In This Issue:
The MOONEY-BILLINGS Case - 20 Years After
JULY 4—Independence Day. The anniversary of the DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE signed in 1776.

Our very first President
Retired to be a country gent
But not before he fought the enemy and beat them.
The Founding Fathers of our land
Chased the British and took their stand
For Democracy and Freedom.
We’re not retired to country homes
But we can remember Valley Forge.
If reaction once more in this country roams
We can take a tip from the Days of George
And fight the reactionaries where we meet them
Winning Democracy and Freedom.

JULY 4—The birthday of one of America’s veteran political prisoners—WARREN K. BILLINGS. Be sure and send him your birthday greeting at the San Francisco County jail, San Francisco, Cal. He will be 42 years old.

The Liberty Bell does ring no longer
And Liberty herself is sleeping.
This will go on if Hearst gets stronger
And the country is put in Landon’s keeping.

JULY 26—The 20th Anniversary of the arrest and imprisonment of Warren K. Billings.

The flying squads of the Minute Men
Have been replaced by picket lines
And the tyranny of the British king
By deportation, jails and fines.
The freecrackers of the Fourth
Stand for the muskets of Bunker Hill
And though the red coats have been changed for blue
We’re the spirit of Independence still.

JULY 27—The 20th anniversary of the arrest and imprisonment of Tom Mooney. The 20th anniversary of the Mooney-Billings case.

If Paul Revere were riding today
The Liberty League would try to stop him.
They’d get the Supreme Court to call him illegal
And call out the Black Legion to kidnap and flag him.

Have you sent your contribution to the SUMMER MILK FUND for the children of labor’s prisoners?
**ALMANAC**

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THE BLACK LEGION

Big Bill Haywood once said that the history of American labor was written in blood and tears. A new page in that glory history is being written in the state of Michigan today. The summary of what is now known about the Black Legion, despite all efforts to hush up and cover up the facts, presents a damming accumulation of evidence proving: that the Black Legion has been definitely involved in 43 murders and probably in 5 others; that at least 5 cases of flogging have been definitely established and 6 instances of violent threats have come near to execution; that the organization exists in at least 15 states; that it has used guns and rifles supplied free by the federal government; that it has committed and planned arson; that it conducts interstate activity.

Beneath its cover of detective story language and movie thriller technique and costume, the Black Legion presents a serious menace to the life and liberty of the American people. Its aims are distinctively fascist, phrased in language copied straight from Hitler and Mussolini. Its tentacles reach high up into official circles. It has enjoyed the protection of many very high "higher-ups" and has in its name alone served the purpose of at least the auto kings of our land.

The Black Legion is the logical outgrowth of an ever increasing, persistent and consistent policy of terror against labor, against independent political action of the workers and farmers, against the Negro people—mocked and fed by oppressive legislation, by extra legal organizations, by frame-ups, lynchings, murders.

The only difference between the justice meted out by the Black Legion and its mummery and such sentences as those handed down against the Scottsboro Boys, against Angelo Herndon, against Tom Mooney, against Sacco and Vanzetti and the other martyrs of the labor movement, is that the latter had the official sanction of the law.

A few weeks ago in Atlanta, at about the same time that the Black Legion was uncovered, the police raided workers' meetings, arrested all 18 present and charged them at first with exciting to insurrection. The officials of the State of California sentenced five young people to five years in the State penitentiary. The officials of the state of Alabama officially confirmed the fact that they had secretly in secret Ozie Powell and Roy Wright on charges of "assault with intent to murder" because Ozie Powell's head was all but shot off by a blood-thirsty sheriff last winter.

To date the Federal government has been curiously reticent in bearing down on this monstrous menace to our civil liberties. Attorney General Cummings blithely admitted that he had known of the existence and operation of the Black Legion a year ago and had done nothing about it. Straw men are put up in the path of nations when the indignation and resentment by questions of jurisdiction as to whether or not the Federal government can "officially and legally" interfere.

The International Labor Defense has gathered more than sufficient material to prove that there are at least four legal bases, probably five, by which the Federal government can investigate the Black Legion and stamp it out of existence—through the agency of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (G-Men).

There is on the federal statute books a law prohibiting night riders from conspiring to "injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured him by the Constitution or laws of the United States." The Black Legion can be prosecuted for interference with the Federal relief administration. It can be prosecuted for kidnapping across interstate lines for the purpose of intimidating witnesses for using the mails and other means of interstate communication for threats, coercion and intimidation—all serious crimes with very serious penalties attached.

The International Labor Defense urges all its members, friends and supporters to demand the disbanding, dissolution, and destruction of the Black Legion by Federal investigation and action. Here is a truly subversive organization which threatens the lives and freedom of the American people. Here is an example of the use of force and violence to overthrow our democratic institutions for those who brush their teeth at labor organizations behind those very phrases, to fight against. But they will do nothing at all. It is up to the American people to fight against this fascist murder army, by means of its strongest weapon—organized, united, powerful mass protest.

THE NAZIS' AMERICAN PRISONER

Not satisfied with crushing its own people under the bloody iron heel of terror, murder and concentration camps, the Nazi government of Germany seeks to reach out beyond its borders to stem the tide of anti-fascist sentiment that exists among workers and all friends of liberty in other parts of the world.

Last year on June 28, Nazi officials boarded an American ship, the S.S. Manhattan in the port of Hamburg, seized and arrested an American seaman, Lawrence Simpson. They have held him prisoner ever since.

Until very recently he was kept in the Fueblittelwurke concentration camp. He is now incarcerated in Moabit Prison where the German Secret Police have hidden Ernst Thaelmann from the world for the last three and a half years. Recently, the American consul in Hamburg, Father L.D. Simpson's father and his fellow workers, to look into the case, has reported that the charges against Simpson are still vague but that they include a favorite of the Hitler police "exporting German currency from the land."

The International Labor Defense, which immediately jumped to the defense of Simpson is bending every effort to secure his immediate trial and freedom. It is calling upon all individuals and organizations to lend their aid to this case by protesting to German ambassador Hans Luther in Washington, to Secretary of State Hull, and demanding that he be defended by American counsel of his own choice. It also asks for their support in the form of representative delegations to Nazi consulates throughout the land. Such delegations are being organized jointly by the local I.L.O. organizations and members of the seamen's union in many of the most important port cities of America. They deserve the enthusiastic support of every foe of fascism.

HOW COME, MR. THOMAS E. KNIGHT, JR.?

Those who doubt that Lieutenant-Governor-Special-Prosecutor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., will stop at nothing to railroad the Scottsboro boys to the electric chair and make every effort to smash the power of those whose forces are united behind their defense, may well question his motives in releasing to the press the story that an Alabama Scottsboro Committee had been formed to "take over the Scottsboro case."

How come, Mr. Knight? Since when does the prosecutor announce defense committees, especially in Alabama and why?

The United States Scottsboro Defense Committee with headquarters in New York City which is now in complete charge of the Scottsboro defense issued the following statement (quoted in part) in answer to Mr. Knight:

"This Committee is in full charge of the Scottsboro case as it has been in charge since July 21, 1932. . . . The formation of an Alabama Scottsboro Committee to add its strength to the defense of the boys is not in any sense at cross purposes with our efforts. On the contrary, we most cordially welcome its formation. . . . The state most emphatically that Mr. Knight shall have no part in determining counsel for the boys whom he has prosecuted for more than five years for a crime of which they are innocent."

The International Labor Defense which is part of that committee wishes here to underline that statement, and to call on all the friends of the Scottsboro boys to rally their forces for the rapidly approaching trial.
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The SPAWN of the CRISIS

A brilliant analysis of the Black Legion outgrowth of a long reign of terror—creation of the nightriders of Wall Street.

By ROBERT W. DUNN

While the spotlight has been turned on the terrible crimes of the Black Legion in Michigan, let us not minimize the shock that comes from the realization of the fantastic character of this symptom of fascism. However, if we are familiar with the history of terror in the United States, if we remember something of the barbarous tactics of the capitalist class in its merciless war on the workers, we cannot be really surprised that such a thing as the Black Legion has been spawned by the crisis.

Even in comparatively prosperous years we have seen secret as well as open terror used against workers attempting to unionize or to better their condition through strikes. We have seen the law of rope and faggot at work in the South as well as in the North. We have seen the lawless violence of police, the smashing of picket lines by deputy sheriffs, the routing of hunger marchers by state patrolmen, the raiding of union halls by Department of Justice agents, the deportation deliriums of 1920, the night riding tar and feather gang crucifying those who opposed the World War, the murderous attacks on strikers by private armies of coal and iron police or Bergoff “operatives”. We have seen the liberty (league) loving President Hoover summon the army to drive a group of tattered veterans from their shacks on the Poto mac in the dead of night. We have seen the glad-handing Roosevelt ride blithely through the blood spattered state of Arkansas entirely deaf to the pleas of sharecroppers hounded and evicted by the friends of the President’s cron yeast Senator Robinson. We have seen Candidate Alf Landon call out the militia to break the strike of metal mine workers in southwest Kansas in 1935. —Yes, we have seen a lot in this country that ought to have prepared us for this manifestation of Black Hundreidism in Michigan and points west.

There is no harm in refreshing our memories of some of these crimes—just a few of those of the last ten years—that have gone quite unprotested by people who now appear to be alarmed by the secret order killing society in the Wonder City of Detroit. All of these incidents have had their roots deep in the soil of capitalism and its inevitable class conflicts.

Have you ever heard of the Columbine Massacre in Colorado in November, 1927, when state police, commanded by a Rockefeller agent, shot down six workers and wounded 20. They were strikers who were quite unarmed. A few weeks later in January, 1928, in the same mine strike two more workers were murdered at Waldenburg.

One or two years later, you may recall the massacre before the Marion Manufacturing Co. in Marion, N. C., where a sheriff and his deputies killed six workers and wounded 24. All the workers were shot in the back: they had committed no provocation. None of the sheriffs were wounded. The “law” proceeded to arrest some of the strikers who had fortunately escaped the bullets. A few deputies were tried for the crime but acquitted.

About the same time came the night raiders, acting for the Manville Jenckes Co. in the textile strike at Gastonia, N. C. These black legionaries of the South broke into the relief store and strike headquarters, tearing it down and scattering children’s food and union records in the streets. The militia arrived conveniently after the crime was committed, and ten strikers were arrested for breaking up their own headquarters! In the same strike, time after time, the Loray Mills “Committee of One Hundred”, many of these mobsters and klansmen deputized as sheriffs and police, flogged and beat the strikers. It was the same gang of legalized company-paid Dillingers who murdered Ella May Wiggins, 29, and mother of five children, the bard of the union. The court refused to indict the nine who were held for this killing. In fact in all these southern strikes there was absolutely no conviction of the perpetrators of violence against the strikers.

