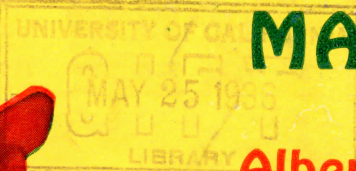


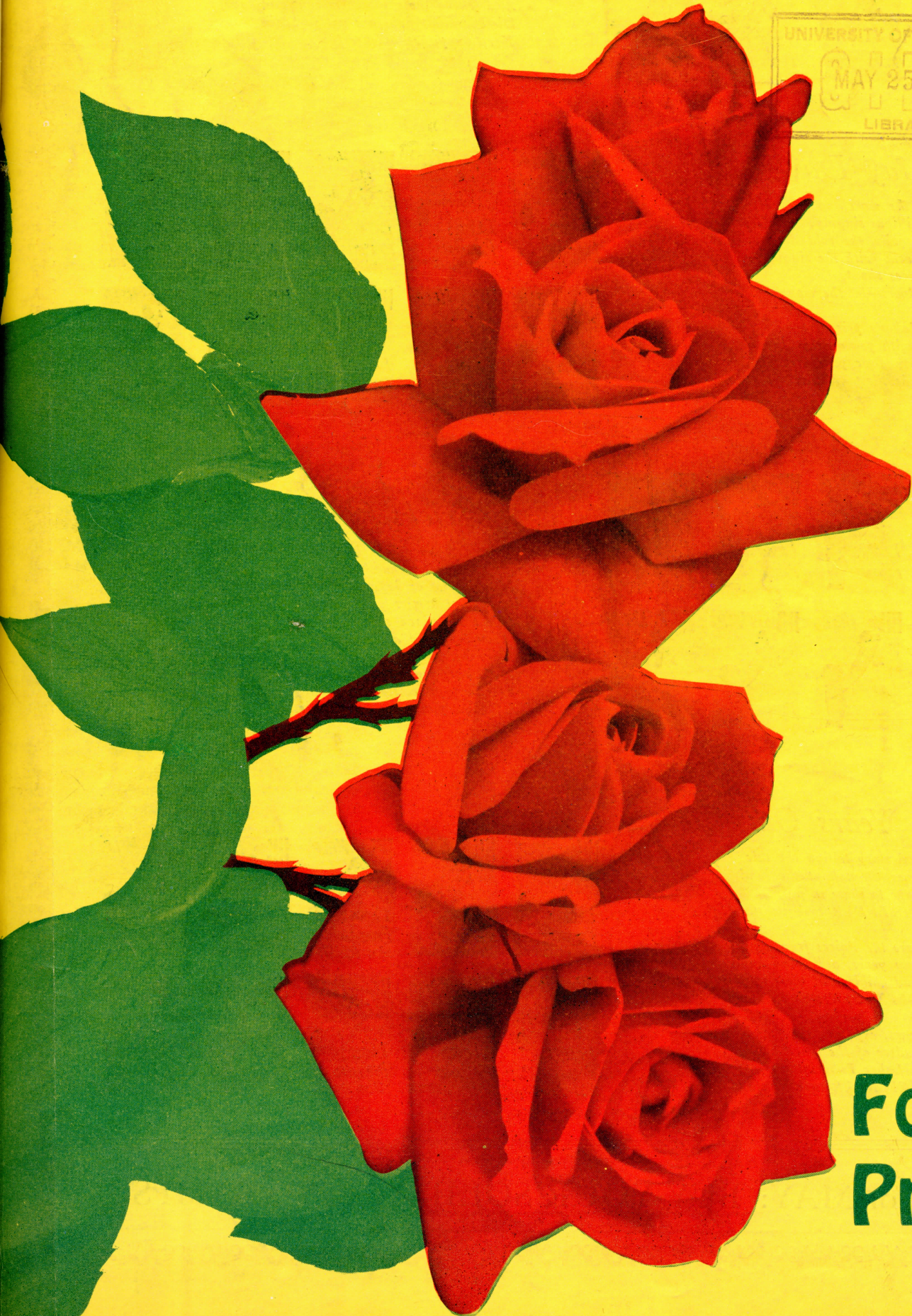


LABOR DEFENDER

MAY, 1936



**Albert Parsons
Nathan Asch
Tom Mooney
Liam O'Flaherty
C. A. Hathaway
Heywood Broun
Chester A. Arthur
Bill Haywood**



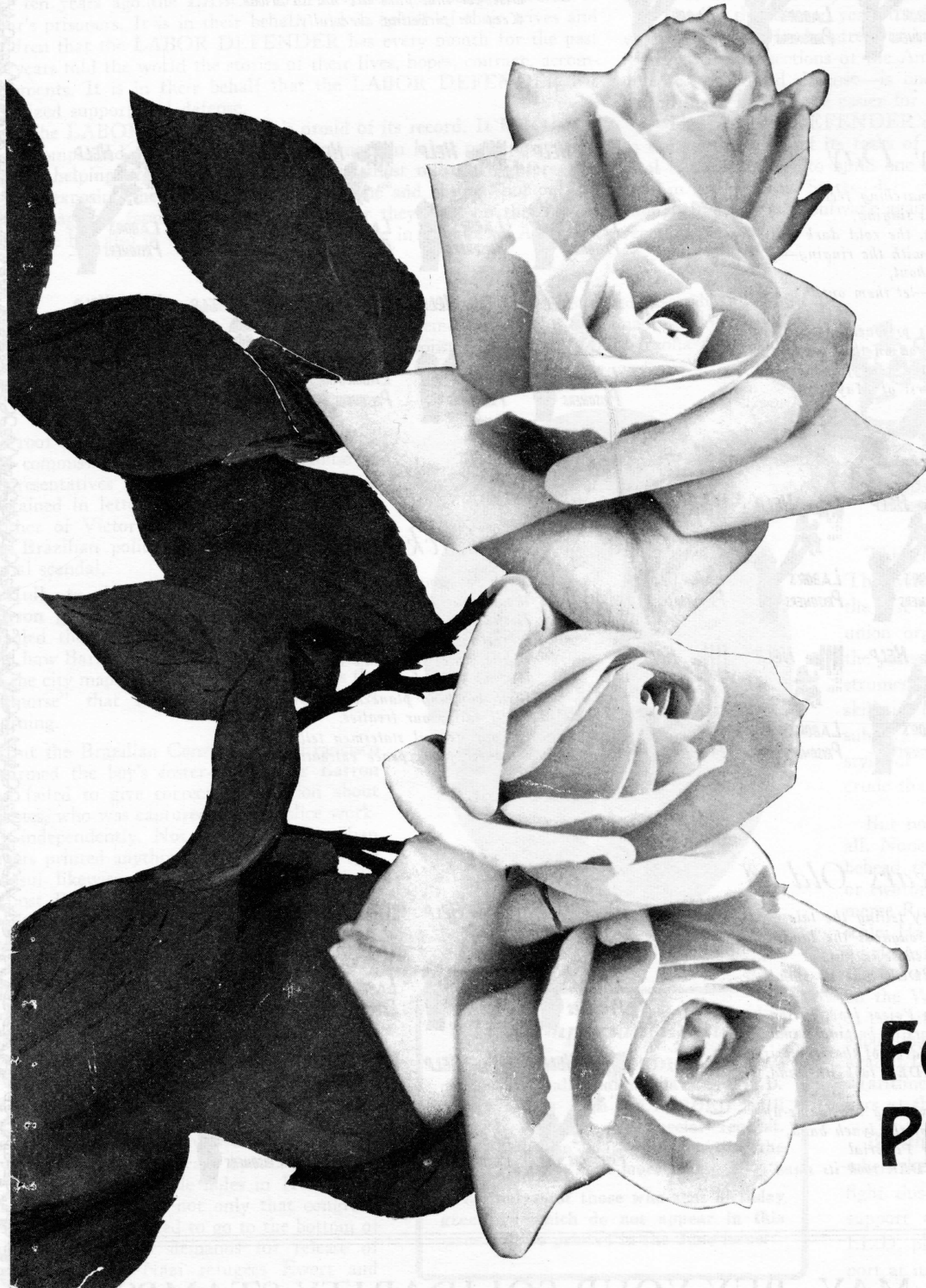
**For Labor's
Prisoners**



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**For Labor's
Prisoners**

ALMANAC



"Mutiny"

*With sailors striking all over the seas,
Secretary Roper's seeing Red,
Heeding the shipowners' frantic pleas,
He's calling it "mutiny" instead,
Roper won't call a spade a spade
And mumbles of "safety at sea"
While seamen, not easily dismayed,
And letting the shipowners rant and rave,
Discover that finks are not so brave
Keep on picketing cheerfully.*

May Day

*The thunder of the marching feet
The sound of millions singing,
Reaches the jails, the cold dark cells,
Steel cages echo with the ringing—
As a million voices shout,
"Open the jail doors—let them out!"*

*Labor's heroes, labor's prisoners—
Our hearts are with you on this day.
It was for us you gave your freedom.
Greetings—on this First of May!*



Tricks from Tokio

*Don't let your right hand know
What your left hand does
Is the motto of Japan.
If restless armies go
While statesmen stand and fuss
It's not part of a plan.
With bombing plane and shell
We'll ratify our treaties.
Let our genteel statesmen tell
Of their pious peace entreaties.*

Ten Years Old

*With picture and story telling the tale
Of labor's defense throughout the land,
A message of hope to those in jail,
The LABOR DEFENDER took its stand.*

*For ten long years the Voices from Prison
Through ten long years, a helping hand
For the wives and children of those in prison.
The LABOR DEFENDER took its stand.*

*For ten long years, exposing the frame-up
Exposing the leaders of the lynch band,
America's Only Labor Pictorial
The LABOR DEFENDER took its stand.*



Reminder for MAY: BUY YOUR SOLIDARITY STAMPS

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LABOR DEFENDER

Published monthly by the

INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE

Editor:
SASHA SMALL

Pacific Coast Editor:
CHESTER A. ARTHUR, JR.

Editorial Board:
NATHAN ASCH
LOUIS COLMAN
ANNA DAMON
JOSEPH FREEMAN
JERRE MANGIONE
ROBERT MINOR

MAURICE ROSENFELD
WALTER WILSON
Contributing Editors:
JACK CONROY
LANGSTON HUGHES
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON
WALDO FRANK

We Are Ten Years Old

Every May Day since its first appearance on the American scene just ten years ago the LABOR DEFENDER has been dedicated to labor's prisoners. It is in their behalf, and in behalf of their wives and children that the LABOR DEFENDER has every month for the past ten years told the world the stories of their lives, hopes, courage, accomplishments. It is in their behalf that the LABOR DEFENDER has mobilized support and defense.

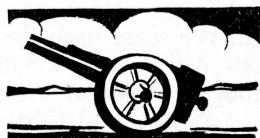
The LABOR DEFENDER is proud of its record. It feels that it has accomplished a great service to the American labor movement—not only in helping organize the defense of its most militant fighters, not only in exposing the frame-up system at home and abroad, not only in fighting against fascism and terror wherever they exist on the face of the globe but also in keeping alive the struggle in defense of America's

most glorious traditions—traditions of civil liberties, of democratic rights, of the right of asylum, the right to organize, the right to live.

During the last ten years the LABOR DEFENDER has aided in winning freedom for hundreds of innocent victims of ruling class justice, it has awakened sections of the American people to the realization that defense—organized defense—is one of their most vital needs; it has helped make life a little easier for labor's prisoners and their families.

The LABOR DEFENDER dedicates the next ten years of its life to the continuation of its tasks of the past, but more especially to the vital task of helping to build one united, permanent, defense organization in the United States—broad enough, broad enough and powerful enough to stand as a bulwark against the menace of fascism, terror and reaction.

Caught Redhanded



Proof that Secretary Hull lied by omission and commission in his letter to the House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee is contained in letters and documents from the mother of Victor Barron, whose murder by the Brazilian police has become an international scandal.

Hull—to give color to the fairy tale that Barron gave information to the police that enabled them to arrest Luis Carlos Prestes, told how Barron had "pointed to the exact spot on the city map." From this, Hull explains the "remorse" that led to "suicide" the next morning.

But the Brazilian Consul in San Francisco informed the boy's foster-father that Barron had failed to give correct information about Prestes, who was captured by the police working independently. Not one of the Brazilian papers printed anything of a "city map." The Consul likewise said there were no charges against Barron, he was held only for information. Hull tries to make it appear differently.

Young Barron's mother was informed on March 5, by a letter from the California Congressman, Albert E. Carter, that—"the State Department stated to me it (Barron's death) was better than what would have followed the trial." There being no charges, there could be no trial and Hull either lied to the House Committee or to Congressman Carter. Likewise, what worse could have followed any trial than death by torture?

There are other wide holes in Hull's "explanation." We urge not only that congressmen be pointedly asked to go to the bottom of this case; but that demands for release of Prestes, the anti-Nazi refugees Ewert and

wife; general amnesty and re-establishment of democratic rights, be made upon Brazilian consuls and Ambassador Aranha at Washington.



Luis Carlos Prestes in his youth



The Frame Up of the Century

This country has had plenty of frame-ups. The system was invented back in the '70's of the last century to smash the growing trade union organizations of the people. Through the years, those who have found it a useful instrument in their behalf, have developed great skill in manipulating it. They have gained subtlety and some imagination. Frame-ups, style of 1935 and 1936, are somewhat less crude than they used to be.

But now comes a frame-up that tops them all. None of your measly, sniping attempts to behead trade unions, strikes, by framing one or two or even ten leaders. Secretary of Commerce Roper believes in doing things on a big scale. He is ready to frame a whole union—a whole federation of unions—in order to meet the growing demands of the open shop forces on the West, East, and Gulf Coast. Mutiny in port, mutiny on the high seas, sabotage, insubordination and what not are being charged against the militant membership of the Pacific Maritime Federation in particular and members of the seamen's unions in general.

But the seamen know the frame-up system when they see it and they're closing ranks to fight this latest onslaught. They deserve the support of every friend of labor and the I.L.D. pledges every available means of support at its command in their behalf.

Two Important Notices

1. The LABOR DEFENDER sub drive contest for all individuals and I.L.D. branches has been EXTENDED until June 1—midnight—by special request. Participants in many Sections of the country want a little more time.
2. All names of those who sent birthday greetings which do not appear in this issue will be printed in the June issue.

THE DAY HAS COME

Fifty years ago five men died upon the gallows in Chicago, martyrs to the growing unity and organization of the American labor movement. Their lives were dedicated to that movement. They helped create labor's international holiday—May Day—first celebrated on May 1, 1886. The words on these pages were spoken just before they were sentenced to death. They tell the whole story of MAY DAY.

By ALBERT R. PARSONS

law, those whose obligation it is to the people to obey the law and preserve order—I charge upon them a willful, a malicious, a purposed violation of every law which guarantees every right to every American citizen.

They have violated free speech, in the prosecution of this case. They have violated free press. They have violated the right of public assembly. Yea, they have even violated and denounced the right of self-defense. I charge the crime home to them. These great blood-bought rights, for which our forefathers spent centuries of struggle, it is attempted to run them like rats into a hole by the prosecution in this case. Why, gentlemen, "*law is upon trial*," "*Government is upon trial*," indeed.

Yea, they are themselves guilty of the precise thing of which they accuse me. They say I am an Anarchist and refuse to respect the law. "*By their works ye shall know them*," and out of their own mouths they stand condemned. They are the real Anarchists in this case, as that word is commonly understood, while we stand upon the constitution of the United States.

I have violated no law of this country. Neither I nor my colleagues here have violated any legal right of American citizens. We stand upon the right of free speech, free press, of public assemblage, unmolested and undisturbed. We stand upon the constitutional right of self defense and we defy the prosecution to rob the people of these dearly bought rights.

"Do you think, gentlemen of the prosecution, that you will have settled this case when you carry my lifeless bones to the potter's field? I tell you there is yet a greater verdict to be heard from. The American people will have something to say about this attempt to destroy their rights, which they hold sacred. The American people will have something to say when they understand this case, as to whether or not the constitution of this country can be trampled under foot at the dictation of monopoly and corporations and their hired tools. . . . The trade and labor unions of the United States and Canada having set apart the 1st day of May, 1886 to inaugurate the eight hour system, I did all in my power to assist the movement.

