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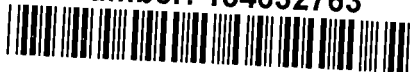
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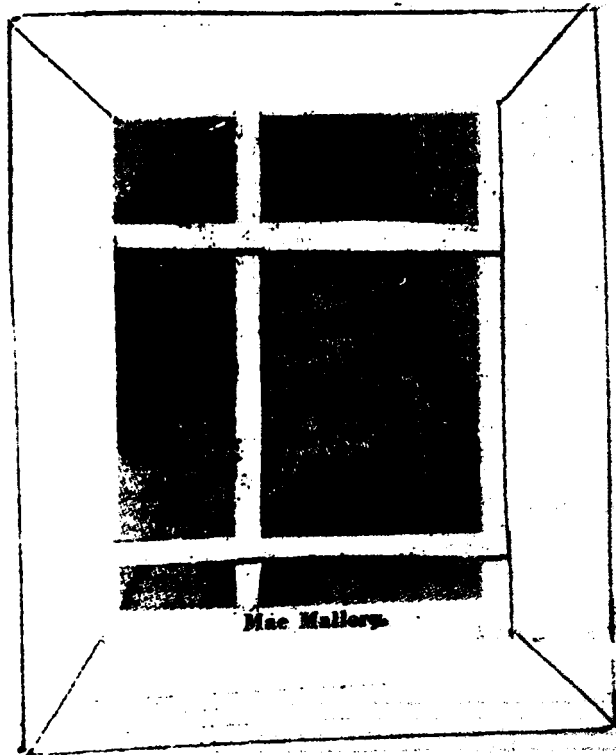
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# ***Letters From Prison***



**Mae Mallory.**

***By***

***Mae***

***Mallory***

***The Story of a Frame-Up***

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## POST PUBLICATION BULLETIN

MAE MALLORY WAS RELEASED ON BAIL, ON A  
\$15,000 BOND POSTED BY THE MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE TO  
MARCH 13, 1963, AFTER A YEAR AND NINE DAYS IN JAIL.

IT IS A SIGNIFICANT VICTORY, BUT THE BIG-  
GER STRUGGLE TO SAVE HER FROM NORTH CAROLINA "JUSTICE"  
STILL LIES AHEAD.

HELP SAVE MAE MALLORY!

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# Of Dogs and Men

A White woman I used to baby-sit for when I was but a teenager once said that having me around was like having a pet. I wondered about that statement; For it was different. The usual statement of this nature concerning a Black servant goes something like "She's just like one of the family." This time it was like having a pet around the house.

The usual American pet is a dog. Could this woman have intended to imply that having me around the house was like having a dog around? No doubt she did! For after thinking about it and making a striking comparison of my life with that of a pooch's, I found out that I could not only compare very well my life with this animal, but I could also contrast, with great similarity, the lives of Afro-Americans in general with those of America's most favorite household pets. Interestingly enough, from the comparison, I found out that it is the dog that leads the best life. Yes, perhaps the lady was right!

About the woman: First of all, this woman lived in a very comfortable upper middle class apartment house. You know, the apartments

with "NO DOGS OR NEGROES ALLOWED." I once overheard conversations of how the landlords or management should allow dogs, but never had I heard a conversation about allowing Negroes. Houses in the neighborhood that did allow dogs, permitted the dogs to come through the front door, whether he was with his master or not. When I was without my little charge, I was instructed to use the "Service Entrance." Since I did not come to service the building, I paid no heed to such instructions and went brazenly through the front door. And no one raised a fuss! After all, a war was going on --and Afro-Americans were in it "Fighting for Democracy." Come to think of it, so were some dogs.

Many stories were told about the bravery of the K-9 dogs, very few

stories were told about the bravery of the Blackmen in the service. Yes, even here the dog got a better deal than the Black Soldier in the United States Army.

I have continued to make the comparison of my life with "Fido's" and find out that the dog is still ahead as we plow head-on into World War III--almost twenty years later.

