



# ALMANAC

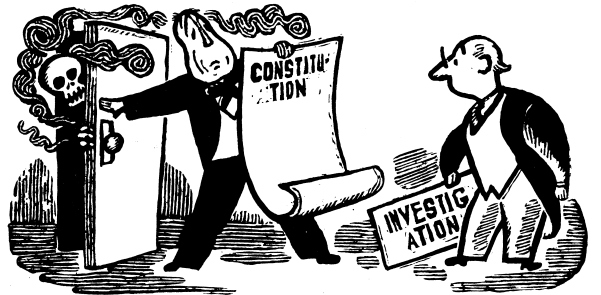
APRIL 14

APRIL 14—The birthday of George Hopkins, militant Negro fighter serving a sentence in Leavenworth penitentiary. Be one of the hundreds to send him a birthday card.



*Dowagers glowered and soaked their feet  
Thirty six stories above the street  
The Mayor perspired, though not from heat  
And shouted and spun in his swivel seat*

*The landlords worried; the Mayor scurried  
Lost in his hat, the Mayor hurried  
Imported thugs, gave bills of bad health  
Saved the city  
The state and the nation  
Persuaded "acceptance" of arbitration  
And protected the Realty Owners Wealth*



*When workers send him protest wires  
He swears and calls it "Rooshian"  
But when his te'grams are tapped  
He yells for the Constitution*

APRIL 6

APRIL 6—The nineteenth anniversary of "our" entrance into the world war.



*Captain Fleisher, he likes candy  
And also round baloney  
Cheese and olives are just fine  
But sponge cake is just dandy.  
If organizing was his crime  
He'd find that his court martial  
Would not be mild, nor judges kind  
For generals are very partial.*

APRIL 12

APRIL 12—The birthday of labor prisoner Raymond McSurley, serving a twelve year sentence in Moundsville, West Virginia State Pen because he exercised his right to picket—send him a greeting.



*When frame-ups failed and scabs they paled  
Injunctions could be gotten  
But mutiny upon the sea  
Had almost been forgotten*

APRIL 17

APRIL 17—The date set by the state of Alabama for the beginning of the fifth Scottsboro trial.



*Oh, I love to be peaceful  
I'm mild as a daisy  
But Treaties of Peace  
Are driving me crazy  
I'll bring peace to all Europe  
In a necklace of sabres  
And make the world rosy  
With the blood of my neighbors.*

APRIL 28

APRIL 28—The birthday of Caroline Decker, one of America's three long term women political prisoners. Send her birthday greeting to California State Prison for Women, Tehachapi, California.



*Madame Perkins is the hostess  
Of the government's hotel  
"This way out" is her only slogan—  
"If you don't like this Country go to——."*

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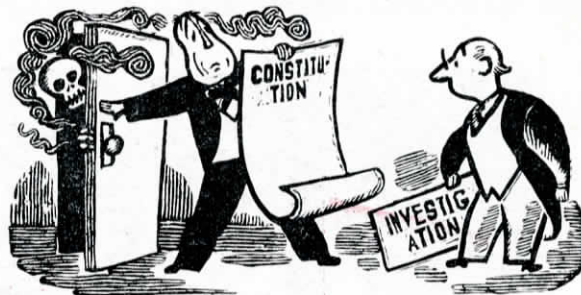
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# LABOR DEFENDER

Published monthly by the

INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE

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## FIVE YEARS IN HELL

March 25, 1936 marked the fifth anniversary of the shame of America. March 25, 1936 marked the fifth year of the arrest, imprisonment and persecution of nine innocent Negro children, grown to manhood in the shadow of the electric chair. March 25, 1936 marked the fifth anniversary of the Scottsboro case.

The enormity of the injustice done them in becoming brutally clear to the families of the boys and the boys themselves. They write heart-rending letters asking, "Don't you think five years is long enough to stay in jail for nothing?" The mothers plead, "Give our children back to us."

The International Labor Defense answers unequivocally, yes, five years in hell is long enough. Yes, your children must be given back to you alive and well. And it calls on all its members and friends, all its supporters, all those who have rallied to the defense of the Scottsboro

Boys in the past, to give their full-hearted support to the united Scottsboro Defense Committee, composed now of eight powerful national organizations. In addition this committee is now sponsored by scores of significant organizations and nationally prominent individuals, church men, union men, writers, publicists and educators.

The ILD calls for the fullest support to the local Scottsboro Defense Committees in some 20 national centers composed of the local branches of the national organizations and many others. These committees will hold conferences, meetings, parades. They are collecting funds for the defense. They deserve your support. The parent committee is at present engaged in a financial drive for a \$10,000 defense fund. Five years in hell is more than long enough. On the eve of the fifth Scottsboro trials scheduled for April 17, all friends of the Scottsboro Boys should rally with moral and financial support for a finish fight for their freedom.



## BRAZIL TODAY

Brazil today is a land of murder and oppression. Seventeen thousand people are known to be imprisoned for anti-fascist beliefs and activities. Outstanding among them is Luis Carlos Prestes, beloved leader of the Brazilian people, and Arthur Ewert refugee from Nazi Germany. On other pages of this issue the reader will find a full and splendid account of *what* is happening in Brazil and *why*—written by the father of a young American citizen recently murdered by the Brazilian police.

Joseph R. Brodsky, leading attorney for the International Labor Defense, is now on his way back from Brazil. He has discovered the whole truth about the murder of Victor Barron, the torture of the Brazilian prisoners, and the apparent connivance of the American embassy in Brazil.

It is the fraternal duty of the American people to come to the support of their brothers in Brazil. Send your protest to the American embassy in Brazil, to the Brazilian Embassy in Washington—demanding an investigation into the murder of Barron and the release of all political prisoners.

Lode Miners Local 48, Jackson, Calif; Typographical Union No. 727, Hibbing, Minn.; Painters Local 275, Chicago; Boiler Makers Local 179, Denver; Westinghouse Local 1010, Turtle Creek, Pa.; United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local 2090, N. Y. C.; Mill and Smeltermen's Union Local 16, Great Falls, Mont.; Great Falls Building Trades Council; Newport Lodge of the International Association of Machinists, Newport, R. I.; Dressmakers Union Local 22, International Ladies Garment Workers Union, N. Y. C.; International Jewelry Workers Union, Local 1, N. Y. C.; Tailors Local 3, Denver; American Federation of Machinists, Local 802, N. Y. C.; Progressive Miners of America, Local 62, Livingston, Ill.; Moving Picture Operators, Springfield, Mass.; Bakery and Confectioners Union Local 2, Chicago; Suitcase, Bag and Portfolio Makers Locals New York and Philadelphia.

The response to date has been excellent, but the I.L.D. urges that there be no let down in flooding the board with a continuous stream of resolutions, demanding that they set a minimum term for the eight Sacramento C. S. prisoners. The address is California State Board of Terms and Paroles, Ferry Building, San Francisco, California.



## K.K.K. JUSTICE

It's a funny thing how the constitution gets dragged into court with a heavy hand by both sides—when the case before the bar involves such people as for instance, policemen. In Tampa, Florida three Klan-policemen are now on trial for the murder of Joseph Shoemaker, who died as a result of the brutal flogging he received at their hands. His "crime"? Expressing dissatisfaction with the two political

parties in the saddle in this country, and determination to organize a new political party in the interests of the people—the workers and farmers, the oppressed section of the middle class. Altogether 10 men are indicted for the crime, including Tampa's chief of police.

Two other men were captured with Shoemaker and also tarred and feathered after being brutally flogged. This is not the first case of its kind in Florida. Usually, in the South especially, such attacks on innocent workers, Negro or white, go by without any prosecutions or at best with cynical white wash proceedings.

But the national attention focussed on Tampa by aroused public opinion, and by the Committee for Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, and by nation wide protests from labor leaders, and liberty loving individuals brought results. The murderers are, of course, being defended by leaders of the K.K.K. And it is significant to note that the K.K.K. Boss, Fred Bass, who organized this murder and flogging has been identified by Mrs. Norman as one of the kidnapers of her murdered husband—Frank Norman!

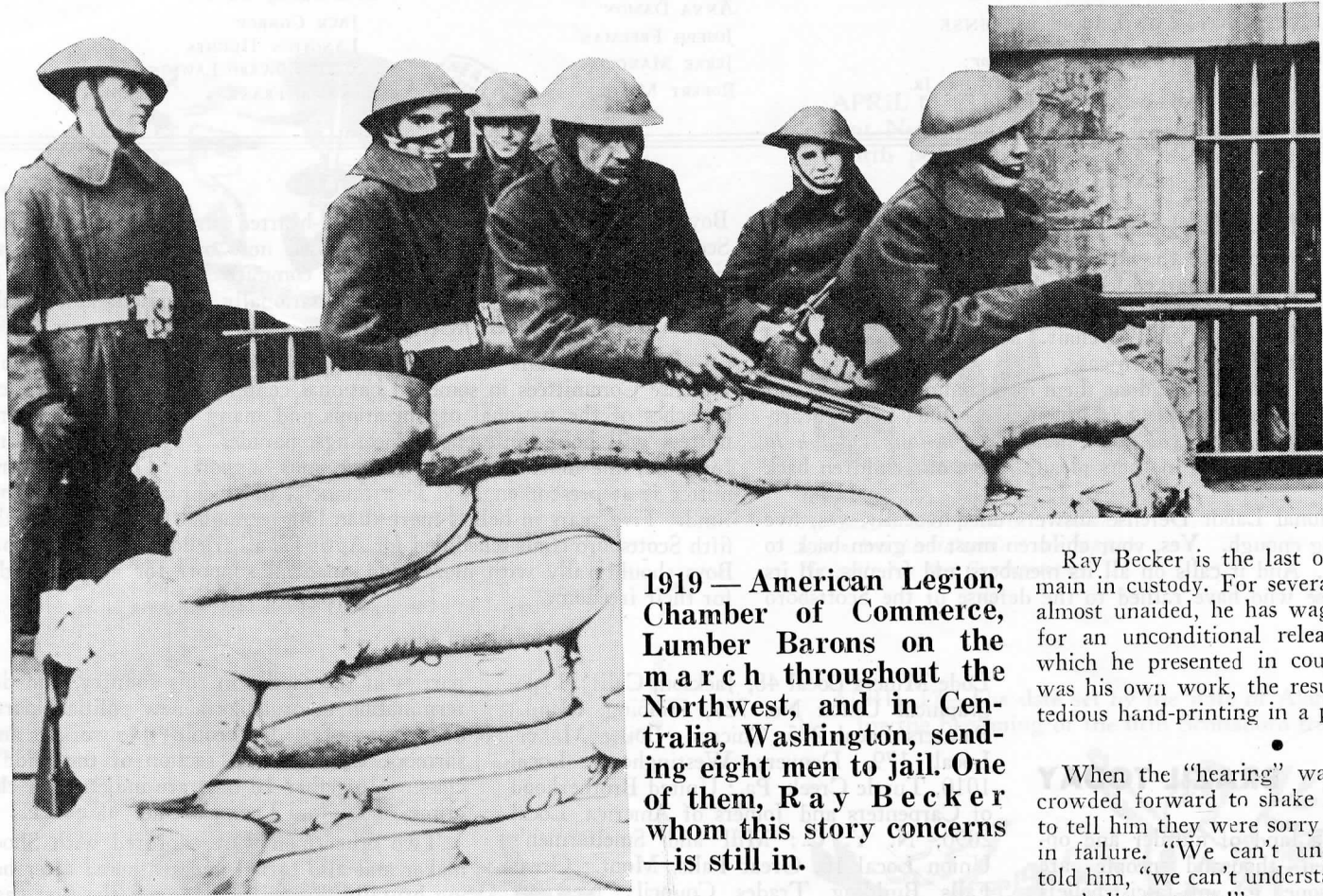
The International Labor Defense from the first, supported the movement to bring the guilty officials to trial. It contributed funds to the Tampa committee, though it is not a part of this committee, publicized its activity and urged its branches to do their part in combatting one of the most flagrant violations of democratic rights and civil liberties in recent times. It will continue to support this movement to the very best of its ability.