Your honor says that there can be no question in the mind of any one who has read our articles or heard our speeches, which were written and spoken long before the eight hour movement was talked of, that this movement which they advocated was but a means to



For the past twenty years my life has been closely identified with, and I have actively participated in what is known as the labor movement in America. Your honor, I have, as a workingman espoused what I conceive to be the just claims of the working class; I have defended their right to liberty and insisted upon their right to control their own labor and the fruits thereof.

Now, I stand here as one of the people, a common man, a workingman, one of the masses, and I ask that you give ear to what I have to say. You stand as a bulwark; you are here as a representative of justice, holding the poised scales in your hands. You are expected to look neither to the right nor to the left, but to that by which justice, and justice, alone, shall be subserved.

I maintain that our execution, as the matter stands now, would be a judicial murder, rank and foul, and judicial murder is far more infamous than lynch law—far worse. Bear in mind, please, this trial was conducted by a mob, prosecuted by a mob, by the shrieks and howls of a mob—an organized, powerful mob. But that trial is over now. You sit here judicially, calmly, quietly, and it is now for you to look at this thing from the standpoint of reason and common sense.

We were told by the prosecution that law is on trial; that government is on trial. That is what the gentlemen on the other side stated to the jury. The law is on trial, the Government is on trial. Well, up to near the conclusion of this trial we, the defendants, supposed that we were indicted and being tried for murder. Now, if the law is on trial and if the Government is on trial, who has placed it on trial? And I leave it to the people of America, whether the prosecution in this case and I charge it here now frankly that in order to bring about this conviction, the representatives of the State, the sworn officers of the



Pictures on this page: Top: The monument beneath which the Haymarket martyrs rest. The legend reads: "The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today." Center: Albert Parsons and August Spies. Right: Mrs. Viola Montgomery, Scottsboro mother, Lucy Parsons, widow of Albert Parsons, and Mother Mary Mooney lay a wreath at the Haymarket monument in Chicago.



wards an end, and that the movement itself was not primarily of any consideration at all.

It is not fair and it is not right for you to conclude that, from the showing made by these gentlemen, we were not what we pretended to be in this labor movement. Take the record.

Why, I am well known throughout the United States for years and years past—my name is—and I have come in personal contact with hundreds upon thousands of workingmen from Nebraska in the west to New York in the East, and from Maryland to Wisconsin and Minnesota. I have traversed the States

for the past ten years, and I am known by hundreds of thousands who have seen and heard me.

Now, if there is anything for which I am well known it is my advocacy of the eight hour system of labor. But because I have said in this connection that I did not believe it would be possible to bring about a reform of this present wage system, because of the fact that the power of the employing class is so great that they can refuse to make any concessions, you say that I had no interest in the eight hour movement.

What are the facts about the Haymarket

or fifteen men. It was about 8:30 when we opened—I guess is was. We stayed there about half an hour. We settled our business. About the time we were through with it a committee came from the Haymarket saying: "Nobody is there by Spies. There is an awful big crowd, 3,000 or 4,000 people. For God's sake send somebody over. Come over, Parsons, come over Fielden." Well, we went there. Our meeting was adjourned and we all went over there together—all of us; my wife, Mrs. Holmes, two other ladies, and my two little children, went over to the Haymarket meeting. *And these ladies sat ten feet behind*

Parsons' Farewell to his Children

Dungeon No. 7
Cook County Jail
Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 9, 1887

To My Darling, Precious Little Children
Albert R. Parsons, Jr. and his
sister, Lulu Eda Parsons.

As I write this word, I blot your names with a tear. We never meet again. Oh, my children, how deeply, dearly, your Papa loves you. We show our love by living for our loved ones, we also prove our love by dying when necessary for them. Of my life and the causes of my untimely death you will learn from others. Your Father is a self-offered sacrifice upon the Altar of Liberty and Happiness. To you I leave the legacy of an honest name and duty done. Preserve it, emulate it. Be true to yourselves. You cannot then be false to others. Be industrious, sober and cheerful. Your Mother! Ah, she is the grandest, noblest of women. Love, honor and obey her. My children, my precious ones, I request that you read this parting message on each recurring anniversary of my Death in remembrance of him who dies not alone for you, but for children yet unborn.

Farewell, Your
Father. Albert R. Parsons.



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
Heumarkt, Randolph-Strasse, zwischen
Desplaines u. Halsted-Str.

Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schussenschied der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoss, gezeihen.

Das Exekutiv-Comité.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—II.

Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

meeting? A meeting at 107 Fifth Avenue had already been called, and a half past 7 o'clock I left home with my wife, Mrs. Holmes and the children. We got to Halsted street. Two reporters seeing me thought there was a chance to get an item and came over to me—the *Times* man and the *Tribune* man, I forget their names.

"Hello, Parsons, what is the news?" says one.

"I don't know anything."

"Going to be a meeting here tonight."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Going to speak?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"I have got another meeting on hand tonight."

And some playful remark was made. I slapped one of them on the back. I was well acquainted with the men and we made one or two brief remarks—as they testified on the stand—I got on the car right then and there with my wife and two children, in company with Mrs. Holmes. I took the car, and they saw that. I went down to Fifth Avenue. When I got down there I found four or five ladies there and about—well, probably, twelve

the wagon from which I spoke.

Your honor, is it possible that a man would go into the dynamite bomb-business under those conditions and those circumstances? It is incredible. It is beyond human nature to believe such a thing possible.

I called upon the people assembled to unite, to organize to make every endeavor to obtain eight hours; that the eight hour movement meant a peaceful solution of the labor trouble; that if the employers of this and all other countries would concede this demand it meant peace, if they refused it meant war, not by the working classes, not by the laborers, but by the corporations and the monopolists upon the lives, liberty and the happiness of the working people. I said that the Government in the hands of the corporations and the monopolies deprived the laborers of their labor product, of their right to live, and was driving labor into open revolt and forcing people to defend themselves and to protect and maintain their right to self preservation. I then appealed to them to defend themselves, their rights, and their liberties—to combine, to unite, for in union there was strength. That, gentlemen was the substance of my one hour speech at the Haymarket.

PREPAREDNESS-War's Dress Rehearsal



"We must be prepared," shouted the captains of industry in 1916.

By
**TOM
MOONEY**

A new institution has sprung into activity. Its purpose is primarily the making of profits out of the war game, out of the wholesale slaughter of the workers by the workers, with the instruments of their own creation. But in order to have this war game carried out to the success of those who benefit from it, the opposing sides in the game must be somewhat equally matched, for duration, because the longer the game goes on the more profits the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Du Pont Powder Company and the rest of their ilk, make out of the spilling of the workers' blood.

The Pacific Coast Defense League has a mission in this game. It plays the part of doctor, and it also has the aid of many specialists for the purpose of curing the sick and fast dying militia. Among them, and chief in importance, are two labor specialists: Andrew J. Gallagher, past president San Francisco Labor Council, and Tom Finn, Union Labor Sheriff and member of the Stablemen's Union. The former is cabinet chairman of the League's labor committee; the latter, cabinet chairman of the publicity committee. These posts have been allotted to labor, as labor is the determining factor in this war business; it either makes it or breaks it. The next most important post in the cabinet is filled by E. W. Wilson, president of the International Banking Corporation. He is chairman of finance and the treasurer of the League. The International Banking Corporation, comparatively of recent origin, is one of the most gigantic financial combines ever formed in the world.

Twenty years ago America's war mongers began preparing this country for entrance into the World War. Among the voices raised in warning was that of labor's champion, Tom Mooney. This article, one of the many he wrote in 1916, is now being used by the State of California as "evidence" AGAINST him.



The man voted into office on the promise of keeping this country out of war—President Woodrow Wilson.

It represents the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, Morgan & Co., and all the other big international capitalist interests. This is fine companionship for two supposedly labor men in the business of giving the militia a clean bill of health.

I have in my possession a copy of the constitution of the League. To give an insight into the work of this organization, it is well to quote some of its purposes:

(Fourth). "It is also the object of the League to assist in bringing the National Guard of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, to a higher degree of efficiency, as well as to a higher degree of popularity, with the great masses of our citizens in those Western States, and to that end to do all in its power to have the laws of those States so amended that the practice and duty on the part of the constituted authorities of calling the National Guard into service and action during industrial disputes and strikes be abolished; and to the end that the hostility that has heretofore arisen between labor and our National Guards may be eradicated, and to the further end that labor may unhesitatingly and with unhampered and unprejudiced patriotism join the ranks of these National Guards in times of peace, as well as in times of war, should war be forced upon us."

(Fifth). "It is also the object of said League to encourage and bring about in the schools and educational institutions of those Western States a healthy physical and military training of the male students, with a proper appropriation of funds therefor, so that with as little loss of time and inconvenience as possible they shall become bodily strong, robust and healthy, and at the same time become skilled and trained in military science, and that the laws of said States governing the education of the young should be so worded and amended as to bring about the results herein outlined. Also that laws be made to permit such male students to form, or join, cadet companies, composed of the students at the same educational institutions, and which shall provide for their equipment."

The "fifth object" of this League was forwarded to the San Francisco Board of Education, in the form of a resolution asking the board officially to approve by resolution the establishment of military training in all standard schools.

The Board of Education turned them down in no uncertain terms. Part of their resolution follows: "Resolved, That such establishment of cadet companies be entirely voluntary upon the part of the students and supplementary to their usual school exercises and outside of the

usual school hours; that it in no respect take the place of the usual courses in physical training; and further resolved, That the secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the committee on cadets and schools of the Pacific Defense League. Report approved and resolution adopted by unanimous vote."

It is the duty of every worker to have his union take a stand against the League, its aims and objects. The ten governors of the above mentioned States are respective numerical vice-presidents of the League. The cabinet has four capitalists, two lawyers, two

labor men, one priest, one adjutant general, one legislative representative. These men constitute the respective chairmen of as many executive committees of the League; they can select as many in their given field as they want to. A great deal might be said about the motives of these men in this organization, but space will not permit it. It will suffice if I say that I agree with the sentiments of a worker in this community when he said that if they are not getting paid by labor's enemies they are scabbing on the job. This move of the League to trap the workers must be pushed back in the teeth of the labor crushers.

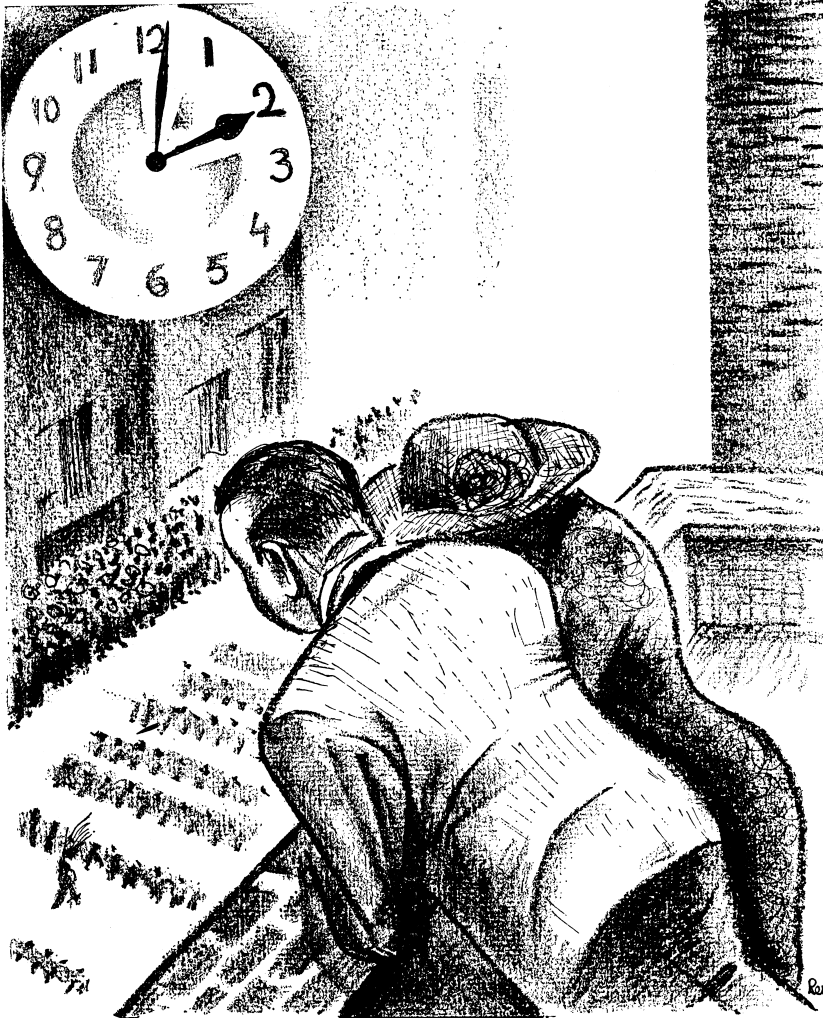
DEFEND your RIGHTS

By HEYWOOD BROWN

The Kerr-Coolidge Bill has been reported favorably out of the Senate Immigration Committee. This bill is designed to give blanket authority to a small committee to decide the guilt of a foreign-born resident accused of moral turpitude. The implications of such a bill are, of course, obvious. So elastic is the definition of "moral turpitude," that it is almost inevitable that it will be used against the foreign born worker to prevent his participation in the activities of organized labor—striking, picketing or taking part in any action which anti-labor forces may frown upon. Should he be convicted under this all-inclusive charge, the worker faces deportation at the discretion of the Committee. In many cases, this means being sent to fascist countries where concentration camps, torture and death await him.

The Kerr-Coolidge Bill is one of the most drastic yet to come to the attention of our committee. It is an infringement of the vital civil rights we have fought for. At the whim of a small committee, the rights and the freedom of thousands are to be abrogated.

This bill may come before the Senate any day, and unless labor protests vehemently, there is a possibility that it may slip through. We are urging you immediately to send resolutions condemning this bill to Royal S. Copeland. Copies should be sent to City News.



Tom and Rena Mooney watched the July 22, 1917, "Preparedness Parade" from the roof of Rena's studio. The now world famous clock showed they were nowhere near the scene of the bombing for which Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were framed and kept in jail for the last 20 years.

A TRIBUTE WE ACCEPT WITH PRIDE

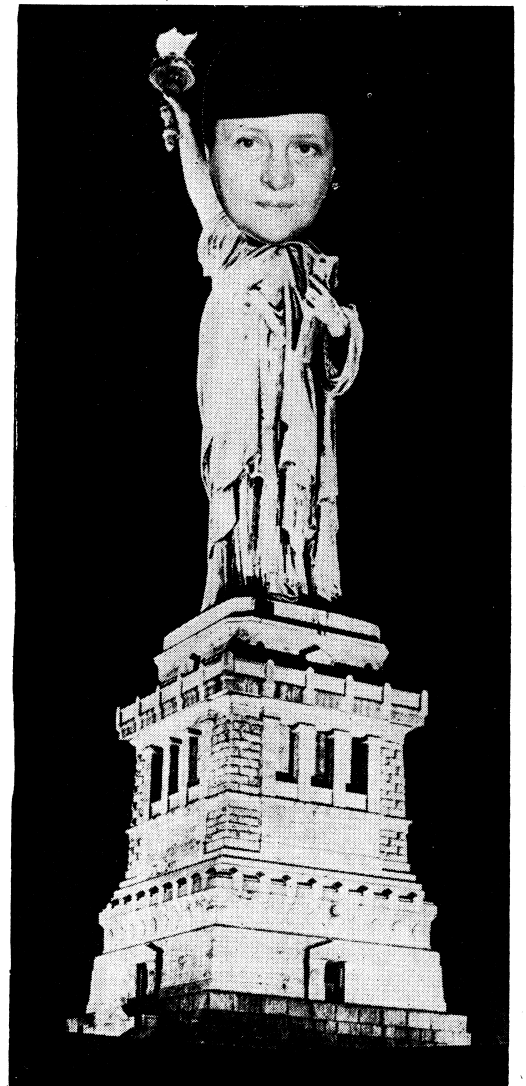
From one of the world's outstanding literary figures, recently made known to the United States by the motion picture of one of his fine stories about the Irish revolutionary movement, "THE INFORMER."

