

LABOR DEFENDER

NOVEMBER 1926

10 CENTS

MEMORIAL NUMBER

Haymarket Martyrs
Centralia
Everett
Joe Hill



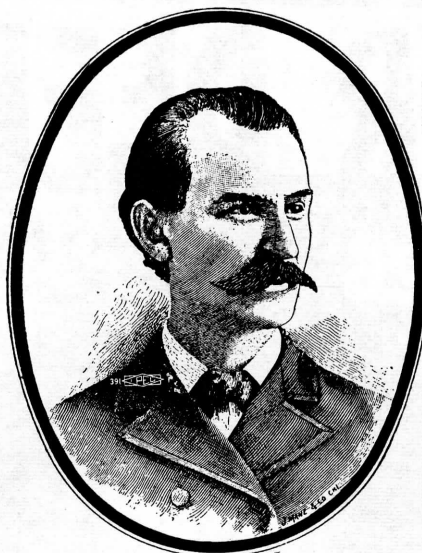
1887

THEY WERE MURDERED FOR SILENCE WILL BE MURDERED

CHICAGO 1887



Louis Lingg, suicide or murdered.



Albert R. Parsons, hung.



Michael Schwab, life imprisonment.

Light Upon Waldheim!

LIGHT upon Waldheim! And the earth is gray;
A bitter wind is driving from the north;
The stone is cold, and strange cold whispers says . . .
"What do ye here with Death? Go forth! Go forth!"

IS this thy word, O Mother, with stern eyes,
Crowning thy dead with stone-carressing touch?
May we not weep o'er him that martyred lies,
Slain in our name, for that he loved us much?

MAY we not linger till day is broad?
Nay, none are stirring in this stinging dawn—
None but poor wretches that make moan to God
What use are these, O thou with dagger drawn?

"GO forth, go forth! Stand not to weep for these,
Till, weakened with your weeping like the snow
Ye melt, dissolving in a coward peace!"
Light upon Waldheim! Brother, let us go!

—*Voltaireine de Cleve.*



George Engel, hung.



Samuel Fielden, life imprisonment.



Adolph Fischer, hung.



Oscar W. Neebe, 15 years.



August Spies, hung.

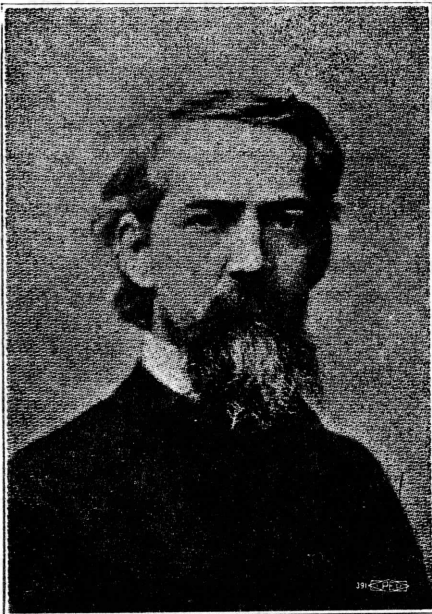
November 11, 1887

The Haymarket Martyrs

By Lucy E. Parsons

DOES this rising generation know that those who inaugurated the eight-hour day were put to death at the command of capital?

Until forty years ago men, women, and children toiled ten and often twelve hours a day in factories for a mere pittance and children from eight to nine years of age had to work to help to keep up the family.



Defense Counsel Captain Black

The Knights of Labor, a powerful organization, claiming 500,000 members, had never agitated for a reduction of the hours of labor. Then who were the pioneers of the eight-hour movement?

Those martyrs who were strung from the gallows in Chicago on November 11, 1887, the much lied about and abused Anarchists.

I will verify this statement. Until 1885 there had never been a concerted action for the reduction of the hours of labor. If eight hours was mentioned in some of our meetings (they were never really mentioned), why, that was only a dream to be indulged in by fools; the bosses would never tolerate such a thing, was the reply.

In 1885 a convention was held in Chicago, composed largely of delegates from Canada. They passed a resolution calling upon the workers of this country and Canada to unite

in a demand for a reduction of the hours of daily toil to eight a day on the first of May, 1886, and to strike wherever it was refused. Albert R. Parsons brought the matter up before the Trade and Labor Assembly of Chicago, the first central body ever organized in this city, a body which he himself organized and of which he was elected president three consecutive times. The matter was hotly debated and finally rejected on the ground that the bosses would never tolerate it.

The Central Labor Union, composed of German mechanics, took the matter up and endorsed it. At the same time they passed a resolution requesting August Spies, editor of the Chicago *Arbeiterzeitung*, the daily German paper, and Albert R. Parsons, editor of the *Alarm*, to support it in their papers and speeches; they were both splendid orators.

Thus it was that the eight-hour movement got under way. Many other cities agitated for it, but Chicago was the storm center of the movement owing to the zeal and courage of the men and women of this city who worked day and night for it. The result was that when May 1, 1886, arrived, it found Chicago well organized and demanding the eight-hour day, striking by the thousands where the demand was



Lucy E. Parsons

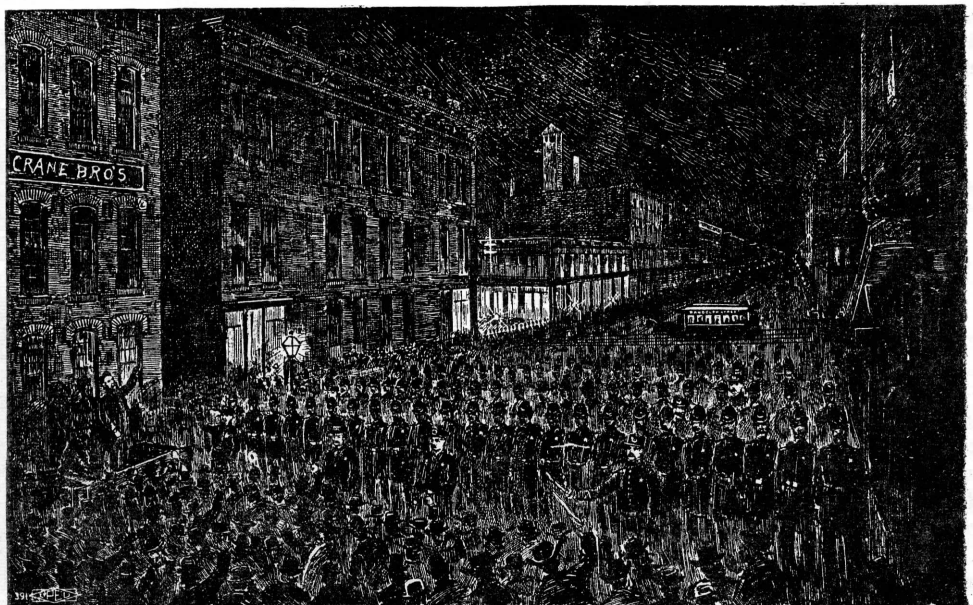
refused. It was a veritable holiday for the workers.

The bosses were taken completely by surprise. Some were frightened and threatening; some were signing up; others were abusing those "scoundrels" who had brought all this trouble upon "our" city and declaring that they would be made examples of, that they ought to be hung and the like.

Bradstreet declared (see Bradstreet of that date) that stocks had slumped on the New York market owing to the strike situation in Chicago.

The police were unspeakably brutal, clubbing and shooting; factory whistles blew, but few responded.

I was chairman of the Women's Organization Committee and know personally how that great strike spread. I have never seen such solidarity. I only wish I could describe



Police ordering the dispersal of the meeting.

Attention Workingmen!

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

HAYMARKET, Randolph St., Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem
Seumarkt, Randolph-Strasse, zwischen
Desplaines. u. Halsted-Str.

Die Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schüssenreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoss, geißeln.

