

LABOR

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DEFENDER

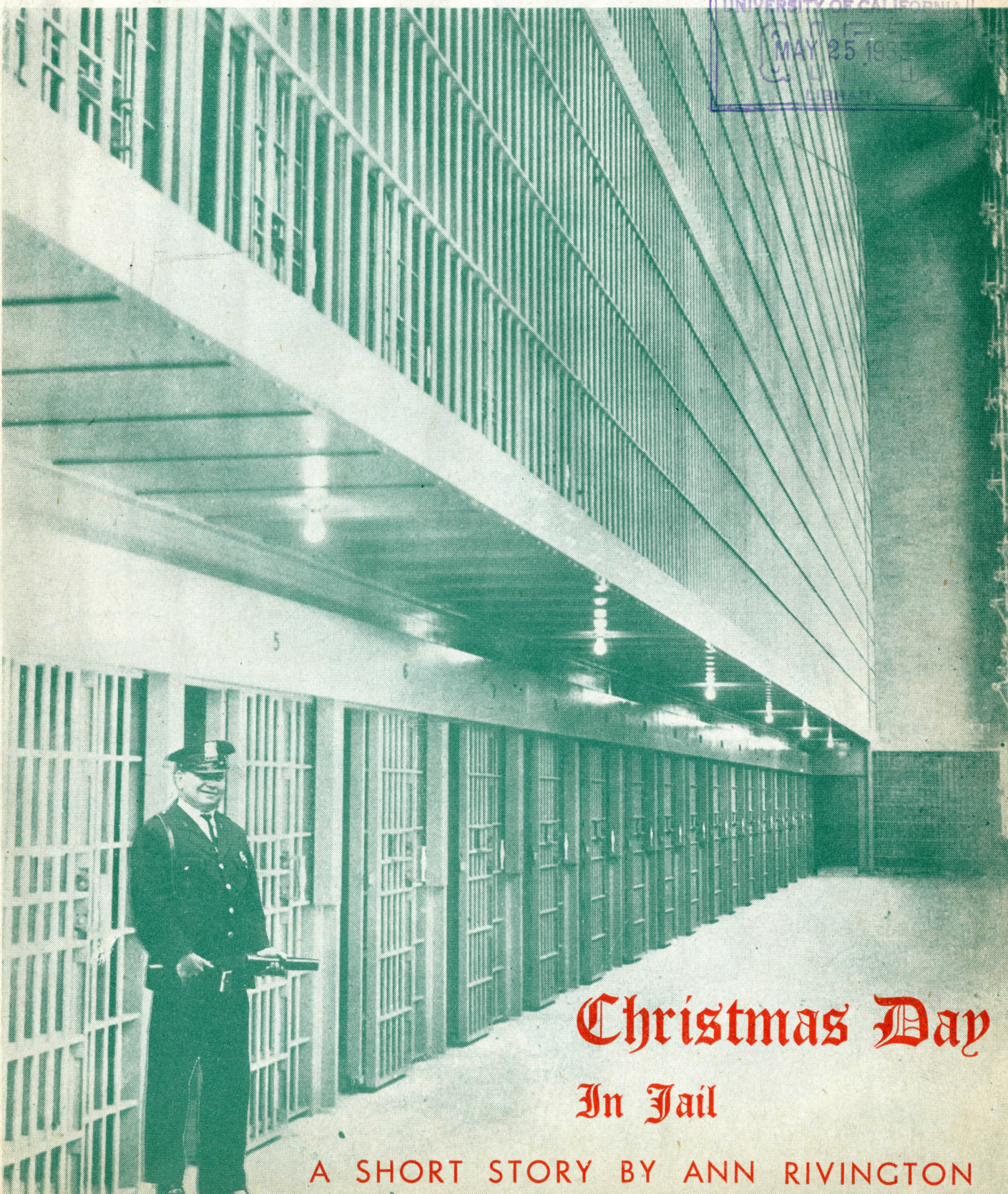
AMERICA'S ONLY LABOR PICTORIAL • PUBLISHED BY THE I.L.D. •



Dec.
1935



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
MAY 25 1935
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Christmas Day In Jail

A SHORT STORY BY ANN RIVINGTON

VIEWS of The

M O N T H

● *Peace Parade in N. Y. C. demands the freedom of Angelo Herndon*

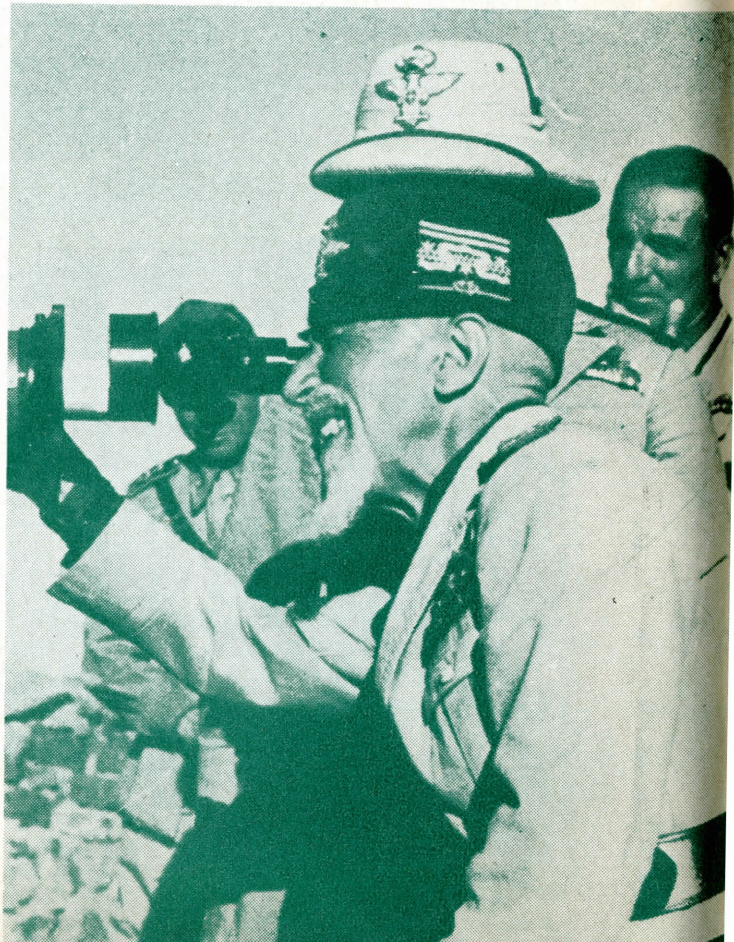
● *This delegation from the Danish I.L.D. went to Germany to place their wreath on the grave of Anti-fascist Schulze, murdered by the Nazis*



● *Japan prepares for war*



● *General De Bono, ex-commander of Italy's forces in Africa — also noted as one of the murderers of the Socialist leader Matteoti*



LABOR DEFENDER

Official Organ of the International Labor Defense

Editors . . . Wm. L. Patterson, Sasha Small
Associate Editor Louis Colman

Creed Conyers of Paint Rock, Alabama, last month was known only to his closest neighbors and friends. Creed Conyers, today, is a name that has been printed on the front pages of most of the important newspapers all over the world.

A four year struggle to mobilize public support against the brutal attempt to murder nine Negro children, culminated in forcing the highest court in the land, for the second time to reverse the lynch sentences against them, on the basis that their constitutional rights had been violated by the systematic exclusion of Negroes from the grand and petit juries in the Scottsboro case. Creed Conyers, has become a symbol of the historic victory won by mass pressure from the United States Supreme Court last spring.

On November 13, for the first time in the memory of any living man in Alabama a Negro, Creed Conyers sat on the grand jury of Jackson county, in the town of Scottsboro, which handed down new indictments, on two counts, against all nine of the Scottsboro Boys. The vote remains a secret. Only a two thirds vote of the 18 jurors is required to return indictments. How Creed Conyers, farmer chairman of the local Negro school board, voted is known only to the eighteen jurymen.

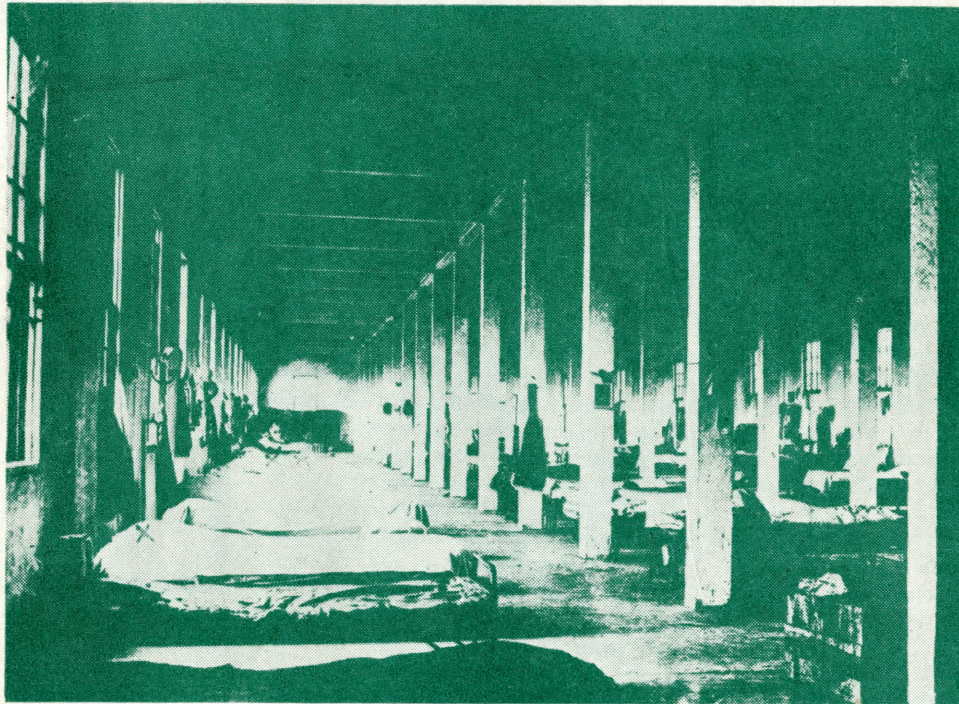
Lieutenant Governor—Special Prosecutor—Knight made no secret of the cynicism with which Alabama ordered the inclusion of Negroes on the jury panel to return new indictments. He openly proclaimed that this was done to block all roads to a third appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Nevertheless Jim Crow rule in the south received a body blow. Only those who

know the south can appreciate the significance of this victory—a Negro juror who sits in the same jury box with white men, who sits at the same table with them in their deliberations, who eats with them while they are locked in to reach their verdict. There are no Jim Crow jury boxes, Jim Crow jury rooms like waiting tooms, trolley cars, hospitals, schools. And the enforcement of this basic democratic right of the Negro people—the right to serve on juries—for the first time in over 60 years—no matter how the lynchers try to use it for their own purposes is a historic event in the history of the Negro people. One Negro juror could

this fight—become part of this united action—all barriers must be swept aside if the struggle against the forces of reaction that has lasted almost five years, is to be won. Only a united front of defense against Alabama's lynchers can save the Scottsboro boys now.

Dynamite Frame-Up Upheld

As we go to press we learn of the decision of the North Carolina State Supreme Court in the case of the Burling-



Interior of one of Georgia's worst chain-gangs — Mill-edgeville. X marks the spot where Leo Frank slept when he was a prisoner in this hell-hole.

not prevent new indictments, and these new indictments, bring the Scottsboro case once more into the courts of Alabama, and the boys in graver danger than ever before since 1931. Knight is pressing for the trials at a very early date in 1936. He is trying desperately to railroad the Scottsboro case to a rapid and bloody conclusion. Many organizations, trade unions, groups involved in the broad united Herndon defense are joining in united action to save the Scottsboro boys. Greater mass support, broader mass defense than ever before achieved in this major defense battle of the century must be mobilized. Every friend of justice and liberty, every right thinking person must join actively in

ton textile workers. After three months of deliberation this high court decided to uphold the frame-up verdicts against five militant strikers on one of the phoniest dynamite charges in history.

On Monday, December 2, the men, now out on bail have been ordered to surrender and begin serving the following vicious sentences: John Anderson, 8 to 10 years, J. P. Hoggard, 4 to 6 years, Florence Blaylock, 5 to 6 years, Tom Canipe, 2 years, J. K. Haraway, 2 years.

The united front Burlington Defense Committee, aided by the I.L.D. will fight these convictions. They need your support in the form of protests to Gov. Ehringhaus, Raleigh, N. C.

CHEER and SOLIDARITY ALL YEAR ROUND

By ROSE BARON

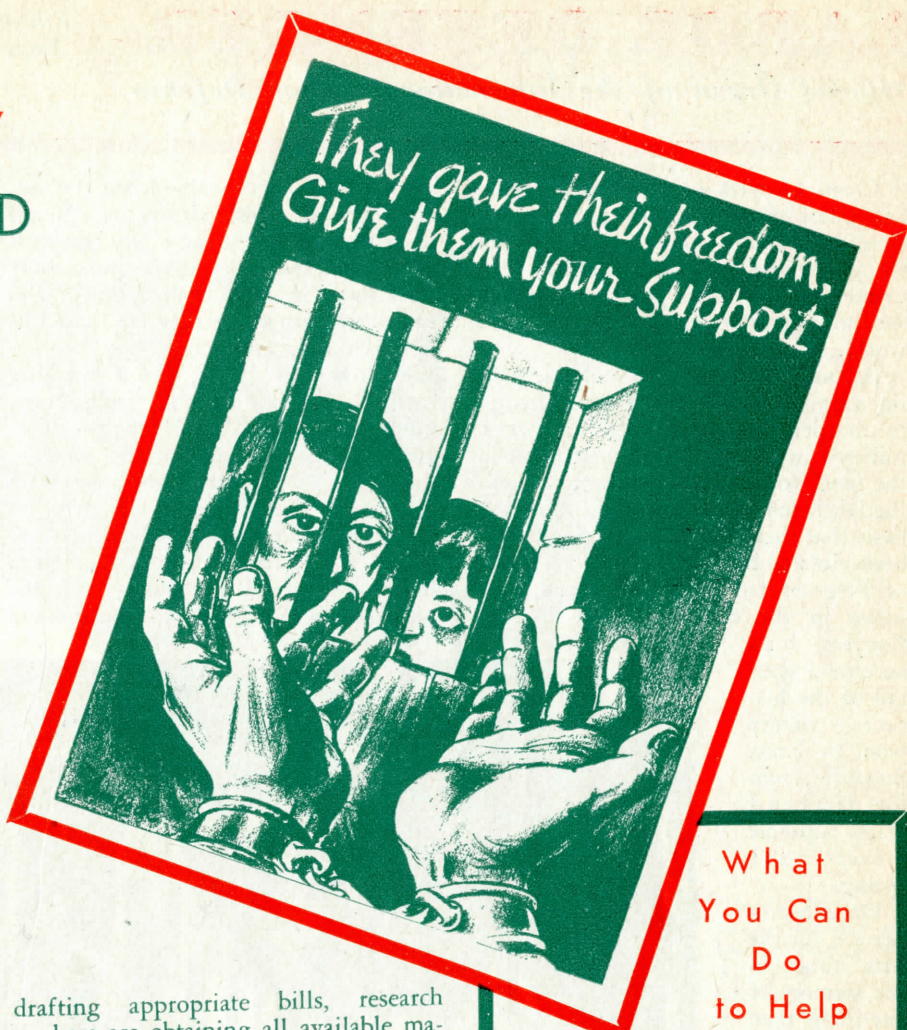
Every year since the International Labor Defense was organized we have celebrated a tradition—the carrying out of our solemn pledge to the victims of ruling class justice—"No family of a political prisoner without warmth and shelter during the winter."

