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THIS PRESENT hassling over the American Negro is just some more of an old soup-bone warmed over.

WHY THE NEGRO WON'T BUY COMMUNISM

Despite the high-pressure selling of the Paul Robesons, the Benjamin Davis's and the Howard Fasts, the American Negro is too smart to fall for Joe Stalin's brand of up-to-date slavery

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

THE AMERICAN communist party held a convention in New York recently. Henry Winston, a Negro, and organizational secretary, got up and fervently preached a crusade to sweep the American Negro into the party wholesale.

Then in recent days our attention is called to The Peace Information Center and its Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, a negro, indicted by the Dept. of Justice, and now changed into the American

Peace Crusade, called the most important pro-Soviet offensive in America.

This dove-tails right in with other observations. The experts who watch communist strategy point out that the reds are now beginning a rather important drive to build up their Negro membership. They give two reasons for this. First, the commies hope to lump the American Negro in with all the other colored peoples of the world, so that we will feel that if we fight

against the North Koreans, or Mao's hordes, we will be acting against our own best interest. That all colored people of the world must hang together against the whites.

Second stanza: Since Negroes, like all other workers, will be increasingly important in defense industry, the communists hope and pray to use us to do their dirty work in the way of sabotage and espionage. It can easily be seen that they do not think very highly of us and our character by that.

So, the current party line is to muss us up in every way. Even to observing Negro History Week. If, as and when the eleven red leaders go on to jail, it is reported that four Negroes will be among those who will succeed them. Not long ago, Howard Fast had to eat crow for four columns in the *Daily Worker*. It seems that he had made a slighting remark about Lt. Gilbert, the Negro who was found guilty by court-martial in Korea. Fast had said that Gilbert had no business to be fighting in Korea in the first

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led a group of some twenty-odd Negroes to this same Russia. It was beginning to look like a trend. The rumor was that these people had been selected to produce Negro plays in the Soviet Union. But among them there was no director, no playwright, no nothing theatrical. Just an oddment of young Negroes at loose ends. So when I asked questions, I was told that the Kremlin was extremely interested in the American Negro. The communists wanted to be our kissing-friends.

I was very interested to know just why they were grinning up into our faces. The press of the world was reporting actual starvation and nakedness in parts of Russia. So I knew that there was some kind of a bug under that chip when I was told that the "People" of the Soviet Union were terribly distressed over the "horrible conditions" existing among the American Negroes. That just did not sound natural to me. People who are hungry and cold just do not worry about things like that thousands of miles away.

Yet and still, my informants gleamed and glowed as they told me how the Russians fairly vominated a thing like race prejudice, and meant to come to our rescue. In fact, Russia was the sworn champion of *all* the darker peoples of the world. And in particular, we American Negroes were so downtrodden, they deeply pitied our case.

Right then and there they lost one black sheep. I was poor, but I certainly did not feel pitiful. But anyhow,

place, but for fear that might frighten off some Negroes, even that much was counter to the new party line. So he had to beat his breast resoundingly and whine that he was guilty of "white chauvinism." The American Negro's feelings simply must not be hurt-ed.

This present hassling over the American Negro is just some more of an old soup-bone warmed over. Common meter, Brother Peter. It has been around twenty-five years since certain Negroes of my acquaintance picked up their doll-rags and headed for Russia. The very first I heard of was Wayland Rudd, a minor actor. Then William Patterson, a Harlem lawyer, the Goode brothers, and later Paul Robeson, who at that time was the idol of the American public. At the time, Russia seemed like an odd kind of a place for a pleasure visit, but otherwise, I paid the matter no mind.

My active curiosity was aroused when around 1930, Langston Hughes and Louise Thompson

