "

One cannot here pause to document tre conspicuous distortion of Soviet and Marxis motives which this statement purveys. What is pertinent at this time is how the cold war frame of reference subtly robs the Negro people's protest of its indignation and militancy, how it twists a strong and powerful indictment into a weaseling parroting of the cant of the worst Negro-baiters

and foes of national liberation of all peoples.

An extreme example of this is to be found in the statements of Mrs. Edith Sampson, an alternate U.S. delegate to the United Nations in the Truman Administration. Speaking in Copenhagen on January 26, 1952, Mrs. Sampson was led by her cold war zeal into a denial of racist practices in the United States. So abject was her lip-service to the cold war that she shoved the Negro people's struggles out of existence.

"People say Negroes are enslaved, exploited and unemployed," she said. "That's not true . . . As for housing, there are not enough good homes for whites, either . . . We have slums, but a lot of whites live in slums, too . . . Many Negroes in the South own large farms . . . We believe in putting on a big show. Some Negroes in Chicago have paid from 80,000 to $100,000 for their homes. . . . " And so on and so forth.

In view of this pervasion of Negro organizational leadership by the State eDpartment's cold war viewpoint, it was refreshing to read of NAACP Counsel Thurgood Marshalls' recent statement to the CIO Convention in Los Angeles, declaring that the struggle for integration would have to be based on something more than the idea that if it didn't happen only the "Russians" and "Communists" would benefit. There is a moral necessity for this struggle, Marshall pointed out, which is both positive and grounded in our constitutional rights.

If this is an augury of clearer vision to come to the NAACP national leadership, then it can be hailed without reservation. For only by basing our position on moral and principled political grounds can our organizational expressions truly conform to our own interests and the hopes we have for other peoples. Yet, this will not come automatically. As can be seen by the NAACP national leadership's recent denunciation of views expressed in the Crisis by the writer William Worthy, who correctly characterized U.S. foreign policy as "imperialist" and "aggressive", the problem in this organization will be resolved only in process of a struggle.

The NAACP has been singled out because it is the most influential of our organizations. It is also, in this respect, very like the other organizations of our communities. Only organizations which have been identified as belonging on the left-of-center have a forthright program in respect to colonialism and racialism overseas. And individuals and organizations which have resolutely rejected the cold war line have felt the full brunt of the government's hostility and persecution.

WHAT of the future? There is some ground for believing a change is in prospect—a change brought about by changes in the situation of the Negro people, along with the rest of America, and by changes in world politics. The rulers of our country can submerge the

truth for a part of the time; they cannot always do so. Realities make themselves felt; facts emerge to light.

And so it is coming about today that the hardy little band of Negro leaders and thinkers who stood by Paul Robeson, Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, Dr. W. A. Hunton, the Council on African Affairs and the Communist Smith Act victims who fought for a different foreign policy, such as the others, are increasingly supported by development abroad and at home. Holding fast to their position during the bleak period of repression and persecution, Robeson, Dubois and Hunton have continued to attract steadfast and devoted Negro leaders and thinkers.

The forthcoming Afro-Asian Conference of 30 countries comprising more than one and one-half billion people will undoubtedly serve to sharpen the struggle for organizational conformity to the real sympathies and aspirations of Negro America. The American Negro, we believe will be a definitely positive force in the coming struggles of peoples overseas for food and national independence.

NEW REALITIES FOR THE INTELLECTUALS

By MILTON HOWARD

ONE of the government's hired witnesses specializing in testimony against Communists has confessed now that his sworn statements in court were lies.

Harvey Matusow's confession has startled and angered the government, of course, perhaps not so much for the specific disclaimers of this particular stoolpigeon but for the warning that it sounds, for the possible crumbling of the whole structure of the anti-Communist hoax. Does the confession of Matusow that he was coached by that junior Iago of the McCarthy cabal, Roy Cohn, signify a shift in the national moral atmosphere which the antenna of this hireling has picked up?

Without exaggerating the present moment, or closing our eyes to the dangers piled up for America in the ravages of the atomic manias, we may say, I think, that the alarm of the circles who have made such a good thing for themselves out of the "Communist menace" is not without foundation. There are signs that the underlying realities of the American position are coming to the surface.

There is the beginning of the realization that the official dread of any public debate on the ideas raised by American Marxism has been a dread of democracy itself, on the one hand, and a fear to expose to a national testing the foreign policy—and hence the entire national outlook—imposed on the country since World War II.

For it is the essence of the social-intellectual situation in the United States that the country faces a different reality from the dying Cold War visions which still are considered unquestionable in Washington. The American intellectual may not be fully aware of this changing situation which is compelling new concepts. But there are signs that some intellectuals are beginning to find out—and more will be compelled to follow on pain of losing all honor and creativity—that the world picture given by official anti-Communism has been deeply false.

For ten years now, certain dogmas had become unquestioned and unquestionable. We were told, among other things, that Washington wanted to aid the Soviet Union but was spurned, and this caused the Cold War and the race to pile up atomic weapons; that Marxism and the political movements based on it are criminal conspiracies with secret anti-democratic

aims; that the fixed goal of the Communists in the Soviet Union is a world state which will deprive all nations and peoples of their liberty; that only the superior strength of the West has prevented a Soviet aggression on West Europe. Along with this we were told that the Soviet Union "stole the atomic secrets."

Finally, and as the logical conclusion of all this, it was obvious that America's new destiny in the second half of the 20th century was to create a bulwark of "defense" in a re-armed West Germany, in a world-wide network of air bases from which to "retaliate" and defend freedom from "the new Soviet imperialism."

OTHER things went with this. One was that the New Deal had been "Communist-infiltrated" and had as a result been unaware of the "danger" arising from Communism; that democratic liberalism had been taken for a ride by Marxism in the New Deal days and during the years of the anti-Hitler war coalition. As a result, democratic liberalism is considered to be dead, or dying, and deservedly so, and that any contemporary liberalism, or anti-McCarthyism must never again repeat the error of the 1930's of being in intellectual conversation, or practical collaboration, with Marxism in any manner, shape or form.

On the plane of literary ideas this led to a fairly successful assault on the positions of literary realism with its belief in the social responsibilities of art.

We are, of course, very much still in the midst of this reactionary aestheticism, this literary withdrawal from history, which nearly always masks an acceptance of the spiritual outlook of the generals and of the political cliques at the top who are considered too powerful to challenge in any case. Behind a good deal of the mysticism of the latest theorizings on art, culture, and the widely-touted intellectual disillusionment with Marxism, is cynical prudence or comfortable compliance with "the new situation." There is also, of course, genuine disorientation based on a misreading of history and of those who make history—the people.

But the literary-social situation begins to show signs of the impact made by objective developments, by those world and domestic necessities which were always working below the surface of things, and which could not be altered by hysteria or bullyings or even by the intervention of Pentagon-directed warfare (as in Korea and Indo-China). Let us sketch some of these emerging social realities which are bound to affect art and thought.

NOT EVEN the highly seasoned dispatches from abroad in the press can muffle the fact that the Washington-sponsored mythology of "Soviet aggression" is no longer an assumption of West European thinking. The

plan to place a re-armed West German war machine, headed by the Hitler General Staff, between Britain, France and the Soviet Union is opposed bitterly not only by the majorities of these countries, but is feared and challenged within West Germany itself. This opposition is not confined to the working class.

The news from France was the first lightning of this changing relation of Europe to the Washington policy. Almost every new dispatch confirms the continuing, desperate, stubborn resistance of Europe to this crucial element in the policy of this nation's present leadership. It is not the blackmail from Washington which is under discussion here or the compliance it may bludgeon for a moment in this or that parliament. It is the underlying reality which is the issue. In the face of the clear crisis of conscience spurring West Europe to try to save itself, not from Soviet but from Washington domination, can the American intellectual do less than the Europeans we are supposed to be rescuing? Can he question any less the mythology of "Soviet menace," the myth which Europe is rejecting on the basis of its own experience?

