

LABOR DEFENDER



MARCH
. 1931 .

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ON THE CLASS WAR FRONT

as seen by GROPPER



Millions of working women mobilize on Int'l Women's Day



Mass arrests fail to terrorize jobless



Resist the attack on the foreign-born!



Carrying on the tradition of the Paris Commune!

A Story of Working Women

By GERTRUDE HAESSLER

IS industrial work an added burden to the women of the working class? That depends on where the woman is working. Women both in the capitalist countries and in the Soviet Union are being drawn in ever-increasing numbers into industry — but what a difference!

In America the women are *driven* into industry by the slashed wages of the husbands or brothers or fathers, who cannot earn enough for the entire family. In the Soviet Union women are *attracted* into industry by the lightening of the domestic burdens, by making the broader more active life in and around the factories a lure away from the restricted narrow life of the pots and pans and washtubs.

Let us see:

When Kate in New York goes to work in the morning she leaves her two children, 7 and 5 years old, alone at home, for there is no one else to care for them. The U. S. Children's Bureau investigator reports that before leaving, the mother puts the matches out of reach, puts a lunch on the table, locks the doors, and goes. Kate's sister Katya, in the Soviet Union, starts out, taking Vanya and Kolya, 7 and 5 years old, with her to the factory nursery, where under expert supervision, they play with other children, engage in constructive activity, eat well-cooked meals, have their daily nap, and are ready for Katya to take them home with her at the end of her seven hours' work.

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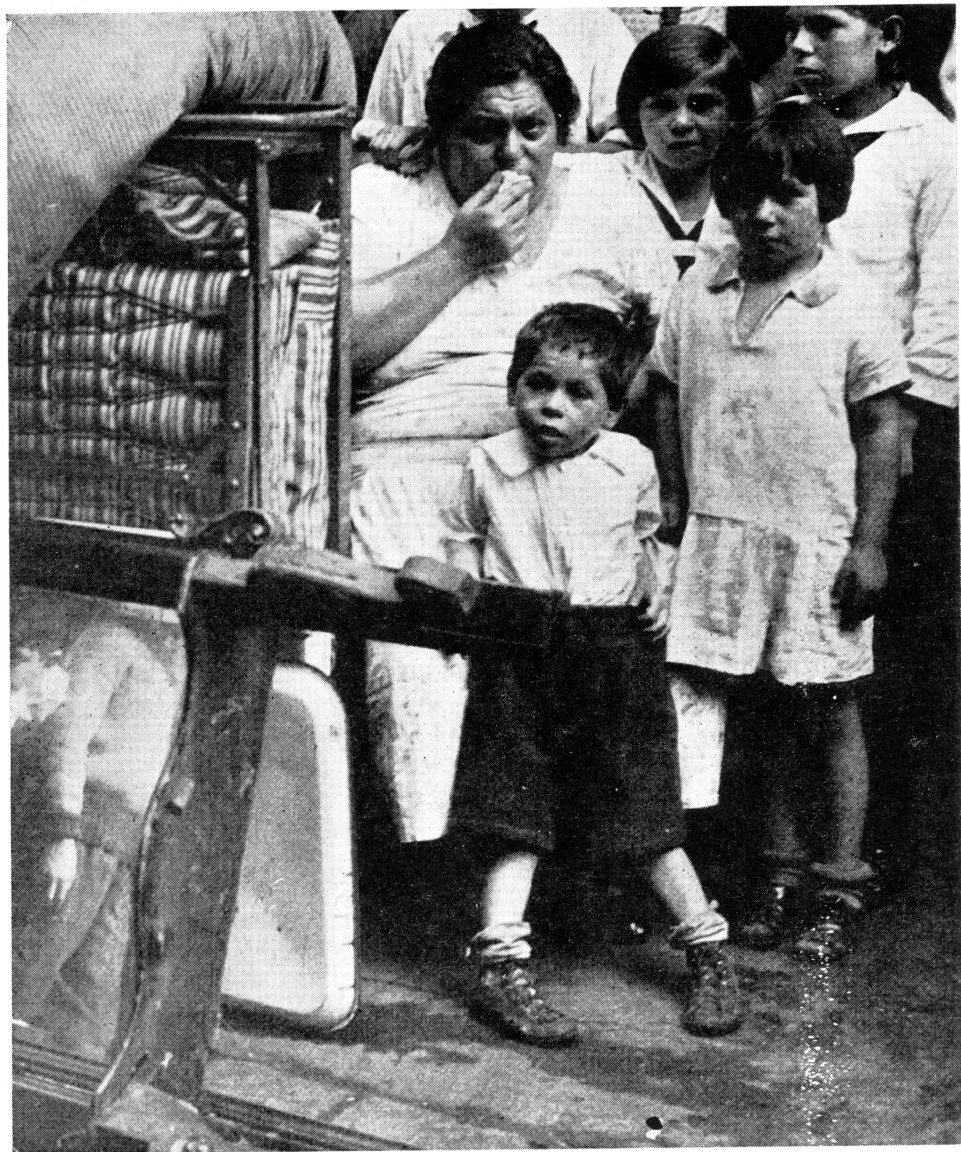
Mary is pregnant. She has written to the U. S. Children's Bureau for advice, for she wants her child strong and healthy, and wants to conserve her own health as well. In the pamphlet she received she reads: "It should be the invariable practice of every pregnant woman to spend at least two hours of each day in the open air, and as much more as possible." Things she should avoid are "heavy work, such as washing, sweeping, lifting, or moving heavy burdens, running a sewing machine, or other forms of taxing labor," etc. But Mary's "fresh air" in New York is the subway to and from work and the factory fumes during the day. Her only rest is a half hour for gobbling her cold lunch, the only break in her 9 to 12 hours of heavy toil. And on top of it all, the gnawing worry about her job, the extra expense of the coming child, her income stopped! Marushka, on the other hand, in the Soviet

Union, expecting her baby in nine weeks, has only one week more to go before being released entirely from her work for the remaining eight weeks before the birth, and another eight weeks after, on full pay. Does she dread the expense of the coming child? It never occurs to her. The baby's outfit is furnished by the government complete. Her hospital expenses are included in the social insurance all workers in the Soviet Union enjoy. She looks forward with joy to the advent of her child—no cares, no dread. She is looked upon as doing a useful service for the State. The government cherishes her for it and assists her not only to be a good mother, but to be a useful citizen outside the home at the same time.

Eve's baby is three weeks old. She has plenty of milk to give the child, but now she must return to the factory, for her small stock of money has given out. The doctor said she should finish her complete rest of six weeks, but how can she? Her job will go if she does not return. The Children's Bureau pamphlet tells her: "Mother's milk is the one perfect infant food. It behooves all mothers who desire healthy and happy babies to nurse them." But how to nurse the baby? No help for it—she must wean him and put him on the bottle. Before leaving for the factory in the morning, she prepares the bottles of milk, leaving Jackie, the eight year old brother to give the child the milk at the proper time. All day she worries—will



IN THE U. S. A.—The rent unpaid, Mrs. L. Sabbatini and her 5 children were evicted from their rooms at 180 Eldridge St., on the East Side of New York. The father has been out of work more than a half year. The family had lived in the flat since 1924.



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IN THE U.S.S.R.—Teaching women workers; an open air class.

something happen to the child? Eve's nine hours of exhausting speed-up work is over, and she drags herself home, frantic to know whether he is alright, and then after the children are finally asleep, begins the task of washing the children's clothes. Her fingers are already raw and worn from handling the silk, soaked in strong chemicals, at the factory. Before she can get to bed, her fingers are an unshapen, swollen mass of watersoaked flesh, and her back is almost breaking.

And her sister in the Soviet Union? At the end of the three weeks, Yevva still has five weeks of complete rest to look forward to, with full pay, and constant doctor's care for both the child and herself. And now comes the time to go back to work. The child is eight weeks old, thriving on his mother's milk. And he will continue to do so. Yevva proudly brings him with her to the factory, where her job has been waiting for her. In the creche, which is part of the factory, the child is put to sleep and every 3½ hours Yevva leaves her machine, and takes a full half hour to feed him and to rest from the renewed strain of the factory work. For nine months, until it is time to wean the child, Yevva can provide this excellent nourishment. And at the end of her seven hours of work, does she run home with the child and bend over her pots and pans and laundry tubs? If she wants to, yes. But Yevva is a modern woman, and she is lucky enough to be working in one of the first factories to provide care for children during the mother's social activities outside of working hours. There is an important meet-

ing in the factory to discuss the anti-dumping crusade in the capitalist countries against the Soviet Union. Yevva wants to participate. Alright, eat in the factory dining room, leave Sasha in the creche. He is safe there with the trained nurse to look after him. The discussion lasts well into the evening, Yevva steals out when necessary to feed the little one, and then comes quietly back to take part in the meeting. And now, when she comes home with her baby at night, she tucks him in, clean from the nursery, well-fed, he sleeps throughout the night, and in the morning, on the way to work, Yevva leaves the soiled clothing at the communal laundry, to be called for, white and clean, on her way home at night.

* * * *

Little Vera, in the U. S. A. is frail, and the eight hours' grind of tending four looms is a strain on her. When the edict of the boss comes — two twelve-hour shifts—she doesn't know how she can manage it. She does — she cannot live without doing so. But then the day-shift is reduced, and Vera is transferred to the night shift. Oh yes, there is a law in this part of America against women working at night, but this work starts at noon and lasts until midnight, and doesn't count as "nightwork." Her four looms are increased to six, and then to eight, and coughing constantly, and almost blinded by the glare of the electric lamp over the loom shining directly into her eyes, she breaks down and simply becomes an extra burden on the rest of the harassed family.