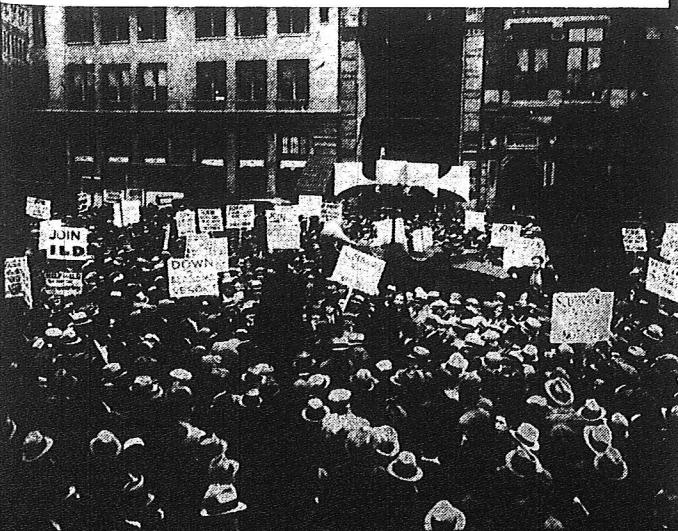
I wanted information, so I asked just what Russia *could* do, even if our condition had been as they claimed. I just could not conceive of Uncle Sam letting Stalin sit in on, say, a Cabinet session, nor presiding over the Senate and swinging votes. I tried hard to visualize armed Russians invading our Georgia and dealing with a mob that had been a little hasty with a brother in black.

So what the hen-fire could Russia do for us? And why did we look so valuable to Stalin? Numerically, we were a scanty tenth of the population of the United States. We did not sit in on the policy-making bodies of Government. We had no control whatsoever over the Armed Forces of the nation. Compared to the vast wealth of the nation, economically, we did not weigh too much. Nor were we overcrowded with technicians and scholars. So why did the communists want us so badly?

From reading, listening closely in silence and watching things, I discovered our peculiar value to Soviet Russia. I soon saw that they did not love us just because our skins were black. The USSR was bent on world conquest through Asia. They saw in us a shoestring with which they hoped to win a tan-yard. A dumb, but useful tool.

In spite of the world brotherhood propaganda, it was obvious that Soviet Russia was bent on carrying out the Czarist Russian plans to be masters of Asia. Once they had had a toe-hold in China, but had been expelled from there early (Continued on page 55)

THE REDS jump in with both feet wherever they can stir up trouble. Here a mob agitates the Scottsboro Case. Their trouble-making never helps the Negro, but that is their aim.



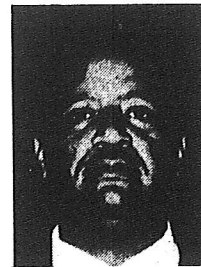
NO DISCUSSION OF COMMUNISM AND THE NEGRO IS COMPLETE WITHOUT MENTION OF THESE CHARACTERS



Paul Robeson
Propagandist who
used to sing.



Henry Winston
Big red wheel
found guilty.



Benjamin Davis
also known as
"Poor Ben."



Dr. W. E. B. DuBois
Got in trouble
selling red peace.



Langston Hughes
Author of
"Goodbye Christ."



Howard Fast
Ate four columns
of crow.

Why The Negro Won't Buy Communism

(Continued from page 15)

around 1904 by the more alert and, ingenious Nipponese. Now, while pretending to feel for the little peoples of the whole world, meanwhile issuing hot denials of imperialistic intentions, the Soviet was bent and bound to continue the march to the East. And that was right where we American Negroes could come in handy. With the war-like and determined Nipponese standing across their way of empire, plus Western influences, we were badly needed. The Asiatic millions must be led to fear and thoroughly hate the sight of a white skin. To rise up against their leaders, place their dependence on Russia, swamp Japan, and throw the "white oppressors" out. It must be repeated and kept in mind that this passionate love of the non-whites did *not* apply to Japan, for obvious reasons.

So the brains in the Kremlin eagerly seized upon the race propaganda of the United States, feeling sure and certain that they really had something that they could use. It could be dusted over Asia to good effect. A horrible example of white rule over darker races. A most frightful scarecrow to shake at the peoples of Asia, and thus hasten them into the arms of the Soviets.

With the then twelve million Negroes in the United States won and done, we could be filed away for the day of revolution here. The dumb black brutes to bear the actual burden of physical combat. Highly expendable. One white zealot discoursed to me at length on the glory we would win under the party, come that day, and millions of us would fall out in the streets behind the barricades to win freedom for the oppressed masses from our "masters."

When the man kept on mentioning Negroes, Negroes and nothing but Negroes "out there," I was moved to enquire:

"While we're out there tussling with

the might and power of the Armed Forces of these United States, just where will you be?"

