

Detroit Tribune

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We Pass On The Torch

By J. EDW. McCALL

This week, we are placing into new and younger hands the management and major ownership of the Detroit Tribune and the Mid-West Publishing Co., Inc. We have carried the torch for many years, in spite of our proscriptions, and we have held it high, but the time has come to make a change.

We are confident that the new management will carry on with efficiency and vigor. We are handing over the management to them this week end, but we still retain official connection with and financial interest in the corporation and will continue to give it our support.

The Detroit Tribune has been built upon a strong and solid foundation and is known and respected throughout the nation. It holds a unique position in Metropolitan Detroit, since it is the oldest Negro weekly here and the only recognized one which is owned, edited and published in Detroit in its own plant and by members of the race.

The Detroit Tribune has weathered the storms of depression, race riots and other unfavorable conditions, but we have never missed a payroll or a single issue of the paper since it was founded by the McCalls in 1933. On various occasions, more than one issue a week was printed.

All through the years, the Detroit Tribune has sought to be constructive and progressive. Its policy has been based on impartial justice for all, without favoritism or vindictiveness. The Tribune and its founders have stood on the firing line for years, at times alone, and fought in defense of our people-fought with dynamic printer's ink written in an honest and courageous newspaper.

Because of our handicap of blindness, we have not been able to accomplish all we had hoped to accomplish; but our efforts have not been fruitless. We have established for our people in Detroit a home-town newspaper which is their own. We have given them a paper which is widely respected for its integrity, because the Detroit Tribune has never "sold the race down the river" nor sacrificed the interests of its people for political patronage or appointments to public jobs. We have built for our people in Detroit a newspaper and printing plant which have provided jobs and will continue to provide jobs for trained young men and women of the race.

The Tribune has been a pioneer in crusading against police brutality, inadequate housing, job discrimination, and violation of civil rights of Negroes. The Tribune was the first local Negro weekly to make a sustained and concentrated effort to get the masses of colored Detroiters to register and vote. This paper also led in the successful campaign to get Negroes in the Detroit Fire department and in Detroit's public libraries. It was the first Negro newspaper in this city to encourage members of the race to join the UAW-CIO, and it was also the first to publish weekly labor columns contributed by Lonnie Williams and Paul Kirk, pioneer Negro organizers for the union.

Time and space will not permit us to innumerate the many constructive ways in which the Detroit Tribune has served the community. It has not only co-operated with the churches, the schools, and the various civic organizations and interracial committees, but has also worked hand-in-hand with the Booker T. Washington Trade association and the Detroit Housewives league in the effort to encourage and stimulate Negro business.

Through it all, the Detroit Tribune has striven zealously to maintain a high standard of journalism and to observe the ethics of good journalism, even at times when unethical tactics have been employed against us.

Now, we pass our torch on to younger hands. We know that the foundation we have laid is rock-bed and firm and that the pathway we have blazed is straight and clear. March forward and hold the torch high!

CURRENT NOTES

BY GLOSTER B. CURRENT

An English Family

LONDON, England — The taxi stopped before a residence in South Sydenham Hill on the night of October 29. A light was burning and a tall young man, bearded, came out to welcome four guests from America who had come to the World Youth conference. There were four of us—Russell Jones, young minister from Harmony Village, Virginia; Alexander Mapp, youth secretary of the Columbia Urban League; and Larry Day, a young draftsman from Washington, D. C. who was the only white member of our party, and myself, a weary and a recuperating sea-sick voyager from Detroit.

"This is it," said our host. We paid the driver two pounds, which he would transport us from the conference headquarters at Pont street on Westside London. Our arrival at 11:00 p.m. from the bombed-out Waterloo station, introduced us to London life on Saturday night. Everything closes at eleven o'clock in the evening and taxis are very difficult to get. Our residence was in the suburbs, about six or seven miles from the Knightsbridge Underground Station. Cab fare in the United States would have been \$1.40, and he wanted to tip the driver liberally for carrying us to say Eight Mile Road. But in London, when you ask a cabbie to take you that far, he suddenly decides a search of petrol (gas) until you are willing to pay his price.

So we arrived. Mapp took his trunk down off the top of the cab. I waddled into the house with my three bags suitcase, typewriter, and the other things. The house was a small, dimly lit and slightly damp on the inside. The young man, Leslie Vane, who greeted us, brought the four newcomers into the parlor, a combination sitting room and dining room, where a bright fire was burning. We later learned that the fire in that fireplace was the only heat in the house. Our bedrooms were without heat.