THIS necessity for new thinking, for re-examination, is even greater in the light of the moral issue with which a Washington-sponsored Nazi army confronts the country. This is the deeply searching question as to what it means for our national soul, for our culture and our development, if the country allows the present leadership to make America the ally and mainstay of a Nazi restoration, against the will even of the German masses themselves.

What is this national aim which demands the aid of the Hitler-men? Is such an aim compatible with the health of the American nation? Or is there a gap between the professed aim of defense and the real aim which is alarming West Europe into dread of its protector? These are not small issues; they determine the fate of nations and of individuals, and in the most basic way, of our literature and art.

The clash between the truths being discovered by Western Europe and the pretensions of "the American crusade" has begun to make itself felt in cultural circles abroad. Thus, Mr. Harvey Breit of the New York *Times* has had to chide even Edward Crankshaw, a British anti-Soviet professional, because the latter, to conform to the British intellectual climate, found vital and creative currents in the recent Soviet writers Congress. But this gap between the dogmatism of Cold War enthusiasts in literature and the very different outlook emerging in Europe is bound to grow.

In France, Jean Paul Sartre, who dug into the cesspools of Koestlerism and Orwellism for his slanderous play *Dirty Hands,* has visited the Soviet Union and hailed its humanistic search for peace. Sartre found that the

manias of anti-Communism were poisoning French culture and endangering it as a nation simply because they were not true. Francois Mauriac, Catholic novelist, has praised Sartre's trip to the USSR. Can we believe that this kind of breakaway from the stultifying myths of the Cold War will be only a French phenomenon? It cannot remain a purely French phenomenon if American intellectuals are not to find themselves outside the stream of cultural and social advance.

FOR the myths are not so solid anymore. Intoxicated with the official hasheesh, Senator Alexander Wiley shouts to a benumbed Senate, "Formosa is part of my country—and yours," while the world, including "the Western world" looks on in fearful astonishment. This Senatorial auto-intoxication is the expression of a state of shock.

It might be called "The Dream We Lost" for it had been the calculation of the dollar-men to use the 600,000,000 Chinese as the blood transfusion for their economy for at least the next generation or maybe two. But this glittering prize—its dime-a-day colonial labor and its limitless possibilities for commodity dumping—slipped away. The Chinese conquered China. The role assigned to all Asia by these new world empire calculators under cover of the "we must save Asia" myth simply cannot and will not be fulfilled.

Mr. Max Lerner, taking on-the-spot soundings, has brought back the alarming, and intellectually significant, revelation that no one in Asia believes in the "American Crusade." (New York *Post*). Owen Lattimore was scheduled for the stake for having made similar soundings earlier in the decade. But the situation is too serious for any concealment, even though a Senate walks in its sleep fearing to awaken, and the House of Representatives listens either with weary resignation or happy giggles as the Congressman from North Carolina is in raptures that "our planes can roam the skies of China." But Max Lerner knows better. He sends home to the Pontius Pilates of the metropolis the grim report that the Asian masses of the imperial periphery have hearkened to a new gospel, the heresy of independence. The infection of Americanism has struck them, that is the Americanism of the Jefferson-Lincoln model, and this Americanism of theirs has been enriched by Marxism, the doctrine that man can change society and history according to known laws.

The British political expert hired by the shaking editors of the monthly *Commentary,* a magazine published by the American Jewish Committee, seeking a modest but tangible share of the opportunities for buying slave Asian-African labor, cannot lift this gloom:

"The West must now face the fact that a large part of the intelligentsia of countries from Indonesia to Morocco, conditioned by the struggle for

independence from colonial rule, will automatically side with China in any conflict of the latter with a Western nation, and will regard any Western participation in a collective security system in the Far East as a manifestation of imperialism." (*Commentary,* February 1955). Sad, sad.

OTHER myths begin to shred and sag under the weight of truth. The myth that Soviet science had to "steal our atomic secret" was the invention of a scientific, or rather a political chauvinism compounded with arrogant racism. We know now that far from having to "steal our secrets" (something impossible to do since to use the "secret" requires a science as fully developed as that from which it is "stolen) Soviet science is on a par with at the very least, and in certain respects more advanced than here (witness Soviet priority in achievement of the H-bomb). "Nature can answer questions put to her in Russian as well as in any other language," one of the country's leading scientists told a recent session of American scientists. The earlier myth of atomic monopoly was refuted by events. The most deadly myth of all is the current one, that the Pentagon can achieve a decisive atomic superiority in an atomic race. The irrationality in this doctrine reaches heights surpassing everything that has gone before. But it is an irrationality which involves the nation in suicidal dogmas. If unchallenged it will steadily undermine and destroy the national democratic and humanist heritage. In fact, the growing gap between the world-domination concepts of the present Washington leadership and its growing inability to carry out this "leadership" is giving rise to moods of fascist ruthlessness, of mania and an itch for atomic brutality on a limitless scale.

SOMETHING of this process can be noticed in the field of political freedom. To some intellectuals it seemed plausible, or at least comforting when Professor Sidney Hook gave to McCarthyism its slick formula "Heresy, yes—conspiracy, no." The assassins of thought were grateful, for this was the philosophic formula for ditching the First and Fifth Amendment, the essence of the Constitutional system of democratic liberty in the United States.

But the experience has been different, as it was bound to be. The "conspiracy" which the government cited to send the Communists to long prison terms in the Smith Act cases was the astounding "conspiracy to teach and advocate" social opinions. Thus every "heresy" was already fraught with "conspiracy." This was then further advanced by Congressional decree in an atmosphere of panic, blackmail and cowardice, to make the holding of Marxist opinions a grave crime, with membership in the Communist Party automatic proof of "conspiracy."

But the issue then was which ideas were "conspiratorial" and which

ideas were legal? J. Edgar Hoover had told a Congressional Committee that the "Communist conspiracy" could be identified wherever there was advocacy of peace in Korea, repeal of Taft-Hartley and Smith Acts, withdrawal of American armies from abroad, a peace pact to include People's China, and trade with "the Iron Curtain countries." (Feb. 4, 1954). He might have added, and probably would by this time, the "conspiracy" to avert an atomic war.

Having thus defined the list of "criminal ideas," the FBI chief then found it necessary to issue another warning. He noted (*American Magazine,* Oct. 1954) that "in a lamentable number of cases loyal Americans" were letting their minds be "captured" so that "the Reds are exerting power and influence in every field of thought." Was this lamentable situation not inevitable too, even after five years of the jailing of Communists, seeing that the branded ideas of "the conspiracy" grow out of social and national needs and realities, and correspond to the national interest? Similar ideas are endemic throughout Western Europe and Asia, and, it appears, cannot be exorcised out of American reality either.

Here too, the liberal American intelligence must note, the gap between the official desire to impose the Cold War conceptions and the deep-seated resistance of the nation to the terrorist conclusion of "inevitable war" has bred fascist moods. It is the basis of the fascist-like legal structure of the McCarran and Humphrey-Butler outlaw-Communists legislation. This system of political repression rests on a government-organized attack on Constitutional legality, and on the organization of professional perjurers and informers. It has already created an America where it is assumed that everyone has an "FBI file" listing his social and political views and associations. Poets and writers proudly demand that their "file" be made public to prove their innocence in the face of the charge of subversion. The hunt for the "Communist conspiracy" has resulted in the sharpest decline of spiritual freedom in the history of the nation.

