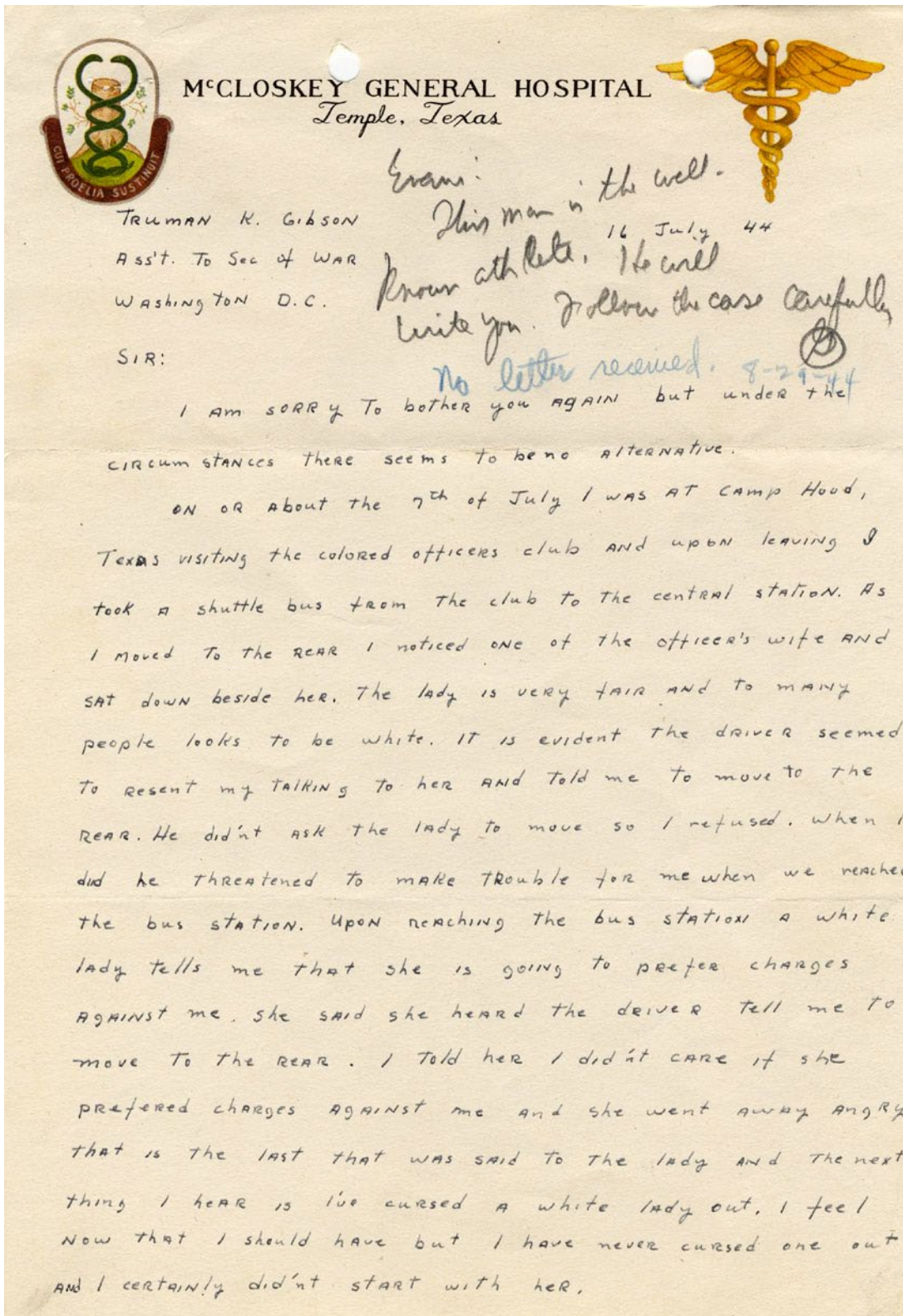


Document Set Four

Letter, Lieutenant Jack Robinson to Assistant Secretary of War Truman K. Gibson, July 16, 1944
National Archives and Records Administration (RG 107)



Document Set Four

Letter, Lieutenant Jack Robinson to Assistant Secretary of War Truman K. Gibson, July 16, 1944
National Archives and Records Administration (RG 107)

3

little advice. I WANT to know just how far I should go with the case, what I mean is should I appeal to the NAACP AND the Negro Press? I DON'T WANT ANY unfavourable publicity for myself or the Army but I believe in fair play AND I feel I HAVE to let SOME ONE IN ON THE CASE. If I write the NAACP I hope to get statements from all the witnesses because A broad minded PERSON CAN see how the people framed me.

You CAN see SIR that I need your advice. I DON'T CARE what the outcome of the TRIAL is because I know I AM being framed AND the charges AREN'T too bad. I would like get your advice about the publicity. I have a lot of good publicity out AND I feel I have numerous friends ON the press but I first want to hear from you before I do ANY thing I will be sorry for later ON.

SIR AS I SAID I DON'T mind trouble but I do believe IN fair play AND justice. I feel that I'm being taken IN this case AND I will tell people about it unless the TRIAL is fair. Let me hear from you so I will know what steps to TAKE.

Jack Robinson
LT. JACK ROBINSON
WARD 11 B
McClosky Gen. Hosp.
Temple Texas

Document Set Four con't

Oral History, William Holloman, 2015 (29:22-33:13)
Digital Collections of the National World War II Museum
<https://www.ww2online.org/view/william-holloman#segment-4>

I think that some of the things about World War II...when we got overseas...in Italy. Black and white—we were all brothers. We all were a team. We relied on one another. And we for—those guys forgot about their racist attitudes. And when the war ended and we came back to the States, the most amazing thing—I remembered this for the rest of my life—we were coming down the gang plank, getting off the boat.

Now there were more blacks on the boat 'cause they brought our group back together. And they had a sign...at the bottom of the gang plank. Whites to one side, colored to the other side.

And I said...to myself, "This is some country. I'm fighting for democracy. And this is the first time I've even thought about... fighting for recognition as a first-class citizen in my own country. I was fighting for the democracy. And I had to fight for the right to fight. I thought America was a sick country. [laughs]"

One of the things, when the war ended, I thought I was going to be a commercial pilot. I found out with all my experience...Black—there was no job for me. I had to go back in the service to continue to fly. Was the military career my first choice? No, but...flying was in my blood. It was what I wanted to do. And I think every time I left the service...I left the service in '47, went to school. And after a year, my old commander, Colonel Davis, talked me into coming back into the Air Force. And so I went back again.

I helped integrate the Air Force in 1948. I was one of the first four Guinea pigs. You know [laughs] they had to send us out and they started...I think...there were three of them they sent to Scott Air Force base—right across the river from St. Louis.

You think they would send me there?

No.

No, they sent me to Mississippi. Back to where I first went into service. Biloxi, Mississippi. At Keesler. And there were four of us. Five of us--no four of us. The first four that went there. Some of the guys got lucky and were sent out to California. Some sent to Arizona.

But, the four of us that were sent to Keesler—we had the biggest challenge.

Combat veterans with no privileges off the base.