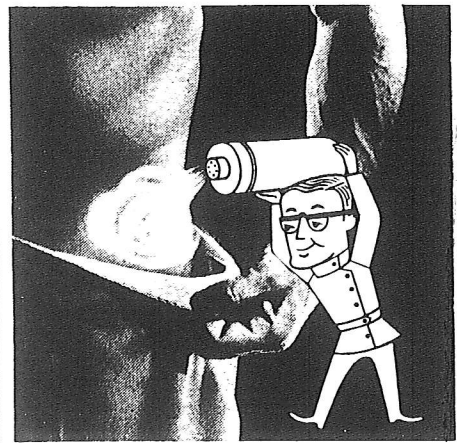
"Oh, for God's sake! If we are willing to do the *thinking* for you, you ought to be glad and proud to do the fighting."

Accented just like that. "I see," I murmured, and I did. I said it calmly enough, but inside, I had jumped as salty as a mackerel. This gang looked down upon us and despised us. They discounted our abilities and integrity infinitely more than those southerners from whom they were pretending to defend us. On top of that, their raw flattery and insulting patronage was intended to hide cold and ruthless hearts. The plan was obviously to herd in the dumb black fools, and when the time arrived to use us up like so many worn-out undershirts and think nothing about it. I thought some more, and by then there was nothing in the drugstore that would kill them all quicker than I, come that day. Nobody has ever yet celebrated being taken for a chump, even by a smart man, and when it is tried by a dumb chuckle-head, that puts knobs on it.

While they waited for the day of revolution, the third important use the communists planned for the Negro masses was to lie down and act as the mud-sills of the proposed American peasant party. This was to be maneuvered in a way to carry out unknowingly, the program of the communists.

The party felt a deep need for such a stratum. The Kremlin had launched out on the conquest of the world by analogy. Then they began to see that what worked among the peasants in Russia did not work so well here. This country was too rich, the working man too well fed, clothed and housed. There was no grinding poverty to make men bitter and desperate. The place was much too juicy and jumpy. Poor folks went up the ladder

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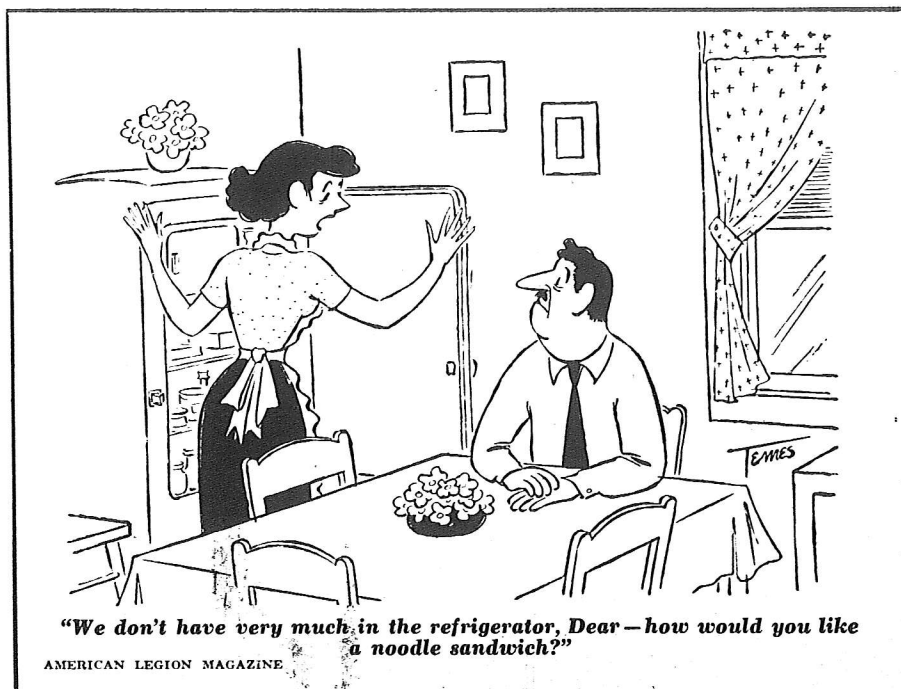
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"We don't have very much in the refrigerator, Dear—how would you like a noodle sandwich?"

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and rich men tumbled down. What was needed was a permanent bottom-class. Somebody who could be made to feel at the scratchy bottom, and no chance to get up from there without the violent overthrow of their "masters."

They found nothing like that on hand. As one rich and well-born matron said to me, "We do not employ Americans of any color as domestic help. White or black, there are no American servants. They are all millionaires, temporarily short of funds. Instead of being content where they are, they plan to be the boss themselves next year."

