



It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROUN

A CLIPPER ship came down the tide and cast her anchor over. She rode the long swell and waited for boats from the blazing coast to bear her black slaves. When they were below deck she picked up her pin and headed for America.

That was more than two hundred years ago. Yesterday in Decatur, Ala., a jury of twelve white men brought in a verdict of death against Haywood Patterson. The Attorney General of the great sovereign State referred to him as "that thing."

They say it was a quiet courtroom and a gentle day down in Morgan County when the jury filed in after twenty-four hours of deliberation. But could none of them hear the wind in the rigging of the slave ship, the creaking of her timbers and the cries of the cargo?

The Ship Without a Port.

THAT ghostly ship has steered her course around our coasts and even up into the back waters times innumerable. She seeks in vain a final haven. We, the grandsons and the great-grandsons of the slavers, are not appeased. We have not forgiven the Negro. It is less difficult to forgive your enemies, but the persecution of the Negro continues because we have wronged him so vastly and so vitally. We are bound to the wheel of our damnation and try to stave it off with silly postures and cruel antics. Fear grips us, and we sheer off even from an act of simple justice.

Attorney General Knight could not even bring himself to admit that he was in the presence of a man on trial for his life. He had to take refuge in such a phrase as "that thing." He was afraid of the facts. He had reason to fear.

There was much panicky talk in the speeches of the men who pressed the case. "Show them that Alabama justice cannot be bought and sold with Jew money from New York!" cried Solicitor Wright at one point in the trial. And the Attorney General, after deploring the injection of prejudice by his associate in the summation, went on to say:—"If you acquit this Negro put a garland of roses around his neck, give him a supper and send him to New York City. There let Dr. Harry Fosdick dress him up in a high hat and morning coat, gray striped trousers and spats."

And that was because Dr. Fosdick had told Ruby Bates to face the danger of return and go back to confess that she lied when first she accused the Negro boys. And that was because the Attorney General was afraid.

Tragedy Eked Out with Farce.

IF human life were not at stake this Scottsboro case might take rank with the most inspired of all extravaganzas, but the shadow of the chair falls across such ironic ribaldries as the conviction of a Negro field hand on the ground that Alabama does not like the modes and manners of New York City. Instead of a crown of thorns, Alabama rhetoric pressed down a high hat upon this poor laborer.

But the irony of the situation swings wide beyond the borders of the State where the trial was held. Does the learned counsellor from the Southland actually believe that the song of the slave ship never floats above the roofs of Harlem? Instead of the fantastic festival outlined by the prosecutor, what would New York really have to offer any Haywood Patterson? Morning coats and garlands? Not exactly. The great and free city of New York would afford him an opportunity to share a three-room apartment with nine or ten of his fellows. And only with the best of luck would he be able to pay the rent.

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C. B. Allen Begins a 25,000

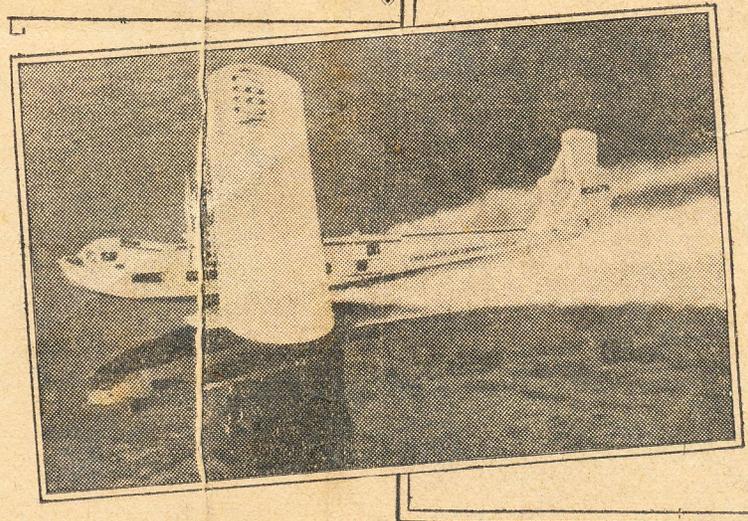
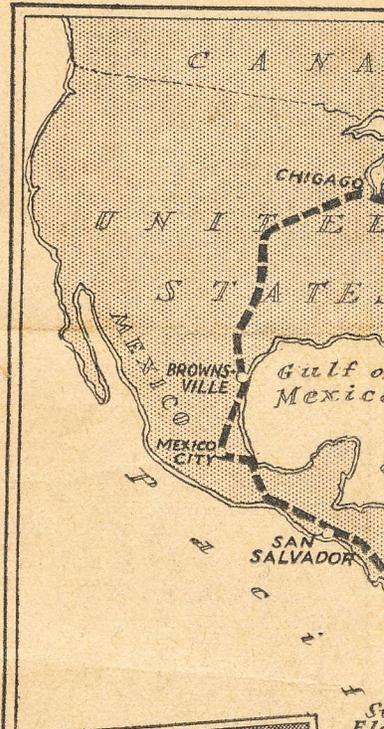
Stops First Night from
Miami in the Black
Capital of Port
au Prince.

C. B. Allen has returned from a 25,000-mile round-South America swing on the Pan-American Airways circuit and recorded his discoveries and impressions in a series of six articles. He crossed lush green and hurricane torn areas of the West Indies, barren sections along the Eastern coast of South America, great cities and lonesome pampas, the tall, cold Andes, the rugged Western coast, Mexico City and the sweeping plain lands of the United States. Today Mr. Allen reports his flight from Miami to San Juan.

