The Voters tumbled out of the trucks, made their way to the little table, got their pieces of paper and formed in line to the polling place. The line moved quickly.

As in the Reconstruction Period after the Civil War, carpet-baggers are going after the Negro vote. Here is an account, by a distinguished Negro woman, of what recently happened in Florida.

Millions of Americans no doubt harbor the illusion that the Period of the Reconstruction ended in the 1870s, and in dying out took all of its symptoms with it. No more herding of the Negro vote by greedy Carpet-baggers and their allies, the opportunist-minded southerner who came to be known as the Scalawag. No more prostitution of the purposes of free election by packing the polls with Negro voters who balloted as they were told without understanding what any of the commotion was about. Those days were gone forever.

The author, Zora Neale Hurston, is the daughter of an Eatonville, Florida, minister. Studied at Morgan College, Howard University and Barnard College. Is a distinguished novelist, anthropologist, sociologist and writer, former head of drama department, N. C. College for Negroes.

Those, like myself, who held that delusion, were never so mistaken. In the Florida Primary election of May 2, 1950, I saw Negro votes being peddled on a big scale. Single-shotting was the order of the day.

To those who might not be familiar with the term, single-shotting in an election means to go into the booth and pull down a single lever, ignoring everything else offered for public consideration. This erratic behavior on the part of a voter is a dead giveaway. First, it signifies that the voter is unprepared in his own mind to comprehend, even vaguely, the contested issues. Second,
NEGRO VOTES PEDDLED

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

it betrays the fact that the ballot-wielder has been coached. The instructor does not trust the voter's mind to retain but so much, so no risk is taken by trying to teach the whole ticket. Just go in and pull down lever Number 2, for instance, then come on out. Lever Two, you know a 2 when you see it, don't you? Pull 2, t-w-o, and come on out and get your pay. That or these, are the mechanics and the explanation of single-shotting.

It was while registration was going on that a murmur reached me that this was going to be a hotly-contested senatorial fight between the incumbent, Senator Claude Pepper, and his challenger, Representative George Smathers, and that an organization from the north was going to come into Florida to organize and deliver the Negro vote in a lump. From historical background, I did not believe that an outside agency would dare to interfere in a southern election, nor did I believe that the Negro vote could be handled as a dark, amorphous lump. Then and there I made up my mind to be in Florida for this struggle at all costs, and to be in Miami, Florida's largest city and the seat of Dade county, which from rumor was slated to be the hottest battleground.

So I planted myself there and saw the intense and well-organized drive to get the mass of Negro voters registered for the polls. I heard about the payment of a dollar to each prospective voter, because you cannot keep secret what thousands of people know. It was a dollar for each person who registered to vote, and twenty-five cents a head for the bush-beaters who rounded up the people and delivered them to the registration centers. By all accounts, this was the heaviest registration of Negro voters in the history of the State, and perhaps many years will pass before it happens that way again.

Whether (Continued on page 54)
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Holmes' experience proves something I've thought a long time. It's the other panic that licks him. The octopus had actually done nothing more than hold him. If Holmes hadn't spared him, the octopus would not have attacked. There was a lack of something the biggest coward in the sea and his fear of some reputation is more fiction than fact. I've often had a pair for company while working fifty or a hundred feet down inside a trap. But the octopus is so5

and his fear of some reputation is more fiction than fact. I've often had a pair for company while working fifty or a hundred feet down inside a trap. But the octopus is so5

voter's soup kitchen was provided. With the proper credentials, those pleading poverty could go to certain addresses and draw groceries. Here they were exhorted to hold firm in the good gospel wherever they went, Vote right, and there would be a lot more free things besides groceries. That was the kind of government that poor people needed, and that was the kind that they would get if they wished.

Then there were those post-primary promises. They gave unthinking voters visions and made them dream dreams.

One young woman worker told me with a confident smile that the day after the election, she would be visiting Cicada. Just like that! A drab middle-aged woman told me about the groceries that she had already got, and how she had been promised plenty of sheets and towels for her house, which she needed badly. She only wished that she had thought to look for some new wool blankets too. Her next door neighbor had put in for some. Nice, new, pink-colored blankets and all. Still another settled woman was glowing over the promise of two new inner-spring mattresses for her bed. She was very excited about them and was planning to get out the war with the State. The long-delayed capture of the South by the left-wing was at hand.

