

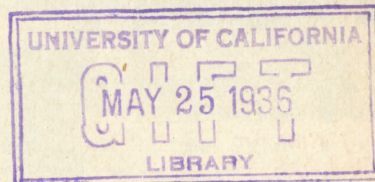
**LABOR**

**10c**

# DEFENDER

● AMERICA'S ONLY LABOR PICTORIAL ● PUBLISHED BY THE I.L.D. ●

**SEPTEMBER  
1935**



Poland's  
**PRISONERS**  
of  
**STARVATION**

by  
*Carol King*

●  
**RECEPTION**  
in  
**ALABAMA**

by  
*Jack Conroy*

●  
**I**  
**SAW**  
**IT**  
**MYSELF**

by  
*Sasha Small*  
an  
*eye witness*  
report of

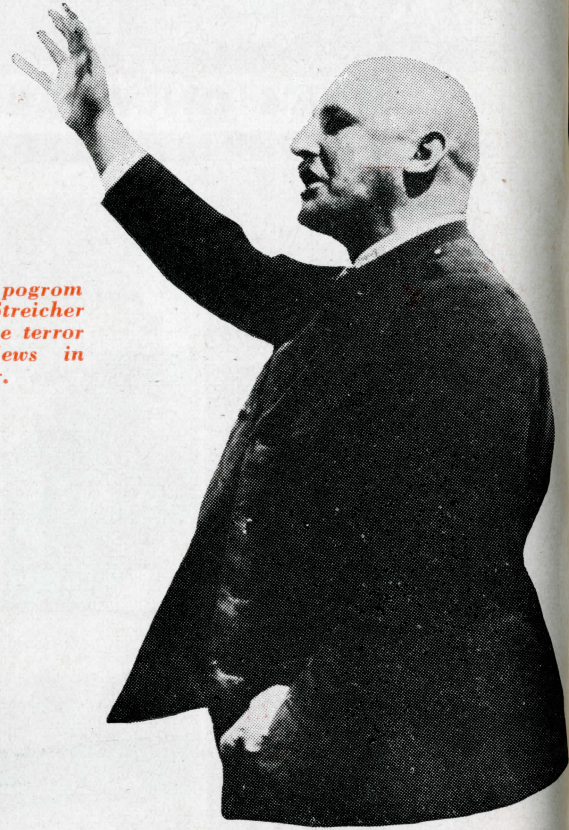


**HELL on a GEORGIA CHAIN GANG**

# VIEWS of the MONTH



*The Emperor of Ethiopia on his white horse.*



*Hitler's chief pogrom organizer — Streicher — leader of the terror against the Jews in Germany.*



*Ethiopia's armies gather to defend their native land.*



*Garry Davis of San Pedro after the "Beef Squad" vigilantes got through with him.*



*August third anti-war demonstration in Harlem.*



*(Left) Cannon fodder in the making. C. C. C. boys at work.*



*Anti-imperialist demonstration in Porto Rico.*



## WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE MOONEY CASE

**T**HE State of California has pulled another rabbit out of its bag of frame-up tricks. To date they hold the record for one of the best, most well oiled frame-up machines in the country. Nineteen years ago it was turned on full force to convict Tom Mooney and demand his life. When the gallows was cheated by a world wide movement for Mooney's freedom, he was put behind the walls of San Quentin—as those who run the machine hoped—for the rest of his days.

The spotlight of publicity and investigation revealed the Mooney frame-up in all its sordid details years ago. After five governors had refused to pardon him, Mooney finally won a new trial, on the last remaining indictment against him, was acquitted and rushed back to his cell in San Quentin. The next chapter was written by the United States Supreme Court which passed the buck back to California.

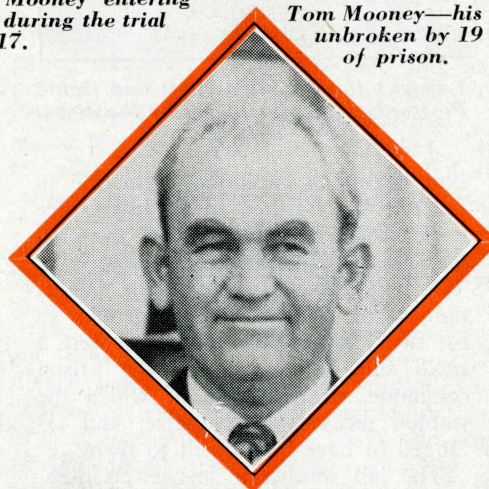
It seemed that the only legal loop hole left was application for a writ of habeas corpus to the State Supreme Court. And if they refused to grant it the Supreme Court had left its doors open for a new appeal there. But trust California.

They discovered a trick, legally known as submitting both sides—Mooney's and the state's—to a referee who is now taking depositions from



*Rena Mooney entering Court during the trial in 1917.*

*Tom Mooney—his spirit unbroken by 19 years of prison.*



all the original witnesses against Mooney who are still living. On September 3, 1935 this referee will hear arguments from both sides and then—later on, some time in "the future" after he has "studied" both sides—reviewed evidence that the whole world knows, and heard argument on fine legal points, he will present the case to the State Supreme Court which will proceed to decide whether or not Mooney shall be granted the writ which would free him!

**J**ULY 27 marked the 19th anniversary of the arrest of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings. Nineteen years behind the bars because of their loyalty to the working class. Mass indignation, aroused public opinion must register its protests against this infamous method of dealing out "justice." Tell Governor Merriam what you think of it, tell the State Supreme Court of California—and let Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings know what you have said to these worthies. Keep the prison mail men busy with floods of letters and greetings to our heroic fellow workers. The addresses are

Tom Mooney  
No. 31921  
San Quentin,  
California

Warren K. Billings  
Box 10699  
Represa, California

# Poland's PRISONERS OF STARVATION

By CAROL KING

Noted I.L.D. Attorney, who represented America on the International delegation to Poland.

The Paris-Warsaw express puffed slowly into the Polish terminal June 19 as it does every other day. But on that day the international delegates who had come to investigate the condition of political prisoners in the Polish jails stepped quietly from the train, almost oblivious of the superficial peace and charm of the mediaeval city with its beautiful buildings and cobbled streets quite inappropriate to the modern taxi. The delegates had heard reports of the fascist terror in which Poland was gripped, and had come from Canada, the United States and from France to look beneath the surface calm and report back what they learned to the Polish Patronati of the countries from which they came.

From the moment the delegates arrived their activities were twofold: (1) conferences with government representatives to obtain permission to visit the prisons and the concentration camp of Bereza Kartuska, (2) personal contact with the workers.

The number of political prisoners in the Polish jails is variously estimated at from 12,000 to 16,000. This means that out of the total population of Poland of 32,000,000 one out of every 2600 to 3000 is in jail for a political offense, and of course an even larger proportion of the adult population.

The Polish government refused the delegation permission to visit either the concentration camp or the prisons. Similar delegations had been permitted to view both the prisons and concentration camps of Nazi Germany and the prisons of Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. This refusal was the first direct evidence that we had that perhaps the terror in Poland was worse than that existing even in other fascist countries.

Despite this ban the delegation succeeded in securing a permit to visit two prisoners, one man and one woman, in the jail at L'Wow, and in interviewing a considerable number of prisoners recently released from the jails as well as the families of the prisoners.

The prisoners in the L'Wow jail in the presence of the warden and two jail guards dared to tell us unafraid of the life to which they were subjected. The man told of nine months in jail without being permitted to see a printed word, receive a letter or even have a visit from his wife. He had also been three weeks in solitary confinement in a cell dripping with moisture. These additional penalties, not imposed by the prison regulations, were due to two causes: (1) his protest at being placed with ordinary criminals and in prison clothes when he was in jail for a political offense—membership in the Communist Party, (2) his refusal to stand when Catholic prayers were being said. The woman, who had been in jail for almost the same period of time had not yet been tried for any offense. Her trial was set for September, which meant that she would be in jail eleven months before she even knew what the charge was.

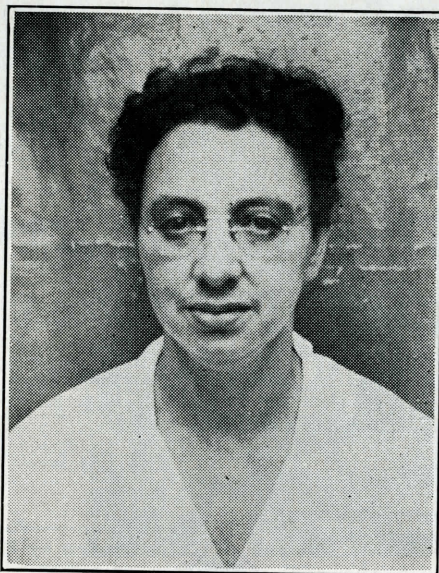
tions in the jail. He admitted that the prisoners got meat only once a week, only coffee and bread for breakfast, soup at noon, and bread and potatoes at the evening meal. The jail rules forbade solitary confinement for more than 48 hours, yet the story of three weeks solitary suffered by the man was not denied. The Polish constitution forbids corporal punishment of prisoners, but when asked if the prisoners were beaten, the warden replied, "Sometimes the guards get nervous."

The delegation was not permitted to go through the jail but as they left, the members stopped to see the prisoners exercising in the jail yard. Each prisoner as he neared the delegation turned his head toward us and passed. It was in the nature of a silent salute.

From the prisons to which we did not gain admission came memorials to the government asking to see us and messages to us of greeting and courage. On the outside of the Warsaw jail there was a popular demonstration demanding that we be permitted to enter. In the Polish Senate since we left there has been an interpellation questioning the government's action in generally excluding us from the jails.

From the moment it set foot in Poland the delegation came in contact with and was ardently supported by the Polish masses. The very first day in Warsaw it was visited by thirteen delegations, including the families of prisoners, trade union representatives, members of the Polish I. L. D. and other workers' groups.

We learned of the outlawing of militant trade unions, and the jailing of their leaders. We heard from the union of domestic servants that in the country districts the wages of a maid were the equivalent of \$1. a month and that although they received \$3. in Warsaw this difference was offset by their being required to house themselves. The union members insisting on wages of four or five times the usual scale were nevertheless able to obtain em-



(Above) Carol King—(Left and right) Postcards printed and sold by the illegal Polish I. L. D.

Nor is this an exceptional situation in Poland. We learned of at least three well authenticated cases where the prisoner was in jail four years before trial. Two of these were women. The delegation spoke words of encouragement to the two L'Wow prisoners, gave them a small sum of money for the prison commune, the existence of which the warden refused to recognize, and arranged to have books sent to them.

The jail warden in answer to questions by the delegation told of condi-



ployment because they were known "not to steal." Factory workers in Warsaw received the equivalent of \$2 to \$4 a week, with living costs by no means cheap. Housing presents a most difficult problem. Cases of two and three families living in a room were reported. One woman whom we helped was being dispossessed from the corner of a kitchen. Even pitiable jobs were sought after and many who spoke to us had no work. Unemployment was apparent everywhere.

Such conditions have given rise in Poland to a militant anti-fascist movement. In conditions of both legality and illegality the Polish worker is struggling to obtain rights that he has never enjoyed. And everywhere the iron fist of the government is raised to smash him.

In Lodz, the reception committee of 22 elected by the unions to greet the International Delegation was jailed even before we arrived. Stepping out of the train behind a cordon

of police that had accompanied us from Warsaw we were acclaimed by a demonstration of the workers themselves. The masses had come as the reception committee. The police charged with raised clubs, the crowd opened before the attack, reformed and marched behind us to our hotel in triumph shouting and clapping. Great bunches of red peonies were thrown to us. It was apparently safe to present these in silence, but one young girl who shouted a greeting to the "International Delegation, anti-fascist" was seized by the police.

Of the first delegation of four women who had one or more members of their families in jail two were arrested as they left our hotel in Lodz. The "secret" service pursued the delegates wherever they went, one operative for each delegate. And when we sought admission to a rubber factory in Lodz the workers were locked in after hours to prevent their receiving our message of international solidarity and encouragement. When a young girl then passing in the street asked if we were the International Delegation, not only she but her companion was locked up. These measures

did not intimidate the workers of Lodz. The very next day, according to the figures even of one capitalist paper, 80% went out in the general political strike of June 25 to show hostility to the new constitution which would place more arbitrary power in the hands of the President.

In Warsaw we saw the police beat helpless children who were with their parents in the moving demonstration be-

tempt to overthrow the government or its officers or to influence their decisions "comes to an understanding with other persons" is liable to imprisonment. Under this vague provision of the code many militant workers have gone to jail for as many as six, eight or ten years. Others again have suffered imprisonment for taking part in a meeting which "results in injury to person or property." These provisions are only some of the



*Mass funeral in a Polish village to honor a victim of the terror.*

fore the jail. The workers do not stand massed because of the constant threat of the charge of the police. We saw a worker felled by the police, beaten while he lay on the sidewalk. And when we remonstrated against this, the officer, when he was later through with his victim, came and explained, "In Poland we beat them even when they are on the ground."

The village near L'Wow had lately been pacified, a process by which the police take over the government and proceed to wreck the houses and beat and intimidate the population. Here the excuse was that a sheriff who had come to collect taxes was killed. The whole village was held responsible and the police wreaked vengeance upon the helpless population rather than arrest them. The inhabitants were afraid even to tell of their suffering.

The present Polish government cannot feed the workers. It seeks only to silence their complaints. Political "crimes" in Poland include membership in the Communist Party, the I.L.D. and in the illegal trade unions. Also a person who in connection with an at-

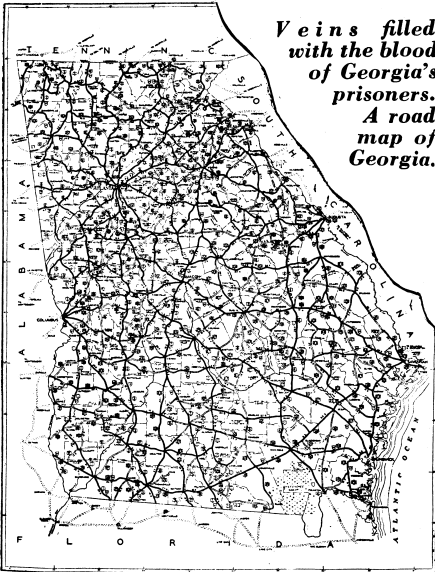
lans which apply to those sent to the Polish jails. A single prosecuting attorney may for any reason he sees fit and without trial send a worker to the most hated and feared place in all Poland, the concentration camp of Bereza Kartuska, where he stays at the will of the prosecutor, cut off from all communication with the outside world.

On June 27 the delegation left Warsaw. It was night. The workers came to the station to say good-bye. They bore great bunches of red roses and peonies that glowed in the electric light. We separated the bunches and threw blossoms to our friends. They caught and saved them as remembrance of the International Delegation which had come to them as a token of the international solidarity of the workers. The police made no move to stop them or us. Perhaps even they for a moment felt their powerlessness against the courage of the Polish workers.