Das Exekutiv-Comite.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—II.
Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

it in detail, those stirring times. It would make the blood course swiftly through the veins of the rebels of today, but lack of space forbids.

In the afternoon of May 3, the McCormick Reaper Works employes were holding a meeting at the noon hour, discussing the strike and declaring for the eight-hour day—they were then working twelve hours—when wagon loads of police dashed down upon them and began clubbing and shooting without a word of warning. An afternoon paper stated there were five killed and many injured at this meeting.

August Spies who was addressing the meeting, returned to the Arbeiterzeitung office and issued the circular calling the Haymarket meeting for the next evening, May 4. I will allow Mayor Harrison, who was the first witness for the defense, to describe that meeting:

"I went to the meeting for the purpose of dispersing it in case I should feel it necessary to do so for the safety of the city . . . there was no suggestion made by either of the speakers looking toward calling for immediate use of force or violence. I saw no weapons at all upon any person. In listening to the speeches I concluded that it was not an organization to destroy property . . ."

For holding that peaceable protest meeting, five of as fine young men as ever lived, all labor organizers, were condemned and judicially murdered on November 11, 1887, in Chicago, Illinois.

There was a riot at the Haymarket meeting, it is true, but it was a police riot. Mayor Harrison further testified that, when the meeting was

about to adjourn, he went to the police station, half a block distant, and ordered Captain Bondfield to send the reserves to the other stations, as the meeting was about to adjourn and was quiet. Instead of Bondfield obeying the orders of the Mayor, as soon as the Mayor started home, Bondfield rushed a company of police at double quick, with drawn clubs, upon the meeting of peaceably assembled men, women and children. At the onrush of these violators of the people's constitutional rights someone hurled a bomb. Who threw that bomb has never become known. Neither the police nor the capitalists wanted to know; what they wanted was to get hold of the labor organizers and make "examples" of them as they said openly they would do.

The trial, so-called, lasted sixty-one days. The jury reached their verdict in less than three hours, condemning seven men to the gallows and one to prison for fourteen years. I herewith give a few, just a few, samples of the rulings of the judge who presided at the trial in selecting the jury.

James H. Walker said he had formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the defendants, which opinion he still held. Now the judge takes him in hand.

"Do you believe that you can listen to the testimony and the charge of the court and decide upon that alone, uninfluenced and unbiased by the opinion that you now have?"

"No, I don't."

"That is what I asked you."

"I said I would be handicapped."

"Do you believe that you can fairly and impartially render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence in this case?"

"I shall try to do it, sir."

"But do you believe that you can sit

here and fairly and impartially make up your mind from the evidence whether that evidence proves that they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt or not?"

"I think I could but I would feel that I was a little handicapped in my judgment. I am prejudiced, sir."

"Well, that is a sufficient qualification for a juror in this case. Of course, the more a man feels that he is handicapped the more he will guard against it." W. B. Allen, another juror. The judge asked:

"I will ask you whether what you have formed from what you have read and heard is a slight impression or an opinion, or a conviction?"

"It is a decided conviction."

"Have you made up your mind as to whether these men are guilty or innocent?"

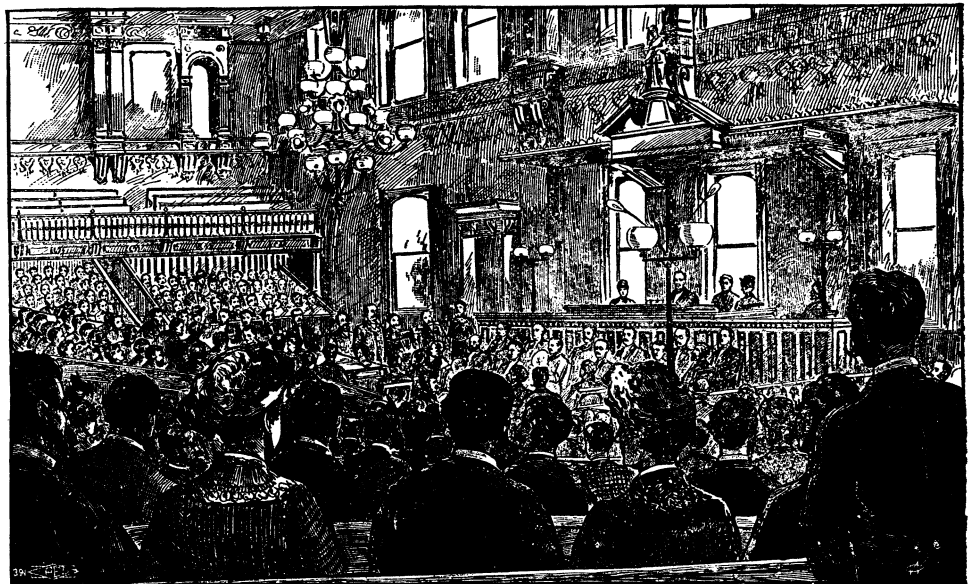
"Yes, sir."

"Would it be difficult to change that conviction or impression perhaps?"

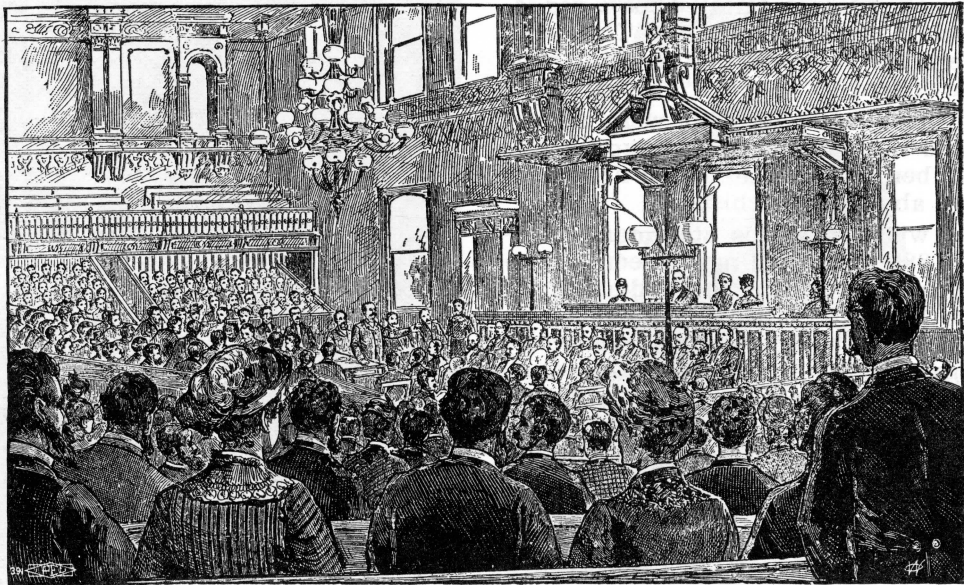
"It would be hard to change my conviction."

Seven years later Governor John P. Altgeld reviewed the whole case. He, having been a judge before he was elected governor, was amply competent to review the case in a legal manner. He took the testimony and proved from it that our comrades were absolutely innocent. In his masterly State Paper, Altgeld's "Reasons" (I can only take a few extracts from it here, the document is printed in the Life of Albert R. Parsons in full) Governor Altgeld says:

"The state has never discovered who threw the bomb which killed the policemen and the evidence does not show any connection between the defendants and the man who did throw it . . . and again it is shown here that the bomb was, in all probability, thrown by someone seeking revenge, that is, a course had been pursued by the authorities which would naturally cause



A courtroom scene during the trial.



A courtroom scene during the trial.

this; that for a number of years prior to the Haymarket affair there had been labor troubles, and in several cases a number of laboring people, guilty of no offense had been shot down in cold blood by the Pinkerton's men, and none of the murderers were brought to justice . . .