But Verushka in the Soviet Union, also

not too strong, for she will suffer all her life from the effects of undernourishment and living in damp cellars during her childhood under czarism, sings as her shuttles move back and forth with their fascinating rhythmic click-clack, click-clack. Only seven hours of this, and with the day still young, she can go forth into the sunshine to the sports club of the textile union, where she is trying to make herself strong and healthy with proper exercise and play. Work at night? There is no such thing as a woman working at night in the Soviet Union. Coughing and going blind? Why, at the least sign of any physical ailment, she goes to the trade union rest home to prevent the malady getting a grip on her—with full pay and expenses. Any worry about becoming a burden to her family? What a joke, with complete unemployment and health insurance, how can any woman worry about such things! She doesn't know any other life than complete security, for she is young, and her whole experience in working in industry is under the Soviet Government which gives her complete protection and security.

When will the 9,400,000 women in industry in the United States, (of whom 2,750,000 are married*), wake up and organize for what their Russian sisters have achieved in the Workers' Fatherland?

*Figures taken from "Workers Fact Book" to be issued by International Publishers.



A CONTRAST—Above is photo of the "Doctors' Hospital," New York, the ritziest maternity hospital in the country, where the ladies of the rich give birth to their parasitic heirs. Below is midwife establishment on North Side, Chicago, where workers' wives endanger their lives in childbirth.

Work Never Over for Southern Women

By ESTHER LOWELL

WORK, work, work! That's all a southern working woman knows. From childhood to age, her work is never done.

Nowhere else in the country is the lot of working women harder than in the southern states. This is not because workers are driven more in southern factories and shops. Northern mills speed women workers even more.

But at home, the southern working woman has a bigger burden than her sisters in other sections. This is because the southern industries are in rural or only semi-urban communities where workers' houses have very few conveniences.

Probably nowhere else in the United States are the hardships for working women under a competitive industrial system more easily seen. No community kitchens, almost no nurseries for little tots of working mothers, seldom a community bath-house or laundry, and company stores are the worst imaginable with high prices for stale goods. Besides, the southern working woman must stretch her slimmer income much more.

Housekeeping must be done in comparatively primitive ways. Water is seldom piped to the house. At best it may be on tap at the back porch. More often the woman must go to a well, or sometimes to a spring some distance away. It is no fun to haul water for a big family wash, or for the family baths!

Then the stove needs stoking. Likely enough wood has to be gathered from some gully or wooded spot and chopped. The clumsy wood and coal range takes lots of fuel and the water must be heated on top, as there is not often a tank attached to the stove. Sometimes the working woman makes an open fire outdoors and sets a big black iron pot over the flame to boil up her clothes. Such back-breaking work to keep the family clean!

There are no convenient corner delicatessen stores to help a hasty meal. Even if there were, however, the southern worker could hardly afford to buy from it. Even canned goods are too costly for much use. The working woman, home from the mill after 10 or 11 hours work, cannot admit she's tired, for there is corn-bread or sourdough biscuit to bake. Loaf bread—"light bread"—is a little known luxury.

Housecleaning isn't so hard, because there isn't much house and very little fur-

nishing in it. Bare wooden floors are swept and occasionally scrubbed.

If a child is ill, work or no work—mother stays home to nurse the young one. If she works nights, she loses her much-needed sleep by day. Even without sickness at home, the night working south-

and mending are a never-ending necessity.

Yet with all her hardships, the southern working woman—white or black—is likely to be more rebellious than her husband. Life to her can't be much worse than it is; so she'll take a chance to fight. And once in awhile, there is a rare southern



HUNGRY family in Arkansas—The Red Cross serves meals to them costing 2½ cents each.

soon worn out. Of course, you will find none of this mentioned in the "Blue Book of Southern Progress," gotten out by the bosses.

When the girls need new dresses or the boys new blouses, the mother must contrive to make them in her "spare" time.

She's lucky if she can buy a bit of cloth and borrow a sewing machine. Darning working woman like Ella May, who can turn the troubles she knows into verse and help rally her fellow workers in a real struggle for a better world for all who toil.

The Paris Commune of 1871

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

IT was the spring of 1871. France had just suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Prussians. Napoleon III, Emperor of France, was captured. An uprising on Sept. 3, 1870, had dethroned Napoleon and established a Republic. The masses of Paris were hungry after a siege by the Prussians which lasted for months. The workers were coming out into the streets, demanding bread and peace. The workers flocked to the National Guards which were organized from among the citizens to keep order in the city. By the beginning of the year 1871 there were over 300,000 workers and poor artisans in the National Guards. When the Na-

the city of Paris. The government retreated and entrenched itself in Versailles, a distance of some 30 miles from Paris.

The workers were now the masters of the capital. Elections were held in every district of the city. Only workers and small artisans and others belonging to the toiling masses were permitted to vote. The number of votes cast was over 230,000; 85 Deputies were elected. These Deputies assembled in the City Hall of Paris and formed the *Paris Commune*—the first workers' government in history.

The Paris Commune did not "take over" the old government; it destroyed it. It dismantled the whole administrative ap-

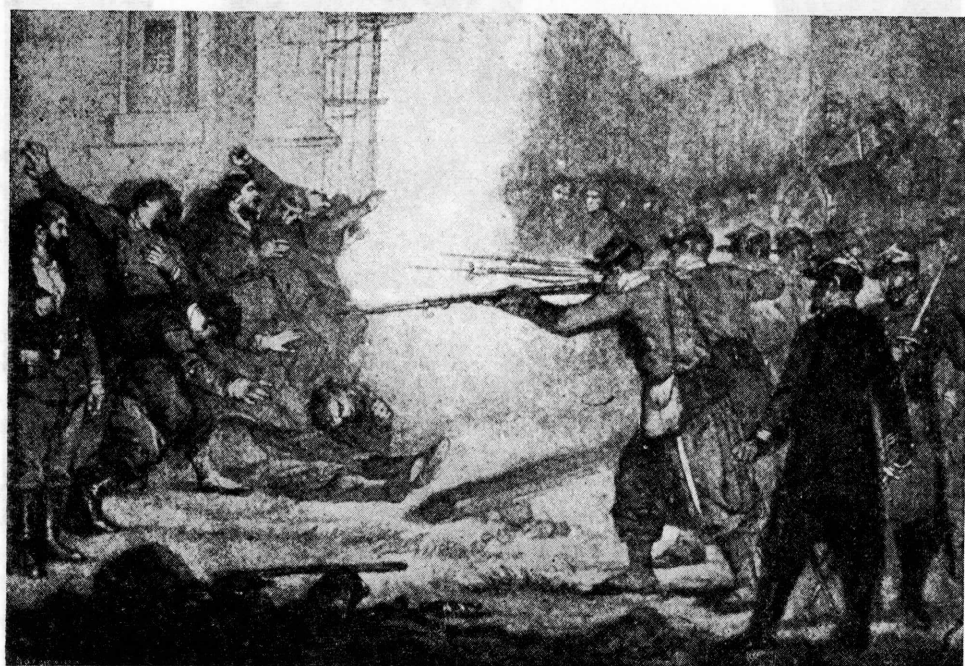
undertook a number of economic measures to alleviate the situation of the workers. It established labor exchanges; it introduced some public works to provide jobs for the workers; it stimulated the organization of cooperatives; it abolished night work for bakers; it abolished fines. It ordered vacant apartments to be occupied by the homeless. It transferred the factories of absentee owners to the workers. It fought against speculators; it ordered goods from pawn shops returned to the owners.

It was a government decidedly opposed to capitalist rule. Had it been permitted to continue, it would have replaced capitalism by a socialist system. But this first government of the toiling masses was of brief duration. It lasted a little over two months. It fell victim of the attack of the Versailles forces and of its own indecision.

The Paris Commune made a number of fatal mistakes. It did not make special efforts to spread the revolution into the provinces. It did not follow up its victory in Paris with an attack upon Versailles. It did not help the masses of Paris with money which it could have taken from the Bank of France. It did not show the whole country the example of expropriating the bourgeoisie. Worst of all, it did not manifest quick energetic activity in attacking the enemy. The enemy was allowed to recuperate, to increase its forces, to send emissaries through the provinces making propaganda against the Commune. The Commune was opposed to methods of mass proletarian terror. It declared: "We are Republicans, Democrats and Socialists and therefore we must not resort to the methods employed by those beasts."

Between May 21 and May 24 the Commune was crushed. The bourgeoisie showed a brutality exceeded only by the Chinese counter-revolution in 1927. Over 20,000 were killed outright in the streets of Paris. The city was strewn with corpses of Communards. Many thousands were exiled. The Commune was literally drowned in workers' blood. The Communards offered brave, death-defying resistance. Men, women and children fought for every inch of ground, for every house, for every corner. Many foreign revolutionaries, living in Paris aided the struggle.

The Commune was crushed, but its memory lives in the hearts of the workers of the world. Its work is continued in the Soviet Union of today.



THE WHITE TERROR! Parisian workers and soldiers murdered by the Versailles without hearing or trial. Men, women and children were slaughtered as vengeance upon the Commune. All Paris was turned into a gigantic slaughter house. This is the terror and mass slaughter of workers that imperialism is today developing against labor.

tional Assembly, supposed to represent the people of France, opened its sessions on February 12, it became clear to the workers that the bourgeoisie and the landlords were about to put a heavier yoke on the necks of the masses. New taxes were decreed. The moratorium (annulment) on rents and debts which were practised during the war, was now abolished. The government under *Adolphe Thiers* was making ready to attack the workers. On March 17 it ordered the National Guard to disarm.

This was the spark that caused the explosion. The National Guards refused to disarm. It attacked the government's troops and took over the whole power in

paratus of the bourgeoisie. It established a totally new kind of government, hitherto unknown. It abolished the standing army; it armed the people; it made the post of army officer elective; it put every public official under the control of the population; it separated the Church from the State; it nationalized all State property; it proclaimed universal obligatory education; it abolished the division of power into legislative and executive. The Commune was a *working corporation* holding both the legislative, the executive and any other power.

It was a new kind of government created from the masses by the masses and representing the interest of the masses. It

Veteran of Paris Commune, in the U.S.A.

By STEVE GRAHAM

WALKING into a little jewelry repair shop on the corner of 59th St. and Washington Ave. in Newport News, Va., I noticed a gray, but still husky, old man working at his bench.