# I SAW IT MYSELF

By SASHA SMALL

The most horrible thing about the chains which bind the prisoners on Georgia's chain-gangs, is their musical sound. They clink faintly, almost tinkle. Somehow it would make you feel better if their rasping clang would fill the air



Veins filled with the blood of Georgia's prisoners. A road map of Georgia.

hard-looking cusses. They are unquestionably chosen for their brutal faces to begin with, and years of brutalizing work finishes the job. Under their arms they carry long shot guns. On their hips are blue automatics hanging from cart-ridge belts. The glare of the southern sun is intensified by the redness of the soil. The soil of Georgia is almost blood red—rich and fertile.

I stood watching the men at work, some loosening the soil with pick axes others shoveling it with spades. Up and down, up and down with out a moment's pause moving along slowly with their work, their chains dragging along the ground. Even the unusual sight of visitors didn't stop them. The muzzle of the gun pointed straight down. All they permitted themselves was a sneaking glance from under their hats.

Many of them worked only in the trousers of their striped prison suits, their shining backs moving rhythmically up and down. I had expected to see black and white stripes. Instead I saw what seemed to be clothing coated in

All black. The rules of the Prison Commission require the strictest segregation of the prisoners even on the road. The last to hop off was a little fellow—a child. (Picture on the cover—Ed.)

His striped suit was way too big for him. The jacket hung down almost to his knees and flapped around his thin little body. The sleeves and trousers looked as if they had been sawed off—the ends all ragged and loose.

I spoke to the boy, asked him his name. "Take yer hat off when you're talking to a lady," bawled the guard. Slowly he took his cap off. There was a defiance about this youngster that was amazing and heartening. He told me he was sixteen years old, but the guard, saying it as if the boy weren't even there offered, "Naw, he's only thirteen."

"How long did they give you, James," I asked him.

"Six years," he almost whispered the words, very slowly.

"What did you do?"

"Broke into a grocery store—in town."

of Georgia's country side so that the miserable sound would be heard for miles around from sunrise to sunset and far into the night.

The chain-gang that I saw, is the "model" chain-gang of the state. One of the explanations for its "good conditions" is probably the fact that it is right on the other side of the mountain which is covered by President Roosevelt's private estate near Warm Springs.

There are 95 convicts on this gang, about 12 white men and the rest Negro. This is about the proportion that prevails on most of Georgia's chain-gangs.

The country in that part of Georgia is very beautiful, rolling hills covered with pine woods or fields of high waving corn. I mention this because of the shocking contrast it offers as a background against one of the most inhuman scenes in our supposedly civilized country.

The men were working way down from the roadway in a sort of pit they were filling in. On the road itself, over their heads stood the guards. Mean

## Re: Simon Minor.

The newspaper clippings, the anonymous letter from a New York man with reference to Simon Minor have been given attention, and, as usual, the long distance critics of the State of Georgia are swept away by maudlin sentiment and without any knowledge of the facts.

They refer to the case as one for "loitering", a minor type of misdemeanor, when the facts are that this negro committed a burglary and was convicted in Richmond county, one of the best counties in Georgia, whose courts have always been presided over by able judges and humanitarians. His sentence was 1 1/2 to 3 years, and he entered service March 14, 1920.

Richmond county is known as one of the counties of the State that takes good care of its prisoners, feeds them well and provides for medical attention by able physicians, and wardens in charge have been men of experience and of character. The duties of the wardens have been usually combined with those of road superintendent, providing a salary by the combination of offices to obtain men of the type referred to.

Had this negro conducted himself properly he would have been released at the expiration of his minimum sentence, but instead he escaped on April 4, 1921, and fled the realm and was successful in hiding himself until July 1, 1935, when he was recaptured and returned to service.

If this negro burglar should be given a release because of his successful escape and successful hide-out, it would be an invitation to every prisoner in the State to make his get-away upon the theory that if he could stay away long enough his sentence would have been served outside the State. Such a procedure would be subversive of all discipline, and the Georgia critics know it.

## The Prison Commission answers. Simon Minor was sent back after 14 years of freedom.

dry blood—a sickening brownish red. Later I realized what caused this. The men were drenched in sweat. You can see it streaming down over their faces, shoulders, and backs. The loose red soil dust clouds up around them and clings to their sweat drenched stripes, eats into the cloth, into their skins, into their eyes.

A truck drove up from around the bend with about ten more men on it.

The guard hustled him back to his work. He had spent about three minutes in idleness—a breach of the rules which state specifically that "convicts shall work from sunrise to sunset." Leaving the men swinging away at their work, bending their backs up and down, up and down with the hot sun beating down upon them, we went back to the camp several miles away.

We went through the mess hall. Tables and benches of highly polished scoured brown wood—uncovered. A row of tin plates with a tin cup just behind them were the only things on the table except

a big tin bucket with the word "colored" on each, painted in bright red. The men carry their spoons around with them on their belts. In each plate were two chunks of corn bread. I picked one up. It weighed over a pound—soggy, heavy and discouraging. A trusty walked around and dished out two little slivers of meat, cold and crusted with cold fat. Way off in the corner was a smaller table exactly like the others except that the water bucket carried the announcement, "white."

Then trucks carrying the men began

to pull into camp. They stopped in front of the stockade. Each gang lined up about two feet apart, with their backs to the guard. They stood with their arms up in the air. Their rain coats (also provided for in the rules—because you work from sunrise to sunset—rain or shine)—held up in their left hands—like brown banners of despair. One guard stood with the gun pointing at their backs, another ran his hands up and down their sides, felt all over the rain coats and then yanked at the chains between their legs to be sure they were firm.

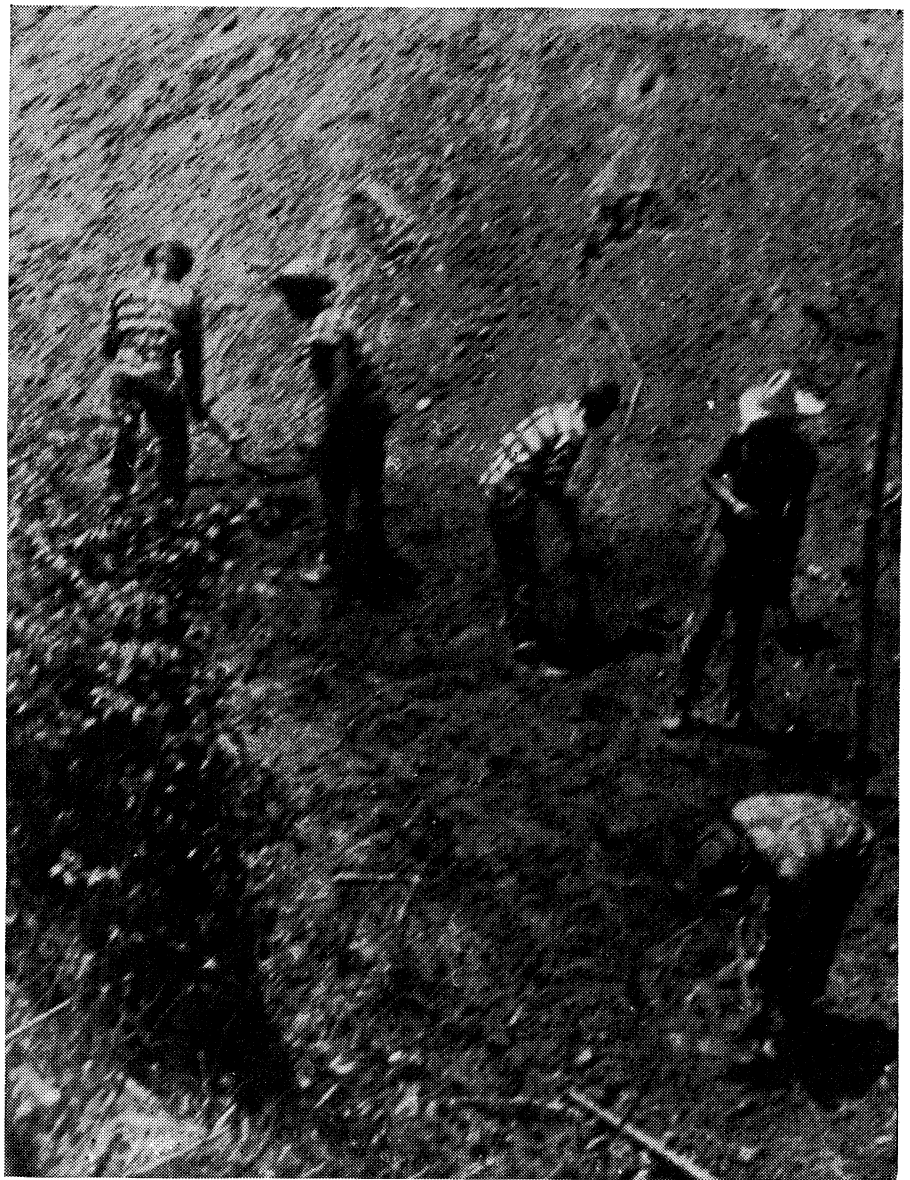
As soon as this was over, the first gang went inside the stockade and into the cages, to put down their hats and coats. Then they came out to wash. A single faucet trickles into a huge wooden tub. No soap only cold water. Each had some sort of a rag that served as a towel. It quickly became covered with the blood red paste of soil and sweat.

Then they went inside to eat. Each picked up his plate and carried it out to the kitchen bringing it back with a steaming helping of white grits covering the bread and meat. I sat at one end of the room, watching. Maybe two of those prisoners ate that meat—on the one day a week they get it. The rest fished it out of the mess on their plates and threw it to one side. Most of them left more than half of what was on their plates. Perhaps a handful finished everything. The only thing they had to drink was the water from the buckets.

After they had done eating the men wandered out into the walled-in stockade, an opening 10 yards square for 95 men. The only place to sit is the ground. The only thing to rest your back against is the wall or the sides of the silvery painted cages. A few of them sat on the rickety steps that lead to the cages.

One cage was locked. The doctor had it opened and took me in with him. I am much shorter than most of the prisoners. I had to stoop while I was inside. Twelve bunks, in three tiers, no more than one foot apart, covered with ragged blue blankets, full of holes. On this chain-gang they are clean and powerfully disinfected. That's one of the reasons why it's a "model." The steel bars that separated the bunks, the ceiling, the toilet in the middle, the inside of the criss cross bars that form the cage, are black. Nothing will ever scrub them clean, nothing will ever wash off those years and years of filth and grime.

The sick prisoner lay in one of the lowest bunks. The only thing he could see from where he lay, was the shiny silver bars of the cages on either side. The heat was overpowering. Flies buzzed around in swarms. He could not lift his head. The doctor told him he



*Chain gang prisoners at work. The guard stopped me as I took this picture. The moving camera blurs their chains.*

was coming back on Monday morning to take him down to the hospital to be operated on. The look that giant prisoner gave me, was filled with the hatred of centuries. He would not answer my questions as to how he felt. He would not talk to me. But after the doctor said he could smoke and I reached out some cigarettes to him, he looked back at me with heart rending wonder, and his hands trembled as he took them.

He is serving a life sentence for "hacking up his sisters."

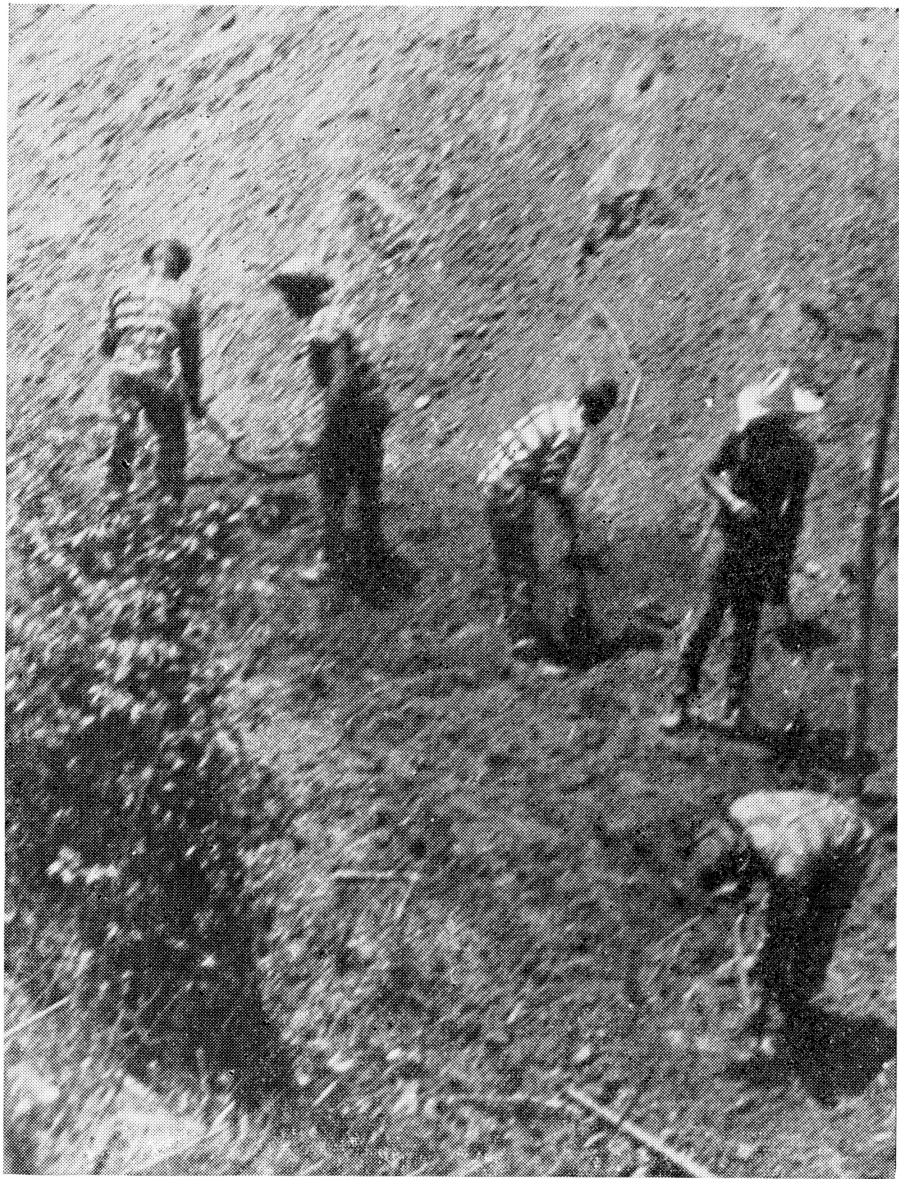
Until 3 a. m. Monday morning when they would be wakened to go back to work—the men would just sit. Nothing to do. Nothing to read. Nothing to see but the walls of the stockade and the cages. Some of the prisoners sat rewinding the rags with which they protect their legs from the torture of the steel rings to which the chains are attached—just loose enough to keep banging away

at flesh and bone with every move. When they work even this is not enough protection. They pull the rings up over their trousers and make them fast to straps they fasten right below their knees with strings of rags.

