WHEN YOU FINISH READING YOUR AFRO PASS IT ALONG TO A FRIEND

LET MY PEOPLE GO

Sea of humanity voices plea

By GEORGE W. COLLINS

It was as if voices from the graves of generations of an oppressed people joined in word and song with voices of the living and those yet unborn, and pleaded with God and man to right a wrong that has gone unchecked in America for centuries.

Chills raced up and down the spine and tears wouldnt behave as the voices, like a mighty rush of wind, searched every corner of the Lincoln Monument and floated out on the wings of a hot summer day.

Left in their wake was a message still echoing across this land:

"Let my people go!"

This is the feeling that remains out in the mind of one who plowed through the sea of humanity Wednesday during the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom.

Watching the 241,000 persons who etched immortality around the date of Aug. 28, 1963, in the shadows of Lincoln's Memorial was an unforgettable experience.

* * *

DESCENDING on the nation's capital to register its complaint against man's inhumanity to man, the crowd alternately sang, prayed, shouted, laughed and applauded while listening to the black man plead his cause with the able assistance of his white brother.

In the historic gathering were members of every race, color, creed, denomination, who came from every station in life.

But Wednesday there were no highs no lows, just people —people who were ready for freedom now—or people who knew that until all are free, none is free.

Despite clinging humidity and temperatures in the upper 80's, thousands from across the nation didn't move until Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga., delivered a moving benediction at 4:30 p.m.

In between they were led to joyful tears by the soulful singing of Miss Mahalia Jackson and the brilliant oratory of the "moral leader of the nation," the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King.

As the vibrant and eloquent voice of Dr. King spilled forth from the public address system, there was stark silence that erupted into thunderous applause whenever he paused — and sometimes before.

During the high point of Dr. King's address, obviously the featured speech of the program, hardened newsmen, women, and teenage boys and girls wept unashamedly.

* * *

AS THE POWERFUL and beautiful voice of Miss Jackson engulfed the horde of "freedom now" petitioners, a sense of rejoicing swept through the huge gathering.

For a fleeting moment there was the feeling that you were in the middle of a giant - sized, old fashion camp meeting where pleas were sent heavenward.

There was the feeling, too, that they were being answered.

* * *

FERVOR AND reverence covered the crowd like a blanked of early morning dew.

Coming from all corners of the nation, the sea of humanity carried signs, banners, and placards which echoed and re - echoed the message of freedom.

A walk through the crowd was an exercise in gymnastic excellence.

One man, with a press card tacked to his chest, purposely went twice on such a mission during the massive assembly.

After moving with relative ease on the fringe of the throng, he attempted to pass through the ranks of thousands from the east to west side of the monumental plaza.

After a symphony of "excuse me, please," "may I squeeze by, please" and other apologetic utterings he was able to move no more than 45 yards in 45 minutes.

* * *

MEN, WOMEN, children, with faces and eyes reflecting every color imaginable were quick with cheerful greetings.

In fact the mood of the crowd, from the beginning to end, was nothing short of incredible.

In spite of all manners of discomforts and inconveniences, such as waiting in line at the portable comfort stations, the lack of food and water, and relentless heat, there were no frowns, scowls, or indications of impatience.

An aura of friendship, brotherhood, and love spread through the assembly so thoroughly that nothing—including fainting, and there was plenty — perturbed it.

Persons who succumbed to the heat didn't have to worry about injuries from falls. They either gracefull sank to the ground or swayed back in the waiting arms of those anxious to help.

At one spot alone, more than 150 persons — again of all races, sex, and ages — were gently hoisted above the heads of the gathering and passed to waiting attendants and policemen, who were stationed at strategic points along the other side of the fence.

* * *

AS POINTED out else where countless times, the march was the biggest freedom demonstration in the history of the nation.

It undoubtedly was the best covered demonstration in the history of the country or possibly the world.

Newsmen and photographers from around the globe pushed the ranks of the working press the 2,000 mark the Press Committee reported.

Located in a mammoth tent tagged "Press Headquarters," the press corps spread out around the area and along the route of march like the limbs of giant oaks.

