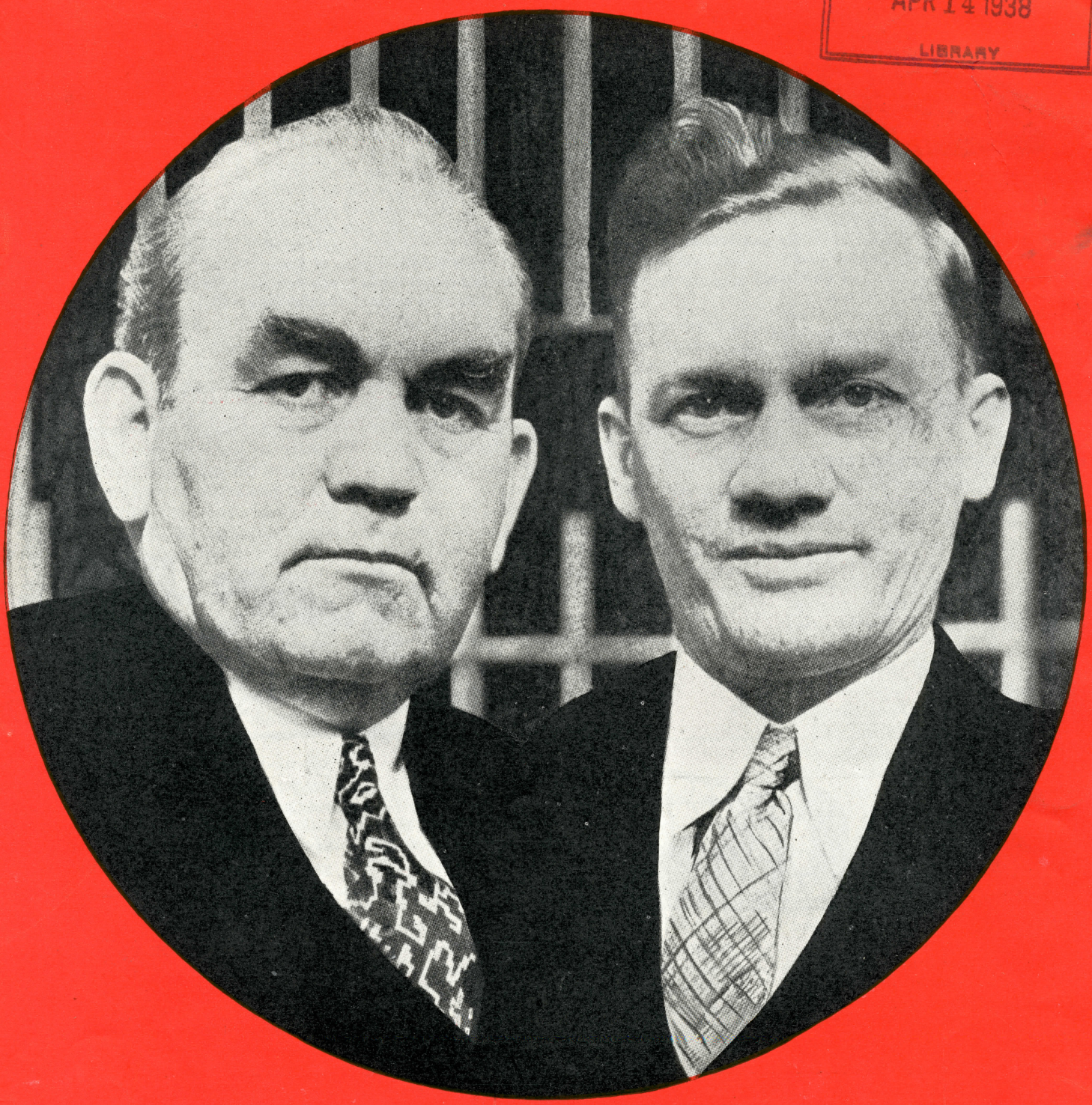


Bob

LABOR DEFENDER

JULY, 1936

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In This Issue:

The MOONEY-BILLINGS Case - 20 Years After

ALMANAC

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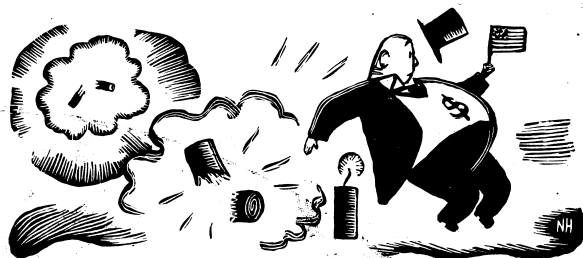
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Retired to be a country gent
But not before he fought the enemy and beat them.
The Founding Fathers of our land
Chased the British and took their stand
For Democracy and Freedom.
We're not retired to country homes
But we can remember Valley Forge.
If reaction once more in this country roams
We can take a tip from the days of George
And fight the reactionaries where we meet them
Winning Democracy and Freedom.*

JULY 4—The birthday of one of America's veteran political prisoners — WARREN K. BILLINGS. Be sure and send him your birthday greeting at the San Francisco County jail, San Francisco, Cal. He will be 42 years old.



*The Liberty Bell does ring no longer
And Liberty herself is sleeping.
This will go on if Hearst gets stronger
And the country is put in Landon's keeping.*

JULY 26—The 20th Anniversary of the arrest and imprisonment of Warren K. Billings.



*The flying squads of the Minute Men
Have been replaced by picket lines
And the tyranny of the British king
By deportation, jails and fines.
The firecrackers of the Fourth
Stand for the muskets of Bunker Hill
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We've the spirit of Independence still.*

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The Liberty League would try to stop him.
They'd get the Supreme Court to call him illegal
And call out the Black Legion to kidnap and flog him.*

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Beneath its cover of detective story language and movie thriller technique and costume, the Black Legion emerges as a serious menace to the life and liberty of the American people. Its aims are distinctly fascist, phrased in language copied straight from Hitler and Mussolini. Its tentacles reach high up into official circles. It has enjoyed the protection of many very high "higher-ups" and it has amply served the purpose of at least the auto kings of our land.

The Black Legion is the logical outgrowth of an ever increasing, persistent and consistent policy of terror against labor, against independent political action of the workers and farmers, against the Negro people—nourished and fed by oppressive legislation, by extra legal organizations, by frame-ups, lynchings, murders.

The only difference between the justice meted out by the Black Legion and its mummery and such sentences as those handed down against the Scottsboro Boys, against Angelo Herndon, against Tom Mooney, against Sacco and Vanzetti and the other martyrs of the labor movement, is that the latter had the official sanction of the law.

A few weeks ago in Atlanta, at about the same time that the Black Legion was uncovered, the police raided a workers meeting, arrested all 18 present and charged them at first with inciting to insurrection. The officials of the State of California sentenced five young people to five years in the State penitentiary. The officials of the state of Alabama officially confirmed the fact that they had secretly indicted Ozie Powell and Roy Wright on charges of "assault with intent to murder" because Ozie Powell's head was all but shot off by a blood-thirsty sheriff last winter.

To date the Federal government has been curiously reticent in bearing down on this murderous menace to our civil liberties. Attorney General Cummings blithely admitted that he had known of the existence and operation of

the Black Legion a year ago and had done nothing about it. Straw men are put up in the path of nation wide indignation and resentment by questions of jurisdiction as to whether or not the Federal government can "officially and legally" interfere!

The International Labor Defense has gathered more than sufficient material to prove that there are at least four legal bases, provided for by law, upon which the Federal government can investigate the Black Legion and stamp it out of existence—through the agency of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (G-Men.)

There is on the federal statute books a law prohibiting night riders from conspiring to "injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured him by the Constitution or laws of the United States." The Black Legion can be prosecuted for interference with the Federal relief administration. It can be prosecuted for kidnapping across interstate lines. It can be prosecuted and crushed for using the mails and other means of interstate communication for threats, coercion and intimidation—all serious crimes with severe penalties attached.

The International Labor Defense urges all its members, friends and supporters to demand the disarming, dissolution, and destruction of the Black Legion by Federal investigation and action. Here is a truly *subversive organization* which threatens the lives and freedom of the American people. Here is an example of the use of *force and violence* to overthrow our democratic institutions for those who gnash their teeth at labor organizations behind those very phrases, to fight against. But they will do nothing about it. It is up to the American people to fight this fascist murder army, by means of its strongest weapon—organized, united, powerful mass protest.

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Not satisfied with crushing its own people under the bloody iron heel of terror, murder and concentration camps, the Nazi government of Germany seeks to reach out beyond its borders to stem the tide of anti-fascist sentiment that exists among workers and all friends of liberty in other parts of the world.

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The International Labor Defense, which immediately jumped to the defense of Simpson is bending every effort to secure his immediate trial and freedom. It is calling upon all individuals and organizations to lend their aid to this case by protesting to German ambassador Hans Luther in Washington, to Secretary of State Hull, against the continued imprisonment of an American citizen on Nazi soil and demanding that he be defended by American counsel of his own choice. It also asks for their support in the form of representative delegations to Nazi consulates throughout the land. Such delegations are being organized jointly by the local I.L.D. organizations and members of the seamen's union in many of the most important port cities of America. They deserve the enthusiastic support of every foe of fascism.

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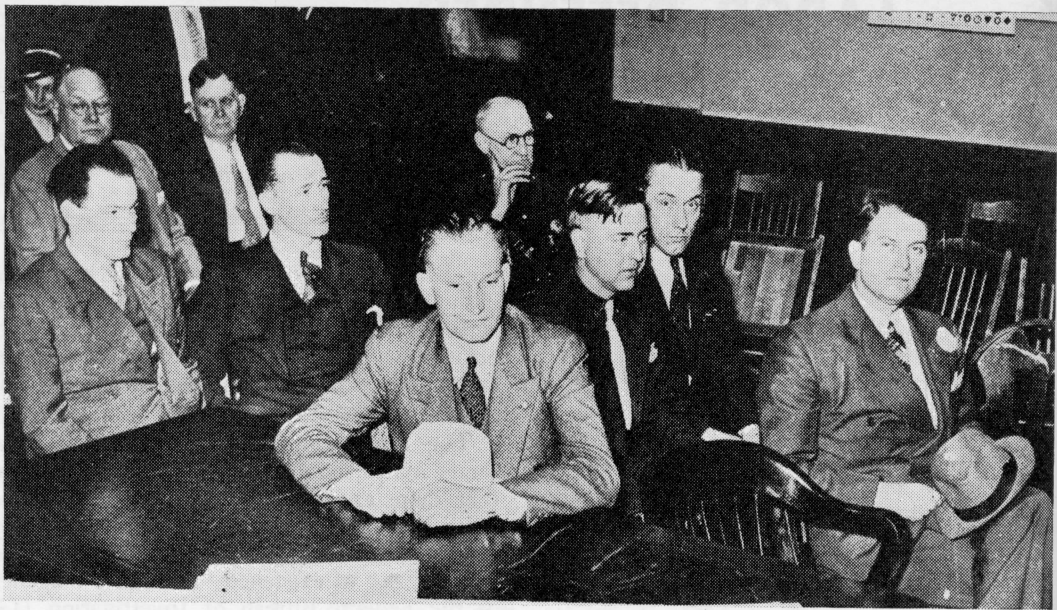
By ROBERT W. DUNN



The Black Legion displays its ammunition—supplied free by the U. S. Government.



"I don't recall," says Arthur F. Lupp, brigadier general of the Black Legion. But he does say, "We have accomplished a lot. We have dedicated our lives forever to the red, white and blue."



Six of the murderous night riders in court in Ecorse, Michigan, charged with kidnapping and flogging Robert Penland, steel worker.

While the spotlight has been turned on the terrible crimes of the Black Legion in Michigan, let us not minimize the shock that comes from the realization of the fantastic character of this symptom of fascism. However, if we are familiar with the history of terror in the United States, if we remember something of the barbarous tactics of the capitalist class in its merciless war on the workers, we cannot be really surprised that such a thing as the Black Legion has been spawned by the crisis.

Even in comparatively prosperous years we have seen secret as well as open terror used against workers attempting to unionize or to better their condition through strikes. We have seen the law of rope and faggot at work in the South as well as in the North. We have seen the lawless violence of police, the smashing of picket lines by deputy sheriffs, the routing of hunger marchers by state patrolmen, the raiding of union halls by Department of Justice agents, the deportation deliriums of 1920, the night riding tar and feather gangs crucifying those who opposed the World War, the murderous attacks on strikers by private armies of coal and iron police or Bergoff "operatives". We have seen the liberty (league) loving President Hoover summon the army to drive a group of tattered veterans from their shacks on the Potomac in the dead of night. We have seen the glad-handed Roosevelt ride blithely through the blood spattered state of Arkansas entirely deaf to the pleas of sharecroppers hounded and evicted by the friends of the President's crony, Senator Robinson. We have seen Candidate Alf Landon call out the militia to break the strike of metal mine workers in southwest Kansas in 1935.—Yes, we have seen a lot in this country that ought to have prepared us for this manifestation of Black Hundredism in Michigan and points west.

There is no harm in refreshing our memories of some of these crimes—just a few of those of the last ten years—that have gone quite unprotected by people who now appear to be alarmed by the secret order killing society in the Wonder City of Detroit. All of these incidents have had their roots deep in the soil of capitalism and its inevitable class conflicts.

Have you ever heard of the Columbine

Massacre in Colorado in November, 1927, when state police, commanded by a Rockefeller agent, shot down six workers and wounded 20. They were strikers who were quite unarmed. A few weeks later in January, 1928, in the same mine strike two more workers were murdered at Walsenberg.

One or two years later, you may recall the massacre before the Marion Manufacturing Co. in Marion, N. C., where a sheriff and his deputies killed six workers and wounded 24. All the workers were shot in the back: they had committed no provocation. None of the sheriffs were wounded. The "law" proceeded to arrest some of the strikers who had fortunately escaped the bullets. A few deputies were tried for the crime but acquitted.

About the same time came the night raiders, acting for the Manville Jenckes Co. in the textile strike at Gastonia, N. C. These black legionaires of the South broke into the relief store and strike headquarters, tearing it down and scattering children's food and union records in the streets. The militia arrived conveniently after the crime was committed, and ten strikers were arrested for breaking up their own headquarters! In the same strike, time after time, the Loray Mills "Committee of One Hundred", many of these mobsters and klansmen deputized as sheriffs and police, flogged and beat the strikers. It was the same gang of legalized company-paid Dillingers who murdered Ella May Wiggins, 29, and mother of five children, the bard of the union. The court refused to indict the nine who were held for this killing. In fact in all these southern strikes there was absolutely no conviction of the perpetrators of violence against the strikers.

