

LABOR DEFENDER

JANUARY 1937

Price 10c

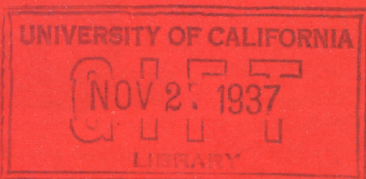
PABLO de la TORRIENTE BRAU
on
SPAIN

GIFFORD COCHRAN
on
LAWRENCE SIMPSON

ANNA DAMON

IT HAPPENED IN 1936
(a resume)

NED HILTON



.. IN 1937

FREE TOM



MOONEY

SACRAMENTO



FREE



FREE

FREE

FREE



HERNDON



Mc NAMARA

SCOTTSBORO

ST



BOYS FREE

TERROR



WORKER

STOP



VIGILANTES



ALMANAC



*The old year's slate is not wiped clean—
There's still things to be done—
An end to prisons dank and mean
And freedom for more to be won.*

*But here's a New Year once again—
Here's greetings to our friends
And cheers for the heroic men
The I.L.D. defends*

REMINDER—IMPORTANT—only 25% of the \$20,000 quota for the Christmas and WINTER RELIEF campaign for labor's neediest cases has been raised to date. **JANUARY** must take the drive over the top. The **FUND** has responsibilities that go all the way around the calendar—relief to labor's prisoners and their families all year round. **WE CANNOT FAIL THEM.**



*In fascist countries they have a way
Of shooting prisoners in the back,
Claiming they tried to run away
(Afraid of beating and the rack.)*

*But let no jailers try that here
(We already have the Ku Klux Klan)
And ruling a country with murder and fear
Is distinctly the Un-American plan.*



JANUARY 1—We hope your New Year's resolutions fit in with ours. (See them on the cover.)



JANUARY 18—Send a birthday card to **CLIDE ALLEN** at Sing Sing prison. He was just railroaded to a 15 to 30 year sentence. The dirtiest frame-up in Brooklyn where he was "accused" of being a **HAMMER MAN** (invented exclusively by the tabloid press).



JANUARY 24—One year after **HAYWOOD PATTERSON** was given a sentence of 75 years in jail for something he didn't do and **OZIE POWELL** was shot through the head by a deputy sheriff in **ALABAMA**.



JANUARY — the month in which the world lost three great people — **LENIN**, **KARL LIEBKNECHT** and **ROSA LUXEMBOURG**.



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LABOR DEFENDER

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Looking Forward

We can't imagine a better way to start off the New Year, than by welcoming Lawrence Simpson back home. It's a good start and encouraging to look towards 1937 with a smile of victory. Many serious problems face us in 1937. The organization of America's basic industries by the CIO will surely require the assistance of a strong, unified defense movement. Across the seas in Spain, Germany, China, the front line trenches of the struggle for democracy, the embattled people turn to us for solidarity and support. Herndon faces the U. S. Supreme Court for the second time in February. The Scottsboro boys face new trials. Mooney and Billings and McNamara, Schmidt, the remaining Sacramento young men and women, the Modesto Boys, the Gallup miners—are not yet free.

But we look forward with confidence and determination on the threshold of the New Year. We look forward to greater victories and a stronger defense movement which will assure them.

From Us To Spain

We are proud to report that our efforts in behalf of the defenders of democracy in Spain have met with considerable success.

The I.L.D., which is today an active part of the all-inclusive North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, has already sent four large shipments of medical supplies to the I.L.D. in Spain. The shipments included \$7,500 worth of many varieties of surgical instruments and appliances, thousands of vials of anti-toxin, etc., and we already have on hand another \$3,000 worth of these vitally needed supplies awaiting a fifth shipment. In addition there is \$2,000 in cash which will be used to buy more material.

So much for the past months. Now we must move forward to new accomplishments, encouraged by the great heroism and the many victories of the Spanish government against the fascists. As long as they need our assistance, we stand pledged to provide it. The longer the battle lasts, the more victims in need of shelter, relief, medical aid. The Spanish people are sacrificing their lives—the least we can do is help see that they are provided with relief.

The CIO And International Solidarity

The International Labor Defense hails the splendid action of international solidarity taken by John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization against fascism in Cuba. Lewis' wire protesting Batista's plot against President Gomez and the cause of democracy in Cuba will go a long way towards strengthening the fight against this

would-be dictator. His Wall Street backers won't like it. Neither will the sugar interests. But the Cuban labor movement will. (See p. 8)

Free Mooney In 1937?

The twenty-one year fight of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings against the most famous frame-up in the world will arrive at a new stage on January 4, 1937. On that day, the findings of thirteen months of hearings, a transcript of 14,000 pages, will be presented to Referee A. E. Shaw, appointed by the California Supreme Court.

The case reaches another climax. If the state Supreme Court should agree with the findings of Mooney's attorneys, immediate freedom would result. If the decision is adverse, the way will be open for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, which the legal machinations of the California corporations represented by the state's judicial apparatus has blocked so far.

A trade-union committee for the freedom of Mooney and Billings has been established in the San Francisco area, to carry out the mandate of the state A. F. of L. convention. This is the signal for the trade-union Mooney defense movement which, sweeping the country, can force the freedom of Mooney and Billings in 1937.



"And Mr. Fickert says to me, 'Mrs. Kidwell, if you can be quite sure you seen Tom Mooney, you get a pardon for your husband!'"

One of Robert Minor's cartoons in behalf of Tom Mooney.

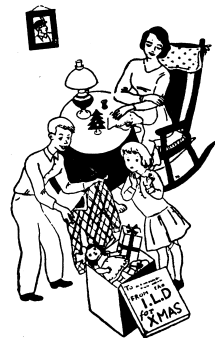
Six Long Years

1931 . . . breadlines on the streets of America. . . Hitler still an unknown quantity in Germany . . . Ethiopia still in the hands of its own people. Three years before the barricades went up in the streets of Vienna in February 1934. Three years before Spain's glorious October and its armed stand against fascism. . . One year before Angelo Herndon was arrested. Six long years ago.

And now facing 1937 the Scottsboro boys are still locked away behind prison bars, still menaced by the threat of death in the electric

chair, and still shut up in solitary confinement after eleven months. The forces in behalf of their freedom have been greatly strengthened during the last year. But clearly the determination of the state of Alabama to do away with them at all costs has strengthened too.

They must immediately be released from solitary confinement and we ask our readers, as one of their first defense activities for the new year, to write to Governor Bibb Graves, at Montgomery, Alabama, protesting against this needless cruelty as well as demanding their immediate and unconditional release.



Winter Cold And \$15,000

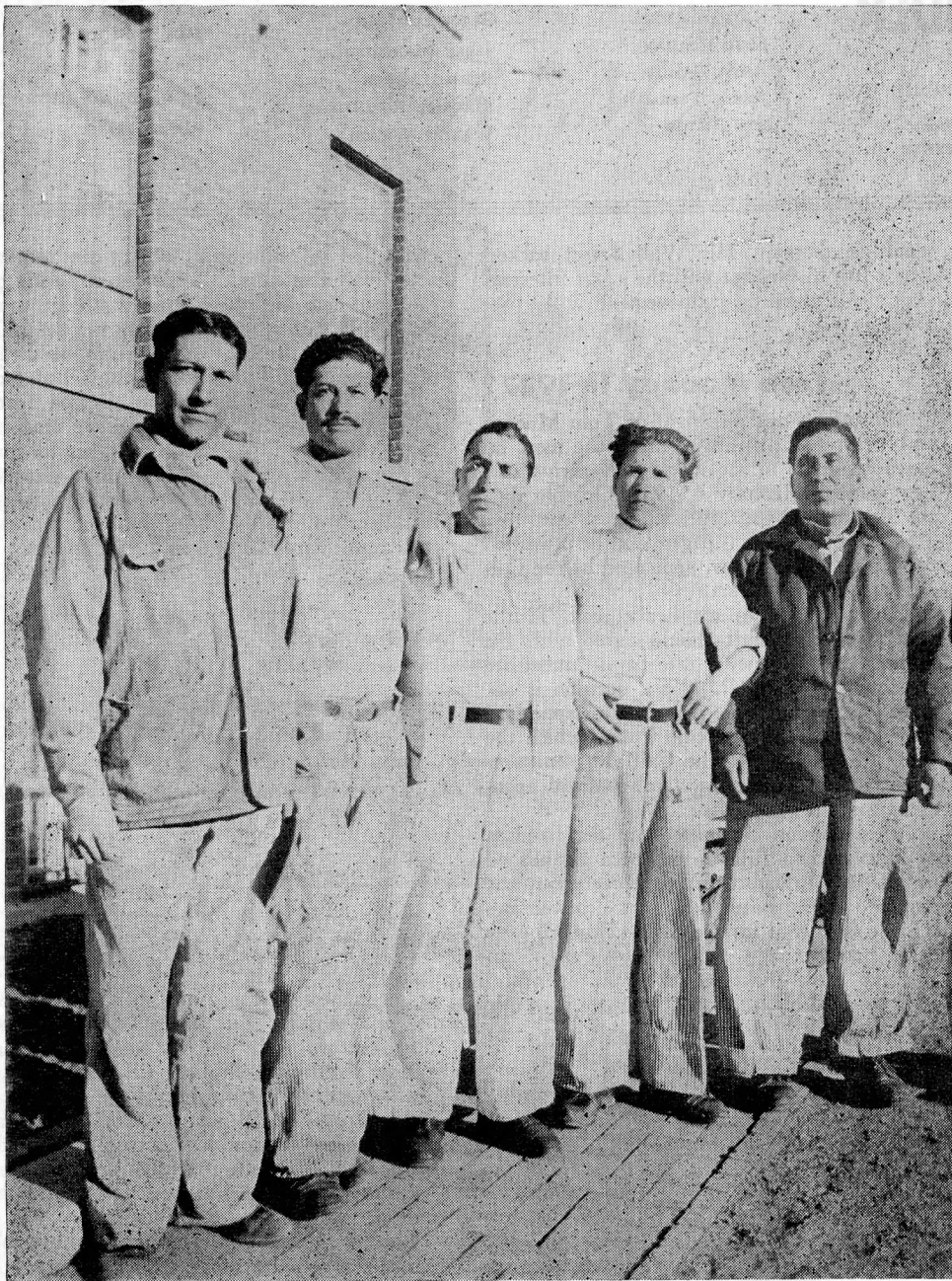
The immediate response to our 1936 Christmas and Winter relief campaign was so enthusiastic, we were able to send Christmas gifts of funds and clothing to every one of labor's neediest cases through the Prisoners Relief Fund. BUT our \$20,000 quota—a quota dictated by necessity, by the great need of hundreds of men and women and children—has another \$15,000 to go before we reach the top.

The generosity of hundreds of contributors, individuals, groups, trade unions (the relief investigators in New York City, engaged in a bitter struggle for their jobs sent in \$50) helped make this Christmas a happy one for labor's neediest.

They depend on us for aid and support all year round. Their children need nourishing food, decent clothing, a roof over their heads. They depend on us and we cannot fail them. We urge all our friends and supporters to redouble their energies in this drive. We cannot rest until the goal is won—\$20,000 to assure some measure of security for the men behind the bars and their women and children on the outside.

Hats Off To The Seamen

Hats off to the seamen on every coast and their determined strike in the face of all odds. We admire your staunchness and solidarity and you have our pledge for continued support and defense of your rights. Every defense facility at our command is at your service.



Juan Ochoa (extreme left) one of the three Gallup miners, in the yard at Santa Fe Penitentiary

THEY'RE INSIDE FOR US

Unity—solidarity—courage. These words will take on new meaning after you read this account of a series of personal visits with some of America's outstanding political prisoners.

By **ANNA DAMON**

Acting National Secretary, International Labor Defense

When after several years of knowing them "from what you read in the papers," or even personal correspondence, you come face to face with America's political prisoners, you experience something that is difficult to translate into words. And I want to convey to the readers of the *Labor Defender* some of this feeling, because I know the prisoners whom I saw expect it of me. Though they spoke to me, it

was not to me personally, it was to the world outside they had been forced to leave behind them. As J. B. McNamara put it at the end of our one hour and forty minutes interview, "I wish, Anna, that I could shake your hand because through it I would feel the pulse of the whole labor movement on the outside. I would be able to *touch* it."

