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CONTRIBUTE
HELP POLITICAL
and their **PRISONERS!**
FAMILIES give them
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VIEWS of the MONTH

(Right):
His father is a Chinese political prisoner—one of the countless thousands tortured in filthy dungeons. Though only 10 years old he has been working for a living for the last three years. The Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D. in addition to supplying relief to the families of America's political prisoners, sets aside a percentage of its funds for international relief. By contributing to the Prisoners Relief Department you will be helping this boy and thousands like him.



TO VIEW
AMERICAN



(Left)
Funeral of one of the students murdered in Egypt during the recent protest actions. He was killed because he believed in the right of Egyptians to independence. The British Empire is ready to give Egypt independence in name only. In this country men have been killed in the same way because they believed in their right to strike. In 1935 at least thirty-three workers met their death at the hands of police, gangsters and the militia.

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Giving and Sharing With Labor's Neediest

On Christmas morning, there was plenty of excitement and noise in one particular set of American homes. Dresses and coats and hats fished out of the big cardboard box that came a few days previously were being tried on and fitted and admired. Young jaws chewed ecstatically on candy which came out of the same box. Kid sisters and brothers whooped over dolls and crayons and wooden trains.

That sounds like Christmas in any American home you will say. But these were the homes of America's political prisoners—men and women serving sentences because they were ready to fight in defense of their beliefs and their rights.

Only one thing made that Christmas celebration possible. The 1935 Christmas Drive for Political Prisoners and their families conducted by the Prisoners Relief Department of the International Labor Defense. The drive met with the widest, warmest response in the history of Christmas Drives. Contributions in money, clothing, shoes, toys and good wishes came from every corner of the land.

And after they were sorted, arranged, selected with special attention to the needs of each family, they were shipped off in time for Christmas. But that is not all. Every single long term political prisoner in the country received a special greeting too—accompanied by a five dollar money order and a renewed pledge of solidarity—of fight for his release, of fight to win the recognition of his status as a political prisoner, of fight to make his time behind the bars as easy as pressure from the outside will assure. Ten per cent of the entire income was sent abroad for the relief of political prisoners in fascist lands.

Christmas is over. The tinsel on the trees is rusty and now decorates garbage heaps. The stores are taking off their glittering finery and the sales people are sighing with relief—those who are not fired after the Christmas rush.

The Christmas Drive for political prisoners and their families is over too. But the work of prisoners relief must go on all year round. Every month adds new wards to our relief rolls. Every month brings new hardships to the families of the men and women behind the bars. Their security, their assurance that they will have a roof over their heads depends on those of us who sympathize with their plight.

Don't let the spirit of giving and sharing with labor's neediest end with Christmas time. They need your support all year round. They need food and shelter and clothing. Many of them have long years to wait until their breadwinners will be restored to them, free men. Won't you adopt a prisoner's child, and send in a regular sum every month for its support? Perhaps you would rather adopt one of the long term political prisoners.

No sum is too small, provided it comes in regularly every month. They need it all the time. We must send it to them regularly without fail. They depend on us and we depend on you to help meet their great needs. All information, material will be speedily supplied by the Prisoners Relief Department on request. Write to Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

Once more in the eerie gloom of early morning the executioner's axe, wielded by a butcher in evening clothes and a high silk hat, has fallen on the head of a German hero. Rudolph Claus was executed on December 17, 1935 because he dared to fight against Hitler and his regime. Rudolph Claus was the treasurer of the German I.L.D. which continues to function despite Hitler's murderous attempts to wipe it from the face of the earth. Claus' brutal death will not halt the activities of the German International Labor Defense, which sends relief regularly even behind the barbed wire of Nazi concentration camps; which takes up collections in the mills and factories for the support of the wives and children of fascist victims, under the very eyes of the fascist tormentors.

The organization of this corps of solidarity was part of Rudolph Claus' work. Not even the executioner's axe could smash it. His memory will live on and be revered in the heart of every member of the International Labor Defense in every corner of the world; and indignation against the terror which murdered him will grow until it recruits every liberty loving man and woman on the face of the earth.

Support The Tampa Defense

An old story about Tampa has been re-told, with new violence. Shoemaker, Modern Democrat, Sam C. Rogers and E. F. Poulnot, Socialists, local leaders among the unemployed of Tampa belonging to the Workers Alliance, were arrested on charges of suspicion of "Communist activity," held incommunicado, then released into the arms of a waiting band of public spirited thugs. They were flogged, Shoemaker and Rogers were tarred and feathered and Shoemaker died in the hospital of gangrene which set in after a leg was amputated. It has been charged that the beating from which Shoemaker died was administered by police in the police-station, and that he was then taken out in a police car and thrown from it in the spot where he was later found.

An old story for Tampa because in 1932, Hy Gordon and Jack Crawford were arrested and then released into a band of Kluxers, beaten, tarred and feathered. About one year later Frankie Guido and Homer Barton suffered like fates. The latter two were not tarred and feathered—just severely beaten. The technique of terror was the same in every instance. Unable to hold the organizers and workingclass leaders on any charge which would stick, the Tampa authorities used the police to secure the men, the Klan to attack them. In some instances the police, in plain clothes this time, participated in the floggings. **M 8158**

Guido, Barton, Gordon and Crawford were Communists. Shoemaker, Rogers and Poulnot are not. The latter two are Socialists, the former the chairman of the Modern Democrats, an or-

ganization with workingclass support which challenged the corrupt rule of the Democratic Party in Tampa. Yet Shoemaker, Modern Democrat, was murdered, as Frank Norman, Communist living sixty miles from Tampa at Lakeland, was murdered a year and a half ago. The forces of terror in Florida do not discriminate between the political beliefs of workers. They hate equally all workingclass organizers.

But where previously terror has been used only against Communists (less than a year ago, the homes of all known Communist Party members were raided and the Party leaders jailed) the terror now reaches out against non-Communists. But so does the answer to the terror. In Tampa itself, a city divided in three, with West Tampa and Ybor City almost wholly Latin-American and the rest of the city made up of Americans, of Florida crackers, the workers, and many of the professionals and churchmen have rallied to fight the terror. Local 500 of the International Cigar Makers Union, almost wholly Spanish speaking, joins with the Workers Alliance, Socialist-influenced, unemployed organization of which Poulnot is a leader, in protest against the attack. The Florida Council of Unemployed Leagues, many of which are affiliated with the National Unemployment Council, holding a meeting in Tampa, takes part in the fight against terror.

The I.L.D., whose work is the defense of workers threatened and attacked in the fight for better conditions regardless of the political beliefs of the workers, joins nationally in this fight. The mured of Shoemaker, the beating of Rogers and Poulnot, has brought the establishment of a Joint Committee for Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa. The I.L.D., while not part of this Committee supports its work, supports its demands that the killers of Shoemaker, the thugs who attacked Rogers and Poulnot, and who attacked Gordon and Barton and the others at an earlier time be punished—not punished as a vengeance, but to help break the terror that seeks to paralyze the working-class movement of Tampa.

The Joint Committee for Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa has its office at 112 East 19th Street, New York City. A contribution of \$100 from the National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, to carry on its work, should be only the beginning of donations from every reader of the LABOR DEFENDER.

Labor Defender

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FOR UNIFICATION of our FORCES

Keynote speech of the Herndon Victory meeting in New York on December 20 by the chairman

JULIUS HOCHMAN

Vice-president, International Ladies Garment Workers Union

We have gathered here tonight to welcome Angelo Herndon.

Less than two months ago, we came together at another Herndon meeting. It was on the eve of his departure for a Georgia prison. And though, that night, the thousands of men and women who streamed into the Manhattan Opera House expressed their determination to continue the fight, I am sure that there were many who came to that meeting believing that they were seeing Herndon for the last time.

Had not Tom Mooney been kept in jail for almost twenty years, despite undeniable proof of his innocence? A few days before the Manhattan Opera House meeting, the Supreme Court of the United States because of some absurd pretext, some ridiculous technicality, had refused to consider the case of Angelo Herndon. There were many who remembered Sacco and Vanzetti and how the Supreme Court, refusing to intervene, had acquiesced in what had very obviously been a legal murder.

It is good to see Herndon's face again. I am sure you are all as happy to greet him as I am. He is here tonight because of the united efforts of the many defense committees that make up the Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon Defense.

He is here because the Joint Committee not only raised funds and engaged able counsel to defend him, but succeeded in rallying a mass movement, succeeded in stimulating activities which brought the case to the attention of the entire nation. The inhumanity and brutality of the insurrection laws of Georgia have become common knowledge to every intelligent person in the United States.

Herndon, we welcome you. We pay tribute to your devotion and to your courage. But above all else, we welcome you because by bringing you here tonight we have demonstrated our own power to work effectively for the liberation of all political prisoners now languishing in prisons throughout this country. We welcome you because your presence on this platform tonight indicates what the forces of labor and democracy can do when they join in a common fight for a common goal.

But while we rejoice in this partial victory, we must not relax. Those who sentenced Angelo Herndon to twenty years on a chain gang will not have their victim torn from them without a struggle. The noble state of Georgia is fighting for its honor, and the constitutionality of the insurrection law, and that noble institution, the chain gang.

However, the fight for Herndon's freedom is a fight, not only against the unjust conviction of one man, but rather a fight for civil liberties, a fight for the right of the workers, employed and unemployed, to organize, to strike and picket, to use their collective power to better their conditions. A fight for the right of men and women who don't happen to be Republicans, or Democrats, to speak, to agitate, to work for a better world, even if that necessitates the abolition of capitalism.

Workers have been dragged from their homes and butchered. Houses have been sacked and men terrorized. Wherever we attempt organiza-



Gov. Eugene Talmadge, hanged in effigy on the lawn of his own State Capitol by political opponents. Note the red suspenders.

tion, we are accused of fomenting rebellion, and the forces of law and order are unleashed to bludgeon us into submission.

In 1935, in the third year of the New Deal, more than thirty men and women of our class have been murdered in cold blood. Textile workers have been killed in the South, longshoremen on the Coast, unemployed, miners, street car workers, in the middle-west, and lumbermen in the north-west. Not one person has ever been brought to account for these murders. And now once again, we hear of the sadistic torture inflicted upon three workers in Tampa, Florida, as a result of which one of them, Joseph Shoemaker, has died. Of how three members of the Workers Alliance were brutally flogged and beaten into unconsciousness. How long are we going to permit these crimes to continue?

In the State Prison at San Quentin, California, there sit five men charged with criminal syndicalism. They are serving terms of from one to fourteen years. In San Quentin too, sits Tom Mooney, while at the Folsom Prison we find Warren K. Billings. At the Washington State Penitentiary, at Santa Fe, in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, at Leavenworth, and at Frankfort, Kentucky, there are men whose sole crime

was an allegiance, a militant devotion to their class. *It is our duty to do for them what we are doing for Herndon.*

There are many indications that we are on the eve of an attack against the trade union movement, against the radical movement, against every effort of the wage earners of this country to organize and improve their conditions. Never in their long history of cruelty and oppression in this country have the capitalists been more brutal and more arrogant than they are today. I have witnessed the manner in which they attempted to break up the conference summoned by Major Berry in Washington. I witnessed their complete disregard for the same law and order in the name of which they sentenced Herndon. There is no question in my mind but that we are about to see an extensive open shop campaign. The National Manufacturers Association, the American Liberty League, and the Chambers of Commerce, have joined hands in a carefully mapped campaign to *gang* up on labor.

Now more than ever we need an effective defense apparatus.

As I examine the speakers list, I find that we have here represented the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense, the National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, and the General Defense Committee.

