

**POLICE ARREST N.A.A.C.P. PICKETS AT NATIONAL CRIME CONFERENCE**

(Continued from Page 1)  
again to police headquarters where they were refused a permit once more. It was decided therefore, to begin the picketing again at the start of the afternoon session.

**Loaded Into Patrol Wagon**  
After a few short marches this time while taxicabs were driving up discharging delegates for the next session, the pickets were asked for their permit and then warned they had "another chance" to escape arrest if they would go quietly away. They chose to stick it out and the patrol wagon was called. The four were loaded into it and taken to Number 3 station where they were booked on charges of violating the sign law. The District has some law which

prohibits the carrying of signs for advertising purposes.  
Five dollars collateral was posted by George Hayes of the local branch legal committee for each of the pickets for their appearance in court next day. Mr. Wilkins sacrificed his collateral because he had to catch a train for a speaking engagement at a Jewish synagogue in New York Tuesday night. Next morning the case was continued in the municipal court.

**Sixty Take Their Places**  
News of the arrest of the pickets spread like wildfire through the city and was fanned by the appearance of the late afternoon addition of the Washington News which carried a picture on its front page showing the pickets being herded into the "wagon."  
This result was that on Thursday morning sixty young colored men and women appeared at the hall wearing small signs and each with a noose and a length of rope about his neck, making grim and silent protest against the omission of the discussion of lynching by the conference. They were not molested, as they stood across the street from the hall, off the sidewalk. Their signs were said to be lawful, since they were small enough to be pinned to the clothing. The young people made an impressive picture and the nooses of rope about their necks caused widespread comment among the delegates and drew all newspaper photographers.

"This business is in deadly earnest," a statement from the N.A.A.C.P. declared. "Lynching is not a joking business. We believe every Negro in this country, young and old, should preach and act against lynching on every occasion, whether it is in order or no. No sacrifice is too great to wipe out this barbarity. The young people in Washington have set an example for the rest of the country. We should use all our energies and all the money we can spare to fight lynching. No one of us should be too educated or too dignified to fight lynching. We defy anyone to read the report of the Claude Neal lynching and then sit back contentedly on his 'respectability'."

Charles H. Houston, vice dean of the Howard law school made a movie record of the whole proceedings including the patrol wagon ride, with a small camera which has been purchased by the N.A.A.C.P. to make a record of various phases of its work.

**Weak Resolution Adopted**  
The attorney general refused to until the end to invite the N.A.A.C.P. to send delegates to the conference so that lynching could be brought up in the floor discussions even if not on the program. Wednesday morning, however, he did invite the Washington Bar association (colored) and they sent five delegates, one of whom was Dean Houston.

All the close of the conference, despite the President's reference to lynching in his opening speech Monday night and the activity of pickets and the final presence of colored dele-

gates, the following almost meaningless resolution was adopted:  
"That the conference condemns the use of methods of dealing with industrial conflicts and racial antagonisms which are not in accord with orderly and lawful procedures and urges the administration of all phases of public safety by legally constituted law enforcement agencies only."

**PRESIDENT'S CCC PROGRAM BOON TO NEGRO YOUTH**  
By Edgar G. Brown

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1934.—Announcement was made this week of the appointment of eight more colored camp advisors in the Civilian Conservation Corps. This brings the total number of colored advisors to 29 throughout the country.

Sixty-five thousand picked colored youth, including several thousand World War veterans, have joined the corps and are engaged in clearing swamps, planting trees, and beautifying the Nation's parks, rivers, lakes, forests, trails and camps.

"The boys enjoy health and wholesome work and play," said Harry L. Hopkins, Administrator of the FERA. "An average of \$25 per month goes to their parents for maintenance of the family back homes, and too, the Nation gains a sense of security in its future citizenry."

A grand total of nearly \$7,000,000 in the last 18 months has been sent home by these colored boys. The youngsters each receive \$5 a month for incidental according to G. E. Dick, chief statistician of the CCC. Board and keep are taken care of by Uncle Sam. New wealth has been created by the labor of these boys, and they themselves are saved from the disillusionment of idleness.