The trial is under way as we go to press. Prospective jurors were sharply questioned as to their feelings about the Constitution. When workers are on trial, judges and prosecutors have been known to state—"To hell with the Constitution." But this is another story. The I.L.D. demands that justice be meted out to these murderers—and justice in this case, means the full penalty imposed by law.

THE I.L.D. is proud to announce that in response to its appeal for support of the Sacramento defendants published in last month's LABOR DEFENDER, scores of trade union bodies have passed resolutions and forwarded them to the State Board of Terms and Paroles in California: Among them are the:

Painters Local 229, Kansas City, Kansas; Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, San Rafael, Calif.; Mother

# GHOSTS of CENTRALIA WALK AGAIN



In 1919 legionnaires against labor—in 1936 Guardsmen.

By  
**JULIA  
GODMAN**

**1919 — American Legion, Chamber of Commerce, Lumber Barons on the march throughout the Northwest, and in Centralia, Washington, sending eight men to jail. One of them, Ray Becker whom this story concerns—is still in.**

Five men sat in the court room of the Federal Building at Walla Walla, Washington. They listened in bewilderment to the judge's decision which sent them home with their story untold. Some of them had tears in their eyes as they looked at the prisoner they had come so far to help.

"I can't figure it out," said one of them. "Can it be that the courts are scared to listen to us?"

Ray Becker, last of the Centralia prisoners listened quietly to the words which sent him back to the prison cell where he has spent almost half of his life. "I'm used to disappointments," he said with grim humor. "You see I've tried to get my case into the courts before." All day he had sat on the hard "prisoners' bench" while the deputy attorney-general hurled dry, meaningless words over his head at the judge. Once he smiled slightly—when Toner called his refusal to accept a parole "mere propaganda for the Reds."

On February 3, U. S. District Judge C. C. Cavanah prevented a hearing on Becker's petition for a writ of habeas corpus and prevented five witnesses, five jurors from the original trial in Montesano, from testifying in behalf of the man they had sent to prison sixteen years before. The decision was based on the flimsiest of technicalities; namely, that certain of the affidavits attached to the petition were "contrary to the verdict as rendered by the jury"—although those who make the affidavits were present in court to explain their statements!

Ray Becker after a few hours of hope and freedom is back in the penitentiary serving a twenty-five to forty year sentence on a charge of second degree murder growing out of the bloody events on Centralia's first Armistice

Day—1919—when four legionnaires were killed while raiding an I.W.W. hall. The vigilantes who conducted the raid, and who later, under cover of night, lynched Wesley Everest one of the workers—a fellow soldier but lately demobilized and still wearing his stained army tunic—were never brought to justice. Becker and seven of his comrades who tried to defend themselves from the fury of the mob were railroaded to prison in a trial which has been branded as a sham not only by most of the jurors who sat on it but by one of the state's prosecutors as well.

Trade union delegates sitting in the courtroom in 1920 as a silent "labor-jury" found the defendants "Not Guilty." Later, church groups and farm organizations rallied to their support. More than two thousand residents of the little lumber town where the tragedy was enacted sent a petition to the governor asking for the defendants' release. One of the chief witnesses for the State repudiated her testimony.

The widow of one of the dead legionnaires testified in a sensational and startling affidavit that her husband had known of the plot to attack peaceful workers; and several Legion posts added a forceful plea, condemning the action of their Centralia fellows as "Un-American." But still the courts and the governor refused to act.

Death freed one of the prisoners. The parole board freed five others; and belatedly, several years after the prison doctor had declared him to be sane, the State released Loren Roberts, the young nineteen-year-old who was driven out of his mind by the third degree methods to which he was subjected on the night of his arrest.

Ray Becker is the last of the group to remain in custody. For several years, alone and almost unaided, he has waged a gallant fight for an unconditional release. The petition which he presented in court on February 3 was his own work, the result of many hours' tedious hand-printing in a prison cell.

When the "hearing" was over, the jurors crowded forward to shake Becker's hand and to tell him they were sorry the day had ended in failure. "We can't understand it," they told him, "we can't understand why the courts won't listen to us!"

"It's not a pretty story," said one juror "Bill" Inmon, fiery farmer from the Chehalis River valley. "One of the jurors had a gun. He feared for his life."

"Were you afraid, Mr. Inmon?" he was asked.

"I'm sixty-nine years old," the elderly rancher replied with spirit, "and there ain't no man can call me a coward even today.—But I ain't no fool neither! When I looked out the window at them brown tents and them stacked rifles, I was mighty uneasy. I seen many a trial, but never a one where they had troops before!"

"The troops were there to protect the jury," said J. A. Ball. "That's what one of the bailiffs told us. . . . At first we went out for our meals. Then some of the jurors got so they didn't want to leave our quarters; they were afraid, I guess! So we had our meals brought in. . . . The bailiff used to hold up newspapers from below stairs so that we could read the headlines. Looking back I can see that the judge was unfair. He was constantly sustaining the State's objection to testimony that might have helped the defendants—they were not allowed to prove the hall was raided before shots were fired. My wife, who was in the courtroom as a spectator, heard more of the actual events of the Centralia affair than I did. She's been at me all these years to do something about it. . . . You can't imagine the atmosphere in Montesano, both before and after the trial. Defense witnesses couldn't get rooms in town. People had gone mad!"

"I didn't believe the wild tales the bailiff told us about bands of I.W.W.s planning to raid the courthouse," said another juror,—

(Continued on Page 18)

# UNITY for Labor's Prisoners

The National Executive Committee of the INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE makes public its formal statement on the question of unity in the defense movement, the future of the I.L.D., and the building of one powerful united defense organization in the United States  
—ANNA DAMON



New York's finest don't take a chance.



Neither do the plain clothesmen—when dealing with strikers.

The 1936 presidential election campaign is already filling the air with high sounding words and many phrases concerning the *welfare* of the citizens of the United States. The first three months of the year 1936 have hardly come and gone but the outlines of this *welfare* are already clearly defined.

With the perfection of plans for slashing relief and relief work, terror against the unemployed resisting starvation and misery is sharpening. Employed workers, trade unionists, striking for the right to organize, against wage cuts, for union recognition—have met organized vigilante violence in addition to sharp police terror.

Battered heads, jail sentences, repressive measures on every hand are the lot of the American people struggling for the *welfare* promised them in the election campaign speeches.

Not satisfied with state criminal syndical-

ism and sedition laws like the one which imprisoned the Sacramento defendants and which now exist in 34 states, reactionaries are now advocating federal legislation along similar lines.

State and Federal legislatures are crowded with scores of bills and proposed laws for further curtailment of the remnants of our civil liberties. One hundred bills increasing the viciousness of America's deportation system are now before the Congress in Washington. The most favored of these—the Kerr bill—provides for arrests without warrant of anyone suspected of being an "undesirable" alien. Nineteen states now have laws requiring teachers to take oaths of loyalty—loyalty that depends on the opinions of school boards and superintendents, who, like those in Georgia, define loyalty as *"refraining from directly or indirectly subscribing to or teaching any theory of government or economics or of social relations which is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of patriotism and high ideals of Americanism."*

The infamous *"Incitement to Disaffection Bill"* (providing severe penalties for "interfering" with the armed forces) is on the verge of passing the House of Representatives. *It has, of course, the full backing of army and navy officials various "patriotic" organizations and the Hearst press.* Congressmen who are opposed to the bill state. *"This bill, then proposes in effect to use a twelve inch gun to kill a gnat. . . . It is a piece of Hitleristic fascism."*

Strikes during 1936 have been attacked or threatened with attack by vigilantes (West Coast, Pekin, Ill., Akron, Ohio, Sharecrop-

pers, Barberton.) There is a pressing danger that these illegal terrorist groups may become a permanent factor in American life.

In Germany, Italy, Poland, China, lands where fascism and white terror take a daily toll of life and freedom, the number of political prisoners has grown to hundreds of thousands. Rule by murder, torture, the death penalty, prevails. Organizations which aim to aid the victims, to care for their wives and children are suppressed and can function only illegally—endangering the lives of those who continue this work of solidarity.

The number of labor's prisoners in the United States grows daily. Last year saw some 17,000 arrests and prison terms for those who dared to resist the attacks of terror and reaction. Thousands of men and women are at this moment serving prison terms throughout the country for labor activity. Eighty five of them (at this moment on the relief rolls of the Prisoners Relief Dept. of the I.L.D.), truly savage terms—45 to 60 years at hard labor for the Gallup miners, 8 to 10 years at hard labor for the Burlington textile workers, 75 years for Haywood Patterson, long years on the chain gang for Negro miners, sharecroppers, trade unionists in the blood-stained South, still standing life sentences for Tom Mooney, Warren K. Billings, J. B. McNamara and Kentucky miners, seven years at hard labor for Dirk De Jonge latest victim of Oregon's criminal syndicalism law, 14 years for the same charge in California, Angelo Herndon still has an 18 to 20 year sentence on the Georgia chain gang hanging  
(Continued on Page 18)



An elevator striker—like all the others pictured on this page—falls into the hand of the New York Police.



# WE the PEOPLE

What is the history of our courts? What traditions of justice can American citizens look back on? One of America's leading citizens, labor leader, fighter, ex-political prisoner tells us—in this hitherto unpublished history of class justice in the United States

By **BILL HAYWOOD**

they hear the heart-rending shrieks of ninety little children as they burn to death at Calumet, Michigan?

We shall learn that in no country under the sun has the working class been subject to more torture, more agony, than in America. There the warp and woof of social life is stained with the tears and died with the blood of the working class.

That "Justice" is no abstract thing, but so far has always been a weapon in the hands of the powers that be can be illustrated from the history of the early colonists.

In the theocratic autocracy that ruled the in old Massachusetts, only the free planters had a share in making the laws of the colonies. The mass of the people, indentured slaves, and other workers, had nothing to say, but were forced to submit to the combined power of church and state. On May 13, 1640, an order of the General Court of Massachusetts "to ascertain what men and women were skillful in breaking, spinning and weaving . . . and to consider with those skillful in that manufacture what course may be taken to raise the materials and produce the manufacture," marks the beginning of the textile industry in New England, and its proletariat. A law was passed limiting wages to 2 shillings a day.