By C. B. ALLEN,

World-Telegram Staff Writer.

WE are roaring through the darkness over the harbor of Port au Prince, Haiti. The drone of the plane's four mo-



"Commodore," flying ship on which C. B. Allen (above) made his 'round-

tors reverberates eerily among the indistinct mountains. A twinkling panorama of lights reveal the capital city of the magic island. In the distance faint flickers of flame mark

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The South imposes rather more lynchings, legal and otherwise. New York and Chicago take it out in tuberculosis.

We have no right to sit in the seats of the scornful. Nor is it the part of wisdom to think of the Scottsboro case as a local issue. We will get nowhere if comment merely takes the form of attacks upon the legal machinery of Alabama and charges that Decatur opinion is blinded by bigotry. That would merely be a matter of the mote calling the beam black.

A Few Wise Words.

AS a matter of fact, some wise words were spoken during the trial. "The world at this time and in many lands is showing intolerance and showing hate. It seems sometimes that love has almost deserted the human bosom. It seems that hate has taken its place. . . . Wrong dies and truth forever lasts, and we should have faith in that."

That was said by the Judge—James E. Horton. Well, Your Honor, when it comes time to pass sentence of death how are you going to plead? Remember that you and all the rest of us are on trial for our faith, our integrity and our lowest common decency. What say you? Guilty or not guilty?

Speak up, man! Let us all speak up and prove that we are not guilty of this monstrous thing. Let us scuttle the slave ship in forty fathoms and stop that whine of the wind in its rigging.

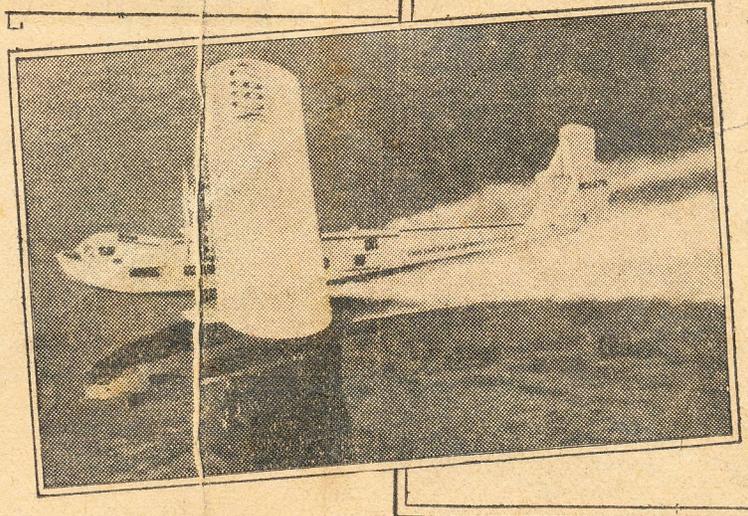
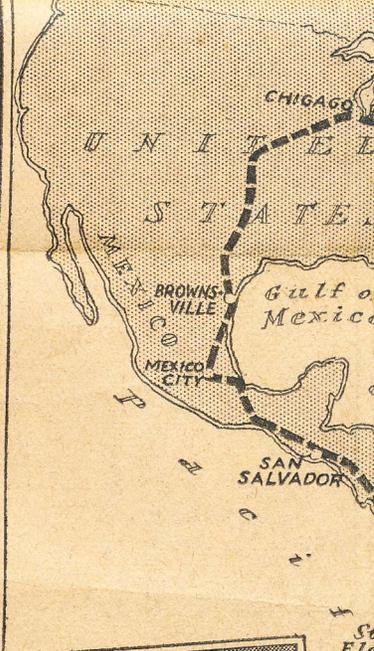
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tors reverberates eerily among the indistinct mountains. A twinkling panorama of lights reveal the capital city of the magic island. In the distance faint flickers of flame mark what probably are native open-air fires where supper is cooked and voodoo charms are chanted. Every passenger of us presses his face against the windows of the cabin to watch the dark landing.

It is only seven hours since we left Miami on the round-South America swing I am just beginning via Pan American Airway's 25,000-mile network of air lines. We have made one landing en route—at the lazy Cuban city, Nuevitas. Now we wait for Pilot Wallace Culbertson to bring us into the city of black men for the first night from New York on foreign soil.

Now We Can Land.

He swings the 23,000-horsepower, forty-passenger Sikorsky flying boat over the harbor in a wide, easy circle. One of three such planes owned by Pan American, this Southern Clipper is luxuriously appointed with a ladies' lounge, smok-

to take off, one such woman pushed through the crowd at the landing stage. She shouted excitedly for the 'avion' to wait. She pulled up in front of the base manager, removed an eight-pound rock from her head, revealing a half-ounce air mail letter she'd been commissioned to put aboard.

"But why did you carry the rock?" the manager asked her.

"The woman looked at him amazed. 'How else would I have kept the letter on my head?' she asked."

Feet Outside My Window.

I was to see hundreds of these human beasts of burden before I left Port au Prince the next day. For in the early morning I was awakened by the sibilant slither of their bare or primitively sanded feet in the street outside my hotel as they converged for market. The moon still strewed the earth with silver. In its light, arms hung empty at their sides, they strode gracefully by and the sound was like the murmur of a mountain stream, punctuated with their greetings in French patois.

Their heads held baskets, water jars, containers made of gourds and the unwieldiest bundles in perfect balance. But only the women, my dear you, were burdened. The strop-