The late Charlie Wilson once made the "dog comparison." He made a statement about preferring hunting dogs to kennel dogs --dogs that feed the master rather than those expected to be fed by the master. Well, he did make his comparison broad enough to include all of the workers. Since slavery Negroes have made up the bulk of the unemployed ranks; and as a result had to depend on charity or petty vice in order to survive. How could the Blackman work if he had no job? Charles Wilson was once head of General Motors and that company did not hire many Negroes. What's more, those that were hired there had the most menial jobs; and they were always the last hired and the first fired. I gather that Mr. Wilson, like the lady, intended the dog comparison to be applied to Negroes also.

When I used to ride the 5th Avenue bus in New York City in my threadbare coat, I would look out the window and see rich White ladies of fashion with their dogs -- all pedicured, clipped and perfect-

ly groomed; some even wearing fur coats. These rich women had the fur that nature had provided for their pooches cut off and replaced with mink to match their own furs. For both the lady and her dog to be dressed in mink and "go strolling down Fifth Avenue" was considered smart.

But if I were paid a decent salary by her, it would be considered stupid; if I would have demanded more money, it would have been considered impudent. The dog really led the best life.

Just as there are dogs for show, there are some Negroes "for show." The master dresses these Negroes up just as he does his dog. These Blacks are put on display as Exhibit-A for the people of Africa, Asia and Latin America to see. This Black is allowed a living wage and sometimes he is allowed to live in the same neighborhood or building with his master. Although, the master often regards this kind of home as a part of his private kennel. This show dog appears at the United Nations to vote against African Independence; he shows up in Africa, Asia and Latin America as diplomats and ambassadors with portfolio; but with lots of foolish propaganda on how well the Blackman is treated in America and the "progress we are making." Dogs are never made to stoop this low. For I have never heard of a dog having to propagandize other dogs as to the benevolence of his master.

When these show dogs are challenged by the Black masses, they run for the protection and reassurance of the master. If the master still feels that this show dog can serve a purpose, he will pat him on the back and throw him a bigger vessel of crumbs. If he is no longer of any use, he is thrown out in the back yard with the rest of the pack. There he licks his wounds.

Most Negroes do not choose to lead a dog's life --whether it is a lap dog, hunting dog, or one from the kennel. They do not want scraps from the master's table, neither crumbs; neither do we choose to be masters--only masters of our fate.

The average Afro-American does not want the People's Republic of China kept out of the United Nations, he does not support the blockade of Cuba, nor does he feel the need of an Atomic War to protect imperialistic interests. It is only the show dog and those that aspire to be show dogs who support these causes.

The thinking Blackman in America realizes that he needs liberation--the same as other oppressed peoples in Asia, Africa and Latin America. We, too, live in shacks that no self-respecting dog would appreciate. We are unemployed many months of the year, and there is admittedly no relief in sight from this situation. We cannot afford proper medical care; our infant mortality rate is much higher than the White

citizens in America. We still fill the jails and hang there on trees until we are dead. Our bodies are still found in bags weighted with concrete at the bottom of rivers. Our arms, heads and legs are still being severed from our bodies. And we are still being found in rivers--no water in our lungs--dead. These deaths are always "accidental, heart attacks, or of natural causes. no investigations needed."

Just recently, I read of the case of a dog fighting for his life in the courts. This dog is accused of killing six sheep. For this the courts have ordered him to be put to death. The case is now before the Supreme Court. Chances are that this dog will be allowed to remain in its home pending the outcome of litigation.

I, too, have a case before the United States Supreme Court. But look where I have to stay pending the outcome of litigation. For many months, I have been locked up in the Cuyahoga County Jail, denied the companionship of my family and friends. This dog is actually accused of killing six sheep. I killed no one. I am guilty of no crime. But the charge against me is kidnapping a White couple." This couple was protected and given safe conduct out of an enraged community. Nevertheless, this constituted kidnapping in the eyes of the racists. This dog will probably get more consideration from the courts than I will.

Certainly so; For in every court action since March first, the courts have ruled against me, denied me bond, taken away my right to walk the streets and talk with my children. I am treated like the most dangerous felon society can imagine. This shouldn't happen to a dog!

It is also alleged that Charles Wilson once remarked "What's good for General Motors is good for the nation." A true spokesman of the American Government could certainly be safe in saying that what is good for our dogs is too good for our Negroes.

DISTRIBUTED BY THE MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE

DECEMBER 1962

## SEASON'S GREETINGS



"If I die  
a piece of freedom  
dies with me."

— MAE MALLORY

FOR FREEDOM 203