In 1638 the colonies in Connecticut combined into one commonwealth "to maintain and preserve the liberty and purity of the gospels of our Lord Jesus . . . and also the discipline of the churches," and chose a Governor and six magistrates. The constitution of 1638 and laws of the code of 1650 show the complete identity of the state with the church and the iron control by the small ruling group of free planters. We have modernised the spelling in the following quotations:

FROM THE CODE OF 1650

"Forasmuch as many persons of late years have been and are apt to be injurious to the goods and lives of others, notwithstanding all care and means to prevent and punish the same:

*It is therefore ordered by this court and authority thereof, that if any person shall commit Burglary by breaking up any dwelling house or shall rob any person in the field or highways, such a person shall for the first offence be branded on the forehead with the letter B; if he shall offend in the same kind a second time he shall be branded as before and also severely whipped, and if he shall fall into the same offence a third time he shall be put to death as being incorrigible; and if any person shall commit such Burglary or rob in the fields or house on the Lord's day, besides the former punishments, he shall for the first offence have one of his ears cut off and for the second offence he shall lose his other ear in the same manner; and if he fall into the same offence the third time he shall be put to death."*

Such was the beginning of the wonderful "Democracy." We will now pass to another period in our survey of Class Justice. A period that is still not closed.

## SLAVERY

Those who ruled the colonies in America were members of chartered companies which had grants that provided "all the land, woods, soil, grounds, havens, ports, rivers, mines, marshes, fishing, commodities, hereditaments whatsoever." For these, servile labor was necessary and was provided in the form of indentured slaves from England and other countries.

There were several classes of slaves. One step above the black slaves were the convict bond-servants, or men and women in a state of temporary, involuntary servitude. These people were mostly political offenders with some felon convicts. Those guilty of political offences were the Scots taken in battle in 1650, prisoners captured in the battle of Worcester in 1651, Monmouth's men, 1685, the Scots concerned in the uprising of 1678, the Jacobines, 1760. . . . Four thousand are known to have been sent to America.

Felons formed the great source of supply. Twenty thousand came to the colony of Maryland, half of them after 1750. Between

When American working-men begin to think of barbarous rulers and cruel oppression, their mental machinery slips a cog and runs back to bloody Jeffery, Torquemada, or Ivan the Terrible. They do not think of themselves or the terrible conditions that have always existed in America.

They shudder at the vision of rows of gallows with their dangling freight, but do they shrink as convulsively at the torture and lynching of Frank Little and Wesley Everest?

They can cast a mental picture of Ivan the Terrible as this insane monarch sat in a parapet of the Kremlin wall looking down into the Place of the Skull with eyes gloating as the knout cut into the quivering flesh of victims who had incurred his displeasure. They can see the crooked smile curl the lip of this cruel monster as he views the grim spectacle of human bodies hanging by the neck, but can

1715 and 1775 ten thousand felons were sent from Old Bailey prison in London.

But the indentured servants and redemptioners did not cease to come when the colonies became the United States. Indentured servants were men, women and children, who, unable to pay their passage, signed a contract called an indenture. This bound the owner or master of the ship to transfer them to America. On reaching port the owner or master whose servants they became, as they had agreed to serve for a certain number of years, sold them for their passage, to the highest bidder.

The redemptioner was an immigrant who signed no indenture, but agreed with the shipping merchant that he be given a certain time in which to find somebody to redeem him by paying the freight. Should he fail to find a redeemer within a specified time, the captain was at liberty to sell him to the highest bidder. When a ship loaded with immigrants reached port, they were marched at once to a magistrate and forced to take an oath of allegiance to the United States and then marched back to the ship to be sold. If there were no ready purchasers, they were sold to speculators who drove them, chained together, in the country from farm to farm in search of a purchaser.

The contract signed, the newcomer became in the eyes of the law, a slave, and in both the civil and criminal code was classed with slaves and Indians. None could marry without consent of the master or mistress, under penalty of the addition of one year to the time set forth in the indenture. They were worked hard, wore cast-off clothing, and could be flogged as often as the master or mistress thought necessary. Father, mother, and children could be sold to different buyers. The only difference between these white slaves and black chattel slaves was, that the whites were sold for a limited time and the black slaves were sold for life. White and black slaves formed the basis for the landed aristocracy of the colonies before and long after the revolution.

Paupers were sold at public auction in Boston and other New England towns. The

The white slaves of America tilled the soil.



states of New Jersey and New York followed the example. Children were sold as apprentices. This class of indentured servants was not recruited from immigrants alone. The courts of this period, 1684, and for years afterwards, sentenced freemen to be sold into servitude for a period of years to liquidate fines or other debts.

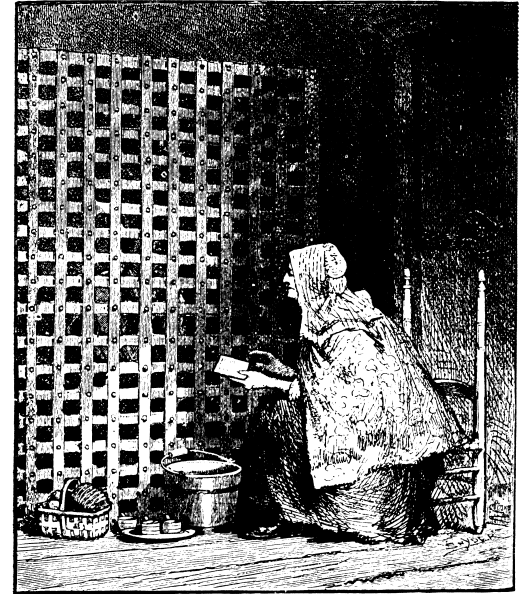
The life of an indentured slave was hard and cruel. Laws directed against disobedience and misdemeanors of white slaves were rigorous. Those calling for the severest punishments were offences against property. For the stealing of flour given for baking purposes offenders had their ears sliced off. Fugitive slave laws as applied to these slaves were a part of the legislation in all colonies.

The following advertisement is from the Virginia Gazette, July 14, 1737: "Ran away some time last June from William Pierce of Nasimond county a convict servant woman named Winifred Thomas. Welsh, short, young, black-haired, marked on the inside of right arm with gunpowder, 'W T' and the date of the year underneath. She knits and spins and is supposed to be gone by the way of Cureatuk and Roanoke inlet. Whoever brings her back to her master, shall be paid a pistole besides what the law allows." This woman slave had her initials and the date when she was purchased branded on her right arm.

An instance is told of a man in Philadelphia, who wanted to buy an old couple for house-servants. An old man, his wife and daughter were offered, and after paying the price he discovered he had bought his father, mother, and sister.

Indentured slaves who had served their time and secured their release, with the free immigrants out of employment, found themselves in a helpless condition with the result that they frequently became indebted in small amounts to the ruling class. Indebtedness became a crime. The method of dealing with this situation was to imprison the debtor until the debt was paid. It is said that seventy-five thousand people every year were placed in prison for debt in the different colonies and after they became the United States. While confined their support depended upon friends or charitable organizations. The suffering that

they endured for an unavoidable offence was horrible in the extreme. One historians says: "Our ancestors, it is true, put up a just cry of horror at the brutal treatment of their captive countrymen in the prison ships and hulls, yet even then the face of the land was dotted with prisons where deeds of cruelty were done in comparison with which the foulest acts committed on the ships and the hulls sink to a contemptible insignificance. For more than fifty years after the peace there was in Connecticut an underground prison. This den, known as the Newgate prison, was an old worked-out copper mine in the hills near Granby. There, in little pens of wood from thirty to a hundred culprits



A debtors prison of colonial days.



Big Bill Haywood.

were immured, their feet made fast to iron bars and their necks chained to beams in the roof. The darkness was intense, the caves reeked with filth, vermin abounded, water trickled from the roof and oozed from the sides of the cavern. Masses of earth were continually falling. In the dampness and the filth the clothing of the prisoners grew moldy and rotted away, and their limbs became stiff with rheumatism."

The Newgate prison was perhaps the worst in the country, yet in every county were jails such as would now be thought unfit places of habitation for the vilest and most loathsome of beasts.

(Concluded in the May Issue)





**Big Bill Haywood.**





—*Mary Morrow*

Angelo Herndon

# UNITY - VICTORY - AMNESTY!



"I am free!" One of Spain's 30,000 anti-fascists leaves his prison.

## By Alvarez Del Vayo

"Vote for amnesty by voting for the Popular Front."

That is the fighting watch word for the coming election of February 16.

These words spring to life from the walls of every building. They resound in meeting halls throughout the land, in tiny hidden hamlets and in the big cities.

Amnesty, the idea of winning freedom for Spain's imprisoned heroes, made it possible to conquer and overcome all the difficulties that stood in the way of consolidating all the forces of progress. And even those who did not understand that the single act of opening wide the jail doors and releasing the political prisoners was part and parcel of the united fight against the forces of fascism and reaction, even they submitted to the will of the masses of the people who willed that one supreme effort be made to win the freedom of the 30,000 imprisoned anti-fascists.

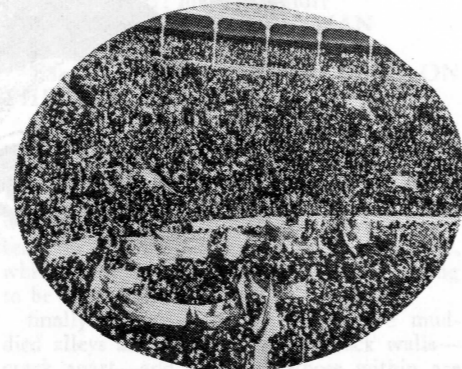
This result, this unity was obtained after months and months of insistent struggle. Towards the end of 1935, thanks to the initiative of the Spanish I.L.D., a Central Committee for the Aid of Prisoners and Their Families was created. All the forces of the Spanish working class, all the forces of the Republican Left found themselves united, by this one action of solidarity.

This fact alone, stimulated, nay doubled, the enthusiasm which so effectively paved the way for our great election campaign.

The International Committee For Aid and Relief to the Victims of Spain's October which was organized in Paris, as far back as last April began to supply the necessary stimulus. In fact, the successful work of this committee, gave us the inspiration which we ourselves did not have; from then on the Spanish people felt that they not only had material backing, regular sums of money for relief so generously contributed by the Soviet workers and mem-

The workers in the capital and their fellows in the rest of Spain knew very well that the battle for amnesty would be difficult. They knew that it could not be won from any new parliament except that elected and put into office by the triumph of the Popular Front.

It was this unanimity of opinion and understanding that brought about that marvelous change in the attitude of the militants in the CNT, the great trade union center of the anarcho-syndicalists. Nothing had ever made them agree to participate in the elections be-



One of the victory demonstrations.

fore, not even the critical days of the reactionary monarchy. But today the cry for *Amnesty* rang out so clearly and with such power in the meetings of their largest centers: Saragossa, Barcelona, La Corona, Seville, that the highest leaders of this group instructed their members to go to the polls on election day and cast their ballots with the Socialists and Communists for amnesty. It is important to note that this was a slogan, never a formal decision passed by the CNT.

