

# LABOR DEFENDER

MARCH 1936

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by  
JOHN REED



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CAN BUY  
by  
C. A. ARTHUR

grandson of the  
21st president of the  
United States



THE TRUTH  
about the shooting  
of  
OZIE POWELL

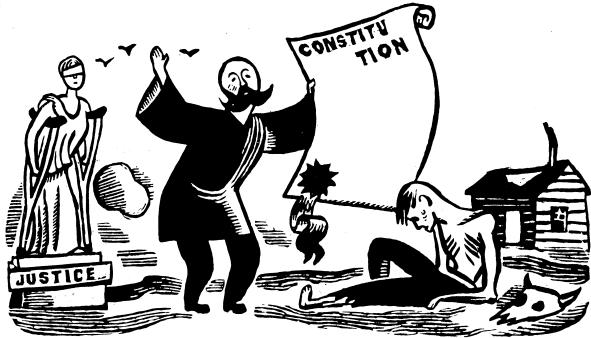
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# ALMANAC

## MARCH 2

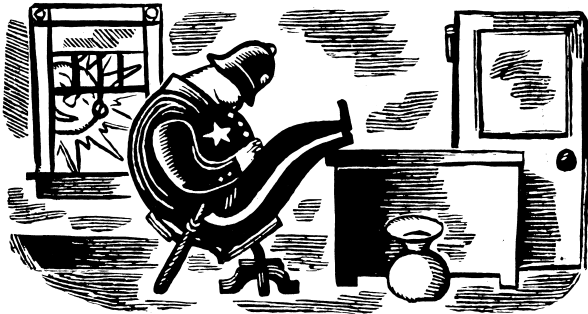
—the day on which in 1927 one of America's great labor leaders, ex-political prisoner, Charles E. Ruthenberg, died.



*We nine old men have just decided  
Starvation's not illegal,  
And so our Constitution is  
American Liberty League—l.*

## MARCH 3

—the third anniversary of Ernst Thaelmann's arrest and imprisonment by Adolph Hitler.



(Mulrooney, Appointed N. Y. Commissioner of Correction)

*Finest of all New York's police;  
Knows whom to arrest and whom to release;  
Master of club and third degree,  
Mounted man of Tammany.  
Supervisor of the still,  
Guardian of the bar and grill  
Commissioner's office instead of a beat.  
Patent leathers on his feet.  
Though he now is at the top,  
Mister Mulrooney remains a Cop.*

## MARCH 8

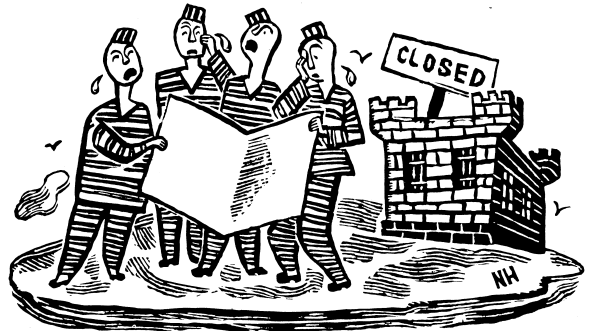
—a day on which the heroism, achievements, of women is honored and celebrated by the working people all over the world.



*A-seekin' vigilantes was  
the Mayor of Pekin, Ill.  
All the citizens were out on strike,  
So he's a-seekin' still.*

## MARCH 12

—a glorious anniversary of the day in 1917 on which the Russian workers and peasants decreed complete freedom for all political prisoners and exiles.

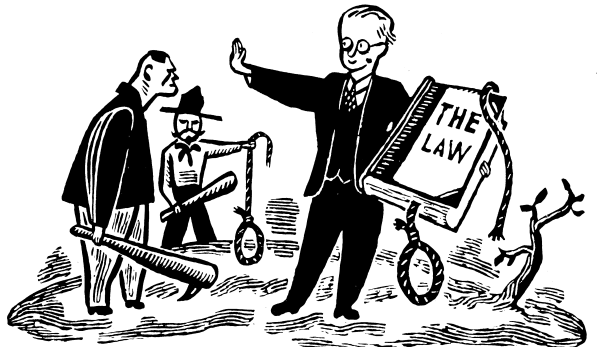


(News Item: Convicts sorry to leave Welfare Island)

*Adieu, adieu, dear walls, adieu  
We can no longer stay in you, (stay in you—oo)  
How we'll miss your grime  
University of crime,  
Fare you well, Welfare Island, fare you well.*

## MARCH 18

—the day on which in the year 1871 the Paris Commune was established.



*You won't need to get a mob  
Callahan can do the job;  
You won't need a strong limbed tree,  
Just leave the dirty work to me.  
I don't need no evidence—  
I can bully the defense.  
In Dixie lan'  
I take my stan',  
William Washington Callahan.*

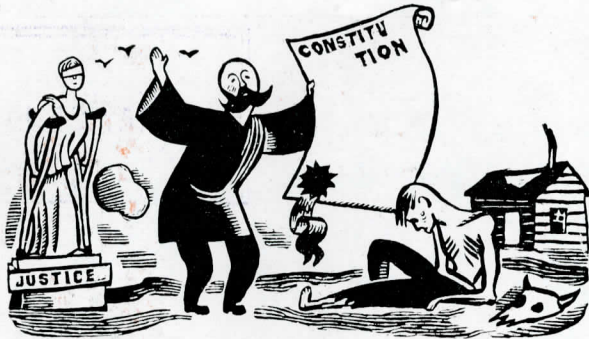
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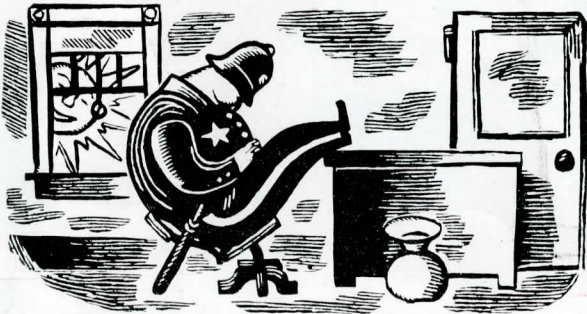
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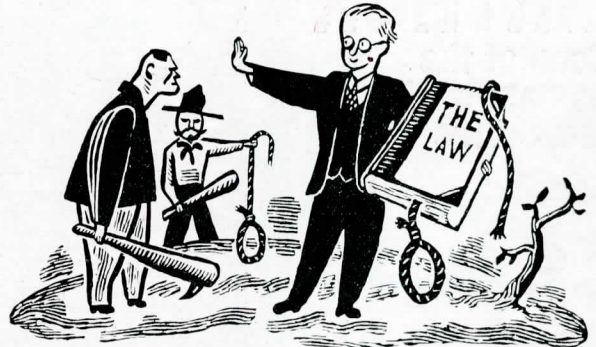


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# UNITY WINS FREEDOM FOR 30,000

Probably for the first time in the history of the world—did one of the chief issues of an election campaign become amnesty for political prisoners as it did in Spain.

The thousands of men and women thrown into prison after Spain's October 1934, left to rot in dungeons without trial or charge or even indictment—were liberated by the voice of the Spanish people registered at the polls on election day.

It was on this particular issue of freedom for the political prisoners that the broadest political unity yet forged in Spain was cemented behind a solid People's Front against fascism and reaction. Anarcho-syndicalists, who are principally opposed to participating

in elections, joined their forces and their votes on this one plank—amnesty.

So strong did this movement become that the reactionaries were unable to delay the completion of the amnesty until the new parliament was installed. Tremendous demonstrations inside as well as without the prison walls forced the reactionary government to grant complete freedom to 30,000 political prisoners.

The International Labor Defense hails the action of the Spanish people and pledges its support to their every step forward in a triumphant march against fascism. It also wishes to point to this glorious victory as an inspiring example of what unity in action, unity in purpose can accomplish.

## Sacramento Appeal

The State of California is not only an old hand at frame-up schemes to get people into jail. After it gets them there by every vile trick of terror and corruption, it deprives them of their constitutional rights of appeal against vicious sentences.

The Sacramento defendants now serving indeterminate terms of from one to fourteen years in San Quentin and Tehachapi prisons have been tricked into staying in jail for almost one year now before their appeal could be filed. Evasion, lies, underhanded dealings were applied to prevent them from getting the necessary legal papers.

At the end of April their cases will come before the Board of Pardons and Paroles at Sacramento, California. A nation-wide drive for resolutions demanding that the board set a minimum term—which has already been served—for these brave young trade union leaders at that time is now under way. The San Francisco Central Labor Council, and scores of other organizations on the West Coast have already sent in such resolutions. They must come all the way across the continent. From trade union locals, central labor bodies, fraternal organizations, women's clubs, individuals, to the California State Board of Terms and Paroles, Ferry Building, San Francisco, Calif.

These eight young men and women were persecuted under California's infamous criminal syndicalism act. Thirty four other states have similar oppressive legislation. A movement has been started in California for 250,000 signatures on an initiative drive to repeal the law there. Your aid in the drive to free the Sacramento prisoners will be a vote against these vicious laws; a vote for civil liberties and labor's rights—a vote to free the splendid young Americans in prison today!

## March 18, 1871

Sixty-seven years ago, more than 30,000 men, women and children were slaughtered on the streets of Paris, literally mowed down by the armed forces of reaction. Their only crime was an attempt to live their own lives, free from terror, from oppressive laws, from hunger and misery.

Past their corpses marched another army of condemned—almost 40,000 prisoners.

This was the vengeance of the government of France against the people of Paris who had dared to set up their own government, the Paris Commune. It lasted less than one hundred days—born on March 18 and drowned in blood on May 24, 1871.

Every year since its inception, the International Labor Defense has honored the memory of these victims of cruel and inhuman reaction. It has used this day to renew its solemn pledge to the victims of yesterday, today and the future—to strain every effort to win their freedom, to defend their rights, to preserve their families during their imprisonment—to shield them in every way possible from terror and persecution.

Back in 1871 the defense of the Paris Communards presented the working class and its friends with the first real problem of labor defense. In solving this vital problem, the first theories and methods of labor defense were worked out, the idea that those on the outside were responsible for the well being, the comfort of those behind the bars and the wives and children they were forced to leave behind them—took root.

And so once more on this historic anniversary, we not only pause to remember and commemorate the men and women and children who gave their lives in freedom's cause, but to honor their memories by intensified efforts to carry on the traditions they left us—of support and aid to their counterparts of today.

## No Trial by Ordeal

Less than 30 days after the conviction of Haywood Patterson, Scottsboro boy, and his sentence to 75 years in prison, an all-white jury in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, brought in a verdict of guilty, with recommendation for life imprisonment, on a similar frame-up charge of rape against Jess Hollins, also a Negro.

Hollins had twice previously been sentenced to death. His new trial followed a reversal of sentence by the U. S. Supreme Court on the basis of that court's decision in the Scottsboro case, for systematic exclusion of Negroes from grand and petit juries. The appeal was taken by the National Association for Advancement of Colored People, which is in charge of Hollins' defense.

Almost simultaneously, in another case handled by the N.A.A.C.P., the United States Supreme Court reserved death sentences on framed murder charges against Ed Brown, Henry Shields, and Yank Ellington, Mississippi sharecroppers. The sole basis for the original conviction was a "confession" obtained under torture and threat of lynching.

The Supreme Court in its decision, after speaking of the freedom of each state to regulate its court procedure, added:

"Because a State may dispense with a jury trial, it does not follow that it may substitute trial by ordeal. The rack and torture chamber may not be substituted for the witness stand."

This issue of the LABOR DEFENDER is 10 days late. The binders at the shop in which the LABOR DEFENDER has been printed for the past few months, the Hughes Printing Company, are on strike for the right to organize. The LABOR DEFENDER refused to send its copy to the shop until the strike was settled with the representatives of the International Bookbinders Union (A. F. of L.).

Since the strike was not settled in time for the publication of the March issue, it was withdrawn from that plant and printed in a local union shop.

**THE LABOR DEFENDER WILL NEVER BE PUBLISHED IN A PLANT WHERE WORKERS ARE ON STRIKE.**

## Labor Defender

Published Every Month

by the

International Labor Defense

Editors: Wm. L. Patterson, Sasha Small

Associate Editor: Louis Colman

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# PARIS IN THE SPRING

November 28, 1871.  
9:30 a.m.

My very dear sister:

In a few instants I am going to die; up until the very last moment your memory will be with me; I beg you to ask for my body so that it, at least, can be reunited with that of our poor mother.

If you are able to, have a notice inserted in the papers about the time of my burial—so that our friends can attend. Of course, no religious ceremony. I die a materialist as I have lived.

Put a wreath of immortelles on our mother's grave. Try to cure our sick brother and console our father—tell them how much I loved them.

I embrace you a thousand times and thank you for all the kindness and care that you have lavished on me. Overcome your grief quickly and, as you have often promised me—face the future bravely.

As for me, I am happy. My sufferings will soon be ended. There is no reason to be sorry for me.