These two southern examples are from the period just before the economic crisis seized the country, turning millions out of the factory gates to starve slowly on various types of home or work relief. Since then—and under the "New Deal" as well as under the hard reign of Hoover—we have had plenty of examples of these same employer tactics. Take only the last two years. In the San Francisco general strike of the summer of 1934, we found bands of legionaires and hoodlums, hired by the open-shop Industrial As-

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sociation of San Francisco and incited the red-baiting slogans of General Hugh Johnson and other Roosevelt appointees, smashing the headquarters of workingclass organizations and papers.

Later in the same year the hunger marchers of New York State were attacked and brutally beaten at Albany as they were carrying their grievances to the legislature. The New Deal banker-governor-Lehman, did nothing to hold off or rebuke the uniformed sadists of the Albany police force.

And in New York City, the most "civilized" city in the world, under the regime of the great liberal LaGuardia, similar attacks have been made upon home relief pickets and demonstrators, upon delegations of white collar workers, upon unemployed councils, upon striking seamen.

In the general textile strike of 1934 we found the governors of both Republican and



School boys in Detroit "play" Black Legion. These two youngsters, Albert Valenti and Joseph Ignani were rescued just before they were hanged in a deserted barn. The poison spreads.

Democratic states calling out the militia to give aid and comfort to the mill owners and to smash the picket lines of the workers. The summoning of the militia for strike-breaking purposes was reported again and again in 1934-35. The survey of the Labor Research Association in *Labor Fact Book III*, found that the national guard was called out 24 times in 1934 and 19 times in 1935 to suppress labor, unemployed and farm struggles.

As the result of these militia operations as well as the armed attacks by private gangsters, company thugs and local and state police, an incomplete record of killings of workers and farmers in various struggles shows 49 victims in 1934 and 39 in 1935. (See *Labor Fact Book III*, page 171.)

Coming right down to the present year we find that auto union and clerks union organizers in Terre Haute and Anderson, Indiana, have been whipped, beaten and robbed by bosses' agents. We find Governor Talmadge's

terror against Negroes and labor organizers continuing in Georgia, the duPonts backing the Ku Klux Talmadge in his demagogic crusade against the bill of rights of the U. S. Constitution. We find the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. hiring plug uglies to beat up Sherman Dalrymple, president of the United Rubber Workers International Union as well as kidnapping and beating other union men in the Goodyear plant in Gadsden, Alabama. We find Myron C. Taylor talking about the beauties of "collective cooperation" while his deputies of the subsidiary Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. are coolly slugging and slaughtering union miners near Bessemer, Alabama.

And in Washington we may watch a perfect type of swivel chair cold-bloodedness—the spectacle of Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, sending to certain destruction in Nazi Germany five innocent men. These are just "routine" deportations for Frances. Of course, she doesn't hear the shots of the executioner or see the blood spurt in a Hitler concentration camp. But is there much more that a qualitative difference between her act and that of the moronic murder of Charles Poole, the WPA worker, by the Detroit Republican storm troopers wearing hoods decorated with skull and cross bones?

If we come nearer to Detroit itself we may find in the records of the last few years the background of the present Bullet Club exposures. The Detroit Civil Liberties Committee in 1931-32 alone reported nine cases of unprovoked police killings, raids and brutalities in that area. But in each case police officials and the Grand Jury either whitewashed the men or ignored the charges. And in Pontiac in November, 1931, seven men were kidnapped from their homes by vigilantes and lashed with horse-whips for attending meetings of the Unemployed Councils. The police of Pontiac were involved in this but an investigation ordered by the Governor petered out. And earlier in the same year came the attack on the unemployed demonstration by the police of Dearborn, Mich., in front of the Ford plant. Four were killed and many wounded.

Such a background of mob violence and official terror we found in the motor cities even before the strikes in the auto plants of 1934-35 when the police brutally attacked the workers of the Motor Products Corp., while militia shot down two workers in the Electric Auto-lite strike in Toledo.

Important also in the background is the Service Department of the Ford Motor Co., with its "spotters" and "hunting dogs" embracing a ruthless network of espionage and intimidation. The chief of this department is Republican Harry Bennett, "Duke of Michigan". He is linked with the Legion and it is the most logical link in the world.

Not only Ford but other auto companies are behind this terror, the exact connections as yet unrevealed but certainly demanding federal investigation. General Motors, Chrysler, Hudson, Motor Products, have already been named as well as the Citizens' Committee of the Detroit Board of Commerce, long the spearpoint of the open shop "American Plan" campaign in Detroit. It was against the various unions in the auto industry, trying to organize workers in the major plants, that the direct fire of the Legion has been aimed, against those unions and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers in the neighboring steel plants.

In the face of what we already know about the blackrobed Legion we can easily see beyond the petty agents to the main performers. The Dayton Deans are pretty small potatoes compared with the literal Directory of Directors that stand behind them, profiting handsomely from their violence and savagery—the Alfred Sloans, the Walter Chryslers, the E. T. Weirs, the Henry Fords, the Eugene duPonts and their American Liberty League. It is these "big shots" one must always bear in mind in considering anti-labor terror in the auto and steel industries. Of course these people have plenty of personnel managers and public relations officials to protect them. They control the press, and are the heroes of the unspeakable Hearst. They tell the wiggling



Funny, isn't it? Dayton Dean, left, Black Legion killer, accused of murdering Charles Poole, laughs with deputy sheriffs in Detroit court.

politicians what to do in every crisis. To document their complete exposure is not an easy task. But morally it is they and the system they represent that stand indicted in the minds of people who have given these new terror developments any thought at all.

It is these millionaire legionaires who are the major menace to liberty in this country today, not the petty police clerks, subforemen and municipal meter readers who have been turned up in the Michigan revelations. It is these "rulers of America" who direct the killers, who finance the professional patriotic societies and "law and order" leagues, who write the red scares in the press. It is they who infest their plants with spies and stool pigeons.

It is against these night riders of Wall Street, these very respectable KKK's of the big banking and industrial monopolies, these Black Legionaires of finance capital, that we must direct the main fire of our protest. They are the organizers and financiers of fascism in America. The blood of Charles Poole and George Marchuk and John Bielak is on their hands.

The GHOST of FRANK NORMAN Haunts the KLAN

A talk with his widow—the story of his death
—the finger of guilt is pointed.

By ART SHIELDS

The case of Frank Norman, murdered citrus leader and International Labor Defense organizer, is worrying Florida government circles more than it did last year.

The case won't die as the officials hoped it would when Norman was taken for a ride and murdered one night in Lakeland more than two years ago.

Florida's state A. F. of L. convention recently denounced the kidnap murder in a stinging resolution, and more and more people are asking the authorities why the murderers are not run to earth.

"A lot of folks are talking about the Norman case," fretted Judge Dewell at Bartow, where five police Klansmen were convicted by a courageous jury on the charge of kidnaping Eugene Poulnot, chairman of the Workers Alliance of Florida. Poulnot was kidnaped out of the Tampa police station with Dr. Sam Rogers and Joseph Shoemaker, two other leaders of the "Modern Democrats", a local reformist organization, and taken to the woods and flogged. Shoemaker died from the beating.

The Norman case brings added wrinkles to the citrus town judge. . . He's from Haines City, citrus center . . . He parries questions about the murder of the orange grove organizer.

"You'd better see Sheriff Chase about it," he advises.

Sheriff Chase shifts uneasily. Suggests it's late to do anything now. You see it's hard to find what actually happened. You can't do—

This ex-cashier of the Lakeland bank that carried down workers' savings when it broke; this Polk County sheriff, who filled the Bartow jail with citrus strikers two years ago—he never did do anything in the Norman case but cover up the crime.

We go to see Mrs. Norman herself.

A half hour's ride brings us to Lakeland, "fastest growing city in Florida", famed for its tourist-thronged lakes and its giant citrus industry.

"Hello Frankie", calls my friend. A barefoot boy of seven playing in the street returns the greeting joyously, and we climb a flight of outside stairs to the rear of the room of the widow and her orphaned son.

Mrs. Norman comes straight to the point.

"It's not too late to seize the murderers," she tells us. "I will never rest until they are run down and punished."

"My husband was a good man, devoted to the workers' cause. I remember so well the night he spoke to the citrus strikers at Highland City. It was just four nights before the murderers took him away. He spoke to the strikers as they stood in front of their camp fires and told them to keep up the fight."

That was Saturday night, April 7, 1934.

"Next Wednesday night the three murderers came. One was a big man. He pretended to be Sheriff Chase. Said he wanted Frank to come in the car to identify a Negro who had been lynched. Frank always fought for the Negro workers. He went in the car and Ben Surrency, our roomer, went with him. Then

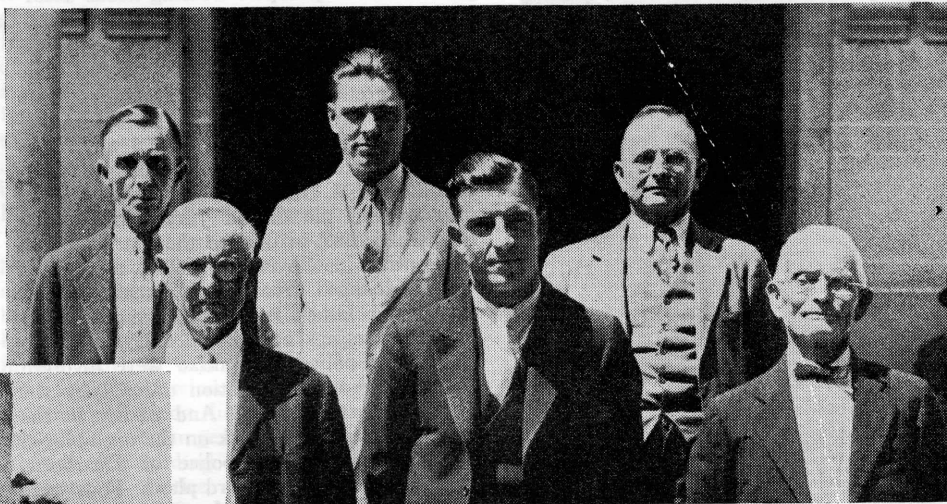
ed side by side with her husband in the citrus union. A cannery worker herself, she was the first secretary of the Lakeland local union.

"I know what it means to work from six to six, sometimes all evening too, till eleven o'clock at night and get a dollar a day," she said. "In the old days a good worker made up to ten dollars a week. I was fast. I made that. But now the average is only six dollars."

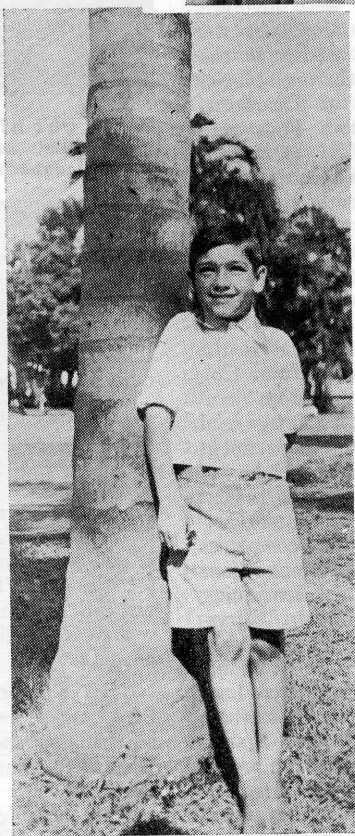
She held out her hands.

"Look at those finger nails," she said. "See how the nails are wrinkled from citrus poisoning. Every one gets it who works in citrus acid. My nails used to come off. My fingers throbbled at night. Hurt so I couldn't sleep."

She told of being wet from head to heel, all day. Of the terrible speed-up. The belt will not wait. Steaming, peeling, cooling, sec-



Florida workers who defied Klan: The jury of six who found Tampa police floggers GUILTY. Left to right (front row): George A. Walker, W.P.A. worker; Earl Turner drag line operator; J. R. Duggan, retired locomotive engineer; (back row): S. T. Williams, mechanic; Victor C. Hall, welder; W. M. Lohr, mechanic.



The K.K.K. killed his father—seven year old Frankie Norman.

Ben came back. It was hard for him to talk. He told how the killers made him get out of the car. Told him to keep going and not look back. Ben heard a shot. The car dashed away, and Frank was gone."

The *Lakeland News*, a vicious foe of the citrus workers, admitted in its issue of April 12, the day after the crime, that Surrency reported:

"As the car left I heard them beating Norman, and a shot was fired and they darted away."

Mrs. Norman loved Frank not only as a wife, but as a fighter. She work-

tionizing, the fruit, examining it, topping the cans—nimble fingered girls and men rush as the belt moves past while the clock goes all the way around day after day during the short winter-spring season.

"I guess that's a side of Florida the tourists never see," said Mrs. Norman.

"This season I had no work," she continued. "Thousands of other citrus workers had none either. But the citrus packers do pretty well, for prices are higher this year."

"You are a citrus worker in a citrus state," I remarked. "Are you eating any citrus fruit this year?"

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Norman. "But I can't buy oranges and grapefruit often even when I work. I figured it out once. I couldn't buy back one can of grapefruit out of the wages I got for a whole trayful. For a tray of 18 cans I got 4 cents—it used to be 8 cents."

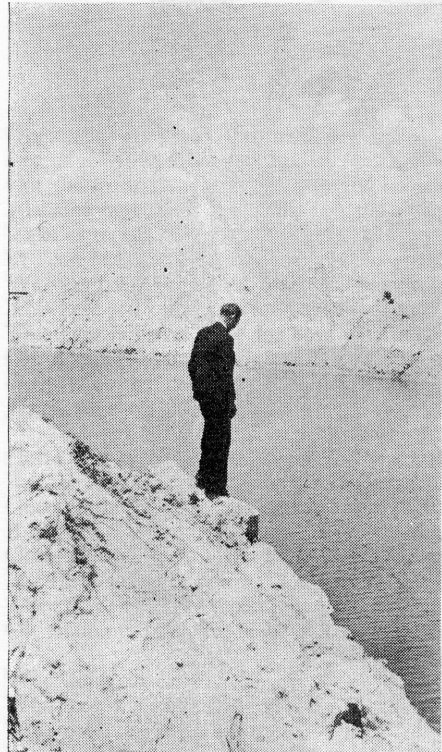
Grape fruit would help Frankie. (If you

don't believe it read the ads.) Frankie fainted in school the other day.