Accompanying the cry: "Free the prisoners of Spain's October," was always the cry, "Free Thaelmann." I heard it at every meeting which I addressed during the election campaign. It explains not only the gratitude of the Spanish workers to the international working class. It signifies not only their wholehearted eagerness to return the fraternal aid they received in behalf of their struggles, it is an expression of the universal, deep-seated desire for struggle against Hitler's fascism. It shows that the people of our country realize how intimately the struggle for amnesty here is related to the whole struggle against fascism which must be swept from the face of the earth. That is why we can say that the Spanish elections of February 16, have a truly international significance.

It is only natural that Spanish fascism should try with all its might to prevent the

triumph of the people on February 16. They know what a battle they will have on their hands. No wonder they are filled with despair and fear when they find themselves face to face with a united people,—determined, proud, incorruptible. Without taking too much space I want to cite an example.

The other day while I was in the office of the Central Committee of Relief for the Prisoners and their Families, I received a visitor—a woman from Asturias who came all the way from Oviedo on foot with a baby in her arms and three little ones at her skirts. She had walked 600 kilometers (400 miles) to reach the capital to find out what had happened to her husband, a miner from Oviedo who had disappeared during the first days of the repression that followed October.

She thought perhaps he had been fortunate enough to escape to France or to the Soviet Union where so many of the fighters of October were received with open arms. I asked his name. Looking through the files, I discovered that he had been shot in the horrible dungeons of Pelayo where many brave workers had been savagely assassinated. The next day after we had checked thoroughly we were forced to tell her of the tragic fate of her husband.

She fainted. When she came to, she lifted her baby and said: "This little one and the three others, I shall educate them to follow in the footsteps of their father."

It is easy to understand why the reactionaries fear such people. During the last year and a half, they tried desperately to organize a National Front of Labor in the image of that created by Doctor Ley in Nazi Germany. If in all this time they recruited two dozens of supporters they were very lucky. All over the land, the workers sent back their "Bulletins of Labor" in the fashion made popular in the Asturias in 1934 by the wives of the miners. Even when they were dying of hunger, in

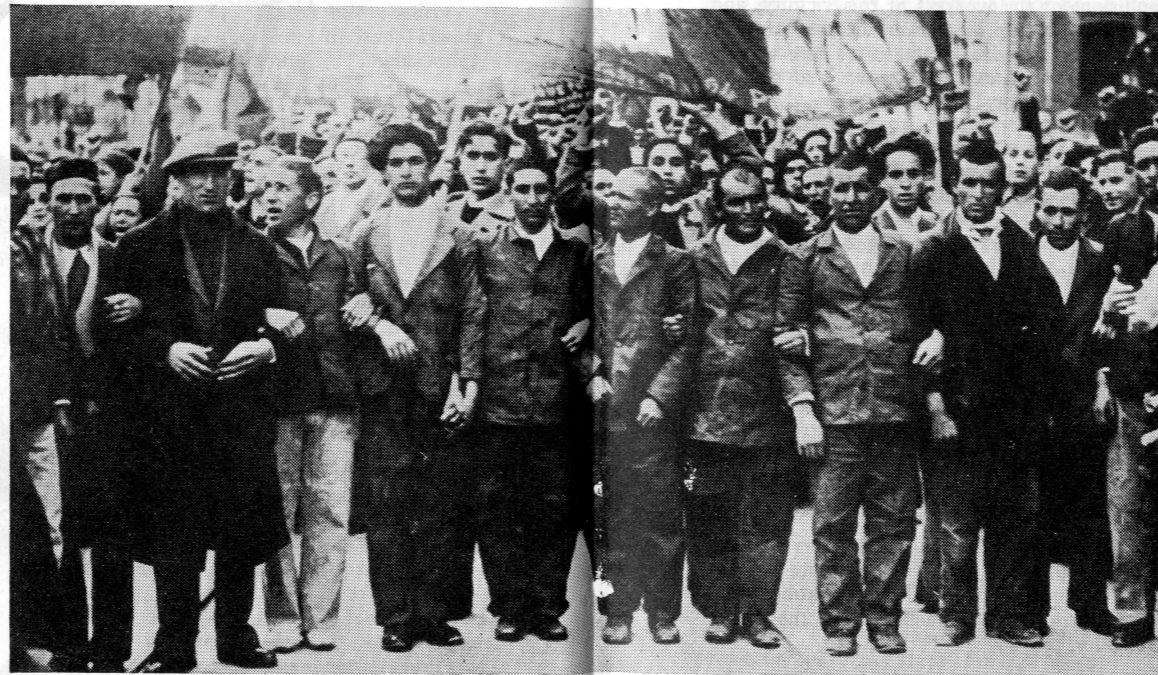


The whole family celebrates! The amnesty has freed one of their dear ones and they're marching to meet him.

those first weeks of the repression before the Relief Committees were organized, they chased the charitable ladies who came to give them money out of their houses. They refused to accept charity!

That is the true picture of the Spanish people who, united in a truly democratic ranks will march to the polls to win amnesty. They deserve the sympathy and support of anti-fascists in every corner of the globe.

"Hurrah, we're won," cheering crowds hear the news that the People's Front has triumphed in the elections.



Blinking from the first sight of Sunshine in over a year, overwhelmed by the cheers of the crowd, marching through the streets of Madrid—a few of the liberated 30,000.

This article written one week before the triumphant elections in Spain, elections which won freedom for 30,000 anti-fascists gives the readers of the LABOR DEFENDER a glowing account of how the unity which won the elections was forged. The writer is a Socialist deputy in the Spanish parliament.



# CHARLEY TELLS ALL!

An action story of the I.L.D.  
in action in Chicago

By SAM GIBONS

When Charley got on the witness stand to testify at the Federal Court in Chicago where Judge Holly presides, we I.L.D.-ers and sympathizers were all ears.

For Sotis had something to say.

He exposed the Chicago Police Force. He demonstrated how they beat him up—and then arrested him.

I could see the spectators in the courtroom grit their teeth, their eyes shining. They knew that he was arrested for organizing workers on Chicago's south-side. For leading them in their battles for decent living conditions against the Stock Yard Barons and big Realtors.

Sure he was a Communist,—he fought with the workers on their side!

Charley Sotis told all! He told how the police had forced him to take them to his home. How, without a warrant, they had ransacked his house, confiscating one share of stock, an insurance policy, his naturalization papers, and his membership book to the Communist Party.

Then Charley was charged with perjury. The officers contended that he was a Communist at the time he got his final citizenship papers. That, at that time, he had sworn to uphold organized government. According to them, a socialized society was not organized!

After Sotis was through testifying, a court recess was called. During the recess, one gentleman I spoke to said, "Hell, he wasn't even arrested legally."

A girl muttered, "This is the lousiest frame-up I ever heard of."

The workers were sure behind Charley. They were backing him 100%.

After the court recess, we sat down to hear one of the police testify. Boy, that fellow contradicted himself right and left. We saw how he fidgeted on the stand, when our attention was distracted by a commotion in the court-room.

Mother Bloor had just walked in! Leader of workers' struggles, she had the gratitude of every worker there. She sat down, and soon the court-room was quieted.

The cop was talking on the stand. He finally admitted, rather naively, that they did beat up Sotis.

A titter ran through the court room. The judge giggled. The witness was dismissed.

The spectators leaned forward—tense and strained; the judge was instructing the jury to give a directed verdict.

Sotis was freed! The bailiff rushed forward and asked us not to demonstrate.

We held ourselves in till we got out of the court-room. Then, all of us rushed to shake Charley's hand, with Mother Bloor, as usual, in the forefront.

The victory was a sweet one—a worker's victory. We all agreed that it was the solidarity of the I.L.D. behind Sotis that freed him.

One friend said, "Say, with teamwork like this, the workers can count on the International Labor Defense."

Yes, she was right.

## A letter from the author

I want to, first of all, congratulate you on the March issue of the "Labor Defender." We're improving right along, and that is a very good sign that the I.L.D. is a healthy organization.

Secondly, I want to introduce myself. I am Sam Gibons, Recording Secretary of the Thomas Jefferson Branch in Chicago. Till the reorganization of the I.L.D., we were the Rose-Pastor Stokes Branch.

Today, the Thomas Jefferson Branch sends you greetings, and advises you to pay close attention to what the only youth branch in the district reports at the district convention.

last. Leaflets, sent from Los Angeles, were distributed with the result that about 400 or 500 persons attended a high-spirited meeting at the UPBMI hall, at which place a delegate from Los Angeles helped to encourage the workers of Oxnard for further struggles against vigilantism, discrimination and starvation.

The "law and order" gang came and saw; but, unlike the Roman Caesar of old, they did not conquer—this time. The sight of such a large number of militant workers assembled—under "outside" leadership—put the fear of God into their decidedly terroristic aspiration. The cry of "outside agitators" and "Jew lawyers from New York," etc., also used to be the stock-in-trade of the lynch barons of Dixie Land in the famous Scottsboro frame-up case.

When a Spanish-Cuban-American worker wanted to know how many were in favor of organizing under the banner of the I.L.D., every person in the house arose to his feet and asked for membership cards.

On the day of this meeting, a scarecrow article appeared in an Oxnard labor-baiting sheet. Screaming headlines started with the word "Agitators" and supplemented with the intimidating term "Police Watch," etc. Excerpts from this article follows:

"Labor agitators will hold another meeting tonight," this plunderbund organ began, "the first time in many months at UPBMI hall . . . according to circulars printed in English and Spanish and circulated about Oxnard this morning. The circular says: 'The purpose of this meeting is to explain the actual living conditions of the workers of this vicinity, and also the frame-up of workers because of their activities in the class struggle. There will be good speakers to explain the work of the International Labor Defense'.

"Police will watch the meeting tonight. It is believed that the same agitators who started the beet toppers strike here two years ago may be promoting the gathering. Beet thinning time will soon arrive, and it is believed the meeting is being held to organize a strike for that time."

The intention of this slave-master-colored notice was to scare the workers to stay away from the meeting; but, contrary to expectation, it became a face-slapping boomerang—causing the workers to come out strong, militantly and courageously in mass formation against race discrimination, coolie-standard of living and fascist-vigilante terror.

The writer feels that this experience at Oxnard ought to and will stimulate the interest in and support of the International Labor Defense and its official organ, the Labor Defender.

Being founded in 1926, the 10th anniversary of the Labor Defender is celebrated this year in the form of a subscription drive on a large scale. An "almighty" dollar bill will bring you a copy of the Labor Defender each month for one year. So send in your sub for the only magazine that brings you news, pictures and first hand reports of defense history in the making. Come and see the local I.L.D. agent at 127 S. Broadway, Room 317, Los Angeles, Calif., who will tell you all about the wonderful and valuable prizes given out in this high-spirited contest.