Mrs. Vane, a sprightly and kindly old woman, the mother of Leslie, made us welcome. "Won't you boys have some tea," she said. "It's cold outside. We didn't know what time we were arriving, they just called up from the place and told me to make ready for the guests."

There were three beds in the room and an arm chair. Later the cot was replaced with another bed. We flipped a coin to decide who would occupy the cot. Mapp lost and took over. Well, to make a long story short, we learned to sleep in the cold, dress in a cold bedroom, and do many other things we did not dream we would do. We had been warned that English food would be unappetizing, but we were totally unprepared for our Sunday morning breakfast, canned beans or toast. Mrs. Vane apologized for the bill of fare, stating that she was not expecting us until Tuesday and everything was rationed. We secured emergency rations from the ration board on Monday, and thereafter the food was better. All except the coffee. Mrs. Vane never learned to make coffee. She didn't even have a coffee pot, but made it by boiling the water in a pitcher with the coffee in a bag. The stuff tasted like lousy weeds. She finally found some coffee substitute which could be made by adding boiling water. I tried coffee in several other places and discovered that the English just can't make coffee; neither can we make tea.

They have tea for breakfast, tea for lunch, tea after lunch. Tea at four o'clock. Tea at 10:00 p.m. Go into any office, government, business or social institution, or even the American Embassy, and you will see the employees with a cup of tea and a saucer of cakes on their desk, trying to handle a telephone conversation, or interview a client. Everything doesn't stop for tea, but tea must not be stopped.

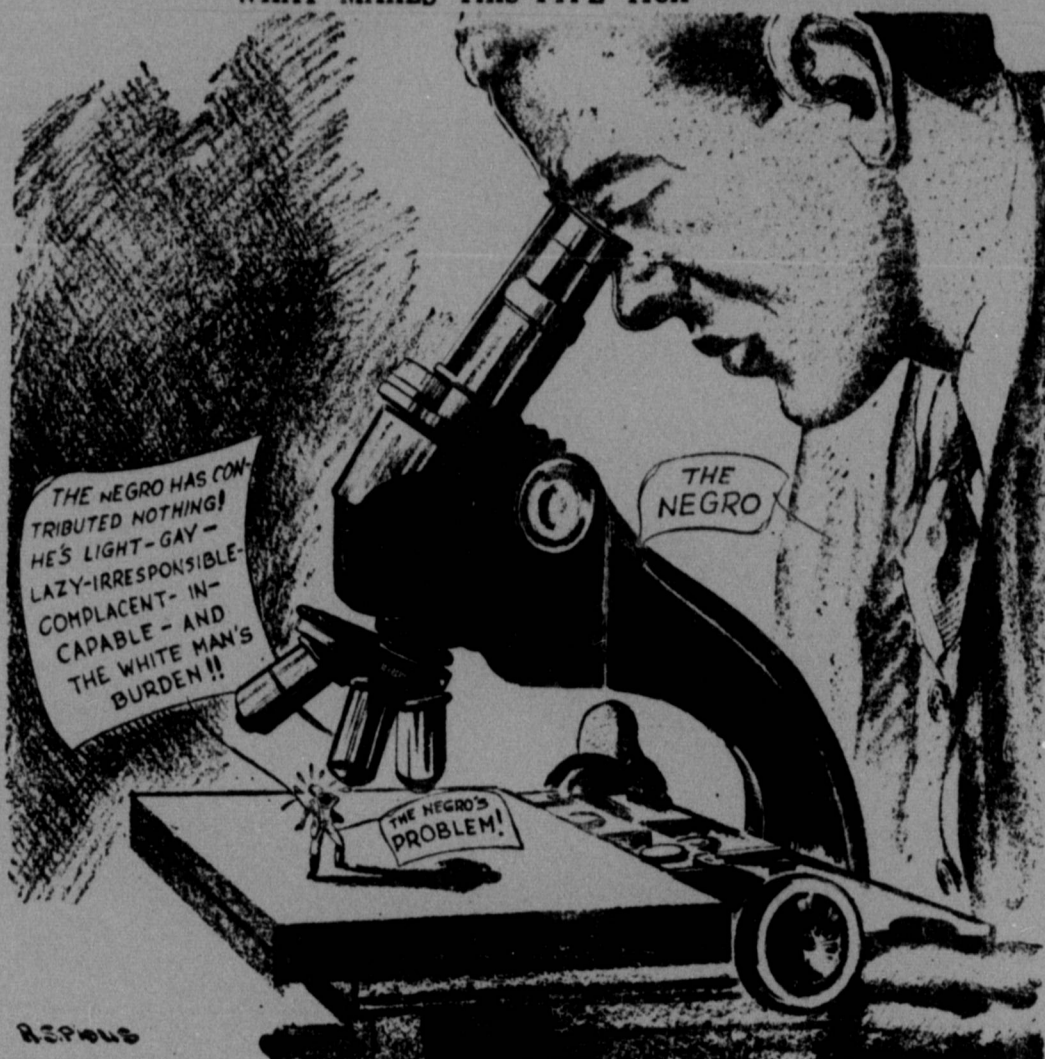
Our hosts were very much interested in America and particularly the race problem. They had some vague idea about American prejudice, but did not know too much about our social conflicts. They were perfectly willing to accept us as equals and tried as best they could to make our stay pleasant within the limits of their hospitality. We soon learned that the house was a requisitioned house for families who had been bombed. The Vane had been bombed twelve months ago and along with two other families, were placed in this old mansion at 105 Sydenham Hill.