All to you. Your devoted brother,

THEOPHILE FERRE

P.S.—Try to claim my clothes and my papers. There will be no money. That has already been distributed to the other prisoners. And continue sending them the money you sent to me each week.

*Theophile Ferré, was the chief of police of the Paris Commune. Until the last barricade fell and he was arrested, he stuck by his post and carried out his duties. His last official act was to order and supervise the execution of the spy who led the Versailles into Paris and thus betrayed the Commune.*

*The sister, to whom his letter is written, was then 19 years old. She worked day and night to earn the 20 francs which she sent to the prison each week. Ferré did not know that his father too had been imprisoned as a result of the reaction which followed the crushing of the Commune. The brother he mentions was in a hospital in Versailles.*

*38,568 prisoners were picked up on the bloody streets of Paris after the destruction of the Commune.*

*The soldiers who conducted the raids were under the leadership of the man remembered and hated by French workers until this day as Butcher Gallifet. Squads of soldiers marched through the streets breaking into houses, arbitrarily arresting all kinds of people. Anyone "suspected" of being a worker—was summarily arrested—and if he were also "suspected" of having fired on the soldiers from behind the barricades or from the windows of homes, he was arbitrarily placed against the nearest wall and shot. Men, women and children were brutally executed in this fashion. Mothers with infants in their arms faced the guns bravely calling to the*

*older children to stand erect and shout defiance into the teeth of their murderers.*

*Gallifet himself accompanied one squad. They rounded up a group which included a number of white-haired workers. "You there," shouted Gallifet to these aged men and women, "You must have been through the fighting in June 1848 as well. That makes you twice as guilty." Then turning to the soldiers, "Shoot the dogs!"*

It was at Satory that most of the 38,568 prisoners were herded awaiting trial. This number included 1058 women and 651 children whose ages ranged from seven to sixteen.

A letter smuggled out by one of the prisoners tells the story of their plight:

They made us walk all the way from Paris to Satory (which is just outside of Versailles). Most of us got sick en route. We had nothing to eat, no water to drink. When we arrived we saw a great crowd of people—the women were pushed over to one side and rushed into a barracks near the gate. We were told that

**What did the heroes of the Commune think while they faced death. How did they act in court. These letters tell the whole story of the heroism and fearlessness of the Paris Communards.**

the only drinking water was a little pool in the yard. Dying of thirst we rushed towards it. The first to drink, screamed, "*The beasts—they are making us drink the blood of our brothers.*"

We discovered that since the night before, wounded prisoners had bathed their wounds in this pool. But thirst tormented us so that most of us weakened and rinsed our mouths in the bloody water.

The women's barracks were filled to the rafters. They made us sleep on the floor in twos. That was the only warmth available. The officer in charge bawled at us: "*Vile creatures, listen to my orders and remember,*" this to the guards, "*the first to budge is to be shot down.*" For ten hours on the first night the sound of guns kept us awake.

"*Sleep, miserable beasts,*" our guards shouted. A few feet away from us, two prisoners were shot. We believed that the bullets flew over our heads. The fire from the guns lit up the faces of our murderous guards. We cowered all night under the vigilant eyes of men filled with the lust of carnage. They jeered at those who could no longer hide their trembling. "*Don't be impatient,*" they said, "*your turn will come soon.*" At dawn we saw the dead.

The guards said to each other, "I hope we will have a fruitful harvest." Days followed each other filled with the same horrors.

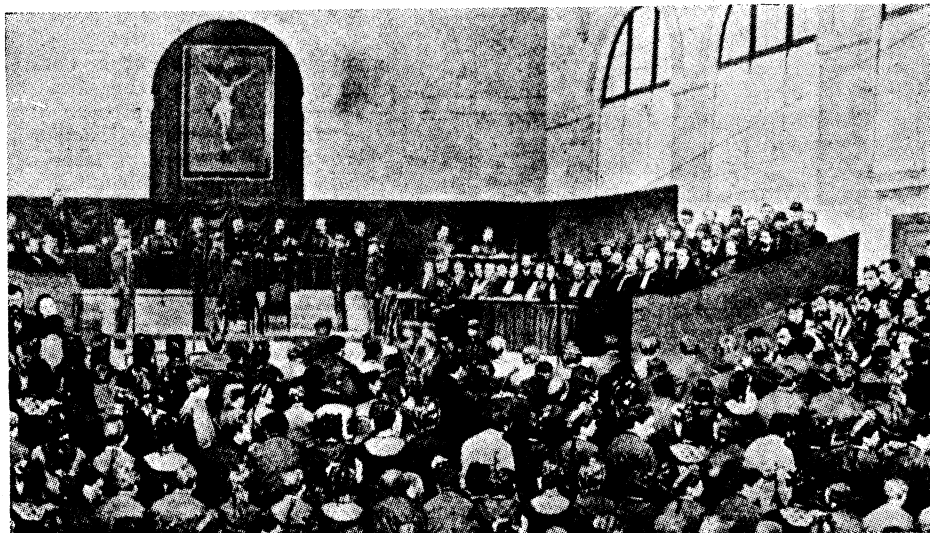
A visit to Satory became the favorite excursion for fashionable Versailles. Ladies and gentlemen bedecked with lace and ribbons came to stand at the edge of its muddy exercise and execution grounds to watch us.

Among those to appear before the Third Court Martial set up to try the prisoners of the Paris Commune was Theophile Ferré. He had his speech all written out, but was not given permission to read it until just before he was sentenced to death.

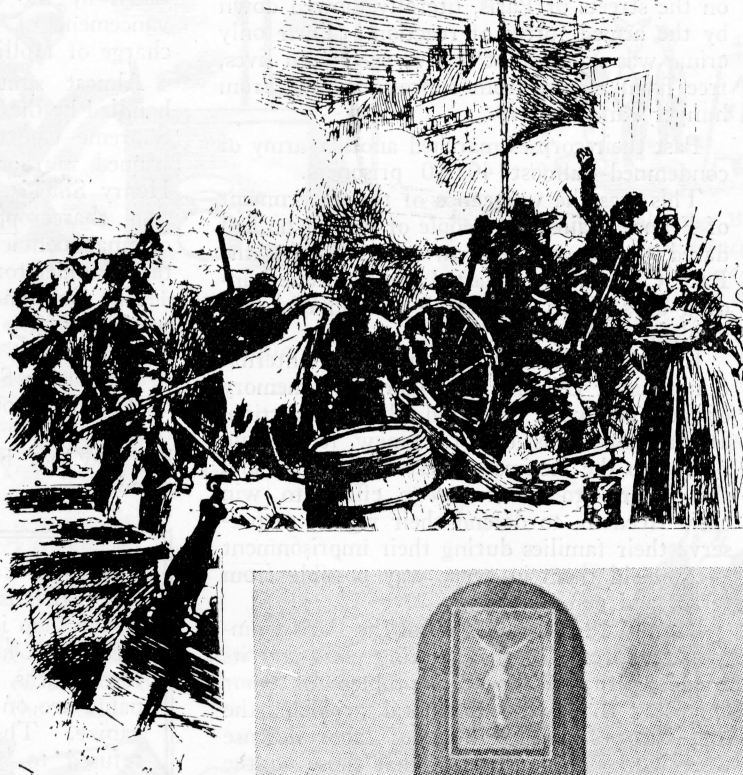
Ferré: "The Republic was in danger after the conclusion of the peace and the shameful surrender of Paris. The men who succeeded

(Cont. on Page 18)

Left: A contemporary engraving of Paris on the barricades. Below: A startling photo of the trial of 17 leaders of the Paris Commune.



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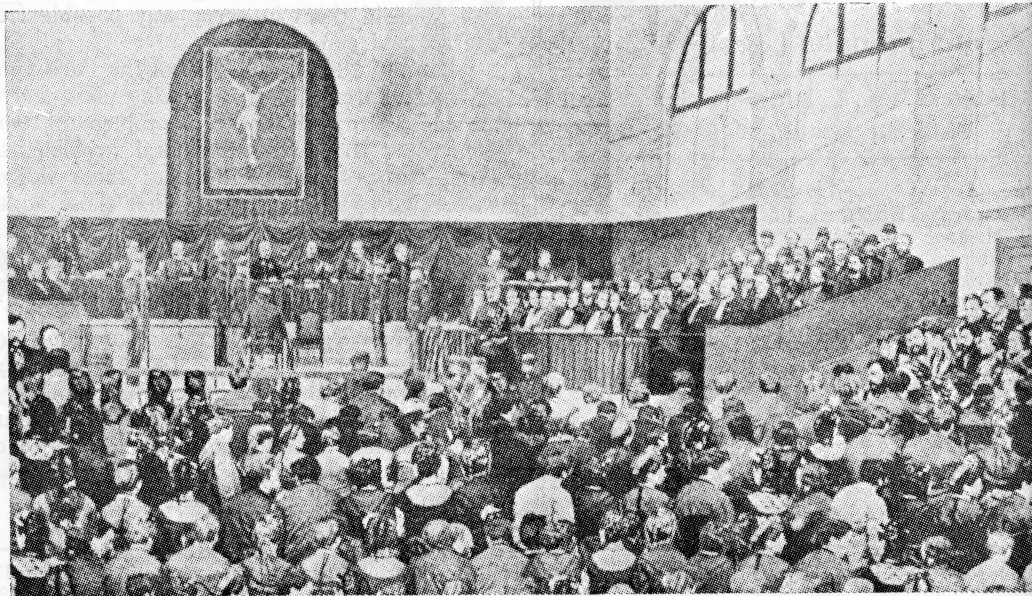
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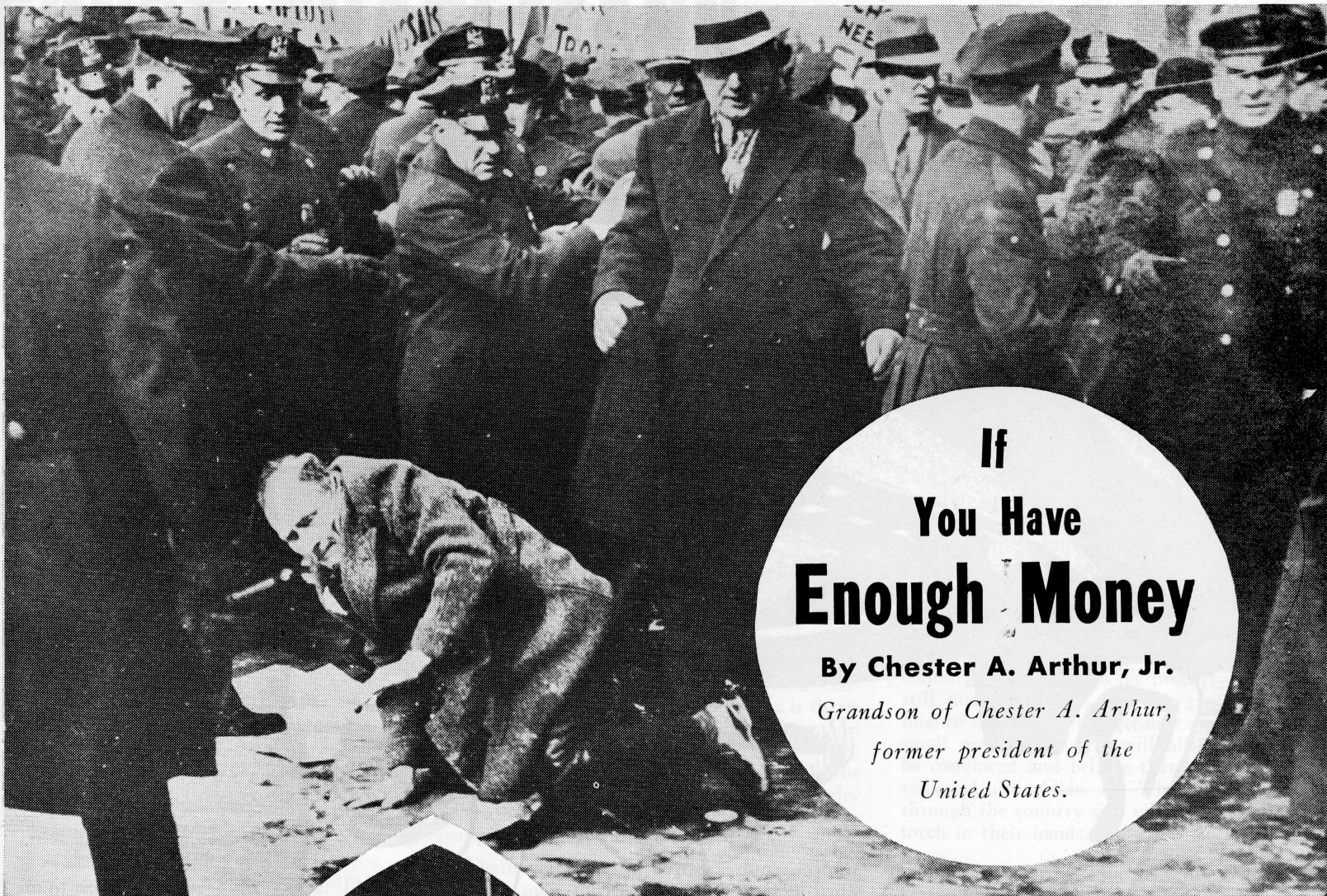
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## If You Have Enough Money

By **Chester A. Arthur, Jr.**

*Grandson of Chester A. Arthur,  
former president of the  
United States.*

Fifteen years ago, in London I had some Sinn Fein friends who were hunger-striking in Brixton Prison for "political treatment." Their friends and relatives outside would come near the gates of the prison and kneel on the wet cobblestones and pray. They recited the Rosary in Irish, over and over again, and in an hour or two their places were taken by others, and the wave-like rhythm of the ancient prayers, monotonous and hypnotic as surf upon the shore, kept encircling the prison as if it were an island in an ocean.