First, about the visit with the women in

Tehachapi. It takes hours to reach the place from Los Angeles, driving 145 miles, through arid, unfruitful almost desert land. We had to start out at 6 o'clock in the morning to be there in time for the visiting hour. Our group included Leo Gallagher, our fighting chief counsel on the West Coast, Rose Chernin, Los Angeles organizer for the I.L.D., Sarah Victor, a veteran I.L.D.er, and Gifford Cochran, secretary of the N.C.D.P.P., who went to Germany to help free Simpson. When we arrived at California's pride—the model prison for women, high up on that windy mountain, we were shown into the matron's office, given our instructions—who could speak with whom and so on. The matron is dressed in white like a nurse. The prison faces many difficulties because of the climate and the condition of the soil, and the location.

They haven't enough or the right kind of land to grow vegetables on and because they are so far from civilization they can't get fresh fruit and vegetables and as a result the prisoners are fed an unhealthy and unbalanced diet. The California Chamber of Commerce keeps diplomatic silence on this point of course. Imagine living without fresh fruit or vegetables in California which is supposed to supply them to the whole nation.

Finally the three women were brought in—Caroline Decker, Louise Todd and Nora Conklin. I spoke to Caroline Decker. My first impression of her reminded me forcefully that Hollywood was so close by, and that this unusually beautiful girl could certainly compete with most of its products. She is small and slight, but so full of life, vivacity, sparkle. It was impossible to think of her as a prisoner—such energy couldn't be penned up. She wouldn't talk about herself, except to say that she worked outdoors which enabled her to improve her health as well as her mind for the time when she was returned to the active ranks of the labor movement. Caroline was particularly interested in the Herndon case. She knows every detail of the case, every aspect and she started a very animated discussion about its influence on the criminal syndicalism law of California under which she and the remaining Sacramento prisoners are serving five year sentences. Alert, keen, Caroline leaves you with a feeling of such confidence in

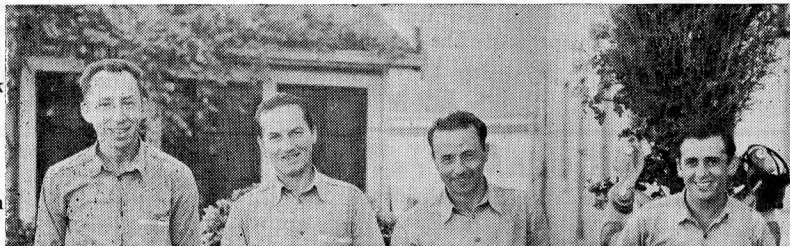


Caroline Decker, one of the Sacramento girls.

the ability of the American girl. It was hard to part with them all, hard to leave them in the sterile sanitary atmosphere of a "model" prison, but there was no feeling of sadness. They inspire much more of admiration, than any feelings of sympathy.

Moving northward we come to San Francisco. Here I saw Tom Mooney who is still in the Frisco County Jail. I was able to visit him four times during my stay. Readers of the *Labor Defender* don't need any detailed description of Tom Mooney. When he first came to greet me, it was like one old friend

Four of the Sacramento Boys—(left to right) Jack Crane, Albert Hougardy (freed on parole) Pat Chambers and Martin Wilson



welcoming another. Friendliness, cheerfulness radiate from this veteran labor prisoner. He had tears in his eyes when he shook my hand the first time. By the time we parted we really felt like old friends. Our conversations covered the globe, but he was especially interested and keenly alive to the present situation in the American trade union movement and the events in Spain. The man's poise is almost indescribable. He radiates with life and energy—so dignified, so well informed it makes it difficult to realize that he has been shut away behind prison bars for twenty years. He wanted especially to convey his warm hearted gratitude to the trade unions which participated in the twentieth anniversary Mooney-Billings meetings held in various parts of the country and for all the actions they are contemplating. "That's the sort of action we need," he said, "it's action like that that will win our freedom."

By far the most dramatic visit to prison in the entire trip was our visit to San Quentin. We went in a delegation of 16, a delegation that truly represented a united front of defense: the organizations represented were the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Anti-Criminal Syndicalism Conference which includes almost every progressive union and organization in California, the Modesto Defense Committee, the National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, the maritime unions and the I.L.D.

The visiting room in San Quentin has exactly sixteen places in it. Around the sides of the room runs a table which forms a square enclosure. Visitors sit on the inside and the prisoners on the outer sides. They are separated only by a wooden ledge about a foot high. There are no bars or wires. Just as our delegation entered the room, the prisoners we had come to see—the Sacramento Boys, the Modesto Boys, John J. Cornelison and Matt Schmidt, filed in too. I wish I could convey the exact feelings of that moment. There we were, from the outside. There they were from behind the bars. Everybody smiled,

everybody waved and the room was filled with such a spirit of solidarity, you could almost touch it. They walked around to take their places and we went to ours. The rules are very strict. You can only speak to the prisoner opposite you. You aren't even supposed to recognize the others. But how could I keep my eyes away from Matt Schmidt, imprisoned for 21 years but his face beaming with warmth and fellowship; from John Cornelison, Pat Chambers from all these splendid men. My "prisoner" was Martin Wilson, one of the Sacramento boys and former I.L.D. organizer in Sacramento. There was so much he had to say, so many questions he wanted to ask, so

much that he wanted to know about Mooney, Herndon, the Scottsboro case, the maritime strike, Spain. And when we compared notes all the others had the same impression. They did all the talking, they seemed to know everything that was going on. Their spirit wiped away all the walls and bars and guards, all the depressing sights we had walked through on our way to the interview. There is nothing depressing about labor's prisoners. Their attitude about their situation is entirely one of marking time.

Then on Monday, November 10, I think I shall always remember the date, I walked through the gates of Folsom to see J. B. McNamara. For an hour and forty minutes we sat talking through the gratings. Questions, question, questions, about Spain, about the Farmer Labor Party, about the People's Front in France about all the other political prisoners, the seamen's strike. His keen eyes seemed to bore through the stone walls, out over the whole world, watching what was happening, evaluating events, analyzing them. His active mind doesn't rest for a second. J. B. not only watches what is happening, he is still the energetic organizer that he was twenty-five years ago. His warmest thoughts, however, go to the children. "We dare not neglect the future generation, Anna, we must do everything for them, especially those whose fathers and mothers are in jail. That's your job, Anna, yours and the I.L.D.'s. After all take myself, Mooney, Herndon, and many of our old war horses steeled in struggle—for us the hardships in jail are something that we can stand. But the children they need our help, their mothers need our material assistance."

When I left J. B. in the grim prison at Folsom, I had a strange feeling of elation. That's what he does to you. He inspires you with his dignity, his great spirit, his steeled determination. You cannot feel depressed, even when you think of the twenty-five long years he has spent in prison. You feel proud to know him, to have seen him, to realize that the

American labor movement has produced such a splendid figure.

Space does not permit more than a passing impression of the last two prisoners I visited on my way east—Edward Denny in the Oregon State Penitentiary and Juan Ochoa, the Gallup miner in Santa Fe. Oregon State penitentiary is one of the oldest, foulest, dungeons in the United States. It makes you feel back in the middle ages. Sanitation doesn't exist. The food is horrible. The routine health breaking and gloom creeps from every corner. But Edward Denny walks through it with his head high. As he stood there talking to me, he seemed to personify the most splendid qualities of the American worker—proud, dignified, serene. No personal discomfort will ever sway men like Denny from their chosen beliefs. He enjoys the respect of every prisoner with whom he comes in contact.

Juan Ochoa was the only one of the three Gallup miners I was permitted to see. But the minute he walked into the superintendent's office where the interview took place, I could see that he understood all I wanted to say but was unable to because of the company. He knew that he represented all three of them, and that he spoke for all. Here again, the calm, the dignity of our prisoners was evi-



J. B. McNamara

dent. He was not the least bit disturbed by the presence of the officials. He said he knew there were many things we could say if we were alone, but he did want to thank all those, particularly in New Mexico, who forced the authorities to permit them to have the literature they wanted.

It is difficult to speak objectively about labor's prisoners. Those whom I visited are only the outstanding representatives of the hundreds of men and women, who face imprisonment with heads raised high. On their side of the prison walls they are keeping the banner of justice and democracy, flying bravely. We on our side, must surely be inspired by their splendid courage, to redouble our efforts until every last one of them is free and the frame-up system, the whole machinery of terror and reaction which put them where they are, abolished for all time.

Remember Labor's Neediest Cases

Labor's Prisoners and their Families

LAWRENCE SIMPSON COMES HOME

Looking back over the events leading to victory with the man who so ably aided the organized defense movement to achieve it.

It must be with genuine satisfaction that we who participated in securing it, contemplate the pardon of Lawrence Simpson by the German Government. The satisfaction must be, however, not with the apparent benevolence being shown by the Hitler Government. This would be grossly inaccurate. It must be a satisfaction that a concerted show of public opinion in this country can, if forcefully presented, compel the State Department as it was by the nation wide movement started by the I.L.D. to act in behalf of someone who in its eyes is not only a nonentity, but a radical to boot. There can be no other possible interpretation of the action taken by the German authorities. Far too seldom, in the past, have there been instances of a similar success on the part of those who wish to further the cause of civil rights and political freedom, and whom the *Herald Tribune* pleases to style as "busybodies." It is therefore, enormously encouraging to the friends of the organized labor defense movement to achieve such a signal victory.

An American seaman of radical ideals, imprisoned in Germany finds himself in a desperate situation indeed. Unpopular both with the authorities in his own country and doubly so with the Nazi officials, he can look forward to little help. Defense organizations are unable to help him in Germany, where they are illegal and detested. Ignored in all probability by the Embassy, he must rely, for the most part on the consular officials, and whatever they are willing to do. Often the consuls are assiduous in carrying out their duty, but they are, particularly in Germany, at a grave disadvantage, in that they can exercise at the most, a very mild authority. No matter how much Raymond F. Geist, the United States Consul in Berlin protested over the long incarceration of Lawrence Simpson, his protests met with complete indifference. At best, a consul can only make representations to the local police. Under diplomatic procedure, he is unable to reach the one vital point, the Foreign Office.

After I returned from Germany in August, having after considerable difficulties managed to visit Simpson in Moabit prison where he had been incarcerated since April, and had been denied the right by the Nazi authorities to explain my mission to the prisoner, I realized that only through the Department of State could anything be accomplished. Accordingly I wasted no time in explaining the situation to this body. On a previous visit in the company of John G. Simpson, the father of the prisoner, I had met with the attitude that inasmuch as young Simpson was considered a criminal under German law, there was nothing exceptional that the State Department could do. He would get fair treatment and trial, modern German fashion. The shockingly long delay before being brought to trial and the fact that he had been in an actual concentration camp before being proved guilty, was deplorable and perhaps not cricket, but nothing could be done about it.

By GIFFORD COCHRAN

On my second visit, I found that the point of view had not changed a degree. Granted that the Nazis were not real sportsmen in the way they were treating an American, nevertheless he was not in bad health according to the consular correspondence, and the case was too minor to warrant a major war. The refrain to Simpson's father had been . . . "What do

RADIOGRAM

from the brig abroad the S.S. President Roosevelt

TO ANNA DAMON
SECRETARY I.L.D.

WISH TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR WORK FOR MY RELEASE AND THANK YOU THAT I AM ALIVE TODAY. SEND GREETINGS FROM OUR COMRADES IN GERMANY. BUILD THE UNITED FRONT. HOLD THE FORT.

LAWRENCE B. SIMPSON

you want us to do? Send a battleship to fetch back your son?"

I testified that the prisoner had appeared to be in very poor health when I saw him in prison. This didn't seem to matter. I also knew that the State Department, could very well, without starting a major war, protest to the German Foreign Office and make its de-



Hitler's idea of the proper reward to World War veterans is the executioner's axe. Shown above is George Eggert, in his uniform. He has been sentenced to death for being anti-Nazi.

