**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

# Wednesday 12 June 2019

Afternoon | Paper Reference **9HI0/39**

# History

## Advanced

**Paper 3: Themes in breadth with aspects in depth**
**Option 39.1: Civil rights and race relations in the USA, 1850–2009**
**Option 39.2: Mass media and social change in Britain, 1882–2004**

**Sources Booklet**

**Do not return this booklet with the question paper.**

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**Sources for use with Section A.**

**Answer the question in Section A on the option for which you have been prepared.**

**Option 39.1: Civil rights and race relations in the USA, 1850–2009**

**Source for use with Question 1.**

**Source 1:** From Studs Terkel, *Hard Times, an Oral History of the Great Depression*, published 1970. Terkel interviewed Horace Cayton, a sociologist, author and former Deputy Sheriff. During the Depression Cayton went to Chicago. Here Cayton is describing his impressions of Chicago in the 1930s.

I'll tell you how naïve I was when I first got to Chicago. I told the taxi driver to take me to the best Negro hotel. He looked at me like I was a fool. He took me to the only hotel he knew. It was a whorehouse. I was never so hurt in my life. My grandfather was the first black senator from Mississippi. I had a romantic notion about black culture, the cabarets, the jazz.

Once, when I was eating lunch, I saw a group of Negroes marching by. Not loud and boisterous. These people had a destination, had a purpose. I joined on the back and said to the chap next to me, 'Where are we going?' He said, 'We just gonna put some people back in their homes. They were evicted.'

It was a ramshackle building. A solid crowd of blacks had formed and they were talking great. They also used to have these 'indignation' meetings down South, where Negroes just let off steam because they couldn't contain themselves from the injustice that had been done. There they'd lock the doors and curse out white people. Here in Chicago there was action. The police came from all directions, like gangbusters, with clubs flying. I had never really felt the Depression and what it had done to human beings until then.

In spite of the Depression, there was hope. There were so many whites on relief. So, the Negro would look and he wouldn't see any great difference. Oh, there was a difference during the New Deal: more Negroes on unskilled work than on skilled jobs. But if Negroes were on relief, so were whites, so we're gonna have a better day. That was the feeling.

Roosevelt was something. He broke the tradition. They didn't go for Roosevelt much in 1932. But the WPA* came along and Roosevelt came to be a god. You worked, you got a paycheck. Even when a man raked leaves, he got paid, he had some dignity. When they got on the WPA they'd buy some clothes and try to get a little better place to live. The next thing was to get your teeth fixed. When you are poor, you let your teeth go.

*WPA – Works Progress Administration, a New Deal agency to provide jobs on public works programmes

**Option 39.2: Mass media and social change in Britain, 1882–2004**

**Source for use with Question 2.**

**Source 2:** From an article by Rebecca West in the American *New Yorker* magazine, published September 1945. Rebecca West was a British writer and journalist and was present at the treason trial of William Joyce (Lord Haw Haw).

Joyce was something new in the history of the world. Never before had people known a voice, as if he were a husband or a brother or a close friend, and yet one they had never seen. Here was the familiar unknown that would speak to them only to prophesy death and ruin for them. All of us in England experienced this hideous novelty.

It was very difficult not to come across Joyce's broadcasts when tuning into the radio in England during the war. There was a captivating quality about his voice that made it hard not to go on listening. It was a rasping but rich voice, and it was convincing in its confidence. It seemed as if one had better listen and take warning when he suggested that it was the destiny of the people he had left behind in England to die. It was also the destiny of his new masters in Germany to live and conquer. Therefore, his listeners had better change sides and submit. This was often terrible to hear, for the news in the papers confirmed it. He was not only alarming, he was disturbing; he revealed to us a view of a mean life and even of hell.

Nobody in court felt any emotion when they knew that Joyce was going to die. At no other trial have I seen the jury come back from considering their verdict looking as if they had been out for a cup of tea. Probably every man and woman in court during Joyce's trial had at some time, in the past six years, been in danger of immediate death and had shown, or at least witnessed, great courage.

As we came out, I found myself among Joyce's followers, dressed in the black coats they wear in imitation of Hitler. They had wanted people to die, but they had not expected that it would happen to any of them. One of them looked me in the face and cried out in rage. I was not the best person in the world to receive his complaint, as my name had been on the recently-discovered Gestapo* list of persons to be arrested immediately if the Germans invaded this country. Joyce's men walked away from the crowd; no one followed them but, by the time they reached a network of alleys they were running.

*Gestapo – Nazi Germany's secret police

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