Having heard much of him before, I went over to him and shook the hand of one of the very few survivors of the ever-

ness of the toiling masses of Paris during those brief two months that they were in power. How gladly did the proletarian population go to their work during that period, attending the unending meetings and demonstrations! And in the later days how eagerly they marched to the barricades and fought to defend their Commune! Only the heroism of the Russian workers and peasants can compare to that of the Communards!"

"I saw thousands of Communards murdered by Thiers, and countless thousands exiled to Africa and elsewhere," Hauser continued.

Spoke to Marx, Engels

"I have seen and spoken with Marx and Engels while I worked at my trade in Switzerland," the veteran said with a touch of pride. "I carried the Red Flag at the funeral of Bakunin. Years later the news announcing the death of Karl Marx came. I heard the unforgettable speech of Friedrich Engels before the grave of Marx."

Hauser then told how, on several occasions he met some of the Communards after his arrival in New York some years later. He told of some of his earlier lessons in capitalist "democracy." "Some time after the assassination of President McKinley, a young man was arrested in Newport News and taken to jail, and a mob was formed and demanded the life of the prisoner. The sheriff surrendered him to the mob, and later the youth was

found hanging from a tree. Several persons and myself got interested in this boy's case and investigated to find out who was responsible for the lynching. Some time later we found that it was the sheriff who was one of the ringleaders in the lynching, and exposed him.

"When I came to Newport News, together with several other workers, I organized a branch of the Socialist Labor Party. After a speech that Debs made here some time later we reorganized the branch in the socialist party. When the Communist Party was formed later, following the betrayals of the socialists, and C. E. Ruthenberg came here to speak we lost no time in joining it."

Even now this veteran of the Paris Commune is carrying out the tradition of that historic struggle by participating in the day to day struggles of the workers. He gets regularly copies of the *LABOR DEFENDER*, *Southern Worker* and *Daily Worker* and distributes them to the workers in the town and particularly to the men in the Newport News Shipbuilding Co.

"I always told my family and my friends that I will die fighting on the barricades," Hauser concluded, "and believe me, the way things are going right now I may have the opportunity for the second time to shoulder a gun and fight on the barricades.

"Only this time I will fight in the United States, helping the workers of this country establish *their* Commune."



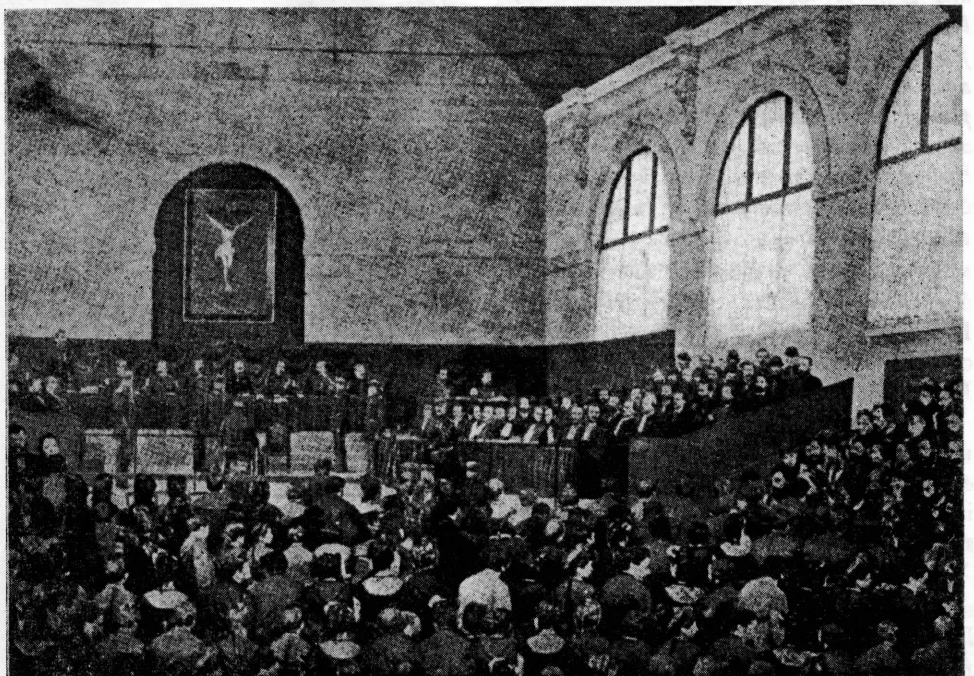
A. J. HAUSER

inspiring and heroic Paris Commune of 1871.

Despite his 82 years, Comrade A. J. Hauser goes about his little shop, every day—failing health and poor eyesight prevents him from working any longer at his trade as a watchmaker. He has lived in Newport News 30 years. Knowing that he had participated in the struggle that brought about the Paris Commune, I asked him if he would tell me of his experiences.

"I was 22 years old during the Commune," he told me. "I well recall how the workers of Paris organized their 'Fighting Battalions' and how courageously they fought on the barricades that made the existence of the Commune possible, only to be later defeated by the reactionary Thiers government.

"One cannot picture the joy and happi-



TRIAL of the 17 chief members of the Commune, September 2, 1871

Sixty Years After—Our Present Tasks

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL

THE Paris Commune is not an isolated, historic event. After 60 years it lives, mightier than ever, in the 14th year of the victorious Commune of the Russian workers, in the revolutionary struggles of labor everywhere.

March 18, 1931, just three score years after the red flag was raised and kept flying in Paris for 72 days, not only commemorates the count-



Bebritz—Bosses are out to deport him.

less working class dead in the Commune of 1871. We remember also the martyred dead of the Russian Revolutions (1905 and 1917), of the Hungarian and Bavarian Workers' Republics, of the Canton Commune of China's rising

masses, of heroic class fighters.

The Paris Commune anniversary is the day of the International Labor Defense in all countries, not only for commemoration, but for carrying through, on a broader scale, mass working class defense actions as the best preparation for future struggles.

For the United States, the PARIS COMMUNE WEEK, March 14-22, becomes a time for intensified activities, for amnesty, for the release of the Imperial Valley Prisoners, for the liberation of Mooney and Billings; against deportations, against lynching, against the persecution of the foreign-born, against Jim Crowism, against the censorship of the workers' press, for the release of all class war prisoners, for international solidarity against the war preparations, from fighting intervention against the Soviet Union!

Thus the WEEK OF THE PARIS COMMUNE becomes a time for energizing all our activities under the Eight Months' Plan of Work, for really developing mass campaigns, for building the International Labor Defense into a mass organization.

The memory of the Paris Commune must be carried to the oppressed millions of American workers and farmers, starving and dying, as an incentive to new struggles against their growing misery.

Members and sympathizers of the International Labor Defense, readers of the LABOR DEFENDER, must join everywhere for the WEEK OF THE PARIS COMMUNE, to carry through house-to-house canvassing for the collection of signatures in the

"AMNESTY!" drive, for new members, for sale and distribution of literature covering all our campaigns, for the winning of new readers for the LABOR DEFENDER, for the collection of funds. This work will be under the direction of the district, city and branch organizations of the International Labor Defense, drawing in all possible forces.

The whole resistance to the attack of the growing boss class terror against the American working class must be energetically increased, especially resistance to deportations. The fight against the deportation, for instance, of the Hungarian Communist editor, Bebritz, becomes a struggle against the infamous Fish Committee that has ordered him sent back to Hungary, to death at the hands of Horthy's hangmen. Workers of all nationalities, native and foreign-born, Negro and white, must be aroused to the deportation-



death sentences passed against Serio, Li, Machado and scores of others. The year 1931 already drips with the blood of many lynchings, of both Negro and white workers. At the moment when it is planned to bring the Atlanta comrades, facing the electric chair, to trial, new attacks develop in the South against workers, Negro and white, in Birmingham, Alabama, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, and elsewhere. At the same time the growing wave of strikes demands increasing resistance to the persecutions organized by the boss class to put through their wage cuts, the longer workday and worsening conditions.

The development of all these struggles coordinated with the campaign of the WEEK OF THE PARIS COMMUNE must make March 18, 1931, memorable for the whole American working class. These actions must grow as an integral part of our resistance to the oppressive role of Dollar imperialism in Latin America, the Orient, in Africa, in Europe, with the developing attack against the Soviet Union. March 18 must witness increasingly effective exposures of the intervention plots against the First Workers' Republic. Participation in the struggles of the unemployed, in the International Woman's Day of March 8th, must help prepare for the WEEK OF THE PARIS COMMUNE, MARCH 14-22.

Demand the Right of Asylum for Augustin Marti

AUGUSTIN MARTI, Central American revolutionary leader, finds himself imprisoned today by the immigration authorities of San Pedro, California, who will not allow him to disembark.

Agustin F. Marti, one of the leaders of the workers' revolutionary movement, was secretary of the Liberation Army (Ejercito Libertador) of Nicaragua, commanded by Sandino, and later on expelled from this group because of his being a Communist. Marti was arrested in Mexico in February, 1930, and deported from that country in April of the same year. He was forced to leave Guatemala, where he had gone from Mexico.

During the months of August and September the prisons of El Salvador were filled up with militants of the syndicalist movement and the Communist Party. This attack was answered by the quick action of the masses led by the International Red Aid, thus bringing about the freedom of all the prisoners.

Storming the Capitol

By PAUL NOVICK



INVADING the Minnesota Legislature— A scene (top) in the Minnesota House of Representatives at Minneapolis, when unemployed workers, led by the Unemployed Councils of the Trade Union Unity League, stormed the chamber and took it over for three hours, demanding immediate relief for the unemployed. Photo (left) shows delegation of unemployed from all over U. S. on way to House of Representatives to put forward demand for Unemployed Insurance Bill, backed by 1,000,000 signatures. Congress adjourned without appropriating one cent for unemployed relief, although it voted millions for imperialist war preparations.

