

# Labor

# Defender

Feb  
1936

Price  
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FROM

PRISONERS RELIEF

DEPT. I.L.D.



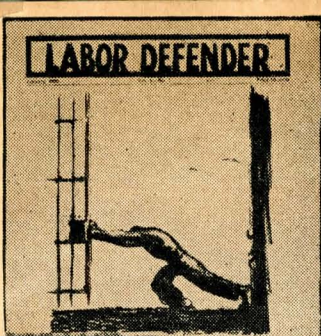


# 10 years of the LABOR DEFENDER

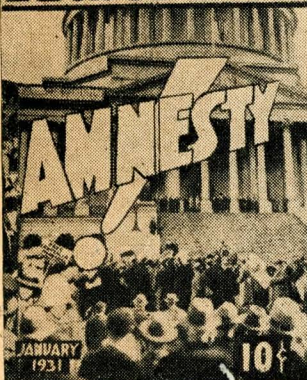
10 Years of American History in The Making

1926

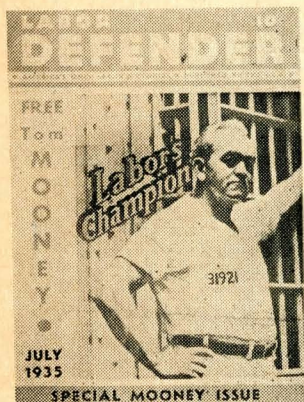
The very first issue.



LABOR DEFENDER



1931



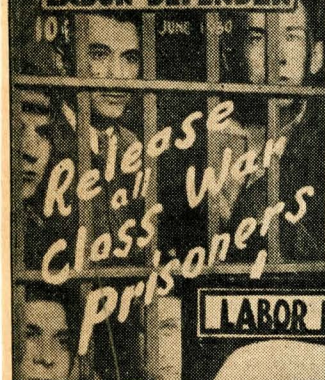
1935

LABOR DEFENDER



1934

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LABOR DEFENDER



1927

## 1936 Marks Our 10th Anniversary

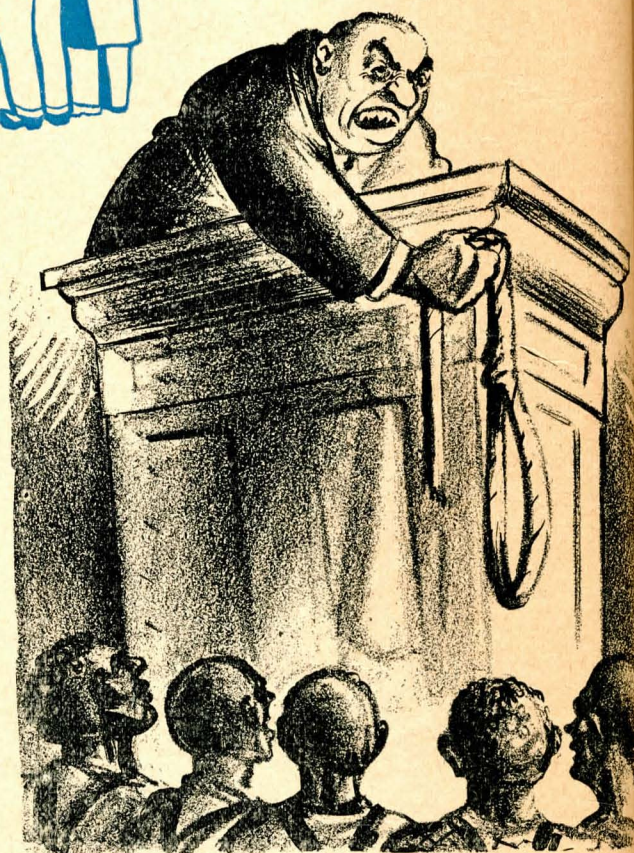
10 years of PICTURES—  
EYE WITNESS  
accounts—  
TRUE REPORTS  
from all  
over the  
WORLD



Ten years of defense of labor's right to organize and strike.

Our writers reflect our scope:

DEBS, MOONEY,  
ROMAIN ROLLAND,  
MAXIM GORKY,  
DREISER, DOS PASSOS,  
MOTHER BLOOR,  
ERNST TOLLER,  
KENTUCKY MINERS,  
BIG BILL HAYWOOD,  
WALDO FRANK,  
SHARECROPPERS,  
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON,  
LUCY PARSONS,  
TRADE UNION LEADERS



Ten years of battle against lynch law.

Join in our 10th Anniversary Drive—See Page 18

For 10 years first hand accounts of labor defense in the courts.



For 10 years the organizer of aid and support to the families of labor's prisoners.



For 10 years voices from prison.





## Permanent United Defense

### Our answer to Alabama and Georgia

As we go to press the life of Ozie Powell, one of the nine Scottsboro boys is still in danger, after two bullets fired by an Alabama sheriff, were removed from his head in an Alabama hospital.

The fourth Scottsboro "trial" opened in Decatur on January 20 with the most shameless call to bias and prejudice by Judge W. W. Callahan that even the state of Alabama has ever seen. It ended on Friday, January 24 with the shooting of one of the boys on a state highway several miles from the nearest town.

It was a more vicious travesty of justice than any of the three previous "trials." Cynically following out the letter of the U. S. Supreme Court decision, that Scottsboro trials which systematically excluded Negroes from juries were illegal, the state has seen to it that Negroes were included on the panels from which the trial juries are drawn. But Jim Crow entered the very court room and even while the prospective jurors were being questioned as to their eligibility, the Negroes called were forced to sit in special chairs set outside of the jury box which was reserved for whites only.

The whole world knows by this time of the brutal sentence meted out to Haywood Patterson, three times sentenced to death in the electric chair and now sentenced to 75 years of living death in an Alabama jail.

On the same day as the Scottsboro trials were indefinitely postponed and Ozie Powell was shot, the State Supreme Court of Georgia heard the appeal of the State of Georgia against the ruling of Judge Hugh Dorsey which declared the insurrection law unconstitutional and freed Angelo Herndon on \$8,000 bail. The State of Georgia is fighting tooth and nail to preserve this outworn weapon against militant workers and to send Angelo Herndon to his death on the chain-gang as a bloody warning to all who may dare to follow in his footsteps.

While these trials were in progress, persecution, terror, armed force against strikers, long jail sentences, constant encroachment upon our civil liberties and democratic rights are prevalent in

every section of the country. The need for labor defense is greater than it ever was before and in the face of this growing wave of terror—a new kind of defense is needed—a permanent united labor defense big enough, broad enough to include every section of the population ready and willing to take a stand against the terror and reaction, ready to lend a hand in united action for defense and relief of labor's prisoners. A permanent united defense for all victims of terror and oppression along the lines already successfully built in the Scottsboro and Herndon cases. The united Scottsboro Defense embraces two powerful national church organizations, the most influential Negro organization, three defense organizations, prominent individuals of national reputation and standing. The Herndon defense organized on the basis of joint action involved millions. The road lies clear ahead. What can be gained from such united joint action has already been demonstrated in the Herndon case. The willing response of trade union bodies as shown in the Gallup and Burlington defense on a national scale indicates the spirit that was responsible for the discussion as the 55th convention of the A. F. of L. regarding the burning need for organized labor defense. The I.L.D. at its recent conference in Cleveland, Ohio, recognized this need and pledged itself to a program of activity directed to a definite goal—one powerful united defense organization in the United States. Such an organization would be not only the most adequate defense of the Gallups, Scottsboro, Herndon, C. S. victims of the moment, but a shield for all those to come.

## 1926-1936

1936 marks the tenth anniversary of the LABOR DEFENDER. The first issue appeared in January, 1926, and every month since that time, the LABOR DEFENDER has brought you the news, pictures, reports from the scenes of action of American defense history in the making. For ten years it has been the voice of America's political prisoners and their defenders. For ten years it has brought you the true story of how they lived, struggled, gave their freedom and their lives. No major battle of the American workers and farmers has been omitted from the living annals of history that the LABOR DEFENDER has become. The struggle in defense of America's greatest and finest traditions of liberty, justice, asylum have been kept alive in its pages.

To mark our tenth year of life and growth, we appeared in a newer, bigger and we hope better shape and form. We want to spread out still further, to reach new tens of thousands with messages of the I.L.D.'s powerful united action for the defense and relief to labor's neediest. We want to celebrate our tenth anniversary with a special enlarged issue for May Day, an issue that will reflect the work, the aims, the needs of the defense movement of today. And we ask for your support to enable us to continue in the future on a bigger, better scale. We ask you to send your greetings to the special May Day Birthday issue, to get your organization to do the same. We ask you to subscribe and to get others to subscribe. We ask you to help us celebrate our anniversary in the most fitting way—increasing the circulation of the official organ of the I.L.D. On other pages of this issue you will find more about our anniversary plans—help us carry them out.

## Five New Victims

Five new prisoners have taken their places in the gloomy cells of Raleigh Penitentiary in North Carolina. They are sentenced to spend from two to ten years within its bleak and gruesome walls. Their crime? Fighting to build and preserve the textile workers union against the attacks of scabs, gun thugs, militia and the de-

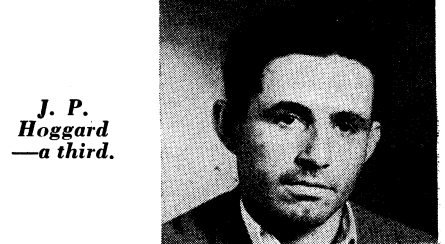


John Anderson, trade unionist, leader of the Burlington textile workers.

termination of the mill owners to crush it at any cost. These five men were framed on the outrageous charge of dynamiting the Holt mill in Burlington, N. C., during the general textile strike in 1934 when Gov. Eugene Talmadge initiated the first American concentration camps. Their trial was a farce. The whole machinery



J. Harraway—another of the Burlington defendants.



J. P. Hoggard—a third.

of the frame-up was clearly exposed. But the State Supreme Court of North Carolina ignored the evidence and the contentions of the defense, and the men are now in jail. Among them is John Anderson, president of the Piedmont Council of the United Textile Workers of America, a man with a record of honesty and sincerity that is hard to equal; a man who had the respect of all his neighbors and fellow workers as a staunch fighter for labor's rights. Every one of the five is being persecuted for his labor activity. The Burlington Defense Committee with the support and aid of the International Labor Defense is not giving up the fight for their freedom. New evidence is now being gathered which will be used to force a new trial for these innocent men. In the meantime every trade unionist, every friend of labor and labor's rights should rally to their support by sending resolutions and letters of protest to Gov. Ehringhaus of North Carolina. The future of every trade unionist in America is tied up with the fate of the Burlington prisoners. Their only crime was their loyalty to their trade union and their rights as workers. As long as they remain behind the bars no trade unionist is free.

## Labor Defender

Published Every Month  
by the

International Labor Defense

Editors: Wm. L. Patterson, Sasha Small  
Associate Editor: Louis Colman

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## **Five New Victims**

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**J. Harraway—**  
*another of the  
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**J. P.  
Hoggard**  
*—a third.*





# DEAR DOC:

**An open letter to Dr. Hans Luther, Nazi ambassador to the U. S. A., from WALTER BAER, saved from deportation by a writ of habeas corpus on the day after it was written. He is still on Ellis Island.**

So you issued a passport to Nazi Germany for me. Why did you do it? You know what would happen to a guy like me in Hitler's Hippodrome, don't you? That's the country—no, I'm wrong—the government that chops off women's heads, that throws everybody and anybody into jail if they don't go the whole hog for neo-paganism, free speech abolition, trade union eradication, or any of the rest of the Hitler variations of modern fascism on charges of "conspiracy to commit treason."

Yes and your concentration camps, where Erich Becker's two brothers have been for several years now. There's another case for you; his two brothers got in a concentration camp so he figures he's next—and scrams for the sanctuary of our free land, the U.S.A., and just because he didn't let some immigration inspector in on it, you issued a passport to Germany for him too. I wonder what they do to guys like him, who have the unmitigated treasonable gall to parade in front of a German consulate in this country squawking about the way his two brothers are being given patriotism, sluggings and T.B. back in the good old Fatherland.

Of course, you are going to say, "What has that got to do with deportations?" The German embassy must respect the decisions of the United States Government; when they say a man is a German, we issue a passport."

You know, or at any rate, *unofficially*, you know that I don't even know exactly where I was born. You know positively I wasn't born where some dumb immigration inspector put down I was born when I landed with my dad here in N. Y. in 1906. You have documents from that little German town telling you I wasn't born there. My mother's last words when she died in Germany in 1904 were in English. And I have always said, what I know to be the truth, that I was born in Calixico, California. I can even today talk, not real Spanish, but Mexican Spanish. How come?