These two southern examples are from the period just before the economic crisis seized the country, turning millions out of the factory gates to starve slowly on various types of home or work relief. Since then—and under the “New Deal” as well as under the hard reign of Hoover—we have had plenty of examples of these same employer tactics. Take only the last two years. In the San Francisco general strike of the summer of 1934, we found bands of legionaires and hoodlums, hired by the open-shop Industrial As-
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The Black Legion displays its ammunition—supplied free by the U. S. Government.

"I don't recall," says Arthur F. Lupp, brigadier general of the Black Legion. But he does say, "We have accomplished a lot. We have dedicated our lives forever to the red, white and blue."

Six of the murderous night riders in court in Ecorse, Michigan, charged with kidnapping and robbing Robert Peeland, steel worker.

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terror against Negroes and labor organizers continuing in Georgia, the du ponts backing the Ku Klux Klan to spread their demagogic crusade against the bill of rights of the U. S. Constitution. We find the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. hiring plug uglies to beat up Sherman Dalyripley, president of the United Rubber Workers International Union as well as two other union men in the Goodyear plant in Gadsden, Alabama. We find Myron C. Taylor talking about the beauties of "collective cooperation" while his deputies of the subsidiary Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. are cooly slugging and slandering union miners near Bessemer, Alabama.

And in Washington we may watch a perfect type of swivel chair cold-bloodedness—the spectacle of Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, sending to certain destruction in Nazi Germany five innocent men. These are just "routine" deportations for Frances. Of course, she doesn't hear the shots of the executioner or see the blood spurt in a Hitler concentration camp. But there is much more that a qualitative difference between her act and that of the moronic murder of Charles Poole, the WPA worker, by the Detroit Republican storm troopers wearing hoods decorated with skull and cross bones?

If we come nearer to Detroit itself we may find in the records of the last few years the background of the present Bull Club exposures. The Detroit Civil Liberties Committee in 1931-32 alone reported nine cases of unprovoked police killings, raids and brutalities in that area. But in each case police officials and the Grand Jury either washed the men or ignored the charges. And in Pontiac in November, 1931, seven men were kidnapped from their homes by vigilantes and lashed with horsewhips for attending meetings of the Unemployed Councils. The police of Pontiac were involved in this but an investigation ordered by the Governor petered out. And earlier in the same year came the attack on the unemployed demonstration by the police of Dearborn, Mich., in front of the Ford plant. Four were killed and many wounded.

Such a background of mob violence and official terror we found in the motor cities even before the strikes in the auto plants of 1934-35 when the police brutally attacked the workers of the Motor Products Corp., while militia shot down two workers in the Electric Auto-lite strike in Toledo.

Important also in the background is the Service Department of the Ford Motor Co., with its "spotters" and "undercover" embracing a ruthless network of espionage and intimidation. The chief of this department is Republican Harry Bennett, "Duke of Michigan." He is linked with the Legion and it is the most logical link in the world. Not only Ford but other auto companies are behind this terror, the exact connections as yet unrevealed but certainly demanding federal investigation. General Motors, Chrysler, Hudson, Motor Products, have already been named as well as the Citizens' Committee of the Detroit Board of Commerce, long the spearpoint of the plain old "American Plan" campaign in Detroit. It was against the various unions in the auto industry, trying to organize workers in the major plants, that the direct fire of the Legion has been aimed, against those unions and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers in the neighboring steel plants.

In the face of what we already know about the blackrobed Legion we can easily see beyond the petty agents to the main performers. The Dayton Deans are pretty small potatoes compared with the literal Directory of Directors that stand behind them, profiting handsomely from their violence and savagery—the Alfred Sloans, the Walter Chryslers, the E. T. Weirs, the Henry Fords, the Eugene du Ponts and their American Liberty League. It is these "big shots" one must always bear in mind in considering anti-labor terror in the auto and steel industries. Of course these people have plenty of personal managers and public relations officials to protect them. They control the press, and are the heroes of the unspeakable Hearst. They tell the wiggling policians what to do in every crisis. To document their complete exposure is not an easy task. But morally it is they and the system they represent that stand indicted in the minds of people who have given these new terror developments any thought at all.

It is these millionaire legionnaires who are the major menace to liberty in this country today, not the petty police clerks, subforemen and municipal meter readers who have been turned up in the Michigan revelations. It is these "rulers of America" who direct the killers, who finance the professional patriotic societies and "law and order" leagues, who write the red scares in the press. It is they who infest their plants with spies and stool pigeons.

It is against these night riders of Wall Street, these very respectable KKK's of the big banking and industrial monopolies, these Black Legionnaires of finance capital, that we must direct the main fire of our protest. They are the organizers and financiers of fascism in America. The blood of Charles Poole and George Marchuk and John Biebak is on their hands.
The GHOST of FRANK NORMAN Haunts the KLAN

A talk with his widow—the story of his death—the finger of guilt is pointed.

By ART SHIELDS

The case of Frank Norman, murdered citrus leader and International Labor Defense organizer, is worrying Florida government circles more than it did last year.

The case won't die as the officials hoped it would when Norman was taken for a ride and murdered one night in Lakeland more than two years ago.

Florida's state A. F. of L. convention recently denounced the kidnap murder in a stinging resolution, and more and more people are asking the authorities why the murderers are not run to earth.

"A lot of folks are talking about the Norman case," fretted Judge Dewell at Bartow, where five Klansmen were convicted by a courageous jury on the charge of kidnapping Eugene Poulinot, chairman of the Workers Alliance of Florida. Poulinot was kidnapped out of the Tampa police station with Dr. Sam Rogers and Joseph Shoemaker, two other leaders of the "Modern Democrats", a local reformist organization, and taken to the woods and flogged. Shoemaker died from the beating.

The Norman case brings added wrinkles to the citrus town judge... He's from Haines City, citrus center... He parries questions about the murder of the orange grove organizer.

"You'd better see Sheriff Chase about it," he advises.

Sheriff Chase shifts uneasily. Suggests it's late to do anything now. You see it's hard to find what actually happened. You can't do—

This ex-cashier of the Lakeland bank that carried down workers' savings when it broke; this Polk County sheriff, who filled the Bartow jail with citrus strikers two years ago—he never did do anything in the Norman case but cover up the crime.

We go to see Mrs. Norman herself.

A half hour's ride brings us to Lakeland, "fastest growing city in Florida", famed for its tourist-thronged lakes and its giant citrus industry.

"Hello Frank," calls my friend. A barefoot boy of seven playing in the street returns the greeting joyously, and we climb a flight of outside stairs to the rear of the room of the widow and her orphaned son.

Mrs. Norman comes straight to the point.

"It's not too late to seize the murderers," she tells us. "I will never rest until they are run down and punished."

"My husband was a good man, devoted to the workers' cause. I remember so well the night he spoke to the citrus strikers at High-land City. It was just four nights before the murderers took him away. He spoke to the strikers as they stood in front of their camp fires and told them to keep up the fight."

That was Saturday night, April 7, 1934.

"Next Wednesday night the three murderers came. One was a big man. He pretended to be Sheriff Chase. Said he wanted Frank to come in the car to identify a Negro who had been lynched. Frank always fought for the Negro workers. He went in the car and Ben Surrey, our roomer, went with him. Then side by side with her husband in the citrus union. A country worker herself, she was the first secretary of the Lakeland local union.

"I know what it means to work from six to six, sometimes all evening too, till eleven o'clock at night and get a dollar a day," she said. "In the old days a good worker made up to ten dollars a week. I was fast. I made that. But now the average is only six dollars."

She held out her hands.

"Look at those finger nails," she said. "See how the nails are wrinkled from citrus poisioning. Every one gets it who works in citrus acid. My nails used to come off. My fingers throbbed at night. Hurt so I couldn't sleep."

She told of being wet from head to heel, all day. Of the terrible speeding. The belt will not wait. Steaming, peeling, cooling, sec-

Florida workers who defied Klan: The jury of six who found Tampa police floggers GUILTY. Left to right (front row): George A. Walker, W.P.A. worker; Earl Turner drag line operator; J. R. Duggan, retired locomotive engineer; (back row): S. T. Williams, mechanic; Victor C. Hall, welder; W. M. Lobr, mechanic.

Ben came back. It was hard for him to talk. He told how the killers made him get out of the car. Told him to keep going and not look back. Ben heard a shot. The car dashed away, and Frank was gone."

The Lakeland News, a vicious foe of the citrus workers, admitted in its issue of April 12, the day after the crime, that Surrey reported:

"As the car left I heard the hemp beating Norman, and a shot was fired and they darted away."

Mrs. Norman loved Frank not only as a wife, but as a fighter. She worked,

The K.K.K. killed his father—seven year old Frankie Norman.
don't believe it read the ads.) Frankie fainted in school the other day.

"I told the relief official when she cut me off relief," said Mrs. Norman, "I told her My boy fainted in school. She told me: There's nothing you can do. I said: We'll see about that."

"What does Frankie eat?" I asked Mrs. Norman.

"Sometimes we have to live on a dollar a week," she replied. "That means we live mainly on grits—hominy grits. We can't afford much bread. I get two loaves a week for Frankie's lunches, with a little jelly to go with it. I get some eggs too. No fruit and vegetables. I know he needs them. I know what vitamins are (Mrs. Norman used to be a school teacher), but I can't buy them. I can't even afford beans."

"Can't you walk out to a grove and get a little fruit?" I asked. "Would they care?"

She smiled grimly: "One big grove owner said he'd shoot any one who did that," she answered. "Others would have you arrested and fined heavily."

"My relief has been cut off," she said. "I used to get a dollar a week in groceries. That's gone. The women's WPA project was stopped. That used to pay eleven dollars every two weeks. That's gone. My widow's pension, they gave me for awhile after Frank was murdered, has been taken away. The only regular little income I get is what comes from the Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D."

"Other women are hungry too. One lady told me last week she hadn't eaten for more than a day. Another hadn't eaten since supper the night before I saw her. They are getting ready to fight for relief. One lady said to me: I'm going to take my kids on a march through the streets."

Mrs. Norman still has a home.

"But I don't know how long I'll have it,"

Lynching in action—State troopers and citizens of Gordonsville, Virginia, formed a posse of 1,000 which fired for 6 hours on the cabin of a 35 year old Negro worker and his sister. They finally burned the home and both victims.

That's why she fights to organize the orange and grape fruit workers and works among the unemployed.

And as part of the fight she wants to see the slayers of her husband punished. She wants the trio of murderers, whom she believes the authorities can find, brought to justice, and with them the big shots who sent them out that April night, to get the citrus workers' leader.

In this fight Mrs. Norman does not fight alone. She fights with the International Labor Defense, which her husband represented, and she will have the aid of such organizations as the Committee for Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, with which the I.L.D. is affiliated. It was this broad united front committee, which includes Socialists, trade unionists, and liberal professionals, that helped to bring the Tampa floggers to trial and which can force Lake Land authorities to act against Norman’s lynchers.