Estimating that at least 50 percent of those Negroes who had been pressed to register would forget all about the whole thing in a few days, I watched to see the inertia set in. But the organizing experts had thought about that too. For that section of the voters who could be appealed to through their desire for political power, the FEPC issue was kept at white heat. It was going to do everything for them, down to frying the breakfast bacon and hanging out the wash on the line. For those indifferent to such things, a kind of

A smiling second of fire extinguisher. Tiny "Presto" (about size of a flashlight) does job of bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much or more, yet as heavy. Ends fires fast. Stops flames in palm of hand. Never overdoses. Guaranteed for 20 years. Sell for only 39c! Show it. Rent it. Owners of homes, cars, boats, farm, etc. and stores for resale—make big profit income. If you rent, return 20. Day C. K. Kami, 1,000 a month. Write for FREE Sales Kit. No obligation. MERITITE INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. 4, 18th St., New York, N. Y. in Canada: MERRYEL, Ltd., 371 D'Orsay St., Montreal, P. Q. (If you want a regular Presto to use as a demonstrator, send $2.50. Money back if you use.)

"I Saw Negro Votes Peddled" (Continued from page 13)

there was an organization behind this intense drive was answered for me positively by a Negro schoolteacher who was part of the movement.

"You were correctly informed," she told me with a smile, and even a touch of pride in her voice. "They are really here. That is rumor at all. It is a positive fact. They are our friends from up North here helping us out and they are doing a wonderful job. The Negro vote holds the balance of power, and we are organized now, I can't see any way in the world for our candidate to lose. Not with the help we've got. It's in the bag!"

That was the way it was. Under the promise of gain, if you can call a dollar gain, the inner section of the Negro voters were needed into action and registration. The Negro bushe-busters herding the prospective voters in, and the organizers in the shadows directing the bushe-busters.

But all of the Negroes did not hurry to register for the sake of a dollar. There was a sector of the socially-conscious, who already knew something about the organization from the inside, and saw in the election a beautiful Trojan horse. They were on hand to open the doors and let out the warriors on the State. The long-delayed capture of the South by the left-wing was at hand.

Estimating that at least 50 percent of those Negroes who had been pressed to register would forget all about the whole thing in a few days, I watched to see the inertia set in. But the organizing experts had thought about that too. For that section of the voters who could be appealed to through their desire for political power, the FEPC issue was kept at white heat. It was going to do everything for them, down to frying the breakfast bacon and hanging out the wash on the line. For those indifferent to such things, a kind of
I Have A "Close Squeak!"

Spent last Saturday morning wandering all over the house. Wherever I went—upstairs or down—I kept hearing a "squeak." Couldn't find out where it was coming from until noon—time when the missus came home from her weekly shopping.

"Listen," I says to her, "hear that squeak?" I started quietlike across the kitchen and there it went again! "Joe Marsh," she laughs, "that is nothing but your suspender clips rubbing back and forth when you walk!" And darned if it wasn't!

From where I sit, I'd been letting a little thing become a serious problem. Like some little difference of opinion or taste will start off a great big argument. I may prefer a temperate glass of beer with my dinner—while the missus likes tea—but we figure that no two people have exactly the same likes and dislikes. So, why get all "het up" about it?

The moral is, check your suspenders—and check your temper when it comes to little things.

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taken back to the barn to put on coats, then back again to the polls to vote again. Later they put on hats and the candidate "voted their hats." If necessary, they were
scrambled up and brought back to the polls from another direction and voted again. All that a white man needed who
yearned for place and power under that system was a few hundred dollars and a
ough conscience, and he was in. With the
out and bloody struggle for Negro free-
orn in mind, many of those Scalawags
must have laughed a-plenty to themselves.
At a dollar a head, and voting each man
three times, a Negro that during slavery
would have brought at least seven hun-
dred dollars on the block, he could now
buy for thirty cents. And the Scalawag
could profit infinitely more by the cheap
vote than he could from the voter's sweaty
abor, and he did not even have to feed
and shelter him.

The measures of Rutherford B. Hayes
brought to an end the golden picnic of the
Carpet-baggers and Scalawags. Be-
fore the fury of the re-enfranchised South,
they scattered in every direction. The
men who had reaped the harvest from
the conquered and prostrate South were
gone, but their naive tools, those Negro
coters, were still around. And the scars
of those Reconstruction years remained.
Negroes had repeatedly voted their shirts,
their cows and their houses, but there was
nothing to show for it but empty hands
and
eyes to cry with. Yet they were called
upon to pay for what their exploiters had
done. In those dark after-decades arose
the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, dis-
franchisement of the Negro through the
three disabling clauses, the Grandfather
Clause, the Property Clause and the
Literacy Clause. There came the habit of
lynching, and later segregation in every
state in the South.

