

# I Saw The Freedom March 1966

BY MISS CATHERINE YOUNG



AUTHORESS - Catherine Young Brown is the daughter of the late Mrs. Ethel Lightner Young of Raleigh. We published a number of Catherine Young's works from forty-five to fifty-six. "I Saw The Freedom March" is a follow up of "I Hear Singing Americans," from which the winning skit for the annual Jabberwock of 1961, sponsored by the Raleigh chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, was taken.

### PROLOGUE

Racing home with but one thought in view,  
And gasping with each breath I drew  
I exclaimed,  
"Mom, there's going to be a Freedom March,  
And everyone should be there."  
"Now, wait child, take care. What's all dis 'bout a Freedom March?  
Where yuh gonnah march?"  
"Mom, we are going to Washington, D. C.  
Just think, I can see The Capitol of the United States The White House and the Monument,  
Even the President."  
"Wait a minute chile, What cha talkin' 'bout? When dis gonnah be?"  
"You know Mom, my teacher told us  
All about the Freedom March, And everyone can go."  
"Can go? Now wait chile, You donne make no sense."  
"But Mom, this is going to be Really something to see."  
"Child, such doings is only meant  
Fuh fokes wit' money, And automobiles, and clothes; And honey,  
You ain't got none uv dose."  
"But Mom, you don't have to have money;  
You don't have to have clothes. You don't have to have anything  
But a round-trip ticket That's just half-price."  
"Dat's nice,  
But what yuh gonnah do Wit' a ticket dat's half-price And no shoes or clothes dat's fittin'?"  
"Yo' shoes so thin  
Yuh can count pebbles when you walk."  
"But Mom, my teacher says Clothes do not matter."  
"Listen child,  
Maybe t'would be great tuh go, But yuh Ma's ole hands Aches huh so,  
Dey's most neigh done to de quick.  
I can't take no more washin'. I'se jes' 'bout sick."  
I turned away  
With my head in my hands. As I began to pray,  
I could see myself bobbing to and fro  
Through the crowds, cheering loud.  
When I retired that night,  
I looked up at the big bright moon  
And prayed God would send me right  
To the source whereby I might Find means to go  
To the Freedom March.  
Each day our teachers reminded us  
That the Freedom March was a must  
For boys and girls who'd some-day  
The empowered citizens of this great country,  
Who would make the laws  
And man the courts  
And demonstrate to the world True democracy.  
I walked and prayed silently  
On my from school,  
"Lord, look at me please,  
I don't ask for fancy clothes,  
I don't ask for spending change.  
I just hope you can arrange  
For my fare to the Freedom March.  
I don't know what I will do  
When I get in Washington,  
I just want to be there  
To see what is to be done,  
And how I can help do it.  
If you never grant me another wish Lord,  
I beg with all my heart,  
Do open a way for me to go  
To see the Freedom March.  
Please Lord, Amen.

So to a nation  
Of frustration and hate  
Came the day of the Freedom March.  
Our world for ages longed,  
Envisioned, dreamed, hoped and prayed to see  
This blessing wrought in reality.  
Where men, like brothers  
Walking hand in hand

Join forces to assure this great land  
Of peace and brotherhood  
With all, for all and unto all.  
Many times I have walked these streets at dawn  
But failed to realize  
The splendor of the rapturous morning sun-rays  
Across the dew-drenched lawns.

The tents spread on the Monument grounds  
Were soon replaced by the crowds waving banners,  
That came streaming from airports, from train depots,  
From buses, from automobiles,  
Yes even footsore and weary  
Many hiked the distant miles  
With but a dream  
A dream of a grand experience,  
A taste of freedom  
And to be a part  
Of making that dream come true

For all society,  
I beheld, from the hill  
Of the Washington Monument,  
Dew-kissed portals  
Glistening like Heaven's pearly gates  
All leading to one central spot;  
As unto the twelve gates  
To the eternal city of Heaven  
Came thousands of weary travelers,  
Up, up, up,  
From the east,  
From the west,  
From the north,  
From the south,  
Marching, marching, marching,  
marching,  
Chanting in one accord their triumph songs.

There was no strife,  
But hearts over-flowing with love and tolerance,  
An understanding peace,  
A special glow of delight  
Beamed in their faces  
For just being there,  
Sharing lunches,  
A spot in the shade  
Or a hand to the infirm.  
After the coffin hearing "Jim Crow"  
To it's resting place was lowered,  
On the Freedom March  
proceeded down Constitution Avenue  
To the Monument of Abraham Lincoln,  
Led by the Grandfather of the Dream,  
Proud that he had lived  
To witness the hour of decision.

Charitable organizations donated lunches,  
Comfort stations, the Army supplied,  
That no essential need be denied,  
Chords were touched that day  
Which never played before.  
With the marching of feet,  
Little feet, big feet,  
Weak feet, strong feet  
There resounded the echo  
And re-echo of  
Freedom! freedom! freedom!

