

# LABOR DEFENDER

AUGUST, 1926

10 CENTS



FRANK LITTLE  
MEMORIAL NUMBER

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# Labor Defense in Pictures

ALBERT EPSTEIN

JOHN SUMPOLEC



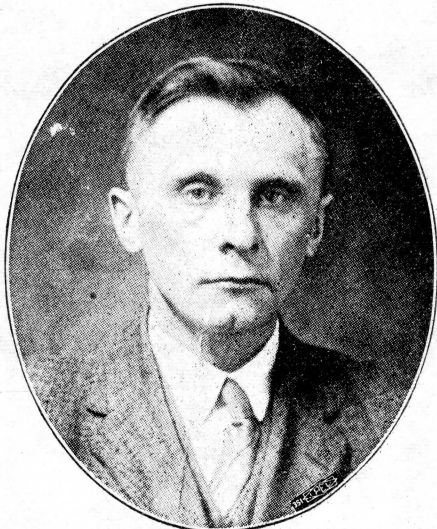
A Hartford, Conn., worker for labor defense.

An I. L. D. worker in Endicott, N. Y.

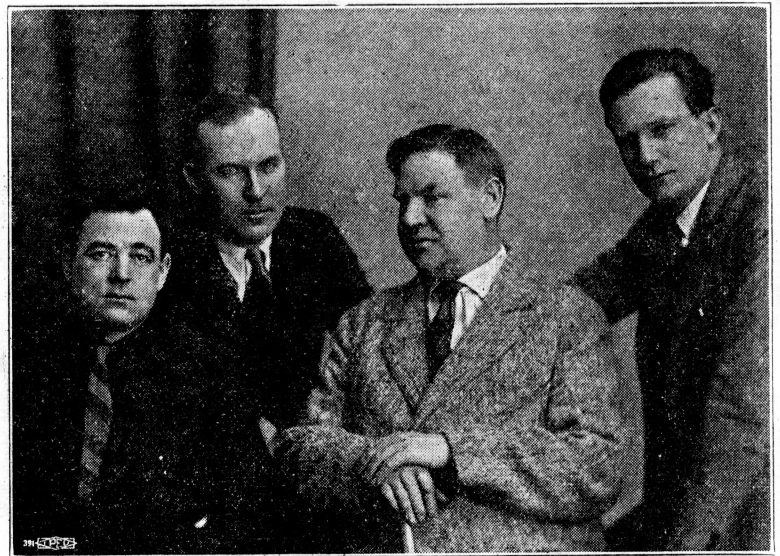


William Z. Foster, speaking at an I. L. D. picnic in Zeigler, Illinois.

ROBERT ZELMS.

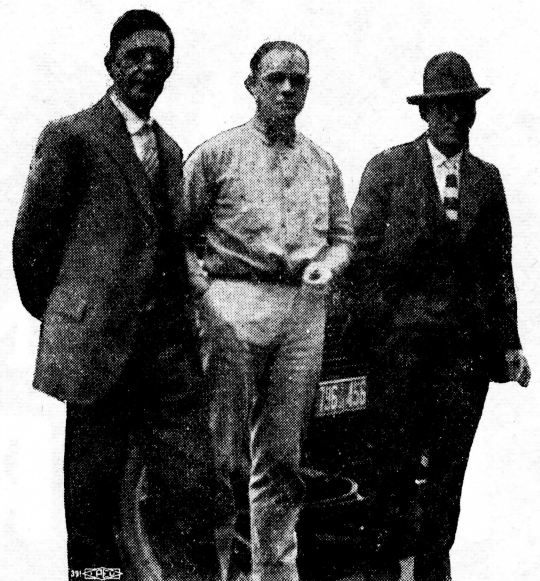


New England organizer for International Labor Defense.



Wm. F. Dunne, T. J. O'Flaherty, William D. Haywood, J. P. Cannon.

JUST RELEASED.

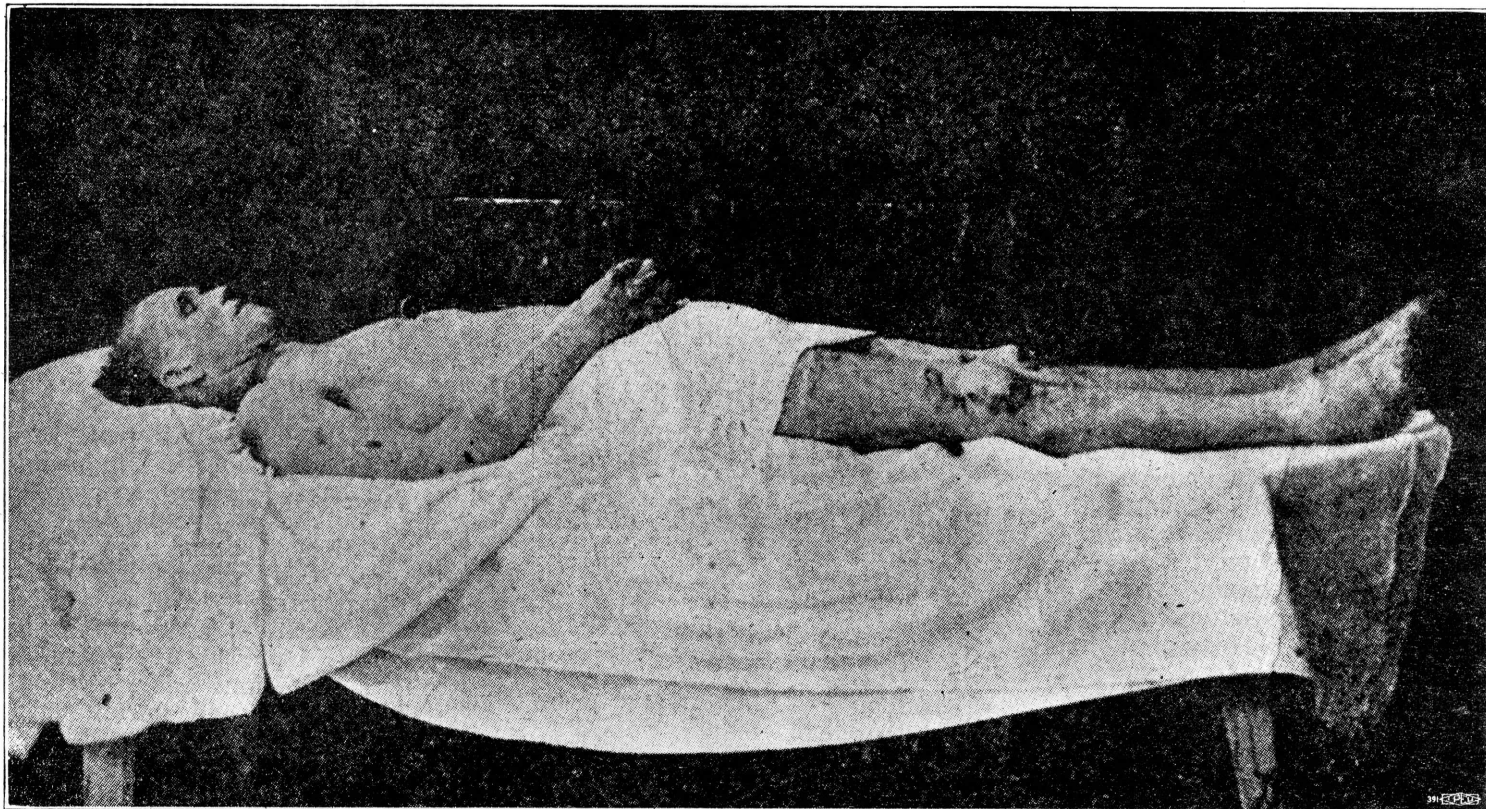


William Joozdeff and Frank Bailey, two I. W. W. members who completed a "criminal syndicalism" case term in San Quentin last month.

AN I. L. D. MEETING IN SAN JOSE, CAL.



Literature Agent Bayles (in foreground) making good sales in St. James Square.



*The torn and bruised body of Frank Little in the morgue at Butte*

## August, 1917, in Butte

### *The Murder of Frank Little*

By William F. Dunne

**T**HE house of Morgan's adopted son, Woodrow Wilson, had launched the great American crusade to save the world from militarism four months before, 13,000 metal miners had been on strike for two months, 3,000 metal tradesmen had struck and, with the exception of the electrical workers, returned to work in Butte, Montana, the biggest mining copper camp in the world, the miners and electricians were still fighting the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and its city, county and state government on August 1, when the battered body of Frank Little was found hanging from a Milwaukee railway trestle, back of the ruins of the old Clark smelter, southwest of the city that sunny morning.

The state militia had been brought in during the night and the strikers, talking in subdued tones of the lynching of Little, those who had not seen his corpse only half-believing the story, passed, on their way to Duggan's undertaking parlor, the patrols with fixed bayonets and the machine guns at the principal street intersections.

The "company" had prepared well, with the help of its servile governor, Sam Stewart, a livery stable

lawyer from Virginia City, for the outburst of indignation it knew would follow its crime.

As the hours passed and thou-



The "Vigilante" note found on Little's body. The first three letters at the bottom refer to Little, Dunne and Campbell.

sands of miners with the scars made by falling rock showing blue against their pale faces viewed the naked mutilated body of the man whose fiery speeches had earned their wild applause the day before, the dry atmosphere of Butte—6,000 feet above sea level—seemed to snap and crackle like an overcharged Leyden jar.

Stern faced and silent Finns, tight-lipped Slavs, the softly cursing Irishmen, passed thru the morgue where Little lay, looked at Little's bloody body, went out into the sunny street, looked at the soldiers and machine guns, hitched at the heavy holster each had beneath his coat, walked quietly to the miners' hall, or stood with groups of other workers—and watched.

It was one of those occasions when a random shot or a hasty blow can start a massacre. To this day I am not sure which would have been best—an open battle in the streets, with swift sure death for the soldiery, gunmen and stoolpigeons of the copper trust before the revolt would have been drowned in the blood of hundreds of workers, or the course chosen by the strike committee—an intensification of the strike, its extension to the Anaconda smelter.

I think the latter course was correct, but I am not sure. But of one thing I am sure.

It is that the line of action having been decided, we did our level best to avenge Frank Little and succeeded.

It was no easy job but those of us whom the strike and the murder of Frank Little had placed in responsible positions were backed by men who came out and stayed out for six months in the only mass strike in a basic industry occurring in the war period.

We closed the Anaconda smelter, the largest in the world, the first time it had ever been closed by a strike. We stopped completely the production of that primary war necessity—copper—when it was selling for 26½ cents per pound.

We defied successfully the city, county, state and federal government and we drove from the state every Wilsonian vulture who came to talk of "going back to work" no matter who they were—heads of international unions, spies of the "Alliance for Labor and Democracy," federal mediators.

The copper press howled for blood, Montana senators and congressmen denounced us in Washington, charges of sedition were preferred and arrests made, the militia was replaced by "United States Guards"—the off-scourings of the underworld districts of the west—after the guardsmen had been caught distributing strike leaflets, the company gunmen encamped in their barracks at the Mountain View mine terrorized the city day and night, but the strike went on.

Photographs of the body of Frank Little became a symbol of the struggle. They were everywhere. The gunmen and the troops tore them down only to find them back again the next morning.

The hangers-on of the company, jubilant at first, began to mutter. The middle class of Butte was bankrupted by the strike and the pictures of Little seemed to look upon their ruin with a calm satisfaction.

There began to be talk of concessions to the miners, certain safety provisions were agreed to, wages were advanced.

The families were hungry and courage cannot take the place of food forever.

The strike ended. "The Butte Bulletin," born of the strike and the murder of Little, began publication, and the struggle in Montana entered a new phase.

But the metal miners of the west remember Frank Little and not one among them thinks that the struggle in which Little gave his life was ended with his death.



A Drawing by Ralph Chaplin

Frank Little, crippled and able to walk only with a crutch, was slugged by thugs of the Anaconda Copper Company, as he lay asleep in his bed in a cheap lodging house on North Wyoming Street, tied to the back of an automobile and dragged to the trestle where his body, clothed in half of a suit of underwear, was found hanging.

On his breast was pinned a rectangular piece of cardboard signed with the emblem of the Vigilantes of the Montana pioneer period:

3-7-77

On the card, printed in red chalk, was the letter, L, with a circle drawn around it, the letter D, with a cross under it and the letter C, standing for Campbell, chairman of the miners' strike committee, and initials of other active strike leaders.

Campbell and I received duplicates of the Vigilante card thru the mail the day Little was hung with our ad-

resses made up of letters clipped from newspapers.

On August 12, I received another similar card giving me until noon of that day to leave Montana. I left five years later.

The strike in which Little, in his capacity of I. W. W. organizer, came to take part began on June 7, when 164 miners were smothered to death in the Speculator disaster.

These miners were murdered by the company just as certainly as Little was. Most of their bodies were found, with their fingers worn down to the first joint, where they had tried to dig their way out from the gas thru solid concrete bulkheads where the state mining law made swinging bulkheads compulsory.

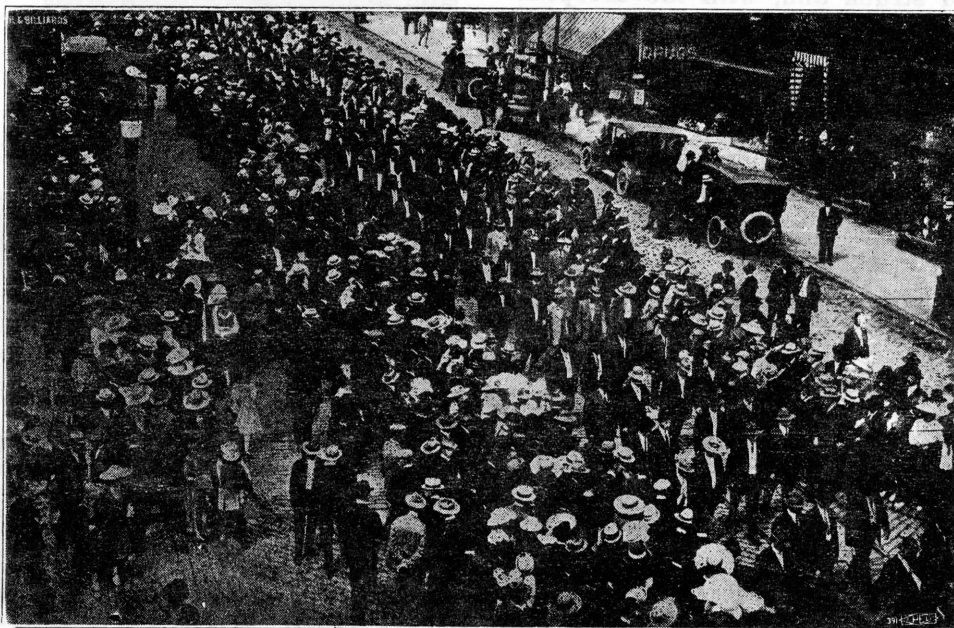
Organization work had been going on, there was much agitation against the "rustling card system," the parade of the miners on June 5 had been broken up by gunmen and militia, the Finns and Irish had fraternized before and during this fight for the first time in the history of Butte, and the Speculator disaster brought things to a climax.

I was working in the Never Sweat mine (so-called with miners' irony because in some of the stopes the temperature reached 130 degrees) as an electrician.

The electrical workers had trouble with the Montana Power Company, struck, pulled off the mine electricians in sympathy, made an agreement with the Metal Trades Council that if scabs were brought in on electrical work, the Metal Trades Council was to order all metal tradesmen off. The company employed scabs and the metal Trades Council kept its agreement.