"All facts tend to show the improbability of the theory of the prosecution that the bomb was thrown as the result of a conspiracy on the part of the defendants to commit murder; if the theory of the prosecution were correct, there would have been many more bombs thrown and the fact that only one was thrown shows that it was an act of personal revenge . . . The record of the case shows that the judge conducted the trial with malicious ferocity and forced eight men to be tried together who should have been tried separately."

Albert R. Parsons was not arrested immediately after the Haymarket meeting. He left Chicago and stayed with his friend, D. W. Hoan, father of the present mayor of Milwaukee,



The Execution

November 19, 1915

Joe Hill

By Ralph Chaplin

JOSEPH HILLSTROM, or Joe Hill, as he is more commonly known, probably came about as close to being the Laureate of Labor as any poet the workingclass movement has yet produced. He had the common touch combined with the true singing instinct, he had common sense and vision and was a fighter in the spirit most admired by the rank and file. Joe Hill was not troubled with the qualms and foibles of the parlor high brow. He came right out of the heart of the working class. His life had been hard—that of the migratory worker or unskilled slave of modern industrialism. His chief virtue lies in the fact that his songs reflected faithfully the proletarian environment that surrounded him from the day he was born until the day he died.

Joe Hill's story is full of the color, romance and adventure of proletarian life. From the time he landed in New York, a raw emigrant boy from Sweden, until the moment he gave the order for the firing squad at the Salt Lake penitentiary to riddle his young breast with bullets, his life and spirit were true to form as far as the revolutionary workingclass movement is concerned. He was a rebel against the system of exploitation and misery which is known as Capitalism. His songs and poems were born out of the sweat and anguish and uncertainty of his daily life on the high seas, the long-

shore, or in the harvest fields, the woods or mines ashore.

Joe Hill learned to speak English while working as a sailor on the ships plying between Sweden and England. In his own country he had worked on the railroads and at odd jobs. No doubt he came to America—the land of opportunity—like thousands of other young foreigners, filled with the ambition to make his way and find "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Whatever his dreams were they were rudely dispelled by harsh reality as soon as he started out to find a master in the mighty eastern metropolis. Polishing cuspidors in a Bowery saloon seems to have been his first experience.

Joe Hill evidently didn't like New York so well and so after a month or so of this he came on to Chicago where he tried to find his vision in a big machine shop. Joe Hill clung to this job desperately, waiting no doubt for the manifold blessings of Democracy to manifest themselves, but he was again disappointed. At this stage Joe might possibly have become a skilled union mechanic or might have drifted into the building trades and become a neatly dressed Swede carpenter with red hands and naive blue eyes full of dreams and puzzlement. He might have acquired a home and a flivver and

kee, at Waukesha, Wisconsin. The day the trial began he came into court and surrendered, stating that he was innocent of bomb-throwing and only wanted a chance to prove his innocence. But he too was murdered along with the other four.

Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer and Engel. Although all that is mortal of you is laid beneath that beautiful monument in Waldheim Cemetery, you are not dead. You are just beginning to live in the hearts of all true lovers of liberty. For now, after forty years that you are gone, thousands who were then unborn are eager to learn of your lives and heroic martyrdom, and as the years lengthen the brighter will shine your names, and the more you will come to be appreciated and loved.

Those who so foully murdered you, under the forms of law—lynch law—in a court of supposed justice, are forgotten.

Rest, comrades, rest. All the tomorrows are yours!

a family of tow-headed, red checked Americans. But fate, it seems, had decreed otherwise. Joe went west, working his way in the harvest fields and construction camps, learning from actual experience what the machine process means for the workingman in America.

Just what happened to Joe Hill on his way to California, history has

The Labor Defender

November, 1926

Vol. I. No. 11

Published Monthly by the International Labor Defense

23 South Lincoln Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

Subscription—\$1.00 a Year.

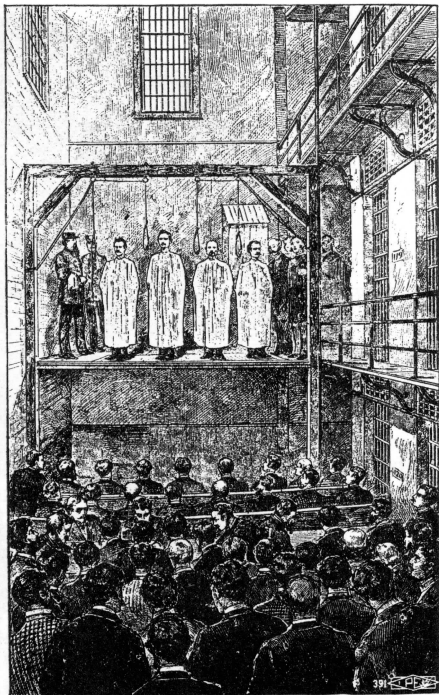
Entered as second class matter December 10, 1925, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1878:

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The Execution

failed to record. But he had been doing a lot of thinking and no doubt reading also. By the time he reached the west coast he was familiar with Marxian economics and the technique of agitation. He had learned the great lesson of the need for workingclass organization. He was a member of the I. W. W. This was when Joe Hill first started to sing. After "Casey Jones," written during the big S. P. strike, song after song came from his pen in rapid succession, each one more popular than the last. Joe had become a typical western "stiff," living in jungles, shack, houseboat or mission between jobs, and writing and singing the songs that have since become famous all over the world.

Joe Hill lived in California a long time making a precarious living for himself and devoting his talent and energy to the task of building up the One Big Union of the workers of the world in which he so ardently believed. But finally the urge came over him again to return to the East and revisit some of the scenes of his earlier experiences in the class struggle. Rumor has it also that there was a girl in the case; but this is apocryphal. He went to Salt Lake City and found work at Bingham. Here he proceeded as usual to organize the workers. This was the beginning of the end. What happened to Mooney, Cline, Sacco,



Joe Hill

Joe Hill

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah, November 19, 1915.

By RALPH CHAPLIN.

*High head and back unbending—fearless and true,
Into the night unending; why was it you?
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.
Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.
Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.
We gave, however, what Life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.
Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;
Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!
Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue,"
Into the night unending; why was it you?*

Vanzetti and a host of others happened to Joe Hill. He was charged (of all things!) with murder. He was tried, convicted and in due time shot to death by a firing squad in the penitentiary at Salt Lake. He continued to write songs and poems almost to the moment of his execution.

His body was shipped to Chicago where he was cremated in order that his ashes might be strewn to the winds as he had wished. His funeral, attended by tens of thousands of his fellow-workers, was one of the largest and most picturesque ever held in Chicago. His song, "Workers of the World Awaken," words and music composed in prison, is perhaps one of the best examples of his art:

*Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains, demand your rights.
All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission?
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?*



Joe Hill

November 11, 1919

Centralia's Red Armistice Day

By William F. Dunne

WESLEY EVEREST and his comrades, (or fellow-workers as I. W. W.'s prefer to call them) facing odds of 500 to one in Centralia on Armistice Day, November 11, 1919, put a sudden and decisive stop to the terrorist campaign waged by the American Legion against workers and workers' meetings since its organization in 1918.

When at a pre-arranged whistle signal, armed paraders turned from the line of march and broke in the door of the I. W. W. hall, Wesley Everest and his fellow-fighters fired on the marauders and killed three of them.

Forced to retreat from the hall before the mob, Everest first tried to cross a stream, failed, returned firing, killed Warren Grimm and was captured when his revolver was empty.

He died at the hands of a white-collared, patriotic mob, under torture as devilish as that inflicted upon the Negro victims of the southern ruling class.

Heroism comes high in America.

For those who have had no firsthand experience with the lumber barons of the west coast and the tribe of retainers which compose the "law and order" element of the lumber towns, it will be hard to understand the murderous hatred with which they regarded the ef-

forts of the Industrial Workers of the World to organize the lumberworkers.