Terence MacSwiney, the heroic Lord Mayor of Cork, had already died in that prison, after refusing food for over seventy days. The whole world had watched him, thru nearly every newspaper on earth. No single incident of the Irish revolution had such a galvanising effect in drawing the attention of the world to the plight of the Irish people and their desperate struggle to force the Imperial British government to carry out on home ground their assurances to the world that the war had been fought "for the freedom of small peoples."

Now there were sixty prisoners in Brixton on hunger-strike for the same reason—the refusal of the British Government to treat them as political prisoners rather than as criminals.



**Caroline Decker,**  
serving a prison  
term of 1 to 14  
years.

a distinction been refused recognition.

The tremendous publicity caused by MacSwiney's death, however, forced the British authorities to realize that if sixty prisoners now died on hunger-strike, it would do more good for the rebel cause than a thousand "black and tan" police auxiliaries killed in action by Irish Republican soldiers. Yet they did not wish to set a precedent, so after twenty-two days, all the striking prisoners were released and sent home to recover as best they could, most of them so weakened that they

New York's finest do their stuff. Congressman Vito Marcantonio was being beaten and arrested just like the unemployed worker pictured here during this demonstration in New York. The crowd has just finished singing the Star Spangled Banner.

Judging from those of them I knew, it would be difficult to imagine more idealistic, self-sacrificing, dedicated heroes — the very reverse of criminal. On the continent of Europe political prisoners had for many years received the more dignified treatment such persons deserve in contrast to murderers, rapers, and thieves who have only motives of self to prompt them to their deeds. Only in the British Empire and the United States had such a

were not much good to the cause thereafter.

Now we all know that in America there are thousands of political prisoners, equally selfless and heroic, who are not only refused a more decent treatment than criminals, but who actually receive discrimination of a reverse character. The police force of California, to my certain knowledge, consider a "red" as far more dangerous and reprehensible a convict than the most notorious gangster or the most flagrant raper and murderer of little children.

I remember once I was talking, at the house of a rich polo-player, to a very high official of the California State Police, a huge hog of a man with a couple of gorilla-like bodyguards. His host had poured him out a double portion of scotch for the privilege of a low license plate which is tantamount to permission to break all the traffic laws. And the police official became eloquent on how they were rounding up all the "reds" and "giving them the works."

"Dillinger himself is not such a menace to this country as one of those damn Russian-paid foreign agitators!" he asserted, "there's no hell too hot for them. They'll ruin every decent American farmer in the state, every honest man of hard-earned property. Erase them, I say—rum them out! Crush them before they crush us!"

It was strange to hear him talk, after meeting some of the people he had in mind Caroline Decker, for instance, one of the most charming and eloquent native white girls, one could

(Cont. on Page 18)



Ernst Thaelmann



# ERNST THAELMANN

Born in Hamburg, Germany in 1886 the son of a revolutionist . . . went to sea while still a child . . . Became a transport worker at the age of 16. By 1912 a leader in his union and an active Social Democrat . . . fighter against war in the front line of the Kaiser's trenches, leader of the Hamburg workers on the barricades of the Civil war in 1919 . . . Ernst Thaelmann, anti-fascist, Communist, leader of the German people now serving his third year of illegal imprisonment without trial in Hitler Germany.

## What Is His Crime?

By Moro Giafferi

*Outstanding European barrister who went to Germany to defend Dimitroff. He is now actively helping organize Thaelmann's defense.*

I am of the profound conviction that Thaelmann would not today be menaced with the threat of death if he had not always been, above all else, a laborer for peace.

Throughout his career; as representative of the trade unionists, as a member of the municipal government of Hamburg and finally as a deputy in the Reichstag, Thaelmann never ceased to combat German nationalism, as abject, as all other nationalisms.

I had the honor of studying—in person—Dimitroff's trial at Leipzig. I have studied—not as a Communist—for those are not my political convictions—but objectively, as a lawyer, the record and indictment against Thaelmann. I know of nothing more monstrous. It is known among all his friends and supporters, among men of his own political party, that Thaelmann was singled out not so much because of his popularity—recorded in the millions of votes he received—but because of his moderation.

Thaelmann, in the name of the Communist Party of Germany (I have all his speeches and writings on my table) always recommended careful, planned collective actions as opposed to the folly of individual acts.

A fanatic would have been rewarded only by indifference. A truly wise man—a leader like Thaelmann was condemned in advance, marked for sacrifice by those who are dedicated to the aim of destroying, by calumny in the first place, and cruelty as a last resort, all ideas which they do not share.

On the night before the Reichstag Fire, the Karl Liebknecht House was raided. On the night of the fire, the leaders of the Reich proclaimed that this raid had disclosed documents which proved conclusively—and fixed

criminal responsibility upon every leader of the Communist Party,—a plot against the property of the workers, peasants, and bourgeoisie of Germany!

All this happened on the nights of February 26 and 27, 1933. Thaelmann was arrested on March 3. We are now living in the year 1936. *None of these documents have seen the light of day.* Thaelmann is now threatened with a penalty which was not part of the German law at the time of his arrest. He is therefore guilty and as we say in legal language, liable—even before he is arrested and imprisoned. And do you know his crime? The crime for which they will demand the penalty of death for Thaelmann, is having menaced by conspiracy, the German Constitution. . . .

There you have in Hitler's dungeons for years, a man spiritually intact and in truth with an inspiring record that no campaign of vilification and calumny could besmirch. There he is, guilty only of serving ideals which are no surprise and have not been a surprise to any one during the last twenty years—there you have a man against whom they premeditated a sentence of death by virtue of a law which did not exist at the time of his arrest, and because he is supposed to have slandered, with reservations, a Constitution which his persecutors themselves destroyed!

*That is the truth.* And why? Because (and I am going to say the word which democracy detests)—because in matters of internal politics and in international affairs, certain governments are concerned with *glory* and *prestige* while crime is planned and blood is shed. For the *prestige* of the Reich, it is essential that Thaelmann be condemned; so that the little peasant of Hanover and Brandenburg who clings to his property, and who still does not know that the great trusts of finance capital are the greatest enemies of the small property owner, will allow himself to be convinced and believe that men like Malraux, André Gide or Thaelmann, march through the country side with the incendiary's torch in their hands.

That is the crime which is being prepared in Germany today and that is why, weak and inadequate as I consider myself to be, I say to you, wake up and defend yourself. You are always their prey. When a crime is committed, in any corner of the world, it is your security, your honor which is threatened. Wake up—no matter who the victim may be—raise the alarm, whether the victim is an Ethiopian, your own brother, or the Communist Thaelmann. Arise and cry for justice. Justice is sacred and must triumph over all. Long live justice and liberty.

## A TRIBUTE

By George Dimitroff

I am convinced that all the workers, farmers, intellectuals—all the honest people who participated in the struggle for our freedom, were not so much interested in our persons or even in our deeds as much as in the fact that we took an uncompromising stand as fighters against Hitler fascism. I, Dimitroff,—may be a very good fellow but had I not taken my stand in the German courtroom AGAINST FASCISM, I would never have been surrounded with all the love and respect which is mine today. But there are still some ten thousand revolutionary fighters in the fascist dungeons, who also fought against fascism. This fight is not over yet—it must and will continue. The world wide movement must not slacken—in fact it must be intensified. My fondest personal hope is: that the freedom of Ernst Thaelman will become one of the most solemn duties, a debt of revolutionary honor, to the working class of the whole world.

# A TASTE OF JUSTICE

Recent "vice" investigations disclosed a highly profitable traffic in human beings. One of the world's greatest reporters tells what happened to them in the courts. A stirring story.

By John Reed

As soon as the dark sets in, young girls begin to pass the corner, squat-figured, hard-faced, "cheap" girls, like dusty little birds wrapped too tightly in their feathers.

They come up Irving Place from Fourteenth Street, turn back toward Union Square on Sixteenth, stroll down Fifteenth (passing the Corner again) to Third Avenue and so around always drawn back to the Corner. By some secret magnetism, the Corner of Fifteenth Street and Irving Place fascinates them. Perhaps that particular spot means adventure, or Fortune or even Love.

How did it come to have such significance? The men know that this is so; at night each shadow in the vicinity contains its derby hat, and a few bold spirits even stand in the full glare of the arc light. Brushing against them, luring with their swaying hips, whispering from immovable lips the shocking intimacies that Business has borrowed from Love, the girls pass.

The place has its inevitable Cop. He follows the same general beat as the girls do, but at a slower, more majestic pace. This he does by keeping the girls perpetually walking—to create the illusion that they're going somewhere. Society allows vice no rest. If women stood still, what would become of us all? When the Cop appears on the corner, the women who are lingering there scatter like a shoal of fish; and until he moves on, they wait in the dark side streets. Suppose he caught one? "The Island for hers! That's the place they cut off a girl's hair!" But the policeman is a good sport. He employs no treachery, but simply stands a moment, proudly twirling his club and then moves down toward Fourteenth Street. It gives him an immense satisfaction to see the girls scatter.

His broad back retreats in the gloom, and the girls return—crossing and re-crossing, passing and re-passing with tireless feet.

Standing on that Corner, watching the little comedy, my ears were full of low whisperings, and the soft scuff of their feet. They cursed at me, or geyed me, according to whether or not they had had any dinner. And then came the Cop.

His ponderous shoulders came rolling out of the gloom of Fourteenth Street, with the satisfied arrogance of an absolute monarch. Soundlessly the girls vanished and the Corner contained but three living things; the hissing arc light, the Cop and myself. He stood for a moment juggling his club, and peering sullenly around. He seemed discontented about something; perhaps his conscience was troubling him. Then his eye fell on me, and he frowned.

in my direction.

"I'm doing nothing," said I. "I know of no law that prevents a citizen from standing on the corner, so long as he doesn't hold up traffic."

"Chop it!" rumbled the Cop, waving his club suggestively at me, "Now git along, or I'll fan ye."

I perceived a middle-aged man hurrying along with a bundle under his arm.

"Hold on," I said; and then to the stranger, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind witnessing this business?"

"Sure," he remarked cheerfully, "what's the row?"

"I was standing inoffensively on this corner, when this officer ordered me to move on. He says he'll beat me with his club if I don't. Now, I want you to witness that I am making

"Move on!" he ordered, with an imperial jerk of the head.

"Why?" I asked.

"Never mind why. Because I say so. Come on now." He moved slowly



"Ladies, it gives me great pleasure to announce that we were able to aid 500 unfortunate victims of vice last year. And we hope there will be twice as many next year."

no resistance. If I've been doing anything wrong, I demand that I be arrested and taken to the Night Court." The Cop removed his cap and scratched his head dubiously.

"That sounds reasonable." The stranger grinned. "Want my name?" But the Cop saw the grin. "Come on then," he growled, taking me roughly by the arm. The stranger bade us good night and departed still grinning. The Cop and I went to Fifteenth Street neither of us saying anything. I could see that he was troubled and considered letting me go. But he gritted his teeth and stubbornly proceeded.

We entered the dingy respectability of the

Night Court passed through a corridor, and came to the door that gives onto the railed space where criminals stand before the Bench. The door was opened and I could see beyond the bar a thin scattering of people on the benches—sightseers, the morbidly curious, an old Jewess with a brown wig, waiting, waiting with her eyes fixed upon the door through which prisoners appear. There were the usual few lights high in the lofty ceiling, the dark ugly paneling of imitation mahogany that is meant to impress, and only succeeds in casting a gloom.

It seems that Justice must always shun the light.

There was another prisoner before me, a slight girlish figure that did not reach the shoulder of the policeman who held her arm. Her skirt was wrinkled and indiscriminate, and clung too closely about her hips; her shoes were cracked and too large; an enormous limp willow plume topped her off. The judge lifted a black-robed arm.

I could not hear what he said.

"Soliciting," said the hoarse voice of the policeman, "Sixth Av'nue near Twenty-third—"

"Ten days on the Island—next case."

The girl threw back her head and laughed insolently.

"You——" she shrilled, and laughed again. But the Cop thrust her violently before him, and they passed out the other door.

And I went forward with her laughter sounding in my ears.

The Judge was writing something on a piece of paper. Without looking up he snapped:

"What's the charge officer?"

"Resisting an officer," said the Cop surlily.

"I told him to move on and he says he wouldn't——"

"Hum," murmured the Judge abstractedly, still writing. "Wouldn't eh? Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

I did not answer.