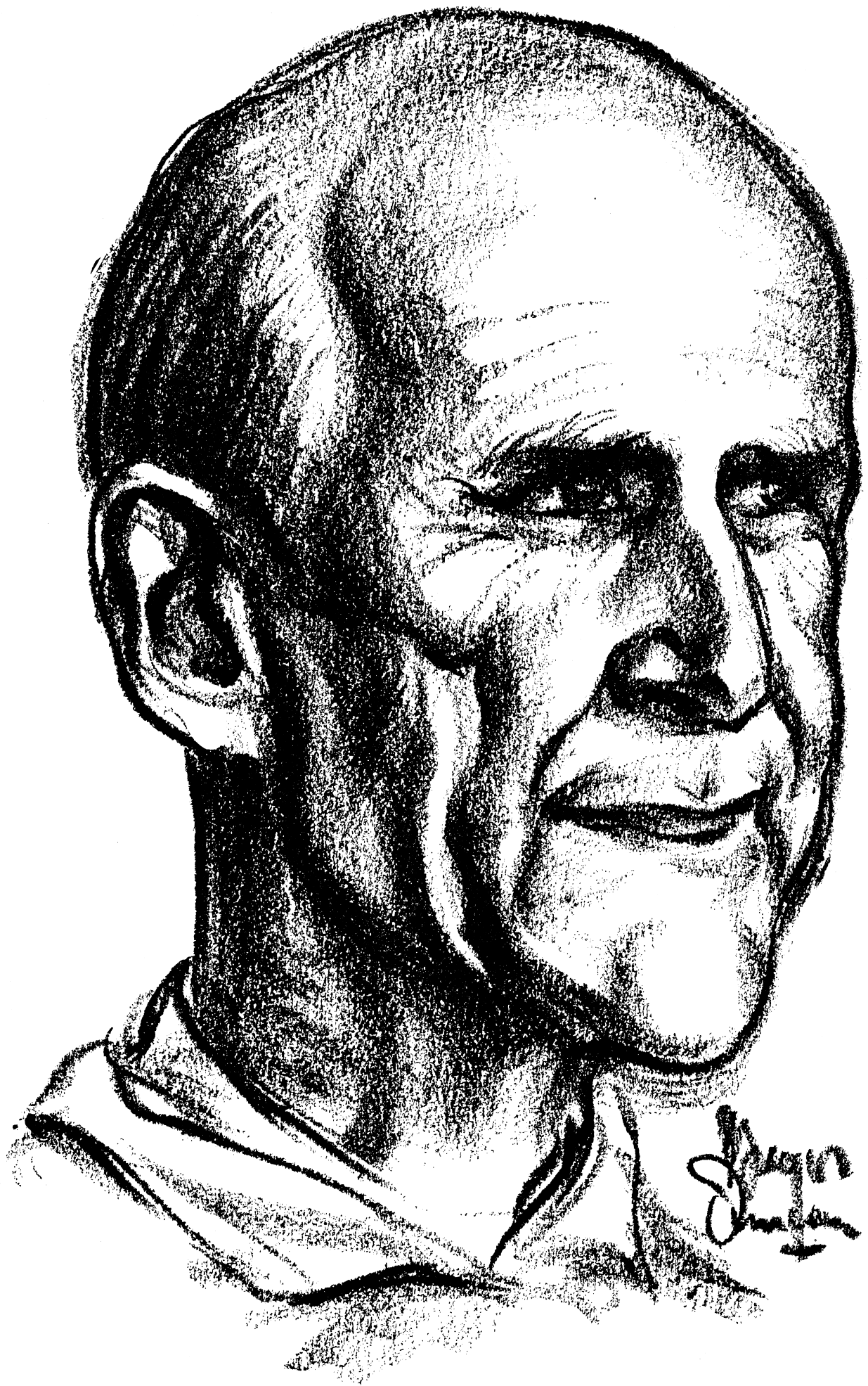
Allow me to congratulate THE LABOR DEFENDER on the occasion of its tenth anniversary for the remarkably fine work it has done, in defense of the working class of this country. And permit me to express the hope that America, which was the standard bearer of liberty for the oppressed masses of

Europe towards the end of the nineteenth century, is not going to fail them in the crisis with which they are faced at the present time, confronted with the ogre of fascism.

With fraternal greetings,
Yours

LIAM O'FLAHERTY





EUGENE VICTOR DEBS

Eugene Victor Debs

By
C. A. HATHAWAY

Gene Debs was a fighter. His speeches were fighting speeches. His writings rang with the militancy and sincerity of a man with only one loyalty—loyalty to his class. In the court-room, in a trade union hall, in the streets, wherever Debs spoke, he was able to fire his listeners with his own flaming conviction.

Debs never wavered in the face of the enemy. And it was in the courts and jails of America that his faith was repeatedly put to the sharpest test.

Debs was one of America's outstanding political prisoners. In the early days of his career as a trade unionist he was arrested and jailed for violating the infamous "gattling gun" injunction issued against the railroad men on strike in Illinois. His bearing in court was such, that the jurors rushed up to shake hands with him, when the case was dismissed, and to tell him that they surely would have acquitted him, had the case been tried.

Fearlessly Debs pointed the finger of guilt at those who were responsible for the arson,

the violence, the disturbing of the peace that was charged against the strikers.

Debs always understood the necessity of organized defense. In his crowded days and years, he found time to be the driving force in every outstanding defense campaign against the frame-up system. He was one of the moving factors in the united defense movement that won life and freedom for Big Bill Haywood back in 1907. He was one of the moving factors in every group that set itself the task of organizing the defense of labor's prisoners. He was a member of the first national executive committee of the International Labor Defense which came into being shortly before his death.

Debs believed in the defense of our civil liberties and democratic rights—and whenever the opportunity offered itself—to defend those rights—he seized it, threw all his fiery enthusiasm and talent behind it and inspired those around him with his own fearlessness and courage.

Lover of Mankind

By
JOHN DOS PASSOS

Debs was a railroad man, born in a weatherboarded shack at Terre Haute.

He was one of ten children.

His father had come to America in a sailingship in '49,

an Alsatian from Colmar; not much of a moneymaker, fond of music and reading.

he gave his children a chance to finish public school and that was about all he could do.

At fifteen Gene Debs was already working as a machinist on the Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railway.

He worked as locomotive fireman, clerked in a store

joined the local of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was elected secretary, travelled all over the country as organizer.

He was a tall shamblefooted man, had a sort of gusty rhetoric that set on fire the railroad workers in their pineboarded halls

made them want the world he wanted, a world brothers might own

where everybody would split even:

I am not a labor leader. I don't want you to follow me or anyone else. If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into this promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else would lead you out.

That was how he talked to freighthandlers and mandywalkers to firemen and switchmen and engineers, telling them it wasn't enough to organize the railroadmen, that all workers must be organized, that all workers must be organized in the workers cooperative commonwealth.

Locomotive fireman on many a long night's run,

under the smoke a fire burned him up, burned in gusty words that beat in pineboarded halls; he wanted his brothers to be free men.

That was what he saw in the crowd that met him at the Old Wells Street Depot when he came out of jail after the Pullman strike,

those were the men that chalked up 900,000 votes for him in nineteen twelve and scared the frockcoats and the top hats and diamonded hostesses at Saratoga Springs, Bar Harbor, Lake Geneva with the bogy of a socialist president.

Where were Gene Deb's brothers in nineteen eighteen when Woodrow Wilson had him locked up in Atlanta for speaking against war, where were the big men fond of whiskey and fond of each other, gentle rambling tellers of stories over bars in small towns in the Middle West,

quiet men who wanted a house with a porch to putter around and a fat wife to cook for them, a few drinks and cigars, a garden to dig in, cronies to chew the rag with and wanted to work for it

Where were the locomotive firemen and engineers when they hustled him off to Atlanta Penitentiary?

And they brought him back to die in Terre Haute

to sit on his porch in a rocker with a cigar in his mouth,

beside him American Beauty roses his wife fixed in a bowl;

and the people of Terre Haute and the people in Indiana and the people of the Middle West were fond of him and afraid of him and thought of him as an old kindly uncle who loved them, and wanted to be with him and to have him give them candy,

but they were afraid of him as if he had contracted a social disease, syphilis or leprosy, and thought it was too bad,

but on account of the flag and prosperity

and making the world safe for democracy, they were afraid to be with him,

or to think much about him for fear they might believe him;

for he said:

*While there is a lower class I am of it, while there is a criminal class I am of it, while there is a soul in prison I am not free.**

"I have just returned from a visit from yonder (pointing to workhouse in Canton, Ohio) where three of our most loyal comrades are paying the penalty for their devotion to the cause of the working class. They have come to realize, as many of us have, that it is extremely dangerous to exercise the constitutional right of free speech in a country fighting to make democracy safe for the world. I would rather a thousand times be a free soul in jail than a sycophant or coward on the streets. They may put those boys in jail; but they cannot put the Socialist movement in jail. Those prison bars separate their bodies from ours, but their souls are here this afternoon.

"I am proud of them. They are for us and we are for them. Their lips, though temporarily mute, are more eloquent than ever before and their voices, though silent, are heard around the world."

Debs, in behalf of C. E. Ruthenberg and two others.

"Until the time shall come, as come it will, when the parks of Chicago shall be adorned with their statues, and men, women and children, pointing to these monuments as testimonials of gratitude, shall honor them with holy acclaim, the men who dared to be true to humanity and who paid the penalty of their heroism with their lives, the preliminary work of setting forth their virtues devolves upon those who are capable of gratitude to men who suffered death that they might live."

Debs, in 1898, in memory of the Haymarket martyrs.

"The capitalist courts of Massachusetts have had them on the rack day and night, devouring the flesh of their bodies and torturing their souls for six long years to finally deal the last vicious, heartless blow, aimed to send them to their graves as red-handed felons and murderers.

"There is another voice yet to be heard and that is the voice of an outraged working class. It is for labor now to speak and for the labor movement to announce its decision, and that decision is and must be, Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent and shall not die."

Written for the I.L.D., May 1926.

"The decision is perfectly consistent with the character of the Supreme Court as a ruling class tribunal. It could not have been otherwise. Great issues are not decided by the courts, but by the people. I have no concern in what the coterie of begowned corporation lawyers in Washington may decide in my case. The court of final resort is the people, and that court will be heard from in due time. . . . I despise the Espionage law with every drop of blood in my veins, and I defy the Supreme Court and all the powers of capitalism to do their worst."

Upon hearing the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court upholding the decision and conviction against him on charges of Espionage.

"Arouse, ye slaves, their only crime is their loyalty to the working class."

Slogan launched by Debs in defense of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone.

* Reprinted from "42nd Parallel", Harper & Bros.

"We Must COOPERATE"



Above: The Sacramento defendants in court during their "trial." Left: Dirty Willie in person. The anti-c.s. movement will make him laugh out of the other side of his face.



An expose of the forces behind California's Criminal Syndicalism Law.

By CHESTER A. ARTHUR, Jr.

In no state is the class conflict more open or more bitter than in California. There a state-wide drive is on at the moment against one of the most unAmerican laws ever passed by any state—the Criminal Syndicalism Act (C.S.A.). Not only must the victims of this unconstitutional law be freed, but also—and this is more important—the law itself must be forever wiped off the statute books of California.

The C.S.A. was designed to protect the interests of that small minority which has cornered a monopoly on the means of production of the entire state. In a nutshell, this law states that anyone who advocates the slightest destruction of private property, or anything which might lead to the destruction or sabotage of private property, shall serve from one to fourteen years in the state penitentiary.

Now, it is self-evident that any sort of strike is bound to injure private property, in the sense that if production stands still, money (private property) is lost. This is particularly true in an agricultural strike. If a crop is not picked, it rots (is therefore destroyed).

Under this very jesuitical reasoning of the C.S.A., five young men and three young women who had organized strikes among miserably underpaid and brutally exploited cotton

and fruit pickers were sentenced to the maximum penalty of fourteen years. Sentence was passed after a verdict of guilty had been found by a jury representing only the interests of the owners, in an atmosphere of intimidation and prejudice which made a fair trial virtually impossible. As a result of this flagrant travesty of justice, Pat Chambers, Jack Crane, Martin Wilson, are now sentenced to 5 years; Albert Hougardy to 3½ years; Norman Mini to 3 years in the penitentiary of San Quentin; Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin are in the Women's State Prison at Tehachapi; while Lorine Norman was released on parole so that her child would not be born behind prison bars.

Right: It looks good and it sounds good too—this emblem of the Legion. But some of its members in California and elsewhere interpret the words in a peculiar fashion.



A state-wide convention has just been held in Sacramento, inaugurated by the California Council for the Repeal of the C.S.A. (headquarters: 68 Haight St., San Francisco) and by the Southern California Council for Constitutional Rights (129 West 2nd St., Los Angeles) in concert with many labor unions and progressive organizations in the state, besides many clergymen and other representative citizens and organizations all over the United States. In addition, the law is condemned by the California State Federation of Labor and also by 190 other progressive groups, trade unions and political parties, including E.P.I.C.

The attitude of the owning class is simple. Strikes hit them at their most vulnerable point—their profits. Therefore strikes must be abolished. Hence there must be no unions powerful enough to start a good strike. Hence anyone who organizes a union is a dangerous criminal who must be put behind bars.

There have been lately several meetings of employers, the first at Del Monte. Notably there was one at Seattle, where it was resolved: "to seek closer cooperation between employers and employes to combat the subversive elements that would destroy them." These employers are forming a united front of their own! They plan a campaign of "education to defeat false propaganda and false theories." While seeking to prevent any united action against the lowering of already barely subsistence wages, they publicly announce their desire "to maintain the American standard of living."

At the same time the Americanization Committee of the Chamber of Commerce calls for new anti-labor laws, and loudly complains that one out of six on the relief rolls of Los Angeles are aliens who form the backbone of the Communist Party. They seem to forget that one out of six of the population of this country is on relief, which does not speak very highly for the economic system which they so bitterly denounce the Communists for wishing to change.

About the same time, the Chief of Police of Los Angeles called for "economic sanctions on communists and their allies by all members of business and industry." Further, he continued: "I have a list of a hundred and fifty prominent California intellectuals who are fighting for the repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law, under which many communist agitators are being penalized. These names should be boycotted by business and industry as allies of the communists."

Chief of Police Davis is the loyal American patriot who, in defiance of the Constitution, stations patrols on all the borders of southern California to prevent the entrance of American transient workers and unemployed—excepting, of course, those who agree to scab.

(Continued on Page 25)

GAOL

When bigger and better coffins are made, the warden of this North Dakota jail will want to hear about it. The typical jailer, the typical small jail, the typical reactions of provincial America's lady-reformers are brilliantly described in this splendid story.

By **NATHAN ASCH**

Where the highway turned and made a corner stood a big stone building, and from both sides of it extended high stone walls, that turned corners again in the back and met, enclosing space; and at intervals, on top of the walls were wooden boxes in which men sat and stared.

I walked into the building's open door, as into an office building, and on the left there was an exhibit room, with fancy basket work, and painted toys, and on the right there was a closed door, marked WARDEN. I opened that door and went into the room; and at a desk sat a big man with the head, the jaw, the no neck of a bull dog; and he looked up at me with little sunken eyes and his opened mouth hissed.

I went into my story, but the little eyes didn't believe me.

He said: "How do I know who you are?"

I showed him my credentials. He said:

"I've got fifty men inside who make letters that look better than that."

I asked: "Well, why do you think I want to see your prison?"

He said: "People want to do funny things. Where were you born?"

I said: "Listen. Don't get tough, I'm asking the questions on this trip."

He got up as if he were going to fall on me with his fists, then he sat down again.

I said: "I don't have to see your prison. I can visit any prison in the United States. All I'm going to do is write in my paper that the press can't enter your prison."

He said: "Well, you've got to understand. We have to be careful. We never know. . . . There's some ladies going to go through in a minute and you can go in with them."

The ladies were a woman's club from a



Recreation yard in a small Oklahoma jail.



When they lack mules in Arkansas they hitch prisoners to the plows.

town nearby, and the warden and I went to meet them at the door; and the warden was smiling at them, and acting like a big bear of a man, coming close to them and giving them slight shoves, and winking at them; and the ladies loved it.

We approached barred doors, and they clicked and opened and let us through and then clicked and closed; and then another set of doors, and then more doors. We walked thru whitewashed halls, and again interminably through doors, and were in the cell house with tiers rising as in a fantastic geometric dream. The prisoners were at work, and the evenly spaced apart cell doors showed empty niches, except that here and there on the cells was the sign Ball-Player, and there a man inside waited to be released for practice.

We went into the place where they stamped out license plates, and into the jute mill, and watched the hemp twist into rope and gyrating descend into the waiting baskets. We saw the prisoners, and they seemed in their grey suits just like other workers. The ladies hurried

through, really looking neither to right nor to the left; and I walked behind them, and behind me came a guard, and the prisoners were busy with their work, and they looked up without changing expression and they looked down again.