This has always been more than just a pledge. Relief to political prisoners and their families is one of the firmest planks in the platform of the I.L.D. The very aim of our organization, stated clearly when it was formed, is not only to supply the best mass defense, the best available legal defense for those who are victimized for their labor activity, or persecuted because of their race, color or nationality—but also to supply relief for their destitute families while they are in prison.

The sharpening terror of recent years has almost doubled the number of our political prisoners, not only in the United States but all over the world. It has also transferred its fury behind the prison walls. In the United States where there is no legal recognition of the status of political prisoners—one form of recognition has gradually developed. Our political prisoners are being singled out for special persecution, harsh treatment, curtailment of all privileges in the state and federal jails where they are incarcerated. That is the only recognition our supposedly enlightened United States grants political prisoners.

This year, the 1935 Christmas Drive has therefore undertaken two definite responsibilities. In addition to carrying out our solemn pledge to the prisoners and their families as far as material support is concerned, this year's Christmas Drive has been used as the occasion for launching a stubborn campaign for the recognition of the status of political prisoners in the United States with special privileges for them as such. These same privileges must be extended to those who are imprisoned as a result of racial or national persecution. The initial steps in this campaign are a series of conferences in various cities, to organize forces, to clarify our methods, and to start the most important factor in this campaign going—mobilization of public opinion behind our demands.

The first steps have been taken, committees of experts are already at work



What You Can Do to Help

1. Contribute to the Christmas Drive for political prisoners and their families.
2. Send a regular sum every month for their support.
3. Mail your check today to Room 610, 80 East 11th St., N.Y.C.

drafting appropriate bills, research workers are obtaining all available material on existing conditions, rules, regulations, reports covering America's jails and penitentiaries. We must now start pushing forward to our goal in earnest.

But even this vital part of our work cannot and must not overshadow our greatest responsibility to the political prisoners and their families—providing them with the means of existence, with small comforts, with messages of solidarity.

Our Christmas campaign was never just a sentimental gesture to provide turkey, Christmas trees and that advertising slogan called "cheer" one day out of the 365 in a year. Our Christmas Drive has aimed to send a larger check to the prisoners behind the bars and to their families on the outside at Christmas time along with a bundle of good warm clothing, shoes, a few toys for the children.

But that is not all.

Every month our Prisoners Relief Department sends a check to all our wards. At times, in the past, it was very difficult to meet this obligation which we undertook as a solemn duty. And knowing how great the need was, it was heartbreaking at those times to realize that the aid we were sending was tragically inadequate. All the funds for

this work are raised by voluntary contributions from individuals and organizations who send a regular sum for this specific purpose to our department. The growing number of prisoners and families which this last year has brought under our care, has taxed our limited resources seriously. Our Christmas Drive must be successful enough to replenish this fund, so that we can assure our courageous friends of food and cheer and solidarity all year round.

Elsewhere in this issue, you will find the stories of some of our cases. They tell the whole story—a story of need and hunger and courage and hope. Read their message. Think of what they are facing, and how bravely they are facing it—and we are sure that you will want to fall in line behind our drive under the banner that sums up the whole sense and meaning of our work—THEY GAVE THEIR FREEDOM. GIVE THEM YOUR SUPPORT.

SILENCE and the RAGING TIDE

A PICTURE OF AMERICA'S "PERFECT PRISON"

By ANNE BRADLEY

A mile and a half north of the San Francisco docks, there is a small rocky island. Not more than 700 yards from end to end. The early Spanish settlers of our western shores named the island, "The Pelican"—in Spanish—Alcatraz. The United States Army, some years before the Civil War, needed a prison for "incorrigibles." Rocky Alcatraz seemed an ideal place. Dungeons were carved right out of the rock.

The New Deal Department of Justice, particularly Sanford Bates, Director of the Federal Prison Bureau and Attorney General Cummings, decided to appropriate Alcatraz which was being used only as a military disciplinary prison, and make it "the" Federal prison. They have succeeded—in making it the harshest, cruelest prison in the country and a close competitor for that title on a world wide scale.

On the highest part of the island is the administration building and the cell block. From this building to the tide swept shore there is a complete series of barbed wire hurdles and entanglements. Four guard towers command a complete view of the entire area.

A sign, painted in letters large enough to be easily read for more than half a mile proclaims:

LANDING FORBIDDEN
ONLY GOVERNMENT BOATS
PERMITTED
OTHERS MUST KEEP AWAY
THREE HUNDRED YARDS
NO ONE ALLOWED ASHORE
WITHOUT A PASS

Boats that come any nearer than the proscribed limit take their chances with the sub-machine guns manned by guards who improve their marksmanship by daily practise.

Before a convict or a visitor passes through the intricate series of gates he

is, of course, thoroughly searched—by a mechanism which buzzes and lights up when it detects any metal, no matter how small. There are similar gadgets, completely concealed in other parts of the jail, which serve the same purpose.

Tool-proof steel bars are used throughout. The galleries in which the guards, armed with sub-machine guns, watch over their prisoners are enclosed in steel bars. The doors of the cells are opened by a lever pressed in another room. Mirrors are used to watch all comings and goings. Four silver tanks hang like chandeliers over the mess hall. They are filled with tear gas. Visitors are seen through a solid sheet of bullet proof plate glass—equipped with metal speaking devices which do not transmit the voice unless both speakers practically shout. The mechanism will not transmit whispers. Guards stand directly behind the visitor throughout the

45 minute visiting period, allowed only after the first four months, and then only upon special permission from Attorney General Cummings.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS in TEAR AND NAUSEATING GAS EQUIPMENT

The development of chemical devices for the law enforcement purposes has proceeded with such rapidity that it behooves every person connected with the problem to seek a thorough knowledge of the subject. To fail to do so means failure to obtain results and may cause unnecessary sacrifice of lives to both law-enforcers and law-breakers.

Knowledge that has taken years to accumulate at tremendous cost is available for the asking. Guess-work must be eliminated both as to equipment and its proper use.

The Lake Erie Chemical Company has completely solved the problem of throw-backs (Tear Gas Devices that are returned by the persons at whom they were directed) and the drifting of visible gas clouds.

Learn about Instantaneous Gas Candles and Grenades the new Tru-Flite 37 mm. Gas Gun and the Tru-Flite Projectiles that have a range of over five hundred yards, and other recently developed gas devices that have revolutionized the use of chemicals for law enforcement purposes.

The more knowledge you have of the subject, the more certain it is that you will adopt our equipment.

Complete Installations For Riot Control.
Complete Line of Portable Gas Equipment.

LAKE ERIE CHEMICAL CO.
5806 Hough Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO

These ads are reproduced from the program of the Sixth Annual Prison Congress held in Atlanta, Ga., last month.

These non-ferrous steel inserts embedded in matrices of soft, low carbon steel are resistant to hack saw and breast drills. Joints cannot be sawed through.

fenestra

Windows for Prisons, Penitentiaries, Asylums, Hospitals

The Fenestra Suppression Window is but one of many designs available, providing varying degrees of detention depending on the type of institution for which they are intended.

All Fenestra Detention Windows allow the trend of penal psychology, which insists on abundant light, fresh air, and encouragement of surroundings with concealment of printing and depressing features such as the cage work of closely barred apertures.

Fenestra Engineers will be glad to work with Architects and Prison problems to arrive at the type of windows best suited for the project in hand.

ROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
J East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Note the business like pride.

The day begins at 6:30 a.m. Work ends at five. Lights go out at 9:30. The cells—individual cells—are 4 feet by 8. Bare solid steel, from the collapsible berth to the three steel hooks for clothes. Silence—and that means complete silence—is strictly enforced except during the recreation period—once a week on Saturdays for two hours. During that time the men are permitted to walk around in the yard, play hand ball or just walk. But even here they are not permitted to gather in groups of more than two.

Hard labor in shoe shop, laundry, or mat-making plant is strictly enforced. Every prisoner is given a definite task and if he does not fulfill it, it is added to the task for the next day. The food is

(Continued on page 20)

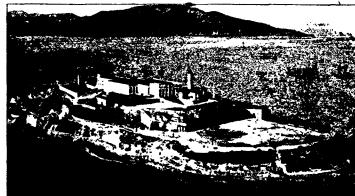
Stewart

"Jail and Prison Builders to America Since 1886"

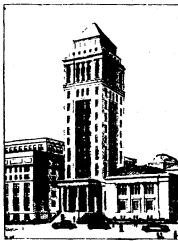
WHEN you visit the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, you will see a Stewart installation that has been in continuous and successful operation for 35 years



DADE COUNTY JAIL, MIAMI, FLORIDA



Airplane view of the United States Penitentiary Alcatraz Island, California
"ALCATRAZ"
"Remodeling contract recently executed by Stewart."



UNION COUNTY JAIL, ELIZABETH, N. J.

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UNION COUNTY JAIL, ELIZABETH, N. J.

A LETTER from TOM MOONEY

County Jail No. 1, San Francisco,

Nov. 9, 1935.

Anna Damon, Acting Nat'l Sec.,
International Labor Defense,
80 East 11th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Comrade Damon:

I have yours of Nov. 2nd with the enclosed check for \$100 for which I wish to give you my heartfelt profound and thankful proletarian appreciation. I fully appreciate the desperate position that you find yourself in with respect to raising the much needed funds to carry on the struggle for the many worthy class prisoners who are as equally deserving of your splendid efforts as I myself, but I am much in the same position as the fellow who was praying to the Lord to help him, and another man said to him, "How in hell can Christ help you when he couldn't help himself?"

I am mighty happy to know that the letter I dictated for Comrade Thaelmann has met with such a splendid reception on your part. I tried to make it as spirited as I possibly could, considering my fatigue and the innumerable confusing matters that are constantly being called to my attention during the present hearing. I could have done a little better if I had had the time to give it more attention, but I hope that it will serve your purpose as well as his and my own. I meant every word of it and more too.

Assuring you of our genuine and profound proletarian feeling of gratitude for what you are doing, as evidenced by these generous contributions and assuring you that we recognize your sincerity to be of help to us in our hour of need, and we know that you would like to do more, we hope that these words will be accepted in the spirit in which we are trying to convey them to you on paper. They come from the bottom of our hearts.

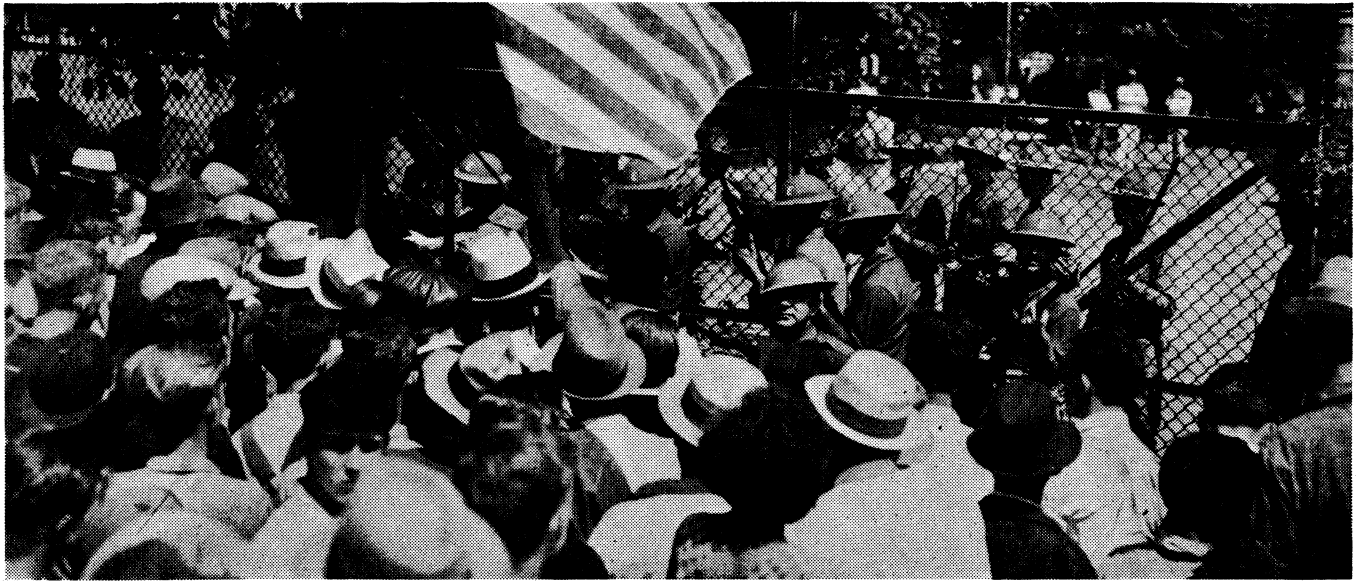
With our firm proletarian regards of determination to carry on in that same struggle that you are so nobly laboring, accept our affectionate greetings of comradely solidarity, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

TOM MOONEY, 31921

From the top down: Mooney and Billings in the San Francisco County Jail; Mrs. Rena Mooney testifies at the hearing; Mooney points to the spot from which he watched the Preparedness Parade 19 years ago





Civil liberties in South Carolina: National Guards bar textile strikers' right to picket

LET FREEDOM RING

By CONGRESSMAN VITO MARCANTONIO*

I want to take this opportunity to openly and publicly pay tribute to the International Labor Defense. In days when our civil liberties are threatened as they are today; when we see such outrages as the Herndon case, Gallup, Imperial Valley, Tom Mooney, and hundreds of others, it is heartening to know that there is one real fighting organization on the job, defending these victims, rallying united mass action in their behalf—the International Labor Defense.

I promise you that in the next session of Congress when there is any debate on the fight in defense of civil liberties on the floor, I shall never neglect an opportunity to mention the I.L.D. and the work it is doing. I've heard a lot of talk on the floor of congress about some supposedly patriotic organizations like the Daughters of the American Revolution. But I want to tell you that the real American, patriotic organization in this country is the International Labor Defense, that defends all those real Americans who stand up in defense of our traditional rights for which our revolutionary forefathers fought and died.

Civil liberties will need militant defense in Congress at its next session, particularly in fighting against the passage of three bills—HR 4313—a bill to make it a crime to advocate or promote the overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence and for other purposes and HR 6427—a bill to prohibit statements and publications advocating overthrow of the govern-

ment by violence and for other purposes. These two bills are popularly known as the Kramer bill—named after their sponsors. The third is the Tydings-McCormack bill.