The defense movement throughout the world has lost one of its most valuable champions. Maxim Gorky—artist, fighter for freedom, defender of the oppressed—is dead. But his work—such actions as his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro Boys, Thaelmann—will live on in the ceaseless activities of the I. L. D., whose National Executive Committee joins the whole world in mourning his loss.
THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS

Reared in poverty—deprived of their childhood and youth—symbols of the monstrous oppression of a whole nation—symbols of the growing unity of black and white workers, of all freedom loving people.

We’re Too Young To Die

By IRENE PAULL

Open wide the gates, brothers, break the iron bars,
Let us smell the summer under Alabama stars
Cut the irons from our feet, tear the nooses down,
Alabama moonlight is ‘shinin’ on the town
Take us to our mammaies, brothers, we can hear ‘em croon,
We can hear our pala’s ‘singin’ underneath the moon
We was born an’ raised together—let us join their song
This here jail’s no place for boys who never done no wrong.
This here jail’s no place for boys who never done a thing
Oh, mamma, mamma, ain’t we never gonna sing?
Open wide the gates, brothers, break them iron bars,
Jesus, ain’t we never gonna see the southern stars?

Gotta bow to white boss passin’ in the street
But the southern grass feels soft underneath yo’ feet.
Gotta smile to white boss when yore in the light
But there’s somethin’ soft an’ healin’ in the southern night.
Gotta slave for white boss for everythin’ you buy
But there’s somethin’ they don’t own—they don’t own the sky—
They don’t own the moonlight ‘shinin’ on the town—
Oh, mamma, mamma, make ‘em tear the nooses down!

Who done this anyway?
Who took the sun away?
Who made these iron bars?
Who shut out all the stars?

'Tain’t you, Ruby Bates,
Don’t you hang yo’ head
Don’t you toss about at night
Wishin’ you was dead.

'Tain’t you, Victoria,
You po’ ole whore—
Yo’ head’s a rotten sponge
Yo’ heart’s a sore.

Big white bosses
What you gonna do?
When the workin’ folks says,
"Boys, you’re through."

Ole man river, always rollin’ by,
He seen our folks get borned an’ he seen ‘em die.
He seen our shackled feet draggin’ through the mud
He seen the pure white cotton soakin’ in our blood
He heard the whips come down with a searin’ sound
He seen our broken bones rottin’ in the ground.
Oh, Lordy, Lordy, but he’s seen a lot a’ pain!
He seen our people’s tears comin’ down like rain!
Ole man river, washin’ by our graves
He heard the moanin’ of po’ black slaves.

That’s enough, white bosses—
Put yo’ gats away
You drunk with our blood
But you had yo’ day—

Come on, black workers!
Come on, white!
Break down the bars!
Let in the light!

They don’t own the green grass, they don’t own the sun
They don’t own the right to say, “Boys, yo’ life is done.”
They don’t own no lawful right to put up iron bars
Shuttin’ out the smell a’ summer, shuttin’ out the stars
Come, workin’ brothers, tear the nooses down!
Let us see the moonlight ‘shinin’ on the town!
Join yo’ hands together, joinin’ makes ‘em strong!
Break in with a lifted fist and take us with a song!
Push, brothers, push, the time is rushin’ by!
‘Cause oh mamma, mammie, we’re too young to die!

THE LONESOME JAILHOUSE BLUES

Half blind Olen Montgomery sings his prison bars.
Five long years of torment.

All last night I walked my cell and cried.
All last night I walked my cell and cried.
Because this old jail house got lonesome
And I just can’t be satisfied.

Chorus:
I tried to eat my breakfast this morning
But I couldn’t, for shedding tears, mamma—I
I tried to eat my breakfast this morning
But I couldn’t for shedding tears.
It almost breaks my heart to think of those
Five long years.

Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what am I going to do.
Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what am I going to do.
I have walked around in this old jail so long
I can’t even wear my shoes.

I wouldn’t even treat a dog, like these people
treats poor me.
I wouldn’t even treat a dog, like these people
They treat me just like I’m some kind of
an animal
They ain’t never seen.

I don’t know anything about Alabama, ’cause
it’s not my home.
I don’t know anything about Alabama, ’cause
it’s not my home.
But ever since I been here
I have regretted the day I was born.

I’m singing this song, because I want everybody
to know,
I’m singing this song, because I want everybody
to know,
How a poor boy feels
When he is down so low.

The first page of Olen Montgomery’s manuscript.
GEORGIA JUSTICE

In the splendid spirit which has won for him the love and support of millions, this young fighter analyzes the latest murder verdict of the Georgia courts.

By ANGELO HERndon

The decision of the State Supreme Court of Georgia was no surprise or shock to me. I knew Georgia justice. I have felt its sting for the last four years and I know that it will stop at nothing in its determined effort to crush the organized labor movement and the Negro people.

Why should the rulers of that state, people who were responsible for setting up the first concentration camp in American history, people who have on their hands the blood of hundreds of Negro workers hanged in Georgia—why should they give up the very powerful weapon by means of which they think they can stamp out all resistance, all organization on the part of the working people, black and white.

That is what is most important about this decision. I have said repeatedly, and I say it again now, the importance of the Herndon case has nothing to do with me personally. The important thing is the fact that the State of Georgia still clings to that vicious slave law as a threat against all labor organizers, all Negro people, all freedom loving individuals.

The important thing is that the State of Georgia will continue to use that law until it is forced by the united action of the whole labor movement, by people of every color, nationali-

ty, religion and shade of political opinion, to drop it from its statute books.

The state of Georgia wants to murder me. They have made that very clear.

They still think that by sending me to my death, the Georgia chain-gang they will bunt the rising tide of the struggle for liber-

ation.

They do not seem to realize that millions of American people are interested in the outcome of this case because they recognize it now for what it really is—a test case of their own freedom, their own liberty. This was officially recognized by the organized labor movement in a resolution passed at the 55th convention of the A. F. of L. demanding the abolition of the Georgia slave insurrection law. I saw it with my own eyes in every meeting that I ad-
dressed when twice I crossed the country speaking to workers and farmers and profession-
als and business men about my case. It is proven by the million and a quarter signatures that have already been attached to the petition circulated by the International Labor Defense and 10 other national organizations addressed to Governor Talmadge of Georgia demanding the abolition of that law and the freedom of all those menaced by it.

I have no illusions in the United States Su-

preme Court. I never did have and after the last decision they made in my case my feelings were confirmed. I believe they are shared to-

day by many more American citizens than is the past. They have now received proof of the reactionary, dictatorial nature of that court. They know that unless they take action to curb that rule, they can look for no justice for the working people from that source.

My faith is still and always will be in the working class of the United States. It was that power which twice freed me from the dungeons of Fulton Tower and the chain-gang and it is that power which will finally give me back my freedom.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the International Labor Defense and all its friends and supporters for the splendid work it has done in my defense during these last four years. The International Labor Defense has already started the necessary legal action to appeal this latest decision to the United States Supreme Court and to secure a stay of execution until the time the appeal is heard.

I want also to express by appreciation to the Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon De-

fense, which responded to the call for joint action to rally the broadest sections of the American people behind the fight to smash the law and win my freedom. I am sure that it will now be able to recruit even broader united support behind my case.

It was this united effort which won my par-

tial freedom last December. It is such united efforts that can now move forward to com-

plete victory—the abolition of the Georgia slave insurrection law dear to the hearts of the Liberty League and Mr. Hearst, but hated and hated by every true friend of liberty and justice.

CALIFORNIA JUSTICE

The savage sentences against the Sacramento prisonists must become a protest against the entire trade union movement menaced by the anti-labor C. S. laws of 36 states.

By ANNA DAMON

When the criminal syndicalism law was passed in California in 1919, the big growers, manufacturers, and hired hands of the western states expected the whole state to burst with indignation. Here was a law that was punishment enough, vicious enough to take care of any emergency that might arise—any strike, any concerted effort to organize trade unions, any political action of workers and farmers that might threaten the position of those in power.

They knew they could rely on the courts to make the best possible use of that law. California courts had plenty of experience in conducting frame-up trials, railroad work-

ers to prison for long terms—for life. They had the McNemar case, the case of Ford and Suhru, the Mooney-Blingsby case and hun-

dreds upon hundreds of instances of I.W.W. members, trade unionists, pacifists, during the World War.

In the fifteen years that followed, they have learned that it takes more than a law, more than savage sentences to crush the labor movement and the trade unions of California. Vigilante bands were organized. Murder, ar-

son and terror swept the fruitful valleys, mountain sides and harbors of California in a determined effort to stamp out the trade unions. But every effort failed.

In 1934, immediately following the armed forces insurrection in the state and the open support of the maritime workers strike, came the now famous Sacramento case. Eighteen young people were thrown into jail and charged with criminal syndicalism; fifteen men and three women, all of them active in the lumber movement, among the agricul-
tural workers, among the marine workers, in various political parties, among the unem-

employed, among the I.W.W.

The outcome of that trial which lasted for months and only just now is mentioned here as a re-

minder. It was marked by brutal, undignified, anti-labor publicity. It ended in the convic-
tion of eight of the defendants with inde-

terminate sentences of from one to fourteen years, and acquitted for the rest.

That was in April 1935. The defendants elected to go to jail, pending appeal and begin serving their terms. In recent weeks, Califor-

nia "Justice," in the persons of the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles handed down their final sentences. For the five men in San Quentin, the following: Pat Chambers, Jack

Crane (who is now recuperating from a seri-

ous operation resulting from stomach troubles contracted in jail) and Martin Wilson—5 years. Also Howard, three and a half years and Norman Minni, three years. For the

women in Tehachapi—Caroline Decker and Nora Cuskitt—5 years each. Lorine Norman, third of the women convicted in the Sacra-

mento Case is out on bond. Her release on bail was forwarded so that her trial might be held outside prison walls.

The filing of an appeal was widely de-

layed by clumsy prosecution maneuvers to pre-

vent the six who defended themselves in court from getting the record of the trial to prepare their appeal. Further obstacles were constantly placed in the path of LL.L. attorney Gallah-

er who defended all the other defen-

dants except Norman Minni. Trial

and barbary sentences were the constantly

chokes to the citizenry and lies and slander used by the State of California to deprive them young people of their liberty.

This is the picture of the Sacramento case in its legal aspect as it stands today. But the reactions to this last show as the labor movement presents quite a different picture.

Public opinion moved to a determined de-

sign for mass activity to wipe this law from the statute books of the state, removed added as a result of the sentences. Mass in-

dignation is expressing itself in hundreds of workers organizations and particularly in the trade unions who recognize the C. S. law as a grave danger to their very existence.