THE Capitol at Washington looked like an armed camp when we reached it. The lobbies and doorways were packed with police, armed with guns and tear gas bombs. Outside of the Capitol was a row of motorcycles loaded with machine guns. Police reserves, with ample supplies of ammunition, were hidden in the cellars of the Capitol. They were ready—

The delegation of fifteen, elected by the larger delegation of 140 that came to Washington from all corners of the United States, was carrying the petition, signed by the hundreds of thousands of workers demanding unemployment insurance and immediate unemployed relief. Nearly one million and a half workers in the United States have either signed, or voted at mass meetings, for the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

There are thousands of Pullman cars standing idle in the railroad yards, but the representatives of the millions of starved jobless could not use them. The lucky ones traveled in ancient Fords, in trucks, and did arrive provided their "machines" did not break down. Some traveled on the bumpers of freight trains, or "hiked," as did some delegates from Colorado, hiked for thousands of miles in the month of February. They did arrive provided they were not arrested for vagrancy, as happened to some.

One hundred and forty delegates assembled, fifteen came to present the demands to the House, and the Wall Street lawmakers realized the full meaning of it. They heard the voices of *ten million* and they were shivering in their boots!

What a spectacle they presented on the morning of February 10, these well-rested and well-fed servants of capitalism, the members of the House, of the Senate, with their numerous attendants! One peep from the gallery of the House would have convinced you that the law-makers were nervous. There was Speaker Longworth—having given over the "chair" to one of his colleagues, he kept marching in and out of the chamber. There were groups of congressmen clustered about the doors leading to the front veranda. And there was Mrs. Ruth Pratt, representative from the "silk stocking" parasites' district of Park Avenue, New York, holding a white flower before her nose with an unsteady hand. *The well-fed and well-rested ladies and gentlemen of the House (with flowers in February) were much disturbed by the onslaught of the tired, ragged but determined delegation of the unemployed.*

"What a lot!" I heard some elegant lady remark while the delegates were led, through a cordon of police, to the Speaker's private chamber.

One day later we heard Congressman

Eslick of Tennessee, member of the Fish Committee, as he was telling his colleagues of the House in a trembling voice who the "Reds" are. "Why, there is not one man or one woman amongst them decently dressed!"

The congressman nodded. Yes, the "Reds" were there the day before, not one of them decently dressed!

Speaker Longworth, forced to admit the representatives of the unemployed masses into his chamber, in spite of demands that they be arrested, found an excuse. The letter in which he was notified of the visit of the delegation was not couched in the proper language, was "discourteous."

Soon after the unemployed "visitors" departed — some of the 140 delegates who were trying to speak from the gallery of the House were forcibly ejected by the police and detectives — the wires began humming with stories of demonstrations of the unemployed all over the United States. Tens of thousands in New York and Los Angeles, in Boston and Chattanooga. The capitals of Minnesota and Utah were in the hands of those unemployed workers who are not dressed according to the latest style and who do not carry white flowers on a wintry February day. American capitalism heard the roar of the millions of starving, freezing, desperate suicide - driven unemployed millions!

THE FIGHT AGAINST HUNGER



CHICAGO unemployed (above) in one of the numerous demonstrations held in that city to demand real relief. "We refuse to sell apples!" is one of the slogans. Militant demonstrations of the jobless have been held in Detroit, Cleveland, Birmingham, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities thruout the country.



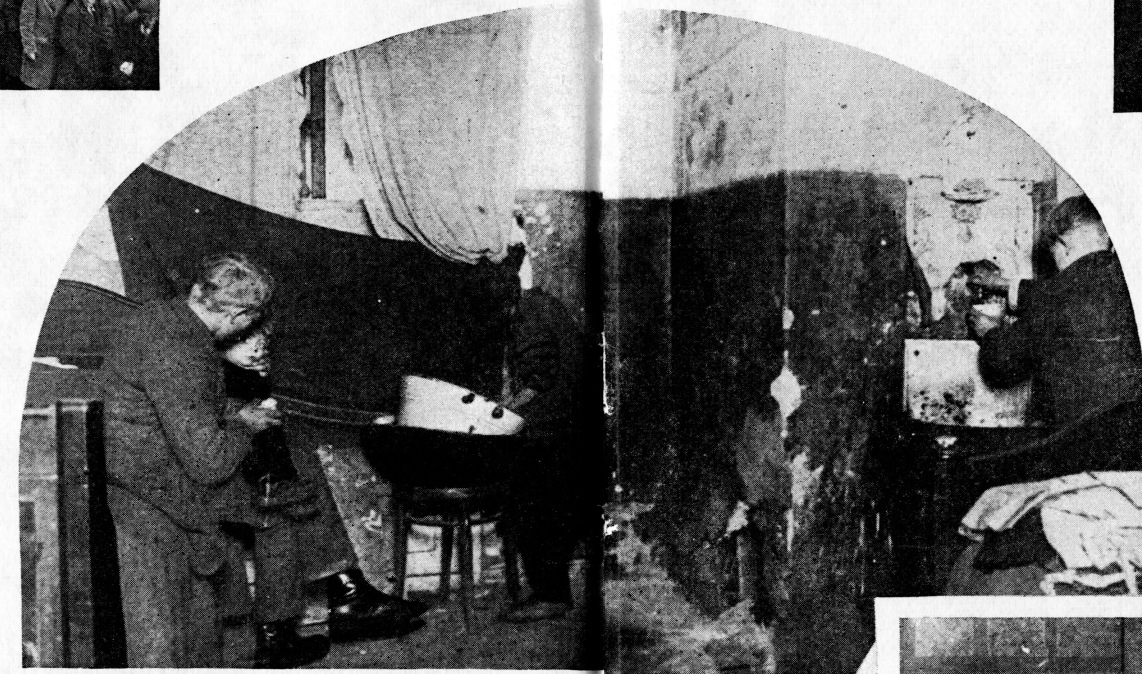
UNIFORMED thug (right) assaulting an unemployed worker. Resistance to these cowardly attacks is growing everywhere on the part of the jobless who are defying the brutal methods of the bosses and their police.



"THE MEEK shall inherit the earth." Photo shows British unemployed trying to get some sleep on the floor of the Holy Trinity Church in Gray's Inn Road, London. At 9 o'clock each night a few are permitted to "rest" using benches (bunking beds) or pillows.

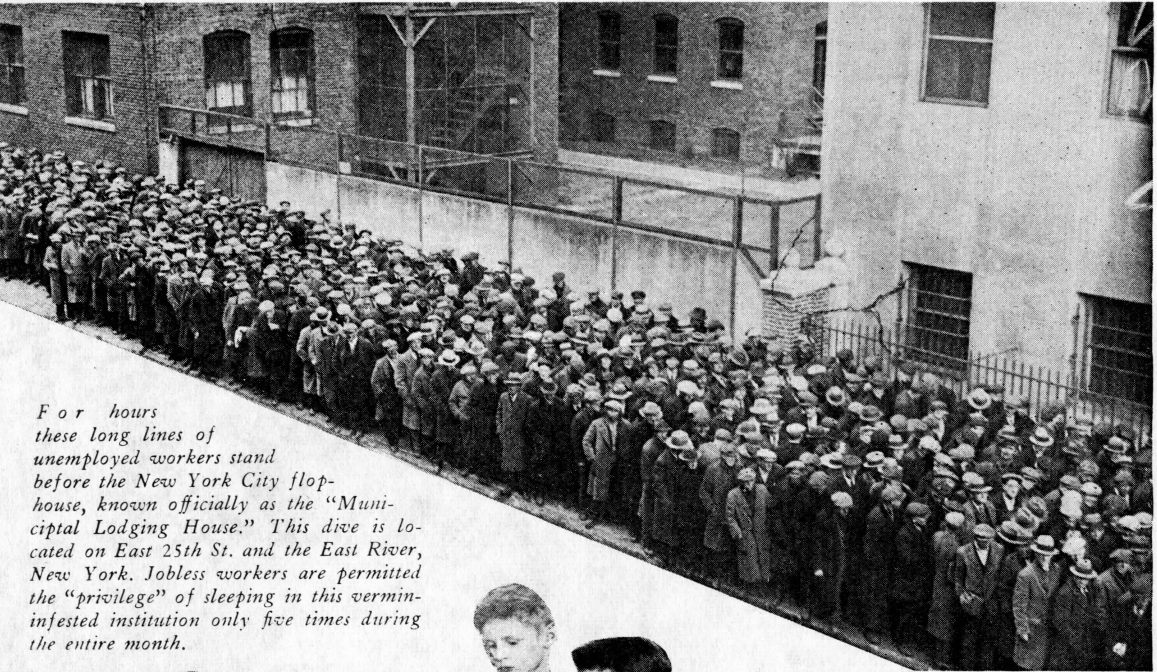


EVICTED! Mother and her child sleeping in a tenement hallway (below) after being thrown out of their flat for non-payment of rent. The Unemployment Councils of the Trade Union Unity League are organizing tenants everywhere to resist evictions by putting furniture back into the homes.



CLUBS and tear-gas continues to be the answer of the bosses to the demands of the unemployed for work or wages.

"EVERY MAN'S home is his castle," say the story books in the bosses' schools. Take a look at this "castle," pictured on right. It belongs, or rather, it is rented by an unemployed auto worker of Detroit, where all the swanky limousines are manufactured. Soon this worker and his family will be kicked even out of this hovel. No longer able to pay rent, they will be thrown into the streets to freeze.



For hours these long lines of unemployed workers stand before the New York City flop-house, known officially as the "Municipal Lodging House." This dive is located on East 25th St. and the East River, New York. Jobless workers are permitted the "privilege" of sleeping in this vermin-infested institution only five times during the entire month.