To give you a clear picture of the aims and purposes of this legislation, I will quote to you sections of the testimony presented for its passage before committees on the judiciary and military affairs in the House of Representatives which I attended.

Under the Tydings-McCormack Military Dissaffection Bill this is what would happen. This bill makes it a crime to sow the seeds of discontent among the armed forces of our government. But the real purpose of this bill is what I pointed out before the House Military Affairs Committee. If tomorrow there is a strike and the National Guard is called out—because that is becoming the great old American custom these days—and if a group of strikers had some leaflets printed or even by word of mouth exhorted the militiamen not to shoot them down because after all they were fellow workers, the leader of that strike could be held and convicted under that bill. That is the real aim of this Tydings-McCormack bill. Not sincerely to protect the soldiers, but to destroy militant action on the part of workers, men and women who go out on the picket line.

As for the other bills, the Kramer bills. Here I wish to quote straight from the records. And by the way, the next time the I.L.D. needs money, we should try to arrange open hearings

with an admission charge—they are funnier than any circus. I will just quote at random arguments given in favor of these bills.

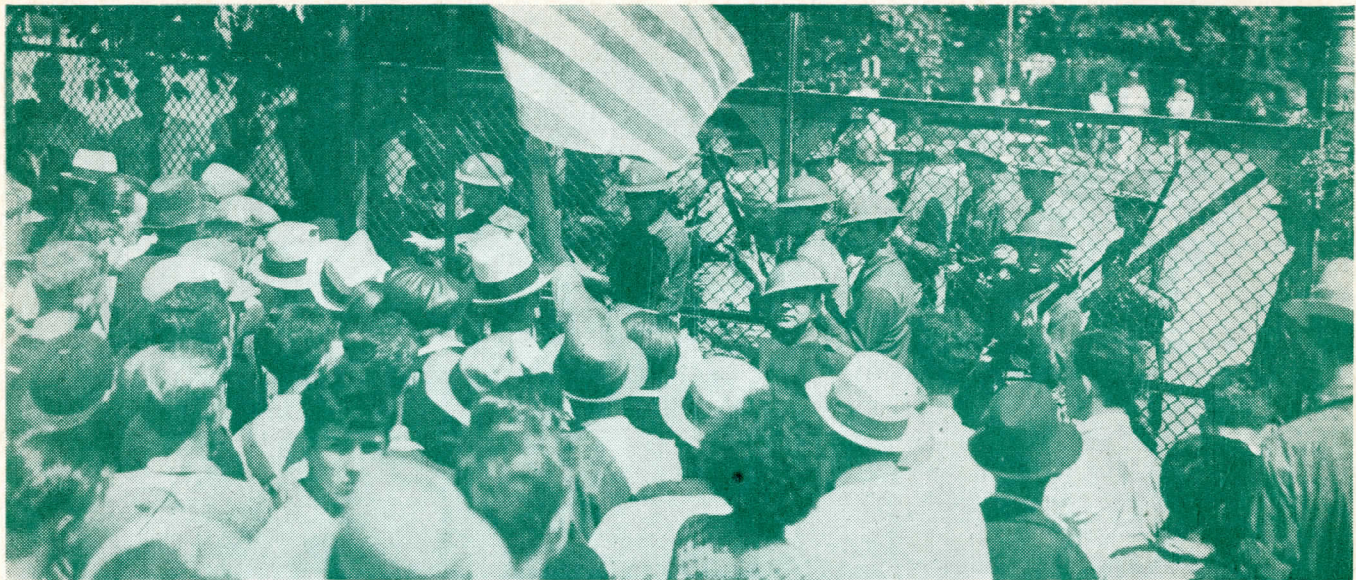
Mr. McCormack (congressman from Massachusetts): "This (law) is mild in comparison. Up in Canada they prohibit the Communist Party. What they did in Canada, they took one of the mounted police and said, 'You take off the red uniform and put on the red tie' and he started at the bottom of the ladder and for 7 years he was a Communist, and he went from the bottom right up to the top and got the evidence and when they got the complete case, they acted and passed a law outlawing the Communist Party in Canada."

Mr. Dickstein (congressman from New York): "Now bear in mind the Communists are not going to Texas and do what they did in my neighborhood to incite the mind of the American people and the native-born children, because they are afraid of Texas . . . They go amid the most humble, poorest people . . . They picketed my house for one year almost . . . men if you stop to look at them it would fill you with disgust. They come around with a big brass band and parade around the neighborhood . . ."

"They get up on a great platform and this is the language: 'Why should you people suffer? Why can't we distribute the money that is in the banks? Why can't we workers, we workers of the Communist Party, go into the banks and enjoy the luxuries . . . Down with the form of Government, and let us go into the bank! . . . I would be very frank with you. I tried to arrest and put them all in jail . . . Mr. Chairman I have demonstrated their speeches to you. Let me go a little further—they sell pamphlets, little books. If you don't buy them they will give them to you . . . Their object was to oppose me, being the chairman of the committee that deals with immigration, they did not want alien Communists deported. There were Communists right in that line. They openly advocated and said so on their sign.

(Continued on page 23)

* From a speech made in N.Y. City



Civil liberties in South Carolina: National Guards bar textile strikers' right to picket

Editorial: The HERNDON WRIT

As this editorial is written, Judge Hugh M. Dorsey of Atlanta has not yet handed down his decision on the writ of habeas corpus applied for by the International Labor Defense, Nov. 12, to free Angelo Herndon.

We have no illusions about the probability of this writ being granted. By the time this editorial is read, the world will know the decision.

There is no question, however, of ending the Herndon case here. That would be illusion of illusions. Under all circumstances the case will go to higher courts. Under all circumstances the fight will have to be carried on.

Imagining the improbable—granting of the writ by Judge Dorsey. The effect of this writ would be to free Herndon, to declare the slave insurrection law under which he was convicted, unconstitutional. But Herndon would NOT be free. Because in such a case the state itself will take an appeal, to save the insurrection law, to send Herndon to the chain-gang, to smash the organization of trade-unions and of the unemployed in Georgia.

Should the writ be refused, which is the likeliest thing to happen, then the International Labor Defense will take it to the higher courts, to the state supreme court, and to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

Meanwhile, our job remains, if we are to force either the courts of Governor Talmadge of Georgia to free Herndon, if we are to save this Negro working-class hero from the hell of the Georgia chain-gang (pending decision on the writ he is held in Fulton Tower jail in Atlanta) to broaden the united action for Herndon's freedom.

Already united action has been developed. A million signatures have



One of the 1,000,000 who signed the Herndon petition.

been secured for Herndon's freedom. He has so far been kept off the chain-gang. It is not yet enough. Not nearly enough. Herndon is still in jail. The chain-gang still awaits him. There are millions of people, organized and unorganized, who can and must be brought into united action to free him, to smash the slave insurrection law, and to save the 18 others indicted under it.

Take this issue into more trade-unions, more organizations. Get resolutions passed addressed to Governor Talmadge, demanding Herndon's freedom.

We have secured a million signatures to the Herndon petitions. This is not enough. We must reach our goal of two millions. Let's get down to it and get them.

COMM. No. Report _____ 105

GEORGIA PENITENTIARY
DESCRIPTION LIST

From Turner Co Farm Camp _____

Ashburn Ga. # - 22 1931

Name John Wesley Kendall

Color Bk

Age 19

Crime Manslaughter

County Turner

Term 10 to 15 yr

Date Received Apr. 24-26

Height 4 ft

Weight 160

Color Hair Bk

Color Eyes Bk

Remarks Died Apr. 25-1931
Accidental death
by the hand of
T. J. Conner.

L. O. Richardson
Warden.

A BOY IS KILLED—BY ACCIDENT!

Incident Report from Georgia Penitentiary.

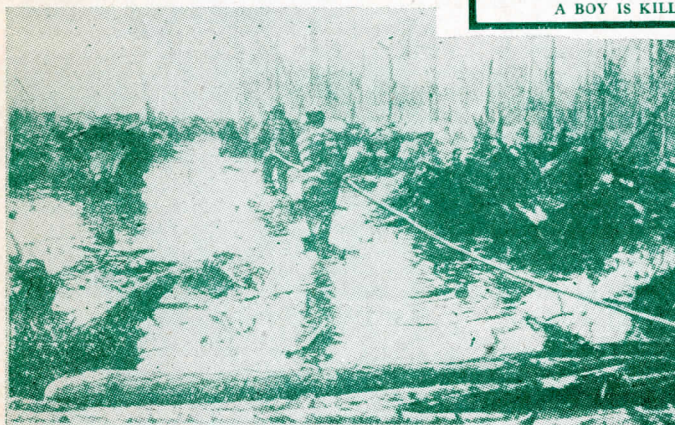
Date August 17-30

By W. M. Clements

at August

- Aug 19 Bud L. McCay Chains for talking back to guard.
- Aug 20 Bud L. McCay In stocks 40 minutes for refusing to work.
- Aug 4 Joe Lay Stripped & placed under the "gun" for cutting up hot side-camp.
- Aug 25 Larson Whitted Double-shackles for fighting on job.
- Aug 26 James Jackson Double-shackles for fighting on job.
- Aug 27 J. C. Robinson Extra heavy chains for fighting on job.

Official murder: These photostats are from the files of the Georgia Prison Commission. It's all right to kill or torture so long as it is officially reported. Help keep Angelo Herndon's name out of these murder files. Join the fight for his freedom.



State Forces Clearing Stumps for Highway Work on Route No. 11, in Lanier County

The chain gang selected by Georgia officials for Angelo Herndon—working in a disease infested swamp.

August
W. M. Clements

AN OFFICIAL REPORT FROM MONROE COUNTY

"LET'S DON'T PUT UP WITH THIS"

(Editor's note: We present here for the first time the testimony given in Fulton Co. Superior Court, in Atlanta, Georgia, by Mrs. Leah Young. Mrs. Young and her sister, Annie Mae Leathers, were arrested in September, 1934, and are under indictment for "circulating insurrectionary literature." The charge is based on the old law of pre-Civil War days, which was used to railroad Angelo Herndon to the Georgia chain-gang. The possible penalty is death.

Leah Young and Annie Mae Leathers were taken off the picket line before the Exposition Mill in Atlanta, and put in Fulton Tower Prison under \$5000 bail each. They came into court in the company of their attorney, John Geer, a young Negro lawyer retained by the International Labor Defense, to apply for reduction of bail.

It was during this hearing that Mrs. Young, white textile worker, born and bred in Georgia, who had never made a speech in public, took the witness stand in a crowded courtroom and said the following words.)

QUESTION: "What is your occupation, Mrs. Young?"

ANSWER: "My occupation is a textile worker."

QUESTION: "Will you please tell the court the name of the grade you finished in school?"

ANSWER: "Judge, Your Honor, I went to school very little. My parents were poor people, and in my raising they were not able to buy books. It was a big family, and my education was stole from me. I love an education and crave one. I went to the first grade in school. I didn't finish the first grade."

"At eight years I went to work. When I was eleven years old I was working for 25 cents a day. I worked 12 hours a day.

"The work in a cotton-mill, nobody knows but a worker. The people are under the speed-up system. I am a woman that loves to work, but I don't fancy work under this speed-up system. They have a minute man to follow the workers to the machine. Any minute they lost, it was put down.

"We workers don't know anything about the conveniences and pleasures of life. We only know how to use our hands. When the bosses want a worker, they don't say, 'We want a worker.' They say: 'We want hands.'

"My husband lost his job. He said: 'I want to know what you are firing me for.' They said: 'Let us tell you. You are a union man.' So they fired him.

"We had lost our little furniture, and now we were fired out of the mill and the mill house. My baby was sick. My husband put me in a Ford truck. It was wore out. I came to my mother, in a little three-room house. It just broke

my heart. I hated to pile in on my poor mother. It was like sticking a knife in me to bring my children back on my parents, and they old. There were 16 of us in the three rooms.

"We tried to get relief from the Salvation Army, but I failed. They said:



Mrs. Leah Young — Georgia textile worker — facing the same fate as Angelo Herndon under the same vicious law

'Here is what your husband must do. Get him a basket and go to peddling fruit.'

"My husband was puny. He thought he was taking TB. He could not make anything, though he would go out with a basket peddling bananas in the snow.

"I said to myself: 'I will go to somebody, some big official, and let it be known.' I went to an East Point Councilman and he sent me to the Legal Aid Society. They said: 'It is your husband's duty to support the children.' I said: 'Certainly, it is his duty, and my duty, but we cannot get work.' They said: 'You take out a warrant for him.' Well, they arrested him. I thought I had to do what this lawyer told me, although it was killing me to have my husband arrested. They put him in jail. They gave him 12 months on the chain-gang, but they suspended his sentence to probation.

"I was getting low, very little to eat.

I received very little relief, one time \$1.50, a time or two about \$6.00 for three weeks. Groceries were high. I had to buy fuel out of it and soap and everything that you have to have for a house.

"Well, I will tell you, I went through those relief centers until, folks, it hurt me to go into those bread lines. I would stand in the relief line without breakfast and hungry. You take a preacher's food away from him and see how long he will preach.

"I have met girls in the jail house. I say: 'Girls, I don't want to be personal, but what are you here for?' They say: 'They caught me. I had to sell my body.' I say: 'Girls, let's don't put up with this kind of life. Let's all us women folks, everybody, every worker, let's all of us get together and unite. Don't let's let nobody hinder us. Let's go to the government office, and go to the relief stations, and say: 'Now, listen! We want food. We want jobs. Give us jobs!'

"I like pretty clothes. Not fine clothes. I just like to look nice. I love a home. I just want a little home of my own and have a job and go to work, and when I come home have a little time, and not feel tired and down-hearted and worried by being speeded up there on a machine. You all might not know what that machine means. It is killing you. It works every muscle in you. You have got to work at inhuman speed.

"I have been there where women fainted in the relief station. One day two women fainted. The workers were scared of losing their place. They would not help. I hollered for water. There was no water where all of us workers stay.

"I went Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday to the relief station. I failed. I would go home to my little children and hear them say: 'Mama, did you get food today? Did you get a grocery order? Did Miss Hunter give you anything?' And I would say: 'Children, I didn't get nothing today.'

"Folks, I will tell you, I was hungry. When I went to the Exposition Mill, my sister told me: 'I am going to the picket line tomorrow.' Later she came home and told me about the girls and said they were wearing banners and things about 'Do away with the speed-up.' She said: 'Damn the speed-up and stretch-out system. We want better conditions. We don't want to do as much work in these eight hours as we done in eleven.'

(Continued on page 20)



Mrs. Leah Young — Georgia textile worker — facing the same fate as Angelo Herndon under the same vicious law

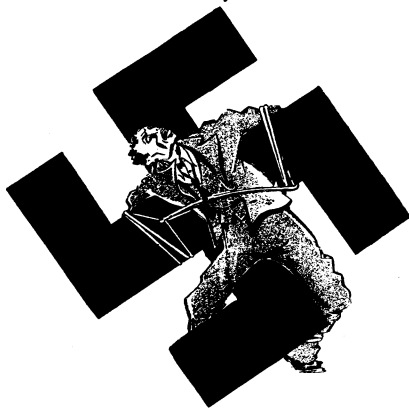
FAMOUS SPEECHES MADE IN COURT:

DIMITROFF ACCUSES

(The first of an important series to be published from time to time in the *Labor Defender*).