Not the least of the benefits to the whole Nation, as well as the CCC boys, has been the unique educational service program initiated and supervised by C. S. Marsh and his associate, George Gant, of the United States Office of Education, worked out in cooperation with the CCC Chief, Robt. Fechner, and the War Department.

Director Marsh is a former registrar of Northwestern University and his assistant, Dr. Gant, received his Phi Beta Kappa key at Nebraska University and his Ph.D. from Wisconsin University.

In the responsibility of selecting CCC camp advisors, equally high standards have been maintained throughout the whole personnel. The recently appointed eight colored advisors are:

Cyrus Turner:—Age 24—B.S. in Education, Ohio State University; M. A., 1934, from Wilberforce; Teacher in Franklin County Emergency Schools.

Harry Cornelius Graves:—Age 36—B.S. Michigan State College; M.A. Ohio State University, 1933; Teaching experience. Wilberforce; Superintendent of Health and Physical Education.

V. Karl Howell:—B.S. Indiana State Teacher College; 1926; Taught six years in all grades.

Charles Edward Brown:—Age 40—A. B. Virginia Union University. Attended Hampton Institute, Va. Taught Elementary schools for five years, high schools for thirteen years, and managed farm; experience in civic clubs, lodges, church choirs, and community projects; Principal of York County Training School.

Theodore Hubbard Thompson:—Age 29—A. B. Wilberforce University; Ohio tennis instructor for Playground Department; Taught Lynchburg Seminary and College one year, at Bolleville Industrial School, Ports, Va., one year.

Everett Winston Carter:—Age 29—B. A. Virginia State College, Post Graduate work at Temple University, Philadelphia, Penn., and Y. M. C. A. evening school; elementary and high school principal; worked at industrial occupations.

William Burt Harper:—Age 30—A. B. in Education, Howard University (Honorary graduate); five years teaching experience in North Carolina principal of high school; Age 30.

John William Corneal, Jr.:—Age 34—B. S. and M. S. Michigan University; teaching experience, 1 year elementary; two years high school; one year College.

All of these appointees have from two to five dependents.

**DEBATE TOURNAMENT HELD**

In a debate tournament representing the high schools of Omaha and Council Bluffs at Central High school Tuesday evening Dec. 8, 1934, John F. Rogers, the only Negro to ever land a position on the Central High Debate team, defeated the Technical High Debate team in a Missouri Valley debate.

The question debated was: Resolved, that the Federal Government should adopt the policy of equalizing educational opportunities throughout the nation by means of annual grants to the several states for elementary and secondary education. The deciding issue advanced by Rogers was that there existed a need for federal aid to education to equalize educational opportunities between the Negro and the White students. The Negro schools of the south are in a deplorable condition because of a lack of revenue, for they are not provided for by the general property tax, simply because of racial prejudice.

**"REVEALING" YOUR PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE**  
BY ABBE WALLACE  
"The greatest gift on the planet"



M. V. P.—Will you kindly tell me why my thoughts are always with some one I met about a year ago?  
Ans.—Pure LOVE SICKNESS. May I suggest that you do not allow your thoughts to dwell around this particular party for said party has forgotten all about you long ago.

E. S. C.—I am writing to ask you will I get what I am expecting?  
Ans.—Old Santa Claus will be good to you this year for your secret desire will be granted. I see you overjoyed on Christmas Day.

C. C.—I am a constant reader of this paper and in fact all Negro News-papers and I have a question to ask please. I need money bad to aid my self and I want to know if I will get any before Christmas?  
Ans.—I'm sorry to say but I fear you will get this money sometime get this money that you need so badly from the Savings Bank before Christmas. I will say however, that you will get this money sometime in 1935.

V. J.—Will you please tell me why my boy has been getting into so much trouble?  
Ans.—Your youngest son hangs out with the wrong kind of companions. Most of his pals are a bunch of hoodlums and if he expects to keep out of jail he should break off with the gang at the corner. Your boy is not really bad but he is bull headed about lots of things which accounts for his getting arrested every year for the past 4 years. He'll end up with a long term in the Penitentiary if he don't change his ways.

F. M. B.—I have not heard from my husband in 15 years. Will you please tell me if he is dead or alive.  
Ans.—I do not think your husband is dead for it is my opinion that at this time he is an inmate of an INSANE ASYLUM in a distant state. I cannot contact him connected with your future life. You will marry again and I would suggest that you try to win your present boy friend for a husband—he'll make you a good one.