Again we walked through the cell block, and stared inside the cells, the homes behind bars, a cot, a chair, a table and a toilet seat, with room enough to stand between them and choose on which or before which one would sit. Some had a typewriter in them, some a reading lamp, there were clipped pictures on the walls of some, or a flowered cloth on the

table; one had incongruous curtains on the bars;—and some were bare, naked, hideous with white paint and walls and shining toilet seat. The entire cell seen back of the bars was infinitely small, and beyond it, on the other side of the bars were great spaces, corridors, and the ceiling of the cell block was a hundred feet above; and seeing these empty cages one thought of an empty zoo, and one could not believe that in these little spaces, wild and untamed animals were confined, were kept night after night, for weeks, for months, for never ending years.

The warden invited all of us to lunch; we ate in the guards' dining room and the prisoners were waiters. The one who waited on us was extremely handsome with curly, black hair and jeering eyes. He thrilled the woman's club; when he placed a dish with corned beef and cabbage between two ladies, they tightened with excitement; and when inadvertently, passing, he touched one of them, she

(Continued on Page 25)

WE the PEOPLE



The second chapter of Haywood's unpublished history of America.

The first told of America's white slaves. This tells of their black brothers.

"In Dixie land I take my stand—"

When the ruling class of America proved to its own satisfaction that black slaves were more profitable for plantation labor than white servitors, the condition of the whites became even more deplorable than that of the black slaves. The white worker was deprived of employment, disfranchised and rendered practically helpless, as he was denied access to the land. All of the colonies adopted black slavery and in New England shipping interests created a vicious triangle. Ships loaded with rum were sent to the shores of Africa and there traded for slaves who were brought to the colonies of the South or Jamaica where they were exchanged for molasses which was in turn carried to the manufacturing centers of New England where distillers converted it into rum. Historians say that 200,000 slaves were transported to America, a half million people were stolen from their homeland, the larger percentage of whom died at sea.

In slave-warehouses on the west coast of Africa, Negroes were kept awaiting shipment. They were packed into ships, chained together, crouching or lying in the smallest possible space. Twice a day they were led to the decks for air, but the rest of the time they sweated and smothered in the dark hole, the sick and dying chained to the survivors, in filth and misery. Fearful diseases broke out, smallpox and ophthalmia among them. The blind and the dying were thrown to the

sharks, being useless to the trader. A captain counted on losing one fourth of his cargo, sometimes losing a great deal more.

For a time the status of the black slave was not definitely settled. In 1662 Virginia passed an act declaring that the status of a child should follow that of the mother, which act gave slavery legal recognition and also made it hereditary. The slave had none of the rights of the citizen. In criminal cases he could be condemned with but one witness against him and could be sentenced without trial by jury. The question of whether one Christian could hold another in bondage was settled in 1667 with the decision that the conferring of baptism did not alter the status of a person as to his bondage or freedom. In 1669 an act *"about the casual killing of slaves"* provided that if a slave who resisted his master chanced to die under punishment his death was not a felony and the master was to be acquitted. In 1670 it was enacted that only freeholders and householders should vote. In 1705 Negro, Mulatto and Indian slaves within the dominion were declared to be "real-estate" and "incapable in law to be witnesses." In 1723 in an act for the *"more effectual punishing of conspiracies and insurrections"* it was specified that no slave should be set free on any pretext except *"some notorious service to be adjudged and allowed by the governor and council."* After the above-mentioned act of 1705 naming the slaves "real estate" the black slave in

America was no longer a person but a thing.

There were so many slaves in Virginia, which was then a much larger dominion than is the state of that name today, that they formed a menace to the white ruling class. Therefore the laws and customs directed against the Negroes became more drastic. They were branded like cattle, it was against the law to teach them to read, they could not leave the plantation on which they worked. Masters were reimbursed by the government for slaves legally executed. In Massachusetts executions were by hanging, but in 1755 an obsolete law was revived to burn alive a slave woman who had killed her master.

When great numbers of Negroes were being brought from Africa, filled with resentment against the cruel treatment, and with the advantage of their native dialects, the planters began to live in constant fear of uprisings. By making favorites of the house-servants, they kept spies among the field Negroes, and in this way discovered the various conspiracies and broke the rebellions that developed. In 1687, in 1710 and 1711 such conspiracies were detected. In 1712 in New York City eight or ten whites were killed and eighteen or more Negroes executed. Some were hanged and some were burned at the stake, many committed suicide in fear of torture. In 1720, 1722, and 1723 there were attempted rebellions in Savannah. In 1730 men from several counties had to be called to put down

an uprising in Virginia. In 1739 a formidable insurrection broke out; thirty-four Negroes were killed, forty were captured, some of whom were shot, some hanged and some gibbeted alive. In 1740 in South Carolina the rebellion under Cato terrified the whites. The Negroes seized a warehouse from which they got arms and ammunition and marched with drums and banners, burning every house they came to, killing the whites and gathering the Negroes into their company. Finally they were surrounded by militia and captured after a battle. All the leaders were executed. This was the occasion of the severe Negro Act of 1740. This was also the period of uprisings at sea in the slave-ships.

In 1741 in New York City there was a great insurrection. A plot to burn the town was discovered and 20 whites and 154 Negroes were arrested. Four whites and 31 Negroes were executed, some by burning and some by hanging, and seventy-one were transported.

After Gabriel's insurrection in 1800 in Virginia 36 Negroes were executed, some "by mistake."

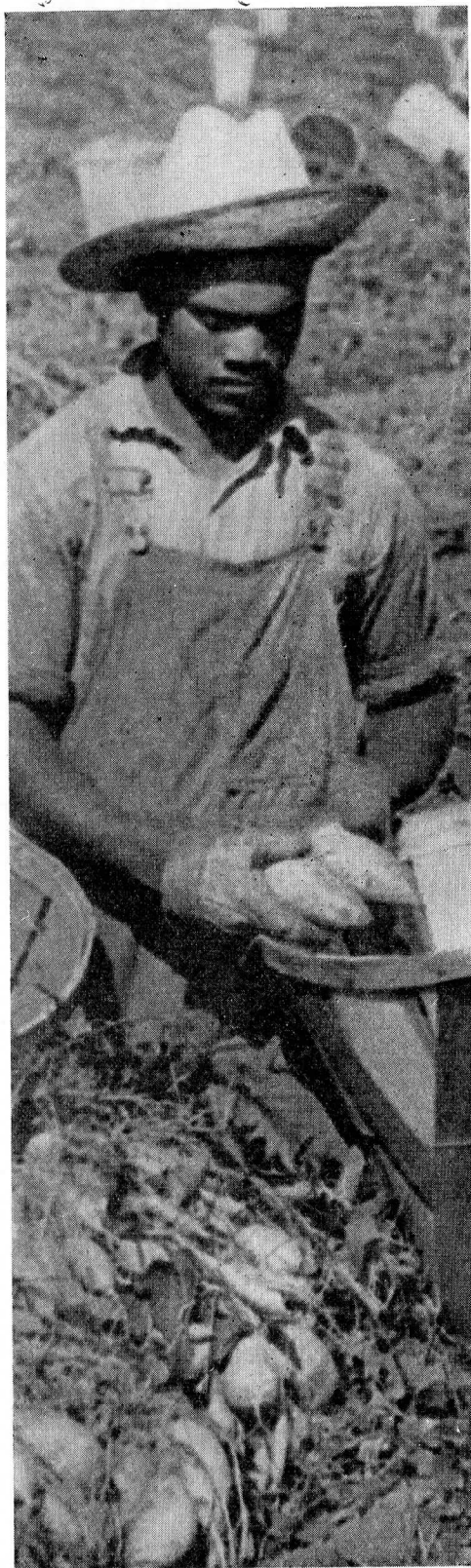
There was no effort to improve the condition of the Negro during the dark days of his captivity. Negroes were "cattle who could talk," and were bred as such for the market. It was when this breeding of Negroes for the market developed that real activity against the importation of slaves from Africa began. Negroes born in America were more docile and less resentful, and the slave-breeders did not want the imported article to compete with their wares.

In 1800 Denmark Vesey, in Charleston, won enough in a lottery to buy his freedom and set himself up as a carpenter. He came to have great influence among the slaves. In 1812 he chose eight assistants for his great plan, courageous and intelligent men who recruited rebels on the neighboring plantations and in the town. Just before the date fixed upon, the uprising was betrayed, and thirty-four men were condemned to die in consequence: in all, one hundred and thirty-one were arrested, thirty-five executed and forty-three banished.

Nat Turner, in 1831 led a rebellion, which so impressed the whites that it resulted in systematic terrorising of the Negroes. A party rode from Richmond with the intention of killing every Negro in the county. They tortured and maimed indiscriminately, set up heads on poles to terrify the survivors. Twenty leaders of the rebellion were executed and twelve transported.

With the development of factories in the northern states, the control of the government by the slave-owning southern states became a heavy handicap to the country as a whole. The Abolition movement began, meaning the movement for the abolition of slavery. The Abolition movement was the expression of the country's need to change from chattel slavery to wage slavery. Chattel slavery and its interests were crippling the industrial development of America. Escaped slaves joined in the work, as for example Frederick Douglass, who became one of the greatest orators and writers of the movement after escaping at the age of twenty-one from slavery in the south. He was almost the only leader of this movement who came near to understanding the revolutionary significance of the changes that were taking place.

The Abolitionists called the attention of America to the slave who for running away was for five days buried in the ground up to



his chin with his hands tied behind him; to women who were whipped because they did not breed fast enough or would not yield to the lust of planters or overseers; to the Presbyterian preacher in Georgia who tortured a slave until he died; to a woman in New Jersey who was bound to a log, scored with a knife across her back, and the gashes stuffed with salt, after which she was tied to a post in a cellar, where, after suffering three days, death kindly terminated her misery.

The Dred Scott case in 1848 aroused intense excitement. Scott was a slave who claimed that his residence with his master in Illinois and Missouri, free states, had made him a free man. After some time the case reached the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided that "*the Negroes are so far inferior that they have no rights which a white man is bound to respect,*" that Scott was a piece of property, and that his master might take him anywhere he pleased with impunity.

In 1859 John Brown, a rebel against slavery, made an armed raid on Harpers Ferry, for which he was hanged. In 1860 the Civil War broke out between the industrial north and slave-holding south, ostensibly to free the black slaves. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, and *every blow struck to break the bonds of chattel slavery more securely welded the chains of the wage slavery upon black and white workers alike.*

The burden and tribulation of the black slave continued long after the emancipation proclamation; in fact continues to the present day, as will be shown by the examples given. Massacres, lynchings and race riots accompany the struggle of the Negroes to achieve a place as freemen in the life of America.

In 1876 the aggressiveness and violence of the arrogant whites brought about the Hamburg Massacre in South Carolina, in which many Negroes were killed and the white mob of several hundred mounted men terrorized the survivors into swearing that they would never bear arms against white people nor give in court any testimony regarding the massacres; the chief of police was murdered for interfering, and the mob finally wrecked the homes of the most prosperous Negroes in the town.

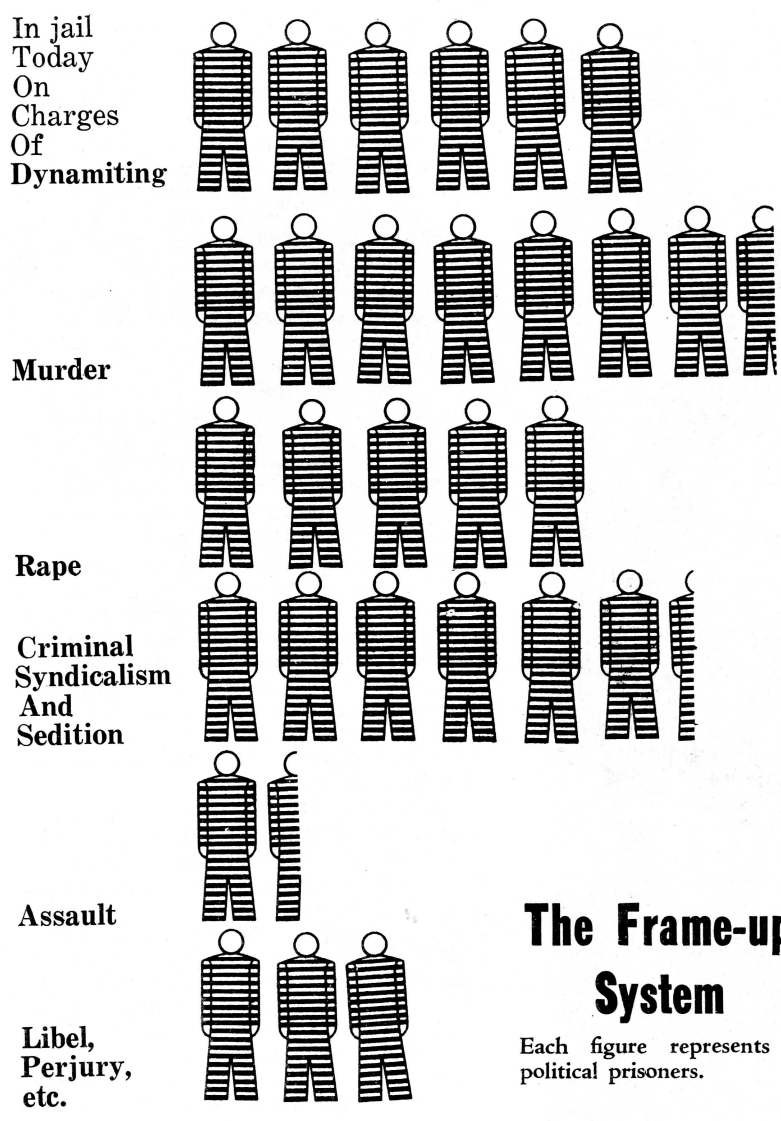
As we have said above, the courts are white, and the Negroes cannot serve on juries. The police, judges and juries are all white, and the Negro knows beforehand that the case will be decided against him. Lynchings grew apace; any cause of controversy however slight that forced the Negro to defend himself against the white man might result in a lynching with all its hideousness. Between 1885 and 1915 there were 3500 lynchings in the United States, the greater majority of victims being Negroes in the south. In 1892 alone the number was 325.

In 1909 a Pullman porter was falsely arrested for stealing \$20. After his discharge as innocent he sued his accuser for damages. The judge reduced the award to one eighth of what the jury had given him, saying that "*a Negro when falsely imprisoned did not suffer the same amount of injury that a white man would suffer.*"

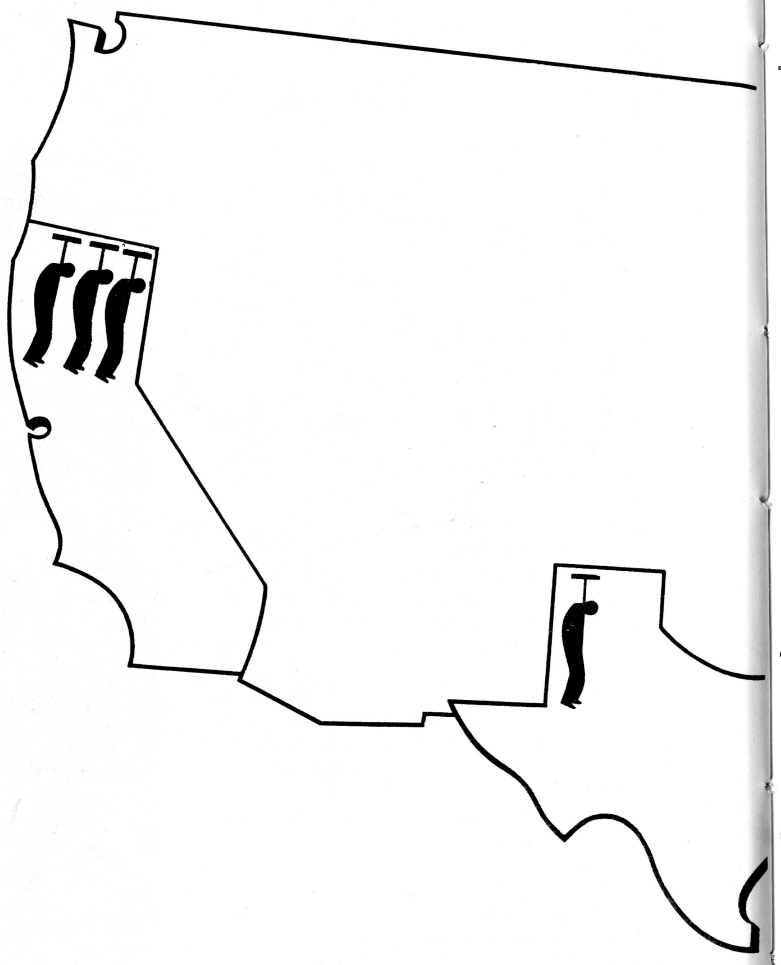
"Divide and Conquer" has been the slogan of the ruling class since ancient Rome enslaved the barbarians. It is still the slogan used against the working class of all races. When the working class realizes this, it will unite against this oppression; it is this that the rulers fear, and it is this that they take every means, however brutal to prevent.