United against the I. W. W.'s in these communities were all parasitic elements from the bootlegger to the banker. The I. W. W. not only drew the class line and antagonized the banker but it preached the virtue of sobriety and antagonized the bootlegger.

Under its tutelage, in the days of its militancy on the Pacific Coast, the lumberjacks not only organized but stayed sober.

Instead of liquor they bought literature and they made periodic distributions instead of disturbances.

The lumber boss who had voted for prohibition on the theory that his men would be more efficient, made an alliance with the bootlegger because they had become too damned efficient—in organizing for, demanding and securing higher wages, shorter hours and decent living conditions.

The gamblers and bootleggers were forced to depend for their customers on the parasites and the scissorbills.

During the heyday of Colonel Disque, the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen was organized ostensibly to insure steady production for timber for war necessities, actually to smash all union organization in the western lumber industry.

Hand in hand with the organization of this bosses' union went the whole-



Wesley Everest

sale arrests and imprisonment of I. W. W. members and officers in 1917-18 culminating in the famous Chicago trial.

Started principally by the agents of the metal mining and lumber interests it was believed that by this two-sided offensive the I. W. W. would be smashed. But it maintained its organization in the Pacific northwest lumber districts and actually penetrated and took over or destroyed units of the Four L's as the bosses' organization was called for short.

In Centralia the struggle was very sharp. The I. W. W. hall had been burned once before the clash on Armistice Day.

Wesley Everest and the others who remained in the hall were well aware that an attack was being planned. As a matter of fact the I. W. W.'s knew that the whole affair had been arranged at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in the Elk's Club some time before and had issued a leaflet calling upon all honest citizens to see that no violence occurred.

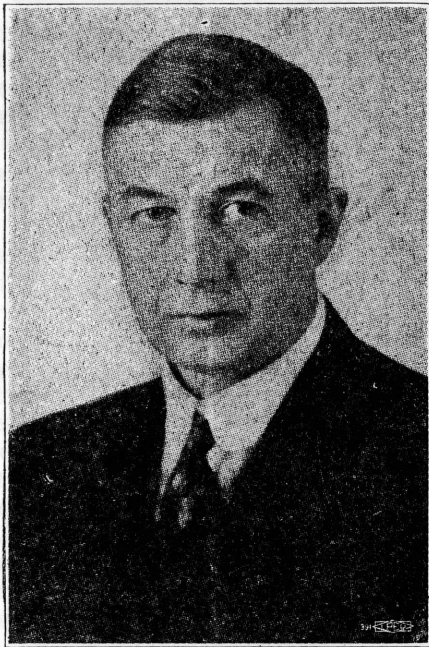
On November 11, 1919, I was in the office of the Butte Daily Bulletin. We received a "pony" service from the United Press and got a "flash" stating that Centralia I. W. W.'s had fired on an Armistice Day parade killing a number of world war veterans.

In 1914 I had been in Centralia trying to organize electrical workers and had been told to get out of town by authorities. Knowing what the situation must be, I wrote a story of the shooting and also an editorial for the Bulletin. I never had to change a line of either from that day to this.

The moment the Bulletin appeared with the story the Butte patriots got



Centralia Prisoners at Walla Walla, Wash.



Prosecutor Herman Allen

busy. So did we. For ten days afterward an armed guard was on duty in the Bulletin plant night and day.

The Seattle Union Record was closed by the federal authorities as soon as it published its first dispatch from Centralia and an iron censorship was instituted up and down the Pacific Coast.

Twenty-four hours after we got the news I was on my way to Centralia to meet George Vanderveer, attorney for the I. W. W. We made an investigation and in four days after the murder of Wesley Everest my pamphlet called "The Truth About Centralia," the first written on the struggle, was ready for distribution. The Bulletin gave it as its contribution to the defense and more than 75,000 copies were sold in less than two months.

During this time the sales of the Bulletin in Seattle and vicinity ran as high as 5,000 per day.

The only paper to publish the truth about Centralia at a time when the capitalist press was yelling for the blood of the heroic Centralia I. W. W.'s and picturing the murder of Wesley Everest as a glorious deed, the Bulletin can claim some credit for saving the lives of these workers.

In Butte, the American Legion had not yet passed into the control of the officer caste. A former member of the I. W. W. was chairman and he, at our request, issued a statement which we published, exonerating the Centralia I. W. W. from all blame for the shooting and upholding their right to defend themselves.

Later, while repairing a pipe in a mine tunnel, someone "accidentally" turned on the scalding steam and killed him.

The story of the bloody orgy which followed the storming of the hall by the Centralia patriots, directed by ex-army officers, the capture and torture of Wesley Everest, marched thru the streets with a rope around his neck, yelling like savages, jabbed bayonets into his quivering flesh, hung up a half-dozen times and half-strangled, his teeth knocked out by the butt of a revolver, but defying his tormenters thru it all, has been described in the pamphlet by Ralph Chaplin and by other writers.

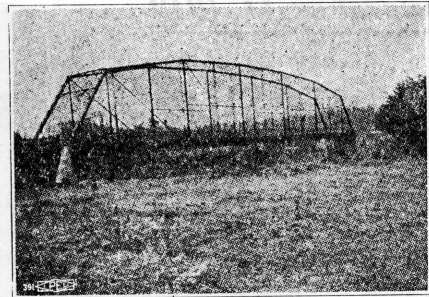
It is a story to make the blood of workers run hot thru their veins and inspire them with the knowledge that the members of their class know how to fight and how to die——— face to the foe and defiant to the last.

Still needing to screw their courage up for the dreadful deed that was to come, the maddened middle class of Centralia, having set up a censorship and smashed the cameras of newspaper men who took pictures of the sadistic orgy, threw the half-conscious Everest on the concrete floor of the jail, did a war-dance around the building to terrorize the other arrested and beaten workers, and when night came took Everest out and hung him to a bridge after castrating him.

The capitalist press of the whole nation raved and cursed the Centralia defendants and demanded a speedy trial and "justice" in the name of "the dead in Flanders Fields."

No other workers in America have gone to trial with such prejudice against them.

George Vanderveer, skilled in the law, steeled in a hundred court combats beginning with the Everett massacre, his life in danger every moment of the trial, lean, hard, smiling, with a tongue which dripped vitrol and words which burned even the tough hides of the lumber trust stool-pigeons, fought like a lion and exposed the Centralia affair for what it was—a conspiracy of the Centralia Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, the lumber trust



Where Everest was hung.

and its paid agents to wreck the I. W. W. hall, kill a few wobblies if necessary and drive the rest out of town.

The trial was a farce. Only two of the defendants were acquitted. One was Mike Sheehan, over seventy years of age, the other was Elmer Smith, a young lawyer who had defended I. W. W.'s and who was arrested more than a mile from the hall by the superintendent of schools and a detachment of boy scouts.

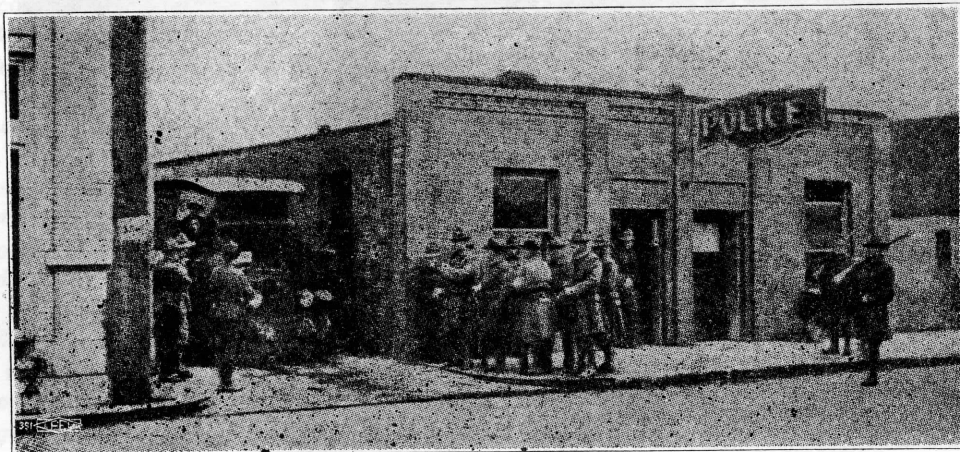
The other defendants, in violation of all rules of evidence and legal procedure and in spite of prejudiced statements by jurors, to the accompaniment of demonstrations staged daily by the American legion, were convicted and sentenced to forty years in Walla Walla penitentiary.