G. W.—Please give me an idea of an exceedingly jealous neighbor.

where my two rings went to?  
Ans.—In the POCKETBOOK of a lady visitor. I doubt very much if you will ever see these rings again.

H. M. D.—Will you please tell me if my boy friend is living with some one?  
Ans.—He should be—HE IS MARRIED. Might I suggest that you be more particular in choosing your friend. Single men are plentiful so take my advice and leave the married boys alone—they like flitting with dynamite.

D. E. C.—Have I been crossed so I can't get a boy friend?  
Ans.—No, not at all. You're just a kid yet and you have lots of loving to look forward to before you die, so keep a stiff upper lip and don't fall for the first boy that comes along with a line of fast talk. Look forward to a big love affair before your 16th birthday.

NOTE:—I positively will not answer your question unless you give your full name, address and birthdate to your letter. Your initials are not enough information for me to use.

S. L. B.—Dear Abbe: What will be the outcome of the extremely unpleasant condition now existing in my home?  
Ans.—I predict a shakeup in the family. I vision a member of the household clearing out. This change will bring about a new atmosphere in your home.

A. C. G.—Please tell me who was the man that kidnapped me and some more women?  
Ans.—The villain who committed this crime was a stranger to your community. My impression is that this guilty person was an escaped convict from an adjoining county.

E. C. G.—We had two nice hogs that was ready to be killed this month but suddenly they were taken sick and died at once. Please let me know what was wrong with them?  
Ans.—It is my opinion that your hogs were POISONED. I am also of the opinion that this is the work

**TALKING THINGS OVER**  
By Mildred J. Bronson  
Judge Not that Ye be Not Judged

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." Have you ever, as you onwardly trudged along the road of Life, stopped to consider the meaning of this small but mighty phrase? If more of us would stop to measure out thoroughly, the meaning of this phrase, this world would be a better place in which to live. When we criticize others, do we stop to think, that maybe the same things that we are accusing them of doing, or maybe, something a great deal worse, can be said, truthfully, about us?

There is one person, in this world, that has not, as one time or other, in his life, done something that was not entirely right. Just because you happened to make a mistake, are you to be blamed for it for the rest of your life? If a person slips into the lowest ebbs, does he have to stay there, is there no hope or way for him to repent and lead a clean life? No, no; as long as there are loose-mouthed, no-brained people, who keep pushing him back into the cavern, he is trying to get out, he is trying to escape from, by talking things, that if they were suddenly called upon to prove, could not, or if they were called upon to give a history of their life, would not skip some of the incidents that they had committed.

Do you think for one moment, that a person, who is trying to do right, will continue, if someone is continually reminding him of his past mistakes by throwing them up in front of him, by one means or another? No, the Human Constitution is not strong enough. So, is it too much to say, that in judging a person, or in speaking against a person, one should be very, very careful?

This little poem will help to illustrate the point, that is necessary for the Old as Well as the Young to learn.

**"Be Careful What You Say"**  
"In speaking of a Person's Faults, PRAY, don't forget your OWN, Remember those with Home of Glass, should seldom throw a Stone; If we have nothing else to do, but talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we commence at Home, and from THAT POINT begin."

"We have no right to judge a man, until he's fairly tried. Should we not like his company, we know the World is wide; Some may have faults, and who has not, the Old as well as Young. For Aught we know, we may have fifty to their one."

"Then let us all when we begin to slander friend or foe, Remember the harm, ONE WORD, may do, to the one we little know; Remember Curses, sometimes, like our

**Chickens Roost at Home,**  
Don't speak of another's faults, until We have None of our OWN.

Does this little poem bring out the point? Does it help you to see more clearly what I am trying to impress on your minds? "The Harm One Word" may do to a person that is trying to do right. That one word may help to send him back into the gutter. Would you deep down in your heart, want to be responsible for sending a person, that has come out of the underworld of life, to try and live a decent life, back into the gutter, as you would call it, just because of something you happened to say? No, you wouldn't.