I do not deny that these groups have rendered valuable service to the cause of labor and deserve recognition for it. It was their united efforts through the Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon Defense that made his freedom possible.

Nevertheless, the many committees functioning for special cases cannot adequately meet the situation with which we are confronted. While during the last few years, dual unionism, and the tactics of the Communist Party, have made cooperation impossible, even on matters of defense, I believe that the time is now ripe for us to organize a strong defense apparatus on a national scale with the general labor movement as a base.

Organized Labor must be its backbone.

Such an organization must have branches in every state, and in every industrial center. It must tie up with the trade unions, state Federations and Central Labor Unions. It must draw around it competent lawyers, journalists, and all those who are interested in the cause of labor and civil liberties. We must organize an effective machinery for raising funds; we must provide a central bureau for information. *In short, we must replace the thousand and one committees now functioning so feebly by a permanent, single, all-inclusive organization.*

In organizing for the defense of political prisoners, we must be concerned solely with their defense. Attempts to make political capital, attempts to seek party or sectarian advantages, cannot be tolerated. Political differences must not stand in the way of defending those who are victimized because of their devotion to our class.

Let the defense efforts in the interests of Herndon lead not only to his release, but to the unification of our forces on behalf of all political prisoners, and for civil liberties.

A NEW POWER

The speech made by **ANNA DAMON** Acting National Secretary of the I.L.D. at the Herndon Victory Meeting. Among the other speakers were **NORMAN THOMAS**, **ROY WILKINS** of the N.A.A.C.P., **ROGER BALDWIN**, **MARY FOY** and **MOTHER BLOOR**.

For the second time since the Herndon case began in June, 1932, we are able to register a victory against the forces of reaction. For the second time Angelo Herndon has been wrested from the hands of his captors and freed for a time at least on bail. But this second victory is of far greater significance and of much greater consequence to us all than the first.

The first time Angelo Herndon was freed on bail, no legal battle had been won. All the rulings in the court were against him and his defenders.

The second time Angelo Herndon was freed on bail, less than two weeks ago, it was on the crest of an important legal victory. Judge Hugh L. Dorsey of the Fulton County Superior Court, ex-governor of the State of Georgia, upheld the defense contention that the slave insurrection law under which Herndon was tried and sentenced to the chain-gang was unconstitutional. More than this, behind the defense attorneys at the habeas corpus proceedings in Atlanta, Georgia, on November 12, stood not only the organized strength of the International Labor Defense. Behind Angelo Herndon and his legal defenders, stood a new power, a broad united front of defense.

How was this united defense brought about? It did not just happen. It was not an accident. A great sentiment against sending Angelo Herndon to the chain-gang existed all over the land and in many parts of the world. Indignation against this clear and obvious breach of civil liberties and democratic rights as typified by the "insurrection" law on which the sentence was based was wide-spread. Here was an issue on which political opponents, public officials, men of arts and letters could agree whole-heartedly.

Deep-rooted in every strata of the population as this sentiment for Angelo Herndon's freedom was, widespread as it was, it would have remained inert and ineffective if it had not been organized into a solid fighting front of defense.

The freeing of Angelo Herndon in \$8,000 bail is a magnificent victory for united action. It is a clear indication of the possibilities that lie before people of the United States in their fight against increased terror and reaction.

The pressure of defense cases has grown enormously in recent months. Where there used to be one case, one flagrant violation of labor and civil rights there are now hundreds—to say thousands would not be an exaggeration.

Armed thugs roam the streets of Birmingham, Alabama, and surrounding industrial centers, kidnapping workers and organizers, beating them and often taking their lives. When the sharecroppers, members of the Share Croppers Union, or of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, go on strike for a living wage, lynchings, violence, terror, arrests are the answer of the landowners.

In Gallup, New Mexico, where the miners banded together into a fighting union and stuck by their demands until they won, the Morgan controlled companies and administrations resorted to one of the rawest frame-ups in labor history to try to railroad ten innocent men to the electric chair. Only a mass movement organized among local unions and central bodies saved their lives.

In California where vigilante rule is the order

of the day, the list of defense problems grows daily. There are the Sacramento defendants facing one to fourteen years in jail each for organizing unions. There are the Modesta cases and the Scalers cases, involving the trade-unions of the seamen and longshoremen, the Eureka cases in which members of the Lumber Workers Union are involved.

But more significant than the numbers of cases, is the nature of the struggles they represent. The attack is on a wider front today than it was in past years. Workers of every shade of political opinion, of every stage of economic and social development are subject to the terror. The recent happenings in Tampa, Florida, where two Socialists and a Democrat were beaten, tarred and feathered, and one of them murdered are cases in point.

Great battles lie ahead for the organized defense movement of the United States. Not only to shield the victims of the future, but to maintain their families, to help keep their homes intact until they are restored to them once more. Relief to the political prisoners and their families is as much the responsibility of every liberty loving individual in the United States as support of their defense.

Spurred on by the victory in the case of Angelo Herndon we can move forward with renewed energies. The fight for Herndon's freedom is not yet won. The State of Georgia has already filed notice of appeal against Judge Dorsey's decision. They are preparing a bitter siege for the preservation of a powerful weapon, the ancient insurrection law. They are determined still to send

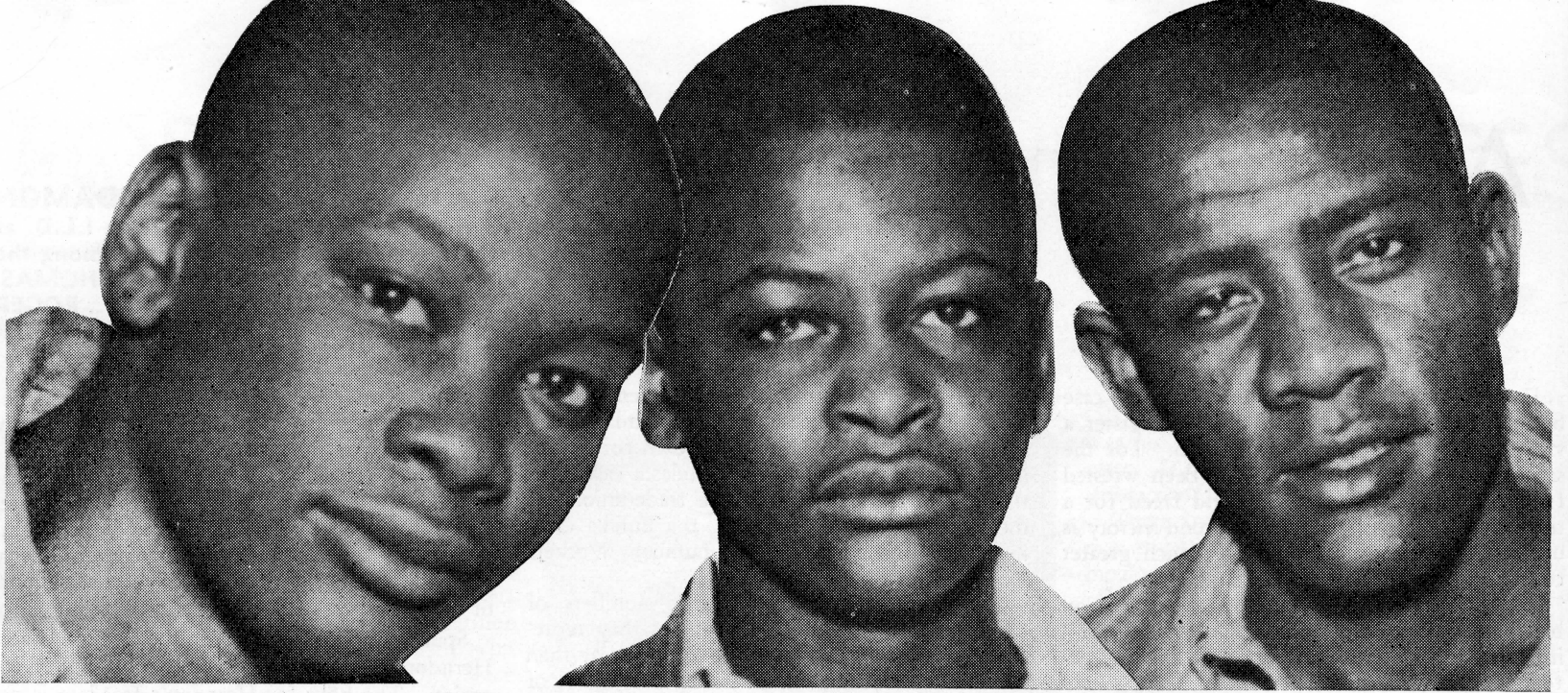


Angelo Herndon signing out of Fulton Tower jail. Let's keep him out.

The widening front of terror must be met by a widening front of defense. In the Herndon defense we have the finest lesson, the most splendid example of the effectiveness of united action. In the defense of the Scottsboro boys, whose trial comes up in January, the same united action is now in the process of being organized.

But in each case, the same efforts are gone through, the same labored slow process of gathering our forces, marshalling them into position for powerful action. How much more effective would our efforts be if there was one permanent united labor defense organization in this country ready at a moment's notice to spring to the defense of the victims of ruling class justice.

Angelo Herndon to his death on the chain-gang. But if it was possible to win this victory in the Herndon case, it is possible to win wider support for the finish fight—his unconditional freedom. And why is it not possible to build a united movement of defense and relief for all political prisoners, that will swing the jail doors open for Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, J. B. McNamara, the Scottsboro boys, the Kentucky miners, and all the labor prisoners? It is possible. This is the task that lies before us. And though it is indeed a great one—spurred on by the splendid victory for united action that we are celebrating here tonight—we can all work together for its successful accomplishment.



Seven of the nine Scottsboro boys who have been in jail for almost five years without a trial. Above: Andy Wright, Roy Wright, Charlie Weems.

UNITY

Four organizations have already signed an agreement as constituting the Scottsboro Defense Committee, as indicated below, and other organizations are being invited to join it. Every indication points to a united defense. Officers and committees will be announced shortly. Public appeals for funds will be made to secure ten to fifteen thousand dollars before the trial begins on January 13th. The organizations which have entered into a common agreement are,

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense, and the League for Industrial Democracy.

On January 6, 1936 the Scottsboro boys will be arraigned in Decatur, Alabama. They will be brought from the Jefferson County Jail in Birmingham, where they will again formally enter a plea of not guilty to a crime which everybody in the world knows by this time they never committed. In March 1931, eight of the boys were sentenced to death. The ninth and youngest, Roy Wright, has never been sentenced at all. A "generous" juror voted life imprisonment for this 13 year old Negro child, and so a mistrial was declared in his case—but today, at 18 he is still in jail and once more in danger of losing his life in the electric chair. A few days later, when the formal trial opens, he will be charged with attacking Victoria Price and Ruby Bates on a freight train lumbering through northern Alabama.

Ruby Bates has sworn repeatedly on the witness stand and before the world that the boys are innocent. The state's own witness, Dr. Bridges, of Scottsboro, Alabama swore on the stand he found no physical evidence of attack on the girls less than two hours after it was supposed to have happened.

The state's witnesses, including Victoria Price, the prosecution's star, have so hopelessly contradicted themselves and each other on the witness stand that no person not blinded by hatred and prejudice can believe a word they say.

Yet the state of Alabama is determined to burn these nine Negro boys in the electric chair.