Writing in the Saturday Review (*Feb.* 5, 1955), *Mr. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, speaking wtih a certain bitterness of the decline in individual freedom and of personal individuality, accurately connects it with "the fifteen years of slow whittling away of basic liberties; from the Smith Act through the Vinson Supreme Court decision to the Oppenheimer case."*

NO wonder then that Robert Hutchins, president of the Fund of the Republic, and former president of the University of Chicago, can tell the National Press Club (Jan. 26, 1955) that Congressional committees, especially the Reece Committee probing the social studies of large Foundations have made "subversion" a word of national blackmail:

"Subversion now means, the Committee says, a promotion of tendencies

that may lead to results the Committee may not like. Hence support of the New Deal may be subversion. Social engineering, planning world government, the United Nations, William James, John Dewey, the American Friends, Dr. Kinsey and reform are subversive in the bright new lexicon of the committee. And of course all these things are socialistic, if not Communistic too . . . So it was that a staff member found himself identifying the Papal Encyclicals as Communistic."

And Senator William Fulbright, after ten years of the hunt for the Marxist conspiracy of ideas, is disturbed that there is what he calls "a mummification of opinion" in the United States. (National Book Awards address, Jan. 25, 1955).

The warnings are happily becoming more frequent, even if the full conclusions still fail to make their appearance. For the lament against the unmistakable degradation of free thought in the country can become something more than mere misery only if it is finally recognized that there can be little democracy for anyone if the Communists and Marxists are not freed of the "criticism by prison."

The criticism by prison and Smith Act frame-up must be replaced by the criticism of ideas. The right of the nation to debate with itself must be restored. For it was a very keen boast of Joe McCarthy's Yale disciple, Mr. William C. Buckley, made in a speech at the university, that McCarthy's achievement had been "to make certain questions undebatable." All questions must become debatable again.

History is not a conspiracy, the American intellectual has got to learn once again. Lattimore did not "lose China," Hiss did not "lose East Europe at Yalta," and the Rosenbergs did not cause the Korean War by "stealing the atomic secret." It remains for the American intellectual to turn with candor and resolution to tackling the new facts which face the nation in a spirit of historic objectivity. To refuse to drown the Asian Revolution in atomic massacre is not "appeasement"; it is both prudence and in line with our democratic humanism.

To refuse to accept the "end" of destroying Socialism through the means of Nazi fascism-Franco militarism is not "stupid liberalism" or "the Kremlin line." It is the only path back to national sanity and moral health.

To refuse to submit to the separation of science from morality and politics is not "security risk"; it is to struggle for the highest aims of man and the survival of the nation.

The intellectuals cannot be the decisive force for these changes demanded by the national development. But they can raise again the banners which were once raised with such nobility by Jefferson and Paine, by Emerson, Douglass, Whitman and Lincoln, and according to his own lights by Franklin Roosevelt. For if the intellectuals of a nation, of this nation, fail to

ally themselves with the living and growing currents of the age—in this case, peace with the new social forces of Europe and Asia—then they will cease to exist as intellectuals. They may even cease to exist, along with the rest of us, at all.

Keep It Rolling!

LAST month we issued an appeal for financial help from our readers. We need $6,500 to keep *M&M* in fighting trim for 1955. We need that sum urgently, to keep pace with the steadily mounting costs of publication.

The beginning response has been heart-warming. We would like to share some of the many letters we have received, accompanied by donations.

From a reader in Portland, Oregon: "*M&M* improves with every issue! And every year the fine people who contribute to it are securing a firmer position as the heirs of everything great and positive in America's past."

From *Los Angeles*: "In my utmost fantasy I cannot picture our lives in America today without the cultural medium of your magazine. Life without *M&M* would be deprived of much meaning."

From *Rochester, N. Y.*: "Enclosed is $2.00 for a small aid—I wish it could be more—to a magazine that *must* continue to exist."

From *Milwaukee, Wis.*: "Congratulations to your outstanding publication. The consistent level of fine and significant writing is an inspiration."

From *Montreal, Canada*: "During the past year I have from month to month thought, pessimistically, I admit: 'There won't be another *M&M*'—and yet they keep coming and I rejoice. It must be rough going and I congratulate you. With best wishes and immense confidence in your ability to keep publishing."

We appreciate these generous comments. And we appreciate too our high responsibility for keeping this magazine alive and growing.

But the fact is that only a small beginning has been made in this fund drive.

So we appeal to you again . . . *and with new urgency.* Please don't leave this for another day. We need your help at once. Can we look forward to your contribution by return mail?

Thank you.

THE EDITORS

LAST WORDS WITH DYLAN THOMAS

By JACK LINDSAY

So they got you at last despite your guiles of surrender
despite your sleights-of-hand with the apple-of-eden
despite your efforts to carry a piece of darkness
round on the palm of your hand

You walked a tightrope even on terra firma
you walked the earth even on a tightrope
you wore a mask of intricate innocence

And now the people whom you most despised
write lies of praise about you

There was nothing you hated in the world but cruelty
and you loved almost everyone except the people who now claim you

Dylan walking in the midnight of a London
without the penny of a drink in our pockets
you assumed the mask of innocence over your innocence
and affronted the patronizing world with a beggar's palm

You were a Robin Hood of tavern-thickets
talking through a burnt-out cigarette
taking from the rich to give to the poor
yourself the poorest
and dodging behind the wildwood of a baffled image

You wept in the cinema at people weeping
you wept and signed the Rosenberg Petition
you frowned and forgot to reach for another drink

You looked out over the cells of Fascism and sang
Light breaks where no light is
You looked out on Chamberlain from your hut of indignation
and sang

The hand that signed the paper felled a people

You denounced the guilty men at Nuremberg
in words of anger heavy as clencht fists

But life was a sudden wind from the vats of cider
the distance where a girl dreamed in the cloverfield of her body
and grief was the hush of thunder in the oceanic shell
you smiled and reached for another pot of beer
You looked out from your bitter eyes of innocence

and knew it all and hid in your gentleness
We shall not walk again in the midnight of a London.

You knew it all, the map of our keen-edged conflicts
and huskily whispered the answer of your pity

I am for the people
I am against all who are against the people

But the map's contours blurred in your angry tear
in the wheeling iris-lights of the lovely earth
you smiled and reached out for another beer

And life was a lifted wave with the naked image
borne on the curved shell of the mastered elements
the snake of the wind in the tresses of blown gold
and the mouth of a sudden kiss come close and closer

I am for life
I am against all who are against life

You turned back to the childhood of a hay-high sweetness
and climbed the stairs of water
seeking a thousand ways through the walls of murder
that closed the streets of daily life about you
into the caverns of shadows scrolled in the rose-heart

But because your face was innocent under the guileful mask of innocence
the dark tunnel of silence led to the friendly voices
the vortex of blind growth came still to rest

on the familiar faces of common people
and you loved them even more than you loved the stones
the infinite spirals of the dying rose
collected into the clear face of your wife
and you were home again
in the daily streets yet closed with walls of murder
seeking another way to pierce and breech them
the way of simple union in shared needs
the lionheart of honey and the sharp tooth of salt
the spinning wheel of the flower
the children's voices chiming as duskbells
the body of labor broken as warm bread's broken
and given in daily renewal
the bed of marriage foursquare as the earth
the rounded lap of sleep and the ultimate ring of dancing

But they got you at last before you had come right through
they caught you halfway in the hole you'd made in the walls
scraping at midnight, hiding the mortar in pockets
They caught you helpless and broke you across the back
and broke you across the brow
and you smiled in your sleep

So near you had come. The flowers of endless gardens
not yet sown from the wayward aprons of wind
sent their warm lights upon you and you smiled

The murderers got you, Dylan
and now they praise you in their church of death
but those who were waiting with outstretcht hands to drag you
up the jagged shores of safety
will mourn and remember you another way

Hail and farewell, Dylan
farewell and hail
we walk again in the London of a midnight

we turn and look at the dawn going out in your eyes
and burning securely along the shores of gathering people

nd there your play with the apple has lost the sting of its guile

The Heroic Slave

By FREDERICK DOUGLASS

Just a little more than one hundred years ago, in 1853, *Frederick Douglass, Negro people's leader, published in an Abolitionist anthology,* Autographs For Freedom, *a story of the heroism and genius of the Negro slave Madison Washington, who organized a successful uprising on the slave ship* Creole *in* 1841. *This story,* The Heroic Slave, *is a part of our American literary and social heritage, and should be much more widely known. We are proud to present this story to our readers in a somewhat abbreviated version which, however, gives it in all its essentials. The spirit of Douglass' art creation is just as timely and as meaningful today as when it was written. One has but to read the news reports from Kenya, South Africa, or of the unending battle to destroy racist oppression in our own land, to see that this is so.* —The Editors.