CIVIL LIBERTIES TODAY

Drawings by
NED HILTON

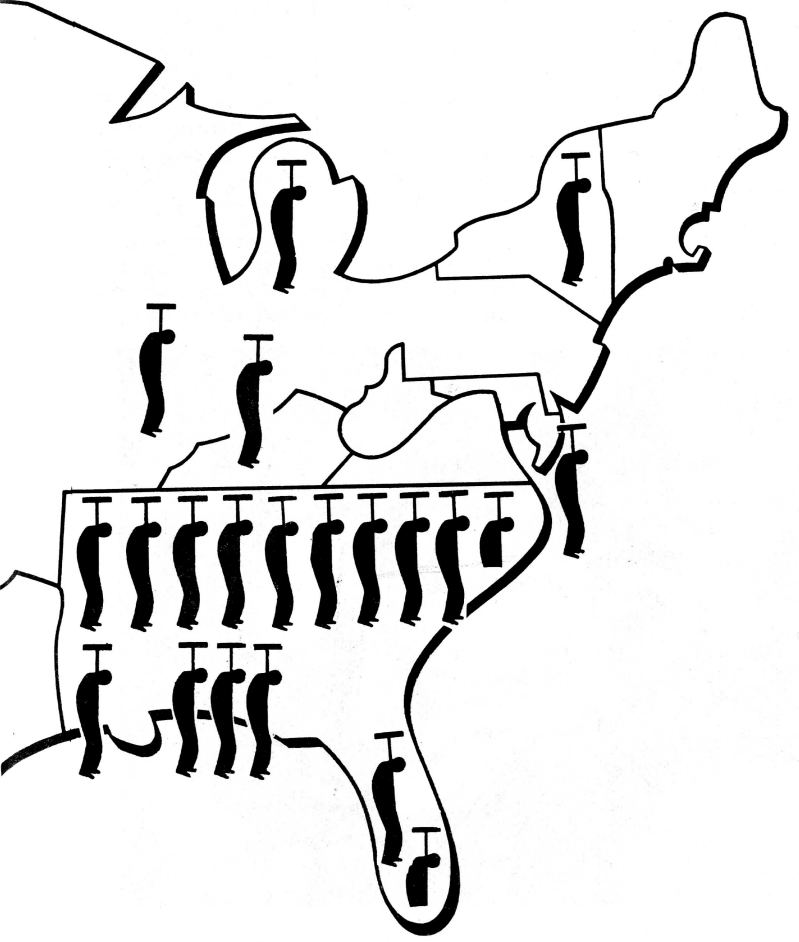


The Frame-up System
Each figure represents 3 political prisoners.

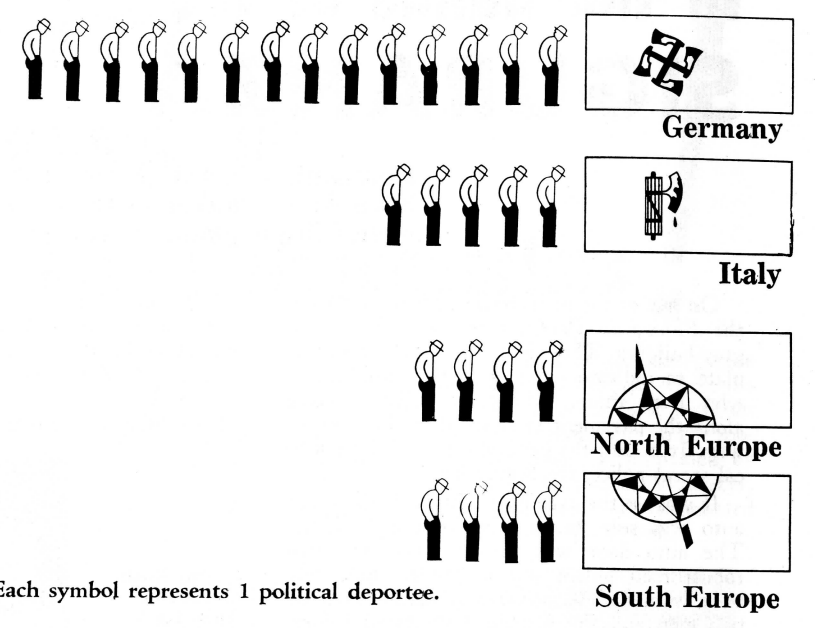


LYNCHINGS - 1933-1935

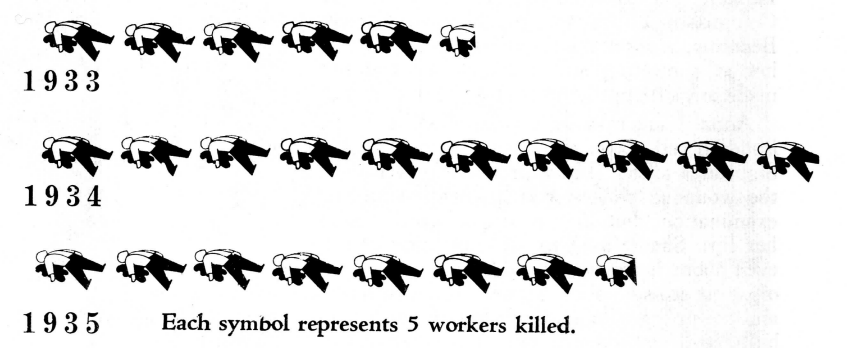
In the South each figure represents 6 lynchings. In the rest of the country, 1.



Facing DEPORTATION

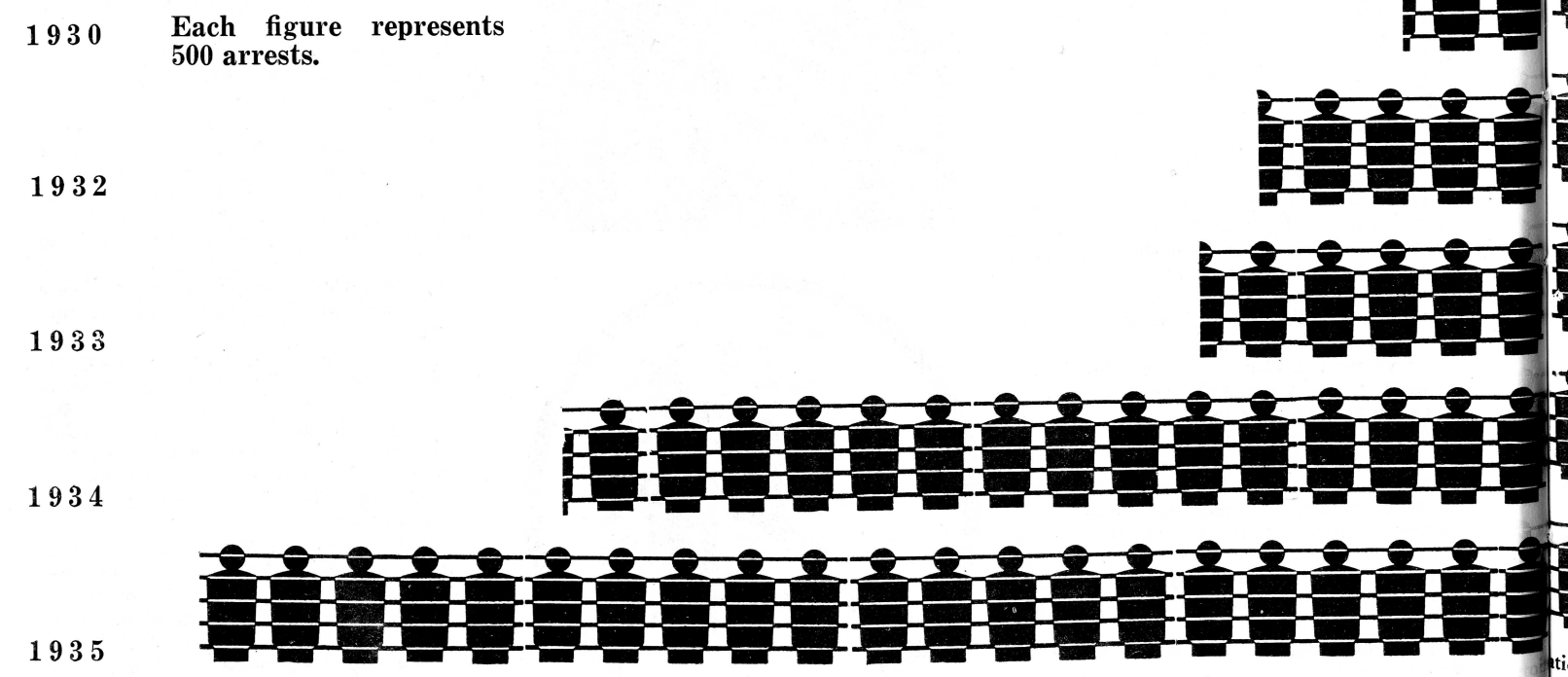


MURDERED in economic struggles

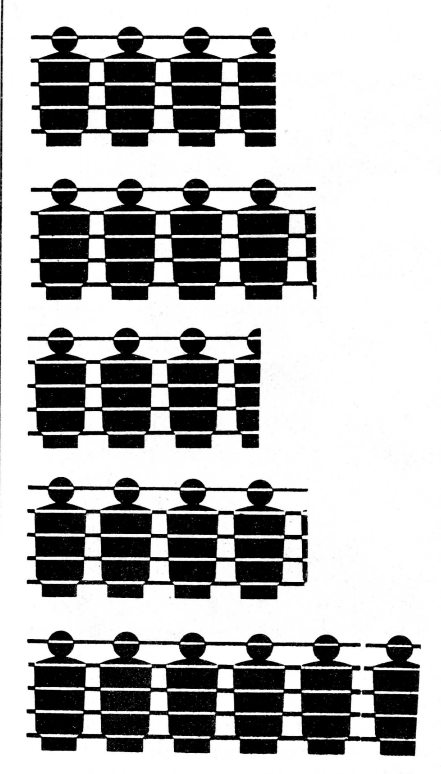


ARRESTED

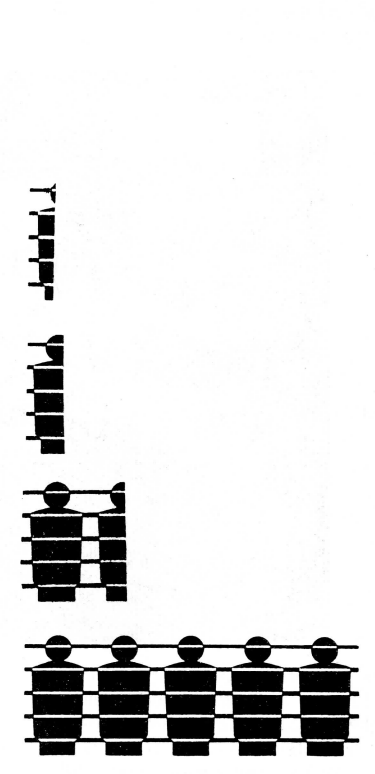
Each figure represents 500 arrests.



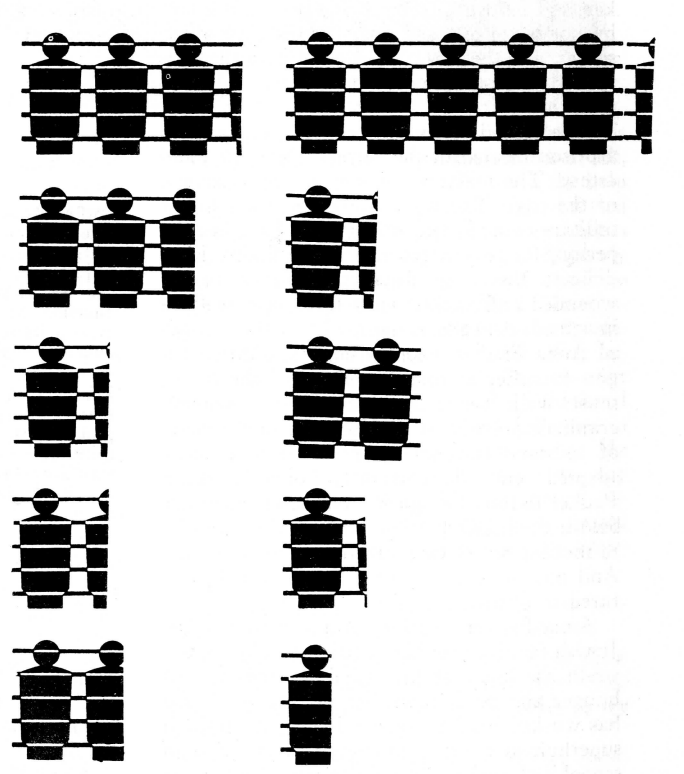
For strike activity, picketing, trade union organization.



For unemployed demonstrations, resisting evictions, relief strikes, etc.



For anti-war, anti-fascist activities.



During police raids, attacks on meetings, parades, etc.
For farm strikes, organizing agricultural workers, selling and distributing literature, leaflets, etc.

In the hands of the SIGURANZA

Roumania's secret police—the SIGURANZA—have Anna Pauker in their clutches. The story of her life explains why.

On one of the main boulevards of Bukarest, the *Bulevardu Pache*, there is a five-storied gray building. There is no sign-board, no door-plate to indicate what is in this building or who lives there. Passers-by avoid walking along the pavement in front of it. They know why. It houses the general office of the political secret police, the Siguranza.

It was on the evening of July 12, 1935. An auto was seen to stop before this building. The auto door was thrown open and two robust men pulled out a slender, delicately built woman. The house door opened and the two men and the woman disappeared behind it. The auto drove off leaving only a pool of blood on the pavement.

Thus the well-known anti-fascist Anna Pauker, was delivered over to the Siguranza. Commissar Turku and the Siguranza agent Bederow, a former whiteguard, had surprised her at a meeting and although she had not made any attempt at resistance, they shot her.

Anna Pauker spent several months in an isolation cell above the reporting room of the Siguranza offices. Three or four times a night the wounded woman was dragged to a cross examination, but not a single word passed her lips. She refused to say any thing at all, even about herself—age, address, etc. In spite of subtle cross questioning, brutal ill-treatment, and the unbearable pain inflicted on her by the bullet still embedded in her thigh, Anna Pauker kept unbroken silence. She was "punished" by not being allowed any medical care whatsoever, and she was compelled to bind the deep wound as best she could with a strip of linen from her skirt.

The second stage of her sufferings came in a prison located in the former Vacaresti monastery. The military court is at the other end of the city. The walk from the prison to the military court is most tiring even for a healthy person, for it requires nearly two hours. How difficult this long distance is for a person wounded and shaken with fever, can well be imagined. And this is the road that the wounded Anna Pauker who has now in addition begun to suffer from tuberculosis of the lungs, must walk twice a week. While common criminals are sent from Vacaresti to the court of military tribunal in a "duba" (a truck adapted for transporting prisoners), Anna Pauker is forced to go by foot to her hearings before the military tribunal. The first attempt to murder her during her arrest was a failure. And now in this way she is to be slowly tortured to death.

Anna Pauker comes from a poverty-stricken Jewish family. From her earliest childhood and youth she knew at first hand the meaning of hunger and need. Since her earliest youth she has worked hard to earn a living. It required superhuman efforts and energy to attend high school and study at the university at the same time. But she did it.

