

LABOR DEFENDER

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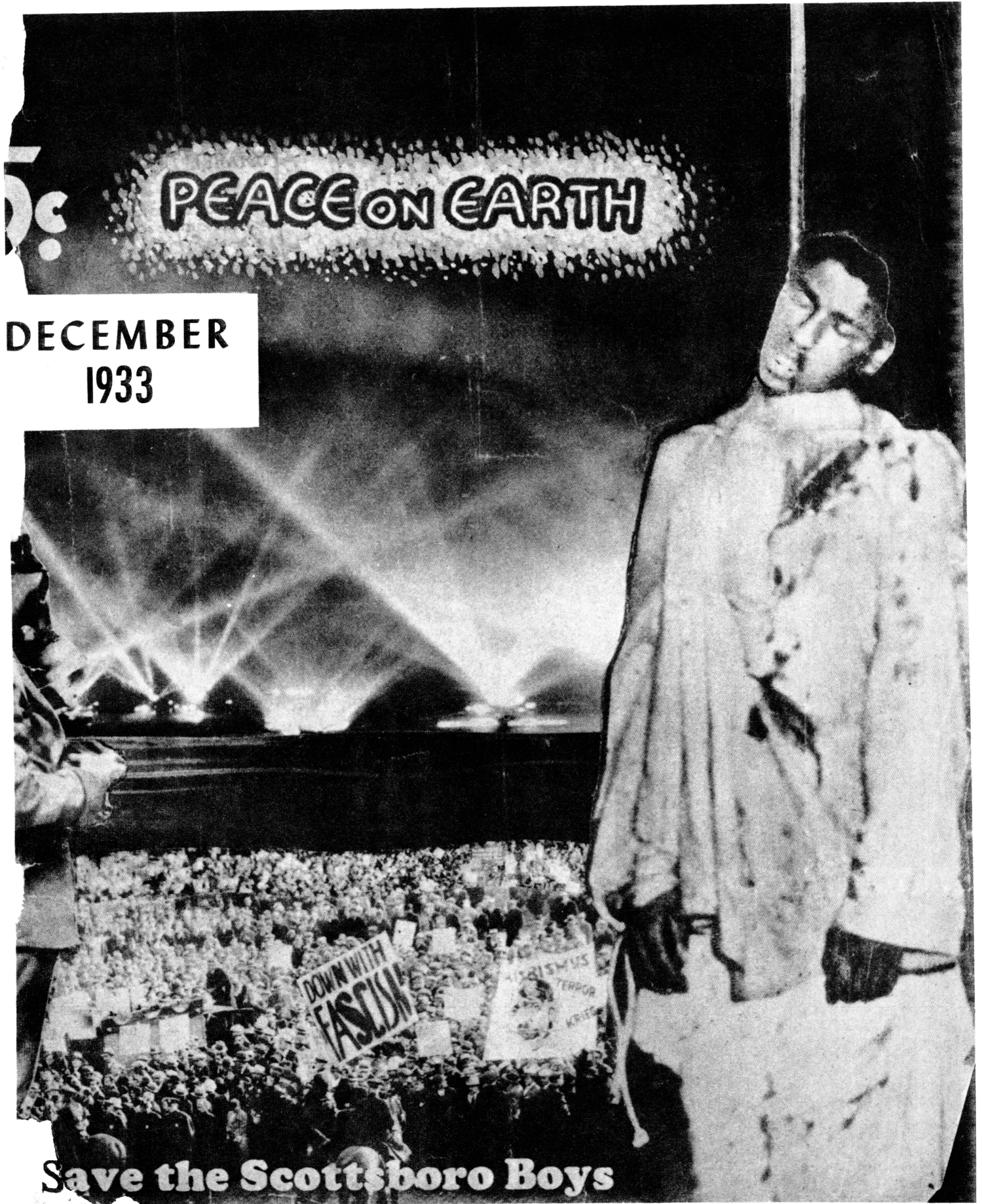
PEACE ON EARTH

DECEMBER
1933



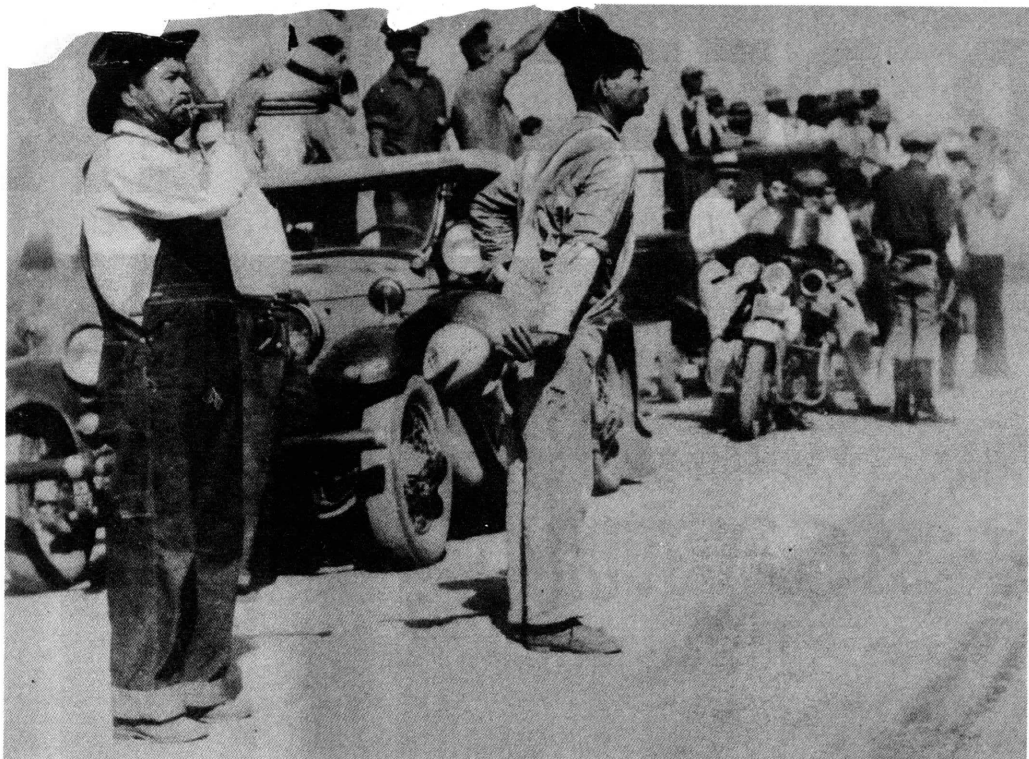
Save the Scottsboro Boys

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Save the Scottsboro Boys



Clarion call to scabs: You shall not pass. Tulare County, Cal., cotton pickers strike for higher pay 12,000 strong.

Right: Los Angeles workers demonstrated against the New Deal—Hunger and terror and unemployment.



VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Law and Order Leagues spring up in the Middle West. One step removed from Brown Shirts or Night Shirts these Sioux City, Iowa citizens are determined to stop farm pickets. The I.L.D. pledges support to the fighting farmers' right to picket.

Turn the cannon into plough shares. That's somewhere in the Bible. Here in England they take no such chances. Military training goes on all over the country side. The I.L.D. supports the fight against imperialist war and fascism!

Tear gas for textile strikers in Lodi, N. J. The I. L. D. supports their struggle for right to organize strike.



LABOR DEFENDER

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Fight Lynch Law

The appeal of Governor Rolph to lynch violence places the open sanction of high authority upon this fascist weapon of the ruling class. Roosevelt has made no protest against it.

Already throughout the country and particularly in the South, government officials and the press are using the Rolph lynch call. It has become an instrument to incite starving white workers whose conditions have been greatly worsened by the NRA to mob action against the enslaved Negro masses. It is a weapon which will be directed more and more against the militant leadership of the working class as it mobilizes workers and toilers for struggle against unemployment and starvation. Kidnapping is a product of decaying capitalism. It flows directly out of mass starvation and unemployment. It is another reflection of the corruption in high places. The capitalist press seeks desperately to hide this fact and to further intensify this mood of violence by turning the minds of the masses away from an understanding of the roots of kidnapping, of lynching, of murderous violence against the working class.

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They Shall Not Die!

Judge W. W. Callahan is attempting to make the Scottsboro trial an open provocation against the Negro people.

W. W. Callahan, Ku Klux Klan leader, spokesman for the lynch landlords, can be defeated. But only a protest movement such as America has never before witnessed, mobilized as an impenetrable bulwark behind the legal defense, can accomplish this herculean task.

Scottsboro must be carried into the shops, into the schools, into the churches, into the streets.

Fifteen minute strikes, half hour strikes in the shops must be declared. Sympathetic students must be asked to prepare student strikes in their schools. Congregations must demand that the doors of their churches be opened in a protest movement against the legal lynching of innocent Negro people and their constitutional rights. White and Negro workers must develop a gigantic protest movement, demonstrations must crowd the streets. Defense corps must be organized to defend political prisoners and the terror-

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ACCUSING THE ACCUSERS

Despite the Nazis' desperate effort to cover up the frame-up in connection with the Reichstag fire which initiated the Nazis to power in Germany, the so-called trial at Leipzig turned out to be what it really is—an attempt on the part of the Nazis to deceive public opinion. But so far this infamous purpose has repeatedly being defeated by the heroic defense put up by the four Communist defendants, Torgler, Dimitroff, Popoff, and Tanef. The court has absolutely failed to prove the guilt of the four defendants or to establish a connection between Van Lubbe, who "confessed" to having set the fire, and the other defendants and the German Communist Party.

With the tyrannical weight of the fascist state power thrown in to support the prosecution, with the judges no more than the puppets of the Plaintiff, with the defense severely hampered by "defence lawyers", appointed by the court, who are close Nazis ad-

herents, the four Communists fought a hard but heroic battle in court in true Communist fashion. Calmly but resolutely Torgler demolished the fake evidence of the Nazis. With fiery indignation, indomitable courage and a sharp intellect, Dimitroff led the defense of the three Bulgarian workers and set an excellent example of workers' self-defense in court under the most difficult circumstances. He not only acted as an accuser, but as an avenging judge with international fascism at the bar, so that the flabbergasted president of the fascist court exclaimed: "To hear you one would think that you are conducting these proceedings and not I."

The repeated attempts of the court to muzzle Dimitroff aroused the protest of several international lawyers attending the trial, including Prof. Gallagher, I.L.D. lawyer for Tom Mooney. Gallagher, together with one French and two Bulgarian lawyers, was barred

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Honor The Memory Of J. Louis Engdahl

J. Louis Engdahl was a leader of the working class. He died helping to develop in his class its highest expression of revolutionary struggle—international working class solidarity. He died after completing a tour of eighteen European countries in company with Ada Wright, mother of two of the innocent Negro Scottsboro boys, seeking to develop an international protest movement against the barbarities American imperialism is heaping upon the Negro people in its efforts to split the working class and thus more easily beat down to a coolie level its living standards.

J. Louis Engdahl was at that time national chairman of the International Labor Defense. Under his leadership it led desperate struggles to save foreign born workers from being deported because they dared to fight for the right to exercise their constitutionally granted rights of free speech, to organize, to meet and to protest against class oppression. Under his leadership the world known Scottsboro case was begun. He saw in the struggle for the lives of these innocent boys a fight for full equality for Negroes. He saw this fight as one of the most important issues before the entire working class, a struggle for unity regardless of color, race, nationality or religion.

Working class heroes are made, not born. They develop in the fire of working class struggles. Such was J. Louis Engdahl. By degrees he cleared his vision and his understanding of the class struggle. He fought his way through the corrupted ranks of the reformist leadership until he reached the foremost ranks of those leading the class struggle. The death of Engdahl left a gaping breach in the ranks of leading forces of the American working class.

Into this gap must be poured hundreds of new workers who under the oppressive force of the NRA, are beginning to realize the inevitability of a fight for their freedom, the heroic and historic task which lies ahead of them. Only they can fill the gap left vacant by the death of Engdahl. Only from your ranks can come new forces, new heroes, new internationalists, leaders of the struggle for unity of white and Negro workers, foreign born and native, employed and unemployed, for the rights of the toiling masses of America, for an end to capitalist "justice." The Engdahl Memorial recruitment now in preparation is a call to close ranks against the common foe. Honor Engdahl's high courage and devotion by adding your name to the membership roll of the I. L. D. Support and build the I. L. D.

J. LOUIS ENGDahl, SCOTTSBORO'S MARTYR

By Elizabeth Lawson

JOHAN LOUIS ENGDahl was born on November 11, 1884, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. His parents were working people; his father was a carpenter. His early life was filled with the struggle for bread.

Engdahl studied journalism at the University of Minnesota. Very early, he became connected with the revolutionary movement of the workers. He joined the Socialist Party, and later became editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist.

Soon it became apparent that there were two camps in the Socialist Party. There was the left wing—the real revolutionary group, those members who saw clearly the armed overthrow of capitalism as their final goal, and who were anxious to press forward with the work of organization and education that would lead to this goal. There was also a right wing with a program of petty reforms and big compromises with the bosses—in reality a program of betrayal of the working-class movement. Engdahl very quickly identified himself with the left wing, which embraced the enormous majority of genuine working-class elements in the Socialist Party.

Events drove these two groups apart. When the United States entered the world war for the preservation of its loans to the Allies and for the benefit of its big bankers, factory-owners and financiers, the leaders of the right-wing group in the Socialist Party helped to lead the masses into the slaughter; they supported the war. The leaders of the left wing dared to tell the masses the truth about the war. Among these leaders was J. Louis Engdahl, who, upon being tried in a Chicago court-room for exposing the true nature of the war, spoke magnificently on the meaning of the slaughter. For this he was sentenced to twenty years in jail—a sentence from which only the termination of the war saved him.

