

## DIALOGUE OF THE OLD AND NEW

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Uncle Tom Porter—How is you, son?

New Porter—Can't say it, Pop.

U. T. P.—Can't say what? What's th' matter wid you? 'Specks you got dat Randolph fever, too, eh?

N. P.—What d'you mean?

U. T. P.—Don't try to fool de ole fox, son. Bin heah too long. You know what I mean. What about dat Brotherhood?

N. P.—Well, what about it? Anything wrong with it?

U. T. P.—I ain't saying no or yes. Is you joined yet?

N. P.—Why do you want to know? Did Mitchell or Burr tell you to ask me?

U. T. P.—Now, look heah, son, you muss think I is a stool pigeon.

N. P.—Well, I wouldn't know, Uncle. I ain't taking no chances.

U. T. P.—Now, sho nuf, son: 'twixt you, me and the gate post, what do you think about dis Union business?

N. P.—Well, since you have asked me, I'll tell you. I think it's the best thing that could ever happen.

U. T. P.—But suppose dat Randolph fellow should run away wid de money? I done heah dat he went to Russia or was gwine to.

N. P.—Don't be a dummy, Pop. That's Pullman propaganda. Don't you know if Randolph *only wanted money*, he wouldn't have to run away with the porters' little money they pay to join and in dues. He could get plenty money from those who want to *stop* the Union.

U. T. P.—You know, son, I never thought of dat.

N. P.—Well, Pop, you want to get your thinking cap on or you'll be in Dutch.

U. T. P.—But son, do you think you kin win agin des white folks?

N. P.—White folks are no different from any other kind of folks, pop. It all depends on how much *power* you got, and you can't get power unless you are *organized*. You know the old joke about the farmer not bothering *one hornet* because of fear of the *rest of the hornets standing behind him*. Well, that's all we porters got to do. That's all the Negro race has got to do—*stick together; be all for each and each for all*.

U. T. P.—But, son, you know des "niggers" ain't like *hornets*, dey ain't gwine to *stick*.

N. P.—That's nothing but the slave psychology in you, Pop. You don't think a black man can do anything a white man can do. That's all bunk, pop. Get that stuff out of your noodle. This is the 20th Century. Understand that "a man's a man." A Negro can do anything he is big enough to do. When you're right, pop, and got "guts," you can stand up and look any man in the face and spit right square in his eyes if he tries to give you any *hot stuff* about your rights.

U. T. P.—Yes, boy, but suppose des white folks hot-foot you off des cars?

N. P.—That's all pure moonshine, put out by such spineless Negroes as Perry Howard, I. Garland Penn, Bishop A. J. Carey, Mel-

vin Chisum and their ilk. That crowd is no good. Nobody pays them any mind, any more. Everybody knows they sold out to the Pullman Company. Don't be an old fool. The Pullman Company *couldn't* put anybody else in the Negroes' place if they *would*, and *wouldn't* if they *could*.

U. T. P.—But son, dey done already put some of dem Filipinos, whatever you call 'em, on club cars.

N. P.—And now you're scared stiff. That's just like those ghost stories about old slaves scared to death at a bed-sheet over the head of their masters. There's nothing to it. Just a trick to frighten you away from the Union. It's just like this: The Pullman Company will use Negroes against white workers when white workers try to organize and they'll use Filipinos against Negroes when Negroes try to organize. But that didn't keep white workers from organizing and it won't keep Pullman porters from organizing. Besides, I am not going to lose any sleep over losing a job because I join a Union, as white men do, to get a living wage. Suppose they put Filipinos on the cars, what of it? They'll organize, too. Don't you forget it, Pop.

U. T. P.—Specks you's right, son. But I'm old and feeble; won't be heah long, and I can't fool around wid no Union dis late date, 'cause I mightn't get no pension.

N. P.—Get that rabbit out of you, old man, and be a real man. It's all bosh about the Company not paying you your pension if you join the Union. Look at Dad Moore of Oakland and "Cy" Taylor of the Pennsylvania District. They are two of the biggest Brotherhood men in the country, and they receive their pension, too. Listen, Pop, because you are about to be pensioned is just the reason why you ought to have brains enough to ditch that Employee Representation Plan sham and get into a regular Union. Don't you know that if porters get more wages, you'll get more pension? You ought to see that. It's as plain as the nose on your face.

U. T. P.—Look heah, son, do you know I never thought of that before. You sho is telling the truth.

N. P.—Sure, nothing but these Uncle Toms and stool pigeons are putting out that nonsense.

U. T. P.—Look out, son, hold dat Uncle Tom, stool pigeons stuff, hold it. I ain't none of dem things. I is a man.

N. P.—Well, Uncle, don't go hand me no lip service on this man business. Our slogan is, if you ain't for us, you are against us. I've got a blank right here with me. *Put up or shut up*.

U. T. P.—Wait a minute, son. I's wid you.

N. P.—Can that bunk. You ain't with us unless you lay the cold cash on the wood. No use beating around the bush. The Brotherhood can't print booklets, leaflets, circulars, pay organizers, railroad and Pullman fares, stenographic services, expenses of expert economists and Donald R. Richberg, on *air pudding and wind sauce*. It re-

quires money and the porters must supply it for they benefit from the work. The time is here when Negroes must fight for their liberty and pay for it, too. We've been begging long enough. Get that.

U. T. P.—I don't miss it. But, son, suppose des white folks find out I'se joined dis Brotherhood?

N. P.—They won't find out unless you tell 'em. The Company hasn't got enough money to buy a name of a Brotherhood man from the Brotherhood. This is a New Negro steering this ship, now, Pop.

U. T. P.—Suppose des white folks ask me whether I'se a member?

N. P.—Well, you don't have to tell 'em you're a member. They lied to you for over 50 years.

U. T. P.—Son, you's jist too radical anyhow. Whar in the devil did you come from? Well, the truth is the truth. Des white folks sho is bin lying to us "niggers" and robbing us, too.

N. P.—Well, it doesn't matter to me what you call me. I know this. The New Negro does not propose to permit white folks to flim flam him any longer, job or no job, Filipino or no Filipino. Organization certainly can't make things any worse. And you've got to take a chance just as white workers have done. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Of course today you're not taking any chance. Success is a sure thing with organization. You can't fail.

U. T. P.—Well, son, you think I's an Uncle Tom, don't you? Now I want you to show me everything, all the cards. Now put up or shut up. You're suppose to know everything and so radical and everything.

N. P.—What d'you say? You don't mean to tell me you're there. Good night, Pop! Well, there is everything!

U. T. P.—All right, son. Now shove me your mit and slip me the pass word, and I don't mean maybe.

N. P.—I ain't giving you nothing different. I'm coming 'cross with the whole works.

U. T. P.—Everything is pretty, old top. I'm bluffing these white folks to death. They think I'm the worst enemy of the Union in the service. Good night, lower 8 is ringing me again. We got to hit the ball, you know, and give 'em service jam-up, 'cause we are loyal Brotherhood men. If we do our work right, pay our dues, pay our assessment and get the slackers to join, we can't lose.

## Who Is New Negro?

(Continued from page 93)

like New Negroes have proved to be but asses in lion's skins. When a lion appeared they took to the woods.

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