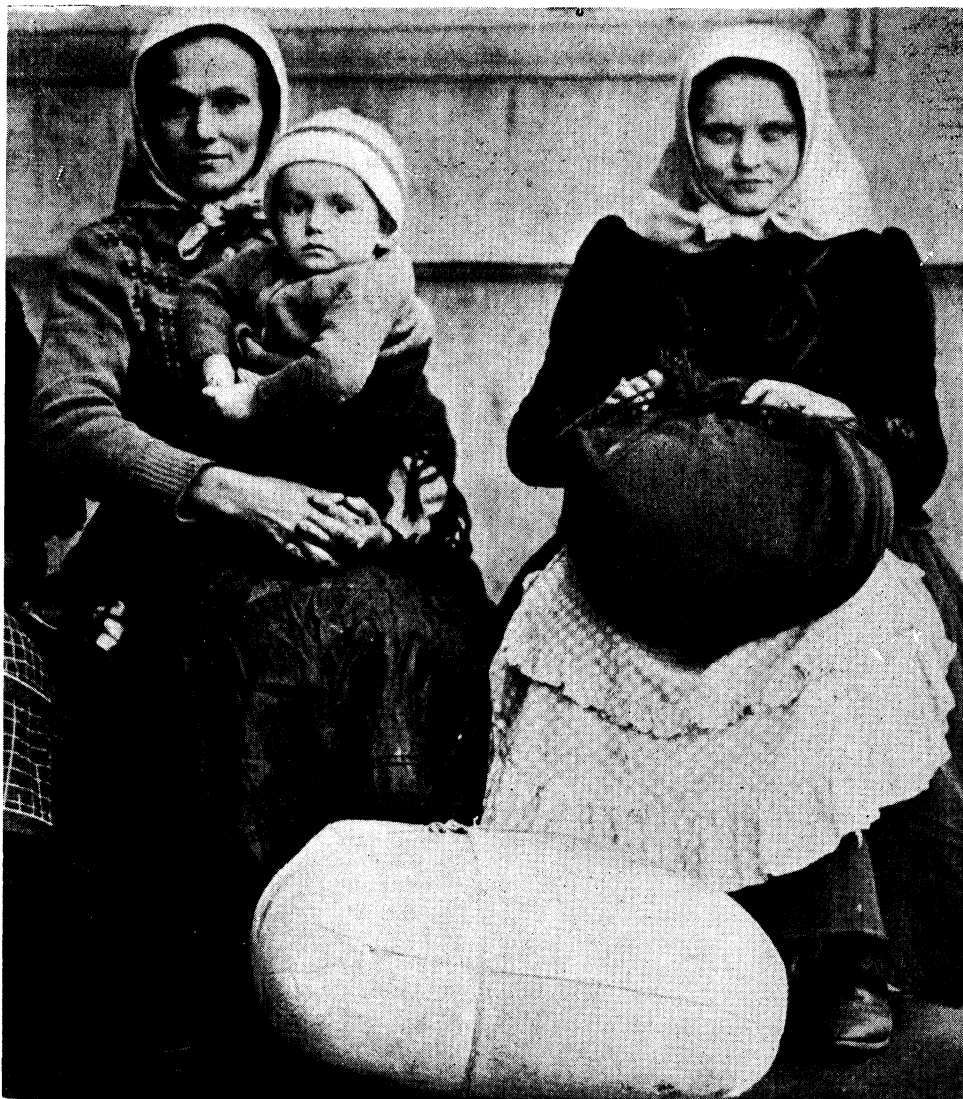
You know this. Then you also know that I've lived in Portland, Oregon, for 28 years, that I've got the nicest, sweetest girl for a wife you can imagine; that we've been married ten years and that she's the mother of my three little kids.

Yes sir, you know this because the Portland and Seattle consuls told you so. Right?

In the two years that I've been in the "custody" of the Immigration Bureau, also known as the Forcible Divorce, Home Wrecking and Chinese Family Reuniting Service, I've had a chance to kind of speculate on many things.

Willie Hearst and Barney MacFadden chant about deporting all aliens, 6,000,000 of them. Martin Dies chirps the choruses. Result, a couple of hundred poor working stiffs like me are grabbed off the streets and before you can say habeas corpus, passports are issued and they are on their way. But guys who ought to be deported, the Nazi spies for instance who snitched on Alfred Miller who is a courageous anti-Nazi and who skinned out of Germany before he got skinned eight years ago and for whom you have also issued a passport, criminals like Nick Montanta—why don't you issue passports for them? Because they don't deport the guys who have the potatoes or are helpful to the little and big Caesars.

My dad came here thirty years ago to better himself and fix it so I could live better than he had. After being smashed up by a drunken driver, he is now in a spot where he's either got to depend on me or starve. What few dollars he had saved went since the depression. My mother died when I was a baby; consequently I had to kind of raise myself on the streets of Portland while Dad worked to make us a living. Somehow or other, when I got back from fighting the tin-horn war in Mexico, I got into a couple of jams and got sentenced to the "Big House" for four years. Two years and ten months later, in 1924, I got out, my sentence served.



*Ellis Island in 1907: Filled with hope for the future they came from all lands in search of asylum. Today Ellis Island is the gateway out. The first step to deportation.*

Then I got married. Worked. Had three cute kids. Got into engineering. Worked some more. Then got unemployed. Went on relief. Then with a couple of other engineers, worked up a big public works program. Not boondoggling. Bus terminal, airport, ramp garage, waterfront development and sewage treatment plant. Then when the sewage plant threatened to be the only success, the other projects having been killed by committees, by the Chamber of Commerce, and by the banks, the sewage dis-

posal system, a public necessity, would have cost the banks which have by now taken over most of Portland's industry, too much money, I persisted in pushing my plans—right to the legislature. Well, I was slapped into the jail house for deportation. These things you know too. And you issue a passport.

You forget more or less conveniently about the responsibility I share—to do for my three little kids what my old Dad tried so valiantly to do for me. And the solemn obligation I betook upon myself to care for him and for my wife who has been my comfort for the past ten years through all the trials that have beset us through years of struggle against adverse economic forces.

But what are hopes, aspirations, duties and obligations to an imperialist regime other than shibboleths to fascinate and enchain the people, forcibly drugged by oratory, guns, concentration camps, anti-Semitism, beheadings, war preparations and hunger?

Alibi all you want, deny all you please, you know what is really happening in Germany today and what faces those of us you are helping deport, when we get there. The fact remains, that if you succeed in getting me into Germany, I

won't work for you, I won't help to strengthen your house of cards. I won't fight for you. I won't salute your twisted cross, but you can either feed me as a cell partner of the Catholics, Jews, Protestants and Reds or feed me—to the worms. I'll rate a gravestone in Oregon City alongside of my grandma, where my kids can see it now and then.

In view of the fact that large sections of the people in the State of Oregon are fighting in  
(Continued on page 18)





*Ellis Island in 1907: Filled with hope for the future they came from all lands in search of asylum. Today Ellis Island is the gateway out. The first step to deportation.*



# IT CAN HAPPEN HERE!



Pages torn from a scrapbook written in hell. The victims of Nazi terror speak.

"Rule no. 8—Punishable by 14 days of close arrest with 25 strokes of the rod at beginning and end of sentence: 2.) Any person who in letters or other communications makes derogatory remarks about National Socialist leaders about the state or the government, or glorifies Marxist or Liberal leaders or the November parties, relates events taking place in the camp, or contrary to better knowledge protests his innocence in letters, thus causing unrest among the public.

"Rule no. 10—Punishable by 42 days close arrest or solitary confinement for an indefinite period: 1.) Any person receiving or distributing among other prisoners sums of money coming from the forbidden collections of the I.L.D. 5.) Any person fomenting other prisoners to begin a hunger strike.

"Any person who in the camp, at the place of work, in the dwellings, in the kitchens or workshops, latrines and rest places seeks to incite by talking politics, makes inflammatory speeches, gathers others for this purpose, forms groups, or collects, receives, buries, passes on, tells to visitors or others, smuggles out of the camp to another place, hides in clothing or other objects, throws over the camp wall etc., or prepares in secret writing, exaggerated true or untrue reports for the purpose of enemy atrocity propaganda, gives signals by lights or by other means or attempts to communicate with the outside world, or incites others to flight or crime, gives advice for this purpose or supports it by other means, will according to revolutionary law be hanged as an inciter.

Camp Commandant O. A. Eike  
S.A. Brigade Leader and Inspector  
of the Concentration Camp."

## Neusstrum—Where 24 Were Murdered in Three Months

"An eighteen year old worker from Solingen, arrested on a charge of tearing down a swastika flag was on our coach being transported to the Neusstrum camp. The S.S. men in the coach beat him and shouted, 'Out of the coach.' Those on the outside who played their searchlights on the walls of the coach, shouted, 'Anyone jumping from the coach will be shot.' The boy hung on to the coach in deadly terror. He hung there by his fingertips which they kept beating with their rifle butts. Finally he could hold on no longer. Immediately the searchlights played on his body. Whistles, shouts, shots filled the air. We heard a deafening scream. The youngster was thrown into the coach. He was wounded in the stomach. Then they forced us to stand around our dying comrade singing the jolliest soldier songs. But we didn't sing them. As one man we sang the song, 'I had a comrade' and neither blows nor threats stopped us until we had finished. The boy died the next morning in a dark cellar at Camp Neusstrum."

Inside looking out: Behind the barbed wire of a Nazi concentration camp. This picture was smuggled out of Germany.

## A Woman Speaks:

"Don't imagine for a moment, you old goat, that we'll handle you any more tenderly than we did your husband.' That's how my 'questioning' was begun. Every word was accompanied by a blow from a rubber blackjack. At the end of an hour there was not a single spot on my body that had not been covered with blows.

"They had just finished beating my husband for hours. From the next room I had been forced to listen to the rain of blows and the deadly threats. In despair I threw myself on the door and began to beat on it with my fists. S.S. men dashed in from the next room and dragged me through the door by my hair.

"After they were through with me, I was thrown into a solitary cell. The next evening at six they gave me another 'examination.' More blows. This time with a whip. At last they stood me up against the wall, aimed a revolver at me and threatened to shoot me in five minutes if at the end of that time I had not given the information they desired. A bullet struck the wall at my right, another above me, a third to the left. 'At least shoot straight,' I cried. 'The next time, not today,' was the answer I received."

## Hell in Berlin

"After our hour with the police the Storm leader came down drunk. We had to introduce ourselves and he asked us in seemingly friendly tones whether or not we had been ill treated. A few were innocent enough to say yes. They

were immediately pulled over to one side and beaten until they said, 'I have been kindly treated.' The Storm leader roared with pleasure at his educational methods. After the mass torture we were 'examined' individually. I was a witness to the torture of a young man who was forced to accuse his brothers of attacking the Nazis.

"The brothers were at once arrested and brought into the cellar. They were beaten, tortured, forced to speak of their parents in offensive, vulgar language. Every time they refused, they received additional blows. When the three boys had been beaten almost into insensibility, the bandits put revolvers into their hands and ordered them to fire at each other's hearts. Incredible as it may sound, they actually aimed and pulled the triggers. The weapons were not loaded. Our tormenters laughed insanely at their little joke."

## Rules for Discipline and Punishment at the Lichtenburg Concentration Camp

From the introduction: "Tolerance is weakness. Recognizing this, ruthless measures will be taken where the interests of the Fatherland demand. To the political and intellectual agitators, of all tendencies, we say—take care that you are not caught, otherwise you will be taken by the throat and silenced by your own Communist methods."

"Rule no. 6—Punishable by eight days close arrest and 25 strokes with the rod at beginning and end of sentence: 1.) Any person speaking of an S.S. member in a derogatory or mocking way, failing to give the proscribed salute or in any other way showing that he is not willing to submit to the constraint of order and discipline.



# IT CAN HAPPEN HERE!



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Inside looking out: Behind the barbed wire of  
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# WE GO TO JAIL—



A delegation from the N.Y. district of the I.L.D. carries Christmas gifts to labor's prisoners in New York jails.

## Three stirring accounts of visits to labor's prisoners in the jails of New York and California.

### New York, By Lawrence Maynard

"You can't bring that in here," said the guard at the entrance to the old Tombs Prison, looking suspiciously at the large basket of fruit, candy and cigarettes brought by a delegate from the International Labor Defense.

"Commissioner Marcus says I can," replied the delegate, showing her permit from the Department of Correction.

The guard read the permit, which authorized the I.L.D. members not only to bring baskets of Christmas food but to visit the prisoners face to face instead of through a screen.

"Something funny about this," he said; "I'll have to see about it."

Much to the astonishment of the guard, and to everyone connected with the prison, the International Labor Defense, through its Prisoners Relief Department, actually had won the right to bench visits and to deliver Christmas baskets to political prisoners at the Tombs. Isidor London, imprisoned for his activities at a Relief Bureau demonstration, exclaimed, "It isn't even a regular visiting day, and here you are with a permit for a *bench visit* instead of having to yell through that screen—and with a *Christmas basket!*" His excitement can be understood when you realize that never before in the history of the Tombs prison had such a thing been permitted. "I can't understand it at all," said one woman, visiting her son who was serving a sentence for a criminal offense. "They won't let me bring any Christmas box for my boy. They said it was against the rules. You people must have a lot of pull."

When the work of the I.L.D. had been explained to her she had a clearer understanding

of workers' solidarity with those who give their freedom in the fight for better conditions.

The wardens of the Penitentiary and the Correction Hospital on Welfare Island refused to accept the baskets for the prisoners. "What about the other nine hundred men who can't have anything sent in?" they argued. We said that we were interested only in political prisoners. "All prisoners are alike to me," the warden at the Penitentiary replied.

"But the permit from Commissioner Marcus says we can leave baskets."

"Well, his order has been countermanded, and you'll have to take those things away with you."

The delegates refused to go. After numerous telephone calls to the Department of Corrections it was learned that Commissioner MacCormick had countermanded the order of Deputy Commissioner Marcus through a misunderstanding, not being aware that the baskets were for our *political prisoners*. Matters were adjusted. All of the political prisoners got their gifts. Once again it was demonstrated that the I.L.D. knows how to fight for the rights of its prisoners and *win*. In a subsequent letter to the I.L.D. Commissioner MacCormick practically acknowledged the existence of *political prisoners* when he wrote:

"There was no desire on our part to cause anybody annoyance or disappointment. Mr. Marcus was not here, and without knowing what promises he had made, I issued orders in accordance with our usual procedure in such cases."