None of the prisoners complained, even though I was permitted to speak to them with no one listening. They didn't know who I was. They didn't trust me. But they did assure me that compared to other camps, this one was just fine.

This is the best that the state of Georgia can offer to Angelo Herndon. The very best. The model chain-gang. The daily murderous grind of beastly toil on the roads, chained, bent under a broiling sun. Food that is not fit to be eaten. Sleep in a cage that is not fit for the filthiest beast. Guns at his back with official permission to shoot at the

*(Continued on page 21)*

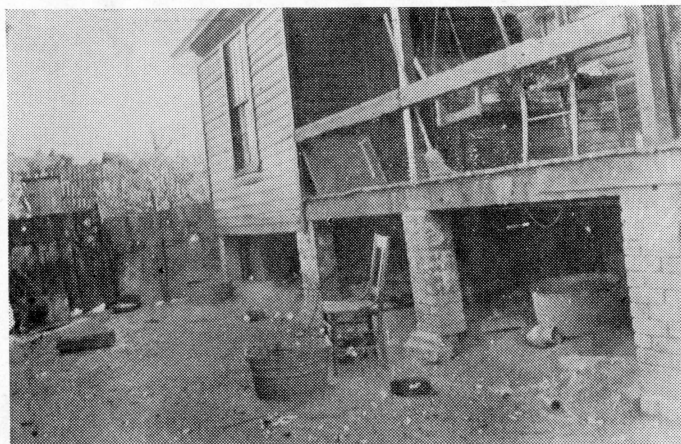


*Chain gang prisoners at work. The guard stopped me as I took this picture. The moving camera blurs their chains.*



***"We see evil, not good in this delay. Look out, friends and comrades, let no unfounded optimism lure you in a restful slumbering of confidence that could be awakened only by a shameful and deadly, new and final vanquishment."***

*Vanzetti in 1926.*



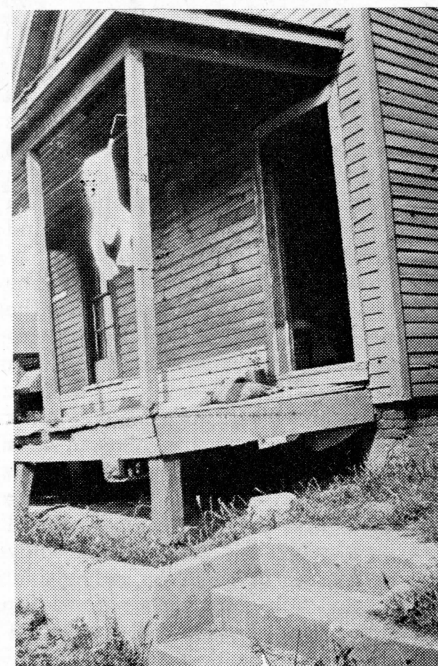
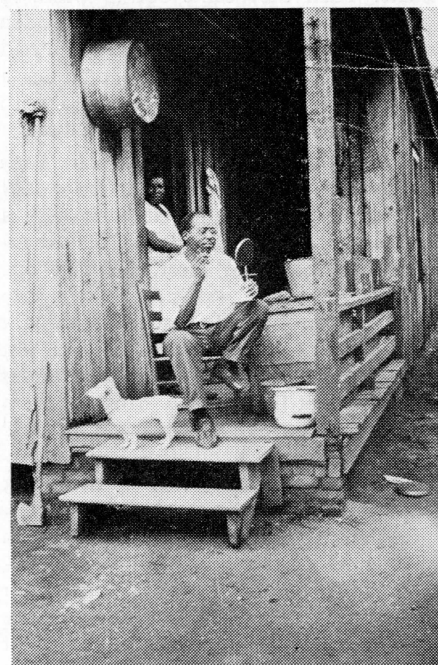
## DANGER LIES AHEAD

Vanzetti's words must sound a serious warning in the Scottsboro case. The State of Alabama, hopes by delaying the hearings in the cases of the two juveniles, Roy Wright and Eugene Williams and in the bail proceedings for Olen Montgomery and Willie Roberson to lull the millions of friends of the Scottsboro boys *"into a restful slumbering of confidence."*

There can be no restful slumbering in the Scottsboro defense. Our vigilance must not relax for a single moment. The conditions that created the Scottsboro case, are growing steadily worse throughout the south. Thousands of Scottsboro boys ride the freight trains in search of food and work, or roam the filthy alleys of the Negro neighborhoods of southern cities. At every moment the machinery of terror, lynching, legal lynching, used to perpetuate the misery and persecution of the Negro people takes a new toll of victims.

Scottsboro is a challenge to the lynch lords of the South. It is a challenge to their whole rule by terror and segregation. Not a moment must pass, when they are not made to feel the pressure of mass indignation, mass protest, mass defense of their innocent victims.

Silence on Scottsboro at this moment may seal the doom of the nine innocent boys whom world wide defense has kept alive these four and a half years. Silence is just what the treacherous officials of the state of Alabama want. A renewed roar of mass protest must shatter their hopes. Every friend of the I.L.D., every friend of the Scottsboro boys, must once again begin to bombard the Governor of Alabama, Lieutenant Governor Knight at Montgomery and Judges Callahan and Malone at Decatur, Alabama with a mighty demand for the freedom of the Scottsboro boys. We cannot wait until the date for the hearings is finally set. We cannot wait until the legislature adjourns—we need action NOW!



*Where Scottsboro began. (From the top down) The home the Wright boys left to search for work; where Olen Montgomery lived; Eugene Williams "home" and (left) where Haywood Patterson grew up.*

# Reception in Alabama

By JACK CONROY

The Downs' literature law, a city ordinance of Birmingham, Alabama, has proved to be a very effective weapon for the use of enemies of militant labor. Since the adoption last fall of an amendment which provides for conviction of those found in possession of one or more copies of "radical" books or periodicals, the terror has intensified. The term "radical" is as elastically construed as the definition of "red" in Mrs. Dilling's celebrated guide for heresy hunters, *The Red Network*.

One of the major objectives of the delegation—organized by the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, was to make an open test of the constitutionality of this ordinance.

Sixty arrests have already been made under the Downs ordinance. Though there have been only three convictions, the released suspect is a marked man for punishment from the moment of his arrest. Often he is released at 2 A. M. in such a place that the thugs can readily lay hold of him to whisk him off to the woods for a massaging with rubber hose, blackjacks and knotted ropes. But a lonely place and quiet hour is not essential. Thugs, driving "Drive Yourself" rented cars, have kidnapped organizers in broad daylight on busy Birmingham street corners without any interference from the police. The members of our delegation talked to eye witnesses, and saw a pair of blood-clotted and shredded trousers which had been worn by an organizer who was kidnaped and left lying in a creek, supposedly dead, after a terrific beating with rope knots. We saw photographs of beaten backs bearing cruel welts and cuts.

In order to test the constitutionality of the Downs ordinance, we decided to picket the Birmingham city hall displaying copies of publications for the possession of which workers have been arrested and convicted. Bruce Crawford, with a placard reading "*We are testing out the Downs literature law*" paced back and forth selling THE LABOR DEFENDER, THE DAILY WORKER, THE NEW MASSES, THE NEW REPUBLIC, THE NATION, and various other publications which have at one time or other been classified as seditious. Shirley Hopkins assisted Crawford, and also carried secreted in her purse two copies of a statement drafted in imitation of leaflets which have aroused the ire of the authorities. The police were at sea for a time, uncertain as to what they should do.



**The delegation—(left to right) Bruce Crawford, Emmet Gowan, Shirley Hopkins, Jack Conroy and Alfred Hirsch. After leaving Alabama they went on to see Gov. Talmadge of Georgia on the Herndon case.**

Negroes and whites were rapidly exhausting the stocks of the vendors. At last the situation became unbearable to the cops and city officials, who had been looking on irresolutely, their faces twisted into the sickly semblance of good-natured and indulgent smiles. Miss Hopkins, Crawford, and Hirsch—who had no literature of any kind—were escorted into the city hall. The newspapers described this as a "courteous reception" by Police Chief Hollums, who announced to Crawford that the authorities of Birmingham would gladly "co-operate" with the delegation in its attempt to test the ordinance, but none of the literature came under the ban. Even the draft of the leaflet, found in Miss Hopkins' purse, was shunned. The cagey chief remarked that it had undoubtedly been composed by some smart constitutional lawyer. Crawford then asked why Birmingham workers had been arrested and even convicted for possessing the same periodicals. Hollums replied that such literature tends to inflame ignorant minds and should be kept from them. He also reminded Crawford that most of the workers were finally released. But this does not set any precedent. They may be arrested the next hour for the very same thing.

While Chief Hollums was discoursing politely with Bruce Crawford, in the presence of newspapermen and other

spectators, Miss Hopkins and Hirsch, privately closeted in separate rooms with detectives, were not being handled so tenderly. Hirsch was soundly cuffed on the ear for not answering questions cheerfully, and Miss Hopkins' inquisitor, after many sneering references to "nigger literature" and "nigger lovers," asked: "Are you white?" Both Miss Hopkins and Hirsch were finger-printed and "mugged" with numbers across their chests.

In parting with Crawford after the "courteous reception" arranged for the benefit of newspapermen, Chief Hollums warned him that our lives were not safe in Birmingham, that the police force was too small to protect us from the well-organized groups of "antis," as the chief described them. That evening the Scripps-Howard *Post* spread scare-heads across eight columns: "*Hollums Warns of Violence to 'Reds'*."

A friend of Crawford's who had been seen with the group, was ordered by a passerby on the street to stay away from the "bastardly reds" and to tell them they had better stay in their hotel rooms. All night long the vigilantes cruised about our hotel, and we left very early in the morning in a pouring rain, accompanied by an attorney who was to guide us out of town and to ascertain, if possible, if we were being followed.

(Continued on page 21)



*The delegation—(left to right) Bruce Crawford, Emmet Gowan, Shirley Hopkins, Jack Conroy and Alfred Hirsch. After leaving Alabama they went on to see Gov. Talmadge of Georgia on the Herndon case.*

# "DEFENSE" in Nazi Germany

By a Member of the French Section of  
the International Juridical Association

Nazi Germany has transformed criminal law into a rampart behind which to perpetuate its reign of terror. The Hitler government has erased every traditional right guaranteed to the accused in every civilized country.

The *Deutsche Juristenzeitung*, official law review gives a remarkably clear statement of the case:

*"The field of defense is particularly dangerous for the lawyer. Political defense is full of dangerous snares. If our lawyers do not understand the new conception of liberty, the fate of our bar is decided. The lawyer must become the impassioned defender of authority and try, if necessary, to obtain a condemnation to back up the accusation!"*

Liberty, the dignity of the bar, and defense have been silenced to death. Defense counsel has become nothing more than the prosecutor's assistant. The supreme law of Germany today is nothing more than the program of the Nazi party.

*"The program of the National Socialist Party is the basis of judicial thought. No German judge or lawyer can exercise his functions if he is not thoroughly acquainted with the party's program,"* the paid press agents of fascism proclaim.

Any lawyer who is ready to defend a political enemy of the Nazi regime is immediately endangering his position and his life. The most recent example of this fact is what happened to Dr. Roetter, an attorney of high standing, a member of the Nationalist party and of the Society of National Socialist Lawyers. He announced his willingness to defend Ernst Thaelmann. He stated his intention of sincerely defending the accused and not the accusation against him. The result of this rash act was his arrest, the confiscation of his files, and his disappearance into the catacombs of the Gestapo (State Secret Police.)

Apparently Dr. Roetter was not acquainted with the proclamation of Feb. 2, 1935.

*"The lawyer must not favor directly or indirectly, any tendencies hostile to the people and the state. When a lawyer finds himself (appointed by the court—Ed. Note.) obliged to defend a criminal guilty of crimes against the State of the people, he must never lose sight of the interests of the German race. It is not a question of seeing that any defense is assured."*

Still fearing that class enemies will escape their grasp, that they will not be able to stamp out all opposition to their rule by murder they have made other

official provisions for strengthening this rule. The death penalty for High Treason has been made retroactive. That means a man can be sentenced to death for having been an anti-fascist long before Hitler came into power. And if this monstrous decision proves inadequate it is bolstered up by a law of "criminal intent"—which means that "moral evidence" a trooper or a good Nazi who swears that an anti-fascist

Ernst Thaelmann. The Nazis will attempt to take Thaelmann's life on charges constructed out of all anti-fascist acts committed at all times, in all places, by all people.

Every speech that Thaelmann ever made, every article he ever wrote will be used against him. He will be blamed for every strike, every act of resistance against terror and oppression.

The court which will try Thaelmann will not need proof—other than proof of "criminal intent" which they themselves can supply.

The baseness to which the Nazis go in their "legal" procedure is perhaps best illustrated by their laws against the Jews.

Herr Kerrl, Minister of Justice in Prussia, and Herr Frank, superintendent of justice for the whole third Reich declared officially:

*"We are definitely anti-semitic. We declared it from the first day of our existence as a party. We are convinced that the German race is so superior to all others and constitutes so unique and precious a possession to the whole world that it is the duty of grateful humanity to jealously preserve the purity of the Germanic element."*

Further engraved in official documents for the whole world to see—in case the wholesale dismissal of Jews from public office, schools, universities, professions, bloody pogroms upon them is not sufficiently clear:

*"The Jew is obsessed with an unquenchable desire to degrade non-Jewish women and girls and to drag them in the mire along with himself. The Jewish race spreads venereal disease throughout the world. The white slave trade is almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews. In the name of the German people we demand a law for the protection of the race. As in former times, degradation of our race ought to be punished by death by hanging."*

Recent pogroms against the Jews all over Germany are the material results of this "juridical" philosophy of hatred. The Nazis have chosen Ernst Thaelmann as the symbol of their attack on the rights of men, as their most outstanding victim. We too must make Thaelmann the symbol of attack, an attack without quarter on the barbarism of the Nazis—a protest movement that will echo around the world—demanding the freedom of Thaelmann, freedom for all the anti-fascist fighters in the concentration camps today demanding an end to the atrocities committed in the charnel house that is Germany today.



**Not in Nazi Germany—in Mississippi,  
U. S. A.**

"intended" to harm the Nazi government is sufficient proof of high treason.

It is exactly this type of murder legislation that is being prepared against the leader of the German working class,



*Not in Nazi Germany—in Mississippi,  
U. S. A.*

# STORM in the FORESTS

By EMERSON DAGGETT  
Seattle, Washington.

Five hundred dollars was the average annual wage for the last four years. The lumber jack and mill hand worked when the boss blew the whistle, applied for relief when the boss went on "strike." Gave his fingers, arms and eyes, strained his back muscles on the green chain until they popped, breathed cedar splinters into his lungs until he coughed blood. And still his kids starved.