Leslie was a Fleet street photographer. Mapp was also interested in photography, so a great many pictures were taken of us, our delirium and the homelife.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

"WHAT MAKES THIS TYPE TICK?"



About The Common Man

By JUDAH DROB

The whole question of the kind of leadership needed by Detroit's Negro community is a fascinating one, and should be discussed often.

Most of the discussing comes, naturally, from those who are dissatisfied with the present leadership. Their bitterness is increased by the fact that they once were the community leaders, at least in matters political.

The defense of the present leadership is a silent one, with the community indicating by actions and votes, rather than words, that it believes it has the kind of policy and leaders it wants.

The two groups of leaders and would-be leaders represent two different periods in the development of the community. The old, ousted leaders represent the period when the average Negro was happy and satisfied to see another Negro occupy a political post, or get a job in industry.

This was a period of vicarious enjoyment of "advances" made by some members of the race. While many in the community were not satisfied with somebody else's success, apparently the consensus was that "we are making progress." The politicians responsible for the few jobs involved were therefore the respectful community leaders.

But a very different kind of attitude prevails now. The bulk of the community is no longer satisfied to see somebody else enjoying some of the fruits of progress. It wants every individual to have all the democratic rights and privileges, and is dissatisfied as long as the bulk of the community is segregated in housing, jobs, hotels, restaurants, YMCA's and all the rest.

THE NEW NEGRO

Sociologists and journalists have started to talk about the "New Negro" in both North and South. He is no longer convinced that progress is a slow business, or that it will take many, many generations for the Negro to be treated like a first class citizen, and a human being.

He has been educated, both in schools and thru his experience, to believe passionately in democratic principles, and to want to enjoy their benefits.

Such a new Negro just can't go along with the kind of leadership that makes alliances with any old politician in order to get a few jobs for a few Negroes.

He insists on a leadership that will fight for full democracy now. He rejects the Uncle Toms of both

racism who tell him that in a few centuries all these problems will be ironed out.

Having made that choice he then has two alternative policies presented to him. He can become a nationalist, rejecting the notion that any good can be served by any alliance with any white people or organizations.

Or he can take the road chosen by the leadership of Detroit's Negro community: an alliance with the elements in the white community that are anxious to achieve racial democracy for all minorities.

This is the sensible policy and it is the policy that will win real democracy for the Negro long before the old-time Uncle Toms have stopped mulling about Negro leaders getting too aggressive for their own good.

CHOICE OF ALLIES

The old leaders and the new are therefore basically quarrelling about what kind of alliance the Negro community should make.

The old, discredited, discarded crowd says that an alliance should be made with the politicians in power, no matter how bad their record on racial matters may be.

They are advocates of an alliance whose sole result can only be favors and patronage for a few Negroes, while the great bulk of the community suffers from the vicious segregations promoted by the city administration.

The present leadership, which enjoys the enthusiastic support of the community, says that the alliance must be made with those who seek full democracy.