The left wing of the Socialist Party now split off from the corrupt S. P.



Only a few of the hundreds of clippings, headlines, leaflets that recorded the progress of the Scottsboro tour through Europe.

leadership and formed an independent group. In 1921, Engdahl joined with this group in the formation of the Workers Party, which later changed its name and is now the Communist Party of the United States.

In 1929, Comrade Engdahl took up the work that brought him into closest contact with the masses and especially with the oppressed Negro masses, leading to a great climax in the Scottsboro fight. The militant workers organized into the International Labor Defense, chose him general secretary of that body.

He was still general secretary when, on March 25, 1931, the Scottsboro frame-up began. From that day on, Comrade Engdahl's life was indissolubly bound up with the question of life and freedom for the Scottsboro boys. The fight that began in March, 1931, was to engage him as a leader of

the working-class in tireless activity to win their freedom.

From the very beginning, Engdahl led the I.L.D. in the fight against the Scottsboro frame-up. He was one of the most tireless workers in the terrific job of leading the Scottsboro fight. Plans for the legal defense; tours to arouse the workers, Negro and white; the drafting of calls and leaflets; the fight against the Negro and white reformists who came to the support of the lynchers and tried to hold back the developing struggle; the fight against all the forces of the lynchers—their government, their police, their tools in the leadership of the Socialist Party, their Ku Klux Klan; the terrible financial burdens—all these things rested, in good part, on his shoulders. In May, 1930, Engdahl went as a representative of the International Labor Defense, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to the first All-Southern Scottsboro conference. There in the teeth of Southern police terror, with a cordon of uniformed thugs and detectives thrown around the building, he delivered in the name of the I.L.D., a speech against Jim-Crowism and Negro oppression that brought the delegates, Negro and white to their feet in a storm of applause.

In the spring of 1932, the International Red Aid, parent organization of the International Labor Defense in America, asked that one of the mothers of the Scottsboro boys to come to Europe to tell the workers there about the frame-up Mrs. Ada Wright, mother



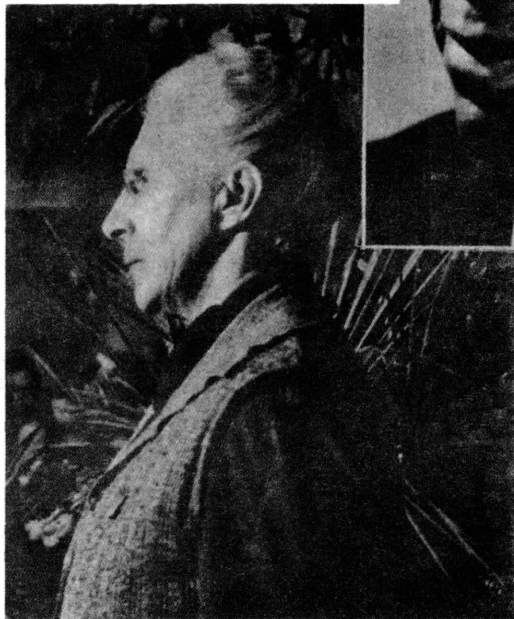
Engdahl at a meeting of the MOPR. (Russian I.L.D.) in the Soviet Union which demanded the freedom of Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro Boys.

Roy and Andy, and a tireless fighter for all the boys, consented to make the trip. With her would go Comrade Engdahl.

Upon the expressed desires of American imperialism, the Socialist police chiefs of Germany forbade Scottsboro meetings; in Leipzig they shot down a German worker who took part in a Scottsboro demonstration. The British government at first refused to grant visas to the travelers; the government of Bulgaria seized and deported them; they were driven from Czecho-slovakia; they were twice arrested and deported from Belgium; and the King of Belgium issued a proclamation that "forever after" John Louis Engdahl was to be barred from the country.

The fight for the Scottsboro boys was by no means the only struggle for the rights of the Negro masses in which Comrade Engdahl, as secretary of the International Labor Defense, took part.

Engdahl's prediction about the European tour came true. As Douglass had aroused the workers of Britain against wage-slavery, so these two representatives of the workers went from town to town, from country to country, arousing the toilers against the new semi-slavery of the American Negroes; against lynching, Jim-Crowism and the whole monstrous system of national oppression on which the Scottsboro case threw such a glaring spotlight. But this tour involved not a few thousand workers, but literally millions of toilers and intellectuals.



Mrs. Wright and Engdahl stood before meetings arranged by the International Red Aid on platforms in France and Germany, Belgium and Holland, England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and yet other countries. As they stood before them and gave their message, the curtain of ignorance and illusions concerning America was rent asunder, and millions of European workers saw the Black Belt! They saw that Uncle Sam was a twentieth century slave-driver — a modern Simon Legree. They learned of the existence of a nation of super-exploited workers and oppressed people — the fifteen million Negroes in the United States.



Wm. L. Patterson, present National Secretary of the I. L. D. who is carrying on the work where Comrade Engdahl left off.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS, ELENA STASSOVA! President of the International Red Aid, shown here at Engdahl's funeral in Moscow. The I. L. D. takes this opportunity to congratulate our Comrade Stassova on her 60th birthday. We hope that she will continue to be our leader and guide for many years in the future, as she has in the past.

A LETTER FROM ANGELO HERNDON

I received your letter together with the one dollar today and was glad to have it.

First, to begin with, I must tell you of the weary and lonesome days that I have to experience, cooped up in this horrible and filthy place. Since I was tried and convicted, I have been held in the death house. About 2 months ago three of my cell mates were electrocuted. I can't tell you of the terrible strain that it was upon me; they were just as relatives to me. They were three more victims of the hideous frame up system that all Negroes are subjected to. Their crime was being implicated in the killing of an Atlanta policeman although they didn't do the actual killing. The one who shot the policeman died of the bullet wounds inflicted on him by the policeman.

After being with them for over seven months and then to know that they were legally lynched for nothing almost drove me into a state of morbidity. And a long time before the job had been finished all of us who were in the cell struck silence.

So now I am in the cage with three more. Two condemned to death and the other one soon will be.

For 15 months I have been subjected to the most criminal and savage treatment. It would almost sound unbelievable to hear some of the details. I am not given any work to do. Just lay around in my cell all day and starve. No exercise. We are forced to eat dog meat. Not long ago my legs were swollen up as a result of eating the rotten prison food. When I asked for medical treatment the county doctor

gave me some aspirin. Of course he would give me better medicine if I would stoop so low as to offer him a bribe.

So now, comrades I hope you will understand what a miserable life I have had to live. But in spite of all this capitalist brutality I know the American workers will soon wrest me from the death clutches of the Southern lynch lords. I know that for the working class to be completely free it will require even harder sacrificing.

And for my part I am willing to give up my life if it becomes necessary to smash the damnable capitalist system.

Comrades
Angelo Herndon
I attend forever



by EMIL NYGARD

The First Communist Mayor in the United States

Because I realize that in the defense struggles of the working class the International Labor Defense is the one organization that can be depended upon to carry out organized mass protest and mass defense the most effective means of defending political prisoners, I invited that organization to be represented by 2 delegates on the Workers Advisory Council to the Mayor of Crosby, Minn. This is the council that discusses all problems with me before I take them up with the official City Council.

As a class conscious worker I realized that police forces always have been and always will be used in the interests of the bosses against, the workers, unless these are organized by the workers themselves. Immediately on coming into office, I called for the abolition of the police force. I pointed out that a police department was not necessary. that workers could protect their own interests and keep the peace at the same time. They could organize patrols on a voluntary or semi-voluntary basis, each patrol under a captain to be responsible for preserving order over a certain number of blocks. Of course this would mean that the bosses would no longer have their old control over the police force.

But before I came into office the Steel corporation, that practically owns Crosby, anticipated my move and had the State legislature of Minnesota pass a law organizing the police under state Civil Service control. Until this law was passed the mayor appointed the whole police force which was then rat-

There's No Police Brutality In Crosby, Minn.

ified by the City Council. The only thing I could do after this law was passed was to expose it to the workers and show them how the bosses made use of the State legislature to prevent the workers from taking control of their own welfare. And I did.

The police commission of Crosby consists of three members appointed for three years each. I inherited a commission whose terms had not yet expired. I can only appoint new ones I have no power to remove the old ones. Fortunately the terms of one of these fellows named Andberg, a Mining Co., man, expired a few months ago and in his place I appointed Charles Rhodes a garage mechanic. So now we have one vote on the police commission anyway.

During last spring the unemployed workers of Crosby came out on strike against the forced labor program shoved down their throats by the State relief department. The lady who is in charge of the relief in Crosby told the

didn't behave themselves there would be trouble.

So this worker came to me and told me about the matter and I got in touch with the police commission right away. I told them that unless they stopped such tactics I would call upon the workers to organize into workers' self defense corps so that they could protect themselves against terror. Since that time the police department has not bothered or mistreated any of the workers in Crosby.

When the workers came before the City Council to protest about this same forced labor one of the aldermen called in the chief of police. He said he was afraid there would be violence and trouble. This chief of police is a great big fellow, 6 foot 3, a Dutchman named Asskamp. He came into the Council chamber, marched right up to the front of the room and sat down. But the workers refused to be intimidated by his presence and continued their protest. One of the women was talking when he came in. She told how they were forced to clean up private lots, digging up all sorts of rubbish and

how restrictions were placed on the food the unemployed could buy with their money. One of the Aldermen shouted back at her demanding to know what she was kicking about and how if it wasn't for the State Relief Committee she would be starving. The chief of police got up and chipped in that he wanted silence, no racket and no trouble. So I got up and asked who had sent for the police department anyway. The chief answered that the alderman had called him up because he thought there would be violence.

"Well, I didn't call you," I said, "and furthermore there won't be any violence. These workers are petitioning the City Council and they have a perfect right to do so." Then I told him to sit down and he sat.

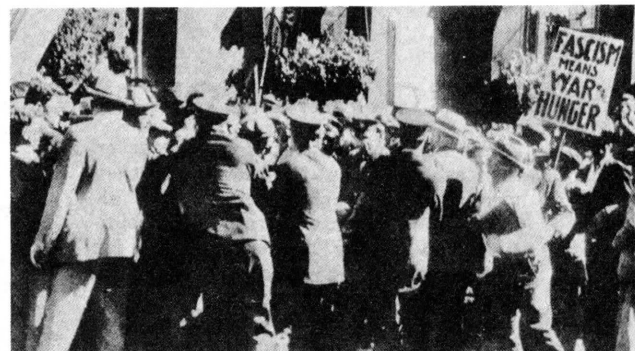
There's a jail in Crosby but mostly it's empty. Once in a while some one gets drunk and can't find his way home so he is put up there for the night.

There haven't been any evictions in Crosby because the landlords know that the unemployed council would march right down to stop them and that I would come down with them.

There are no attempts to break up demonstrations in Crosby either. When the workers marched through the streets last May First, which I pro-

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New York's Tammany Mayor uses police to evict unemployed!



Milwaukee's Socialist Mayor sends police to break up anti-Fascist demonstration!

chief of police that a strike committee of the unemployed had attempted to terrorize her in her office. Her charges were very vague but the chief of police went to the home of the strike leader and told him that if the unemployed

"It's Nothing Until You Begin Spitting Blood"

Chronicle of International White Terror

by Conrad Komorowski

This is what the doctors in the French Army tell the soldiers who apply to them for medical care; this is what is told the political prisoners rotting away in damp dungeons.

"I am afraid we shall have to hurt their feelings, wound their susceptibilities. . . ."

In Madagascar there lie hundreds of imprisoned members of the Madagascar section of the I.L.D. Their villages have been burnt; their families murdered before their eyes; and they themselves have been brutally dragged off to rot in jail for the crime of organizing their own defense organization. Elsewhere in Africa, in Kenya, along the Gold Coast, in Nigeria the villages have been bombarded; the flocks destroyed; thousands murdered. This is hurting their feelings!

"We prepare the souls of our brethren for heaven; in the service of God we make every sacrifice."

In Kenya gold was discovered on land, barren land, left to the natives after the white landlords had taken all the rest. The natives were hustled off to jails, after frightful butchery, there to languish among syphilitics, and there to undergo torture until they were prepared—not for heaven—but to mine the gold on their own land for the English imperialists.

"As I was lying there trussed up, the torturers came and pushed needles under my finger nails. Then, tired of that, they beat me on the soles of the feet with sticks."

On a lonely road in Poland the mutilated and murdered body of a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Poland is discovered. In Korea 264 Koreans go on



MOPR (Russian I.L.D.) uses this locomotive covered with slogans to promote international solidarity of Soviet workers with victims of White Terror in the rest of the world.



Cuban soldiers destroying Julio Mella's Tomb—erected by Cuban I. L. D.

trial; in Indo China, more than 10,000 political prisoners swelter in the hot air, gasping for breath, moaning for water, living on banana skins; while in Poland soldiers arrested for the distribution of leaflets march endless hours up and down in cells colder than ice.

In Bulgaria four persons, already murdered by fascist gangs, are condemned to death. But they are already dead! On an island lying on the Equator, in a prison camp in the middle of a jungle, where malaria and other jungle diseases thrive, where to attempt to escape is to fall into the claws of wild jungle animals or the hands of cannibals, there are hundreds of political prisoners. In China there are four workers buried alive now gasping their last, suffocating, dying a horrible death. In Peru the government is planning the sending of the arrested Communists into the front lines in the war. In Cuba, there still remains in the belly and body of many a shark the flesh and bones of what was once a militant worker.