At a recent conference for the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law held in Sacramento delegates representing half a million people firmly resolved to aid in the drive against the Sacramento defendants as part and parcel of their fight to repeal the law. They pledged the I.W.W. delegates from 27 trade unions and three Cen-

tral Labor Councils representing close to 100,000 workers in the important industries of the state; 67 delegates from 34 unemployed organizations; 33 delegates from 12 fraternal organizations including the Democratic Party, the I.W.W., and the Communist Party; the rest of the 346 delegates were from fraternal organizations. A legal committee against the criminal syndicalism law and defense organizations, was appointed among the delegation.

(Continued on Page 20)
Reconstructing the MOONEY BILLINGS CASE -- 20 YEARS LATER

Events Leading up to the Frame-Up

JUNE 16, 1916 — Israel Weinberg, bus driver who operated the 42nd Street and 42nd Street, was named in the frame-up. The jury was composed of the drivers and was said to be a jury of his peers.

JUNE 17 — Tom and Rona Mooney were arrested for distributing postcards declaring the United States had declared war on Germany.

JUNE 17 — Billings was arrested at 112 West 42nd Street, where he lived.

JUNE 17 — Billings was released on $5,000 bail. He was convicted of disloyalty and served three years in prison.

THE WEIRD PROCESSION - Witnesses Used to Complete the Frame-Up

ESTELLE SMITH — Drug addict, prostitute with long police record, convicted of murder in 1913, saved her skin by turning state's evidence against her uncle James L. Murphy. Her evidence placed Rona and Tom Billings at the scene of the crime.

JULY 27 — Tom Mooney and Rona Billings read news of arrest to friends at their home on 112 West 42nd Street. The friends, including police chief of patrol, "will return next train to San Francisco to help Billings."

JULY 21 — Billings' conviction and acquittal of the three others, Billings realized he could get "easy money" by framing others.

FRANK C. OXMAN — "Honest cattlemen," Fick's successor, invited him to his home on 721 23rd Avenue. The "honest cattlemen" were actually police informants.

STEVE RUNNER — Mixer, 23, was arrested in 1914 for possessing narcotics. He was one of the "honest cattlemen" who helped frame Billings.

JULY 26 — Tom Billings arrested without warrant while leaving Lane Hospital clinic. Weinberg arrested without warrant while leaving the same hospital. They did not know he was wanted. Newspaper reports claim exclusive rights to story.

JULY 27 — Tom Mooney and Rona Billings read news of arrest to friends at their home on 112 West 42nd Street. The friends, including police chief of patrol, "will return next train to San Francisco to help Billings."

JULY 28 — Tom Billings arrested without warrant while leaving Lane Hospital clinic. Weinberg arrested without warrant while leaving the same hospital. They did not know he was wanted. Newspaper reports claim exclusive rights to story.

THE Gentlemen of the Law

JANUARY 14, 1916 — President Wilson appoints Me azon Commission to investigate the case of Edward L. Me azon, secretary of labor. The commission submitted its report on April 5, 1916. The report concluded that "no evidence" was found to support the charges.

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The GREAT GRANDFATHER of the KRAMER BILL

How our revolutionary forefathers met the challenge of the reactionaries of their day. How they smashed the Alien and Sedition Laws—forerunners of the sedition laws of today. A lesson in American history which all of us should know.

By WALTER WILSON

In the American colonies up to the time of the Revolution the authorities held that King George and his representatives were so far superior to the colonists as to be completely immune from criticism and that the people had no right to try to correct what they considered tyrannies. It was not necessary to have specific sedition laws to hamstring freedom of speech, press and assemblage. Unwritten laws were enough. And to get convictions it was not necessary to prove that a person had any intention of inciting disaffection or insurrection. It was unlawful for the colonists to even find fault with their "betters."

The ideals of the American revolutionists were different. In nearly all of the important documents of the revolutionary period and of the years of the young republic it was stated that freedom of speech, press and assemblage could not be restricted; that these were inalienable rights of the people. No person—not even the Federal government itself—was too sacred to be criticized and called to responsibility by the people. These ideals were forced into the U. S. Constitution by Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and other popular leaders of the masses. The first ten amendments, known as the Bill of Rights, makes these ideals a part of the fundamental law of the land. Speedy, however, a political party representing the Tory or "Best Born" elements in America got control of the new government. The real power behind this party was Alexander Hamilton, a cunning able man who hated the common people. Hamilton and his fellow-conspirators decided that the revolutionists led by that "atheist and leveller from Virginia," Thomas Jefferson, were getting too strong and that if something was not done they could not perpetuate themselves and their Federalist Party in power. It was necessary, in order to keep power against the wishes of the masses, to set up a sort of party dictatorship and to stifle all criticism. And so in July 1798 they had two laws passed, one against sedition and one providing for the deportation of aliens who were considered dangerous to the Federalist Party. Except possibly in one or two instances no effort seems to have been made to enforce the alien law.

That old Sedition Law reads almost word for word like its great, grandson, the Kramer Bill, which the witch-burners and Tories of today are trying to put on the federal statute books. Under that old law any comment on the Federalist Party might be considered "malicious," "scandalous" and likely to bring the government, or individuals in the government, into disrepute. If some prejudiced Federalist judge so held, then the guilty republican could be fined not more than $2,000 or put in prison for more than two years. And of course the law prevented any organized effort to oppose unpopular laws.

Proceedings were begun or attempted against one or more persons in each of the states except New Hampshire and Rhode Island and one or two in the 12 South and West. Some two dozen persons were arrested. Of these a dozen or so were convicted. Republican newspapers were repeatedly attacked—and some of them silenced—through charges made against publishers, editors and leading contributors. Individuals of considerable importance as well as unknown rank and file workers in Jefferson's Republican Party (not to be confused with the Liberty League's party of the same name) were arrested and indicted. Some of the cases were highly dramatic. Matthew Lyon's was perhaps the most important.

Lyon was a member of Congress who had bitterly opposed the passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws. Not only that but he was constantly taunting and criticizing Federalist leaders and Federalist newspapers because of this heinous act. "The Scourge of Aristocracy." He was arrested for violating the Sedition Law and was fined and imprisoned. His home was sold by a lottery to pay the fine. Like Tom Mooney, a modern political prisoner and "scourge of aristocracy," Lyon refused to sign an appeal for his own pardon because that might be construed as an admission of crime. While still in prison he was re-elected to Congress, showing that the popular sentiment was with him. Public protest forced open the prison gates and he redoubled his efforts in helping to put Thomas Jefferson in the President's office. His fine was refunded by the United States Government on July 4, 1840.

In commenting on the enforcement of this infamous law, Leon Whipple in his book Civil Liberty in the U. S. points out that "The greatest sufferer under the Sedition Act was as usual a labor agitator, described as 'a wandering apostle of sedition.'" Here are the facts in his case. In October, 1798, there was erected at Dedham, Mass., a liberty pole—such poles were erected as part of the Revolutionary movement in the colonies from the passage of the Stamp Act to the winning of independence. On this Dedham pole was this inscription: "No Stamp Act, No Sedition, No Alien Bills, No Land Tax; downfall to the Tyrants of America . . . may moral virtue be the basis of Civil Government." Obviously some heinous crime had been perpetrated. Some one had had the audacity to criticize acts of the Federalist Party. Someone must be made to suffer. Several citizens were promptly arrested for the "crime" of erecting this liberty pole and for putting the "sedition" inscription thereon. It was found that David Brown, "The Wandering Apostle of Sedition," the laborer, was the archcriminal. He was arrested. The Federalist Judge Chase sentenced Brown to pay a fine of $400 and to go to prison for 18 months. He could not pay the fine and was made to serve a sentence of two full years, the most that any person actually served.

One of the predictions made by Brown at his trial soon came true. He said: "I never knew a government supported long after the confidence of the people was lost; for the people are the government." All historians are agreed that the popular resentment that developed against the Alien and Sedition Laws had a great deal to do with sweeping the Hamiltonians (Federalists) from power and placing the liberals and their followers in. Jefferson, of course, is honored today but the upper classes of his day considered him a dangerous radical, a sympathizer with the French Revolution, a Godless man, a wrecker of homes and a "dissident Christian."

Shortly after he became President, Jefferson wrote to his friend Mrs. Adams: "But I discharge every person under punishment or prosecution under the Sedition Law, because I considered, and now consider, that law to be a nullity as absolute and palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image."

One of the most influential opponents of the Alien and Seditions Laws was Edward Livingston, a member of Congress and later Mayor of New York City. Speaking of the Alien Law on the floor of Congress he said: "The best book now in my hands is this heinous act . . . Let no man imagine that a few unprotected aliens are to be affected by this inquisitorial power. The same arguments which enforce these provisions against aliens apply with equal force to the enforcement of them against citizens." What was his remedy? He boldly asked: "Will the people submit to it? Sir, they ought not to submit; they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist." We know the sequel. The people did resist. They buried the Federalist Party in an oblivion from which it never emerged. They made the very name of those laws so hated that no one has ever subsequently dared to defend them. Even the Liberty Leaguers and the other witch-burners supporting the Kramer Bill would not say a kind word for the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. But they are working for a bill which is just as un-American and just as tyrannical as were those old measures. The Kramer Bill is the great, grandson of the Sedition Law of the Federalist Party. Will the people let it be known that they do not like what they see happening in tyranny. For the Kramer Bill is designed to help perpetuate a frightened capitalist class in power, just as the Alien and Sedition Laws of the early days of the Republic were designed to aid the democracy-hating Federalists in keeping their seats on the backs of the common people.
The KNIGHT of HOPE Marches for his PEOPLE

Like a black thunder cloud, a rule of terror hangs low over the country of Brazil. Only occasionally, a ray of light, like a flash of lightning, penetrates the dark mass and those on the outside are permitted to see what is really happening in that unfortunate country.

Arrests continue. Raids continue. And imprisonment continues. Gradually we are learning the identity of the 17,000 held at the behest of the tyrant Vargas in silent dungeons.

Recently a great national congress of women was held in Uruguay. Delegates from the women’s union of Brazil, who had escaped persecution attended as delegates. In their report they listed the most outstanding of the women political prisoners in Brazil. It is known that there at least one hundred such prisoners. Among those held are:

ARANDA ALVARO ALBERTO, a distinguished professor and president of the Women’s Union of Brazil.

MARIA WORNECK DE CASTRO, a prominent attorney and vice president of the same union.

MARIA BERGNER PRESTES, the wife of the beloved Luis Carlos Prestes and a writer of considerable note.

CARMEN GHIOLDI, a well known Argentinean writer, the wife of Luciano Ghioaldi, secretary of the Communist Party of Argentina.

