

WE HAVE THEM on the RUN

Two young Southern girls worked in the shadow of the night—behind the din of an old phonograph. One of them tells you what they accomplished.

By MARY MACK

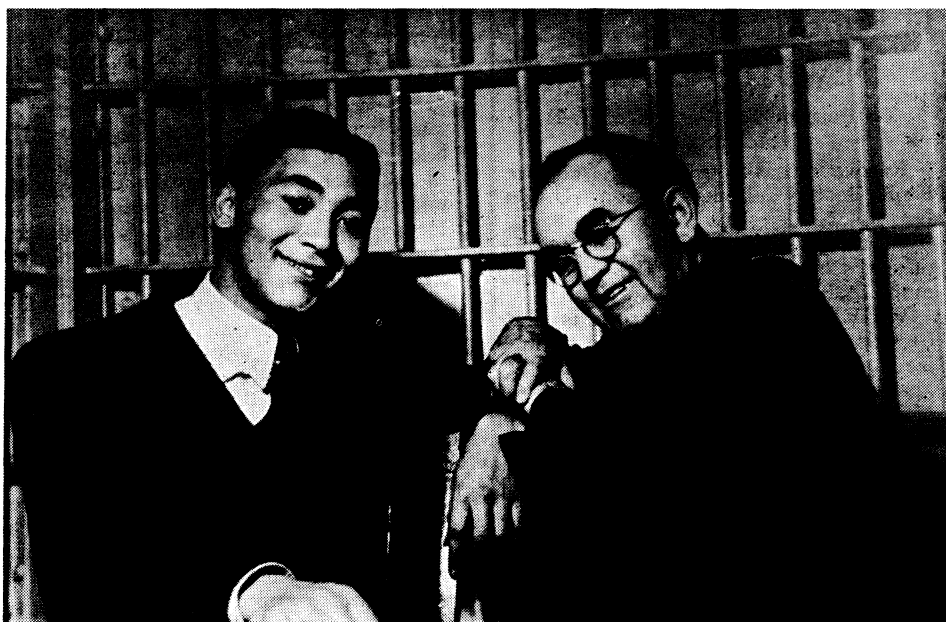
If Death could take a holiday and Dorothy Calhoun could come back, she would tell you quickly and emphatically why now, more than ever, the working class must press onward for the freedom of Angelo Herndon.

(Dorothy Calhoun, you know, is the young Georgia mill girl who died recently in Atlanta as a result of brutal treatment by the police when we were arrested last May for the "crime" of being in a Negro worker's house.)

When Angelo was imprisoned in Atlanta's

of pebbles or a lonely dog would howl at the cold and distant moon. And oftentimes we were forced to hide with abated breath in the sheltering black shadows between the bleak frame houses—hoping that we had escaped detection. . . .

Today, Dorothy is dead. This heroic young Georgia mill girl died at the age of twenty-three as a direct result of Atlanta police brutality. But her life has not been in vain.



When the man on the right was sentenced to die on the gallows, the boy on the left was three years old. But Tom Mooney is alive to day to receive a visit from Angelo Herndon who is free to visit him—because world wide public opinion willed it.

Big Rock jail, Dot and I used to walk pass, arm in arm, look up at the dreary tower and wonder which cell window was Angelo's. We wrote him letters. We knew of Big Rock and we shuddered at the thought of what it might do to his spirit. We wanted to help him keep up his moral for we didn't realize then the courage and the strength that is Herndon.

We used to smuggle a typewriter into a worker's house and feverishly pound out stencils calling for the liberation of our leader. By day we played a wheezy old phonograph to hide the tapping of the typewriter keys. At night, we hung blankets over the walls and doors to muffle the sounds.

At midnight, we used to distribute these "illegal" leaflets. Dorothy and I used to walk through the desolate workers' section and leave our message on their tumble down porches.

Our footsteps on the hard earth would rebound upon the sinister silence, magnified a thousand times it seemed. Sometimes a cat would suddenly scuttle past us with a shower

Definitely, the Fascist Atlanta City Fathers are in retreat.

When Judge Hugh M. Dorsey, back in November of 1935, ruled that the old insurrection law of slavery days that was used against Herndon was not constitutional, the word began to go around in ruling class circles that "Dorsey's goose was cooked." He had dared to take the side of justice. But in the recent Georgia elections, the Atlanta masses reelected Dorsey, backing the stand he took on the Herndon case. And John Hudson, an assistant solicitor general who had aided in the prosecution of Herndon was defeated. The workers had taken a step forward and the Negro-baiting labor-baiting circles had to take a step backwards.

I remember how we used to watch the papers for word about Herndon. The Georgia Woman's World, Talmadge's mouthpiece, distributed at the Grass Roots Convention, raved and ranted about Negroes who were given jobs while "white men and women are walking the streets in search of employment."

Talmadge used W.P.A. funds to get out this paper. He had girls on the W.P.A. payrolls, whose only jobs were that of folding and mailing the paper to all sections of Georgia. But I remember how in one particular Georgia county, the farmers took the papers which were stuffed free into their mailboxes and built a huge bonfire with them to burn an effigy of Talmadge. This was the answer they gave to the paper and its backers who "appreciate real Klansmen who stand for supremacy of the White Race."

And now, Walter LeCraw, who is handling the Herndon case for the Solicitor's office in Georgia is worried. The Herndon case will be reviewed again by the U. S. Supreme Court soon. And LeCraw has glimpsed the far-reaching power of a united working class. The other Monday night, LeCraw spoke before the Georgia Women Lawyers on the theory of free speech, which to him meant the enactment of anti-free speech laws.

But his views are no longer getting the proper response—so he thinks. The Georgia crackers are learning a thing or two. He confided to an acquaintance of mine that he might go all the way up to Washington, D. C., to listen in on a case from Portland, Oregon, which is similar to that of Angelo Herndon's.

It's certainly a lot of trouble the solicitor's office is taking about Angelo's case. They're worried. And we have them on the run. Let's keep them running until they disappear completely from the horizon.

Stanzas On Freedom

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
(1843)

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed.
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