So, without putting a name to it, the commies went about creating a permanent lower class by dialectic persuasion. Wealthy persons *per se* were born vipers. There was a great weeping and wailing over share-croppers and the like. All unskilled labor was glorified in words, but bedded down as far as possible to form a foundation for this peasant class. The pleasures of peasantry were lauded to the skies. To make it appear inevitable, the nation was flooded with propaganda about there being no more frontiers; no more chances at all for free enterprise; not a prayer for a lone individual to rise by his own efforts. No more *nothing* but collectivism. It was like a rotting fog hovering over the land. It was as if from a vigorous youth, the United States had arrived overnight at a decaying old age. It was a case of don't try anything. If you could barely keep alive then you were spying noble. The trade unions were in-

vaded and the line peddled that the members were really serfs. No more individuals at all. Their case was really pitiful. Nothing to do but hate bosses and work toward the day when they could do away with their hated oppressors. So labor disorders of an unheard-of intensity and violence swept the nation. It has taken years for many to come out of this fog and return to the American tradition.

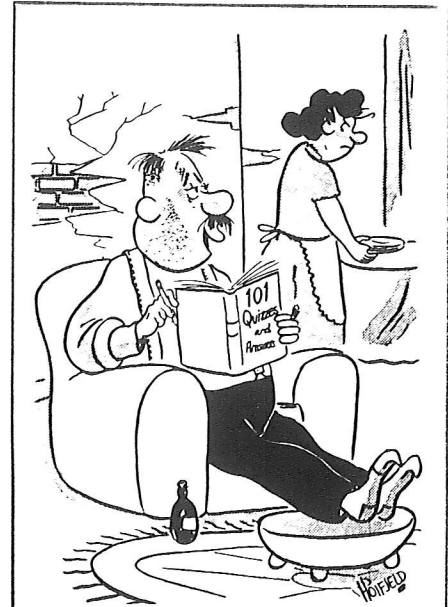
The proposed peasant party failed to come off. Mostly, it failed because the Negro, the intended mud-sill, refused to hold still so that he could be built upon. What the party overlooked is the fact that the Negro is the most class-conscious individual in the United States. The biggest snob in America, bar none, is a Negro house servant. It works in varying degrees up and down the line. Kings and potentates, yes! Good groceries, fast cars and fancy shoes, yes indeed! Draped down in raiments of needlework, the average American Negro would much rather call in ten doctors to tell him how near he is dressed to death, than to have one commissar come around to tell him how near dead he will be before he is allowed a change of clothes. The party, misinformed, grabbed the wrong sow by the ear. The dear peasant in the Soviet Union in his shapeless felt boots and slurping his cabbage soup, meant exactly nothing to us. Just the thing we are striving to get away from. For us too long for that would call for much more persuasion than the party has been able to deliver.

How dead the permanent bottom-man

is in the United States was pointed up by last November's elections. The huge majorities piled up by Taft and others who opposed regimentation of the working man said a mouthful. The average American still sees himself as a yeasty man. Why kill the boss? He might be the big boss himself next year. It has been done time after time and again. Every man a king when he gets his break.

Having decided to mount their world rule on black American backs, it is interesting to note how the reds went about the important business of capturing the American Negro.

For a blueprint, they took an ancient and long-discarded folk piece. The analogy of the "white mare." It got to be said during the Reconstruction that the highest ambition of every Negro man was to



"Just finished this quiz on 'Are you an ideal husband?' and scored 8 points better than Robert Taylor and 7 better than Clark Gable."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

have a white woman. While one of their faces was spouting about how deeply they resented, and would die defending us from, white slanders the other face was patronizing us insultingly with a revival of these old notions. As a supreme inducement to join up, prospective party members were grinningly offered white mates.

Facts are facts, and it cannot be denied that some of us were influenced. This explains why so many of the Negroes high in party councils have white wives, or husbands, as the case may be. But it also explains one reason for so few party members. When you look at the thousands who could have and did not, it tells you something. The vaunted foundation for sweeping the whole Negro body into the party was laid on sandy land. The structure went shakily even before the winds began to blow.

All the way along, there has been entirely too much dependence placed on sex. Very few of us felt the need of help in a case like that. It offended the thoughtful among us because it amounts to a tacit



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belief that we are a people totally under the sway of sexual pleasures, a sure and certain way to get us.