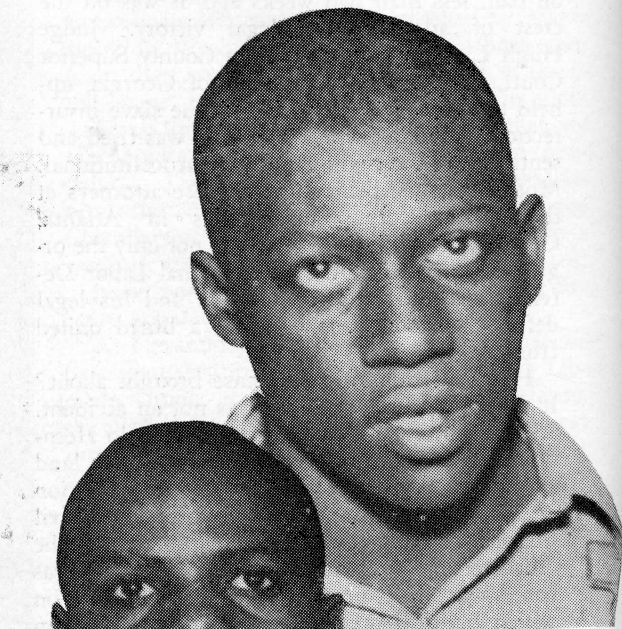
There will be one difference in the Scottsboro trial this January. A difference of the deepest historical significance. The state of Alabama will very carefully observe the technical forms of guaranteeing the constitutional rights of the defendants—rights which were openly and brutally trampled under foot in all the previous trials; rights which were so flagrantly violated that the Supreme Court of the United States was

forced to unanimously order a new trial, because Negroes had been systematically excluded from juries in Alabama and therefore all the Scottsboro trials were illegal!

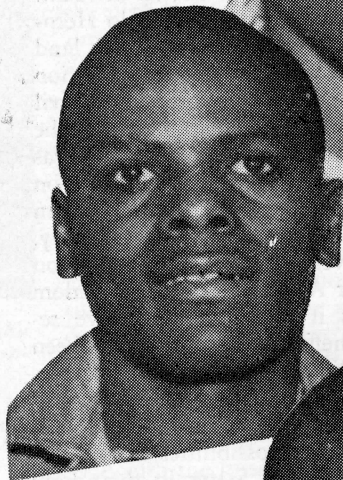
With the most shameless cynicism the state of Alabama included one Negro on the grand jury which reindicted the boys—knowing that only 18 out of the 24 votes are needed to obtain an indictment. With the same brazen cruelty they will see to it that there is at least one Negro on the panel from which the jury that tries them for their lives is drawn. Knight has announced that he will do everything in his power to prevent further appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Alabama's press howls for an end of the "troublesome" Scottsboro case.

If trial by prejudice and hatred wins the Scottsboro case for the lynchers of Alabama, no one of us is safe from the frame-up system in the United States.

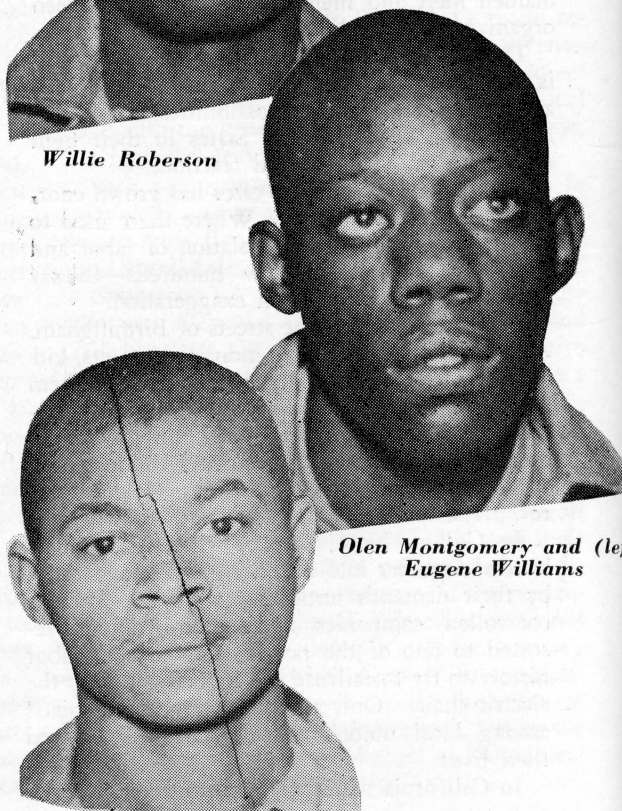
The International Labor Defense feels that this crucial moment in the Scottsboro case requires greater forces of public support than have ever been marshalled before. It therefore hails the fact, that the Scottsboro defense from now on will be handled by a group of powerful national organizations, which represents the unified strength and voices of hundreds of thousands of American people. They will rally around themselves every liberty loving individual, every true friend of justice. The I.L.D. calls on all its members and friends to give their most wholehearted support—moral and material assistance to the united Scottsboro defense. No political, social, racial or religious differences can stand in our way at this time. With the glorious example of what united defense accomplished in the case of Angelo Herndon, no one can doubt its power and effectiveness. Let us go forward with enthusiasm and confidence—with one united defense for the Scottsboro boys.



Ozie Powell



Willie Roberson



Olen Montgomery and (left) Eugene Williams

JOHN BROWN GETS HIS MAIL

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on."

By SASHA SMALL

On October 17, 1859, John Brown, defeated in his glorious attempt to liberate the slaves by an armed uprising, was captured by an obscure young colonel. The young officer's name (it didn't mean a thing to anyone in the year 1859) was Robert E. Lee. On November 4, 1859 Brown was brought to trial for his life. In December the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State of Virginia upheld the death sentence against him and shortly after he was hanged.

The story of John Brown's life and work, his staunch behavior before the court that tried him, has been told before and will remain an inspired theme to artists and writers and poets for years to come.

come a precedent for all the wardens and jailers since his time, wherever political prisoners are concerned. He decided to read every single letter and give John Brown only those which he considered fitting and proper. Mr. Hunter had his hands full. In the two months of John Brown's imprisonment the volume of letters and greetings increased daily and those which passed Mr. Hunter's censorship were answered in Brown's own hand until two hours before his execution.

The story of John Brown, political prisoner, takes on particular significance today. The tradition of clamping down on the rights and privileges of political prisoners has developed

Even the reaction that has swept across Europe since the war has not wiped out these rights in many countries. In Roumania, section 12 of the Penal Law enacted as late as 1930, gives political prisoners the right to wear their own clothes, write letters, receive books and periodicals and food from the outside. They may also choose from the list of tasks performed by prisoners or occupy themselves with intellectual work under the supervision of the prison director. Of course, these privileges are not voluntarily enforced by prison officials. But their slightest infringement can be and is zealously guarded by those on the outside for Roumania's political prisoners.



Contemporary engraving showing John Brown and his comrades being taken to jail. Brown is in the cart—right hand side.

But there is one aspect of John Brown's capture and imprisonment that has been completely overlooked. Here was a new sort of problem for America's officialdom. They had "got their man." They knew he would be executed. The trial was merely a formality as far as they were concerned. In fact, the prosecutor, Andrew Hunter, was also technically John Brown's jailer, and he was the man who had to face the problem.

John Brown, a prisoner, a "traitor to his country," according to Mr. Hunter, began receiving letters from all over the land at the rate of 70 and 80 a day. Something entirely new and unheard of in American prison life. Many of the letters praised John Brown and promised him support. Many had money in them. Many were just messages of cheer and greeting. Poor Mr. Hunter didn't know what to do. There were no rules governing the situation. It had never arisen before. Give John Brown all the letters? They might encourage him to do goodness knows what. Keep them from him? They were addressed to John Brown.

Mr. Hunter finally stumbled on what has be-

come a long way since the days of John Brown. Wardens don't have to worry now. They have rules covering every situation, behind which they can hide or commit all sorts of outrages against political prisoners.

The tradition of solidarity with those behind the bars in freedom's cause has also developed to a point where there is now on foot a broad movement demanding the recognition of the status of political prisoners in the United States with special clearly defined privileges for them.

Both sides of the picture—the persecution and the solidarity against it—are old American customs. The movement for the recognition of the status of political prisoners is not just an idealistic dream either. In European countries there is such legal recognition. Before the World War special privileges for political prisoners were the rule throughout Europe. This fact was boasted at the International Juridical Conference in Berlin in 1929—"Before the war there was scarcely a country in which political prisoners were permitted to be treated like ordinary prisoners."

France has regulations which read:

"Art. 2. The prisoners enjoy the following privileges: Release from obligation to work, permission to procure food at their own expense, use of their own clothes, liberty to wear hair and beard as wished. They are, however, subject to prison censorship with regard to correspondence.

Art. 3. They may receive visits daily from persons who have received the necessary permission. As a rule visitors are received in the room set apart for that purpose but if the special permission of the minister is obtained, visitors, especially members of the family, may be received in the prisoner's cell.

Art. 4. The prisoners are to be separated from the other categories of prisoners, and placed in separate cells. They may work, eat and walk with the other prisoners of their category."

Hungary and Czechoslovakia have similar laws. Great Britain does not officially recognize political prisoners, yet many times in its history it was forced to grant them tacit recognition.

The problem of political prisoners, how to treat them, what to do with them has long

(Continued on page 18)

In the distance—I CAN COUNT MILLIONS

An open letter to Eugene Talmadge,
Governor of the State of Georgia

From GRACE LUMPKIN

Dear Governor Talmadge:

My people have lived in Georgia for generations.

I was born in Georgia, an American. The accident of birth set my birthplace in this country and in that state. The process of living, of living completely and facing the world as honestly as I know how has made me a citizen of the world, one unit in the human family. This human family is divided and torn with dissension. Its fortunate members oppress and maim and starve the less fortunate. The ideals of those in power in this human family are money and more power. The fortunate ones drive the sons of mothers into wars so that they may continue to hold their power and the material riches of the earth.

When any one of those who have nothing in this rich world protest against the bitter injustice of wars for greed, against the terror of foodless children, men like you, Governor Talmadge, men with money and power, put out a net to catch them.

Like Jesus in the Bible you fish for men. Jesus said to his disciples, "I will make you fishers of men." You and your kind, Governor Talmadge, fish for men, not that you may give them a way of life, but that you may give them a way of death.

Some years ago a young Negro named Herndon was caught in the net Georgians like you put out for him. Probably you have heard of this young Negro. There is a chance that the cries of people calling for his release have disturbed your sleep.

This young Negro, who has felt the "Wisdom, Justice and Moderation" of Georgia, who would be ordered to your back door if he came to your home—is somehow bigger than you, than any of your kind in Georgia. He seems, somehow, to rise above you and men like you, to overshadow you, like a pyramid rises above a humped camel.

This brown-skinned, quiet young man dreamed of a world in which people might live bountifully because the earth is bountiful, and generously because the earth is generous, and unsuspectingly because the reasons for greed and hatred would be removed. And he set about quietly to make that dream a reality. He led starving people, white people and black people together to demand food for their children.

But you and your kind did not like his dream, and you hated more the fact that he was trying to make it real. So you set a net to catch him.

Perhaps you, too, Governor Talmadge, at one time had some faint generous impulse toward humanity. And perhaps, as I have seen people do, you stifled each generous impulse as it rose fresh in you, as a person might smother with a pillow the first cry of a new-born and unwanted child.

This young Negro, Herndon, did not stifle his generous and great impulses. He let them grow in him until they have made him a man.

But they made him at the same time your enemy. You hated him and his dreams. And because you hated him you set your net for him and he was caught.