AUGUSTA LUISE EWERT and HELGA FRIEDRICH, political refugees from Germany. The husband of the former, Arthur Ewert, is also a prisoner. He was a deputy in the German Reichstag before Hitler came to power. Both face deportation to Nazi Germany.

But the chief prisoner of reaction in Brazil is the “Knight of Hope” of the Brazilian people, Luis Carlos Prestes. President Vargas and his henchmen seem determined to make him the Thaelmann of the western hemisphere. Several times in recent weeks they announced that his trial would begin and each time they postponed it. The charges against Prestes?

First, desertion from the Brazilian army in 1924 and second the murder of Elvira Coppelo, the wife of the secretary of the Communist Party of Brazil. The fact that she was arrested in January, held in prison and murdered in April, while Prestes was arrested and held in prison since March means little to the Brazilian military courts!

As for the first charge—desertion from the Brazilian army. Behind that charge lies one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of human liberation. In October 1924 the people of the City of San Paulo joined the garrison of soldiers there in an insurrection against the rule of the coffee plantation owners. For twenty-five days they held the city—workers, business men and soldiers together united against their common enemy.

San Paulo was only the spark. The flame of rebellion swept throughout the land. And Luis Carlos Prestes, a young captain in the Brazilian army, stationed in Rio Grande do Sul, joined his forces with the insurrectionists. His entire battalion followed him like one man. Superior forces stamped out the uprising in city after city. Prestes’ column held fast.

The government ordered Prestes and his men to surrender. They refused. Their number grew to a battalion of 1,500. They unanimously elected Prestes as their revolutionary general and they defied the reactionaries to crush them. They represented every section of the Brazilian people—Negroes, mulattoes, Indians, Portuguese and descendants of other European immigrants.

Despite the constant depletions in this little army caused by the onslaught of the government forces, new recruits filled the gaps. The government became alarmed and mobilized all its forces against the Prestes Column. 15,000 troops were sent to fight a band of 1,500!

Prestes still refused to surrender. Instead he began what has now become the legendary march of Luis Carlos Prestes through the whole of Brazil—15,000 miles in a little more than two years.

Onward they pressed, through the slime of the jungle, over mountain peaks, through tiny villages, over deserts and across wide rushing rivers. The accompanying map shows the exact route.

Wherever they came, the Prestes column was joyfully welcomed by the people—hailed as the army of liberation, greeted, acclaimed. It was during this march that Prestes won the title, “Knight of Hope.” His fame preceded him and whole cities eagerly awaited his coming.

Evils were wiped out in every region thru which his army passed. Tax lists, usurer books, were burned in public bon-fires.

But the army pursued him, bounded him, slaughtered his men and finally in February 1927 Prestes was forced to move towards the Bolivian border, where after the last bullet was fired at the enemy, his remaining troops crossed over into neutral territory.

It is for this “crime”—this march of liberation in the interests of the Brazilian people—that Prestes is being charged with the “desertion of the army.”

Prestes remained an exile from his native land until 1935. He refused to return in 1930 at the invitation of Getulio Vargas, his jailer, who seized power then on a demagogic program of democratic liberty.

But in all the years that he was absent from Brazil—an exile—his name and his work lived on. The people remembered their Knight of Hope. They elected him president of their (Continued on Page 20)
SALVAD A CARLOS PRESTES
S.R.I.-G.-PIEDRA-MARON
BAGDAD—the scene of the Arabian nights, the joy of the fiction writer, the land of dreams and all the rest of it—There are today 100 political prisoners in its dungeons. They are peasants of Iraq who revolted against the unbearable burden of the taxes, illegal seizure of their harvest, farm implements and livestock. They have been in jail for one year without trial.

FINLAND—in the recent trial of Taivo Antikainen the reactionary officials took no chances. All those who could possibly be used as defense witnesses were intimidated by house searches, police examinations, temporary arrests, etc. Antikainen’s landlady was kept in solitary confinement throughout the trial and was finally found hanged (“suicide”) in her prison cell. Lagerboom, a hero who came forward to defend his comrade Antikainen was found murdered in a forest. And Antikainen’s attorney was abducted by a group of unknown men, carried off to a private “insane” asylum, tortured with “examinations” and only the interference of the foreign press correspondents covering the trial secured his release.

ASTURIAS, Spain—A letter to the German ambassador in Madrid: “The undersigned, who were sentenced to death on October 3, 1934, on account of revolutionary activity in Asturias, address the German government and demand pardon for the five sentenced to death at Neuvoelin, as well as the immediate liberation of Thaelmann and all anti-fascist prisoners. We, who know from our own experience the fear and psychological torment suffered as a result of a death sentence, shall develop the strongest activity in order to save the threatened human lives and to ease the sufferings of all who have been struck by the terror in Germany.” Signed: Prieto, Castanou, Lopez, Fernandez and Palanca freed by the recent amnesty won by the People’s Front in Spain.

WUPPERTAL, Germany—A mass trial of 78 men and 2 women on charges of conducting illegal trade union activity has just been completed. They were held in jail for more than a year without trial. In the courtroom... a defendant, a clerk in a large trading firm: “I had always been a democrat, and it was only when I saw the monstrous terror and the frightful ill-treatment after Hitler that I became a Communist.” Judge: “It may cost you your head to say such things here.” 

Clara Zetkin—On June 20 workers all over the world commemorated the third year of her loss to the cause of freedom, liberty and justice. A picture taken shortly before her death in 1933.

Defendant: “I take the consequences for everything I have said and done.” Otto Funke, another defendant, age 18, sentenced to 4 years penal servitude shouted out immediately after sentence: “You’ve gone crazy. You and your sentence—In four years time you won’t be sitting there any more. It is we who will be sitting there.”

ZAGREB, Croatia—A man named Mihailitch is the newly appointed chief of police in this city. Continued mass arrests of hundreds of Yugoslavian people are keeping him busy. A delegation of doctors and lawyers, at the request of the I.L.D. went to see him and to protest against the ill treatment of the political prisoners. He answered: “These nine prisoners (prominent members of the People’s Front) tried in every way to commit suicide and the police were forced to beat them and keep them in chains in order to save their lives.”

NAPLES, Italy—Attilio Tomada, father of two children, unemployed for years, volunteered to join the army to fight the Ethiopians. In Abyssinia he tasted the bad treatment of all the soldiers. He wasn’t paid the wages he was promised—the only reason he joined the army—and demanded permission to return to Italy. It was granted. When he arrived in Naples he was greeted by a large detachment of fascist police which escorted him to Rome to the Special Tribunal which only the day before had sentenced a 24 year old boy to 22 years at hard labor for speaking against the war.

BERLIN, Germany—The telephone wires connected with the Ministry of Justice were kept busy a short time ago with 600 telephone calls in one day demanding the release of those sentenced to long terms at the Richardstrasse trial. One official answered: “Why do you keep calling up? Come here in person, then you can stay here with your friends.” In addition to the phone calls there were thousands of leaflets of protest. Unknown soldiers of solidarity on guard.
Hands Across the—TEAR GAS

How the N. Y. State I.L.D. helped the striking seamen defend themselves—an important lesson in labor defense tactics.

By FRANK SPECTOR
Secretary, N. Y. State Committee, I.L.D.

“When we went out on strike, we knew we’d have to fight the shipowners, and the phone I.S.U. leaders. But we didn’t know that we’d have to fight police terror. When it broke loose, the I.L.D. showed us how to fight it.”

So spoke Joseph Curran, the husky, intrepid leader of the International Seamen’s Union members who, only a few weeks ago concluded a bitterly fought strike—a strike that will go down in maritime labor history as one of its most significant phases.

The setting for Big Joe Curran’s words was an I.L.D. mass meeting held in the spacious auditorium of the New York State University High School, where workers and middle-class people gathered to help the striking sailorsmen repulse the reign of lawlessness, unleashed against them by the New York police—goaded by the shipowners with the blessing of the “liberal,” Mayor LaGuardia.

This meeting was part of the singularly effective work done by the New York I.L.D. in the seamen’s strike.

Shortly after the strike began, an I.L.D. representative appeared before the I.S.U. members Strike Committee. In the name of the New York State Executive Committee he offered the strikers every possible assistance to help organize. They refused past experiences of workers on strike, especially the Maritime West Coast strike in 1934 where, aided by the I.L.D., the strikers were able to keep their ranks unbroken despite the savage police and vigilante attacks. He warned the Strike Committee not to be deluded by the fact that so far no serious police attacks had been made on their ranks. He strongly urged the Strike Committee to prepare against police and shipowners’ lawlessness that was bound to come as the strike gained strength.

Following the advice of the I.L.D. representative, the Strike Committee elected a subcommittee for defense numbering five and including the I.L.D. delegate. This committee was charged with the responsibility of organizing and conducting all business related to defense: making available legal aid to arrested strikers; dealing with the police in all questions related to the strikers’ right to picket, etc.

The words of the I.L.D. representative were prophetic. Maddened by the growth of the strikers’ ranks and by their daily rising enthusiasm and will to win, the shipowners loosed against the strikers a barrage of lawlessness and terror, scarcely paralleled in New York’s labor history.

On May 11, 221 strike pickets were arrested and on May 16 over 50 seamen and their sympathizers—men and women—were mercilessly seized. On both occasions, without any provocation, mounted, motorcycled and riot-car police rode their animals and vehicles into the mass picket lines, maiming the pickets and clubbing them right and left.

Terror continued. Dozens of single pickets were arrested and beaten, and men were charged with felonious assault. Sailors wearing striking I.S.U. members’ buttons were stopped and searched on streets; strike headquarters were raided twice and again under flimsy pretexts.

The Strikers Defense Committee scarcely had time to perfect its organization when it was literally swamped with defense work. Over a dozen attorneys from the I.L.D. Staff were kept busy day and night, appearing in court in behalf of arrested strikers.

How was the backbone of the terror broken? Guided by the tried and proven experience the I.L.D. had accumulated in past strike struggles, the strikers issued ringing calls to all organized labor and all progressive people to aid them in their fight for the right to strike and picket. A barrage of protest letters, wires and phone calls deluged the mayor’s and the police commissioner’s offices. Joint delegations of seamen and representatives of labor and friendly organizations besieged the offices of the officials, demanding that police hooliganism stop.

The striking sailors won! On May 20, only four days after the “bloody Saturday,” Police Commissioner Valentine was compelled to attend in person the mass picketing of the 3-5-7 Manhattan, and subsequently to guarantee the sailorsmen’s right to unmolested mass picketing.

Now that the strike is over, the New York I.L.D. can study its intense and fruitful activity in the seamen’s defense. For brevity’s sake, the following features can be pointed out as really effective means that endeared the I.L.D. to the strikers and won their respect:

1. The I.L.D. caused the setting up of a functioning Strikers’ Defense Committee.

2. The I.L.D. made possible legal protection for every arrested striker. Thanks to the indefatigable and able work of the I.L.D. attorneys assigned by the I.L.D. staff, the greater number of those arrested were freed, the exceptions being four seamen jailed in Hoboken, New Jersey.