The "white mare" apparatus failed to pay off. Yes, it is true that mules will unhesitatingly follow a white mare anywhere and at any time. But it is known there's danger in arriving at conclusions by analogy. It is possible, and even probable that we might not be mules. But the reds evidently thought so. That is why Harlem swarmed with party-sent white women during the pressure drive of the Thirties. Even white girls of high school age were up there under party orders and doing their level best to "persuade" Negro prospects, and then bring them on through "religion."

But it is to be observed that Negro membership is still slack and scanty. There is a constant turn-over in membership from backsliding. What happened to the misled little girls is another story. Perhaps there is some connection between this "pig-meat" crusade and the later dismissal of numerous teachers from the New York City school system.

By such whoopedoo was the Lincoln Brigade recruited to go to Spain in a vain attempt to place the Russian Bear at Gibraltar. But believe it or not, even we can learn a lesson. The disillusionment lingers on.

Another Bear trap was the one polished over by Winston in a recent red convention. That is, that the party must infiltrate into Negro protest organizations, and generally seize upon Negro causes, and otherwise come to be looked upon as our saviors, champions and friends.

This is a very old soup-bone to be warming over. God knows that we have had the experience of communist help, and it sure has been a lesson to us. The notorious Scottsboro Case is a horrible example of how they "help things out." The case was wormed out of the hands of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who had taken steps for a quick and quiet settle-

ment. The party wanted nothing of the kind, and they got it. The party stirred up years of world-wide publicity for themselves as the defenders of darker peoples. The boys got life-time in jail and other unhappy bonuses. There have been other and less-heard-of cases where they "helped us out." Like the joke about the corn salve. The toe is gone, but the corn is still there. We have come to be real shy of party help, so Henry Winston, speaking for Moscow, can save his breath.

And the shaking of the North Koreans and the Chinese communists in our faces is less than intelligent. There never has been any bond between us and the Chinese. So once more and again, the commies show off their estimate of our intelligence. When numerous Negro homes are mourning the death of their sons, husbands and brothers, and boiling over with rage at the knowledge of butchery and inhuman torture of their loved ones at the hands of these same yellow skins, to now be exhorted to treasure them and take sides with them is too much to expect of us, even though we are supposed not to be able to remember nor feel resentment at a thing like that. The sense that God gave a billy goat would have prevented this insult.

In a recent issue of the *Pittsburgh Courier*, a GI in Korea publishes an earnest letter to American Negroes, warning us against the falsity of communist propaganda. In the letter, he strove to make us realize how horrible the commies are in fact. He goes on to wonder how any American Negro can think of joining the party, or even stoop to read the *Daily Worker*.

In addition to jumping into causes as our defenders, another device to supplement that is to set up false enemies of the Negro and then make a great to-do about knocking them over. It is always interesting to note that these "enemy" individuals whom the party discovers to be our enemies, have always been less than enthusiastic about communism. In

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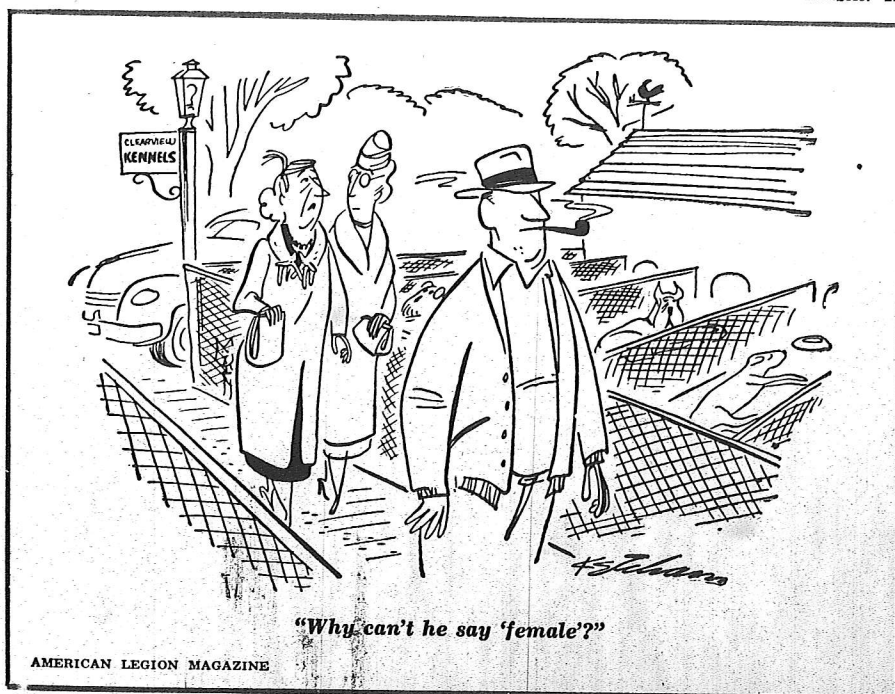
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every case, they are and were bedded in Americanism. So we cannot dodge the suspicion that these "enemies" stand in the way of the change in form of government here. They must be done away with as popular public figures if the revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, is to come to pass. Our dark hands must be used to pull them down and out of the way of the coming revolution. These "white chauvinists" must go! All done for Negro benefit, you understand.