So the lumber worker struck.

The strike was solid. 35,000 workers were out.

The lumber workers had agreed, months before they struck, on demands of 75 cents an hour, a 30-hour week and union recognition.

Governor Martin of Oregon placed his state police at the disposal of the operators. Governor Martin of Washington, preparatory to launching violence against the workers, broadcast through the capitalist press his intention of ridding the strike of "imported agitators and Communists," and of "protecting those who wished to return to work."

The National Guard marched on Tacoma with fixed bayonets. The state police moved into Aberdeen. Tear gas rolled in clouds on the strikers, arrests were wholesale. But the terror backfired.

9,000 strikers and strike sympathizers—business and professional men, wives, daughters and sisters in their union Auxiliaries, marched in the streets of Aberdeen, a town of 21,000 population, twice in one week in the greatest demonstration of solidarity and protest against terror Grays Harbor has ever seen. Jail doors opened on more than 100 arrested strikers. Mass picket lines were reestablished.

At the first publicly made threat of terror by Governor Martin, the Everett Central Labor Council voted overwhelmingly for general strike if any operator there attempted to bring in troops. Later, as the mills began to open under union agreements, one crew gave notice that they would immediately re-strike if one worker, jailed for his strike activity was not released at once and put on the job. Within an hour he was released.

In Tacoma National Guardsmen met their match in a pitched battle with strikers that raged for three hours through the downtown business section.



*Lumber pickets march in Tacoma and Aberdeen, Wash (Right) A picket throws a gas bomb back at the National Guard.*



Troopers with guns cocked sat all night in the darkened parlors of scabs' homes, to insure their being able to work the next morning. Yet strikers surrounded a scab's house, smashed its windows and stoned the Guardsmen.

The Voice of Action was everywhere, defending and leading the strikers. It reported a secret meeting of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce "Committee of 500," called to smash the lumber strike.

At the climax of the strike, the Voice of Action reproduced photostatic evidence of what appeared to be a conspiracy between Northwest labor "leaders" and the lumber barons, who had joined hands in the "Labor Educational Bureau" to rid labor's ranks of "Communists." The bureau was subsidized by the operators and included a special fund for stool pigeon work.

To cover their tracks, the five labor "leaders" exposed by the Voice of Action, got their heads together with another "friend" of labor, County Prosecutor Warren G. Magnuson, and filed charges of criminal libel against the paper's fighting editor, Lowell Wakefield and a reporter, Emerson Daggett.

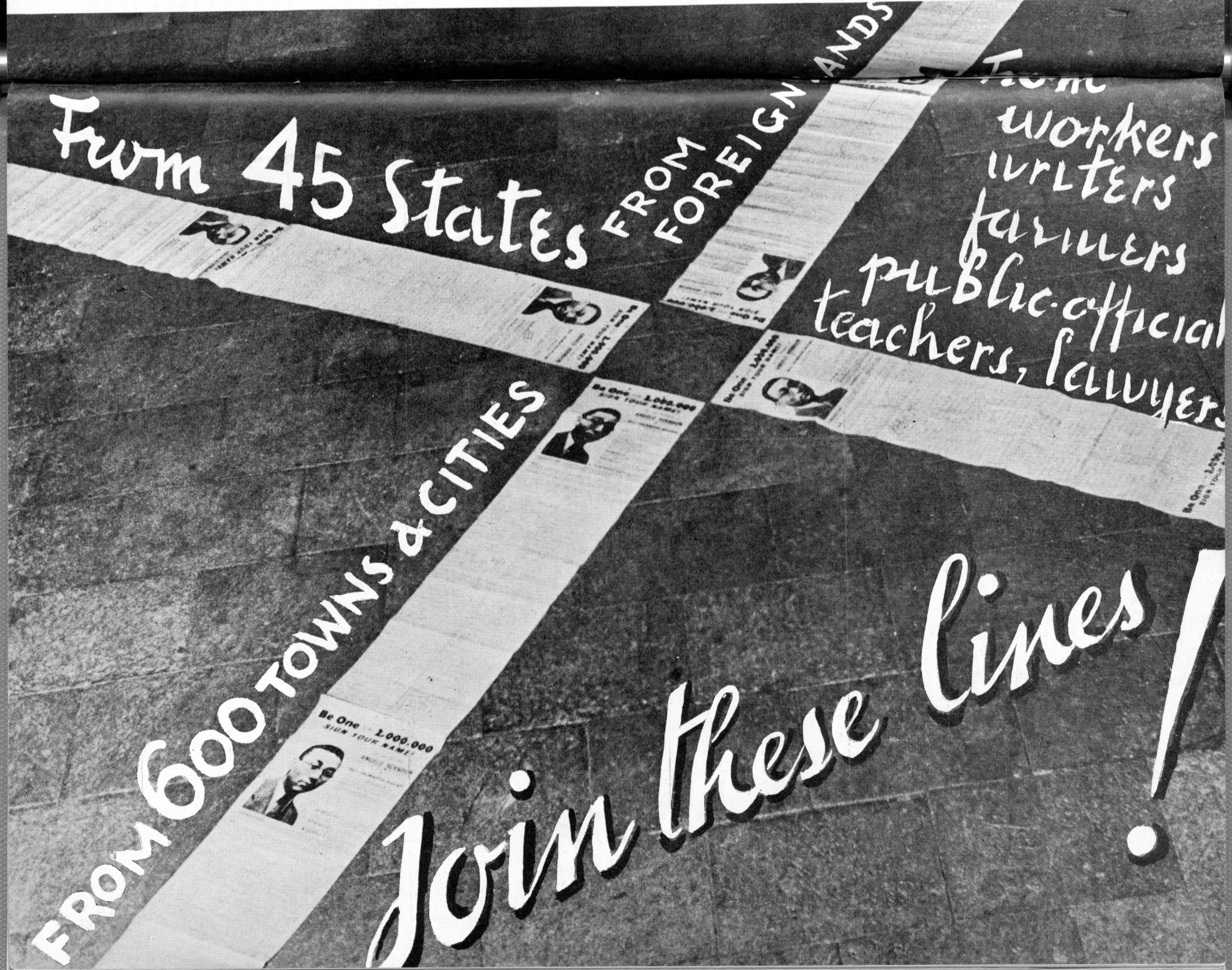
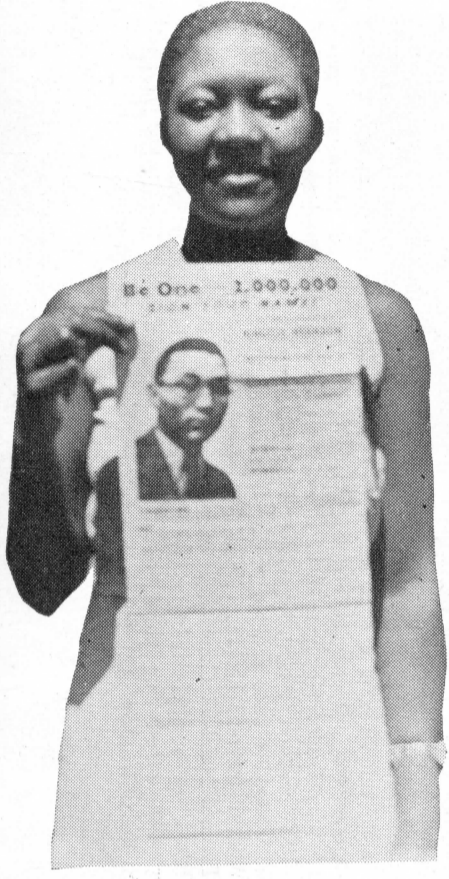
The case is being handled by Ross Kingston, International Labor Defense attorney, for the Voice of Action. The attack on the Voice of Action is already winning nationwide recognition as a defensive campaign of labor reactionaries against the growing rank and file movement in lumber and the maritime industries, specifically and in all unions generally.

As the spearhead of militant unionism in the northwest, the Voice of Action must be supported, its case and the issues at stake publicized in every way.

Only with a stronger and bigger Voice of Action can the lumber workers retain and add to their victories.

# 2,000,000

Signatures must be collected to save Angelo Herndon. The job is well under way. (Top right) Mailing petitions out of the I. L. D. office; (Left to right) Louise Patterson, sister of one of the Scottsboro boys with one of the petitions she filled in Chattanooga; signing petitions in Chicago; Angelo Herndon with the chain gang cage replica now touring the country collecting signatures.



# The Socialist Party Supports the Herndon Campaign

By ANNA DAMON

Acting National Secretary, I.L.D.

The Socialist Party, by action of its National Executive Committee, has thrown its forces into the campaign to free Angelo Herndon. Five thousand petition lists have been taken by the N. E. C. for circulation in the branches and among membership of that party.

This action comes after earlier declarations of support for Angelo Herndon, made by Norman Thomas and other Socialist leaders. The decision to enter the Herndon campaign was communicated to the I.L.D. in a letter which is quoted below. All the requests made in the letter have been fully met by the International Labor Defense. The 5,000 petitions carrying only the name of the Socialist Party and the Young Peoples Socialist League have already been supplied and sent out and we hope that we will very soon have the first of the 500,000 signatures which these petitions will hold to add to the total already on hand in our office.

Following is the letter in full.

"The Socialist Party  
of the United States of America  
549 Randolph Street  
Chicago, Illinois

July 25, 1935

"Anna Damon,  
International Labor Defense,  
80 East 11 Street, Room 610,  
New York City.

"Dear Comrade Damon:

"The national executive committee meeting in New York decided to aid in the petition campaign for the freedom of Angelo Herndon and the repeal of the Georgia 'insurrection' law.

"Unfortunately, because of the political situation and because your and other Communist 'innocent' organizations have been used in a drive to try to destroy the Socialist Party, it was impossible for the executive committee to agree that the Socialist Party be included with the other organizations on your petition.

"We should like five thousand copies of the petition with the changes suggested on the enclosed copy.

"That is, instead of 'sponsored by the following organizations, etc.' the petition should read 'sponsored by the Socialist Party and nine other national organizations'.

"Instead of your return address, ours should be used. If you do not want us to use the name 'Angelo Herndon Petition Committee' at our address, change it to Angelo Herndon Committee at the address given.

"Since any change would necessitate a new plate, I am certain that these changes can be made without spoiling the effect of the petition.

"Our local organizations have been instructed that they are not to participate in any joint campaign for the freedom of Herndon with the I.L.D. or any other Communist organization.

"Please be assured that we will do everything in our power to get these petitions signed. We regret the fact that there can be no joint campaign.

"I would appreciate learning how and when you intend to present this petition to Governor Talmadge.

Fraternally,  
CLARENCE SENIOR,  
Executive Secretary."

While greeting this partial step towards united action on the part of the Socialist Party, we sincerely hope that it is only a first step towards more complete cooperation with the I. L. D. and the other 10 organizations under whose united sponsorship the petition is circulated in behalf of Angelo Herndon and the 18 other victims of the vicious slave law under which he was indicted and sentenced.

We feel, that in order to hasten full cooperation in this vital drive, it is necessary for us to deal with certain points raised in Clarence Senior's letter, which clearly show that the N. E. C. of the Socialist party is laboring under many serious misconceptions as to the character, role and work of the International Labor Defense. We feel that with these misunderstandings cleared up there would be no obstacles in the path of the broadest united action—action of the scope that is necessary to reach our minimum goal of two million

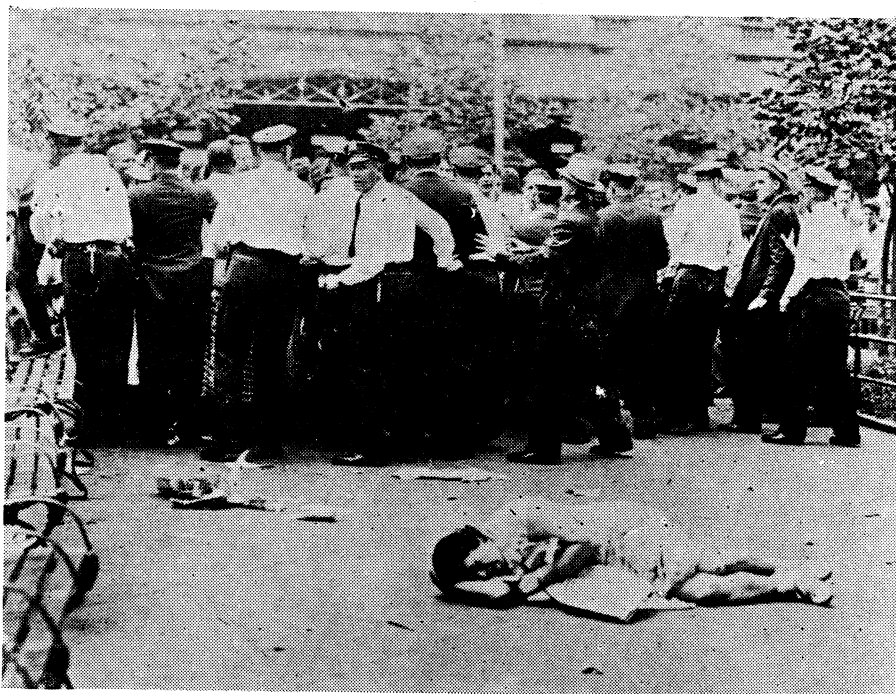
signatures to the petitions for Herndon's unconditional freedom.

"Unfortunately," Clarence Senior writes, "because of the political situation and because your and other Communist 'innocent' organizations have been used in a drive to try to destroy the Socialist Party, it was impossible for the executive committee to agree that the Socialist Party be included with the other organizations on your petition."

The members of the I. L. D., the people who work with the I.L.D., the tens of thousands of trade-unionists and people belonging to the Republican, Democratic, Socialist and Communist parties, or to no political party, who have been defended and aided while in jail by the I. L. D., and hundreds of thousands who have supported our campaigns, know the I.L.D. to be a non-party organization.