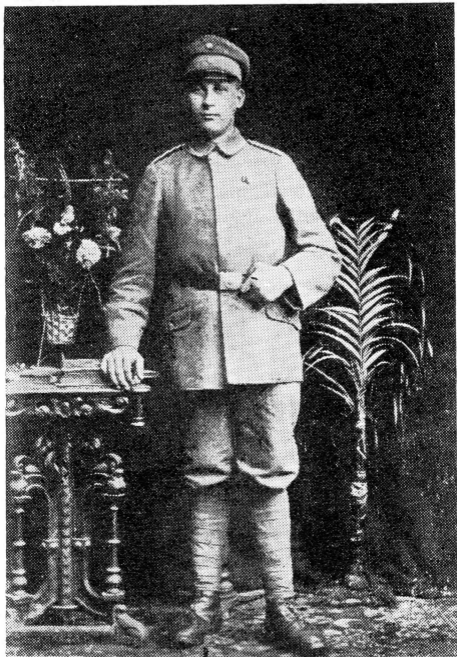
mands be granted. The question was now how to impress on this body that it would be worth while to do so. The best thing seemed to be to have an interview with the Secretary of State in person.

Accordingly, this was arranged, and an appointment was made for September 22. A small delegation composed of Henry Hart, David Kinkead and myself visited the Secretary with the intention of presenting to him a legal memorandum which had been drawn up with aid of the International Juridical Association, and endorsed by: Franklin P. Adams, S. L. Barlow, Bruce Bliven, Heywood Broun, John Dewey, Amy Blanche Greene, Professor Paul R. Hays, Quincy Howe, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Col. William Jay Schieffelin, and Constance L. Todd. This memorandum pointed out in proper legal terms not only that the State Department was able to make strong representations to the German Government on behalf of Lawrence Simpson, but was legally obliged to do so by precedent.

The delegation also had a short list of questions which it wished to ask Mr. Hull concerning the treatment of Simpson. One of these asked to know why the State Department had allowed an American Citizen to be confined for nine months in a concentration camp (concentration camp is a place of punishment not of detention) before even being brought to trial. The answer Mr. Hull gave was that the German Police Authorities had moved him to one because they considered that he would get more fresh air in a concentration camp. The other questions seemed to nettle Mr. Hull and he accused the delegation of putting itself on a pedestal above other Americans and even above their own government. Finally to prove that the State Department had not been lax in doing its duty, he read a complete record of its actions. The representatives of the press had been asked to be present in order to hear this record and have it demonstrated to them that the allegations made by several columnists that it had been neglectful, were unfounded.

When the Secretary of State had finished reading this lengthy document, he turned to us and asked if this did not prove that the State Department had done all that it could in the Simpson case. We did not consider that it did. We said so. At this Mr. Hull turned to us and said roughly as follows; he considered that the delegation had come to him in bad faith and with the intention of misleading ignorant people in the country; that he would be convinced that we were acting in good faith only if we would make a public statement to the effect that we were at fault in accusing his department of negligence; were we prepared to do so? Henry Hart replied that he considered that the fifteen months that Simpson had spent in prison spoke far louder than Mr. Hull's record. Once more we were asked to admit our error. This time we replied that we did not like to make the

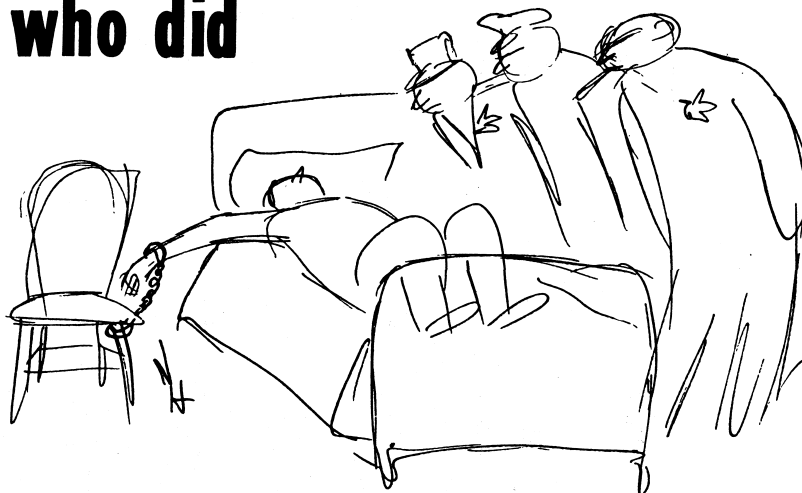
(Continued on Page 18)



Hitler's idea of the proper reward to World War veterans is the executioner's axe. Shown above is George Eggert, in his uniform. He has been sentenced to death for being anti-Nazi.

The "FINGER MAN" who did not POINT

Following up last month's exposure of the KING-RAMSAY-CONNER frame-up in California with more damaging evidence against the PROSECUTION.



"He could have lifted the chair to the other side of the bed."

By JOHN CHESTER

PROSECUTION "evidence" in the frameup trial of four members of the Pacific Coast Marine Firemen's Union in Oakland, California, backfired during the first week of the trial early in December.

On December 4, District Attorney Earl Warren, Republican national committeeman for California and Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge, attempted to introduce in evidence a "confession" supposedly made by Frank J. Conner, one of the four defendants.

But defense attorneys were prepared for the attempt. They called to the witness stand Inspector George Hard of the Alameda county district attorney's office, who had been present when Conner was arrested early in September and held incommunicado for three days.

And Inspector Hard spilled the beans. Here is the story he told: With Inspector Lloyd Wendelin of the police department of the City of Alameda, he arrived at the Hotel Whitecotton in Berkeley shortly after 9 p.m. on September 2 to find Conner already there with five other men from the district attorney's office. Two stenographers were also present. "Some of the officers," Hard acknowledged casually, questioned Conner until 1:30 a.m. Hard insisted he did not know who did the questioning.

At 11:20, one of the stenographers was called into the room where Conner was, and Deputy District Attorney Ralph Hoyt started asking questions, that lasted until after 2 o'clock in the morning. Hoyt and other officers bombarded Conner with the accusation that he had taken part in the "ship murder" of George W. Alberts, chief engineer of the steamship Point Lobos, aboard the vessel at Alameda harbor last March 22.

Conner's answers to the questions, later read by the two stenographers in court, revealed that he denied complicity in the crime. The two stenographers testified that Conner seemed calm and comfortable, not at all bothered by the grilling.

Shortly after 2 o'clock, the questioning having proved fruitless, Conner was told to lie down on a bed, and his left arm was extended over the edge of the bed and handcuffed to a chair. There he lay for the rest of the night. Hard denied the allegation that Conner was pestered continually by the offi-

cers while trying to sleep during the hours until 7 a.m.

At this point, Conner's attorney, Herbert Resner, asked Hard how in the world Conner could turn over in bed if he were to find himself uncomfortable.

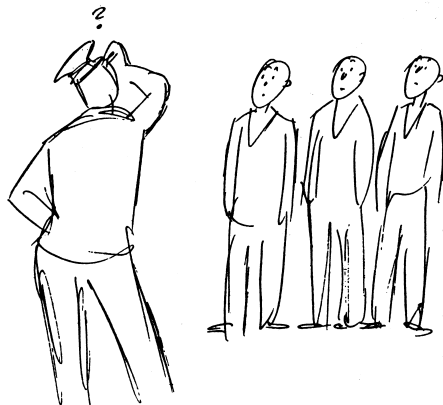
"Oh," said Hard, "if he wanted to turn over, he could have lifted the chair to the other side of the bed." At that juncture, Superior Judge Frank M. Ogden had to quiet the snickers of the jury and the capacity crowd.

"Why didn't you take him to the jail?" asked Resner.

"Well," said Hard, "Wendelin and I were worn out."

"Mr. Conner was worn out too, wasn't he?" asked Resner.

"No sir!" exclaimed Hard. Other law enforcement officials, including



Three witnesses hidden away by the D. A.

District Attorney Warren himself, testified that Conner was constantly "questioned" throughout the next day. And, said Warren, at about 6 o'clock in the evening Conner sent word that he wanted to "confess." Warren testified that Conner thereupon admitted "putting the finger" on Alberts.

But Dr. Theodore E. Schwartz, assistant superintendent of the Alameda county hospital, took the stand to say that Conner arrived at Highland hospital about 10 p.m. that night with a temperature of 101 degrees, a severe cold and terrific nervous tremor. The next morning, continued Dr. Schwartz, Conner's nervous tremor was still apparent.

Warren contended that Conner's nervousness derived from a ten-day spree on which Conner had been just before his arrest, forgetting that his own stenographer had admitted Conner was not nervous the night before the "confession" was signed.

These events were the highlights of the first week of the trial in which Warren seeks to convict Earl King, head of the Pacific Coast Marine Firemen's Union, Ernest G. Ramsay, former official, Conner and George Wallace of the Albert murder. Warren contends that King sent Wallace, Ramsay and another Fireman, Ben Sakovitz, to the Point Lobos the day before the murder to kill Alberts. Admitting that Ramsay did not go near the ship on the day of the murder, the district attorney contends further that Sakovitz and Wallace returned to finish the job, using Conner as a "finger man" and lookout.

Two of the prosecution's own witnesses, First Assistant Engineer Roscoe C. Slade and Captain Peter E. Odeen, cleared Conner of the charge under cross examination. Slade, the last man to see Alberts alive, left the latter's cabin to go straight down into the engine room and found Conner there at work—this, of course, during the period—when the murder apparently was being committed. Captain Odeen testified that Conner came out on the forward deck and was oiling winches until the time the murder was discovered. Thus Conner was exonerated before one shred of evidence was produced against him.

The district attorney's most valued evidence is a suspicious confession made by Wallace on August 30. This confession was introduced in
(Continued on Page 17)



The jury is chosen.

HE WANTS TO BE THE



Batista's idea of justice and democracy—for sugar workers.

HITLER of the SUGAR BOWL

Portrait of a would-be dictator and how he paves his road to power.

By **LEON GUERRA**

National Secretary, International Labor Defense of Cuba

With all the talk of peace and good-will between the Americas filling the press and the air, and the duel between ex-President Gomez and would-be dictator Batista attracting headlines, it is well to examine the true picture of what is going on in Cuba today. Especially what is happening to civil liberty and democratic rights.

Recently, Batista's stooges in the Cuban congress enacted a law establishing the death penalty for offenses falling under the vague title "terrorist activity." Hundreds of citizens have been arrested and tried on such charges.

The Emergency Courts have already sentenced 16 men to die before a firing squad. The execution of five of these was prevented only by the refusal of President Gomez to sign their death warrants. The activities of these men have been described as "terrorist." Yet all they did was to protest against Batista's terror rule.

But we must go back a little. In February 1934, President Mendieta, Batista's puppet, amended the Cuban constitution to save the necks of Machado's gunmen who were under arrest. The death penalty was suspended until such a time as a decision could be reached on this problem by a Constitutional Assembly,

which incidentally, has not yet been called. Batista, who stepped into Machado's boots didn't let his pals down, and even though popular wrath is still strong against them, he has done his best to save their skins.

In February 1935 the constitution was again amended. This new amendment restored the death penalty—but only against small sugar farmers and sugar workers. It was at this time that the farmers were demanding a larger percentage of the sugar they raised for themselves; a larger portion of the 100 arabas (25 pounds each) that they raise for the large sugar Centrals. The workers on the large plantations were demanding the enforcement of the legal eight hour day, the minimum wage law, and wages in real money instead of the worthless credit scrip they were receiving. Batista found a way out. All these demands were branded "*sabotage of the Zafra*" (sugar harvest) under a new law and made punishable by death or life imprisonment.

Batista had no scruples against taking another bath in the blood of Cuban workers in order to deliver the fat profits he has promised to the American financiers who control the sugar industry in Cuba. He ordered the trial

and execution of two "offenders" under this law—Terry and Bastiellos—and saw to it that the executions were carried out.