The "usual procedure" is that accorded criminals, and we were gratified to note that Commissioner MacCormick does not class our prisoners as "usual."

As we walked along the road to the prison on the Island other visitors stared at our baskets with admiration. Wrapped in large sheets of red cellophane and tied with bright ribbon, the baskets were attractive. "How beautiful!" "Somebody will have a good Christmas!" and "I wonder who they are" were some of the frequent comments we heard. A guard in his sentry box smiled and wished us a merry Christmas. "Playing Santa Claus?" he called. Another said, jokingly, "Did you bring all that fruit for me?" We laughed and said, "We'll bring you some when you get arrested for picketing." In the visiting room of the Penitentiary while I waited for the guards to bring one of the prisoners, the elevator operator said, "I know about you people. The I.L.D. never forgets its prisoners, does it?"

At the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn the warden refused to honor the order of Commissioner Marcus for bench visits, and delegates were forced to talk through a thick screen to Clyde Allen, now waiting in the Brooklyn jail for the new trial which was won for him by the I.L.D., and Harold Katz, serving a sentence for his activities in the May strike.

### California, by Rose Chernin

Yesterday we visited the state prison of California—Tehachapi. We traveled through the beautiful San Joaquin Valley where cotton grows in abundance. Rich leafy trees form orchards full of varied fruits—apples, pears and peaches. Alfalfa grows tall and green. The mountains are covered with forest. It is the richest part of California. The only blot on this beautiful landscape is the life of the cotton and vegetable pickers. What poverty, what privation! The miners in West Virginia, the Negroes in the South are prosperous compared to these workers in the rich and fertile valley of San Joaquin. They live mostly in tents or in hovels without window glass. They are dressed in overalls of non-descript color, and the bright patches make them look as though they were designed from a patch quilt.

They form a strange contrast to the beautiful sunset—the California sunset with its riot of colors, blues, mauves; the rolling majestic hills, some in light, some in shadow. The leaves on the trees indicate that it is autumn. They are of vermilion red and dark rich brown. Such is San Joaquin Valley through which one passes on the way to Tehachapi prison which is located 4000 feet above sea level.. The second cottage unit is reserved for white women criminals, and the last one for political prisoners. Here we stopped, for we had come to visit the three women two of whom had been sent here on criminal syndicalism charges for organizing the cotton pickers of the San Joaquin valley. They are Caroline Decker, aged 23, Nora Conklin, aged 35, and Louise Todd, 24. Their sentences are from one to fourteen years.

I interviewed Caroline Decker. She is blond and petite and lovely—still a child. She comes in wearing a Tartar cap which the matron makes her remove. We might get the impression that life is frivolous in Tehachapi. A red ribbon encircles her blond head. She refuses to give this up. It is her symbol of freedom.

I asked Caroline Decker how life was in Tehachapi. Here is her answer:

"As far as material things go, they are quite all right in comparison with San Quentin or Alcatraz. The food is not bad, and our cells are clean. But there are a thousand and one ways in which we can be made miserable. It is the small things of life which make things un-

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# TWO MORE MONTHS OF W

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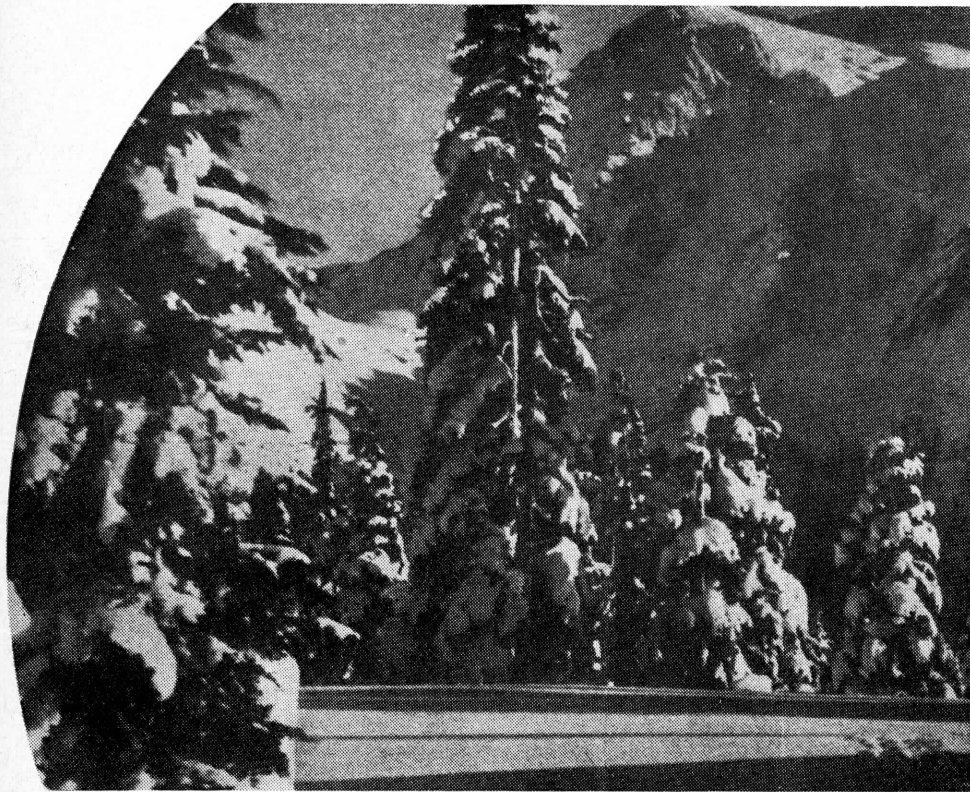
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## Labor's Neediest

There are still two months of winter left—weeks of ice and snow and wind. Shelter and warmth must be bought and paid for. Shoes must be mended to keep the frozen slush from little feet. Hungry children need bread and milk all year round, but they need it very badly during the winter.

Christmas time was a happy one this year for labor's neediest—our political prisoners and their wives and children. They not only received money and clothing to fortify them against the cold winds. They got another sort of warmth—the feeling of warm security that came from knowing they were not facing their misery alone; that hundreds of people all over the country wanted to help them, tried to show their solidarity.

But Christmas has come and gone. The money they received has long since been spent. \$10 can't go very far in a household of five or six. Rent has to be paid every month. Food has to be bought every day.

For the bread winners of these families, the grinding monotony of hour after hour, day after day, week after week of imprisonment behind high stone walls that become the tombs of living men goes on relentlessly.

News of the outside world, messages, signs that life is going on, that the labor movement in whose ranks they fought and so willingly gave their freedom has not forgotten them must get through to our political prisoners. Material proof that the fight to win the recognition of their status, to win their freedom, to care for their wives and children has never ceased must always be there to feed their hope and courage.

The Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D. in its season's greetings to the political prisoners wrote, "*Remember we're outside for you.*" And in order to make good our pledge of solidarity all year round, our unceasing efforts to make life behind the bars less bitter, life in the shattered homes that await their return less cruel—we are issuing an annual solidarity stamp.

Every member of every organization should have one of these stamps in his or her membership book. Every household, a stamp stuck prominently on the kitchen calendar. A reminder to those of us on the outside that, "*they're inside for us*" and that we can never forget them.

Ten cents a year in solidarity with those who are giving the best years of their lives because they dared to fight for bread, for peace, for civil liberty is little enough to ask. No worker, student, teacher, farmer, doctor, lawyer, mother can ignore this responsibility.

They gave their freedom. You may not agree with what they did or why they did it, but you must admire their courage and sincerity. You cannot permit children to go cold and hungry while their fathers are in jail.

This 1936 stamp is a symbol of solidarity, a seal of sharing with labor's neediest—Get your stamp at once. Carry a booklet of these stamps with you wherever you go, to your union meeting, your church social, your school, your club. Get your friends and neighbors to join with you in supporting the men and women who gave their freedom in labor's cause.



**MOTHER BLOOR**, who has just celebrated her 45th anniversary of activity in the American labor movement, urges you to get behind the 1936 Stamp Drive.



# 45 to 60 YEARS at Hard Labor

Three of the men in the picture on your right have been sentenced to serve from 45 to 60 years at hard labor in the New Mexico State Penitentiary. They are shown here with two fellow prisoners. Their names are Juan Ochoa, Leandro Velarde and Manuel Avitia. Their crime? Fighting to preserve the coal miners' union against the attacks of the Morgan controlled Gamerao coal company; showing their solidarity with a fellow worker evicted from his home by the representatives of that same company; fighting to make New Mexico safe for organized labor and the United Mine Workers of America in particular. Ten miners from Gallup, New Mexico, were originally held on charges of first degree murder because a sheriff was killed by the cross fire of his own deputies when they attacked a peaceful gathering of miners who came to find out what was happening to their friend and evicted neighbor. Two miners were killed at the same time. No one has yet been brought to justice for these murders. Seven were acquitted at the trial in Aztec. These three, the outstanding trade unionists of the group, were victimized. The partial victory in the Gallup case was won with the aid of the organized support of trade unions and other organizations throughout the land. The freedom of these three can be won by greater efforts along the same lines.

The Cleveland Federation of Labor has passed a resolution for the Gallup Defense. Every trade union, central body, local, federation should do the same. *If Gallup miners can be framed and sent to jail for defending their right to organize, you can too.*



From left to right: Juan Ochoa, two fellow prisoners at the State penitentiary, Leandro Velarde, Manuel Avitia.

Robert Minor, pictured on your left, has been very active in the Gallup Defense. When he went out to investigate the case last spring, he was kidnapped with I.L.D. Attorney Levinson and beaten by Gamerao vigilantes. The Gallup defense is not the first battle of this kind that Fighting Bob Minor has fought. As a young boy he sold the *Appeal to Reason* to help organize the defense of Big Bill Haywood. He was one of the most powerful forces in organizing

world wide defense for Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings back in 1917. He has aided in the defense of scores of other victims of the American frame-up system. He was himself a political prisoner for helping the unemployed of New York organize to demand adequate relief on March 6, 1930. He has consistently helped to mobilize mass defense for the Scottsboro Boys and Angelo Herndon from the very beginning of their persecution.



## SONGS FROM PRISON

I.

Captain got a rainbow round his shoulder  
It ain't gonna rain  
Water boy, run take this hammer to the captain  
Tell him I am gone  
If he ask you if I was running  
Tell him I was flying  
Take this hammer and throw it  
Into the Saint James River and  
Let it ring right on.

II.

Six months ain't no sentence  
Twelve months ain't no great long time  
Take these stripes from 'round my shoulders  
Chains from 'round my legs  
Stripes don't hurt  
But these chains are killing me  
Dead.

ANGELO HERNDON brought these songs from the condemned cell in Fulton Tower.

III.

I am a stranger—don't drive me away  
I am a stranger—don't drive me away  
Though I am poor—ain't got nowhere to go.  
I am a stranger, please don't drive me away.

IV.

(Call of the chain gang guard every morning:)  
Wake up and hear the ding dong ring  
Sit down to the table and find the same old thing  
Black cup of coffee and ain't no sugar been seen  
Big hunk of fat meat and not a streak o' lean  
Wake up you ———.



# \$5,000 for sending a trade unionist to his DEATH

My full name is Jesse Glenn Denton. I reside at 1332 Wilson Ave., Fresno, California, and have been living in Fresno for about 8 years, except for 6 months in 1932, during which I lived in Alhambra, California. My work is traveling salesman, and my product is household crockery and glassware.

In the year 1916 and 1917, I was living in Piedmont in a house owned by Mrs. William V. McNevin who is my sister. I was married and was living with my mother and sister Effie. My sister Carrie was married to William McNevin and was living with him at that time in San Francisco on Fulton Street. I was friendly with Wm. McNevin at that time and always was friendly with him until his death and during



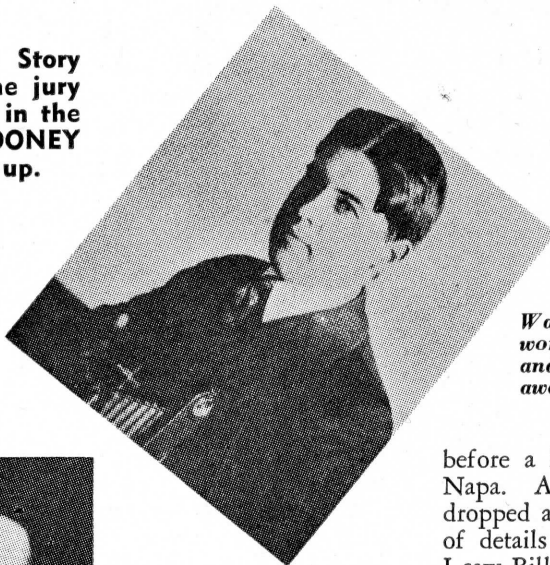
**The UNHOLY TRINITY:** Fickert, crooked district attorney who prosecuted Mooney and Billings; Cunha who "fixed" the jury; Billy McNevin the foreman of the jury.

1916 and 1917, I was a frequent visitor at McNevin's house in San Francisco.