Dutch and native sailors clasp hands in the East Indies; English and Indian workers organize together in India; French and Moroccan soldiers fraternize; Bulgarian workers and soldiers work in the garrisons; Communist and Socialist workers organize against imperialist war and against fascism; employed and unemployed struggle together; Negro and white organize—and everywhere there is blood and mud as the ruling classes bring their airplanes, their tanks, their guns; their police, militia, thugs, and fascist gangs in action.

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Mass funeral attended by thousands of revolutionary workers—to honor the ashes of leader Julio Mella—murdered in Mex





Chicago workers march to demand freedom for Scottsboro boys. London, England, workers demand their release. All over the world. New York, Havana, Moscow, Berlin, Shanghai — this monstrous frame up has been denounced. The boys must be freed!



Protest 3rd Lynch Verdict Against Heywood Patterson in Shops, Streets, Schools, Churches — Demand Unconditional Safe Release of the Scottsboro Boys — The Lynchers Shall not Succeed!

Alabama with Governor B. M. Miller at their head; the armed forces of the United States with their commander-in-chief President Roosevelt.

And on the other side?

On the side of the boys are the lawyers of the I. L. D., the I. L. D. itself, representing 200,000 white and black workers.

On this side are the downtrodden millions of the Negro nation in the United States, who see in this Scottsboro fight a central

point in their struggle for liberation.

On this side also are the millions of white toilers and sympathizers in the United States and the world over, who know that "labor in a white skin can never be free while labor in a black skin is branded."

The outcome of this struggle?

Callahan and Knight and the white landlord press that is behind them may join hands with all the forces of reaction which, even as the above was being written lynched, hanged, and burned Lloyd Warner, a 19-year-old Negro boy in St. Joseph, Mo., and succeed in their plans and preparations for a lynch massacre of the Scottsboro boys, their attorneys and witnesses, and the Negro residents of northern Alabama.

And the outcome may be that the workers of the world, white and Negro, will overcome the lynch forces through organized, militant, mass action and mass pressure, and save the boys alive and free to return to the working class from which they were snatched.

It is a victory that can be won.

By LOUIS COLMAN

The court-room in Decatur is crowded. The spectators rustle newspapers with huge headlines proclaiming the endorsement of lynching just issued by Governor James A. Rolph, Jr., of California. It is a night session ordered as a special provocation by Judge W. W. Callahan.

The presentation of defense evidence in the third "trial" of Heywood Patterson for his life on a framed charge of rape is going on as this is written.

"God be willing," the presiding lyncher has announced, the white rulers of Alabama hope to have Heywood Patterson railroaded to the electric chair within 24 hours.

Already Decatur has had a lynching since the last Scottsboro trials last April—the shooting down by a lynch gang of James Royal in August—one of the 46 lynchings already reported this year. It has had a reign of terror against Negroes in preparation for the trial.

The state of mind in Decatur and in Morgan county was shown by 500 statements of residents, gathered by I.L.D. investigators and put into affidavits, declaring in almost every case that they would like to see the Scottsboro boys, their lawyers and witnesses lynched, that they would participate in such a lynching, and that they knew of no 12 men in the county who would render any verdict but "guilty with penalty fixed at death" no matter what the evidence, in the case.

Judge Callahan accepted affidavits presented by Attorney-General Thomas J. Knight from these same leading citizens, swearing all was peaceful and that no lynch threats had

ever been made in the county. He threw out the truthful affidavits. He denied a change of venue.

He refused to provide protection for the Scottsboro boys during the trial. President Roosevelt joined him in this denial, and so did Governor B. M. Miller of Alabama.

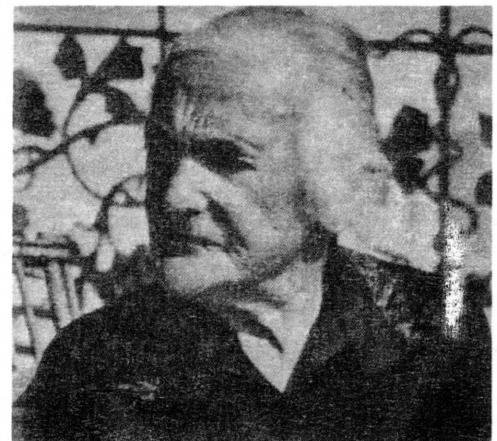
In spite of this, in spite of Callahan's obvious plotting with the prosecution, the state has still no case. Their witnesses recite words they have been taught like parrots—but when a question is asked of them which had not been foreseen by Knight, who coached them, they contradicted each other and themselves at every word.

With the exception of the change from the subtle lyncher Horton for the ruthless lyncher Callahan, the line-up of the ruling-class in this court-room scene is about the same as at Patterson's previous trial. Knight heads the staff, assisted by Tom Lawson, Morgan County solicitor, and H. G. Bailey, the original prosecutor from Scottsboro town.

As before a lily-white jury, from which Negroes are illegally excluded, sits in the box—a jury whose lily-white men is the main issue for which the Southern ruling class is fighting.

Behind them stand the whole white ruling and oppressing class of Alabama and the United States, the whole court machinery of the state, the white landlords, the industrialists who are joined in the issue of demanding a big supply of cheap, terrorized black labor. Behind them stand the armed forces of

CLARA ZETKIN: heroine of the international working class. As chairman of the I.R.A. her last days were spent in calling for mass action—to aid the victims of White Terror among them the Scottsboro boys.



I have just returned from the Eastern shore of Maryland. That is where the lynch belt begins. That is where Matthew Williams was taken from a hospital two years ago and hanged to a tree; where Euel Lee was framed for legal lynching; and where, on October 18, George Armwood was stabbed, tortured, hanged, and burned by a mob of well-dressed citizens.

"Leading citizens" on the shore referred very freely to the Armwood lynching, and always with a laugh. "Lynchings are bread and meat to me," said the editor of the *Eastern Shore Republican*.

As I travelled from town to town, past the empty truck patches and the corn-fields, I saw that lynchings are indeed offered by the ruling class as a substitute for bread and meat. The ruined truck-farmers and share-croppers—the unemployed farm-hands and oystermen—even those workers who find a few weeks of seasonal labor in canneries, oyster-houses or saw-mills with wages running as low as 25 cents a day, have no prospects but starvation before them. In six of the nine counties, there is no machinery at all for distributing relief. At the same time, Negroes who "trespass" may be shot on sight. Hungry Negroes who steal a chicken get six months in jail. Negroes can be knifed or beaten by white men, with no charges preferred.

I came back to Baltimore in a fighting mood. I was glad for the opportunity given me to present the facts I had found at the Public Inquiry into the Armwood lynching, which was held in Baltimore on the night of November 18th.

Fifteen hundred people, at least a third of them white, packed the New Albert Auditorium. Of these 773 were delegates, elected from lodges, churches, fraternal orders, trade unions and mass organizations, and representing in all 194,000 workers and intellectuals. They had come from docks and steel mills, from fields and factories, from schools and offices and homes. From as far north as Massachusetts and as far south as Georgia they had come in bus-loads and truck-loads, answering the call of the League of Struggle for Negro Rights and the International Labor Defense for a conference to launch nation-wide mass action against lynching and every form of attack upon the Negro people. Share-croppers from Tidewater, Virginia and oyster-dredgers from the Eastern Shore had sent delegates here, and every one of these knew that he risked his life in coming.

At the Public Inquiry, which preceded the Conference itself, testimony was presented against the Maryland state officials and the ruling class of Maryland and of the United States for the complicity in the Armwood lynching. Bernard Ades, I. L. D. attorney, whom the Maryland State

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By ROSE BRADLEY

passing now going on between States Attorney Robins, Attorney General Lane, Judge Duer and Governor Ritchie. Only on the eve of the Public Inquiry, he said, had Attorney General Lane ordered the arrest of nine lynchers whose names were made public three weeks before in the "Daily Worker." He commented sharply on the mockery of asking Robins, named as one of the chief instigators of the lynchings, to make the arrests.

Then came my own testimony, in which I attempted to show how the intensified terror against Negroes on the Eastern Shore serves a real economic purpose—for the ruling class of small cannery and packing-house owners. How it helps to drive wages down to the bone for Negroes and for whites, and keeps them from joining together in struggle to secure bearable conditions of life and work! In addition to the factual evidence, I submitted statements by Negro workers and ruling-class whites, showing how the terror on the Eastern Shore had deepened with economic crisis.

Finally, in a smashing and terrible climax, William L. Patterson, National Secretary of the International Labor Defense, read out the list of the 43 lynchings which have occurred in the United States in 1933. Quietly he read off the names and the numbers—41, 42, 43—until the audience gasped and raged at the mounting list of unpunished horrors. In conclusion, he told of the threats against the Scottsboro boys and their lawyers and quoted affidavits showing that a massacre is being prepared in Morgan County,

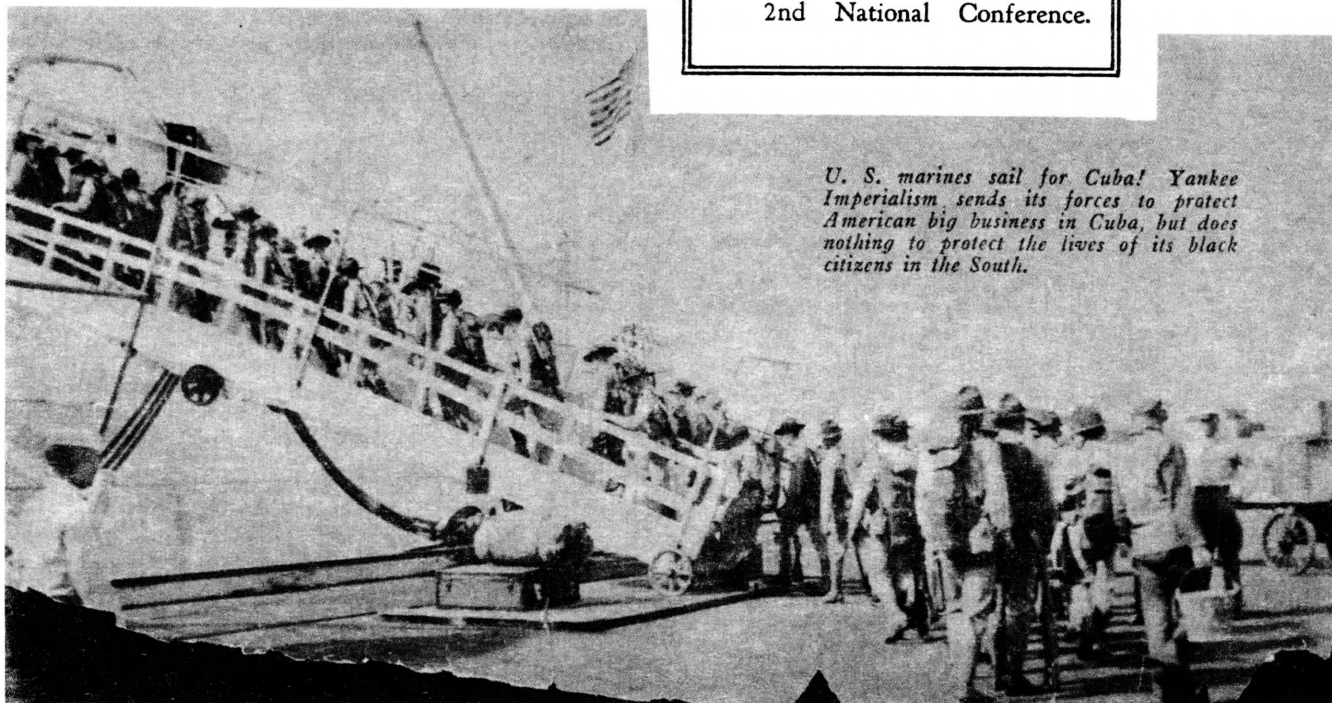
unless the toiling masses of the country organize to prevent it.

A tribunal of workers and intellectuals, who had been elected from the floor, retired to consider the evidence. And when the chairman of this Tribunal, Dr. Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary, brought in the verdict: (continued on p. 93)

Oh—we're from Alabama—
we shall not be moved
Oh—we're from Alabama
we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted
by the water—
We shall not be moved.

We fight against evictions, etc.,
We fight against the terror, etc.

Sung by the Share Croppers
Delegation at the Farmers
2nd National Conference.



U. S. marines sail for Cuba! Yankee Imperialism sends its forces to protect American big business in Cuba, but does nothing to protect the lives of its black citizens in the South.

The Story of Todor Antonoff

Told by
Himself

In the beginning of 1914, the government of Bulgaria began to bleed the poor farmers of that small country for more and more taxes to pay for the costs of the war.

The farmers had to find some solution to their problems and many of them found one way out—sending their sons to America. One of the thousands of poor farmers' sons was Todor Antonoff. His father mortgaged their small piece of land to pay for Todor's passage to America.

Todor got here at the age of 15. He found a job on the construction of a new railroad and got \$1.25 a day. It was hard work and the foreman was mean and Todor lived on bread and beans saving his money to pay off the mortgage on his father's farm.

The steel trust has a big mill in Lorain, Ohio. Antonoff went there and got a job. In a short time a shop paper appeared calling on the workers to celebrate May 1st—for the first time in the history of Lorain.

The workers came out and demonstrated through the streets. But the whole police force and all the company police came out too. The next day hundreds of workers were fired. Among them Antonoff, whose record had been checked up by stool pigeons. He was not only fired, he was black-listed. So he moved on to Michigan where he went to work in the auto industry and among the auto workers.