—Know ye not
Who would be free *themselves*
must strike the blow.
Childe Harolde, Lord Byron.

JUST upon the edge of the great road from Petersburg, Virginia, to Richmond, and only about fifteen miles from the latter place, there stands a somewhat ancient and famous public tavern, quite notorious in its better days, as being the grand resort for most of the leading gamblers, horse-racers, cock-fighters, and slave-traders from all the country round about. This old rookery, the nucleus of all sorts of birds, mostly those of ill omen, has, like everything else peculiar to Virginia, lost much of its ancient consequence and splendor; yet it keeps up some appearance of gaiety and high life, and is still frequented, even by respectable travellers, who are unacquainted with its past history and present condition.

Its fine old portico looks well at a distance, and gives the building an air of grandeur. A nearer view, however, does little to sustain this pretension. The House is large, and its style is imposing, but time and dissipation, unfailing in their results, have made ineffaceable marks upon it, and it must, in the common course of events, soon be numbered with the things that were. The gloomy mantle of ruin is already

outspread to envelop it, and its remains even but now remind one of a human skull, after the flesh has mingled with the earth.

Old hats and rags fill the places in the upper windows once occupied by large panes of glass, and the molding boards along the roofing have dropped off from their places, leaving holes and crevices in the rented wall for bats and swallows to build their nests in. The platform of the portico which fronts the highway is a rickety affair, its planks are loose, and in some places entirely gone, leaving effective man-traps in their stead for nocturnal ramblers. The wooden pillars, which once supported it, but which now hang as encumbrances, are all rotten, and tremble with the touch.

A part of the stable, a fine old structure in its day, which has given comfortable shelter to hundreds of the noblest steeds of "the Old Dominion" at once, was blown down many years ago, and never has been, and probably never will be, rebuilt. The doors of the barn are in wretched condition; they will shut with a little human strength to help their worn-out hinges, but not otherwise. The side of the great building seen from the road is much discolored in sundry places by slops poured from the upper windows, rendering it unsightly and offensive in other respects. Three or four great dogs, looking as dull and gloomy as the mansion itself, lie stretched out along the door-sills under the portico; and double the number of loafers, some of them completely rum-ripe, and others ripening, dispose themselves like so many sentinels about the front of the house.

These latter understand the science of scraping acquaintance to perfection. They know everybody, and almost everybody knows them. Of course, as their title implies, they have no regular employment. They are (to use an expressive phrase) *hangers-on,* or still better, they are what sailors would denominate *holders-on to the slack, in everybody's mess and in nobody's watch.* They are, however, as good as the newspaper for the events of the day, and they sell their knowledge almost as cheap.

Money they seldom have; yet they always have capital the most reliable. They make their way with a succeeding traveller by intelligence gained from a preceding one. All the great names of Virginia they know by heart, and have seen their owners often. The history of the house is folded in their lips, and they rattle off stories in conection with it, equal to the guides at Dryburgh Abbey. He must be a shrewd man, and well skilled in the arts of evasion, who gets out of the hands of these fellows without being at the expense of a treat. It was at this old tavern, while on a second visit to the State of Virginia in 1841, that Mr. Listwell, unacquainted with the fame of the place, turned aside, about sunset, to pass the night. . . .

AT ELEVEN o'clock, there seemed to be several hundreds of persons crowding into the house. A loud

and confused clamor, cursing and cracking of whips, and the noise of chains startled him from his bed; for a moment he would have given the half of his farm in Ohio to have been at home. This uproar was kept up with undulating course, till near morning. There was loud laughing, —loud singing,—loud cursing,—yet there seemed to be weeping and mourning in the midst of all.

Mr. Listwell said he had heard enough during the forepart of the night to convince him that a buyer of men and women stood the best chance of being respected. And he, therefore, thought it best to say nothing which might undo the favorable opinion that had been formed of him in the bar-room by at least one of the fraternity that swarmed about it. While he would not avow himself a purchaser of slaves, he deemed it not prudent to disavow it. He felt that he might properly refuse to cast such a pearl before parties which to him were worse than swine.

In this spirit he rose early in the morning manifesting no surprise at what he had heard during the night. His quondam friend [one of the tavern loafers] was soon at his elbow, boring him with all sorts of questions. All, however, directed to find out his character, business, residence, purposes, and destination. With the most perfect appearance of good nature and carelessness, Mr. Listwell evaded these meddlesome inquiries, and turned conversation to general topics, leaving himself and all that specially pertained to him out of discussion. Disengaging himself from their troublesome companionship, he made his way to an old bowling-alley, which was connected with the house, and which, like all the rest, was in very bad repair.

On reaching the alley Mr. Listwell saw, for the first time in his life, a slave-gang on their way to market. A sad sight truly. Here were one hundred and thirty human beings,—children of a common Creator—guilty of no crime — men and women, with hearts, minds, and deathless spirits, chained and fettered, and bound for the market, in a Christian country,—in a country boasting of its liberty, independence, and high civilization! Humanity converted into merchandise, and linked in iron bands, with no regard to decency or humanity!

All sizes, ages, and sexes, mothers, fathers, daughters, brothers, sisters, —all huddled together, on their way to market to be sold and separated from home, and from each other *forever.* And all to fill the pockets of men too lazy to work for an honest living, and who gain their fortune by plundering the helpless, and trafficking in the souls and sinews of men.

As he gazed upon this revolting and heart-rending scene, our informant said he almost doubted the existence of a God of justice! And he stood wondering that the earth did not open and swallow up such wickedness.

In the midst of these reflections,

and while running his eye up and down the fettered ranks, he met the glance of one whose face he thought he had seen before. To be resolved, he moved towards the spot. It was MADISON WASHINGTON! Here was a scene for the pencil! Had Mr. Listwell been confronted by one risen from the dead, he could not have been more appalled. He was completely stunned. A thunderbolt could not have struck him more dumb. He stood, for a few moments, as motionless as one petrified; collecting himself, he at length exclaimed, "Madison! is that you?"

The noble fugitive, but less astonished than himself, answered cheerily, "O yes, sir, they've got me again."

Thoughtless of consequences for the moment, Mr. Listwell ran up to his old friend, placing his hands upon his shoulders, and looked him in the face. Speechless they stood gazing at each other as if to be doubly resolved that there was no mistake about the matter, till Madison motioned his friend away, intimating a fear lest the keepers should find him there, and suspect him of tampering with the slaves.

"They will soon be out to look after us. You can come when they go to breakfast, and I will tell you all." . . .

[At a meeting which they arrange, Madison Washington explains to Listwell, who once helped him escape North, that he had returned to Virginia to rescue his wife from slavery. He was apprehended, overpowered, and sold to a trader, who was now taking him further South.]