They are still there.

The American working class owes it to the memory of Wesley Everest and to itself to get them out.

We must not let it be said that the gratitude of the working class for those who defend its elementary rights is less than the thirst of the capitalist class for revenge upon workers who sent their thugs to a deserved death.

The anger of the American working class must remain as red as that last Pacific sunset which Wesley Everest saw thru a film of his own blood until he is avenged by a victorious proletariat, and his grave must be kept as green as the Pacific forests in which he fought and died that other workers might know more of freedom than he did.



Carting away the dead and mutilated body of Everest.



Johnson



Looney



Baran



Rabinowitz



Gerlot

The Everett Massacre

By Charles Gray

HAPPY and determined, 250 of us embarked on the steamer *Verona* from Seattle to Everett, Washington on Nov. 5, 1916. All of us members of the Industrial Workers of the World. We were prepared to run the gauntlet of terrorism carried on against the Wobblies who had been jailed and slugged by the tools of the lumber trust for speaking in the streets and halls of Everett. We had resolved to conduct a free speech fight to establish our right to speak for the I. W. W.

Our hall had been raided; our speakers were dragged from the platform and tortured in the jail; and the drunken Sheriff McRae had announced that no meeting of the I. W. W. would be held in town while he was running it. A host of deputies, actively supported by the Commercial Club, were constantly ready to support him the minute the blowing of the mill whistles, their pre-arranged signal, was heard.

The roads leading into Everett, and the trains were watched by the deputies. Anyone suspected of being a member of the I. W. W. was none too gently turned back. The only means we had of reaching Everett was by the water route. With our pooled finances we prepared to invade Everett and wrest our rights from the lumber trust.

The scum in our ranks, two stool pigeons, immediately relayed a message to Everett, warning the sheriff that the Wobblies were leaving on the *Verona*, armed to the teeth and prepared to capture and pillage the city. The mill whistles blew and hundreds of legalized gunmen, liberally supplied with arms, ammunition and whisky were rushed down to the dock in automobiles and stationed in ambush in the warehouse, on the nearby dock and on the scab tug *Edison*.

The *Verona* steamed slowly towards the landing while our lusty voices sang *Hold the Fort*. From an overlooking hillside thousands of Everett citizens sent us shouts of welcome and cheer. As soon as the bowline had been

made fast by the warfinger, Sheriff McRae stepped forward and yelled to the occupants of the steamer. "Who is your leader?"

"We are all leaders!" the free speech army shouted back.

McRae drew his gun from its holster: "You can't land here!"

"The hell we can't!" And the men moved forward to disembark as the gangplank was being thrown off.

Then hell broke loose. The infuriated gunmen, their feelings irritated by the month-long determination and courage of the I. W. W., opened fire on the three hundred odd packed in the steamer. The cowardly beasts sent one volley after another into the mass of men as fast as their fingers could pull the triggers and reload the magazines.

Young Hugo Gerlot, who had waved a greeting to the friendly hillside from the flag pole of the *Verona*, doubled up, and his bullet-shattered body fell life-

Everett, November Fifth

By Charles Ashleigh

("* * * and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' * * *"—From the report of a witness.)

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear for him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

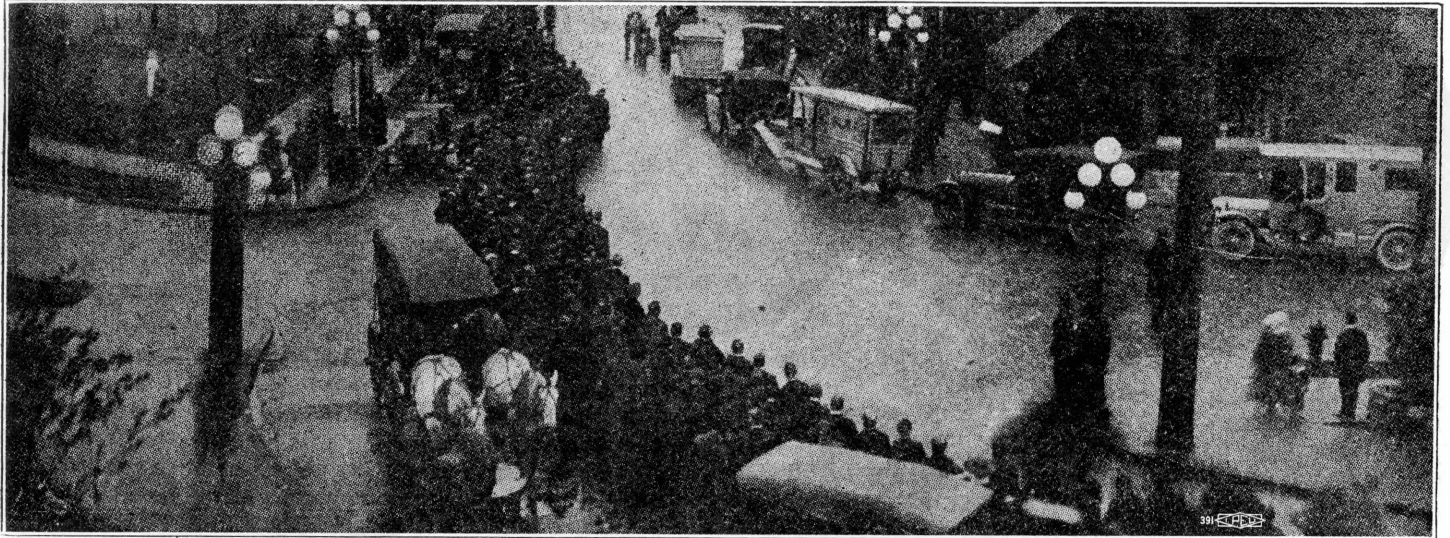
*Out of the dark they came; out of the night
Of poverty and injury and woe,—
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;*

*They came, that none should trample Labor's right
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
Bare hands against the master's armored night!—
A dream to match the tools of sordid gain!*

*And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.*

*Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!*

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*



The funeral procession in the streets of Seattle.

less upon the men who had thrown themselves prostrate on the deck. The body, bleeding from a dozen wounds, acted as a shield for others.

Felix Baran was stopped by an abdominal wound. Dr. Mary Equi, before Baran died in horrible pain at the hospital of internal hemorrhage, said that had he had surgical attention there would have been a more than even chance for recovery.

The list of the boat, when the frenzied men had rushed to the rail in order to escape the fusillade by jumping into the river, had thrown them in struggling heaps on the deck. Abraham Rabinowitz, who tried to extricate himself from one of the heaps, had almost regained his footing when a bullet from the shore tore off the whole rear of his head, and his blood and brains splattered over the bodies of fellow workers beneath him. Rabinowitz died in the arms of a friend without regaining consciousness.

Gus Johnson and John Looney, too, met their death like brave rebels, in the forefront of battle. Many others, their names unknown, were swept away by the undertow of the river into which they had jumped only to be peppered by the inexorable rifles and revolvers from the shore. Scores of dead and wounded were brought back to Seattle on the somber return voyage of the *Verona*. Ten minutes of massacre had brought their bitter toll. And the few rebels on board who were armed drew up a balance sheets of two dead deputies and sixteen injured.