"Won't talk, eh? Well, I guess you'll get——"

Then he looked up, nodded and smiled.

"Hello, Reed!" he said. He venomously regarded the Cop. "Next time you pull a friend of mine——" suggestively he left the threat unfinished. Then to me, "Want to sit up on the Bench for awhile?"

Reprinted from DAUGHTER of the REVOLUTION, Vanguard Press.



Fourteenth  
satisfaction

gloom, and  
re-crossing,  
feet.

ng the little  
ship...

“Ladies, it gives me great pleasure to announce that we were able to aid 500 unfortunate victims of vice last year. And we hope there will be twice as many next year.”



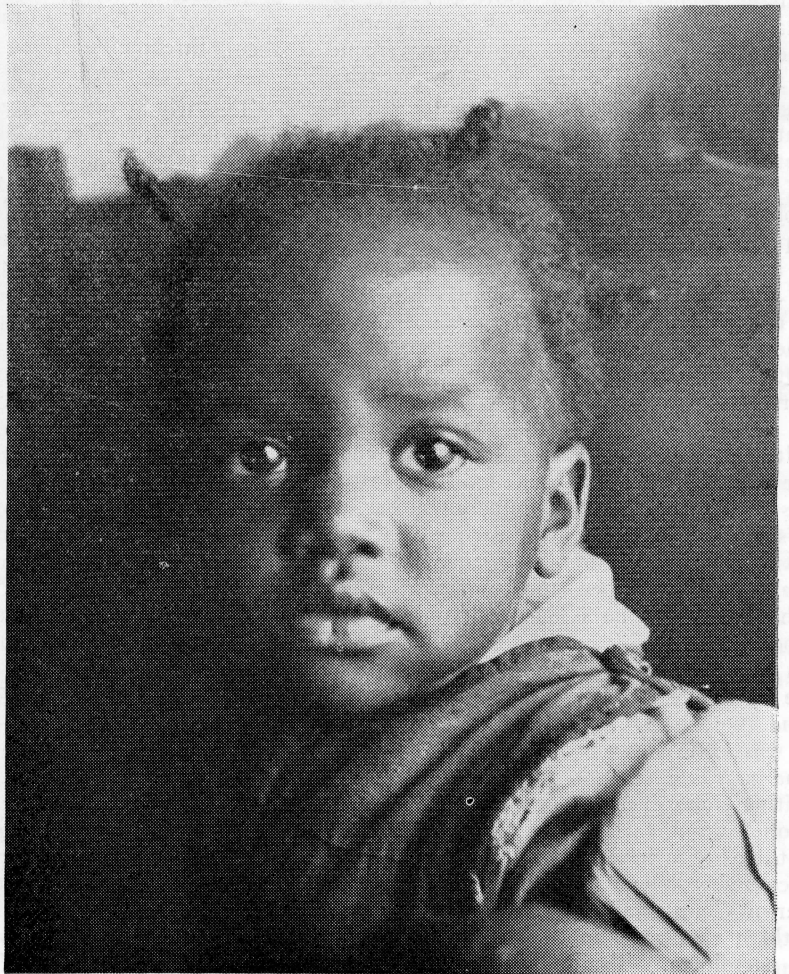
A Negro mother and her child

# A Scottsboro Mother sings to her Son

By Irene Paul

(This beautiful and moving poem can be sung to the tune of Danny Deever)

Step more softly, chillun', he's a'layin' on his bed  
 Little Ozzie Powell with a bullet in his head  
 Open up yo' eyes, my chile—sech a glassy stare!  
 'Tis yo' mammy, honey lamb, smoothin' down yo' hair,  
 'Tis yo' Negro mammy's tears fallin' on yo' face.  
 Five whole years they've kep' you, chile, shackled like a slave  
 Five whole years they've beat you, honey, 'scared you'd cheat the grave.  
 Seems like bein' poor an' black is all the sin we've done  
 An' all the achin' years it takes to make one mother's son—  
 That's right, honey, close yo' eyes, best to take some rest  
 Let yo' mammy rest yo' head on her achin' breast.  
 Don't you mind my weepin' chile, Mammy's wept for years  
 All the cotton of the south's wet with Negroes' tears—  
 Lonely Mammy and her son—who's to take our part  
 Who's to care if rulin' white folks break a mother's heart?  
 They all torture you so bad you done lost yo' head  
 No one but yo' mammy now, settin' by yo' bed.  
 There won't no one help us now, reckon we're alone.  
 Just yo' Mammy settin' here, settin' like a stone  
 Settin' here a thinkin'—yes, jest a'thinkin' back  
 What makes rulin' white folks' hearts all so cold an' black?  
 Sshh—I hear some voices, chile, comin' down the street  
 Seems I hear a marchin' sound, sound a' marchin' feet!  
 Ozzie, chile, they're comin'! They ain't leavin' us to die!  
 That's what they're a' sayin', chile, I can hear 'em cry!  
 Workin' folks—black an' white—from the North and South!  
 I can hear one angry shout burstin' from their mouth  
 Shoutin' that the rulin' folks is settin' up too high!  
 Shoutin' that we're goin' to live! They won't let us die!  
 Shoutin' that the robber class took our liberty!  
 Shoutin' that the workin' folks gonna make us free!  
 Seems like there ain't nothin' greater, over north or south  
 Than a cry from a million voices, burstin' from one mouth!  
 Seems like over all the world ain't a sound so sweet  
 As the marchin' marchin' sound of a million feet!  
 Seems it makes their cold hearts shiver when they see us pass—



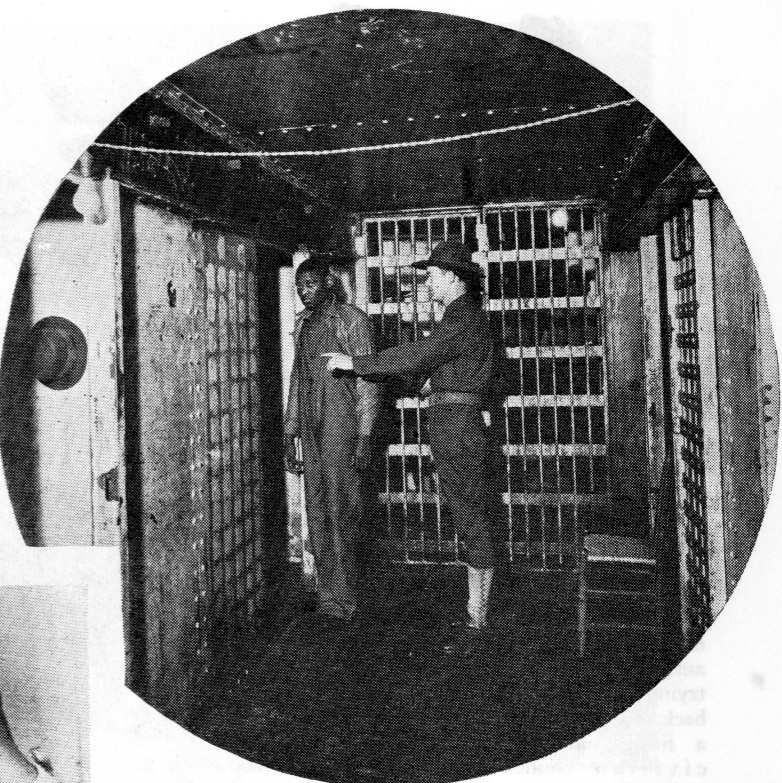
See a million feet come marchin' for the workin' class!  
 Millions! I can hear 'em comin'! Come to take our part!  
 They won't let the rulin' white folks break a mother's heart!



# The Heart of Sheriff Sandlin

By John Kirk

A northern correspondent who was present throughout the recent Scottsboro trial at Decatur, and the subsequent shooting of Ozie Powell, one of the Scottsboro boys, reconstructs the scenes of the latter incident.



"I shot Ozie Powell. One shot and it was all over," said Sheriff J. Street Sandlin on the afternoon of January 24, 1936.

"We started shooting. Some of the bullets seemed to hit Powell in the head," said Deputy Sheriff Edgar Blaylock.

"I rescued Blaylock and Sandlin from the boys who were attacking them," said Highway Patrolman J. T. Bryant.



The road from Decatur to Lacon Hill, Cullman, and eventually to Birmingham, Ala., is well-paved, with long curves, and except where it passes through some small village no sharp turns. You can drive it easily at seventy-five or eighty miles an hour. Once in a while it is bordered by red dirt banks, where it cuts through a grade, but more often it is raised above the level of the land through which it passes, with wide ditches and weedy patches between pavement and fence on either side. For anyone who has gone over it once or twice, it is almost a matter of driving with your eyes shut. It is bordered with pine-woods, scraggly farmland, cabins that for the cracks in them might be tobacco-barns but which are in fact dwelling-places, and every few miles a tiny town with a half-dozen dingy stores, a filling-station, some white houses, a lot of shacks, and—if it is a real metropolis—a court-house.

Sheriff Sandlin didn't have to pay much attention to the road as he drove over it that bitter cold January afternoon. The day before, a jury had found Haywood Patterson "guilty" of rape, and had fixed his sentence at seventy-five years. That morning, after hours of sparring between defense counsel on one side, and Lieutenant-Governor Thomas E. Knight, his assistants, and Judge W. W. Callahan on the other, the remaining trials of the Scottsboro boys had been indefinitely postponed.

In the back seat of the Ford coach were three of the Negro boys, Roy Wright was just behind the sheriff. On the other end of the seat was Ozie Powell. Clarence Norris sat in the middle, his hands manacled to the boys on either side. Two other cars, one in front and one behind, each carried two more officers and three more boys, taking them back from the court-house and jail at Decatur, to the Jefferson County jail at Birmingham. Behind the three cars rode another, with two highway patrolmen. Trailing all four was the big sedan of the lieutenant-governor of the state.

Sheriff Sandlin, as he drove, listened to the conversation between the boys in the back seat

and Deputy Edgar Blaylock, who sat beside him. Blaylock was half turned around, his left arm over the back of his seat.

His rasping voice threw insults over his shoulder at the three boys. He kept taunting them, threatening.

The whole matter was very distasteful to Sheriff Sandlin. This was the fourth trial that Haywood Patterson had been given. Three times before he had already been sentenced to death. And now, in spite of everything that Knight and his assistants could do, in spite of Judge Callahan's assistance to the prosecution, a jury had brought in a verdict of 75 years—a jury picked in Morgan county, his own county, over which he and Callahan and a few others of like mind were the political bosses! It was downright mutiny! And they had Negroes on the jury panel, too! The same lawyers that took up against a decision of an Alabama court, that made so much fuss over a handful of Negroes, that dared put them on a witness stand to give the lie to a white woman, that took up so much time with the trials of a "nigger"—these same lawyers, and the devil knows how many millions of people who don't live in Morgan county back of them, had forced the jury commission to include the names of Negroes in the jury-box! They hadn't sat in the box, of course—special Jim Crow arrangements had been made. Special chairs were put outside the box for them to sit in while the selection of the actual jury went on. And of course they hadn't been allowed to actually serve. But they had been called for jury duty, and that was bad enough. Next thing you knew, some of them would want to vote!

There had been certain conferences, too, where very good plans had been laid, to get those lawyers who seemed to think that a Negro should have the same kind of a trial as a white man, and as good a trial as a "respectable citizen" with money in the bank at that, out of the case. Deputy Sheriff Waldon had been given the job. He had talked to the boys. He had even talked nice to them, and made them promises—if they would give up their lawyers, then the court would appoint a lawyer for them, Lieutenant-Governor Knight would get out of the case (everybody knew by now that Knight was figuring on getting into the governor's chair as quick as he could get these nine Negro boys into the electric chair, (which was also in Montgomery, capital of Alabama,) and the

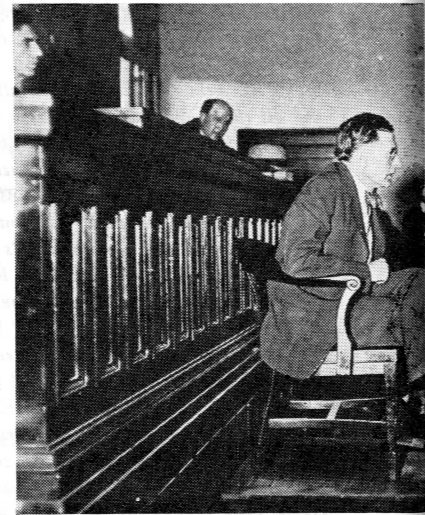
judge and sheriff would see to it that they didn't get more than ten years sentence. Otherwise, Waldon assured them, they might perhaps stay in jail a few years more, while their trials and appeals dragged on, but they would never get out of jail alive.

When that didn't work, Waldon had threatened them. "I'll have no more mercy on you than I would on a snake," he told Ozie Powell, his hands fingering the flap of his revolver holster.

Deputy Blaylock kept on talking.



Above: Sheriff Sandlin with the famous knife. Note Ozie Powell's blood spattered on his coat.