We pass over the hurry and bustle, the brutal vociferations of the slave-drivers in getting their unhappy gang in motion for Richmond; and we need not narrate every application of the lash to those who faltered in the journey. Mr. Listwell followed the train at a long distance, with a sad heart; and on reaching Richmond, left his horse at an hotel, and made his way to the wharf, in the direction of which he saw the slave-coffle driven. He was just in time to see the whole company embark for New Orleans. The thought struck him that, while mixing with the multitude, he might do his friend Madison one last service, and he stepped into a hardware store and purchased three strong *files.* These he took with him, and standing near the small boat, which lay in waiting to bear the company by parcels to the side of the brig that lay in the stream, he managed, as Madison passed him, to slip the files into his pocket, and at once darted back among the crowd.

All the company now on board, the imperious voice of the captain sounded, and instantly a dozen hardy seamen were in the rigging, hurrying aloft to unfurl the broad canvas of our Baltimore built American Slaver. The sailors hung about the ropes, like so many black cats, now in the round-tops, now in the cross-trees, now on the yard-arms; all was bluster and activity. Soon the broad topsail, the royal and top gallant sail were spread

to the breeze. Round went the heavy windless, clank, clank went the fall-bit,—the anchors weighed,—jibs, mainsails, and topsails hauled to the wind, and the long, low, black slaver, with her cargo of human flesh, careened, and moved forward to the sea.

Mr. Listwell stood on the shore, and watched the slaver till the last speck of her upper sails faded from sight, and announced the limit of human vision. "Farewell! farewell! brave and true man! God grant that brighter skies may smile upon your future than have yet looked down upon your thorny pathway."

JUST two months after the sailing of the Virginia slave brig, which the reader has seen move off to sea so proudly with her human cargo for the New Orleans market, there chanced to meet, in the Marine Coffee-house at Richmond, a company of *ocean birds,* when the following conversation, which throws some light on the subsequent history, not only of Madison Washington, but of the hundred and thirty human beings with whom we last saw him chained.

"I say, shipmate, you had rather rough weather on your late passage to Orleans?" said Jack Williams, a regular old salt, tauntingly, to a trim, compact, manly-looking person, who proved to be the first mate of the slave brig in question.

"Foul play, as well as foul weather," replied the firmly knit personage, evidently but little inclined to enter upon a subject which terminated so ingloriously to the captain and officers of the American slaver.

"Well, betwixt you and me," said Williams, "that whole affair on board of the *Creole* was miserably and disgracefully managed. Those black rascals got the upper hand of ye altogether: and in my opinion, the whole disaster was the result of ignorance of the real character of *darkies* in general. With half a dozen *resolute* white men, (I say it not boastingly,) I could have had the rascals in irons in ten minutes, not because I'm so strong, but I know how to manage 'em. With my back against the *caboose,* I could, myself, have flogged a dozen of them; and had I been on board, by every monster of the deep, every black devil of 'em all would have had his neck stretched from the yard-arm. Ye made a mistake in yer manner of fighting 'em. All that is needed in dealing with a set of *darkies,* is to show that yer not afraid of 'em. For my part, I would not honor a dozen niggers by pointing a gun at one of 'em,—a good stout whip, or a stiff rope's end, is better than all the guns at Old Point to quell a *nigger*-insurrection. Why, sir, to take a gun to a *nigger* is the best way you can select to tell him you are afraid of him, and the best way of inviting his attack."

This speech made quite a sensation among the company, and a part of them intimated solicitude for the answer which might be made to it. Our first mate replied, "Mr. Wil-

ams, all that you've now said sounds ery well *here* on shore, where, perhaps, you have studied Negro haracter. I do not profess to understand the subject as well as yourself; but it strikes me, you apply the ame rule in dissimilar cases. It is uite easy to talk of flogging niggers ere on land, where you have the mpathy of the community, and the hole physical force of the government, state and national, at your ommand; and where, if a Negro hall lift his hand against a white an, the whole community, with one ccord, are ready to unite in shooting him down. I say, in such circumances, it's easy to talk of flogging Negroes and of Negro cowardice: ut, sir, I deny that the Negro is, aturally a coward, or that your eory of managing slaves will stand he test of *salt* water.

"It may do very well for an overer, a contemptible hireling, to take dvantage of fears already in existnce, and which his presence has o power to inspire; to swagger bout, whip in hand, and discourse n the timidity and cowardice of Negroes; for they have a smooth sea nd a fair wind. It is one thing to anage a company of slaves on a irginia plantation, and quite anher thing to quell an insurrection n the lonely billows of the Atlantic, here every breeze speaks of courge and liberty. For the Negro to t cowardly on shore, may be to t wisely; and I've some doubts nether *you,* Mr. Williams, would nd it very convenient, were you a slave in Algiers, to raise your hand against the bayonets of a whole government." . . .

[As the argument continues, the mate declares that never again will he sail on a slave ship.]

"Indeed! indeed!" exclaimed Williams, derisively.

"Yes, *indeed,*" echoed the mate; "but don't misunderstand me. It is not the high value that I set upon my life that makes me say what I have said; yet I am resolved never to endanger my life again in a cause which my conscience does not approve. I dare say *here* what many men *feel,* but *dare not speak,* that this whole slave-trading business is a disgrace and scandal to Old Virginia."

"Hold! hold on! shipmate," said Williams, "I hardly thought you'd have shown your colors so soon,—I'll be hanged if you're not as good an abolitionist as Garrison himself."

The mate now rose from his chair, manifesting some excitement. "What do you mean, sir," said he, in a commanding tone. *"That man does not live who shall offer me an insult with impunity."*

THE effect of these words was marked; and the company clustered around. Williams, in an apologetic tone said, "Shipmate! keep your temper. I meant no insult. We all know that Tom Grant is no coward, and what I said about your being an abolitionist was simply this: you *might* have put down them black mutineers and murderers, but

your conscience held you back."

"In that, too," said Grant, "you were mistaken. I did all that any man with equal strength and presence of mind could have done. The fact is, Mr. Williams, you underrate the courage as well as the skill of these Negroes, and, further, you do not seem to have been correctly informed about the case in hand at all."

"All I know about it is," said Williams, "that on the ninth day after you left Richmond, a dozen or two of the niggers ye had on board, came on deck and took the ship from you—had her steered into a British port, where, bye-the-bye, every wooly head of them went ashore and was free. Now I take this to be a discreditable piece of business, and one demanding explanation."

"I see," said Grant, "how you regard this case, and how difficult it will be for me to render our ship's company blameless in your eyes. Nevertheless, I will state the facts precisely as they came under my own observation. Mr. Williams speaks of 'ignorant Negroes,' and, as a general rule, they are ignorant; but had he been on board the *Creole,* as I was, he would have seen cause to admit that there are exceptions to this general rule. The leader of the mutiny in question was just as shrewd a fellow as ever I met in my life, and was as well fitted to lead in a dangerous enterprise as any one white man in ten thousand. The name of this man, strange to say, (ominous of greatness), was MADISON WASHINGTON.

"In the short time he had been on board, he had secured the confidence of every officer. The Negroes fairly worshipped him. His manner and bearing were such, that no one could suspect him of a murderous purpose. The only feeling with which we regarded him was, that he was a powerful, good-disposed Negro. He seldom spoke to any one, and when he did speak, it was with the utmost propriety. His words were well chosen, and his pronunciation equal to any schoolmaster. It was a mystery to us *where* he got his knowledge of language; but as little was said to him, none of us knew the extent of his intelligence and ability till it was too late. It seems he brought three files with him on board, and must have gone to work upon his fetters the first night out; and he must have worked well at that; for on the day of the rising, he got the irons *off eighteen* besides himeslf.

