

DEAD WOMAN'S RELATIVE ASSISTS IN DEATH PROBE

BOEING CONFERS WITH N.A.A.C.P. ON CRAWFORD MURDER CASE

Washington Lawyers Visit Virginia And Will Present Further Evidence In Habeas Corpus Hearing March 24th in Boston, Massachusetts

NEW YORK, March 23—John K. Boeing, one of the brothers of the late Mrs. Agnes Boeing Haley, for whose murder Virginia authorities are trying to return Joseph Crawford from Boston for trial, conferred with Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, last week on the extradition of Crawford which is being fought by the Association attorneys. Mr. Boeing called as a result of the advertisement placed in the personal column of the New York Times by the Association.

Mr. Boeing, who is New York manager of a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Company, was seeking to find out what evidence the NAACP had in Crawford's favor. Mr. Boeing also wished to find out if the association had evidence against anyone else, since it seemed to believe Crawford was not guilty.

The conference was a friendly one and Mr. Boeing said the family was anxious for justice to be done and did not want an innocent man held for the crime. He was insistent on knowing whether the association suspected or had evidence against any other person beside Crawford. Mr. White stated the association's case was in the hands of Butler R. Wilson and J. Weston Allen, Boston attorneys, and all information and evidence was being brought out at the official hearings in Boston.

Mr. Boeing stated that the family had been collecting evidence through the Burns detective agency and he would arrange to place the result of the detective agency's work over to the Association, since both parties were anxious to see the really guilty person punished. No reports have been sent the NAACP to date.

The stage is all set for the next step in the legal battle at Boston, on March 24th. Further evidence to support its petition for freedom for Crawford on a writ of habeas corpus has been collected for the NAACP by Charles H. Houston and Edward P. Lovett of Washington, D. C. who went into Loudoun county, Va. and made a legal investigation for the association, of whose national legal committee Mr. Houston is a member. Messrs. Houston and Lovett will go to Boston to testify at the hearing March 24 at the invitation of J. Weston Allen, who conferred with Mr. Houston in Washington on the new evidence uncovered.

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BOOK REVIEW

(Reviewed by Clifford Mitchell)

"ALBERTA POETRY YEAR BOOK—1932-33"
An Anthology, Compiled By Dr. Walter Thompson, president, Edmonton Branch, Canadian Authors Association, 10005 - 85th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Presumably, each year, the Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, hold a poetry contest for the encouragement of Alberta's young poets, and the "Alberta Poetry Year Book - 1932-33, the third of its kind contains the prize-winning poems of their last contest.

As poets usually do, they select themes about which they are the most familiar and which affect them the most, and thus the various poetic effusions are built around pertinent bits of scenery, places and topics, including the weather, seasons and some of nature's grandeur, all of which are familiar not only to the poets but to all who are, more or less, acquainted with conditions in the province of Alberta.

Having once lived in Edmonton (1907 - 1915) I naturally was much interested in this anthology but in showing my interest I discovered that the compiler, Dr. Walter Thompson, president of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Authors Association, was equally as interested in my own journalistic efforts and in a local (Edmonton) journalistic way is about to introduce by own journalistic achievements to the other Alberta "home-folks."

If you like poetry you should add this anthology to your collection.

SPINGARN MEDAL AWARDED

NEW YORK, MARCH 23—Max Yergan, American Y. M. C. A. secretary who has worked for ten years among the native students of South Africa, has been awarded the nineteenth Spingarn medal, for 1932 the committee announced this week. The committee's statement says:

"He is a missionary of intelligence, tact and self-sacrifice, representing the gift of co-operation and culture which American Negroes may send back to their Motherland; and he inaugurated last year an unusual local movement for interracial understanding among black and white students." Mr. Yergan was born in Raleigh, N. C. (Concluded on page four)

Attorneys for Crawford will have an array of witnesses, affidavits, depositions and other documents to introduce in a desperate effort to keep Crawford in Massachusetts. Miss Helen Boardman, who collected evidence for the NAACP in Virginia, will testify and it is planned to put the Virginia attorney on the stand for questioning. Sensational evidence which may affect the whole system of justice is expected to be introduced.