"I told the relief official when she cut me off relief," said Mrs. Norman, "I told her 'My boy fainted in school.' She told me: 'There's nothing you can do.' I said: 'We'll see about that!'"

"What does Frankie eat?" I asked Mrs. Norman.

"Sometimes we have to live on a dollar a



Frank Norman's body lies in one of these silent lakes in Polk County, Florida—tourists' paradise.

week," she replied. "That means we live mainly on grits—hominy grits. We can't afford much bread. I get two loaves a week for Frankie's lunches, with a little jelly to go with it. I get some eggs too. No fruit and vegetables. I know he needs them. I know what vitamins are (Mrs. Norman used to be a school teacher), but I can't buy them. I can't even afford beans."

"Can't you walk out to a grove and get a little fruit?" I asked, "would they care?"

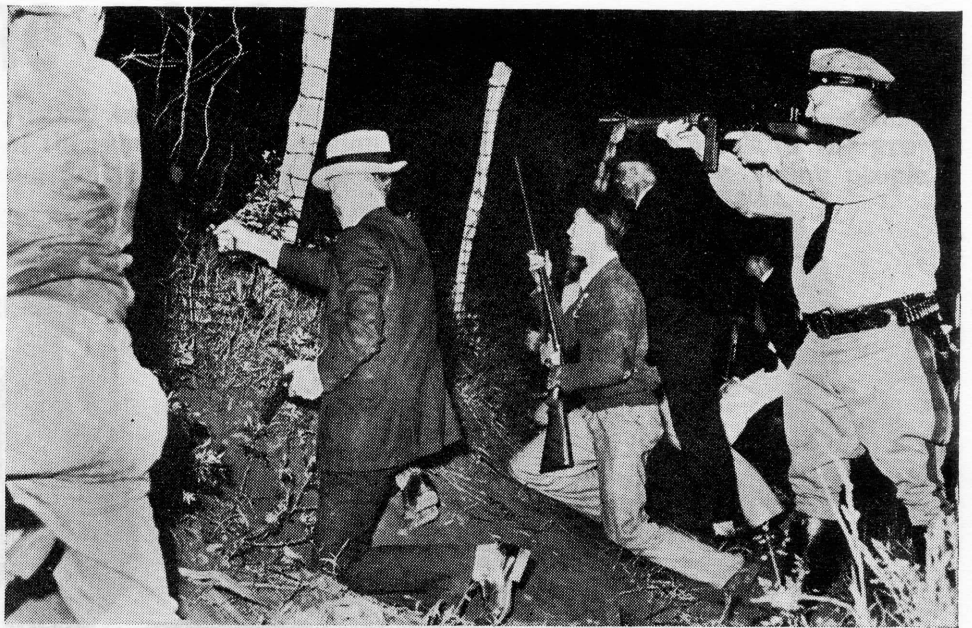
She smiled grimly: "One big grove owner said he'd shoot any one who did that," she answered. "Others would have you arrested and fined heavily."

"My relief has been cut off," she said. "I used to get a dollar a week in groceries. That's gone. The women's WPA project was stopped. That used to pay eleven dollars every two weeks. That's gone. My widow's pension, they gave me for awhile after Frank was murdered, has been taken away. The only regular little income I get is what comes from the Prisoners Relief Department of the I.L.D."

"Other women are hungry too. One lady told me last week she hadn't eaten for more than a day. Another hadn't eaten since supper the night before I saw her. They are getting ready to fight for relief. One lady said to me: I'm going to take my kids on a march through the streets."

Mrs. Norman still has a home.

"But I don't know how long I'll have it,"



Lynchers in action—State troopers and citizens of Gordonsville, Virginia, formed a posse of 1,000 which fired for 6 hours on the cabin of a 65 year old Negro worker and his sister. They finally burned the hovel and both victims.

she said. "These rooms cost seven dollars a month and I'm behind with the rent."

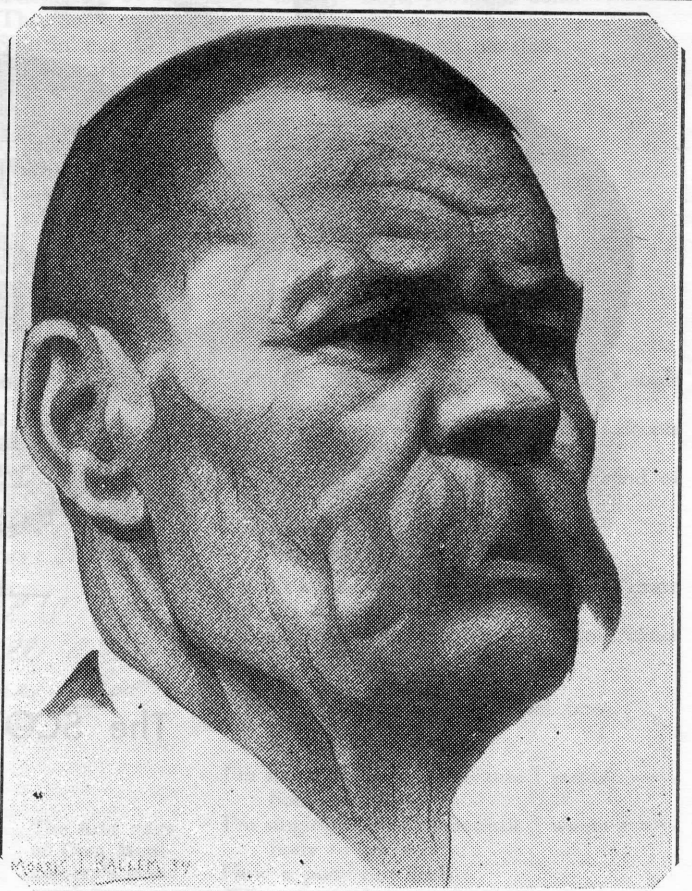
Needing food and facing eviction, Mrs. Norman does not despair. She was Frank Norman's comrade and she knows what is happening to the world. She may pass out from hunger but she knows that the workers' movement is gathering force in the world for the march to victory. But she's a southern woman and she wants to see the southern workers marching in the van . . . the citrus workers with the rest.

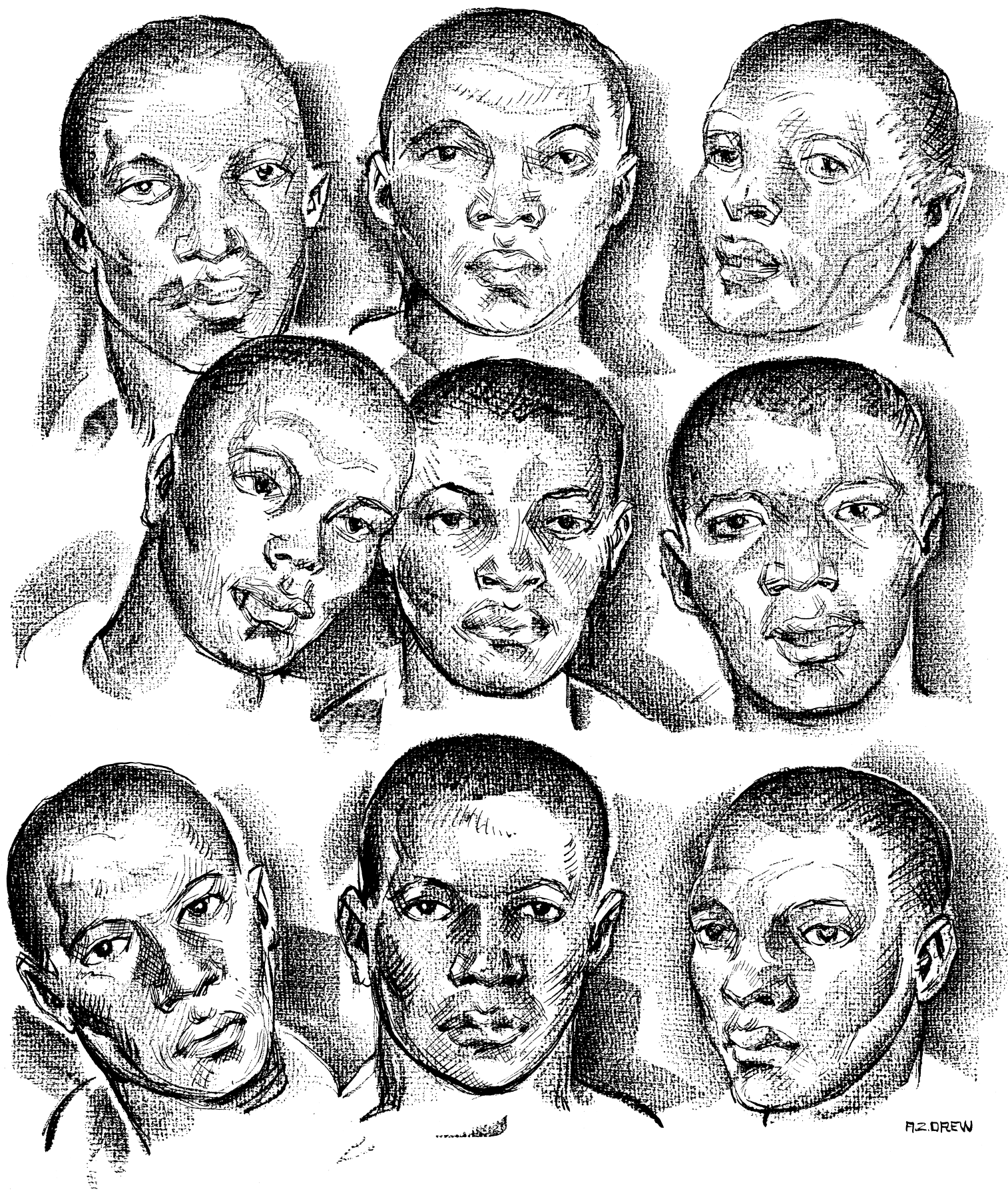
That's why she fights to organize the orange and grape fruit workers and works among the unemployed.

And as part of the fight she wants to see the slayers of her husband punished. She wants the trio of murderers, whom she believes the authorities can find, brought to justice, and with them the big shots who sent them out that April night, to get the citrus workers' leader.

In this fight Mrs. Norman does not fight alone. She fights with the International Labor Defense, which her husband represented, and she will have the aid of such organizations as the Committee for Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, with which the I.L.D. is affiliated. It was this broad united front committee, which includes Socialists, trade unionists, and liberal professionals, that helped to bring the Tampa floggers to trial and which can force Lakeland authorities to act against Norman's lynchers.

The defense movement throughout the world has lost one of its most valuable champions. Maxim Gorky—artist, fighter for freedom, defender of the oppressed—is dead. But his work—such actions as his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro Boys, Thaelmann—will live on in the ceaseless activities of the I. L. D., whose National Executive Committee joins the whole world in mourning his loss.





AZ.DREW

The SCOTTSBORO Boys

THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS

Reared in poverty—deprived of their childhood and youth—symbols of the monstrous oppression of a whole nation—symbols of the growing unity of black and white workers, of all freedom loving people.

We're Too Young To Die

By IRENE PAULL

Open wide the gates, brothers, break the iron bars,
Let us smell the summer under Alabama stars
Cut the irons from our feet, tear the nooses down,
Alabama moonlight is a'shinin' on the town
Take us to our mammies, brothers, we can hear 'em croon,
We can hear our pals a'singin' underneath the moon
We was born an' raised together—let us join their song
This here jail's no place for boys who never done no wrong.
This here jail's no place for boys who never done a thing
Oh, mammy, mammy, ain't we never gonna sing?
Open wide the gates, brothers, break them iron bars,
Jesus, ain't we never gonna see the southern stars?

Gotta bow to white boss passin' in the street
But the southern grass feels soft underneath yo' feet.
Gotta smile to white boss when yore in the light
But there's somethin' soft an' healin' in the southern night.
Gotta slave for white boss for everythin' you buy
But there's somethin' they don't own—they don't own the sky—
They don't own the moonlight shinin' on the town—
Oh, mammy, mammy, make 'em tear the nooses down!

Who done this anyway?
Who took the sun away?
Who made these iron bars?
Who shut out all the stars?

'Tain't you, Ruby Bates,
Don't you hang yo' head
Don't you toss about at night
Wishin' you was dead.

'Tain't you, Victoria,
You po' ole whore—
Yo' head's a rotten sponge
Yo' heart's a sore.

Big Jedge Callahan
What you gonna say?
When you meet us face to face
On the judgment day?

Big white bosses
What you gonna do?
When the workin' folks says,
"Boys, you're through."

Ole man river, always rollin' by,
He seen our folks get borned an' he seen 'em die.
He seen our shackled feet draggin' through the mud
He seen the pure white cotton soakin' in our blood
He heard the whips come down with a searin' sound
He seen our broken bones rottin' in the ground.
Oh, Lordy, Lordy, but he's seen a lot a' pain!
He seen our people's tears comin' down like rain!
Ole man river, washin' by our graves
He heard the moanin' of po' black slaves.

That's enough, white bosses—
Put yo' gats away
You drunk with our blood
But you had yo' day—

Come on, black workers!
Come on, white!
Break down the bars!
Let in the light!

They don't own the green grass, they don't own the sun
They don't own the right to say, "Boys, yo' life is done."
They don't own no lawful right to put up iron bars
Shuttin' out the smell a' summer, shuttin' out the stars
Come, workin' brothers, tear the nooses down!
Let us see the moonlight shinin' on the town!
Join yo' hands together, joinin' makes 'em strong!
Break in with a lifted fist and take us with a song!
Push, brothers, push, the time is rushin' by!
'Cause oh mammy, mammy, we're too young to die!

THE LONESOME JAILHOUSE BLUES

Half blind Olen Montgomery sings
his misery behind the prison bars.
Five long years of torment.

All last night I walked my cell and cried.
All last night I walked my cell and cried.
Because this old jail house got lonesome
And I just can't be satisfied.

Chorus:

I tried to eat my breakfast this morning
But I couldn't, for shedding tears, mama—
I tried to eat my breakfast this morning
But I couldn't for shedding tears.
It almost breaks my heart to think of those
Five long years.

Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what am I going to do.
Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what am I going to do.
I have walked around in this old jail so long
I can't even wear my shoes.

THE LONESOME JAILHOUSE
BLUES, COMPOSED
BY OLEN MONTGOMERY,
BIRMINGHAM COUNTY JAIL.
1ST. VERSE
All last night I
walked my cell and
cried. Because this
old jail house
got lonesome
and I just
can't be satisfied.

The first page
of Olen Mont-
gomery's man-
uscript.

I wouldn't even treat a dog, like these people
treats poor me.
I wouldn't even treat a dog, like these people
treats poor me.
They treats me just like I'm some kind of
an animal
They ain't never seen.

I don't know anything about Alabama, 'cause
it's not my home.
I don't know anything about Alabama, 'cause
it's not my home.
But ever since I been here
I have regretted the day I was born.

I'm singing this song, because I wants every-
body to know,
I'm singing this song, because I wants every-
body to know,
How a poor boy feels
When he is down so low.

GEORGIA JUSTICE

In the same splendid spirit which has won for him the love and support of millions, this young fighter analyzes the latest murder verdict of the Georgia courts.

By ANGELO HERNDON

The decision of the State Supreme Court of Georgia was no surprise or shock to me. I know Georgia justice. I have felt its sting for the last four years and I know that it will stop at nothing in its determined effort to crush the organized labor movement and the Negro people.

Why should the rulers of that state, people who were responsible for setting up the first concentration camp in American history, people who have on their hands the blood of hundreds of Negro workers lynched in Georgia—why should they give up this very powerful weapon by means of which they think they can stamp out all resistance, all organization on the part of the working people, black and white.

That is what is most important about this decision. I have said repeatedly, and I say it again now, the importance of the Herndon case is not what happens to me personally. The important thing is the fact that the State of Georgia still clings to that vicious slave law as a threat against all labor organizers, all Negro people, all freedom loving individuals. The important thing is that the State of Georgia will continue to use that law until it is forced by the united action of the whole labor movement, by people of every color, nationality, religion and shade of political opinion, to drop it from its statute books.

The state of Georgia wants to murder me. They have made that very clear.

They still think that by sending me to my death on the Georgia chain-gang they will halt the rising tide of the struggle for liberation.

They do not seem to realize that millions of American people are interested in the outcome of this case because they recognize it now for what it really is—a test case of their own freedom, their own liberty. This was officially recognized by the organized labor movement in a resolution passed at the 55th convention of the A. F. of L. demanding the abolition of

the Georgia slave insurrection law. I saw it with my own eyes in every meeting that I addressed when twice I crossed the country speaking to workers and farmers and professionals and business men about my case. It is proven by the million and a quarter signatures that have already been attached to the petition circulated by the International Labor Defense and 10 other national organizations addressed to Governor Talmadge of Georgia demanding the abolition of that law and the freedom of all those menaced by it.

I have no illusions in the United States Supreme Court. I never did have and after the last decision they made in my case my feelings were confirmed. I believe they are shared today by many more American citizens than in the past. They now have received proof of the reactionary, dictatorial nature of that court. They know that unless they take action to curb its rule, they can look for no justice for the working people from that source.

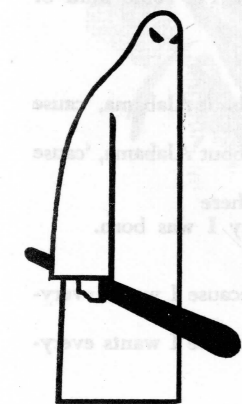
My faith is still and always will be in the working class of the United States. It was that power which twice freed me from the dungeons of Fulton Tower and the chain-gang and it is that power which will finally give me back my freedom.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the International Labor Defense and all its friends and supporters for the splendid work it has done in my defense during these last four years. The International Labor Defense has already started the necessary legal action to appeal this latest decision to the United States Supreme Court and to secure a stay of execution until the time the appeal is heard.

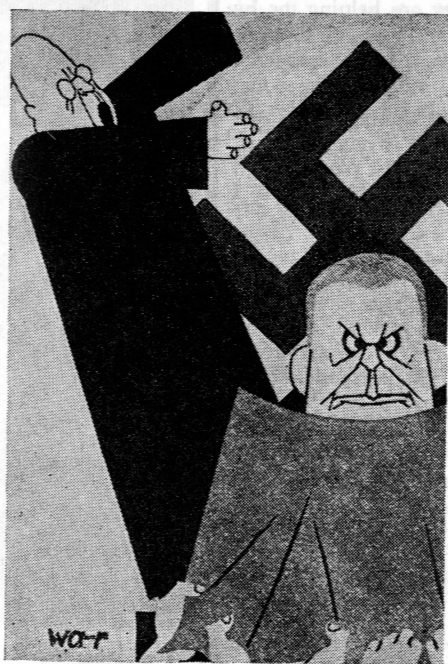
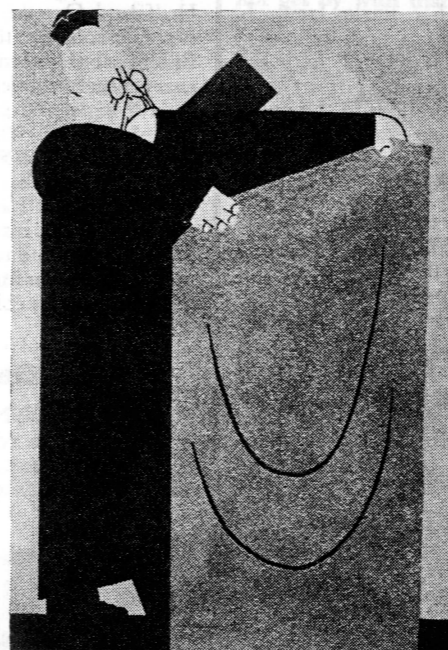
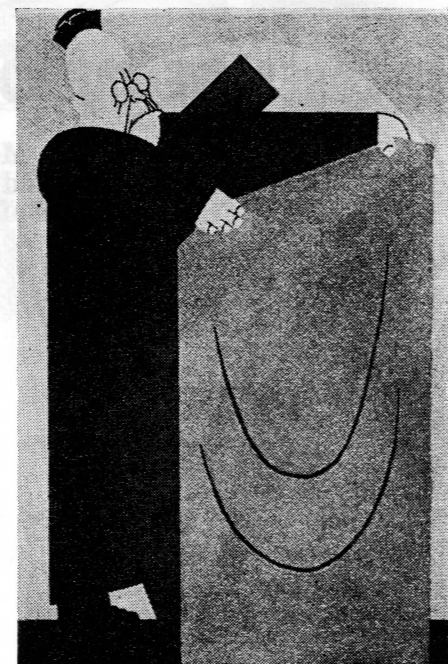
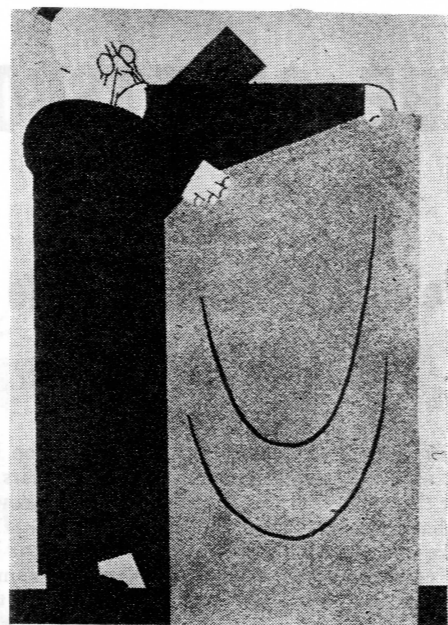
I want also to express by appreciation to the Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon Defense, which responded to the call for united joint action to rally the broadest sections of the American people behind the fight to smash the law and win my freedom. I am sure that it will now be able to recruit even broader united support behind my case.

It was this united effort which won my partial freedom last December. It is such united effort that can now move forward to complete victory—the abolition of the Georgia slave insurrection law dear to the hearts of the Liberty League and Mr. Hearst, but hated and despised by every true friend of liberty and justice.

Justice—fascist style: The hocus pocus of fascist justice in pictures. Now you see it, now you don't, now you do. The artist shows the judge framing innocent victims behind a cloak of lies. The last picture shows the cloak torn aside by public opinion and the real criminal—fascist terror is exposed.



Portrait of Georgia Justice.



CALIFORNIA JUSTICE

The savage sentences against the Sacramento prisoners must become a call to action for the entire trade union movement menaced by the anti-labor C. S. laws of 36 states.

By ANNA DAMON

When the criminal syndicalism law was passed in California in 1919, the big growers, manufacturers and bankers in Hearst's home state must have breathed a sigh of relief. Here, they hoped, was an end of all their troubles. The provisions of the law were broad enough, vague enough, vicious enough to take care of any emergency that might arise—any strike, any concerted effort to organize trade unions, any political action of workers and farmers that might threaten the position of those in power.

They knew they could rely on the courts to make the best possible use of that law. California courts had plenty of experience in conducting frame-up trials, railroading workers to prison for long terms—for life. They had had the McNamara case, the case of Ford and Suhr, the Mooney-Billings case and hundreds upon hundreds of mass arrests of I.W.W. members, trade unionists, pacifists, during the World War.

In the fifteen years that followed, they have learned that it takes more than a law, more than savage sentences to crush the labor movement and the trade unions of California. Vigilante bands were organized. Murder, arson and terror swept the fruitful valleys, mountain sides and harbors of California in a determined effort to stamp out the trade unions. But every effort failed.

In 1934, immediately following the armed terror organized against the General Strike in support of the maritime workers strike, came the now famous Sacramento case. Eighteen young people were thrown into jail and charged with criminal syndicalism; fifteen men and three women, all of them active in the trade union movement, among the agricultural workers, among the marine workers, in various political parties, among the unemployed and in the I.L.D.

The outcome of that trial which lasted for months need only be mentioned here as a reminder. It was marked by brutal, undisguised, anti-labor prejudice. It ended in the conviction of eight of the defendants with indeterminate sentences of from one to fourteen years, and acquittal for the rest.

That was in April 1935. The defendants elected to go to jail, pending appeal and begin serving their terms. In recent weeks, California "justice", in the persons of the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles handed down their final sentences. For the five men in San Quentin, the following: Pat Chambers, Jack Crane (who is now recuperating from a serious operation resulting from stomach trouble contracted in jail) and Martin Wilson—5 years; Albert Hougardy, three and a half years and Norman Mini, three years. For the

women in Tehachapi—Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin—5 years each. Lorine Norman, the third of the women convicted in the Sacramento Case is out on bond. Her release on bail was forced so that her child might be born outside prison walls.

The filing of an appeal was seriously delayed by clumsy prosecution maneuvers to prevent the six who defended themselves in court from getting the record of the trial to prepare their appeal. Further obstacles were constantly placed in the path of I.L.D. attorney Gallagher who defended all the other original defendants except Norman Mini. These revolting and barbarous sentences were the finishing touches to the chicanery and lies and slander used by the State of California to deprive these young people of their liberty.

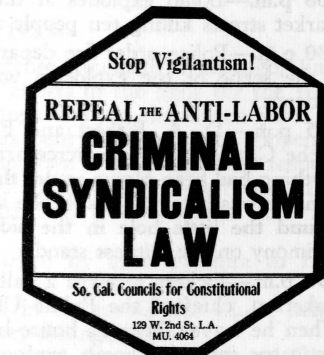
This is the picture of the Sacramento case in its legal aspect as it stands today. But the reaction to this last blow at California's labor movement presents quite a different picture.

Public opinion aroused to a determined desire for mass activity to wipe this law from the statute books of the state, received added impetus as a result of the sentences. Mass indignation is expressing itself in hundreds of workers organizations and particularly in the trade unions who recognize the C.S. law as a grave danger to their very existence.

At a recent conference for the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law held in Sacramento, delegates representing half a million people firmly resolved to aid in the defense of the Sacramento defendants as part and parcel of their fight to repeal the law. There were 109 delegates from 77 trade unions and three Central Labor Councils representing close to 100,000 workers in the most basic industries of the state; 67 delegates from 34 unemployed organizations; 53 delegates from 31 political organizations including the Democratic Party, the Epic League, Socialist Party and Communist Party; the rest of the 346 delegates were from fraternal organizations, local committees against the criminal syndicalism law and defense organizations, most prominent among

(Continued on Page 20)

Stickers printed in red, white and blue and displayed all over California.



THE MOONEY-BILLINGS CASE -- 20 YEARS AFTER

Reconstructing the Mooney-Billings frame-up—the highlights leading up to Mooney's "new trial" and ACQUITTAL in 1933 and the present HEARING—preliminary to an appeal for a writ habeas corpus in the State High Court.

Events Leading Up to the Frame-Up

- **JUNE 10, 1916**—Israel Weinberg, bus driver who operated his own two-year-old Ford and was an executive of the jitney-driver-owners union, drives Tom and Rena Mooney to a street car-men's organization meeting. His young son took music lessons from Rena Mooney.
- **JUNE 10**—United Railroads of San Francisco post official notice warning all employees that "any man found to be affiliated with Mooney, or any union, will be promptly discharged."
- **JULY 13**—Tom and Rena Mooney arrested for distributing handbills announcing that a strike was declared against the United Railroads and the California Street Cable Co., by the Car Men's Union, signed Tom Mooney, organizer for the Car Men's Union.
- **JULY 16**—Martin Swanson boards Israel Weinberg's jitney and offers him \$5,000 for swearing that Tom Mooney blew up some towers belonging to the URR on the morning of June 11.
- **JULY 17**—Martin Swanson stops Warren K. Billings in the street outside the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, takes him upstairs and in the presence of two high officials of that company offers him \$5,000 and a job in the Gas Company garage if he will swear against his friend Tom Mooney.
- **JULY 18**—Swanson repeats his offer to Weinberg, is told to get off the jitney and says, "I'll get you yet."
- **JULY 18**—Mooney, Billings and George Speed local secretary of the I.W.W. meet in the office of the "Blast" where Billings reports Swanson's efforts to "get" Mooney.
- **JULY 21**—Mooney sends Billings a note asking him to bring his camera to Rena's studio. Tom and Rena Mooney plan to go on a vacation on the following afternoon. (Camera was translated into "bomb" by the prosecution at the trial).
- **JULY 22**—1.30 p.m.—Preparedness Day Parade starts. 18 traffic cops clear all traffic from 4,000 feet of Market Street, the parade route. Two minutes later Mayor Rolph (he lived to become California's lynch governor) leads the parade past the corner of Steuart Street.
1:49 p.m.—Mayor passes 721 Market Street.
1:58 p.m.—Wade Hamilton, photographer, snaps Mayor passing Eilers Music Company Building. Hamilton is on the roof of that building.
2:01-2:04 p.m.—Hamilton snaps two more pictures showing Tom and Rena Mooney and others on the roof of the building watching parade—1.15 miles from the corner of Steuart Street.
2:06 p.m.—Bomb explodes at the corner of Steuart and Market streets killing ten people and wounding 40.
3:30 p.m.—Police order fire department to wash the street at the scene of the explosion washing away all possible evidence.
3:45 p.m.—D. A. Fickert and Fred B. Colburn, official of the Chamber of Commerce arrive on scene. "To see if anything had been blown under the sidewalk, a light sledge hammer was brought, and broke a strip 4 or 5 inches wide around the little hole in the sidewalk" (from Colburn's testimony on the witness stand.)
9:30 p.m.—Fickert receives a caller, Martin Swanson, ex-Pinkerton, chief of the Public Utilities Protective Bureau. When he leaves Fickert's house he has become special investigator into the bomb explosion for the District Attorney of San Francisco.