Human beings are not consistently courageous. We who understand and know ourselves and others know that Herndon must have had days when he dreaded with a great bitterness to go

back into your prison, when his belief in the power of others who think as he does, to get his release, was not strong. But in men and women who count—courage rises. Herndon may have gone down into the depths of despair and bitterness more times than even we who are his friends, can imagine. And who would not who sees a slow, sure death before him. But his courage refreshed itself in his knowledge and in his dreams. We have seen only his courage.

He went back to your chain gang because his love of humanity, his belief in his dreams was greater than his slight body, greater than his dread of torture and early death. Because in the

accumulated and complex development of him as a human being, his heart and his brain have lived unsmothered by greed or fear.

He is free now, for a time. But the fight for his freedom is not finished. We must save him from the "Wisdom, Justice and Moderation" of Georgia.

I see him, a slight figure, almost a boy. But a man in courage and strength. He is one single human being. And yet behind him, coming closer, as they perceive him, coming closer, to protect him, to stand by him, I see thousands of the disinherited of the earth. And in the distance I can count millions.—Grace Lumpkin.

Michael Quin.

ANGELO HERNDON
Symbol of strength.

E. Spitzer.

A
Victory
Song
for
Angelo
Herndon.
Words
by
Michael
Quin
of
California
Music
by
E. Spitzer
of
New York

Lift up your VOICES, WORKERS ALL
HAIL! AN-GE-LO HERN-DON— is out of JAIL.
STRENGTH OF THE WORKERS BRITTE THE BARS, OUT WALKED AN-GE-LO UN-DE-R THE
STARS. RAISE UP THOSE BAN-NERS JOIN WITH YOUR VOICE!
HERE COMES OUR COM-RADE CHEER AND RE-JOICE.
LIFT UP YOUR fist A-GAIN EV-RY ONE YELL! ONE MORE CLASS
PRIS-ON - ERS LIFT-ED FROM HELL. LOCKED IN THE JAIL HOUSE
TOR-TURED BY THUGS SCANT-LINGS TO SLEEP UP ON CHAW-LING WITH
DUGS THIN LIT-TLE NE-GRO WHO CHAL-LENGED THEIR POWER
SPIR-IT UN-BRO-KEN LOCKED IN A TOWER
LIFT HIM ON SHOULD-ERS NE-GRO AND WHITE MARCH THRU THE
STREETS WITH HIM SING WITH YOUR MIGHT THIN FROM CON-FINE-MENT FOR
LEAD-ING HIS CLASS HE SMILES AND WAVES BACK AT THE THUN-DER-ING
MASS. SYN-BOL OF COU-RAGE, LEA-DER OF FIGHT
WELD-ING THE STRENGTH- OF THE BLACK AND THE WHITE.

We Stood it all our Lives

The inquiring reporter
visits Burlington, N. C.

By PETER BIRD

Five of the defendants in the Burlington dynamite case have been sentenced to spend from two to ten years in the North Carolina State prison on the framed up charge of dynamiting mill property in Burlington during the 1934 textile strike. The North Carolina Supreme Court recently handed down a judgment upholding the lower court decision.

To the Burlington mill owners the case has no doubt been satisfactorily closed. Even though no mill owner can clearly say that an impartial and unprejudiced trial has convicted the men who are charged, the result is all to their good. Five men who are union organizers and strike leaders have been put out of the way and the union movement is to that degree weakened in Burlington.

To the workers the case is not yet closed and the principle for which they are fighting will never be closed until real justice is achieved. Not a single worker in Burlington believes that this case is anything but a frame-up to get rid of men who had the courage to fight for the workers' cause. To these people John Anderson, J. P. Hoggard, Tom Canipe, J. F. Haraway and Florence Blaylock are victims in the mill owners' campaign to deny living wages and decent working conditions to every bobbin boy, weaver, and loom fixer who works in the Burlington textile mills. To them a man like Pruitt who has turned State's evidence to save his own skin (he received a two-year suspended sentence) is an unreliable rat, a traitor to his own people, whose statements cannot be seriously believed.

To each of these two classes—the mill owners and the workers—the case is clear and the point of view of each is definite. But this is not the whole story. I went to Burlington to get the various opinions of many persons who know of the case, the circumstances of the trial, the decision of the Supreme Court:

The first angle on the case came as a surprise. A Burlington merchant whom I questioned took me back for further conversation in his office. "The case was an out and out frame-up. Maybe you can't understand why a store owner like me is willing to say that, and of course I'm not talking here in town. Last week a defense lawyer was trying to get an affidavit. The guy was afraid to sign it, but I told him 'Hell, you know Slim Anderson and the rest never planted that dynamite, so you can sign or you'll never run another bill at my store.' He signed."

I know a college professor who lives near Burlington. He is a thoughtful, deliberating

man with a sense of social justice. We talked over the case and he declared that "North Carolina cannot afford to be accused of prejudice in the operation of its judicial system. The question involved is 'Shall every man living in the State be assured of a fair trial?' I am certain the Burlington workers did not receive a fair trial."

A garage mechanic dropped his wrench and scratched his head with dubiousness over these social problems: "I guess working guys always gets a tough break. Even if them guys done it, they've been treated like hogs at the mills."

An inquiry about a non-existent student led up to a disappointing interview with a Burlington



Fruits of the general textile strike in September, 1934: In Burlington, N. C., frame-up and jail, in Georgia (above) concentration camps for strikers.



In Rhode Island death. This photo shows funeral of a 19 year old striker killed on the picket line.

school teacher. When I asked him what he thought of the Supreme Court decision he looked first at the wall behind him and then down at his brightly polished shoes: "I haven't thought much about it," he finally hazarded. "It's none of my business and I don't see much sense in talking about it."

Fortunately, a full tank of gas is a full tank of gas, so my conversation with a filling station attendant came about naturally. He was a husky young kid about eighteen with sandy hair and pale eyelashes which blinked emphasis of every forthright sentence. "Mister", he said, "the whole thing's rotten. Those mill hands have stood it all their lives. I didn't know what it was all about when I was going to high school, but believe me, I know now. None of us, lint-heads, town people, or what, has a chance. The big boys have it all in their hands and they ain't turning any of it loose. I'm for democracy and all just as much as you are, but if it's all a lot of fine talk then we got to try something else."

(Continued on page 19)

REMEMBERED FOREVER WILL BE THE NAME

By
Langston
Hughes

TOM MOONEY

TOM MOONEY

TOM MOONEY

*A man with the title of governor has spoken:
And you do not go free.*

*A man with the title of governor has spoken:
And the steel bars surround you,
And the prison walls wrap you about,
And you do not go free.*

*But the man with the title of governor
Does not know*

*That all over the earth today
The workers speak the name:*

TOM MOONEY

TOM MOONEY

TOM MOONEY

*And the sound vibrates in waves
From Africa to China,
India to Germany,*

*Russia to the Argentine,
Shaking the bars,
Shaking the walls,
Shaking the earth*

*Until the whole world falls into the hands of
The Workers.*

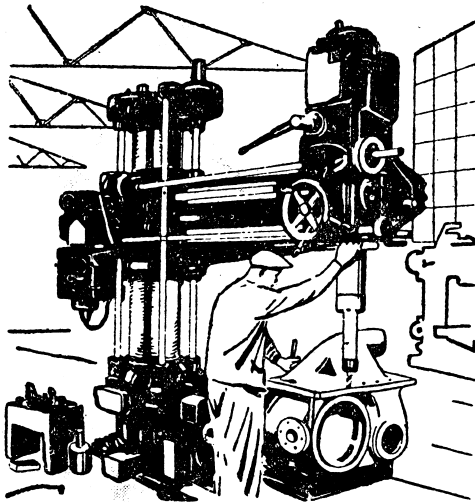
*Of course, the man with the title of governor
Will be forgotten then*

*On the scrap heap of time—
He won't matter at all.*

But remembered forever will be the name:

TOM MOONEY.

Tom Mooney . . . son of a coal miner . . . born in a tumble down shack in a company mining town in Indiana . . . often went to bed hungry when he was a child . . . his father was a fighter too, an organizer for the Knights of Labor . . . during a strike, in self-defense, Tom Mooney's father shot a company-killer down . . . in the dead of night, Mother Mooney, and the children and the father of Tom Mooney fled . . . shortly after he died of "miner's sickness," doctor's call it tuberculosis . . . in Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, Tom Mooney got his first job . . . ran errands, sold papers, picked up coal from the railroad tracks . . . at twelve he went to work in a paper mill at \$2 a week . . . at 16 he joined the International Core Makers Union . . . from then on his militant union activities kept him on the move . . . he went to Europe . . . he went to the south . . . he worked with the Negro dock wallopers on the wharves of New Orleans . . . he worked among the peons of Vera Cruz and southern California . . . he crossed the continent on Eugene Victor Debs' Red Special selling literature and soap boxing for the Socialist party . . . in 1910 he began to organize the workers of California, the molders, the street car men, the utility workers . . . in 1917 he was framed and sentenced to death . . . for the last 19 years he has been behind the bars of San Quentin, America's veteran victim of the frame-up system . . . to California's jailers Number 31921 . . . to the workers of the world, Tom Mooney—fighter—organizer—leader.

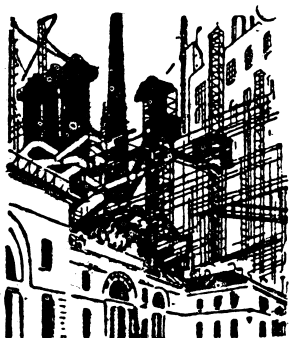
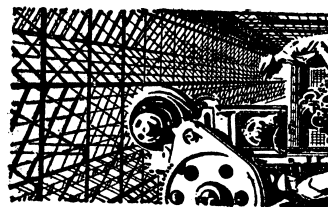


*Schools will be named:
TOM MOONEY.*

*Farms will be named:
TOM MOONEY.*

*Dams will be named:
TOM MOONEY.*

*Ships will be named:
TOM MOONEY.*



*Factories will be named:
TOM MOONEY.*

*And all over the world—
Banner of force and labor, strength and union,
Life forever through the workers' power—
Will be the name:*

TOM MOONEY.