In Flint, Mich., he organized the first Sacco Vanzetti demonstration on Aug. 22, 1927. One result of the demonstration was the organization of a local of the Auto workers union in the Fisher Body plant where Antonoff was working at the time. The following year 500 Fisher Body workers went out on strike against a 20% wage cut. Antonoff was one of the leaders of the

strike. The bosses with the help of the A. F. of L. succeeded in smashing the strike and Antonoff along with many other auto workers was black-listed.

He moved on to Pontiac, Mich. another General Motors town. In a short time there was another local of the Auto Workers Union to worry the bosses. Through their stool pigeons the bosses discovered Antonoff and fired him from that job too. So Antonoff moved to Detroit and began to organize the unemployed there, particularly the Negro workers.

In June 1930 the workers in Fisher Body received a 40-60% wage cut. Under the leadership of the Auto Workers Union the entire plant of 5,000 workers came out on strike. Again Antonoff was found in the front ranks of the struggle organizing the defense of the dozens of arrested strikers.

Antonoff was himself arrested and brought before the chief of police, who said to him, "Antonoff, you are a young intelligent man. Why do you want to mix with these ignorant strikers? Look at your clothes, your shoes. Man, you are almost ragged. Why don't you quit this gang and we will make a man out of you? All you have to do is sign this piece of paper and we will put you on the pay roll for \$200 a month." But Antonoff did not sign. "Well," said the Chief of Police. "We'll have to take you into the Investigating Room and make you sign."

In the Investigating Room (Third Degree Room) Antonoff was beaten until he was unconscious. But he did not sign. Five days later the police took him for a ride 10 miles out of Flint, beat him up with black jacks and a rubber hose and left him there for dead. Five weeks after that he was arrested in Pontiac on criminal syndicalism charges. Again the police and the prosecution did everything they could to bribe Antonoff. But in vain.

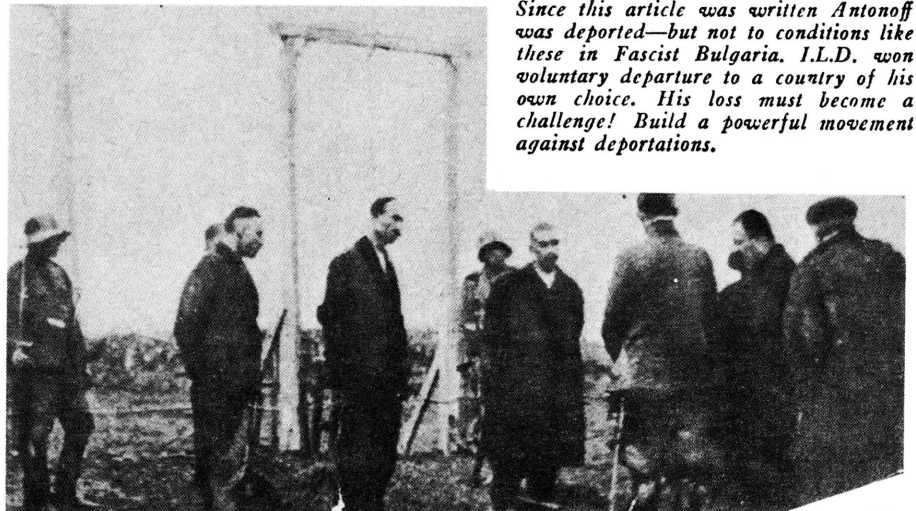
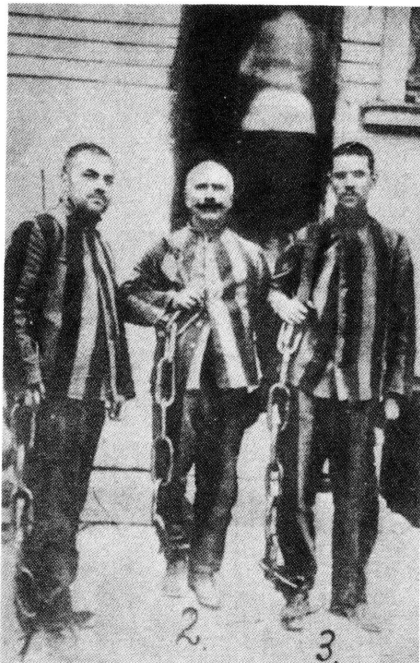
The Michigan automobile manufacturers together with the crooked politicians prepared a bill known as the

Alien Registration Bill. The bill was passed secretly by the Michigan State legislature and signed by the Governor shortly afterwards. The bill required the registration, fingerprints and photographs of every alien man, woman and child, a sort of passport system. A committee of working class organizations was organized immediately to fight against this law. Antonoff was elected secretary of this committee. Over 200 organizations joined in Detroit alone and later more than 400 organizations from all over the state. Under Antonoff's leadership the masses of workers of Michigan defeated this outrageous bill.

In the beginning of 1932 a conference called by the unemployed councils, Auto Workers Union and other organizations decided to hold a Hunger March to the Ford Plant. Antonoff was active in the preparations for this march. Ford had machine guns turned on the hungry workers and four were killed. Over 150,000 attended the mass funeral of the Ford Massacre victims.

Because of these activities Antonoff was arrested and held in jail for over 11 months on a \$25,000 cash bail bond and now he must leave the country before November 1 or be deported to Fascist Bulgaria where he faces death.

Comrades, readers of the Labor Defender, I tell you this story not because it is an exceptional story. There are hundreds and thousands of Antonoffs throughout the country—workers who are devoted to the working class, who are ready to give their lives if necessary because they know that the future belongs to the workers. In fighting for me you are fighting your own battle. You are fighting for the thousands of foreign born workers whom the Roosevelt regime is seeking to deport to Fascist countries while it turns a smiling face of welcome to the fascist blackguards who visit these shores. Workers close your ranks—build your unions, build the International Labor Defense in the battle against hunger, deportations and for a better world.



Since this article was written Antonoff was deported—but not to conditions like these in Fascist Bulgaria. I.L.D. won voluntary departure to a country of his own choice. His loss must become a challenge! Build a powerful movement against deportations.



The four heroes of the Reichstag trial separated by Nazi storm troops. Dimitroff is seated second from the left.

Chinese workers and students demonstrate against imperialism and terror. Make December 12 a day of solidarity with all oppressed peoples.

Canton Commune December 12



On December 12, the workers of the entire world are called upon to observe the sixth anniversary of the Canton Commune. On December 12, six years ago, the toilers of South China rose heroically and seized political power. For three days the Canton Commune held this power. Then thanks to the warships of the imperialist powers, the Kuomintang was able to regain the city of Canton and slaughter the Communards. Tens of thousands met death by machine gun fire on the execution grounds, or by drowning in the Pearl River or were buried alive in the stillness of the night.

Throughout 1928 and 1929 the white terror in Kuomintang China continued unabated. The workers of the world, especially the Americans, demonstrated their solidarity with the then defeated and suppressed toiling masses. Thousands of dollars were sent from the United States to aid the victims of class war in China. This gave additional courage and strength to the struggling Chinese masses. The great successes gained recently are due in no small measure to the good work of American workers.

It is six years now. The Canton Commune was like a meteoric flash prophesying the dawn of a new day. On November 7, 1930 the prophecy was realized. The Central Soviet Government was founded and now rules 100 million people in an area covering one sixth of China proper. One hundred million freed from exploitation and oppression of the bourgeois landlord Kuomintang and imperialism. The workers' and peasants' Red Army have smashed five suppression campaigns of the Kuomintang. From December last until June of this year, the scattered reports of Red Army victories include the complete annihilation of more than 42 Kuomintang regiments, scattering of 8 divisions and 33 regiments, and the capture of 31,472 rifles, 797 heavy machine guns, 5 radio sets and 69 trench mortars. The number of Kuomintang soldiers killed and captured reaches 37,300, including 3 divisional commanders and several officers of lower ranks. As we remember the sixth anniversary of the Canton Commune, we see 2 Chinas fighting for power. One—the Kuomintang—dying before the blows of the masses, the other—the Chinese Soviets—advancing in spite of terrific obstacles. The Kuomintang is not satisfied to maintain its

bloody regime by military strength. It reaches out its bloody claws for the class war heroes who fight within Kuomintang China.

Ernst Torgler defends himself before the Nazi tribunal—(from the cover of AIZ, banned in Germany).

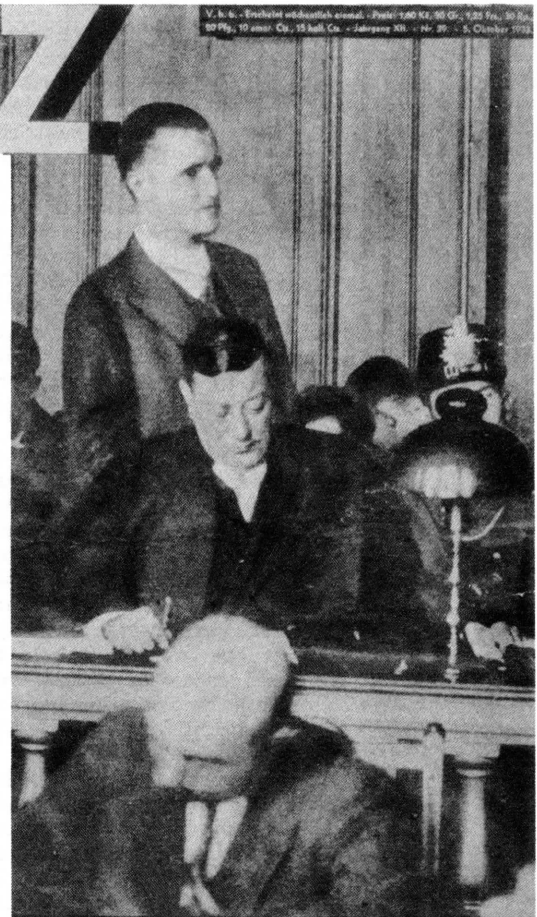


To cite only a few examples:

1. Paul and Gertrude Ruegg are now incarcerated for life for the crime of teaching workers of the Far East to fight for better conditions.
2. Huang Ping, trade union leader is still held and tortured.
3. Lo Tuan Yen a leader in the Canton Hongkong strike, 1925-26, was arrested. His crime? Anti-Japanese and anti-imperialist activities.
4. Ting Ling outstanding woman writer in China, Pan Chu-Nien, editor of the Red Flag, were kidnapped and Ying-Shu-Jen, Chinese revolutionary poet was murdered in May by secret agents of Chiang Kai-Shek.

December 12, must be not only a day of fighting for the release of these Chinese class war prisoners. It must

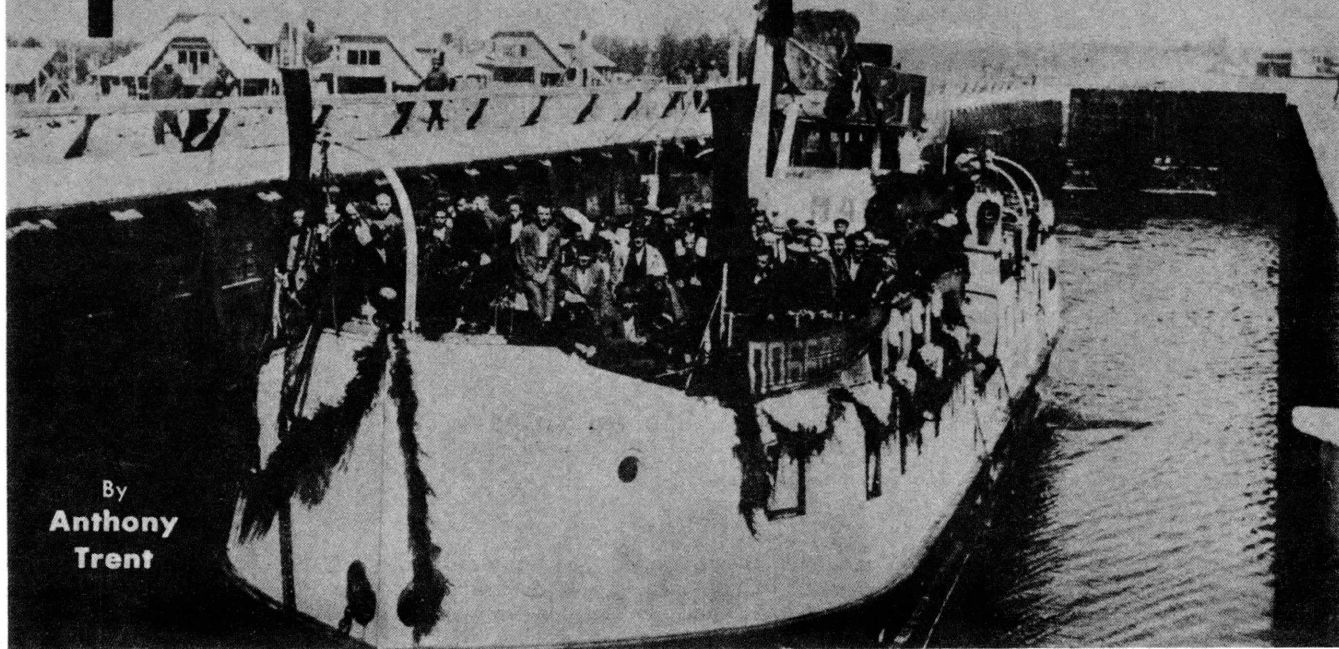
not only be a day for commemorating the Canton Commune. We can best honor the memories of the heroes of the Canton Commune, by supporting the struggles of the Chinese Soviets, by denouncing the suppression of all colonial and semi colonial peoples all over the world—in India, Indo-China, on the South American continent, Cuba, wherever white terror and oppression raises its ugly head.