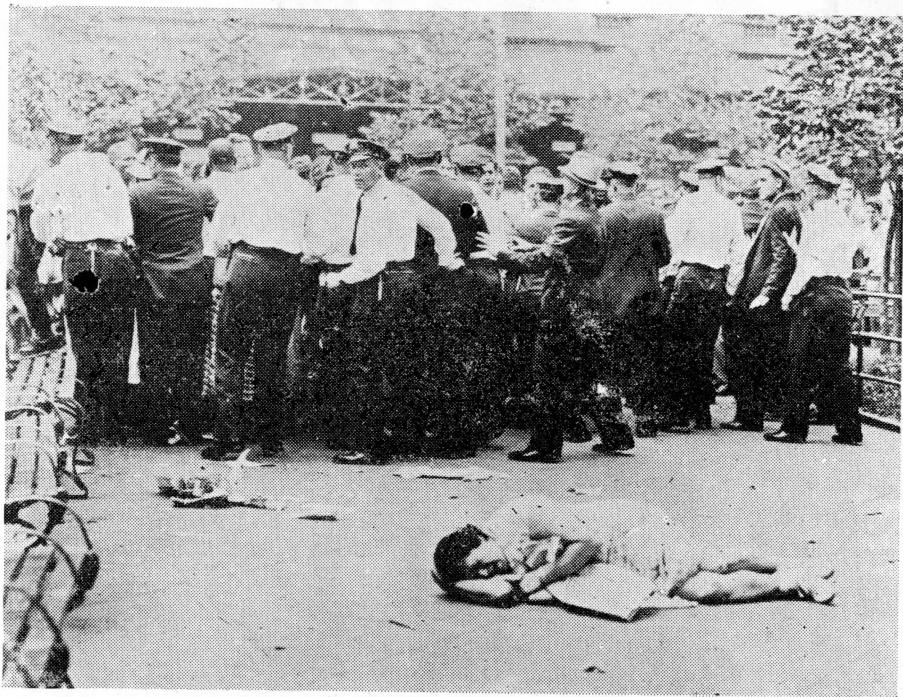
Many of the major defense campaigns of the I.L.D. offer concrete proof of this statement. In defense of the Passaic strikers, workers of varied political affiliations; defense of the Centralia prisoners: the Harlan miners' cases involving defense of Industrial Workers of the World, Republicans, Democrats as well as Communists; defense of the Scottsboro Boys and Tom Mooney—all these defense battles were a fulfillment of our pledge to "stand ready to cham-

She asked for relief in front of New York's City Hall.





*She asked for relief in front of New York's City Hall.*





—Film and Foto League  
**Anna Damon**

pion the cause of all those who are victimized for their activity in labor's ranks regardless of their political, racial, national, religious affiliations.

We started out with a clear cut program of giving aid to the victims of capitalist terror in the United States and abroad and we have a long and impressive record of defense to look back on—Scottsboro, Herndon, Gallup, Burlington, Gastonia, Sacramento, Imperial Valley and tens of thousands of others.

The I.L.D. is no "Communist" or Communist "innocent" organization. The fact that we have defended many Communists does not make us a Communist organization. The official organ of the Communist Party, the Daily Worker, supports our work in its columns. The Communist Party fully endorses our program and policy. The I.L.D. appreciates this support. As for defense of Communists, what organization is it whose members have been singled out for special persecution by the police and courts, by the deportation authorities, by the state itself, because of its aggressive leadership in labor struggles?

But we have never limited our work to defense of Communists alone. We have consistently put forward every effort in the defense of Socialists, at home and abroad, arrested or persecuted in the class struggle.

No one can bring forward a single case in which the I.L.D. has refused to aid a Socialist, victimized by capitalist justice.

As for "destroying the Socialist Party"—well, we would like to hear about any single instance in which by any stretch of the imagination it might be said that the I.L.D. acted with such a

thought in mind or to such an end.

The letter further states:

*"We should like five thousand copies of the petition with the changes suggested on the enclosed copy.*

*"That is, instead of 'sponsored by the following organizations, etc.' the petition should read 'sponsored by the Socialist Party and nine other national organizations'."*

Organizing joint sponsorship for the Herndon petition was never just a question of the additional numbers enlisted in the collection of signatures, which the Socialist Party might add to those of the International Labor Defense, the American League, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Church League for Industrial Democracy, the Communist Party, etc. The mere fact that on one petition, there is a united front of these bodies, would itself serve as a means of inspiring workers, of giving them renewed confidence in the ability of the masses to act unitedly. It has always been a basic plank in the program and policy of the I. L. D. to unite in common effort, to enlist the support of any and every organization in the fight to free those who gave their freedom in labor's cause, those who are victimized by ruling class terror, and national oppression. It is only in this way that we have been able to rally hundreds of thousands who might not be willing to support an isolated I.L.D. campaign, sign or circulate an I.L.D. petition, in the fight to win freedom for our political prisoners.

The Socialist Party letter says further:

*"Our local organizations have been instructed that they are not to participate in any joint campaign for the freedom of Herndon with the I.L.D. or any other Communist organization."*

The latter part of this sentence we have already dealt with. It is the beginning of it that we feel needs the greater emphasis. Some of most successful defense battles of the I. L. D. have been fought and won, precisely because all the local organizations in a given territory have united with the I.L.D. in defense of a local victim of terror and oppression. We could cite hundreds of such examples—Hillsboro, Illinois is perhaps the most recent and outstanding. Because there was no division in the ranks of those outside in defense of the 14 behind the bars, a few of whom were Communists—one was the state secretary of the Young People's Socialist League, the others were unemployed Southern Illinois miners—all 14 are free today.

The I. L. D. has learned through ten years of experience that the most effective mass defense is united mass defense—locally, nationally and internationally.

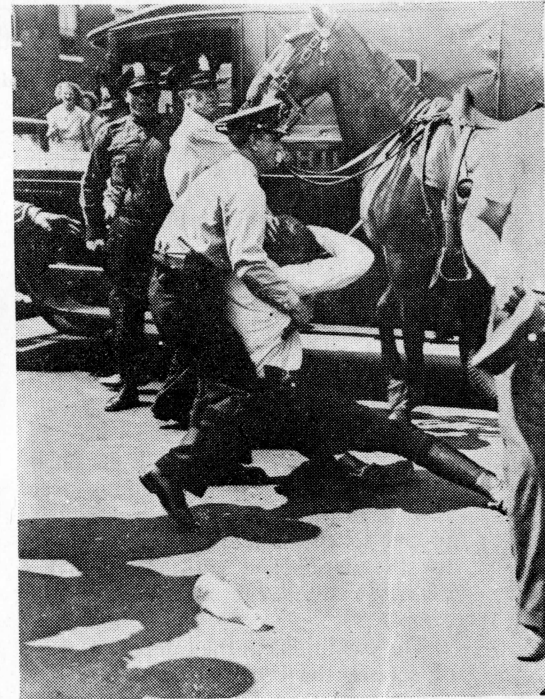
In the Herndon campaign itself, some

of the most successful rallies were held in those cities where they were prepared and conducted under the banner of unity. In Chicago, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Harlem, St. Louis, Socialist locals form part of the united Herndon defense committees. Leading Socialists have spoken on the same platform with Herndon in Chicago, St. Louis and Indianapolis where Powers Hapgood, a member of the N. E. C. of the Socialist Party addressed the meeting.

The I. L. D. welcomes this support most whole-heartedly. We know how much it can achieve. We saw how much it has achieved in the past.

We know also how vital it is at this moment, to save the life of Angelo Herndon.

The United States Supreme Court, before whom a petition for rehearing of



**In Philadelphia. What strikers face all over America today in the path of developing fascism.**

Herndon's appeal has been filed, meets the first week in October. The time during which Herndon can with certainty remain out on bail and off the chain-gang, is drawing very short.

Between now and the time of the consideration of the petition by the United States Supreme Court, the broadest form of united action must be achieved. Joint mass action by every justice loving individual and organization in the form of demonstrations, meetings, passage of resolutions addressed to the Supreme Court for Herndon's freedom, must be developed.

Speed up the collection of the signatures. Herndon must be saved from death on the chain gang.

# I. L. D. Around the World



The writing on the wall—protest in Spain, calling for the freedom of 25 miners

## Holland

The days and nights of the Esterwege and Boergermoor prison camps in Hitler's Germany are filled with dull toil and shameless torture. But the prisoners in these camps know, at least, that they are not forgotten. When hope is at its lowest ebb, they recall the visit received not long ago from a delegation of Dutch workers, a delegation which reached them in spite of every difficulty placed in its way.

On the initiative of the I. L. D. of Holland, 26 patronage groups were formed in the Groningen district. These groups set themselves the task of caring for the imprisoned anti-fascists in the notorious Esterwege and Boergermoor camps.

The conditions in the camps, the wave of arrests, the brutalities of the Hitler regime—all these the patronage groups of Groningen exposed in numerous mass meetings. The workers and sympathizers who attended these meetings were horrified at the truths they heard; they contributed freely to ease the lot of the anti-Nazi prisoners.

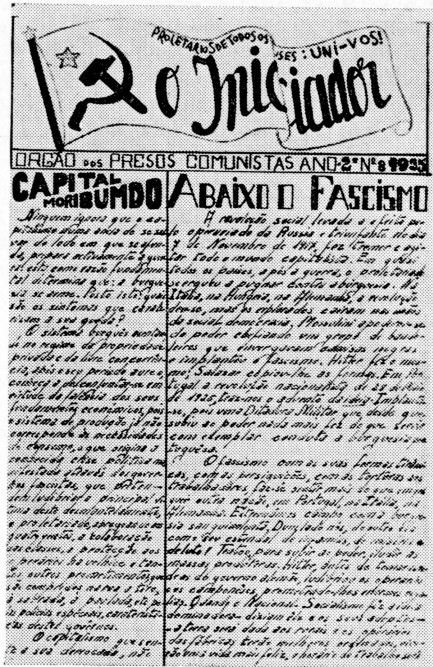
But how was the money collected to be given to the prisoners? A delegation was elected, of five women and seven men. To this delegation was assigned the task of bringing to the prisoners, by May 1, the money contributed at the meetings, and the warm greetings of the workers of Holland.

The delegation travelled by automobile to the frontier, and then walked across. After marching for hours over swampy marshlands, it reached the Esterwege camp.

This camp is surrounded by a deep moat, across which there is only one narrow path. When the delegates pre-

sented themselves to the officials, they were flatly refused permission to see the prisoners.

The news of the delegation's arrival spread like wildfire throughout



A Portuguese newspaper issued by political prisoners.

the camp. The prisoners swarmed out of their barracks and greeted the delegates warmly. But the Storm Troopers, with vile and abusive language and terrible threats, forced the prisoners back.

The delegation next visited the Boergermoor camp. When it arrived, the prisoners were gathered in the yard. One of the guards noticed the approach of the delegation, and immediately

ordered the prisoners back into the barracks.

Suddenly, two prisoners came out of the barracks and approached the delegates. One of the guards shouted: "In with you!" Both the prisoners went back. Then one prisoner looked out of the window. A guard shouted: "Away with you!"

A few moments later the two prisoners who had already tried to talk with the delegation came out again, no doubt sent by their fellows in the barracks. One of the guards aimed his rifle at them; another, fearing the presence of the delegation, knocked the rifle down.

But the news of the Dutch delegation had reached the men. Although they had had no conversation with the delegates, they had learned of their presence, and had received from it a silent message of solidarity.

## Germany

Death by the hand of the Nazi axeman, as punishment for an action not yet committed is the sentence that the barbarous "Peoples Court" of Hitler's Germany has meted out to two leaders of the German working-class. One of these men is Rudolf Klaus, treasurer of the German Red Aid, sister organization of the International Labor Defense in this country. The other is Albert Keyser, leader of the Berlin Transport Workers Union, and a former Reichstag deputy.

The sentence against Klaus and Keyser is unprecedented in history. They are charged with "preparing to, or having the will to commit, high treason." This is the first time that people have been sentenced for an act not yet committed!

## Argentina

The LABOR DEFENDER sends its warmest fraternal greetings to the National convention of the I.L.D. of Argentina. Despite the fact that the organization is illegal in many parts of that country, including the city of Buenos Aires, its work goes on. It now has 12,000 individual members and 30,000 affiliates. At the district conference in Buenos Aires, 50 delegates attended and worked out a full program of action against the terror and torture of the political prisoners. A new force of reaction has been created in Argentina, known as the "Special Division Against Communism." Plans for combatting this new menace are carefully prepared.

Ex-political prisoners reported on the terror inside the jails with hair raising accounts of electrified needles inserted under finger nails, slow burning with matches and cigarette butts and other horrors.

# WHAT TO DO WHEN Under Arrest

Last month on this page we discussed a few technical legal terms and moves. In the course of the discussion, it was brought out that what makes certain moves on the part of the working-class defendant effective, is the publicity they help to arouse. This month, we will discuss a little further the relation between legal steps and publicity, and the part they play, when properly combined and utilized, in developing mass pressure.

## WHAT IS PUBLICITY?

What is the essential thing about publicity in defense cases? The first essential is that it *should let as many people as possible know* that because John Smith is an active unionist, or because he was fighting for better wages, the machinery of the state has been set in motion to send him to jail, on one pretext (charge) or another. The state officials (police, prosecutors, judges) don't care what the charge is. The idea is to get John Smith into jail and stop him from being such an active unionist; to terrorize his fellow-unionists so they won't be so active; as much as possible to prevent future militant working-class activity. The state officials don't care, but the workers do. And that is where publicity comes in.

Every possible means must be used to let as many people as possible know that these police, that prosecutor, and this judge, are conspiring to send John Smith to jail because he is a good, militant, trade-unionist. In other words, *the issue, the real reason for the arrest, is the main thing to be brought out in publicity.*

Publicity starts, generally, with the arrest itself. In cases where preparations for terror are made by the bosses in advance, of course, publicity, starts even before any arrest is made.

## HOW TO GET PUBLICITY

It is not always possible to get out a leaflet, or to get publicity in either the working-class or capitalist press, around an arrest. In these days of daily arrests in every part of the country for working-class activities (1,700 *actually handled by the I.L.D.* in New York City alone in three months) certainly the working-class dailies and weeklies, with national circulation, can't be expected to record every arrest.

But it is always possible to get publicity, in the simplest manner, around every arrest, among the people who are

most vitally interested. These people are the members of the organization to which the arrested person belongs; the other organizations in his neighborhood; the other organizations immediately interested in the struggles in which he or she was involved; *and the neighbors.* This can be done by word-of-mouth publicity. Properly organized, such publicity can fill a police-station and the street in front of it, can fill a courtroom, can form backing for a delegation to the mayor or chief of police, develop local and neighborhood mass action, in a surprisingly few hours. This is true especially in the course of struggle.

## IN THE COURT ROOM

In the courtroom itself, publicity can also be developed. First of all, exposure of the real reason for the arrest, and consequently of the issues involved, not only tends to set the line of the publicity right, but actually helps in developing it. Real working-class defense always tends to secure not only better publicity, but more publicity, than any other procedure. It sets the case apart from the routine of criminal cases and cases of petty police persecution and intimidation for profit (graft) that jam the court calendar. It gives real meaning and consequently real interest, plus what the capitalist newspapers call "human interest," to the defense.

There are many legal technicalities and court-room tricks which can also be used for this purpose, always bearing in mind the working-class issues involved. Among these are challenging the judge for prejudice, making motions for mistrial, etc. The two actions mentioned, and the circumstances under which they may be taken, were described on this page last month. There are dozens and hundreds more, some applicable only in some places, in special cases, or under unusual circumstances, some in practically every case.

The most generally applicable method of dramatizing a trial, and in this way laying the basis for publicity, is through the practice of self-defense by the work-defendant.