Metal tradesmen and metal miners were thus striking at the same time.

(Continued on page 142.)



Frank Little's Funeral in Butte

# The Testament of those Who Are About to Die

By

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

and

Nicola Sacco

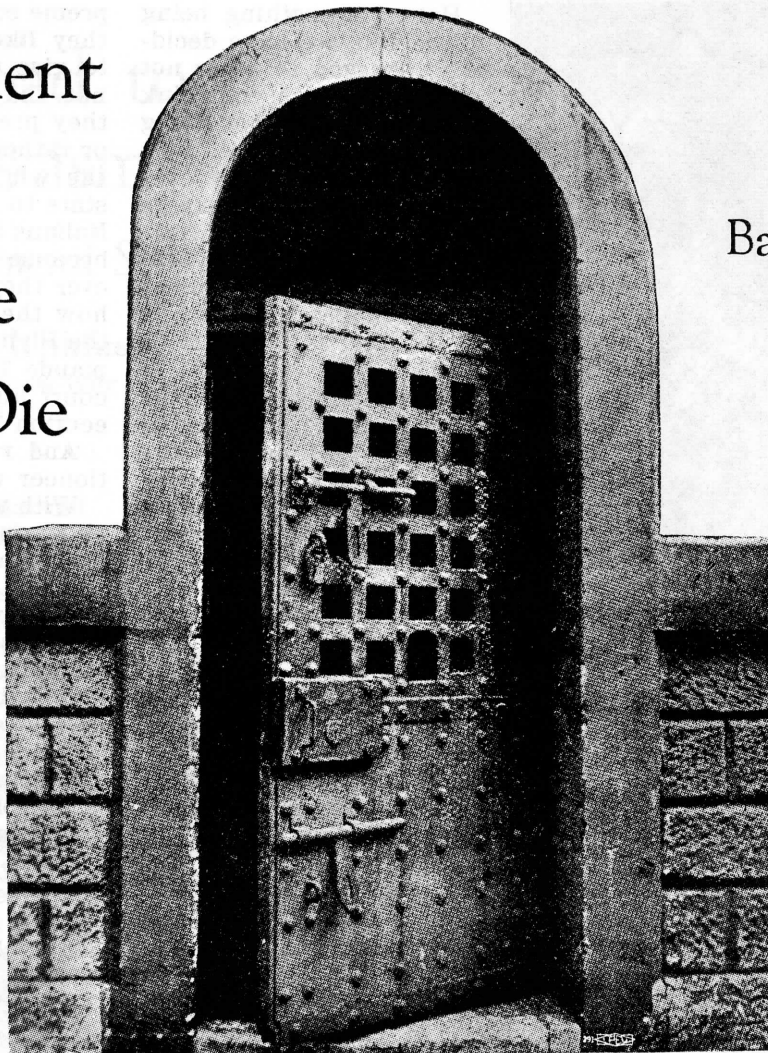
COMRADES, Friends,  
Workers!

I confess my weakness: I have committed the wrong of having hoped in the justice of the black gowns and of expecting justice from the judges of the supreme court of Massachusetts!

I had already drank to the brim the chalice of bitterness offered me by the world: I had been tried and sentenced twice for two crimes I never committed: I had been nailed to the cross of infamy for six years and had to suffer all sort of abuse and offense. However, they induced me, for a short time, to hope and faith and the vindication of my innocence. The masterful presentation of the case and the peroration of the illustrious Mr. Thompson before the supreme court, induced me to hope for a new trial which was recently granted to Madeiros by the same court because of a futile error on procedure by the judge who presided at the trial and the faith of Mr. Thompson himself, together with the faith and optimism of my nearest friends and comrades.

Yes, I committed this wrong and had this weakness. I wrote words of hope and encouragement to my sorrowing sister, to my aged father, and those whom I love and who love me.

But the unanimous answer of all the judges of the supreme court of this state cuts short every illusion



and every hope. They want us dead, or at least conquered, at all costs. That answer demonstrated to all appearances that our case is being reduced to an attempt to whitewash Judge Thayer, regardless of moral or juridical reasoning.

"What do you want to do, what shall we do now?" my grieving friends asked me.

See here: Myself and Nicola think that you have all done for us more than we have deserved.

What to do now?

We do not wish to delude anyone nor delude ourselves. The refusal of a new trial is a coup de grace upon our heads. There is no doubt: they want us guilty at all costs.

Mr. Thompson has spoken to us of new evidence to present to Judge Thayer—it makes me laugh—and to

some other supreme court judge, and of an appeal to the U. S. supreme court.

It would not be right or wise to pass judgment upon the uncertain future nor on the future actions of men, which are a mystery. But we have the right to our opinion and the duty to make it known. Given what has happened thus far, to hope of obtaining justice from the law and from the men of the law would be a stupid thing. The older ones among my prison mates often say that "There is no chance for a man in the state of Massachusetts, but that the su-

preme court of the United States is better than that of this state."

We know that Judge Thayer and all the judges of the state supreme court to whom we have presented the numerous and convincing proofs of our innocence have answered with their thumbs down. Perhaps because we have given too many proofs in our favor.

No. It is of no use. Everything proves that new legal practices could do nought but put off the death sentence which hangs inexorably over our heads. We should have to wait and suffer yet, for who knows how long, until the final refusal of the United States supreme court in order to hear it said to us with a knowing judicial sophism: that we have had a just and impartial trial, that there is no reason to justify a new trial:



Newspapers circulated in South America in the interest of Sacco and Vanzetti.



*Handcuffed and guarded during the trial*

that our assassins merit the rewards and honors received and that we must burn on the electric chair! And this would signify the refusal of the U. S. supreme court.

Does it pay to suffer yet for another year or two to hear such a decision as this?

Does it pay to spend more money and to work hard for such a result?

On the other hand, if we give up the legal battle; if we surrender, the judge—Thayer, will have well and ready his death sentence together with a beautiful little speech for the occasion—for us more delightful than the electric chair.

To surrender thus, to die thus, is repugnant to say the least.

We could have recourse to suicide, freeing in this way and at one time you and us from more sacrifices and more wretchedness. But we shall not do it because suicide seems to us to be fleeing from our victorious enemy. If we must die, we shall die looking our enemy in the eye. May it never be said that we fled—!

You see what a contrast of thought and sentiment this dark hour of passion and defeat throws us into. To surrender is repugnant to us; we have lost all faith in organized justice, and, let us admit, we are proud but also shameful of having cost you so much.

Further, we are perfectly aware that there is something in our cause that is above our persons; something superior to our beings and our lives; something that brings together our principles, all victims of the regime and the best portion of humanity.

For these reasons you are free to follow the dictates of your conscience, and we have the duty not to interfere.

Hence, everything being considered, we have decided to ask you to do or not to do that which you think well of doing or not doing for our legal defense.

Reaction triumphs over the unhappy land, desolate by the most horrible fratricide, and the enemy utilizes the propitious moment for its vengeance.

**We tell you! Power is with you!**

We assure you that the outcome of this unequal struggle does not in any way minimize our recognition of all that you have done for us—it is a great deal. Your solidarity is comforting to us.

We believe absolutely in the good faith of Mr. Thompson. His work shall remain an historical document. It was this reason that induced us to turn to

a jurist of exceptional value when Thayer refused a new trial. We knew already that the judges of the su-

preme court could make any decision they liked; nothing can force them to give or refuse a new trial. It is not the fault of Mr. Thompson if they preferred to favor one of their, or rather two of their colleagues and the will of the big interests in this state to the detriment of two ragged Italians and rebels to boot. More so because they could do with us whatever they wished with impunity. See how the "Boston Post," creature of the Plymouth Cordage Company, applauds the answer of the supreme court and clamors for a prompt execution of the sentence?

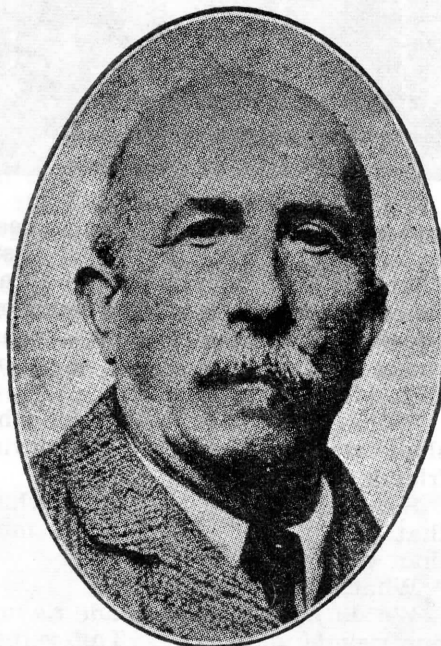
And rest assured that the executioner will lose no time. No.

With us dead, the danger of reprisal against our assassins will cease. For, what purpose could it longer serve?

However, tho we must face supreme sacrifice, only with our lives can cease our faith that the day will come when our names will be avenged and avenged will be our blood.

**Remember: Power is with you!**

Fraternally yours,  
Bartolomeo Vanzetti,  
Nicola Sacco.



*The father and mother of Bartolomeo Vanzetti*

## The Labor Defender

Vol. 1., No. 8

August, 1926

Published Monthly by the International Labor Defense

23 South Lincoln Street, Chicago, Ill.

MAX SHACHTMAN, Editor.  
GEORGE MAURER, Bus. Mgr.

Subscription—\$1.00 a Year.

Entered as second class matter December 10, 1925, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1878:

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# On the Road to British Fascism

## Ten Days of the General Strike

By D. Raymond Jenkins  
Of the International Class War  
Prisoners' Aid.

(British counterpart of I. L. D.)

THE Ten Days' General Strike did at least one thing. It destroyed an illusion which the British working class had for long nursed so closely to its bosom that it had almost become a cankerous growth—the illusion of "democracy" and "justice." The class struggle, however, provides a thorough purgatory for such illusions and this particular one could not withstand the cleansing process of the general strike.

A few hours after the mining lock-out had commenced (Saturday, May 1st) and in immediate precedence to the declaration by the Trades Union Congress of a general strike, the king proclaimed the country to be in a "state of emergency," and the government at once charged the police authorities and strike breakers with almost unlimited powers—to be used against workers, of course.

Sunday saw the first signs of a campaign of petty terrorism by the Fascisti. These black-shirted hooligans toured certain quarters of London in open cars and lorries holding

up and assaulting workers connected with the Labor movement. Their activities received the first check when large crowds of workers raided and smashed up the Fascisti headquarters in the West End. In this case, the Mounted Police (who had not been attracted on a single occasion by Fascist violence) charged the crowds, injured many and arrested anybody they could get hold of. After that, the Fascisti submerged themselves by enrolling as "special" constables which enabled them to continue their foul deeds under the guise of operating emergency regulations.

Mass pickets were provoked by these "specials" (most of them were "plus-foured" university graduates, given immunity from study and examinations) and on the least pretext baton charges were made. The following reply to a question given

on June 1st in Parliament, by the home secretary is illuminating:

"The number of arrests (during the general strike) arising out of street disturbances was 453. The number of persons taken to hospital by police was 77."

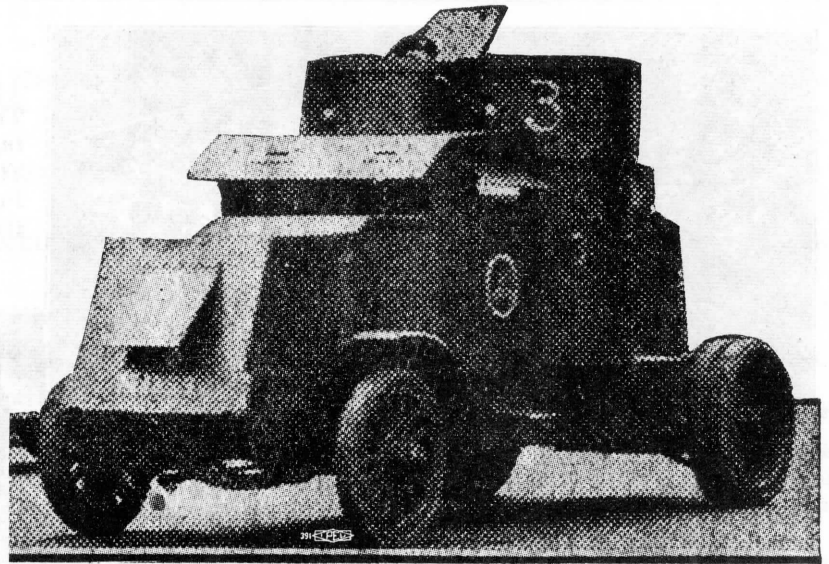
That was for the metropolitan area of London alone.

The first prominent arrest, however, was that of Saklatvala, Communist member of parliament, for a speech delivered at the London May Day demonstration. He was given two months' imprisonment. This seems to have given the authorities an added impetus to speed up their offensive against the strikers and within a few hours of the conviction of Saklatvala, hundreds of workers charged with sedition found themselves behind prison doors with stiff sentences to undergo. The emergency regulations were as elastic as the police desired to make them, and peaceful picketing, in the eyes of the law, became an offense of common assault, damage to property, etc. The more recent laws legalizing picketing were hustled into the background and musty 19th century statutes were given daylight and used against the most active elements.

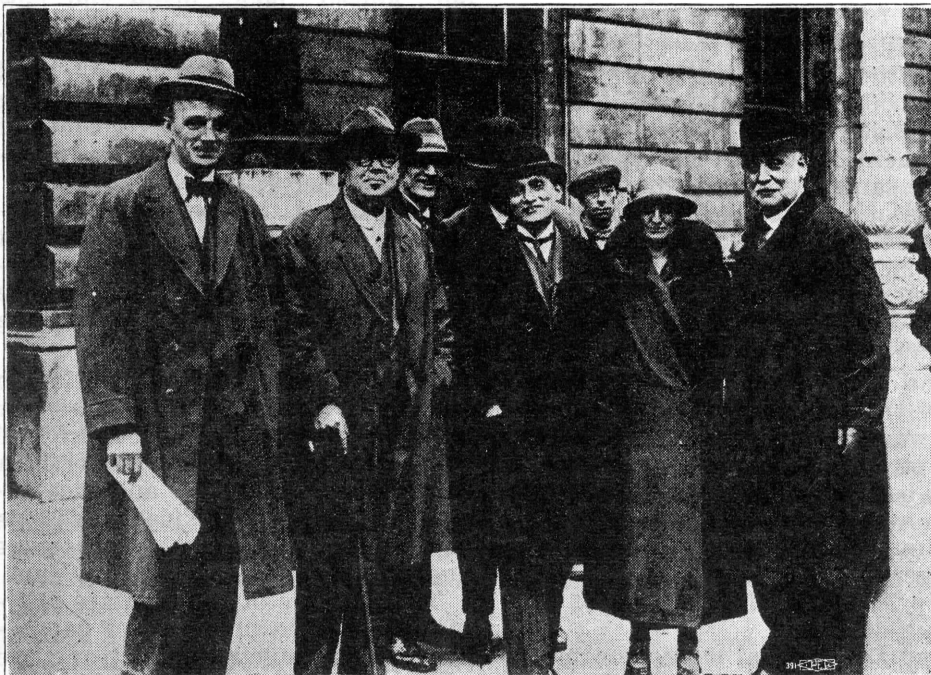
It was a repetition of what happened in the Communist trial of 1925, when 12 leaders were sent to prison by an act passed 129 years before by a government that represented 15,000 electors.

British capitalism, when faced with a direct class menace, had not time for laws that had any points of favor to the workers in them.