Those Negroes, fresh out of slavery,
cannot fairly be held responsible for what
gone on during the Reconstruction. They
were illiterate. They had no background
for making decisions, even to small ones
that concerned their daily lives.

The scoundrels who took advantage of them
are the most reprehensible in all history.
And to make it worse, they had brought
off this monstrous villainy under the cloak
of "friends of the Negro." But where, oh,
where were those "friends" while the ter-
rible decades rolled in? Unlike the turtle,
their voices were not heard in the land.

But this is A.D. 1950. I am standing on
the corner in Miami, Florida. It is a sou-
thern city with hundreds of very modern
and comfortable Negro homes, lived in by
Negroes of many professions, from theinest colleges and universities in the
United States. Among them are physi-
cians, dentists, lawyers, morticians, phar-
macists, teachers, registered nurses, min-
isters, journalists, and the like. A Negro
judge presides over a municipal court,
and Negro policemen patrol the streets.

Free public schools available for Negro
children are ably staffed by Negroes.
Negro business men control into the mil-
ions in wealth. Yet, here is the saddening
picture of hundreds of Negroes, no thou-
sands, being herded to the polls just as
in 1870, and paid two dollars for votes.

(Continued on page 59)
To me, it represents an inexcusable loss of prestige to the American Negro. There is something ironical about peddling your vote for two dollars, then calling yourself a "Race champion" fighting for more Civil Rights. There has to be an overload of self-pity and insufficient self-confidence and respect to cause a Negro with a ballot, the most potent weapon in a republic, to make his feel that he needs to be led to the polls to express his convictions on public affairs. It has to be a lack of something to cause him to sell his vote, then look for some "friend of the Negro" to look out for his advancement. It is like a man in a jungle facing a tiger and throwing his high-powered rifle away, then calling for some friend to come help him. Why so many of our so-called leaders spend so much time and energy hunting up "friends of the Negro" is more than I can understand in this day and age. It is self-evident that these persons who talk so loudly and so much about rights and things like that have no appreciation of their present status. They have not yet conceived of themselves nor the mass of Negroes as American citizens, with the same responsibilities towards the nation as others here. To them, Negroes are still wards of the nation, to be done for, but with no responsibilities for the welfare of the United States. We are just here like tourists. Therefore, it is not up to us to fight for able, impartial executives, legislators and jurors. We get carried away by anybody who comes along and claims to be a "friend of the Negro."

Like voracious bluefish swarming around a school of mackerel this type of politician has been fattening off of us since 1865, and most of them have done very well for themselves by their insincerity and our credulity. But even so, these political craftsmen cannot claim credit for originality. This "taking the heathen" gambit is only a variation of the old missionary game. For nearly three hundred years the English boasted that the flag followed the missionary. The routine is, finding the competition too keen among your own kind, you give a clipper and set sail for the "heathen." Appointment yourself his pining partizan until you can land enough force to take him. Variations of this racket have been worked out and followed all over the world, even right here in these United States. Sell dope to the heathen. The dope may be beads, lengths of calico, whiskey, opium, friendship, or some other stupefying stuff. It is a good way to make a big man out of yourself in a hurry. The old game is still good as long as you can buy their votes for two dollars and put them to single-shotting.

But no fairly intelligent Negro has any right to be deceived by any political "friend" who offers to buy his vote. The fact that he offers to buy it tells you what he thinks about your character; and the petty amount gives you his estimate of your intelligence. Lumped together, you are two dollars worth of integrity and brains.

Nor need the Negro leaders of the vote-selling, single-shotting Negro electorate hope for legislation in their favor. They do not seem to realize that when the candidate has paid them off at the polls, he has no further obligations. Nor has he any cause to wish to further our interests out of respect. Under our Constitution, there is no royal ruler. That quality is distributed among the citizens of the United States. Every American is part of the king that rules over this nation. To sell your vote is to abdicate your part of the throne, and that is that.