# THE BOOMERANG

How the vigilantes were caught in their own net  
and a boost for the LABOR DEFENDER

BY L. P. RINDAL

There has been plenty of terror at Oxnard, an agricultural center in Ventura county, Calif., the last couple of years. Workers have been intimidated, beaten up and jailed. Mexican workers, especially, have been singled out and subjected to persecution and prosecution in various forms.

The chief of police was the leader of the vigilante terrorists during, and for some time after, the militant beet strike a couple of years

ago. But this pay-triotic fascist tool exceeded his authority to such an extent that he finally landed into the arms of the law himself. So out of office he went—due to the mass pressure behind the legal lights of the International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union.

The workers of Oxnard were practically forced underground. The first public meeting in many months was held on February 17,

# A Paradise Ruled by Devils--BRAZIL

The most beautiful city in the world, Rio de Janeiro. Down under the equator, it lies within a circular bay, on a mountainous coast of brilliant green.

As the ship enters the harbor, close beside the 1,000-foot high rock of the "Sugar Loaf," one must stand transfixed. The bay is rimmed with wide beaches of snow-white sand, bathed by foamy surf of an indigo sea.

Back of the narrow and irregular plain, where the city buildings raise up along palm-lined avenues, there lift the verdant encircling hills, rugged in silhouette, and projecting a giant spur called "El Corcovado" through the city directly to the waters of the bay. There, in the tumbled hills above the city, looking down upon thousands of roofs of gay-colored tile, one breathes an air heavy with the perfume of myriad flowers.

The most beautiful city in the world. But governed by devils in human form.

Getulio Vargas, the feudal-fascist dictator "president," who has sold the destinies of all Brazil, a smiling land greater than the whole United States, and the lives of its 43,000,000 people, to imperialism.

The chief of the political police, Seraphim (an ironically angelic name for a fiend such as he) Braga, he of the evil pock-marked face, hated throughout Brazil by millions for his tortures and murders.

An ample supply of lesser devils, armed to the teeth, backed by troops and martial law to strangle the cry of the people for bread, for land, for liberty.

These are they who hold, in jail and at their mercy, the man most loved of the Brazilian people, Luis Carlos Prestes. These are they who have imprisoned, without trial and in violation of the very Constitution written by Vargas, 17,000 workers, peasants and soldiers, in fetid jails and island prisons all over Brazil. These are they who regularly torture and murder political prisoners, who only yesterday threw in prison Abel Chermont, a member of the Federal Senate, because he dared arise in the Brazilian Senate and openly denounce, in name and detail, the assassinations by the police.

These are the fiends who, after torturing my son for two long months to wring from him a "confession" of things that he could not know, finally murdered him on March 5, and, along with his mangled body, thrown to the street beside police headquarters, gave out the lie that he had "committed suicide."

Street cars carry the workers of Rio de Janeiro to their jobs at the docks. The street cars and docks are the property of foreign imperialists. The workers load coffee and manganese ore onto the ships. Foreign ships.

The coffee was raised on great plantations belonging to British banks, transported to the sea on railways owned by British banks, bought by the American coffee trust and loaded on American ships. The manganese ore belongs to Morgan's steel trust, from its vast mining concessions in the State of Minas Gerais.

The Chicago packers own enormous packinghouses, and great ranches filled with cattle. When the poor workers of Rio de Janeiro or Santos, or of any of 288 cities, fail to pay their electric light bill, it is Morgan's company that shuts off the supply.

**A brilliant labor journalist, the father of a young American citizen recently murdered by Brazilian police describes what is happening in Brazil today—and why.**

**By HARRISON GEORGE**

It is Henry Ford, the despot of Detroit, who, deep in the jungle of the mighty Amazon, holds thousands of workers in peonage amounting to slavery (12 cents a day top wages, to be spent at company stores), on a



**Luis Carlos Prestes, leader of the National Liberation Alliance of Brazil, now in the hands of the Brazilian police.**

vast rubber plantation of 150,000 acres. By written agreement, Brazilian law does not apply in "Fordlandia." It is ruled with club and gun of Ford's private army. Hundreds of striking workers were shot down there late in 1930. Hundreds die there yearly of starvation and disease.

Imperialism owns Brazil. It owns the government of Getulio Vargas. It owns Vargas and his police. It is responsible for the lives of every political prisoner. Again and again, helpless in their chains, it has killed them.

With a hatred, deep and unquenchable, the people hate the imperialism that robs and oppresses them. To throw it off, they organized the National Liberation Alliance, undoubtedly supported by the big majority of the people, and lead by the man whose name is breathed with love and admiration by every toiler in all Brazil—Luis Carlos Prestes.

And precisely because the great majority of the people support the National Liberation Alliance; exactly because Prestes is the idol of the people; and because the people were moving to overthrow the rule of Vargas and imperialism—Vargas struck last November. Struck first; struck savagely, prodding the people to a partial but desperate revolt, then drowning it in blood, filling the prisons of all the land with the best sons of the people.

Seventeen thousand workers, peasants and soldiers in prisons! Sleeping on the stone floors, covered with vermin. For food (save the ~~mark!~~) beans and farina, farina and beans. Threatened with the ready guns of brutal guards. Tortured, mangled and killed at the will of the political police. Hundreds indicted and facing "trial" by courts martial, with the suspension of the constitutional prohibition against death sentences. To quote the daring speech of the now arrested Abel Chermont, made in the *Senado Federal* the 3rd day of March:

"The blackjack is officially authorized as a questioner, and Chinese tortures, practised without ceremony but with savage perversions, are the common and repeated methods. The police have savagely beaten a great number of persons who have fallen into their hands, those who are political prisoners. But the barbarity did not end with tortures and beatings. Captain Jose de Medeiros, after arrest by the police, has been found dead his body filled with bullet wounds, his hands and feet crushed and soldier Absquardo Martins, two assassinations for which I accuse the police in whose hands they were."

The courageous Senator Chermont is now himself in such police hands. He and those recently arrested add new names of Brazil's best to those already in prison. The list is long, too long for this space. But a few among them are:

Caio Prado, economist and historian; Captain Agildo Barata, General Miguel Costa, ex-governor of Sao Paulo; Nelson Coutinho, former Secretary of Justice, a novelist and journalist; Paulo Lacarda; Cabral Filho, prominent engineer; Francisco Mangabeira the son, and Joao Mangabeira the brother of the former Minister of Foreign Affairs.

But why go on? The illustrious names are many. But, think of the poor and the humble workers, peasants and soldiers, the 17,000 of them! Think of him that commands the undying love of them all—Luis Carlos Prestes, now in the claws of the savage police, who torture and—aim and kill without mercy!

Think of all this, and do not remain passive! My son is dead, but Prestes and his comrades, the great and the humble, may be saved!

It depends upon you to make the consulates of Brazil in every city resound with the cry—Release Prestes! Release Ewert!

My son is dead, but the manner of his death, and the connection of U. S. Ambassador Gibson with his murder, are justified demands that Congressman Marcantonio has raised in the U. S. Congress, and which you should support by a rain of demands upon your own congressmen for investigation. Act now, today, lest, before you act, Prestes may be murdered!



**Luis Carlos Prestes, leader of the National Liberation Alliance of Brazil, now in the hands of the Brazilian police.**

# WE Convene--

An encouraging account of a recent I.L.D. Convention in Detroit and plans for two others.

By **FRANK SPECTOR**

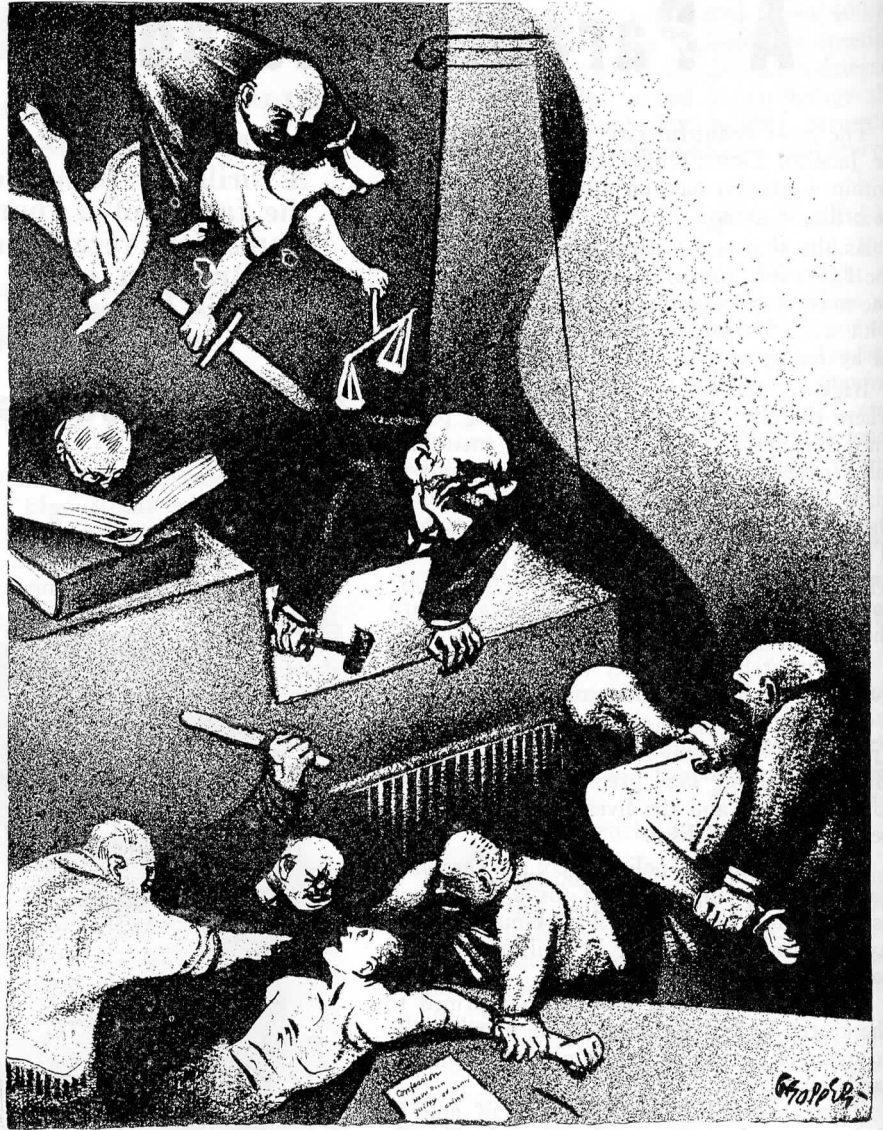
National Organizer, I.L.D.

Detroit, New York, and Chicago Districts were the first to respond to the decision of the National I.L.D. conference held in Cleveland on January 6 and 7, urging all districts to hold conventions as instruments for building the I.L.D. The Detroit Convention was held on March 15. New York will have held its convention by the time this issue of the **LABOR DEFENDER** is off the press. Chicago's convention is set for April 4 and 5.