Not content with this frightful massacre of workers, 74 of the men were seized and held on charge of murder in the first degree! Thirty-eight were held, charged with unlawful assembly! They did not need to hold the five who lay dead in the city morgue, or the six swept away to ocean graves, and the 32 severely wounded, of whom at least two were crippled for life.

The trial was fought bitterly. The lumber barons wanted to see the brave fighters buried in prison or strung to the gallows. Its prostituted press conducted a poisonous campaign against the I. W. W. It was only the fact that thousands of workers in Everett who saw the first shot fired came from the shore and was directed against the men on the *Verona*, that many more thousands of workers thruout the Northwest rallied like one great force to the defense of these courageous men threatened by the tools of the mill owners, which forced their final release. The jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty in the trial.

* * * * *

The torn bodies of Gustav Johnson and Abraham Rabinowitz were taken by their friends and relatives. But a sternly impressive funeral was arranged for the other three who had fallen in battle, Felix Baran, John Looney and Hugo Gerlot. Thousands of workers marched thru the streets of Seattle, each wearing a red flower, making a

grim and sorrowful escort for their murdered brothers.

On the hill that looks down on Seattle, at Mount Pleasant cemetery, the coffins were lowered into the earth, and the workers stood by quietly while Charles Ashleigh spoke the last few words. "Today we pay tribute to the dead. Tomorrow, we turn, with spirit unquellable, to give battle to the foe!"

When Gustav Johnson was struck by the fatal bullet on November 5th, he cried out to his fellow-workers to hold him up. "I want to finish the song." And with his lips blood-reddened and the hand of death upon him, he defied the drunken assassins on the shore and the barking of their guns with the last verse of *Hold the Fort*.

"Fierce and long the battle rages,

But we will not fear.

Help will come when'er it's needed,

Cheer, my comrades, cheer!"

Five fine revolutionaries, and more, died on that day, Felix Baran, John Looney, Hugo Gerlot, Abraham Rabinowitz, and Gustav Johnson—Frenchman, Irishman, German, Russian Jew



Charles Ashleigh speaking at the grave.

and Swede. They perished at the hands of cowards. They died in the struggle of the worker against those who rule, and its history is written in

blood. The massacre at Everett is still fresh in the minds of the workers of the Northwest and must be remembered by workers everywhere.

To the brave spirits who fell on that bloody Sunday we pledge ourselves in the words of the northwest rebels: **"WE NEVER FORGET!"**

Sacco and Vanzetti: How Much Longer?

RARELY have the convictions of radicals and progressives in their belief that workers have been framed-up without the slightest basis for the charges against them been so completely confirmed as in the case of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. The contention of those who knew even the barest facts of the case, that these two Italian radicals had been seized, prosecuted, and headed for death in the electrocution chair for no other reason than their fidelity to the cause of labor, has been decisively justified by the series of affidavits presented by the counsel for defense in the recent hearing before the Massachusetts judge for a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti.

The reiterated declarations by Washington officials that neither they nor the department of justice had anything to do with the case were originally branded as evasive lies by those who worked for the defense. The af-

fidavits which were presented are conclusive demonstrations of the fact that not only did the department of justice—which has never yet satisfactorily explained the death of Andrea Salsedo—have a hand in the arrest and prosecution, but that they instigated and organized the whole miserable affair.

The repeated charges made by the defense that a notorious Rhode Island gang had committed the crime at South Braintree were scoffed at by the prosecution. The confession of Celestino Madeiros clears Sacco and Vanzetti of any participation in the hold-up and murder and it, with additional information available, indicates who were responsible for the death of the paymaster of the shoe company.

If there were such a thing as justice under capitalism for the workingman, for the radical worker in particular, Sacco and Vanzetti would not be held in prison another minute—they would not have been held in the very beginning. But the brutal vindictiveness of

the Massachusetts bourbons continues to keep them in prison with the terrible thought of the imminence of the fatal electric current running through their minds every minute of the day and night.

The confidence of labor in every country of the world in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, expressed in their repeated demonstrations to save them from death, has been the only guarantee of life and freedom that Sacco and Vanzetti ever possessed. This confidence, strengthened by the most recent revelations in this putrid conspiracy to railroad workers to legal execution, must now be expressed in a concerted effort to secure swift liberation for the two Italian workers.

They have suffered tortures of hell. Their innocence is now so definitely established that no honest man or woman can find a reason for keeping them imprisoned for another day. How much longer will Sacco and Vanzetti be kept as hostages for death?



Voices FROM Prison

Danny Fallon

Road Gang, West Rockport, Maine.
Mr. James P. Cannon, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrade: You will have to pardon my delay in answering your letters of July 1st, and the circular letter of the 7th, both were duly received by me, but due to the fact that we were moving from place to another, and that I have been very busy, I know you will excuse this delay.

I have not heard from Dirks since he left here, and presume that he is in Holland, or sailing on some vessel by this time.

Thomas Harty and myself have received the regular monthly check for which we wish to thank you and the rest of our comrades for their kind assistance. If it was not for the I. L. D. I am sure that we would have missed many necessities of life.

I note that your circular asks about spare time work. Yes, I have made beaded bags and chains, fobs, which I have sold. The beaded bags I have sold for \$15.00 and

\$20.00 apiece, the chains are sold from \$3.00 up, and the fobs run from \$3.00 to \$5.00. If you so wish, I will send some on to you if you will let me know just how many you can handle and what you want.

The bags are in great demand and must say that they are good sellers, the ladies' chains come next in demand and the men's fobs with emblems a close second.

I am getting the Defender and it is with pleasure I read what the I. L. D. is doing for the down-trodden workers. Well, I will be out soon now, as I have less than 100 days to serve and then I will be in a position to tell the world a few things that will be very interesting to one and all.

My five years and one-half here have shown me many bitter truths, but then experience is a wonderful teacher. I will thank you to tell all comrades that I appreciate what they are doing and hope some day to be in the line myself. With kindest personal regards, I remain,

Fraternally yours,
Danny Fallon.

J. B. McNamara

International Labor Defense,
Chicago, Ill.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I received the monthly check for Five Dollars and want to thank International Labor Defense for same. It is the thirteenth check, all for same amount. Some of the very good Christians high up in the American Labor movement question you ladies and gentlemen as to just what you do with the funds you collect. These very good Christians I mention above belong to everything, and stick their nose into everything but the Trade Union Movement, that I am going to suggest that you bad ladies and gentlemen, who by your words, deeds, courage and action seek to bring about better industrial conditions for all mankind, tell what you do with the funds.

I do not question you, ladies and gentlemen, but the good Christians above do. These good Christians protest against one Albert Weisbord for giving his services to all mankind. The most stupid thing that

was ever done in the history of the trade union movement. The leaders have gone over bag and baggage to the enemy. I am interested in the rank and file of the Trade Union Movement; interested in all the workers; the farmers, the ranchers; and tho I have troubles of my own, I am very much concerned over the welfare of all workers. Things look fine and dandy on the surface, but it is a very thin crust. International Labor Defense should put Weisbord in the field. I can feel that he will not be idle for long but while he is waiting for his next task, he should be getting around.

Fraternally yours,
J. B. McNamara.

A Released Prisoner

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Cannon:

I departed from Folsom on the 7th of August. I received the birthday check today, which was forwarded on to me from there. It arrived at a very nice time as I can make use of it at the present time. Later on I hope to refund it back to the I. L. D. and add on to it besides.

Give my thanks and best regards to all concerned. Wishing you health and cheer, I am as ever yours for a more beautiful system of society.

Sincerely,
H. C. Duke.

Edgar Combs

James P. Cannon, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir and Friends: I wish to advise you that the checks for the two past months have been received O. K. and many thanks for the sum. My wife also advises me that she received her check O. K. I want all to know how much the check to my family means to me, and to them.