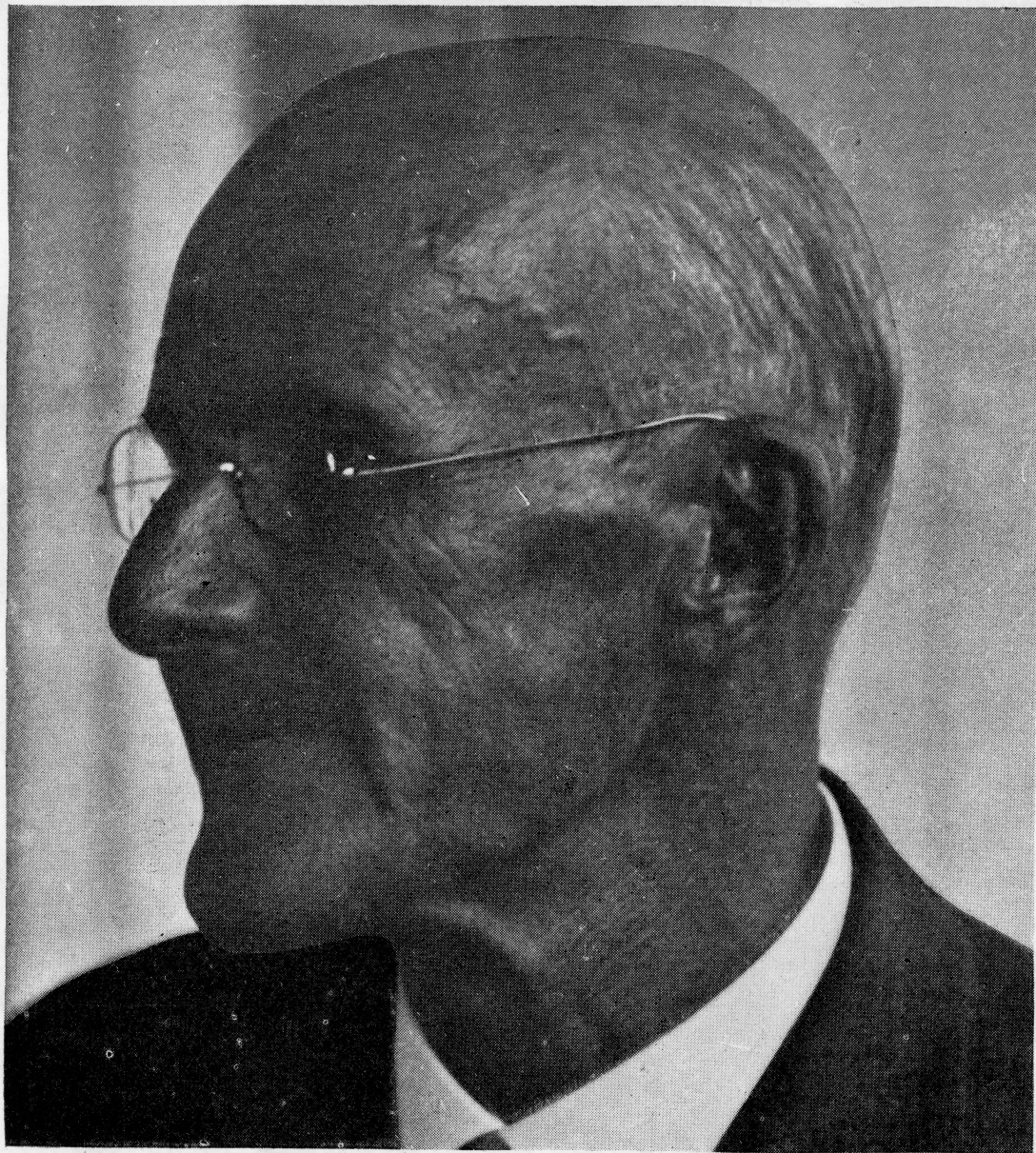


HUGO
GELLERT

Tom Mooney

FAMOUS SPEECHES MADE IN COURT

EUGENE VICTOR DEBS and KARL LIEBKNECHT, fighters against war ● arrested, tried and sentenced in America and Germany for opposing slaughter ● Both men expressed the same ideas and faced their judges with the same inspiring courage.



(Above): Eugene Victor Debs and (right): Karl Liebknecht

DEBS' SPEECH

Now, where there is exploitation there must be some form of militarism to support it. Wherever you find exploitation you find some form of military force. In a smaller way you find it in this country. It was here long before the war was declared. For instance, when the miners out in Colorado entered upon a strike about 4 years ago, the state militia that is under the control of the Standard Oil Company marched upon a camp, where the miners and their wives and children were in tents. And by the way, a report of the strike was issued by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations.

When the soldiers approached the camp at Ludlow, where these miners with their wives and children were, the miners, to prove that they were patriotic, placed flags above their tents, and when the state militia that is paid by Rockefeller and controlled by Rockefeller, swooped down

upon that camp, the first thing they did was to shoot those U. S. flags into tatters. Not one of them was indicted or tried because he was a traitor to his country. Pregnant women were killed, and a number of innocent children slain. This in the United States of America. . . .

I have been accused of having obstructed the war. I admit it. Gentlemen, I abhor war. When I think of a cold, glittering steel bayonet being plunged in the white quivering flesh of a human being, I recoil with horror. I have often wondered if I could take the life of my fellow men, even to save my own. Yes, I was opposed to the war. I am perfectly willing, on that count, to be branded as a disloyalist, and if it is a crime under the American law punishable by imprisonment for being opposed to human bloodshed, I am perfectly willing to be clothed in the stripes of a convict and to end my days in a prison cell.

(Continued on page 16)

LIEBKNECHT'S SPEECH

In the course of years, organizations have been founded by parties of the most different stamp, calculated particularly to deal with young people. . . . And the fact that the school, according to my political convictions, is being exploited, together with other national institutions, in order to impress the young people with certain definite political convictions which are hostile to the interests of the working class, and the additional fact that it is altogether necessary to educate the working class at the earliest period in their lives, have led us to pay particular attention to the urgent necessity of establishing young people's organizations. This was done later, much later in Germany, than in other nations. In 1904, the first attempt in this direction was made, on a purely trade-union basis of the economic struggle.

The young people's organizations are intended for the purpose of preparing an intellectual attitude. This is their right. This is my right. Why should I not engage in this work, for I am convinced that the preparation for an intelligent attitude may, under certain circumstances, lead to revolutionary events. Moreover, what can be done against the dissemination of enlightenment? No power on earth can prevent it, no special law can prevent it. Knowledge is power. Nobody can prevent knowledge from being circulated and there results the fact that I am actually not engaged in any activity that can be prevented. The only thing dangerous about my work is the prospects to which I call attention. The spreading of the knowledge I have in view is a danger to the barbarities of our present conditions, but this prospect is not an enterprise of high treason.

It is not my fault that enlightenment concerning the nature of our society may bring about dangerous frames of mind. The fault lies with

(Continued on page 16)



DAWN Over AZTEC

By DAVID CLENDENNEN
Santa Fe Gallup Defense Committee

From Aztec, where the trial of the Gallup miners took place, to Farmington, where I was staying, is about fifteen miles. On the way the road leads through a fertile river bottom; on all sides are evidences of one-time prosperous farms and fields, fruit orchards and grazing land. High prices for the things the farmer needs, coupled with low prices for what he grows, is the condition that produces the evident miserable standard of living of these San Juan County ranchers in this sixth year of depression. I was told, for instance, a man would be lucky to get 35 cents for a full bushel of choicest apples.

On the way to Aztec one noon, we passed a small house afire. The flames were shooting to the blue New Mexican sky and it was evident that the rancher's home was doomed. A man in overalls and one or two boys had a few buckets of water which they threw into the fire to very little effect. I speeded up and came to the little postoffice: Flora Vista, N. M. Excitedly I spoke to the young woman in charge.

"There's a house on fire down the road. You'd better telephone for the Fire Department."

"Oh," she said, looking where I pointed at the clouds of smoke billowing over the tree tops.



Kentucky miners' wives are forced to pick up coal in railroad yards. Their husbands don't earn enough to buy it.



Serapio Sosa's children. Sosa was one of the seven Gallup miners who was acquitted. He was immediately shipped to Texas. His family is still in New Mexico.

turned to a small boy in the doorway. "Johnny run down and see if you can do anything for Dad."

"But you ought to notify the Fire Department," I ventured to suggest, a little bewildered.

"There isn't any," she said. "It's too expensive to run in any water lines. When a house gets afire, it just has to burn to the ground. Of course it makes the insurance high."

My head in a whirl I drove on to Aztec. America, so rich, so full of pride, small ranchers' houses burning to the ground, no facilities for protection, high insurance rates—what was the answer?

At the conclusion of the trial itself, another question arose. The jury drawn from the ranks of these Aztec and Farmington ranchers unreservedly acquitted seven of the defendants. Confused by His Honor's instruction to the effect that the credibility of the State's three star witnesses was unquestionable, they brought in a finding of guilty for the other three with a recommendation for mercy. In spite of the inflammatory speeches of the Attorney General, in spite of Judge McGhee's stupid and prejudiced attitude during the trial, in spite even of the organization of vigilantes among their very neighbors, headed by the Baptist minister in Aztec, some at least, of these twelve men partly realized the truth of the situation and acted accordingly. What was the answer?

Both these questions arise out of identical conditions. Poverty and crisis, lack of bread and

miserable living conditions, established a bond between jury and accused, between Anglo-Saxon ranchers and Mexican miners. There is no farmers' organization in San Juan County, but the dramatic story of the miners' union, its struggles and successful strike in 1933, reached these farms in pamphlets and leaflets of the Defense Committee. In Gallup workers suffered for different reasons, but the results were the same: no food on the table for the kids, no clothes, no way to achieve the happiness our forefathers intended when they revolted against the English in 1776 and which the richness of our country guarantees to all its people, even the humblest. The story of ruthless evictions of Mexican workers, unemployed and blacklisted for trying to help each other, of intimidation and terror at the hands of drunken deputies and company guards, of democracy and civil rights torn to shreds, had its effect on the small ranchers of Aztec and Farmington.

Solidarity may be a new word in New Mexico among the workers and farmers, but its significance has been quickly learned. "The Union must not be broken; Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avitia, and Leandro Velarde must be released; these are our needs!" Simple ranchers, miners, workers everywhere are rallying to these slogans, seeing in them the elemental expression of a yearning for a better life; suppression and terror can not satisfy these yearnings nor permanently turn their tide. Even in New Mexico the sun must someday shine.

"Is that house the one three houses away?"

"Why yes," I replied, wondering at her inaction.

"Well, that's father's house then." She

Reports from AMERICA

direct to
the LABOR
DEFENDER

From Alaska • by ALEX HODOFF

Twenty-five militant workers, most of whom are members of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, Local 203, (AF of L), including two members of the International Longshoremen Association (AF of L), went on trial in the United States District Court at Juneau, Alaska. They faced from three to fifteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary on trumped up charges of riot. The men were arrested following an attempted march by strikebreakers to the Alaska Juneau Gold Mine office last June 24th to register for work. The strikebreakers were formed into a company union called the Juneau Mine Workers Association and, during the march, were protected by the United States Marshall and his deputies, city police and vigilantes of business men. The strikebreakers' weapons included guns, clubs, single jack handles, tear gas, fire truck and hose, loaded caps. All have been acquitted.

The joint trial of the twenty-five began November 12th before Judge George Alexander, formerly a United States Marshall, and a jury.

To further assist in railroading these innocent workers to prison the judge, upon application of Prosecutor Holzheimer, ordered that the workers keep their identical seats in the courtroom throughout the trial. This procedure enabled the witnesses for the prosecution to get on the witness stand and identify the different defendants from the coaching the prosecution gave them before they entered the courtroom to testify.

Following the selection of the jury on November 12th and 13th, the prosecution began to present an array of witnesses in an attempt to prove that the defendants rioted while trying to keep the strikebreakers from marching to work last June 24th. Among these witnesses were James Lynam, Ted Danielson, John McLoughlin, all strikebreakers and members of the scab company union and all now employed in the A. J. mine. Upon cross examination of these witnesses they were forced to admit that on June 24th the city of Juneau had employed a large number of gun thugs to guard the scabs when they marched to the mine to register for work. Danielson is the same person who went to Seattle after the so called riot and admitted to a reporter of the Seattle Times that he led an attack on the picket line and came off the winner.

Characteristic of the testimony that was given by the imported thugs and strikebreakers is that of one witness who swore that, on the day of the alleged riot, one of the defendants was running eight miles an hour while, in fact, this particular defendant had a broken foot on the day in question. Danielson, another prosecution witness and one of the leaders of the scab Juneau Mine Workers Association, brazenly testified that Warren Beavert struck him in the mouth while he (Danielson) had his back turned to him!

