

# Editorials

# The Carolina Times

# Comments

THE TRUTH UNBRIELED

## The Carolina Times

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### COMMUNISM WINS AGAIN

The Communist Party added another feather to its cap last week when the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision giving Angelo Herndon his freedom from an 18 to 20 year sentence on a Georgia chain gang. The sentence placed on Herndon had been the gauntlet of all the lower courts of Georgia, and there were those who felt that the verdict might be upheld by the nation's highest tribunal.

Significant is the fact that it is most always the Communist party or the National Labor-Defense which straddles the path of all Negro hating groups and organizations and declares that, "They Shall Not Pass." It will be hard for the YMCA, the church, fraternal organizations and other agencies for right and justice to explain to Negroes why they should not embrace Communism when apparently Communism is the only organization which they can depend on for help in the time of trouble.

Angelo Herndon had committed no serious offense against society. He according to the Highest tribunal in the land, was within the bounds of the law to assemble with fellow citizens, and to speak against any system he might think antagonistic toward his development. Georgia did not see it in that manner, and as is always the case when a Negro stands before the courts in Georgia, Herndon received no mercy at the hands of the law of that state. Eighteen to twenty years is a long time to serve on a chain gang for holding a meeting, and possessing any kind of literature, but what is time when the freedom of a Negro is at stake in Georgia?

As far as we have been able to learn the National Labor Defense has done all or most of the fighting to save Herndon. Thousands of dollars have been raised and every conceivable source of mass pressure brought to bear on the law to force it to give Herndon his freedom. Here is something new, something idealistic, and an organization which places ideals and human beings above money cannot be stopped. This nation was born in the minds of men and women with ideals of freedom and liberty, and as we have often said it may be run now by a bunch of political crooks, but its foundation was erected by those who treasured their rights above financial power.

The Carolina Times commends the National Labor Defense for its successful fight to save Angelo Herndon. However resentful others may be of the organization they have got to acknowledge the fact that had it not been for the National Labor Defense, Herndon would have been wearing a number instead of a respectable citizen's clothes.

### HOW THE WORLD SLEEPS

(By Nannie Davidson, W. Virginia State College)

You can't escape death and taxes—yes, and sleep. It is interesting to consider how, in our normal lives, each day ends with going to sleep. It seems that everywhere, for everyone, each day ends with the same thing. For some, day ends with the going down of the sun, for others it ends in the small hours of the early morning. Regardless to the time of its ending, the day for a normal person ends with his going to sleep. No matter what our tasks of the day, worries, difficulties, happiness or sorrows, they all end in the hours we spend each night in sleep.

The world does not as yet agree with the psychologist who says that sleep is only an escape mechanism and not necessary. Instead of getting away from the idea of sleeping, it seems to be coming closer to it in its demand for bedsteads that are more comfortable.

The demand today is for bedsteads that are lighter than the heavy cast-iron bedsteads of the middle 19th century. This demand is being catered to by more dainty designs, and bedsteads which are welded together. This new structure designs. The brass bedsteads are still used in some parts of the world, but many patterned wooden ones are generally preferred.

The heavy brass beds that are still used are sold chiefly in South America, South Africa, parts of Egypt, and the Far East.

Yet, there are parts of the world where a bedstead is unknown. Sleeping places range from the tree tops to the floors of huts, and sometimes even the bare ground. In the Near East it has been the custom for years to make beds simply by pulling up a number of rugs on the floor of the room. Cushions are also used, but as a rule the Persian simply reclines upon these piles in some soft garment and makes no use of sheets, blankets or any kind of covering. In contrast to this, in India the inhabitants live in the open to such an extent that the designing and ornamentation of beds is negligible except for the use of royalty.

In Korea and northern China floors are made of flat stones, bricks, or earth. Flues are placed on the top layer of the floor. Somewhat below the level of the floor is a fire-place. When a fire is made in the fire-place, heat circulates through the flues in the floor. The Chinese arrange sleeping places by putting mats on the floor.

The Japanese too, have a unique custom. The whole floor of a Japanese house, which is about twelve feet square, covered with mats (tatami) is the bed. They sleep between under quilts (shikifuton), and over quilts (kake-futon).

The floor is warmed during cold weather with a wooden box holding a charcoal burner (katatsu). Sometimes whole families sleep on the same tatami, their feet towards the burner, and their bodies radiating from that point like spikes of a wheel.

While we may think that these beds are miserable when compared with ours, let us consider some who recline in places that seem to us impossible. For instance, the only bed that the African Bushman knows is the tree-top. While the natives in some parts of Africa make beds of sticks using only grass for a mattress. The Eskimo has a bank of snow inside his igloo which serves as a seat during the day and as a bed at night. Meanwhile in Haiti the commoners use the husks from corn which we throw in the garbage cans. These husks are piled in the corner of the hut for a bed.