Between the 3rd and 12th of May, according to the home secretary (Official Parliamentary Report, June 1st) 604 arrests took place in the London metropolitan area without warrant in connection with the



Armored cars: not in No Man's Land, but for British strikers!

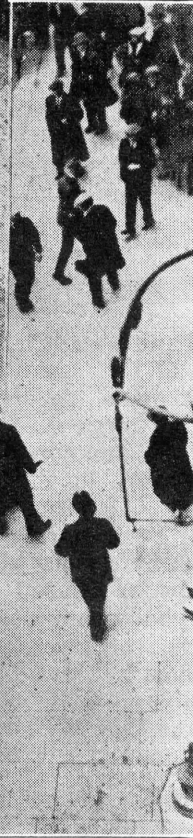


RIGHT: George Lansbury. CENTER: Saklatvala, Communist M. P.





Two scenes during the general Strike showing Police "activity."



emergency. Proceedings were taken under various enactments including the Prevention of Crimes Amendment 1885, Metropolitan Police Act 1839, Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act 1875, Offenses against Persons Act 1861 and Malicious Damage Act 1861.

Workers were charged on the flimsiest evidence. People who had purchased copies of strike bulletins in the streets (in a natural thirst for news) were pounced upon and the next thing heard of them was that they were serving sentences ranging from one to six months. Remand and bail were refused in many cases and facilities for legal defense denied. To cite one instance. An unemployed man in Castleford was charged with writing "seditious" statements on the pavement (urging solidarity). Pen and paper to prepare his defense were refused and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £200.

Houses were raided without warrant and pre-strike and purely legal publications were taken and used as evidence against the occupants. In South Wales three miners were each given two months' hard labor for possessing old copies of the "Workers' Weekly."

It was in this way that prominent leaders were arrested. Bob Stewart, secretary of the Communist Party; Marjorie Pollitt (wife of the imprisoned Communist leader), W. Lawther of the National Labor Party executive and a Durham miners' lead-

er, T. A. Jackson, editor of the Workers' Weekly"; Noah Ablett, the South Wales miners' leader and executive member, are but a few who were brought before the capitalist law courts for various "offenses."

In Birmingham the entire strike committee (including several Labor magistrates and the editor of the "Socialist Review") were arrested and their headquarters ransacked. In the same city all the district committee of the Communist Party was arrested. A Liverpool demonstration to demand the release of class war prisoners and attended by about 30,000 workers was banned by the police and some arrests made.

The above will be sufficient to show the way in which the capitalists waged their war during the general strike. The British ruling class, long believed to be above the use of such weapons, was shorn naked of all its sham pretensions and the workers of Britain were taught a sharp lesson in the dangers of harboring illusions.

Had the general strike continued, there is no doubt that the government would have brought other

measures to bear in the struggle. The official publication of the Cabinet, "The British Gazette" (edited by Winston Churchill) gave daily repeated reports of parliamentary speeches by Tory and Liberal lawyers proclaiming the strike as illegal and pointing to the legal liabilities of its promoters (the T. U. C.). An editorial paragraph, accompanying these reports, hinted that the government were considering taking action against the T. U. C. general council.

As it was, tanks, machine guns and soldiers in full kit paraded the London streets and some of the big strike centers were given the appearance of war-time military encampments. This display of force was part of the government game, and evidence was not lacking that it might be carried a stage further than that of mere display.

The workers of Britain, more solid when the strike was called off than at the beginning (J. H. Thomas admitted in the house of commons that there were more on strike on the day following the calling off than during the actual strike period) have now seen to what extent the capitalists can go and to what methods they can resort, in their struggle against a revolutionary working class, and are now preparing for the future. The International Class War Prisoners' Aid (the English counterpart of the I. L. D.) has grown immensely since the strike. Several district committees, widely representative, have been formed spontaneously by local trades councils, councils of actions, etc. Affiliations from trades unions and Labor Parties are coming in steadily without appeal being made and new members are rapidly being enlisted.

A general strike prisoners' fund has been opened and help is being given to many of the dependents of the class war prisoners who number 1,000 and 1,500.

A national campaign for the release of these prisoners and against the emergency powers is being arranged and demonstrations outside the various prisons will play a big part.

On May 28th, a demonstration in support of the miners and class war prisoners was held in the Albert Hall and attended by 10,000 workers. A collection among the audience realized £1,000 to be divided on a basis of one-fourth for class war prisoners and the balance to the miners' fund.

The workers of England are rallying around the prisoners of capitalism and are building up a strong and efficient I. C. W. P. A. to fight against the capitalist White Terror.

# When the Cock Crows

## To the Memory of Frank Little, Hanged at Midnight

## I.

SIX MEN drove up to his house at midnight and woke the poor woman who kept it.

And asked her: "Where is the man who spoke against the war and insulted the army?"

And the old woman took fear of the men and the hour, and showed them the room where he slept,

And when they made sure it was he whom they wanted, they dragged him out of his bed with blows, tho' he was willing to walk,

And they fastened his hands on his back, and they drove him across the black night,

And there was no moon and no stars and not any visible thing, and even the faces of the men were eaten with the leprosy of the dark, for they were masked with black shame,

And nothing showed in the gloom save the glow of his eyes and the flame of his soul that scorched the face of Death.

## II.

NO ONE gave witness of what they did to him, after they took him away, until a dog barked at his corpse,

But I know, for I have seen masked men with the rope, and the eyeless things that howl against the sun, and I have ridden beside the hangman at midnight. They kicked him, they cursed him, they pushed him, they spat on his cheeks and his brow,

They stabbed his ears with foul oaths, they smeared his clean face with the pus of their ulcerous words.

And nobody saw or heard them. But I call you to witness, John Brown, I call you to witness, you Molly Maguires.

And you Albert Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer, August Spies,

And you Leo Frank, kinsman of Jesus, and you, Joe Hill, twice my germane in the rage of the song and the fray.

And all of you, sun-dark brothers, and all of you harriers of torpid faiths, hasteners of the great day, propitiators of the holy deed,

I call you all to the bar of the dawn to give witness if this is not what they do in America when they wake up men at midnight to hang them until they're dead.

## III.

UNDER a railroad trestle, under the heart-rib of Progress, they circled his neck with the noose, but never a word he spoke.

Never a word he uttered, and they grew weak from his silence,

For the terror of death is strongest upon the men with the rope,

## By Arturo Giovannitti

When he who must hang breathes neither a prayer nor a curse,

Nor speaks any word, nor looks around, nor does anything save to chew his bit of tobacco and yawn with unsated sleep. They grew afraid of the hidden moon and the stars, they grew afraid of the wind that held its breath, and of the living things that never stirred in their sleep.

And they gurgled a bargain to him from under their masks.

I know what they promised to him, for I have heard thrice the bargains that hounds yelp to the trapped lion:

They asked him to promise that he would turn back from his road, that he would eat carrion as they, that he would lap the leash for the sake of the offals, as they—and thus he would save his life.

But not one lone word he answered—he only chewed his bit of tobacco in silent contempt.

## IV.

NOW BLACK as their faces became whatever had been white inside of the six men, even to their mother's milk,

And they inflicted on him the final shame, and ordered that he should kiss the flag.

They always make bounden men kiss the flag in America, where men never kiss men, even when they march forth to die. But tho' to him all flags are holy that men fight for and death hallows,

He did not kiss it—I swear it by the one that shall wrap my body.

He did not kiss it, and they trampled upon him in their frenzy that had no retreat save the rope,

And to him who was ready to die for a light he would never see shine, they said: "You are a coward,"

To him who would not barter a meaningless word for his life, they said: "You are a traitor,"

And they drew the noose round his neck, and they pulled him up to the trestle and they watched him until he was dead, Six masked men whose faces were eaten with the cancer of the dark,

One for each steeple of thy temple, O Labor.

## V.

NOW HE IS dead, but now that he is dead is the door of your dungeon faster, O money changers and scribes, and priests and masters of slaves?

Are men now readier to die for you without asking the wherefore of the slaughter?

Shall now the pent-up spirit no longer connive with the sun against your midnight?

And are we now all reconciled to your rule, and are you safer and we humbler.

and is the night eternal and the day forever blotted out of the skies, And all blind yesterdays risen, and all to-morrows entombed,

Because of six faceless men and ten feet of rope and one corpse dangling unseen in the blackness under a railroad trestle?

No, I say, no! It swings like a terrible pendulum that shall soon ring out a mad tocsin and call the red cock to the crowing.

No, I say, no, for someone will bear witness of this to the dawn,

Someone will stand straight and fearless tomorrow between the armed hosts of your slaves, and shout to them the challenge of that silence you could not break.

## VI.

"BROTHERS—he will shout to them, are you then, the Godborn, reduced to a mute of dogs

That you will rush to the hunt of your kin at the blowing of a horn?

Brothers, have then the centuries that created new suns in the heavens, gouged out the eyes of your soul.

That you should wallow in your blood like swine,

That you should squirm like rats in a carrion,

That you, who astonished the eagles, should beat blindly about the night of murder like bats?

Are you, brothers, who were meant to scale the stars, to crouch forever before a footstool,

And listen forever to one word of shame and subjection,

And leave the plough in the furrow, the trowel on the wall, the hammer on the anvil, and the heart of the race on the knees of screaming women, and the future of the race in the hands of babbling children,

And yoke on your shoulders the halter of hatred and fury,

And dash head-down against the bastions of folly,

Because a colored cloth waves in the air, because a drum beats in the street,

Because six men have promised you a piece of ribbon on your coat, a carved tablet on a wall and your name in a list bordered with black?

Shall you, then, be forever the stewards of death, when life waits for you like a bride?

Ah, no, Brothers, not for this did our mothers shriek with pain and delight when we tore their flanks with our first cry;

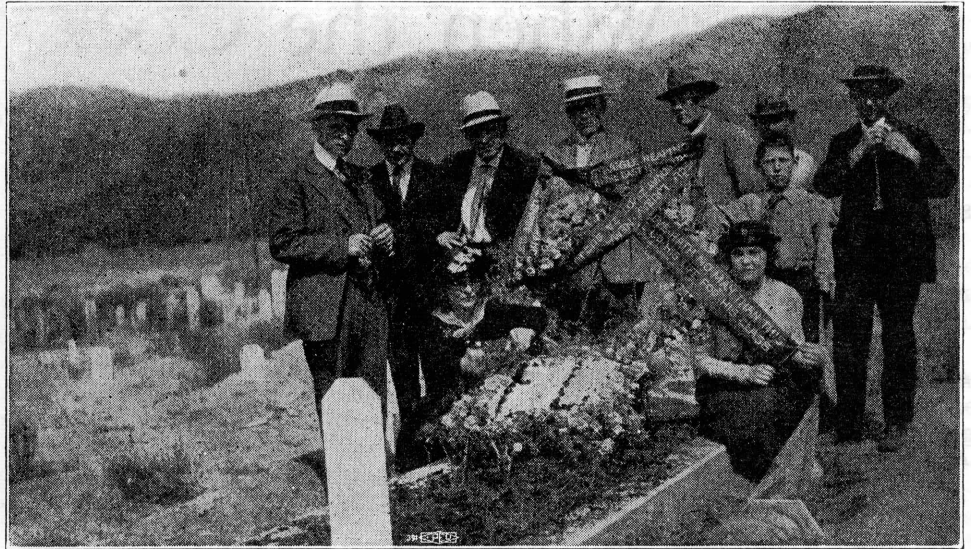
Not for this were we given command of the beasts,

Not with blood but with sweat were we

bidden to achieve our salvation.  
Behold! I announce now to you a great tidings of joy,  
For if your hands that are gathered in sheaves for the sickle of war unite as a bouquet of flowers between the warm breasts of peace,  
Freedom will come without any blows save the hammers on the chains of your wrists, and the picks on the walls of your jails!  
Arise, and against every hand jeweled with the rubies of murder,  
Against every mouth that sneers at the tears of mercy,  
Against every foul smell of the earth,  
Against every head that a footstool raises over your head,  
Against every word that was written before this was said,  
Against every happiness that never knew sorrow,  
And every glory that never knew love and sweat,  
Against silence and death, and fear  
Arise with a mighty roar!  
Arise and declare your war;  
For the wind of the dawn is blowing,  
For the eyes of the East are glowing,  
For the lark is up and the cock is crowing,  
And the day of judgment is here!"

## VII.

THUS shall he speak to the great parliament of the dawn, the witness of this murderous midnight,  
And even if none listens to him, I shall be there and acclaim,  
And even if they tear him to shreds, I shall be there to confess him before your guns, and your gallows, O, Monsters!  
And even tho' you smite me with your bludgeon upon my head,  
And curse me and call me foul names, and



*I. W. W. friends at the grave of Frank Little*

spit on my face and on my bare hands,  
I swear that when the cock crows I shall not deny him.

And even if the power of your lie be so strong that my own mother curse me as a traitor with her hands clutched over her breasts.

And my daughters with the almighty manes turn their faces from me and call me coward,

And the One whose love for me is a battleflag in the storm, scream for the shame of me and adjure my name,  
I swear that when the cock crows I shall not deny him.

And if you chain me and drag me before the Beast that guards the seals of your power, and the caitiff that conspires

against the daylight demand my death,  
And your hangman throw a black cowl over my head and tie a noose around my neck,

And the black ghoul that pastures on the graves of the saints dig its snout into my soul and howl the terrors of the everlasting beyond in my ears,

Even then, when the cock crows, I swear I shall not deny him.

And if you spring the trap under my feet and hurl me into the gloom, and in the revelation of that instant eternal a voice shriek madly to me

That the rope is forever unbreakable,  
That the dawn is never to blaze,  
That the night is forever invincible,  
Even then, even then, I shall not deny him.



*The burial of Frank Little.*



Some of the members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union of Chicago, 91 of whom were sent to jail for violating a vicious anti-strike injunction.

Cook County Jail,  
Chicago, Ill.  
June 24, 1926.

I. L. D. Chicago  
Geo. Maurer, Sec'y.

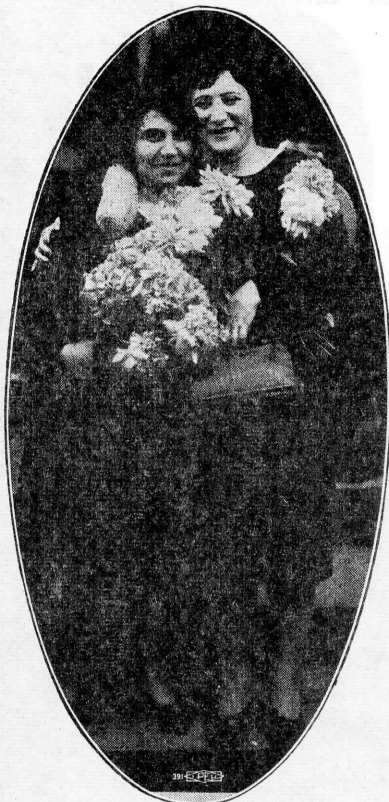
Dear Comrade Maurer:

Garment workers serving sentence at Cook county jail instruct me to express thanks and appreciation to the International Labor Defense for helping to lessen the burden of jail life. We feel the injustice of government by injunc-

tion in labor disputes could be eliminated by an active campaign on the part of organized labor thruout the country.

The unity and idealism of the sentenced garment workers shall be an inspiration to organized labor to fight the injunction pest in the open even upon the cost of going to jail.

Fraternally yours,  
Frieda Reicher,  
Speaking for garment workers  
in jail.



Two of the released strikers.



Two released prisoners greeted by their comrades of the union and class for which they fought.