On the basis of Article 258 of the Penal Code I am entitled to speak both as defender and accused. On the basis of the Penal Code I have the right to argue with the prosecution and after that to deliver my final speech. My lords the judges, gentlemen for the prosecution, gentlemen for the defense. At the very beginning of this trial three months ago, I directed a letter as one of the accused to the president of the court. In this letter I wrote that I was sorry if my attitude in the court led to collisions, but I refute the accusation which has been made against me that I have misused my right to put questions and my right to make statements in order to serve propagandist aims.

I have been wrongfully accused in this court and, naturally I am trying to defend myself against the false charges which have been made against me. It is possible that my knowledge of German law is not sufficiently thorough and that therefore misunderstandings are possible. . . . Now that you have rejected this proposal (for defense counsel of the defendant's own choice—ed.) I have decided to defend myself.



I want neither the honey nor the poison of a defense which is forced upon me. I do not feel in any way bound by the speech for my defense made by Teichert. Decisive for my position is exclusively that which I say myself. I do not wish to offend my party comrade, Torgler, particularly, as in my opinion, his defending lawyer has already offended him enough, but, as far as I am concerned, I would rather be sentenced to death an innocent man by this court than accept the sort of de-

“The political and moral assistance which the I.L.D. organizations render our prisoners and their families, to political emigrants, to persecuted revolutionaries and anti-fascists has saved the lives and preserved the strength and fighting capacity of thousands upon thousands of most valuable fighters of the working class in many countries. Those of us who have been in jail have found out directly through our own experience the enormous significance of the activity of the I.L.D.

“By its activity the I.L.D. has won the affection, attachment and profound gratitude of hundreds of thousands of proletarians, and of revolutionary elements among the peasantry and professional people. It must become, so to speak, a sort of ‘Red Cross’ of the army of the united front of the proletariat and the anti-fascist people’s front embracing millions—the ‘Red Cross’ of the army of the toiling classes embattled against fascism, fighting for peace and socialism.”

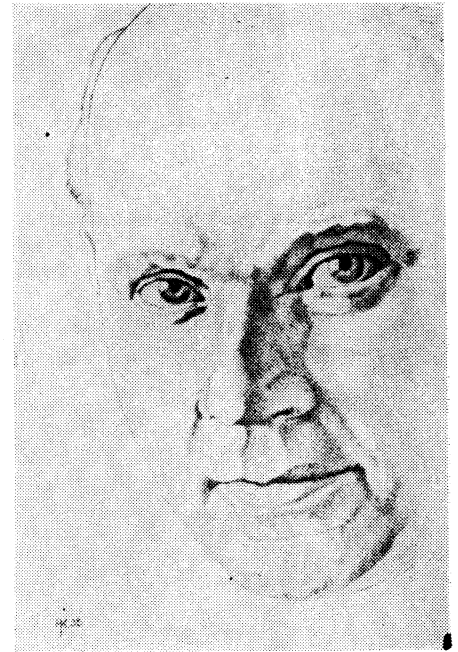
—Dimitroff, at the 7th World Congress of the Communist International

fense put forward by Dr. Sack. . . .

I admit that my tone is hard and sharp, but the struggle of my life was always hard and sharp. I am not a lawyer appearing before this court in the ordinary way in his profession. I am defending my political and revolutionary honor, my Communist ideology, my ideas, the content and significance of my whole life. Therefore, every word I say in this court is part of me, each statement is the absolute truth, each word is the expression of my honest and deep indignation at the unjust accusations which have been made against me. . . .

I appear before this court as the accused in all seriousness, not because my judges have any particular qualifications to try me, but because it is the highest legal organ of the German state. I am treating this trial in all seriousness, and what I say in this court is the truth. . . . During the three months which this trial has lasted, Mr. President, you silenced me on innumerable occasions with the assurance that at the conclusion I should be able to speak in full detail in my own defense. The trial is now drawing to a close, but contrary to your promise you are now limiting me in my right to speak. . . .

I have the right to make my own proposals for the verdict. The Public Prosecutor regarded all the evidence given by Communists as not worthy of credence. I shall take up the contrary attitude. For instance, I shall not declare that all the evidence given by the national socialist witnesses is unreliable and that they are all liars. I believe that amongst the millions of national socialists there are also honest people. . . . Much has been said here about German laws and I should like to express my opinion. Undoubtedly the political constellation of a given moment affects the decisions of a court. The minister for Justice, Kerrl, has published an interview in the newspaper in which he expressed his opinions about law. Referring to the “objectivity” of justice he declared, that this “principle



Ernst Thaelmann

of dead objectivity” must be abandoned. In the opinion of Kerrl, national socialist ideas of justice reject the liberalist principle of objective justice. Justice is a relative conception.

The public prosecutor declares that the Bulgarian accused should be acquitted for lack of evidence. I am not in agreement with that proposal. That would not completely abolish suspicion. The truth is that this trial has proved absolutely conclusively that we had nothing whatever to do with the fire and there is no room for the faintest breath of further suspicion. I therefore propose the following verdict: The acquittal of all. The quashing of the indictment as incorrect. That refers to all the accused, to Torgler, Popoff, Taneff and myself. Van Der Lubbe should be designated as a tool used to the damage of the working class. The real criminals who carried out the incendiarism must be found and placed in the dock in our stead.



CHRISTMAS DAY—

In Jail

A Short Story
By ANN RIVINGTON

Out in the city, tonight, church bells are pealing "Come all ye faithful" and "Joy to the world." It is possible for the prisoners to hear far off the pealing of bells the other side of the great stone wall.

Out in the city, the bells are ringing for the joyful and the hungry, but joy is in the ascendant tonight. Many twittering people throng the churches in their Sunday best. There is laughter of children around Christmas trees, laughter of men in steamy saloons, the polite laughter of theater goers, the loud laughter of dancers.

There is also despair in the city tonight, cold hearthstones, hopeless and angry hearts, empty bellies. Even there are unroofed heads, sleeping a black sleep under the fluttering of snowflakes. But for the most part despair is silent, like a sleeping lion and joy is in the ascendant.

Here in the prison, it is different. There is little laughter within the great stone walls. Grey faces above the grey uniforms sit at the long tables of the mess hall, and there is the low mutter of speech, since on this one night speech is freely permitted. The low mutter of speech without hope, but little laughter at the tables.

On the raised platform at the upper end of the hall sits the warden with some visiting officials. Crisp uniforms, business suits. Faces with color in them. The warden and his guests are eating turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce. But this is a democratic prison. The taciturn grey faced prisoners, on this one night in the year, are also eating turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce. Last week, six prisoners were in the black hole called solitary, subsisting on bread and water, but five of them now sit at the long tables eating turkey. The sixth is in the prison hospital. In another ten minutes the long files will march slowly back to the cell blocks and in an hour they will be locked away for the night in cages of stone and steel to sleep in blankets that reek of bed bugs and disinfectant.

Tomorrow they will toil without pay on the coal gang, in the shoe factory and the broom factory. Tomorrow, they will live on a fare of beans and thin oatmeal gruel. They face this tomorrow knowingly. But tonight they are eating turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce.

On the platform where the warden is sitting with his guests, is a Christmas tree, raised high so all may see it, re-

splendent with tinsel, crowned with a tinsel star. This is the symbol of that all-encompassing human love which vouchsafes even to prisoners a turkey dinner and the privilege of free conversation on one night in the year.

The warden and his guests rise to their feet. And the long lines of grey bodies also rise and shuffle slowly out of the dining hall. The prisoners enter the cell blocks. There is the roar and clang of the locks on the outer doors.

The hold-up man, number 1809, at the end of the third tier, has a letter from his girl. Next him, the bank clerk who forged a check because his wife wanted so much to dress like Constance Bennett, has nothing. His wife is now dressing like Constance Bennett for his boss, who does not need to forge checks. The Negro who got five years for stealing 69 cents, has nothing either. His kids are hungrier now than when he stole the 69 cents to feed them and his wife has not the heart to write.

The gangster who thought he was going to be as smart as Rockefeller has nothing either. But the young chap next him, the coal striker who is up for twenty years on a trumped up murder charge, has a thick envelope and he leans against the bars of his cell, whistling softly to himself as he reads. The bank clerk approaches him, "What's the good news?"

"It's good news all right. It's all the labor news. Things are happening lately." He shows a thick typewritten letter and postage stamps and a money order for five dollars. "That's for smokes," he says.

"Somebody remembers you all right." "You said it, they do. That's the I.L.D.," says the striker. "They send me letters and a little dough every month. And they take care of my wife and kids besides."

"Say, who are these people, I.L.D., anyway?"

The striker looks at the bank clerk and his face is not the face of a condemned man. "They are folks that work like hell to keep guys like me out of jail on trumped up charges. Lots of times they win. And until they do, they show us we are not forgotten—just like they did tonight. They're trying to get me out of here right now. Look, they say they're appealing my case."

The bank clerk looks a little sadly at him. A broken hope is a terrible thing in prison. "Better not count on that too much, buddy," he says, "How can you be so — sure?"

And then there is laughter inside the prison walls. The striker's laughter rings out loud.

"How can I be sure—? Because they're the I.L.D. There's millions and millions of 'em."



CHRISTMAS DAY—

In Jail

A Short Story
By ANN RIVINGTON

OUR 100 NEEDIEST CASES

Case No. 5

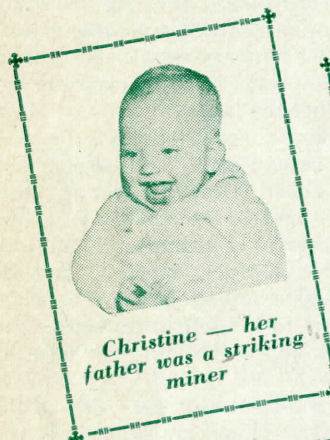
Mrs. Edith Mullins lives in a squalid mining patch in West Virginia. The house is in terrible shape. It hasn't seen a coat of paint for years. The wind and rain drive right through the cracks in the roof. And it's barely big enough to shelter her and the five young children. Ernest Mullins, the father of this family, has been in the Moundsville State Prison for almost 4 years now—and he has hardly made a dent in his brutal sentence—99 years. The charge against him is murder. It is based on the fact that during the bitter strike battles of the West Virginia miners in early 1931, a company gunman was

killed. Three miners were accused of the murder, though they were nowhere near the scene of the crime, Mullins was one of them.

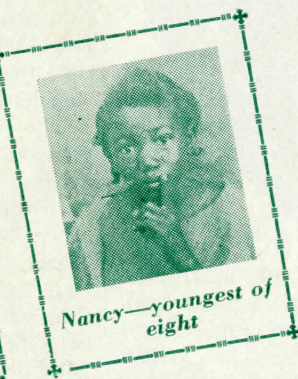
The kids write to their father regularly and tell him all about how they are getting along in school. He is only allowed to write one letter a month and that of course goes to his family.

Mrs. Mullins has a desperate time making ends meet—even with the regular help she gets from the Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D. All of the children need new warm clothes and shoes for the winter. They need money for fuel and food. And they are all looking forward to the Christmas check

Since the families of our political prisoners are subjected to persecution and discrimination — we withhold the full names of the children whose pictures are published on these pages. They are the children of political prisoners and men murdered for their activity in the labor movement.



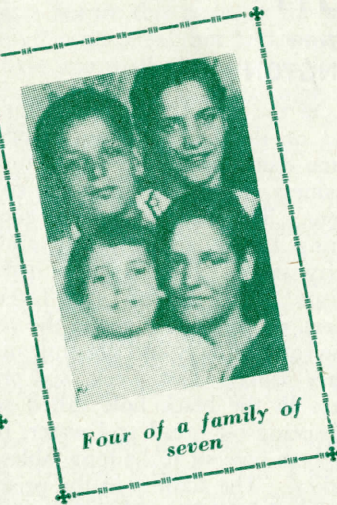
Christine — her father was a striking miner



Nancy—youngest of eight



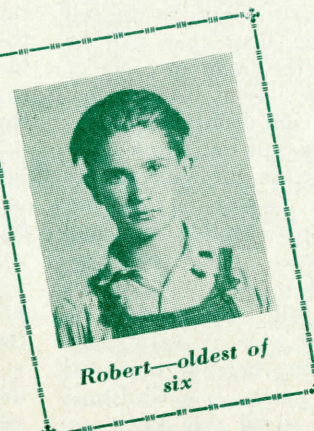
Her big brother is one of the Scottsboro boys



Four of a family of seven



Lina—her father is dead.



Robert—oldest of six

We present nine of our hundred neediest cases—families and political prisoners on the relief rolls of the I.L.D. They are representative. They speak for themselves. They gave their freedom. Won't you give them yours?

from the I.L.D. Won't you help us make it a big one?

Case No. 60

California bosses didn't like him. He was a born organizer. Wherever he worked he organized the men around him. And during the big railroad strike of 1923—they decided to get rid of him. The Southern Pacific got three stool pigeons to swear that this young organizer promised them all sorts of money to bump off some scabs. That was enough for the jury. John J. Cornelison, age 23, got life. The stool-pigeons got jobs on the Southern Pacific. Cornelison hasn't any family. "I was locked in here too young to get a chance to get married," he once wrote. But he has hundreds of friends who write to him and come to see him and hundreds of unknown friends who help the Prisoners Relief Department show him that he is not forgotten.

Case No. 16

Theodore Jordan loves flowers. Especially roses. He hasn't had a chance to see any for the last two and a half years. They don't bloom in prison and Oregon State Penitentiary is no exception. It is a badly over crowded old prison built in 1866—no toilet facilities in the cells, a hospital with 22 beds in it though the prison population is always over 1000. It has special cells in a "correctional department" where prisoners are kept for indefinite periods.

Jordan, until a few months ago, was able to bring his beloved flowers into the prison. He drew them and painted them with whatever limited material he had at his disposal. He even made some of colored paper that look so real everybody who sees them leans over to smell their fragrance. But a few months ago the authorities decided Jordan was getting too much mail and too much attention—for a political prisoner and a Negro. His letters in answer to his friends were filled with an unbroken spirit of militancy and hope that displeased them greatly. They found some excuse and threw him into solitary confinement for weeks. He is serving a life sentence on a framed-up murder charge.

Case No. 61

There is a very old lady in a small town in New Jersey who lives mostly with her memories. She is too old to work or to get about much. Most of

CASES

pecially when they are controlled by the same interests that railroaded your husband to jail.

Case No. 4

There are two young children, a little boy and a little girl, in Oklahoma City who haven't seen their mother for almost 7 months now. She is far away in West Virginia—in the Federal Prison for Women. They are good kids, and mind their father, who has to take care of them as well as earning a living to keep them alive.