The accused becomes the accuser.

**Der Angeklagte
wird zum Ankläger**
Ernst Torgler pricht die ersten Worte vor dem Leipziger

Two Worlds—Two Roads



By
**Anthony
Trent**

The first ship to go through the Baltic White Sea Canal. The ex-prisoners who constructed it participate in the celebration.

Two recent events occurring in widely separated parts of the world challenge our attention. In the United States, the government has announced the establishment of a "Devil's Island" at Alcatraz, a bleak and barren island lying off San Francisco, for "troublesome and unregenerate" long term prisoners. From the workers' republic, the Soviet Union, comes the news that the Baltic-White Sea Canal, built entirely by prisoners' labor, has been successfully completed.

Unrelated as these incidents may seem at first glance, they are nonetheless of profound significance in revealing the sharp contrast in the ways in which two worlds—the world of capitalism and the world of socialism in construction—solve their social problems; the one by retreating to dark age methods, the other by leaping forward.

Of all the great achievements of the Soviet Union in the sixteenth year of its existence, none is more inspiring than the building of the Baltic-White Sea Canal by convict labor. The canal, cutting its way through the Soviet North for 142 miles, connects Archangel with Leningrad, shortens the distance between the two points from 17 to 6 days, and opens up a vast area incredibly rich in minerals, lumber, fish and other natural resources. The second 5 year plan provides for a number of large industrial enterprises to be built along the route of the canal.

The construction of this important waterway was attended by tremendous difficulties. Great forests had to be ploughed. There were other knotty problems of engineering. These were overcome. The canal was finished way ahead of schedule; it has been termed "one of the finest engineering feats in

the USSR". The greatest feat by far, however, was not the construction of this canal in itself, but the wholesale reclamation of tens of thousands of criminals who, while transforming a wilderness into a thriving highway, transformed themselves at the same time.

This project was an experiment of heroic proportions, an experiment in human lives and destinies. When it was first proposed to construct this intricate engineering job with convict labor, many were sceptical of the results. But the proposal was carried out—in a big way. One hundred-thousand law-breakers were recruited from the prison colonies of the Soviet Union. The response was not 100 per cent enthusiastic at first. But before long, the backward elements among the prisoners were caught in the swing of creative construction and the project went forward with a speed, dispatch and pride-in-work seldom surpassed.

What forces wrought this miracle? Most of the credit for this mass rehabilitation is due to the OGPU (United State Political Administration), under whose supervision the work was carried on. From the first they planned and provided varied cultural and recreational facilities for the workers, besides splendid educational courses. The prisoner-workers were given full freedom in leisure hours. There were no cells, no bars, and few guards. Working conditions were practically the same as union labor, in accordance with the policy of all USSR prisons. Wage-rates were also the same as those outside. Periodic vacations were provided for. (Could you imagine this in America—where prisoners are treated like hunted beasts, tortured on chain-gangs and in dungeons; and

either forced to slave from dawn to dusk at penny-a-day rates, or confined to soul-stifling pens like caged tigers to brood in enforced idleness!),

It was constantly emphasized to the prisoners at work that no stigma was attached to them, that they were doing socially-useful work. Socialist competition was introduced. A comradeship spirit was maintained between the prisoners and their supervisors. In every possible way the men—and women, for there were women on the job too—were made to feel that they had something to live for.

Results: tremendous success on every front. The workers developed an intense pride in their jobs, a feeling for cooperative efforts, and at the same time a new lease on life. Thousands learned trades and professions for use in the everyday world. They became engineers, skilled mechanics, electricians, tractor drivers, accountants, etc. Many of the most hardened criminals who would have been given up as "hopelessly irreclaimable" here, became honored "udarniki", or shock-brigaders, those who lead in work and devotion. It is a matter of record that many whose terms expired before the completion of the canal refused to leave the job until it was finished.

And when it was finished, the highest honors in the Soviet Union—the Orders of Lenin, of the Red Star, and of the Red Banner of Labor—were awarded by executive decree to reclaimed criminals for outstanding work on the project. 12,484 prisoners were "completely exempted from measures of social defense"; i. e., they were granted full pardons. 59,516 had their terms reduced. 500 had their convictions erased for particularly self-

(Continued on Page 93)



A chain gang in Georgia—one road to "reform"—back breaking toil from sunrise to sunset.

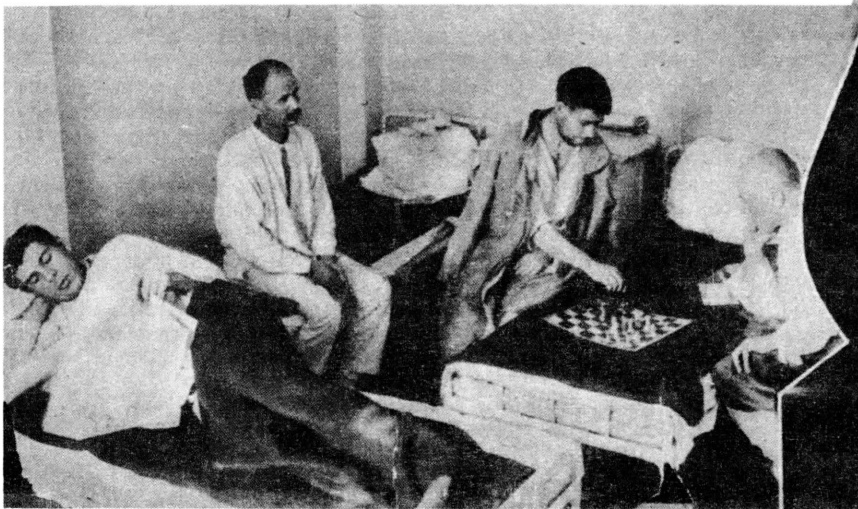


The only road to regeneration—education! A Soviet woman prisoner learning to write.



Soviet prisoners are returned to society as useful citizens. This group studies mechanics.

Recreation and leisure—part of the Soviet corrective system. No brutalizing dungeons or solitary confinement here.



Jimmie - Young Defender

All readers of the *Labor Defender* who have children of their own or whose friends have children are asked to give them this story to read after they have read it themselves. The I. L. D. is launching a campaign to build a Children's Section called Young Defenders. Write to the Nat'l office I. L. D. for information.

By SASHA SMALL

"Jimmie's father is in jail." It seemed to Jimmie that every kid in school whispered to the kid next to him, the words, "Jimmie's father is in jail."

He didn't like to look at anybody in his class when he spoke to them or when they spoke to him for it seemed that they looked back suspiciously or tauntingly or something.

Well, what of it, suppose he was in jail. He hadn't murdered anybody or kidnapped anybody or robbed a bank. He hadn't done anything like that. Of course, the words the judge had used sounded terrible enough—criminal syndicalism. Long, mean-sounding words. Jimmie had no idea what they meant. They certainly didn't fit with what his father and Mabel's father and Bud's uncle had done. They were all three of them charged with the same thing and sentenced to four years in the State penitentiary.

There had been a strike in the plant. It lasted for weeks and weeks. For months before the strike most of the small frame houses on the block had sheltered, after a fashion, cold and hungry fathers and mothers and children. Some of the fathers worked a little, but most of them didn't work at all. Then one day the plant took on a lot of men again. And for a while most of the fathers on the block went to work early every morning and came home dog tired every night. And there was a little more to eat in the small frame houses.

One night, about six weeks ago, Mabel's father and Bud's uncle and the man from Chicago were all at Jimmie's house and they talked for hours and hours. Most of the talk was about a union. How there ought to be a union in the plant that all the men ought to belong to and how if they had a union the boss couldn't lay them off whenever he felt like it or cut the wages or make them work overtime without pay. A few days after that more men from the plant came over in the evening and each one told how in his department there was speed-up, or bum unprotected machines or something. They all had something to complain about and most of them sounded ready to fight for better conditions and they were all agreed that if they had a union they would be stronger than now.

Then there was the strike. Almost all the men in the plant came out and marched on the picket lines and called to those few who still went through the gates every morning, "Come on out with us. Don't be a scab."

Then the plant started bringing in scabs from other cities. They came in big trucks guarded by armed troopers and deputies. That's when the real fighting started.

Then came the day when the strikers rushed a truck full of scabs and tried to stop it. The troopers and the deputies fired into the crowd. A couple of people were wounded and Jimmie's



father was arrested. That's what the judge called criminal syndicalism. Jimmie felt miserable. Most of the time they were hungry at home now. The relief they used to get when his father was out of work before was cut off. It hadn't amounted to much, but there was something to eat. But now the relief lady said the county wouldn't feed the families of law breakers and trouble makers.

One day a bigger fellow from another class came up to Jimmie and said, "Your father is in jail isn't he?" Jimmie just walked on.

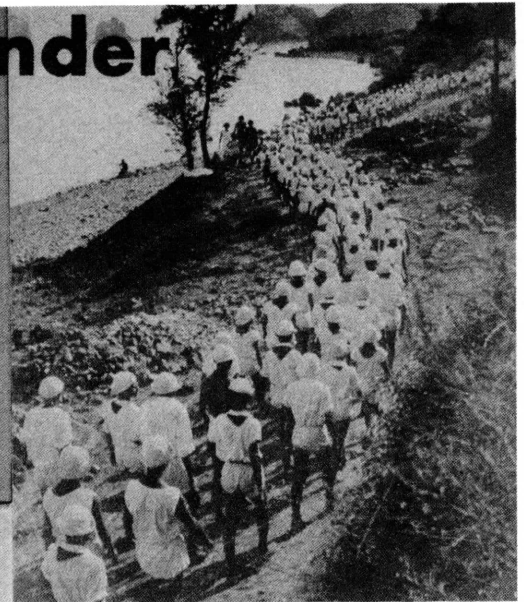
"Hey, what's the matter with you. I don't bite. I just asked you a question."

"You know the answer without asking me," Jimmie mumbled. The bigger boy walked beside him for a while then he said, "How'd you like to come to a party next Saturday afternoon?" Jimmie said, "Huh."

"Oh, this ain't a sissy party. This'll be different. We're gonna start a club at this party and we want you to belong."

Jimmie looked up. Here was somebody who wanted him to be friends even though his father was in jail. In fact it sounded as if he wanted to be friends just because his father was in jail. "OK. If my mother says I can, I'll be there. Where is it?"

On Saturday afternoon Jimmie was there. On the walls of the room there were a couple of big posters. On one of them there was a man with white hair and kind eyes sitting in a prison



"We're marching toward the morning" sing these Russian children.

Willie, the son of a political refugee in the Soviet Union. He lives at the Stassova Children's Home which shelters many children regardless of race, creed or color.

cell peeling potatoes. Underneath it said, "Free Tom Mooney." On another there was a man in a prison uniform swinging a big ax at a ball and chain that dangled from his leg. And on still another there were nine Negro boys tied together with a rope, surrounded by soldiers holding guns. It had big lettering on it, "The Scottsboro Boys Shall Not Die."

It was a shock to Jimmy. The people around here seemed to think prisoners were allright if they put their pictures on the wall. There were about 14 other kids and they were playing some kind of a game when he came in. After a few minutes a girl in a blue sweater who had sort of a nice smile came over to him and said, "You're Jimmie aren't you?" He nodded. She put her arm around him and said a little louder, "Allright now everybody, we are going to start the meeting."

The girl in the blue sweater said, "First before we talk about the club I want to tell you a story. A hero story. I know you all like hero stories. But this one isn't about giants or Frank Merriwell or George Washington. All heroes don't ride around on horses and rescue ladies from bandits or lick all the Indians. You will never learn about these heroes in school but you all know what they are like. They are people like your own mothers and fathers who have worked and slaved to make enough for themselves and their children to live on. But these heroes have fought courageously and fiercely for all of you. They have fought against thugs and troopers, in the face of guns and the blackjacks for the right to make their children happier and healthier. Some of these heroes became prisoners of war because this fight against their bosses for more wages and better houses is a war and like in all wars there are prisoners and they are thrown into jail..

(Continued on Page 93)

The Farmer Takes His Rights!

by **ROB HALL**

Editor, *Farmers National Weekly*



"If it wasn't for the I.L.D., I wouldn't stand before you now." That's how John Rose began his speech to the Farmers 2nd National Conference at Chicago middle of last month. Former Chicago cop now busted farmer, he is out on \$2500 bail while the I.L.D. is appealing his 6 months to 5 years in Michigan State Penitentiary. His crime? Protesting the foreclosure of the farm of Frank Von Brocklin at White Cloud.

Nile Cochran, a picket in the farmers strike against the Milk Trust in Iowa, sits in the South Dakota state penitentiary at Elk Point, serving three years on a charge of manslaughter. "You lie," Cochran cried through his teeth at the district attorney who charged him with murder. . . . Mrs. Cochran and seven children go wearily about the chores on their little farm at Merville, Iowa.

George Casper, state organizer of the Michigan Farmers League is organizing farmers. But Casper faces a charge of criminal syndicalism, for his action in the same foreclosure. Clyde Smith, secretary of the Michigan Farmers League was held under this charge, but the protest of the farmers forced the judges to reduce the charge to unlawful assembly.

The courts were all ready to frame these farmers, too. Somehow or other, every time the case was called, so many farmers came to town, the judge just didn't have the heart to go through with it.

Then there's Harry Lux, state organizer for the Nebraska Holiday Association. My, what a scrapper!

The judge was named Kohout. "Did you call me Coyote?" he bellowed at Harry. "A man is entitled to his own opinions," Harry answered.