# Frank Little, the Rebel

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## On the Ninth Anniversary of His Death

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By James P. Cannon

IT is nine years, this month, since they hung Frank Little to the trestle's beam in Butte. They put Frank out of the way and thought they were through with him, but they made a mistake. The things Frank Little stood for—and that was the real Frank Little—are still alive. The things Frank Little did in his life-time are not forgotten and the memory of them is not without influence even today.

Indeed, Frank Little is beginning, after the interval of nine years, to loom bigger and bigger against the background of the events of his living days. The revolutionary youth of America, especially, with a wisdom of appraisal that belongs exclusively to the young, are beginning to manifest a great interest in the story of this daring rebel who threw his life away so carelessly for the revolution, and, with an unerring instinct, they are picking him out from all of the American personalities of his day as one of their own.

Here was a real American—so much American that he was part Indian—who, no less than Liebknecht, in time of storm and stress was capable of scorning all personal hazards and remaining true to revolutionary duty. The rebel youth see him as a hero. His soul is marching on.

It is known by all that Frank Little died a heroic death. It must also become generally known that he lived the same kind of a life, and that the final sacrifice he made at the rope's end in Butte, fighting to the last for the cause of the workers and against the capitalist war, was of one piece with his life-long record of activity and struggle as a revolutionary worker.

Frank belonged to the "old guard" of the I. W. W. He was one of its founders. Before that he was one of the militants of the Western Federation of Miners. With a singleness of purpose possessed by few, he moulded his whole life's activities around one central idea, the idea of the revolutionary struggle of the workers for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the workers' society. Year after year, through storm and conflict, through strikes and struggles, through jails and prisons, he held resolutely to his chosen course to the end.

In his prime he had been a man of sturdy physical make-up, fitted for his hard and hazardous trade as a metal miner. But the hardships and tortures he endured, especially the jails (ah! the jails are body-breakers) left his spirit unshaken, but told

heavily on his body, and in his later years the torture of rheumatism and other physical ailments were with him constantly. But he bore these burdens uncomplainingly and never shirked any duties or obligations on that account. Even the accident which crippled him shortly before his death did not turn him aside from active work.

Frank was a warm human, hating and fighting the exploiting class and all its personal representatives savagely and bitterly. His tongue was a whiplash for them, but for the workers, especially for the rebel workers, he always had a soft and friendly mood. He was even inclined to look upon their short-comings and weaknesses with an indulgent eye. For his personal friends he had a strange and wonderful kindness and considerateness, and he was greatly beloved by them.

Frank Little had many personal characteristics of a truly admirable kind. His honesty, courage and selfless devotion to the cause of the workers stood out so strongly and impressed itself so deeply on all who crossed his path that no one could forget them. But the central feature of the whole personality of Frank Little, the one that it is most important for the coming generation of labor fighters to know about and to strive to emulate, was his dauntless rebel spirit. His hatred of exploitation and oppression and of all those who profited by it in one way or another was irreconcilable. He was always for the revolt, for the struggle, for the fight. Wherever he went he "stirred up trouble" and organized the workers to rebel. Bosses, policemen, stoolpigeons, jailers, priests and preachers—these were the constant targets of his bitter tongue. He was a blood brother to all insurgents, "to every rebel and revolutionist the world over."

Frank Little had faith in the working class. He verily believed in the coming workers' society and he lived and died for it. His scorn for cynics, pessimists, diletantes and phrasemongering "philosophers" knew no bounds. He believed and acted out the creed of action and inspired all around him with the same attitude.

He was not a "swivel chair" leader, but a man of the field and the firing line. He was always on the trail, in the thick of the open fight. He was well known in all the active centers from Chicago, west. He had a habit of always turning up in the place where the fight was on, or of "start-

ing something"—a strike, a free speech fight or an agitation, wherever he might be.

Frank Little's influence was very great amongst the type of workers with whom he mixed all his life—miners, migratory workers, railroad builders, and the like.

Amongst this type of workers, the first virtue is physical courage, and Frank Little possessed it to a superlative degree. One of the first remarks I ever heard about Frank Little was to the effect that he did not understand the meaning of the word "fear." Later acquaintance and association with him confirmed my opinion to the same effect, and I never heard any one who knew him dispute that judgement.

I remember a characteristic instance. During the ore-docks strike in Duluth and Superior in 1913, after he had been kidnapped and held under armed guard in a deserted farm house for several days, after several meet-

ings of the strikers had been broken up by uniformed armed thugs of the steel company, he invited me one morning to take a walk with him down to the docks. With a pistol in his pocket and his hand on it, we walked for an hour or two around the docks, directly past all the places swarming with gunmen, till we had completed the entire rounds, crossing and recrossing company property many times. It was a rather dangerous trip to undertake, but he insisted on it, so there was no alternative.

He considered it necessary, he said, "to show the gunmen that we are not afraid of them and also to show the strikers that we're not afraid, so they won't be afraid."

Jail was double hell for Frank. The wild Indian strain in him, combined with his rebel worker spirit, rendered confinement particularly odious to him, and he used to chafe in jail like a tiger caught in a trap. Yet he

never flinched from it, and—so great were his inner resources—he knew how to contain himself, to hold his rage in hand and to bear himself with a quiet dignity in jail which jailers as well as jail mates could not but be affected by. I remember vividly to this day the quieting effect of his entrance into the jail in Peoria, Ill., during the strike and free speech fight there in 1913, and the rebuke he gave, in the tone of a father talking to a child, (he was about thirty-five then and was already recognized as a veteran) as he sat on the bunk, calmly chewing his tobacco, to an impulsive lad who wanted to start a "battle ship" prematurely.

He also possessed moral courage, never fearing to take an unpopular stand in the organization, never hesitating for a moment to identify himself, positively and aggressively, with any proposal or tendency he thought was right, regardless of how many stood with him or against. "Decentralization" was a quite popular movement in the I. W. W. at that time. The migratory workers, with their individualistic spirit, responded quite readily to the idea of doing away with leaders and centralized authority and letting each local run affairs as it saw fit. Frank Little stood like a rock against this. He was one of the strongest pillars in the camp of the so-called "centralizers."

His sound organizational instincts, fortified by wide experience, enabled him to recognize quickly the disintegrating tendencies of the "decentralization" movement. He poured out the most withering invective on the heads of those who wanted to change officers every year, etc., and in the faction fight over this issue his energetic and determined struggle against decentralization was one of the most decisive factors in the defeat of the movement in 1913.

Frank Little's last speech, for which he paid with his life, was directed against the capitalist war. In that speech he set up his own doctrines against those of the warmongers. His philosophy, compressed into a single sentence, was picked up and carried all over the country on the telegraph wires with the news of his assassination. "I stand for the solidarity of labor." This was the final message from that tongue of fire.

Labor leaders on every side, in this and other countries, were fooled, bullied, or bribed into supporting the

capitalist slaughter-fest. Frank Little was not one of them. And with a wisdom never learned in books, he seemed to sense the great historical significance of the stand he was taking. His speech at Butte, his letter to Haywood, his resolution introduced in the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. on the subject of the war, will influence the rising young generation of the labor movement much more than that of his own day.

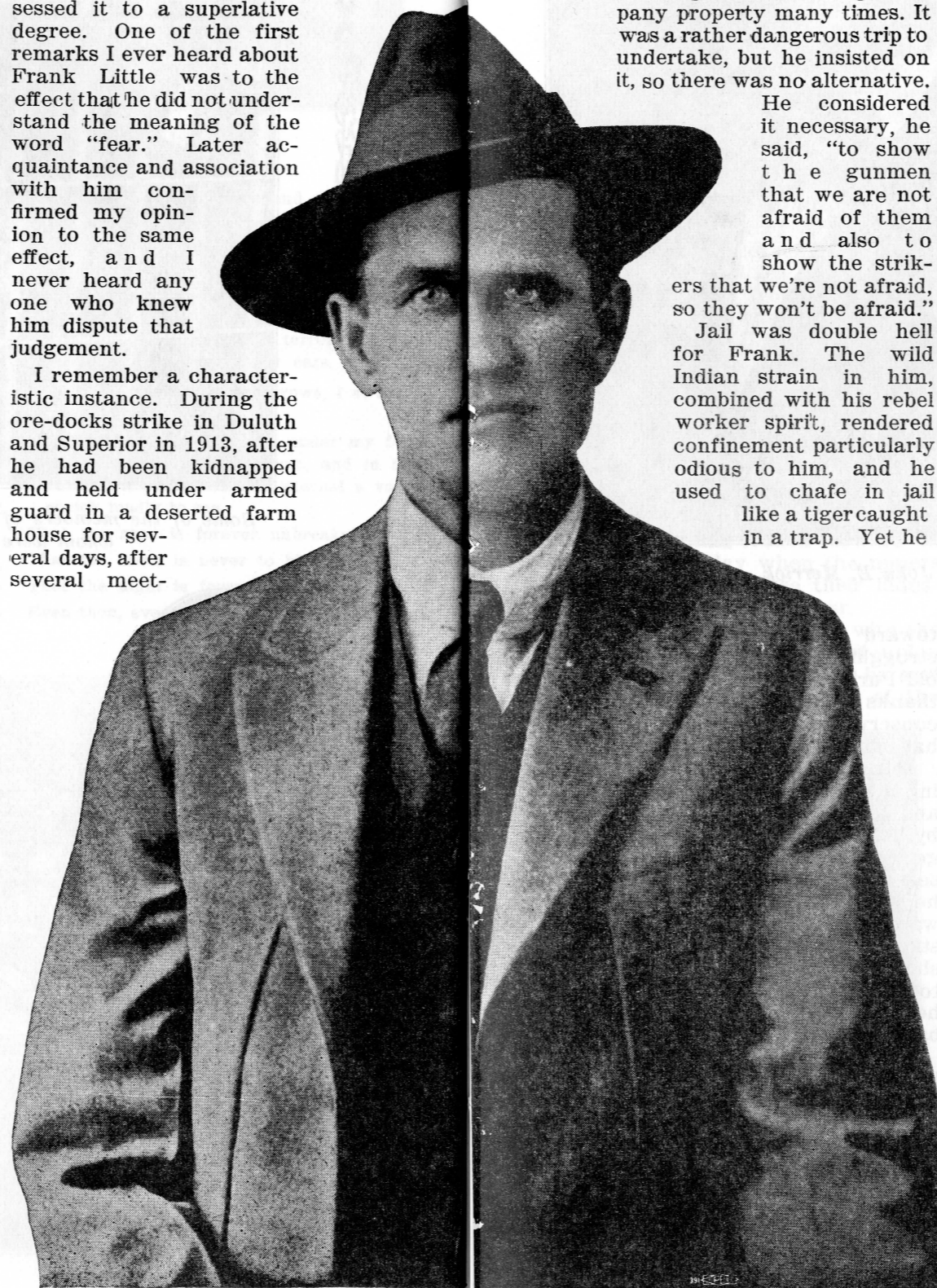
Frank Little sensed this. His letter to Haywood indicates clearly that he expected he would have to pay with his life for the stand he was taking against the war, but he considered it worth the sacrifice. He knew himself, without being able to scientifically explain, the great power of example, and always considered that in the last resort all philosophies are tested by deeds.

The memory of Frank Little seemed to be obscured for a time. Months and even years passed by, and we did not see it mentioned anywhere. But that is passing now. The rising revolutionary movement of today is learning to see past events in truer perspective and the name of Frank Little, and his fame also, are beginning to grow bigger. The life and deeds of Frank Little are beginning to stand out as those of a hero of the American revolution, who has left a priceless heritage to the coming generation.

Frank Little will become a tradition, one of the greatest traditions of the American movement. A study of his life will become part of the revolutionary education of the American revolutionary youth. His personal characteristics of courage, honesty, straightforwardness and self-sacrifice and rebel spirit will exert a strong influence, which is much needed, on the new fighters.

The fragmentary notes which a few of us are putting into this special number of the Labor Defender to keep his memory green, will not be the last words said about Frank Little by any means. It will not be long till more systematic work is done and the accounts of his manifold activities and struggles will be gathered together and woven into a story of his life and work which will become a textbook for the movement.

The Frank Little tradition is one of the best traditions of America. It is a tradition of the American revolution.



# John Merrick Goes to Prison

A Letter from His Mother  
Allora Merrick

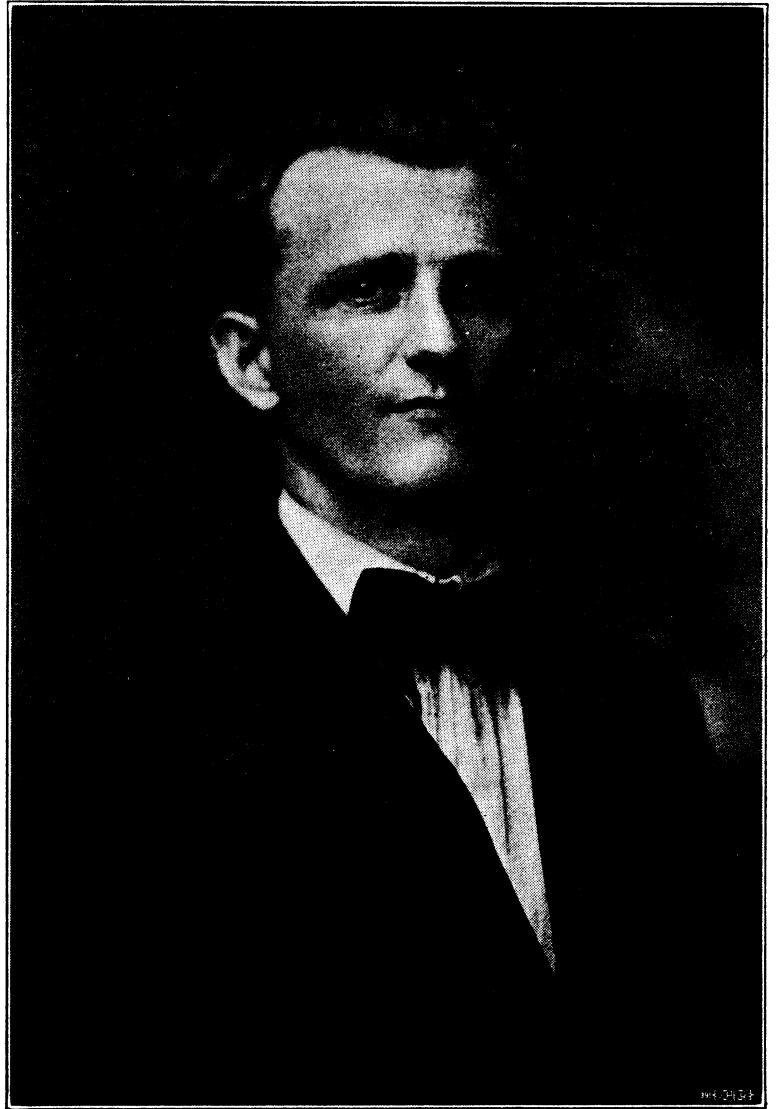
James P. Cannon, Secretary,  
International Labor Defense.

Dear Comrade:

**N**O doubt you have received the report on my son's case from the I. L. D. office in Boston before this, but I want you to know how grateful we all are for the help you gave him (John Emery Merrick) even tho it did no good so far as keeping him out of prison, but it has strengthened our courage (his wife, father and mother). While I feel proud of his past activities in helping the workers get higher wages and also helping some of them to wake up to their poor conditions, I cannot help thinking it is mighty hard for his old mother who has been fighting tuberculosis for the last seven years.

Besides his old father, 64 years old, with poor health and hair white as snow, struggling in a dirty old soap factory 10 hours a day to get money enough to feed us two by going without other necessities, and now the little help our son could give us has been cut off.