As crude as their beds seem to us, these people look forward to sleep just as we do. It is sleep wherever they are.

### LABOR IN THE SOUTH MUST BE ORGANIZED

Labor in the South will never be organized until the Negro is organized and the organization of Negro labor involves many, many things. The "sit down" fever struck Negro labor recently and soon a strike was in progress. Strangely enough the employers made no objection to the organization of Negroes. More strangely the CIO failed to take advantage of a situation where it could prove the sincerity of its promises to accept Negro labor on equal terms.



## Kelley Miller Writes . . .

### THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

The readers of my weekly releases will recall that I was compelled to undergo an operation for cataract last June. For several months my eye sight was in a state of total eclipse which caused suspension of my releases for several months. I became so deeply interested in the events of the political campaign that I resumed the discussion of the issues despite my almost total blindness.

As a matter of fact, many of them were dictated in total darkness. Since my first operation I have not been able to read one word of a printed page, and have been compelled to rely upon the radio and audible read by others.

Let me stop here and pay my compliments to the radio. One can keep fairly well posted on what is going on in the world at large through the medium of sound. Persons who are born blind often times acquire acute intelligence, who can not only keep pace with current events, but can actually contribute to the thought and opinion of the world.

There must be a world diameter of difference between those who were born blind and have never enjoyed the blessings of sight and those who, after being educated, have become afflicted with blindness. These have but to live upon the momentum of past accumulation. The loss of sight may intensify the power of reflection. Indeed, whenever one wants to think deeply upon his observations and experiences in life, he is prone to shut his eyes and close out the floating occurrences of events about him.

The poet Homer was blind and yet he could, with a keen inner vision visualize and portray the story of the Trojan War immortalized in the Iliad. One also thinks of John Milton, the blind poet, who not only was the author of Paradise Lost, but was secretary of State in the cabinet of Oliver Cromwell. I can recall two members of the United States Senate who were totally blind, but who kept fully abreast of their colleagues in discussion and analysis of political events.

Some people are essentially eye-minded; who take in at a glance all occurrences that come within the range of vision, but the mental process is characterized by quick perception rather than by deep reflection, while others see little, but think much. There are two circuits of thought the long circuit and the short circuit. The short circuit proceeds directly from the tongue through the ear to the brain, as when a speaker addresses his hearers. The long circuit is symbolized in written or printed letters which by light vibrations are transferred to the eye and hence to the brain of the recipient. The short circuit is more immediate and instant; the long circuit is more round about and involved. Others

are ear-minded. Illiterate people are essentially ear-minded. They lack the ability of receiving knowledge through the medium of the printed press. When one loses his sight, he becomes illiterate; that is, he can neither read nor write. After passing through the actual experience, I am fully able to appreciate the value of literary and the disadvantage of losing it when once attained.

But illiterate people are not necessarily ignorant, nor are they less deficient in thought power than their more fortunate literate fellows. Visual symbols of knowledge are a wonderful aid in facilitating the thought process, but they cannot originate it.

The poet Gray tells us in his elegy on a country church yard that "Some mute inglorious hero may rest." Indeed we have had the remarkable example of Helen Keller in whom the loss of sight, sound and speech could not stop the expression of that wonderful thought power with which she was endowed.

Out of the depths of his blindness John Milton pathetically asks: "Will God exact day labor, light denied?" The kind, character and quantity of work exacted is in proportion to the faculties and abilities vouchsafed. One is called upon to labor according to his ability; however great or small that ability may be.

## St. Marks To Sponsoring Rally

St. Marks AME Zion Church on Pine St. of which Rev. S. P. Perry is pastor is sponsoring "Twelve Tribes of Israel Rally" May 3 to May 9th. Guy Mazyck, master of ceremonies is extending an invitation to the public to attend these services. Wm. Stewart is chairman of the Board of Trustees.

The program is as follows:

TWELVE TRIBES OF ISRAEL RALLY  
MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM  
MAY 3-9, 1937  
MONDAY NIGHT

Devotion  
Music: Emanuel AME Choir  
Sermon: Rev. J. C. Grady, Pastor Emanuel AME Church  
Collection: Participating Tribes, Rueben and Gad. Mrs. A. Timberlake and Mrs. Mamie Foster, Captains.  
Remarks  
Doxology: Benediction.