The W. Va. Federation of Labor has just ended its convention. I was told that they were going to take my case up before them but as yet I have seen nothing in the papers to indicate that they have done so. I can hear nothing from the U. M. W. of A., they are awfully silent. Maybe it is because it is so near election time for them, who can tell. It want all to write to me and let me hear how the outside is going.

Will close asking all to write and thanking every one for all that they are doing for C. W. prisoners, and wishing you all success, I am,

Fraternally,
Edgar Combs.

P. S. This mail brought me letters from new friends, a Mrs. Walter Richter of Good Hope Farm, Clear Lake, Wis. She asks if I would like to hear from her and family. Nothing would suit me better and I want to thank her for the photo she sent, and want to hear from her often, and please let her know that I heard from her.

Two I. W. W.

San Quentin, Calif.

J. P. Cannon, Chicago, Ill.

Fellow Worker: We, the undersigned members of the I. W. W., now serving a sentence of four years in the California State Penitentiary for the mere act of organizing the workers of this country into

the I. W. W., wish to thank the Bulgarian Fellow Workers of Gary, Indiana, for the birthday gifts that they contributed to us.

With best wishes, we remain,
Fraternally yours,

J. Varela, 38133.
Wm. Minton, 38124.

J. McNerney

Walla Walla, Wash.

J. P. Cannon,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrade:
Your letter of August 24th at hand with the three dollars enclosed as a birthday

gift from the Bulgarian Progressive Club at Gary, Indiana.

Many thanks to the fellow workers who were so kind as to make this donation possible. I appreciate the present very much and know that there is a feeling of solidarity behind it that will never fade away while there exists the "Iron Heel" of the master. This is what I appreciate more than anything else and what is going to bring to birth in this nation the workers' commonwealth.

With best wishes, I am,
Yours for the Solidarity of Labor,

J. McNerney, No. 9410.

The Czecho-Slovak Section of I. L. D.

By MATILDA KALOUSEK,
Secretary, Czecho-Slovak Section.

FOLLOWING the decision of the national committee of International Labor Defense to organize language sections with national committees to carry on I. L. D. work among foreign language speaking workers, the Czecho-Slovak section was organized on July 5, 1926.

Almost the first action of the new committee was to translate and print 5,000 copies of the manifesto and constitution pamphlet. One hundred letters were sent out to sympathetic workers' fraternal organizations explaining the aims and purposes of International Labor Defense and enclosing in each letter a copy of the manifesto and constitution in the Czecho-Slovak language.

A special educational bulletin is issued by our committee, going to I. L. D. branches and affiliated and sympathetic organiza-

tions. In addition to this, we run a special I. L. D. column in "Rovnost Ludu," a working class paper in our language having a national circulation among the Czecho-Slovak workers in America.

We have succeeded in reaching places where the I. L. D. had no connections previously and would not have been able to establish any for some time to come. Enthusiastic letters come in to our office daily expressing eagerness to carry on the work and to draw into it ever larger masses of workers.

With the splendid response which we have received in the short period of our existence, we feel extremely hopeful for the future, and hope to contribute substantially to the growth of the I. L. D. as a non-partisan mass organization of workers who will stand behind the class war prisoners and their dependents and assist in their defense and relief.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

Of Labor Defender published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1926.
State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Maurer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Labor Defender and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher; editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Labor Defense, 23 S. Lincoln St., Chicago. Editor, Max Shachtman, 23 S. Lincoln St. Chicago. Managing editor, none. Business manager, George Maurer.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and

address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) International Labor Defense, Chicago, Ill. James P. Cannon, secretary, 23 S. Lincoln St., Chicago. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, chairman, New York City. Edward C. Wentworth, vice-chairman, Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

George Maurer, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1926. S. T. Hammersmark.
(My commission expires May 22, 1928.)

Passaic in Danger

CONFOUNDED by the long months of unswerving solidarity of the thousands of textile strikers in Passaic and by the constantly increasing support which they are gaining in the labor movement and among progressives of all kinds, the mill barons have played another desperate card.

The attempt to break the Western Federation of Miners with the frame-up against Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, and the attempt to strangle the San Francisco labor movement with the frame-up against Mooney, Billings and Weinberg as well as the Sacco-Vanzetti case are too fresh in the memory of the American worker to blind him to the real purpose behind the arrests, torture, prohibitive bail requests, and "confessions" in the most recent frame-up in Passaic.

A small group of active strike workers have been arrested in Passaic on the familiar "bombing" charge. The police, from whose activities gunmen, gangsters and bootleggers are so securely exempted, were quick to take the broad hints of the textile barons. The striking workers were seized and brutally beaten. They were tortured

with some of the most excruciating refinements of the Spanish inquisition that have been adopted by the American third-degree artists. By these methods, attempts were made to secure "confessions of guilt" from the arrested workers.

Accommodating judges are always to be found by the capitalist masters; and in Passaic accommodating judges are as common as the sands of the shore. Astounding bail was set for the arrested workers: the sum total amounting to almost half a million dollars.

No worker who is conscious of his own interests and the interests of his class can afford to stand by calmly and see the marvelous spirit and fight of the Passaic workers being slowly

beaten down by the combined mass of the capitalist forces that are arrayed against these fine labor soldiers. A defeat in Passaic will strike more than the textile workers there. It will be a signal for renewed attacks on the entire labor movement. Passaic has been a symbol of all that is militant and staunch in the labor movement in the last year of the battle. It has been a source of inspiration to workers everywhere.

The mill owners are not much different from the capitalists in other industries. There is nothing at which they will stop in an effort to hamstring the strike and the union. No further proof than the numerous indictments against Albert Weisbord and this new frame-up is needed to show this.

The Queen of a Working Class Hell

THE disgusting servility with which "democratic" America is greeting Queen Marie of Roumania in her trip to this country is in sharp contrast to the demonstrations of protest that are being arranged by International Labor Defense to give expression to the horror felt by American workers at the terrible persecution and murders of workers and peasants in Roumania which have made that county a hell for the toilers.

The arrests, imprisonments, raids, murders, rapine and pillage of the black forces of the Roumanian Siguranza equal the worst days of the Inquisition. The murder of Pavel Tkatchenko, a working class leader in Roumania, is the latest victim of the Roumanian terror; his death is an addition to the already long list of murders in the land of Queen Marie.

In protest against this frightful condition, I. L. D. in New York arranged a huge demonstration in Union Square, at which Elizabeth Curley Flynn, chairman of I. L. D., Robert W. Dunn of the American Civil Liberties Union, Ben Gitlow, and other well-known labor men and progressives addressed thousands of workers who had gathered to protest against the Roumanian terror.

Numerous banners demanded the release of the class war prisoners in Roumania and the cessation of the terror.

The I. L. D., throughout the country, will voice the protest of American labor against the bloody regime of Queen Marie.

Contributors

Lucy E. Parsons, one of the most active spirits in the labor movement of the time, is the widow of Albert R. Parsons.

Ralph Chaplin, a member of the executive committee of I. L. D., a close friend of Joe Hill, worked together with Joe Hill in the ranks of the Industrial Workers of the World.

William F. Dunne, editor of The DAILY WORKER, was editor of the Butte Daily Bulletin at the time of the Centralia incident and wrote the first pamphlet on the case.

Charles Gray, of the I. W. W., was one of the free speech fighters on board of the ill-fated Verona. He is a member of the executive committee of I. L. D.

Voltarine de Cleyre is the famous Anarchist poetess and writer.

Charles Ashleigh, now one of the editors of the London Sunday Worker, served a term in Leavenworth in the Chicago I. W. W. cases and was deported from this country. He was actively engaged in working for the defense of I. W. W. members arrested in the Northwest.

The Life of ALBERT R. PARSONS

Containing his editorials, his correspondence on his agitation trips, giving a vivid view of the labor movement as it came under his observation on these memorable trips.

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BUILDING THE I.L.D.