But after all this, in poverty, sickness and two deaths in our struggle for existence, during our married life, we still have the same revolutionary spirit and will continue to have it to the end of our earthly existence.



John E. Merrick

## A LETTER FROM MERRICK Haverhill, Mass.

June 7, 1926.

To The International Labor Defense,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:

Tomorrow I will begin serving a sentence in Charlestown jail for a crime of which I know nothing. My loyalty and devotion to the labor movement and my knowledge of the causes of economic strife are the reasons why the employers of labor wish to keep me in prison from three to six years.

I send my fraternal greetings to the I. L. D. and thru the I. L. D. to all my comrades and friends who so generously supported me in my four-year fight for justice. I can now but ask you to continue to aid and assist the I. L. D. in its most worthy purpose hoping I will soon be with you to do my share.

Fraternally yours,

John E. Merrick.

Evolution has brot us enough mental scientists to show us that whatever we desire we ourselves must wake up and get busy and work toward that end.

If I, an invalid 61 years old, can sit up in bed and write these thoughts and ideas to you, what is your reason for dreaming and not helping to bring about a system that would resemble as much as possible the kind of a heaven you have been dreaming about. If you have any good reason to continue dreaming, let's hear it.

Every political prisoner is not only biologic brother, yes and spiritual some other mother's son, but is my brother also, if such can be.

I am sending you a picture of my son, as you requested. It is a real true likeness of him, tho it don't look any better than he does.

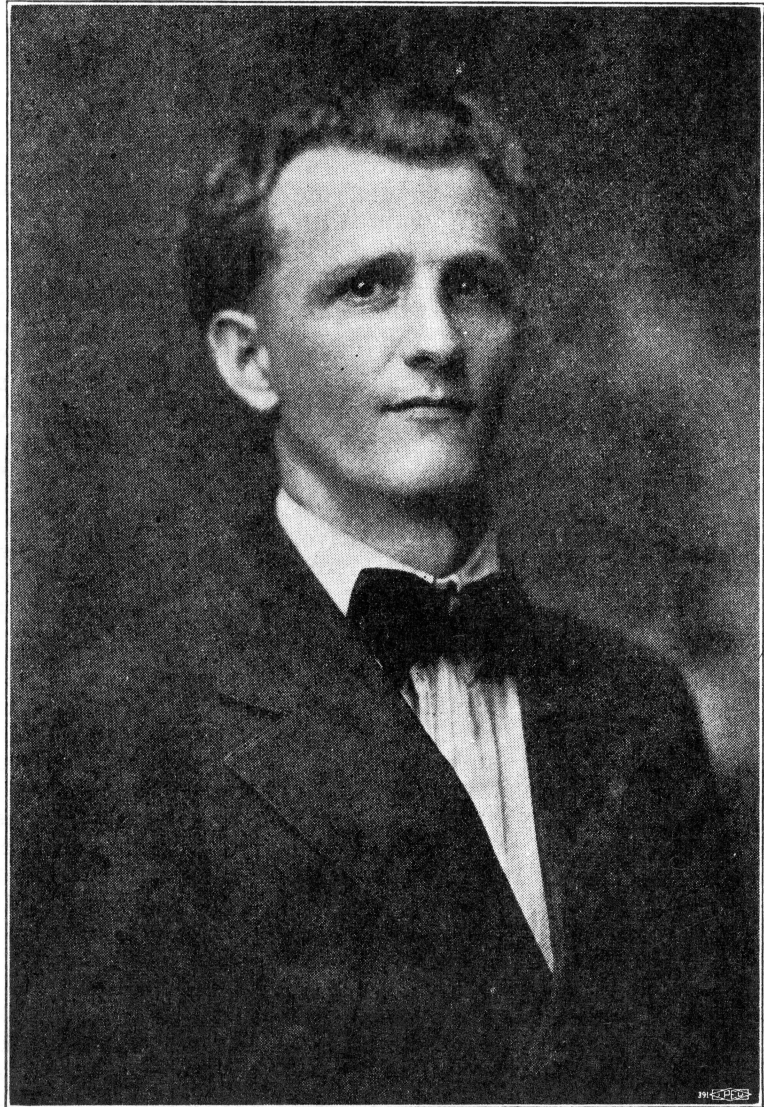
One can see at a glance the soul that is in it. His father was a born musical artist, but poverty prevented him from learning to get his living with music. I was born a natural mother with some executive ability, but poverty and inherited tendency

toward poor health has kept me struggling to exist. We are from the old Puritan New England stock, but thanks to evolution we are not old conservative ignoramuses. I myself haven't one old-fashioned idea.

During the war my son kept warning me not to talk so much about it and tell my ideas to people outside by home. He didn't want to see me get into trouble. But now we can see his case dates back to the days he wouldn't give even 25 cents toward a flag that his shopmates were sticking out in front of the shop to show their so-called loyalty and also to the Socialist picnics that were held in our little pine grove at our back door.

We have 3½ acres of land and the little camp bungalow that my two boys built themselves 14 years ago when my health commenced to give out and I had to get out of the city in order to live. We were tagged Red even then and now my son's term in prison is the culmination of all this and more which would tax my strength to write you.

Mrs. Allora Merrick,



*John E. Merrick*

# Frank Little and the War

By Ralph Chaplin

Frank Little is the name of a man who had fame thrust upon him in the form of a hang-man's noose. Frank Little was a workingman—a metal miner—and a rebel against the existing system of society. The bestial creatures who killed him were gunmen in the employ of the copper trust. Little had gone to Butte, Montana, to help organize miners there who were then engaged in the desperate strike which followed on the heels of the Speculator mine disaster in 1917.

Little went to Butte on crutches. His right leg had been fractured in an automobile accident in Arizona. He had been rushing from one camp to another on behalf of the strikers of the Southwest. The atrocious Bisbee deportation had aroused the fighting spirit of the miners to fever heat. The strike lines of the copper miners extended from Arizona to Montana. Little was a copper miner and a rebel. He was heart and soul with the fellow workers of his industry in their titanic effort to thwart the efforts of the profit greedy copper interests to gouge incredible profits from the labor of poorly paid producers. No one will ever know how seriously Frank Little took the big copper strike of 1917. No doubt he had looked forward all his life to the day when the miners would develop and use their industrial power in this manner.

Little was heart and soul with the miners in their judgment of union matters also. Little, it may be said now, was the breath of life of the

Metal Mine Workers' Union of the I. W. W. Little was an industrialist to the core. He was strong for industrial unionism at all times and under all conditions; but the one thing that always aroused his tongue to eloquence and his spirit to action was the vision of metal miners standing as one—organized into one mighty union—a solid unbroken front to oppose the greed of the exploiters.

In the technique of class warfare Little was a master. He had been trained in the Western Federation of Miners—one of the group of leaders



Ralph Chaplin



Frank Little and Grover Perry

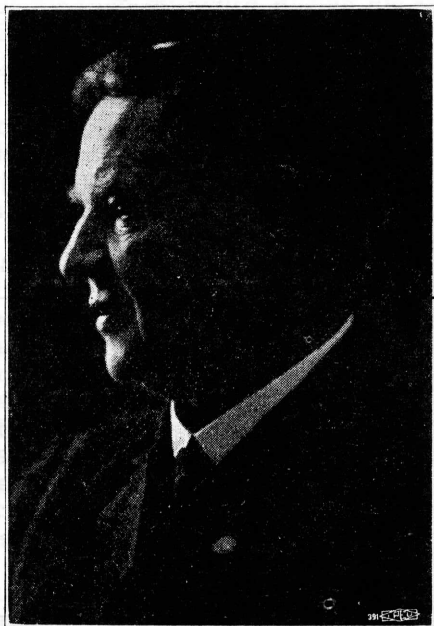
like Bill Haywood and Vincent St. John who came into the I. W. W. from the W. F. M. bringing an incomparable fighting spirit and organization principles born of a wealth of experience on the firing line.

In order to understand Little's reaction to the war it is necessary to know Little's relation to the working class—his relation to the I. W. W. The I. W. W. was either a fighting organization or it was nothing because, apart from the preamble, its philosophy was vague and its literature pathetically inadequate. But the I. W. W. had learned things, just as Little had learned them, from bitter experience, instead of books. It opposed capitalism with rare consistency in matters of spirit and tactics. Perhaps the truth is that the rebel spirit of the I. W. W. at its best was

born of a marvelous instinctive revolt against capitalism — one that was born in the very heart of the class struggle in America. The preamble of the I. W. W. said nothing about war, and yet the organization to a man responded to the rebel attitude towards war. And Frank Little was among those most fiercely and passionately opposed to the war. Little was not a man who could be classed as a conscientious objector. He was by nature a fighter and had been in many battles—had been at war with capitalism all his life. Little had no sympathy with the sentimental objections against war and was not interested in ethical considerations as to whether war of any sort was "right" or "wrong." Little only knew that this was a capitalist war, and, as such he had nothing to do but despise it. Little's half cynical smile was the most eloquent answer imaginable to the war bromides about the "war to end war" and the "war for democracy" and similar platitudes which were current in 1917. Little, taking the position of one of the vast number of exploited workers, said that the only enemy the workers have is the capitalist system and the workers' only war, the world over, the class war.

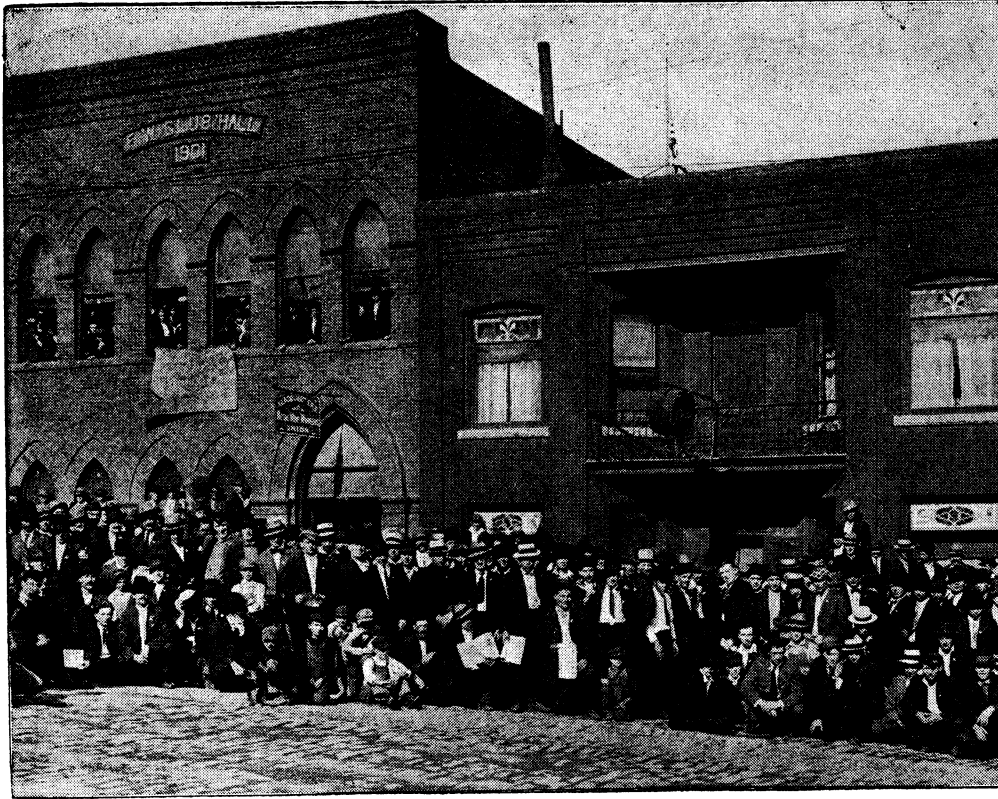
The war really took the I. W. W. off guard. The great growth of membership in 1917, the huge strike in the Lumber industry and the strike of the metal miners had made the general office in Chicago a bee hive of activity. As the war cloud settled down and the American participation in the war became a fact, the membership of the I. W. W. clamored for the union to take a definite stand and to publish a statement about the way the I. W. W. felt regarding this war.

At this particular time I was edi-



Wm. D. Haywood, I. W. W. Secretary at the time





LEFT: I. W. W. Hall, Butte. RIGHT: Little's Lodging House.

tor of Solidarity, official English organ of the I. W. W. Letters came to my desk by the dozens every day asking why a statement of the position of the I. W. W. regarding war had not been published. There was nothing for me to say because the G. E. B. had not yet convened and a statement of my own would have been in no sense of the word "official." I had written a great many editorials against the war, it is true. And they were liked by the workers in the field, but the thing demanded was a statement by the G. E. B. which would put the organization on record and show the world just where the rebel I. W. W. stood.

Bill Haywood got up the now famous "Deadly Parallel" showing the contrast between the attitude of the A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. regarding war. This was circulated down to the very day the United States joined forces with the Allied Powers. But, even Haywood was simply Haywood, General Secretary Treasurer of the I. W. W. and not the G. E. B. itself.

At last members of the board began to reach Chicago for the board meeting. One or two at a time they dropped in at the general office. The strike situation was tense but favorable. The entire lumber industry of the Northwest was shut down, the copper mines of the Southwest, ditto. Word had come that Butte had joined the strike and was standing to a man with the copper miners of the Southwest.

Almost the last of the board members to reach Chicago was Frank

Little. He came into the offices on crutches, his right leg being in a plaster cast up to or a little above, the knee. Then the board went into session.

It was evident to all that the war was to be used as an excuse to crush the I. W. W. And this was the thought in the back part of each board member's mind when the matter of the war came up for discussion—or nearly every one's mind, for Frank Little did not share the opinion of most of the rest of us. Little was for an open defiance of the war and for a statement denouncing the war and exposing to the world the hypocrisy of its pretended purposes. Other members seemed inclined, rather than to rush head on against the maelstrom, and wreck the organization, to hold fast to the union and the strikes and to ignore the war issue as much as possible.

But Little would hear none of it. He claimed the strikes and the magnificent newly born power of the strikers were all the protection the union needed. Matters stood like this for several days, each side drawing up tentative drafts of resolutions and then reaching a deadlock. I had been invited, once or twice to sit with the board, without voice or vote, so as to report the proceedings for Solidarity. As the dead line came nearer and we had to go to press with the paper, I became impatient, finally, at the last moment drawing up a little compromise statement of my own in compliance with the popular demand for a statement of some

sort. This was the only statement ever used, for the board never agreed. Frank Little went to Butte and was murdered and the rest of us remained at our various posts and were gathered up in the great federal dragnet of 1917.

I was sincerely concerned about the prospect of Little going to Montana, first of all on account of his fractured leg and secondly, because of what I considered his intemperate manner of speaking—dangerous enough even in peace times. Little always blurted out the unvarnished truth as he saw it regardless of how it sounded or who it hurt. In Arizona, for instance, he was reported to have said that he would rather take a firing squad at sunrise than to be conscripted into the army. I simply couldn't get this point of view and told him so, explaining that there would be nothing left of the strikes or the I. W. W. if we were all of us of draft age to commit suicide in this manner. To me it seemed that there was nothing the exploiting class would like better than the opportunity to eliminate the strike leaders and wreck their union over the issue of the draft. Little always replied to this argument that the exploiters would do these things anyhow—with or without excuse. Probably both of us were right, and both wrong. The statement which he drew up for the G. E. B. was never used officially by the I. W. W. as he would have liked. It was seized in the raids and used against us in the Chicago trial. If all of the I. W. W. had been as big and as dauntless as Frank Little and the workers of this country and the world had been animated by the same spirit—! That would have been another story.

Little and I had a rough and rather boisterous way of "kidding" one another. Little always picked on me because he thought I was a "poet" and I always bullied him a bit (or pretended to) because I was the bigger of the two. He came hobbling into the office to say good-bye just before he left for Butte. I had advised him not to go.