Then let us all, from the time we read this column, resolve only to say something about a person, that we know will help to lift them up in the eyes of the people, not something that will lower them. Everytime you go to say something about a person, that will be a stumbling block in his path to a clean life, such as "He's a hundred per cent no Good" or "She doesn't amount to a Row of Beans," stop and think what the effect of your saying will have on the individual concerned. Think about yourself, in his same position about your mistakes and faults, and about the good that may be in that person.

If you knew nothing good about a person, rather than throw a stumbling block in their path, say nothing. Take this for your motto, hang it on your wall, print it on the tables of your heart, and then live up to it. "There is so much Good in the worst of us, and so much Bad in the best of us, that it'll become a any of us to Talk about the rest of us."

How would your club like to win a loving cup? How? First: Make reservations for the Int. Club Banquet sponsored by the Trojan Club of the Y.W.C.A. at Zion Baptist church, Jan. 17, 1935.

Second: A loving cup engraved with your club name will be awarded to the club having the best decorated table. Third: For further information please call the Y.W.C.A. WE 1539. Dorothy Pollard, President. Lola E. Smith, Publicity Chairman.

The Sojourner Truth Study and Art Club will have its New Year's party New Years night at the home of Mrs. Leland, 2824 N. 26th street.

The Eureka Art Club met Wednesday, Dec. 19th, at the home of Mrs. Harry Leland, 2824 N. 26th street. A lovely program was planned, and Christmas carols were sung. The club colors, green and rose, were nicely carried out. A delightful luncheon was served by the hostess.

The Forward Step Club of Cleaves Temple is sponsoring a Red Candle Tea Sunday Dec. 30, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at 1718 N. 25th street. Miss Alice Hunter, President.

The Birthday Club gave a tea at the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday, Dec. 19th, presenting their annual exhibit which included many beautiful quilts and other things they had made during the year.

Mrs. T. P. Mahammit, 2116 N. 25th street, left Monday night for Denver where she will spend the Christmas holidays visiting friends.

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**Two Homeless Boys**  
A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY

The rain of the past 24 hours had turned into a stinging sleet, carried on the wings of a raging gale. The wind in its frozen fury whipped about the lean-to shack. It whistled through the loose boards and gaping cracks. Momentarily it threatened to sweep away the hovel and leave its occupants to face the wrath of the storm without shelter of any kind.

Inside of this hovel there sat before the dying embers of a few sticks of wood, a man and woman. The hovel was icy cold. The man and the woman sat huddled together. There was no furniture, but in a corner a pile of old rags and straw, protruding were two hunger-pinched faces.

"What are we going to do, Pa? What are we going to do?"

The woman's trembling voice had broken the silence of the past hour.

Silently he took her hand in his and held it fast. His grip tightened until his knuckles showed white.

Slowly he released her hand and she turned to look at the corner of the room.

"They're asleep, Pa."

Outside the wind howled; the shack trembled its resistance; with the suddenness of a canon's crack the life of a tree was snapped.

As suddenly came the calm,—the storm had spent its fury.

"Mother, I'm hungry."

The little woman went to the corner. "Sh—Sh—go to sleep. Mother's here with Daddy. Daddy will get you something to eat—after a while."

A mother, wept while hungry children slept.

"Ma—Ma"—The man knelt beside the crumpled form of the woman. Gently he drew her to him and held her close. Her heart was broken; sobs shook her slight body; tears coursed from the eyes of the man.

Suddenly something snapped; the body in the arms of the man stiffened and then, as quickly relaxed.

Death.

A bright sun greeted the morning and two motherless, hungry boys,—one 9 and one 10,—and father unable to help them.

Today these two boys are strong and healthy and happy. They have good jobs and are enterprising, respected young men in their communities. They refer with pride to their Alma Mater,—Father Flanagan's Boy's Home.

At its Home, now officially known as BOYS TOWN, NEBRASKA, just west of Omaha, I have 200 boys whose life stories are not dissimilar to the one you have just read. Their fathers and the fathers of those who are to follow their example, stand upon the response of the people of America. Every creed, every color and every race is recognized at the Home of the homeless boys. The Home has absolutely no charge of income except the contributions of those who have been fortunate as to never have been without a home.


**FATHER E. J. FLANAGAN.**

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