Eighty-four delegates attended the 1936 Michigan State I.L.D. convention. Of these, seventeen represented nine trade unions, including: Detroit's Painters District Council, Teacher's Federation, A. F. of L., Carpenters Local No. 1513, Sausage Makers, Laundry Drivers, all A. F. of L. and Mechanics' Educational Society of America, Auto Drivers—Detroit District Committee Auto Workers and their local No. 7. In addition there were three delegates from the Motor Products Strike Committee, four delegated from the N.A.A.C.P. and a number of other delegates representing organizations of various types.

The entire convention centered around a definite plan of action for the balance of 1936 which aims at doubling the districts' individual and collective membership—with special concentration upon trade unions, Negroes, and youth; obtaining from all possible sources a minimum of \$50 monthly for Prison-

Design for a court house mural. Judging by what is happening in America's courts today this picture would certainly be the most appropriate



His father, one of labor's prisoners, is serving a 12 year sentence because he went on strike.

ers Relief; doubling of the **LABOR DEFENDER'S** circulation, as well as building up of a list of at least 200 subscribers. The convention resolutely resolved to concentrate upon the job of building up at least six I.L.D. neighborhood centers in Detroit, and similar centers in five of the most important industrial centers up-state.

To insure the realization of the plan of action, the convention elected a State Executive Board of 23 members representing a cross-section of Detroit's laboring and middle class population. Thus, the president, is a well known A. F. of L. man; the 1st Vice-President, a popular Negro attorney; the 2nd Vice-President, a leading M.E.S.A. man, known to every auto worker; the Treasurer, a storekeeper—a Detroit resident of long standing. A Board of Trustees of 3 was likewise elected from the floor of the Convention. All the members of these leading committees truly reflect the aims and policies of the I.L.D.

The banquet and dance that followed a hard-working day of convention business bubbled over with enthusiasm and good cheer, and was attended by several hundred friends of the I.L.D. There were Negro people and white, trade-union men and intellectuals, adults and youth. Nearly \$100 was contributed to the collection.

The M.E.S.A. delegates, who for the first time came in direct contact with the I.L.D. were deeply impressed by the convention. During its sessions they held an informal conference with I.L.D. officials, after which they resolved to recommend to their organizations, affiliation with the I.L.D. Similar sentiments

were expressed by other trade-union delegates.

Thus it can be truly said that here was a convention which meant business and whose delegates will not leave its decisions on paper. The men and women who attended, representing I.L.D. branches, trade-unions, and various other bodies, will unquestionably be the pacesetters among their memberships in the job of building the I.L.D., in a state where the auto is the king and where the bosses' terror is plenty sharp.

It looks like Chicago and New York will not lag behind Detroit. In preparation for its convention, Chicago adopted a short-term Five-point Plan of Action which will be a fine gift to the convention and a good spring board to further progress. They are out to get, by April 4, 1,500 paid up individual members; 4,000 collective members; 300 **LABOR DEFENDER** subs; \$150 for Prisoner's Relief, and they are to sell 1,500 *Help Labor's Prisoners* stamps. Already we are informed that they are nearing some of these goals. New York, our top notch district, of course, expects the biggest and best convention in its history. The district ended a fine recruiting campaign that brought in 800 new members. It is no idle hope to expect New York, after its convention is over, to march forward with seven-league-boots towards building a humdinger of an organization all over New York State.

How about the rest of the districts? Don't keep it secret—let us, in the National Office, know when your convention is coming off. What are your plans for it? Tell us all about it and we will give you a real helping hand.





Design for  
a court  
house  
mural.  
Judging by  
what is  
happening  
in Amer-  
ica's courts  
today this  
picture  
would cer-  
tainly be  
the most  
appropriate

W. H. P. P.



**His father, one of labor's prisoners, is serving a 12 year sentence because he went on strike.**

# YUKIKO--Widow of Igoti

**A moving tale of life in a Japanese village summing up all the tragedy, despair, heroism, and solidarity of a people crushed beneath the iron heel of terror.**

That sombre autumn day will be long remembered by the peasants of Sasaya.

Early in the morning Mr. Keiti Simado had driven into the village in his light two-wheeled carriage. Mr. Simado was well known in the whole village. Three years ago his arrival had been met with grateful blessings.

Three years ago Mr. Simado had made his appearance among the peasants as a kind of rescuing angel. It had been a bad year. Land taxes—amounting to half of the miserable harvest—were already waiting to be paid. It was then that Mr. Simado came and hung up a placard on the village elder's house—"Girls wanted for factory work."

He went from door to door, from one crooked dark hut to the other. Wherever there was a 14 or 15 year old daughter he spoke in a honied voice. "It is a stroke of fortune for the parents and for the daughter. I pay you 70 yen on the spot as advance for the year's wages in the factory. I'll take your daughter to the spinning factory. She'll be taken good care of. We furnish food and living quarters. She will learn all the arts—sewing, reading, and arranging flowers. The year will soon be over and your daughter will return home a happy bride with piles of money—a real little princess!"

Thus Mr. Simado spoke and lured them on. When he left for the city that time a whole troop of girls went with him.

The very next day, the peasants discovered the trick that had been played on them. In every house where the merry klink of Mr. Simado's coins had awakened hope for a winter without hunger and want, there appeared the landlord's man. The peasants quickly delivered him the land tax—half their harvest. Hardly was he gone when the tax collector, accompanied by a gendarme, stood at the threshold. He knew exactly how much money each had received—Simado himself had told him. Taxes were relentlessly squeezed out of each peasant—taxes on house and on garden, taxes on rental contract, taxes on the earnings of the daughter who just had been sold, even taxes on a normal harvest.

"That's not fair," protested the peasants, "this year was a dry year and you know it. The harvest was not even a fourth of what it usually is."

"That's not my business," was the tax collector's reply. "Drought is sent by God—pay up the money!"

New drudgery, new poverty—summer came, autumn drew to an end. Then the peasants discovered the lot of their daughters.

The village peasants, men and women, stood gathered in front of the hut where Yukiko, widow of Igoti, lived. Her daughter Okee had just returned home from the city, and the peasants listened to her story.

"Real prison cells—that's what our living quarters turned out to be. They are wooden huts without air or light, surrounded by high walls. Our beds were rotten straw thrown on dirty benches. We had to stand at our spinning machines twelve hours a day. All

we got for our work was a tiny bowl of red rice three times a day."

"When we complained it was made still worse. They gave us nothing to eat and locked us up in a dark hole.

"The poisonous air in the factory and the dormitory took hold of my lungs. I began to spit blood. I got thinner and thinner, finally I could not work any more. Then they cursed and swore at me and sent me home. Without any food or money—"

Okee's voice broke, she could not go on. Once so fresh and healthy. Okee was now only a pitiful ghost of a human being.

The village peasants stared at her with bitter hopelessness. Every mother knew all too well that Okee's fate would sooner or later be the fate of all the girls who had been sold into the factory. . . .

Winter had not yet set in when Okee died of consumption.

Now Mr. Simado was back again. As formerly he went from door to door of the

Thus he went from house to house. Finally he came to the hut of Yukiko, widow of Igoti. She opened the door and looked at Simado, silent, her eyes wide and staring. Simado ran a quickly calculating eye over Yukiko's second daughter, Ogoshi, and offered in a business-like tone—"40 yen."

Yukiko still stood staring at Simado's rosy, well-fed face and made no answer. "Well?" he prodded, impatiently.

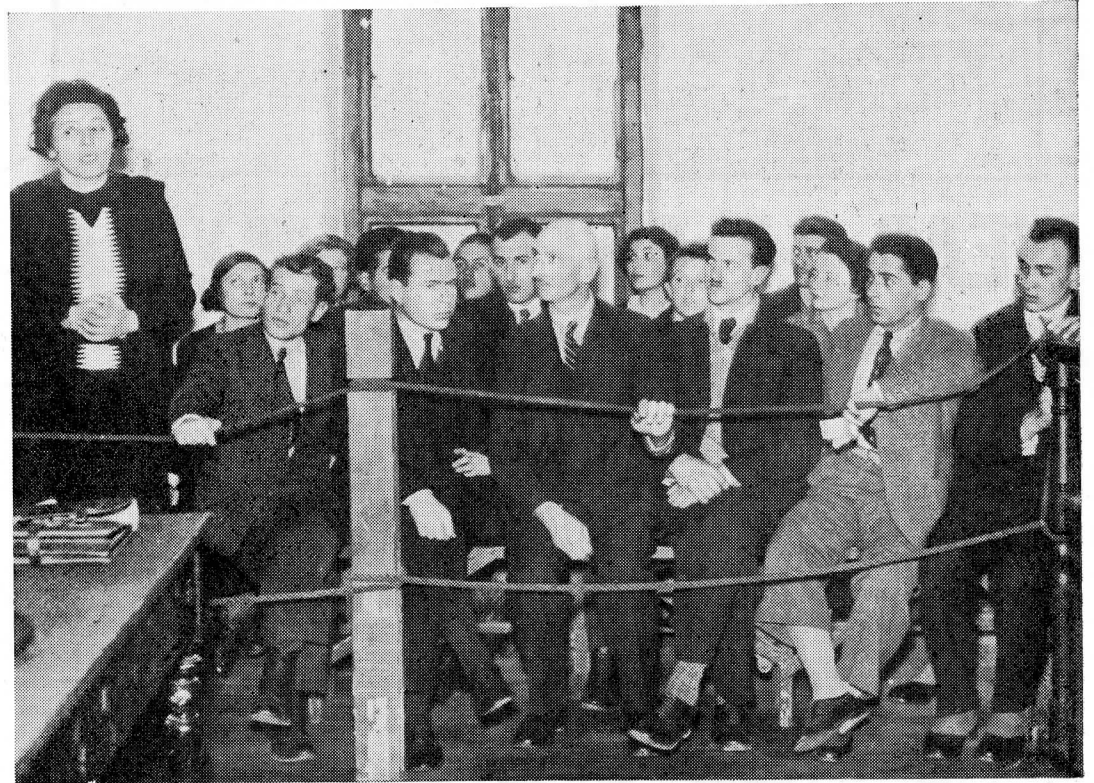
"No, no," the words suddenly forced themselves out between Yukiko's teeth. "This daughter you'll never get—never, never! You robber! you murderer!"

Yukiko's features worked terribly; with clenched fists she threw herself upon Simado. Before he could gather his wits, Yukiko had slammed him hard in the jaw.

Simado took to his heels, but the frenzied Yukiko followed him into the courtyard. Beyond herself, she grabbed a threshing flail nearby and lashed blindly out at Simado.

Alarmed by Yukiko's screams, many neighbors came rushing in. Horrified they stared at Simado's dead body. Yukiko stood there immovable as a statue. Then she pulled herself together and began to speak to the crowd of villagers gathered in her courtyard.

"Dear men and women, I have killed a wild beast. A beast who preyed on our children. I have killed an animal who robbed us of our heart's blood on orders from his masters. Do



The woman in this picture is a heroine from another corner of the globe. She is Anna Pauker, of Rumania, fighter for freedom and justice shown here in a Rumanian court room where she is on trial for her life.

crooked dark huts, wherever there were young girls. This time he did not lure the peasants on with sugary promises. He merely said shortly—"40 yen."