"So you're going anyway!" I said banteringly. "You're a fine looking bird to go up there to buck the copper trust—one leg and one eye and limping along on a couple of saps."

Little flashed the old crooked smile at me and his eyes narrowed in mock anger as he balanced himself perilously on his one good leg and raised the crutch as though to strike me with it. That is the last memory I have of Frank Little whom we all loved like a brother. A short time afterward the headlines on the newspapers informed me that he had been lynched in Butte for talking "treason."



*LEFT: I. W. W. Hall, Butte. RIGHT: Little's Lodging House.*

# Towards Warsaw!

By George Stakhovitch

**T**HERE is in the Polish events one topic that comes with exclusive acuteness into one's conscience, and it is with a feeling of profound emotion that one's attention is fixed to those corners of the Polish actuality, which have already attracted the gaze of the working people of all countries. It was towards them that our first thoughts and anxieties were directed, when news of revolution reached us from Warsaw; they stood most vividly before our eyes, when telegrams informed us of the siege and bloody fights in the suburb of Mokotov.

Mokotov is a symbol of Poland of the present day—which is “a single big prison,” according to the expression of the inhabitant of the Mokotov commune, symbol of debauches of the band of “bravadoes,” knights of the “constitutional” white eagle, covering a legalized system of “Black and Tanning” the popular masses.

What could Mokotov expect from a revolution of Pilsudski, ex-comrade of Ziuk, initiator of the first court-martial in “independent” Poland during the days of the operatta P. P. S. government of “comrades” Morachevski, Dashinski, and Co. We remembered the bloody harvest of those court martials of the “valiant” marshal Pilsudski in 1920 . . . We remembered the revelations of the “commandant” Pilsudski, remarkable for their stupidity, during his recent public lectures. “The new generation,” proclaimed this comedian

to the Polish bourgeoisie, “was born under more fortunate conditions . . . it does not know, this new generation, the bitter chalice of Czarism. . .”

Pilsudski received from Hueno - Piest, with the robbed state-treasury, a regime to which could envy all Golovkins put together. No country, except Poland and perhaps Bulgaria, knows anything more abject. Quite recently, one after another, the waves of riots born of despair rolled over the prisons and secret police stations. “The new generation born under more fortunate conditions,” while the suicides in the dungeons assumed an epidemic character.

The latest telegrams speak about the increase of the white terror in Poland and already after Pilsudski's revolution the cry for assistance comes from the prisoners of the No-



*The land of gallows for Labor*

vogrudok prison, who had recourse to their last weapon—the hunger strike. In Suvalki only yesterday sentences to penal servitude were pronounced against local trade unionists. Just recently mass arrests took place (80 men) near Lublin. The “democracy,” put forward by the explosion of indignation on the part of popular masses against reaction, enters on the path of its predecessors: not a single attempt to stop debauchery, not a single dismissal in the apparatus of qualified hangsmen attired in uniforms of ordinary and secret police of the Polish commonwealth.

Quite the contrary, the appointment of Mlodzianovsky as home secretary is an impudent challenge of the new rulers. The appearance of Mlodzianovsky was met with satisfaction even by the most eager of Pilsudski's adversaries. Behind the back of his excellency, the minister, there is a party, well “experienced” in establishing “order.” As to that, both sides are in full agreement.

But while the reaction was accustomed to accomplish its deeds with a customary naked cynicism, Pilsudski, as a ruler, will try to cover his galley regime by lofty phrases about “brotherhood, equality and freedom.” The struggle for ascendancy



*Workers seized and beaten by Polish police*

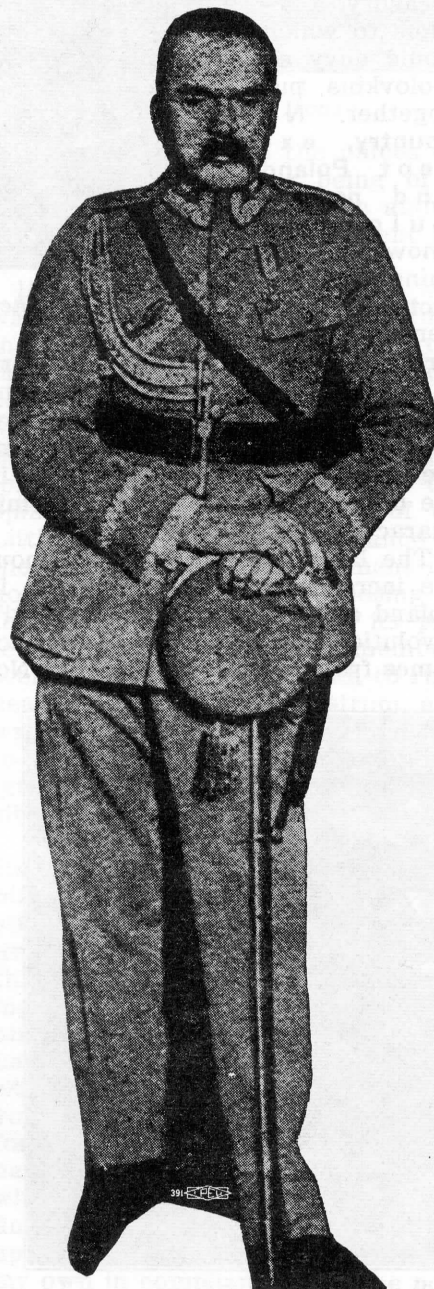


*Poland's black police lined up in preparation for an assault on a meeting of workers.*

between different cliques which becomes every day more acute on the base of the ever-increasing economic crisis threatens to introduce the system of white terror all over the country in more acute forms.

At such a moment a widespread campaign against the terror of the Polish bourgeoisie and land owners, against that "single big prison" which is Poland of today acquires an enormous importance. In its decisive struggle for liberation of the prisoners of Polish dungeons the proletariat of Poland must rely on international support. The widest circles of the proletarian world and social democratic and non-party masses in particular must be attracted to the campaign. The P. P. S. leaders pressed close to the wall by the voice of the masses in opposition against Grabski's government, used to deal for a few days in slogans of amnesty. The Skrinski's coalition gave to the ministers-lackeys from P. P. S. one more occasion to accomplish, together with the bourgeoisie, its black deeds: It is necessary, by exposing this double dealing of the social-traitors, to draw to our side social-democratic and non-partisan workers.

More attention and aid to the thousands of Polish workers and peasants, fighters for their class and national emancipation, prisoners of the Polish reaction and "democ-



*Dictator Josef Pilsudski*

racy"! Amnesty to the victims of the police arbitrariness! These slogans have already found a response and popularity in the largest centers of Europe and America. The assisting hand of all the best among the working masses of the world is stretched towards Warsaw.

### August Birth Dates of Prisoners

12th. Thomas O'Mara, No. 38293, San Quentin, Calif.

15th. James McInerny, No. 9410, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash.

20th. H. C. Duke, Folsom State Prison, Folsom, California.

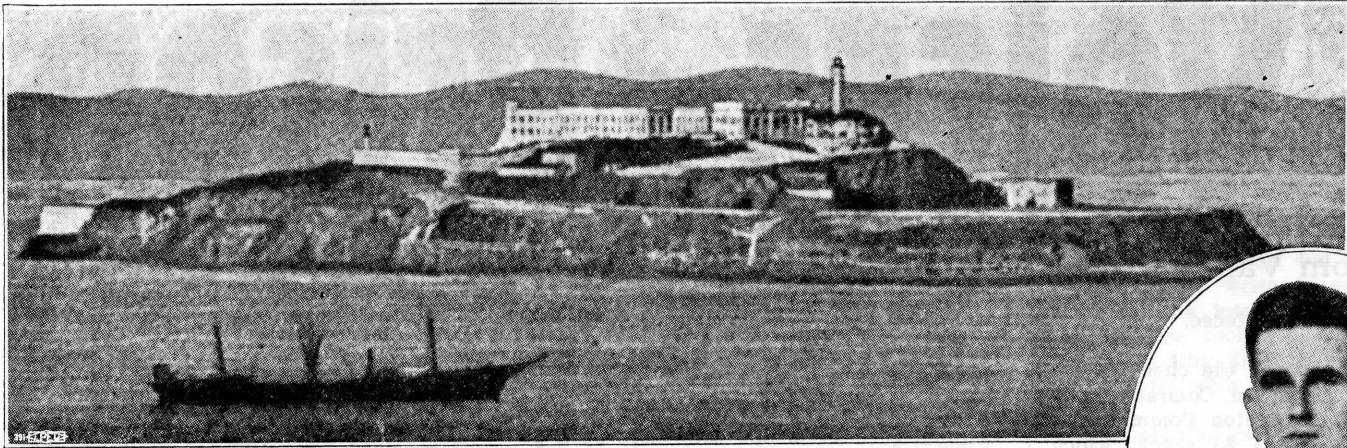
21st. Roy House, No. 38535, San Juentin, California.

25th. John Lamb, No. 9412, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash.

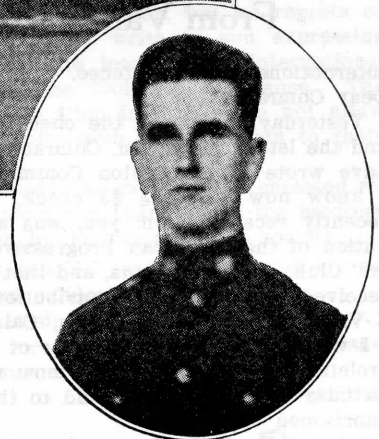
### CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Workingmen's Sick Benevolent and Educational Federation, an organization of 4802 Hungarian workers has affiliated nationally with the I. L. D. paying 1c a month per member. A check for \$96.04 paying for two months' dues was received thru the executive secretary, Joseph Kertsor.

Helen N. Yeskevich, executive secretary of the Lithuanian Working Womens Alliance of America, writes "Our Alliance has its branches all over the country and many of our members belong to the I. L. D. thru its local branches, but we have decided to affiliate nationally also. I am enclosing \$5.00."



Alcatraz Disciplinary Barracks, San Francisco Bay. OVAL: Paul Crouch.



# The Appeal of Paul Crouch

By Sam A. Darcy

**PAUL CROUCH'S** appeal has been denied!

That denial means that one of the pioneers in the struggle against militarism in this country continues to pay for his daring; that one of the



most splendidly spirited fighters for the freedom of the colonies must serve the balance of a three year sentence imposed upon him by the general court martial. This last brings to light the hypocrisy of the whole procedure; namely, that one of the mainstays of the monster that he fought so heroically was set up as his judge. But what is the social significance of this decision? Paul Crouch and Walter Trumbull were both arrested while serving in the army, for carrying on an anti-militarist struggle. Their work directly conflicted with the plans of the government to increase military forces for the greater insuring of investments abroad. This process had been going on unchallenged for several years. Thus, though the standing army had been increased to only about 150,000 men yet the militarization of the civilian population is

so tremendous as to give one a slight conception of what is actually taking place. Citizens' Military Training Camps, for example, began as late as 1921. Since then they have increased about 350% as follows:

1921 .....	10,681
1922 .....	22,000
1923 .....	25,000
1924 .....	34,000
1925 .....	35,000

In addition to these civilians' training for military purposes there has been instituted the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the colleges. Though this institution first saw life in 1916 they have trained about 150,000 men in the comparatively short time since then. Behind the screen of disarmament conferences the government has also increased the air forces—a tool of growing importance for war purposes—to almost unbelievable proportions. The budget appropriations as shown by the government are as follows (note the huge increases from year to year):

1916 .....	\$ 1,300,000
1917 .....	26,033,000
1918 .....	685,000,000
1919 .....	1,172,343,877

In 1924-25 the approximate appropriation for military purposes totaled 59% of the total; in 1926 it was officially reported that 80% of the total budget would go to war preparations.

The United States government despite all its pious statements concerning "will to peace" is preparing for war. It is rapidly broadening its scope of power and the holding of colonies for purposes of exploitation is only a single scene in the entire drama. The plans for world domination by American capitalists are very carefully and elaborately planned and woe to those who oppose them.

But Paul Crouch and Walter

Trumbull did oppose them. They attacked the plan at its very heart by turning the soldiers against it. The great monster was aroused to savagery by this attack; and its general court martial sentenced these two men to forty and twenty-six years' imprisonment. Because of the popular protest against this sentence it was reduced to one and three years respectively. Trumbull has finished serving his sentence and is doing splendid work in the ranks of the workers' movement. Probably the courage of Trumbull leads the rulers to think that it might be dangerous to release Crouch.

Crouch wrote the writer several letters. There is no pessimism in his speech; no doubts about the future. Here are some excerpts:

"I was delighted to hear of the plans for a united front against militarism and of the wonderful opportunities for service enjoyed by my friend and Comrade Walter Trumbull. While I am unable to be with him in person and fight by his side for the workers, nevertheless, my hopes and best wishes are with him. . . I look forward to the future with optimism and absolute confidence in the ultimate victory of the great principles of our cause."

The severity of the attack on those who oppose the protagonists of the imperialist designs of our masters make it all the more important for greater numbers to rally to that struggle. With the courage and spirit of Crouch in our hearts we march forward to a better day.

But let us not forget that it is a most important part of our task to free those who have championed the cause in this struggle from the hell holes to which they have been incarcerated for it.



# Voices From Prison

## From Vanzetti.

June 16, 1926.

International Labor Defense.

Dear Comrades:

Yesterday I received the check of \$5.00, and the letter which you, Comrade Cannon, have wrote to the Boston Committee. So I know now that the \$3 check, which I recently received from you, was a contribution of the Bulgarian Progressive Workers' Club, of Gary Indiana, and that the one received yesterday is a contribution of the S.-V. I. L. D. of Los Angeles, Cal.

I wish to thank each member of the two proletarian societies for their most welcome birthday greetings to me and to the other imprisoned comrades.

I know by indirect experience what \$3 means to some penniless captives. It helps to keep the bones together, and the moral significance of the gift is even more life-giving. So, thank you friends and comrades of Los Angeles and of Gary, for your providential solidarity.

After having clamored for a prompt execution and, then, done its darndest best to minimize the importance of the new evidence in our behalf in order to destroy their eventual moral effects on the public—the plutocratic press is now silent in our case. Let not one of you to be deceived by the actual apparent calm. The enemy is at work day and night—the press knows the proper time to use the noise or the silence against us. . . . Let none of you to be deceived by the sneaking, mortal enemy.

Fraternally yours,

Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

P. S.—I had just finished my letter when I learned of the terrible catastrophe that struck the Gary workers. Most probably, it was caused by the capitalist greed for profit. . . . profit. . . . profit. . . . But profit. . . . even if extracted from children's tears, women's unhappiness and men's blood is not a robbery—and it is not murder neither when it comes from paradoxal slaughters. The capitalist press will stick for the profiteers.

My heart's grief is with the Gary workers. I know the hell of the chemistry factories. —B. V.

## Abraham Cisneros.

Route 1, Box 1, Hunstville, Tex.

May 29, 1926.

Dear Comrades:

Received your nice letter and also five dollar check. I thank you very much. It looks large to me instead of small, comes in mighty handy for tobacco, stamps and other little things that I need.

As to my views of the world outside and the labor movement it would be hard for me to express myself as I have been in prison so long. I am in sympathy with the working man and feel that they are being done an injustice in a great many cases. To

sum the whole matter up my views agree with yours in every particular.

I was sentenced March 26, 1915, to 5 to 99 years and have up 11 years and 2 months flat time. I don't know as to the chances of getting my time cut down. We had many of our friends try to aid us in that way but without success, in fact they have been unable to do anything for us at all.