- **JULY 26**—Billings arrested without warrant while leaving Lane Hospital clinic. Weinberg arrested without warrant on his jitney bus. Police who make the arrest tell him they don't know what he is wanted for. Newspapers proclaim discovery of **Mooney plot**.

- **JULY 27**—Tom Mooney and Rena read news of arrests at Montesana, where they are vacationing. Mooney wires Frisco chief of police "will return on next train to San Francisco." Tom and Rena taken off train at Guerneville at 4 a.m. and jailed—without warrant. Papers announce "capture" of Tom and Rena Mooney.

THE WEIRD PROCESSION - Witnesses Used to Complete the Frame-Up

- **ESTELLE SMITH**—drug addict, prostitute with long police record, convicted of murder in 1913, saved her skin by turning state's evidence against her uncle James L. Murphy. Her evidence placed Tom, Rena and Billings at 721 Market street just before 2 p.m. on July 22, with Billings carrying a suitcase filled with dynamite. Fifteen years later she admitted that when she was brought to the police line-up to identify the man with the suit case as Billings—she picked two men, neither of whom were Billings and was then taken up to his cell to "identify" him.

"I was taken to Fickert's office," she confessed. "Mooney was there. Swanson said if that wasn't the man I saw in the hallway making disturbances. I said, 'No.' . . . Fickert at one meeting brought a lot of photographs of the mangled bodies and spread them before me. 'Don't you', he said to me, 'want to find the ones who are guilty of this?' . . . Swanson said if I didn't look out I would find myself across the bay (in prison) . . . They told me to let the time be open: 'on or about' the time they said." She was not used as a witness in the Mooney trial. There were too many contradictions in her carefully studied piece.

- **ALICE KIDWELL**—Estelle's mother. Corroborated her daughter's evidence in the Billings trial. Not used at the Mooney trial after letter to her husband in Folsom Prison was disclosed: "Now sweetheart, as soon as you receive this just put your name on the calendar (for parole) do it right away. The authorities are going to let you out and maybe in a few days and maybe by the 16th . . . I know I am needed by the authorities and they are helping me by getting you out."

- **OFFICER EARL MOORE**—traffic cop—testified he saw Billings enter 721 Market street. "I should say he was about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches tall." Billings is much shorter. "I did not pay much attention to him. . . I paid enough attention to him so that I could identify him again if I saw him in Europe."

- **NELLIE and SADIE EDEAU**—the second mother and daughter team. Members of a religious sect known as the "Gift of Tongues." Told Chief Peterson of the Oakland police they had seen two men carrying a black suitcase with metal trimmings at the corner of Steuart and Market streets just before the explosion. Acting inspector Wm. H. Smith took them to the Frisco police: "Sergeant Goff took Mrs. Edeau and myself to the city prison. Mrs. Edeau and I saw Thomas Mooney in a cell by himself, and Billings in a cell by himself. Mrs. Edeau said to me: 'I have never seen either of these men in my life.'" At the trials of Weinberg, Rena and Tom Mooney, these women swore they saw all of them together with Billings board Weinberg's jitney in front of 721 Market Street! When finally confronted with this obvious lie Mrs. Edeau said that while they stood at Steuart and Market Streets in the flesh, their astral bodies were at 721 Market Street.

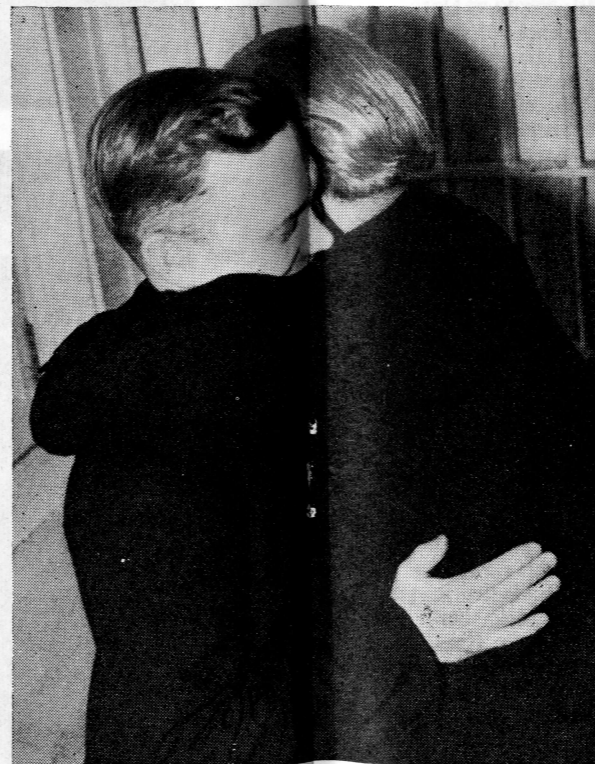
- **JOHN M. CROWLEY**—syphilitic, degenerate, convicted by Fickert in 1911 for wife beating and desertion, swore he saw Billings at Steuart and Market Streets at the same time as Estelle Smith spoke to him at 721—1 mile away!

- **JOHN MAC DONALD**—dope fiend, tramp, syphilitic, drunkard, saw two men, from a saloon, right near the corner of Steuart and Market Streets carrying a valise. From his original description of these men neither of them could have been Mooney or Billings. He was then taken to identify them in the same manner as the other witnesses and ended up on the witness stand by describing them—at Steuart and Market—very accurately.

- **FRANK C. OXMAN**—the "honest cattleman"—Fickert's surprise package. After Billings' conviction and the acquittal of the three other, Fickert realized he would need better and more reliable witnesses to "get" Mooney. He found Oxman, who looked respectable, substantial—a decided contrast to the others. He placed Mooney and Billings at the corner of Steuart and Market and supplied every necessary detail. It was later disclosed that he had been a registered guest at Earl Hatcher's Hotel in Woodland, California 90 miles from Frisco on July 22. He left for Frisco on a 2:15 train and arrived at 5:35! He was promised the lion's share of the \$16,000 set aside for the perjured witnesses. He wrote to a friend, Ed Rigall in Illinois offering him a cut: "Your telegram Received I will wire you Transportation in Plenty of Time also expenses . . . you will only hafta say you saw me in San Frisco on July 22." (Rigall got cold feet and did not go through with it.)

The "Gentlemen" of the Law

- **STEVE BUNNER**—lieutenant of police, Oxman's coach, the man who used fire hoses to wash away the bombing evidence. Today he is a retired captain of police with an unaccounted for bank balance of \$100,000.



Reunited—after 19 years in California dungeons.

- **ED CUNHA**—Fickert's chief assistant prosecuting attorney. Offered William MacNevin, jury foreman, \$5,000 and \$250 a month as long as Mooney remained in jail, for a verdict of guilty. Called at MacNevin's house during the trial and held long conferences with him. Worked on MacDonald; to quote his own words to MacDonald: "Just because you are down and out is no reason why you shouldn't have character and we are depending on you." Stated in Oxman's and Rigall's presence: "This will make Fickert governor and put me in a high state office."

- **CHARLES M. FICKERT**—strike breaker in the teamster's strike in 1901, elected district attorney at the cost of \$100,000 to the street car company and the United Railroads. Worked hand in hand with professional case fixers, labor spies. Vicious, profane, ruthless. His speech to the jury in Billings' trial:

"Place this fiend where never again he can repeat this act. Say to him, and to all the anarchistic breed, 'You cannot get by with that stuff—we are going to have law and order here.' . . . This American flag, this American flag, was what they desired to offend. They offended that, by killing the women and children who worshipped it. Here is another photograph of Mrs. Van Hood, dying on the streets of our city, and in a feeble hand she holds the American flag, and if that flag is to continue to wave, you men must put an end to such acts as these."

Official Proof of Their Innocence

- **JANUARY 16, 1918**—President Wilson appoints Mediation Commission of 7 including William B. Wilson, secretary of labor. The commission reports: "evidence submitted at four trials, taken together, aimed as it was at the establishment of a single issue—the defendants' joint participation in the crime—leaves the mind in the greatest uncertainty as to the complicity of the accused."

- **THE DENSMORE REPORT**: President Wilson appoints J. B. Densmore, U. S. Director-General of Employment of the Department of Labor, to head a commission to investigate the Mooney case. The commission plants a dictaphone in Fickert's office. Its official report is published in 1918.

Its startling revelations of chicanery, thievery, treachery are concluded as follows, recommending Federal intervention: ". . . in the Mooney case, which is nothing but a phase of the old war between capital and organized labor, a miscarriage of justice would inflame the world . . . one man is about to be hanged; another is in prison for life; the remaining defendants are still in peril of their liberty or lives, one or the other of which they will surely lose if some check is not given to the activities of this most amazing of district attorneys. . . . The fact is that in its true proportions it (the Mooney case) is an issue not unworthy to be ranked with the other great problems arising out of the war now being waged for the rights of man and the liberation of peoples."

- **1928**—Judge Griffin, who tried and sentenced Mooney, all the ten living jurors and all persons connected with the prosecution except District Attorney Fickert and his assistant, recommend Mooney's pardon as an innocent man.

- **FEBRUARY 25, 1929**—Judge Griffin in addressing a mass meeting in San Francisco on the 12th anniversary of his sentencing Mooney says: "The Mooney case is one of the dirtiest jobs ever put over and I resent the fact that my court was used for such a contemptible piece of work."

- **1933**—Tom Mooney tried on the last remaining indictment against him. **ACQUITTED**. When the State con-

cedes it has no case. Forced to return to San Quentin to serve his life sentence on the other indictments.

- **THE WICKERSHAM COMMISSION** report on the Mooney Billings case—suppressed. "Considering the records as a whole we conclude: There never was any scientific attempt made by either the police or the prosecution to discover the perpetrators of the crime. The investigation was in reality turned over to a private detective who used his position to cause the arrest of the defendants. The police investigation was reduced to a hunt for evidence to convict the arrested defendants. Witnesses were coached in their testimony in a degree that approximated subordination of perjury. . . . The prejudice against the defendants, stimulated by newspaper publicity, was further appealed to at the trials by unfair and intemperate arguments to the jury in the opening and closing statements of the prosecuting attorneys. After the trials the disclosures casting doubt on the justice of the convictions were minimized, and every attempt made to defeat the liberation of the defendants, by a campaign of misrepresentation and propaganda carried on by the officials who prosecuted them."

- **MAY 1935**—a joint letter to President Roosevelt signed by 15 senators and 18 congressmen: "Beyond question, this man was convicted on perjured testimony and would not, and could not have been convicted except for that testimony. His continued imprisonment is really a disgrace to us all."

The Defense of Mooney and Billings

1916-1919

Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee organized. Its leader, then as today, Tom Mooney himself, from his prison cell.

John Mooney, goes to England to carry the Mooney defense across the seas. Tours British Isles, appears before House of Parliament, addresses huge mass meetings organized with the assistance of Tom Mann.

Robert Minor joins the forces for Mooney defense. Assists in organizing first national tours, in mobilizing trade unions into the International Workers Defense League for the freedom of Mooney and Billings.

The Russian workers in Petrograd, in the midst of their revolutionary struggle for bread, peace and freedom, storm the American embassy with the demand, "Free Tom Mooney and Billings."

International labor bodies throw their energies into the fight. Protest against frame-up to American embassies.

Jan. 22, 1918. President Woodrow Wilson urges Gov. Stephens of California to stay Mooney execution.

Tom Mooney, sentenced to hang, is saved by the international solidarity of the working class.

National Labor Congress held in Chicago—Jan. 14-17. 900 delegates representing 1100 trade unions, central labor bodies, etc. attend. Chief purpose: Freedom for Mooney and Billings.

1925—

International Labor Defense, founded in Chicago, June 28, 1925 pledge ceaseless efforts in the fight for the freedom of Mooney and Billings. During the eleven years of its existence the I.L.D. has bent every effort to cooperate with Mooney and his Committee in their fight for freedom in addition to its independent activity in their behalf. The I.L.D. organized 2 national and 1 international tour for Mother Mooney.

Three governors are urged by mass pressure to free Mooney and Billings.

At the Olympic games in California the I.L.D. helps organize a splendid Mooney-Billings protest.

In May 1933, a great united front Free Mooney Congress is held in Chicago.

The GREAT GRANDFATHER of the KRAMER BILL

How our revolutionary forefathers met the challenge of the reactionaries of their day. How they smashed the Alien and Sedition Laws—forerunners of the sedition laws of today. A lesson in American history which all of us should know.

By WALTER WILSON

In the American colonies up to the time of the Revolution the authorities held that King George and his representatives were so far superior to the common people as to be completely immune from criticism and that the people had no right to try to correct what they considered tyrannies. It was not necessary to have specific sedition laws to hamstring freedom of speech, press and assemblage. Unwritten laws were enough. And to get convictions it was not necessary to prove that a person had any intention of inciting disaffection or insurrection. It was unlawful for the colonists to even find fault with their "betters."