TUESDAY NIGHT

Music: Union Baptist Choir.  
Sermon: Rev. A. S. Croome, Pastor Union Baptist Church.  
Collection: Participating Tribes, Juda and Azer. Mrs. Beulah Mays and Mrs. Alice Cook, Captains.  
Remarks  
Doxology: Benediction.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Devotion  
Music: Mt. Olive AME Zion Choir.  
Sermon: Rev. E. B. Lipsey, Pastor Mt. Olive AME Zion Church.  
Collection: Participating Tribes, Nephthalim and Manasses. Mrs. Bessie Dunston and Guy Mazyck, Captains.  
Remarks  
Doxology: Benediction.

THURSDAY NIGHT

Devotion  
Music: White Rock Baptist Choir  
Sermon: Rev. Miles M. Fisher, Pastor White Rock Baptist Church.  
Collection: Participating Tribes, Simeon and Levi. J. E. Love and T. J. Atwater, Captains.  
Doxology: Benediction.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Devotion  
Music: Mt. Vernon Baptist Church Choir.  
Sermon: Rev. J. H. Thomas, Pastor Mt. Vernon Baptist Church.  
Collection: Participating Tribes, Issachar, Zabulon, Joseph and Benjamin, Rufus Slight, Fred Cuttino, Theodore Blount, and Mrs. Alice Price, Captains.  
Remarks  
Doxology: Benediction.

We extend a cordial welcome to the public.  
May I ask the members and friends to dedicate each night that has been specified in this program to St. Mark.

## No Evidence A SHORT SHORT STORY

BY JOHN HAROLD MALLOY

Paul Reynolds was like a shadow as he moved noiselessly toward the house that stood like a great, hulking shadow in the night. As he crept slowly and cautiously among the hedges and shrubbery, he felt a thrill of expectancy run up and down his spine. It was pleasant. At last he had the opportunity to do what he had wanted to do so long. The setting was perfect too. No one would know. There would be no evidence.

He moved faster as he neared the house. It was very dark, but it didn't bother him. He knew every inch of that large yard and house. He hadn't worked there five years for nothing. He smiled bitterly in the dark as he thought of the last two years. They had been two years of planning and waiting. Two years during which he worked for a man he had learned to hate.

He had once worshipped Cyrus Holman and had really enjoyed working for him, but was before anything had happened to Martha Carter. She had been the housekeeper. A young and beautiful dark-eyed girl was Martha. Full of life and gaiety. And Paul had loved her. They were to be married. Then Cyrus Holman looked at her and wanted her. He got her because he was Cyrus Holman. He, with his millions, had always got what he wanted. He was a greedy man and it did not make any difference with him whether he hurt anyone in getting what he wanted or not. Consideration for others wasn't in his plan for living. He offered nothing and took everything.

Paul's blood boiled every time he thought of how Martha, a helpless and innocent girl, had to comply with her employer's every wish in order to maintain her job. She was humble and trusting. She had seen no danger until it was too late. Then she went to Paul; the man who loved her dearly, and told him her bitter story. Paul never heard her voice again. She took poison that night. Paul and Cyrus Holman were the only people who knew the real cause of suicide, and they didn't tell. Cyrus Holman kept quiet because he wanted no scandal, and Paul kept quiet because he knew his word meant nothing against Cyrus Holman, and his millions.

Paul promised himself that he would have his revenge at any price. Someday he would see that justice be done. Someday he would kill Cyrus Holman.

That had been two years ago, and Cyrus Holman had forgotten. But Paul hadn't. He had lived those last two years from day to day just praying and waiting for his chance. It had come at last. At last Cyrus Holman would be in the house alone. All the servants would be off to-night. He had waited for just such a night as this. Everything was perfect. No one would ever know exactly what had happened. Not even Cyrus Holman himself would know what had happened.

Paul stepped at the corner of the house. He stood very still for

awhile and listened. It was quiet. The house was a big two-story frame structure with thirteen rooms and a large lower and upper front porch. Large vines ran up and around the big posts that supported the porch. A man could easily climb up to the top porch by those vines, without making any noise, if he was careful. Once on the top porch, the rest was easy.

There were a door and large window that opened from Cyrus Holman's bedroom to the top porch, and the window was always put up at bed time. This meant that there would be no trouble getting into the room from the top porch. Cyrus Holman was a sound sleeper. Paul knew that he was hard to wake-up after he had gone to sleep.

Paul sat down and removed his shoes. He put on a pair of rubber gloves and began to climb to the top porch. He did it noiselessly. On the top porch, he listened. It was quiet as death. Then he took an ice-pick out of his pocket and holding it in his gloved hand, tip-toed to the window. It was already up high enough, so he slipped quietly inside the room. Paul stood still inside Cyrus Holman's bedroom and listened again. There was no sound save the steady and heavy breathing of Holman.