Today Batista has openly ousted Gomez and the Gomez government. "There is no room in Cuba for both of us—Gomez and myself," he had stated very clearly. One quarter of the entire national budget goes for the maintenance of his army—an army which is larger and better equipped than Cuba ever had before, and it is entirely under his command. He has nationalized and militarized the police force and put it under the command of his pal Lieutenant Colonel Jose Pedraza. He has imported American police and military experts to train his forces in third degree methods, the use of tear gas, and every other highly developed method of terror and torture found "useful" in the United States. He has forced the majority of the government employees to join a military reserve corps, and within this organization he has developed a large corps of spies.

The people of Cuba have been fighting ceaselessly and against the greatest odds against Batista's military dictatorship. They are making titanic efforts to prevent him from winning open power. The people of Cuba should have and surely will win the support of every organization, of all people who hate crime and tyranny. And it is a crime to remain silent about this struggle of a people who love liberty against a gangster who beats Machado at his worst.

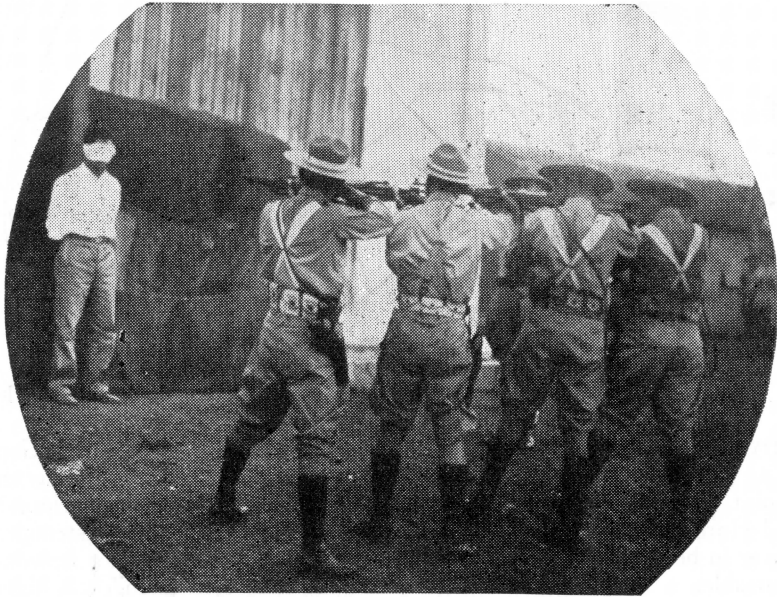
The least gesture of solidarity and support will do a lot to encourage the Cuban people in their fight for life and freedom. They hate Batista more than they ever hated Machado. But their will cannot be made known to the world. The popular assembly has been disbanded by the army. No opposition press can legally exist. Political parties which oppose the dictatorship, the high schools, the universities, the federation of doctors, the National Confederation of Labor of Cuba and many individual trade unions, have been declared illegal.

Batista is trying to militarize our youth and to make a base for himself among the peasants. He poses as a champion in the liquidation of illiteracy. Yet two years ago, this champion of culture, by a military coup, closed the high schools and they remain closed to this day under armed guard.

There is a law which says that the plantation owners must pay a tax of 9c on every bag of raw sugar they produce. The money is supposed to go for the maintenance of a Civil and Military institute of education. They approved this law, but they do not pay one penny tax. And to reward them for their lawlessness, Batista has turned every sugar Central into a military fortress, to assure the maximum exploitation of the workers.

Batista must be halted in his march to complete dictatorship. If we do not help stop him, it will mean defeat for democracy in Cuba, increase in the number of political prisoners, intensification of the torture they suffer today, the execution of those already condemned to death—and the days of Machado, with all their bloody horror will be back once more. Tell Batista what you think about it. He will have to listen.

HE WANTS TO BE THE



Batista's idea of justice and democracy—for sugar workers.

HITLER of the SUGAR BOWL

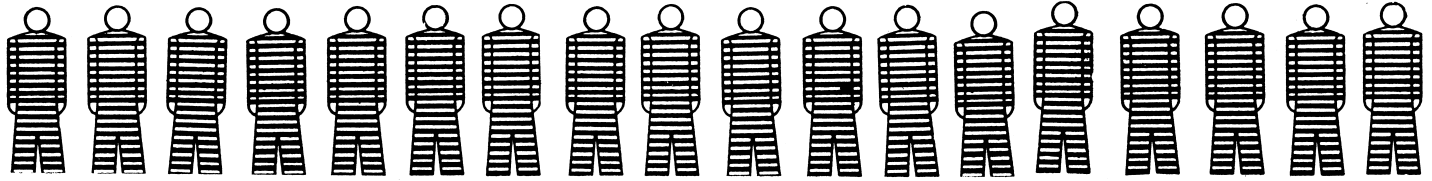
Portrait of a would-be dictator and how he
paves his road to power.

By **LEON GUERRA**

National Secretary, International Labor Defense of Cuba

IT HAPPENED IN 1936 -- Highlights and Round Numbers

Prepared by
ALINE LOUCHHEIM



ARRESTED

for trade union, strike, unemployed, anti-fascist, general political activity. All figures as of December 15, 1936.

19,000

POLICE raids

35



POLICE kidnappings beatings (OFFICIAL)

15



VIGILANTE raids

10

VIGILANTE kidnappings beatings bombings

110



BUT also in 1936

Freed from jail before their time was up



Louise Todd
John J. Cornelison
John Sousa (Modesto)
John Burrows (Modesto)
5 Vermont marble strikers
3 of the Burlington 5

IN GERMANY

The slogan "Send Simpson home by Christmas!" reached the ears of Adolph Hitler. The united defense movement on his behalf developed by the International Labor Defense forced Simpson's release long before his sentence was up.

IN MISSOURI

Public indignation reached the boiling point when Allen L. Randolph and Robert Scott, two young Communists, were beaten with blackjacks, arrested on charges of "vagrancy, abusive language and resisting arrest" for distributing leaflets during the Communist election campaign, and sentenced to one year in jail—which means a chain-gang in Missouri. Pressure was brought to bear upon the authorities; and the Circuit Court reversed the sentence.

IN ALABAMA

Jack Barton, Communist organizer in Bessemer, Ala., thanked labor for his release from the disease-ridden Bessemer jail and a 180 day sentence on the Alabama chain-gang. Sentenced under a typical criminal syndicalism ordinance for possession of Communist literature and fined \$100, Barton started serving his time. Labor organized strong protests and defense, and the Alabama Court of Appeals not only freed him but held the ordinance unconstitutional.

IN NEW YORK

Murray Melvin, vice-president of the Allied Printing Helpers' Union, was railroaded to jail for an indeterminate period up to three years when he was convicted on a framed charge of felonious assault on a scab during the printers strike in April. Charging that the printing employers wanted to smash all union organizations, a united defense committee with trade union support forced his release on Sept. 6, 1936.

AND labor's counter-offensive Succeeded in—



THE BLACK LEGION

The Black Klan rode in the Middle West—flogging, bombing, burning and killing—"just for fun." Nurtured and protected by members of the Michigan Republican Party, tied up with the big motor corporations its terror flourished. The Detroit Conference for Protection of Civil Rights was backed by a strong labor movement and it succeeded in forcing action against

(Continued on Page 17)

INJURED

in economic struggles

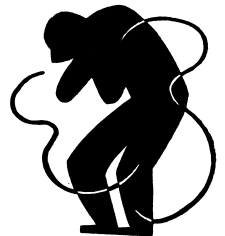
550



TEAR GAS

used against workers in economic struggles (number of instances)

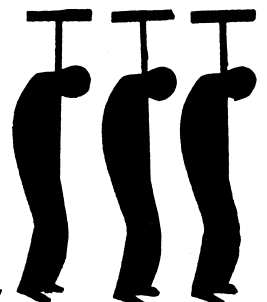
50



LYNCHED

(exact number as of December 15)

20



Killed in economic struggles (exact number as of Dec. 15) **12**



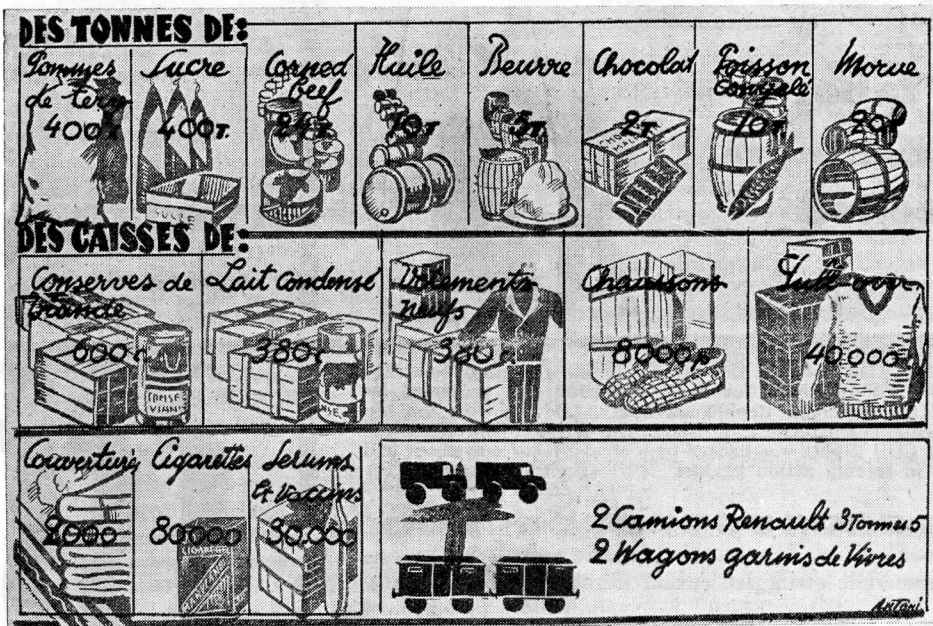
BEHIND the LINES in MADRID

Last Saturday was I.L.D. day in Madrid. It was wonderfully successful. One unusual feature was contributed by the entire press. All newspapers increased their price to 5 centimes for the day—the extra money going to the I.L.D. And since everybody is constantly reading all the papers here, you can imagine how many thousands of centimes went to the I.L.D. The I.L.D. people here never seem to run out of new methods for raising funds which are immediately converted into medical aid for the militia and the soldiers at the front, into relief to their women and children, into hospitals, etc. The work of the I.L.D. here is truly marvelous. It issues newspapers, it maintains hospitals, it runs childrens homes.

On every street one meets children rattling collection cans for relief funds. On the busiest corners campaign tents with red crosses on them have been set up. Before each, stands a young girl holding a big dish for the coins of the passers-by. Every few minutes a barker comes out of the tent with a megaphone. In regular side show style he reels off all the functions of the I.L.D. I have seen people leaving blankets, coats, sweaters at his feet. While he rests—a young boy plays on a trumpet to collect a new crowd, and after he is through, the impromptu gathering sings songs with fists raised in the popular front salute. Then they all look eagerly to see how much was collected—because they know how it is used for the defenders of democracy.

Every organization is now issuing military instructions to its members through its publications. The entire population is being prepared for victory. The Communist Party published a very interesting series of pamphlets for soldiers and officers; embracing the whole art of war. The soldiers read them in the trenches to the accompaniment of the whine of enemy bullets. The United Socialist Youth organization has printed a TEN COMMANDMENTS for the militia.

Pictured below is a graphic report of what the French defense organizations sent to the defenders of Spanish democracy. The food is measured in tons—potatoes, sugar, meat, oil, butter, chocolate, fish.



The information on these pages came to us in a series of personal letters written daily since the beginning of the seige of Madrid. The writer was an ex-political prisoner from Cuba. He was only 27 years old. As we went to press we received word that he had been killed at the front, a victim of a fascist bullet. His letters are still coming—filled with the same glowing, living enthusiasm. As he himself has said in one of them, "Death can be defeated, but only by heroes." Our brilliant young correspondent has joined those ranks.

