

They Fight for Us

Angelo Herndon and Mother Bloor Must Have Our Support

By Sasha Small

TWO jails—more than a thousand miles apart—are waiting to receive two heroic people. One is a dinky little country jail way out in Nebraska. The other is not strictly a jail. It's a group of filthy steel cages, or ram-shackle wooden barracks where there are men, chained like beasts, backs bent to toil from sunrise to sunset, day in and day out under the watchful eyes of armed thugs—all its horror summed up in the fearful words—Georgia chain gang.

The two people involved have only one thing in common—their great courage, their hope and their determination to fight on until the goal they are willing to give their freedom and their lives for, is won.

One of the people is quite old in years; and experience. Her spirit is young and ageless. For more than 50 years she has been wherever the stiffest battles of the class war in the United States have been fought—and right on the firing line—with the miners, with the textile workers, with the farmers.

The other, is very young in years, but rapidly aging in experience. Into the 22 years of his life, he has already crowded many experiences. Work in the coal mines, living in the horrible misery of mine patches, jim-crow Negro ghettos in southern cities, successful leadership of black and white unemployed in the city of Atlanta and then 26 months in the brutal dungeon of Fulton Tower prison.

You know their names by this time

I am sure—the first is our grand old Mother Bloor, the second our splendid Angelo Herndon.

Both are out on bail raised by workers' solidarity. Both are menaced by decisions of higher courts which upheld the sentences meted out to them by local authorities.

Mother Bloor's sentence is not anywhere near Angelo's. But we can't



Angelo Herndon

let our Mother Bloor spend one single day in jail. She can't take any time off. She's too busy. She has too many things to do. Too many men and women and youngsters to talk

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 4)

to and to organize and to encourage with her splendid enthusiasm.

Angelo Herndon faces a sentence of 18 to 20 years on the Georgia chain-gang. That means only one thing—death. I saw the Georgia chain-gangs at work only a few weeks ago. I saw what it means to mind, body, and spirit, to toil without ceasing from dawn to dark.

“Discipline” means heavier chains, with spikes added, stocks, and bullets. “Sassy talk,” “laziness” are serious offenses which require “severe punishment.”

Angelo Herndon will never submit to the brutality of his keepers. His release on bail is an open challenge to all the forces of reaction in the south. They don't hide that fact. They tell it freely to anyone who may ask. They feel that they have been robbed of their prey and if they ever get their hands on him—

We Must Free Them

That is why the same solidarity which gathered the nickels and dimes and dollars that made it possible to free our brave fighters on bail, must

be rallied to keep them free and to wipe out the sentences against them. The authorities really fear this solidarity and if the Governor of Nebraska will get hundreds of letters from men and women from all over the country telling him, “You cannot send our Mother Bloor to jail”—she won't go to jail.

And if the Governor of Georgia will get the two million signatures of two million men and women from every corner of the land demanding the freedom of Angelo Herndon and all others facing jail sentences under the same law—he will go free.