During the year 1916 I was familiar by reading the papers and general conversation with the fact that Billings and Tom Mooney and Rena Mooney and Weinberg and Ed Nolan had been arrested and charged with the Preparedness Day Bombing. I read about the conviction of Billings in the daily papers and did not pay much attention to the fact. One evening after the Billings' conviction and prior to the trial of Mooney, I arrived at the McNevin house for dinner about 6 p.m. When I entered the house my sister told me that "Billy" was in the bathroom and I went into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub and entered into a conversation with him. "Billy" is the name by which I always referred to McNevin.

At that time Billy was shaving himself and appeared to be very excited and enthusiastic. He was very happy and very anxious to talk to me. He came over to me and talked very excitedly while he was shaving himself. I don't remember exactly how he began his conversation but he told me that Mooney was convicted before the trial began. I then asked him how he knew it. He said he knew it because he was going to be on the jury. I asked him how he knew that and he replied that his name was going to be attached to a rubber band inside of the ballot box and that he couldn't help but be on it. Then I asked him how he knew that he would be accepted as a juror and he said he would answer questions favorable to the defense and they would accept him and that once he was on the jury Mooney would be convicted. Then

**The True Story of how the jury was fixed in the TOM MOONEY frame up.**



**The affidavit printed here has been used in the MOONEY hearing now in progress.**

I asked him how did he know but what the evidence would be so favorable to Mooney that he would have to decide in Mooney's favor. He said to hell with the evidence. He said Mooney was a natural dynamiter and would be a good man to get out of the way. Then I said where is the proven evidence that Mooney was a dynamiter and who pointed him out. Why was he arrested in the beginning? He said "It started like this. Right after the bomb was thrown, a private detective named Martin Swanson in the employ of P. G. and E. went to Charley Fickert and told him to get Tom Mooney and he would have the man who threw the bomb. That Mooney either did it himself or one of his cobats did." I asked him how did Fickert and Swanson figure it was Mooney. He said by a simple system of elimination and deductions they arrived at Mooney as the only one capable of doing such a job.

Then I said what are you to get out of this and why are you a party to this. He said, "For Mooney's conviction I am to get \$5000.00 and \$250.00 a month as long as Mooney is in jail. This is going to make Fickert the next Governor of the State of California and when this happens I will be president of the Board of San Francisco Police Commissioners." Then I said are you not afraid to be talking so openly about this and so loud, and how do you know that I will agree to the lines along which you are going to act here. He said, "You can't afford to bite the hand that is feeding you." I said I won't be a party to the information I now have, and I will do something about it. He said everything is covered. Anybody that squawks will be hauled



**Judge Frank Griffin, who sentenced Mooney to death and then joined the movement to get him a new trial.**

**Wade Hamilton, who took the now world famous picture showing Tom and Rena Mooney on a roof far away from the scene of the bombing.**

before a lunacy commission and committed to Napa. As I recall, the matter was more or less dropped after that, except for frequent mention of details during the evening. After this day I saw Billy frequently at the house or in his office and the matter would be mentioned as a subject of general conversation. I remember asking him what was doing in the Mooney case and he would ask me if I didn't think Mooney was a good man to get rid of. He tried to sell me on the proposition that he was a dangerous character. This type of conversation happened frequently before the Mooney case went to trial and before a jury was picked.

The next important thing in my mind happened one night after the Mooney case had gone to trial and the jury had been picked. McNevin was serving on the jury and was home for his dinner. I was at his house for dinner and during dinner the door-bell rang. Billy said, I guess that's for me and answered the bell. He seemed to be waiting for the bell; he was gone from the table for about fifteen or twenty minutes. During that time I said who could that be to my sister. She said I guess its Ed Cunha, he comes out here every night to talk to Billy about the case. Then he came back. Carrie said was that Ed and he said yes. Then I said why didn't he come in and he said "Don't you think he had plenty of nerve driving up in front of the house, let alone coming in the house." I talked to him in the taxicab. Then he said Ed got a big kick out of it when I told him about how the testimony of the big honest cattleman went over with the jury. Then he told me about the way he said to the jury after Oxman finished. "Who could doubt the word of that big honest cattleman," and all the jurors who were in hearing distance nodded their heads, I said to him that isn't in order—you a trial juror and the Prosecuting Attorney talking to you out here. I don't remember his answer to this question, but later that evening he said that Cunha's call was to find out how the testimony that was being submitted was taking with the jury.

Following the conversation, I came to the house frequently and talked to both McNevin and my sister, but cannot recall my other significant conversations with McNevin during the trial. Shortly after the conviction, I saw Billy and said, "Well, I see you hung it on him." He said why you know as well as I that he was guilty.

(Signed) Jesse G. Denton,  
1332 Wilson Avenue,  
Fresno, California.

September 2nd, 1935.



# "J. B."

## A Tribute

By Lincoln Steffens

James B. McNamara, a personal friend of mine, a distinguished man who was sentenced to the penitentiary for a life term for dynamiting the Los Angeles Times, has been transferred from San Quentin to Folsom "to break up too close associations." When McNamara and the other A. F. of L. dynamiters, who were making an official fight against the violent employers' associations, were convicted, I was a party to an agreement between Business and Labor to let the labor officials off. The publisher and owner of the *Times* remembers how and why it was done that way. He knows too, as I do that the gentlemen's agreement was kept in no particular. Organized Labor despised me for not knowing that there were no gentlemen to keep promises of honor. I have learned that now. And so does J. B. McNamara know it. He kept his side of the bargain, he and his brother and his colleagues. The state and the business men did not. They do not. J. B. took and he takes it "on the chin." He is one of the very few convicts who have had the nerve and the courage to stand a long prison term without weakening mentally. He never became "prison-stir minded" in all his twenty-five years. A remarkable record—a distinguished man. J. B. McNamara in prison kept pace with the evolutionary progress of the world outside. He has grown in his isolation as free men have not. Prison never broke his spirit. Labor, organized Labor, has no finer more loyal hero than my friend J. B. who may be going to a starker prison for that reason. The warden at Folsom is an experienced veteran in prison management who will understand profoundly what I mean when I urge him to take thought not to break this tried and sterling human spirit.

### J. B. Speaks for himself

"Let's not waste time rehashing my case. You know the facts and so do the workers; what I did and why I did it. The rest is up to the working class; it represents the only force that can get me out of here alive. But you see, individuals in here, or for that matter individuals on the outside, don't count a great deal. What counts is the working class struggle—the cause. I've learned that. If fighting for my release can help strengthen the solidarity of the workers, train them in struggle and bring them nearer the final fight, I am for it. If it can't it's not worth a tinker's damn."

"When I plead guilty of taking part in the Los Angeles Metal Trades Strike in 1910 in order to save my brother, two partners and the

When an archduke was assassinated at Sarajevo and the world was plunged into the madness of war, J. B. McNamara was finishing his third long year behind the bars of San Quentin . . . when Angelo Herndon was born he had spent more than 1000 days in jail . . . when the United States entered that war to "make the world safe for democracy" to the tune piped by J. P. Morgan, he was counting off his sixth year . . . by November 1917 when the Russian workers overthrew their oppressors he had added another 200 days of prison grayness to his life . . . by the time Tom Mooney joined him behind the high stone walls he was a veteran of seven years standing . . . when Mussolini marched on Rome in a pullman car J. B. rounded off his first decade in prison . . . when the first issue of the Labor Defender appeared J. B. had been a political prisoner for sixteen years . . . when the State of Massachusetts murdered Sacco and Vanzetti he could look back on 17 years of living death . . . time has marched past San Quentin's walls parading twenty-five years of life and death and struggle and victory while J. B. McNamara toiled behind them...

Committee of Twenty Six labor leaders from San Francisco, the leaders of organized labor and the Socialist party of that day ran away like rats leaving a sinking ship. These leaders lost sight of the aims, ideals and purposes of the trade unionists whom they represented. In 1912 I became convinced, beyond all doubt that these leaders were never militant or class conscious. I lost confidence in them. It was brain racking and soul scorching but I knew from experience that the cause of the working class was a just one. All my confidence is in the workers, organized and unorganized, and as the years went rushing on my confidence in the workers who toil and spin from childhood to the grave, grew more and more. The workers and farmers have gone through many struggles on the agricultural and industrial fields. All through history such patience, such heroism has been unheard of. My course is the right one; a life dedicated to the emancipation of all humankind and undying confidence in the workers. I have an honor, no gifts of gold and freedom can buy. I have been adopted by four International Labor Defense branches. I will never be an orphan."

"Would like to correct the impression that a sacrifice was made in requesting my share of prisoners' relief money be sent to the Scottsboro Boys. Realizing what a task it is to collect funds during the prolonged economic crisis the world over, and in order to have an honest answer for our friends who keep a check on the I.L.D., thought it was the decent thing to do. They need what little there is; that's the way I look at it. I differ with liberals, intellectuals, and many of our well meaning friends who have become impatient and moan and groan about the cause being lost—all lost because of the dormant attitude in Germany. To me their policy was right; time will prove it. What's a little time when they know what they want and when to take it."

"I envy all the members and supporters of the International Labor Defense. Their tempo is something to marvel at. They flit from one task to another and never tire. Their feeling and devotion to class conscious workers, who fall in the strife on the agricultural and industrial fields, is enough to put life into a rock and then move it to become a member or supporter. Their dogged determination in the face of unbelievable obstacles above and beneath the surface—carried them on and on. When things look hopeless and dull, and no one senses what to do, their understanding and militancy guides them, and they bring hope and brightness to those in need and trouble. Yes, I envy them while I sit on the side lines and watch their tempo. They have fortified me to buck the strife and storm."

## A Salute

By William Z. Foster

McNamara's imprisonment has been an especially bitter martyrdom. It will be remembered that he, together with his brother, J. J., head of the Structural and Iron Workers Union was arrested in 1911 for dynamiting the Los Angeles Times building during the general strike of metal workers. Later D. Caplan and M. Schmidt were arrested and convicted. Schmidt is still in San Quentin doing a life term.

If bomb there was, it did not cause the real damage. This was due to a leaky gas main which caused the explosion that snuffed out a score of lives.

The evidence against the McNamaras was very damaging. They determined to fight it out in court, nevertheless; but their lawyer, Clarence Darrow, the top A. F. of L. representatives, Lincoln Steffens, friends, relatives, all begged the McNamaras to plead guilty. It was the only way, they said, to save the labor movement and to protect many other leaders and militants from jail. After a long resistance, the McNamaras finally yielded and pleaded guilty. J. J. was sentenced to 15 years and J. B. to life imprisonment. Their plea of guilty, mistaken though it was, was in keeping with their previous courageous record. It was a brave attempt to save others by sacrificing themselves in a bad situation.

Many times I have visited J. B. in the passing years and each time I have developed fresh admiration for his quiet courage, his confidence in the workers, his indomitable fighting spirit.

### J. B.'s Message to youth

"Every word and line of your letter brought out the struggles and sacrifices the farmers and workers must go through in order to receive some of the material things of life. They produce and create all the material things of life and are denied their just share from the exploiters. I perceive a very good sign in your letter. It elevates me from out of the deepest depths of isolation and confinement, and convinces me we are on the right avenue, even though the scenery is not beautiful and interesting. My faith and confidence is not in us and the generation we belong to, but it is in the generation you belong to. Live with and for your ideals—the welfare of all—and care not what others say, do and think who fail to see the light, the light that will uplift all humankind from out of depression's deepest depths."





*J. B. Mc Namara*



# FAMOUS SPEECHES In Defense of Civil Liberty



Frederick  
Douglass

**FREDERICK DOUGLASS, leader of the Negro people • an escaped slave who fought for the liberation of his people • orator • writer • fighter • The following speech made in 1880 is a splendid example of his brilliant mind and deep understanding of the problems of his people.**

How stands the case with the recently emancipated millions of colored people in our country? What is their condition today? What is their relation to the people who formerly held them as slaves? By law, by the constitution of the United States slavery has no existence in our country. The legal form has been abolished. By the law and the constitution, the Negro is a man and a citizen, and has all the rights and liberties guaranteed to any other variety of the human family, residing in the United States.

He has a country, a flag and a government, and may legally claim full and complete protection under the laws. It was the ruling intention and purpose of the loyal people, after the rebellion was suppressed, to have an end to the entire cause of that calamity by forever putting away the system of slavery and all its incidents. In pursuance of this idea the Negro was made free, made a citizen, made eligible to hold office, to be a jurymen, a legislator, and a magistrate. To this end several amendments to the constitution were proposed, recommended and adopted. They are now part of the supreme law of the land, binding alike upon every state and territory of the United States, North and South.

Briefly, this is our legal and theoretical con-

dition. *This is our condition upon paper and parchment.* If only from the national statute books we were left to learn the true condition of the colored race, the result would be altogether creditable for the American people. It would give them a clear title to a place among the most enlightened and liberal nations of the world. . . .

We have gone still further. We have laid the heavy hand of the constitution upon the matchless meanness of caste, as well as the hell black crime of slavery. We have declared before the whole world that there shall be no denial of rights on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The advantage gained in this respect is immense.

It is a great thing to have the supreme law of the land on the side of justice and liberty. . . . *But today, in most of the Southern States, the fourteen and fifteenth amendments are virtually nullified.*

The rights which they are intended to guarantee are denied and held in contempt. The citizenship granted in the fourteenth amendment is practically a mockery, and the right to vote, provided for in the fifteenth amendment is lit-

erally stamped out in the face of government. The old master class is today triumphant, and the newly enfranchised class in a condition but little above that in which they were found before the rebellion.