3. The I.L.D. orientated the strikers towards mobilization of the widest labor and public support in their defense.

4. The I.L.D. carried out systematic education among the strikers on their right to strike and picket; on their rights in police stations; in courts, etc. This was done through the medium of bulletins, posters and verbal instructions.

5. The I.L.D. members were in the very thick of the mass picket lines with posters and defense slogans that brought the I.L.D. and its policies into bold relief.

6. On the initiative of the New York I.L.D., the National Executive Committee of the I.L.D. addressed a nation wide call to all labor and liberal forces to register their vigorous support of the terror-ridden strikers. This brought immediate results, thus swelling the protests that came from New York and vicinity.

While functioning as a part of the strikers’ defense committee, guiding and assisting them in their defense actions, the N. Y. I.L.D. carried on independent activities in the strikers’ behalf—organized mass meetings under its own auspices, issued publicity, etc. Excellent work in the strike was carried on by the Greenwich Village, Tom Mooney and Steve Katovis branches. Having been assigned to this work by the State Executive Committee, these branches showed a lively initiative, revealing that our membership is grasping the full import of trade-union work—the key task of the N. Y. I.L.D. Fine initiative was also shown by the Kings Highway branch, which reacted to the strike by organizing a mass meeting in their neighborhood. Over 35 striking seamen were recruited into the I.L.D., directly as a result of the work of these branches.

While recording the fine work carried on by the New York I.L.D. we cannot gloss over its weaknesses. Outstanding among them was the rather loose function of the Strikers Defense Committee. We failed to sufficiently impress upon its members the need for greater planfulness in its work, with the result that it worked from day to day and therefore hap hazardly. We likewise did not do enough recruiting into the I.L.D. Many times the number of seamen actually recruited could have been brought into our ranks. The weaknesses lay in confusing recruiting to I.L.D. mass meetings instead of making this an every day job, on the picket lines, in strike halls, etc.

(Continued on Page 20)
day he must have got to thinking how swell it was to have an I.L.D. when he was in jail, and sent us a note saying he couldn’t bear to think of backing down on his challenge. He’s back on the job again. Who will beat him on the quota?

Hats off to Ben Gorin. He’s the champion subscription-getter of New York State. Only trouble is he has too little competition. He never passes up a chance to get a sub (or some subs) for the LABOR DEFENDER. He’s in line for presidency of the LABOR DEFENDER Boosters Club—quick as it’s organized.

One of the members of the district Prisoners Relief Department has a sailboat, and charges her guests for every ride. The money goes to the milk-fund. Of course we don’t all have boats. Some of us have cars, or a bridge table, or maybe only a tea pot. How many cups of tea will your friends pay for, for the Milk Fund? The gal with the boat is Ann Dajy.

The dressmakers are at it again. The Roseluxury Branch held a picnic in one of the parks for Prisoners Relief. There are plenty of things the dressmakers can do besides sew.

Past political prisoner A. B. feels it is up to him to help the political prisoners of the future. He is now working to organize an I.L.D. branch among the furriers. He also was one of those who helped affiliate the Furriers Union to the I.L.D. His jail cellmate, R. K., got his union, the Fur Floor Boys, to affiliate. Together, they expect to have a defense center in the furmarket, among other things. The training a fellow gets in jail seems to be o.k. for I.L.D. work. They figure it’s better to give for prisoners’ relief than be in a position to receive it. The elegant Prisoners Relief Baskets, and the many visits, they got, sold them on the I.L.D.

Some members of the legal staff not only believe in going to court under the banner of the I.L.D. They feel if they want to see the courts packed, they had better help build the organization. Some of them who do not belong to branches, but are the driving force in their branches. That’s what I call two-gun lawyers.

Many important questions not only concerning the State organization, but the branches, were discussed at the monthly meeting of branch presidents. The meeting would have been more useful with more present. Out of 50 branches, only 22 presidents showed up. And some of these came late. They missed the first part of the meeting, because it started promptly—as all future meetings will. Those who should have been, but weren’t, there, can ask any of those who attended whether it wasn’t well worth coming. The meeting started at 7:40 and ended at 9:30. Next month let’s see 100% attendance.

We are beginning to carry out one of the most important decisions of our State Convention. Three trade-unionists are now serving on the State Executive, with prospects for more. Four New York unions have affiliated since the convention.

Answer to riddle: Brannick.
THE ICE BOX TRIALS

A short story from the unwritten diary of an I.L.D. organizer—a true adventure unparalleled in the most thrilling fiction.

as told to
DOROTHY BRADLEY

The early morning mist was just beginning to rise from the sleepy fields and woodlands, as the dust covered Ford V-8 whizzed by. It was hitting an even 60-miles-an-hour clip along the perfect highway that stretched ahead with the flash of—no another car in sight. Wisps of smoke were just beginning to curl from farm-house chimneys. The sun was kindling the first dancing sparks on brooks and ponds. It was not quite 6 a.m.

There were two people in the car. Their faces had that drawn look of sleeplessness, but their eyes were keen and alert. Another 150 miles to go and time was precious. Conversation lagged.

Everything that needed saying, had been said the night before. They had parted at 3 a.m. of that very morning to meet again at 5:30 a.m. The plans were all laid. All they had to do now was to get there and get there quickly.

The man at the wheel was an I.L.D. lawyer. He hadn’t even gone home after the meeting. He’d grabbed a nap right in his office. Beside him sat the state I.L.D. organizer. A court stenographer and a reporter from one of the biggest dailies in K—shared the back seat with a mimeograph machine, a typewriter, a young mountain of paper, cans of ink, boxes of pencils and a few other odds and ends.

None of them knew quite what they’d be in for when they arrived. Only the day before the vigilantes had swooped down in their fourth raid on the picket line scattering blows and threats and curses. Another 35 had been arrested bringing the total up to 206 for the three week strike. The Cabbage King against whom these workers were striking had announced his plans of fire another car in sight, throwing in a few sneers at the expense of “outside red interference” for good measure. The answer to what the day would bring lay a hundred miles down the broad highway.

Eight a.m. They had arrived. On all sides stretched the vast domain of the Cabbage King. Acres and acres, miles and miles of fertile land—half the size of a little European kingdom—all owned by one man, for whom hundreds of men, women and children slaved at starvation wages turning the rich crops into a steady stream of gold.

The driver slowed up and proceeded cautiously. A possie might suddenly appear from behind a clump of trees or be waiting at the next bend in the road. The coast seemed clear.

And then suddenly, about a hundred yards ahead, a strange sight greeted their eyes. Just beyond lay the canning houses with the railroad tracks running alongside. There were only two cars in sight at the moment. About 100 feet apart. Ice box cars—with armed troopers guarding the doors.

The car slowed down to a quiet stop. The four leaned forward and stared.

Straight ahead of them right in the middle between the two cars, was a mahogany desk. Behind it sat an officious looking old gent. On either side of him, fully armed stood two state troopers. And before him, as if carried along on a conveyor belt, slowly filed men in ragged overalls and work clothes. As soon as one had passed the desk another replaced him, in a steady line marching from one refrigerator car, past the shiny mahogany desk, pausing for a minute or two, and on to the other car.

The riddle of this fantastic march was soon solved. Just watching for five minutes disclosed what was happening. The car on the right had been converted into a detention pen. The men looked as if they had been in it all night. The desk, borrowed from the Cabbage King’s office, was the court. The car on the left was the jail house, and the walk was the trial.

The old man, it turned out that he was a justice of the peace, mumbled something, looked up, mumbled again and passed sentence. All in less than two minutes. All under God’s open sky with no witnesses except the state troopers and the uninvited, unexpected guests.

“Whew,” from the I.L.D. organizer.

“Gee,” from the reporter.

No words from the lawyer. He stepped on the gas and they were off.

At the next cross roads he stopped the car. Everybody helped unload the paraphernalia out of the back seat. The I.L.D. organizer remained with it while the other three rode off agreeing to meet at 6 that evening at the home of J. B. the local striker leader. The lawyer, the court stenographer and the reporter were off to town to find a judge who would issue a writ of habeas corpus.

According to the written directions he had received, the I.L.D. organizer looked around for a particular clump of trees behind the fence near the left hand side of the road. There they were.

A long drawn out whistle, brought an echo and then an eager response. Shabbily dressed, in clean but worn overalls, joyously waving a greeting a young man came running across the field. With almost whispered hellos they immediately began lugging the machinery over the fence. Their destination was a well-hidden but very battered chicken coop which had been converted into a print shop, headquarters and general hide out for the local I.L.D. organizer, “printer” and small farmer all in one. The only furnishings it boasted were a rickety table and a delapidated bed.

One hour later, 1,000 copies of a leaflet had been written, run-off and packed for distribution, describing the “ice-box” trials. Two hours later they were in the hands of the strikers, town people and in the office of the Cabbage King himself.

Time flew. Conferences were held in the woods. Copies of WHAT TO DO WHEN UNDER ARREST pamphlets, Labor Defenders, other I.L.D. literature had been distributed. Plans were laid for the defense of those in jail, appealing the cases of those convicted. Eager questions were promptly and patiently answered until all present understood the outlines of organized defense. And then it was 6 o’clock.

At the home of the strike organizer there was great excitement. The lawyer, mopping his brow and looking pleased as punch, related his experiences in finally finding a woman judge who was willing to issue the writ. She’d been waiting for years for an opportunity to get even with the Cabbage King who had opposed her election and had filled every other local office with his henchmen. The reporter was asking ten questions at the same time. The organizer’s wife was serving coffee. The I.L.D. organizer reported his progress getting the defense machinery into motion, arranging for a packed court house during the trial.

“It sure was swell of you people to bring that mimeograph. Ours was just about ready to give up the ghost” the local I.L.D. man was saying, looking with shining eyes of gratitude at the visitors.

Everybody was just beginning to relax. The strike organizer was talking about the progress

(Continued on Page 20)
BOX TRIALS
The Ice Box Trials
(Continued from Page 19)
made, the splendid spirit of the workers, the heart of the women.
It had grown dark. The night sounds of the country side came in through the window and peace seemed to drift in on the fragrant odors of the fields and farms.
And then it came—a faint whine at first—growing swiftly into a roaring frenzy of speeding motors.
"Quick. Lights out. Into the cellar. They're coming."
Lamps were blown out. Doors locked. Papers hastily gathered. In less than three minutes the room was bare of everything but the few sticks of furniture and in the dank blackness of the cellar, all that could be heard was the sounds rushing up, and they were off. No one in the cellar dared move until the menace had become a faint whine once more, down the highway.
Twenty minutes later peace and silence reigned once more and another day had ended for the I.L.D. organizer.