Their mother, Wilma Conners, committed no crime. She was part of a militant demonstration of unemployed men and women who gathered before the offices and commissary of the FERA in Oklahoma City last year, demanding more relief and more food for their hungry children. Mrs. Conners was ready to fight to see to it that her children had enough to eat. But that was called "sedition against the federal government" by Oklahoma and federal authorities—because the FERA was a federal institution—and Mrs. Conners was sent to jail for one year and one day—far away across the country in West Virginia.

Case No. 24

Christine never knew her father. She was a tiny infant when Julius Baldwin was shot down in cold blood by the hired gunmen of the Kentucky coal barons. Julius Baldwin was a fighting Kentucky miner. And he was an organizer for the I.L.D. He was black-listed even before the big strike of 1931 and he helped set up the strikers' soup kitchen where he and his wife Elizabeth worked night and day. One evening he was out in the yard in front of the kitchen when a rickety Ford drew up and before he could see what was happening the gun men shot him full of lead. Elizabeth Baldwin was left a widow with four little children. She has had a very hard time of it, but her courage is still fine, because every single month, when things looked darkest she knew she could count on her friends, who through the Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D. sent her their solidarity and their greetings and their help.

Case No. 36

In a small Carolina textile town, a young woman is slaving away in the mills, her health menaced by the stretch out, to make enough to keep herself and her child alive. She has to live under an assumed name or she would get no work at all. Wages in the textile industry are barely enough to keep alive on. Her husband is in the state penitentiary serving a 7 year sentence because he was one of the most militant leaders of the Gastonia textile strikers.

her thoughts go back nineteen years, when her youngest son was at home with her. They lived out in California then. Now all the contact she has with him comes through letters. She knows her boy never did anything wrong. She knows he is a good man and a hard worker, and a loyal friend. He is in jail today, and has been for 19 years, because he refused to help the crooked officials of California frame-up his friend and comrade.

To his old mother, there is only one hope left—that she will live long enough to see her boy a free man once more. Her son's name is Warren K. Billings.

Case No. 39

"Every time I smoke my pipe, I think of all the people who made it possible to get that tobacco, and I sit looking up at the bars and thinking about all my friends on the outside—people I don't even know."

That's what tobacco means to a young Negro boy, facing twenty years in Attica prison for something he never did. He comes from Buffalo, where Jim Crow hatred is whipped up high. The charge against him is the traditional lynch cry—rape. He has no family and it means a lot to him to know that hundreds of people believe in his innocence and try to make things a little easier for him.

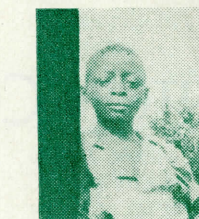
Case No. 46

Isabella Ochoa is a beautiful woman. She is tall and graceful. Her black eyes glow in her madonna like pale face. She has two small children to take care of and life is very hard in Gallup, New Mexico, especially for a woman whose husband was one of the staunchest fighters in the miner's union, a leading figure in all the strikes, and now serving 45 to 60 years at hard labor in the Santa Fe Penitentiary in one of the rawest murder frame-ups of our times. But Mrs. Ochoa is a fighter too. She fights for her rights at the relief agency. She fights for her husband's freedom and the freedom of the two other miners sentenced with him.

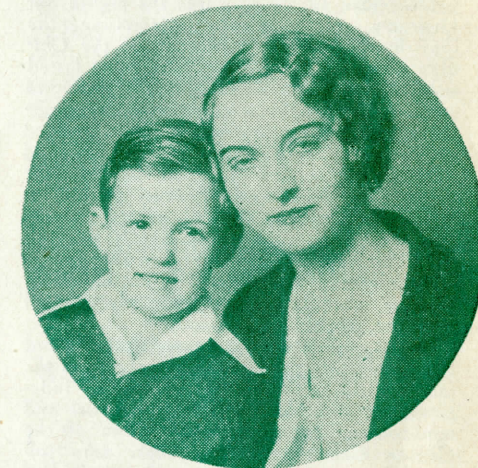
Dignified and calm, her relentless courage helps her face the future squarely and unafraid. But her kids need shoes. Her own clothes are very shabby and relief agencies, even after you fight for your rights, don't give you enough to feed and clothe yourself decently, es-



Mother and Son—father was kidnapped and murdered



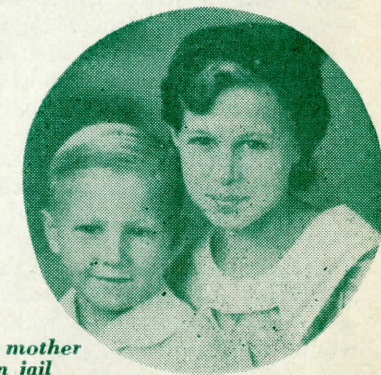
His big brother is one of the Scottsboro boys



Mother and son—father is in jail



Junior—son of a Kentucky miner



Their mother is in jail

SONS OF FREEDOM

Dedicated to the heroes

of the CANTON COMMUNE



A Chinese demonstration honoring the memory of the Canton Commune

December 12, 1935 marks the eighth anniversary of the Canton Commune—the short-lived, historic forerunner of the Chinese Soviets. The Canton Commune lasted only three days. Thousands of men and women who fought to establish it were murdered in the streets by machine guns, hacked to pieces, burned alive. Their mutilated corpses were left in the open roadways for days. But their memory lives on and is highly honored not only in more than one-sixth of China, now under Soviet rule; all over that vast country—even in the prisons and dungeons where tens of thousands of Chinese workers are tortured, but also all over the world.

Today, when the forces of fascism and imperialism are threatening to wipe from the face of the earth the last vestiges of independence and freedom in the colonial and semi-colonial countries, the heroism of the Canton Communards and those who followed in their footsteps becomes a symbol of hope and undying courage. As a tribute to those who gave their lives in the Canton Commune, and the countless thousands who are suffering in China's jails today, the Labor Defender, reproduces the correspondence of two Chinese political prisoners as a tribute to their simple greatness.

I.

"Who are you? I am your neighbor and often hear your groans and cries."

II.

"Unknown brother, or treacherous enemy. I do not know to whom I am addressing this letter. But you must know what I have already told the authorities. I am Pan Hung-Gan, a Red Army man from the 21st division. I am a Young Communist and I studied in the Lenin school in Jui-king. In the school I learned what truth is.

"They captured me during the fighting near Yuschan. They asked many questions, but I gave them no answer. They beat me, but I remained silent. Then they handed me over to the Safety Bureau. There the real tortures began. They tormented us with affable words; they tortured us who were hungry, by showing us good food; they hurt and insulted us with abuse and

slander of our leaders. . . . My wounds are burning, my body is shaking with fever, I cannot write you any more today. If your heart is good, and if you are my brother, let me know when it will be May First, the great holiday of the workers and peasants. I have lost all count of time here."

III.

"I am your brother and my heart is with you, Pan, for you are proud and firm as a son of freedom should be. I want you too, to know what the butchers know about me. I am Van Vei-chun, a weak old man. I was a teacher in Nanchang. I became a teacher of the truth when the Communists came to the town. Then the army of the butchers captured our town. I am here in prison many months now. . . . The cell in which I am kept here is so small that there is no need for chains to fetter me with. The water on the floor is above my ankles and this is my couch on which I can sleep and sit. Thus they honor my old age and my firm will to serve the truth.

"Brother, I am unable to tell you when it will be the first of May, the holiday of the poor people. For in my cell there is no daylight. It is lighted by only a miserable little lamp. I know not whether it is day or night. . . . My sister will give some money to the warden and he will tell me when the day will come."

IV.

"My good brother. I am so grieved and sorry that neither you nor I know when May Day will be. Your letter did me good. So listen further to my story of how I lived in the Kiukiang camp (Chiang Kai Shek's special con-

centration camp for Communists—Ed.)

"I was isolated and left for five days and five nights without food and water. Then early one morning there came the Commander of the camp, Hsin Yao Sin, accompanied by many guards who brought with them a young girl. I trembled with sorrow and horror, for this was she whom I love and promised mine for ever—Shan Pao, the daughter of Yang A-mah, whom I trained to be a Communist. The serpent Hsin said to me: 'We will set you free, and keep Shan Pao in your place. You will do what we demand of you and then you will both be free and happy. If you will not do this she will die a painful and shameful death.'

"I asked: 'What vile treachery do you want me to commit?'

"Hsin laughed and said, 'You will return to your brother bandits and secretly circulate these handbills.' I read the handbills where it was written:

"WHOEVER WILL COME OVER TO THE KUOMINTANG ARMY WILL BE GIVEN A REWARD. If he will bring a rifle with him he will get 20 dollars; if he will bring a mauser he will get 30 dollars; if a machine gun he will get 300 dollars; if he will come without any weapons he will get 5 dollars. For the murder of a brigade officer or division officer we pay 5,000 dollars; for the murder of an army commander we pay 10,000 dollars; for the murder of the commander-in-chief we pay 30,000 dollars. We will welcome every penitent Communist and every informer against these bandits.

"I tore the handbill up and spat right into Hsin's face.

"Then they began to beat me with iron rods on my naked body. And Shan Pao stood by. They hanged me

(Continued on page 23)

SONS OF FREEDOM

Dedicated to the heroes

of the CANTON COMMUNE

December 12, 1935 marks the eighth anniversary of the Canton Commune—the short-lived, historic forerunner of the Chinese Soviets. The Canton Commune lasted only three days. Thousands of men and



A Chinese demonstration honoring the memory of the Canton Commune

I WAS ACQUITTED

By SERAPIO SOSA, one of the 10 Gallup Miners

I was born in a mining camp. The mines in that place were owned by the Phelps-Dodge Corporation. My father died of miners' consumption when I was fifteen years old. My wife was born in this country at Phoenix, Arizona and we have four children, three boys and a girl, all born at Gallup, New Mexico.

I had one of the best places in the Kipper mine before the strike of 1933, but was black-listed for a long time after the strike.

I went back to work last November. In March of this year the locals of the National Miners' Union all joined the U. M. W. A. and we were trying to organize all the mines. I organized a meeting down in the mine where I was working and where the miners had no organization at all, to try to persuade the miners to organize a local of the U. M. W. A. Some stool pigeon told the superintendent about the meeting, and I was fired, with about twelve others. This time they told me that I would stay on the black list for good.

The morning of April 4th I went to the relief office to get medical attention for my oldest boy, Ramiro, who is ten years old. On my way back home I passed by the alley of the Independent building. At this time the ambulance was there picking up the people who had been shot.

I went home, and came down town again about four o'clock that afternoon. There was a big crowd of armed men in the street in front of the court house. I was standing on the edge of the crowd, when I was arrested by Deputy U. S. Marshal Mollica. He said when he arrested me, "You are one of those smart guys."

After I was arrested, I was questioned, and Deputy District Attorney MacKintosh tried to make me say who I had recognized when I arrived at the alley. I wouldn't tell him, as I didn't want to get anyone else in trouble, and he told me, "Then I'll put you away where you will rot!"

We were three days prisoners at Gallup, and in all that time they didn't give us any food at all. All I had in those three days was one sandwich.

Then they took us to Santa Fe, where we were held for 17 days in the death house. Then they kept us 42 days in small dark cells. We were two in a cell, and one would have to lie down so that the other take two or three

steps, which was all the room there was. There was no toilet and the stench of the buckets was terrible. We were not given the privilege of the prison yard until three weeks before the trial at Aztec. By that time I couldn't walk and was taken to the hospital, where I was until about a week before we went to Aztec. In the time I was in prison I lost 32 pounds and I was sick a long time before they took me to the hospital.

From the very first we were contented with our defense. When I was freed at El Paso, I told the people there that we couldn't have had a better defense if we had been millionaires.

We were very glad when Robert Minor came to Santa Fe, and felt very encouraged knowing that we had people interested in our defense everywhere. Afterwards we were sorry to hear of the kidnapping of Minor and Levinson. Then we were happy to see them again when they came back, although Minor had his head all cut up and bruised.

About the trial in Aztec, it didn't seem right to me when the judge told the jury that he believed the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, giving them to understand that our witnesses had told nothing but lies, and it was the other way about.

We all knew that Calvillo's baby had died. They say that the doctor said it died of starvation. But we didn't tell him about it until after the jury had given their verdict, and then, after we went back to jail was when we told him.

The judge ordered us deported after the jury set us free, so we were taken to El Paso. We passed through Gallup, but they didn't give us a chance to see our families. When we were in El Paso I told them that I couldn't see why we should be deported as we hadn't done anything to be deported for, and I had worked all these years in this country and had my family here. Then we were set free, and told we could go where we pleased but we had better not go back to Gallup. I want now to find work to take care of my family and my mother, who is in Gallup with my children.

The only thing I am sorry about is that Ochoa, Avitia and Verlarde are still in prison, as I had hoped that we would be all acquitted or all convicted together. But I know that the people will keep on fighting for them, and maybe they will soon be freed.

Additional Trade Unions Supporting Gallup Defense

Cigarmakers International Union of America No. 3, Paterson, N. J.
Musicians Mutual Protective Union, New Orleans, La.
Painters Local No. 260, Great Falls, Mont.
Plumbers & Steamfitters, Columbia, Mo.
J. B. U. of I of America, Conneaut, Ohio.
Bricklayers & Plasterers Union No. 22, Yonkers, N. Y.
Building Trades Council, Great Falls, Mont.
Order of Railroad Telegraphers DW 22, Greenville, Texas.
United Mine Workers of America No. 3091, Hooverville, Pa.
Suitcase, Bag & Portfolio Makers Union, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cascade County Trades and Labor Assembly, Great Falls, Mont.
B. of P. D. & P. H. of A. No. 275, Chicago, Ill.
Sheet Metal Workers No. 246, Great Falls, Mich.
Paterson Printing Pressmen & Assistants No. 34, Paterson, N. J.
Mill & Smelter Workers Union No. 16, Great Falls, Mont.
Sign and Pictorial Artists No. 639, Cleveland, Ohio.
Fur Floor Workers Union No. 3, Brooklyn, New York.
International Photographers of M. P. I. No. 644, New York City.
International Association of Granite Cutters, Quincy, Mass.
Progressive Miners of America Local No. 12, Bakers Union of Local 122, Providence, R. I.
Painters Local No. 229, Kansas City, Kansas.
Painters Local No. 867, Cleveland, Ohio.
Local Bldg. Laborers Union, Local 150,

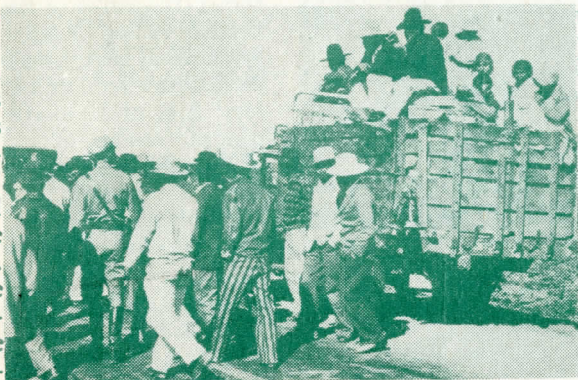


Mexican workers being deported



Welsh mine strikers—they stayed in the pit for 50 days

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Mexican workers being deported

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Welsh mine strikers—they stayed in the pit for 50 days

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA—

Same old LINE-UP in newest FRAME-UP

By KAY PETERS

Once again militant workers face murder charges on perjured testimony, while those who precipitated the struggle and attacked them with knives and razors stand as their accusers in court and walk the streets, free men.