By 2 p.m. they had consumed 400 cases of cokes plus an incredible amount of other edibles, the source of which was not known to most of those who raced with time to record the event that transformed Washington into "Freedom City" for a day.

Policemen, soldiers, plain-clothesmen assigned to the crowd, had little to do other than administer to victims of the heat.

Most of the work was done by the army of yellow armbanned marshals, the unique police force that was the product of the creative minds of the march planners.

These marshals, too, were possessed with the spirit of the hour and their instructions to participants sounded more like greetings than orders.

THE CROWD'S actions, manners, and behavior were themselves like greetings to a great event on the eve of birth.

This pending event, which all seemed aware, was best described at the bottom of the program in this fashion:

"We Shall Overcome."

That's how it felt to be among the sea of humanity that took the cause of an oppressed people to the capital of the free world on Aug. 28, 1963.

* * *

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—Nothing on

(Continued from page 6)

the Danville mayor's home.

"Things haven't changed at all in Danville." The minister continued. "They're worse if anything."

"They have an injunction now that won't let us gather, talk or even think civil rights."

Rev. Mr. Campbell said he was under an indictment for inciting to riot and faces a possible five to ten year jail sentence. He said this was just part of the process he had to be trusted in the Lord to protect him.

He expressed deep gratitude to the residents of Brannockburn, Md., an all-white community a few miles outside Glen Echo. He said all his followers were housed in homes of the community and fed and given the friendliest treatment possible.

MRS. JACOB KOSSOW, a resident of Brannockburn, organized the residents and was responsible for its success. She has been to Danville and marched with the Danville Christian Progressive Association.

Rev. Mr. Campbell said many Danville whites would help in the struggle but they are afraid of being made outcasts. He said the Mississippi-Alabama Relief Association, a D.C. organization had brought truckloads of food and clothing to Danville.

The quiet minister was called by his lifely 'marchers' to come with them at an assembly point near the base of the Washington Mon-

—The cast

Continued from page 4)

hood was the consumation of one of his dreams.

This evidence of awareness of the latent power of the race he loved despite their rejection in his latter years would have been another.

But he did not live to see the seeds he planted as one of the founders of the NAACP come to full fruition as it did Wednesday.

So here at the base of Lincoln's shrine he saw the long hand of God writing on the walls of marble as the heroes of yesterday sheathed their swords and the old soldiers fade away.

WE COULD see the ghosts of freedom fighters of the past smiling in the wings as new idols move toward the footlights.

The lines of the Roosevelts, husband and wife, are being read by the Kennedy brothers, Roy Wilkins essays the role of Walter White supported by such fresh new talent as the James Farmers, the Luther Kings, the Whitney Youngs and many others.

You realize that although the tempo has been stepped up and new techniques have been introduced there are few changes in the scripe.

The cast is changed, but the play is just the same.

—Screen, TV

(Continued from page 5)

Poitier, Faye Emerson, Paul Newman and his wife, Joanne Woodward, fell into the line of march from the Washington Monument to Lincoln Memorial.

Also in the gathering were Miss Baker, Anthony Franciosa, James (Maverick) Garner, Robert Ryan, Rita (West Side Story) Moreno and Leon Bibbs.

Director Joseph (Cleopatra) Mankiewicz, Frank Silvera, Peter (Lawman) Brown, Susan Strasberg, Dennis (Gunsmoke) Hooper, Whitney (Hazel) Blake and Steve Cochran were also in the interracial delegation of over 50 from the realm of stage, screen and television.

* * *

MISS WILLIAMS, the talented soprano whose Danville (Va.) hometown has been recently torn with racial strife, launched the ceremonies at the Memorial with a moving rendition of the "National Anthem."

She sang instead of Miss Anderson, who was delayed by crowd conditions and did not reach the rostrum until the program was underway.

Later, the veteran Philadelphia coloratura and Metropolitan Opera star provided a stirring version of "He's Got the Whole World In His Hands."

HIGH SPOT of the Memorial services was reached, however, when the ever-popular Mahalia Jackson rocked the immediate area and the banks of the reflecting pool with a series of spirituals.