Do you ask me how, after all that has been done, this state of things is possible? . . . In the hurry and confusion of the hour, and the eager desire to have the union restored, there was more care for the sublime superstructure of the republic than for the solid foundation upon which it could alone be upheld. They gave the freed men the machinery of liberty, but denied them the steam with which to put it in motion. They gave them the uniforms of soldiers, but no arms; they called them citizens and left them subjects; they called them free and almost left them slaves. They did not deprive the old master class of the power of life and death which was the soul of the relation of master and slave. They could not of course sell them, but they retained the power to starve them to death, and wherever this power is held, there is the power of slavery. . . .

History does not furnish an example of emancipation under conditions less friendly to the emancipated class than the American example. Liberty came to the freed men of the United States, not in mercy but in wrath; not by moral choice but by military necessity; not by the generous action of the people among whom they are to live. . . .

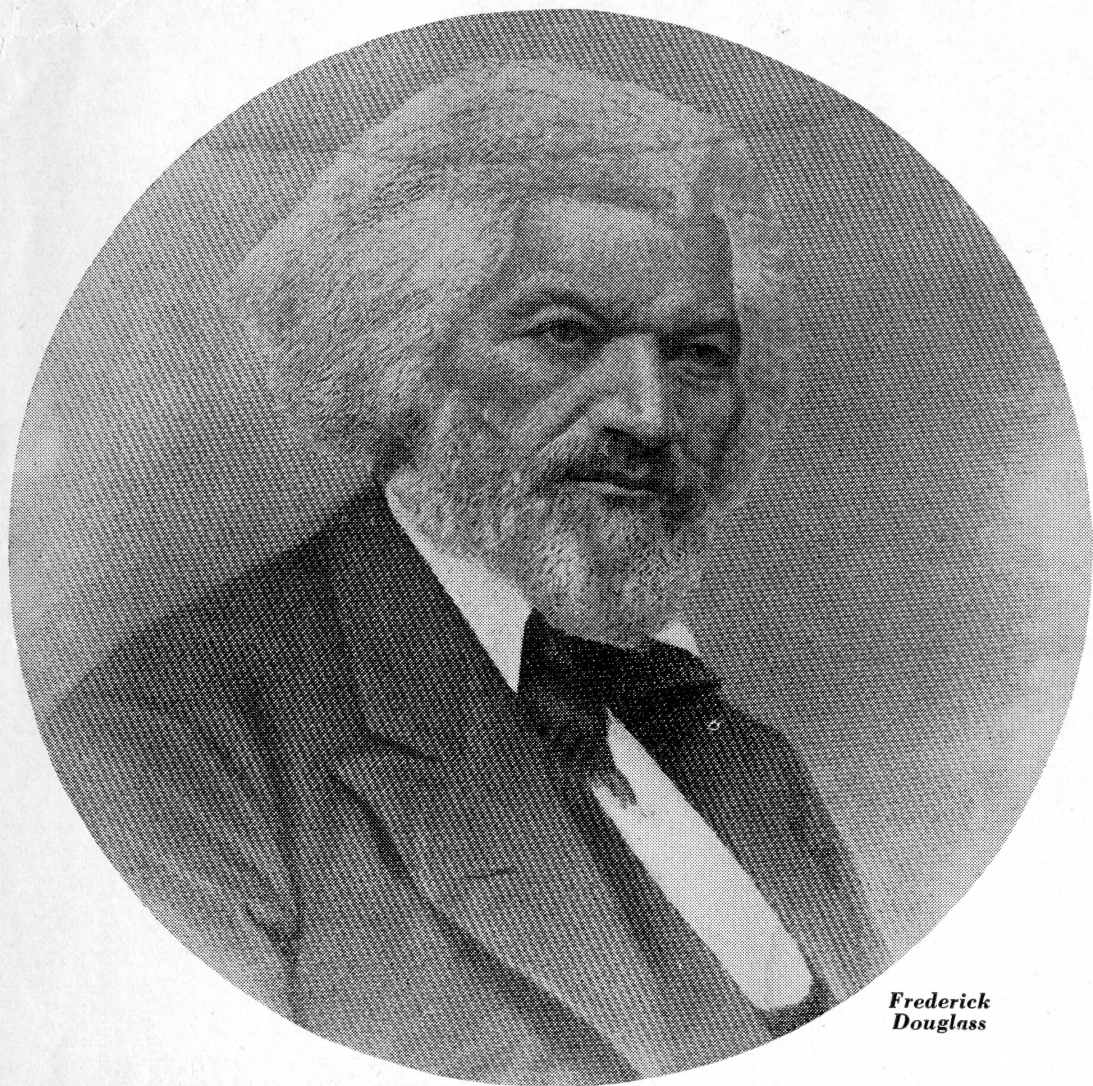
It was born in the tempest and whirlwind of war and has lived in a storm of violence and blood. When the Hebrews were emancipated they were told to take spoil from the Egyptians. When the serfs of Russia were emancipated, they were given three acres of ground upon which they could live and make a living. But not so when our slaves were emancipated. They were sent away empty handed, without money, without friends, and without a foot of land to stand upon. Old and young, sick and well, were turned loose to the open sky, naked to their enemies. . . .

Greatness does not come to any people on flowery beds of ease. We must fight to win the prize. No people to whom liberty is given, can hold it as firmly and wear it as grandly as those who wrench their liberty from the iron hand of the tyrant. The hardships and dangers involved in the struggle give strength and toughness of the character and enable it to stand firm in storm as well as in sunshine.

**His friend and comrade-in-arms, JOHN BROWN.**





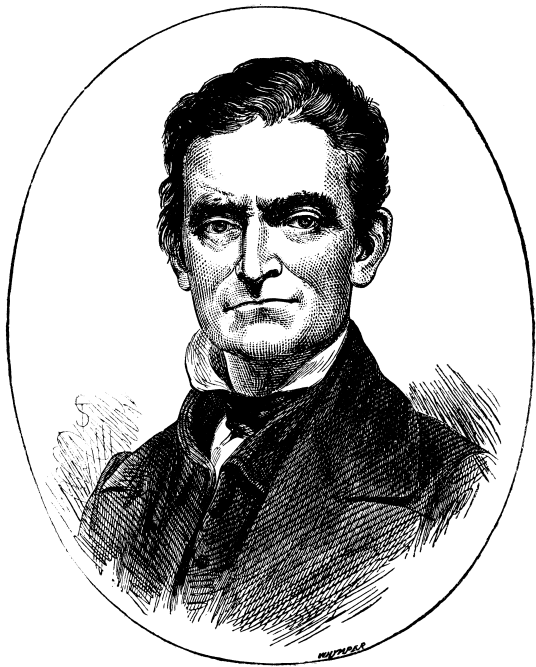


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# WHAT'S GOING ON

in  
**YUGOSLAVIA**  
**POLAND**  
**BRAZIL**

By M. J. H.

*Yugoslavia:* Perhaps you've read some of the pretty flapdoodle by that playboy of the Balkans, Bruce Lockhart, about the glorious beauty of Belgrade's ancient castles. Well, here's a tidbit the romantics like Lockhart somehow never see. In the nearby village of Lepoglava is one of those ancient and beautiful castles. Once it was a monastery of the Paulist Fathers, but Franz Josef II, that lover of God and the Church, kicked out the friars, and in their cells threw the Bosnian Protestants who dared protest against his divine monarchy.

When the Serbs, also great lovers of God and the Church, stole the place from Franz, they, too, forgot about the Paulist Fathers and jammed the place with Chorvatian peasants and workers who dared protest against Serbian military brutality and strangulation of the Croatian minority.

Meanwhile, on the outside the temper of revolt rose higher with each new item of fascist oppression. Repeatedly, with the greatest heroism, the minority peasants clashed violently with the gendarmes; students in the Belgrade University threw up barricades in protest against the decree establishing concentration camps; riots in Brody, Zagreb in which thousands demonstrated against the growing fascist menace; revolutionary songs; slogans: "Amnesty for Political and Military Prisoners!"

The response from inside the prison was overwhelming. In the very teeth of the armed guards there were hunger strikes, such organization as was possible, barricades built of furniture.

The answer: more torture, less food, stricter discipline.

One day last August the Chorvatian peasants paraded by the prison to commemorate the anniversary of their dead leader, Radich, who had been killed by a Serbian fascist gorilla in the very House of Parliament: swell parliament, that! The gorilla had pulled his gun and shot about a dozen of the Croatian deputies in the interest of the Serbian faction: need I add, he went unpunished? The peasant marchers stopped in front of the prison and sang revolutionary songs and waved their banners: "Long live liberty! Long live Machek, leader of the opposition!"

Answer from the prisoners watching at their windows:

"Down with the bloody administration!  
Long live free Chorvatia!  
Down with bloody Belgrade!"

In a wave of revolutionary enthusiasm songs of defiance rang through the corridors of the prison. Flags, some red, some black, waved from the windows. Prisoners everywhere raised their voices in damnation of tyranny.

That was too much for the administration. A spirit so strong and united had to be broken, in the only way they knew how. The specialists in brutality were called in, eighty strong, two officers, armed to the teeth with guns, knives, sabers. Chorvatian guards were dismissed lest they refuse to beat their blood-brothers: the dull and the brutal were given a premium for their services. Out went the lights. The gorillas crew their guns and sabers. Orders rang down the corridors: "Beat and kill!" They drove the

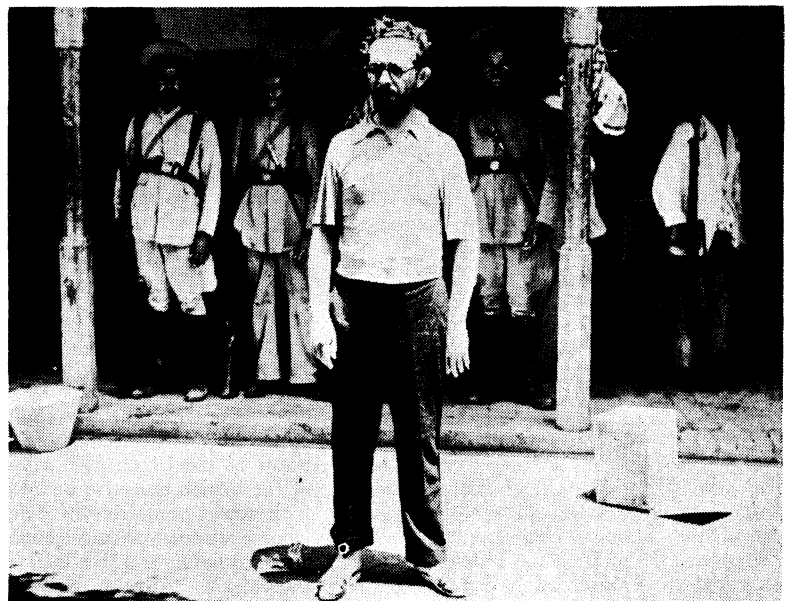
*The first picture released from Brazil after the recent armed uprising was crushed by the fascist government there.*



prisoners from their cells, beat them with rifle butts, shot them, then made them run a long gauntlet of upraised rifles, at the end of which beating they were thrown down a flight of stairs into the cellar below. Some who were too weak to go the gauntlet were dragged down the stairs by the feet, their heads striking the steps like bobbing corks. All were clapped into irons. Two were killed, ten mortally wounded, one

program of "sanitation," we observe, has been to cheat one and one-half million children of the privilege of going to school this year, while the government was diverting this money to build new prisons at Warsaw, Saradza, other towns. Of course, another sum had to be filched from the treasury to give old walrus Pilsudski a gaudy funeral and to get some good notices from the foreign press.

*One of the leaders of the Brazilian people imprisoned without trial and facing execution.*



shot through the throat. The hospital was filled with men who were inadequately treated.

A few days later they were removed from the prison. Where to is not known. Among them was Communist Mosha Piyade, most feared and hated by the authorities, eleven years a prisoner in that place. All were shouting: "Long live liberty!"

One day last November young Lucian Cheslav, aged fourteen at the time, protested against these conditions. His protest was loud and vigorous. He carried a banner in a parade at the suggestion of his father, a locksmith. The father was clapped in jail for four years without benefit of trial. A year after the offense they decided

*(Continued on page 17)*



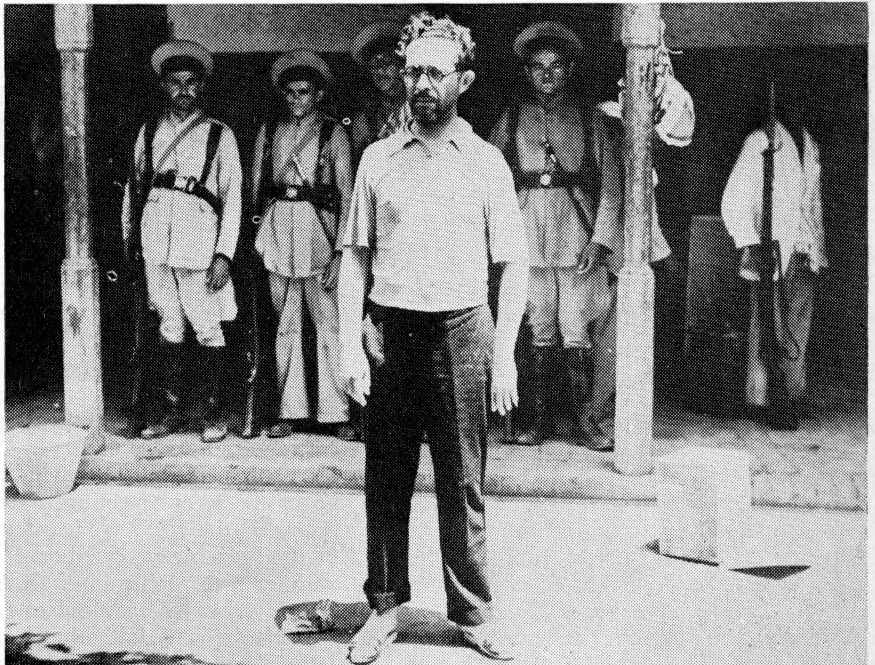
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# REPORTS from AMERICA:

direct to  
the LABOR  
DEFENDER

From Cleveland: By FRANK SPECTOR

**From the report made by our national organizer at a conference held in Cleveland, January 6 and 7, 1936. The report outlined the most serious problems facing the I.L.D. in the light of its new tasks: the building of one united defense organization in the United States—and the strengthening of the I.L.D. to assure the successful realization of this burning need of the day. The section of his speech printed here, deals with one of our most serious problems, keeping our members in the I.L.D. The model branch meeting described below would certainly go a long way towards solving the problem.**

Let us for a few moments, become the unseen companions of a prospective member of the I.L.D. Let us follow him step by step, watch his experiences and reactions and see what happens to him.