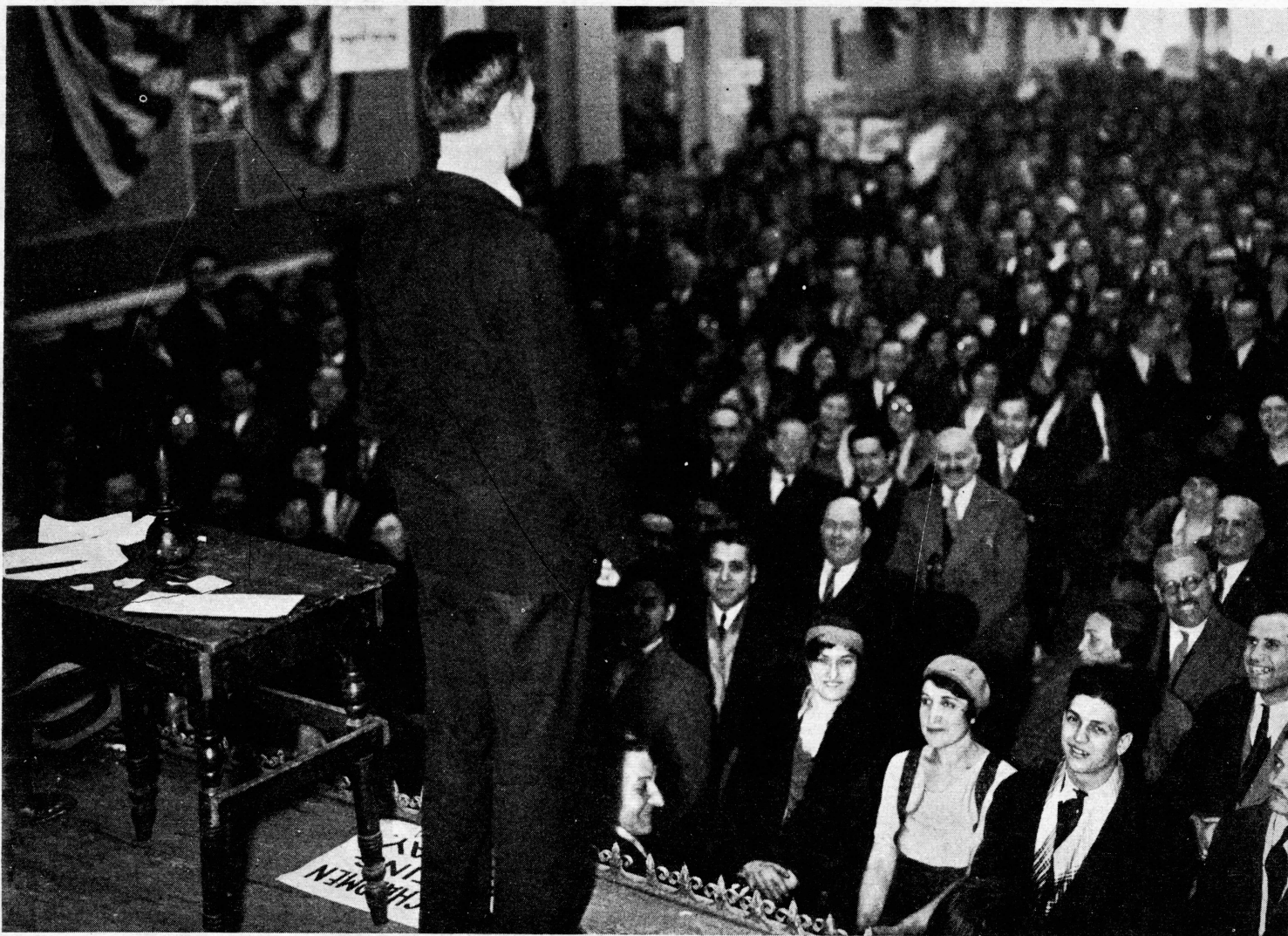


MISERY and privation is the lot of this working-class family of Youngstown, Ohio. Widowed by the death of her husband in an accident while working in the steel mill, this woman must support herself and five children on her meagre earnings. Capitalism makes no provision for taking care of cases like these, where a worker sacrifices his life to make profits for the bosses. In the Soviet Union, where an elaborate system of social insurance prevails, this worker's wife and family would be adequately cared for.



THE BED of an unemployed worker—a rock! In every city in the United States you see sights like these. Photo above was sent in by a LABOR DEFENDER reader from Chicago, "prosperous" city of the Middle West.





Louis Hyman, president of the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union, addressing a meeting of strikers in Bryant Hall, New York.

The Revolt of the Dressmakers

By ALLAN JOHNSON

IT is 10 A. M., the "zero hour." Several thousand dressmakers in New York City shut off the power in their shops and walk out with an almost frenzied enthusiasm. The Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, had called a strike. No more 12-hour workdays, no more \$5 pay envelopes, no more incessant barking of the boss for more speed, no more firing—for any or no reason, no more discrimination against Negroes and young workers.

* * *

Less than a year ago dressmakers were considered the "aristocrats" of the New York workers. Long, hard, bitter fights with their bosses had won them wages that averaged between \$40 and \$50 a week. Their children often continued their studies, and two-week vacations for the entire family at summer resorts were the rule rather than the exception.

It may sound unbelievable, but in this

most "prosperous" city of the most "prosperous" country in the world, thousands of dressmakers are being paid \$4, \$6 and \$8 a week for 50 and 60 hours a week, every last hour of it under the terrific pressure of speed-up systems. Enormous sums are spent by the needle trades employers in developing new methods of exploiting their workers: the newest wrinkle is forcing dressmakers to work their first week without pay.

Girls are singing on the picket line, dancing in some of the strike headquarters. When shops struck in Harlem, Negroes and whites, drawn together by their common slavery, kissed each other for pure joy. In Bryant Hall, largest of the strike headquarters, enthusiastic strikers cheered wildly every time a group of dressmakers entered the hall and announced they had joined the strike. And with the strike comes arrests. It is here that the International Labor Defense brings a powerful weapon to

the aid of the strikers. Characteristic of the spirit of the strikers, however, is the fact that they invariably choose prison sentences rather than pay fines from the meagre funds of the union—when they are caught in the trap of capitalist class justice.

The strike is on, and these dressmakers are determined to win; a visit to any of the strike headquarters, including the one in Philadelphia, where the dressmakers waited but a day before they followed the lead of the New York strikers will convince the most skeptical of that.

And not one, they will tell you, will go back to work until they win the demands laid down by their Industrial Union—guaranteed minimum wage scales, a 40-hour 5-day week, recognition of the union and of the shop committee, equal pay for equal work for all young workers, and the abolition of every vestige of discrimination against the Negro dressmakers, their valiant fellow-strikers.

MacDonaldism in Montreal, Canada

MONTREAL, metropolis of Canada, where French and English are both official languages, where huge breadlines and gorged warehouses parallel each other, the boss class has turned loose its police and courts in an effort to outlaw militant workers' organizations.



ENGDAHL

In three meetings successively smashed by the police there were 29 arrests with "Le Roix" (The King) appearing as the plaintiff in the numerous charges of sedition, inciting to riot, unlawful assembly, etc., etc. But Canada, being one of the rich dominions ruled over by His Majesty, King George V, is part of the British Empire, the government of which is now in the hands of the British Labor Party of the so-called J. Ramsay MacDonald "labor" government.

Attacks on the foreign-born, censorship of the press, promises of an anti-labor inquisition, "just like the Fish Committee," deportations (even of English-born workers back to England), are the order of the day in Canada as in the United States.

Five speakers and three jobless workers were arrested January 19 at the meeting of the Montreal Unemployed Association; nineteen workers were arrested at the Lenin Memorial Meeting of the Communist Party, and on the night of January 30, at Prince Arthur Hall, the meeting of protest organized by the Canadian Labor Defense League against these attacks was broken up and J. Louis Engdahl, general secretary of the International Labor Defense, who had been invited to come to Montreal for this protest, and Bella Gordon, local defense secretary acting as chairman, were arrested and the meeting itself savagely dispersed.

All of these meetings were held indoors. They were perfectly peaceful until the hundreds of uniformed and plain-clothes police, stationed inside and outside the hall, went into action with clubs and blackjacks. The charges themselves reveal the most clumsy police frame-ups. Originally Engdahl, for instance was also charged with importing "seditious and murderous literature" in violation of the Canadian customs laws. This was later dropped, but he is now charged with sedition and unlawful assembly. Every

By JACK ROSE

word that Engdahl uttered during the minute he was allowed to speak was taken down by stenographers. He had only time to utter a greeting to Canadian labor from the workers in the United States. The police got the complete stenogram but in their testimony at the preliminary hearing declared Engdahl had also said: "I am here to start the revolution. I am here to help you overthrow the capitalists and their tool, the capitalist government."

Utterances that other speakers had never made were also put into their mouths. Thus practically all of the unemployed arrested are invariably charged with appealing to workers to "Fight not only with your heart, but with your body."

All those arrested have been held for trial. Boss class justice is firmly bent on securing convictions that mean many years of imprisonment in the infamous Montreal bastille, the Bordeaux prison.