The men who will be tried for murder in San Francisco courts on December 9 are Archie Brown, Julio Canales, Francisco Jiminez and Natalio Villi, all militant members of the Ship Scalers Union, which has just brought a three-months' strike to a highly successful conclusion.

This is one of the most important labor cases since Tom Mooney was framed 19 years ago. It involves the charge of murder supported by perjured testimony by state's witnesses, with the knowledge and protection of the police, the district attorney and the courts.

The history of the strike was one of struggle between the militant members of the union, backed by the rank and file, and a group of reactionaries acting in the interests of the very contractors whom the union was trying to eliminate so that the men might deal directly with the shipowners.

At a special meeting of the union, the contractors' men, during a critical moment in the debate, rushed the militants, slashing at them with knives and razors. During the melee which ensued, one man went out the window and fell through the marquee to the pavement below, dying later in a hospital of his injuries. It is upon this that the murder charge is based, the state contending that he was thrown out of the window, and the defense, that he stepped out upon the marquee himself to escape the fight.

At the request of the defendants, the International Labor Defense entered the case, assigning Attorneys Leo Gallagher and George Andersen to defend them.

More than a dozen men, including President George Woolf and vice president Pete Garcia, were arrested—at the meeting, at the hospital where they were taken for treatment of injuries and at subsequent hearings—in addition to several of the reactionaries picked up by police at the meeting.

The true character of the prosecution is shown by the fact that charges against the reactionaries were dropped without

even the formality of preliminary hearings while, with the ship-owners' attorney prompting the prosecutor, the militants were neatly singled out for "framing." This despite the evidence that most of the militants bore severe knife or razor wounds whereas the state's witnesses were unharmed except for superficial bruises resulting from efforts of their victims to defend themselves against the attack.

Before Gallagher and Andersen entered the case, Pablo Espinoza and Pete Garcia had already been held to answer on charges of "Assault with a deadly weapon with intent to do great bodily harm." Their trial was later set for November 12.

Bulletin: As we go to press we learn that Pete Garcia was acquitted by a jury that took 3 minutes to reach their verdict.

As succeeding hearings were held, I.L.D. attorneys got charges against the rest of the men, with the exception of Natalio Villi, dismissed by exposing the perjury of the state's witnesses. When they asked for assault and perjury warrants against these witnesses, upon the basis of their testimony at these hearings, judges and district attorney refused them.

Fearing the results of further preliminary hearings, the state and the ship-owners' attorneys took the charges against Brown, Jiminez and Canales directly to the grand jury and had them held to answer along with Villi.

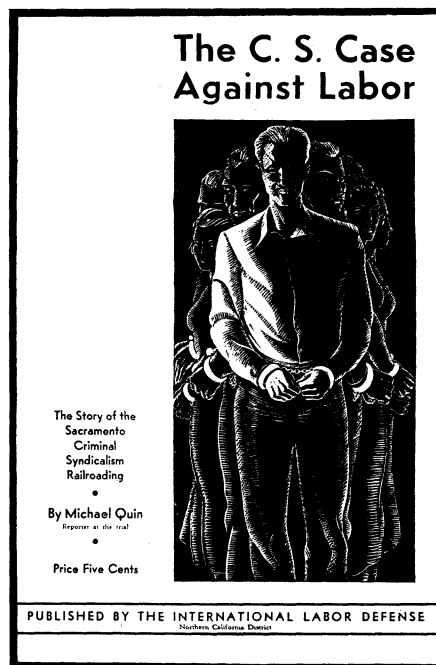
So we find the same old "line-up" in this newest "frame-up"—the San Francisco Industrial Association with its subsidiary, the Waterfront Employers' Association, working through the courts to indict and "railroad" workers fighting for a better world for their fellow-men.

IMPRISONED BY STATE DEFAULT

The appeal in the Sacramento criminal syndicalism cases is still held up. The county clerk at Sacramento has the transcript of the trial all ready, but he refuses to deliver it to the defendants or their attorney, Leo Gallagher.

Meanwhile, seven of the prisoners are in jail, serving their terms. The default of the state is adding day after day to the amount of time served before they even have a chance to go through an appeal.

The united front for the freedom of the Sacramento prisoners is broadening to include scores of trade-unions, Democratic clubs, Utopian societies, and other organizations. At a Northern California convention of the Conference for United Action Against the Criminal Syndicalism laws, held in San Francisco, 24 maritime local unions, fourteen other local A.F. of L. locals, and nine independent unions of public works employes and the unemployed, were represented. At the Southern California convention held in Los Angeles, 196,147 organized workers from trade-unions were represented. They included 32 A.F. of L. locals, three Central Labor bodies, and three farmers' unions.



Above is a reproduction of the cover of one of the most important pamphlets ever published by the International Labor Defense. It is a big pamphlet, 8¾ by 5¾ inches, 32 pages, and crammed with the story, illustrated with five photographs and drawings, of the dramatic Sacramento case. It is sold at five cents, and is available through all district offices of the International Labor Defense, and all Workers' Book Shops. There are special rates on orders of 20 copies or more. For full information on these rates write to the International Labor Defense, Northern California District, 1005 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

LORINE NORMAN FREED ON BAIL

One of the three Sacramento women prisoners, Lorine Norman, whose married name is Mrs. Edward Kinz, has been freed on \$1,000 bail, so that a child she is expecting will not be born in jail. Papers commuting her sentence to time served are reported to be in the Governor's office in Sacramento waiting for signature.

The tremendous pressure, evidenced by united front conferences representing more than 250,000 organized workers in California, forced this concession from the state of California in the Sacramento cases. The same pressure, increased even more can force the freedom of all the Sacramento prisoners, men and women, and the repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism statute.

Whether commutation is granted or not, the I.L.D. has announced that it will continue the appeal for Lorine Norman, to wipe out the prison sentence against her entirely.



1 TO 14 YEARS ON AN ELECTION TECHNICALITY

Louise Todd, Communist election campaign worker has been sentenced to 1 to 14 years in Tehachapi prison on a charge of "not having personally witnessed" the signing of all names on petitions to put the Communist Party on the ballot in California.

Miss Todd and Anita Whitney, veteran fighter against the criminal syndicalism law, against deportations, and



Top: Four political prisoners, photographed in San Quentin's yard. Sentence: 1-14 years. Charge: Criminal Syndicalism

Center: Louise Todd, now in Tehachapi prison. Probation was denied her despite the fact that she has serious heart trouble

Left: Anita Whitney, veteran battler for labor's civil rights. She faces 14 years in prison

one of the members of the first National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, were arrested a year ago on this charge. Miss Whitney's trial is about to open as this issue of the LABOR DEFENDER goes to press.

Support the Alaska Miners by sending your protest to Gov. J. W. Troy, Juneau, Alaska

ALASKA FALLS IN LINE

Special to the Labor Defender

Juneau, Alaska—Thirty-three miners and longshoremen face conviction on riot charges that may mean sentences of from three to fifteen years. Originally there were only 16 charged and released on bail ranging from \$500 to \$3000. Recently the grand jury handed down additional secret indictments bringing the total up to 33.

All charges are the result of a clash between pickets and company guards and strike breakers last June, when the Alaska-Juneau company, gold miners, attempted re-opening.

Two of those charged are members of the Juneau local of the International Longshoremen's Association, the others are members of Juneau Mine and Mill Workers, Local 203, I.U.M.M. and S.W. Both are A.F. of L. unions. Unable to get a fair statement of the facts in these cases before the public through the papers, the Alaska Miners Defense Committee is issuing a series of leaflets in the form of Open Letters.

Proof of the effectiveness of the campaign being carried on by the Defense Committee is the conversation overheard on the streets of Juneau between a man from Sitka and the territorial auditor, Frank Boyle.

"Mr. Boyle, can't something be done about this?" the Sitka man asked. "The Defense Committee is circulating petitions in Sitka and collecting lots of money and signatures, and the people are talking about this case. It looks as though the jury would have a hard time convicting these men."

WHAT TO DO When Under Arrest

What Is a Writ of Habeas Corpus

When, on October 28, Angelo Herndon surrendered in Atlanta, Georgia, on his sentence of 18 to 20 years on the chain-gang, a writ of habeas corpus was immediately applied for on his behalf in the Superior Court of Fulton County (Atlanta) Georgia.

A writ of habeas corpus is one of the tools provided by the machinery of the law to secure the release of a prisoner from jail. It is used most frequently and with considerable effect in criminal cases. It has been used many times also in labor cases, although a writ that will ordinarily spring a criminal nine times out of ten, will bring a political prisoner out of jail much less often.

Basically, the legal principle behind the writ sought for Herndon is the same as that in the writ for Tom Mooney. In both cases the defense claim is that the prisoner is held in jail without warrant of law and in violation of the constitution. In the Mooney case, the basis of the application is that he was framed on perjured testimony through the deliberate efforts of the state. This is a question of evidence, and so in this case there are hearings of testimony.

This procedure opens up the way to consideration of the case by the United States Supreme Court even after a direct appeal in the case has been denied by that court because of a technicality. The writ says in effect: There may be a technicality, and red tape may prevent the prisoner's release according to law through the regular channels; but just the same he is held in jail unconstitutionally, and should be freed.

Should a lower court refuse to grant a writ, then appeal can be taken to the next highest court and so on to the United States Supreme Court. This is what is happening now in the Tom Mooney case, where the writ application has now reached the state supreme court of California.

The basis of the application for the writ of habeas corpus in the Herndon case is the fact that the slave insurrection law of 1861 under which he was convicted is in violation of both the state constitution and the federal constitution, and even if it were constitutional in itself, it is not constitutional as it has been construed (interpreted) by the state court, and it is not constitutional in any case to apply it to the Herndon case.

The petition for a writ of habeas corpus states that the statute as construed "unduly restricts freedom of speech and of assembly" (rights guaranteed by the

constitution) and "is too vague and indefinite to provide a sufficiently ascertainable standard of guilt" (in other words there is no way of telling whether by any particular action you are violating the law or not).

Theoretically, it is possible for the Superior Court of Fulton County to over-rule the state supreme court in its decision on this writ, declare the statute unconstitutional, set Herndon free, and void all the other 18 indictments against working-class organizers whose trials are now pending under the law.

Upon refusal of the county court to do so, however, the writ may be appealed to the state supreme court, where the same petition will be made, and the same argument presented.

If the state supreme court refuses to grant the writ and declare the statute unconstitutional, then appeal can be taken once more to the United States Supreme Court, which will be forced to come out in the open on the question of the constitutionality of the statute, and may be smoked out from behind the screen of mumbo-jumbo technicalities it used twice in the Herndon case.

All this, however, is purely theoretical. This is what the court *can* do. What it will do may be an entirely different thing, and the main determining factor, as in all working-class defense cases, will be the power of the protest movement that is developed.

The most effective expression of this protest is in the form of collecting signatures to Governor Talmadge of Georgia, demanding Herndon's freedom. The existence of a million such signatures, the constant collection of hundreds of thousands more, the flood of resolutions from trade-unions into Talmadge's office, will have a powerful influence in deciding whether the courts will seek new smoke-screens or whether they will look straight to the facts and the law as presented by the attorneys, and set Herndon free.

This movement is especially effective since should every court decide that Herndon must go to the chain-gang, the pressure will be ready at any moment for concentration on Governor Talmadge, who will then be forced to act on the case.

Chains of Progress

By KEN FOSTER

Definition:

A civilized nation is one where a rich racketeer goes to a federal prison, is given a private cell and a white-collar job, if any, while a Negro, who asked for bread, goes on the chain gang for twenty years.

Justice is blind, but seldom so blind but what she can tell the difference between the defendant with a bank roll and the one who is broke. And, in the South, able to tell the difference between black and white.

The Governor of Minnesota was right in refusing to debate Governor Talmadge in Georgia. He might say something about the Georgia labor conditions or race discrimination and, quicker than you could say Floyd Bjerstjerne Olson, he would be on the chain gang.

Talmadge answers by saying that he has the right to pardon anyone from the chain gang and therefore Olson need not worry. My advice to Governor Olson is that he stick to his "guns." Angelo Herndon has not been pardoned yet despite the love for clemency, and power to grant it, that circulates through the red blood of the red-suspended gentleman from Georgia.

With Governor Talmadge calling chain gangs "socialized travel tours" and after seeing advertisements for prison equipment, I think it would be a good idea if the prisons advertised for inmates. A suggestion for the publicity man: "While in Atlanta arrange to stay at Fulton Tower. Roomy barracks for all guests. Breakfast and supper served in the Blue Room. Always informal. Reducing diets our specialty. Beautiful rust-proof chains for every guest. Free cockroaches for those who like pets. Well conducted socialized travel tours daily. No taxes."



Cesar Vilar

Cesar Vilar has been imprisoned! These words have become a call to struggle and a shout of condemnation on the lips of the Cuban workers. The call is spreading throughout Cuba. For months this great leader of the Cuban proletariat has been hunted all over the island by the armed forces of the Caffery-Batista dictatorship. He is loved in all Cuba for his life of complete self-sacrifice, his devotion to the cause of national liberation and his extraordinary personal characteristics as a leader. He has fallen at last into the hands of the Army Secret Service and his life is in grave danger—unless the organized efforts of the American labor movement and every lover of liberty are united with the mass campaign conducted at this moment for his unconditional freedom by everybody in Cuba. That is, everybody who opposes the rule of Yankee imperialism and the native politicians serving its interests in Cuba.

Who is Cesar Vilar? A man loved by every Cuban worker with an almost unique devotion. A man, who in the face of the most extraordinary measures ever taken for the capture of a revolutionary in a land renowned for such activity, has been able to evade capture, month after month. How? Only because of his exceptional prestige among the Cuban workers. Their love and their admiration made the home of every Cuban worker a place of refuge for him, a place where he could continue his constant activities for the liberation of the Cuban people.

The life of Cesar Vilar is a living example of the extraordinary characters created by revolutionary struggle. No Cuban leader combines such a relentless proletarian firmness with such warm human sympathy and understanding.

It is impossible in a brief article to narrate the life of Vilar.

HELP SAVE Cesar Vilar

By ANTONIO RODRIGO

(The author of this article is a well-known Cuban revolutionary leader who has just been released from Principe Castle Prison in Havana. His sentence arose out of the general strike last March. He is a close friend and co-worker of Cesar Vilar's)

Born at Manzanillo, Oriente Province, he joined the struggles of the working class at a very early age.

As a member of the executive committee of the Bricklayers Union in Manzanillo, he participated in the conference which organized the C.N.O.C. (Cuban National Federation of Labor), the powerful revolutionary trade union body that has so many times shaken the foundations of the whole feudal-imperialist regime of Cuba.

In 1928 he led a strike of highway construction workers which had repercussions throughout the country. In 1930 he led the general strike in Manzanillo which aimed to overthrow Machado. In 1930, he was also elected general secretary of the C.N.O.C. In 1933 he led the general strike which successfully ended the tyranny of Machado.