They stuck Harry for a long term in the Wilber County courts. The Farmers National Defense Bureau appealed. The farmers fought the case. Just the other day, the case was dropped.

Art Wimer, is a young farmer in Stanton County, Nebraska. His buddy, Marvin Kingston, used to be in the navy. They didn't like the action of the mortgage sharks and the county

officers who evict farmers even when the wife is sick and they have no place to go. The authorities plastered charges a mile long against Wimer and Kingston, but how far did they get? They finally dropped the case, and the county attorney of Stanton, the sheriff and his gang of bootlickers are sure cussing the *Farmers National Weekly* which exposed them. . .

They had a bull pen at Denison and Prigmar, Iowa. Young boys, no older than your son, went around in National Guard uniforms rounding up farmers and threw them into this bull pen. The business men skipped by happy and spiteful. The banker jeered at the farmers. . . The farmers had stopped foreclosures. They had "insulted" a royal judge, rolled him in the mud, doused him with axle grease. Their real sin had been that they did not respect the right of the insurance companies to throw hard-working farmers off the land. . .

Did you hear of the Bad Axe case? In Michigan they arrested five farmers and charged them with criminal syndicalism for stopping a foreclosure. Otto Passow, one of the defendants wrote to the Farmers National Committee for Action: "The sheriff received hundreds of letters and telegrams demanding our release, for which we thank our National Committee."

In Alabama, five Negro share croppers face long prison terms because they resisted the seizure of a brother farmer's live stock. You know of the Tallapoosa case—the International Labor Defense is fighting for them. But did you know that farmers throughout the middle west are fighting for the

Soviet farmers celebrate the 16th anniversary of the October Revolution with the fruits of a fine harvest. No burning of wheat here!

release of their Negro brothers in the South?

In New England, agricultural workers are in jail on charges growing out of a strike in the cranberry bogs. On the West Coast, under the leadership of the Agricultural Workers Industrial Union, the fight for a living wage has raged up and down the coast. Hundreds of militant farm workers are in jail, facing maximum sentences.

Just a few weeks ago out there Casey Boskajon, farm leader of the United Farmers League, was jailed and then handed over to a gang of fascist hoodlums to be beaten insensible.

You can see that the class struggle goes on in the countryside, on the farms, just as it does in the city. The ruling class uses the same methods, the same instruments—capitalist courts police clubs and sheriff's guns, the National Guard, and fascist gangsters. Some of the best fighters in the farm movement are in jail or are under charges.

The farmers are learning to use the same weapons to fight back that the city workers use—mass action! In all these cases, either the International Labor Defense or the Farmers National Committee for Action has mobilized the farmers to fight back, call demonstrations and send telegrams.

And the more than 700 delegates gathered at the Farmers 2nd National Conference realizing that when they take their rights they will have to

(Continued on Page 93)



State troopers and deputy sheriffs wield their clubs against striking dairy farmers in N. Y. State. The I. L. D. supports the farmers' fight against terror!



Ambridge, Pa.—Sheriff O'Laughlin leaning over the body of his victim, Adam Peteski, killed while picketing in the recent steel strike.

LISTEN—

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

(Prize winning title by L. Zinberg, 319 W. 98th Street, N. Y. C.)

Christmas Relief for Prisoners, a victory of real humanity over the fake, of realism over goo-goo sentiment; forcing an idle, vain, messy institution into some practical useful work.

I can imagine Santa Claus explaining his conversion this way: "Friends and fellow workers, I have been living in sin; but so have many of us who have to hold on to a job. I have always been shown with a smile on my face, but that smile was as false as my whiskers. That was my Christmas spirit working overtime for liars, hypocrites and oppressors. Once a year bourgeois society has to use a powerful deodorant to take away its bad smell. Christmas served the purpose. And I served as the perfume squirter.

"Imagine my shame and humiliation as I trotted around delivering hypocritical best wishes, stupid messages, lies wrapped up in gaudy boxes, intrigues and trickeries. I saw the sallow workers in the toy factories, the sweated mill operatives, the fainting salesgirls in the department store during the nightmare month before the holidays who all suffered agony to make it a merry Christmas for whom?



Armed thugs meet Ambridge steel strikers near Spang Chalfont plant. Part of the New Deal.

"And what lies and calculation are hidden in this bourgeois commerce of gifts—wives hoping their gift ties will grow into new gowns, bosses giving packs of cigarettes and boxes of cheap candy to salve their consciences for robbing their workers by continued salary cuts; salesmen taking the opportunity to bribe purchasing agents; little store keepers giving "merry Christmas" to cops who look the other way when the stores open on Sunday; big business men giving merry Christmas to the politicians who control franchises, assessment rates, and tax exemptions; Morgan giving presents to government officials.

"Bourgeois gifts? There is little giving there. There are damn few gifts that are not outright investments in the responsiveness of the receiver. There is something unpleasant even in the way presents are given to children. The presents of the poor to their children are real gifts. But the presents of the rich are conscience money, paid out by the idle into the toyshops that are called nurseries teach these rich kids the evil lesson that they can expect, through life, more than they need.



Boston: Flown from a 125-foot pole over Boston Common—this symbol of protest remained where workers had placed it for 8 hours!

"Do you wonder that I am sick of this business? Do you wonder that I am ashamed of myself and have decided to do some honest work. How different I feel when I deliver Christmas Relief to political prisoners. No longer am I an accessory to bribery, shady investment, greed and hypocrisy. No longer am I an accomplice of crooks and confidence men. I help in taking care of the heroic fighters of the working class; I help to bring on the day when the world will be cleared of hypocrisy and fraud."

Let us all put Christmas spirit to this good use. Let us convert this powerful bourgeois institution into a weapon of working class defense. Let us give relief and cheer to those who have fought for us. Let us hold house parties and take up collections to bring some of our enjoyment to those who cannot come, who wait in their lonely cells for these signs of our comradeship. Let us say to our friends when they become inflated with Christmas spirit. "The victims of class injustice are friendless, comfortless, hungry, and despairing in these dark, cold, filthy cells. Send them comforts. Their families are starving and shivering in cold, dismal industrial slums. Send them clothing, food, and financial help to tide them over the Winter. In that way you can make your good will to man spirit a reality."

The Biggest Frame-Up in the World

by LOUIS COLMAN

As this is written, the biggest frame-up in the world is going on before the Supreme Court of Germany. Four Communists, and an idiot Nazi tool, van der Lubbe, face death on charges of having burned down the Reichstag building in Berlin last February.

But it is not they who are really on trial. It is Hitler, and German fascism.

Because of the courageous, militant manner in which George Dimitroff, Ernst Torgler, Blagoi Popoff, and Basil Taneff, the four Communists, have turned their trial into a trial of Hitler and the Nazi regime, every class-conscious worker holds his head higher today.

The Labor Defender last month told who really burned the Reichstag. The account was necessarily short. Other articles, on the trial itself, appear on pages 74, 82 of this issue. To bring forward all the facts and all the evidence which proves that the Nazis burned the Reichstag themselves—even only those facts which were known before the trial started—would take a book.

Fortunately there is such a book—"The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror and the Burning of the Reichstag."

One of the most important political defense actions ever undertaken was the counter-trial of the Reichstag burners held in London in September. Here, before a court of the most famous lawyers in the world, before the masses of the world, the evidence proving the innocence of the four Communists was laid bare, and the proof that Goering, Hitler, and the Nazis themselves, burned the Reichstag as a monster provocation brought forward. It was on the basis of this frame-up that Nazis seized power. On this basis they have murdered thousands of Communist, Socialist, and non-party, German workers and many Jews, and have imprisoned and tortured at least a hundred thousand.

This is the story, in all its sordid details, that is told in this "Brown Book." It begins with the beginnings of Hitler. It goes through the story of his rise to power and the base betrayal of the workers by the Social Democratic party of Germany. The detailed and elaborate preparation for the monstrous provocation of the Reichstag burning are described at length. The last half of the book deals with the frame-up and the white terror that followed.

How the Nazis have systematically

A Review of THE BROWN BOOK OF THE HITLER TERROR AND THE BURNING OF THE REICHSTAG, prepared by the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., Pub. \$2.50.

worked at the destruction of culture and science, burning libraries, wrecking museums, banishing all scientists, writers, artists, and musicians of standing and integrity, beginning with Professor Albert Einstein, the greatest mathematician in the world, is also told in detail, with affidavits from witnesses of the vandalism—and quotations from Hitler himself showing this to be his aim.

In regard to the condition of the political prisoner, the Brown Book says:

"The position of the prisoners is made worse by the fact that the Hitler Government has prohibited the Red Aid' organization, which used to help the families of political prisoners. But it still carries on its work, with the help of similar organizations in other countries, and the 'Committees for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism' which have been set up on the initiative of the Workers International Relief organization."

The German Red Aid, which is the German sister of the I.L.D. does live and work. In spite of being illegal, in spite of the fact that collection of dues is punishable with long prison sentences, there are in Germany 70,000 dues-paying members of the Red Aid.

In America, where the menace of Fascism exists, where it is increased daily by the desperate situation of the ruling class, and by the betrayals and class-collaboration policies of the Socialists—just like in Germany—the workers have a tremendous task of international solidarity to fulfill for the victims of the Brown terror in Germany, inseparable from their huge task of building the I.L.D. to fight against the Fascist menace.

CROSBY, MINN.

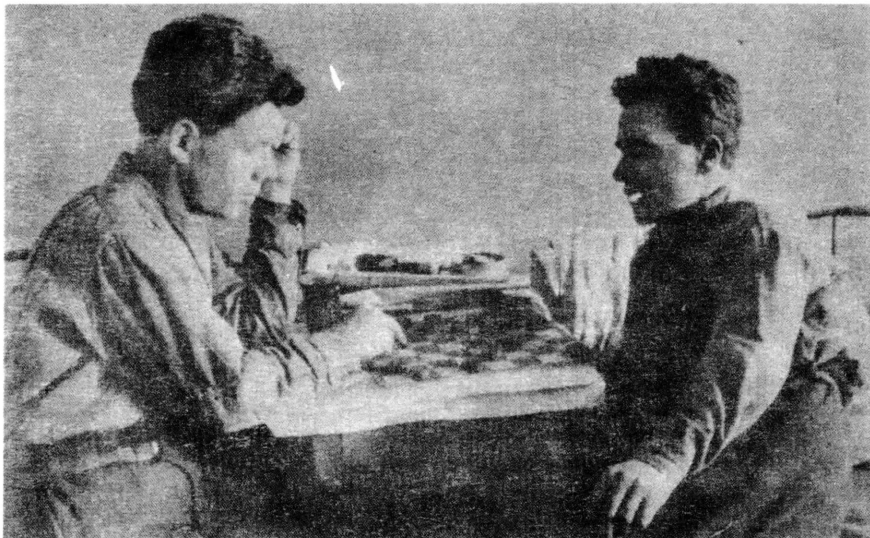
(Continued from Page 77)

claimed a city holiday, the police just stood quietly along the sides. A lot of them applauded the speeches too. Some of them I guess thought they had better try to keep on the good side of the mayor.

I have given only a few instances of conditions in Crosby but I can promise that I will keep the police in check in the future just as I have done in the past and that Crosby, Minnesota will never be the scene of police brutality or terror as long as I am mayor.



International Commission that sat in London to receive and hear evidence about the Reichstag fire.



Soviet political prisoners. No chain gangs or solitary confinement here.

RUBY'S STORY

(Continued from October LABOR DEFENDER)

Then they put Victoria and me in a car with five or six men. The Gilley boy and John Gleason, one of the boys that had been in the fight were put in another car headed for Scottsboro. There was at least 20 cars all together went to go to Scottsboro.

One of the men in our car started to ask Victoria what had happened. She start to tell a story with the word rape in it. But the driver of the car stopped her. He said he didn't want to be a witness and he didn't want to hear what she said.

The ride only took about 20 minutes. When we arrived at Scottsboro there was a crowd of more than 500 people staring us right in the face. And then we saw Lester and the other boys from the train. They was standing on the jail house steps. The sheriff was standing there with them.

Then they took us out of the car and carried us through the crowd into the jail. It's a dirty rotten place. When you go up the stairs on the right there's the hospital room and on the right there's the Negro cells. They locked the Negroes up in one of these cells.

Victoria and I was taken over 2 blocks in a car to the doctor's. It was still night and the streets were full of people. There was crowds on the side walks and in the roads and ever where else. All over you could hear the word, "Lynchin'". Some were saying they should have lynched those Negroes right when they took them off the train. Some was saying they'd get them later if only they didn't get National Guards to watch them. Some was saying as soon as they could get ammunition ready they'd go and get them in the jail.

The doctor first examined Victoria and then me. He didn't ask us no questions about the train. Just about ourselves.

When he got through with us they took us back to that dirty little two story building and locked us up in a cell right at the end of the hall. All they gave us to eat was some turnip greens with a piece of fat meat and a small piece of corn bread. And the bed Victoria and I had to sleep on was a three inch mattress on the concrete floor. We stayed in this cell during the time before we went before the Grand Jury. After that they let us down to the run around the cell where the white boys were.

Victoria she kept on telling me I'd have to tell the same story she did or we'd have to lay out a long sentence in jail for vagrancy. And she said I'd get Lester in trouble too if I didn't tell what she did because it was against the law for a boy to be taking girls across the border from one state to another.

She was older than I was—she's over 30—and I thought she knew better than I did about all these things and I believed what she said.

She told me what to tell over and over again. That we had been attacked. She said to tell that 6 Negroes attacked me and that three of them jumped off the train. She would identify 6 of them as having attacked her and she would also swear to the other 3. And she said for me to take the three that was left and remember which ones they were.