The toilers of Bukharest and of all Roumania have known Anna Pauker since 1920, in the October General Strike of the Rumanian people. All the workers organizations were destroyed. The leaders of the revolutionary labor movement were thrown into prison. One

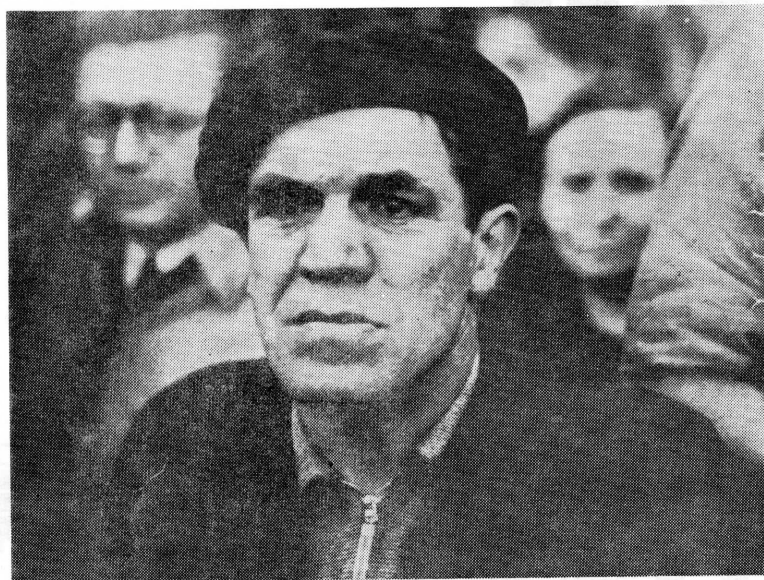
One of Spain's heroines—Aida La Fuente. She is one of the 30,000 freed by the recent amnesty. Her brother was imprisoned too—but he was murdered before the might of the Spanish people could free him.



trial followed another before the military tribunal. Every move on the part of the Rumanian toilers was the signal for new mass arrests, new murders, new repressive measures.

becomes quite clear. The Siguranza had already then decided to murder Anna Pauker as soon as she fell into its clutches and to meet all accusations with the answer that she

Rufino Martinez—age 27. Before he was imprisoned by the Spanish fascists he was a handsome youngster. The amnesty released an aged and crippled man. His face was smashed by the police.



It was at this time that Anna Pauker together with a number of other revolutionaries sprang into the breach. She became the re-builder of movements.

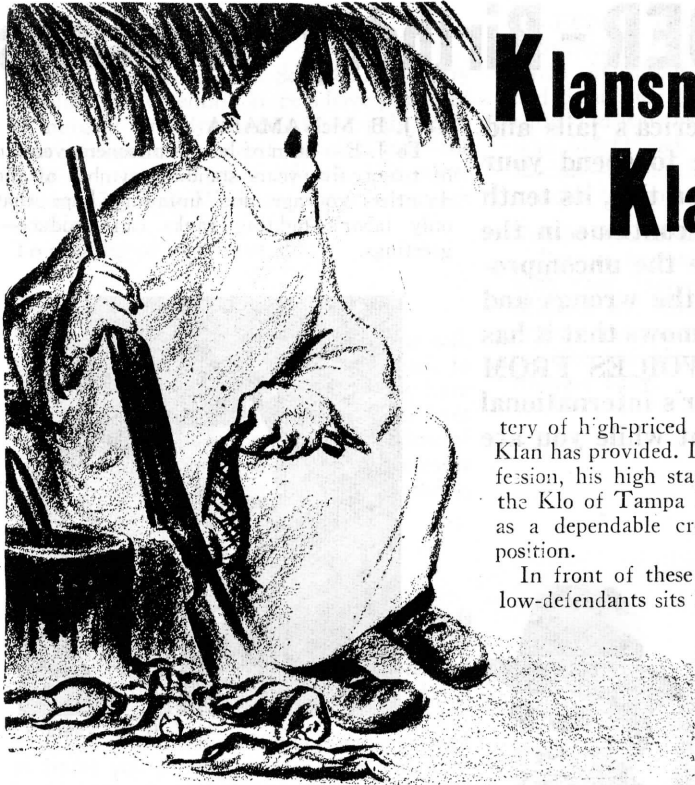
Anna Pauker is the mother of three children. She has always been able to remain not

only a tender and affectionate mother, but also a steadfast revolutionary. And more so, she has found time to continue her education, constantly increasing her knowledge and broadening her horizon so that she may be of still greater assistance to her chosen cause.

The ever intensified persecution of the police and Siguranza forced Anna Pauker at times to emigrate abroad. But she left her fighting post for only a short time. Full of new strength, she soon returned and threw all her forces into the anti-fascist struggle. The great wave of terror last summer reached her too. Anna Pauker was arrested and is today in peril of her life.

As far back as 1933 the Siguranza publication, *Universal*, ran a notice stating that Anna Pauker had died in Moscow. The Siguranza's purpose in spreading such a falsehood now

had died long ago. That this plan existed is proved by the attempt made to murder her during her arrest. It is only due to the watchfulness of the Rumanian workers and to the solidarity of the toilers of the whole world that this despicable plan could be foiled.



Klansmen try Klansmen in Klan's Headquarters!

tery of high-priced defense counsel which the Klan has provided. It was by virtue of his profession, his high standing in the Klan (he is the Klo of Tampa Klan), and his reputation as a dependable crook that he attained his position.

In front of these four and their three fellow-defendants sits Pat Whitaker and his bat-

was moved from Tampa, where the people know and hate the Klan to Bartow, where it's almost impossible even to be called to serve on a jury unless you are a Klansman. To the motion for a change of venue, accompanied by vigorous oratory from Klansman Whitaker, Fariior weakly mewled that "all he wanted was a fair trial," and let it go at that.

By LOUIS COLMAN

The case of the People of America vs. the Ku Klux Klan, has opened in a courtroom at Bartow, Florida.

The Klan has shown its teeth, and now, in the long-drawn out proceeding of jury-picking it showed the line of its defense—the most highly politicalized defense of terror and reaction, probably, in the history of American court procedure.

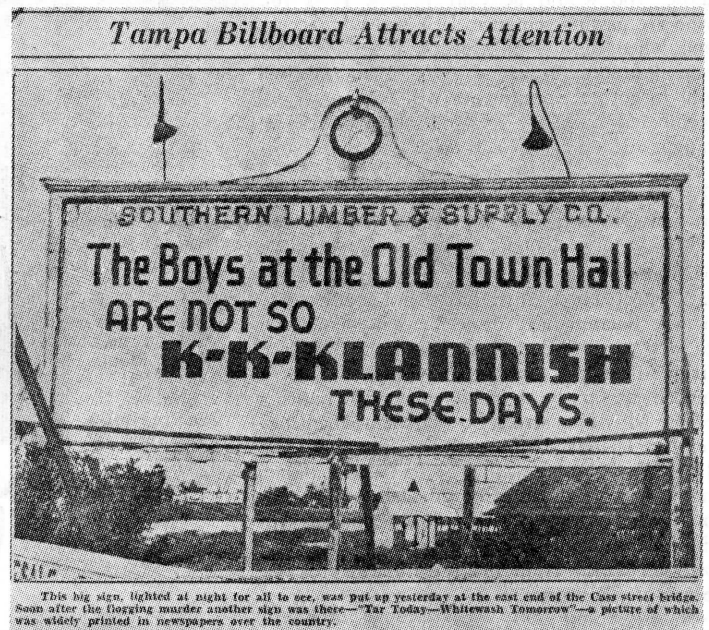
It is the case of six Tampa, Fla., policemen, members of the K.K.K.; their chief, a member of the K.K.K., and three professional K.K.K. floggers from Orlando, charged with kidnapping of three men, two Socialists and one "Modern Democrat," with torturing and tarring and feathering them, with murdering the "Modern Democrat," Joseph Shoemaker.

Picture the courtroom. There are seven nattily attired K.K.K. cops on trial to start with. John E. Bridges, chubby-faced, with cruel cold and stupid eyes, leans back in his chair and chews gum. He doesn't seem to take much interest in the proceedings. Probably can't make out what all these details are about anyway. He has faith in Pat Whitaker, brother-in-law of Tampa's Mayor Robert E. Lee Chancey, leading Klansman, maker of governors in Florida, the boss of the state supreme court—who heads the defense counsel.

Beside him, C. A. "Smitty" Brown, thin, wiry, long red face, a satirical smile on the corners of hard lips. It was Brown who led the lynching-party. C. W. Carlisle, fox-faced, grey hair, watching carefully and mightily pleased with the antics of his counsel. R. G. Tittsworth, chief of police at the time of the flogging, who was present at the meeting in the office of Mayor Chancey—at the inner meeting of the K.K.K. where the floggings and murder were planned, sits behind his fellow-defendants. He is grey-haired, and looks quite ordinary. In fact he is quite ordinary. He is a lawyer, and consults frequently with the bat-

Above: Cartoon by Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis Post Dispatch symbolizing Florida today.

Right: The second of a series of three billboards put up in Tampa after the Shoemaker murder.



This big sign, lighted at night for all to see, was put up yesterday at the east end of the Cass street bridge. Soon after the flogging murder another sign was there—"Tar Today—Whitewash Tomorrow"—a picture of which was widely printed in newspapers over the country.

tery of assistants. Assistants who know the law. Assistants who have made a special study of the jury-list. Assistants who can just make suggestions. The assistants gaze with rapt eyes at Pat Whitaker as he waves his arms, the constitution on which he and his clients have trampled, the flag they have defiled, and thunders out his rolling periods.

The judge, Robert T. Dewell, many-chinned, short, waddly, with the broadest beam in broad-beamed Polk county, beams at Whitaker from the high bench.

Every such beam makes Rex Fariior, the special prosecutor who was appointed to the case by Governor Dave Scholtz, squirm. He, too, wants his place in the sun. He, too, wants a smile from the Judge. He has a reputation to make. Maybe he has decided to make it "the hard way." The people are demanding vigorous prosecution of the Klansmen. They are demanding a full exposure of the corruption of government in Tampa which is symbolized by the Shoemaker case. They aren't getting it, so far.

Pressure has brought a trial—of a sort. It hasn't yet brought a vigorous prosecution. Fariior entered no objection when the trial

Whitaker started right out by taking his defense to the entire jury panel. First of all, he eliminated from the jury-box, with the help of Judge Dewell, every person who admitted knowing anything about the murder which has agitated Tampa for five months. Anybody who took enough interest in public affairs to read the newspapers was disqualified. He eliminated everybody that belonged to a trade-union. He asked the jurors whether they belonged to the Congregational Church—the Reverend Walter Metcalf, head of the local Committee for Defense of Civil Liberties in Tampa is a Congregationalist minister. He asked them whether they belonged to any civic organizations—many Tampa groups, including the American Legion, have passed resolutions condemning the murder of Shoemaker.

He asked them *whether they had any prejudice against kidnapping and murder.*

Anybody who answered yes to any of these or similar questions was automatically eliminated. Klan counsel wants Klan jurors to try Klan killers.

Whitaker's *piece de resistance* in jury ques-
(Continued on Page 25)

from the LABOR DEFENDER - Birthday Greetings

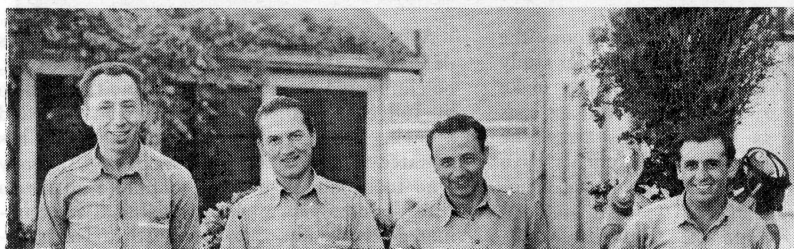
To you, men and women behind prison bars in America's jails and penitentiaries—to you labor's prisoners, who will have to spend your May Day behind stone walls, the LABOR DEFENDER, on this, its tenth anniversary sends its greetings and its solemn pledge to continue in the future as it has during the past ten years of its existence the uncompromising battle for your freedom, relentless exposure of the wrongs and tortures you are suffering. The LABOR DEFENDER knows that it has your heartfelt birthday greetings. It knows that the VOICES FROM PRISON wish it well on the fiftieth anniversary of labor's international holiday. Greetings, courage—and remember always that while you are inside for us—we're outside for you.

To TOM MOONEY and WARREN K. BILLINGS.

With almost twenty years of prison days behind you, you stand with heads erect before those who would be your judges. It is you who are passing sentence. It is you who accuse and when those who are trying to keep you buried in the graves of living men are gone and forgotten, your names will be forever remembered by those yet unborn who will be taught to honor you and what you stand for.

To the five SACRAMENTO boys in San Quentin.

Those little men who hide behind the title of State Board think that they have had the last word. They think that they have disposed of the Sacramento "case" by sentencing you to long years in America's Bastille. Little men like your judges thought they had crushed the movement for the eight-hour day, the tradition of the May Day strike, 50 years ago when they sent its leaders to the gallows. The LABOR DEFENDER hopes that by its next birthday, not only will you be free to celebrate with us on the outside, but the vicious criminal syndicalism law under which you are sentenced will be wiped from the statute books of the State of California.



To our THREE WOMEN.

Nora Conklin, Caroline Decker and Louise Todd—though California has you hidden on the windy heights of one of its proud mountains, prisoners of criminal syndicalism—your quiet courage, your determined spirits are an inspiration to your sisters all over the country. You have given your freedom—we will do all we can to give it back to you.

To the fighters for the UNEMPLOYED.

George Hopkins, James McShann, Peter Turney—Negro fighters serving time in Kansas, California and Alabama—for demanding bread for their hungry children and John Diaz, Harold Hendricks, white brothers in struggle, California's prisoners.



Louise Todd

To J. B. McNAMARA

To J. B.—dean of labor's prisoners, veteran of twenty-five years standing, symbol of the dauntless courage and unflinching hope that only labor's fighting ranks can produce—greetings.



J. B. McNamara



Right: Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings

Below: (From left to right) Jack Crane, Albert Hougardy, Pat Chambers, Martin Wilson—four of the Sacramento Boys.

To the last of the CENTRALIA victims.

Ray Becker, last of the hostages held by the state of Washington in its war of 1919 against the lumber workers and the Industrial Workers of the World. Your determination to leave your prison cell a free man, vindicated in the eyes of the world fills us with admiration. You have our pledge of solidarity and support.



John Anderson

To the five victims of the BURLINGTON DYNAMITE PLOT

The mill owners of North Carolina feared you. They feared your influence with your fellow-workers in the textile industry. They fear the power of your united strength as represented by a fighting union. And like the cowards that they are, they thought to smash you and your work with dynamite planted by stool pigeons. Though you are now in the ranks of labor's prisoners, the dynamite plot has failed and you are vindicated in the eyes of the American people. They know you are the innocent victims of a frame-up and persecuted because you believe in the right to organize.

**To three TRADE UNIONISTS
in San Quentin.**

John Cornelison, Matt Schmidt and Harry Donlin. San Quentin's keepers have you listed as murderer and dynamiters. Your only crime was courage in the face of powerful foes—the open shop interests of California. We salute you on May Day. We know that your courage is unfailing.

To a group of victims of the

To FOUR YOUNG BOYS

Three of you in Colorado, sons of the soil, sons of Mexican laborers and the fourth in Pennsylvania, son of the Negro people, have been sentenced to spend the rest of your lives in jail. You are innocent of the foul crime of murder with which you are charged. We know you are innocent and on our tenth birthday, we say—heads high—you will be free.

To the GALLUP miners.

Though a man in a black robe spoke words that mean a life-time at hard labor in the state of New Mexico—45 to 60 years, the LABOR DEFENDER which has told the simple, stirring story of your heroic lives, your struggles, the mean and tricky methods used to frame you for the murder of a man shot by his own deputy thugs—promises to continue to do its share to win your freedom—a victory which will strengthen, all along the line, the battle for the right of American workers to organize into trade unions.

**To the eight MODESTO boys
in San Quentin.**

Because California had to be made safe for Standard Oil you were railroaded to prison terms. Because you fought like men in defense of your rights you have been thrown into jail. We on the outside, not only admire you as staunch trade unionists who were ready to give your freedom in defense of your beliefs, but also pledge our unflinching support to the fight for your liberation.