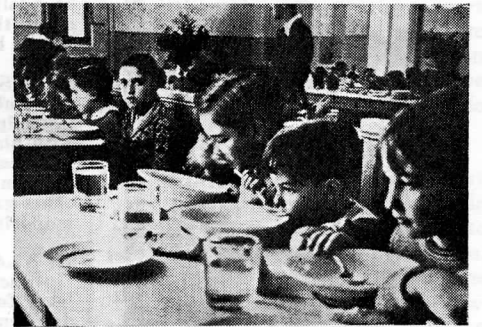
By
PABLO de la TORRIENTE-BRAU

The League of anti-fascist writers got out an illustrated manual teaching the people how to protect themselves against aerial bombardment. One page reads: "If you want to save yourself, do not run and do not waste ammunition by shooting at the planes with your rifles. The first is suicide, the second useless. Planes can only see objects which are in motion." Many lives were lost in the first days because of ignorance on these points. I must send you some of these marvelous pictures.

Today I attended three meetings. The first was at the Monumental Theatre which seats 5,000. It was filled with teachers, professors,

educators. Jesus Hernandez, minister of education addressed them. He is probably the first minister of education in history to spend more time at the battle-front than in his office. But then his ministry is dedicated entirely to the cause of democracy, which is on the front now. It was some experience watching those teachers. Quiet, peaceful, serious men—ready to go to war. Just from looking at their faces you could see that they were men who had reached a very grave decision. This group is nothing like the happy, singing militia men that one still sees on the streets. You almost feel they are mocking death with their daring fearlessness. Here I saw before me, the teachers of a nation, the men who wrote and read the history books and learned that death can be defeated, but only by heroes who live eternally. In their eyes—there is something—a light, a determination. They are ready to go at a moment's notice, from a life of peace and quiet, into the horror and bloodiness of war.

I spoke with some people from Toledo today. They have some magnificent stories to



The Spanish I.L.D. feeds and houses these orphans of the war for democracy in Spain.

tell. And strangely enough, some of them are funny. One was about General Pozas. When the rebellion started, he was in charge of the army garrison there. Young officers kept coming into his office, their faces long, their heads hanging, carrying laconic wires from all over the country with more or less the same news: *Such or such garrison has joined the fascist uprising.* He would take the wires, glance at them, throw them on his desk and say: "Bah—that doesn't mean a thing." That was his only comment. Finally one young captain took courage, and ventured: "But general, have you read what they say, have you seen this?" Then the general exploded: "Yes, you idiot, I read what they say, and I still say it doesn't mean a thing. Damn it. What a bunch of cowards I have here. You come in with your ears drooping like donkeys that have been beaten. We require happy faces here, men's faces, the faces of fighters and winners. Hand over your sword. You are under arrest. And that doesn't mean a thing either. The only thing that matters is that Madrid must win."

Today General Pozas has been appointed military chief of the central sector of the government's defense of Madrid.

There is one really funny story from Toledo. Before the fall of the Alcazar. One morning a priest walked into our headquarters there and asked for the person in charge.

Without wasting a second he blurted out: "I came to ask you to shoot me."

The person in charge looked up. Nothing is strange in times of war, so he asked politely, "Oh, indeed, and what right have you to come here and ask to be executed?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," answered the priest, "I have heard rumors that priests are being shot. I have an old sick mother and I cannot live in such uncertainty. She—my mother—is worried too. Therefore, I want to settle the matter at once." At this point some officers came in with important military problems. The officer in charge turned to the priest, "If you please, comrade, we are very busy now. Please come back tomorrow morning, at 10:30. We will talk some more then."

The priest was there the next morning—on the dot. But some one else was in charge. He told his story all over again. The new officer, smiled: "Look here, comrade, please don't bother us with such nonsense. Why come here to make trouble for us. We don't shoot people. Why don't you join with us to defend democracy and your old mother?"

But the story doesn't end here. The priest went away peacefully, and joined the militia and is still at the front!

Yesterday, on my way home for the night, I saw one of the last demonstrations of the

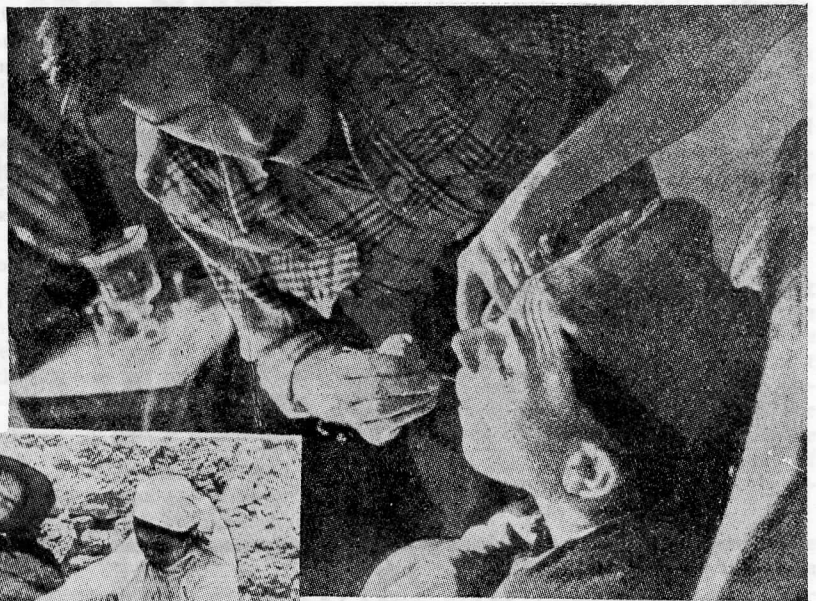


I.L.D. children's home for the sons and daughters of the 5th regiment of the popular militia.

day. After a long day's work, in the colorful, beautiful twilight, that hangs like an exuberant arc over the whole city, working men and women gather together, singing songs, marching through the approaching shadows of the night. The street lamps are covered with dark blue—for protection against air raids and as it grows darker, the shadows of the marchers grow longer and deeper until the demonstration dissolves away into side streets and home.

I just saw a fleet of trucks leaving for Valencia filled with children. As I watched them go, I hoped, hoped—that those barbarians would not bombard them out on the open roads. As I saw them leave, their little fists raised high in the People's Front salute, I recalled an incident described by Pepe Diaz. He was addressing the battalion that had taken his name. They were on the way to the front. He told them of a little town, captured by the fascists. The children, whenever they saw some Moors, or rebel soldiers, would raise their fists in the salute of democracy. Franco's "heroes" decided to punish them. They gathered up one hundred of the youngsters, and had their right arms chopped off . . . to the elbows. . . .

Your donations helped supply the medical aid shown in use here. They need more.



piles of food that had been brought to them. We used to have to watch our jailers swallowing what our people sent to us and go hungry.

All the newspapers are preparing the people for the big attack on Madrid. No illusions, no exaggerations, simple, and direct.

Largo Caballero's CLARIDAD states: "You peasants who came here seeking refuge from your war torn fields. We gave you refuge. We took you in. Now Madrid is your home and your city. And together with all of us we expect you to fight in its defense. You must show courage and if necessary you must lay down your lives—but advancing, always, advancing against the enemy."

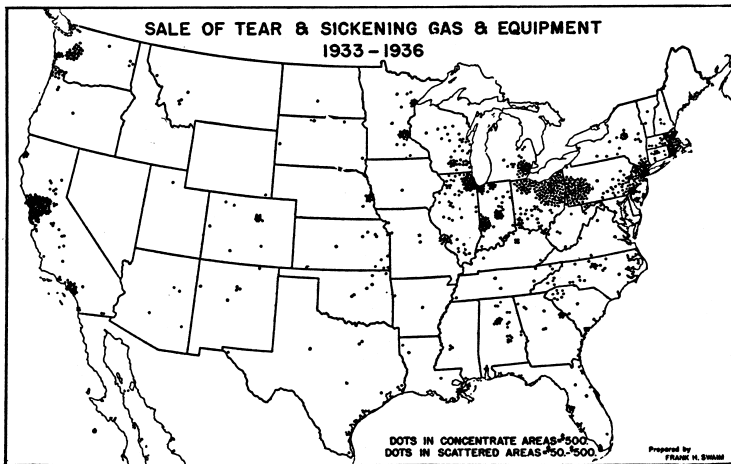
Passionaria has written a special message to the people of Madrid: "It is quite simple. There is no deep dilemma. Our task is to win, cost what it may. This is no war of great battles, huge forces met in combat on a battlefield. This is a war of the back woods, of the cross roads, of the side streets—a guerrilla war. Every man a guerrilla fighter. Every soldier a hero. Every military chief, a true

(Continued on Page 18)

One of the posters issued by the I.L.D. of Spain.



I have just returned from a visit to the Model Jail. Today's papers carried a statement by Alvarez Del Vayo, replying to the demands of the British Embassy for better treatment of the prisoners there. I have always been interested in jails. The Madrid prison is truly modern and well equipped. It is very crowded, but not overcrowded. When I remember how in Cuba we used to have to sleep on the floor, back to back, 300 men in one cell and England never said a word I boil up. We in La Cabana never saw the sunlight, but these dregs of humanity, these fascist plotters against democracy, I saw them with my own eyes taking sun baths in the yard of the Madrid jail. They play chess, and even hand ball. We spent twenty months without seeing a soul, not even the closest members of our families. But in Madrid today they are permitted to have visitors. I saw piles and



Map prepared by the Senate's LA FOLLETTE Committee and NOT reprinted in any other paper.

BETWEEN *the* LINES

with LOUIS COLMAN

The Supreme Court sat owl-eyed one day last month and heard the argument in the case of Dirk De Jonge. You'll remember De Jonge's own story of his case in the December LABOR DEFENDER. That wasn't the story the eight justices heard. They wouldn't listen to anything but the legal technicalities of the case. Even these were pretty hot.

The learned justices think the California criminal syndicalism law is swell—at least they've said so many times. They think pretty near any law like that is swell, but by the lord high chief justice, there have to be some rules! Now they have a tough job. They know quite well that the whole case—on which De Jonge got seven years—should be reversed. To save their faces after listening to the argument they had to rib the representative of the state court without mercy for an hour and seven minutes. Here's the set-up, as developed by cross-examination of the Oregon State counsel by the court:

The Oregon c.s. law does *not* say you are guilty of criminal syndicalism because you belong to the Communist Party. That's conceded on both sides. But De Jonge spoke at a meeting called by that party. The state contends that at *some other time in some other place*, the Communist Party has advocated force and violence. (To prove it they introduced evidence to the effect that Stalin once robbed a bank in Czarist Russia to finance Communist work there!) So, if you speak at a Communist meeting in Oregon (everybody grants the meeting is legal in all respects) you are guilty of criminal syndicalism and you can go to jail for seven years.

"Even if they meet to discuss a lower tariff?" said Pierce Butler, the Catholic (I almost wrote Royalist) member of the court.

"Even if they meet to hold funeral services for a member?" VanDevanter (another member of the reactionary block) mumbled.

"Even if the indictment doesn't charge the prisoner with the offense for which he is convicted and sentenced?" Chief Justice Hughes asked.

To which Oregon's answer, in words of more syllables, was: "Yes."

Now if, in January, the Supreme Court doesn't reverse De Jonge's sentence, it will become clear for one thing, why no one under any circumstances is permitted to take stenographic notes of a hearing in the United States Supreme Court.

Osmond K. Fraenkel, one of the country's outstanding constitutional lawyers, retained by the International Labor Defense, argued De Jonge's case in the Supreme Court.

The report of the September hearings of the "La Follette Committee to investigate violations of the right of free speech and assembly and interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively" (that's its full name) is just out. It has some choice bits. It was all reported (after a fashion) in the daily papers at the time. I say after a fashion because it wasn't until the report

was printed that the papers reported, for example, that from January 1933 to September 1936, domestic sales of sickening and tear gas, and gas equipment, in the United States, by only three companies in the field, totalled more than \$451,037.68. This is the total from a *selected list of larger sales*, published in the report. The map that goes with it, and the testimony, show that these sales were all for use against strikers. The map (it's printed on this page) was available in mimeographed form to the daily papers within an hour of its presentation to the committee on September 24, 1936. The I.L.D. research department has yet to see it reproduced in any paper.