The ideals of the American revolutionists were different. In nearly all of the important documents of the revolutionary period and of the years of the young republic it was stated that freedom of speech, press and assemblage could not be restricted; that these were inalienable rights of the people. No person—not even the Federal government itself—was too sacred to be criticized and called to responsibility by the people. These ideals were forced into the U. S. Constitution by Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and other popular leaders of the masses. The first ten amendments, known as the Bill of Rights, makes these ideals a part of the fundamental law of the land.

Speedily, however, a political party representing the Tory or "Best Born" elements in America got control of the new government. The real power behind this party was Alexander Hamilton, a cunning, able man who hated the common people. Hamilton and his fellow-conspirators decided that the republicans led by that "atheist and leveler from Virginia," Thomas Jefferson, were getting too strong and that if something was not done they could not perpetuate themselves and their Federalist Party in power. It was necessary, in order to keep power against the wishes of the masses, to set up a sort of party dictatorship and to stifle all criticism. And so in July 1798 they had two laws passed, one against sedition and one providing for the deportation of aliens who were considered dangerous to the Federalist Party. Except possibly in one or two instances no effort seems to have been made to enforce the alien law.

That old Sedition Law reads almost word for word like its great, grandson, the Kramer Bill, which the witch-burners and Tories of today are trying to put on the federal statute books. Under that old law any comment on the Federalist Party might be considered "malicious," "scandalous" and likely to bring the

government, or individuals in the government, into disrepute. If some prejudiced Federalist judge so held, then the guilty republican could be fined not more than \$2,000 or put in prison for more than two years. And of course the law prevented any organized effort to oppose unpopular laws.

Proceedings were begun or attempted against one or more persons in each of the states except New Hampshire and Rhode Island and one or two in the far South and West. Some two dozen persons were arrested. Of these a dozen or so were convicted. Republican newspapers were repeatedly attacked—and some of them silenced—through charges made against publishers, editors and leading contributors. Individuals of considerable importance as well as unknown rank and file workers in Jefferson's Republican Party (not to be confused with the Liberty League's party of the same name) were arrested and indicted. Some of the cases were highly dramatic. Matthew Lyons' was perhaps the most important.

Lyons was a member of Congress who had bitterly opposed the passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws. Not only that but he was constantly taunting and criticising Federalist leaders and Federalist measures. Because of this he became known as "*The Scourge of Aristocracy*." He was arrested for violating the Sedition Law and was fined and imprisoned. His home was sold by a lottery to pay the fine. Like Tom Mooney, a modern political prisoner and "scourge of aristocracy," Lyons refused to sign an appeal for his own pardon because that might be construed as an admission of crime. While still in prison he was re-elected to Congress, showing that the popular sentiment was with him. Public protest forced open the prison gates and he redoubled his efforts in helping to put Thomas Jefferson in the President's office. His fine was refunded by the United States Government on July 4, 1840!

In commenting on the enforcement of this infamous law, Leon Whipple in his book *Civil Liberty in the U. S.* points out that "The greatest sufferer under the Sedition Act was as usual a labor agitator, described as 'a wandering apostle of sedition.'" Here are the facts in his case. In October, 1798, there was erected at Dedham, Mass., a liberty pole—such poles were erected as part of the Revolutionary movement in the colonies from the passage of the Stamp Act by King George until the winning of independence. On this Dedham pole was this inscription: "No Stamp Act, No

Sedition, No Alien Bills, No Land Tax; downfall to the Tyrants of America . . . may moral virtue be the basis of Civil Government." Obviously some heinous crime had been perpetrated. Some one had had the audacity to criticize acts of the Federalist Party. Someone must be made to suffer. Several citizens were promptly arrested for the "crime" of erecting this liberty pole and for putting the "seditious" inscription thereon. It was found that David Brown, "The Wandering Apostle of Sedition," the laborer, was the arch-criminal. He was arrested. The Federalist Judge Chase sentenced Brown to pay a fine of \$400 and to go to prison for 18 months. He could not pay the fine and was made to serve a sentence of two full years, the most that any person actually served.

One of the predictions made by Brown at his trial soon came true. He said: "I never knew a government supported long after the confidence of the people was lost, for the people are the government." All historians are agreed that the popular resentment that developed against the Alien and Sedition Laws had a great deal to do with sweeping the Hamiltonians (Federalists) from power and putting the liberal Jefferson and his followers in. Jefferson, of course, is honored today but the upper classes of his day considered him a dangerous radical, a sympathizer with the French Revolution, a Godless man, a wrecker of homes and a "dirty democrat."

Shortly after he became President, Jefferson wrote to his friend Mrs. Adams: "*But I discharge every person under punishment or prosecution under the Sedition Law, because I considered, and now consider, that law to be a nullity as absolute and palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image.*"

One of the most influential opponents of the Alien and Seditious Laws was Edward Livingston, a member of Congress and later Mayor of New York City. Speaking of the Alien Law on the floor of Congress he said: "Let us look now at the consequences of this heinous act. . . . Let no man imagine that a few unprotected aliens are to be affected by this inquisitorial power. *The same arguments which enforce these provisions against aliens apply with equal strength to enacting them against citizens.*" What was his remedy? He boldly asked: "Will the people submit to it? Sir, they ought not to submit; *they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist.*" We know the sequel. The people did resist. They buried the Federalist Party in an oblivion from which it never emerged. They made the very name of those laws so hated that no one has ever subsequently dared to defend them. Even the Liberty Leaguers and the other witch-burners supporting the Kramer Bill would not say a kind word for the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. But they are working for a bill which is just as un-American and just as tyrannical as were those old measures. The Kramer Bill is the great, grandson of the Sedition Law of the Federalist Party. Will the people let it pass? Will they submit to it? If they do they will be acquiescing in tyranny. For the Kramer Bill is designed to help perpetuate a frightened capitalist class in power, just as the Alien and Sedition Laws of the early days of the Republic were designed to aid the democracy-hating Federalists in keeping their seats on the backs of the common people.

The KNIGHT of HOPE Marches for his PEOPLE

Like a black thunder cloud, a rule of terror hangs low over the country of Brazil. Only occasionally, a ray of light, like a flash of lightning, penetrates the dark mass and those on the outside are permitted to see what is really happening in that unfortunate country.

Arrests continue. Raids continue. And imprisonment continues. Gradually we are learning the identity of the 17,000 held at the behest of the tyrant Vargas in silent dungeons.

Recently a great national congress of women was held in Uruguay. Delegates from the women's union of Brazil, who had escaped persecution attended as delegates. In their report they listed the most outstanding of the women political prisoners in Brazil. It is known that there at least one hundred such prisoners. Among those held are:

ARMANDA ALVARO ALBERTO, a distinguished professor and president of the Women's Union of Brazil.

MARIA WORNECK DE CASTRO, a prominent attorney and vice president of the same union.

MARIA BERGNER PRESTES, the wife of the beloved Luis Carlos Prestes and a writer of considerable note.

CARMEN GHIOLDI, a well known Argentinian writer, the wife of Luciano Ghioldi, secretary of the Communist Party of Argentina.

AUGUSTA LUISE EWERT and HELGA FRIEDRICH, political refugees from Germany. The husband of the former, Arthur Ewert, is also a prisoner. He was a deputy in the German Reichstag before Hitler came to power. Both face deportation to Nazi Germany.

But the chief prisoner of reaction in Brazil is the "Knight of Hope" of the Brazilian people, Luis Carlos Prestes. President Vargas and his henchmen seem determined to make him the Thaelmann of the western hemisphere. Several times in recent weeks they announced that his trial would begin and each time they postponed it. The charges against Prestes?

First, desertion from the Brazilian army in 1924 and second the murder of Elvira Coppelo, the wife of the secretary of the Communist Party of Brazil. The fact that she was arrested in January, held in prison and murdered in April, while Prestes was arrested and held in prison since *March* means little to the Brazilian military courts!

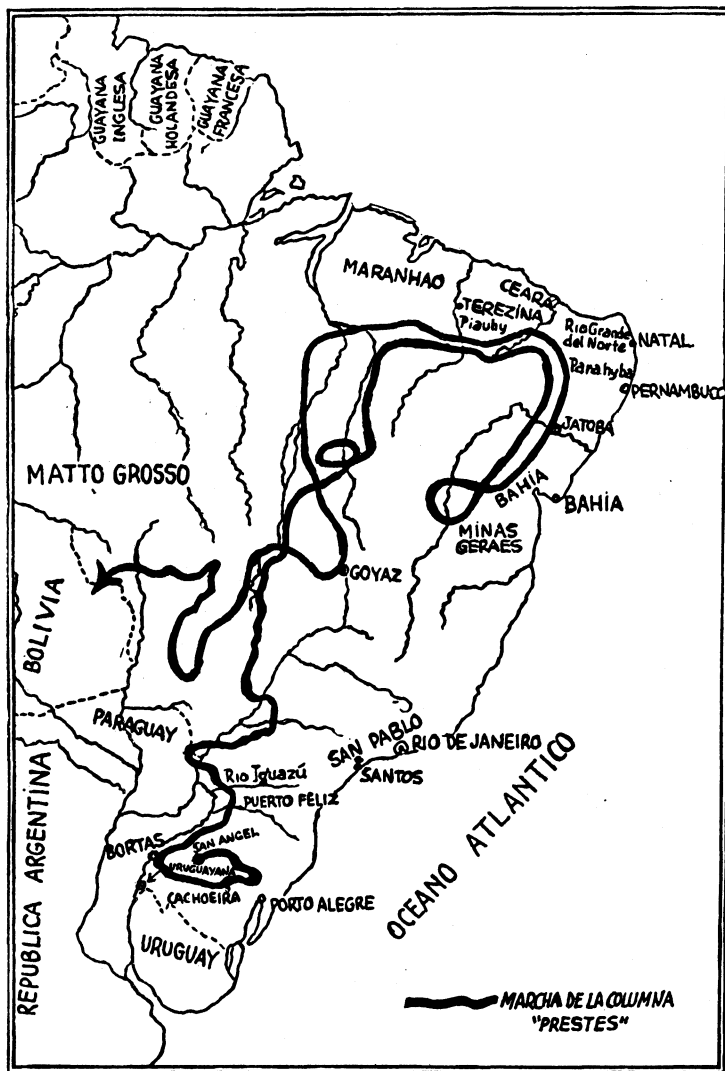
As for the first charge—desertion from the Brazilian army. Behind that charge lies one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of human liberation. In October 1924 the people of the City of San Paulo joined the garrison of soldiers there in an insurrection against the rule of the coffee plantation owners. For twenty days they held the city—workers, small business men and soldiers together united against their common enemy.

San Paulo was only the spark. The flame of rebellion swept throughout the land. And Luis Carlos Prestes, a young captain in the Brazilian army, stationed in Rio Grande do Sul, joined his forces with the insurrection-

15,000 miles thru jungle and forest bringing a message of hope and liberation to the Brazilian people. The true story of Luis Carlos Prestes.

By
**LUIS
SILVEIRA**

Right: Map showing the route of Prestes' march. Below: Prestes meeting called by the Spanish I.L.D. in Madrid.



ists. His entire battalion followed him like one man. Superior forces stamped out the uprising in city after city. Prestes' column held fast.

The government ordered Prestes and his men to surrender. They refused. Their number grew to a battalion of 1,500. They unanimously elected Prestes as their revolutionary general and they defied the reactionaries to crush them. They represented every section of the Brazilian people—Negroes, mulattoes, Indians, Portuguese and descendants of other European immigrants.

Despite the constant depletions in this little army caused by the onslaught of the government forces, new recruits filled the gaps. The government became alarmed and mobilized all its forces against the Prestes Column. 15,000 troops were sent to fight a band of 1,500!

Prestes still refused to surrender. Instead

he began what has now become the legendary march of Luis Carlos Prestes through the whole of Brazil—15,000 miles in a little more than two years.

Onward they pressed, through the slime of the jungle, over mountain peaks, through tiny villages, over deserts and across wide rushing rivers. The accompanying map shows the exact route.

Wherever they came, the Prestes column was joyfully welcomed by the people—hailed as the army of liberation, greeted, acclaimed. It was during this march that Prestes won the title, "Knight of Hope." His fame preceded him and whole cities eagerly awaited his coming.

Evils were wiped out in every region through which his army passed. Tax lists, usurers books, were burned in public bon-fires.

But the army pursued him, hounded him, slaughtered his men and finally in February 1927 Prestes was forced to move towards the Bolivian border, where after the last bullet was fired at the enemy, his remaining troops crossed over into neutral territory.

It is for this "crime"—this march of liberation in the interests of the Brazilian people—that Prestes is being charged with the "desertion of the army."

Prestes remained an exile from his native land until 1935. He refused to return in 1930 at the invitation of Getulio Vargas, his jailer, who seized power then on a demagogic program of democratic liberty.

But in all the years that he was absent from Brazil,—an exile—his name and his work lived on. The people remembered their Knight of Hope. They elected him president of their

(Continued on Page 20)



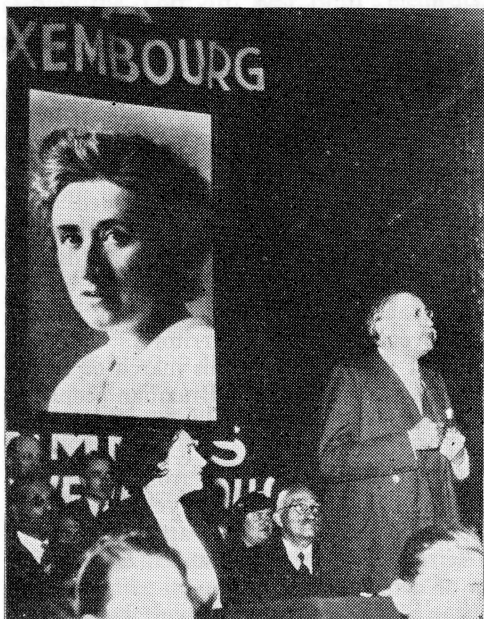
SEE THE WORLD-

News you won't find in travel catalogues about lands across the sea.

BAGDAD—the scene of the Arabian nights, the joy of the fiction writer, the land of dreams and all the rest of it—There are today 100 political prisoners in its dungeons. They are peasants of Iraq who revolted against the unbearable burden of the taxes, illegal seizure of their harvest, farm implements and livestock. They have been in jail for one year without trial.