Below: Dirk de Jonge



**To DIRK DE JONGE and
EDWARD DENNY**

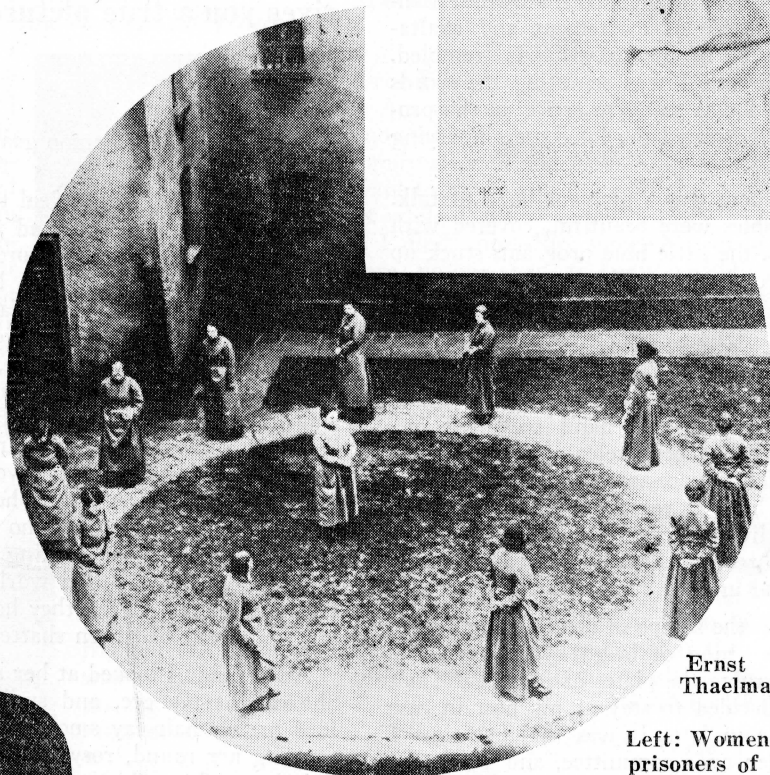
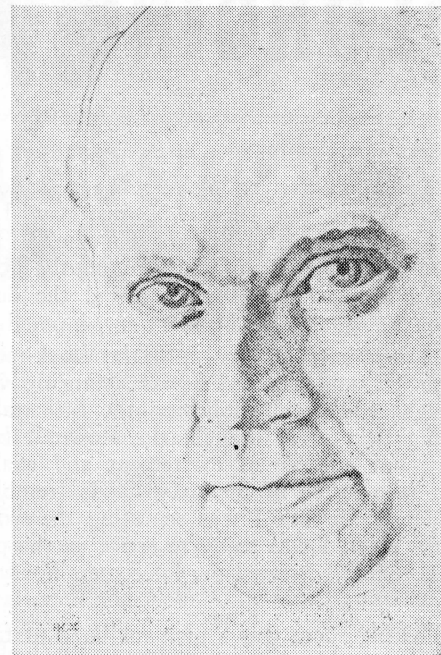
Newest recruits in the ranks of labor's prisoners, just begun to serve your vicious sentences in Oregon's dungeons, victims of Oregon's criminal syndicalism law—the workers of the Northwest, steeled in struggle, and strengthened by the solidarity of the workers throughout the land will get you free.

To ERNST THAELMANN

Symbol of imprisoned anti-fascists of every land—singled out by the arch foes of freedom and democracy for special torture and persecution. In your person we greet all the heroes who fought and fell in the conflict against fascism—and in the fight for your freedom we promise to honor their memories.

To the ALABAMA SHARECROPPERS

Because four of you were ready to defend with your lives—the life and freedom of a neighbor and fellow union member—your oppressors had you thrown into prison. But your sacrifice has born fruit. Your union grows stronger daily.

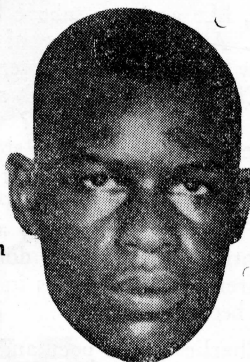


Ernst Thaelmann

Left: Women prisoners of Nazi Germany.



Haywood Patterson
and
Clarence Norris



**To the miners of KENTUCKY and
WEST VIRGINIA**

Three of you were sentenced to spend your lives in prison, away from the world, away from your wives and children because you had the courage to organize and fight so that they might live. Two of you were sentenced by diabolical cruelty to 99 years. You are guilty of no crime but your loyalty to your union and your family. For that, King Coal's henchmen wanted to get you out of the way—make an example of you so that others would not dare to follow in your footsteps. But they have failed. The miners are on the march, united in the ranks of one powerful union. Your sacrifice was not in vain.

**To a GROUP OF VICTIMS OF
FRAME-UP SYSTEM.**

Clide Allen, of New York, Roy Williams of Nebraska, Jess Hollins of Oklahoma, Ernest McDuffy of Minnesota, Alphonso Davis of New York, Walter Brown of Alabama—Negro workers all—victims of that savage slander "rape"—the lynchers' battle cry. John Soderberg and Thomas Bunker—trade unionists—labelled dynamiters by the enemies of organized labor. William Fisher of New York, Theodore Jordan of Oregon, Willie Peterson of Alabama, Charles Alexander of Tennessee—Negro workers all—in whose cases legal lynching hid behind the cry "murder."

"LONGING TO BE FREE"

By ROSE SPEIGEL

"Where's Charlie? We're going to sit down now. Where did he go? I just saw him. Where's Charlie? Where's Charlie?" The word was passed from mouth to mouth. There was a sudden little flurry around the door. Alma Foley, the I.L.D. secretary, hurried by.

"I just saw him go into the cloak-room, Alma," I said gravely. I was sitting up very straight and dignified behind the little table, taking tickets for the Charlie Rowoldt banquet, but a sense of excitement and exaltation rose inside of me. My hands trembled. Under my breath I was repeating the words of the poem I was going to recite on the program, while I greeted the latecomers hurrying in.

The big room was a pleasant buzz of talk. The long tables were beautiful, covered with white cloths, the little blue programs stuck up in front of each plate. Pleasant-faced women were filling the last water glasses.

"Here he is!" someone said. Alma and Charlie came into the room together. Charlie smiled and pressed my hand as he passed. The warm firm grip of his hand reassured me. Ever since he had been released on bail from jail, I had felt it necessary to touch him every time I saw him. It reassured me to feel him, warm and living close to me. It seemed to make the threat of deportation to Germany far away and unreal.

There was the scrape of chairs being drawn back, and a group of bright-eyed little girls came in, carrying the plates of food. I did not eat, I had decided to stay at my post in case anyone came in late. It was the first time I had ever been on a committee, and I felt the responsibility of my position keenly.

I sat dreaming, watching the faces of the people at the tables. Their heads bent towards each other, they were talking to each other in undertones. I could catch snatches of conversation. "Hitler!" a man said in a tone of scorn, and the men around him laughed, great, hearty derisive laughter. I laughed with them, feeling a sudden sense of kinship with all of them. All of them were my friends, all of the people who had come to the banquet for Charlie Rowoldt, who was being held for deportation to Germany.

A man came in, and I took his ticket, softly directing him to the cloak-room where he could hang up his wraps. I felt very capable and responsible, sitting in front of the small table with the pile of tickets and change box. The long days after I had learned that Charlie had been put in jail and I hadn't known what to do seemed like a dream. I had felt like a silent, hurt wild thing all alone in the big city then, the thought of Charlie in jail had frozen me up.

Somehow I had found the I.L.D. office. Immediately I had been welcomed, taken into the group. Together we had worked planning the Charlie Rowoldt defense, getting out letters, making plans for the banquet. The solidity and reassurance of the group will, the feeling of communal responsibility became a living thing. It ran like electricity through my veins. It was here in the room now, this tremendous mass purpose and will, moving

How would you feel if one who was near and dear to you was thrown into jail—threatened with deportation to Nazi Germany—what would you do—where would you look for aid. This beautifully told, moving account of every-day I. L. D. work in outlying sections of the country gives you a true picture of the meaning of that work.

everyone toward a common goal, the freeing of Charlie.

Charlie meant a great deal to me. The first time I met him I felt I had found a friend. I wandered into the Bookstore and he talked to me for a long time. His blue eyes shone behind his glasses, his broad face glowed with the strength of his vision. Across the years he stretched out his hand to me, lifting me up above my petty troubles, showing me the light and promise of a new world. Patiently he had listened to my doubts and fears, logically and clearly in his soft German voice he had explained them away. To me he had become a symbol of the many men who had given their lives for the sake of making a great dream come true, a dream of a world without poverty and misery. When they had taken him to jail my world had been shattered.

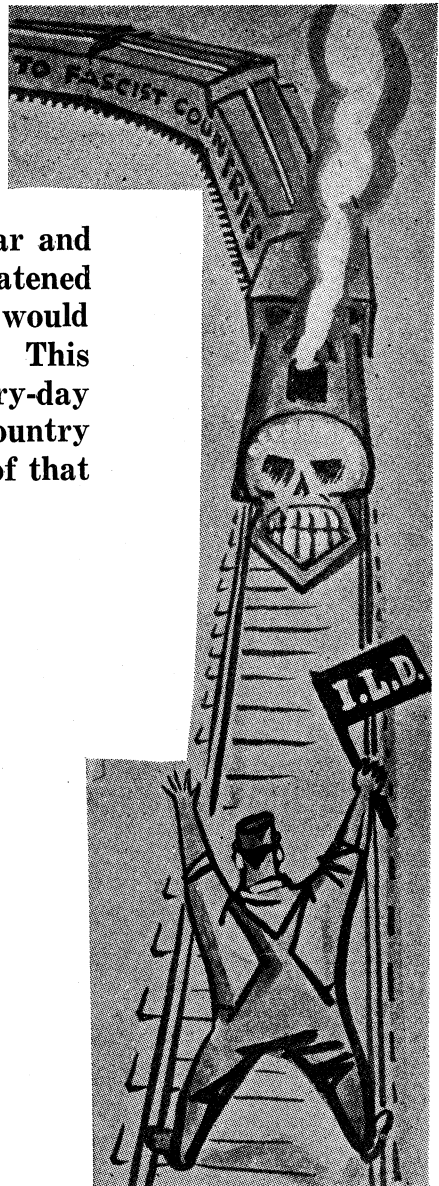
And Alma! I looked at her across the room. She caught my eye, and smiled back at me. Her brown hair lay smooth across her head, framing her round, rosy face. How sweet she had been, how kind, how understanding!

"Better come and eat," the man sitting at the end of the table said to me. "No one else'll come now."

Across the room I could see Charlie's grey hair, like a crown, above his calm, weathered face. A familiar sense of wonder swept me. How could anybody, even after just looking at Charlie, condemn such a man to persecution and death in Germany? What had he ever done? I had learned his story from the I.L.D. He never spoke of himself to me, except once, when he told me he had a little boy who died. He had worked honestly and patiently in this country for 22 years, done the most menial laborer's work, and his indomitable spirit had not been quenched.

Charlie was a poet and philosopher of the people. He had seen all around him poverty and unemployment, and he had done everything he could to help. He had worked in the Unemployment Council, in the Workers' Bookstore, by his own courage helping everyone he met. Everyone who knew Charlie loved him. I was only one of hundreds. They could not send this man to Germany! How unreal, how flimsy, how thin the charge they had against him, "Member of the Communist party." That was no crime! Nor was it a crime to be so poor that one couldn't afford citizenship papers.

Spontaneously the clatter of knives and forks ceased, a hush spread over the room. The chairman rose, introducing Charlie.



Charlie was going to speak. I fingered the little program. On the front was a sketch of the Statue of Liberty underneath it "Send us your huddled masses, longing to be free." Ah, old girl, we will make you keep your promise.

All eyes were directed at Charlie. Suddenly his broad, square-shouldered figure blurred. My throat choked up, my eyes filled. Charlie's soft voice with the quaint German accent sounded clearly through the room.

"They close the door on you, and you are all alone in a little cell in the jail. It is all steel, there is nothing to look at. All of a sudden, you hear voices, all around you. 'Charlie Rowoldt is in jail. Charlie Rowoldt is in jail. You, you, you. Never been in jail in all your life, never hurt so much as a fly, you are in jail.' Then you think, things look pretty bad. You think some more, you think of hundreds, yes, thousands of prisoners just like you are, put in prison because they have a dream. Yes! You think of Thaelmann, for three years in a German prison, and it is not so nice and clean like this cell you are in now. Yes, and then you think you are not so bad off after all. You think some more, and you think of all your friends on the outside, the I.L.D., Alma Foley here, and all the rest of you, working to help you, to get you out, all of them thinking of you. And, you may not believe it, but you can feel that, when you sit there in the cell, all alone. You can feel all the people's thoughts around you, warming you, comforting you. And then, you think, nothing can hurt me. And you are not afraid."

CHICAGO CHALLENGES UNITED STATES

Editorial

Ha-a-yuh neighbor? What's on your mind? Yeh-that's right. Uh-huh-sure-sure. Well how's about letting the rest of the gang in on it?

That's what this Chicago Page is for. Whatever you say WON'T be used against you, but FOR you. Write in to this page. Hand us plenty of live, human stories of occurrences in your neighborhood. Maybe it happened at a meeting, something humorous or significant. Perhaps you got to talking about conditions with the grocer, the blonde next door, or the peddler in the alley. Maybe you're not an International Labor Defense member and ache to tell us why.

We can all learn from one another's experiences. Most of all, the membership needs to stop this "you agitate me, and I'll agitate you" business. Let's relax more often step off the lecture platform quit preaching.

Well, as we were saying—whatever you Chicago-landers hear or see that the Labor Defender readers should know about, well just mail it in to the Chicago Editorial Board (address below). Let the rest of the country's I.L.D. read up on a real live town. Maybe they think that they can beat our speed, and put out a better Page. We double dare them!



LABOR DEFENDER
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POEM

Wander thru the muddy streets,
Inhaling the pure (?) fresh air,
Down Garbage Terrace you hear the bleats,
Of dear little children with nary a care.
On your right is Ptomaine Gardens,
Only two bits a feed and all you can dunk,
On the left, a dusty relief station beckons,
Look the other way, palsy, in there you're sunk!
Ah-there's a (boy, is this a rotten poem) cop,
"Take me officer-I'm a poet, and what a flop!"



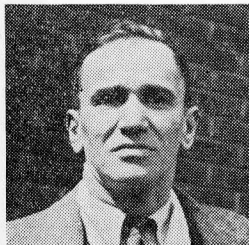
THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Asks:

"WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY
'AMERICANISM'?"

ADOLPH SCHRAEGER—Unemployed presser:

I came to America in 1912 to earn my bread and butter. I answered the call in 1917 when President Wilson called every young man, citizens or non-citizens, to register himself to fight for the forty-eight stars. I was passed through Recruitment 4-A waiting to be called. Meanwhile, I worked in the Milwaukee munition factory, West Allis, shell department. Land, liberty, and freedom. That's what I call Americanism.



MORRIS RASHIS—Garage attendant:



By Americanism, I understand democracy. Free speech, free country, and free press. Tolerance in human relationships—religions, race, or color.

JAMES ETERNO—Barber:

Americanism implies that behavior in society which tends to promote and develop the greatest well-being of the most people, for these are the real builders of America.



Next Month (June Issue) Question:
"Do You Think That All People Get a Square Deal In the Courts?"



FAMOUS SAYINGS OF BRIGHT I.L.D. ATTORNEYS AND OTHER CHILDREN

Attorney Joe Roth, Financial Secretary, and one of the defense lawyers in the Charles Sotis case:

"Whadayuh mean you want a two cent stamp? Don't you know we're broke?"

Lilliam Goodman, Assistant Executive Secretary, Illinois State I.L.D.: "Look here, you're not doing anything. Help us get out these letters." Grrrrrrrr!

Jan Wittenber, Executive Secretary, Ill. I.L.D.: "Listen, I've got an idea . . . etc. etc."

READERS STATE VIEWS ON I.L.D. AFFAIRS

This column invites letters from all Labor Defender readers. Please sign name and address. Name withheld on request! Don't pull your punches! Address letters to 1703 W. Madison St., Room 6, Chicago, Ill.

AH-FREE AT LAST!

Dear Friends:

Am writing you a few lines to let you all know that I am home again and found the family all well and feeling fine myself, and we want to thank you folks for the help you gave us while I was "south."

I find things in somewhat of a muddle here; no one seems to know what they are going to do next, and it seems that everything is very unsettled at present. They have begun to cut workers off of the W.P.A. and they don't seem to know what to do with themselves, so we are just waiting on the outcome and letting them learn their need of united action.

Since I left there has been a wage cut of ten cents an hour but I guess they got that and worse everywhere. Well news is scarce and I don't know much to write. Oh yes, what is the date of the I.L.D. Convention? Will try and be there if possible as I am in sympathy with the great movement that they are in so so-long with best wishes to all.