Every police attack is loudly applauded

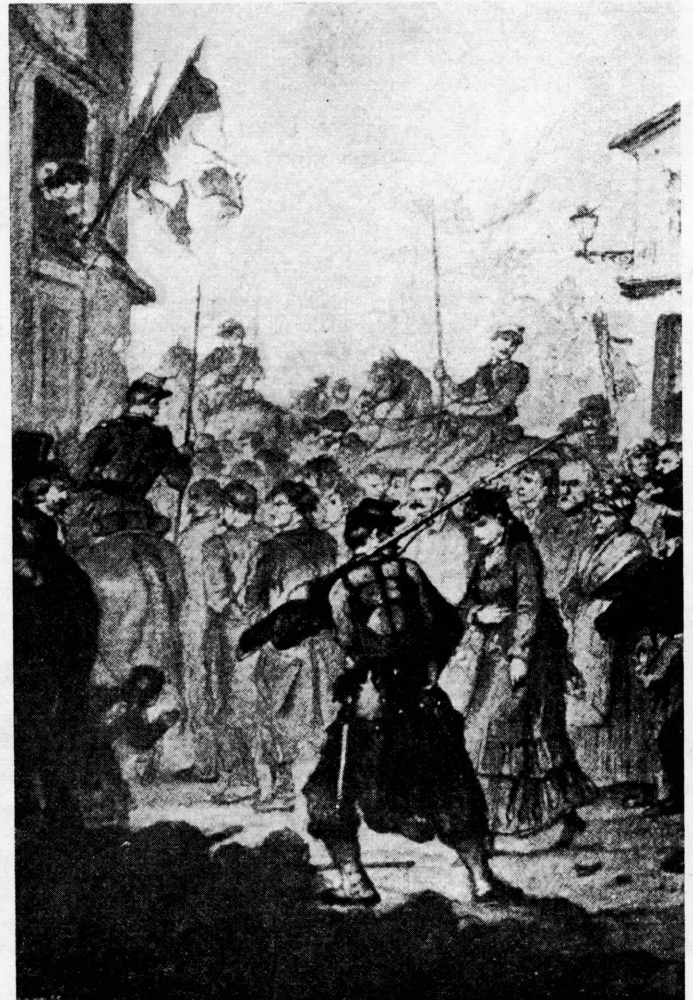
by the Montreal Trades and Labor Council, which is a sort of link between the Green-Woll regime in the American Federation of Labor and the MacDonald labor government of Great Britain, in that it is directly affiliated with the former, while it stands side by side with the latter, hats off, to the music of "God Save the King!" John T. Foster, president of the Montreal Trades and Labor Council, fought down every semblance of protest within the organization, securing a vote of confidence in the police with the declaration that he was for "free speech," but against "license." Mr. Foster gave his support to the MacDonald-King George government in these words:

"We are living in a democracy and under that democracy we have certain rights and we maintain those rights by the adoption of reasonable, rational methods. The use of license may take from us that very right we are so proud of having secured."

Matthew Woll couldn't have done better in issuing publicity for that organization of forgers of anti-Soviet documents, the National Civic Federation.

THE PARIS COMMUNE

LED to execution! Nothing in history before the Paris Commune, had ever before been able to rouse the women in such masses and with such enthusiasm and to throw them into the struggle so resolutely by the side of the men. The women of Paris were among the most heroic and devoted fighters in defense of the Commune. Women in masses were herded into the Versailles Prison Des Chantiers, and the fearless part which they took in the Commune brought the wrath of the enemy upon their heads as well as upon those of the men. Only the Bolshevik Revolution showed a more magnificent example of participation of the women in proletarian struggle.



Bloody Terror Rages in Fascist Poland

By JOSEPH BOHR

Altho the capitalist press of the entire world is maintaining a conspiracy of silence, details of unspeakable torture, atrocities, and the beastliness of the inquisition methods in the torture chambers of fascist Poland are seeping thru. The cruelties of the czarist police pale before the atrocities committed by the police-hangmen in Luck, Poland.

In the Ukraine thousands of peasants have been murderously flogged, while in the prison in Luck, Poland, many revolutionary workers have been crippled for life by the indescribable tortures applied to them in the vain hope of extracting "confessions."

The following letter, smuggled out of the prison in Luck, Poland, tells of the tortures suffered by a young woman arrested for militant activity:

My dears:

I don't know, whether you have received my first detailed letter, therefore I write you another. The last arrests totalled 100 persons, including the peasants from Volynia. We were incarcerated in 4 different prisons after a month as prisoners upon trial. The peasants from Volynia are transferred to the local prison. We have been tortured horribly, with exquisite cruelty. The men were beaten with rubber clubs in their genitals, till the latter were swollen like melons; they will be cripples for life. They trained a dog to bite their genitals. The girls were violated. I was twice violated, totally stripped of my clothes. They poured water from a 5-litre jar, two and three jars at a time into me, giving me 50-100 strokes with a rubber club on the heels. They beat me till I "confessed." There was none, who didn't confess after the torture; we were even compelled to "confess" the blank lies of the stool pigeon. One of the arrested was murdered and thrown into the Styr; it is said to be Stepan Boiko. They spread the rumor that he took to flight. Nina

Matulja cut her veins as a result of all these horrors—she is lying in the hospital of Luck. Jan Kosar has his kidneys damaged. Beljavka was beaten on the heels till two bloody bumps shot up on them, and they were obliged to op-

and put on the table. After I was tortured for half an hour they prepared to beat me on the naked body with a rubber club, but fortunately the late hour and an urgent telephone call interrupted these sadistical intentions. At last they



Protest demonstration against Polish fascism outside "Place du Theatre," Warsaw.

erate on him. In a word we were reduced to a state of living deaths. I got two jars of 5 litres each poured into my lungs through the nose and was violated. And it was only after speaking with the comrades, who announced, that they themselves have not been able to stand the torture any longer, I "confessed."

I was violated by the elder police constable Tkatchuk Marian and "Vladsio" Postovitch. This happened between 11-12 o'clock in the night. After calling me various names, I was told to undress, to sit down on the floor. Then I was bound, the hands to the feet and a stick introduced between my arms. Thus in a sitting position I was blindfolded with a towel, lifted

said: "you are given 10 hours for deliberation, salt will be put on your wounds."

I simply can't describe to you all the tortures we have to endure here. During seven weeks were incarcerated in an underground cell of the police station together with the men. We slept on bare benches. Now we are kept in solitary confinement without newspapers and books.

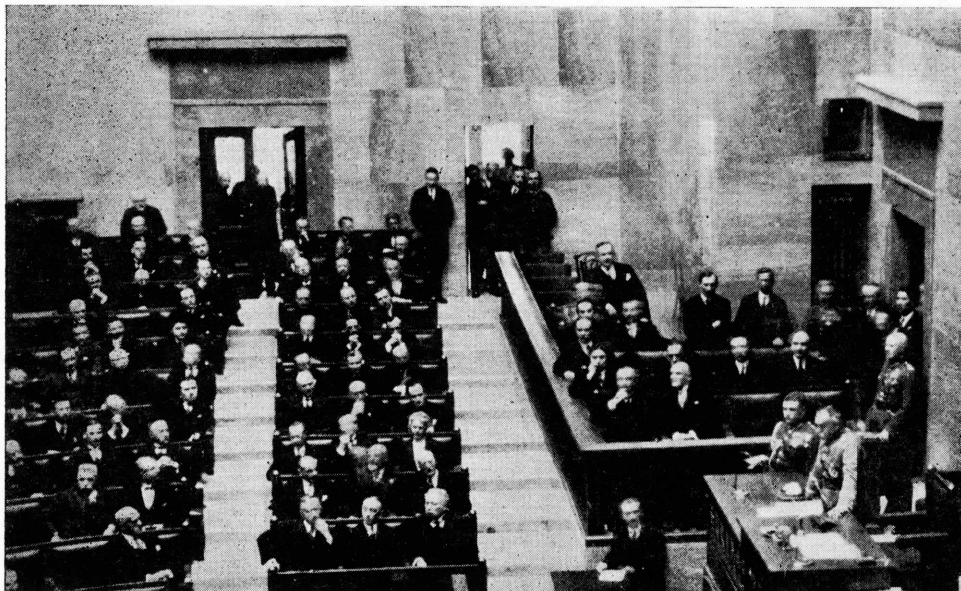
I will try to write you again soon.

With a cordial proletarian hand-shake,

Yours, Ru.

In a manifesto protesting against the Polish terror, the Executive Committee of the International Red Aid, of which the I.L.D. is the American section, tells the reasons for the present campaign of terror.

"The aim of this unexampled terror, raging in fascist Poland, is the desire to fortify bloody dictatorship of the military clique under Pilsudski, to fortify the dictatorship of hunger and of war against the Soviet Union. The Polish government of generals and colonels, supported by the military circles in Paris, supplied with weapons and financed with billion loans, which has just concluded a military alliance with Rumania, is trying to drown in blood the growing protest movement of the toiling masses against these war preparations. With such means of oppression the fascist government wants to stave off the stormy wave of revolutionary struggle of the starving unemployed, of the ruined peasants, of the workers, fighting in the factories against mass dismissals and starvation wages."



"House of Death"—Opening of Polish Parliament. Pilsudski in foreground.

The Nessin Case: Self-Defense in Court

By HARRY GANNES

SELF-DEFENSE in the trial of Sam Nessin, Milton Stone and Robert Leless, members of the New York Unemployed Delegation of October 16, had a great deal to do with winning a victory in that case. It showed that workers who fight on the picket line, in unemployment demonstrations, and wherever the struggle is sharp, can carry their militancy into the capitalist courts. By no means does this signify that lawyers are not needed in many cases; nor does it indicate that workers, appearing for themselves, will get "justice" in a capitalist court. But in advancing the struggle against wage cuts, for unemployment insurance, against police brutality, workers can themselves make a brilliant fight. The Nessin case was of great political significance.

I followed this struggle through from the beginning. On October 16 an unemployed delegation, supported by thousands of workers, presented the demands of the New York unemployed for immediate relief at the sessions of the Board of Estimate. The Board of Estimate is the grafting Tammany politicians' pocketbook. They handle a tremendous budget, almost a billion dollars. Hearings are supposed to be public.

And after J. Louis Engdahl, chairman of the delegation, had been ejected, and Robert Leless had been forced to his seat, Nessin came forward and declared that 800,000 men and women on the verge of starvation did not want to hear the butterfly-mayor juggle words. They wanted immediate relief.

Then came the blow that will never be forgotten. "You represent the grafting Tammany politicians, the judges who buy their seats so they can evict workers; I represent the unem-



SCARED—Tammany butterfly mayor, James J. Walker, in a revealing pose. It was he who ordered a contingent of cops and plainclothes thugs to assault the Oct. 16 unemployed delegation which came before the N. Y. Board of Estimate to present the demands of nearly a million jobless. Walker has shown himself to be real yellow.

ployed fighting for relief!" When Nessin said this, Walker jumped up, banged his gavel on the table. A dozen cops rushed toward Nessin. "I feel like coming down there and smashing you in the face, you dirty whelp," shrieked Walker. He was saved the trouble. Nessin was slugged then and there. About twenty-five other cops rushed to the back of the hall and pounced on Leless, Stone, Maud White, and the rest of the delegation. You could follow the trail from then on by the streak of blood that led to the basement in the City Hall.