Our prospective member is a member of the A. F. of L.—a real rank and filer. He is an American, native born, a devout Catholic. His politics? A supporter of the Democratic Party, perhaps a member of his ward's Democratic Club. A fellow member of his local has finally persuaded him to join the I.L.D.

On the night of the branch meeting, the man who signed him up stops at his house. He invites his friend's missus to come along. She has just finished the supper dishes and soon all three are in the meeting room of the branch, located in the neighborhood's community house—a place well known to all who live near it.

The house is clean and well kept. The I.L.D. has permanent headquarters in one of its rooms. It meets every second and fourth Friday of the month. The rent is a nominal sum to cover the expenses of lighting and the janitor's services. The room is spacious, airy and well lighted.

Their friend leads them around the room pointing to the posters, photographs and drawings that cover the walls. One photo shows a well known labor prisoner, a trade unionist who has been in jail for over 23 years. The branch is named after him. Underneath his picture, in a small frame, is a personal letter from this labor prisoner to his patron—the I.L.D. branch. The old member reads the letter to his companions with deep pride. They listen attentively, engrossed. The missus brushes away a tear—the poor man, he has such a nice kind face.

The president's gavel raps. It is 8 o'clock. Everybody sits down. The chair declares the meeting of the branch officially opened. The secretary reads the order of business as proposed by the executive board which met the previous day. It is adopted. The program is divided into two parts—business and educational.

The first half calls for roll call of officers, reading of minutes, initiation of new members, report of the executive board, financial secretary's report, a letter from the branch's adopted labor prisoner. The second half is devoted to a discussion on the I.L.D.'s work in the neighborhood churches.

The vice-president who is seated in the rear, rises to remind the chair that the rules call for ending the business part of the meeting at 9 p.m. sharp.

The recording secretary calls the officers roll. President, vice-president, financial secretary, recording secretary, Labor Defender and literature agent, prisoners relief director, educational and

social director. All answer present. These seven make up the executive board.

The minutes of the last meeting are quickly adopted with one minor change. The recording secretary then presents about a dozen application cards filled out by members of neighborhood organizations and people who attended the I.L.D. social on the previous Sunday night—one of the regular Sunday socials held in the large hall of the Community house. As the names are read off the applicants are introduced by the chairman. The sergeant-at-arms, appointed for the occasion by the chair, leads the applicants outside the room. In their absence, they are all voted in as members of the I.L.D. The chair raps the gavel. All rise. The applicants re-enter and are escorted to the front of the room. They stand facing the members.

The president congratulates the newly accepted members. In a few brief remarks he outlines the basic aims of the I.L.D. and in the name of labor's prisoners and the branch, he welcomes them into the ranks of the organization. He then thanks, individually, those members who brought the new recruits. He shakes hand with each new member. All those present applaud and take their seats. The new members are shown to seats near the financial secretary's table, pay their first dues, receive their membership books and a copy of the I.L.D. constitution. In the meantime the chairman assigns individual members to visit those applicants who did not appear for the initiation.

At this time, the chair yields the gavel to the vice-president and submits a report on how the executive board supervised the work of the branch since its last meeting. He enumerates whatever results were gained, and the reasons why some of the decisions were not carried out. He also gives, briefly, the gist of some of the communications received by the branch. He then summarizes the outstanding business taken up at the recent meeting of the state executive board of the I.L.D. He submits the proposals of the branch executive board dealing concretely with current problems of defense and relief to labor's prisoners with concrete recommendations for involving neighborhood organizations and individuals. After a lively but orderly discussion, the report is approved and the proposals, including some additional ones made from the floor, are adopted.

Special committees are appointed by the chair, some individual assignments are made.

The financial secretary gives an account of the receipts and expenditures since the last meeting, and presents current bills. Information is recorded, bills are ordered paid.

The Prisoners relief director reads the latest

letter from the branch's prisoner and submits a draft reply prepared by the prisoners relief committee of the branch. After a brief discussion and some suggestions the draft is approved. On the information furnished by the relief director, that their prisoner had been secretly transferred to a jail where conditions are terrible and the regime stricter than in his original prison, motions are adopted instructing the prisoners relief committee to send a protest to the governor of that state; to obtain like actions from the neighborhood organizations and prominent individuals and to recommend statewide protest actions to the state executive board.

It is now 9 o'clock. The meeting has disposed of considerable business within the allotted time limit, thanks to the efficient conduct of the chair and the discipline of the members. The LABOR DEFENDER agent announces the new issue of the LABOR DEFENDER and I.L.D. literature which he distributes and sells during the brief recess.

The chair is then taken over by the educational and social director, a young woman. The subject under discussion is: "How to do I.L.D. work in the neighborhood churches." An I.L.D. member who is also an active member in a nearby church, introduces the subject. He states briefly the nature and importance of I.L.D. work in churches and cites examples of the best methods to be used. A lively discussion ensues in which personal experiences are exchanged, examples of issues raised and results obtained. The reporter sums up. The chairman announces that the next educational discussion will be on "I.L.D. Work in Trade Unions." He also states that by the decision of the executive board during the brief recess, the next I.L.D. social will be used as an occasion to explain to the people who attend the latest act of persecution against their adopted prisoner. A fine musical program will be followed by refreshments and dancing. He also announces that the trial of the pickets who were arrested outside a nearby factory will take place on Monday. He calls upon the members to pack the court and makes a special appeal to the unemployed and the housewives to spread the news far and wide and come themselves.

The meeting adjourns a little after 10 o'clock. Before the three friends leave, there is a whispered discussion between the new member and his wife. The husband pulls his friend aside. They fill out another application card. The missus signs it and pays her initiation fee. She will be initiated into the branch at the next meeting.

Perhaps some of you have even better ideas of what an I.L.D. branch should be like and how it should be run. I don't doubt that you have and we would like to hear your ideas. But you will agree that this is a fairly suitable type. What are its main features? It is really among the masses—neighborhood people, trade union men, church people, middle class people. They don't dodge it like a plague. It is part of their community, just like their public school, their church, their trade union locals, or their fraternal lodge. Yet its activities are of a militant nature based upon the I.L.D.'s fundamental principles. What can be a better firmer foundation for our I.L.D. than a branch thus rooted among the people.

**Are you a subscriber? If not help us celebrate our 10th anniversary by SUBSCRIBING TODAY — See page 18.**



From OREGON: by DIRK DE JONGE

# They Call It C. S. But I'd Do It Again!

For my part in helping to organize support for the workers involved in the great West Coast Waterfront Strike of 1934, I am now expected to serve seven years in the Oregon State Penitentiary on framed-up charges of criminal syndicalism. But, although I face this imprisonment, I would do the same thing over again because I believe in the rights of the working class to organize, strike and picket, and the rights of freedom of speech, press and assemblage.

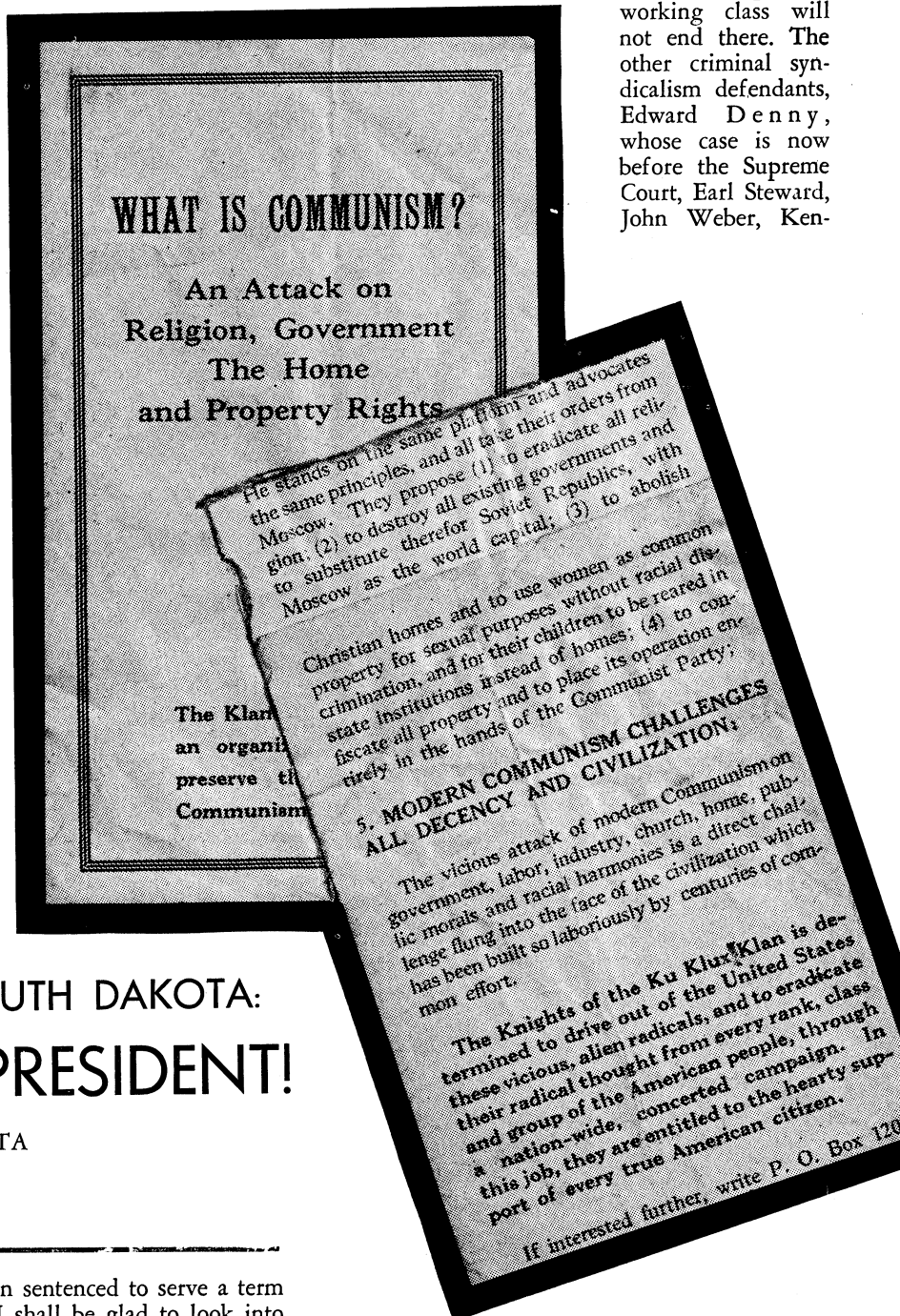
It was during the maritime strike, when the waterfront employers were desperately looking for scabs, that those of us who were unemployed and on the relief rolls were asked to work on the waterfront. In some instances, the managers of cheap apartment houses, where the relief administration forces the unemployed to live, called the tenants together and told them that they either had to take jobs on the waterfront or get out. These managers were told just where to get off, and the unemployed refused to scab. We organized picket lines around the Welfare Stations and employment agencies and kept unemployed from accepting waterfront work.

When the bosses saw that the unemployed were solidly standing behind the strikers, they used terror, both police and vigilante. Our Workers' Book Store was raided and fifty people jailed as they went to the scene of the raid to see what was happening. Then the headquarters of the unemployed organizations, International Labor Defense, Communist Party were raided and all files confiscated. As this terror increased against the militant unemployed, Communists, and other strike supporters, the terror was increased against the strikers, as a result of which, four longshoremen were shot and critically injured by gun thugs led by the then chief of police, Lawson. Immediately the Communist Party, which had been supporting the strike from the beginning, called a mass meeting to protest the police raids upon workers' headquarters and the shooting of the four longshoremen. I spoke on the raid on the Book Store, where I had been arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism, and also on the conditions in the local jail.

Toward the end of our orderly meeting, police

and vigilantes, accompanied by the local Red Squad, filed in and started lining up the speakers and those participating in the meeting. Then we were searched, placed under arrest and taken to the police station, and later indicted for criminal syndicalism. A special, red-baiting Legionnaire prosecutor was hired by the local Commanders' Council to "convict the dirty rat" as he termed me. Witnesses for the defense were tampered with and Major Laurence A. Milner, well-known throughout the state in military circles, was made overtures to by the special prosecutor Doyle who wanted Milner to with-

**K. K. K.  
leaflets  
widely  
distributed  
throughout  
Georgia,  
Alabama and  
Florida.**



draw as a defense witness in my case. After the jury convicted me and I had been sentenced to seven years by "lenient" Judge Kanzler, a friend of New Germany, jurors informed us that they were afraid to vote for my freedom because of the pressure being brought to bear upon them. In spite of such pressure, two out of the twelve jurors voted in my favor, but with the anti-labor law where ten on a jury can convict I was convicted.