The hearings will re-open January 11, according to announcement. The February LABOR DEFENDER will contain reports as full as space will permit.

We suggest wires to your Senator asking for a big appropriation to continue the work of the LaFollette Committee.

In the September issue of the LABOR DEFENDER we published an account of how, when Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper shot off his mouth to the effect that a strike of seamen was mutiny, *the* I.L.D. with the help of the International Juridical Association organized a scheme to push the word back down his throat. That's apparently where it stuck, and ever since, it is reported, when the Secretary of Commerce hears the word "mutiny," he begins to make queer, whimpering noises. It's significant that although the biggest maritime strike in American history has been going on now for two months, Roper, up to the day of publication of the January LABOR DEFENDER, hasn't peeped. Defense consists just as much in preventing arrests, one way or another, as in doing things to get people out of jail.

Which brings us to the general question of terror in the present maritime strike. The average of 500 arrests a day which we reported in the LABOR DEFENDER last month seems to have kept up, although all figures are not available up to date. The noteworthy thing about the reports is that on the West Coast where the maritime unions are a) solidly organized in a militant federation and b) acutely conscious of the necessity of militant defense and preparation of proper apparatus for defense, there hasn't been any open terror against the strikers. Not yet, anyway.

On the East coast, especially where the I.L.D. is strongly organized, and where joint strike-committee-I.L.D. defense committees have been established, arrest figures high as they are, are much lower than on the Gulf, where the unions are not so strong, and the defense apparatus entirely inadequate.

In New York the striking seamen's unions have a functioning defense committee, with the I.L.D. represented on it. The total arrests in this port have been 262 up to December 23. Of these, 91 cases have been dismissed. In Brooklyn, five seamen are held in jail without bail; in New York, 14 men are out on a total bail of \$9,000, and fourteen are under arrest in hospitals after assaults by scabs; 31 are in jail in New York some without bail, others on a total of \$38,000.

In New Jersey, the I.L.D. has been successful in securing the release of about twenty seamen arrested in various ports. In Hudson County, baronial holding of Mayor Frank Hague, however, 9 striking seamen are held in default of bail totalling \$65,000.

Philadelphia also has a joint defense committee, which has handled so far about 150 cases of seamen arrested for strike activities. The majority were released. A few are now held in high bail, averaging \$1,000 each.

Tampa, Fla., also has a joint defense committee, which has forced the release of the majority of seamen arrested.

In Galveston, Texas, a concentration camp for seamen who refused to ship scab when the court ordered them to do so, has been set up. At last report it held nearly a thousand men.

Beaumont and Houston, Tex., New Orleans, Mobile, Ala., Savannah, Ga., report arrests in the hundreds per week, with the seamen not in jail too busy getting their brothers out and keeping up the strike to keep accurate track of the exact figures.

Norfolk, Va., reports an average of six arrests a day since the strike started.

AT LEAST FIVE MARITIME STRIKERS HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY THE FORCES OF THE STATE AND THE EMPLOYERS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE STRIKE.

WE HAVE THEM on the RUN

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

By MARY MACK

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

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

When Angelo was imprisoned in Atlanta's

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Definitely, the Fascist Atlanta City Fathers are in retreat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stanzas On Freedom

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
(1843)

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

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





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

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION of LABOR faces the PROBLEM of DEFENSE

We bring our readers three important resolutions passed at the 56th convention of the A. F. of L.—burning defense issues which concern the entire labor movement.

In DEFENSE of the GALLUP MINERS

Resolution No. 177—By Delegate George B. Jackson, Federal Labor Union No. 18959, Orlando, Florida.

WHEREAS, Three unemployed coal miners, Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avita and Leandro Velarde, have been unjustly convicted of second degree murder and sentenced to terms of 45 to 60 years in prison for strike activity in New Mexico, as part of the vengeance of coal companies against them for their loyalty to the labor movement, and as a part of the New Mexico coal companies' efforts to destroy trade unionism; and

WHEREAS, It is to the interest of all workers and the people generally, to have the coal miners organized 100% into the United Mine Workers of America, which the three victims above mentioned were attempting to accomplish in New Mexico through their strike activity; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the 56th Convention of the American Federation of Labor go on record against this savage injustice, and for the freedom of the Gallup miners; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico, calling upon him as Chief Executive to pardon Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avita and Leandro Velarde.

Your committee recommends that the matter be referred to the Executive Council for investigation and such action as is warranted.

Delegate Adams, Denver Trades and Labor Assembly; Mr. Chairman and fellow delegates: I do not arise to object to the recommendation of your committee, but simply bring to the attention of the Executive Council some of the facts in this case of the Gallup miners. There are no delegates present from the state to speak in behalf of these men. As a representative of the press it was part of my job to cover and report both the preliminary hearings which were held a year ago last April, and the trial which was held about a year ago. I would like to tell you something about this case, because as an impartial observer I was able to learn the real facts of the case.

Gallup, New Mexico, is a mining town of about 6,000 population. It is completely dominated by the Gallup-American Coal Company, which controls the labor policy of that territory. This company is an affiliate of the Anaconda Copper Company, which is controlled by the J. P. Morgan interests. The miners have been miserably paid. There was no organization to speak of in this territory until 1933, when the miners organized independently. They conducted a strike against the unbearable conditions under which they were living. This strike was probably one of

the bitterest in the whole history of the labor movement. The military was called in, the miners were beaten and imprisoned; three leaders were sentenced by military courts to from six months to one year.

The miners won this strike to the extent of about 8 per cent of their complaints. As a result of this, the United Mine Workers entered the territory and attempted to organize

In behalf of a DEVOTED LEADER

To Petition for Pardon of J. B. McNamara

Resolution No. 188—By Delegate Emil Costello, Federal Labor Union No. 18456, Kenosha, Wis.

WHEREAS, J. B. McNamara is imprisoned by the State of California for more than twenty-five years; and

WHEREAS, His real crime is that he was a devoted leader of the organized labor movement and fought against anti-union forces in the State of California; and

WHEREAS, He served a prison sentence much longer than any labor prisoner in this country; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Fifty-sixth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Tampa, Florida, goes on record petitioning the Governor of the State of California for the immediate pardon of J. B. McNamara.

Your committee recommends concurrence with the resolution.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

the mines. On April 4, 1935, when the so-called riot occurred, for which these three men were sentenced, a real drive was being made and success was in view for the efforts of the miners. Already tremendous success had been made in organizing the men in the Gallup-American Coal Company mines. The company was using every effort to defeat the miners. One of the steps they took was perhaps one of the most vicious, one of the most reprehensible acts ever done by a great employing interest.

There happened to be in the outskirts of the town a little section of land known as Chihuahuita, where the miners had built their homes. They had been living there for many years and had built themselves comfortable homes, feeling they would live there for the rest of their lives. The company proceeded to turn over this piece of land to State Senator Vogel, who was an agent of the com-

pany and a reactionary in the Senate. He proceeded to raise the rents. When they could not pay it, he proceeded to evict the miners. This was definitely done in order to break up the organization of the miners. It was felt if they were driven out of their homes, they would be driven out of the territory and the union would be broken up.

The first eviction of a family from one of these homes was one night when the miners were celebrating the entrance of their members into the United Mine Workers of America. Messengers came to tell them of the eviction. Immediately the meeting adjourned and the miners and their wives and children went to the scene of the eviction. They helped the miner who had been evicted to return his belongings to his home. One man was arrested and taken to jail. When his fellow miners went to see him, they were denied that right. He was held incommunicado. The next day the hearing was held before a Justice of the Peace in Gallup. At the hearing various miners came to attend. They were denied admission to the court room. Armed guards kept them out. The court was surrounded by guards.

They could see through the windows that he was being taken out through the back door into an alley. Naturally, after going through many years of exploitation and terrorism, they were alarmed as to his fate. They went back to the alley and found he was being taken up the alley to jail. At least they thought he was being taken to jail. He was surrounded by armed deputies.

The miners asked what would be done with him, and one of the deputies got excited, lost his head, and threw a tear gas bomb into the crowd. These deputies had not counted on the direction of the wind, and the gas was blown back into the faces of the deputies. They got excited and several of them pulled their guns and started firing. One deputy was shot and two workers killed. Some were wounded.

This was something the Gallup company had been looking for. They proceeded to deputize wealthy ranchers, imported gunmen, Ku Kluxers, and night riders from Texas. They had all the company gunmen, and caused a reign of terror such as Gallup had never seen before. The homes of the miners were raided in a supposed attempt to find guns. Only one small gun belonging to a boy of seven years was found. They stole the union funds and property; they even stole property of the miners. They proceeded to throw into jail and into the closed court house some 600 men, women, and children, miners employed and unemployed, their wives and even their small children whom they terrorized for several days. They did not allow them to see an attorney. Two men were so severely beaten that they lost their minds and have not yet recovered.

Although 600 men were arrested, only 16

were brought to a hearing. One woman was still under indictment on a charge of inciting to riot who was working for the wife of one of the officials of the company at the time of the riot. Some of those arrested for murder were working in the mines at the time of the riot.

It was to the interests of the company to pick out the leaders who were working for the organization of the miners. The hearing showed so clearly the flimsiness of the case that the court released all but ten of the sixteen men. These were brought to trial. I attended that trial. I know the trial was conducted in an atmosphere of hysteria. The court was surrounded by armed guards with machine guns. There was a complete feeling of terror. The judge even went so far as to spread the story that an army was marching 200 miles across the desert to take the town by storm and release the prisoners.

Even the press representatives were searched whenever they came in the court room. The judge stepped out of the role of judge and became the prosecutor. The jury admitted to the press later that they were confused by the evidence. It was supposed to be a murder trial, yet it was never proved who fired the gun that shot the deputy sheriff.

They released seven men and held three, because the attitude of the judge clearly showed he wanted these men held. The jury recommended clemency. The clemency the judge gave them was from 45 to 60 years in prison.

Here is a case where actual danger of Fascism exists in Gallup, New Mexico. We have adopted resolutions against Fascism, against dictatorship, and in favor of democracy, yet here in our own country Fascism is raising its head. It is not only significant that these men who were never shown to be guilty are being held from 45 to 60 years, but all organization of the miners in Gallup has been completely broken down. The company by this frame-up has won the fight. No local union is allowed to hold a meeting in Gallup. The unemployment situation is very serious. Wages have

been beaten down and the miners have been forced to work longer hours than ever before. The relief given them is less than in any other state except some places in the South. It is so low that people are starving to death.

The seriousness of the situation is not entirely because three men are being held in prison who are innocent of any crime, but because this proof of the success of the employing interests in defeating labor in such an important center of labor as Gallup is. We ask the Executive Council to make a thorough investigation of this case. The records are clear in this case. We hope they will recommend such action as will show the great interests behind the Gallup-American Coal Company that they cannot break our union. I therefore call upon the Executive Council to make an effort to do something about these miners; also to lend every possible support and cooperation to the reorganization of those miners in Gallup, New Mexico, to the end that they may again be consolidated into a strong organization.

Thank you.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted.



In Defense of KING RAMSEY and CONNOR

Resolution No. 58—By Delegate Geo. G. Kidwell, California State Federation of Labor.