He was the leader of the general strike last March involving more than 700,000 toilers, workers, professionals, students which was so ruthlessly crushed by the military dictatorship.

He has been arrested seven times and

has spent three years in prison. In short, he has been a part of practically every struggle of the Cuban working class.

The fight for the freedom of Cesar Vilar is part of the fight to free more than 3,000 political prisoners rotting at this moment in Cuba's prisons, where they are subjected to the most cruel and inhuman conditions. To be a political prisoner in Cuba, means to be in daily danger of torture or to be found hanging in your cell some morning; it means forced labor, solitary confinement, constant persecution and threats.

The struggle for the freedom of Cesar Vilar is a part of the struggle for the liberation of the Cuban people. To support this struggle with all their might, is a solemn duty of solidarity for the whole American labor movement and for everybody ready to fight for freedom in any part of the world where injustice reigns.

It is a duty toward a people which for years has struggled heroically against the mighty forces of American imperialism.

A MURDER REPORT

(Special to The Labor Defender from Melville, Louisiana)

I am giving you a mob report. A white man, name Harry Davis, address Lettsworth, Louisiana, murdered a Negro in his store Saturday night, October 12. The Negro's name, Polue Dixon. He lived on a farm, had a wife and two children.

This Negro goes in Harry's store about nine o'clock Saturday night to buy something, and Harry asked this Negro about a butcher knife that had been used by a butcher that this Negro Dixon was helping to butcher some hogs. And he still had that against this Negro Dixon.

When this Negro went into his store he asked this Negro Dixon: "Where is my butcher knife?" The Negro replied: "I don't know, Mr. Harry." And Mr. Harry punched this Negro with his fist. And the Negro got on his knees and begged Mr. Harry not to kill him as he

had a wife and two children to take care of. But Mr. Harry says: "I better kill you, nigger. If I don't kill you you will kill me."

So Harry takes a pump out of a barrel and hit Dixon on the head and bust his skull. And then takes a pop case and continued beating him until he was dead and after he killed this Negro Dixon, Harry got up on this Negro and walked up and down on the Negro.

And the next day High Sheriff came and got Mr. Harry and takes him to the court house and then takes him back home the same day, and nothing is being done about it. The sheriff that came and got him is in the same parish, Pointe Coupee Parish, New Road, Louisiana. His name is Joe DeZoine.

Please look this case over good. For any more information write me and I will try to get all I can on this.



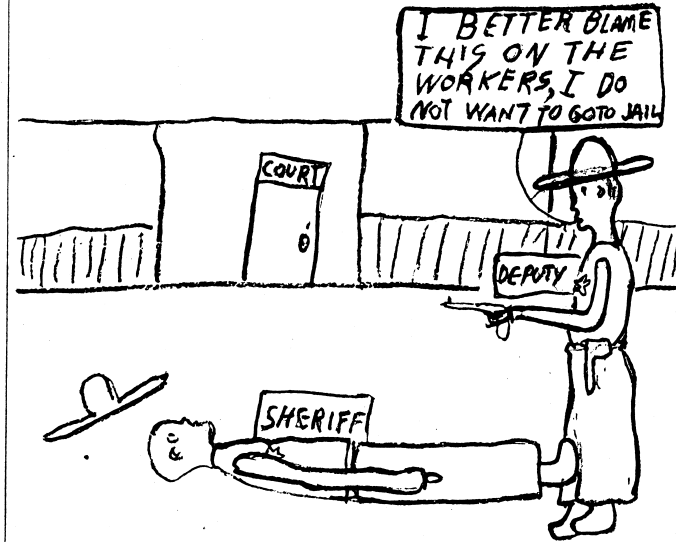
Cesar Vilar



YOUNG DEFENDERS CORNER

SAVE THE GALLUP WORKERS

PICTURES BY BEN G. AGE 12, GALLUP, NEW MEXICO



LET'S DON'T PUT UP WITH IT

(Continued from page 9)

"I went to the Exposition Mills next day. All the workers seemed jolly, and some of the people said: 'We have got something that will better our conditions. Won't it be great for all of us?'"

"One of the girls said: 'Look here, whenever our hands stop, the company is dead. Without labor they cannot run.'

"She said: 'We have made so much goods, it is piled up in the warehouse rotting. There is so much stuff in the stores they are running over.' She said: 'You people are starving today. There is plenty of milk to pour on the ground, but no milk to put in our little children.' She said: 'Think of the fruit. Thousands of bushels of fruit dumped in the Pacific Ocean. We cannot get oranges for sick babies.'

"These things bore on my mind.

"This woman at the Exposition Mill, she tickled me. How she talked! She talked, and she 'blowed' the company up. She said: 'Workers, there has got to be something done.'

"She said: 'You know the Negroes have a terrible time. Why do the people in the South work cheaper than in the North?' It has always been a mystery to me; it takes as much to keep one person up as another. She said: 'Those big old bosses say: "The Negroes are no

good." That way they keep us divided. Don't you know God made him black the same as you white? They want us to think the Negro is a dirty, low-down something. They do that to get the labor power cheaper. At the same time they are enslaving you. You are a slave and will be as long as you are divided.'

"Then an officer got me and Annie Leathers my sister, by the arm, and put us in the car and carried us to the police station. They were not satisfied with breaking my home up, they have even put me in the Big Rock Jail."

SILENCE and the RAGING TIDE

(Continued from page 5)

not bad—but if you don't eat every scrap on your plate—you don't get that meal on the next day.

Letter writing is strictly supervised. All incoming and outgoing mail is rewritten in the warden's office and typed—so that there is no possibility of writing or receiving messages in code.

Escape is impossible. Even if the prisoner succeeded in getting past all the sub machine guns, photo electric rays, mechanical signals and barbed wire. Though the island is clearly within sight of the city of San Francisco and steamboats and ferry boats pass quite close by,

the tides are so fierce, no small craft could battle them—certainly no swimmer could.

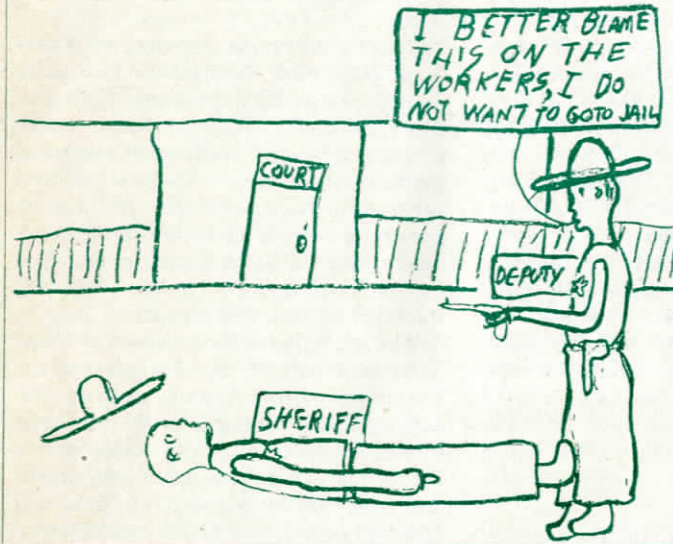
This is the proud achievement of the Department of Justice. A cold brutality that rivals Devil's Island, Venezuela's dungeons, China's torture chambers. No one is sentenced to Alcatraz directly. Prisoners are sent there upon the request of wardens who inform the federal authorities that a man is a "trouble maker," "incurable," "dangerous," etc.

At the present moment there are no political prisoners at Alcatraz. Its population is supposedly confined to the "toughest" criminals and gangsters. But there is no guarantee of any sort, no law which can prevent federal authorities from sending any of the long term political prisoners in jail today or those of the future to this rocky tomb. It is completely surrounded by silence and the raging tides. What happens behind its walls remains the secret of those in charge. Smuggling information out of Alcatraz is a tremendous feat. So far it has not been accomplished. Some notes were gotten out, stating that it would soon be an insane asylum, not a jail, telling of beatings, sluggings, weeks in the "hole" and the torture of silence. This is what the richest country in the world, one of the most "civilized" boasts as the "perfect prison."



SAVE THE GALLUP WORKERS

PICTURES BY BEN G. AGE 12, GALLUP,
NEW MEXICO



LET'S DON'T PUT UP WITH IT (Continued from page 9)

"I went to the Exposition Mills next day. All the workers seemed jolly, and some of the people said: 'We have got something that will better our conditions. Won't it be great for all of us?'"

"One of the girls said: 'Look here, whenever our hands stop, the company is dead. Without labor they cannot run.'"

"She said: 'We have made so much goods, it is piled up in the warehouse rotting. There is so much stuff in the stores they are running over.' She said: 'You people are starving today. There is plenty of milk to pour on the ground, but no milk to put in our little children.' She said: 'Think of the fruit. Thousands of bushels of fruit dumped in the Pacific Ocean. We cannot get oranges for sick babies.'"

"These things bore on my mind.

"This woman at the Exposition Mill, she tickled me. How she talked! She talked, and she 'blowed' the company up. She said: 'Workers, there has got to be something done.'"

"She said: 'You know the Negroes have a terrible time. Why do the people in the South work cheaper than in the North?' It has always been a mystery to me; it takes as much to keep one person up as another. She said: 'Those big old bosses say: "The Negroes are no

good." That way they keep us divided. Don't you know God made him black the same as you white? They want us to think the Negro is a dirty, low-down something. They do that to get the labor power cheaper. At the same time they are enslaving you. You are a slave and will be as long as you are divided.'"

"Then an officer got me and Annie Leathers my sister, by the arm, and put us in the car and carried us to the police station. They were not satisfied with breaking my home up, they have even put me in the Big Rock Jail."

SILENCE and the RAGING TIDE

(Continued from page 5)

not bad—but if you don't eat every scrap on your plate—you don't get that meal on the next day.

Letter writing is strictly supervised. All incoming and outgoing mail is rewritten in the warden's office and typed—so that there is no possibility of writing or receiving messages in code.

Escape is impossible. Even if the prisoner succeeded in getting past all the sub machine guns, photo electric rays, mechanical signals and barbed wire. Though the island is clearly within sight of the city of San Francisco and steamboats and ferry boats pass quite close by,

the tides are so fierce, no small craft could battle them—certainly no swimmer could.

This is the proud achievement of the Department of Justice. A cold brutality that rivals Devil's Island, Venezuela's dungeons, China's torture chambers. No one is sentenced to Alcatraz directly. Prisoners are sent there upon the request of wardens who inform the federal authorities that a man is a "trouble maker," "incorrigible," "dangerous," etc.

At the present moment there are no political prisoners at Alcatraz. Its population is supposedly confined to the "toughest" criminals and gangsters. But there is no guarantee of any sort, no law which can prevent federal authorities from sending any of the long term political prisoners in jail today or those of the future to this rocky tomb. It is completely surrounded by silence and the raging tides. What happens behind its walls remains the secret of those in charge. Smuggling information out of Alcatraz is a tremendous feat. So far it has not been accomplished. Some notes were gotten out, stating that it would soon be an insane asylum, not a jail, telling of beatings, sluggings, weeks in the "hole" and the torture of silence. This is what the richest country in the world, one of the most "civilized" boasts as the "perfect prison."

Voices FROM Prison

MOTHER BLOOR REPORTS

Now that I am in the midst of my usual activities once more speaking to varied audiences every night, I cannot forget those twenty-one days in the hands of the fascists of Nebraska. Not a bad dream. No, a reality that I must translate into more vigorous, urgent work than ever before.

The matron who had charge of the women's cells of the Douglas County Jail, was very kindly and I managed to get her viewpoint on the possibility of saving some of the youngest girls, whom we both loved. Of course, she did not know why they kept coming back again and again. But some of the girls knew that the society in which they lived, the conditions that forced them to lives of drunken prostitution would most surely force them back to jail.

When I first arrived in jail it was very nearly night and all the women eyed me very critically. But I soon won their confidence, principally, because I didn't preach to them. I played cards with them. I made common cause with them against the terrible food and all together we worked for cleanliness.

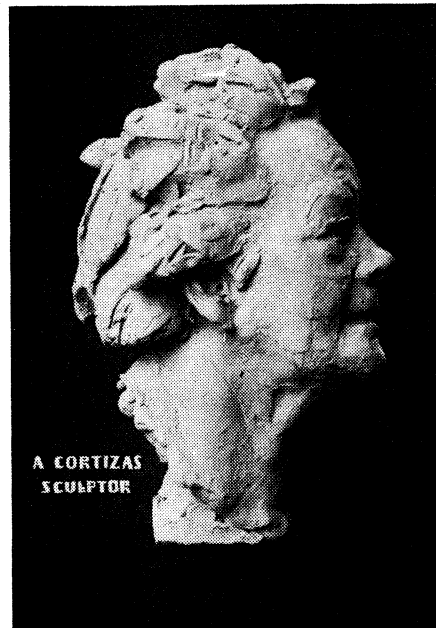
I noticed that while my reading matter was restricted, somehow all kinds of mental dope magazines got in. Also, when friends and comrades brought flowers to the jail for me—they were absolutely barred out, but when one of the poor "habituals" went to prayer meeting in the hospital and the sisters gave her flowers, that was O.K.

It seems wrong for me to take even a few moments from the work we must do for Mooney, McNamara, the Gallup miners, the Scottsboro Boys and Angelo Herndon and hundreds of other class war prisoners to write about myself. But we, all the defendants in our Loup City case, want to thank the thousands of comrades and friends who by their earnest and speedy efforts enabled us all to be freed by paying our ransom of heavy fines and heavier court costs.

I wish especially to call attention to the wonderful letters I received from workers and farmers all over America. Oregon, Washington, Colorado—northwest and many points south. One that cheered me tremendously was from that beloved secretary of Commonwealth

College. She wrote from the Ozark Mountains, "Three Mother Bloor Defense meetings are being arranged around here close. Two on Sunday, one in Mena at the Forum, another here on the campus and one this Friday at Alder Springs. Jeff Weatherford was over here yesterday to see about it."

Jeff Weatherford lives in the midst of the historical Green Corn rebellion country of the last war. He and his family were part of it. It was my great privilege to hold a meeting with them last summer. I want to share some of my letters with you readers of the LABOR DEFENDER.



A CORTIZAS
SCULPTOR

Mother Bloor

From a youngster in Sioux Falls:

"The brutal fascist attack on you has aroused the revolutionary blood of all of us here. It means that while you sit in jail, there in Nebraska, with added determination we will work to take your place."

A farmer's wife from Pennsylvania:
"I would gladly take your place behind those gray walls of injustice."

One Socialist woman of sixty-five:
"How long I have watched your courageous work. Keep up your splendid courage. Many love you that you know not of."

A farm boy from New Jersey sent this message; almost the first I received:
"As one who has listened to your speeches in this locality and as a member of the Harry Simms Club of Kingwood, I wish to extend my sympathy to you a comrade held for ransom by our fascist rulers."