In one New Jersey court which had not had a jury trial in fifteen years, the successful demand for one in a working-class case, after it was discovered that, contrary to the belief of everyone involved, including the judge, this was legally possible, helped develop considerable publicity; consequently interest; consequently mass-pressure.

## WHAT TO DO

In New York last month, every newspaper carried a long story about a defendant who carried with him the penny pamphlet on "What to Do When Under Arrest" issued by the New York district of the I.L.D. followed its directions, and was released on his own recognizance. Best of all, most newspapers quoted these directions in full. In this case it was the effect of the defendant's correct conduct in court on the people in the courtroom, and the interest shown by them and by the reporters of the capitalist press, to whom the whole thing was very novel, which impressed and influenced the magistrate, rather than the actual appearance of the publicity in the press, which occurred after the defendant was out.

Similar penny pamphlets, adapted to local laws, are issued by the I.L.D. in New Jersey, Michigan, and San Francisco. In the last-named city, they played an important role during the general strike, in publicity as well as directly.

## TELL THE WORLD

The effect of publicity can also be seen, for example, in the Burlington case, in which six North Carolina textile workers are framed on charges of dynamiting. In this case, the prosecutor asked for a postponement of the appeal because of the widespread publicity gained through publication of Walt Pickard's pamphlet about the case by the I.L.D. He even made vague threats of prosecuting Pickard in an attempt to stop the publicity.

In the conduct of defense, the basic thing to remember about publicity is that whether it is possible to reach all the people in the courtroom, all the people in the neighborhood, all the people in the city, the state, or the country, the methods are essentially the same—a straight working-class line of defense, dramatized as highly as possible in every detail, making use of every legal technicality and—TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT. Tell the people by word of mouth, through leaflets, and through the press—every kind of newspaper can be used.

Next month on this page:—more examples of the use of publicity in working-class defense.

(What are your experiences in conducting defense? Write us about them. The best experiences will be used as examples on this page of the LABOR DEFENDER.—Ed.)

# COMRADES' COURT

By LENKA VON KOEBER\*

Noted German Penologist Who Studied Soviet Prisons

In the comrades' court of justice, judge, assistant judge, public prosecutor, and counsel for the defense are all chosen by a general meeting of the prisoners, out of their own ranks. The prisoners have faith in their court; most of them readily accept its findings, and the solemnity of the proceedings corresponds to their importance.

All offenses against prison rules, and also more serious matters such as theft and assault are brought before the *Tovarischtscheskij Sud* (comrades' court of justice). All decisions must be approved by the head of the institution, but they are very rarely questioned. The majority of the accused are greatly impressed by the open trial, which every prisoner can attend. There are undoubtedly a few who display the utmost indifference, but these are rare cases.

I have been present at comrades' courts in various Moscow prisons, besides some in the Ural and the Ukraine.

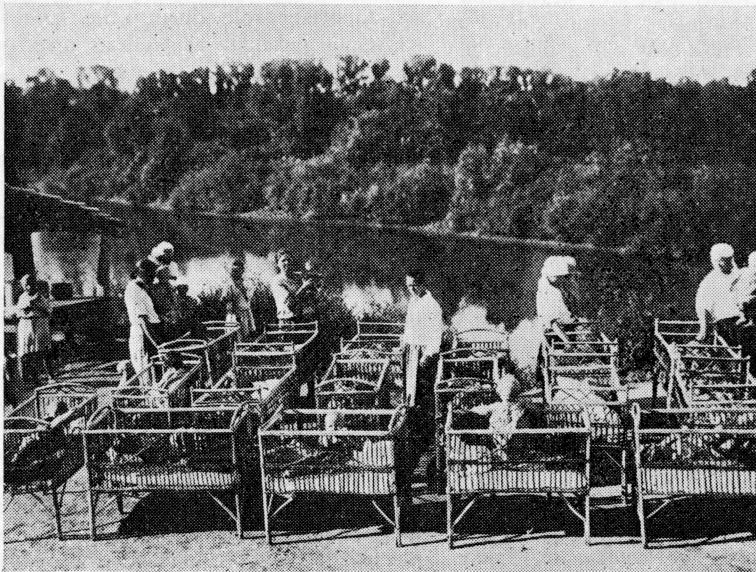
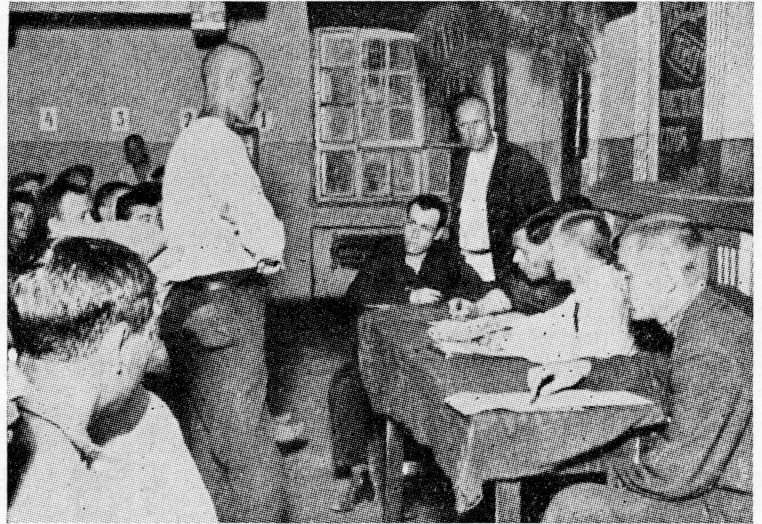
Sokolniki Prison. Food had been stolen from one of the dormitories. The thief was discovered. The comrades held

decided that it must be abolished. The trial had cleared matters up and put the theft in its proper perspective, showing how it harmed the cooperation of the comrades, and how progress could only be ensured by the development of

In a closed institution a prisoner declared at a large meeting that he stole and would continue to do so!

The speech for the defense threw a new light upon the affair. "When the accused tells us that after his release

*A comrades' court in session at the Sokolniki prison.*



*Building healthy citizens—One of Soviet Russia's methods of fighting crime.*

a meeting in their dormitory and warned the culprit. But this did no good. He again stole cigarettes, tobacco and bread. Instead of bringing the case before the comrades' court, they gave the thief a beating. He complained indignantly, and the comrades' court went into the facts of the case. It was clear from the examination of the witnesses, and from the accused's manner, that he had no idea how mean it was to steal from his comrades. The prefect was called to account for allowing the thief to be thrashed, and the unwritten code of honour amongst prisoners, which forbade informing against other comrades, was discussed with the result that it was

a communal sense.

Another accused had written his name on someone else's work in the factory, so that he could claim more pay. Questioned by the judge as to why he had done it, he denied the whole thing and accused another. On examination of witnesses it was clear that he was guilty. The public prosecutor said to him: "*You were in my arithmetic class, and you were a poor scholar. Wouldn't it be better if you were more interested in learning?*"

"Why should I learn arithmetic? I don't need it for stealing," was the sullen answer.

I was speechless with astonishment.

he will continue to steal, it is an accusation against us all. We have not taken sufficient trouble with him. We have not tried to influence him, to convince him that it is in his own interest to improve himself. Certainly he has been convicted nine times for prison offenses but all these only prove our indifference."

I watched the accused during the speech for the prosecution. He completely lost his sullen manner; perhaps for the first time in his life he felt that a genuine friendly attempt was being made to help him.

A healthy-looking boy, accused of theft, behaved quite differently. He had opened a fellow-prisoner's basket and taken food from it. He would not give away his accomplice and accepted all the blame himself. But the whole affair was obviously very unpleasant for him, and only after rigorous questioning by the prosecutor and the counsel for the defense did he own that he had been very hungry as no parcel had come from home and the owner of the basket had a lot of food. "Why did you not ask the citizen to give you some?" asked the judge.

"He is so mean that he would rather his food went bad than give it away."

Then the superintendent of the factory was questioned. He assured the court that the accused was an excellent worker. His dormitory prefect said that he was quiet and well-behaved. So he was spared a bad mark in the records.

\* Reprinted from *Soviet Russia Fights Crime* by courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

# NEWS of the Month

## Gallup, N. M.

During the big strike in 1933 I was chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the union and secretary of the Strikers Relief Committee. My only child, Joey, who is now eleven years old, was active in the children's strike and demonstration against the imprisonment of our fellow-strikers and strike leaders.

I was married to Joe Bartol on January 6, 1923 in Gallup. My husband is now out on bond on a frame-up charge of murder as a result of an attack made by the sheriff and his gang of deputies on a workers' demonstration in Gallup protesting against being shut out of the trial of a fellow-worker charged with resisting eviction. Nine other workers of Gallup are also framed-up on this murder charge. Four workers, three of them women, are framed-up on a charge of "aiding a prisoner to escape."

For my husband and for these other thirteen workers, I appeal to all fair-minded and justice-loving people, to all liberals, to all workers and to all friends of organized labor and the working class to protest against the frame-up of these innocent workers and the deportation of the defense witnesses, and to support the defense.

—Julia Bartol.

## L. A. Officials Pass Buck

A delegation organized by I.L.D. went to the City Council of the City of Los Angeles to protest conditions in the Los Angeles City Jail known as "Lincoln Heights." They were greeted with the information that the Council could not consider the matter on that occasion because it was not on the Agenda, but that it would be on the Agenda for the next Monday.

So on July 15th the committee again went to the City Council and they were then told that "the City Council is not an executive body. The City of Los Angeles has a Commission form of government and power in a matter involving conditions in the jails lies in the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, which meets tomorrow." After the business, the Council invited anyone who was present to come forward to the table and explain their complaint. Lieutenant Phelps of the "Red Squad" was there. One of the Councilmen asked him "Was there any violence on June 1st, 1934, the occasion of the arrest of these prisoners?" His reply was: "Yes! Someone tried to throw a metal filing cabinet at me!" This, in the face of all the testimony that the delegation was not allowed to enter the Law Building!

The next day a strong committee went to the meeting of the Police and Fire Commissioners. This committee was headed by Earl Tenney, one of the defendants in the June 1st "riot." In spite of the fact that the City Council had said they were the body which had power to handle the matter, they too passed the buck. Their story was that the matter must be submitted to Chief of Police James E. Davis, who would investigate and report back to the City Council.

But the prisoners in the jail did receive the money orders from the National Office denied them until this week, although their letters were withheld, so our activity has borne fruit!

—Julia Walsh.

## South Jersey

A splendid leaflet called "Mass Pressure Wins Again" has recently been issued by the I.L.D. of South Jersey. We wish to reprint a few sections from this lively document which gives an account of all the victories won in that territory:

"The Cumberland County politicians framed Bill O'Donnell, Vineland working class leader, for his activities and sentenced him to six months in jail. But again our mass protest in the form of resolutions, petitions, mass meetings and torch light parades won his release in 22 days.

"Last summer eight Vineland unemployed workers were arrested and beaten by half drunk Vineland cops for holding an open air meeting in Torpedo Park. Recorder Creamer, sentenced each of these people to \$10 fine or 30 days in jail. The fines were paid under protest and the case immediately appealed. For nearly a year now the County courts have pussy-footed on giving a decision. They wanted to see whether the working class would fight. Recently the Vineland Branch of the I.L.D. organized a broad united front of nearly every unemployed, fraternal and trade union organization in the county to fight this case. Judge Le Roy W. Loder didn't wait for this united front to get into motion. He was forced to hand down a decision immediately and he decided that the eight arrests were illegal and ordered the fines returned.

"This latest victory for the working class of South Jersey wipes our slate clean. More than one hundred times our class brothers have been haled into the courts by the bosses to break our fight for decent conditions and each time we have beat back their attack and come out of the fight stronger than when we entered it."

The leaflet ends with a stirring call to join the I.L.D.

## Washington

When the police attacked the lumber strikers' picket line at Longview, they clubbed a 60-year old mill worker who had worked for the company more than 20 years. When the police began to beat him up he began to sing, "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE." The more they beat him the louder he sang about "SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY."

Finally the blows began to deaden his senses. He gathered his last strength and in a cracked voice began to sing the Star Spangled Banner. Biff! went the police club. The old man swayed and fell unconscious.

## New York

"It seems to me that it doesn't take nearly as much courage to remain in jail as it does to remain on the outside and carry on the work." This is the message that Charles Krumbein, outstanding working class leader, confined in Northeastern Federal Penitentiary for a technical passport violation, sends to his thousands of friends on the outside.

Though he became eligible for parole on August 3, and the federal parole board met on that date in Washington, Krumbein's application has been docketed to be heard at the next meeting to be held at Northeastern Penitentiary. This may take another 90 days—another 3 months of imprisonment for a man who devoted every moment of his life to active service in the class struggle.

The Committee for the Release of Charles Krumbein urges a renewed wave of messages, letters and resolutions to the Parole Board urging them to make a favorable decision on Krumbein's application without delay. All messages should be addressed to Judge Arthur W. Wood, chairman of the United States Board of Parole Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.

## California — A Letter to the I.L.D.

"Words can not express how very glad we were to have your active participation and cooperation in the mass meeting Sunday, which was such a mighty demonstration of working class demonstration in behalf of Tom.

We certainly owe you a debt of gratitude and we know that Tom will not forget it when he again joins the workers in their struggles on the outside.

With best wishes.

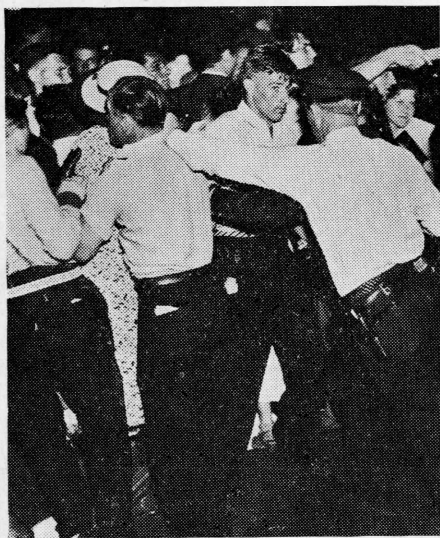
Sincerely,  
TOM MOONEY MOLDERS'  
DEFENSE COMMITTEE.

By Anna Mooney, Sec."

# A SHOT That Rang Around the WORLD

By JANET GINN

"Watch that flag!" Hundreds of eyes turned aloft. The swastika on board the S. S. Bremen came sliding down, disappeared a moment, ballooned up and went skimming through the air dropping neatly into the water below. Edward Drolette was on the deck when it fell into the water and experienced



*The demonstration at the Bremen dock*

the same glad feeling that caused a shout of joy to ring through the air from the thousands of workers demonstrating on the dock and the many others who were on board. All at once Drolette found himself the center of a fracas. Some of the beer filled passengers—overcome by Nazi patriotism and fervor were fraternizing in true Nazi fashion with the sailors. Fists flew. The cops and detectives, always ready, came running forward with drawn clubs and guns. Drolette pushed against a body—the blood shot eyes of murder stared him in the face, at the same moment some one shoved a gun with unmistakable aim against his heart.