All you can do for me in any way I will be thankful for. A number of my friends have written the governor in my behalf but so far nothing has been accomplished.

I am getting along very well considering the circumstances and hope that all is well with the Labor Defense. I wish it all the success in the world. Will be glad to hear from you any time you care to write.

Best wishes, I am,

Fraternally yours,

Abraham Cisneros.



Abraham Cisneros

## A Released Prisoner.

San Quentin Prison,

June 2, 1926.

J. P. Cannon,  
Dear Comrade:

I received your welcome letter today and signed \$3 check of the 29th of May, which were collected by the Bulgarian Branch of the I. L. D. of Gary, Indiana, for my birthday present. Therefore I extend my thanks to Bulgarian I. L. D. branch of Gary and all the friends that made the birthday present possible . . . .

Well, I think this is about the last birthday I am going to spend in this institution. I spent three already. I think it's about enough in one place. I think I am going to get my 4th of July dinner on the outside. I am due out on the 29th of this month. I have 26 more days to go.

With best wishes,

Fraternally yours, Wm. Joozdeff.

## Thomas Nash.

P. O. Box No. 520,  
Walla Walla, Wash.,  
June 17, '26.

Mr. J. P. Cannon,  
Chicago, Ill.

Fellow Worker:

I received your letter containing check for necklaces and I sincerely thank you for the assistance. I have a hard time getting stuff out to be sold. I get a friend here and there to dispose of some work for me and in that way I make a few dollars to buy more material and some eats which come in very nice when one is doing time.

Friend, I am sending to you 17 more necklaces. If you can send them out to local picnics to be disposed of, I will appreciate it. When you have disposed of them, if you can dispose of them in that way, send me the money for 15 of them at \$3.50 each and you turn over the price of 2 necklaces to the International Labor Defense fund.

I would like to do more, but my finances are limited at present.

I thought that the 4th being near, you might be able to handle this bunch for me, but if I am imposing on you too much don't be bashful in speaking out and telling me so.

Now as to our case and the Centralia case, there isn't much more to be said in regards to our stand more than I told you before. Three of us, W. F. Moudy, Dan Curtis and myself have ten years more to do on our maximum. It expires on July 10, 1936; and one of the boys, Fred Suttle, has 5 years more on his maximum or maybe a little less, and the other fellow-worker, Frank Nash, time will be up this coming October.

My minimum was up July 10, 1923.

I can give you some news here that may interest you. Elmer Smith, attorney from Centralia, is over here now with two of the jurymen who sat on the Centralia boys' case and he and they have affidavits from seven of the jurymen stating that they were influenced at the trial when they convicted the Centralia boys. The parole board is in session now and they are going to put the case before the board. They may do something this time, but I'll have to see it before I believe it.

Trusting that I am not imposing on you, I am

Yours for the working class,

Thomas Nash.

## From McNamara.

San Quentin Prison,

May 31, 1926

My dear Cannon:

Received form letter and check for \$5.00, also check for \$5.00 in April. The time goes so fast I could not find time to answer same. Kindly convey my thanks and appreciation



*Abraham Cisneros*

for same to all those who are responsible for same.

You will never know how much satisfaction I get out of sitting to one side and observing what is being said and really done by the militants for the workers whose conditions are deplorable in the labor movement. The reds seem to have the leaders of the A. F. of L. on the run; if not why all the noise about the reds? To me, if no one else, there is another color, yellow. I wonder if Brother Green and his executive council ever compares the two colors, and, if so, which color do they prefer? Well, give me the red; they can have the other. If they are ever going to play the game, they should strive hard to assure every worker a "real life" on this earth and not "life insurance" or step aside before they are shoved aside.

To me, the Passaic strike is the most interesting in the history of the labor movement in this country.

Wishing the Labor Defense success, I am,  
J. B. McNamara, 25314.

## A Walla Walla Man

P. O. Box No. 520,  
Walla Walla, Wash.  
June 17, 1926.

James P. Cannon,  
Secretary, International Labor Defense.  
Fellow Worker:

I am sending to you by parcel post eleven necklaces to sell for me. The price is \$3.50 each and if you can get more keep all over \$3.50 to help the good work the International Labor Defense is doing.

I am trying to get enough money together to have my teeth fixed before they go altogether. My bread eaters are all I have left of my fifty-seven years that I can feel proud of.

I have been watching the good work which the International Labor Defense has been doing for the labor movement thruout the land. Just keep up the good work, fellow workers, and we will know you have not been laying down on the job.

With best wishes to all class war prisoners I am yours for a better world,  
W. F. Moudy, Del. B2564.

## Venturato's Brother

Pittsburgh, Pa.  
June 26, 1926.

I. L. Defense  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:

Yesterday was visiting day and I visited my brother, D. Venturato. He told me to write you and to let you know he is receiving \$5.00 from you, but he regrets so much he cannot write to you expressing himself for the interest the International Labor Defense took for his cause. The rules of the Ohio institution do not allow them to write with the exception to their relatives.

So yesterday he gave me the enclosed receipt to send you, thanking all the laborers interested to the victim of the society.

On his behalf I send to all of you my regards and solidarity.

I remain sincerely,

Yours for the freedom of all the class-war prisoners,

Louis Venturato.



# BUILDING THE I.L.D.

Conducted by

Rose Karsner



### THE SACCO—VANZETTI CAMPAIGN.

"Sacco-Vanzetti shall not die!" has been sounded and its echoes have reached the polished desk of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts. The newspapers of that state tell of hundreds of resolutions of protest against the threatened execution of these two lovers and dreamers of freedom for the workers, as well as thousands of letters and telegrams demanding their release, pouring into the governor's office.

In spite of the affidavit of Madeiros in which he confesses to have committed the crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti have been held in prison for the past 6 years and are now threatened with execution, a new trial has not been granted them. It therefore becomes our urgent duty to increase the pressure upon the Massachusetts bourbons until it forces them to loosen their grip on the life and freedom of our two fellow workers.

The campaign for "Sacco-Vanzetti shall not die!" must be multiplied. Every branch of organized labor must be reached and stirred to action.

Thus far we have had 40 protest mass meetings and 21 conferences of delegates from workers' organizations representing varying shades of political and industrial opinions united in action for the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti:

The conferences have been held in the following cities:

Seattle, with representatives from Central Labor Council, Laundry Drivers, Laundry Workers, Machinists' Union, Mill Workers, Card and Label League, Fellowship and Civil Liberties, Bakery Salesmen, Western Women's Educational League, Young Pioneers of Labor College, Labor College, Hod Carriers and Building Laborers, Mail Carriers, Boilermakers, Workmen's Circle, Finn-

ish Workers' Circle, Lettish Workers' Club, English Branch I. L. D., Esthonian Branch I. L. D., three delegates from the I. W. W.

Cleveland, with representatives from Joint Board A. C. W. A., Slovak Workers' Society, Lithuanian Workers' Benefit Society, Lith. Workingwomen's Alliance Br. 24, Women Workers' Progressive League, Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Local 56, Molders' Local Union 27, Street Railway Employees' Division 268, Upholsterers' Local 48, Lodge 5 S. N. P. J., Ukrainian Dramatic Club, International Labor Defense Local Cleveland, Iconoclast Group, Freiheit Dramatic Gesangs Verein, Painters' Union Local 867, Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Local 39, Lith. Sick and Benefit Society, Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Funds 65, Parquet Floor Layers' Local 1242, Lith. Workers' Literary Society, I. W. W. 330,

Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund Br. 188, Workers Party District 6, Arbeiter Ring 334, Lith. Dramatic Club, Socialist Liedertafel, Joint Board I. L. G. W. U., Cap Makers, Machinist Local 439, Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund 355.

Boston, with 46 delegates from organizations, representing 10,041 organized workers.

Avella, Pa., with delegates from S. N. P. J. 292, U. M. W. A. Local 2881, U. M. W. A. Local 1355, U. M. W. A. Local 3528, W. M. S. A. 83, S. P. P. S. 172, Polar Star Globe and Local I. L. D.

Denver, with delegates from Steamfitters 208, Carpenters 55, Chauffeurs and Truck Drivers, Machinist 47, City Employees 16427, Tailors' Union 3, B. L. I. R. U. of A. 1, Bookbinders 58, Maintenance of Way 14, Meat Cutters' Union, Waiters' Union 14, Cement Finishers 577, S. B. T. & O. A., Carbers' Union, N. F. P. C. C. 229, A. L. A. Local 15, Workmen's Circle, Lithuanian Alliance of America, Ladies' Society, Workers Party Local Denver, American Lithuanian Literary Society, Ladies' Educational Club, The Liberal Church, International Brotherhood, Welfare Association group, 105; Young Workers' League, International Labor Defense Local Denver, La Societa Foresta Vittorio Maneula Terzo, Sain Michels Society, Cesare Battista Society, Societa Di Padova.

Providence, R. I., with delegates from the Barbers' Union, Local 224; Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, United Textile Workers, Local 799; Italian Dramatic Club, Italian Society of Manville, Providence Local I. L. D., and Pawtucket Local I. L. D.

Los Angeles, with delegates from Socialist Party, Jewish Br.; S. P. English Br., I. W. W., Anarchist Group, Workmen's Circle, Cap Makers, Cloak Makers, Carpen-

### Monthly Contributions to the Prisoners' Pledge Fund.

- 1—Estelle Tarkoff, Boulder, Colo.
- 2—Mrs. A. Kratofil, Norwalk, Conn.
- 3—F. Mandler, Cincinnati.
- 4—A. W. Routhier, Detroit.
- 5—Eugene Barnett Branch, Chicago.
- 6—A. E. Anderson Branch, Grand Rapids.
- 7—Joseph Wilson, Long Beach, Wash.
- 8—Albert Gerling, Madrid, Iowa.
- 9—Anna Hammer, Roslindale, Mass.
- 10—West Side Branch, Cleveland.
- 11—Local Denver, Colo.
- 12—Local Perth Amboy, N. J.
- 13—Local Canton, Ohio.
- 14—Lcal Great Falls, Mont.
- 15—Local Rochester, Minn.
- 16—Bulgarian Br. Local Chicago.
- 17—Cicero Br., Local Chicago.
- 18—Lettish Br., Local Chicago.
- 19—Local Avella, Pa.

NOTE: Checks go forward regularly to the class-war prisoners from the National Office on the 22nd of each month. All pledgers are requested to please send their contributions so they reach our office in time for the 22nd.



ters, Painters, Cigar Makers, and several others. About 18 delegates in all. B. Sussman, secretary.

Newberry, Mich., Portland, Ore., Endicott, N. Y., Jamestown, N. Y., Philadelphia. Lawrence, Canton, Passaic, Grand Rapids, and Neffs, Ohio have also had conferences.

Chicago, with 52 delegates, of which 26 are from trade unions, including such as the South Chicago Trades and Labor Assembly, the joint board of the I. L. G. W. U., I. W. W. 110 and the district council of the Machinists. Twenty-five are from fraternal and political organizations, one from Local Chicago, I. L. D. Five Italian fraternal organizations are represented. An approximate total of 60,000 organized workers are represented. Secretary Albert Wechsler, chairman J. J. Uhlmann.

New York City conference called for July 9. Report not received at time we go to press. The call has been sent out to more than 300 organizations and the prospects are very encouraging. Provisional committee already formed, with Elizabeth Gurley

Flynn as secretary and L. Landy as corresponding secretary.

San Francisco, and Berkeley, Cal. to hold conferences. Reports not in at time of going to press.

#### LANGUAGE SECTIONS.

The question of conducting successful labor defense work among the various language speaking organized and unorganized workers has been liquid for the past few months, and is now taking solid form.

Several experiments have been tried. Based on this experience, the decision was finally made to establish this phase of our work on the federation basis, connecting each language branch directly with the secretary of the language section.

The language groups which have possibilities for extending the labor defense work on a mass scale will have National Committees and National Secretaries, located in the national headquarters of the I. L. D.

A beginning in that direction has already

been made. Three language secretaries have their desks in the main offices at 23 South Lincoln St. E. Sulkannen of the Finnish section, Martin Krasich of the So. Slavic section and Mathilda Kalousek of the Czecho-Slovak section. Plans are under way to get the Lithuanian, Greek and Italian sections working on the same line within the next month. From New York we have received word thru M. Kniazerich that the Ukrainian workers are also organizing a section of the I. L. D.

#### SEVERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Finnish workers of Dillonvale, Ohio, contributed \$25 thru their New Co-operative Society. A collection of \$21.38 was taken at the convention of the Slovak Workers' Society held at Bellaire in addition to a contribution of \$50 which they sent thru Comrade Kalousek. A donation of \$100 was made at the convention of the Croation Fraternal Union of America and transmitted thru Martin Krasich of the So. Slavic section.

## August, 1917, in Butte - - - By William F. Dunne

(Continued from page 124)

The war was on and the patriotic fever was kept at a high pitch by the copper press. Strikes against the Anaconda Copper Mining Company—the lord of all it surveys in Montana—the second largest and second wealthiest state in natural resources in the union—are few and far between in ordinary times. In wartime they could not be tolerated.

The company was losing millions of dollars daily, the Wilson administration—the A. C. M. was pro-Wilson—was frantic. The copper press, which means every paper in the state taking the Associated Press service, and this means every daily with one minor exception, and any number of weeklies, was as rabid as a mad dog.

It called daily for action against the strike and the strike leaders—action of any kind. It harped insistently on the traditions of the old Vigilante days, and evidently in conformity with a well-thought out plan, advocated a return to the good old methods for the honor of the state and nation.

The day that Little was hung—his body was found at five o'clock in the morning—papers appearing in remote sections of the state printed laudatory editorial comment on the murder which could have been written only before the murder was committed. The Butte press was hysterically joyful.

The tie-up of the mines was so complete, the solidarity of the miners so unbreakable, the unexpected strike of the metal tradesmen, hith-

erto immune to anything in the nature of "radicalism," was so disconcerting, that the A. C. M. decided to "pull something" that would enrage the miners, bring them into open armed combat with the government forces held in readiness, and drown the strike in blood.

They wanted to "get" anyone of three strike leaders. Frank Little they took because he was the easiest to get—he took no precautions—was an I. W. W. who utilized every strike meeting to denounce the war and because he was not of Irish extraction. His death would enrage the miners but would not rally all decisive elements among the workers in Butte.

They chose cunningly but their plan failed.

Little's murder steeled the strikers to uncomplaining sacrifice in one of, if not the sternest and most trying struggle in American labor history.

Behind Little's coffin, when we took him to his last resting place on the Butte "flats" where he lies with the miners murdered in the shafts, drifts, stopes and raises of the A. C. M.—marched 7,000 workers—the workers he gave his life for—marched I. W. W.'s with red ribbons on their arms, A. F. of L. trade unionists with their craft banners, workers with no union affiliation and even some of the lower sections of the middle class trying as best they could to disassociate themselves from the scarlet crime of their masters.

On the sidewalks stood thousands more who sympathized.

So great was the mass of mourners that the guns the pall bearers carried were not needed because for once the A. C. M. was afraid to carry out a threat—to stop the funeral which five thousand "hard rock" miners had sworn should not be stopped.

Who killed Frank Little?

The Anaconda Mining Company.

You are still curious?

Then I can say only that his murderers never have been tried in a court of law.

But Butte is Butte.

Company-ridden and reactionary, the labor unions riddled with company stool-pigeons, voting mostly the democrat ticket, it has a peculiar code of working class honor.

I recite for your benefit only recent history—without comment. Rumor has it that there were five men directly involved in the actual murder.