So then they got those nine boys into the hospital room and we was brought in there too. They asked me to identify those boys and I said I couldn't except that they was the boys that were taken off the train at Paint Rock.

And then they asked Victoria. And she picked out 6 of them and said they had attacked her. They asked me was the 3 that was left the ones that had attacked me and I said yes. Only they didn't say attacked they said rape. The boys only said, "We're not guilty."

LESTER'S STORY

(Continued from October LABOR DEFENDER)

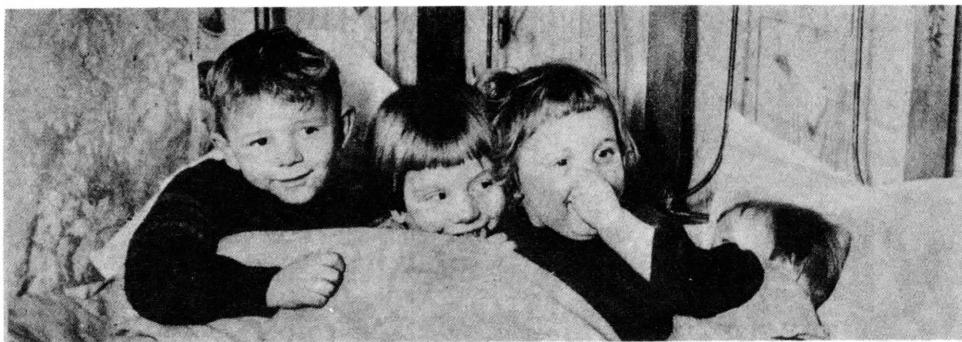
Victoria Price motioned to me to come over to the car. I didn't pay her any mind because I was excited. The boy who called hisself Texas went to the car and I heard Victoria Price tell him to play like he was her brother. He said he would play like he was her brother so they wouldn't be took up for hoboing alone. They took us up one flight into the jail and they took the Negroes up too. They put us all into one big room and asked us could we identify the Negroes. Some of the boys identified some of them as some of the boys they had had the fight with but I didn't myself, because I wasn't in the fight very long. (The men who were doing the questioning were those who brought us and part of them was the law there at Scottsboro). They asked the girls did the Negroes attack them too. Victoria Price said they attacked her too, which I thought at that time they meant the Negro boys had fought with the girls too.

They said they would put us all in jail and investigate some more about it. They put us in the run-around, around the cage in the main cell. The cage is made of steel lattice work and has a sheet iron roof. It has bunks along the walls tied up with chains. They took the other prisoners who were in the cage out and put them in another part of the jail. They put the nine Negro boys in another part of the jail too. They never put a Negro and a white man in jail together down there. It was getting late in the evening. When it got dark why they put us in on the inside of the cage.

They took our names and the fellow that called hisself Texas Slim gave his name as Odell Gladwell. A small boy who said he was Odell's brother he called his name Lindsay Gladwell. I told them my name and told them where I lived in Knoxville, Tenn. One boy, short, blackheaded and black eyed he gave his name as John Ferguson. One boy gave his name as John Gleason from Georgia. He was a midget, a very small fellow, quick and active. He wore a long cap bib. He looked funny like Out Gangs comedy. He was a very funny kid too, always talking and tap-dancing around. He told me the people were very excited at Paint Rock where they took them off the train. He said the people were so nervous, the women folks had guns under their aprons as well as the men folks. He said he was scared he was gonna be shot at. The boy who called hisself Texas, when they put him in the main part of the jail, he raised so much noise they put him in the dungeon which was adjoining part of the main cell that we was in. A dungeon is a thing you can't sit down in or lie down in. Just big enough to crowd a big man in. It has a door but you can't see through it unless you peep around the side. The rest of us boys helped him get out. We strained the door with the mop handle and got him out. We all talked about the fight and most of us agreed we didn't care nothing about the fight. We didn't know what we was charged with.

We spent all of the next day in the cage. They kept asking some of the boys all along what happened.

We just sat around all day, played cards and told stories and talked about hoboing, where each one had been during his life and what had happened to him. All the stories were about the same. Us fellers were figuring out what we was going to get into and when we was gonna get out and trying to get out of the sheriff what was we charged with. I don't know how many days it was until court started. When it did start they took us to the court house and kept us in the waiting room. We didn't hear anybody testify at all or see them or anything. When they said the girls was attacked I thought they meant it as if somebody was hunting and a lion attacked him.



It takes all the clothes they own in the world and all the bedding in the house to keep these kids warm! Thinking about such conditions as these for their families makes the days of our political prisoners longer and more weary. Help spare them this worry. Contribute to the Christmas Relief Fund for our prisoners and their families.

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

By GRACE LUMPKIN

As we go about the streets these days in December we hear many voices calling out to us. The Salvation Army says "Give to the poor for Christmas." We stop to look in the store windows and find them decorated with symbols of Christmas, the time of "Peace on earth". The stores urge us to buy presents for our families, our children, and friends.

The newspapers have full page advertisements of gifts for the Christmas season. Over the radio the preachers tell about "Good will toward men."

Advertisements appear in the street cars; above high buildings in bright electric lights. Voices of men, like barkers in a circus, pound out over the radio all day, and almost all night. There is hardly a moment when the noise of all these barkers, is not around us, begging us to buy something summoning us to Christmas side-shows.

But if we become quiet, leaving the barker's harsh sounds, if we listen, and read, and think, we can hear other voices which are quite different. These voices do not have the bright, cheery appeal of the professional Christmas voices. They are raised high in appeal, or muffled by misery, by illness, or by walls of thick stone. These are the voices of workers, of political prisoners and their families.

Listen!

Can you hear them?

Can you hear the cries of the unemployed millions?

Workers are in prison for demanding their right to jobs.

Can you make out the groans of those working in factories and mines, and on farms, as they labor in a terrific speedup to make it possible for the government to say it has given shorter hours to workers?

Some are in jail for trying to bring about a better life for themselves.

Do you understand that the Negro hanging from that tree has been lynched by a mob?

Workers are in prison for protesting against this barbarity.

Do you see that judge, old and hardened, sprawled across his counter. He is bargaining for his job with the rich, and the price of his job is the sentences he gives to workers. He pays for his job, by sending workers to prison, or to the electric chair.

Now, in Decatur, Alabama, a judge is bargaining for his place with the lives of seven Negro boys.

These boys have families living in cabins. They have nothing to eat, and very little to wear. The white people find it hard to give jobs to Negro women who dare to fight for the lives of their sons.

Hundreds of men who love freedom are shut in jails because they dared protest against the misery of workers, and demand a new, free life for all workers.

They are serving jail sentences for us. Their families are in want, because they have fought for us.

This Christmas in the homes of the rich, the children of the rich will stand around their splendid Christmas tree and sing, "Silent night, Holy night, All is calm, all is bright."

There will not be any Christmas trees for our prisoners and their families. There will be nothing for them but misery. . . .

Unless . . .

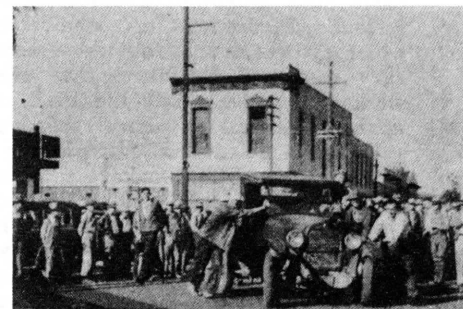
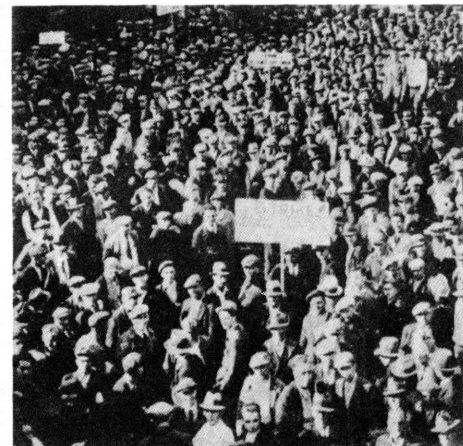
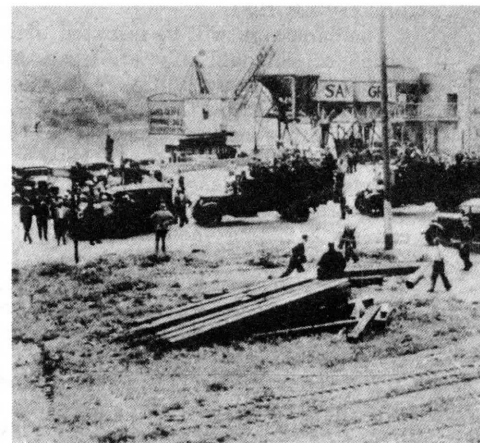
Unless we listen to them, to the voices from prison.

Unless we send our pennies, our dimes, and dollars—for them, and their families.

The voices of the barkers, in the stores, over the radio, on the streets, are loud and demanding.

But if we listen, we can hear those other voices—voices of our own people,—in prison.

How shall we answer them?



STRIKES AGAINST NRA SLAVERY
 1. Steel workers in Pittsburgh; 2 Coal miners at Clairton, W. Va.; 3. Auto workers in Detroit; 4. Agricultural workers in Lodi, Cal.

HOW WE ORGANIZE



November 21st marks the first anniversary of the death of J. Louis Engdahl. This day has been set aside as the beginning of a J. Louis Engdahl Membership Drive which will bring into the I.L.D. 5,000 new members by January 25, 1934.

The campaign will be initiated with a series of Engdahl Memorial meetings to honor the splendid work of Comrade Engdahl, particularly emphasizing the international character of his activity in the Scottsboro Case.

Only such a mass recruiting of new members into the ranks of the I.L.D. can be a fitting memorial to the accomplishments of Comrade Engdahl and an expression of international solidarity with the working class of those countries where white terror and fascist violence reign.

The following quotas in the membership drive have been set:

New York.....1000	Chicago.....800
Detroit.....500	Cleveland.....500
San Francisco.....200	Los Angeles.....200
Pittsburgh.....200	Connecticut.....100
Buffalo.....100	Massachusetts.....200
Birmingham.....100	Milwaukee.....100
Minneapolis.....100	Philadelphia.....300
Seattle.....100	Newark.....100
Unattached.....300	Denver.....100

The immediate reaction of the districts to these quotas should be to exceed them and set ourselves much higher figures.

What do we hope to achieve with this campaign? Merely 5,000 new members who will drift away after they have attended two or three meetings? NO!

We must strive in the course of this campaign to root the I.L.D. in the shops, mills and mines. One of our basic aims must be to overcome the serious fluctuation of membership which afflicts us and take those necessary measures to insure that every worker who comes into the I.L.D. remains to become an active member.

We shall defeat our own purpose if we do no more than make a collection of application cards handed in under the enthusiasm of mass meetings and demonstrations without the necessary energetic follow up to guarantee that these workers are brought into the branches, that new branches are organized in the shops, and in this way broaden our base and put our I.L.D. on the path to becoming a real mass organization. Through this campaign we must begin to develop methods of work which will make every activity of the I.L.D. result in new members. Recruiting is not a special form of work to be carried on only for a few weeks or months during the year,

but must become one of our major tasks in the day to day work.

Neither is recruiting an end in itself, but must be the result of properly planned and conducted campaigns and activities.

The Winter Campaign of the I.L.D., against white terror and for the relief of class war prisoners, must develop the greatest activity which will draw more and more workers into struggle and win them for membership in the I.L.D.

The best and most effective methods of recruiting is through personal contact with the workers. Main reliance on mass meetings for new members is incorrect. Through participation in the strike struggles, unemployed movements, etc., and showing the workers how to organize for mass defense, leading them in struggle against the brutality and terror of the police and courts, we can make tremendous and lasting gains.

In this campaign we must work out the most effective uses for the "Labor Defender", making it a real organizer and builder. The Districts must set as their goal the doubling of the circulation. Progress in this will be recorded each month on a map to appear on the last page of the "Labor Defender".

The spirit of proletarian competition must be injected into every phase of this campaign. Districts must challenge one another, sections, branches, and even individuals must compete to see who can do most to fulfill and exceed the tasks we set ourselves. Challenges must be popularized and progress constantly checked.

One of the basic aims in this campaign should be to reorganize every branch on the Group system, with division of work, individual responsibility for the carrying out of tasks, and the creation of mobile quick-acting organizational forms.

Every aspect of this campaign must be carefully worked out and planned. This principal of planned work must be introduced into every activity, with the constant, rigid and serious check-up and control which alone can guarantee that decisions will be carried into realization.

Finally, in the course of this campaign and as result of it, the districts, sections and branches must begin to conduct real and serious educational work, having in mind not only the training of present members of the I.L.D. but the development of those new workers who will join the I.L.D. during and after the Engdahl Membership Drive. These workers will not stay if there is

not a radical change made in the manner of conducting most of our branch meetings. Every branch meeting must become an educational meeting, steadily raising the level of political consciousness of our members and sympathizers and making of them active, effective fighters against white terror.



WHITE TERROR

(Continued from Page 78)

But in Bulgaria, after eight years of White Terror, after eight years of the most frightful horror, the Workers' Party elected 33 deputies in 1932. All over the world, the leaders of the working class, the workers themselves, come forward in ever growing numbers answering these attacks. In China, in Poland, in India, in Germany, in Cuba . . . everywhere the ranks of the self defense organization of the working class, the I. L. D., swell. Each day sees the terror grow; and each day sees an ever stronger answer.