Lancaster, who interrupted work on a movie he was making in Paris for the one-day round trip here, presented a scroll bearing "over 150 signatures" of artists "of all nationalities" busily engaged in French films and plays.

When it was read by Belafonte, the message conveyed congratulations to the fortitude and assured leaders of the undertaking that they were being joined in prayers for success.

—'Pushability'

(Continued from page 5)

la Fenderson of Washington.

There were the coaches on the train which brought Mrs. Elsie Rhodes down from Philadelphia. Saw her sitting on a bench along the way clutching smelling salts. Walking slowly with a cane was Peyton Filmore of Washington.

But brisk steps were taken in the line of March by Baltimore attorney Emerson Brown, school principal Daniel Brewington and Mrs. Sadie Lee Elcock, NYC.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Parker (she, Anita, is a teacher and he, a sales engineer from Chicago) walked along with Washington folks, Belle Branch and Eva France. They reminded us the Bureau of Engraving could stand some "Freedom."

Other Baltimoreans seen were Herb Brown, Bobby Morrison, John Robert Lee, Buddy Young of WEBB, the Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Payne, Mrs. Carl Murphy, Clarence Mitchell, and neighbors Glascoe Baker, Mrs. Dorothy W. Jones and daughter Peggy, Mrs. Ethel Murray and son Tony, Michelle Baylor, Edna and Carol Montgomery, Mrs. Mary Hawkins, Mrs. Olivia Dixon, Mrs. Hilda Higgins, Dr. G. James Fleming, Haywood Harrison, Clarence Blount, vice principal of Dunbar, Dr. Jessie Colson, Joseph Rocha, assistant to Morgan State president, Leon Holsey, Mr. and Mrs. Cy Donald Brandon, Mrs. Beatrice Mayo, Nat Allen, Hay[illegible] Henry Parks, the Rev. Montague Brackett, Rev. Harrison Bryant, George Carroll, the Rev. Edward Carroll, Allen Quille and Willie Adams.—

'It was tremendous,' D.C. Marchers say

"Tremendous, tremendous." These words were the standard comment of everyone concerned with the "March on Washington" last Wednesday. No other words seemed to quite fill the bill.

Rev. Walter A. Faunlroy, who was responsible for the District's March activities, told the Washington AFRO-American that the demonstration far exceeded his wildest dreams.

"It was just tremendous, tremendous," he said. "I don't think anything could have improved the demonstration."

Congressman Charles C. Diggs (D.-Mich.) said, "This is a tremendous thing, just tremendous. I'm very proud of the whole thing."

* * *

WILLIAM FAUNTROY, brother of Rev. Fauntroy said, "I'm so glad to see so many people. Walter worked very hard on this March.

"I almost cried early this morning when the TV man said there were less than

ument.

"Come on Reverend, if we don't hurry up we won't have a place in the March," one of them called.

Rev. Mr. Campbell nodded his head and went quietly along with the group obviously proud of his enthusiastic followers. In no time at all they were swallowed up in the mass of demonstrators who were rapidly filling the vast area around the Monument.

—Gadabouting

(Continued from page 4)

ceding two-mile stretch to the Washington Monument rocked. Catherine Basie (the Count's wife) simply stood straight up and beamed.

* * *

IF I SHOULD LIVE to be a hundred I think I shall never experience the thrill that came with looking back from the Lincoln Memorial to the Washington Monument upon that sea of humanity, lining both sides of the lakes, fronting the last memorial . . . even the trees housing youth with banners.

If I should live that long I know I will never see so much cruor eaten by the calamity howlers, who constantly sowed predictions of violence. Even the prized bokwood lost no sprigs. —

I need no further motivation to carry me through the trail yet to be trod, regardless of the years after Roy Wilkins, Whitley Young and Martin Luther King's addresses. I tried to listen to what Dr King was saying as against the beauty of his oratory . . . but I had to agree with the youngster who sat next to me. Said the young man "He handles words as if he invented them." The boy was so right. I am right, too, when I say that Dr. King also handles a battle as if he invented freedom fighting

No Sir. This was not a fashion fare.