The local newspapers, dominated by the A. J. Company, constantly endeavored to build an atmosphere of hysteria. This is typified by the bold heading across the first page of the Daily Alaska Empire on November 22, 1935, reading "Startling Statement At Riot Trial. Witness Says Heard Shouts for Ammunition." This was a barefaced lie because it has been conclusively

shown from the very outset that not a single union man was armed with weapons of any kind but, on the other hand, the imported thugs and strikebreakers even boasted that they intended to make "another Centralia case out of the striking union" if they had a chance.

One of the features of the first day of defense testimony was Al Nygren's report about a conversation he had with one of the imported gun thugs named Beamer. Beamer had testified for the Government that Nygren told him to get out of Juneau or he would be sorry. Over repeated objection from the prosecution, Nygren testified that this thug, now an A. J. employee, admitted to Nygren that he (Beamer) had come to Juneau to help break the strike and "make a second Centralia case out of the union hall in Juneau." Nygren further testified that he saw gun, pistol and ammunition in the room this thug rented above the union hall where he and others of his kind were planted to spy on the meetings of the union members.

Louise Tanner, a junior in the Juneau High School, likewise created a sensation when she testified how, from the second floor of a boarding house adjoining the union hall, she witnessed the attack with guns, clubs, tear gas, fire truck and hose, upon the unarmed strikers. When asked by the prosecutor why she was interested in the defendants and, further, why she attended meetings of the striking union miners in their hall, the brilliant student stated that "I am of the working class and I believe in their problems." Of course the prosecutor raved when defense brought forth the popularity of Miss Tanner who

was selected to represent the city of Juneau in a recent contest.

George Cox and W. B. McPhail, longshoremen and the former being port delegate here, also testified for the defense. Two longshoremen were among the twenty-five defendants on trial. The prosecutor again raved when Irvin Goodman asked the witness about the 35,000 coast maritime workers who are backing the miners strike and demanding a dismissal of the "riot" charges. Goodman received the usual warning from the judge against injecting such issues into the case.

As the last witness for the defense, Charles Crozier, militant striking miner and vice-president of Local 203, was recalled to the stand. Walking into the courtroom in hunting garb, Crozier carried an old rifle that had been out of use for probably fifty years. Also concealed in his coat pocket he had a pistol, equally aged and hardly visible because of the rust that completely covered it. "We offer these weapons in evidence," said Senator Henry Roden of the defense counsel. "What's the purpose of the offer?" blurted out the judge, whose face turned red with anger while the slimy deputy prosecutor Folta jumped to his feet like a raving maniac. "Well, the defendants are charged with rioting with dangerous weapons and here are the weapons," Roden quickly responded. "Take them out of the courtroom," ordered the judge, amid the laughter of the workers who had crowded the courtroom and even of the jurors themselves.

Repeated threats were made against Irvin Goodman and there were rumors current that efforts would be made to "get Goodman before he leaves Alaska." But the workers established a defense corps and the militant I.L.D. attorney was constantly under guard day and night. The defendants and workers in Juneau have now experienced, for the first time here, an I.L.D. defense and the local I.L.D. has already grown in this town of 5,500 people to a membership of over one hundred.

From Arizona • by THOMAS J. CROAFF, Jr.

Legal Murder to "Preserve the Peace"

Nestled in the hills of southern Cochise county in Arizona is the City of Bisbee, domain of the mighty Phelps-Dodge Corporation. With a population of more than 18,000, the Bisbee district is typically the company community, with all of the accompanying methods of labor exploitation and corporate brutality.

Although practically idle for several years, the rich mines of Cochise county are now operating because of the tense international situation in recent months. Dependent as it is on the metal industry, the Phelps-Dodge Corporation is waxing rich on the huge war orders which are now rolling in as the world prepares for another imperialist slaughter.

Employing more than 1500 workers in Cochise county, the Phelps-Dodge proudly boasts that none of the company's camps are unionized. To a great extent the P-D's contention is supported in the fact that they have been successful in weeding out known union men.

Bisbee miners early last summer voted to strike for union recognition and better conditions. Over 300 workers walked out under the leadership of their militant A. F. of L. union. In an effort to break the workers' ranks, the company hired professional gun thugs and scabs.

Failing to break the discipline of the workers on the picket line, the bosses in desperation incited several skirmishes off the properties which resulted in the arrests of 23 of the most active strike leaders.

With 23 militants jailed the Phelps-Dodge began oiling its judicial machinery to railroad these workers, but the company failed to reckon with the solidarity of other members of organized labor who promptly responded with financial support and an energetic campaign of protests. Thomas J. Croaff, Senior, a past president of the state federation of labor, and former state director for the United States Department of Labor, was sent by the Phoenix Central Labor council and the International Labor Defense as defense attorney for the imprisoned workers.

Having the solid support of the Arizona working class, eighteen of the jailed miners were released in subsequent preliminary hearings.

But as the workers scored brilliant court victories in the stronghold of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, the employers scored also a legal point which will vitally affect future struggles of the working class in Arizona. This point should be carefully examined by all defenders of civil liberties for the working class.

Illustrating the "majesty of the law" in Arizona is a provision in the criminal code giving legal support to private gunthugs who may shoot to kill during a strike without fear of criminal prosecution. The provision is found in Paragraph 4590 of the Code, which reads, in part, as follows:

"Homicide is justifiable when committed by any person . . . when necessarily committed in attempting, by lawful ways and means, to apprehend any person for any felony committed, or in lawfully suppressing any riot or lawfully keeping and preserving the peace."

Another provision in the statutes covers homicide committed by duly commissioned law enforcement officers.

The applicability of this law to working class struggles and demonstrations can be seen in still another code provision defining "riot." Code Paragraph 4717, which dovetails nicely with paragraph 4590, states in no uncertain terms the following:

"Any use of force or violence disturbing the public peace, or any threat to use such force or violence, accompanied by immediate power of execution, by two or more persons acting together, and without authority of law, is a riot. Every person who participates in any riot is guilty of a felony. . . ."

This provision is so obviously flexible that any strike or workers assemblage could be a "threat to use force and violence" in the eyes of the law, justifying the commission of homicide by "any person" (read gunthugs) in "lawfully suppressing any riot or lawfully keeping and preserving the peace."

Direct application of these vicious legal "points" was recently made by Superior Judge John Wilson Ross of Cochise county in his instructions to a jury trying a Phelps-Dodge gunman who was charged with an assault with the intent to commit murder of Victor Smith, militant unionist during the strike in Bisbee. Smith, who was not armed, had been singled out in the picket line and then shot by Ed "Tex" Porter, company thug.

Faced with growing public resentment, Bisbee officials jailed the gunman on a felony charge. The Phelps-Dodge corporation immediately offered to furnish the \$10,000 bond set in the case, but the thug was only too willing to remain in jail until after the trial.

In the trial proceedings it was clearly brought out that had there actually been a "riot" or "disturbance of the peace" the sheriff and his deputies, who were present at the time of the assault, could have easily handled the situation. But Porter, private gunman, had taken it upon himself to "get" Victor Smith, a leader of the striking miners who were demanding union standards from the thug's employer—the Phelps-Dodge corporation.

After hearing the judge's instructions on provisions of Arizona law, the jury in a short deliberation returned a verdict which freed the company gunman.

Such a legal provision justifying murder to "preserve the peace" places a dangerous weapon in the hands of the bosses. And Arizona is not the only state with such code provisions. Similar statutes can be found in many states throughout the nation, and will inevitably be applied when human rights conflict with property rights.

●
**Tar and feathers for union men in California—
for Socialists and Democrats in Florida. See
editorial on page 3**

From California: by PETER QUINCE

Making The Land of Sunshine Safe For Standard Oil

"Would your verdict be in any way affected," District Attorney Cleary asked each prospective juror, "by the fact that Mr. Devore has been employed by the Standard Oil and other major companies to assist me in this case?"

With this indicative question there opened in July, 1935, in Modesto, California, the trial which railroaded eight militant maritime workers to the state penitentiaries for sentences ranging from six months to five years.

A strike for better conditions on oil tankers had been called. Picket lines stretched from the Mexican border to Puget Sound. The profits of the Standard Oil were threatened.

Rumors had reached the seamen's hall in San Francisco that scabs were being mobilized in Patterson. On the evening of April 21, 1935, two automobiles carrying eleven men, ten of them members of Maritime Unions and active in

the tanker strike, were arrested on the state highway near this city. The automobiles were stopped by Standard Oil special agents and Stanislaus County deputies. The cars were searched and a quantity of dynamite and two black jacks were "found" in one car. The men were placed in the Modesto jail and held on warrants sworn out by the Standard Oil special agents, charging the men with a conspiracy to assault strike-breakers being harbored at the Del Puerto hotel at Patterson, and with intent to blow up the hotel and Standard Oil property in that vicinity. Two of the men, Hal Marchant and James Scudder, were released almost immediately and returned to San Francisco.

In the course of the trial that followed, cross-examination revealed these highlights:

1) Marchant and Scudder were self-admitted stool-pigeons in the employ of the Standard Oil and the San Francisco police department. Scudder's own brother testified as to the latter's past activities as a police informer. It was Scudder who, on the night of April 21st, on the excuse that he had to phone his sick wife, called the police and informed them that two carloads of men were leaving for Patterson. He also gave police the license numbers of the cars.

2) When the original arrest was made Marchant and Scudder were turned over to the sheriff. They were never at any time booked. After having a meal with the sheriff they returned to San Francisco.

3) The arrest was made without legal authority. Standard Oil special agents testified that the automobiles were stopped because they "looked suspicious." The two Standard Oil agents made the arrest at the point of guns for which they had no legal permits.

4) Stool-pigeons testified that the dynamite was divided among all the men in the dark. Yet when the dynamite was "discovered" it was found divided into two neat, equal packages. The prosecution was forced to admit that on the black jacks, dynamite paper and fuses alleged to have been handled by the defendants, *not one single fingerprint was found.*

And yet, on the evidence of self-admitted police agents and perjurers, directed by a prejudicial bench and a red-baiting Standard Oil prosecutor, a middle-class jury returned a verdict of guilty. It is difficult for people east of the Rockies to understand the hysteria that is whipped up when a workingclass case comes to trial in a small California town. What is remarkable is that in spite of this, the defendants were found guilty not of "conspiracy to use dynamite to hazard or destroy property and human life," not of "conspiracy to commit assault with deadly weapons," but of the vague charge of "reckless possession of dynamite."

Six months to five years! California was made safe for the Standard Oil!

But was it? The mighty Marine Federation of the Pacific called upon its thirty-five thousand militant members to take organized action. A boycott of Standard Oil products has been in effect for some time. An appeal of the Modesto Case is planned for early this year. And meanwhile, from San Quentin, the maritime workers write:

"We are putting our trust in the rank and file!"

And the rank-and-file throughout the country will not betray that trust.



What We Need Today

Big Branches of The I. L. D.

The speech of Anna Damon at the Herndon meeting in New York on December 20, printed elsewhere in this issue of the *LABOR DEFENDER*, indicates great tasks, and an inspiring prospect for the labor defense movement in the United States. A great, organized, united defense movement, with its basis in the trade-unions, is visualized—and it is something that can be accomplished.

It goes without question that the main force in building and organizing such a movement will be the branches of the International Labor Defense. Consequently the first task of these branches is to see that they are properly equipped for this proud task.

What kind of branches will be best fitted to carry through this work?

At the present time many of our branches are small, with very narrow functions, and as a result their growth is stunted. What we need are big branches, mass branches, with their doors wide open for the people who sympathize with relief and defense activities in the labor movement, who support this work in any way, to flock into them as members.

A member of the I.L.D. is a person who agrees with its aims and pays dues. There is no other condition of membership.

A branch of the I.L.D. composed of such people—fifty, a hundred, two hundred and even more—can be a real force in the community.