And how can the Negro leaders who hailed these outside organizers so loudly, and the voters who so slavishly followed their counsel, reconcile their "friendship" with the fact that they neglected the twelve-and-a-half-million-dollar school bond issue at the polls? A generous slice of this was earmarked for the improvement of Negro schools in Dade County. If these organizers had really been our friends they would have supported the improvement of Negro schools over the senatorial race. But this was certainly not the case. I sampled 164 voters as they left the polls and asked if they had voted for the Bond Issue. Many of them behaved as if they were hearing about it for the first time. Thirteen stopped and told me that they had voted for it. Two of the others told me that it was not important. What they needed to do was to get the right man in the Senate. That school business could be looked after later on. What can be clearer proof that, no matter what they said about being "friends of the Negro," it was not true. The Negro vote was thought necessary to elect the candidate; they were here to put over, and that was all.

Negro participation in the southern primaries has only now been restored after generations of being outlawed. So the Smathers-McPepper race is, or was, of the greatest importance for Negroes. It means not only significance for us and the nation half so much from what the candidates said about Negroes, and how
they said it as from our own concept of the value of the franchise as expressed by the behavior at the polls. Evaluations of Negroes as participating citizens are certainly being made. Serious and analytical minds will search out whether we see it as our responsibility to serve the common good by selecting men of high caliber for important offices, or whether, ignoring such qualifications, we rally around "good masters" from the Negro point of view. That will determine whether we are slave-minded mobs or reliable citizens.

One very surprising aspect of the current Negro movement is that "the FEPC is not the big bonus that our people are taking it to be. In the first place, it is unworkable, and if it could be made to work, it would be a two-edged sword. These Negroes don't seem to realize that. If it could be enforced, what would hinder white office workers, insurance agents and executives, morticians and the like, from penetrating Negro business and throwing thousands of us now gainfully employed out of work? Don't fool yourself that none of them wouldn't dj. If there is a good living to be made in it, and there is. White teachers could then gain our schools. We had better learn to think before we yell so much."

paragraphs," advise the majority of the personnel managers queried in the nationwide survey. "Every word must count, linking your experience, education and abilities to what you want. Keep it brief and to the point. We're human, too, and we tire easily. Most application letters are too long."

Since your first aim is to win the personnel manager's attention, you can start on this task by addressing him by name, rather than by title alone. "If the sweetest sound in our language is a man's own name, as psychologists claim, you'll be wise to use the employment manager's name when you write him," suggests the personnel manager of a large corporation.

"Admit that I like the salutation 'Dear Mr. Jones' far more than the impersonal 'Dear Sir.' More important, your use of my name tells me at once that you have done some investigating of our company."

The majority of the 178 personnel managers agree that you increase your chances of employment when you apply for a specific type of job instead of writing vaguely, 'I'd like to work for your firm.' "When you apply for a specific job—for instance, as a junior accountant, clerk, handyman, or office secretary—you show me that you know the kind of work you are best equipped to do," comments a New York executive. "It also shows me that you have a knowledge of our company or its employment needs."

You should tell the personnel manager why you are applying for a job with his company, why you want a particular job, and what you hope it will eventually lead to. "The applicant's long-range job aims are so important to me that they often determine whether or not he is hired," the employment manager of a Southern public utilities company points out. "I want to know a man's vocational plans so that I can see if he will fit into our organization and grow as it grows."

Your big task is to make the personnel manager interested in you as a prospective employee. The secret? "You can set a personnel manager to considering you as a man worthy hiring only if you take his company's viewpoint," is the consensus of the executives queried in the survey. "You must play up those features of your training, education and job experience that will help you be of some value to his company."

The 178 personnel managers agree that you should not write: 'I'm anxious to have a job because I want security'; or 'I need a job because I'm a married man with three children to support.' That is the selfish 'I' attitude. When you use it, you are thinking only of yourself.

Instead, you must take the company's viewpoint. Then you will have the 'You' attitude so essential to successful salesmanship. Personnel managers report that they are impressed when you write: 'Your organization should be able to make use of my experience in . . . Or, 'My specialized training should help me be of service to you as . . .'

But there is no need to go into the details of your training and experience. 'Detail in the letter is unnecessary,' your training and experience on the data sheet,' says the personnel manager of one of America's largest corporations. "If you are a young college graduate with no job experience, don't be disheartened. "Neither I nor any other personnel manager expects the average recent graduate to have any jobs to his credit," a St. Louis executive writes. In fact, with some con-