FINLAND—in the recent trial of Taivo Antikainen the reactionary officials took no chances. All those who could possibly be used as defense witnesses were intimidated by house searches, police examinations, temporary arrests, etc. Antikainen's landlady was kept in solitary confinement throughout the trial and was finally found hanged ("suicide") in her prison cell. Lagerboom, a hero who came forward to defend his comrade Antikainen was found murdered in a forest. And Antikainen's attorney was abducted by a group of unknown men, carried off to a private "insane" asylum, tortured with "examinations" and only the interference of the foreign press correspondents covering the trial secured his release.

ASTURIAS, Spain—A letter to the German ambassador in Madrid: *"The undersigned, who were sentenced to death on October 5, 1934, on account of revolutionary activity in Asturias, address the German government and demand pardon for the five sentenced to death at Neukoelln, as well as the immediate liberation of Thaelmann and all anti-fascist prisoners. We, who know from our own experience the fear and psychological torments suffered as a result of a death sentence, shall develop the strongest activity in order to save the threatened human lives and to ease the sufferings of all who have been struck by the terror in Germany."* Signed: Prieto, Castanon, Lopez, Fernandez and Palanca freed by the recent amnesty won by the People's Front in Spain.



Leon Blum, premier of France, speaking at the recent Paris Commune Memorial demonstration called by the People's Front. Rosa Luxemburg's portrait forms the background.

WUPPERTAL, Germany—A mass trial of 78 men and 2 women on charges of conducting illegal trade union activity has just been completed. They were held in jail for

Her son has been murdered by the police. Mother of a Greek worker on the streets of Salonica during the recent strike.



more than a year without trial. In the courtroom . . . a defendant, a clerk in a large trading firm: *"I had always been a democrat, and it was only when I saw the monstrous terror and the frightful ill-treatment after Hitler that I became a Communist."* Judge: *"It may cost you your head to say such things here."*

the request of the I.L.D. went to see him and to protest against the ill treatment of the political prisoners. He answered: *"These nine prisoners (prominent members of the People's Front) tried in every way to commit suicide and the police were forced to beat them and keep them in chains in order to save their lives."*

NAPLES, Italy—Attilio Tomada, father of two children, unemployed for years, volunteered to join the army to fight the Ethiopians. In Abyssinia he tasted the bad treatment of all

the soldiers. He wasn't paid the wages he was promised—the only reason he joined the army—and demanded permission to return to Italy. It was granted. When he arrived in Naples he was greeted by a large detachment of fascist police which escorted him to Rome to the Special Tribunal which only the day before

Clara Zetkin — On June 20 workers all over the world commemorated the third year of her loss to the cause of freedom, liberty and justice. A picture taken shortly before her death in 1933.



Defendant: *"I take the consequences for everything I have said and done."*

Otto Funke, another defendant, age 18, sentenced to 4 years penal servitude shouted out immediately after sentence: *"You've gone crazy. You and your sentence—In four years time you won't be sitting there any more. It is we who will be sitting there."*

ZAGREB, Croatia—A man named Mikhalditch is the newly appointed chief of police in this city. Continued mass arrests of hundreds of Yugoslavian people are keeping him busy. A delegation of doctors and lawyers, at

had sentenced a 24 year old boy to 22 years at hard labor for speaking against the war.

BERLIN, Germany—The telephone wires connected with the Ministry of Justice were kept busy a short time ago with 600 telephone calls in one day demanding the release of those sentenced to long terms at the Richardstrasse trial. One official answered: *"Why do you keep calling up? Come here in person, then you can stay here with your friends."* In addition to the phone calls there were thousands of leaflets of protest. Unknown soldiers of solidarity on guard.

Hands Across the - TEAR GAS

How the N. Y. State I.L.D. helped the striking seamen defend themselves—an important lesson in labor defense tactics.

By **FRANK SPECTOR**

Secretary, N. Y. State Committee, I.L.D.

"When we went out on strike, we knew we'd have to fight the shipowners, and the phoney I.S.U. leaders. But we didn't know that we'd have to fight police terror. When it broke loose, the I.L.D. showed us how to fight it."

So spoke Joseph Curran, the husky, intrepid leader of the International Seamen's Union members who, only a few weeks ago concluded a bitterly fought strike—a strike that will go down in maritime labor history as one of its magnificent pages.

The setting for Big Joe Curran's words was an I.L.D. mass meeting held in the spacious auditorium of the New York Stuyvesant High School, where workers and middle-class people gathered to help the striking sailormen repulse the reign of lawlessness, unleashed against them by the New York police—goaded by the shipowners with the blessing of the "liberal," Mayor LaGuardia.

This meeting was part of the singularly effective work done by the New York I.L.D. in the seamen's strike.

Shortly after the strike began, an I.L.D. representative appeared before the I.S.U. members Strike Committee. In the name of the New York State Executive Committee he offered the strikers every possible assistance to help organize their defense. He cited past experiences of workers on strike, especially the Maritime West Coast strike in 1934 where, aided by the I.L.D., the strikers were able to keep their ranks unbroken despite the savage police and vigilante attacks. He warned the Strike Committee not to be deluded by the fact that so far no serious police attacks had been made on their ranks. He strongly urged the Strike Committee to prepare against police and shipowners' lawlessness that was bound to come as the strike gained strength.

Following the advice of the I.L.D. representative, the Strike Committee elected a subcommittee for defense numbering five and including the I.L.D. delegate. This committee was charged with the responsibility of organizing and conducting all business related to defense: making available legal aid to arrested strikers; dealing with the police in all questions related to the strikers' right to picket, etc.

The words of the I.L.D. representative were prophetic. Maddened by the growth of the strikers' ranks and by their daily rising enthusiasm and will to win, the shipowners loosed against the strikers a barrage of lawlessness and terror, scarcely paralleled in New York's labor history.

On May 11, 221 strike pickets were arrested and on May 16 over 50 seamen and their sympathizers—men and women—were mercilessly slugged. On both occasions, without any provocation, mounted, motorcycle and riot-car police rode their animals and vehicles into the mass picket lines, maiming the pickets and clubbing them right and left.

Terror continued. Dozens of single pickets were arrested and beaten, and men were charged with felonious assault. Sailors wearing striking I.S.U. members' buttons were stopped and searched on streets; strike headquarters were raided time and again under flimsy pretexts.

The Strikers Defense Committee scarcely had time to perfect its organization when it was literally swamped with defense work. Over a dozen attorneys from the I.L.D. Staff were kept busy, day and night, appearing in court in behalf of arrested strikers.

How was the backbone of the terror broken? Guided by the tried and proven experience the I.L.D. had accumulated in past strike struggles, the strikers issued ringing calls to all organized labor and all progressive people to aid them in their fight for the right to strike and picket. A barrage of protest letters, wires and phone calls deluged the mayor's and the police commissioner's offices. Joint delegations of seamen and representatives of labor and friendly organizations besieged the offices of the officials, demanding that police hooliganism stop.

The striking sailors won! On May 20, only four days after the "bloody Saturday," Police Commissioner Valentine was compelled to attend in person the mass picketing of the S.S. Manhattan, and subsequently to guarantee the sailormen's right to unmolested mass picketing.

Now that the strike is over, the New York I.L.D. can study its intense and fruitful activity in the seamen's defense. For brevity's sake, the following features can be pointed out as really effective means that endeared the I.L.D. to the striking sea workers.

1. The I.L.D. caused the setting up of a functioning Strikers' Defense Committee.

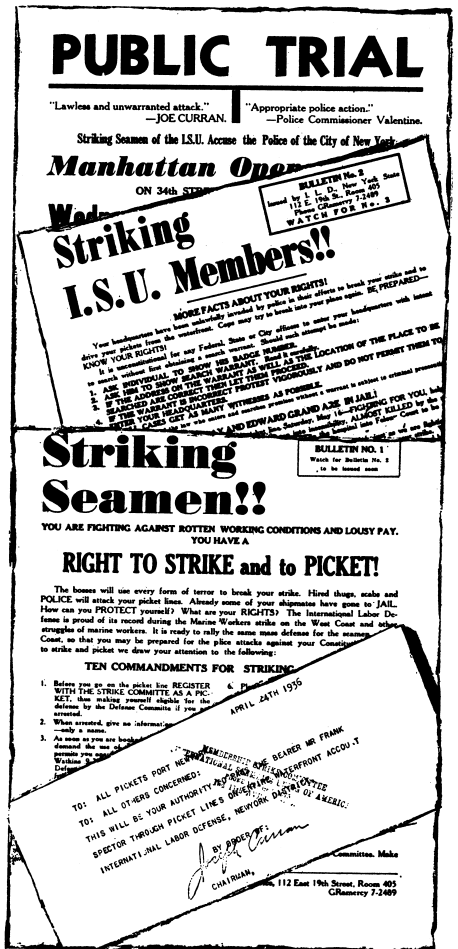
2. The I.L.D. made possible legal protection for every arrested striker. Thanks to the indefatigable and able work of the I.L.D. attorneys assigned by the I.L.D. staff, the greater number of those arrested were freed, the exceptions being four seamen jailed in Hoboken, New Jersey.

3. The I.L.D. orientated the strikers towards mobilization of the widest labor and public support in their defense.

4. The I.L.D. carried out systematic education among the strikers on their right to strike and picket; on their rights in police stations; in courts, etc. This was done through the medium of bulletins, posters and verbal instructions.

5. The I.L.D. members were in the very thick of the mass picket lines with posters and defense slogans that brought the I.L.D. and its policies into bold relief.

6. On the initiative of the New York I.L.D., the National Executive Committee of the I.L.D. addressed a nation wide call to all labor and liberal forces to register their vigorous support of the terror-ridden strikers. This brought immediate results, thus swelling



Some of the information material issued by the New York I.L.D. Note the credential issued to the I.L.D. secretary.

the protests that came from New York and vicinity.

While functioning as a part of the strikers' defense committee, guiding and assisting them in their defense actions, the N. Y. I.L.D. carried on independent activities in the strikers' behalf—organized mass meetings under its own auspices, issued publicity, etc. Excellent work in the strike was carried on by the Greenwich Village, Tom Mooney and Steve Katovis branches. Having been assigned to this work by the State Executive Committee, these branches showed a lively initiative, revealing that our membership is grasping the full import of trade-union work—the key task of the N. Y. I.L.D. Fine initiative was also shown by the Kings Highway branch, which reacted to the strike by organizing a mass meeting in their neighborhood. Over 35 striking seamen were recruited into the I.L.D. directly as a result of the work of these branches.

While recording the fine work carried on by the New York I.L.D. we cannot gloss over its weaknesses. Outstanding among them was the rather loose function of the Strikers Defense Committee. We failed to sufficiently impress upon its members the need for greater planfulness in its work, with the result that it worked from day to day and therefore haphazardly. We likewise did not do enough recruiting into the I.L.D. Many times the number of seamen actually recruited could have been brought into our ranks. The weaknesses lay in confining recruiting to I.L.D. mass meetings instead of making this an every day job, on the picket lines, in strike halls, etc.

(Continued on Page 20)

Let's Talk It Over

Bouquets and Criticisms
distributed

By SAMUEL L. DLUGIN

Organizational Secretary, N. Y. State
Committee, I.L.D.

Mrs. Saginer of the *Bill Haywood Branch* is the best Prisoners Relief Director I ever met. She keeps her branch paid up at least three months ahead on pledges. It breaks her heart to let a week pass without bringing in money for Prisoners Relief work. The result is as above, and almost all the money comes from outside pledges.

The *Steve Katovis Branch* in Manhattan is doing excellent work all along the line—except they just don't move on the LABOR DEFENDER. Their agent is getting apoplexy. The branch has an average attendance of 50 each week—and sells 25 LABOR DEFENDERS a month. *Paul Biggins*, fighting Vermonter, and LABOR DEFENDER agent, is to be congratulated on his fortitude. You can't keep him down, and he carries on the battle.

But don't think it's the same thing in all the branches. *Mrs. Monus*, of the *Otto Korwin Branch*, and *Mr. Diaz* of the *Tom Mooney Branch*, are fighting to see which will sell more LABOR DEFENDERS than the other. Each sells close to a hundred a month. The *Steve Katovis Branch* could easily match that, by cooperating with *Biggins*.

Riddle: who sold more than \$50.00 worth of booklets for the drive for four additional pages for the LABOR DEFENDER? He comes from a branch with the initials S. V., in the Bronx. His name starts with B and ends with k. He's a lawyer. He's been helping *Joe Tauber* teach his class in the *New York School of Labor Defense*. If you can't guess, turn to the bottom of the column.

You have to hand it to *Izzie Gorin*, president of the *Tom Mooney Branch*, despite his whispered conferences and constant stream of little notes. He is making his branch function. He is always thinking up something new. The result is the members are responding; the branch is going up. Good luck *Tom Mooney Branch*! You have a name that will make you step to be worthy to bear it.

The *Kingshighway Branch*—a bottle baby still, is showing the other branches how to respond to events. They had a corking meeting on the Seamen's Strike.

Sylvester Scott, ex-political prisoner, challenged all New York State in the *Milk Fund Drive*. He took a personal quota of \$100. He collected \$26, then quit for a moment. Next

day he must have got to thinking how swell it was to have an I.L.D. when he was in jail, and sent us a note saying he couldn't bear to think of backing down on his challenge. He's back on the job again. Who will beat him on the quota?

Hats off to *Bcn Gorin*. He's the champion subscription-getter of New York State. Only trouble is he has too little competition. He never passes up a chance to get a sub (or some subs) for the LABOR DEFENDER. He's in line for presidency of the LABOR DEFENDER Boosters Club—quick as it's organized.

One of the members of the district Prisoners Relief Department has a sailboat, and charges her guests for every ride. The money goes to the milk-fund. Of course we don't all have boats. Some of us have cars, or a bridge table, or maybe only a tea pot. How many cups of tea will your friends pay for, for the Milk Fund? The gal with the boat is *Ann Daij*.

The dressmakers are at it again. The *Rosa Luxemburg Branch* held a picnic in one of the parks for Prisoners Relief. There are plenty of things the dressmakers can do besides sew.

Past political prisoner A. B. feels it is up to him to help the political prisoners of the future. He is now working to organize an I.L.D. branch among the furriers. He also was one of those who helped affiliate the *Furriers Union* to the I.L.D. His jail cellmate, R. K., got his union, the *Fur Floor Boys*, to affiliate. Together, they expect to have a defense center in the furmarket, among other things. The training a fellow gets in jail seems to be o.k. for I.L.D. work. They figure it's better to give for prisoners' relief than be in a position to receive it. The elegant Prisoners Relief Baskets, and the many visits, they got, sold them on the I.L.D.