WHEREAS, Shipowners on the Pacific Coast have used all known methods of re-

sisting the efforts of Seamen to improve working and living conditions on the ships; and

WHEREAS, These methods have included the use of professional provocateurs, stool pigeons and armed thugs, which methods have resulted in eight killings and physical injury to hundreds; and

WHEREAS, Failing to break the unions with these methods, the shipowners, backed by the Industrial Associations and Chambers of Commerce, have perverted the functions of our government to frame leaders of the seamen on false charges, notably in Standard Oil Frame-up of eight Maritime workers at Modesto last year; and

WHEREAS Earl King, Secretary of the Marine Firemen, Oilers, Watertenders and Wipers Association, Ernest G. Ramsey, former Patrolman and Frank J. Conner, Ship's Delegate, have been arrested, held illegally and are now charged with planning and assisting in the murder of George Alberts, Chief Engineer of the Point Lobos, in San Francisco Harbor; and

WHEREAS, The evidence against these brothers is so contradictory, incredible and dependent on the testimony of known provocateurs and stool pigeons that nearly a hundred San Francisco Bay Area unions have formed a King-Ramsey-Conner Defense Committee for the defense of these brothers; and

WHEREAS, This Defense Committee and its purpose has been endorsed by the Alameda County Central Labor Council; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the A. F. of L. 1936 Convention and request the indorsement of the King-Ramsey-Conner Defense Committee, condemning this attack on union labor; and therefore be it further

RESOLVED, That the 1936 Convention of the American Federation of Labor hereby pledges its moral and financial support to the defense of these brothers and calls upon its affiliates to do likewise.

IT HAPPENED IN 1936

(Continued from Page 9) these criminals. Altogether 17 of the lawless band were given sentences for the murders of Poole and Coleman,—4 of them 10-20 years, the others life. Twenty-two were indicted under the criminal syndicalism law for their scheme of taking over the government. One got 1-20 years for arson. Three got 3 to 5 years for flogging a worker. Officials in city governments and factories have been dismissed for membership in the Legion.

IN ARKANSAS

Paul D. Peacher, planter and town marshal in Earle, Ark. didn't care that slavery was abolished by law in this country. He went out and arrested four Negroes and made them spend their 30 day sentences working his farm. But Peacher didn't get away with it . . . public opinion was mobilized and a Federal court jury sentenced him to two years in prison plus \$3,500 fine.

IN NEW JERSEY

Otto Krueger was shot and killed in an dispute with employers during a United Textile Workers strike at the Acme Braid Co. in Closter, N. J. But such crime doesn't pay when mass pressure gets started. Abe Kelchefskey, who killed him, got 6 to 10 years in the State Prison.

IN FLORIDA

Even though Mr. Whitehurst was Chief of Police and Mr. Price, the Mayor of Ormond, Fla., the defense movement forced the courts to put them under \$1,000 bond on charges of assault with intent to kill. They had brutally beaten A. W. Trainor, white member of the Federal Workers' Union (an organization of W.P.A. workers) and kicked him down a flight of stairs when he arrived at a meeting of the Negro Ormond branch of the union.

In sunny Florida the nightgowned night riding Klan was spreading its terror. Into a meeting of the Modern Democrats in Tampa it

stalked; kidnapped four men, flogged them cruelly, and sent one to his death. A tremendous mass defense movement was born. The Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, aided by trade-unions and other groups, raised the banner, and when five former Tampa policemen (good K.K.K. members all) were brought to trial for the kidnapping of Eugene Poulnot, one of the men, they were sentenced to 4 years each at hard labor in the state penitentiary.

IN ALABAMA

When dog bites man, it's news. And when the State of Alabama leads the nation in a demand for justice it's big news. Editorials, cartoons, columns in the Alabama press insisted that the kidnapers and floggers of Joseph Gelders, secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners in Birmingham, be caught and punished. Protests from organizations and individuals poured in to Governor Graves. Alabama labor formed a committee headed by William Mitch, president of the State Federation of Labor and district president of the United Mine Workers of America. Action was taken, Gelders, guarded in his search by detectives, was able to identify three men as his assailants. Two of them were members of the National Guard, and one of these a man unpunished for the shooting of a Negro in 1931. The Grand Jury refused to return indictments against these men, but the Alabama Committee and the country as a whole are not letting the matter drop.

THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH

The South is beginning to learn that Negroes are citizens under the flag and that their rights must be recognized and protected. Following the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Scottsboro boys had not had a fair and impartial trial because there were no Negroes on the jury panel, all over the South Negroes have been included on juries. There are many more examples than those reported in the press, but even incomplete reports for 1936 show "13 instances" where Negroes served on juries for the first time. In West Tennessee alone since the Supreme Court ruling Negroes have heard over 100 cases.



FIVE WOMEN

A True Story from Germany

For the first minute after the cell door had clanged shut behind her, everything was darkness. Eva could see nothing. All was black and silent. Gradually things began to take shape. The blackness faded into a gloomy semi-darkness. Eva moved slowly—one step took her to the wooden bed. She turned around. It was only then that she saw the other women in the cell.

"Where do you come from?"

Silence. Who were these women? How much could one say to them?

"From the police prison."

"Political?" they whispered eagerly in chorus.

"Yes," Eva whispered back.

Then she began to talk. How they had arrested her. How they had beaten her. She pointed to the bruises on her arms, described others. The women walked close to her and saw the blood stains on her blouse.

"Did you make any statement?"

"No. They demanded impossible things of me, but I would not tell lies."

A shrill, piercing scream halted the conversation. It came from the next cell. Eva looked at the wall, "Are we beaten here too?"

"No. They are careful about this place. The Barnimstrasse Women's Prison is different. They have not touched us—yet. That is a worker from Siemens. She is giving birth to a child."

"Here in this prison?"

The answer came in the same even whisper.

"Yes, this is the second since we are here. Fourteen days ago another baby was born. Instruments were finally used. The child was dead. The mother has been taken to an insane asylum."

Now there were five women in the cell. It was night. A tiny electric light shed a dismal yellow glow over everything. They talked freely. They knew each other—all were anti-fascists. One was a Communist, another a member of the I.L.D., the third an active trade-unionist. Eva was telling her story.

"I had been held for three weeks. Not a word had reached me from the outside. I didn't know what was happening. One evening they brought a newcomer. She was a Communist. She had been a candidate for the Landtag. She told us that Clara Zetkin had just died in Moscow. There were thirteen of us in the cell. Most of us were not

Communists. One was a Social Democrat. But we all wept. Clara Zetkin dead! Then some one suggested that we should send a telegram to Moscow. . . ."

"But how . . . But . . . How did you think to send it," an eager chorus interrupted Eva's tale. She paused for a moment, remembering the feelings of the group in the other cell.

"I don't know just how to explain it. We knew the telegram would never get out of the prison. We knew it would get into the hands of the authorities. But somehow we all felt the necessity of doing something, some act to mark the passing of that great woman. We all signed our names to the message."

"And then?"

"The next morning we were all called in to explain. We were ordered to apologize for what we had done. We all refused. The Storm Troopers grew furious. They shouted. They ranted. One of them cried: 'You will stay here until you are as old as Clara Zetkin.' The Communist stepped forward. She said that she alone was responsible for the telegram. That was not true. But she said she had asked us to sign and that she alone should be punished. She was dragged away

to solitary confinement. None of us ever saw her again. Then I was brought here . . ."

The other women were telling their stories. One of them raised her hand. Scarred, misshapen, limp.

"Just as I was being led down the corridor at the police headquarters, I heard my husband's voice. He was screaming. I tore myself from their hands. I ran to the door from which his tortured voice was calling—and I opened it. My husband was lying across a table. Three of the butchers were flogging him. His naked back was raw and bleeding. My captors grabbed me and started dragging me back. I held on to the frame of the door. Those on the inside slammed it shut on my hand. All my fingers were crushed."

Another spoke: "They arrested everyone. They came to our house and took me and my husband and my father and mother. My baby was left behind. He is only three years old. There was no one else in the house. For seven weeks they told me nothing about him. I was going crazy. Finally I heard . . . my baby has been sent to an orphanage."

The fourth spoke: "I was arrested immediately after the Reichstag fire. For five
(Continued on Page 18)



The women and girls in China are staunch fighters for democracy

I Close My Eyes And Think



By **OPHELIA WILSON**

A moving story by a young Negro girl as told to J. B. Henry

I have lived in Chattanooga, Tennessee all my life. That means for the last 18 years. I live right next door to the house where the Pattersons used to live, right by the railroad tracks. Our house looks just like theirs. I guess most people in the North don't know what that's like. It's a wooden old house with spaces big enough for the rain and the wind and the cold to come whistling through, excepting in those places where you can cover them up with calendars and things on the inside and old chunks of tin on the outside.

I was only a little girl when it all started. First thing I knew about it, was Mrs. Patterson a-wailing and a-crying like she would never stop. All you could make out from what she said was, "My boy, my baby, oh my boy." Later that same day Mrs. Wright came over and Mrs. Williams and all of them sat there crying their eyes out and wailing, because their boys were gonna be burned in the electric chair somewhere in Alabama. Nobody could hardly remember the name of the town then but everybody knows now it was Scottsboro.

It didn't mean very much of anything to me then because I was only a little girl and I was scared by all the wailing and the crying, and I was almost glad when the Pattersons moved away in a few weeks time, because I was scared to pass the house where there was always crying.

Today I know the whole story of what happened. Louise Patterson, my girl friend, she's Haywood's sister and I, we've talked about it a lot. And I always tell everybody that I can about the frame-up. But I want to tell you what seems more important to me even than the frame-up of the innocent. And that's how people all over the whole world know about Scottsboro now.

Right after they tried to shoot Ozie Powell to death last January I went over to visit

the Pattersons. That was just after the jury had given Haywood, 75 years too. They were just reading a letter from Haywood and he told them how all those boys were separated now in "solitary."

I wasn't sure just what "solitary" was. But Louise, she explained it to me. It means that every one of those boys is locked away by himself away from the others and away from everybody else. Nobody to talk to. Nobody to see even. Nothing to do but to look at the walls of the prison the whole day through.

Those boys are still in "solitary" today. For months and months they have been locked away. I tried to picture to myself what that would be like. I close my eyes and keep very quiet and think—every hour of every day there would be nothing but this—all quiet, all dark like because there is nothing to see. And I get so frightened.

The people who read your paper never heard of me. But I just want to tell them how I feel and ask them to think about it the same way I did. Ever since I got out of school I've been doing for white people—cleaning their house and washing their clothes. I don't make very much money and I have to work very hard. There are maybe hundreds of people like me all over and I know that everyone of them who knows about Scottsboro knows that those boys are innocent.

Louise was telling me about the I.L.D. and all it has done for the boys. She showed me a little book that tells all about it. It also told about other people and committees that are helping now.

I think that all of those people maybe don't know that the boys are in "solitary" now. Geez, you could go crazy being locked away like that by yourself. And I wish that I could make them feel like I do. Then they would all do like I did and send a letter to the governor.

Yes, I did. And I told him he had no business locking those boys up like that and that at least they all ought to be together like they used to so they could talk and see each other to help pass the time.

It's going on six years now that they have been in jail. I know how long that is, because when they were first put away I was only a little girl and now I am grown.

They are grown too. And people shouldn't grow up penned in like animals, locked away in quiet and silence. So won't you all write a letter to the governor and tell him he ought to let them go free and anyway he ought to take them out of "solitary."

The **FINGER MAN** who Did Not **POINT**

(Continued from Page 7)

evidence on the second day of the trial, but, the prosecution witnesses called by Warren proceeded to spoil it.

Wallace, in the "confessions," said he went aft and jumped from the poop of the ship after the murder. But Third Mate Joseph Boyle testified the tide was very high that day and the poop deck was twenty or thirty feet above dock. Boyle also said he saw Wallace go down the gangplank.

Wallace's "confession" also said Sakovitz was dressed in blue jeans and a blue shirt with a zipper. But C. H. Dayton, manager of the hotel where Sakovitz lived, inadvertently admitted a few minutes later that Sakovitz entered the hotel less than two hours after the murder wearing a light gray suit. The district attorney will have a hard time explaining how Sakovitz could have discarded his bloody clothes in that short space, since it would have taken him all of that time to reach the hotel.

Boyle admitted he is being paid \$175 a month now by Swayne & Hoyt, owners of the Point Lobos, although he is doing no work and a third mate's pay is only \$135. He declared he never made any arrangements with the company or with the district attorney to get the money—that a check comes every two weeks and he doesn't know why. Boyle, Slade and Odeen are three witnesses hidden away by the district attorney soon after the arrests—witnesses the defense has been trying to locate for the past three months. Warren refused to say whether or not he knows the whereabouts of other witnesses the defense considers important to its case.