"The attack began just about twilight in the evening. Apprehending a squall, I had commanded the second mate to order all hands on deck, to take in sail. A few minutes before this I had seen Madison's head above the hatchway, looking out upon the white-capped waves at the leeward. I think I never saw him look more good-natured. I stood just about midship, on the larboard side. The captain was pacing the quarter-deck on the starboard side, in company with Mr. Jameson, the owner of most of the slaves on board. Both were armed. I had just told the men to lay aloft, and was

ooking to see my orders obeyed, vhen I heard the discharge of a pistol on the starboard side; and urning suddenly around, the very leck seemed covered with fiends rom the pit.

"The nineteen Negroes were all on deck, with their broken fetters in heir hands, rushing in all directions. put my hand quickly in my pocket o draw out my jack-knife; but be- ore I could draw it, I was knocked enseless to the deck. When I came o myself, (which I did in a few ninutes, I suppose, for it was yet uite light), there was not a white nan on deck. The sailors were all loft in the rigging, and dared not ome down. Captain Clarke and Mr. ameson lay stretched on the quarter- eck,—both dying,—while Madison imself stood at the helm unhurt.

"I was completely weakened by he loss of blood, and had not re- overed from the stunning blow vhich felled me to the deck; but it vas a little too much for me, even n my prostrate condition, to see our ood brig commanded by a *black murderer.* So I called out to the men o come down and take the ship, or ie in the attempt. Suiting the action o the word, I started aft. 'You mur- erous villain,' said I, to the imp at he helm, and rushed upon him to eal him a blow, when he pushed me ack with his strong, black arm, as ough I had been a boy of twelve. looked around for the men. They ere still in the rigging. Not one id come down.

"I started towards Madison again. The rascal now told me to stand back. 'Sir,' said he, 'your life is in my hands. I could have killed you a dozen times over during this last half hour, and could kill you now. You call me *a black murderer.* I am not a murderer. God is my witness that LIBERTY, not *malice,* is the motive for this night's work. I have done no more to those dead men yonder, than they would have done to me in like circumstances. We have struck for our freedom, and if a true man's heart be in you, you will honor us for the deed. We have done that which you applaud your fathers for doing, and if we are murderers, so were they.'

"I felt little disposition to reply to this impudent speech. By heaven, it disarmed me. The fellow loomed up before me. I forgot his blackness in the dignity of his manner, and the eloquence of his speech. It seemed as if the souls of both the great dead (whose names he bore) had entered him. To the sailors in the rigging he said: 'Men! the battle is over,—your captain is dead. I have complete command of this vessel. All resistance to my authority will be in vain. My men have won their liberty, with no other weapons but their own BROKEN FETTERS. We are nineteen in number. We do not thirst for your blood, we demand only our rightful freedom. Do not flatter yourselves that I am ignorant of chart or compass. I know both. We are now only about sixty miles from Nassau. Come down, and do your duty. Land us in Nassau, and

not a hair of your heads shall be hurt.'

"I SHOUTED, *Stay where you all are, men,*—when a sturdy black fellow ran at me with a handspike, and would have split my head open, but for the interference of Madison, who darted between me and the blow. 'I know what you are up to,' said the latter to me. 'You want to navigate this brig into a slave port, where you would have us all hanged; but you'll miss it; before this brig shall touch a slave-cursed shore while I am on board, I will myself put a match to the magazine, and blow her, and he blown with her, into a thousand fragments. Now I have saved your life twice within these last twenty minutes,—for, when you lay helpless on the deck, my men were about to kill you. I held them in check. And if you now (seeing I am your friend and not your enemy) persist in your resistance to my authority, I give you fair warning, YOU SHALL DIE.'

"Saying this to me, he cast a glance into the rigging, where the terror-stricken sailors were clinging, like so many frightened monkeys, and commanded them to come down, in a tone from which there was no appeal for four men stood by with muskets in hand, ready at the word of command to shoot them down.

"I now became satisfied that resistance was out of the question; that my best policy was to put the brig into Nassau, and secure the assistance of the American consul at that port. I felt sure that the authorities would enable us to secure the murderers, and bring them to trial.

"By this time the apprehended squall had burst upon us. The wind howled furiously,—the ocean was white with foam, which, on account of the darkness, we could see only by the quick flashes of lightning that darted occasionally from the angry sky. All was alarm and confusion. Hideous cries came up from the slave women. Above the roaring billows a succession of heavy thunder rolled along, swelling the terrific din. Owing to the great darkness, and a sudden shift of the wind, we found ourselves in the trough of the sea. When shipping a heavy sea over the starboard bow, the bodies of the captain and Mr. Jameson were washed overboard.

"For a while we had dearer interests to look after than slave property. A more savage thundergust never swept the ocean. Our brig rolled and creaked as if every bolt would be started, and every thread of oakum would be pressed out of the seams. 'To the pumps! to the pumps!' I cried, but not a sailor would quit his grasp. Fortunately this squall soon passed over, or we must have been food for sharks.

"During all the storm Madison stood firmly at the helm, his keen eye fixed upon the binnacle. He was not indifferent to the dreadful hurricane yet he met it with the equanimity of an old sailor. He was silent, but not agitated. The first words he uttered after the storm had slightly subsided were characteristic of the man. 'M

Mate, you cannot write the bloody laws of slavery on those restless billows. The ocean, if not the land, is free.' I confess, gentlemen, I felt myself in the presence of a superior man; one who, had he been a white man, I would have followed willingly and gladly in any honorable enterprise. Our difference of color was the only ground for difference of action. It was not that his principles were wrong in the abstract; for they are the principles of 1776. But I could not bring myself to recognize their application to one whom I deemed my inferior.

"But to my story. What happened now is soon told. Two hours after the frightful tempest had spent itself, we were plump at the wharf in Nassau. I sent two of our men immediately to our consul with a statement of facts, requesting his interference on our behalf. What he did, or whether he did anything, I don't know but, by order of the authorities, a company of *black* soldiers came on board, for the purpose, as they said, of protecting the property. These impudent rascals, when I called on them to assist me in keeping the slaves on board, sheltered themselves adroitly under their instructions only to protect property, —and said they did not recognize *persons* as *property.*

"I told them that, by the laws of Virginia and the laws of the United States, the slaves on board were as much property as the barrels of flour in the hold. At this the stupid blockheads showed their *ivory,* rolled up their white eyes in horror, as if the idea of putting men on a footing with merchandise were revolting to their humanity. When these instructions were understood among the Negroes, it was impossible for us to keep them on board. They deliberately gathered up their baggage before our eyes, and, against our remonstrances, poured through the gangway—formed themselves into a procession on the wharf,—bid farewell to all on board, and uttering the wildest shouts of exultation, they marched, amidst the deafening cheers of a multitude of sympathising spectators, under the triumphant leadership of their heroic chief and deliverer, MADISON WASHINGTON."

Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Harper

By SAMUEL SILLEN

The following sketches are from a booklet by Samuel Sillen on women in the Abolitionist movement to be published shortly.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN was one of the twelve enterprising women who in the fall of 1834 organized the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. This pioneer group was called "mad," "fanatical," by press and pulpit; but in a short time none of the members had a house large enough to accommodate a meeting. At one crowded gathering in Bennett Street Church early in 1835, sixty women joined the society. Mrs. Chapman was its driving force. A tall, graceful lady of Pilgrim descent, known as the "pride and charm" of Boston's most cultured circles, she had a talent for getting things done. Relentlessly practical, this energetic lieutenant of William Lloyd Garrison earned a reputation as one of the outstanding administrators in the Abolitionist movement. The famous British author Harriet Martineau thought Maria Chapman "the greatest woman I ever heard or read of."