All the while there stood the socialist reverend, Norman Thomas, mute, smiling, while his friend Jimmy Walker, was being revenged against the unemployed.

For this beating, which laid Nessin up for days with a broken jaw in the hospital, which left scars on Leless and Stone that they will carry with them the rest of their lives, they were arrested and charged with a series of crimes. The Tammany legal lights finally boiled it down to "unlawful assembly." On this charge Nessin, Stone and Leless were tried.

Walker would not come to court at first. Finally he consented and the case came to trial. A crowd of workers came to the courtroom, but they were kept out. No jury trial was allowed. The Tammany appointed judges were told to dispose of these workers.

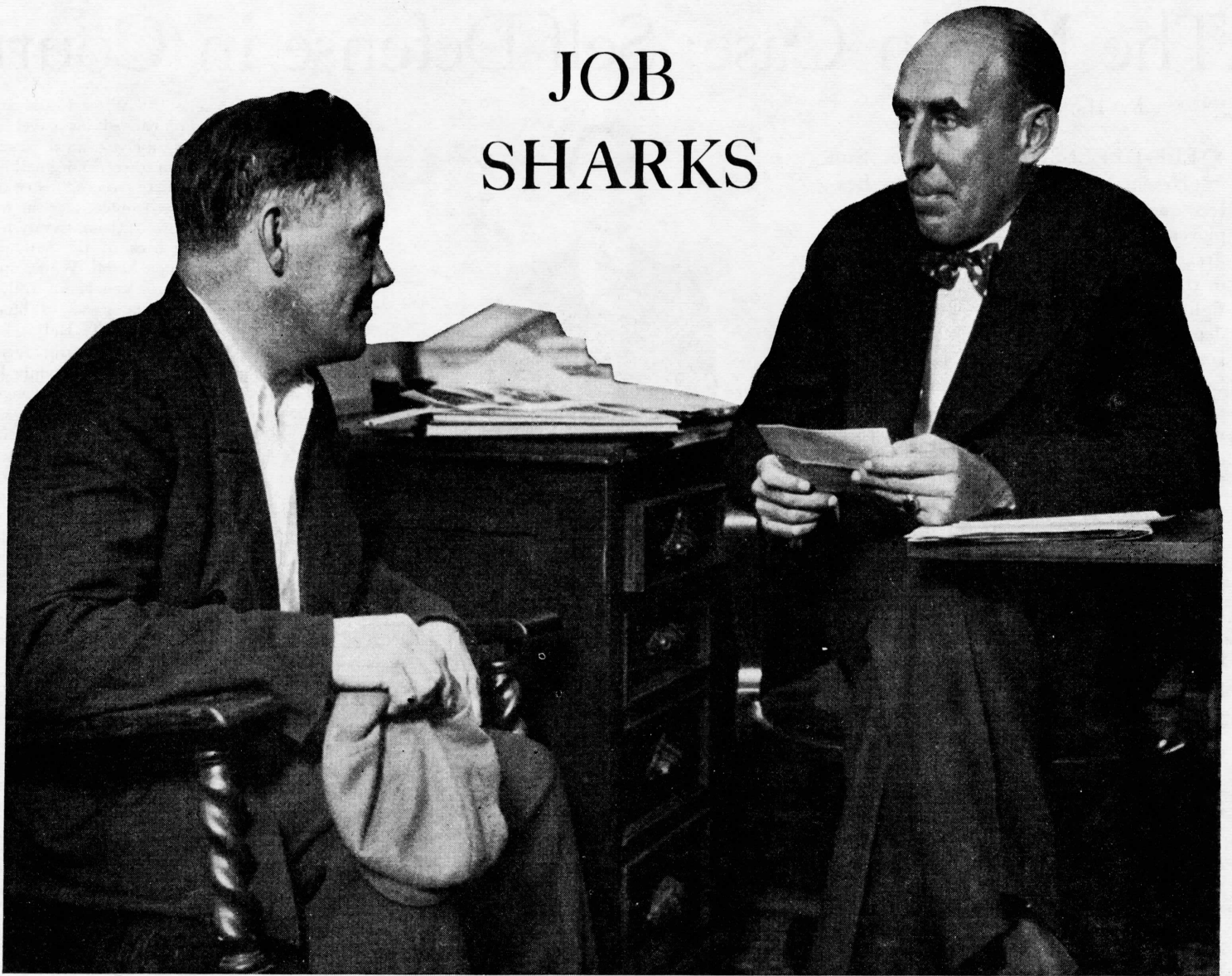
Right at the start Nessin protested against the secret session. The defendants won their point. They agreed to let some workers into the trial. But a smaller courtroom was obtained. Nessin demanded the case be thrown out of court because they had a right to assemble at the Board of Estimate to demand relief for the unemployed. The three judges mumbled to one another and denied the motion. A cop was put on the stand. Cops usually short of memory, have a knack of manufacturing words to suit the occasion. This one forgot all about Nessin demanding unemployment relief. But he did state that Nessin waved his hand and said: "Let's throw these Tammany grafters out!"

There Nessin had stood in the front of the room all alone. In the back, the small delegation was surrounded by cops. Cops dotted the room all over. The ridiculousness of this
(Continued on page 57)



TEXAS jobless in national fight for Unemployed Insurance Bill—Taking their stand before the Texas state capitol at Austin, Texas, unemployed workers, Negro and white, hold militant demonstration, demanding work or wages. Similar scenes occur daily in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities.

JOB SHARKS



WORKERS who have to resort to the employment agencies as their only means of getting a job know the ruthless way these exploiters have been carrying on their practices. Foreign born workers especially have been practically defenseless in the demands of these employment sharks.

New York City is full of slave markets. Down on the Bowery are those which specialize in help for railroad camps and mines. Scattered through the East Side are agencies for restaurant and household help, and on Sixth Avenue, stretching for blocks are those offering jobs to skilled workers, though now while the depression is on, these classifications mean little. It is next to impossible to get any kind of a job at any of them.

Some of the things that are pulled off:

Sending workers to job that don't exist; misrepresenting jobs just to get the fee; collecting a fee for a "steady" job which turns out to be work for a day—in many instances the fee was larger than the pay earned for the day's work. Workers who persist in demanding their fees

By KARL ROOS

back after they discovered that they have been duped have been viciously slugged and thrown into the streets. One witness before the Industrial Survey Commission told this:

"I have seen fellows thrown down the stairs. I have seen employment office men or clerks, and often the boss himself, not alone throw them downstairs, but finish it on the sidewalk; and a crowd collected, and a policeman come along and scatter the crowd, and that is all. Nine times out of ten it was some worker; in many instances a foreigner, beaten up by the crook upstairs."

A favorite trick of the employment sharks is the graft splitting practices where the employment shark enters into an agreement with a foreman of a factory to supply workers who are fired as soon as possible so that the agency may send out other workers and so provide more business for the agency, the fee charged the worker being split between the shark and the fore-

man. Hiring girls as waitresses and sending them to houses of prostitution is also a favorite activity of the job sharks.

The employment agencies are valuable—to the bosses. For it is one of the most active strike-breaking instruments available. Hence the "investigation" by the Industrial Survey Commission resulted in just another nice little report to file away. Nothing came out of it of course. Besides there is the ruling of the U. S. Supreme court that state regulation of employment agencies fees are unconstitutional.

The Trade Union Unity League is well aware of the evils of agencies run by the employment sharks and has pointed them out repeatedly. The Unemployment Council of New York City has frequently staged demonstration against certain agencies and organized a body of workers to protect an intimidated worker. Good work along this line has been done but more is needed. Only thru organization can the workers hope to smash these agencies.

Stories of Struggle in New Studies of Industry

AT every point on the industrial front the struggle of the working class grows more intense. Workers, repudiating the misleadership of American Federation of Labor officialdom, turning from company unions in every form, overcoming the efforts of the bosses and their lackeys to divide them according to race and religion, are organizing under the leadership of the Trade Union Unity League for improved conditions and the ultimate triumph of the working class. The bosses' answer is increasing terror against workers—deportation, injunctions, new and more vicious "sedition" statutes.

At such a time it is necessary for the militant worker to secure a knowledge of the background and history of the struggle and of the conditions of work and life, not only of the workers in a single industry, but of the whole proletariat. This need is supplied by three new International Publishers books, *Labor and Coal*, *Labor and Textiles*, and *Labor and Lumber*, and by the "Labor and Industry Series," of which they are a part.

"These books," says the introduction to the Series, "analyze the class conflict. . . . Those who seek to put an end to the rule of the employing class will find in them not only graphic pictures of living and working conditions, but an interpretation of the economic struggle and suggested programs of action to meet the offensive of the corporations."

The story told in these books is a story of struggle. In the textile industry alone, between 1916 and 1922, more than 1,400 strikes are recorded. And of these it is significant to know that nearly all were spontaneous uprisings of the workers for improved conditions, not "sanctioned" by the reactionary American Federation of Labor officialdom. Such were most of the bitter struggles of the South Carolina mill workers during 1929, graphically treated in *Labor and Textiles*.

One of the most interesting and moving sto-

ries of struggle is that told in *Labor and Lumber*, of the lumber workers for an eight-hour day, a high-point of which was the Everett, Washington massacre in which seventeen workers were killed and fifty wounded by the bullets of deputies and business men. Seventy-four of the attacked workers were arrested as a result of this and charged with murder, but not one of their attackers was ever even questioned and their leader was rewarded with a lifetime political job.

Each book is packed with such stories. *Labor and Textiles*, *Labor and Coal* and *Labor and Lumber* should be read by every worker. The

illustrations and the excellent format, as well as the content make them desirable. The low price—\$1.00 a volume—puts them within the reach of almost every worker and every workers' organization.

