

# America's Shame: Hate Means Death in Florida

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## America's Shame: Hate Means Death in Florida



BY CHARLES H. LOEB

The pictures reproduced on this page need little explanation. They not only eloquently display the aftermath of one of the most shameful atrocities in the history of America's turbulent race relations picture, but they express unforgettably the lot of that brave legion of men and women in this nation who value freedom and self-respect higher than life itself.

Grief-stricken Mrs. Rosa Moore, the 71-year-old mother of bomb-stein Harry T. Moore, who was the victim of a cowardly blast of his home on Christmas night, is symbolic of countless Negro mothers all over the bigoted southland, who tremble with fear when their sons and daughters dare rise up against the calculated terror-

ism that is the earmark of Dixie's last-ditch fight to maintain white supremacy. Her son was one of her proudest possessions due to his ambitions and leadership in the Florida affairs of the NAACP and in education, religion and civic activities. Now her fond hopes are in the casket being borne to a hero's grave.

The heroic Moore and his faithful wife, a second fatality in the outrage, are pictured in the center, their bold resolution to be free and equal stamped indelibly upon their features.

And at the right, as he committed the body of Harry T. Moore to the earth, Rev. J. W. Burno, implores God "to take this man born of woman into thy everlasting care".

But brave men still live within borders of the bigoted South and many of them braved the wrath of their southern "masters" to pay their last respects to a martyr. Attending the rites were Dr. Richard V. Moore, president of Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, shown here with Mrs. Gladys C. Vaught of Jacksonville, Secretary of the Florida and Jacksonville Business Leagues and Atty. D. W. Perkins, also of Jacksonville.

If these photographs fail to move men of goodwill, everywhere and of every race, to renew their determination to join the righteous crusade for freedom for all men, then the future of the Negro—and of all America, is lost beyond recovery.