The extradition fight has attracted nationwide attention because of the wealth and social prominence of Mrs. Haley and because it is rumored throughout the section of Virginia that Crawford is being sought to be the "goat" for someone else.

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County Court House

"AS NOTED"



SCRIP MONEY

I am in hopes by the time this item is published that scrip money will be in active circulation in this city and county. Scrip Currency is in use, I am told, in 142 communities and has been an important factor in relieving unemployment and improving business conditions. Recently Salem, Oregon, tried it to a limited extent. It has proven so successful that now it is accepted without restriction by grocers, drug stores, clothing, restaurants, printers, lawyers, gasoline stations, furniture and other Salem concerns too numerous to mention.

—RCC—
TELEPHONE PROBLEM

My readers may think that I am too radical when I state that I do not believe to be solved for good, unless it is settled by municipal ownership of an independent phone system. We might secure some temporary relief if the Bell Company would be willing to reduce its rates at least by one third. This, the company claims, it is unable to do.

The last legislature adopted enabling acts for city-owned phone systems. I anticipate this legislation will be taken advantage of by the apartment house operators and hotel keepers' association to start things moving. Under municipal ownership, a main line business phone in Brookings, S. D. is \$2.50 a month and a residence main line telephone, \$1.25 a month.

—RCC—
COOLIDGE SQUARE
One of the daily papers recently

carried a story to the effect that although an ardent advocate of Public Ownership, I was willing to recognize a good idea even if it did come from Bill Strandborg, who is an employe of a privately-owned utility. Mr. Strandborg made an admirable suggestion that the square bounded by Grant, Lincoln, Broadway and Sixth Streets be named in honor of the late Ex-President Coolidge. On my recommendation, the Council so designated the square.

I was very much amused to think that there was anything extraordinary about my accepting a worth-while idea when it did not come from a citizen who differed with me on the matter of Public Ownership.

Thank you, Mr. Strandborg, and come again when you have something else good to offer.

—RCC—
MANY THANKS, MR. HAAS

Here is a fine letter I received from Chas. T. Haas, a prominent citizen of Portland, for which I am very grateful. Mr. Haas is general chairman of the local executive committee in charge of the National Public Links Golf Championship which meets at the Eastmoreland Municipal Course August 1st to 5th. Mr. Haas is also a member of the National Public Links Section Committee, United States Golf Association.

His letter is as follows: "Dear Mr. Clyde: It is with a great deal of pleasure that I read in the paper yesterday of the transfer of the public park bureau, including the golf courses, to your department. Had I had my choice of a commissioner to have charge of this work I could not have fixed upon a more happy section because I know that you have the interest of the city at heart and are especially interested in that class of people who must because of necessity avail themselves of the municipal golf courses. Please call on me in my official or private capacity at any time I can be of service to you.

With kindest personal wishes, I remain, Very truly yours,

PRISONS and PRISONERS

(By CLIFFORD C. MITCHELL)

Conducting this "Prison and Prisoners" column for our School News, has, more or less, put me on the "spot" locally. It might surprise the average reader to know the number of communications this columnist receives, directly and indirectly, from fellow-prisoners.

Not all of these communications are complimentary either. Some of the correspondents seem to take particular delight, when anything happens, to send me their viewpoints showing conclusively, in their opinion, that things do not happen in prison in a beautiful manner as I seem to depict them. These apparent differences of opinion cover every phase of prison existence. Every one seems to have a pet grievance and they must think that I possess some mysterious influence whereby I can correct the evils, imaginary or otherwise, simply by writing a column on the subject.

As it is absolutely impossible for me to see, or even communicate with, these many correspondents I am asking the editor to be indulgent and let me use this space, this week, in replying, indirectly, to those who have honored my efforts by reading after me each week even though they do not necessarily agree with me, or think that I go far enough into certain subjects that are extremely personal to prisoners.

In the first place I would explain that no communication is ignored. Briefly, the contents of each message, verbal or written, is recorded and compiled in a convenient manner for future reference. Quite a few of the communications I am able to answer in some personal manner, especially in the cases where all the correspondent seeks is some information I have at hand through years of compiling data.