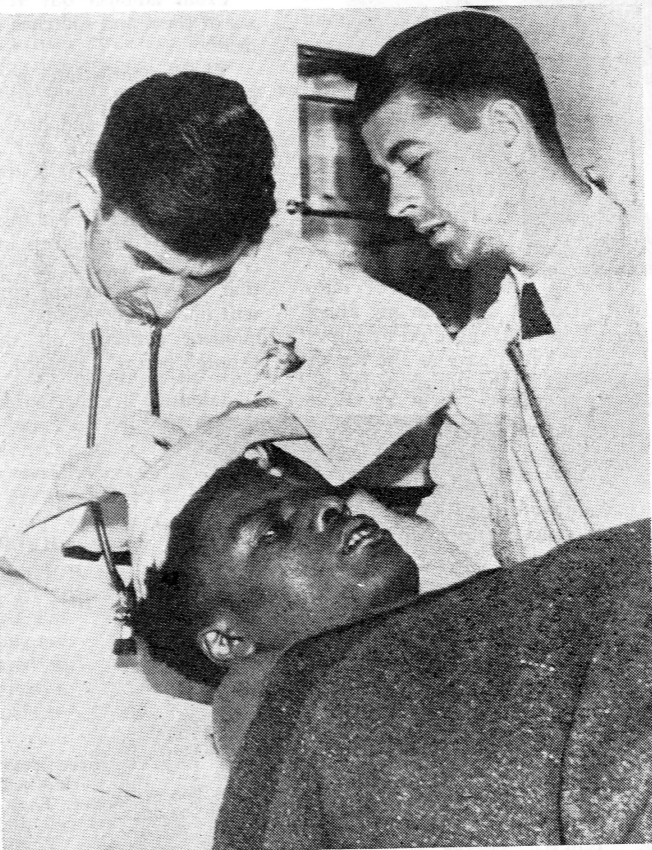
Left: Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro, Ala., on the witness stand for the State in the first Decatur trial. His testimony proves the boys innocent.

He was addressing Ozie Powell, directly behind him, because Waldon had told him he should pick on the same one he had talked to most. The sheriff's thin lips tightened as he heard the Negro boy answering back.

"Those lawyers are better than any I ever see around here," he said.

That wasn't the kind of an answer a Negro should give a white man! He didn't even say "sir!"

They were nearing the filling-station at the top of Lacon Hill, about twenty miles from Decatur, and about seventy miles from Birmingham—still inside the county line.



Above: Haywood Patterson in the Decatur jail. Left: Ozie Powell on the operating table.

Blaylock continued to talk, bullying, threatening, persuasive—any Negro who knew Sandlin and his deputy should have known enough to agree! This boy had no respect for "the law" at all. He was a "bad nigger" sure as hell. Then the sheriff heard something he had never expected to hear. Ozie Powell turned to Roy Wright, interrupting Blaylock in the middle of a sentence:

"The hell with what he's talking about!" he said.

Blaylock turned red, stiffened, and then his arm shot out in a heavy back-handed slap that

caught Ozie Powell between the eyes. "You black son-of-a-bitch! I'll kill you!" the deputy shouted.

He pulled his arm back from over the back of the seat, groping for his pistol. Dazed, in rage and desperation, the Negro boy reached his right hand into his coat-pocket, pulled out a knife he had found in the Decatur jail, and which had not been taken from him, and struck out blindly.

The other boys shouted in terror: "Drop that knife!"

As the knife clattered to the floor of the car, the handcuff tore deep into the flesh of Clarence Norris wrist as he dragged at Ozie.

They were just passing the filling-station. Sandlin looked in the rear-view and saw all three boys with their shackled hands high in the air. Deputy Blaylock, beside him, was looking in a scared way at the blood that came

on his hand as he felt the scratch on his neck. Sheriff Sandlin slowed down the car, stopped it a hundred yards from the station. He stepped out of the car, walked forward, looked up and down the road. The sheriff was always a cautious, careful-moving man. The moment for which he had hoped for months had come. But Sheriff Sandlin never acted hastily.

He looked into the car, where all three boys still had their hands high in the air. Deputy Blaylock was still stupidly dabbing at his neck with a handkerchief.

His first shot caught Ozie Powell in the middle of the forehead. Half his head seemed to be shot off. He slumped forward, his limp weight dragging Clarence Norris' right hand, manacled to his left, down with it. The sheriff turned to Roy Wright. That boy was too smart.

"Now I'm going to get rid of all of you black b——," he said. "You had the knife. . . ."

He was about to shoot a second time when a thought occurred to him. That knife—he might be able to get more than these three boys into this. Besides, he should be able to explain the knife, he was responsible. Sheriff Sandlin never did anything hastily.

"That boy Ernest from the drug store brought the knife in, didn't he?" he said.

"No, sir," Roy Wright said, watching the pistol aimed at his own head now. "Ozie found it in the jailhouse."

"You tell me I'm a liar?"

The finger on the trigger tightened ever so slightly, just so as to be noticeable to Roy Wright and Clarence Norris.

"All right, he brought it in, then," Roy Wright said.

The sheriff nodded with satisfaction. His finger tightened a bit more, but hesitated as he thought of another question. Then he straightened up. Somebody was standing on the other side of the car. The guy from the

(Cont. on Page 18)

# Wanted

A thrilling tale of a daring escape from a Cuban dungeon.

I am a Cuban revolutionist. Since the days of Machado I have lived through tortures of the damned, tortures worse than those employed by the Spanish inquisition. I managed to escape from a Cuban prison, and came to this country to find refuge. Instead I find myself with a number of my friends, haunted, systematically persecuted by the American immigration authorities who are trying to deport us back to Cuba where a firing squad in civilian clothes meets deportees at the boat or aeroplane, as the case may be, and later leaves them to be found on a deserted beach or lonely highway near Havana riddled with bullets. At best these deportees can be sure of long imprisonment.

And now on with the true story, so help me God, of my own experience in Cuba.

It was in the early days on November 1934. The Caffery-Batista-Mendieta regime was organizing its most brutal persecutions. I, as a leading member of a revolutionary organization found myself with a handsome price on my head. The price was attractive enough to stimulate the yellowest streak in a yellow traitor—and one night while I was in hiding in a friend's home together with my wife and daughter—at exactly 3 a.m. I was awakened by the sound of military boots and harsh voices.

I was taken prisoner. The tears and pleas of my little 12 year old daughter and my wife were disregarded. My wife was struck by a drunken soldier. I hit at him. Then a blow from a rifle butt on my head left me unconscious for about two hours.

When I came to, I found myself in the country about 20 miles from Havana. I was beaten and kicked in an effort to secure information. I was bound hand and foot, a looped rope was placed around my neck. I was led to a big tree and told that this was my last chance to save my life. Gathering all my faculties and the last remains of physical strength, I spat right into the face of my tormenter.

Another blow in the head put an end to my sufferings. When I came to it was light. I was in jail. I was forced to drink a 12 ounce bottle of castor oil and then I was left lying naked, tied to an army cot until 8 in the evening when I was transferred to the Principe Castle in Havana.

I remember getting there at about midnight.

I was led to the "rastrillo" where I was searched and "booked" and slapped across the face by the officer in charge and every subordinate that I passed. I was then taken to the infirmary since my condition was quite serious.

At 2 a.m. a loud voice, followed by a fist between the eyes awakened me. I was dragged into the presence of Captain Coloma, an assassin at heart, a drunkard, a smoker of marijuana. He had just arrived and lost no time in "paying his respects" in person.

His chief lieutenant and two assistants stripped me of every stitch of clothing. I was forced to get down on my knees and proceed in this fashion, egged on by blows from a lash, from the infirmary at the top of the prison to the cells in the dungeons below. There I remained for 14 days—with a crust of bread and a quart of water a day.

I had to retain an erect position at all times for the cells in this dungeon are only three feet wide and three feet long, and they have a cold cement floor which makes it almost impossible to sit down. Water was constantly kept dripping down on my naked body and a beating or two a day by a common criminal known as the "Jamaica Boxer" relieved the monotony.

At the end of the 14 days I was carried, on a stretcher, back to the infirmary where I was restored to life only to be carried back to the dungeon for another 15 days. I was then transferred to La Leona dungeon where for three months I was kept at hard labor on the prison rock pile.

Protests from friends on the outside, finally called national attention to my case, and realizing that there was nothing they could charge me with, the authorities decided that I, together with three other prisoners, were to be taken to do a special job digging sand on the Jaimanitas beach.

Fifteen soldiers were to guard us in a truck. It was clear that I was to be murdered on the beach under the so-called *Ley de Fuego*—Law of Flight.

Someone within the prison—a guard—but one of our loyal men—learned of this plot and with all the details on hand prepared a rescue party which surprised the soldiers that were taking us to the fatal beach.

From ambush our rescuers mowed down six of them and snatched me from the jaws of death.

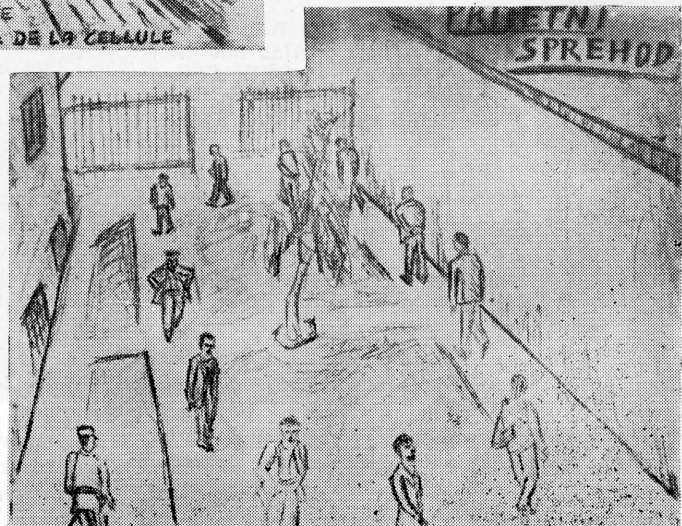
Three months later my friends arranged to smuggle me aboard a freighter bound for the United States—and here I am.

My troubles are over for a short while at least. But Cuban jails are filled with political prisoners. They need help and assistance. From my home I hear that a national amnesty campaign is in progress in their behalf. That is good. That alone will swing open the doors that hide the torture chambers. That alone will liberate thousands of victims who are this moment suffering all the tortures I went through before I escaped.



HELP LABOR'S  
PRISONERS  
BUY A 1936 STAMP

The three drawings on this page are the work of a Yugo-slavian political prisoner. They were smuggled out of his cell and sent here by the Yugo-slav I.L.D.



# WE WANT TO HELP!

An interview with two famous women who tell why they want to keep labor's prisoners.

By Frances Rich

Right:  
Stella  
Adler,  
actress

From the dark jails of the deep south and the arid, hygienic prisons of California a cry has been sounded and has found an answer in the professional and artistic circles of New York City. Outstanding professional women there have banded themselves into a committee to aid political prisoners of the entire nation, to help feed the families of prisoners, to give wives an occasional visit with their jailed husbands, to assist in the fight to establish the status of political prisoners.

Stella Adler, star of the distinguished Group Theatre, is eager to help in any way she can to relieve the families of labor prisoners and to create an awareness among Americans of the pride that can be and is felt by the relatives of political prisoners.

"It is terribly important for people of all points of view," says Miss Adler, "to understand the true status, whether officially recognized or not, of political prisoners. Americans somehow don't generally feel or understand that. And they are not helped to come to genuine understanding by the nagging, brutal attitude of officials toward the families of the prisoners.

"In many countries a civilized attitude toward political prisoners has long been the rule. They are not regarded nor treated as criminals. They are given a special place, even as prisoners, and are allowed to continue functioning within limits as writers or professionals or whatever they are.

"This is about what the situation could and should be here. In my own family we had a political prisoner when an uncle of mine spent many years in jail in Russia because he was opposed to the Czarist government. I believe he spent more of his years there in jail than out, but our family was extremely proud of him as a noble, sincere man whom we respected and never thought of considering as a criminal merely because he had been sentenced to serve long terms in prison."

Miss Adler feels that two facets of the whole problem can be attacked by the professional women's committee, first, the campaign to broad-

cast understanding of the whole situation and to enlist support in the fight to segregate labor prisoners from ordinary criminals, and, second, the pressing problem of food, shelter and necessities for the wives, children and other dependents of prisoners.

"The important thing is to find a wide, immediate response."

Grace Lumpkin,



outstanding novelist whose dramatized work, "Let Freedom Ring" has just concluded a successful season, is

Left:  
Grace Lumpkin,  
writer.



Miss Adler's photo courtesy De Mirjian Studio. Miss Humphrey, Albert Cohn.

Left: Doris Humphrey, dancer.



highly enthusiastic about the participation of a new group of professional women in the fight that she feels is theirs as much as it is the fight of labor in general.

"It is stimulating to think," says Miss Lumpkin, "that women in the professions here in New York realize that they must help defend political prisoners because those prisoners are defending precisely the professionals. I would encourage the participation of all professionals throughout the country, teachers, artists, writers, actors, in what is, after all, their own battle. The creative energies of such women, when organized and thrown into this work, can accomplish unlimited results."