California Justice
(Continued from Page 11)
them representatives of the International Labor Defense which is conducting the defense of the Sacramento victims.
To date the burden of defending the Sacramento prisoners, mobilizing moral and material support in their behalf, has fallen almost entirely on the shoulders of the I.L.D. and its supporters on the West Coast. Some, but not nearly sufficient, material aid was mustered in other sections of the country.
In view of the fact that the appeal in these cases must be taken to the higher courts of California in the very immediate future, the National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, has pledged itself to increase many fold the activities around the Sacramento case on a nation wide scale.
Criminal syndicalism laws exist on the statute books of 36 states at the present moment. Federal legislation along the same lines is pending in Congress in the form of the Kramer Bill. The fight to free the Sacramento prisoners is merely the spearhead of a nation wide offensive against this vicious anti-labor, anti-trade union law and it should receive the support of every trade unionist, every friend of freedom in the country.
A large defense fund will be needed to carry out the appeal in the Sacramento cases. Hundreds of resolutions to Governor Merriman of California will be required to effectively back up the fight in California. The splendid work of our forces in California will receive added courage and enthusiasm for their campaign from unified, nation wide support in bringing added pressure on California's officials.
The International Labor Defense calls on all its friends and supporters to regard this campaign in its most basic aspects—a nation wide struggle in defense of trade unionism, in defense of our hard won rights to organize, strike and picket, in defense of civil liberties against the onslaught led by that arch foe of democracy today, William Randolph Hearst.
Five years in jail for organizing into trade unions. If that savage sentence is permitted to stand in California, it will become a threat to every trade union member in every state. The Sacramento prisoners must be freed.

An Important Review
This is more than a 1936 edition of the two previous Labor Fact Books. It not only brings them up to date, it adds to them in such a way that the three volumes together make a library of invaluable information, without repetitions.
No speaker, writer, or person who wants to be sure of what he is talking about in regard to civil rights and the whole field of labor defense and relief can afford to do without this Fact Book. The long chapter on Civil Rights and Fascist Trends supplies an arsenal of direct factual information on this topic (including a review of major cases current during 1935). The remainder of the book gives the economic and political background of labor defense.
The LABOR DEFENDER recommends LABOR FACT BOOK III to all its readers as a "must" for their libraries.

The Knight of Hope
(Continued from Page 15)
National Liberation Alliance. They taught their children the story of his bravery and the saga of his march through the jungle.
Today he is imprisoned, threatened with death. He is allowed to see no one. He is allowed to send no word to the world outside.
But the world "outside" has not forsaken him. His mother, at present travelling through Europe, heads the column of fighters for Prestes' liberation. Recently she addressed an appeal to the women of France. It applies equally to the women of every other part of the world—particularly the women of America. Hear her cry:
"At this moment, when my life is filled with tragedy—when I see my son in prison and in danger of death, I address myself to the warm-hearted women of France—and particularly to the mothers. I appeal to their deep and noble feelings of humanity and justice, which I am sure they will lend me to save my son's life and to defend all the oppressed of Latin America."
"My son has been hidden away in a prison in Rio de Janeiro for months now—held in the most rigorous solitary confinement. He is not allowed to write even to me, to send me news of his health. His enemies are doing everything in their power to condemn him to death. And yet my son is not a criminal. Ever since his early youth he has lived a life of complete self-sacrifice, a life dedicated to the good and welfare of the people of his country, who see in him their national benefactor.
"His name is spoken with love, respect and admiration not only in Brazil, but all over Latin America. All the people there consider him the outstanding representative of their democratic aspirations.
"This is the man who is menaced by a death sentence. The Brazilian people live at this moment in the fear of losing one of their most beloved sons. Women of France, help save this man. Help me save my son."

Hands Across
(Continued from Page 17)
To conclude: the New York I.L.D. has in actual life carried out the slogan—"Root the I.L.D. among the trade-unions!" Its successful work is due to its correct approach which rested upon the basic proposition—help the trade unions defend themselves against the employers' attempts to smash their right to strike.
In rendering the aid it did, the New York I.L.D. became, in the hands of the rank and file members of the I.W.W., a trustworthy weapon in their fight for a united, democratically controlled International Seamen's Union capable of wrenching from the shipowners human conditions for workers, toilers of the sea.
At present, the New York I.L.D. is fighting to keep Frank Goodall, William Clay, and others whose cases are pending out of jail. It is also rendering aid to our New Jersey District to free the four seamen jailed in Hoboken. Ahead of all, lies the supreme task of continuing its well-begun work among seamen, extending it further and preparing for the coming conflicts between the East Coast maritime workers and the shipowners.

A WINNER: K. B. Sparks of California who won a prize in the recently concluded LABOR DEFENDER Sub Drive. Congratulations and we hope you keep up the good work.
A WINNER: K. B. Sparks of California who won a prize in the recently concluded LABOR DEFENDER Sub Drive. Congratulations and we hope you keep up the good work.
Have YOU ever been in JAIL?

The 1936 Summer Milk Drive for the Children of Labor’s Prisoners is under way. We wish we could say that it was going full blast, that funds were flowing in, that parties and picnics and outings and affairs were being held in every part of the country in solidarity with labor’s prisoners and in support of their children.

But we cannot, in all honesty, say that yet. The response to our appeal during the opening week of the drive was good—but not good enough, and frankly we are just a little bit worried.

There was a time when people used to say that I.L.L. is always talking about terror and reaction and persecution. Maybe it’s happening somewhere else, but it is not happening here. Today no one can say that any longer. There is no single section of the country that is free from the ravages and attacks of reaction—in a greater or lesser degree—ranging from the shooting of sharecropper-strikers in Arkansas, imprisonment of seamen for peaceful picketing on every coast, frame-up of innocent workers for trade union activity to the blackest reaction disclosed yet in this country, the murderous Black Legion in Detroit.

Every new attack brings new victims. Today we are charged with the responsibility of helping to keep 250 children alive and well until their fathers are freed to come home to them once more. Tomorrow may bring us 300 and the next month twice that number.

That is why it is so imperative that our Milk Drive is successful. We must not only reach our goal of $3,000 to assure body building necessities to our little wards of today. We must go over the top—to assure those of tomorrow of the same care and assistance.

Many I.L.L. districts are on the job in this 1936 drive. They have reported dates for tag days, dates for flower sales, conferences, affairs, new and novel methods of dramatizing our prisoners relief work. The reports are truly encouraging and we are sure that our local Prisoners Relief Directors will do all they can to fulfill their plans one hundred percent provided they get the full cooperation of every member of the I.L.L.

Their fathers might have landed in jail—like so many hundreds of unemployed workers. These children were photographed in New Jersey’s State Capitol during the Hunger Army’s occupation of that building.

As for our friends who are not members of the I.L.L. We especially appeal to you for support in this drive. You can do so much to help us. You can speak about this drive to your neighbors, acquaintances, fellow-workers. You can reach them where we cannot.

Tell them about these children whose fathers are in jail for no crime but their loyalty to the working class. Read them some of the letters that appear on the next page. Show them what kind of men and women these wards of ours are. We are sure that they will want to help once they learn of our work and their need.

It is easy to make friends for labor’s prisoners. All you have to do is to tell people about them and then ask them whether or not they will at least help provide their children with milk. We know they won’t refuse. Our knowledge comes from experience, from the letters we receive from new friends daily telling us how important they think the work is, how much they would like to help.

Remember 253 children, their weary over troubled mothers, their imprisoned fathers depend on us. Remember that tomorrow and all the tomorrows to come in the near future will bring even more responsibilities for all of us to share. Think how you would feel in jail if your children were not provided for.

Get behind the 1936 Summer Milk Fund Drive. Help us go over the top with our $3,000 quota. Send all the contributions you can gather to Room 610 80 East 11th Street New York City.

ATTENTION!

Friends of Labor’s Prisoners

Te show its appreciation for those who are actively participating in the Summer Milk Fund drive, the Prisoners Relief Department has made two beautiful small medallions mounted on pins. To all those who collect $5 towards the drive a silver medallion will be awarded. To all those who collect $7.50 and over—a gold medallion.

The design shows two lovely children and reads: "Award for good work in behalf of political prisoner's children."
VOICES FROM PRISON

Have YOU ever been in JAIL?

The 1936 Summer Milk Drive for the Children of Labor's Prisoners is under way. We wish we could say that it was going full blast, that funds were pouring in, that parties and picnics and outings and affairs were being held in every part of the country in solidarity with labor's prisoners and in support of their children.

But we cannot, in all honesty, say that yet. The response to our appeal during the opening week of the drive was good—but not good enough, and frankly we are just a little bit worried.

There was a time when people used to say, oh, that L.L.D. is always talking about terror and reaction and persecution. Maybe it's happening somewhere else, but it is not happening here. Today no one can say that anymore. There is not a single section of the country that is free from the ravages and attacks of reaction in a greater or lesser degree—ranging from the shooting of sharecropper-strikers in Arkansas, imprisonment of seamen for peaceful picketing on every coast, frame-up of innocent workers for trade union activity to the blackest reaction disclosed yet in this country, the murderous Black Legion in Detroit.

Every new attack brings new victims. Today we are charged with the responsibility of helping keep 250 children alive and well until their fathers are freed to come home to them once more. Tomorrow may bring us 300 and the next month twice that number.

That is why it is so imperative that our Milk Drive is successful. We must not only reach our goal of $3,000 to assure baby building necessities to our little wards of today. We must go way over the top—to assure those of tomorrow of the same care and assistance.

Many L.L.D. districts are or the job in this 1936 drive. They have reported dates for tag days, dates for flower sales, conferences, affairs, new and novel methods of dramatizing our prisoners relief work. The reports are truly encouraging and we are sure that our local Prisoners Relief Directors will do all they can to fulfill their plans one hundred percent provided they get the full cooperation of every member of the L.L.D.

As for our friends who are not members of the L.L.D. We especially appeal to you for support in this drive. You can do so much to help us. You can speak about this drive to your neighbors, acquaintances, fellow-workers. You can reach them where we cannot.

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Get behind the 1936 Summer Milk Fund Drive. Help us go over the top with our $3,000 quota. Send all the contributions you can gather to Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, New York City. Rose Baron, Secretary, Prisoners Relief Department

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The design shows two lovely children and reads: "Award for good work in behalf of political prisoner's children."
Has she got spunk!

Hope you don’t gauge our gratitude by our silence. Even with the one letter per day that we are permitted to write out it’s quite impossible to get even a portion of letters answered.

Have you heard the sentences? Quite vicious. But those of us who didn’t lose the perspective of the struggles that led to the case expected all the viciousness the enemy is capable of. Chambers, Wilson and Crane at San Quentin got 5 years each and Nora and I got the same, with our parole set for eighteen months. We’ve a little over another year to pull yet. . . .