Conducted by

Rose Karsner



THE Second Annual Conference of I. L. D. September 5-6 at Chicago, was marked by a spirit of enthusiasm which ran high thru the two-day session, and a determined will to make the I. L. D. a mighty shield of defense for persecuted and prose-

cuted workers. The keynote of the conference "organization," was struck by the national secretary, J. P. Cannon, and it was taken up by the 248 delegates from 38 different cities. This note ran thru the entire conference.

With the inactivity of the summer months over, and the return of the delegates to their respective cities, returns are beginning to come to the national office, proving that the resolutions written on paper at the conference, are getting life

breathed into them by our workers in the field.

New York local informs us that a special organizer is devoting all his undivided time to organizing new branches and getting new members in the existing branches. He is also helping the members plan activities, and giving them general direction for making their meetings interesting.

Chicago locals. The two banner branches, the Russian and the Eugene Barnett branch, have both distinguished themselves for their activities. The secret of their success is the fact that they each have good functioning branch executives which meet regularly and plan the agenda of the meetings, also bringing novel suggestions for the running of branch affairs which the membership discusses and passes upon. The local executive has decided to hold a proletarian cabaret, a local bazaar and a Christmas dinner for class-war prisoners.

Minneapolis. Word has come to the national office that the Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, are going to make special efforts to build the I. L. D.

Detroit. Efforts are being made to increase the membership in this city. Special attention has been given to the adoption of class war prisoners, with the result that since the second conference, five adoptions by branches have been taken up.

From other branches. Refreshing news keeps coming from the smaller cities, showing that the I. L. D. members everywhere are on the job translating the spirit of the second annual conference into concrete deeds. Grand Rapids, Canton, Avella, Luzerne, Perth Amboy, Passaic, Newark, Yonkers, are all showing signs of renewed energy in defense work. The same is true of Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles.

If room permitted, we would print here extracts from some of the inspiring letters which have reached us. Plans are being made for the issuance of a monthly bulletin which will give such extracts and other items of interest for the I. L. D. army of workers.

FLYNN AND CLINE TOURS.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the new national chairman of the I. L. D., has agreed to make a coast to coast tour in behalf of the organization. She will make big jumps on her way to California. On her return trip, she will cover the ground thoroly. All locals will be given an opportunity to hear Comrade Flynn, if they send in their request immediately. Thus far her tour is as follows: Perth Amboy, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Bellaire, Cincinnati, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago. This brings her up to November 24. From Chicago she will go direct to the west coast stopping at the cities which have asked for her between Chicago and California.

Charles Cline, member of the I. W. W., after spending thirteen years in a Texas prison, for trying to help the oppressed workers of Mexico, received his full and unconditional pardon in August. He spoke at the second annual conference, and locals are now arranging for Cline jubilees in the forms of vecherinkas, dances, banquets, or other kinds of affairs, to express their solidarity with him, and their rejoicing at his release.

We strongly urge every local, no matter how small or how large, to take advantage



Frank Mucianti, anarchist worker, of Chicago Italian branch I. L. D., killed at work in steel mill.

of the opportunity to give their membership a chance to meet and listen to Cline. He has a message for every I. L. D. member and sympathizer.

Strong efforts should be made everywhere to get all shades of political and industrial opinions represented at these ju-

bilees. Every class conscious worker in your city will be interested in meeting Cline after thirteen years.

Thus far the following locals have definitely arranged for Cline jubilees: Hammond, Gary, Grand Rapids, Cleveland, Youngstown, New York, Perth Amboy, Yonkers, Philadelphia, Boston. Twenty other places have been given tentative date, but have not yet answered. Rush your request for a Cline jubilee date.

I. L. D. IS ATTACKED.

The success of the second annual conference is proven not merely by the renewed I. L. D. activities of the friends of the class war prisoners, but by the vicious attacks on the I. L. D. by the enemies of the class war prisoners, who under guise of attacking our work are trying to cover up their own ignominious neglect of that portion of labor's ranks which is serving terms behind prison bars for speaking, writing and organizing in behalf of the working class.

The Jewish Daily Forward, supposedly a Socialist paper, has suddenly after these many years, woke up to the fact that there are workers behind prison bars who should be helped. And this is the way they help. They attack the I. L. D. and the report made by the secretary to the second conference in an effort to divert our energies from constructive work of building the organization to the destructive work of wasting our time in answering their groundless attacks.

A detailed reply will be issued in mimeograph form for the benefit of those members who may be confronted with the need of explaining to some misled reader of that paper. But we will not waste any time or space here to go into the controversy.

We have not yet forgotten the attacks of this same paper during the Russian famine when they tried the same method on the Friends of Soviet Russia, an organization which was sending large funds to the famine stricken during that period. Then, as now, this so-called Socialist paper, tried to cover up its own neglect and its hatred of the Russian workers by attacking the organization which was helping them. Since then it has become clear thru the columns of this Jewish paper how much they are against the Russian workers.

The reply which the friends of the Russian workers made at that time was doubled energy in collecting funds for the benefit of the famine stricken. The members of the Workmen's Circles were especially active in replying to the Forward's attacks by its activities in behalf of the organization which was helping the Russian workers.

As then, so will it be now. All friends of the class war prisoners will double their energies in behalf of the class war prisoners thru the I. L. D. and let the enemies froth at the mouth.

Let our answer be organization, more organization and still more organization until we have built a powerful shield of defense for the working class, which will stand ever ready to defend every worker against capitalist persecution, regardless of his race, color, creed or political and industrial opinions.

Let our slogan be, Every member make a new member.

Let us strengthen our existing branches.

Monthly Contributions to the Prisoners' Pledge Fund.

1. Estelle Tarkoff, Boulder, Colo.
2. Mrs. A. Kratochl, Norwalk, Conn.
3. F. Mandler, Cincinnati.
4. A. W. Routhier, Detroit.
5. Eugene Barnett Br., Local Chicago.
6. A. E. Anderson Br., Local Grand Rapids.
7. Joseph Wilson Long Beach, Wash.
8. Albert Gerling, Madrid, Iowa.
9. Anna Hammer, Rosinidale, Moas.
10. West Side Br. Local Cleveland.
11. Local Denver.
12. Local Perth Amboy, N. J.
13. Local Canton, Ohio.
14. Local Great Falls, Mont.
15. Local Rochester, Minn.
16. Bulg. Br. Local Chicago.
17. The Siegal Family, Ontario, Calif.
18. Lettish Br., Local Chicago.
19. Local Avella, Pa.
20. Local Valier, Ill.
21. English Br. Local Seattle.
22. Esth. & Finnish Brs., Local Seattle.
23. Local Newberry, Mich.
24. Boston Lettish Br.
25. Roxbury Lettish Br.
26. Malden Br. Local Boston.
27. South St. Br. Local Chicago.
28. Hung. Br. Local N. Y.
29. Local Arden, Del.
30. German Yorkville Br. Local N. Y.
31. Lith. Bklyn Br., Local N. Y.
32. N. S. English Br. Local Chicago.
33. Russian Br., Local Chicago.
34. South St. Br. Local Chicago.
35. S. W. English Br. Local Chicago.
36. Ukr. Br., Local Chicago.
37. Polish Br., Local Passaic.
38. Slovak Br., Cleveland Local.
39. Irving Park English Br., Local Chgo.
40. Lithuanian Br., Local Philadelphia.
41. Jewish Br., Local Chicago.
42. Richmond German Br., Local New York.
43. Brownsville English Br., Local New York.
44. Karl Marx Br., Local Chicago.
45. Hungarian Br., Local Detroit.
46. Sanatorium, Colo. (Sophie Katz)
47. Lithuanian Br., Detroit Local.
48. Scandinavian Br., Local Detroit.
49. Northern Progressive Ladies Soc., Br., Local Detroit.

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



Frank Mucianti, anarchist worker, of Chicago Italian branch I. L. D., killed at work in steel mill.

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