Miss Lumpkin, who intimately knows the south, described prison conditions there where organizers were put in the same cells with men awaiting electrocution on murder charges, or were made to live and associate closely with the lowest of criminals within the prison.

Lillian Hellman, author of the brilliant play "The Children's Hour", heartily endorses the planned activities of the new committee.

Doris Humphrey, internationally known dancer, has also endorsed the work.

# THE OPERATION

The Chicago District of the I.L.D. is on the job in the LABOR DEFENDER 10th Anniversary Drive. This article is filled with valuable suggestions and plenty of the right spirit.

By Jan Wittenber

Let us cut up a Labor Defender and see what it's got inside of it. Any number will do; to pick on a certain one would be a job. Well, we grabbed an old one from October 1934. That's the one that aroused so many post mortems and sad cries of sorrow from our best members. A short period before this, the Labor Defender had come out for five (\$.05) cents a copy and because it had no fund to fall back on and had difficulty in appearing changed back to ten cents an issue with cheap paper and no color cover. Every body bawled out Sasha and said, "What's the matter with them New York people. We can't sell such a thing." Well, here goes the operation. Zip goes the scalpel or scissors. "What's this we find on page four?" Why, it's exactly what John Starr was asking us about. He wanted to speak in his Union on the terror against brother unionists. Here it is, facts! How many were murdered in cold blood, wounded and arrested. How many thousands of armed forces called out, etc.

On the next page is a thorough analysis of the Criminal Syndicalist Law menace. How many states have such laws,—thirty-four—whew. How they are used. Say, that would have done the trick in the hot argument we had on this at the local the other night. We were all talking out of our hat according to this.

Let's cut another slice on page 8. "What does she know about Halibut?" A woman defends herself in court. On page 9 a complete list of Anti-Nazi fighters persecuted—what states. A photo of a Silver Legion Storm Troop membership card, etc. On Page 15 I.L.D. news from the world, — Germany China, Italy, etc. On page 17 a story of Criminals in the Soviet Union

—how it rebuilds them into men. More important statements by many who were reclaimed. Fine educational stuff for use as a contrast in our campaigns for status for our political prisoners. Page 18 a splendid example of the power of mass defense in our own district—the Hillsboro Victory. Page 21 a statistical analysis of our growth, dues, recruiting. A Young Defender corner and testimonials from political prisoners and their families. Well, we're through with the operation. Charlie orders ten more for his branch. No, we won't sew it up again. We will take the insides and cut them so they can be laid out in interesting places on a simple colored strip of wall paper—cover and all. A better job can be done with a bright poster board costing twenty cents. The splendid photos are pasted and mounted. To save space they can overlap on unimportant parts of another photo. Titles can be added. Now we have a dynamic speaker, the Labor Defender itself. Each month a new one is made and can be put on display and exhibit at our meetings and socials.

Such methods have brought results and roused initiative among some of our members who, as a result, became Labor Defender conscious and began to make a practice of continually having on their person copies of the Labor Defender. If this were followed by more people it would result in thousands of extra copies sold every month. For instance, the writer, because he had the new February

issue on his person, sold nineteen copies at a trade union dance. It is significant that the wife of a trade unionist who bought one copy returned four times in succession, stating that she had sold it to some friend. In other words, the Labor Defender sells itself if it is properly called to the attention of people.

Using some of the above methods, our territory, the poorest and the smallest, has been able to hold its head up on Labor Defender results, though we have plenty of weaknesses. We secured fourteen news stands to handle the Labor Defender, in our last three month plan of work.

By the time the announcement of the sub drive arrived from New York, the Bussell



The I.L.D. in action in Toledo, Ohio.



The interior of a Georgia Chain Cage. The LABOR DEFENDER for ten years has exposed this horror.

Branch had already secured two subs. We promise stiff competition for the prizes offered by the National Office. We greet the solidarity of that staunch and loyal fighter for the workers, Lucy Parsons. We urge a careful study of her statement on the back of the February Labor Defender. We pledge to do our part and follow the example you set. We know it will make you happy in your remaining days of loneliness and courage following the brutal murder of that brave and courageous man and husband, Albert Parsons. He, too, would feel well to know that you have helped to start something good for the workers.

Let's go brothers and sisters. Pile up the birthday greetings for the Labor Defender Birthday Number in May. We can second it with a pilgrimage to the graves of the Chicago heroes who laid down their lives in the struggle for the eight-hour day. Then we can make felt the power of one martyr's statement when he said in the face of death: "The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices that you throttle today."

Every member as subscriber!  
Get your friends to help make it true!  
Get them to subscribe by starting yourself!



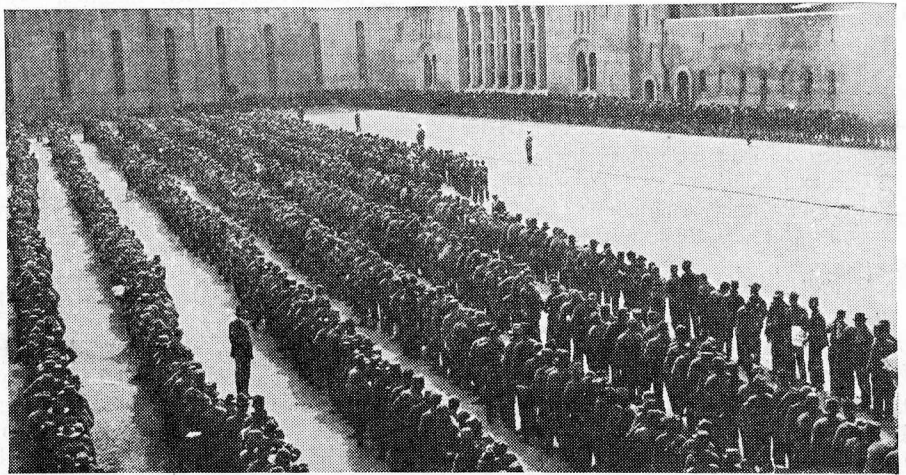


For 10 years the LABOR DEFENDER has carried TRUE stories about labor's heroic struggle in defense of its rights. This picture shows a North Carolina textile picket after company thugs shot at her.

Only \$1 will bring you the  
**LABOR DEFENDER**  
 for one whole year  
 including the special MAY anniversary  
 number.

**ARE YOU COMPETING FOR ONE OF THE PRIZES**  
 there are two sets of prizes offered  
 in the **LABOR DEFENDER** 10th anniversary  
**SUB DRIVE**

**ONE SET** for individuals who send in 3 one year subs or more—  
**PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHED BOOKS, CAMERAS** (see back cover)  
**ANOTHER SET** for I.L.D. districts—**MIMEOGRAPH,**  
**TYPEWRITERS**—Our aim 2,000—New Subscribers by **MAY 1.**



Voices from prison, from the graves of living men have been faithfully recorded in the **LABOR DEFENDER** for the last 10 years.

# 10TH ANNIVERSARY DRIVE PART OF I. L. D. BUILDING CAMPAIGN

By **FRANK KANTER**  
 President, *Tom Mooney Branch, Chicago*

We have taken a big step forward towards real mass work. We—means our newly merged **TOM MOONEY** branch in Chicago. Let me cite briefly what we have done in trying to embark on the new and broader and better policy of our organization.

At the beginning of February the officers and leading members of three old, small branches met together and discussed the question of amalgamation, the choice of a name for the new branch to result, suggestions as to the best possible nominees for the various offices. After thorough deliberation we came out of our previous state of uncertainty with enthusiastic plans.

At the first regular meeting, of the former **H. Weizenberg, Eugene V. Debs** and **Tom Mooney** branches, all three were formally merged into one large **TOM MOONEY** branch. Plans were drafted for a three months campaign of recruiting, educational lectures, forums, study circles, socials, Labor De-

fender drive, etc. A strong slate of officers and various committees were elected. We were headed for newer and bigger things than any of the three small branches could ever have accomplished separately.

And we soon had a chance to prove it.

Through the efforts of our branch president, Professor **Scott Nearing** was visited and he agreed to speak under our auspices on, "*Does Fascism Menace America.*" Could we really arrange it in the one week's time we had at our disposal before **Nearing** left Chicago? The only available date was only one week off and a Saturday night at that. We had the stiffest competition from many previously arranged affairs including the **National Negro Congress, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union Dance** and others. Despite the negative attitude of some of our members we set out boldly.

We appointed committees on publicity, printing and other arrangements and went ahead. We also took advantage of **Frank Spector's** presence in Chicago and invited him to speak too.

What were the results of our activity?

Over two hundred people attended our lecture. We covered all expenses, that ran to fifty dollars, made a profit of about sixteen dollars, sold literature, and what is organizationally most important, we received a tremendous moral stimulus for building our big branch into a still bigger one.

Now we have drawn up plans and control charts through the various chairmen of our sub-committees—educational, social and recruiting committees. We have listed and secured speakers for the next few months. The social committee already has plans for a big concert and installation on **March 7** and judging from our previous efforts we can expect big things.

The weeks since our amalgamation have proven to all of us that big branches can do big things provided they have a strong executive committee, systematic, planned activity for the future and real check up and guidance for every phase of our work. We challenge any branch in the country to beat us during the next three months and particularly the **Rose Pastor Stokes Branch** in Chicago. So here goes.

# VOICES

# FROM PRISON

## WE GIVE AN ACCOUNTING OF THE XMAS DRIVE

Though the 1935 Christmas Drive for Political Prisoners and their families closed officially on January 1, 1936, so many friends and supporters continued to send in contributions after that date, it was impossible for us to make any sort of comprehensive report.

However, we feel that we can delay no longer—though some funds are still straggling in—the giving of an account on the Christmas Drive.

The cold facts are as follows:

In donations from 769 individuals ranging from 5c to \$100	\$2316.08
From 14 district offices of the I.L.D.	2058.38
From 49 other organizations (incl. trade unions)	450.00

Total income \$4824.46

These are the cold facts. They do not give you any picture of how this money came in, of the warm messages of solidarity accompanying the contributions from 43 states. From small towns in Montana, or the biggest cities in the country men and women, individually or through their organizations proved their genuine and generous interest in supporting labor's neediest.

We wish to take this opportunity, to express the heartiest thanks not only of the Prisoners Relief Department, but of the political prisoners and their families to all those who made this successful drive possible.

But the report on the funds collected tells only half the story. Two large rooms full of clothing, underwear, hats, shoes, for adults and children arrived in response to our appeal. Most of the things were extremely valuable—in excellent condition, many even brand new and unworn. We were able to send a Christmas Box, with warm, useful, pretty things for every single member of every family on our relief rolls.

And in addition to the clothing there were several large crates full of beautiful toys, books, hand bags, beads, dishes, bedding and even furniture!

We go into these details to show that there were several thousand people sufficiently moved by our appeal for labor's neediest to do all in their power to come to their support. The letters printed in this department of last month's Labor Defender were ample proof of how much this support was appreciated.

There is only one thing more that *has* to be said. Christmas, of course, has long since passed. The next Christmas Drive doesn't come until November 1936. But the needs of labor's neediest are as acute as ever. Their situation has not changed in the least. The ravages of the bitter cold, the fuel shortages, food shortages, hit them first. Remember labor's neediest all year round. Remember that they need your support all year round.

Couldn't *you* and as many of your friends and neighbors and fellow workers as possible try to make regular monthly contributions—no matter how small—to aid labor's prisoners and their families?

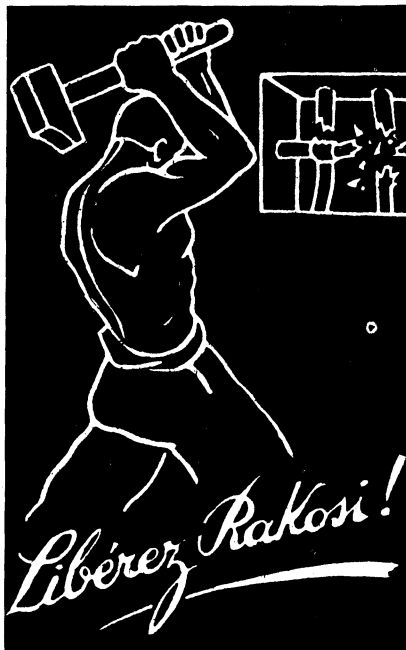
Only a large number of such regular monthly pledges and contributions can assure the carrying out of our monthly obligations to the prisoners and their families. We cannot rely on the sustaining fund created by the Christmas Drive alone—though that helps a lot.