The March on Washington was strictly for Jobs and Freedom.

—10,000 moved

(Continued from page 6)

14 chartered buses.

* * *

ALSO accounting for a large segment of the huge New York marchers were 4,000 persons on two trains, members of the state county and municipal employees, District Council No. 37.

Two additional trainloads brought in an equal number of members of the Retail, wholesale and department Store union, of NYC.

On one of the three special trains in from Chicago, Ill., Joseph Perry, captain of the coaches, escorted two elderly white ladies, one Bessie Pellergrina, 62, and Minnie Gillis, who smiled off the question with a wink, claiming "40". Both were spry and "ready for the march" after the near 18-hour trip from the Windy City.

At one point during the Chicago marcher's walk to the street outside of Union station, a young man apparently represented the Black Muslim movement was attempting to hawk his organization's newspaper. His response was laughs.

Mr. Elijah Muhammad, head of the Muslim organization, has openly decried demonstrations and non-violent methods in fighting for civil rights.

* * *

ARRIVING IN three buses and one of the few groups attired uniformly, was the (CIO-AFL), members of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York.

Wearing white sailor hats and T-shirts emblazoned with the union's insignia, they were under the direction of co-captains Vincent Roper and Guilmo Ryan, of NYC, and also with the unit was Robert Nebitt, Maritime national representative.

Accompanying the marchlimers were also a number of the American Radio Operators Association.

At one point in the Union Station procession with specials en five major trunk lines, Pennsy, B and O, C and O, Southern, and Atlantic Coast line, a marshal of the Washington committee declared that 10,000 persons were moved through the station in 20 minutes.

Special trains and regularly scheduled trains were rolling in at the rate of one every 60 seconds.

Detroit to see housing effort

DETROIT — The Detroit Council for Human Rights (DCHR) told suburban officials Wednesday that colored families are being recruited to move into homes in every Detroit suburb.

James Del Rio, DCHR's housing chairman, said the plan is to help colored families in need of housing to buy or rent suburban houses which have been repossessed by the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) or the Veterans Administration.

"We are not asking you to endorse this plan," Mr. Del Rio told suburban officials at a meeting at the Detroit Urban League, 208 Mack.

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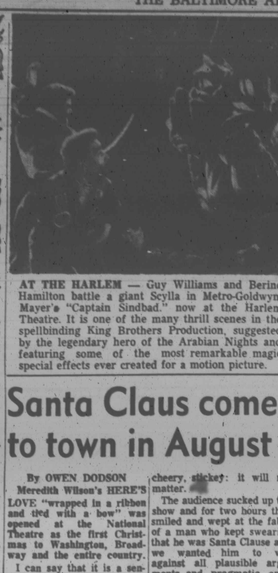

AT THE HARLEM — Guy Williams and Berine Hamilton battle a giant Scylla in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Captain Sindbad." now at the Harlem Theatre. It is one of the many thrill scenes in the spellbinding King Brothers Production, suggested by the legendary hero of the Arabian Nights and featuring some of the most remarkable magic special effects ever created for a motion picture.

Santa Claus comes to town in August

By OWEN DODSON

Meredith Wilson's HERE'S LOVE "wrapped in a ribbon and tied with a bow" was opened at the National Theatre as the first Christmas to Washington, Broadway and the entire country.

I can say that it is a sentimental show and then hang adjectives to it like cute, peppermint, obvious, unrealistic, disjointed, corny, cheery, sticky: it will not matter.

The audience sucked up the show and for two hours they smiled and wept at the fable of a man who kept swearing that he was Santa Clause and we wanted him to try against all plausible arguments and pragmatic opinion.

Only the mean - hearted will not be moved by this innocent, shoddy show. I say shoddy only in the sense that it could have bene a shining sample and example of mythlegend, fable, and the meaning of holiday in America.

* * *

AS IT STANDS Mr. Meredith has taken every easy way out to milk tears and spread jam on the crazy world of department stores and business in general, the shape of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

These two celebrations are aorta to our children and balm to our living in a commercial world. My heart stops a beat to think that a responsible writer has made our deepest sentiments sentimental and cookey.