Although the State hadn't a legal leg to stand on when it appeared before the Supreme Court, and although the judges of that court shot the State's case full of holes and pointed out that the indictment against me was ridiculous, nevertheless, the conviction was upheld by the Supreme Court with only two out of the seven judges dissenting. That the ruling class courts intend making an example of me is clear, and

their attack upon the working class will not end there. The other criminal syndicalism defendants, Edward Denny, whose case is now before the Supreme Court, Earl Steward, John Weber, Ken-

From GEORGIA via SOUTH DAKOTA:

# AND HE WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT!

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, ATLANTA

Mrs. Alice A. Tollefson Elk Point, S. Dak.

My dear Mrs. Tollefson:

Your letter of December 16th received.

I assume that you have reference to Angelo Herndon, who has been sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary. When his case comes before me I assure you I shall be glad to look into it very carefully with the view of seeing that no injustice is done him.

I regret very much to know the opinion you have of conditions in this state. I am sure that if you were to visit the great state of Georgia and see conditions as they are, your opinion would be greatly changed. People in our chaingangs and prisons are not persecuted, but are treated kindly. They are handled in most instances by men who are sympathetic and kind. There will always be propagandists endeavoring to inflame the minds of the people where they have a purpose to serve.

With kind regards, I am

Most sincerely,

(Signed) EUGENE TALMADGE

Governor

(Copy sent to the LABOR DEFENDER by Mrs. Tollefson)

neth Austin, Donald Austin, and Manly Mitchell, the last three striking seamen, will be prosecuted also one after another. Human liberties, the right to struggle for better living conditions, the rights of freedom of expression, are at stake. We must fight for their safekeeping. Therefore I call upon all those who read this article to wire or write Governor Charles H. Martin, Salem, Oregon, calling upon him to pardon Dirk De Jonge.

# Voices FROM Prison

Were You Among Those Who Helped Us Help Make Them Happy?

## The Gallup Miners

This serves as greeting of the season to you from myself, Leandro Velarde, and Manuel Avitia. And at the same time to inform you that we received the \$5 a piece that you sent us as our Christmas present for which we give you the most heartfelt thanks. At the same time we use these lines to show our profound appreciation to the various branches of the I.L.D. for the numerous greeting cards and letters of encouragement that we received as well as to all the people from every walk of life that know of our plight and are doing everything possible in our behalf. So we will close with the hope that 1936 will have better things in store for us and the working class in general.

We received a copy of the LABOR DEFENDER and we are impatiently awaiting the next issue.

JUAN OCHOA, LEONDRIO VELARDE, MAUNEL AVITIA, Gallup miners serving 45 to 60 years.

## Her Son is in Jail for Life

Happy New Year from all my family. The best come from my son Willie and myself. Dear comrade, I hope you will forgive the delay in my writing. I received your gift, also the clothing for my children. I can't express my feelings towards the Prisoners Relief Department. Willie was more than grateful for the Xmas present than I can explain in words. My Christmas would have been very dull if it wasn't for such a movement as the I. L. D. and the Prisoners Relief to take care of people whose sons must pay a price for something which they never committed. Dear comrade, if there is any way that my daughter and myself could help the I. L. D. we would be glad to do what we could to show our gratitude. Willie often wishes that he was free so he could just tell the people how the organization takes care of frame-up cases like his.

MRS. BLANCHE BROWN,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Her young son, Willie, is serving a life sentence on a framed up "rape" charge. He is 21 years old.

## We Can Make Merry

I received your Xmas greeting today and I wish I could express in words how much I appreciate it. I wish I could greet every worker who is making it possible for me to have smoking tobacco and newspapers.

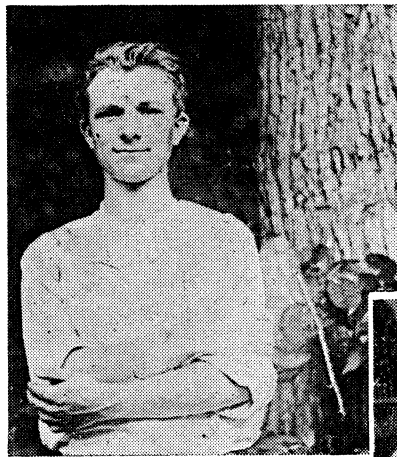
I would say a Merry Xmas, but the workers cannot have a Merry Xmas with so much suffering and starvation. But we the workers can make merry over the victory that the I.L.D. won in the Herndon case. So a Merry Xmas to the I.L.D. and may your New Year be more prosperous and your membership increase a thousand fold.

GEORGE HOPKINS,  
Leavenworth Penitentiary.

## A Widow Speaks

The ten dollars was a great help in making the holidays happy for me and the children. We more than thank the comrades for their splendid work and the package arrived before Christmas and the things was sure a good fit and the toys was a great help to make the children enjoy the holidays better.

ELIZABETH BALDWIN,  
Her husband was murdered by gun thugs during the Harlan, Ky., coal miners' strike.



*Father and Son: Julius Baldwin, Kentucky miner, murdered at the age of 22 by company gun thugs and junior. Read his mother's letter above.*



## Her Son has been in Jail 19 Years

Received your letter with the money order for 10 dollars and thank you very much. I will try and use it in the best way. Sorry I have to take it but hope the next year will bring the good news that I have been waiting for so very long. Wishing you the best of luck in all you try to do.

As ever,  
Warren K. Billings' Mother.

## From San Quentin

I wish to acknowledge receipt of the five dollars contained in the Christmas greeting card together with recent inscribed New Year's greetings that made me feel that the loss of my "liberty" is aiding in the moulding of all those principles and ideals that are beginning to mean so much to so many of us—and also, it gives me this wonderful opportunity of answering this letter from behind prison walls and bars.

HARRY DONLAN,  
San Quentin.

## Enough to Eat

Your letter with the ten dollar money order was delivered last Saturday and the package was received yesterday on the 25th and I truly thank you. I spent the money for myself and the two kids so we had a fine time Christmas and had plenty to eat. I do thank you for your kindness to us and may God bless you my dear, dear people and I hope that you will live long and all of your days will be happy ones. The wonderful things you sent us in the package, everything so nice and useful. We will feel so proud to wear them. Myself and the children all thank you very kindly. The box of candy was very nice. The kids and myself all did enjoy it. I just must say to you, I don't know just how myself and the kids would of got along without your help during this depression and the imprisonment of my husband James McShann.

FLORA McSHANN,  
Husband serving in Lincoln Heights Jail, Los Angeles.

## He Faces Death

Will at once answer your kind letter and will say I'm always glad to hear from my comrades from many parts of the country. I'm thankful for the Christmas present also for the cards. As I write these lines I am thinking of our comrades who are struggling to make life a little more pleasanter for those who are like myself. May God's blessings ever be with you, and may New Year, 1936, find our cause pressing forwards to the purpose. And may I continue to hear from you. Your news is an inspiration to me and I am trusting that some day I will have the opportunity to do my part.

JESS HOLLINS,  
Oklahoma State Penitentiary.

## They Miss Their Daddy

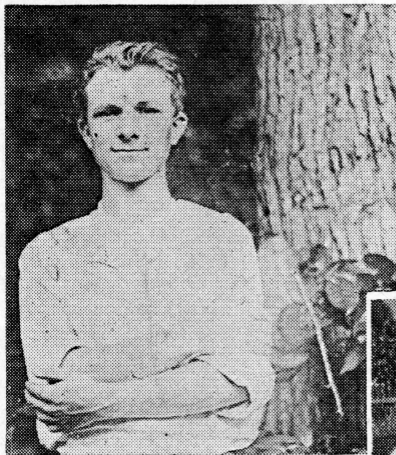
Words can hardly express the appreciation I feel for your interest in the case of my husband, and for the lovely gifts you sent the children. They certainly were thrilled when the package came. George and Lois are having the time of their life trying to play all the games, and the little blue dresses looks very sweet on Marlene. She also claims the doll, and the candy just seems to vanish.

I do hope that Walter will be granted another 30 day stay and we will continue to work on the Governor. The children miss their daddy very much and it certainly has been a struggle trying to live on this so-called relief.

Again thanking you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done and a Happy New Year.

MRS. WALTER E. BAER, Portland, Ore.  
Her husband is on Ellis Island facing deportation to Nazi Germany.





***Father and Son: Julius Baldwin, Kentucky miner, murdered at the age of 22 by company gun thugs and junior. Read his mother's letter above.***



## An Old Veteran Speaks

Your ever welcome letter and the enclosed \$10 reached us O. K. and many thanks for same. It is great to know that we have friends like you—friends that never forget. We read so many letters in the Labor Defender written by the oppressed telling of the good deeds that you have done for them and how much they appreciate them.

We are so glad that the Kentucky miners were released. That was another long drawn persecution of hell under the iron heel of capitalism.

When, oh when, will be the end of this monster? Profits, wars and prisons are the triplets of capitalism. Neither could exist without the other. The PWA projects have started here in almost full blast. And talk about discrimination. It's pitiful. It's heart rending. Of all the suffering that we see with our own eyes among the victims of the welfare, it's something terrific against all humanity. On the other hand we can plainly see our oppressors and their hirelings and go-betweens, flourishing to their hearts content with the finest of everything. The powers that be are so cruel that they will not listen to the pleadings of the poverty stricken children unless they can place the little poverty stricken victims at the point of production where they can grind a profit out of them and still keep them pauperized.

We are anxious to receive the next issue of the LABOR DEFENDER so we can read the Voices from Prison and from our own experience we know how their hearts throb with joy when they read our voices from the outside world. Christmas and New Year greetings to all of our dear friends. Oh you class war prisoners. Our friends—our pals. Our hearts are aching and bleeding for all of you. How, oh how will the powers that be ever reckon with the ones that they have oppressed and imprisoned in order to satisfy their own greed . . .

Yours for a world without a master or a slave.

JOHN LAMB and MRS. JOHN LAMB,  
John Lamb was one of the Centralia prisoners.

## The Best in Many Years

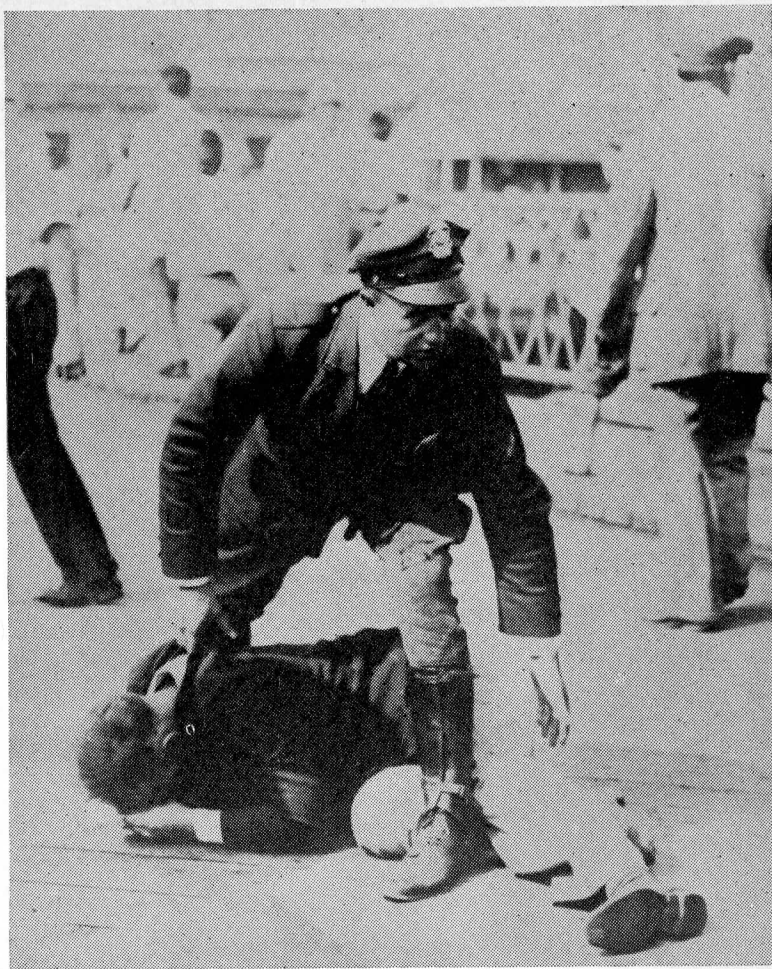
Again I take the pleasure in trying to thank you for your kindness to my family and me. You have helped us to spend many happy days and a very happy Xmas and New Year. Words fail me when I try to express my gratitude and appreciation for the money and the package sent me for Xmas. I did not get the package until after Xmas but I was overjoyed with what was sent. Everything fits just fine. I hope everyone else



*Bulgaria's  
youngest  
political  
prisoner.*

**ATTENTION!**  
*Since money is still coming in on the Christmas Drive, a full financial report will appear in the March issue of the Labor Defender.*

*And then he was arrested, charged with assaulting the police and sent to jail. His wife and kids need your support.*



had as happy an Xmas as we did. It was the best I have spent in many years.

MRS. HOWARD OVERMAN.

Husband serving in Raleigh State Penitentiary, N. C.