Not selfishly,  
Not proud,  
But sufficiently loud  
To be heard around the world,  
No trumpets blasted,  
No drums were beat,  
Just constant feet  
Trudging out from a dim past  
Into the sun,  
The sun of a bright, new day.  
Crosses and burdens  
Seemed a pleasure  
That measured  
Sincerity.

They came in wheel-chairs,  
On canes and on crutches,  
Even leading the blind  
As though to find  
A healer for their cares.  
My heart throbbed with exceeding warmth  
As I beheld a young mother,  
Poorly clad, visibly pregnant,  
Carrying a babe in arms,  
And dragging two more little ones  
By her side.

It was evident  
She wanted her little ones  
To witness there and have inbred  
In their little hearts  
This new life,  
To drink freely,  
Though it be only a taste  
Of Divine love,  
Activated in the hearts of mankind.  
Along the way were the  
Zacchaeus'.  
Many a youth sought the higher view  
From the boughs,  
Yielding their spot in the shade to others.

It was a situation of idealism,  
As there was no real desire  
But to be and let be,  
To see and not to be seen,  
A strong, younger leader of our land,  
Lifting the burden  
Of a tired old man,  
Depicted little children,  
Black and white, gentle and Jew,  
All growing hand in hand  
With one point of view,  
Not fearing, not caring,  
Only rejoicing and singing  
Thanks to God.  
Like Lilies of the field,  
Free at last,  
Not to do anything they please,  
But to live neighborly,  
To work and be  
Citizens free,  
Each as his brother's keeper,  
Sympathy and understanding  
Sought not it's own delight,  
But that it might  
Quince the flame of embittered hate.

I heard negroes, whites, gentiles and jews  
Proclaiming one worthy bit of news,  
Freedom now, and brotherhood,

Now, or never  
Whatever betide,  
We all are God's children.  
The privilege must not be denied  
Even the least among us.  
My Lord, what a morning!  
Then the stars (movie stars,  
stars of stage and screen)  
Began to fall in line.  
From the four corners of the earth they came,  
Troubled, concerned, sincere.  
Nobody knows the trouble had seen.  
Freedom Lord, freedom for all  
Before I meet my grave.  
Come all join in one accord.  
My Lord, what a morning -  
That morning of the Freedom March.  
As orderly as the twenty-two thousand  
Descended on Washington,  
So did they depart in peace  
When the day was done.

KERRY DRAKE

CALLING ALL AMERICANS!  
THIS IS SGT. KERRY DRAKE  
SPEAKING: U.S. SAVINGS  
BONDS ARE THE GIFT  
THAT KEEPS ON  
GIVING!



# Outlines Attack On Slum Problems

ROCHESTER, N. Y. - The location of new light industries in urban slums could provide jobs for ghetto residents and spark the rebuilding of these areas, a Labor Department official has declared here.

Deputy Administrator Mark Battle of the Neighborhood Youth Corps visualized a new enterprise "implementing a conscious policy to hire both the residents of the ghetto and those who live outside the ghetto."

He said these new industries born of the computer and data processing - might entice suburban residents to relocate in the center-city area, which could lead far-reaching community improvements.

As these persons moved in, he said, they would bring the desire for new housing, good schools and transportation, health facilities and recreation areas as well as the "know-how" to accomplish these things.

In a speech delivered before the Rochester City Club, Mr. Battle added:  
"Some industries have already joined the slum-renewal drive -- and the early results indicate far-reaching and happy implications for the ghetto, the general market and the industries themselves."

The Federal official asserted that the Nation is now focus-

ing on help for slum-area residents because of "a new increasing nationwide awareness that the dignity of this country is a reflection of the dignity of all of its citizens."

Painting a grim picture of what a big-city ghetto is, Mr. Battle said, "The ghetto has problems crying for solutions; frustrations demanding expression and potentials pleading for fulfillment."

He listed the following as some of the most urgent needs of these blighted urban areas:  
--Schools that respond "positively" to children as they are.

--Health services that are "convenient, comprehensive and inexpensive" 0-neighborhood clinics where a sick person can receive treatment not just diagnosis.

--Decent housing that would serve low-income families as well as be so appealing that persons from other areas might be enticed to live in the city.

--Branch libraries, recreational facilities, theaters, concerts and museums.

--Employment opportunities for its residents in their own areas.

--Fast and inexpensive public transportation to other parts of the city.

--An "infusion of different ideas and backgrounds who hold

different jobs and present different images.  
Mr. Battle also outlined five general guidelines for meeting the special needs of big-city slum areas.

The first step, he said, "is to plan with the people who live in the ghetto--not only plan for or about but with. One of the biggest needs of the ghetto is to be included -- to be involved."

Other guideposts he offered include a "real" commitment to the principle of equality; planning based on "real" understanding of the community; programs that are oriented objectively and contain account-

ability, and making resources available to the ghetto in appropriate variety and volume "to be both effective and efficient."

## Go To Church Sunday

# Noel

May yours  
be a Joyous  
Christmas!



For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.  
For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.  
He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.  
John Chapter 3, verse 6-17-18



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