This year he knew had been an even harder one. The sons were at the front in Manchuria. On account of the war, taxes were still higher than in the year before. Many peasant families kept themselves alive on tree bark, straw, or at best sour-grass. Selling a daughter meant getting rid of one more eater.

Fathers and mothers in Sasaya bowed their heads low and said "Give the money."

you remember how my orange blossom, Okee, died? Who killed her? This beast and his masters. A year ago I received the blue letter with the news that my son Yusio had died in the battle of Fenshi, on the Manchurian front. Who killed him? Wild beasts of prey, like himself. Well, he came again and thought he could take my last child, my Ogoshi, and lead her too to the slaughter house."

The peasants dispersed in silence. When the gendarme came for Yukiko a few hours later, she was gone. Nor could her daughter Ogoshi be found.



# VOICES FROM PRISON

**We do think it's long enough.**

I received today the money which I highly appreciated.

I got to buy some underwear.

In your opinion, do you really believe I will ever be free again? It sure don't seem like it to me. I been in jail so long just for nothing until it is about to run me insane. I can't make it another year in this awful place. I have already been in five years. Don't you think that's long enough to stay in jail for nothing? Why sure it is. Will the case come up next month really? I hope so. I am sick of the mess now. I am getting to the place I can't eat or sleep worth nothing. I wish you all would try to get state troops to protect we boys when we will be transferred to trial. I am afraid to be with those sheriffs alone. I don't want to lose my life on no road side or by no mob. I want to live and get home with my mother. Oh well—give my regards to all.

Olen Montgomery  
One of the Scottsboro boys

## WEAR a FLOWER on MAY DAY for LABOR'S PRISONERS

By ROSE BARON

In a few short weeks, May Day will be heard again. A very important May Day this year—the fiftieth in the history of the international working class. Streets all over the world will be filled with the sound of marching feet of millions of workers celebrating labor's holiday.

But this year scores of thousands will not march. They may not even hear the echoes of the parades, they certainly will not see the banners. They are hidden away, buried alive behind high stone walls and steel bars.

These men and women—labor's prisoners—whether they are in Germany's concentration camps, China's dungeons, Poland's torture chambers, or in America's "scientific" penitentiaries will wake on the morning of May 1, feeling that this is not just another day. The minds of these men and women who gave their freedom in labor's cause will escape their jailers—they will be out on the streets following in their minds' eye the May Day demonstrations and parades.

And we want them to see one thing especially. We want them to see that they are remembered by the marchers—that they are not forgotten.

Years ago a method was devised, revived once more in May Day 1935 with considerable success in New York City—to help labor's prisoners celebrate labor's holiday. Live flowers were sold to the paraders, by men and women wearing sashes proclaiming that the funds from these flowers were to go for the support of political prisoners and their families.

Hundreds of the most beautiful red roses decorated the button holes of New York's May Day marchers last year—each of them with a little tag saying—"Help Labor's Prisoners."

This year the Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D. has already reminded its assistants and co-workers throughout the country about this splendid tradition, and asked them to get on the job at once organizing the sale of flowers for labor's neediest—our political prisoners and their families.

To you readers of the Labor Defender we want to appeal to do your bit on May Day by buying and wearing a flower for those behind the bars; and one more thing—flood America's jails and penitentiaries with May Day greetings. Show them that they are remembered—that you will think of them on labor's international holiday.

### A Spanish prisoner in America rejoices

Thank you for the inspiring news contained in the last news letter. The glorious results of the Spanish election coupled with the wonderful progress being made the world over leaves little room for anything else in one's mind. Please allow me once again to thank you for the good news and believe me to be your friend always.

John Diaz, serving an 18 months sentence prior to deportation to Spain.

### Help us help her.

I received the letter and the money and was very glad to hear from you. The money comes in so handy. The relief I finally got from the county has been cut from \$4.50 each week to \$3.50. You can easily see that I have very little and know how to appreciate everything I get.

I have been sick all winter, mostly in bed, and have not been able to do my own house

work. But I feel some better now. The children are all well and three are in school.

Mrs. Edith Mullins—mother of five children.

Her husband is serving a sentence of 99 years in West Virginia.

### Can you do what he asks?

Will write just a few lines to thank you for your help. I received your money order. Sure was glad to get it. I have been transferred from Raleigh to the address above. While I was in Raleigh I couldn't write but twice each month so therefore I could not answer your letter but now I can write most anytime. Again I thank you for your support. It is highly appreciated.

Excuse all the mistakes and writing. I like to get all the news you send me. I am not begging but if you have any magazines you could send I would be glad to have them but if you don't send any I won't be disappointed.

Tom Canipe, Camp 512, Whittier, N. C.  
Burlington textile worker—one of the five victims of the dynamite plot.

### "Gosh, it's nice."

Well things with me are just the same. I guess all the women wish it was Woman's Day all the time and not only on March 8. I remember in Gallup in the year of 1934 and up to last year we celebrated Woman's Day. We sure had a good time then, but now we are not so free to do so. But we never forget it and never will. I wish things were here like in the Soviet Union. I have been reading a lot of books about the ways they do in the Soviet Union. Gosh, it's nice. Maybe some day we will have that liberty here. Maybe we won't live to see it, but I do hope our children will.

My children and I go every Saturday to see Juan. He is in the very best of health. He looks well and I ask him for the other two. They are all right and they are being treated pretty good—get plenty to eat and clean clothes every week.

Mrs. Juan Ochoa, whose husband is serving a 45 to 60 year sentence at hard labor in New Mexico—a Gallup miner.

### You can bet your boots!

Lack of time is no excuse for not writing oftener. We have plenty of it. But there is so little of interest that we "can" write about that we just fall into the habit of neglecting this most important duty. The money order comes through regularly, and you can rest assured that it is a great comfort to all of us. It enables us to purchase essential things to supplement the regular prison fare. In this respect it is indeed most welcome.

Our health is as good as can be expected under prison conditions. Of course we all suffered from colds, but now that spring is here we are feeling better.

My birthday falls on the third of this month. I will be 36. Speaking of dates however reminds us that April 27, will be our first year in prison. No doubt you have al-

ready been informed that we go before the Parole Board also, about the middle of April.

The I.L.D. has kept us well supplied with newspapers, among them the Portland Oregonian. Through this paper, we became acquainted with Walter Baer and followed him from Portland to New York. I haven't read anything more tragic since the narrow escape of Ozie Powell and his companions.

To add insult to injury the very people who insist that Baer must leave; welcomed Emden a short while later.

Certainly there can be no warm welcome awaiting him in the Third Reich, when the Fuehrer is expelling its finest citizens and hiding many other in "protective custody" including one of the very best Ernst T.

But the days of the Third Reich are numbered. There is much blood on the Fuehrer's boots. The vast majority of the people are beginning to resent this nauseating sight. Soon they will decide to replace the boots with new ones and with a new Fuehrer in them. The one who has suffered so long—Ernst T. (The writer is of course referring to Ernst Thaelmann, Ed.) So tell Walter Baer to keep his fine spirit. He has little to look forward to now, but much to expect in the future—a decent country to live in. Baer made a courageous stand and we greatly admire him for it. He has set a fine example for others. If you should see him again please convey our best regards and tell him that he is not



One of our wards—Mrs. Ethel Norman and her son Frankie. Her husband, Frank Norman was kidnapped and murdered by the Florida K.K.K.—The same gang that killed Shoemaker.

alone with his problems, that we too share them with him. A. Hougardy No. 57590  
Serving one to 14 years in San Quentin for "criminal syndicalism."

### We know how mothers worry.

Received your most welcome letter a few days ago and was happy to hear from you again. I was very glad to hear and know that my mother wrote to you and that you wrote to her. A letter now and then to her sure makes her stop worrying. I guess you know how mothers are. I didn't hear nothing new concerning our appeal yet.

I am still in the best of spirits and so are the rest of the boys. The Women's Auxiliary of the ILA was over to see us. We had quite a talk of the different movements that are happening on the outside. They worked very hard in the last few months in our behalf.

The Defense Fund is coming on nicely. The secretary was over to see me about a week ago and told me that the crews of various ships are donating as much as they can.

Souza

One of the Modesto Boys.

### No. 31921

I remember one night as Tom Mooney and myself sat just outside the walls of San Quentin, quietly watching the new moon rise in all her splendor out of San Francisco Bay, and dreaming, as all the imprisoned do, of freedom; that I asked him if he did not feel just a little embittered toward the persons responsible for his long unjust incarceration, to which he replied:

"No, my bitterness is all directed toward the system of government which makes these things possible."

*He once was young  
He now is old  
From him the ghouls have wrung  
The price in blood a thousand-fold.*

*His cell walls represent  
The end-ring of our binding chain  
And a dying system's last descent  
Into oblivion, never to rise again.*

*He tarries for you, Comrades, and me  
Should his eyes, his faith grow dim?  
In Soviet America to be  
What do we for him?*

—R. L. K. FORMERLY 39821



## YOUNG DEFENDERS CORNER

After waiting anxiously for last months Labor Defender I found to my sorrow that the Young Defenders Corner was gone. I guess the reason is that nobody sends in anything. I think with all the terror increasing more and more every day there should be more than enough for the children to write. And when fathers with five or six children go out on strike they are beaten until death then the children must starve. Then when people go on a hunger march to the capital they are

tarred and feathered by mobs. Don't you call that something to write about? My only wish is that we get the Young Defender's Corner back.

Doris Stetson, Age 10.

A group of Young Defenders in Sunnyside, Long Island with 28 members wants to hear from other groups. They can be written to care of this corner.



**One of our wards—Mrs. Ethel Norman and her son Frankie. Her husband, Frank Norman was kidnapped and murdered by the Florida K.K.K.—The same gang that killed Shoemaker.**

## CHAINS OF PROGRESS

By **KEN FOSTER**

And so Bre'er Rabbit tucked all the little rabbits in bed and kissing them on their pretty pink noses wished them a pleasant good night. No, my friends, this column has not turned into a nursery department. The above is only a sample of what the workers are allowed to study in the Adult Educational Project in Georgia under our old friend Governor Eugene Talmadge. "Our Gene" has decided that a study of economics and the social sciences might not only put ideas in the workers heads but would also tend to make them despondent so he decrees that they shall confine their studies to the works of Remus. Imagine the ecstasy a hungry man must feel when he reads how Bunny Twinklenose and Jolly Gopher played in the sunny fields. At this rate Georgia will soon be known as the State of Seven Fables.

The Gentleman from Georgia has been trying for some time to garner the state treasury into a one-man checking account as a step towards becoming the first dictator to wear red suspenders and chew tobacco but, for the first time in history, the banks have acted wisely and refused to honor his checks. So the red-suspender menace has been checked.

Governor Alfred (Call-Me-Alf) Landon, the gentleman from Kansas who is running for president on the Hearstocracy platform, is still running around the country like a bull in a china shop and spilling hot air right and left. A careful analysis of his speeches will convince anyone that William Randolph Hearst is a ventriloquist of professional standing. I have heard many such performers but have never seen one that could make a dummy perform better.