This alliance may not be in power now, but sooner or later it will be, and its victory will be a resounding blow against all Jimcrow housing and discrimination.

Negroes who supported Jeffries (mercifully there were very few) were putting off the day of victory for this democratic alliance, in the expectation of getting a few jobs and favors now.

They paid too high a price, because they are now completely without support from the masses of the Negro community. They are reduced to loud complaining at the Lucy Thurman cafeteria round table where they do no harm.

Nothing they do can stop the eventual victory of the progressive alliance in Detroit.

JIM CROW, JIM BYRNES, AND JIM EASTLAND.

(Copyright, 1945, by New South Features)

By Harold Preece

taxers and blood suckers of the world are getting ready for a universal lynching spree against the in Carolina. I reckon, that as in the time of our Lord who was lynched on the Cross, that the poll ditch diggers and the potato diggers of the world.

Who put this testimony in my mouth, brothers, and why do I say these things? The facts, brothers, the facts which speak with that voice of truth which is the voice of God.

Old Jim Eastland, who is a voice of Jim Crow and Jim Byrnes in the United States Senate, poured the poll tax on the bodies of those who died that we might live, there in the Senate. He proposed that we fatten up and then arm the defeated Nazis, who lynched the Jews, to help go out and lynch Russia. And as the Roman-Pharisee lynchers accused our Lord of stirring up the people so he accused Russia of stirring up the nations. The senator from that rotten lynchocracy of Mississippi talked big about "democratic, freedom-loving Christian people who follow the private enterprise system."

How "democratic" and "freedom loving" is that handful of Pharisees, able to pay the poll tax, which sends prehistoric monsters like John Rankin, Theodore G. Bilbo, and James B. Eastland up to Washington to make the lynch law of Jim Crow the legislative law of the most powerful nation on the face of the earth? What "private enterprise" is permitted Negro citizens of Mississippi, more than one-half of the state's population according to the 1940 census?

What happened in Mississippi, last year, when a hard-working, elderly Negro preacher engaged in the "private enterprise" of digging potatoes on his own land was seized by a mob which tore out his tongue, and then killed him because he wouldn't sell his farm to one of the mobsters. What did Jim Eastland have to say about it?—not a cussed

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OVERTONES

By AL HENINGBURG

ROUND ONE FOR STASSEN!

Evidently Mr. Truman and his advisors did not consider seriously enough the reception which his recent suggestions on strikes would have in labor groups. This may be just what was needed to bring the three great labor organizations into closer working relationships. For clearly the President's plan is a threat to the greatest weapon possessed by working men in this country: the right of collective bargaining. Take away that right, and refer this matter to the molders of public opinion, and you only turn the business over to the moneyed interests of the country. For the big newspapers and the great radio chains are owned not by labor organizations, but by great business interests.

But the best surprise in this package is the fashion in which this proposal will affect the next presidential election. The president could not have given Commander Stassen a more enthusiastic boost had he consciously tried to do so. Look for more and more support from labor groups for Stassen, for all sign point in that direction.

In spite of very difficult weather, New Yorkers turned out last Sunday to hear the strikingly beautiful rendition of Cesar Franck's *Beneditus* by the choir of St. George's church. Many of the older members remained to congratulate Harry T. Burleigh of the senior choir, who has been a member for fifty-two consecutive years, and who on Sunday celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. Not once has he been absent in all those years, and only once late. And the oldtimers at St. George's say that Mr. Burleigh's voice has the same beauty and robustness which made him famous more than a half-century ago.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD!

May we differ pointedly with Ruth Smith's editorial on young people which appeared in the Detroit Tribune last week. A capable writer, and generally an unusually thoughtful one, Miss Taylor fell into the dangerous trap of generalities. It is impossible for anyone to say with accuracy that

young people are frequently critical of the mess which we older folks continue making of things, but many of the most promising signs on the horizon today are those made possible by the thought and concerted action of youth groups. Many young people, to be sure, are just as lazy, evasive, and irresponsible as their parents and other adults are. But if a choice has to be made after all things are considered, we choose the young people every time.

THE OLD NAVY DODGE!