Instinctively his hand flew out. He hit the gun down shouting angrily, "Hey!" It was all he had time for. The detective pressed the trigger as it came sliding down under the compulsion of Drolette's hand. The bullet pierced through his clothes, shot through his groin and came out the side of his leg. He fell bleeding to the deck and lost consciousness—under arrest along with 5 others!

Edward Drolette was not unknown to the Nazi ship's officials. He had taken part in many previous demonstrations against fascism. As a seaman of many years' standing he had visited every part of the globe. In Nazi Germany he had seen, more than once, the open street persecution against the workers.

Edward Drolette, at the age of 13 was already a full fledged worker. He sold newspapers at the corner of 23rd and 3rd Avenue from six in the morning to all hours of the night. He had neither mother or father nor home to go to. He, in company with other homeless kids who sold newspapers, slept in door-ways. He longed for a home more than anything else. He improvised a news-stand on the corner, provided the other boys with newspapers and shared the income. The news-stand prospered, making as much as \$20.00 a day. Then he looked about for a home. He picked out an old couple, homeless like himself, gave them the necessary money and asked them to set up a home for himself and the other boys. The old couple gladly took them under their care and treated them like their own children. At last Edward Drolette had a home.

But as always big business, on the alert to grab and swallow up the workers and their children, turned envious eyes on the news-stand. The Union

stand and the Union News Company moved in and took possession.

Down by the docks where Edward found shelter, the older workers got him a job as a cadet on an outgoing vessel. He learned to polish brass, clean the deck and do the odd jobs which finally led to his being a full fledged seaman and engineer. He has served the American Government two years fighting for democracy, received honorable discharge and came back to find fascism rearing its ugly head in America.

The shot which wounded Edward Drolette rang round the world. Washington officials sat up startled and alert and spoke apologetically across the ocean to Nazi Germany. "We're sorry for the incident. We'll see justice is done." What kind of justice?

The secret arrest and spiriting away of Lawrence Simpson, an American citizen, from abroad an American vessel, by the official Nazi police had not called forth any word from Washington. They were, as always where workers' lives are



*The Bremen six in court.*

News Company wanted the corner. They wanted the corner badly. They made an offer of \$500 which Edward turned down conscious of his responsibilities. One day the officers of the Gary Society swooped down on the news-stand. They collared Edward and some of the other boys. Edward wriggled out of the grasp of an officer and ran. He never returned to the news-

concerned, silent and evasive. Silent and evasive, too, to the proposal which Anna Damon of the I.L.D. made in Washington. "The International Labor Defense is ready to undertake the defense of Lawrence Simpson and send an attorney to Germany to see that he is adequately defended."

The I.L.D. in New York is leaving no stone unturned to assure the best possible defense for the Bremen 6.

## Reception in Alabama

(Continued from page 9)

He parted with us at the county line, and we were on our way to Montgomery to interview Governor Bibb Graves about the anti-sedition bill awaiting his signature. When we were fifty miles out of Birmingham, we felt that we had dodged pursuit. But the "antis" have a pretty thorough organization, we found. A car full of villainous individuals roared by, the occupants pointing suggestively at us. Ten miles south of Clanton another car passed us at high speed, and leaning from the window was a thug pumping lead at us out of a wicked automatic. He shot at least five times and two of the bullets lodged in a fender. But the tires were not hit, and we turned about in an opportune filling station approach and raced back to Clanton, where we called the Governor, asking for protection. The Governor refused to answer the call. At last, after telegrams both from ourselves and from our attorney, he sent a district solicitor, who proceeded to investigate us rather than our assailants.

He questioned each member of the group separately, and was very triumphant when he found minor discrepancies in our impressions of the car and its occupants. If our stories had jibed perfectly, of course, he would have noted the unanimity of collusion. It was like the trial in Alice in Wonderland:

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"  
Said cunning old Fury.

We'll have a fair trial  
And condemn you to death."

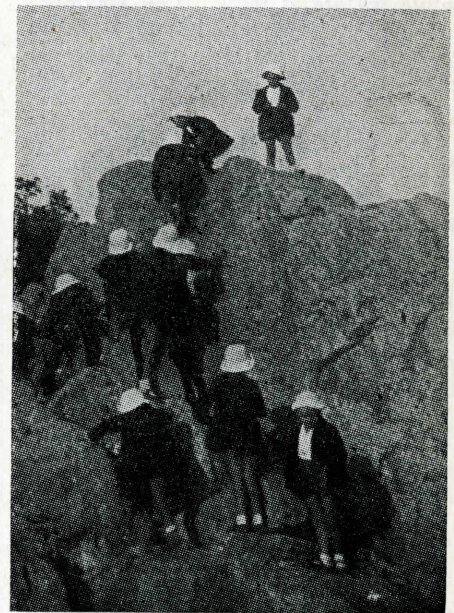
After keeping us all afternoon, the solicitor announced that Governor Graves was convinced that the whole thing was a frame-up, that the investigation indicated that we had shot our own car in order to get publicity. The Governor would not abet us in our nefarious attempt by giving us the protection of an escort.

The solicitor, a diminutive man with spread-eagle manners, then washed his hands of us, telling us we were not being held any more, that we were free to go anywhere we chose. Reminded that we were the shootees rather than the shooters, he became indignant, and lost some of his professionally sympathetic air, which was as hollow as the affected woe of an undertaker. "I done without my dinnah, sub, to try to help y'all folks," he said aggrievedly. "I done everything I could for you."

Nightfall was near. We were stranded in a small town encircled by vigilantes and thugs. We dared not ride out again in the car. How we dodged the hoodlums in buses, taxis and railroad trains to find sanctuary in Nashville cannot be told here. What is important, I think, is the fact that we have learned that naked and brutal terror holds sway in Alabama, and that the authorities not only condone this lawlessness and do not combat it, but they actively assist those who inflict it.

## Listen, Young Defenders

*A last minute rush crowded us out this month, but never again. Watch for October—a special story by a 13 year old Young Defender who just returned from the Soviet Union—and a big surprise.*



(Above): Children in the Soviet Union at a summer camp for babies. (Left): Children in fascist Italy—They get new uniforms for the summer—that's all.

## I Saw It Myself

(Continued from page 7)

"slightest attempt at escape." Punishment—solitary confinement with no food inside one of the sweat box cages for 24 hours, for every piece of "sassy talk," every word of "talking back" every sign of "laziness." On most of the other 130 chain-gangs—the threats of stocks.

It must not be. We cannot allow our Angelo Herndon to go back to Georgia, where the officials are licking their lips in anticipation, waiting to get their hands on him again and put him on the chain gang. They don't deny it. They proclaim it.

"It's better to be dead in hell, than living on a Georgia chain-gang" an ex-convict told me. Another, a white man, who had run away and been recaptured said, "Sure I'll do it again. Maybe the next time they'll put a bullet in my back."

If you could see that hushed misery, punctuated by the clinking of the chains, the barking of the guards, the paralyzing thought of days without end of the same miserable grind—you would do everything in your power to save Angelo Herndon. Every signature on the 2,000,000 petition campaign becomes more than just another name.



# Voices FROM Prison

## A Voice from the Isle of Torture

More than a hundred of us, political prisoners in the so-called "Model Prison" the Isle of Pines, are today enduring such methods of terror as have hitherto been unknown, even in the history of the Cuban revolutionary movement which has seen all extremes of terror.

Enrique Pulido, Army Captain and Supervisor of the penal colony, personally directs the punishments of the political prisoners sent him here by the "Emergency Tribunals" of the military dictatorship. Pulido was formerly a Sergeant on Batista's General Staff, "in the name of Cuba and of its freedom." Now he continues to serve from this Devil's Island, the interests represented by Yankee Jefferson Caffery and his allies among the bands of Cuba's exploiters. It is especially upon the political prisoners that he discharges his counter-revolutionary fury.

He forces us to toil from 8 to 10 hours each day, under the sun or in the rain, in muddy swamps infested with unbearable mosquitos. Some of us are sent to the marble quarry to work with heavy sledges. On top of this, provocations and brutal threats are used against us by the guards and bosses while we are at work. Our comrades are kept in a perpetual state of alarm and worry, so much so that many of them have begun to suffer nervous disorders.

When the doctor comes to visit us, two or three times a week, practically all of the sick comrades are there and many ask to have the doctor see them. But Captain Pulido and his Lieutenant, Virdio, never allow more than two or three to be seen. This morning I myself arose with a strong headache, high fever and vomiting. I hadn't slept all night. I could not see the doctor because I was not among the three whom the Captain had indicated. I asked that I be excused from work, but the answer given to me was, "You must go to work, and you will go. We will take you out there even if we have to carry you out on a stretcher."

Eating doesn't take very long. We never remain in the mess room more than a few minutes. If you happen to raise your voice a bit to ask for water, the fury of the guard stationed falls not only on you but on comrades at your side.

Here are some of the rules for political prisoners, rules whose infraction is punished with solitary confinement for days on bread and water. Cots are not to be used except during the regulation sleeping hours. One may not recline on his cot even out of working hours. One must never absent himself from the messroom. One must salute and take his hat off to every soldier or policeman who may pass him. One must maintain absolute discipline at all times and particularly during the moments when the Hymn "Fourth of September," (in commemoration of the date on which Batista's military coup d'etat took place) is played.

Kong," destined for the punishment of "incurables." There we were forced to work stripped naked, in swampy streams, with the mud up to our waists. In addition we were beaten. We were forced to count the blows aloud. Guard number 60 took particular pleasure in making us do this. The number of blows was determined by the stature of the victim, the impression he had made upon the jailers. Some of us were beaten with greater savagery when we refused to declare who were the leading comrades among us. Those whom the guard and his brigade chief number Twenty Three (these are mercenary criminals) thought to be leaders were singled out

*This drawing is the work of Juan Ochoa, one of the 10 Gallup miners facing death. It was drawn in prison.*



The treatment is especially severe and these rules are applied with special rigor against those who were sent to this penal island by Captain Coloma from the Castillo Del Principe for having fought there to improve the conditions of the prisoners. Captain Pulido's greetings to us on our arrival here was: "Here you are prisoners. Here you have no right to give opinions and maybe not even to think . . . I don't believe in 'guapos' (tough guys), as Coloma does." Thus, when we refused to be taken out on the regular work gangs, insisting on our rights as political prisoners, guns were pulled on us, we were kicked about and hit with rifle butts. They drove us to cries of "double quick now" to the place called "King-

for special beatings.

Our only method of getting a breath of fresh air without exposing ourselves to beatings, has been to ask for water. And even here the criminal instincts of our jailers showed themselves: One day the water they left us to take was bad water, drawn from the filthy streams which we had been cleaning. As a result of drinking this water, many comrades became ill and some are suffering still from high fevers.

While such is the treatment meted out to the political prisoners a whole string of Machado gunmen who are detained here on the island, some of them, such as Zubizarreta and Balmaseda, who carried out his most dastardly crimes, enjoy the greatest liberties

# Voices From Prison

## A Voice from the Isle of Torture

More than a hundred of us, political prisoners in the so-called "Model Prison" the Isle of Pines, are today enduring such methods of terror as have hitherto been unknown, even in the history of the Cuban revolutionary movement which has seen all extremes of terror.

Enrique Pulido, Army Captain and Supervisor of the penal colony, personally directs the punishments of the political prisoners sent him here by the "Emergency Tribunals" of the military dictatorship. Pulido was formerly a Sergeant on Batista's General Staff, "in the name of Cuba and of its freedom." Now he continues to serve from this Devil's Island, the interests represented by Yankee Jefferson Caffery and his allies among the bands of Cuba's exploiters. It is especially upon the political prisoners that he discharges his counter-revolutionary fury.

He forces us to toil from 8 to 10 hours each day, under the sun or in the rain, in muddy swamps infested with unbearable mosquitos. Some of us are sent to the marble quarry to work with heavy sledges. On top of this, provocations and brutal threats are used against us by the guards and bosses while we are at work. Our comrades are kept in a perpetual state of alarm and worry, so much so that many of them have begun to suffer nervous disorders.

When the doctor comes to visit us, two or three times a week, practically all of the sick comrades are there and many ask to have the doctor see them. But Captain Pulido and his Lieutenant, Virdio, never allow more than two or three to be seen. This morning I myself arose with a strong headache, high fever and vomiting. I hadn't slept all night. I could not see the doctor because I was not among the three whom the Captain had indicated. I asked that I be excused from work, but the answer given to me was, "You must go to work, and you will go. We will take you out there even if we have to carry you out on a stretcher."

Eating doesn't take very long. We never remain in the mess room more than a few minutes. If you happen to raise your voice a bit to ask for water, the fury of the guard stationed falls not only on you but on comrades at your side.

Here are some of the rules for political prisoners, rules whose infraction is punished with solitary confinement for days on bread and water. Cots are not to be used except during the regulation sleeping hours. One may not recline on his cot even out of working hours. One must never absent himself from the messroom. One must salute and take his hat off to every soldier or policeman who may pass him. One must maintain absolute discipline at all times and particularly during the moments when the Hymn "Fourth of September," (in commemoration of the date on which Batista's military coup d'etat took place) is played.

Kong," destined for the punishment of "incurables." There we were forced to work stripped naked, in swampy streams, with the mud up to our waists. In addition we were beaten. We were forced to count the blows aloud. Guard number 60 took particular pleasure in making us do this. The number of blows was determined by the stature of the victim, the impression he had made upon the jailers. Some of us were beaten with greater savagery when we refused to declare who were the leading comrades among us. Those whom the guard and his brigade chief number Twenty Three (these are mercenary criminals) thought to be leaders were singled out

*This drawing is the work of Juan Ochoa, one of the 10 Gallup miners facing death. It was drawn in prison.*



The treatment is especially severe and these rules are applied with special rigor against those who were sent to this penal island by Captain Coloma from the Castillo Del Principe for having fought there to improve the conditions of the prisoners. Captain Pulido's greetings to us on our arrival here was: "Here you are prisoners. Here you have no right to give opinions and maybe not even to think . . . I don't believe in 'guapos' (tough guys), as Coloma does." Thus, when we refused to be taken out on the regular work gangs, insisting on our rights as political prisoners, guns were pulled on us, we were kicked about and hit with rifle butts. They drove us to cries of "double quick now" to the place called "King-

for special beatings.

Our only method of getting a breath of fresh air without exposing ourselves to beatings, has been to ask for water. And even here the criminal instincts of our jailers showed themselves: One day the water they left us to take was bad water, drawn from the filthy streams which we had been cleaning. As a result of drinking this water, many comrades became ill and some are suffering still from high fevers.