Peter Prlja, a motorcycle policeman, once an A. C. M. gunman, before he came to America one of the Royal Guards of the King of Montenegro, was shot five times in the head with a 25 calibre Colt automatic—and killed—by one Burzan on the corner of Main and Park streets, Butte.

Tried for murder, the jury acquitted Burzan in twenty minutes.

The foreman of the jury explained the delay by saying that there was one ignorant fellow on the jury who thought Burzan should get a little something for carrying concealed weapons.

Edward Morrissey, chief of detec-

tives in Butte, former bodyguard of Cornelius Kelley, vice-president of the A. C. M., was exposed by the Butte Daily Bulletin as the murderer of his wife.

His body was found later in a rooming house where it had lain for five days. Some say that he had been killed elsewhere and brought back to await discovery by curious persons with sensitive noses.

Oscar Rohn, head of the Pitts-mont Mine and Smelter Company, once accused of being a German spy, but later proved to be a leading patriot and a partner of one William Gillie, an official of the A. C. M., in the laudable enterprise of robbing the A. C. M. thru the medium of a rich mining lease, fell—or was pushed—into a shaft on his own property as the skip was coming up. His head was taken off with much more neatness and dispatch than was displayed in the hanging of Frank Little.

But these stories are collected from the Montana press, which is notoriously unreliable.

For instance:

In August, 1917, I went up to Great Falls, 172 miles north of Butte, to try and get the metal tradesmen out in sympathy with the Butte workers. I had spoken to a meeting of boilermakers and, contrary to my usual custom in those stirring days, was going to my hotel alone.

As I passed the mouth of an alley, three men leaped out at me. I shot from my pocket with a .32 Colt. Two of the assailants dropped and the third ran.

So did I.

I got to my hotel, locked the door, and debated with myself whether to shoot it out when the demand came for my surrender or to give myself up.

But nothing happened and I finally went to sleep. The next morning the Great Falls papers carried noth-

ing on this occurrence of the night before.

When the Butte train came in I bought a copy of "The Butte Miner"—one of the most vicious of the copper sheets—and saw a three column headline: "Dunne Disappears—Taken From Train Between Butte and Great Falls."

At Helena, the capital of the state, 72 miles north of Butte, I was met by one of the electrical workers' union strike committee who handed me the second Vigilante notice which had come to the headquarters during my absence. As stated before, it gave me until 12 o'clock noon of that day—August 12—to leave Montana.

I knew that I had not disappeared and my faith in the accuracy of the Montana copper press was sadly shaken.

So I give the stories of the fate which has overtaken some of the suspected slayers of Frank Little only for what they are worth.

CASH RECEIPTS FOR MAY, 1926.

13072 Local Boston, Mass.....	\$ 6.00
13073 Local Toledo, Ohio.....	17.21
13074 Local Canton, O.....	20.00
13075 Local Boston, Mass.....	14.80
13076 Albert Gerling, Madrid, Iowa.....	1.50
13077 Frank Kalski, Local Bridgeport, Conn.....	.70
13078 John Gabriel, Soltis Local, Great Falls, Mont.....	1.30
13079 Local Chicago.....	1.00
13080 Joseph Wilson, Long Beach, Wash.....	20.00
13081 Housewives Union No. 1, Santa Clara Co., Cal.....	1.00
13082 Local Chicago.....	4.00
13083 Local Stamford, Conn.....	7.65
13084 Local New York.....	20.00
13085 Local Washington, D. C.....	12.00
13086 Local New Haven, Conn.....	22.05
13087 Local Boston.....	104.15
13088 Local Waterbury, Conn.....	13.85
13089 Local Boston, Mass.....	5.20
13090 Carl Guilford, Local Canton, O.....	37.20
13091 Jack Lettish, Royal Oak, Mich.....	21.00
13092 Local Frankfort Heights, Ill.....	27.42
13093 Local Boston.....	200.00
13094 Marie Suskalo, Local Shadyside, O.....	24.05
13095 H. Lawrence, Ft. Worth, Texas.....	3.30
13096 J. Billick, Chicago, Ill.....	1.50
13097 H. Corbishley, Local Zeigler, Ill.....	79.25
13098 Wm. Schroeder, Local Frankfort Heights, Ill.....	1.00
13099 O. J. Arness, Hawley, Minn.....	3.50
13100 Andrew Young, Local O'Fallon, Ill.....	.25
13101 Local Boston, Mass.....	2.00
13102 Local Chicago.....	1.00
13103 John S. Reed, Local Rochester, Minn.....	33.00
13104 Charlotte Anita Whitney, Oakland, Cal.....	10.00
13105 James A. Ayers, Local Denver, Colo.....	2.20
13106 Henry Corbishley, Local Zeigler, Ill.....	435.00
13107 Lithuanian Section I. L. D.....	343.23
13108 S. Pobersky, Local Duluth, Minn.....	3.00
13109 Tony Wishtart, Local Martins Ferry, O.....	16.00
13110 Anna Porter, Local San Jose, Cal.....	10.00
13111 Mania Reiss, Local Los Angeles.....	8.00
13112 P. Gallit, Local Plainville, Pa.....	4.95
13113 J. W. Trepp, Local Drake, N. D.....	1.50
13114 E. Tarkoff, Boulder, Colo.....	5.00
13115 Fred Davey, Local Toledo, O.....	44.43
13116 Local Boston, Mass.....	26.00
13117 Geo. Bey, Binghampton, N. Y.....	1.40
13118 Tom Ray, Local McDonald, Pa.....	1.75
13119 C. H. Bergman, San Francisco, Cal.....	1.80
13120 Jim McCrary, Oakland, Cal.....	1.00
13121 Local New York, N. Y.....	332.73
13122 Local New York, N. Y.....	94.46
13123 C. Hacker, Local Cleveland, O.....	3.00
13124 Al Lanto, Local Superior, Wis.....	38.15
13125 F. Selwonick, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.....	11.25
13126 L. Mabile, Grand Rapids, Mich.....	1.00
13127 Lanni Passi, Local Gilvert, Minn.....	7.30
13128 Alex Laibrin, Detroit, Mich.....	7.00
13129 M. Bruckner, Toledo, O.....	10.00
13130 D. C. Brannon, Skagit Branch,	

Mt. Vernon, Wash.....	10.00
13131 Dee Harrison, Local Kansas City, Kans.....	1.50
13132 Carl Mikalchky, May Day Meeting, Colection, Milwaukee, Wis.....	17.86
13133 Lithuanian Women Workers Ass'n, W. Frankfort, Ill.....	15.00
13134 Lithuanian Literary Soc., W. Frankfort, Ill.....	5.00
13135 Supreme Lodge of Lithuanians, W. Frankfort, Ill.....	4.00
13136 Anna Porter, Local San Jose, Cal.....	11.00
13137 A. Yuris, Lithuanian Sec., Chicago, Ill.....	100.00
13138 Local Chicago.....	50.00
13139 M. Reiss, Local Los Angeles, Cal.....	40.00
13140 Carl Hacker, Local Cleveland, O.....	3.00
13141 C. Alward Tobey, Local Oakland, Cal.....	12.00
13142 Geo. Maurer, Chicago.....	60.00
13143 Jean Stovel, Local Seattle, Wash.....	10.00
13144 W. Goldschmidt, Local Great Falls, Mont.....	6.70
13145 J. G. Burt, Berkeley, Cal.....	1.75
13146 Leah Hewitt, W. Frankfort, Ill.....	1.20
13147 Alex Lekoff, Spokane, Wash.....	11.00
13148 Sacco Vanzetti Branch I. L. D., Los Angeles, Cal.....	25.00
13149 Bulgarian Progressive Club, Gary, Ind., Birthday Gifts to Prisoners.....	27.00
13150 Paul Bucha, Hammond, Ind.....	5.20
13151 Local Boston, Mass.....	26.00
13152 Anna Porter, Local San Jose, Cal.....	12.50
13153 Mrs. Walter Richter, Clear Lake, Wis.....	1.00
13154 Local Boston, Mass.....	14.00
13155 Local Boston, Mass.....	2.00
13156 J. A. Lindquist, Local Bothell, Wash.....	4.30
13157 Wallace Metcalfe, Local Youngstown, O.....	7.00
13158 J. Lyman, Local Philadelphia, Pa.....	4.00
13159 Wm. Finlayson, Cristobal, Canal Zone.....	5.00
13160 A. Jarl, Rockford, Ill.....	9.95
13161 Anna Hammer, Roslindale, Mass.....	1.00
13162 Chas. Kamarainer, Local Iron River, Wis.....	14.00
13163 Geo. Hard, Berrier County Treas., St. Joseph, Mich.....	962.67
13164 W. H. Smith, St. Paul, Minn.....	29.00
13165 G. Savini, Local Chester, Pa.....	5.00
13166 John Lyman, Local Philadelphia, Pa.....	3.00
13167 John Sobotka, Local Salem, O.....	4.70
13168 James A. Ayres, Local Denver, Col.....	14.00
13169 Mrs. Mary Rodwick, Local Santa Barbara, Cal.....	4.00
13170 Ernest Sendoli, Indiana Harbor, Ind.....	5.00
13171 M. P. Mikelbank, Philadelphia, Penna.....	1.00
13172 J. Huemnuik, Local Peabody, Mass.....	70
13173 Barnett Branch I. L. D., Chicago.....	10.00
13174 Thos. McCausey, Local E. Liverpool, O. Local.....	2.00
13175 Wallace T. Metcalfe, Local Youngstown, O.....	12.00
13176 Mike Chelovitz, Local Akron, O.....	11.00
13177 Fred Davey, Local Toledo, O.....	7.00

13178 Wm. Weiner, Local Detroit, Mich.....	15.00
13179 A. J. Kareckas, Local Grand Rapids, Mich.....	13.50
13180 Angelo Zurich, Local Gary, Ind.....	8.40
13181 Carl Hacker, Local Cleveland, O.....	3.00
13182 Carl Hacker, Local Cleveland, O.....	50.00
13183 Mania Reiss, Local Los Angeles.....	2.00
13184 Robert Zelms, Local Boston, Mass.....	600.00
13185 Anna Porter, Local San Jose, Cal.....	4.00
13186 Local Chicago.....	1.00
13187 E. Sabador, E. Chicago Collection for Wm. Simon's case.....	65.70
13188 Local Chicago.....	40.00
13189 Local Chicago.....	1.00
13190 Mat Jenkins, Jewish Branch, Pittsburgh.....	10.50
13191 Cyril Lambkin, Local Detroit, Mich.....	15.00
13192 Local New York, Sacco-Vanzetti meeting.....	431.32
13193 Local N. Y.....	3.00
13194 Carl Hacker, Local Cleveland.....	9.00
13195 G. Myllymaki, Local W. Concord, N. H.....	1.80
13196 Joe Kobylak, Jr., Neffs, O., for Zeigler Defense from May Day meeting of miners.....	23.84
13197 Housewives' Union No. 1, Santa Clara Co., Cal.....	1.00
13198 Local Chicago.....	2.00
13199 Jack Lettish, Royal Oak, Mich.....	2.00
13200 Andrew Javorovich, Joliet, Ill.....	1.00
13201 Andrew Javorovich, Joliet, Ill.....	1.00
13202 H. Perkon, Local Erie, Pa.....	19.63
13203 John Sabotka, Local Salem, O.....	7.20
13204 Carolyn Scollen, Local Pittsburgh, Pa.....	39.40
13205 Cyril Lambkin, Local Letroit Mich.....	254.00
13206 John Sumpolec, Local Endicott, N. Y.....	37.67
13207 John S. Reed, Local Rochester, Minn.....	5.25
13208 John Kalicak, Local Wilsonville, Ill.....	21.00
13209 Local Chicago.....	23.48
13210 Otto Olson, Kalispell, Mont.....	2.00
13211 Local Chicago.....	2.00
13212 John Emedy, LaCrosse, Wis.....	1.25
13213 John Neise, Local Troy, N. Y.....	2.00
13214 Angelo Zurich, Local Gary, Ind.....	3.00
13215 R. Zelms, Boston, Mass.....	20.00
13216 B. M. R. P. Club, Toledo, Ohio.....	1.00
13217 Lee W. Lang, Denver, Colo.....	7.60
13218 Alfred Wagknecht, Passaic, N. J.....	25.00
13219 Arthur Z. Arnold, Washington, D. C.....	1.00
13220 A. J. Kareckas, Local Grand Rapids, Mich.....	10.30
13221 Jack Morgassen, Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.25
13222 Chalotte Anita Whitney, Oakland, Cal.....	50.00
13223 R. Green, Chicago, Ill., Loan for special organization work.....	1200.00
13224 M. Thuroff, Workers Pary, Albany, N. Y.....	4.20
13225 Alex Draznik, Jr., Gary, Ind.....	1.25
13226 Cora Meyer, Milwaukee, Wis.....	2.00
Interest on Bail Bonds.....	962.67
Loan.....	1200.00
Donations and Collections.....	4599.98
Total.....	\$762.65

# Call for the Second Annual Conference of International Labor Defense

To All Locals and Branches of International Labor Defense and to All Labor Unions and Other Workingclass Organizations Sympathetic to Its Work

Greetings:

In compliance with the provisions of the constitution which provides for the holding of a National Conference every year, the National Executive Committee at its last meeting decided to call the Second Annual Conference of International Labor Defense to be held on Sunday, September 5th, 1926. The conference will convene at 10 a. m. in the Ashland Auditorium, corner Ashland Blvd. and Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

It is the aim of the National Executive Committee to make this Second Annual Conference an imposing mass demonstration of the unity of all conscious and progressive elements in the labor movement for the defense and support of class war prisoners and their families, and for organized resistance to capitalist persecution in America and throughout the world.

To this end provisions have been made for representation at the conference for all working class bodies which are sympathetic to the aims of International Labor Defense, as well as for the organized branches and local units of the I. L. D.

The representation in the National Conference will be as follows:

1. Each branch of I. L. D. is entitled to send one delegate for each fifty members.
2. Each local secretary of the I. L. D. is entitled to come as a delegate.
3. All trade unions, co-operatives, workers' fraternal societies, defense committees and other working class bodies sympathetic to the aims of International Labor Defense are invited to send one delegate for each one hundred members.
4. Former class war prisoners are invited to attend the conference as fraternal delegates.
5. The members of the National Committee of I. L. D. will attend the conference as fraternal delegates.
6. The expenses of all delegates attending the conference are to be paid by the delegates themselves or by the organizations they represent.

Comrades and fellow workers! The year behind us has been one of honest work and solid achievement in the field of Labor Defense. The note of unity and solidarity in defense of persecuted workers has been sounded louder and louder month by month. The International Labor Defense, by its aggressive and militant campaigns, its genuine non-partisanship in defending and supporting persecuted workers without any distinctions or restrictions whatever, by the spirit of brotherly solidarity which has prevailed in all the work of all of its sections, has firmly established its place as an organ of the labor movement. It has endeared itself to all conscious and progressive workers and has already enrolled tens of thousands under its banner.

The program adopted at the First Annual Conference last June has been written into deeds during the past year to such an extent as to establish beyond argument the necessity for its permanent existence and further development.

The big task before us now is to expand the organization on a far bigger scale, to give the wide sentiment for Labor Defense a definite organizational form. The Second Annual Conference will discuss the ways and means of achieving this end.

Active participation in the conference of all working class bodies which recognize the necessity for non-partisan Labor Defense will assure that the Second Annual Conference of International Labor Defense will mark the starting point of a new stage in the development of this work on a scale never before known in America.

All organizations who favor this idea are urgently requested to send delegates to the conference.

Yours fraternally,  
National Executive Committee,  
International Labor Defense.



Secretary.