This time the Army wanted to play fair and bring home together men who had suffered together. But the Navy wouldn't stand for it, for the flatfoot Cronan has no facilities for segregation. Six Negroes managed to make the trip, and will reach New York three days earlier than their browner and blacker brothers, but a strong protest went up from the Navy officials even regarding these. This action takes at Le Havre, is in direct violation of officially established naval policy to eliminate segregation completely.

NO MORE SCABS!

One of the heartening points about the current strike of AMW workers in Detroit and other ties is that the Negro worker can no longer be considered a scab. Time was, when almost any strike could be broken by introducing Negro workers, who found this about the only means open to them to obtain employment. As long as that was true, organized labor remained weak, and the position of the Negro was extremely perilous. We do move ahead.

THE CRIME WAVE SCARE!

We go back to the so-called crime wave in New York last as we did last week, for there is more to this than meets the eye. Too many of the protest cars as assigned to Negro neighborhoods, and far too many casual arrests "on suspicion" are being made in these same neighborhoods. Hostile newspapers are playing up the scare in a big way in order to convince an unthinking public of the general untrustworthiness of Negroes anyway. Do the long enough, and Negroes will never escape from the slums. Keep this up, and Negroes will always act as a drug on the labor market.

Colored People Around the World

By Nelson Foote



WHO WEEPS FOR THIS LIDICE!

American Marines fired 24 heavy mortar shells into a small North Chinese village last week. Had all these shells landed in vital spots, they report, the village would have been completely destroyed, along with the people who occupied it. Just how many Chinese were killed and injured and how many little homes were actually blown up was not disclosed, however.

Two Marines had been killed, and their two killers had taken refuge in the village, claim American officers. When the villagers failed to turn over the killers within a time set by the Americans, the shelling began.

This sort of action is exactly what the civilized world condemned the Nazis for, when they shot all the inhabitants of Lidice and burned it down for supposed harboring the killers of Hangman Heinrich. Innocent people were punished for the acts of a few, who in turn were guilty only of what to them was patriotism.

The travesty of Marines being in North China only to disarm the Japanese has worn too thin. They are there only to force on the North Chinese a nationalist dictatorship which the North Chinese obviously do not want. When Americans come as Nazis, they can expect to be treated as Nazis. Let's get them out of there!

SECRETARY BYRNES—A WORLD MISFORTUNE

When race-hating James Byrnes of Spartanburg, South Carolina, was elevated to Secretary of State, some of us thought there were several other high places in the government in which he might have been put where he could do much greater harm to the interests of colored people. We are ready to admit our sad error. He can do his damndest right where he is.

The entire colonial world, its white comprising nearly half of humanity, is seething against its white masters in Britain, France, Holland, Belgium and Spain. These white masters, who have just come out of a war which they nearly lost, are in a weak position, and could hardly retain their imperial sway without American assistance.

And who decides if America shall help these hold on? Our little Democrat politician from South Carolina.

the Deep South!

American public opinion favors the subject peoples who are striving for independence, but public opinion is not the Department of State, nor is it Mr. Truman from Missouri, nor is it the U. S. Senate, which is the only body that passes on U. S. foreign policy. Mr. Byrnes rates well with the Southerners who control the Senate, for he was once one of them. In fact, he can write his own ticket. Rarely before has the Secretary of State had such a free hand to protect his own peculiar prejudices upon so vast a scene.

No wonder Mr. Byrnes holds the British with a wink to take the labels off the American gun, they are using on the natives! No wonder if in a short time the reservoir of goodwill toward America, which has existed among subject peoples, is utterly drained, and they turn to Russia!

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO COLORED PEOPLE

It is a very short-sighted American leader who does not realize that the time is near when the color line can no longer be maintained. Except for the Balkan countries under Russian control, the population of Europe has reached its peak and started downward. In 20 years or so, America's population will do the same. But Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands, already containing three-fourths of mankind, will multiply for years to come. The little island of Java, now possessing 44,000,000 souls, only had 14,000,000 in 1905. China hit half a billion in 1945. China is at that figure already. The only white country which can match the growth in colonial areas is Russia, which preaches and practices racial equality. No comfort can be gained from Russian growth by the imperialists.

The jig is almost up in other words, for any system of exploitation which seeks to maintain itself by the myth of race superiority. The ever-increasing majority will little longer play the role of minority.

Only a little more industrialization in Asia, and we shall see it. Maybe India will be first—more than five years off. And when it comes, the shock will be felt clear down in Spartanburg, South Carolina.