The plot is direct and simple. It centers around the annual Macy Department Store parade on Thanksgiving Day. Santa Clause (the hired one) is drunk and cannot perform.

Kris Kringle wanders onto the scene and is hired by the director of the affair, Doris Walker (Linda Paige) who turns out to be a Santa who not only satisfies childrens desires but prods a philosophy of love.

"If you can't get it here at Macy's go elsewhere . . . even to Gimbel's across the street." Sales increase at Macy's but Santa is likely to be settled in the booby hatch for declaring that he is he.

* * *

HE IS AT LAST released by the head of Macy's and the hundreds of letters from people who believe that there is truly a Santa Clause.

The manager of the Thanksgiving affair finds love and belief in life and myth through a Marine Corps officer (Craig Stevens). Everything ends sweet potato pie. Santa is hired for life, sales are larger than usual and Santa becomes Saint Santa.

All this is performed with professional care and there is a spirit of good will throughout the entire production. I think that the beginning is so high and bright that the rest of the show can't keep up with the dashing pace set so early.

* * *

THERE IS ALSO an unbalance in musical dance numbers in one and two. The twosome scenes are dull beside the sparkle of the others. This is because Mr. Meredith has made serious material into sketches and will not recognize that his characters are flesh and blood and deserve attention — In a very special, human way. He skips over human involvement.

The settings by William and Jean Eckart are right, costumes by Alvin Colt catch the spirit and mood of each scene and he knows how to dress people with emotional taste.

I enjoyed most Laurence Nailsmith as Kris Kringle. He had the proper smile and gesture and a certain twinkle that made me believe he was Santa.

I didnt need to pull his beard; I knew it was real. Mr. Sawyer was painted and hilarious as the personnel manager. It was a performance full of charm with a twinkling sense of "go to hell."

Miss Janice Paige's portrayal wants more warmth. She seems locked within herself and with a little more prodding the charming little girl who plays her daughter could let her out of that light box.

The music is standard Americana; thump de thump de thump. But one song, THAT MAN OVER THERE was moving.

Philly's Mae Madrid honored in L.A.

When the Little Foxes and Hares, national fashion model organization selected statuesque Philadelphian Mae Madrid, as the female model of the year at their fifth annual national convention in Los Angeles, they only mirrored a reflection long known in Quaker City fashion model circles.

The shapely and talented Mae, rated as one of the best exponenents in her field in the East, is dubbed by associates as the "model's model!"

At the California session, in the national fashion models contest held at the Golden State Mutual auditorium, Mae, and Jimmy Hale of Oakland, male model of the year, topped a collection of 20 models from across the nation.

* * *

THE PHILLY beauty's Madrid School and Model Agency, also won a trophy for being the delegation coming the greatest distance.

For Miss Madrid, the distance the distinguished honor has been negotiated over a period of years, most of them in the focus of scores of public appearances on the fashion runways, and winner of several beauty titles.

Neither has her rise been accomplished over a bed of roses, and as Mae can witness, beauty of face and figure has it merits, but finds no open door to success on such merits alone.

EARLY RECOGNIZING the need for special training and development of charm, she pushed her way through a bevy of allegedly more-seasoned professional models to the top of the lovely local heap.

Noted for her pose on the fashion show runways, she is also one of the busiest models, posing for students at the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, and for several years the only model of her race wearing new fashion designs in Center City department stores.

Although the names of the models adorning daily and Sunday fashions pages are omitted, many scanning the pages have caught the face and form of Mae among the cream of Philly models.

A FORMER MANAGER and instructor at the Flamingo School of Modeling, she has volunteered her services in the training of hundreds of teen and pre - teen girls in the charm department, and has for the past two years operated her own school.

Born in Puerto Rico, and formerly of Washington, Mae is an avid and expert dancer of Spanish steps and can reel off the meringue, tango, bosa nova or cha-cha-cha with the pro's.