While such is the treatment meted out to the political prisoners a whole string of Machado gunmen who are detained here on the island, some of them, such as Zubizarreta and Balmaseda, who carried out his most dastardly crimes, enjoy the greatest liberties

## A Hero Speaks

"You must depart within 30 days after date of your release on bond." Those were the words in the letter sent to me by the Department of Labor. No provision was made for my transportation. This 30 days was granted to set a precedent for self-deportation of foreign born workers and to avoid the burning issue of right of asylum in the United States.

Just why is the department of labor so anxious to get rid of me? What is my crime? My only crime was that I objected to the standard of living of \$1.50 per week set by relief officials of Tacoma, Washington—several of whom are now under indictment for misappropriation of state and federal funds amounting to \$2,000,000.

While these officials personally testified against me they also raised the relief quota for several vigilantes as payment for testifying that I was dangerous to "existing society" and therefore should be deported to a country of which I never was a citizen nor do I wish to be—Mussolini's Italy.

Again I ask the board of review on what they based their decision for my deportation. Their decision was only a scheme to terrorize the foreign born, to make strike breakers out of them, to split the struggle for decent living conditions and to destroy democratic rights for American workers.

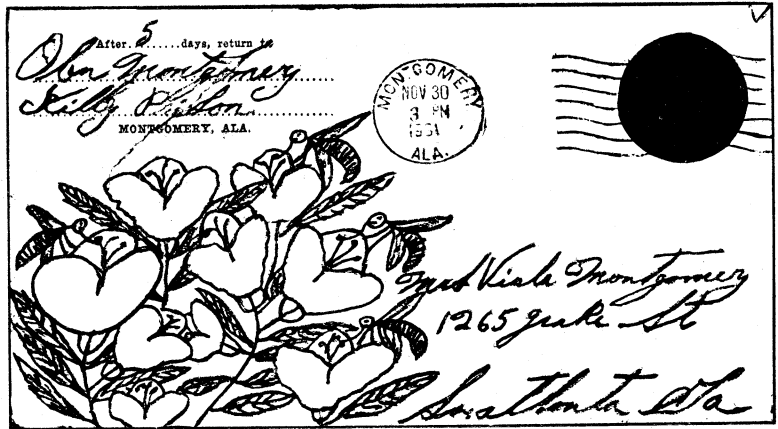
I leave my fate in the hands of the workers, who under the leadership of the I. L. D. and the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born have prevented my deportation for the last 27 months. I want the master class to clearly understand that I will never consent to their scheme of self-deportation.

—JOHN UJICH.

### Bon Voyage—and Thanks

Your edition of the LABOR DEFENDER received regular. May I thank you

One of the  
Scottsboro  
boys always  
decorates  
his  
stationary.  
He loves  
flowers.



sincerely? Do not send any more copies here as I am ordered deported and leave here on or about the 30th of this month. I am to date confined 10 months. Regardless of rotten food and conditions I am fairly well and during my time here, I have fought and protested one way and another to better the conditions of this hole for others who may come after me. This station is working overtime as regards deported. After reading your magazine I pass it around and cut out and post on the walls your advice as regards being held for deportation and what to do, etc. It has been a great help to many confined here. *As a matter of fact many have gained their freedom through that helpful advice.*

Faithfully yours,  
PATRICK FRANCIS KEVIN,  
U. S. Immigration Station,  
San Pedro, Calif.

### A Lot of Answers

I shall be pleased to hug and kiss my mom again if our organization can bring her to see me once more, but I shall not urge this too strongly because the expense thus far entailed in my case is staggering to say the least. I may be able, as I have done before, to produce

pictures, synthetic flowers, and various other articles to be auctioned or raffled for the Scottsboro boys which netted fifteen dollars while the drive for the new printing press for our Daily gave me credit for twenty-two. Consequently, it is an easy matter to raise the necessary funds to bring my mother up. Incidentally please accept my sincere thanks for the clothes you sent home. I haven't heard from the folks as yet, but I will and I know how elated they will be too. Now for the "Mail Bag" to be answered through the pages of our monthly publication:

Earl Browder, Anna Damon, Rose Baron, 80 E. 11th Street, New York. Your working-class greetings for May Day received the nation over. Thanks and many of them—for the warm greetings of solidarity. We are inseparably associated and victory shall be ours regardless of consequences. International Labor Defense. We are comrades first, last and always. Chicago, 123, W. Madison (Room 1115), "Little Pal," You are a dear. Thanks very much for your letters and telegrams. I shall write soon. Boston, 919 Washington, Greetings Comrades and fellow workers. Your communications were inspiring filled with true fighting spirit. Let me hear from you again soon. Cleveland: 1524 Prospect Ave.; Brooklyn: 1855 Pitkin Ave.; Philadelphia: 908 Chestnut St.; Peoria, Ill. 725 So. Evans St.; Washington, D. C.: 513 F Street, N. W. Functionaries: Schenectady, N. Y. Los Angeles, Cal.: 2:30 Spring St., "Little Rebel" 115 N. E. Eighty-Third Ave., Portland, Ore.; William Burroughs, 200 W. 135th St. New York, New York. Thanks to all of you for your greetings and assurance of solidarity. Additional thanks to Denver, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake and Omaha, Nebraska. Your telegrams and letters for May Day assured me that the fight for us, as working-class prisoners, is growing stronger each day.

With best greetings and wishes to you all, I am

THEODORE JORDAN.  
(Serving a life sentence in Oregon)

## JOIN THE I. L. D.

What We Stand for:

*Organization of the best available legal defense, supporting the broadest united front mass defense in behalf of victims of ruling class terror; to supply adequate relief to the political prisoners while they are in jail; to support and maintain their families until they are free; to fight for the freedom of all class war prisoners.*

Please send me all the necessary information about becoming a member of the I.L.D. including the addresses of all district offices.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Where do you work

Union, political or fraternal affiliation .....

## A Hero Speaks

"You must depart within 30 days after date of your release on bond." Those were the words in the letter sent to me by the Department of Labor. No provision was made for my transportation. This 30 days was granted to set a precedent for self-deportation of foreign born workers and to avoid the burning issue of right of asylum in the United States.

Just why is the department of labor so anxious to get rid of me? What is my crime? My only crime was that I objected to the standard of living of \$1.50 per week set by relief officials of Tacoma, Washington—several of whom are now under indictment for misappropriation of state and federal funds amounting to \$2,000,000.

While these officials personally testified against me they also raised the relief quota for several vigilantes as payment for testifying that I was dangerous to "existing society" and therefore should be deported to a country of which I never was a citizen nor do I wish to be—Mussolini's Italy.

Again I ask the board of review on what they based their decision for my deportation. Their decision was only a scheme to terrorize the foreign born, to make strike breakers out of them, to split the struggle for decent living conditions and to destroy democratic rights for American workers.

I leave my fate in the hands of the workers, who under the leadership of the I. L. D. and the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born have prevented my deportation for the last 27 months. I want the master class to clearly understand that I will never consent to their scheme of self-deportation.

—JOHN UJICH.

## Bon Voyage—and Thanks

Your edition of the LABOR DEFENDER received regular. May I thank you

One of the  
Scottsboro  
boys always  
decorates  
his  
stationary.  
He loves  
flowers.



sincerely? Do not send any more copies here as I am ordered deported and leave here on or about the 30th of this month. I am to date confined 10 months. Regardless of rotten food and conditions I am fairly well and during my time here, I have fought and protested one way and another to better the conditions of this hole for others who may come after me. This station is working overtime as regards deported. After reading your magazine I pass it around and cut out and post on the walls your advice as regards being held for deportation and what to do, etc. It has been a great help to many confined here. *As a matter of fact many have gained their freedom through that helpful advice.*

Faithfully yours,  
PATRICK FRANCIS KEVIN,  
U. S. Immigration Station,  
San Pedro, Calif.

## A Lot of Answers

I shall be pleased to hug and kiss my mom again if our organization can bring her to see me once more, but I shall not urge this too strongly because the expense thus far entailed in my case is staggering to say the least. I may be able, as I have done before, to produce

pictures, synthetic flowers, and various other articles to be auctioned or raffled for the Scottsboro boys which netted fifteen dollars while the drive for the new printing press for our Daily gave me credit for twenty-two. Consequently, it is an easy matter to raise the necessary funds to bring my mother up. Incidentally please accept my sincere thanks for the clothes you sent home. I haven't heard from the folks as yet, but I will and I know how elated they will be too. Now for the "Mail Bag" to be answered through the pages of our monthly publication:

Earl Browder, Anna Damon, Rose Baron, 80 E. 11th Street, New York. Your working-class greetings for May Day received the nation over. Thanks and many of them—for the warm greetings of solidarity. We are inseparably associated and victory shall be ours regardless of consequences. International Labor Defense. We are comrades first, last and always. Chicago, 123, W. Madison (Room 1115), "Little Pal," You are a dear. Thanks very much for your letters and telegrams. I shall write soon. Boston, 919 Washington, Greetings Comrades and fellow workers. Your communications were inspiring filled with true fighting spirit. Let me hear from you again soon. Cleveland: 1524 Prospect Ave.; Brooklyn: 1855 Pitkin Ave.; Philadelphia: 908 Chestnut St.; Peoria, Ill. 725 So. Evans St.; Washington, D. C.: 513 F Street, N. W. Functionaries: Schenectady, N. Y. Los Angeles, Cal.: 2:30 Spring St., "Little Rebel" 115 N. E. Eighty-Third Ave., Portland, Ore.; William Burroughs, 200 W. 135th St. New York, New York. Thanks to all of you for your greetings and assurance of solidarity. Additional thanks to Denver, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake and Omaha, Nebraska. Your telegrams and letters for May Day assured me that the fight for us, as working-class prisoners, is growing stronger each day.

With best greetings and wishes to you all, I am

THEODORE JORDAN.  
(Serving a life sentence in Oregon)

## JOIN THE I. L. D.

What We Stand for:

*Organization of the best available legal defense, supporting the broadest united front mass defense in behalf of victims of ruling class terror; to supply adequate relief to the political prisoners while they are in jail; to support and maintain their families until they are free; to fight for the freedom of all class war prisoners.*

Please send me all the necessary information about becoming a member of the I.L.D. including the addresses of all district offices.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Where do you work

Union, political or fraternal affiliation .....

# Be One of the 2,000,000

## **SIGN YOUR NAME!**

**The  
LABOR  
DEFENDER**

calls on all its  
readers to aid in  
the **HERNDON**  
campaign.

for the freedom of  
**ANGELO HERNDON**  
to  
**GOV. TALMADGE,  
GEORGIA**

### A PETITION

Sponsored by the following organizations:

- American Civil Liberties Union
- American League Against War and Fascism
- Church League for Industrial Democracy
- Communist Party
- Internaional Labor Defense
- League for Industrial Democracy
- National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners
- National Student League
- National Unemployment Council of United States
- Southern Tenant Farmers Union
- Share Croppers Union

**WHEREAS** the Georgia insurrection law of 1866, has been used to attack workers organizing for the improvement of their conditions, and

**WHEREAS** Angelo Herndon is sentenced under that law to 18 to 20 years on the chain gang for demanding bread for hungry people, and

**WHEREAS** 18 others are indicted for similar "crime"

**THEREFORE** we urge upon you action for the immediate repeal of the so-called insurrection statute, the dismissal of the eighteen indictments under it now pending in the courts of Georgia and unconditional freedom for Angelo Herndon.

**WE,** the undersigned, affix our names in this drive to secure 2,000,000 signatures to be presented to you in your capital by a delegation representing us.

**INSTRUCTIONS:** This petition when completely filled is to be mailed at once to the **ANGELO HERNDON PETITION COMMITTEE, 80 East 11th St., N. Y. C.** All names should be written clearly in ink or indelible pencil.

**NAME** \_\_\_\_\_ **CITY STATE** \_\_\_\_\_

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

**Danger**  
IN YOUR  
**Medicine-Chest!**

EXPOSED  
IN THE

### SEPTEMBER HEALTH & HYGIENE

There are hazards in self-medication! Quick remedies, quacks, and nostrums spell **MENACE** for you! You'll find a thorough discussion of a dozen popular "cures" analyzed by

• **ARTHUR KALLET** •

Author of "Counterfeit"  
Co-Author of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs"  
Also in the *September issue:*

**CHILDLESS MARRIAGE**—a simple discussion of a vital problem.

**RICKETS**—what to do to prevent it, and how to treat it.

**WHY PULL TEETH?**—a thorough discussion of dental surgery.

**T.B.**—its symptoms fully, but simply explained. And many other excellent articles of a general and seasonal nature.

**HEALTH & HYGIENE 15c A COPY  
\$1.50 PER YEAR — SUBSCRIBE TODAY!**

**15**

### LABOR DAY BOOK SPECIALS

1. Coming Struggle for Power—Strachey (\$3) now ..... \$1.05
2. What So Proudly We Hailed—Gauvreau (\$3.50) now ..... 1.95
3. The Collected Works of V. I. Lenin (\$23.00) now ..... 8.00
4. Communism in the United States—Earl Browder, net ..... 2.00
5. Redder Than the Rose—Forsythe (\$2.00) now ..... 1.60
6. Where the Ghetto Ends—Dennen (\$2.50) now ..... .95
7. The Menace of Fascism—Strachey (\$2.25) now ..... 1.00
8. Fascism and Social Revolution—Dutt (\$1.75) now ..... 1.25
9. The Soviets in World Affairs—Fisher (2 vols., \$10) now ..... 3.00
10. Voices of October—Kunitz, Lozowick, Freeman (\$4.00) now ..... 1.25
11. History of Feudalism—O. Trachtenberg, net ..... 1.00
12. History of Pre-Class Society—Nikolsky, net ..... .75
13. Armed Intervention in Russia—Coates (\$3.50) now ..... 2.50
14. Iron Heel—London (\$1.75) now ..... .50
15. Literature and Dialectical Materialism—Strachey (\$1.00) now... .65

and hundreds of other specials at the  
**WORKERS BOOK SHOP and Circulating Libraries**  
50 E. 13th St., N. Y. C.

369 Sutter Ave., 25 Chauncey St., 4531 16th Ave., Brooklyn and  
699 Prospect Ave., Bronx.

Write for  
**FREE CATALOGUES:**  
The Guide to Readings in Communism 3c, by mail 5c; discounts to groups and organizations. Library rates: 15c a week or 3c a day on any book.

### LERMAN BROS., Inc.

Stationers and UNION printers  
29 East 14th St., N.Y.C.  
Tel. AL. 4-3356-8843

Plant at 30 W. 15th St.  
Tel. AL. 4-7823

### United Ukrainian Women Toilers

101 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Greetings from Detroit, Michigan

- |            |           |           |
|------------|-----------|-----------|
| A. Rondam, | P. Passa  | D. Emmert |
| J. Kusac   | J. Tocaf  | S. Zimo   |
| J. Proctor | N. Max    | Brown     |
| G. Keating | F. Donbar | Dusso     |
|            | Paul      |           |