## They Do Not Forget

Received the greeting and the Christmas money and want to thank those who made it possible for me to receive these as not only will the money help to buy some of the things that a fellow desires or needs in here but more important the expression of solidarity which I know lies behind these is the greatest comfort I could ask for. It serves to give a fellow new courage and hope—for our hope is that they do not forget.

Hoping that in the year facing us our accomplishments shall have been many so as to spur us on and make more certain the birth of a new world and the brotherhood of man.

MARTIN WILSON,  
San Quentin Prison.

## I Can't Stay Here Any Longer

Just today received your check and also the package. Everything for Frankie was a perfect fit and he is so tickled over it and so am I. Things are getting hot here with the flogging in Tampa and the story of my husband in the New Masses, also the write-up in the papers here; the warning by the K.K.K. of workers here not to be caught with me. I plan to visit several of the churches in Tampa and makes talk since they have been holding sympathy meetings for Shoemaker and the others. I expect to leave Lakeland just after Christmas. I can't stay here any longer. They have cut me completely off of any relief at all. They wouldn't even give me a Christmas basket from the Salvation Army. So

you see, I can't get along only on what I get from you people but thanks to you so much for the regular checks each month, also the Xmas check. Best regards to everyone and a happy New Year.

MRS. NORMAN.,

Her husband was kidnapped and murdered in Florida.

## What's Going On

*(Continued from page 13)*

to bring Lucien to trial. Without any notice, he was dragged from his home by the police.

It was such a shocking case, even for Poland, that indignation ran high among all classes. People marched in protest. And, you know, that when the people unite in protest and show their unity judges suddenly proceed with greatest judicial suavity in their trials: under these circumstances they even read up on the laws they are to enforce, though they usually know them by inspiration.

Young Lucien was questioned by the Court as to his guilt:

"Does the witness know what it is to tell the truth?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And does the witness know the date on which occurred the battle against the religious Cross-bearers of Poland?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Ummmm. The lad seems intelligent. Under such circumstances I find him capable of a conscious act. Ergo, he carried the banner consciously. Ergo, he is guilty."

Lucien was sentenced to four years in the reformatory. He was handcuffed to his father, and pending transfer to the reformatory, was committed to a prison set aside for hardened criminals.



# FROM BEHIND THE FIRING LINES

**JOIN IN ITS TENTH  
ANNIVERSARY DRIVE  
for Subs  
Greetings  
Circulation**

By **M. J. Miller**



THE LABOR DEFENDER will soon be 10 years old! In other words THE LABOR DEFENDER has for a decade been the outspoken champion of all those, who have risked their liberty—yes, even their lives—for the cause of labor and all the oppressed strata of humanity. During this period it has set a record in organizing an unparalleled struggle for those, who have fallen victims of race prejudice. Month after month and year after year THE LABOR DEFENDER has brought the message of struggle from the biased courts, from behind the bars, to the eagerly waiting relatives and friends of our heroes organizing their mass defense.

In carrying out these and many other tasks THE LABOR DEFENDER has gone through many stages of development. Now that it approaches the age of 10 it has really become A MAGAZINE OF THE BROAD MASSES, A LIVE BUILDER OF UNITED FRONT (in defense of the Scottsboro boys, Angelo Herndon, for the freedom of Tom Mooney, etc.) a staunch fighter for every one putting up a struggle against the ever greedier war-makers, the fascists, the rule of trustified monopolies.

(Continued from page 4)

deadly earnest to preserve my family from destruction by you and company, recognizing that to fail means a further advance of fascism in this country; in view of the fact that a pardon for my transgression in Oregon in 1919 and 1921 from Maj.-Gen.-U.S.A. Retired-on-Pay Governor Chas. H. Martin will stop this deportation; in view of the fact that protests from all over are and will be pouring into the lap of the Secretary Perkins; and in view of the fact that my troubles are in the able hands of the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born and the International Labor Defense—I am almost tempted to laugh as I say—So you issued a passport!

WALTER E. BAER.

Wherever the question of THE LABOR DEFENDER is raised today UNANIMOUS recognition is given to its *marked improvements*. The surest test of this was the recent conference at Cleveland, Ohio. This fact, and the ever growing need for a strong and widely circulated LABOR DEFENDER justifies the launching OF A SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE FOR THE LABOR DEFENDER TO GREET ITS 10th ANNIVERSARY. This fact also justifies the expectation of *the heartiest co-operation from the I.L.D. District organizations, from the individual Branches and from our friends and agents all over the continent.*

But while THE LABOR DEFENDER has grown in the process of manifold struggles, a great many I.L.D. Branches and Districts *have not been keeping pace with us.* This is reflected in the fact that they have not as yet learned to *meet their financial obligations, punctually, or to circulate THE LABOR DEFENDER as it deserves as the organ, i.e. as the mass-organizer of the I.L.D.*

While some I.L.D. districts and many indi-

vidual branches have shown the right spirit both in the circulation of THE LABOR DEFENDER and in their clock-like punctuality in meeting their financial obligations, there are as yet altogether too many piling up their bills. There are even *District organizations taken off the mailing list* exactly for this reason, thus depriving the broad masses in their respective Districts from getting the message THE LABOR DEFENDER carries from the front lines of struggle.

While launching the 10th ANNIVERSARY DRIVE for increasing the subscription list of THE LABOR DEFENDER at least threefold, cooperation is called for from the District organizations of the I.L.D. from individual branches and from active individuals all over to eliminate this weakness of our organization.

How to achieve this? Some Districts and individual Branches have given the lead and shown how to do it. BY ARRANGING AFFAIRS AND BY CREATING SUSTAINING FUNDS THEY HAVE GATHERED A REVOLVING FUND EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE USE OF CASH PURCHASES OF THE LABOR DEFENDER. These districts and branches *function in a businesslike manner, they have no unpaid bills with THE LABOR DEFENDER, their organization is reaching out. They have special LABOR DEFENDER COMMITTEES composed of live wires taking care of the circulation and management of LABOR DEFENDER affairs in their respective territories. THIS IS THE METHOD TO BE RECOMMENDED TO EACH DISTRICT, TO EACH INDIVIDUAL BRANCH.* While soliciting subscriptions and increasing our bundle orders in keen competition with other districts and branches a drive should be initiated in each district now lagging behind for the creation of the LABOR DEFENDER SUSTAINING FUND—and the management of THE LABOR DEFENDER *makes an open appeal to all those interested in the welfare of THE LABOR DEFENDER to see to it that this suggestion is carried into life in their district and branch in the immediate future.*

Get behind the tenth anniversary SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE and win the following prizes:

## THE PRIZES:

For all those who send in three one year subs—a large, beautifully mounted life size portrait of any of the following political prisoners: Tom Mooney, J. B. McNamara, Ernest Thaelmann, Angelo Herndon. The drawing is by a nationally famous artist.

For all those who send in five subs—any two of these portraits.

Eight subs: A complete album of ten portraits of political prisoners or a choice of any of the following books—autographed by the author.

A SIGN FOR CAIN, by Grace Lumpkin; WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED, by Emile Gauve-reau; FROM THE KINGDOM OF NECESSITY, by Isidor Schneider; PROLETARIAN LITERATURE IN THE U. S.; REDDER THAN THE ROSE, by Robert Forsythe.

Ten subs: Portrait Album and a choice of any one of the above mentioned books or a six months' subscription to the New Masses.

Fifteen subs: Choice of one book and photo album or 2A Brownie Camera. I.L.D. Branches may compete collectively for these prizes. The prizes will be the same. In addition those branches which send in five subs or more will receive a handsome illustrated certificate acknowledging their participation in the 10th Anniversary Labor Defender sub drive.

The drive ends midnight April 15, 1936. The names of all the winners and the pictures of those who send in eight subs and over will be announced and published in the special anniversary May issue of the Labor Defender.

All those competing in the drive SPECIAL OFFER—10% commission on each yearly sub.

(Continued from page 6)

bearable here. We are constantly reminded that our minds as well as our bodies are imprisoned. We are permitted to read only literature that is an affront to our intelligence. When I was brought here first, I thought I would never be able to stay—not even a month. But one can become accustomed to anything. It is much easier for us political prisoners. The others become apathetic, lonely and resigned. They look wistfully through their cell windows, and try to see what goes on on the other side of the hills. They lose hope and courage, and the prison board is satisfied. It is different for us. We know that there is a struggle going on outside these walls. We know that although they have imprisoned us, there must be thousands who have sprung in our place. We feel certain that the cotton pickers of San Joaquin Valley stand in closer ranks and will include in their fight our liberation. We are certain that the whole American working class will avenge us, and we never despair.

"We get up at 6 in the morning, eat breakfast, and go to work. I carried enough barrels of fertilizer to fertilize a tremendous American farm. Yes, it takes a lot of fertilizer to make things grow in Tehachapi. At seven in the evening we are locked in our cells—pardon me, they don't call them cells here. Not very exciting, but a day has passed, and that's what counts. Oh, I forgot to mention—there is a break—when mail comes. That's really our only link with the outside world." A bell rang, announcing that our visit was over. Caroline shuddered, and remarked, "How quickly the hour passed." We were led through the gate. As I looked back, I saw Caroline still looking at us. The gates closed, and Tehachapi, the modern, the clean, swallowed up Caroline, Nora, and Louise whose only crime was organizing starving workers.

**SAN QUENTIN** by Earl Davis

They are painting the flagpole at San Quentin Prison this sunny afternoon. Imagine how happy Tom Mooney will be when he gets back

from San Francisco and sees the spick and span silvery pole with the gilded top flying the symbol of the "land of the free and home of the brave."

The flower beds, tennis and horse-shoe courts which you see while walking down the long path to the waiting room make this place look like a summer resort—almost. You are jolted back to reality by the silent gray-clad prisoners, the grim concrete towers peopled by heavily armed menacing guards.

The crisp air outside gives no hint of the fearful crowding inside this hell-hole of 6000 human beings, nor of the calculated, cowardly persecution of the seventeen political prisoners against whom, as one of them put it, "they have turned on the heat."

Five of us today are visiting a cross-section of the political prisoner population: Pat Chambers, organizer of agricultural workers, and Martin Wilson, International Labor Defense organizer; Henry Silva and Ruell Stanfield, members of the Marine Firemen, Oilers and Watertenders' Union, and J. B. McNamara, the oldest political prisoner in the world.

Chambers and Wilson are two of the 8 framed victims of the California Criminal Syndicalism Law; Silva and Ruell belong to the 8 maritime workers framed at Modesto on dynamiting charges by the Standard Oil Co., as an outgrowth of the tanker strike.

Attorney Leo Gallagher is with the group of visitors. After a two-day fight with the Warden's office, climaxed by Gallagher's threat to take out a writ of habeas corpus, they finally allowed him to see McNamara, who on Dec. 10, 1935, celebrates his 24th anniversary in San Quentin. (He was summarily transferred to Folsom Prison on December 9.—Ed.) He was 26 years old when he went in; now he is fifty.

In order to be able to see a political prisoner, you are first sent to the warden's office to secure special permission and to be questioned. This form of intimidation to discourage visitors used to be employed only in the case of Tom Mooney. Now there are seventeen Tom Mooneys in San Quentin.

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# ANNUAL SIX DAY BAZAAR

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# HERE'S what one heroine of American Labor History Thinks of US



LUCY PARSONS  
wife of Albert Parsons, one  
of America's most heroic  
labor martyrs

## The text of Lucy Parson's letter:

Dear Little Comrade  
Labor Defender:

It is with great pleasure that I note, at the end of your first ten years you are coming out "Bigger and greater" than ever. Well, you must have been a very valuable youngster to have outgrown your swaddling clothes so soon and are now going to don "bigger and greater" garments. You must have hammered at the gates of those hellhole prisons and liberated many class war victims therein confined for no other reason than their struggle against the horrible conditions that prevail today. You have restored these innocent victims to their friends and families. Now it is up to us friends and subscribers to see to it that you begin your 11th birthday with a substantial birthday gift. In this end I am enclosing 50c to start a Labor Defender Birthday Fund. If each subscriber only donates even a small sum, the sum total will be large. Come friends open up your pocketbooks if only a dime falls out. Send it right along. Every little helps to get bigger, greater clothes for our little fighting Kid Labor Defender. It will be with anxious eyes that I will watch this fund grow through the coming months.

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We are conducting a drive for birthday  
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Dear Little Comrade, Labor Defender:  
It is with great pleasure that I note, at the end of your first 10 years you are coming out "Bigger and ~~greater~~ greater" than ever! Well, you must have been a very valuable youngster to have outgrown your swaddling clothes so soon and are now going to don "bigger and greater" garments. You must have hammered at the gates of ~~your~~ these hellhole prisons <sup>and</sup> liberated many class war victims <sup>therein</sup> confined for no other reason than their struggle against the horrible conditions that prevail today. You have restored these innocent victims to their friends and families. Now, it is up to us friends and subscribers to see to it that you begin your 11th birthday with a substantial birthday gift. In this end I am enclosing 50c to start a Labor Defender birthday fund. If each subscriber only donates even a small sum, the sum total will be large. Come friends, open up your pocketbooks if only a dime falls out, send right along "every little helps" to get "bigger greater" clothes for our little fighting "Kid" Labor Defender. It will be with anxious eyes that I will watch this fund grow through the coming months.

Lucy E. Parsons

"It's up to us to see  
to it that you begin  
your  
11th  
Birthday with a  
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day gift."

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## LUCY PARSONS

wife of Albert Parsons, one  
of America's most heroic  
labor martyrs