MAE, MAE AND MORE MAE — Philly's lively Mae Madrid, recently selected as Model of the Year, by the National Little Foxes and Hares fashion model organization at their fifth annual convention in Los Angeles. Left, as a budding fashion model in 1948, enroute to a fashion convention center, in 1957, her shapely figure setting off small portions of a tiger pelt; and right, the Mae Madrid of the fabulous sixties, the beauty of yesteryear still present, capped with the icing of sophistication.

Ruby Dee's reading of poem stirring

WASHINGTON

One of the most moving artistic contributions of the early "March on Washington" program Wednesday, was the reading of a work by poet Margaret Walker, by actress Ruby Dee.

Miss Dee, the talented actress wife of playwright Ossie Davis, co-starred with him in his recent Broadway hit, "Purlie Victorious," which only a month ago was purchased by a major Hollywood film studio for making into a picture.

THE READING was of Miss Walker's "For My People," which follows:

"For my people everywhere singing their slave songs repeatedly: their dirges and their ditties and their blues and jubilees, praying their prayers nightly to an unknown god, bending their knees humbly to an unseen power;

"For my people lending their strength to the years, to the gone years and the maybe years, washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, mending, hoeing, plowing, digging, planting, pruning, patching, dragging along, never gaining, never reaping never knowning and never understanding;

* * *

"FOR MY PLAYMATES in the clay and dust and sand of Alabama backyards playing baptizing and preaching and doctor and jail and soldier and school and mama, and cooking and playhouse and concert and store, and hair and Miss Choomby and company;

"For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn to know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who and the place where and the days when, in memory of the bitter hour when we discovered we were black and poor and small and different, and nobody cared and nobody wondered and nobody understood;

"For the boys and girls who grew in spite of these things to be man and woman to laugh and dance and sing and play and drink their wine and religion and success, to marry their playmates and bear children and then die of consumption and anemia and lynching;

* * *

"FOR MY people thronging 47th Street in Chicago and Lenox Avenues in New York and Rampart Street in New Orleans, lost, disinherited, dispossessed and happy people filling the cabarets and taverns and other people's pockets, needing bread and shoes and milk and land and money and something—something all our own;

"For my people walking blindly spreading joy, losing time being lazy, sleeping when hungry, shouting when burdened, drinking when hopeless, tied unit and shackled and tangled among ourselves by the unseen creatures who tower over us omnisciently and laugh;

"FOR MY people blundering and groping and flounder ing in the dark of churches and schools and, clubs and societies, associations and councils and committees and conventions, distressed and disturbed and deceived and devoured by money-hungry, glory-craving leeches, preyed on by fakers force of state and fad and novelty by false prophet and holy believer;

"For my people standing staring trying to fashion a better way from confusion, from hypocrisy and misunderstanding, trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people, all the faces, all the adams and eves and countless generations;

"Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peace be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth; let a people loving freedom come to growth. Let a beauty full of healing and a strength of final clench ing be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood.

"Let the martial songs be written, let the dirges disappear.

"Let a race of men now rise and take control."

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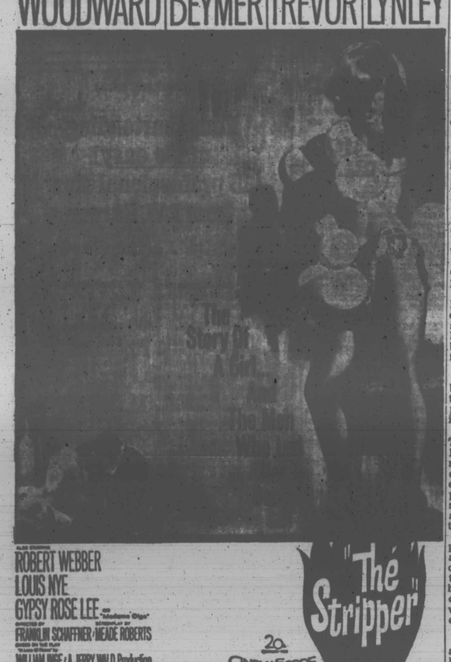

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