At other times it is possible, and within my province, to search out the

facts required and relay them accordingly. Most of the communications, however, it is impossible for me to reply to in any personal manner and many of the subjects, while entirely worthy and logical, are not such that can be handled in a column such as this one. Even these subjects, however, have been noted and if ever I am able to enlarge my efforts on behalf of prisons and prisoners I will have quite a file of material to refer to.

No explanation seems necessary to defend a "No" that I have had to give several communicants, at various times, for not treating on subjects that seemed to be more suitable for a publicity "puff" artist than a prisons and prisoners commentator.

Again, it should not be necessary to defend a policy of steering clear of all matters that are of a strictly racial, religious or prison caste slant, and even though I recognize the claims of many of my correspondents my belief is that they can best be ironed out through personal conferences with the prison officials rather than voicing them in School News.

Then, too, my communications bring up matters that are controverted entirely at Lansing, and in some cases the local administration is almost as helpful in the matter as are the prisoners, but all prisoners whose number is old enough to have become dry, know the futility, not to even mention diplomacy and sagaciousness, to maintain a "hands-off" policy on all matters, the control of which is at a Lansing matter.

With the fore going explanations, the readers of this column will, perhaps, more fully realize my position not only as a columnist but as a prisoner, and one who, regardless of circumstances, advises others to, and does himself, take every advantage of the opportunities in Jackson Prison to improve himself in every possible way.

RACKET

(Continued from page two)

thetic, and it had been his inspiration that made her climb. She knew that he was "in the racket," but what difference did that make? She loved him. And after all, he was only taking that which the rich could afford to give, and hadn't he always been a kind friend to the poor. He might be "the Joe French," but she knew him as a square-shooter, along with his partner, that busy Buck White, with his immense frame. Together the two had broken by force of might into the ranks of Washington racketeers, and Joe and then the liquor, and the cell-the power of their wills, and had made the lesser lights do homage to them. They had promoted nearly everything and success had met them halfway. She knew the story by heart. If she could only get Joe to save, she would be satisfied. But like all other easy spendthrift, a careless spender, a regular fellow, but he just wouldn't save. Perhaps, he didn't realize that the racket couldn't last forever, and that rainy days would come, and that success was padlocked. With the summer season gone, and his baseball team not seem to divine what it was. Suddenly his eye light up. Ah! He had it! That boisterous high school kid at the taxicab business. And if Olive wasn't mistaken, she had heard rumors that Harry Brooks and Al Freeman were taking the most of the pals with this thing, yessir, he certainly "numbers" business, and had their question next to be answered. He remembered the youngster, about twenty to Washington, and another character, he and that party of four. But some little apartment, four flights up, in the heart of northwest Washington, sat a rather handsome young man, smoking a brier pipe, from which cool odors of the Prince Albert tobacco float upwards to the ceiling, and while on the table before him rests a large glass of 8 per cent beer, made outside the law, but Southwest the other night, when Harwood just the same. It was a sneaky young man sitting there, so quietly was Paul; that odd name, acacia. Tonight, Paul seemed to be in a deep study. Something was working in his mind, preying on his thoughts. What was it, that seemed to elude

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Arrow

-Tips-

By Kits Reid

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the earth's best harvests."

—Booker T. Washington

You will all recall that several months ago we all helped to put on thrift campaigns and speakers were paid to talk to the school children and persuade them to save their pennies. I recall very distinctly, how some of the teachers berated those children who brought no money to school to put in the savings account. And now behold we are threatened by the government (at the behest of the banks) to be advertised because we do not want to give to the banks the little bit that we saved through our thrift campaigns. We are told that the trouble in the country is not that there is not money enough in the country but that we thrifty people are holding on to it and not spending it. Wonderful is the logic, oh, ye financial dictators! First you teach us the lesson of thrift — how to save — and then you penalize us for learning the lesson! Next time, I think I'll collect all the different examples of thrift that the prominent bankers of our country practiced. It furnishes a very illuminating lesson of self denial.

Here are some extracts from the Nation which makes us wonder about the kind of world we live in and which the militarists expect to purify with another war:

—An item from Leipzig, Germany telling about the ten years of penal servitude for conviction on a charge of desertion and disclosure of military secrets to the French during the war,