FRANK PEARCY

OUCH! IT WAS

Dear Friends:

This affair about the Labor Defender is going absolutely too far. I'm getting fed up on it and I think it's about time you people get this straightened out. I certainly don't think much of your accountants.

I have here a bill for etc. etc. etc. Now why in the world are you billing us again for this? What the..... are you trying to do? You acknowledge the fact that its paid, and then you etc. etc. etc. So please tell us why are we again billed for this? Do you think etc. etc. etc.

I'm expecting this thing to be cleared up soon.
A. K.

Dear Chicago Editor:

When the I.L.D. attorneys freed Charles Sotis, the Stockyards organizer, several weeks ago, we workers had a couple of good laughs. You know Sotis was held for perjury in getting his naturalization papers, and faced a five year minimum sentence.

Well, on the last day of the trial in the Federal Court, when the government prosecuting attorney had Charles on the stand, the G-man leaned back in his chair and began his cross examination.

"Now, Charlie—" but I.L.D. attorney Bentall broke in abruptly. "I object, if the Court pleases, to the tone of familiarity used by the prosecution. If the prosecutor wishes, he may address the defendant by his legal name "Charles Sotis," or he may say Charles—alias Charlie—Sotis." Even the Judge laughed loudly at that one.
J. B.



VOICES FROM PRISON

"Our Children Need MILK"

An appeal in behalf of the children of labor's prisoners.



In a few short weeks the air will be filled with talk of vacations, camps, outings, picnics. School will be out and rotogravure sections will run tempting pictures of ideal summer jaunts for children.

Perhaps you will be worrying about your own kids' vacations. Perhaps you are fortunate enough to have no such problems.

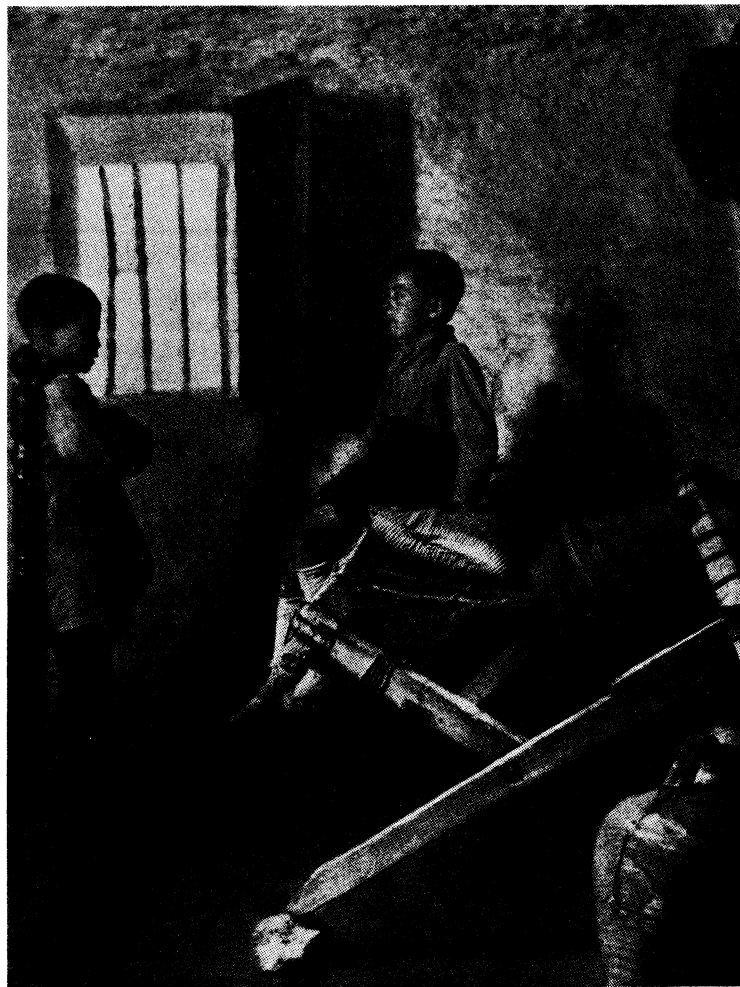
We want to remind you about a group of children to whom summer-time means just no school and long, hot dreary days in blazing mining patches, broiling city streets,—days of hunger, and of raggedness.

These are the children of labor's prisoners—labor's neediest cases.

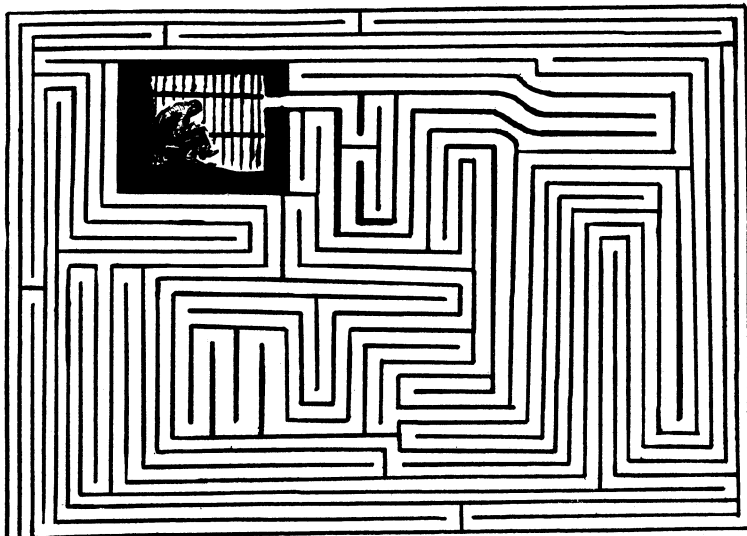
These kids won't have any "vacations," any camps or summer homes. They will only get enough to eat—if you make it possible for us to provide their mothers with money to buy food.

During the summer of 1935, the Prisoners Relief Department of the International Labor Defense, initiated a Summer Milk Fund for the babies of our political prisoners. We

Their fathers were thrown into jail after Spain's October in 1934. They are the children of an Asturian miner. Before the amnesty freed father, the children were cared for by the Prisoners Relief Department of the Spanish I. L. D.



YOUNG DEFENDERS CORNER



This Young Defender, with his presents, has forgotten the way to the political prisoner shown. You help him by leading him there without crossing any lines.

(Frank Caplan)

were determined that these children would at least be provided with this vital necessity. We can't give them the fun they deserve. We can't assure them the good times that are the right of all childhood. But we do want them to have, at least, some extra nourishment to build them up for the winter.

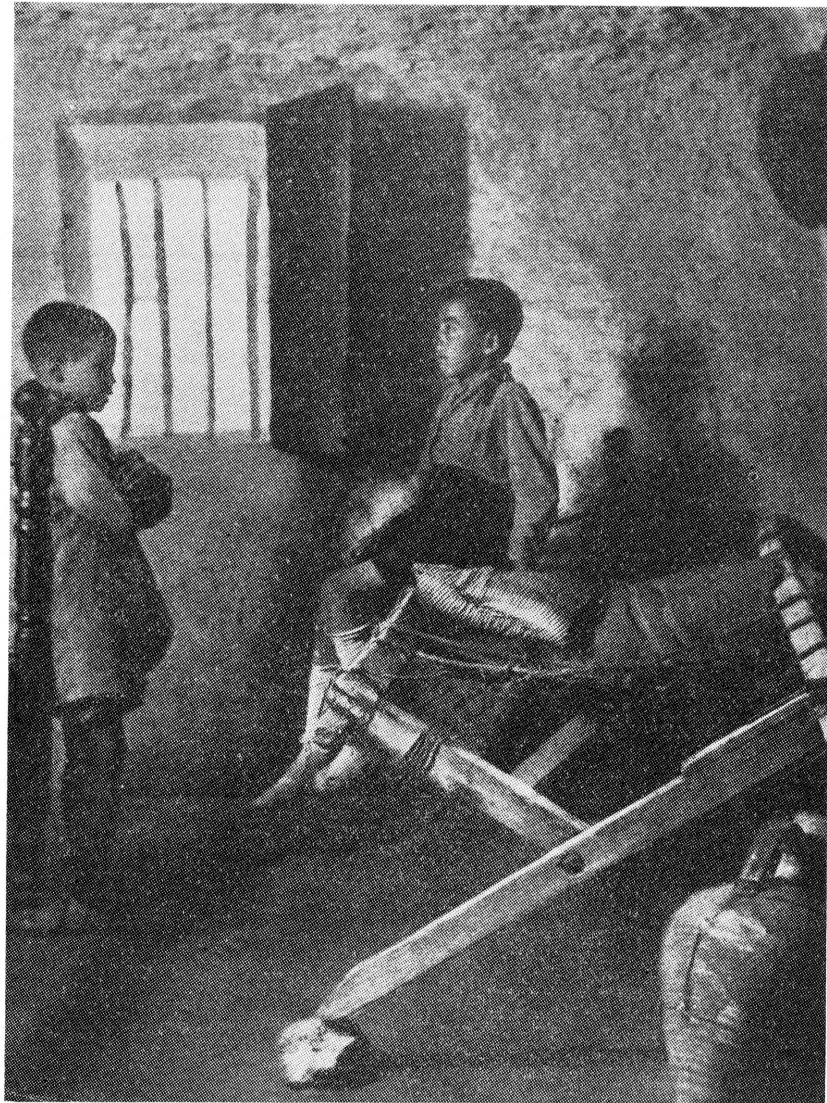
We set ourselves the modest goal of a \$1500 fund for 1935 and we made it. This year our burden has been doubled. There are almost twice as many fathers in jail this year as there were last and almost twice the number of children on our relief rolls. Therefore, we have set the goal this year, for the 1936 fund at \$3,000.

There will be tag days, picnics, outings in the larger cities run by the local I.L.D. to raise these funds. We hope that the readers of the LABOR DEFENDER in those areas will participate in this worthy activity.

But we urge every one of you, to contribute as much as you can directly to the Summer Milk Fund. *The drive opens officially on June 1 and closes September 1.* There will be attractive posters, folders, and other campaign material available long before then. If you think you can make use of any of this material in your home town, at the resort where you will spend your vacation, write and ask for some.

Help us help them.

**Their fathers
were thrown into
jail after Spain's
October in 1934.
They are the
children of an
Asturian miner.
Before the
amnesty freed
father, the
children were
cared for by the
Prisoners Relief
Department of
the Spanish
I. L. D.**



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KLANSMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

tioning is to rise slowly from his chair, point a shaking finger at the American flag draped on a standard behind the witness chair on which prospective jurymen sit while being questioned and, his eyes almost popping with the strain, his voice booming, quavering and challenging his questions.

Once Farrior rose and put a question that raised some hope in the spectators' minds that he might be going to fight. After Whitaker had asked a juror the question above, Farrior rose and asked him:

"Believing in the constitution, do you believe that every person, rich or poor, has an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

But the prospect of vigorous action on the part of the prosecution was short-lived. The one bright moment was over. The knight in shining armour, after a brief crossing of swords with the dragon of the K.K.K., folded up his weapons and put them away where they would be safe from the moths.

Of course, you can't expect much from Farrior himself who said, right after the murder of Shoemaker, that it wouldn't have been so bad at all, if it hadn't been done so it looked so official.

Now you know why it is necessary for every labor organization, every friend of liberty and enemy of the Klan, to let State's Attorney Rex Farrior, Orlando, Florida, know at once, by resolution, registered letter, telegram and postcard, that the people of the United States are watching him, demanding the fullest, most fearless, vigorous prosecution in their case against the Ku Klux Klan—let the chips fall where they may.

"We must COOPERATE"

(Continued from Page 10)

His plan to eliminate all communists and their allies "through economic pressure" shows only too clearly the method by which the oligarchy, which actually rules this country through its ownership of the means of production, is able to maintain its power over the vast majority who merely produce that wealth.

He vehemently attacks the United Front movement: "Radicals have enlisted the aid of certain churches, schools, colleges, ministers,

attorneys, business and professional men, to aid in the repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. This Act is California's last bulwark against attempts to alter the social order, and also provides the police with powerful weapons against riot and sabotage. Before the conviction of the eight communist labor-agitators in Sacramento last year, communist-instigated strikes among the workers cost the agricultural interests between fifteen and twenty million dollars."

In other words, the four per cent of the population who now own ninety per cent of the wealth might be forced to share this wealth with the people who actually produce it. A disruption indeed—but the best reason I can think of why this act, which would have been heartily disapproved by Jefferson or Lincoln, should be repealed.

GAOL

(Continued from Page 11)

closed her eyes. When he was out of the room, they speculated on the nature of the awful crime that had confined him here; they decided he was a heartbreaker; they wondered whether he would be punished if they left some change for him; they sat in their seats after their pie and coffee and didn't want to leave.

But the bulldog warden came, and led us out. Again doors clicked and opened and clicked and closed. We were out into legal freedom; and prepared to leave. But the warden asked us to come into the warehouse; he asked me too. He told me:

"If you write about this, you'll at least be of some use."

He led us into a room, and it was filled with coffins; painted coffins and shellacked ones and varnished ones and stained ones; little coffins lined with white satin for little dead babies; and one huge coffin, the warden said was a special order for a seven foot man. The warden delivered a little lecture on them; he said with the cheap labor in his prison he could undersell any manufacturer in the world and make just as good coffins. He told the ladies if ever the moment came to keep him in mind. He distributed circulars, and he whispered to me:

"If you wait a while I want to have a talk with you about these coffins."

But I didn't want to stay.

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Tenth Anniversary

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On Its Tenth Anniversary
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WE congratulate the *Labor Defender* on the occasion of its tenth anniversary. May the *Labor Defender* grow in circulation to thousands of new readers in the struggle to defeat the reactionary fascist attack on the civil liberties of the people.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE
COMMUNIST PARTY, U. S. A.

Greetings from

THE UKRAINIAN DAILY NEWS

To the Labor Defender

17 East Third St. New York City

Phone: ORchard 4-5446

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19 E. 21st Street New York City

GREETINGS

to the

LABOR DEFENDER

on its

10th ANNIVERSARY

from the

COMMUNIST PARTY
New York District

Demand Freedom For Ernst Thaelmann
and all Anti-Fascist Prisoners
Greetings to the Labor Defender
LEO GALLAGHER

Greetings

from an ex-political prisoner
and his family

Mr. and Mrs. John Lamb

Greetings

A Mother's Gift For
Her Son's Birthday

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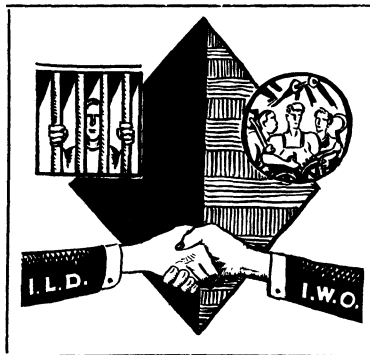
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The International Workers Order is proud of its affiliation to the ILD and of the support its 100,000 members have given to the ILD.

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In the year of 1935, the IWO has paid out to its members:

SICK BENEFITS PAID OUT	\$166,165.00
DEATH BENEFITS PAID OUT	114,929.11
TUBERCULOSIS BENEFITS PAID OUT	17,955.53
FUNERAL AND CEMETERY BENEFITS PAID OUT	18,429.25
CRIPPLE (DISABILITY) BENEFITS PAID OUT	1,400.00
TOTAL PAID OUT	\$318,878.89
RESERVE FUNDS	\$800,000.00

Workers throughout the country, miners, steel workers, textile workers, needle workers etc., of all nationalities, both Negro and white can testify to the fact that they received help for themselves and families in the form of sick benefits, of tuberculosis benefits, of medical care—real protection at a cost to fit the workers pocketbook.

The families of workers who have passed away can testify to the fact that they received sums ranging from \$100 to \$2,000 to cover the cost of the funeral and money to tide the family along.

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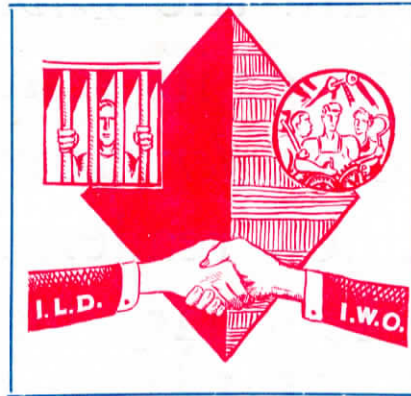
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