Such a branch of the I.L.D. is a center to which these people turn for expression of their needs of defense of themselves, their neighbors, their trade-unions, their other organizations, against the violence of reaction. It is a center from which a movement of defense and relief, expressed in the greatest variety of organized forms, spreads out over an entire community or section of a community.

Naturally, in any organization as loosely constructed, as the I.L.D. branch that is visualized here, there must be a central body to pull the work together, to see that dues are collected from the members whether they come to the meeting or not, to build this big defense movement which is discussed in the speech of Anna Damon.

This corps of active members, who attend I.L.D. branch meetings—as distinguished from those who will come to educational lectures, forums, etc.—is the backbone of the I.L.D., its center is the executive committee of the branch. These are the people who keep constant personal contact with the whole membership, and while maintaining this contact try to draw some of them into the work of the branch whenever possible, thus multiplying the number of active members, drawing in new leadership which is one of the most important needs of the I.L.D. today.

In many branches, this corps of active workers will at first be the present membership. Under-

standing the tasks ahead, the aims of the I.L.D. as a whole, this present membership will learn very quickly how to surround itself with literally hundreds of I.L.D. members, the biggest proportion of whom will constantly be "inactive" because as some are drawn into activity the total will at the same time grow.

A word about the physical character of an I.L.D. center, which must reflect the character of the I.L.D. itself. The branch to function effectively must have some kind of permanent headquarters in a trade-union hall, in a church, in a neighborhood community center, in a store or hall—not in a left-wing center, or in a building or hall used by the left-wing. Slogans, posters, decorations for this I.L.D. center will be exclusively material reflecting the defense and relief work of the I.L.D.

In order to attract the stay-at-home members and the neighborhood people generally the branch should turn the I.L.D. center into a place for social and educational gatherings. Well-planned, and advertised educational and social evenings or Sundays, frequently organized, will help a great deal in this aspect of I.L.D. work.

This article gives only a very general survey of what an I.L.D. branch should be to carry on its work most effectively. The *LABOR DEFENDER* will carry in every future issue more articles, especially those telling of experiences of branches all over the country, dealing with these questions.

Famous Speeches Made in Court

(Continued from page 12)

DEBS' SPEECH

The War of the Revolution was opposed. The Tory press denounced its leaders as criminals and outlaws and that is what they were, under the divine right of a king to rule men. The War of 1812 was opposed and condemned; The Mexican War was bitterly condemned by Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster, and by Henry Clay. That war took place under the Polk administration; and they said that war was a crime against humanity. They were not indicted; they were not tried for crime. They are honored today by all their fellow countrymen. The War of the Rebellion was opposed and condemned.

In the struggle, in the unceasing struggle between the rulers and the producers and their exploiters, I have tried as best I might, to serve those among whom I was born, with whom I expect to share my lot until the end of my days. I am thinking of this morning in the mills and factories. I am thinking of the women who, for a petty war, are compelled to work out their lives, of the little children who in this system, are robbed of their childhood, and in their early, tender years are seized in the remorseless grasp of Mammon, and forced into the industrial dungeons, there to feed the machines while they themselves are being starved body and soul. . . .

I think of these little children, the girls that are in the textile mills of all descriptions in the East, in the cotton factories of the South—I think of them at work in vitiated atmosphere—I think of them at work while they ought to be at play or at school, I think that when they do grow up, if they live long enough to approach the marriage state they are unfit for it. Their nerves are worn out, their issue is exhausted, their vitality is

spent. They have been fed to industry. Their lives have been coined into gold. Their offspring are born tired. . . .

Washington, Adams, Paine—they were the rebels of their day. At first they were opposed by the people and denounced by the press. You can remember that it was Franklin who said to his compeers, "We have now to hang together or we'll hang separately by and by." And if the Revolution had failed, the revolutionary fathers would have been executed as felons. But it did not fail. Revolutions have a habit of succeeding when the time comes for them. The revolutionary fathers were opposed to the form of government in their day. They were denounced. They were condemned. But they had the moral courage to stand erect and defy all the storms of detraction; and that is why they are history, and that is why the great respectable majority of their day sleep in forgotten graves. The world does not know they ever lived. . . .

It is because I happen to be of this minority that I stand in your presence today, charged with crime. It is because I believe as the revolutionary fathers believed in their day, that a change was due in the interests of the people, that the time had come for a better form of government, an improved system, a high social order, a nobler humanity and a grander civilization . . . you may hasten the change; you may retard it; you can no more prevent it than you can prevent the coming of the sunrise on the morrow. Your Honor, I ask no mercy. I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally right must prevail . . . I can see the dawn of a better day for humanity. The people are awakening. In due course of time they will come into their own . . . September 12, 1918, Cleveland.

LIEBKNECHT'S SPEECH

the present order of society. There exists an excellent means of obviating the dangers which threaten you. You have only to see to it that the present army system is replaced with a system corresponding to our age of civilization, that the army be not used against the domestic enemy, that military armaments in general be decreased, that maltreatments of soldiers be abandoned; in short, that all the things which make our militarism a disgrace to civilization be abolished.

Under these circumstances, my work of enlightenment would fall of its own weight. . . .

Mr. Chief State Attorney, I am not a coward. I shall stand by my deeds. . . . I have repeatedly emphasized—even outside of these premises—that this trial is a veritable Godsend. For is it not a gift from Heaven to be permitted to answer a charge, a charge formulated in such manner as to enable me to expound here to all the world my anti-militarist view? This is, indeed a thing for which I cannot be grateful enough; I regret only that I am not opposing a well-devised accusation. . . .

The Chief State Attorney has permitted himself to introduce my person, into this matter and to attack my character. The Chief State Attorney has moved that I be sentenced to two years of imprisonment, if I am not mistaken—I was not listening at the moment—and perhaps also to deprive me of my citizenship.

My honor is my own, and if all fifteen of you are of the opinion that I have been guilty of dishonorable motives and if you deny me the rights of citizenship this will not touch me essentially. Your act will rebound from me and will influence my honor as little as a breath influences a polished mirror. . . . October 10, 1917.



"Sorry, Your Honor, I haven't quite finished questioning them." (From a Czecho-Slovakian newspaper)

WHAT TO DO— when under ARREST

It is noon of a bright, snappy, day, just the kind of weather for golf. A defendant represented by two I.L.D. attorneys is in court. The judge has just disposed of all cases on the docket except one—a jury case. He isn't too anxious to try the case. While he is having lunch he gets a call from an old friend, an ex-bootlegger:

Bootlegger: Hello, Judge! How are you?

Judge: Fine, Johnny, when did you blow in?

Bootlegger: Just this morning. Say, we're going over to the links. Why don't you join us for a round of golf?

Judge (reluctantly): Wish I could, but I can't. Got a trial on.

Bootlegger: One trial ought not take long. You can . . .

Judge: But it's one of those damn reds. They always demand a jury trial.

Bootlegger: Aw, you can fix it up somehow.

Judge: Can't. The lawyer has just refused a compromise.

Bootlegger: You'll be sorry. You should see who I got with me.

Judge: Listen, I'll get rid of this trial, somehow. Meet you at 1:30.

The judge then approaches the I.L.D. lawyer, and offers to be "considerate" if he will do the judge a favor by waiving a jury trial. The I.L.D. attorneys consult each other and reject the proposition.

Judge (pleading): Listen, I've got an appointment, and I want to get through with this case. Come on, take a bench trial, (then significantly) I'll be reasonable.

The lawyers fall for his honor's line and accept a bench trial. The arresting officer takes the stand and introduces a leaflet in evidence. He testifies the defendant was distributing this leaflet. It calls for support to the demand for unemployment insurance, and says that the jobless should not be forced to starve. The defense attorneys admit the facts, but deny the law has been broken. The defendant is not put on the stand to testify in his own behalf. The defense rests.

Judge: \$100.00 and costs.

I.L.D. Lawyer (very much distressed): But, your honor, you promised:

Judge: Court's adjourned.

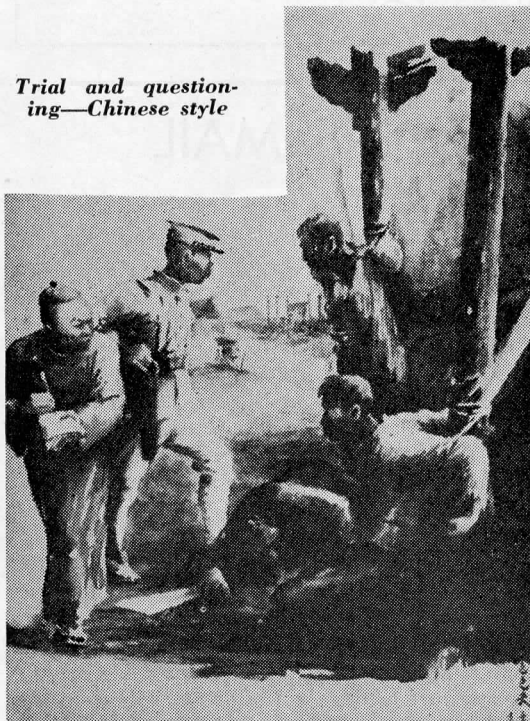
The judge goes on to the golf links and the defendant goes off to jail.

What errors were committed?

First, the attorneys acted without authority. No I.L.D. attorney has the right to waive a jury trial, or any other right of the defendant, without obtaining permission from the I.L.D. itself.

Second, the defendant should have phoned the I.L.D. office for a decision. Even in the absence of such a decision, he should exercise his right to decide. His decision as a defendant takes precedence over that of the attorney.

Trial and questioning—Chinese style



CHAINS of PROGRESS

By KEN FOSTER

Alfred E. Smith believes that "It is a great mistake to say we have a property or privileged class." Anyway it is a great mistake for a working man to say it. He may end up in prison or on the chain gang.

Georgia is appealing to the Supreme Court to reverse the decision that temporarily released Angelo Herndon and Governor Talmadge claims that he knows nothing about the insurrection law. It is about time that "Our Gene" did a little home work.

I see where a society composed of the descendants of those hardy pioneers who migrated to America on the Mayflower are in favor of stopping all immigration and deporting all aliens. In all probability their next step will be to send the Indians back where they came from.

Those people who have been lamenting for fear that America would be regimented may now lean back with a sigh of relief. The Supreme Court of America has just said that it is O.K. for little children to work in factories. So instead of being regimented in foul school rooms they are now free to file into a beautiful factory and work twelve hours a day. Once more the world is made safe for Democracy!

Capital's biggest advantage over Labor is that money talks and judges love conversation.

The New York Times launched an appeal, some time ago, to raise funds for the poor political prisoners in the U. S. S. R. According to this appeal, it seems that the Soviet Government first shoots these prisoners, then tortures them, and lastly sets them free.

And come to think of it, I don't remember the Times starting any appeal to aid Thaelmann.

Well, there has been a Southern Committee formed to uphold the Constitution of the United States and to keep President Roosevelt from revolutionizing the country. I hope they read the section entitled, "The Rights of Man."

In all humbleness I would like to suggest to the Southern Committee that while they are reading the Constitution that they particularly notice that the Rights of Man speaks of EVERY MAN and does not mention anything about certain skin coloring as a qualification to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

A jailer in the South left the jail door open so that the townspeople could enter and lynch a Negro. There, in a nut-shell, you have the "open-door" policy of the South.

In many cities the I.L.D. conducts classes and lectures on "What to Do When Under Arrest." Get in touch with your local I.L.D. organization and find out where and when you can attend these lectures.