Won't you become one of the regular supporters of labor's neediest? All such contributions will be most heartily welcomed by the Prisoners Relief Department at Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

ROSE BARON

### From Clyde Allen

Your letter found me in the best of health and I hope these few lines find you the same. You want to know how I am getting along. Well just about as good as one can expect in jail. But there is one thing I am sure of, if it wasn't for the I.L.D. and its members I would be a lot worse off than I am. It makes me feel pretty good to know that I have so many friends that are doing all they can to win freedom for me. I get lots of mail from I.L.D. members. When I try to thank them for working so hard to get a new trial for me words fail me. I try to show my appreciation for all they have done for me by answering all their letters. But it is a hard job. I did not think a fellow could get so



Free Rakosi! The Hungarian I.L.D., illegal, persecuted, fights for the freedom of Hungary's great labor leader.

popular in jail. My father uster tell me that everything happens for the best but I never could see it that way. But since I came back for a new trial, and everything looks so clear ahead, I am beginning to think my old man was right after all. I want to thank you for the money order and ask you to give my regards to your friends and fellow workers.

CLYDE ALLEN,

(Who has just won a new trial and the reversal of a 35-year sentence. He was framed as the tabloid "Hammer Man.")

### Darker than ever

Just received your good letter and the money order which helps us so much. We surely thank you a lot. The last few weeks have seemed darker for us than ever before. We have had such severe cold weather. It has been zero and four below, colder weather than we have ever had in this part of the country before and it seems as though it is going to continue. Harold, my little boy that I told you about having pneumonia, before Christmas, is still in bed. He recovered from the pneumonia and was released from the hospital early in January. We brought him home and his left lung has abscessed. We have been unable to get him back into the hospital so we are caring for him at home. The baby and I have sufficient clothes to keep us warm thanks to you but Mr. Snyder has very few clothes. What we have suffered for is fuel and food. Mr. Snyder is at home now. As I suppose you know, he had both feet operated on while in prison. His feet were in such bad shape he could hardly walk. His health in general is so run down now that he is unable to work, and it looks as though it will be a long time before he will be able to do any work.

I wish to thank you again for the liberal help. We will be able to buy some food and pay some on the gas bill. Hope this finds you and yours well and that there will soon be warmer weather for all of us. I never wanted to see warmer weather so bad, for I know that my dear little boy can't stand much more of what he has had to endure the last ten weeks.

Yours very truly,

MRS. MATTIE SNYDER AND FAMILY.

(Harry Snyder was recently released from Leavenworth. The Prisoners Relief Department sends monthly relief to labor's prisoners and their families for 3 months after they win their freedom.)

### Welcome back

Eight Oklahoma City Prisoners—released after serving one year: C. C. Nesbitt, George Wilson, Harry Snyder, Joe Paskvam, Dan Womack, George Taylor, Robert A. Seymour released from Leavenworth and Mrs. Wilma Conners from the woman's prison in West Virginia,—wish to make this statement:

The writer, Robert Seymour, is the oldest of the group, age 64 years. Never arrested before in my life but finally was arrested for demanding food for hungry children and a living wage for those on whom they depended. I know our being jailed and sent to prison for such a motive will result in much good. I take this means to extend my hearty thanks, with all the rest of this group, for the many kind letters and greetings received while in prison from many friends.

Fraternally yours in the struggle,  
ROBERT A. SEYMOUR.

P. S. Remember that our comrade George Hopkins will be held in Leavenworth for five months yet as his sentence was 18 months. Cheer him up often as he is there by himself now.

### You Can Say a Lot to us

Your card and check came safely. Again I thank you and ask you to thank our other friends for me. I do not write many letters. There is so little that one can say. Things have changed here. You folks have troubles of your own and I do not want to become a pest by yammering about my petty affairs.

Two years ago the Prison Board talked about granting me a parole. That is as far as it got. Now I have withdrawn my application. I guess that I am *spurr-lose-versenkt*. Have been here 18 years and 7 months. That is equal to 31 years prison time. That ought to be enough to satisfy any Christian. February 13, it will be 21 years since I was arrested. Give my regards to our mutual friends. My best wishes to you.

MATT. A. SCHMIDT  
(Serving a life sentence in San Quentin)



This beautiful drawing is the work of a Cuban artist. It is the design used on all posters issued by the committee in charge of the national Cuban Campaign for amnesty of all political prisoners.

## WE TRIED TO CONVINCED THE STRIKE-BREAKERS

### THE STRIKE:

Dec. 18, 1935, 200 employees of the Coast Fishing Company Wilmington walked out on strike.

When we were out on the picket line we were favored with rough treatment at the hands of members of the "Red Squad" from San Pedro who never ceased to make attempts to break our ranks.

We then resolved that the only way to win the strike, was to try and convince the strike-breakers not to go to work. These strike-breakers had been hired to fill the vacancies left by us.

### THE RIGHT TO PICKET:

On the morning of Dec. 26 we five got on the bus to go down to do picket duty. We saw that there were six women and one man on the bus who were working in the Coast. We then proceeded to talk to them to see if we could possibly convince them not to go back to work. These folks knew very well that we were out on strike, but they pretended to be ignorant of the fact. Yet when they saw that we really meant business, they got off the bus and started walking along with us.

We walked along for a few blocks, when we saw the police coming, so the only thing that we could do was to wait for them to arrive. We knew that even if we ran, the strike-breakers would point us out on the picket line. When the officers of the "Red Squad" came up they asked us what the trouble was, and of course the strike-breakers im-

mediately told them that they were on their way to work and that we would not let them go to work. The officers told them to go down to work, and that they would see to it that they reached their destination. The strike-breakers were protected by the "Red Squad" from San Pedro to go to work, and we were arrested for protecting the right of the Union.

### FRAME UP JUSTICE:

We were sent to court at 10:00 A. M., so we pleaded not guilty and demanded a jury trial. The trial was set for the 6th of Jan. When we went to court on the 6th, we had to have it postponed on account of the illness of one of the defendants, who has been under the doctor's care since we came out of jail.

Further proof of unfairness is proved by the following: when our bail was set up, the court refused to take it saying that we were charged with suspicion of kidnapping. The officers changed our charges four different times, which shows how threadbare their charges were. The only thing that we did was to converse with these people as we went along, to convince them that they should not be strike-breakers and not fight against organized labor.

### THE TRIAL:

When we came for our sentence, we were very gently told by the judge, Oda Faulconer, that our sentence was 90 days, 60 suspended due to the mass protests sent into the court by the Unions and mass organization. So the

sentence was 30 days to serve in Lincoln Heights. Bail was set at \$500 each, but our lawyer, Mr. J. A. Frankel, was able to have it reduced to \$200 each. We had to remain in the Lincoln Heights jail until Sat. night when our bail was raised by the International Labor Defense and the Cannery Workers Defense Committee. The case was appealed to a higher court.

### THE ACTIVITY OF THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE:

The Defense Committee was organized with 17 members who are members of Fish Cannery Workers Union Local No. 20147. How was that Committee organized? We had a meeting of all the strikers. This meeting was called to discuss the strike situation and also the arrest of the five women. In this meeting, a Committee from the International Labor Defense asked the strike-committee if they could explain to the strikers the importance of organizing Defense.

### GIVE US YOUR SUPPORT:

We ask all Union Members and sympathizers to help us to their utmost capacity morally, physically, and financially as the expenses are rather heavy. Consider the case well. What has happened to us happens every day to organized labor, and we must put up a stiff fight against it in the name of organized labor. By mass protest we will be able to get the five women free as they are innocent. Send your protests to the Judges: Judge Hartley E. Shaw, Edward T. Bishop and B. Ray Schauer, 16th Floor, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif. Send all donations to Fish Cannery Workers Defense Committee, 226 W. 6th St., Room 9, San Pedro, Calif.

CONCHA CANTU  
Secretary Fish Company Workers Defense  
Committee also one of the defendants.

This beautiful drawing is the work of a Cuban artist. It is the design used on all posters issued by the committee in charge of the national Cuban Campaign for amnesty of all political prisoners.



## It DOES happen here

*A new department devoted to telling TRUE facts about America's jails, what happens behind their walls, and some of the methods used to throw people behind them.*

NORTH CAROLINA has installed a new method of execution, a lethal gas chamber. Being scientifically minded, its authorities decided to "experiment" with what the local papers called, "a human guinea pig."

Allen Foster, age 20, born in Birmingham, Ala., was the victim. Clad only in white shorts, his lithe brown body was strapped into the death chair. The chamber was sealed. The experiment began. Cyanide eggs are dropped in a vat of acid under the chair and the fumes carry death. It took this young Negro boy ten minutes to die slowly in horrible torture. A reporter for the Associated Negro Press, who witnessed the slaughter, wrote: "Whatever the cause, Foster died a death that would make a lynching seem tame by comparison."

The SAN FRANCISCO NEWS has discovered something that the LABOR DEFENDER knew and made public for years. The discovery is the news that there is a torture chamber in SAN QUENTIN prison known as the "hole." This dungeon has a long hall with 14 doors along its sides. Each of these black iron doors, four feet high, opens on an 8-foot cell furnished with a mattress and a cement seat. The only light that comes in, comes through a series of pin point holes in the bottom of the iron door. The diet for those thrown into these cells is bread and water except every third day when there is one "regular meal". You can make only four paces one way and three the other inside the "hole." Prisoners have been left in it for as long as three weeks.

### If You Have Enough Money

*Cont. from p. 5*

meet, from Georgia, or Martin Wilson, a real American if there ever was one. And what had their crime been? Merely exercising their American right of free speech; telling American fruit-pickers that the only way to get a living wage, so that they could live according to the "American Standard" was to organize themselves into a union. And what is illegal? Is the A. F. of L. a criminal organization?

"How about vagrants?" I asked.

The officer actually blushed. "But we don't do that very much. Of course we can't allow California to become a paradise for bums; but the vag ticket is principally used to pick up radicals and agitators. They are the babies we're looking for."

I mention this conversation because I have had so many like it all across the continent, particularly in Pennsylvania, California, and the South generally. Another time when I was questioning the wisdom of the vagrancy law, another police official sneeringly admitted that he did consider poverty a crime. "No red-blooded American has the right to be poor. This is the richest country in the world, and we don't want anyone who isn't man enough to make his pile."

Obviously that is the reason why gangsters

like Al Capone, or rich degenerates like Leopold and Loeb have so much favoritism shown them in prison, while humanitarians like the many radical men and women whose unique crime has been to show that only in union is there strength, for the dispossessed against the citadels of wealth, are ill-treated.

What chance has an unarmed crowd of itinerant fruit-pickers got against the legally armed police and the illegally armed vigilantes? Is the illegality of the vigilantes ever brought into account in court? Does it never occur to anyone except "reds" that the only possible way the homeless fruit-pickers can force a decent share of the crop's yield for their labor is to organize and strike? And yet a young girl, who gets up in a park and tells them so, is now consigned to prison for fourteen years and treated worse than the real criminal. Murderesses, especially when they are as goodlooking as Caroline Decker, usually get spotlights of publicity, which though undoubtedly vulgar, often help in winning an acquittal, and always gains special treatment in prison. But Caroline is a "red" and except for a little flurry in the papers about a movie actor who was supposed to have given her a typewriter because he admired her literary talent, no publicity in the capitalist-owned press will help her to get privileges, certainly not the freedom she deserves.

I suppose the authorities are right in considering ideas, especially ideas based on real social justice as more dangerous than guns or knives or poison. Perhaps from their purely selfish point of view the rich who own this country are right to abrogate the constitution and deny free speech and free assembly to American citizens.

Moreover, those of the ruling class who raise the constitution as a defense for their implacable hatred of "reds" and as an excuse for their unfair treatment of them, should read carefully the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the constitution.

Article I says distinctly: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Article VIII says: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

Except for the part about religion, both these articles have been flagrantly disobeyed by almost all the states in their concerted attack on anyone who dares to raise a voice in protest against the un-American inequality of present day chances of exercising rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The constitution is open to amendment. Any American has the right openly to advocate any change in its provisions he sees fit. But until the above quoted provisions are annulled by amendment, no power of police or court has any right to abrogate the liberties guaranteed to us at the founding of this nation. Our founding fathers were rebels, and they would be the last to approve the present abuse of fearless Americans who insist, in a changing world, upon the changelessness of the innate principles of true Democracy.

### The Heart of Sheriff Saudlin

*Cont. from p. 11*

filling station. The sheriff couldn't place him for a moment. He didn't remember his

name. An ordinary guy—but would he make a good witness?

Blaylock was stumbling out of the other side of the car, still dabbing foolishly at his neck.

No, it wasn't worth taking chances, Sandlin decided. The papers all over the country would be writing about this, and he didn't know this filling station man any too well. Knight and Callahan wouldn't like it if there was a bad witness. The damn newspapers . . . making such a fuss over a bunch of damn "bad niggers!"

He waved his pistol.

"All right," he shouted. "Tumble out, you niggers."

The other cars drew up as Sandlin forced Roy Wright and Clarence Norris to drag Ozie Powell's limp body out onto the pavement so they could all be searched.

Sheriff Sandlin turned to Knight.

"Sure, Roy Wright and that Ozie pulled knives and tried to escape," he said.

A smile passed between the two men.

"We can have a special grand jury called—indict the three of them for attempted murder."

They changed the handcuffs of the three Negro boys so that Ozie's limp body—he might be dying, perhaps he was dead, who cared?—should be in the middle.