From England, our beloved Tom Mann sent a letter:

"To Mother Bloor in Prison—Dear comrade and friend Mother Bloor. I have just seen the account of your arrest and sentence. I send my greetings and good wishes and my wife joins me in this, in genuine admiration of your life's work to our great cause. It is magnificent. We glory in your courage. I am just setting off on a propaganda 'run' even though I'm a wee bit your senior—80 next birthday. With a comrade's love, Tom Mann."

Unions, unemployed councils, workers clubs, theater groups, playwrights, artists, writers, all sorts and conditions of men and women, the national and state officials of farmers organizations, members of the newspaper guild, government employees, men and women with American traditions of liberty. They all wrote to me. Together all protested against the denial of American liberties and constitutional rights to the workers and farmers of Nebraska and myself.

Personally I wish to emphasize the value of such letters to all our class war prisoners, not only for the comfort and strength they give to the prisoners but especially to show those in the power that we really have masses behind us. I would like to write to every man, woman and child, who wrote to me while I was in prison. But the best answer that I can make to you all is to pledge that every hour of my life must be devoted to the most intensive work to help with all my strength to abolish fascism.

TWO IMPORTANT NOTICES

The Spanish colony of Redwood City, Cal., raised and contributed \$195 to aid the widows and orphans of the victims of Spanish fascism. Congratulations on your fine work

The former German Workers Club, 79 East 10th St., N. Y. C., contributed \$80 to the I.L.D.

They gave their freedom. Give them your support

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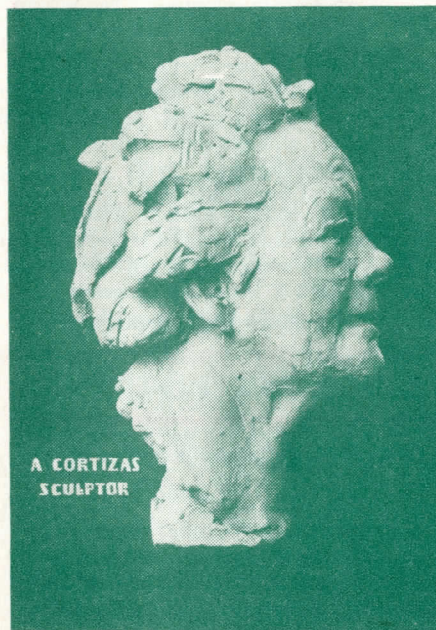
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**A CORTIZAS
SCULPTOR**

Mother Bloor

From the collection of the artist, Cortizas, Fall 1964

FROM OUR FAMILIES:

They Don't Feed Him Right

Your letter was received today and sure was glad to hear from you. This leaves us all O.K. except my baby boy and he has been real sick for the past three weeks. Had to take him out of school. But he is improving fast, I also had a letter from my husband and he sure is in bad health. He has been having hemorrhages. Would be so glad to get him out, for if there is not something done for him he won't live long, for they sure don't feed him like they ought to and I can't send him anything. I got the money you sent me all right and many thanks for it. I am always glad to hear from you for without your help I don't see how we would live.

MRS. POLLIE MARTIN

and they will kill out half of us and then they will be sure to get the right ones.

MRS. GUSSIE BENTLYE

From the Wife of an I.W.W. Member

I was very glad to receive your letter and also the money. This leaves myself and the children all well. The children are going to school every day. You were speaking of sending me a package for Christmas. I will be very glad to get it for the children need school clothes badly. I am trying to send them to school every day and they don't have clothes to keep warm. But please send the package to my new address for if you send it to the old one

ceries. I will be so glad when my husband can come home to his family. I know you are trying to make my children feel happy this Christmas and I hope we will all be living to enjoy it.

Good wishes to you all

MRS. ELNORA TURNEY

My Children Will Have Shoes

We always appreciate your friendly letters and the money order which helps greatly.

The children are getting along nicely and Harold is back at school. I am sending you our sizes and if you will be good enough to send us something I assure you there will be no complaint as to not fitting. It's such a relief to my mind to think maybe my children will have good warm shoes this winter. As for myself I am willing to sacrifice all for my children. The past two winters Harold has had pneumonia the first of November. I fully believe that last winter it was because he had on shoes that were very ragged and it came a cold rain and his feet got wet coming from school. Harold will be eight years old in December and he has had pneumonia five times. I do hope I can keep him from taking it this coming winter.

We will be a new family on your list this Christmas as Mr. Snyder was sent away since the first of the year. Thanks for all past favors.

MRS. MATTIE SNYDER

ATTENTION — ALL THOSE WHO HAD NO TURKEY THIS THANKSGIVING

(This ought to make you feel a lot better)

NOTICE

Christmas Packages, Incoming from Dec. 1 to Jan. 1

ONLY CERTAIN ARTICLES MAY BE RECEIVED

in Christmas packages to Inmates of this Prison. There will be NO EXCEPTION to the rule; articles not permitted will be returned at Inmates' expense.

SEND

Warm sweaters; Tams; Mittens; Bathrobes; House Slippers; Practical underwear; Serviceable Shoes (heels no higher than Cuban); Hose, Handkerchiefs; Fancy Work; Yarn; Yardage.

DO NOT SEND

Fragile Underwear; Hose, or any *Trinkets*. If in doubt send money and the inmate may purchase what is permitted.

WEARING APPAREL AND ALL ARTICLES MUST BE NEW

This notice is enclosed in all letters leaving Tehachapi, California's model jail for women.

From Lynch Land

I received your letter with the money order. Sorry to say our conditions are growing worse down here. We were at the Women's Missionary Meeting last Thursday night at one of the oldest churches in the county, and near about 8 o'clock p.m. Mr. Punch Thompson, the great mob leader, come down with his boys and began knocking men and boys down and stamping on them too. Many of them had to be carried to the hospital and others are in bad shape. Then he called the sheriff of Macon County and in a few minutes he was stamping and beating our people as if they were dogs. Ernst Moss and Monk Williams are in the hospital. He would knock one down and ask another "Don't you like it?" And before he could speak he was on the ground. They say all the damn Negroes are members of the sharecroppers Union

I will have to go six miles to get it and I am not able to walk that far and carry the package too. Thanks for all your kindness. It certainly does help.

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It All Goes for Groceries

I received your letter and it found all well. Hope all of you are the same. Yes, I will be glad to get a package any time, because I am not able to buy any new clothes or shoes for my children. If you can get me and my baby a pair of shoes we will be very glad for we are both very needy indeed for some shoes. My baby needs some stockings and about three little shirts. Her shirts that she had last winter are too small for her. I told you her age. She is 21 months old. I sure will thank you for whatever you send us. I can't buy anything. It takes all I make to buy gro-

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

'Psychology' Robs Prison Of Thanksgiving Turkey

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES
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Building the I. L. D. LABOR DEFENDER DRIVE

Prizes

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Tom Mooney
J. B. Mc Namara
Ernst Thaelmann
Angelo Herndon

2. For all those who send in five subs—any two of these portraits.
3. Eight subs: A complete album of ten portraits of political prisoners or a choice of any of the following books—autographed by the author.

A Sign for Cain by Grace Lumpkin

What So Proudly We Hailed
by Emile Gauvereau

From the Kingdom of Necessity by Isidor Schneider

Proletariat Literature in the U. S.

So Red the Rose by Robert Forsythe

4. Ten subs: Portrait Album and a choice of any one of the above mentioned books or a six months' subscription to the New Masses.

5. Fifteen subs: Choice of one book and photo album or 2A Brownie Camera.

I.L.D. Branches may compete collectively for these prizes. The prizes will be the same. In addition those branches which send in five subs or more will receive a handsome illustrated certificate acknowledging their participation in the 10th Anniversary Labor Defender sub drive.

The drive begins on January 1, 1936 and ends midnight April 15, 1936. The names of all the winners and the pictures of those who send in eight subs and over will be announced and published in the special anniversary May issue of the Labor Defender.

LET FREEDOM RING

(Continued from page 7)

Between December 28 and January 5, on the days I was out of the city of New York they organized a march of several thousands . . . The police tried to interfere . . . they continue to shout, 'Let us overthrow the government, let us put up a dictator.'

Mr. Maverick (Texas): "They were overthrowing Dickstein, they were not overthrowing the government."

Mr. Dickstein: "I am not worried about the overthrow of Dickstein . . . I admit that when you talk about Union Square, those speakers are better class Communists. You know they have certain grades . . ."

And now the author of the bill, Mr. Kramer of California:

"In California I just want to call your attention to some of the signs that were photographed during this gigantic parade which was incited by the Communists . . . I was not there personally, but from the facts that you can see, from the photograph of the banners that they carried through the streets they do not talk about 'To hell with California,' they say, 'To hell with America, join the Communist Party, What did they mean when they said, 'To hell with America?' They meant the United States of America and not just California . . . Here they go on in the next one and say, 'Ruin the Constitution and defend Soviet Russia. Join the Communists.'"

These are not the only vicious lies resorted to by the sponsors of this legislation. I cannot go into more detail here. These bills have passed the Senate and are coming up in the House next January. There is only one thing you can do. Not just now, because the matter of Angelo Herndon petitions is more important than anything else at this time, but later on I wish that you would start to bombard especially the representatives from New York City with telegrams and with letters and with postcards and with all forms of messages asking them to vote against these bills. The struggle that we put up in defense of our civil liberties, our long established principle of free speech upon which our very republic is founded, that struggle is going to decide whether or not we are going to have free workers in America or whether we are going to find ourselves in concentration camps.

SONS OF FREEDOM

(Continued from page 13)

up by my legs and flogged me. And Shan Pao stood by. Then they threw me down on my stomach, twisted my arms, chained by hands behind my back, and trampled upon me with their nailed boots so that my belly was squashed and a few ribs were broken. And Shan Pao stood by. I screamed and she screamed. Then they knocked her down, tore her clothes off and dishonoured her. I lay there and had to look on.

"And then Hsin said: 'I give you time until tomorrow to decide whether you will circulate these handbills. Your wounds will soon heal and you can bring the reds to a new life.' Shan Pao heard this, and shouted to me while they dragged her away: 'Pan, be firm.'

"I remained firm. On the next day, Hsin informed me that Shan Pao would be sold as a slave to the Kuomintang regiment if I still remained stubborn. But I was still stubborn.

"Then they brought Shan Pao again to my cell. She was in irons. Her face which before was no noble and as lovely as a peach blossom, was now distorted with shame and tears. Next to her stood the messenger from the regiment to which she was sold. The butchers ordered her to persuade me. But she was my good pupil—and she shouted to the butchers: 'No matter to whom you will sell me, I will always remain a revolutionary.'

"One week later I was transferred to the Nanchang prison. I am alone in this cell all the time. As soon as my wounds will have healed, or perhaps even before, they will have beheaded or hanged."

V.

"Your brother Van is deadly sick. Fiery pincers rack my breast. I lie here in the water. You are great in your courage, and I would willingly die a tenfold death in order to save your life. As soon as you get this letter celebrate the First of May. Be assured that Shan Pao will also celebrate with you wherever she is."

These letters were obtained from one of the wardens who sold them when he ran away from the Nanchang prison. The letters from Van, written on long strips of paper torn from the pages of thick bibles, were written with a charcoal pencil. Those from Pan, the Red Army man, were written in blood.

The warden boasted: "I fooled them about the First of May. It was already May 2, when the old man asked me about it. And on the third he died and Pan Hung-gan was hanged in the Nanchang market place. Up to the very last he kept on shouting 'Long live the first of May.' And it was already the third. . . ."

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LET FREEDOM RING

(Continued from page 7)

Between December 28 and January 5, on the days I was out of the city of New York they organized a march of several thousands . . . The police tried to interfere . . . they continue to shout, 'Let us overthrow the government, let us put up a dictator.'

Mr. Maverick (Texas): "They were overthrowing Dickstein, they were not overthrowing the government."

Mr. Dickstein: "I am not worried about the overthrow of Dickstein . . . I admit that when you talk about Union Square, those speakers are better class Communists. You know they have certain grades . . ."

And now the author of the bill, Mr. Kramer of California:

"In California I just want to call your attention to some of the signs that were photographed during this gigantic parade which was incited by the Communists . . . I was not there personally, but from the facts that you can see, from the photograph of the banners that they carried through the streets they do not talk about 'To hell with California,' they say, 'To hell with America, join the Communist Party. What did they mean when they said, 'To hell with America?' They meant the United States of America and not just California . . . Here they go on in the next one and say, 'Ruin the Constitution and defend Soviet Russia. Join the Communists.'"

These are not the only vicious lies resorted to by the sponsors of this legislation. I cannot go into more detail here. These bills have passed the Senate and are coming up in the House next January. There is only one thing you can do. Not just now, because the matter of Angelo Herndon petitions is more important than anything else at this time, but later on I wish that you would start to bombard especially the representatives from New York City with telegrams and with letters and with postcards and with all forms of messages asking them to vote against these bills. The struggle that we put up in defense of our civil liberties, our long established principle of free speech upon which our very republic is founded, that struggle is going to decide whether or not we are going to have free workers in America or whether we are going to find ourselves in concentration camps.

SONS OF FREEDOM

(Continued from page 13)

up by my legs and flogged me. And Shan Pao stood by. Then they threw me down on my stomach, twisted my arms, chained by hands behind my back, and trampled upon me with their nailed boots so that my belly was squashed and a few ribs were broken. And Shan Pao stood by. I screamed and she screamed. Then they knocked her down, tore her clothes off and dishonoured her. I lay there and had to look on.

"And then Hsin said: 'I give you time until tomorrow to decide whether you will circulate these handbills. Your wounds will soon heal and you can bring the reds to a new life.' Shan Pao heard this, and shouted to me while they dragged her away: 'Pan, be firm.'

"I remained firm. On the next day, Hsin informed me that Shan Pao would be sold as a slave to the Kuomintang regiment if I still remained stubborn. But I was still stubborn.

"Then they brought Shan Pao again to my cell. She was in irons. Her face which before was no noble and as lovely as a peach blossom, was now distorted with shame and tears. Next to her stood the messenger from the regiment to which she was sold. The butchers ordered her to persuade me. But she was my good pupil—and she shouted to the butchers: 'No matter to whom you will sell me, I will always remain a revolutionary.'

"One week later I was transferred to the Nanchang prison. I am alone in this cell all the time. As soon as my wounds will have healed, or perhaps even before, they will have beheaded or hanged."

V.
"Your brother Van is deadly sick. Fiery pincers rack my breast. I lie here in the water. You are great in your courage, and I would willingly die a tenfold death in order to save your life. As soon as you get this letter celebrate the First of May. Be assured that Shan Pao will also celebrate with you wherever she is."

These letters were obtained from one of the wardens who sold them when he ran away from the Nanchang prison. The letters from Van, written on long strips of paper torn from the pages of thick bibles, were written with a charcoal pencil. Those from Pan, the Red Army man, were written in blood.

The warden boasted: "I fooled them about the First of May. It was already May 2, when the old man asked me about it. And on the third he died and Pan Hung-gan was hanged in the Nanchang market place. Up to the very last he kept on shouting 'Long live the first of May.' And it was already the third. . . ."

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