“Sorry, Your Honor, I haven’t quite finished questioning them.” (From a Czecho-Slovakian newspaper)

Voices FROM Prison

From those who contributed to the Christmas Drive

"I enclose ten dollars which I hope will go a little way towards giving Christmas happiness to one of the Negro prisoners' families."

J. W. J., Webster Groves, Mo.

"Enclosed find one dollar for prisoners' relief. It is not much but I hope it helps a little. If I can spare more later on I will send it."

"P.S. My little girl who is only seven years old sends a dollar out of her Christmas money, so that makes it two."

J. L. R., Woodside, N. Y.

"Given in the name of Jesus whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas Day. May he comfort our prisoners."

E. G. F., Pasadena, Cal.

"Our Polish Women's Unity Club, of Toledo, sends you five dollars as a Christmas gift for political prisoners and their families."

"I am a school boy and this dollar is all I was able to collect from among my friends."

W. K., Philadelphia.

"I am very much interested in neediest case number 15, and would like her to receive the enclosed amount."

Mrs. B. B., Brooklyn, New York.

"Enclosed find \$4 to help you go ahead with your very worthwhile work. I will keep the list you sent and try to collect more funds."

J. B., Kansas City, Mo.

"Enclosing two dollars for the Christmas Drive. Hope you have better results here next time. I am sending you the names of some friends. They are all good fellows and good union men. Perhaps they can do better than I can."

J. Z., Meriden, Conn.

"I want to help you in anything that I can do. Please let me know what because I have very little money. It is all eaten up in taxes and I have an 82 year old mother that I am supporting. That is what is holding me down."

G.H.G., Phillipsville, N. J.

"Enclosed you will find my expression of solidarity in defense of those temporarily out of the struggle. There is no better way to answer the forces of reaction responsible for the miserable conditions of the Scottsboro Boys, the Gallup miners and the thousands of leaders of the working class than to enclose my share for their relief. To help smash the locks of the jails. For my hammer blow I enclose \$3.00."

H. S., N. Y. C.

"I am sending you the small sum of one dollar for the political prisoners and their children. I only wish that I could send more for such needy cases. I hope that this small sum will make some child happy and show that we, the working people, have not forgot them in their need."

A. S., New Bedford, Mass.

"Accept this small donation to your Christmas fund or whatever use is best for hastening the day when the prison gates will swing open for the class war prisoners to walk out, and their tormenters, the millionaire parasites, be pushed in."

The S. Family, Oliver, Ill.

"I wish there were more than the enclosed two dollars for me to send you. The money represents two days of tending a herd of sheep at the State College where I am studying agriculture. I hope the filled out blank will further help you to swell your funds."

N. B. J., Amherst, Mass.

"Here is my check—I have many calls on me just now, so it's small. And I'm sending it to try to help make less bitter the result of some injustice—not because I believe that the laboring classes are better than others, nor that I sympathize with certain communistic principles attributed to your organization—for I don't."

H. F.—Scarsdale, N. Y.

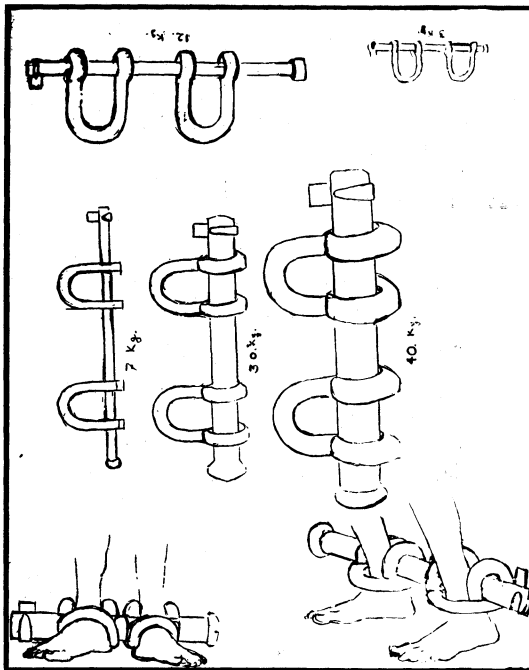
"Here is \$1.00 for your Christmas fund for the political prisoners, their wives and children from a class conscious member of the A. F. L."

Spokane, Wash.

"Enclosed in my mite for the Neediest Cases. If I ever come into any money some of it will surely find its way to your powerful organization."

A Friend.

Venezuela's idea of punishment for political prisoners. These bars are made of steel and weigh up to 50 pounds. They are never removed.



JOHN BROWN GETS HIS MAIL

(Continued from page 7)

agitated penologists all over the world. In 1872 at the International Prison Congress in London, participated in by representatives of America, Great Britain and all the European powers, a resolution of approval was adopted, after considering the question, "Ought a kind of imprisonment, consisting in a mere deprivation of liberty, without obligation to work, and without contact with other prisoners, to be admitted for special crimes, not implying any great perversity?" In this category of crimes political offenses topped the list.

History, then, is behind us, in our demand for the recognition of the status of political prisoners in the United States. The preparatory conferences held to date to launch the movement, in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, are making further history. They gathered around them representatives of many organiza-

tions, trade unions, and individuals interested in this vital problem. They have taken the first steps in the direction of organizing the movement.

John Brown was deprived of letters, J. B. McNamara is ruthlessly transferred from prison to prison—he is now in Folsom, considered the disciplinary institution of the state of California. Both, in the eyes of American law, were common felons, both however, presented special problems for them to solve. So far the only recognition granted political prisoners in America comes in the form of special persecution.

A draft bill for special legislation on this question has been prepared. Copies of it have already been sent to every state where there are political prisoners. Steps are being taken to secure its introduction in Congress. The various state organizations of the I.L.D. are working

for its passage in their state legislatures.

Everywhere endorsements to this bill are being secured from the most varied groups of people, and especially from local unions, whose members are among those most likely to need its provisions. So far, every small privilege won for the political prisoners behind the bars has been the result of concerted action. A nationwide movement behind this drive for the recognition of the status of political prisoners can accomplish a tremendously important aim—as much comfort and ease behind stone walls as possible for those who have given their freedom in labor's cause.

The legal information contained in this article was collected by the Commission on Research, established at the National Conference for the Recognition of the Status of Political Prisoners. The February issue of the LABOR DEFENDER will contain the model bill providing for recognition drawn up by the Commission on Legislation.

"We Wouldn't Have Had Any Xmas at All"

I received your letter with all the money in it. The men all thank you for their money and they was glad the I.L.D. yet has sympathy for them. I would have wrote you before now but I wanted to go to see Ned so I could tell you how he was getting along. I went to see him yesterday. He was well and glad for his money. I can go and stay all day with him now and tell him about all the good things the workers send to me and he enjoys it so much. I am glad to know that you are all trying to be successful for this Christmas as you were last year. For if it hadn't been for the I.L.D. we wouldn't have had any Christmas gifts at all.

Viola, Cobb, Alabama,
Husband serving 15 years.

Congratulations and Good Luck

Greetings of solidarity. Please excuse the postal but am stuck out here in the county hospital without any other stationery. My little son was born Saturday, November 30, at 1:30 p.m. He was three weeks overdue and not expected to live at first. But he's much stronger now and there seems no question he will live. He weighed over 7 pounds when born. We will go home on Tuesday I hope. My husband and I have not named the baby yet. I am feeling fine and anxious to get busy on the many organizational tasks I want to get done before I have to return to prison in case our appeal is lost. Besides the fact that all of us Sacramento C.S. prisoners are innocent and should be freed I am selfish enough to want to be able to stay out so I can spoil my baby myself. So I appeal to all workers to unite their strength which is our only chance for freedom.

Lorine Norman—one of the Sacramento prisoners freed on bail.

"Our Journey a Pleasure—"

For the months of October and November the money orders arrived from the Prisoners Relief Department, a department that cares for simple needs but urgent needs of its dependents. The best we have to offer at this time in return to those who never neglect us in our determination never to forsake or be blinded and thence be ripe for the misleaders who direct their phraseology along the channels of emotionalism and abstractions and muddle the fact and truths which are necessarily vital and essential for the attainment of success.

Our health is good; our spirit much better with a light now lighting our course clearly making our journey a pleasure for our guide is always close.

John J. Cornelison,
Serving a life sentence in San Quentin

"You Will Get Solitary Confinement"

I am writing you for the prisoners in Lincoln Heights Jail, (John Sanders, James McShann and Harold Hendricks.)

Last week, they wrote a letter to the National Office, but the jailer tore it up and threw it at them saying, "The next time you write such a letter, you will get solitary confinement." Since that time, they have been allowed to write only a one page letter a week, to their families only, it must be mailed on Monday, and they can write

to no organization. They constantly get such threats as, "If you don't quit squawking, and get your friends to quit their squawking, we will take you down to Central Station and separate you, and that will be the end."

Yesterday, and today, James McShann asked to see the doctor, but he was not permitted to do so. He suffers from terrible pains in his head



Harry Donlin. Serving a five-year sentence in San Quentin. A fighter's smile.



Their father is serving a 99-year sentence in West Virginia. He is Miner Charles Bock. They were babies when he was arrested 4 years ago.

and legs, as a result of the brutal beating he received at the time of his arrest. He is in such misery that he can not sleep. Last night, a police matron gave them some doped pills, which is all the medical treatment they received.

There are in the same tank, prisoners who have cancer and tuberculosis, and receive no medical care whatever. These diseases are easily spread.

They told of Earl Wilkenson, a Negro worker who was arrested on charges of vagrancy. This man has been in the hole five months, with two meals a day (such as they are), but he eats only one, (the best) which is not fit for any animal to eat. He weighed 230 pounds when he was first put there, and now he weighs 160. The officials wanted him to climb up the bars and wash them, which was impossible for a man of his weight, and therefore, they threw him in the hole. He was due out last week, but his good time was taken away.

We have arranged another delegation to the City Council to protest these vile conditions. We expect to have a mass demonstration, as many organizations are participating.

Fraternally yours,
Agnes Hendricks

"I Still Haven't Any Work"

I received the money you sent me and I thank you very much. I tried to spend it to the best advantage. I'm always grateful for what you send. I still haven't any work. But I am trying each day to find some. Hope you have success in your wonderful work.

Emma Taylor, Houston, Texas.
Husband serving in Leavenworth.

"We Take It—Until Our Day Comes"

I received your most welcome letter and was very happy to hear from you. I am getting along fine and my health is good. I hope your conference will bring good results for the political prisoners. We are a big bunch in prison, for what reason? Just to keep us from demanding our rights. But putting us in jail won't help those who want to stop us. They are just making more enemies for themselves. Because the political prisoners know how they work, and know what we can expect from them and we take it all until our day comes.

I wish I could write you every day, but you know that I can't.

Juan Diaz, 11386
Steilacoom Federal Pen.

Burlington

(Continued from page 9)

Next I talked to a non-union worker. After five minutes of hesitancy he made up his mind and told me what he really thought. "Sure, it was a frame-up—a regular bosses' trick to break the strike. There's lots of guys like me that want to do something about working conditions, but this is what gets us. I got a wife and five young kids. If I lose my job they don't eat. What can I do?"

My last conversation with a cotton mill hand—one of the September strikers, gave the answer. "God damn it," he flared, "they never done it but if they had of done it they ought to be held up proud, not thrown in jail. They sent their tin soldiers here, jabbed bayonets into us, cursed us—all we wanted was enough to eat and decent places to live. We gotta strike, it's our only way."

Support the Defense of All Class War Prisoners

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International Labor Defense, New York District

FEBRUARY

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Thursday 13

Friday 14

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