The panel from which the middle-aged jury was chosen was picked by the Bank of America, the American Trust Co., the Central National Bank of Oakland, "various industrial plants" and "specific business houses," including "several brokerage firms," the Alameda county jury commissioner admitted in open court.

The defense tried in November to have this panel discharged, and one chosen at least in part by laboring class organizations, but Judge Ogden refused.

But Warren's strongest witnesses were introduced in that first week of the trial—and their testimony backfired. It is perhaps an indication that THIS labor frameup is going to fail.

I Close My Eyes And Think



By OPHELIA WILSON

A moving story by a young Negro girl as told to J. B. Henry

Deportation News

By ABNER GREEN

Walter Baer, 38 years old, civil engineer of Portland, Oregon, facing deportation to Hitler Germany, married to American-born citizen and father of three American-born children, ordered to surrender at Ellis Island January 5.

Domenick Sallitto, 34 years old, anti-Fascist, former restaurant owner of Oakland, California, surrendered December 18 in Federal Circuit Court of Appeals . . . facing deportation to Italy . . . released same day under \$1,000 bail bond, pending decision of Labor Department as to his status.

The case of Mrs. Henrietta Vendemia, 63-year-old Italian mother, heard in Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, decision pending. Husband and three children

naturalized American citizens.

Caesar Gonzales, 32 years old, born in Tampa, Florida, arrested December 9 for deportation to Cuba . . . released, \$500 bail bond, pending decision of Labor Department.

Lorenzo Puentes, member Cigar Makers International Union, victim of vigilante attack on Browder Presidential rally in Tampa, Florida, October 25, arrested December 10 for deportation to Cuba. . . star witness against Lawrence Ponder, vigilante leader facing charges of assault and battery. Puentes' son, 19 years old, arrested December 21 for deportation and preparations being made for arrest of Mrs. Puentes. Men out on \$1,000 bonds raised by I.L.D.

LAWRENCE SIMPSON COMES HOME

(Continued from Page 6)

accusation that the State Department had done everything in its power and had met with utter failure. A third time Mr. Hull made the same demand. This time we were forced to point out that diplomatic action weighed far more than consular action and that in Mr. Hull's own report, the first diplomatic action taken by the State Department was on July 28, 1936 at a time when Simpson had already spent fifteen months in Nazi prisons. This did seem to us lax. Here the interview ended, with apparently nothing accomplished.

However, in this we were mistaken. The trial on September 28, was like all trials in the People's Court to have been closed and secret. Consul Geist had informed me in Berlin that even he as the American consul would in all likelihood be barred from the trial. What was our amazement then when we read the accounts of the trial on September 28. Not only was the consular staff present but the correspondents of the foreign press were allowed to attend. The State Department had finally been forced to act. This was evident. Never before in the history of *Nazidom* had there been an open trial in the People's Court.

What were the reasons for the apparent "about face" in the attitude of the State Department? They were manifest. After our interview, the press had given considerable publicity to the Simpson case, and the machinery put in motion by I.L.D. was geared to great speed and intensity. Letters, telegrams and resolutions, from individuals all over the country commenced to pour into the offices in Washington. The radio broadcast the fact. The seamen picketed docks and consulates. They even struck one German ship in Washington. Various organizations were busy mobilizing the sentiments of all people opposed to Fascism. The case was beginning to attain greater proportions than ever. A delegation of Trade Union representatives had gone to Washington, and had been remarkably cordially received by the Secretary of State, who cancelled an appointment to hear them.

Demonstrations had taken place all over the country on the day of the trial, ships and German consulates were picketed. The working class clearly showed its intentions of standing by one of its own members in the clutches of its most bitter enemy.

However, now that the trial was over and Simpson was sentenced we could not allow ourselves the luxury of resting on our accomplishments. He had not been sentenced to death, to be sure, but he could not be considered safe as long as he remained in Germany. The record of the German police would not allow that. Besides we could not on principle, allow a man to be imprisoned no matter how short a time for his ideas. The task now was to get him free. How could this be done? There was only answer to this question. Public opinion must compel the Government to ask his release. From every section of the United States letters, telegrams and resolutions not only continued to pour in, but redoubled in quantity. The seamen's unions led the fight and proved to be the spearhead of working class sentiment.

On a trip which I made recently to the cities of the Pacific Coast on behalf of Simpson, I talked at meetings at many Maritime Unions. In spite of the fact that these men were more than busy with troubles of their own dealing with a shipping strike, they nevertheless found time to carry on the fight for Simpson's release. If anything with added vigor. They realized that to a large degree Lawrence Simpson's arrest and imprisonment were due to his union activities.

The pressure was sufficient. On December 1st, news arrived from Germany that Lawrence Simpson, imprisoned for treason against the third Reich, was to be freed on December 20th. This was no crumb of kindness on the part of the Nazis. They do not pardon prisoners for nothing, least of all to make a kind impression. The State Department of the United States had carried the voice of the workers of America into the German Foreign Office. The German Foreign Office heard, listened and capitulated to its demands.

FIVE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 16)

months I was kept in a cell without trial. I shouted. I demanded. I sent letters, to no avail. Finally I declared a hunger strike. At the end of the fifth day the warden came to my solitary cell. 'Your strike does not make the slightest impression on me,' he sneered, 'You will not be released and if you do not stop your strike I shall not deal with your case at all.' Months later I was released from solitary confinement and brought here."

The fifth spoke: "Here we are—five of the one hundred and fifty this prison holds. We never knew each other before this. We do not come from the same homes, the same work, the same political parties. We have all been treated the same way. There are only three of us who have given in, who have been tortured into submission. The rest of us have not changed—we are still and will remain anti-fascists."

BEHIND THE LINES

(Continued from Page 11)

leader and not a uniformed dummy who doesn't feel and share the cause for which the people are sacrificing their lives. Every man, every woman, into the militia—ready to give his or her life. Every foot of ground—a trench. Every factory—a garrison, every street—a barricade; every factory an armory where not only the weapons of victory are forged, but also the new men to carry them to the front, the new soldiers of the anti-fascist cause."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Labor Defender published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1936.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK N. Y.

Before me a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Anna Damon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Acting National Secretary of the Int'l Labor Defense and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher International Labor Defense, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City; Editor Sasha Small, 80 East 11th Street, New York City; Managing Editor None; Business Managers Sasha Small, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is International Labor Defense, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City; Anna Damon, Acting National Secretary, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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ANNA DAMON, Secretary
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October 1936.

MAX KITZES, Notary Public
(My commission expires May 30, 1938.)

VOICES FROM PRISON

We always have space for
Tom Mooney.

County Jail No. 1
San Francisco, Calif.

Labor Defender,
80 East 11th St.
New York City, N. Y.
Dear Editor:

Herewith enclosed you will find a copy of a splendid letter manifesting a grand spirit that no doubt will be of interest to the thousands of readers of your splendid publication. I thought possibly you might care to run it in your correspondence column.

It would also help our defense tremendously, because of the example and inspiration set forth therein. It would cause others, in spite of the numerous causes that they are called upon to give to, not to forget one of labor's outstanding cases. If you can find space for it somewhere in your columns, I shall greatly appreciate it.

With warmest comradely greetings and grateful thanks, I am

Fraternally yours,
TOM MOONEY—31921



R. 6, Box 426
S. Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Tom,

I am the new Secretary of Branch 644 of I.W.O. and I have just got home from our Branch meeting where I read your letter of the 6th inst.

Our members have been working hard to gather funds for the Comrades in Spain and some of them have been complaining of giving for this and the other but when I finished reading your letter there was new life put into the members! A collection was taken up and we got \$3.50 then it was raised to \$4.00 by a late member. We then sold some New Masses magazines and had a profit of 55 cents which was added to the \$4.00 and then this brought enough to make it even \$5.00 from other members.

I am writing this to show how your letters mean so much to us and every one who hears them. While we are outside carrying on and really doing very little we cannot forget that you under such circumstances are carrying on such a fight. We glory in your spirit and only hope for the time when you will be freed and be with us.

We could never let you down when the fight seems to be nearing the end.

With best fraternal greetings from all the members of this small branch No. 644 of the I.W.O.

R. DIZ, Secretary

This letter is addressed to every
reader of the LABOR
DEFENDER.

I wonder if one must first be a labor prisoner in order to understand fully the importance of the work the ILD does?

It is difficult to explain how a labor prisoner feels about the ILD. No matter how strong the convictions of the prisoner; no matter how well he understands the forces that placed him in prison; no matter how strong he is in spirit, he is made that much stronger to straighten his shoulders and raise his head against persecution by knowing that for him and with him out there stands the ILD and its many friends.

The ILD is usually, for a labor prisoner, the living, active bond between the Cause he went to prison for and himself. The ILD is the warm breath of comradeship that never lets a labor prisoner forget that hundreds have come to carry on his tasks and to fight for his freedom. The ILD, in the heart of a labor prisoner, takes the place that no single friend can, no matter how dear, because it represents an organized strength of the finest working-class principles. The individual members and friends of the ILD may forever remain unknown to us as individuals, but let them know that they are each a part of the collective strength of an organization whose work commands respect and admiration because it is an important part of the struggle to wipe out injustice and to make this a happier world to live in.

Need I say that the little monthly subsidy from the ILD helps keep us supplied with the necessities and the few "prison luxuries"—and is therefore highly appreciated as such?

It is easier, of course, for those of us who have no children-dependants on the outside. Working-class children are too precious to neglect. It is in the fight to secure their lives



The lady seems to have fallen asleep on the job. That is a luxury which the Prisoners Relief Fund can never afford. Christmas has come and gone. But we raised only 25% of our \$20,000 quota and the long, hard months of winter still lie ahead. No rest for us till the quota goes over the top. Won't you help labor's neediest cases?

in plenty and happiness that many of us go to prison—yes, many who have children of their own are taken from them, sometimes for years. And it is the care of the children and families of labor prisoners that is the noblest work the ILD does.

It is because of these children and families that I wish you overwhelming success in your campaign for Christmas funds. We know that the ILD does not set a Christmas basket on the steps of workers' hovels once a year and retires. We know that the responsibility of the families of labor prisoners is with you all the year round and we are anxious to be on the outside once again where we can contribute our bit of work towards meeting this responsibility.

May I extend thru you greetings to the labor prisoners of America? The list is getting too long. The ILD needs many supporters to wipe out that list completely. It is the personal duty of every working man and woman, of every liberty-loving man and woman to give this support.

Again—here's an overflow on the \$20,000 quota!

Fraternally,
CAROLINE DECKER

We hope they look brighter.

Received your letter and the money. Of course I appreciate it very much.

Yes Xmas is here on us again without realizing it. Were it not for the youngsters it would just be another day but of course with all the kiddies making merry on that day of course we all like to see our own do the same.

Frankie and I are both fine so far as I know now. I feel blue today but guess it is just the day. It is raining now. I am to go to Tampa Friday. They are to try the ones that upset Earl Browder's election meeting.

Well I must close now will write when things look a little brighter. Regards to every one.

MRS. NORMAN
(Her husband was murdered by the K.K.K. three years ago).

I forgot to tell you that here in Florida if you are a widow woman and have a child in school you must be laid off the W.P.A. and live on your school pension check of \$5.00 per month. They are to be laid off the 14th of next month.

"I have been made glad."

I am in receipt of your letter of November 23, and in reply thereto, I must say I am grateful to you for the good reading material which composed the letter. I should also admit my thankfulness for the money also.

It is not easy to forget or overlook the excellent work being done by Prisoners Relief Department. I cannot forget the humanitarian spirit that it has shown toward me. In time of sadness and discouragement I have been made glad, and yea, I said happy by a letter and some money sent me by this Department.

In conclusion, I shall always be grateful to you and the kindness which I have received.

With deepest friendship, I am,
Very sincerely yours,

JESS HOLLINS
(Serving a life sentence in Oklahoma).

Greetings to the
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 Watch us Grow

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 East New York Branch I. L. D.

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