"Long live the strike," shouted these 4,000 Mexican cotton pickers at Carcoran, Cal. Sheriff and State police tried to break their strike by ordering them from the strike camp they had set up. They defied orders and remained.



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WANTED VOICES FROM PRISON

POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE NOT TO REMAIN WITHOUT WARM CLOTHES THIS WINTER. FAMILIES OF WORKING CLASS PRISONERS MUST NOT FREEZE. EVERY POLITICAL PRISONER MUST GET A CHRISTMAS PARCEL

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Every radio, glee club, Salvation Army band will fill the air with these words soon. They stand for Christmas and Christmas Cheer. With a world on the verge of another war—with lynchings of Negroes increasing with workers terrorized, beaten, killed and imprisoned—what kind of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man" is this? And the hypocritical bourgeois slogan makers will send out the police, sheriffs, gangsters and thugs to beat up, murder and imprison militant workers who are striving for a world of peace and plenty.

For our working class prisoners and their hungry, deprived families we are using this Christmas season to bring to workers with greater force the irony of these slogans and to deepen their solidarity in behalf of the class war heroes in the jails of the world. Who are our American political prisoners:—the Nine Scottsboro boys—Tom Mooney, Warren Billings, Angelo Herndon, the farmers in Iowa and Michigan, the West Virginia and Kentucky min-

ers, the Tallapoosa Share Croppers—and workers from every industry in the land. And these face long, dreary, miserable years in prison for their militant activity to free the working class of its shackles.

Those of us who are still on the outside of prison walls must pinch our purses and make every sacrifice for our comrades who cannot be with us on the outside. Our working class prisoners must have evidence of our good will in the form of letters, money and gifts. We must show that we have not forgotten them. Their families must have food, coal, clothes and a roof over their heads while their breadwinners are in prison. This will be a true working class Christmas gift.

Every branch in the I.L.D. must adopt a prisoner. Every branch must adopt a prisoner's family. Every branch must send a monthly pledge to the National Office so that each prisoner and each family will receive equal support the whole year round, so that none shall be neglected.

Each branch must sell the Prisoners

Relief stamps—make collections and distribute the leaflet on our "Hundred Neediest Cases" which are only a part of the mounting hundreds of victims of White Terror. Reach into the unions, into the factories, among sympathizers, at meetings, in language groups, in women's auxiliaries, in children's groups,—go from house to house—everywhere among workers. Arrange affairs at which released prisoners and prisoners' families will take an active part. Write at once telling us that your branch has adopted a long term working class prisoner and family and that you have decided to make a monthly pledge for their support and comfort. In a few days material for this campaign will go out to all districts, sections and those branches whose names are on record at the National Office.

Build Committees around the families of political prisoners. Use them to extend and intensify the work. In this manner organizational results are secured and our sphere of activity broadened.

ONLY ONE OF OUR 100 NEEDEST CASES.

In reply to your letter I received a few days ago I wish to extend my thanks and appreciation for the money you sent me. At the present time, I am living about two miles up Dry Branch Hollow. It is impossible for the children to attend school for want of clothes and books. I have not paid my last year's taxes, which were \$12.82. My home will be sold for that amount in December, if I am unable to raise the money. This year's taxes will be due in December, also.

My husband was took to Moundsville last April 20th and I have been unable to go see him for lack of money. I get \$3.00 each week for food but I cannot save any money from that, after feeding and clothing myself and five children.

Edith Mullins. Wife of Ernest Mullins, serving life sentence, Moundsville, W. Va.

IS YOUR HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

I wish to express my deepest thanks for interest that you and your organization taken in my personal welfare and in my case. Thanks very much for the dollar. I wish it were possible for me to write some volume of spi-

ritual expression to go forth from this place to help you in your work, but as it is I must rely upon these few weak lines. Thanks again and again. I shall write to you again and tell you of my mother and family. But you must also write to me as a guide and an aid to me that I in some way may be an aid to you. I hope to be able at some time to contribute to your Christmas Fund, for Prisoner's families. As morally your hearts are in the right place it follows logically that your intelligence will guide your cause—our Cause—to successful end.

Willie Brown (age 18)

(serving life imprisonment at Eastern penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa.)

SCOTTSBORO MOTHER IN GREAT NEED. YOU MUST HAVE THINGS TO SEND HER.

Your letter was received a few days ago received the money which was \$4.00 and was very glad to get it as I was in need for it. Of course, I has been working hard picking cotton, but the people give such cheap wages here for work until I didn't make anything much. Now my little children, I want to send them to school and I haven't got clothes for them to wear. Dear Comrade, if it haven't been for the masses they would have been starved

long ago. The masses has saved our nine boys from the electric chair four different times to my knowing, and I am confident that they will save them and fight for them still they are freed.

It will take at least twenty five dollars to get me and my children winter clothes and school starts November 1st, and I want to send them if I can get them clothes and shoes to wear. Please tell all of the comrades to fix me a box and send it for my children. Just anything they want to send, I sure will thank them for it.

In fixing the box please send me a double blanket.

Comrade Norris.

(Mother of Clarence Norris)

IS YOUR BRANCH INCLUDED IN THIS INCOME? ARE YOU SATISFIED TO SEE OUR PRISONERS GET SO LITTLE? THIS FUND MUST GROW

INCOME:
Pledge payments from branches and auxiliaries 250.65
Contributions from individuals and branches 42.80
Prisoners Relief Fund. 122.02

Total income, September 1 to Oct. 15 415.47

EXPENDITURES:
Postage 9.52
Office expenses and stationery 9.00
Money attached by creditors on old indebtedness of I.L.D. will return to Prisoners Relief) 104.80
Money orders to 76 prisoners and 46 families 277.30

Total expenditures 400.62
Balance, Octob 16, 1933 14.8

TWO ROADS

(Continued from Page 83)

sacrificing labor. The government further ordered the OGPU to send "many of the most talented of the former criminals to educational schools of engineering, with pay while they learn". Thus was the great experiment in human rebuilding brought to a successful close.

Contrast this inspiring picture with the doleful news that the U. S. has prepared an American "Devil's Island"—a barbaric institution marking a retreat to the most brutal and degrading form of punishment. We have all heard of the horrors of such penal islands, where men are dehumanized and where death comes as a welcome release from a loathsome life of unimaginable mental torture. They mark the last work in despair—"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" is a fitting inscription for these living hells.

The Soviet Union can build men. This is not the first huge experiment in regeneration. Many readers will remember the terrific problem raised by the bezprizorni, or wild children, who roamed the streets of Moscow, Leningrad and other Soviet cities in predatory hordes, in the early years of the new workers republic. We remember how in the face of the skeptical cynicism of capitalist journalist the Soviet government not only solved this vexing problem but returned the wild youth to society so that they could help in the creation of a socialist world. The Soviet Union builds men it also builds canals, and factories and power plants and the other things that men can use and enjoy. The building of the Baltic White Sea Canal was only one small phase of the gigantic construction in the Soviet Union that has been changing the face and character of Russia.

JIMMIE—YOUNG DEFENDER

(Continued from Page 85)

Jimmie's father is that kind of a prisoner."

The girl in the blue sweater went on, "And this club is going to be a training quarters for heroes. We have to try to rescue our prisoners from the enemies' jails. Many of them have been freed because thousands of workers demanded their freedom. They held big meetings, they marched down to courtrooms with signs and banners, they signed thousands of petition lists demanding the freedom of their fellow

THEY SHALL NOT DIE!

(Continued from Page 74)

ized Negro masses. The European workers must be mobilized before American embassies and consulates as the Cuban workers have already been, to voice their protest against the lynch policy of American imperialism in a revolutionary way.

This is an issue that affects every section of the working class and the toiling masses. This is an issue that will affect the struggle of workers everywhere. A victory over the legal

workers. They organized into the International Labor League and now all of you can be part of that organization. You can be the Young Defenders. How's that?" Everybody looked dazed but pleased.

"How can—what can we—what will —." The room was filled with questions. "One at a time," laughed the girl in the blue sweater, "or I'll need a little defense myself."

After an hour of explanation they learned what they would have to do to be Young Defenders. How they would adopt Jimmie and his mother, collect clothes and food for them, how they would write letters to Jimmie's father and send him newspapers and tobacco, how they would study about the heroes of the working class, and they went home determined to get started at once and to keep right on going.

THE FARMERS FIGHT

(Continued from Page 86)

fight for them, laid down a defense plan. Not just for this or that state but for farmer class war prisoners in every state.

As farmer delegates arose to exchange their experiences, many lessons were learned. For instance in Nielsville, Wisc., 31 milk strike pickets were arrested. They're all free—because 3500 farmers piled into their cars and trucks, drove to the county seat, and demanded their release. They spoke peaceably to the sheriff but they warned him they'd take their fellow farmers out of jail if he didn't let them go.

Closest attention was given to the report of Saul Waldbaum, I.L.D. attorney of Philadelphia who has been working with the United Farmers Protective Association of Pennsylvania. "Learn self defense in court" he told the farmers, "jam the courtrooms during trials, and remember any attorney whoever he may be is never more than your mouthpiece."

The farmers cheered the greetings of the I.L.D. which pledged solidarity and support.

lynchers of the South will strengthen the miners' struggle against the NRA in Utah, New Mexico, Pennsylvania. It will strengthen the strikes of the textile workers. A victory against the legal lynchings of the South will be a blow at developing fascism in America.

The hold of the Southern lynchings upon the lives of a nation of fifteen millions of people is slipping. The lynch government of America finds its bloody NRA attack resisted on every side. There is a clear basis for an alliance of white and black America on the bottom. Scottsboro is a clarion call to all oppressed for united action against fascist terror and Rooseveltian demagoguery.

Onward to struggle.

Demand the unconditional release and safe conduct of the Scottsboro boys.

The Scottsboro boys shall not die!

41 — 42 — 43!

(Continued from Page 80)

"Guilty!"—the audience stamped and shouted its approval.

In the discussion that followed, the high point was a speech by a white-haired old Negro from the Eastern Shore. Taking his life in his hands, he mounted the platform. "Fight, and don't stop fighting!" was his cry. "I am going back to the Eastern Shore to fight, now that you have showed me the way. I know what a chance I am taking—but I would gladly lay my head on the choppingblock for the defense of my people!"

His spirit found a ready echo throughout the hall. Plans were laid for a National Conference against Lynching and Jim Crow, to be held in Washington, D. C. in the Spring. A motion was passed to secure 2,000,000 signatures for the Bill of Civil Rights taken to Washington last Spring by the Scottsboro Marchers. It was decided to name a National Day of Struggle Against Lynching and Jim-Crow oppression.

END LYNCHING!

(Continued from Page 74)

Now as never before must we come forward with our position to clarify the working class. We must harness this tremendous anger against kidnapping into an irresistible movement against the fascist governmental kidnapers. Tom Mooney has been kidnapped by the ruling class. The Scottsboro boys have been kidnapped. Angelo Herndon has been kidnapped. Out in New Mexico the army was used in the kidnapping of Herbert Benjamin, leader of unemployed workers. Thousands of class war prisoners have been kidnapped and are being held as hostages by the ruling class.

The ruling class calls this lawlessness against the working class, "law and order." It is their law to preserve their system of oppression. The innocence of Mooney, of the Scottsboro boys, of Herndon, of the thousands of class war prisoners, cannot be disputed. The law of the ruling class can only operate lawlessly against the toiling masses.

Mobilization must begin at once on the broadest possible scale for united action against lynching. Only the organized power of the working class and the toiling masses, not in mobs, but behind a program of consistent struggle, can put an end to lynching.

ACCUSING THE ACCUSERS

(Continued from Page 74)

from the court and subjected to arrest. The desperation of the Nazis to cover up the frame-up only contributes to expose themselves more nakedly to the world. In addition to indignant protests already heard from all over the world, ever-increasing and stronger mass protests must be raised in order to further expose the Nazi frame-up in connection with the fire, to save the four defendants from Nazi murder and to successfully combat the Nazi terror in Germany.

Christmas Greetings to Class War Prisoners from LABOR DEFENDER readers

NEW YORK

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Tom Mooney Branch New York City
Nick Sponadakis Branch New York City
Antonio Fierro Branch New York City
Bill Haywood Branch Coney Island
Rose Pastor Stokes Branch Seagate
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FROM FAR AND WIDE

Harry Simms Br. 644, International Workers Order, Jacksonville, Fla.
West Side Hungarian Branch, Cleveland, Ohio
Engdahl Branch #2, Cleveland, Ohio
Karl Marx Branch, Bellaire, Ohio
Robert Basruk, Frank Chap, Victor Exner, Bellaire, Ohio
Bakers Local #237, Chicago, Ill.
Verona Branch, Verona, Pa.
John E. Gustafson, I. Gimberg, Worcester, Mass.
Mooney-Scottsboro Branch, Aberdeen, S. D.
N. Jasperson, Aberdeen, S. D.
Irene Hough, Clyde Hough, Richmond, Ind.
Little Branch, Phoenix, Ariz.
Herndon Branch, Tucson, Ariz.
John Sarachman, S. Falsowski, A. Simmons, Fred Engle, Mary Simmons, Phil. Granik, Chas. Simmons, Fruitport, Mich.
Joe Initski, Peter Davidiak, W. Mlynarchyk, J. Lukiano, M. Meneynski, W. Pituch, Joe Siwiski, H. Tomasiewich, John Steinhauer, Jack Kirpatrick, Mrs. John Philip, Mr. Smokley, Muskegon, Mich.
Joe Tim, S. S. Rakstra, D. Stevens, Muskegon Hts., Mich.
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James McInerney Br., Portland, Ore.
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(Cuban I. L. D.)

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