Another important "defense of the Negro peoples" is by literature and art. The Negro press and protest organizations were not near enough. Besides, they were not telling the thing right. Becoming disgusted and all put out about this condition, the party got the bright idea of their "literary defense" hoping thereby to make a clean sweep of us into the party ranks. And it did not matter, whether despite our mulishness, we saw the light, and joined up in any great numbers or not. The material was what they wanted for anti-American propaganda abroad. So they were going to do it for our benefit, whether we liked it or not.

They acknowledged that the Negro press and protest organizations soap-boxed a gracious plenty about racial grievances fancied or real, but there was no real meat to the thing. No hopelessness, no despair, no suggestion of scrapping the Constitution, no mention of revolution. Just lawing and jawing for a better adjustment into the framework as is. And mingled in was offensive material concerning fine cars, big houses, wealth and education among Negroes here. It indicated a "black bourgeoisie, black chauvinists" no different from the white capitalists, and utterly detestable. Lying counter-revolutionists and all that. The party decided to ignore them and create its own Negro literature.

Established Negro writers were approached to produce the kind of fiction that the party could use and approve of. The formula was, you can't win, Negro,

you can't win! Expanded, the poor, dear colored character starts off to be something in the world, but he or she gets trapped by our form of government, and down he goes to the lowest depths like buttonless britches. Pity the poor, black brute! Rotted away morally and in every direction, but not his fault at all. It lies at the door of the people of these "United Stinks." In other words, the formula of "The American Tragedy." The Negro characters could not get too low and revolting. The lower and more despicable the better. The sop to the Negro public was, Poor thing, what could he do under this American way of life? Negroes here are doomed from birth!

The reward to the complaint author was pre-arranged critical support, plus sales boosting and handling. For those who drew back from representing a whole race thus falsely, vile slander and abuse.

It was brushed off as chauvinism that it was not just a matter of race pride, but utterly against fact. Like everybody else in the nation, a Negro can take his choice. The thousands on thousands of very successful Negroes in numerous fields could be offered in proof, so it was and is obvious that you can win.

But the party had orders that this evidence of Negro success under the American system must be suppressed. The outside world must see us as a low, degraded mass, and impossible to be otherwise under constitutional government. Poor things! They will take us by our hands and lead us away from all this, and back to the Middle Ages with them. From where we stand, that is just like Mrs. Astor battling to free herself from her enslaving Cadillac to win her way into a Russian droschky.

Now with their intense efforts for at least a full generation, why have the commies gained such a comparatively few Negro adherents?

The party's first and foremost failure was under-rating our intelligence and self-esteem. I have no way of knowing

IMPULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

whether they just scraped up any old-fogy notions that they found lying around, or whether they were briefed up by the earlier Negro sycophants that they got hold of. Certainly, the high-sitting black comrades do not object to the insulting program. The rest of what the party has to offer us as a way of life is as morbid and as ugly as the devil's doll-baby, when we are on the hunt, like everybody else, for something pretty; tasty-like, to make our side-meat taste more like ham.

I reiterate, it is amazing how commies can hang on to a mere notion in the face of facts. They try to change the whole world, but refuse to let anything change them. They simply will not see us as Americans, nourished on the same ideals as other Americans, and so headed in the same direction. So why would we want to swap freedom for bondage? Why wouldn't we like this freedom-feeling as well as the next one?