There’s been a healthy, stirring reaction to these sentences which is gratifying. The movement to repeal the C.S. law has attained broader unity in the state than any one issue ever did. . . .

In your next letter out, P.S. a special greeting from us to our C.S. comrades at Salem, and a hearty handshake to Comrade Krumbein. Little thrills of pride and joy ran up and down our spines as we read about his welcome back.

7 p.m. and “Lock-up.” Two hours for reading and lights out. Please deliver my thanks and greetings to the Centralia Branch for birthday and May Day greetings.

Regards from the girls,

and warmest,
CAROLINE DECKER
(servings 5 year sentence on charges of criminal syndicalism in California—one of the Sacramento girls.)

Matthias Rakosi—Hungary’s No. 1 political prisoner—smiles in the face of his jailers as he poses for this photo. Rakosi was saved from death by international mass protest 10 years ago. Last year the Hungarian government sent him to prison for life—just after he finished serving an 8½ year prison term.

My helper in this house of sorrow.

I received your most kind and encouraging letter and was very glad to hear from you and also was glad to receive the money order, I thank you all. Oh, yes. I got the Bible allright. It was just what I wanted. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

I feel like you all will continue to be my helper in this house of sorrow and I have been in A class ever since I have been here. I feel that I have been here long enough to start seeking some kind of parole. A short parole or test parole is a little easier to get than a pardon so I feel that if you send some one to talk with me we can find a way. Any Sunday in the month is visiting Sunday. Please give this matter careful attention because I have a wife and small children and I want to try to get out as early as possible. I hope you will be successful in all your plans and also give all my friends and co-workers my best wishes. I thank them in advance for every effort they can put forth for me and my family.

WALTER BROWN
(serving 20 year sentence in Kilby Prison, Alabama, on a frame-up rape charge.)

Life in prison made lighter by letters

I am in receipt of your letters for April and May and the money orders they contained for which I thank you. Denny, too, received same. Irene Seibert, 1345 California Avenue, Akron, Ohio, writes that their L.L.D. branch has adopted me as their political prisoner. Please convey to our Akron friends, my sincerest and deepest thanks. Also that I got the three dollars that they sent. Life in prison is made so much lighter when we learn of the many friends we have on the “outside.” A thrill to ourselves, here, Denny and I are in good health. We occupy the same cell. We try to keep “posted” by reading the Portland papers and tuning in on news flashes and particularly the March of Time. Incidentally we seem to be marching toward a greater unity of action against the perils of Fascism if my reading between the lines is correct. As you perhaps know I am permitted to write only one letter a week. It is therefore impossible to answer all letters received. Of course, we like to hear from more friends, particularly outside of Oregon. Thanks so much for your May Day greeting. It was the only greeting received.

I hope I have given you as clear a picture of things here as is possible on the one sheet of writing paper allowed. Fraternal greetings to you and all of the L.L.D. staff. Please write us again. Regards from Denny.

Best wishes,

DIRKE DE JONGE
(serving 7 years on a charge of criminal syndicalism in Oregon.)

A new family — Vermont strikers

I received your letter and money order, for which I am very grateful to you. We are very glad that you have not forgotten us. The Union gives us our food just as they did before my husband was put in prison. Four of the children have not got good clothes to wear to school. If you would be so kind as to help me out with their summer outfits I would thank you a thousand times.

They are as follows: Pauline, age 11, shoes size 2½, dress size 10, stockings size 9. Katherine, age 14, shoes size 5, dress size 14, stockings size 9½. I take a size 6½ shoes, dress size 44-46 and stockings size 10½.

I hope I am not asking too much. If I am, please let me know. We all thank you again and again.

MRS. PAUL YASKAT and the children.
(Their husband is one of the five Vermont Marble strikers, serving 1 to 2 years in the state penitentiary.)
We're proud to have you in the family

It's hard to sit down and write a letter when you cannot say the things you want, but of course we will understand.

Congratulations to you and your associates on the splendid manner in which you handled the Baer question. This will be very encouraging to thousands of others who find themselves in the same predicament. We are very proud to be members of your family. Sorry we were not there to take part in Charles (Krumbein's—Ed.) welcome home. I met him two years ago in Cleveland and he made a very strong impression on me.

You ask if there is anything we need in particular. I'm very glad to say that our simple needs are well taken care of. In fact a branch in Staten Island has been writing to me and in all their letters they ask if there is anything that I want. I have written to them stating my position and that my needs were satisfied, still they want to be of some assistance. I don't want to disappoint them again, so in my next letter I will ask them to send me a book. Looking through the Times Book Section I saw where a number of very good ones have been published recently. Some of them, of course, I'm sure we cannot have, but I believe Reed's Biography or Spivak's latest will be admitted. At least I will ask for one of them. If all the politicals have received as much attention as we have, there should be very few complaints.

Your May Day greeting made quite a hit with us. It's a splendid idea. You have no idea how much we treasure that card. We were very much inspired by the great gathering in New York. We are all in good health at present and in the very best of spirits.

A. HOUGARD
(serving 3½ years on a charge of criminal syndicalism in California—one of the Sacramento Boys.)

P.S.—Since this letter was received we have learned that the JOE HILL BRANCH—mentioned in his letter—has already bought a book for Hougard and sent it to him via the publishers. Good work, JOE HILL Branch.

Has she got spanked!

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ARRESTED IN NEW YORK STATE from January 1, 1936 to June 1, 1936

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<th>January</th>
<th>February</th>
<th>March</th>
<th>April</th>
<th>May</th>
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<tr>
<td>In violation of the right of free speech</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>187</td>
<td>282</td>
<td>481</td>
<td>1104</td>
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<td>For demonstrating</td>
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<td>Discrimination in Harlem</td>
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Each black symbol represents 10 arrests; each red symbol represents 100 arrests.

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<th>Totals</th>
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<td></td>
<td>70</td>
<td>778</td>
<td>261</td>
<td>477</td>
<td>251</td>
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### Arrested in New York State from January 1, 1936 to June 1, 1936

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<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>January 90</th>
<th>February 187</th>
<th>March 282</th>
<th>April 481</th>
<th>May 1104</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

- **In violation of the right of free speech**: 70
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**Totals**: 2144
Birthday Greetings

Greetings to the LABOR DEFENDER from FRANK ANDERSON
Clarksen, Wyo.

Greetings to the Scottsboro Boys and Other Fighters Against Terrorism and Vigilantism. More Power to the LABOR DEFENDER GROVER JOHNSON

Greetings to the LABOR DEFENDER from FEDERATION OF CROATIAN AND SERBIAN WORKERS CLUB Branch 4238 I. W. O. Pittsburgh, Penn.

Tony Opera  J. Car  V. Pritson  N. Varich  M. Meekeit  J. Konradik
Mick Vitale

BRANCH 4308 I. W. O.

John Paraz  Gory Roscak  Sakaio  Plavico  Paukovik  Portovski

BRANCH 4307 M. R. R.

J. B.  G. B.  M. A.  M. M.

NEWARK  K. Trbochuk  S. Otrakow


Steve Vujovic  Anthony W. Wasmer  L. Filevic  George Brzok  John Pavlovski  J. Sranicaga

BRANCH 4312 I. W. O.

Hammerville, Penn.


Steve Vujovic  Anthony W. Wasmer  L. Filevic  George Brzok  John Pavlovski  J. Sranicaga

Greetings from MADODINE STANIC
West Allis, Wisconsin

Greetings for the 10th Anniversary from JOHN REED BRANCH, I.W.O.

Greetings from

JOHN REED BRANCH, I.W.O.

Newark, N. J.

Greetings from

McNAMARA BRANCH, I.L.D.

San Diego, Calif.

NEW YORK
Mr. Stone
Henry Keir
Greizel
S. Goldstone
Shulman
Max Rubenstein

SAM FRANCISCO

IN MEMORY OF

ELIEN WOODS

Harry Dalton

Cecilia Dalway

V. Traxton

In Memory of Carl Marks

Kathleen Woods

David O'Byrne

Greetings from

I.W.O. JOHN REED BRANCH
Newark, N. J.

Greetings from

BRANCH 8, I. W. O.

New York City

Anna Bobich
Otto Wei
Tom B. Mattic
M. Baru
Tomai
Tuthers
A. B.
C. Johnson
George
Fannie Bublis
Fannie
Hoffman

LUCY PARSONS BRANCH, I.L.D.

E. Horman
L. Meet
F. Kato
D. Grob
R. Wetsnicker
S. Bees
F. Paymo

P. Bever
R. Baran
R. Sven
M. Ruben
R. Scheider
V. Bram
V. Beil

TOM MOONEY WEST SIDE BR.

L. I. D.

G. B. Baro
D. Schrader
M. Cline

In Memory of

POLANA ROMENATION

Greetings to the LABOR DEFENDER from the TOM MOONEY WEST SIDE BR.

I. L. D.

Detroit, Michigan

Attorneys of Newark, N. J.

SAMUEL ROTHBARD

SOLONI GOLAT

Paul Crosbie

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on SYLVAN LAKE

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(Formerly owners of Camp Harmony)

City Phones: CO信息技术 7-1660 - STerling 3-8642

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the VIGILANTES and MR. HEARST
on the Pacific Coast

TEAR GAS and CLUBS

in the East

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GREETINGS 4302 I. W. O.

John Parnic Georg Rusnak Jakobus Paliavc Pavlovic Potterovk

GREETINGS 4307 M. R. R.

J. R. K. Altz M. K.

NEWARK K. Trebomuck S. Oramok

BRANCH 4302 I. W. O.

Alja Didascovic Saliho Alcovic John Valcic Mike Valcic John Siegel Huse Koflak Joseph Vojcak Jr.

BRANCH 4307 I. W. O.

 startPoint of Progress

Greetings from MADOLINE STANICH West Allis, Wisconsin

Greetings from JOHN REED BRANCH, I.W.O. Newark, N. J.

Greetings from McNAMARA BRANCH, I.D.D.

NEW YORK

Mr. Stone Henry Keir S. Goldfarbe Shulman Max Rubenstein

SAN FRANCISCO

V. Trlagudson Carl Marks L. Grew

Greetings from I.W.O. JOHN REED BRANCH Newark, N. J.

BRANCH 8, I. W. O.

New York City

Anna Bobich Otto Well Tom D. Matia M. Bohr Tolnay Tothern A. R. C. Johnson George Fannie Babek Mr. Judge

GREETINGS FROM THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF MADOLINE STANICH

Greetings from M. F. PERSONS BRANCH, I.D.D.

E. Holtzman L. Velon E. Melo D. C. Schiltz N. Schiltz

Greetings to the LABOR DEFENDER from the TOM MOONEY WEST SIDE BR. I. L. D. Detroit, Michigan

Attorneys of Newark, N. J.

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