She was born in 1806 at Weymouth, Massachusetts. At 24 she married Henry Grafton Chapman, a Boston merchant who was himself an Abolitionist leader. It was in their household that Wendell Phillips' future wife, Ann Terry Greene, was raised in the crusading spirit ("My wife," said Phillips, "made an Abolitionist out of me; and she always preceded me in the adoption of the various causes I have advocated").

Mrs. Chapman was in the thick of events that led to the famous 1835 riot in which Garrison was dragged with a rope through the streets of Boston by the "mob in broadcloth." The Female Anti-Slavery Society had arranged to celebrate its first anniversary on October 14, but they were denied a public hall. The London Abolitionist, George Thompson, was scheduled to speak. Boston's pro-slavery press accused this effective orator of hiding behind "the petticoats of the ladies" and promised that "he will be roughly treated by the emissaries of Judge Lynch." Forced to postpone the meeting, the women decided that they must go on with it the following week, though

without their guest speaker, whose life was in peril. "We determined," said Mrs. Chapman, "that no weakness of ours should render less defensible the stand our fathers, husbands, and brothers were maintaining."

The meeting was called for three o'clock in the afternoon of October 21. At 2:10, about twenty-five women, Negro and white, entered the hall, which adjoined Garrison's office at the Anti-Slavery Society. Within ten minutes the staircase was thronged with a noisy mob of disrupters that kept over a hundred other women from going up. On this scene of organized hoodlumism appeared the city's pro-slavery Mayor Theodore Lyman with police reinforcements, not to protect the meeting but to stop it. Mrs. Chapman's graphic account in *Right and Wrong in Boston* follows:

Mayor Lyman rushes in: "Go home, ladies, go home!"

Miss Mary S. Parker (President of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society): "What renders it necessary we should go home?"

Mr. Lyman: "I am the Mayor of the city, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening."

Miss Parker: "If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting."

Mr. Lyman: "Don't stop, ladies, go home!"

Miss Parker: "Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society by Francis Jackson, Esq.?"

Mr. Lyman: "Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home!"

Mrs. Chapman: "Mr. Lyman, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?"

Mr. Lyman: "I know no personal friends; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain."

Mrs. Chapman: "If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere."

THE women were finally forced to adjourn, and they went down the staircase "amid the manifestations of a revengeful brutality." Mrs. Chapman, deeply concerned about the danger to the Negro women present, whispered to her comrades: "Two and two, to Francis Jackson's, Hollis street, each with a colored friend." She reported: "When we emerged into the open daylight there went up a roar of rage and contempt, which increased when they saw that we did not intend to separate, but walked in regular procession. They slowly gave way as we came out. As far as we could look either way the crowd extended—evidently of the so-called 'wealthy and respectable'; 'the moral worth'; the 'influence and standing'."

It was this mob of respectable ruffians that got hold of Garrison and dragged him through the streets. The ladies, undaunted, went on to Hollis

Street, but finding Mrs. Jackson very ill, they went back to Mrs. Chapman's house and proceeded calmly to elect their officers for the following year. They discussed business matters—50 cents annual membership; lifetime fee, $5. They made plans to sell needlework for the benefit of the Society. And they reaffirmed their creed: "We treasure in our hearts as sainted, and worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, the names of those who replied, 'Never heed *us*. We can bring you bread and water, and serve out ammunition and fill the places of the fallen'. These were the mothers of New England; and in Concord, and Stonington, and Deerfield, and Groton, round many a village hearth, their names are freshly remembered."

MRS. CHAPMAN'S activities in the movement were manifold. When Garrison was ill or abroad, she edited *The Liberator*. For a time she was an editor of *The Anti-Slavery Standard*. Understanding the need of the Abolitionist movement for "the encouragement, consolation and strength afforded by poetry and music," she published a collection of *Songs of the Free and Hymns of Christian Freedom*, to which she contributed some of her own verse, which unfortunately is not memorable. Again and again one finds her name listed as the Secretary—that is, the sparkplug—of committees. With Lucretia Mott and Lydia Maria Child she was in the first group of women elected in 1840 to the executive committee of the Anti-Slavery Society. This precipitated a split in the Society, with the opponents of women's participation going on to form a new organization led by Lewis Tappan, who said that "to put a woman on a committee with men is . . . contrary to the usages of civilized society."

One of Mrs. Chapman's main activities was the Anti-Slavery Bazaar held annually in Boston for over twenty years. These fairs were mainly fund-raising functions. They were indispensable for keeping up the publications and organizing work of the Abolitionist movement. Held during the Christmas season, the bazaars sold books, art objects, confections, house furnishings. Sewing circles throughout New England worked the year round to produce needlework for the fairs. Goods came from sympathizers abroad—Mrs. Chapman wrote to her friend Lydia Maria Child in 1841: "Petersburg, Paris, Geneva, Rome, London, Glasgow, all Ireland, the lovely city of the Cape, and the Haitian city of Santiago are all contributors."

In his poem "Letter from Boston," written in 1846, James Russell Lowell describes the Bazaar:

> *"There was Maria Chapman, too.*
> *With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,*
> *The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,*
> *Originating everywhere*

The expansive force without a sound
That whirled a hundred wheels around . . .
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn,
Herself the Joan of our Ark,
For every shaft a shining mark."

An adjunct to the Bazaar was a yearly gift-book, *Liberty Bell.* This series of literary miscellanies was Mrs. Chapman's idea, and she edited most of the numbers, aided by her sisters Anne Warren Weston and Caroline Weston. The *Liberty Bell* had nearly 200 contributors who included the leading American writers of the time—Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson—along with famous figures from abroad like Lady Byron, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, de Tocqueville, Michelet, Mazzini. The gift-book idea was enormously popular, and soon the Female Anti-Slavery Societies in other cities were producing their own, such as *Autographs for Freedom,* published by Julia Griffiths in Rochester as an aid to Frederick Douglass' paper, *Liberty Chimes* in Providence, *The North Star* in Philadelphia.

Like so many of the white Abolitionist leaders, Maria Chapman was not altogether free of patronizing attitudes toward Negroes in the movement. She was justly rebuked for this, in 1843, by Henry Highland Garnet, a Negro pastor in Troy, New York, following an article in *The Liberator* which insinuated that he was being used as a pawn by anti-Garrisonian forces. A few years later she drew another well-deserved rebuke from Frederick Douglass. But Maria Chapman apologized on both occasions, and Douglass assured her that "I never for a moment doubted the purity of intention."

Mrs. Chapman, following the death of her husband, went to Europe with her children. She lived abroad from 1848 to 1855 as a representative of the Abolitionist movement, speaking and writing, preparing circulars and tracts, corresponding with sympathizers like Victor Hugo.

"There was something about her that reminded one of a gladiator," recalled her grandson John Jay Chapman. "She deserves a medallion in the historic hall of her generation."

FRANCES E. W. HARPER

"SHE has a noble head, this bronze muse; a strong face with a shadowed glow upon it." The bronze muse, so described by her contemporary Grace Greenwood, was Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, the most popular Negro poet in mid-19th century America. Her *Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects,* first published in 1854, went through several editions. The introduction by William Lloyd Garrison spoke warmly of this young woman

with the clear, melodious voice that fired anti-slavery audiences from New Bedford to Detroit. "She is such a good and glorious speaker that we are all charmed with her," wrote Rev. J. W. Loguen, the heroic fugitive slave who became a leader of the Underground Railroad.

Frances Watkins was herself born of free parents in Baltimore, in 1825. She attended a little school run by her uncle, went to work at 13, got a job in a bookstore where she made good use of the stock. In 1850 she left Maryland for Ohio. For a time she taught at Union Seminary near Columbus. Then she came to Little York, Pennsylvania in 1853, and there worked with the Underground Railroad. Rapidly winning fame for her oratorical powers, she was engaged in 1854 as a permanent lecturer by the Anti-Slavery Society of Maine. Her first book of verse was published that year. In 1860 she married Fenton Harper in Cincinnati.