I will not contend that we Negroes are more religious than other Americans, but certainly we are more ceremonial. Negroes own more church property per capita than any other group in the United States. There has to be a reason for that. We must like it. So how expect us to turn goddess in a lump? Like a lot of other Americans, many of us do not attend church regularly, but we have no thought nor intention of doing away with God. We like Our Maker, and feel better to think He is somewhere around on the premises.

The anti-white program was another mistake. We do not hate white people as the commies are determined to believe. As fellow-citizens, it is our privilege to give each other skull-draggings on occasion, but laying all jokes aside, we certainly have no wish and desire to kill off the pink-toed rascals. Even if they were not useful as they are, we'd keep 'em for pets. Where is the kick in being an American if you don't call everybody out of their names now and then from the President on down? Just as natural as the Fourth of July. Are these commies so blind through the eyes that they have not seen us always in there fighting just as hard as anybody else in a common cause? From the Revolution on down.

Go against our own country because the Chinese are yellowish in color, indeed! We would fight them just as hard, just as fiercely, if they were lam and damn black. They are not Americans. It has been proved too many times and by different countries, that nationality is stronger than race.

The party got misput on the road again when it fell for that old "leader" foolishness. They have proceeded from the premise that all they needed to do was to capture, or buy in, a few well known Negro names to have the whole tribe of A'nt Hagar's children come tumbling in behind them like a passle of sheep. There is no such of a person among us. Not since Booker T. Washington has there been any "Moses of his race." Like the rest of Americans, we use our privilege of acting contrary and doing our own picking and choosing.

Instead of running like a fool at a funeral after the commie captives, however

popular and prominent they might have been before they were taken in the raid, once they are shackled and begin to spout the trite jargon, somehow they seem to repel, rather than to attract. They give off a funny kind of smell. We stand off and look at them, remembering the flash and shine they had in their former existence, then shrink away from the morbid spectacle of their commie state. We shake our heads and mumble, "What happened, what could have happened to make so-and-so like that? They've come to be significant."

It could be that that feeling of strangeness is the inside key to the failure of the party to attract Negroes in any numbers. It feels ghostly, and too much like marrying a zombie. Death on the breath, and something feeling corpse-like to the hand.

Now, take it to pieces, and everything is old and mouldy. What they call new and progressive is nothing but mommucked-up dialectics. Just like children talking hog-Latin. What it is about is at least a thousand years old. The social devices of the Middle Ages, when the serf was bound to his master, which they have just found out about.

Their touted "significant, socially-conscious" literature is a steal from the old morality plays. Authors and other artists must cater to the Kremlin as they used to do to the Medicis. Their labor arguments pre-date the machine age. The worker must own his tools in this highly mechanized age indeed! If that is kosher, then the very next time I go on the air, I'm carrying off the mike. They are still waging a war against "the masters," somebody who has been dead and gone too long to talk about. All in all, the commies carry on exactly like they have been in a trance like the Sleeping Beauty since the days of Ghengis Khan. Awakened by the smell of blood from World War I, they sprang to life like the sons of the dragon's teeth, to continue their bloody march across the face of the world.

So this Russian philosophy does not take with us. We are not that morbid by nature. You need a huge inferiority complex to be a commie, something for hate to feed on. The reservoir of party thought is too much like the Dead Sea. You can and will get gassed to death just trying to fly over it. We are too American to fit in. Our idea of top dog is one who can muscle it out from the shoulder. Russia claims a great victory from World War II, when in fact, it was something like Max Schmeling lying flat on the canvas yelling "Owoooo"—then demanding the championship of the world.

The majority of American Negroes indignantly refuse the role that the party has assigned to us. That is, to go around the world like Paul Robeson, W.E.B. DuBois and a few others, and be the "horrible example," the pitiful object, the face on the bawl-room floor. On top of that, we are loyal Americans. To paraphrase Benjamin Franklin's definition of a Tory, to us an American commie is a person with his so-called head in Moscow, his trashy body over here, and whose neck ought to be stretched.

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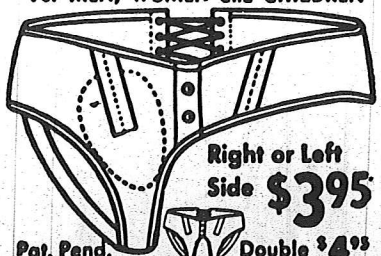
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and re-bury the dead. By behavior and flavor, they are zombies. Something oozes out like a viscous seepage from a morgue. It is poisoning the air of the world.