Once upon a time a man was elected mayor of New York City mainly because he had been a very active radical. This man had even gone out on a picket line and helped picket. That man is still the mayor but otherwise he is not the same man for it was he who ordered the Health Department to serve as strike breakers in the elevator strike, on the grounds that it was endangering the health of apartment house dwellers. From the looks of the stomachs on some such dwellers, especially along Park Ave., I rather think it would be a better health measure if they were forced to walk up and down stairs.

However La Guardia remembered the coming elections and a few days later personally refused to ride with a strike breaker on an elevator. You can readily imagine what a blow that was to Big Industry.

Sheriff Sandlin, who shot Ozzie Powell, failed to get his story properly fixed with the deputies and the result was that there were three different and highly original stories told about the incident. However, it was all the same to the Honorable Court. So still the rape of Justice goes on. All of this should raise our voices still higher, **THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS WILL BE SAVED!**

## GHOSTS OF CENTRALIA WALK AGAIN

(Continued from Page 4)

though there were some who did. It was the legionnaires I was afraid of. I found out afterward they got four dollars a day for parading around the corridors in uniform.— This bailiff, Mr. Ball spoke of—he was in the confidence of the prosecution. Vanderveer had tried to have him removed. . . . We made a terrible mistake!"

Fair-minded persons all over the country have wondered: "Why is the State of Washington afraid to re-try the Centralia case?"

In 1919, the coroner in Lewis County held an inquest over the bodies of Warren O. Grimm, Dale Hubbard, Ben Casagranda, and Arthur McElfresh, the legionnaires who were killed in the raid on the I.W.W. hall. But they held no inquiry over the mutilated and

bullet-riddled body of Wesley Everest, the worker who was hanged to a crossbeam of the Chehalis River Bridge—or if such an inquiry was held, *the record has never been found.*

Irvin M. Goodman, of the International Labor Defense, young labor attorney well-known in the Northwest for his spirited defense of the Juneau miners, is handling the legal end of the Becker case. Questioned as to the next move to be taken in his client's behalf, he said, "We haven't decided yet; we may 'appeal' or we may ask the governor for a commutation of sentence."

But whether he appeals or whether he "goes to the governor," it is time for an aroused public opinion to demand Ray Becker's release from his prison cell *and the placing there, in his stead, of the known murderers of Wesley Everest.*

## UNITY FOR LABOR'S PRISONERS

(Continued from Page 5)

over his head—the list grows longer daily.

From every side the call for organized defense grows louder and more insistent—from the longshoremen on every coast, from the miners, smelters, cannery workers, textile hands, etc.

From every side the need for relief to the wives and children of labor's prisoners, for some assurance that they will not starve or go homeless, becomes more pressing.

For almost eleven years now the International Labor Defense has tried to answer these calls, has made very effort to shoulder the burden of this grave responsibility of organizing the forces of defense and relief for labor's prisoners. Every year as the terror reached out into broader sections of the American population the responsibilities of defense and financial support to Labor's Prisoners grew heavier.

Today with the front of attack against workers, farmers, middle class people wider than it ever was before, the necessity for widening the front of defense and relief is imperative.

The I.L.D. has for many months now advanced the slogan—one permanent powerful united defense organization in the United States; one powerful bulwark against the menace of fascism at home and abroad. The I.L.D. has worked consistently for united action on the defense field and can record splendid achievements in the case of Angelo Herndon. It has further advanced the cause of unity in the Scottsboro, Sacramento and Gallup cases through the formation of representative committees as well as by giving sustained support to the Mooney, Tampa, Terre Haute and other cases conducted by other organizations. The I.L.D. is convinced of the burning necessity of uniting the forces of all organizations, all individuals that hold liberty and justice dear.

The I.L.D. today is determined to strengthen its forces, solidify its own ranks, to double its energy in the field of defense and relief as it marches forward towards this unity. It pledges to stand ready as ever before to champion the cause of workers persecuted for their labor activity, because of their nationality or color, because of their insistence

on the right to live. It pledges to continue to build the united front, in defense of men and women who fall victim to the program of the reactionaries at home and abroad.

It pledges to strengthen its apparatus for collecting and providing relief to the wives and children of those behind the bars in labor's cause; to see that they are cared for, that their homes are not destroyed until the breadwinner of the family is restored to them once more. It pledges never to allow labor's prisoners to be forgotten in their cells behind high stone walls, to make their voices heard throughout the land, to make their days a little easier to bear by constant messages and signs of solidarity, by distributing the "*Help Labor's Prisoners*"—10c Stamp among hundreds of thousands of Americans.

Labor Defense is one of the sharpest needs of American labor in this critical moment in our national life—one powerful united organization is the only adequate answer to these needs. The National Executive Committee of the I.L.D. stands committed to the pledge to build such an organization. It is convinced that the American people will support this program and will rally to the aid of labor's prisoners and their families.

## ANGELO HERNDON

(Continued from Page 8)

*The Negro Worker:* from black . . . from white I got a letter— but how can I go tell me, how can I go

*The Workers:* son, we're getting together o son, son, we're getting together—no shot gun—no pistol—can blow us down

Getting Together!

no bosses  
lock you from us

Getting Together!

america's builders

Getting Together!

starving millions  
**GETTING TOGETHER!**  
break your chains  
smash your cell  
claim your  
free you  
**ANGELO HERNDON!**

Are you one of those people  
who want

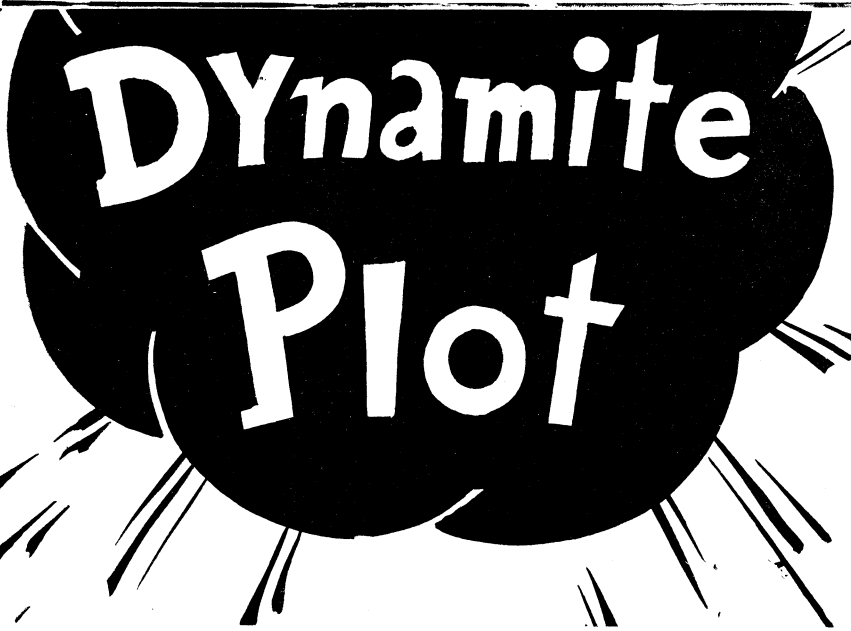
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about what is happening  
on the defense front?

● Do you want **FACTS**  
about  
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**TERROR**



DO  
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the  
**TRUTH**  
about  
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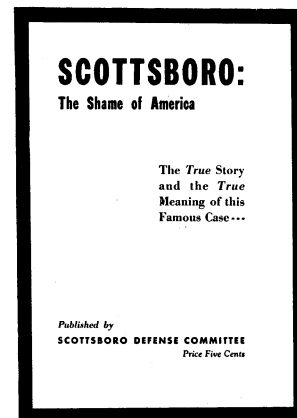
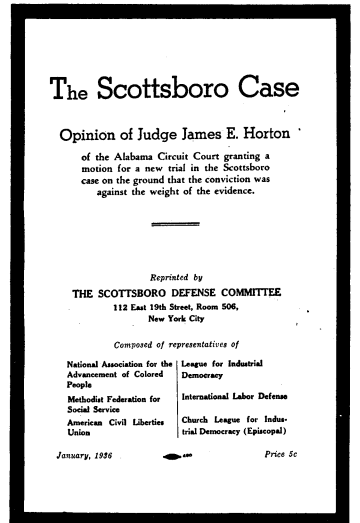
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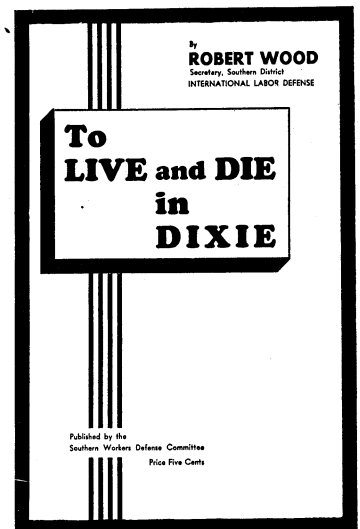
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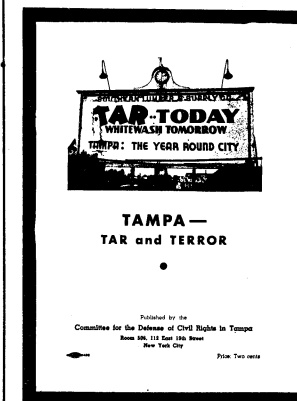
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have doubts  
about the in-  
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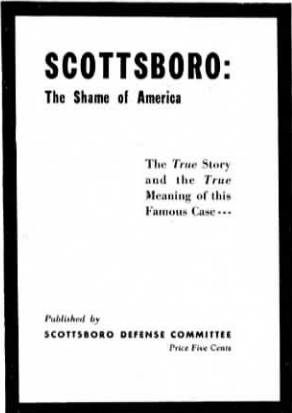
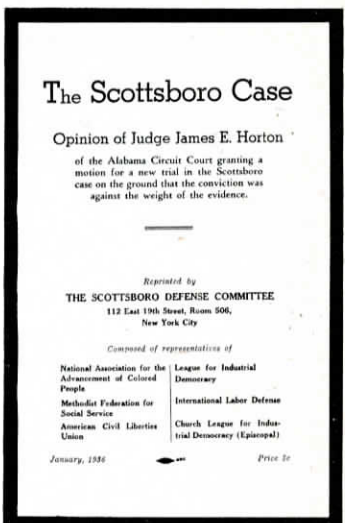
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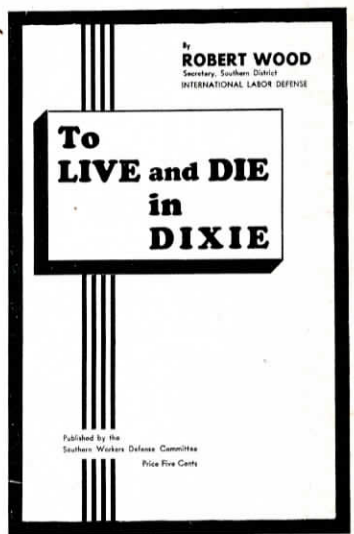
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