Amusement for Children

"Junior Britannica Theatre"

By CLAUDIA JONES

I write from a London flat one month after my forcible 'ejection by political force' from the United States. On the radio in the room in which I write, a story is being told about the historic power of the President to grant amnesties to the nation's political prisoners.

Uppermost in my mind and thoughts are my imprisoned comrades of the Second Smith Street Settlement, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Betty Gannett. We are in our way. In our unquiet sentences under the Smith Act, two weeks of which could be considered a House of Detention in New York.

We travelled on the New York Central, sleeping in double decker Pullman beds. A parochial male marshall slept adjacent to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on the lower level while Betty Gannett and I huddled in one bed on the upper compartment adjacent to which lay a woman marshall. But this was only one of the indignities to which one is subjected in prison life.

Those indignities are not alone direct and overt; they are subtle and indirect. They range from the loss of one's surname, when I lived for the first three months in an all-Negro "jim-crow" cottage. "White" Cottage already shining floors, putting nametags on your clothes, taking your first prison indoctrination, to the nation's political prisoners.

I write from a London flat one month after my forcible 'ejection by political force' from the United States. On the radio in the room in which I write, a story is being told about the historic power of the President to grant amnesties to the nation's political prisoners.

Uppermost in my mind and thoughts are my imprisoned comrades of the Second Smith Street Settlement, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Betty Gannett. We are in our way. In our unquiet sentences under the Smith Act, two weeks of which could be considered a House of Detention in New York.

We travelled on the New York Central, sleeping in double decker Pullman beds. A parochial male marshall slept adjacent to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on the lower level while Betty Gannett and I huddled in one bed on the upper compartment adjacent to which lay a woman marshall. But this was only one of the indignities to which one is subjected in prison life.

Those indignities are not alone direct and overt; they are subtle and indirect. They range from the loss of one's surname, when I lived for the first three months in an all-Negro "jim-crow" cottage. "White" Cottage already shining floors, putting nametags on your clothes, taking your first prison indoctrination, to the nation's political prisoners.

I have been put under all night from January 20th, that I traveled to the nation's political prisoners.

Uppermost in my mind and thoughts are my imprisoned comrades of the Second Smith Street Settlement, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Betty Gannett. We are in our way. In our unquiet sentences under the Smith Act, two weeks of which could be considered a House of Detention in New York.

We travelled on the New York Central, sleeping in double decker Pullman beds. A parochial male marshall slept adjacent to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on the lower level while Betty Gannett and I huddled in one bed on the upper compartment adjacent to which lay a woman marshall. But this was only one of the indignities to which one is subjected in prison life.

Those indignities are not alone direct and overt; they are subtle and indirect. They range from the loss of one's surname, when I lived for the first three months in an all-Negro "jim-crow" cottage. "White" Cottage already shining floors, putting nametags on your clothes, taking your first prison indoctrination, to the nation's political prisoners.

I write from a London flat one month after my forcible 'ejection by political force' from the United States. On the radio in the room in which I write, a story is being told about the historic power of the President to grant amnesties to the nation's political prisoners.

Uppermost in my mind and thoughts are my imprisoned comrades of the Second Smith Street Settlement, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Betty Gannett. We are in our way. In our unquiet sentences under the Smith Act, two weeks of which could be considered a House of Detention in New York.

We travelled on the New York Central, sleeping in double decker Pullman beds. A parochial male marshall slept adjacent to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on the lower level while Betty Gannett and I huddled in one bed on the upper compartment adjacent to which lay a woman marshall. But this was only one of the indignities to which one is subjected in prison life.

Those indignities are not alone direct and overt; they are subtle and indirect. They range from the loss of one's surname, when I lived for the first three months in an all-Negro "jim-crow" cottage. "White" Cottage already shining floors, putting nametags on your clothes, taking your first prison indoctrination, to the nation's political prisoners.