Few women in the Abolitionist movement travelled so widely or spoke to so many audiences. In a typical letter to a friend, she wrote from Niagara Falls in 1856: "I have just returned from Canada today. I gave one lecture at Toronto, which was well attended.—Well, I have gazed for the first time on Free Land!" Tears sprang to her eyes, she reported. Whatever a slave was in the South, or for that matter in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, here he became "a man and a brother." From Syracuse, J. W. Loguen writes to William Still: "Miss F. E. Watkins left our house yesterday for Ithaca, and other places in that part of the State." From Detroit, the Negro Abolitionist William C. Nell writes to Garrison about a crowded meeting of Negroes in the Croghan Street Baptist Church where "Miss Watkins, in the course of one of her very best outbursts of eloquent indignation" protested the kidnapping of two fugitive slaves living in Detroit.

HER poems, written with ballad simplicity, are charged with the powerful emotions of the liberation struggle. In "The Slave Mother," The Slave Auction," "The Fugitive's Wife," she poignantly evokes the images of cruel suffering. But if she could move the reader to weep over the horrors of slavery, she could also exalt, as in her poem "A Mother's Heroism," inspired by the remark of Elijah P. Lovejoy's mother when she learned that her son had been killed by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, Illinois: "I had rather he should die so than desert his principles."

The poems are wrathful and proud at the same time. In "The Tennessee Hero," based upon an actual incident in 1856, she paid tribute to a slave who rather than betray his comrades, plotting their freedom, received 750 lashes and died:

> "I know the men who would be free
> They are the heroes of your land;

But death and torture I defy
Ere I betray that band."

And in "Ethiopia" the poet exclaims:

"Yes! Ethiopia yet shall stretch
Her bleeding hands abroad;
Her cry of agony shall reach
The burning throne of God..."

In another poem, "Eliza Harris," Mrs. Harper movingly portrays the heroine of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin:*

"O poverty, danger and death she can brave,
For the child of her love is no longer a slave!"

One of Mrs. Harper's finest poems, a work which surely merits inclusion in every anthology of American literature, is "Bury Me In a Free Land." It is printed here in full:

"Make me a grave where'er you will,
In a lowly plain, or a lofty hill;
Make it among earth's humblest graves,
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest if around my grave
I heard the steps of a trembling slave;
His shadow above my silent tomb
Would make it a place of fearful gloom.

I could not rest If I heard the tread
Of a coffle gang to the shambles led,
And the mother's shriek of wild despair
Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not sleep if I saw the lash
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,
And I saw her babes torn from her breast
Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start if I heard the bay

Of bloodhounds seizing their human prey,
And I heard the captive plead in vain
As they bound afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from their mother's arms
Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,
My eye would flash with a mournful flame,
My death-paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated might
Can rob no man of his dearest right;
My rest shall be calm in any grave
Where none can call his brother a slave.

I ask no monument, proud and high,
To arrest the gaze of the passers-by;
All that my yearning spirit craves,
Is bury me not in a land of slaves."

WITH such verses, swift and direct in impact, did Mrs. Harper help rouse the country. Her prose was equally effective. One example is the article she wrote for the *Anglo-African* in 1859 taking issue with the belief of some professional and middle-class Negroes that salvation lay in adopting the views and customs of the rich. Mrs. Harper argued: "We need what money cannot buy and what affluence is too beggarly to purchase . . . Let us not then defer all our noble opportunities till we get rich." Not, she made clear, that she was aiming to enlist a crusade against the desire for riches. But she *was* opposed to chaining down the soul to the single idea of "getting money as stepping into power or even gaining our rights in common with others." "The important lesson we should learn and be able to teach," she concluded, "is how to make every gift, whether gold or talent, fortune or genius, subserve the cause of crushed humanity and carry out the greatest idea of the present age, the glorious idea of human brotherhood."

One of the noblest tributes to John Brown and his valiant band imprisoned in Virginia came from the pen of Mrs. Harper. In a letter to Brown from Kendalville, Indiana, dated November 25, 1859, the poet wrote with prophetic ardor: "Dear Friend: Although the hands of Slavery throw a barrier between you and me and it may not be my privilege to see you in your prison-house, Virginia has no bolts or bars through which I dread to send you my sympathy. In the name of the young girl sold from the warm clasp of a mother's arms to the clutches of a libertine or a profligate,—in the name of the slave mother, her heart rocked to and fro

the agony of her mournful separations,—I thank you, that you have been ave enough to reach out your hands to the crushed and blighted of my race.

"You have rocked the bloody Bastille; and I hope that from your sad te great good may arise to the cause of freedom. Already from your prison as come a shout of triumph against the giant sin of our country. The hemlock distilled with victory when it is pressed to the lips of Socrates. The Cross ecomes a glorious ensign when Calvary's pain-browed sufferer yields up his fe upon it. And if Universal Freedom is ever to be the dominant power the land your bodies may be only her first stepping stones to ominion . . . " *

Mrs. Harper told John Brown that she had written to his wife and sent er a few dollars. She pledged to continue this assistance. Urging Brown let her know if any of his fellow-prisoners had a wife or children who eeded help, she signed herself "Yours in the cause of freedom."

To freedom's cause Frances Ellen Watkins Harper continued her rich ntribution until her death in 1911. "We think much indeed of her," Rev. W. Loguen had said in 1856. And today her name should be cherished by l freedom-loving Americans.

* The full letter appears in *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the nited States,* edited by Herbert Aptheker.

A Letter

Editor, *M&M*

Readers of *M&M* who could not attend the recent exhibition of paintings by Kay Harris at the Art of Today Gallery, in New York, missed a rich and intense cultural experience. Her show, one of the most exciting of the season, revealed a vital and surging talent.

Few first "one-man" shows of the past decade have had the impact of this group of fourteen canvases, created by the artist during the past year and a half. In sharp contrast to the booming cult of abstractions which clutter the galleries and museums, her paintings breathe of life and the love of life. Many of her canvases draw inspiration and sustenance from the fabulous terrain of waterways and flatlands of the Jamaica Bay area of Long Island, where the artist has lived for years.

Her powerful *Rockaway Trestle,* seen through an iron-colored mist, presents a stunning view of smoke-belching dredges and looming pile-drivers repairing the burnt-out cross-bay trestle athwart Jamaica Bay. One of the outstanding canvases of the show is the eye-filling expanse of her autumn-tinted *Marshlands Near Hook Creek, L.I.* spread out under a tumultuous, storm-laden sky. The artist's *Mums* is a joyous hymn to Spring, revealing exquisite perception and mastery as a colorist. Another mature example of the artist's recent work is her gaily painted throng of bathers and boaters at *Howard Beach Inlet,* alive with bright sun and strong shade.

There is luminous artistry in Kay Harris' paintings. They quicken the eye and lift the heart. Firmly moored in the realities of the world around her, she has drawn from the best of the French impressionists and from the warm humanism of Van Gogh and Pissaro. Her canvases have a soaring and radiant quality that derives from the artist's love of nature and people.

The distinguished artist, Charles White, said of her work: "The hand and heart of Kay Harris is guided with deep sincerity and warm, tender excitement about life. In her landscapes, one hears and feels the spirit of nature surging with the promise of a bright and beautiful future for all mankind. I look forward to seeing more work coming from this promising artist."

In a time when the McCarthyite inquisition has frightened or corrupted so many men and women of talent, Kay Harris has emerged as an important force on America's art front.

JOSEPH FIELDS