* * *

Labor and Coal, by Anna Rochester; *Labor and Textiles*, by Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy, and *Labor and Lumber*, by Charlotte Todes, may be ordered from the LABOR DEFENDER at \$1.00 each. A request to International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, will bring a complete list of books of interest to workers.



REWARDED for service to the lumber barons. — Workers in Northwest maimed on shingle-weaving jobs. (From "Labor and Lumber")

The Nessin Case: Self-Defense in Court

(Continued from page 55)

frame-up was evident even to the cop. To make a bald lie sound more palatable he charged Nessin with calling Walker and the other officials some unprintable names.

Nessin cross-examined. "Are you one of the cops who frame up innocent girls and get money for it?" The cop glowered and said "No." Then Nessin put over the fact that the delegation was beaten and thrown down stairs. At each technical objection, Nessin, Leales and Stone—all of them questioned the witnesses—said: "We are unemployed workers. We do not know the technicalities of the court. We want to get at the truth."

An official stenographer was put on the witness stand. He read Nessin's speech. The fatal words that the cop's clever ears soaked in were not in the notes. The notes ended with the threat of Walker to beat up Nessin. Everything was blank from there on.

At this stage of the proceedings Jimmy Walker strolled into the courtroom. He saw Stone and Leales quizzing the witnesses. They asked some very embarrassing questions. They dodged technicalities. Repeatedly they brought out the struggles of the unemployed. Walker did not look happy. He knew he would have to get on the stand and face each of these workers with

answers to such questions as "Did you say you would like to smash me?" Nessin would ask. "How much did you give to the unemployed out of the billions you spent?" Stone and Leales would shoot at him. The mayor was evidently not in his salon now, even though he had three of his chosen judges to protect him.

At the end of the state's case the judges came to the rescue. Nessin and Stone again demanded the case be thrown out, showing up the lies of the cop; insisting that Walker had ordered them to be beaten up. The presiding judge made a speech that he must have prepared before the case started. It went like clock-work. He said, in effect, you are all guilty of disorderly conduct. But we will dismiss the case. What the judges' thought was: Mayor Walker doesn't want to be made ridiculous by your questioning.

Walker's dignity might have stood the formal questioning of a lawyer. A lawyer could not plead ignorance of the technical rules. But facing these three workers, that was different. Forcing Walker to repeat the demand of the unemployed as he had heard it, and how he ordered the slugging, was too much for the dapper mayor.

The boldness and clear class line of the defendants won their case. They were not awed by the trimmings of the capitalist court, by the

black-gowned judges, by the stifling hush that pervades the courtroom, nor by the meaningless language of the judges that covers up the brutal class dictatorship of the bosses.

Wanted Photos of the Class Struggle!

Direct from the scenes of class struggle, workers in action against scabs, strike-breakers; workers in their organizational activities; workers in mass demonstration; workers in the factories and on the breadlines; machines, factories, homes—these are the kind of photos we want.

We want pictures from workers participating in the activity and life of the labor movement.

Act thru your I.L.D. branches. Form a group of Labor Defender photographers in your section. Write on the back of your pictures what it is all about and send in your name and address with them.

Voices FROM Prison

Archie Gibbs is 22 years old, a native of Texas, and a seaman for the past four years, a member of the I. L. D. and of a national committee of the Marine Workers Industrial Union.

A short time ago Gibbs was released from the Norfolk, Va. Jail, after serving a sentence of 42 days for distributing leaflets calling the young workers of Norfolk to a mass meeting arranged by the Young Communist League of that city. Gibbs served 24 days of his sentence in solitary confinement for "talking too much,"—that is ers just why he was in for telling the prison-jail.



ARCHIE GIBBS

Dragged before the prison "kangaroo court," the young marine worker received 25 lashes for the same reason. "The ring-leaders against me," Gibbs charges, "were a couple of fellows from North Carolina who bragged of being members of the "Committee of 100" during the Gastonia strike, and who were serving time for bootlegging. Another was a relative of one of the wardens of a North Carolina prison, and was in jail for defrauding the mail."

While in solitary Gibbs was placed in a cell next to a Negro worker, Ollie Dawson, at one time, who was railroaded to the electric chair on a murder charge. The Negro, who could neither read nor write, dictated, thru the cell bars, the following statement to the young marine worker.

The condemned Negro was electrocuted several days after Gibbs was released from jail.

* * *

Norfolk, Va.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKERS:

This is my letter to the Negro and white workers, and especially to the Negro workers. I have not long to live. It does not matter much now, for when you get this I will be dead thru no fault of mine.

I was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on April 23, 1890, and raised in Norfolk, Va. I have had to work the most of my life from a tender age.

Now they have framed me at last. It does not matter now, for I die soon by the bosses' justice in the electric chair for crimes I did not commit, which are murders. They had to get somebody, so they went out and picked up the first Nigger that they could find; and I happened along at the right time. My trial was rushed through in a couple of days, and I was not even given a chance to go on the witness stand, for I was convicted even before the trial took place.

The jury was all well-known "Nigger haters." I don't know anything about the bosses' law because I did not get any schooling. I cannot even sign my own name. I'm having this written by a white boy who claims to be in jail

for fighting to organize the working class regardless of race, creed or color, to fight for better working conditions in shops, factories and farms. I do not know his name, but he is on the same landing with me.

I am having this written and believe it will help to wake up the working class to take over the government and banish the bosses, their laws, jails and all that represent them. Without doing this you can never hope to succeed.

OLLIE DAWSON.

(The Labor Defender has requested all class war prisoners to write sketches of their lives. This first one by Lawrence Emery, serving 3 to 42 years in San Quentin for helping to organize the agricultural workers of Southern California, is in a sense symbolic of the new growth and development of the American militant labor movement. Other sketches will appear at regular intervals in the Labor Defender.)

* * *

I was born in 1906 at Sacramento, Cal. There are records of my ancestors participating in the 1776 fracas which makes me to all appearances an American. Both my parents were workers; father—a carpenter, mother—worked at the bookbinding trade.

Raised in California and taught in that state to revere the flag, God and the boss. During the war I was pumped full of patriotism, joined the boy scouts and sold Liberty bonds. Meanwhile my parents were moving from city to city in search of the high wages that were supposed to have prevailed during that period. I have no recollection that they ever found them.

At 14 I was taken to Honolulu where my father went on an unlucky business venture. Hawaii has long been advertised as the "Paradise of the Pacific" by the missionaries who stole that country—and maybe it is—for them. But I found it to be a land where jobs were few and meals were often scanty and far apart. After two years of this I stowed away on a ship when I was sixteen and returned to California where I worked at a couple of dozen different jobs for a year or so, and found it practically impossible to support myself. It was at this period that I began to doubt the truth of the school books.

Finally, after a considerable period of unemployment I found a job on a tramp steamer as a mess-boy, and since then I have been going to sea more or less regularly as an able seaman and quartermaster. Five years of hell-ships and bucko mates at wages ranging from forty to sixty-five dollars a month served to knock out of me most of the bourgeois crap injected by the capitalist schools, and in August, 1928, I joined the Communist Party in San Francisco.

Almost immediately after I became active in the T. U. E. L. (now the Trade Union Unity League) on the Frisco waterfront. In 1929 I went to San Pedro where I continued the work. In August of the same year I attended the Cleveland convention of the TUUL as a delegate and returned to San Pedro where the first Marine Workers League hall was opened. Early in 1930 I went in to the Imperial Valley as an organizer. Then came the raid on our hall

where over 100 workers were chained together and herded into large trucks and locked up in the local jail. Eight of us were convicted and sentenced up to 42 years to prison.

At present am working as a waiter in the mess-hall in San Quentin where the bosses hope to keep us in for at least 42 years. But we figure differently, and the biggest part of my time is now utilized to learn the hows and whys and wherefores of the class struggle, so that I can help to carry on the fight more effectively when the workers set us free.

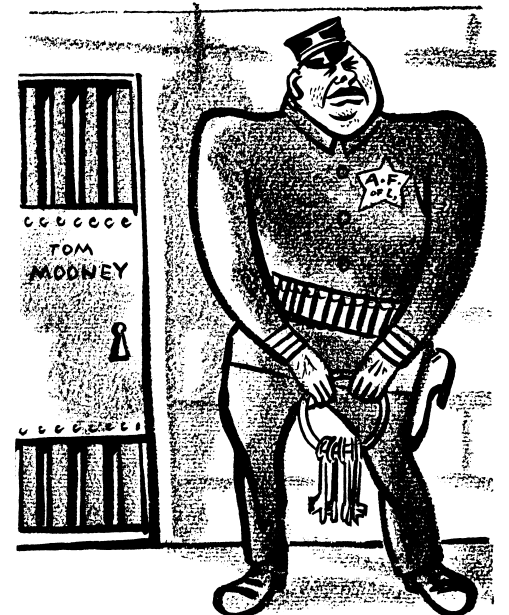
(From Frank Spector, revolutionary leader of the Imperial Valley who is serving a sentence of up to 42 years for organizing agricultural workers.)

Please accept my hearty appreciation for the \$5 check I received from you, as well as for the \$20 check you sent my family last month. These remittances have for us—class war prisoners—a value bigger than the material one, inasmuch as they symbolize the solidarity of the workers with us. We fully recognize the serious difficulties now being faced by the ILD in its keen determination to provide uninterruptedly, relief for class war prisoners and their dependents.

The ILD shoulders the tremendous responsibility of offering defense to the numerous workers arrested daily in the struggle which now takes place all over the land. The Imperial Valley group extends its full moral support to the ILD in all of its campaigns and calls upon the workers to build and strengthen the organization.

I have also received the parcel containing the three volumes of *Capital* for which I am exceedingly thankful. We are all anxious to have these constantly in our possession for careful study. A prison term is just the opportune time for this type of study.

FRANK SPECTOR.



THE JAILER

by GROPPER



ARCHIE GIBBS

The Labor Defender Recommends:

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(I.L.D. Pamphlet No. 3)

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