Paul tip-toed to the bed. He knew exactly where it was and just how the man would be lying in it. He stood over the bed for a moment looking down in the dark at a spot he would strike. He raised the ice-pick and sent it plunging down once, twice, three times in rapid succession. There was a groan of agony and then quietness.

Quietly Paul went back to the window and slipped out on the porch. He went down the vines without making a sound loud enough to be heard ten feet away. Back on the ground, he calmly put on his shoes and slipped away in the night.

The next morning the whole town was alarmed with the startling news that Cyrus Holman had been murdered in his sleep. The police could find no clues. They only knew that the murderer used a sharp pointed instrument that penetrated the victim's heart. There was no sign of an attempt of burglary. There were two ways by which the murderer could have reached the victim's bedroom, but the police were baffled with the mystery of the crime.

A week passed, and the crime was still an unsolved mystery. By this time the police suspected everyone, but was still unable to find any evidence. Then Ernest Coleman, the nation's greatest detective, arrived on the scene. New hope was expressed by the police department. Perhaps now this murder mystery would be solved. Most of the town expressed the belief that the great detective would solve the mystery in less than two days.

Paul felt a little uneasy, but he

wasn't frightened. He knew that the best detective in the world couldn't find the murderer if he couldn't find no clues. And the local police said there were none. He had been extra careful not to leave any.

Immediately upon his arrival, detective Coleman went into a secret conference with the chief-of-police. It was a short conference. Then he went to the scene of the crime.

The next day the great detective gave instruction to arrest all suspects for questioning. Paul, along with many others, was taken into custody. The questioning began, and Paul was the first suspect to face the detective. His knees felt weak and his hands trembled as he entered the chief-of-police's office. He wandered how much this detective really knew. Had he really found something that could be used as evidence. He tried to think. Had he left something there? He could not be sure. It was quite possible that he had overlooked something.

There were three men in the chief-of-police's office. The chief himself, detective Coleman and one of the other policemen. Paul looked at them suspiciously as he entered. He sat down.

"You are Paul Reynolds aren't you?" the detective asked.

Paul nodded.  
"Paul," the detective said, "yesterday I went to the scene of the murder. I found something there that proves beyond a doubt who killed Cyrus Holman." The detective paused and looked at Paul, shifted his feet uneasily. His throat became dry as he tried to swallow. He looked at the detective and tried to look nonchalant.

"Why did you kill Cyrus Holman Paul?" The detective shouted the question at him. The question was so suddenly asked that it took Paul by surprise. He started and opened his mouth, but he didn't speak. He just looked at the detective stupidly. Detective Coleman watched him silently for a moment. Then he relaxed and smiled. "That'll be all Paul," he said.

Paul got up and walked blindly out of the office. He betrayed himself? He wondered.

"Did you really find any evidence at the scene of murder, Coleman?" asked the chief.

"No, I found nothing. I was merely bluffing that youngster."

"Do you think that boy could have had anything to do with it?" as the chief slowly.

Detective Coleman laughed. "Not a chance," he said, "that youngster wouldn't have the nerve. He was frightened speechless when I accused him of it. You can see he is innocent as you or I."

"I guess you are right Coleman. I don't suppose we will ever find out who killed Cyrus Holman nor why. There is absolutely no evidence."

THE END

### NORTH CAROLINA

#### DURHAM COUNTY

TRUSTEE SALE OF LAND UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF the power conferred upon the Trustee in a certain Deed of Trust dated December 30th, 1933, and duly executed by L. W. Wilhoite and wife, Ethel T. Wilhoite, and duly recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for Durham County in Book of Mortgages 219, at page 80; default having been made in the payment of the same, the undersigned Trustee will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Durham, N. C., on THURSDAY, MAY 27th, 1937 at 12 o'clock Noon, the following described land, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a stake on the north side of Massey Avenue and on the east side of grant Street, and running thence along and with the east side of said Grant Street North 20 degrees 40 min. east 125 feet to a stake, the southwest corner of Lot No. 21 in Block "D"; thence along

Wm. Stewart, Chm., Board of Trustees, Guy Mazyck, Master of Ceremonies, S. P. Perry, Minister.

### DURHAM COUNTY

#### ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE

Dated this 26th day of April, 1937.  
E. R. MERRICK, Trustee  
M. HUGH THOMPSON, Attorney

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Mary Smith, Deceased late of Durham County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at 614 Fayetteville Street, Durham, N. C., on or before the 10th day of April, 1938, or this notices will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
This 10th day of April, 1937  
E. D. GREEN, Administrator of the Estate of Mary Smith, Deceased.

### DURHAM COUNTY

#### ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE

Fond Mother (as her son was starting off to join the navy)— Now my son, remember to be very punctual in rising every morning, so you will not keep the certain waiting breakfast for you.