Sheriff Sandlin didn't even bother to get together with Blaylock, whose scratch had been attended by a highway patrolman, and who was already on his way to the hospital at Cullman, about their story. It was the word of two Negro boys who had once been sentenced to death on the word of a white woman who belonged to the prosecution that they had raped her—against the word of Sheriff Sandlin and his deputy, Blaylock. Sheriff Sandlin knew his grand jury—and there was that scratch on Blaylock's neck.

Sheriff Sandlin's cold heart felt warmish. He felt real satisfaction over the day's work.

### Paris in the Spring

*Cont. from p. 4*

to an Empire that had collapsed in mud and blood—"

Merlin (president of the Third Court Martial): "I cannot permit those words. It was your government, your Commune, that fell like that."

Ferré: "—clung to power and amid universal contempt prepared a coup d'etat. They persisted in preventing Paris from electing a municipal government—"

Gaveau (the prosecuting attorney): "That is not true."

Merlin: "You may go on, but the next time I stop you it shall be for good."

Gaveau: "The prisoner must be stopped."

Ferré: "The monarchists were preparing the partition of France. Finally on the night of March 18 they felt themselves ready. They attempted to disarm the National Guard and arrest true Republicans wholesale—"

Merlin: "Sit down."

Ferré: "I am a member of the Commune and in the hands of its conquerors. They want my life. Let them take it. I will not save my life by cowardice. I have lived a free man and I will die free. I wish to add one thing. Fortune is capricious, and I leave to the future, the custody of my memory and my revenge."

IN MEMORY OF MY DECEASED  
BROTHER  
BILL NICHOLFF

# TEN GOOD REASONS

*Why*

## YOU SHOULD BUY A 1936 STAMP

and an Appeal by

**ANNA DAMON**

Acting National Secretary I.L.D.

Ten cents a year to aid the I.L.D. in its vital work of defense and relief to labor's neediest. Ten cents a year to help fight terror and reaction. Ten cents a year to assure America's fighters for freedom—an ever ready champion.

**HELP LABOR'S PRISONERS**—a cry which will surely find response in the heart of every liberty loving man and woman, every friend of labor. This cry, from behind the high stone walls of America's jails and penitentiaries, from the shattered homes in company mining towns, in textile centers, in the slums of city streets—has long since been heard and answered by the International Labor Defense. The victims of reaction of yesterday and today who were defended by the I.L.D. know its strength and appreciate its efforts. The victims of tomorrow must be assured of the same aid and support.

For ten years the I.L.D. has championed the cause of labor before the courts, has rallied mass support behind labor's prisoners standing before the bar of "justice." For ten years the I.L.D. has supported to the best of its ability the wives and children of labor's prisoners. Growing reaction, throughout the land, is adding seriously to the burden of our responsibilities and obligations. In order to meet them, the National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, has issued this 10c stamp to **HELP LABOR'S PRISONERS**. This stamp should be in the dues-book of every organized worker in the United States.

**NEW REPRESSIVE LAWS ARE COMING:** says Congressman MARCANTONIO about HR. 5945 which has already passed the Senate, "This bill will be used to prosecute labor leaders in labor disputes when the militia is called out, when any strike takes place in any locality of the United States."

**NEW BILLS RESTRICTING CIVIL LIBERTIES, PROVIDING SERIOUS PENALTIES HAVE BEEN PASSED IN MANY STATES:** Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, Tennessee already have laws barring all political parties from the ballot which advocate overthrow of the government by "force and violence," "sedition or treason," and who do this "advocating" by radio, speech or press.

**A HOST OF ILLEGAL VIGILANTE GROUPS ARE IN OPERATION** attempting to stamp out our democratic rights, among them: America Blue Corps, American Reds, American Concentration, Inc., American Defenders, American Vigilante Intelligence Service, Hollywood Hussars, Secret Sentinels of Yonkers, Men of Justice, White Legion.

1935 brought a vast increase in the number of arrests for labor activity: I.L.D. reports showing only about 35% of the total number of such arrests show—5,277 arrests during the last year, 3,143 as a result of strike activity; 842 around struggles of the unemployed for work and relief; 716 as a result of anti-war and anti-fascist activity. Multiply these figures by three and you get a pretty accurate picture of the work the I.L.D. is called upon to do.

**CALIFORNIA'S I.L.D.** last year handled at least one case every single day of the year; **CHICAGO'S** an average of two cases every day and **NEW YORK CITY—THIRTY!**

**RAIDS AND KIDNAPPINGS** supplement the attacks of the police throughout the land. The victims of these attacks must be defended. In 1935 there were 15 kidnappings involving 26 labor leaders and organ-

izers. There were **TWENTY-NINE** police and vigilante raids that did enough damage to get into the newspapers.

**ONE EXAMPLE** of these raids from Jackson, California, reported by a victim: "Gun-bearing citizens led by sheriff's officers routed pickets (gold mine workers) at the gates of two famous gold mines and then completely destroyed the strikers camp which in the meantime had been set ablaze during the night by vigilantes. The sheriff's army then went into action again. Stoves, chairs, tables, boxes, everything that had been collected by the pickets was thrown into the blazing rooms of the strike headquarters."

**FIFTY-ONE** were killed in economic struggles in 1935, **THIRTY-FIVE** shot down on picket lines; **TROOPS** were used **TWENTY-TWO** times in **FIFTEEN** states; Gov. Talmadge of Georgia can account for **THREE** of these instances of the use of armed force against strikers; Hearst's bright boy Gov. Landon of Kansas, called his militia out once.

**DEPORTATIONS** are increasing—27,744 foreign born men and women were deported from the United States in the last two years. Deportation proceedings, following strikes, against militant foreign born workers are on the up-grade; 100 **BILLS** providing stricter deportation laws are before the Congress at this moment.

**ALMOST** all of the outstanding labor defense cases of the last year were participated in directly or indirectly (by aid to particular united front defense committees) by the **INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE**. Only a few reminders—Oklahoma unemployed, Eureka strikers, the Criminal Syndicalism cases in California and Oregon, Gallup, Burlington, Alaska,—in addition to the continued struggle for the freedom of the Scottsboro Boys, Angelo Herndon, Tom Mooney, J. B. McNamara, and our brothers across the seas in Germany, Italy, Spain, Cuba, and other fascist and colonial countries.

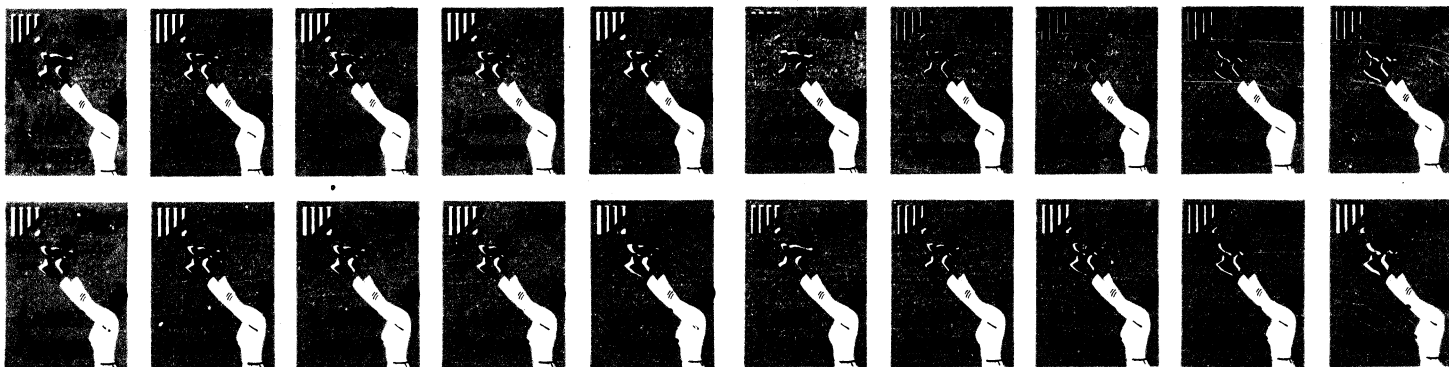
### BUY YOUR 1936 STAMP

Paste it on Your Union Card

Paste it in your Membership book

Paste it on your Kitchen Calendar

Won't You Give 10c a year to **LABOR'S PRISONERS**



# TEN GOOD REASONS

## Why

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Ten cents a year to aid the I.L.D. in its vital work of defense and relief to labor's neediest. Ten cents a year to help fight terror and reaction. Ten cents a year to assure America's fighters for freedom—an ever ready champion.

**HELP LABOR'S PRISONERS**—a cry which will surely find response in the heart of every liberty loving man and woman, every friend of labor. This cry, from behind the high stone walls of America's jails and penitentiaries, from the shattered homes in company mining towns, in textile centers, in the slums of city streets—has long since been heard and answered by the International Labor Defense. The victims of reaction of yesterday and today who were defended by the I.L.D. know its strength and appreciate its efforts. The victims of tomorrow must be assured of the same aid and support.

For ten years the I.L.D. has championed the cause of labor before the courts, has rallied mass support behind labor's prisoners standing before the bar of "justice." For ten years the I.L.D. has supported to the best of its ability the wives and children of labor's prisoners. Growing reaction, throughout the land, is adding seriously to the burden of our responsibilities and obligations. In order to meet them, the National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, has issued this 10c stamp to **HELP LABOR'S PRISONERS**. This stamp should be in the dues-book of every organized worker in the United States.

NEW REPRESSIVE LAWS ARE COMING: says Congressman MARCANTONIO about HR. 5945 which has already passed the Senate, "This bill will be used to prosecute labor leaders in labor disputes when the militia is called out, when any strike takes place in any locality of the United States."

NEW BILLS RESTRICTING CIVIL LIBERTIES, PROVIDING SERIOUS PENALTIES HAVE BEEN PASSED IN MANY STATES: Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, Tennessee already have laws barring all political parties from the ballot which advocate overthrow of the government by "force and violence," "sedition or treason," and who do this "advocating" by radio, speech or press.

A HOST OF ILLEGAL VIGILANTE GROUPS ARE IN OPERATION attempting to stamp out our democratic rights, among them: America Blue Corps, American Reds, American Concentration, Inc., American Defenders, American Vigilante Intelligence Service, Hollywood Hussars, Secret Sentinels of Yonkers, Men of Justice, White Legion.

1935 brought a vast increase in the number of arrests for labor activity: I.L.D. reports showing only about 35% of the total number of such arrests show—5,277 arrests during the last year, 3,143 as a result of strike activity; 842 around struggles of the unemployed for work and relief; 716 as a result of anti-war and anti-fascist activity. Multiply these figures by three and you get a pretty accurate picture of the work the I.L.D. is called upon to do.

CALIFORNIA'S I.L.D. last year handled at least one case every single day of the year; CHICAGO'S an average of two cases every day and NEW YORK CITY—THIRTY!

RAIDS AND KIDNAPPINGS supplement the attacks of the police throughout the land. The victims of these attacks must be defended. In 1935 there were 15 kidnappings involving 26 labor leaders and organ-

izers. There were TWENTY-NINE police and vigilante raids that did enough damage to get into the newspapers.

ONE EXAMPLE of these raids from Jackson, California, reported by a victim: "Gun-bearing citizens led by sheriff's officers routed pickets (gold mine workers) at the gates of two famous gold mines and then completely destroyed the strikers camp which in the meantime had been set ablaze during the night by vigilantes. The sheriff's army then went into action again. Stoves, chairs, tables, boxes, everything that had been collected by the pickets was thrown into the blazing rooms of the strike headquarters."

FIFTY-ONE were killed in economic struggles in 1935, THIRTY-FIVE shot down on picket lines; TROOPS were used TWENTY-TWO times in FIFTEEN states; Gov. Talmadge of Georgia can account for THREE of these instances of the use of armed force against strikers; Hearst's bright boy Gov. Landon of Kansas, called his militia out once.

DEPORTATIONS are increasing—27,744 foreign born men and women were deported from the United States in the last two years. Deportation proceedings, following strikes, against militant foreign born workers are on the up-grade; 100 BILLS providing stricter deportation laws are before the Congress at this moment.

ALMOST all of the outstanding labor defense cases of the last year were participated in directly or indirectly (by aid to particular united front defense committees) by the INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE. Only a few reminders—Oklahoma unemployed, Eureka strikers, the Criminal Syndicalism cases in California and Oregon, Gallup, Burlington, Alaska,—in addition to the continued struggle for the freedom of the Scottsboro Boys, Angelo Herndon, Tom Mooney, J. B. McNamara, and our brothers across the seas in Germany, Italy, Spain, Cuba, and other fascist and colonial countries.

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# HELP

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## Labor Defender

BY SENDING YOUR

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to the Special May Anniversary  
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### 2,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS

BY

# MAY 1

THE PRIZES

For all those who send in three one year subs—a large, beautiful 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 Gauvreaux; 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.



### A TRIUMPH

The First American Recordings of  
**WORKERS SONGS!**

1. Rise-Up
2. In Praise of Learning
3. Internationale

Forward We've not Forgotten  
United Front Soup Song  
HANNIS EISLER supervised the recording.  
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