So Henry Winston and the whole party in convention assembled, may call upon us like the priests of Baal, but I predict that few will answer. Not even for Chinese hides will we come, not being in the luggage business. Years ago, they had us at the mourner's bench. If they failed to bring us through religion then, they certainly will not make it now. Their latest cry can well up from nothing but desperation. The last stroke of exhausted nature.

From the very beginning, in dealing

What Do You Think We Are Fighting For?

(Continued from page 28)

thing in our history. It has outlived the doubts and fears of every passing decade, just as it will outlive today's fears.

But how often have we only understood our dream on looking back? We seem to have been driven toward its fuller realization by forces stronger than ourselves, pushed toward our goal in spite of ourselves, our confusions, doubts and arguments.

The very beginning—page one torn from America's past—is a record of achievement beyond expectation: America's discovery. Columbus, as every school-boy knows, was seeking not a continent but a new route to the East.

In the face of dissension, predictions of disaster, sailors who lost faith and were close to mutiny—he persevered. Like many another after him, even down to today, Columbus did not understand fully the goals. Yet he could not turn back.

And what he accomplished—right there at the start of the dream—was far greater than he could have guessed. What he had found was no new trade route—but a New World.

Turn to another page, a century or so later—the saga of the Pilgrims. We like to think that those sturdy souls at Plymouth established here—once and for all time—the concept of free religious worship, according to the dictates of individual conscience.

Such was the case, in fact. But the Pilgrims themselves did not know it. Nor did the Massachusetts Bay Puritans. They had come here to follow their own way of worship. Other Faiths were out of bounds. Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island Colony, was exiled from Massachusetts—because he held unorthodox views on Puritan worship.

The Pilgrim fathers had begun something greater than they knew. Their resolve to be free created greater freedom than they ever intended. In their own brave stand for their Faith, they had sown the seed of an idea—that it might be possible for all men to worship God, each in his own way—and none be wrong.

Twenty years later, Catholics fleeing oppression in England carried that concept a step further when they set up the Free State of Maryland—so-called because freedom of all Faiths was an integral part of the founding laws.

Step by step, these various and often conflicting Faiths crowded to our shores,

with us, the party has been led astray by the illusion of color. It has been tasted and proven that we feel closer to the American white man than to any foreign Negro. The differences between us and foreigners are deep and fundamental.

We are Americans, and so, a wing-footed people. We are confirmed in our springing impulses by the spirit that hovers this continent. The party is a Society of the Dead, soulless zombies, but even the living-dead have no place among the living people. They, and their way of life died on the plains of Asia centuries ago. May they now return to their graves and remain there in decent death.

THE END

Puritans and Huguenots in the north, Catholics in Maryland, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Baptists who had to flee New England for the South and Jews in all sections. Each in fighting for his own Faith played his role in establishing throughout America freedom for all Faiths.

Or go to a later page—to the story of the Revolution. And again we find achievement was far greater than many of that day were able to grasp.

Our patriots had pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honor. But many even among our leaders had grave doubts of this notion of "republicanism"—of being able to rule themselves.

America was fighting for freedom—from England, from a nation three thousand miles away. Only the most far-seeing recognized through the smoke of battle that what was coming into being was more than a new nation—it was a new kind of government, a government of and by and for the people.

We were building—as we have always built—better than we knew.

Doubt and dissension were unseen delegates once more at the convention which wrote our new Constitution. Each state and section and city was worried for itself and its own interests.

Many were frightened at the powers they might have to surrender to Federal authority. Many were alarmed at the prospect of too much power in the hands of the majority. On numerous issues, bickering sounded almost as hopeless as debate in the U.N. today.

They came with grave doubts and misgivings, these delegates. But it was in the common interest of all to mold these several states into a nation.

Out of this common interest and immediate need, out of essential compromise to the welfare of all, came not merely a table of laws, but something far more magnificent—the greatest document of freedom in the history of man.

Still another page in the biography of freedom was tramped out by the men who trekked west. These men were adventurous souls to whom freedom was not any broad social issue. It was personal and immediate and as necessary as the air they breathed.

The pioneers who blazed the trails across America were not thinking in terms of building any new social order. Most of them were seeking their own