Some members of the legal staff not only believe in going to court under the banner of the I.L.D. They feel if they want to see the courts packed, they had better help build the organization. And so there are ten of them who not only belong to branches, but are the driving force in their branches. That's what I call two-gun lawyers.

Many important questions not only concerning the State organization, but the branches, were discussed at the monthly meeting of branch presidents. The meeting would have been more useful with more present. Out of 50 branches, only 22 presidents showed up. And some of these came late. They missed the first part of the meeting, because it started promptly—as all future meetings will. Those who should have been, but weren't, there, can ask any of those who attended whether it wasn't well worth coming. The meeting started at 7:40 and ended at 9:30. Next month let's see 100% attendance.

We are beginning to carry out one of the most important decisions of our *State Convention*. Three trade-unionists are now serving on the State Executive, with prospects for more. *Four New York unions* have affiliated since the convention.

Answer to riddle: *Bramnick*.

Terror- New York Style



By ABRAHAM UNGAR

Chairman, N. Y. State Committee, I.L.D.

The Ohrbach Cases: Ohrbach's Department Store's lockout of 25 young boys and girls for belonging to a union has been followed by continuous protest picketing conducted by the Department Stores Employees Union A. F. L. In no instance has the picketing been other than peaceful and orderly, but that fact has not prevented the police from breaking up every picket line and arresting 20, 30 and 40 workers and sympathizers at a time, for disturbing the peace. It is true that the disturbance of the peace has invariably occurred, but not until the cops had begun disturbing it by swinging their clubs. The fact that the highest courts approve mass picketing offers just one more example of how the law is misused and distorted against the interests of labor. As each of the arrested pickets appears in court, he hears the Magistrate in one and the same breath uphold mass picketing in the abstract and convict the picket in the case before him. And no case is complete without the solemn assurance by the police, district attorney and judge that they are jointly and severally "friends of labor."

The May Strike: The valiant struggle by the young workers who have been carrying on a strike for the past nine months for conditions under which they would get a few cents more than eight to ten dollars a week for 50 hours of drudgery is one of the outstanding examples of rank terror in New York. Almost 500 young men and women have been arrested, clapped into jail after brutal attacks upon them by the police in breaking up picket lines. Not only have great numbers been convicted for "breach of the peace," but framed-up charges of assault have also been employed to break the strike. The most recent example is that of three young pickets who were accused of assaulting an officer while under arrest. Despite conclusive photographic evidence of the falsity of the officer's statement, each of them was convicted in the Court of Special Sessions in Brooklyn and is now waiting sentence which may be three years.

Home Relief Demonstrations: Terror is not confined to strikes. It is the tactic employed with even greater brutality and viciousness when the worker is unemployed. In the past month 40 workers protesting against removal from the relief rolls of the single unemployed were arrested, in Brooklyn. Their arrest was marked by the bloodiest attacks recently perpetrated by the police, making it necessary to call two ambulances to provide for the injured prisoners. Unfailingly, the assaults resulted in charges against the victims. In the trial now progressing in the Magistrate's Court under the defense of the I.L.D., every effort to expose the police brutality is met by a united front of cop, prosecutor and court to protect the police.

The magnificent achievement of the French workers in the recent strikes provides a powerful lesson for the I.L.D. and the defense movement. It gives the lie once and for all to those who accuse labor of being responsible for violence in strikes.

THE ICE BOX TRIALS

A short story from the unwritten diary of an I.L.D. organizer—a true adventure unparalleled in the most thrilling fiction.

as told to
DOROTHY BRADLEY



The early morning mist was just beginning to rise from the sleepy fields and woodlands, as the dust covered Ford V-8 whizzed by. It was hitting an even 60-miles-an-hour clip along the perfect highway that stretched ahead wide and free—not another car in sight. Wisps of smoke were just beginning to curl from farm-house chimneys. The sun was kindling the first dancing sparks on brooks and ponds. It was not quite 6 a.m.

There were four people in the car. Their faces had that drawn look of sleeplessness, but their eyes were keen and alert. Another 150 miles to go and time was precious. Conversation lagged.

Everything that needed saying, had been said the night before. They had parted at 3 a.m. of that very morning to meet again at 5:30 a.m. The plans were all laid. All they had to do now was to get there and get there quick.

The man at the wheel was an I.L.D. lawyer. He hadn't even gone home after the meeting. He'd grabbed a nap right in his office. Beside him sat the state I.L.D. organizer. A court stenographer and a reporter from one of the biggest dailies in K—shared the back seat with a mimeograph machine, a typewriter, a young mountain of paper, cans of ink, boxes of stencils and a few other odds and ends.

None of them knew quite what they'd be in for when they arrived. Only the day before the vigilantes had swooped down in their fourth raid on the picket line scattering blows and threats and curses. Another 35 had been arrested bringing the total up to 206 for the three week strike. The Cabbage King against whom these workers were striking had announced his defiance of their demands in the local press, throwing in a few sneers at the expense of "outside Red interference" for good measure. The answer to what the day would bring lay a hundred miles down the broad highway.

Eight a.m. They had arrived. On all sides stretched the vast domain of the Cabbage King. Acres and acres, miles and miles of fertile land—half the size of a little European kingdom—all owned by one man, for whom hundreds of men, women and children slaved

at starvation wages turning the rich crops into a steady stream of gold.

The driver slowed up and proceeded cautiously. A posse might suddenly appear from behind a clump of trees or be waiting at the next bend in the road. The coast seemed clear.

And then suddenly, about a hundred yards ahead, a strange sight greeted their eyes. Just beyond lay the canning houses with the railroad tracks running alongside. There were only two cars in sight at the moment. About 100 feet apart. Ice box cars—with armed troopers guarding the doors.

The car slowed down to a quiet stop. The four leaned forward and stared.

Straight ahead of them right in the middle between the two cars, was a mahogany desk. Behind it sat an officious looking old gent. On either side of him, fully armed stood two state troopers. And before him, as if carried along on a conveyor belt, slowly filed men in ragged overalls and work clothes. As soon as one had passed the desk another replaced him, in a steady line marching from one refrigerator car, past the shiny mahogany desk, pausing for a minute or two, and on to the other car.

The riddle of this fantastic march was soon solved. Just watching for five minutes disclosed what was happening. The car on the right had been converted into a detention pen. The men looked as if they had been in it all night. The desk, borrowed from the Cabbage King's office, was the court. The car on the left was the jail house, and *the walk was the trial!*

The old man, it turned out that he was a justice of the peace, mumbled something, looked up, mumbled again and passed sentence. All in less than two minutes. All under God's open sky with no witnesses except the state troopers and the uninvited, unexpected guests.

"Whew," from the I.L.D. organizer.

"Gee," from the reporter.

No words from the lawyer. He stepped on the gas and they were off.

At the next cross roads he stopped the car. Everybody helped unload the paraphernalia out of the back seat. The I.L.D. organizer remained with it while the other three rode off agreeing to meet at 6 that evening at the home of J. B. the local strike leader. The lawyer,

the court stenographer and the reporter were off to town to find a judge who would issue a writ of habeas corpus.

According to the written directions he had received, the I.L.D. organizer looked around for a particular clump of trees behind the fence on the left hand side of the road. There they were.

A long drawn out whistle, brought an echo and then an eager response. Shabbily dressed, in clean but worn overalls, joyously waving a greeting a young man came running across the field. With almost whispered hellos they immediately began lugging the machinery over the fence. Their destination was a well-hidden but very battered chicken coop which had been converted into a print shop, headquarters and general hide out for the local I.L.D. organizer, "printer" and small farmer all in one. The only furnishings it boasted were a rickety table and a delapidated bed.

One hour later, 1,000 copies of a leaflet had been written, run-off and packed for distribution, describing the "ice-box" trials. Two hours later they were in the hands of the strikers, townspeople and in the office of the Cabbage King himself.

Time flew. Conferences were held in the woods. Copies of WHAT TO DO WHEN UNDER ARREST pamphlets, Labor Defenders, other I.L.D. literature had been distributed. Plans were laid for the defense of those in jail, appealing the cases of those convicted. Eager questions were promptly and patiently answered until all present understood the outlines of organized defense. And then it was 6 o'clock.

At the home of the strike organizer there was great excitement. The lawyer, mopping his brow and looking pleased as punch, related his experiences in finally finding a woman judge who was willing to issue the writ. She'd been waiting for years for an opportunity to get even with the Cabbage King who had opposed her election and had filled every other local office with his henchmen. The reporter was asking ten questions at the same time. The organizer's wife was serving coffee. The I.L.D. organizer reported his progress getting the defense machinery into motion, arranging for a packed court house during the trial.

"It sure was swell of you people to bring that mimeograph. Ours was just about ready to give up the ghost" the local I.L.D. man was saying, looking with shining eyes of gratitude at the visitors.

Everybody was just beginning to relax. The strike organizer was talking about the progress

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BOX TRIALS



The Ice Box Trials

(Continued from Page 19)

made, the splendid spirit of the workers, the heroism of the women.

It had grown dark. The night sounds of the country side came in through the window and peace seemed to drift in on the fragrant odors of the fields and farms.

And then it came. A faint whine at first—growing swiftly into a roaring frenzy of speeding motors.

"Quick. Lights out. Into the cellar. They're coming."

Lamps were blown out. Doors locked. Papers hastily gathered. In less than three minutes the room was bare of everything but the few sticks of furniture and in the dank blackness of the cellar, all that could be heard was the steady, heavy breathing of seven people, and the ever growing roar of the vigilantes' cavalcade.

Right outside the house they came to an abrupt halt, brakes screeching, doors slamming, hoarse voices raised in harsh shouting.

"Come on out of there, you rats—"

"Get the hell out into the open you yellow—"

The cars were parked so that their flood lights were trained full on the little house. Lights banging on the doors, windows, walls, muttered curses filled the next few minutes. Heavy feet tramped across the little porch.

Baffled and snarling their disappointment and chagrin, the self-appointed guardians of "law and order" decided to wait. Why they didn't think of the cellar was just one of those miracles that happen sometimes.

With baited breath, the seven in the cellar waited. Minutes seemed like hours. Would they never leave?

At last they did. Slowly, regretfully, they piled into the cars. Doors were slammed, motors tuned up, and they were off. No one in the cellar dared to move until the menace had become a faint whine once more, down the highway.

Twenty minutes later peace and silence reigned once more and another day had ended for the I.L.D. organizer.

California Justice

(Continued from Page 11)

them representatives of the International Labor Defense which is conducting the defense of the Sacramento victims.

To date the burden of defending the Sacramento prisoners, mobilizing moral and material support in their behalf, has fallen almost entirely on the shoulders of the I.L.D. and its supporters on the West Coast. Some, but not nearly sufficient, material aid was mustered in other sections of the country.

In view of the fact that the appeal in these cases must be taken to the higher courts of California in the very immediate future, the National Executive Committee of the International Labor Defense, has pledged itself to increase many fold the activities around the Sacramento case on a nation wide scale.

Criminal syndicalism laws exist on the statute books of 36 states at the present moment. Federal legislation along the same lines is pending in Congress in the form of the Kramer Bill. The fight to free the Sacramento prisoners is merely the spearhead of a nation wide offensive against this vicious anti-labor,

anti-trade union law and it should receive the support of every trade unionist, every friend of freedom in the country.

A large defense fund will be needed to carry out the appeal in the Sacramento cases. Hundreds of resolutions to Governor Merriam of California will be required to effectively back up the fight in California. The splendid work of our forces in California will receive added courage and enthusiasm for their campaign from unified, nation wide support in bringing added pressure on California's officials.

The International Labor Defense calls on all its friends and supporters to regard this campaign in its most basic aspects—a nation wide struggle in defense of trade unionism, in defense of our hard won rights to organize, strike and picket, in defense of civil liberties against the onslaught led by that arch foe of democracy today, William Randolph Hearst.

Five years in jail for organizing into trade unions. If that savage sentence is permitted to stand in California, it will become a threat to every trade union member in every state. The Sacramento prisoners must be freed.

An Important Review

LABOR FACT BOOK III, Prepared by Labor Research Association. International Publishers, New York, \$1.00.

This is more than a 1936 edition of the two previous Labor Fact Books. It not only brings them up to date, it adds to them in such a way that the three volumes together make a library of invaluable information, without repetitions.

No speaker, writer, or person who wants to be sure of what he is talking about in regard to civil rights and the whole field of labor defense and relief can afford to do without this Fact Book. The long chapter on Civil Rights and Fascist Trends supplies an arsenal of direct factual information on this topic (including a review of major cases current during 1935). The remainder of the book gives the economic and political background of labor defense.

The LABOR DEFENDER recommends LABOR FACT BOOK III to all its readers as a "must" for their libraries.



A WINNER: K. B. Sparks of California who won a prize in the recently concluded LABOR DEFENDER Sub Drive. Congratulations and we hope you keep up the good work.

The Knight of Hope

(Continued from Page 15)

National Liberation Alliance. They taught their children the story of his bravery and the saga of his march through the jungle.

Today he is imprisoned, threatened with death. He is allowed to see no one. He is allowed to send no word to the world outside.

But the world "outside" has not forsaken him. His mother, at present travelling through Europe, heads the column of fighters for Prestes' liberation. Recently she addressed an appeal to the women of France. It applies equally to the women of every other part of the world—particularly the women of America. Heed her cry:

"At this moment, when my life is filled with tragedy—when I see my son in prison and in danger of death, I address myself to the warm-hearted women of France—and particularly to the mothers. I appeal to their deep and noble feelings of humanity and justice, which I am sure they will lend me to save my son's life and to defend all the oppressed of Latin America.

"My son has been hidden away in a prison in Rio de Janeiro for months now—held in the most rigorous solitary confinement. He is not allowed to write even to me, to send me news of his health. His enemies are doing everything in their power to condemn him to death. And yet my son is not a criminal. Ever since his early youth he has lived a life of complete self-sacrifice, a life dedicated to the good and welfare of the people of his country, who see in him their national hero of liberation.

"His name is spoken with love, respect and admiration not only in Brazil, but all over Latin America. All the people there consider him the outstanding representative of their democratic aspirations.

"This is the man who is menaced by a death sentence. The Brazilian people live at this moment in the fear of losing one of their most beloved sons. Women of France, help save this man. Help me save my son."

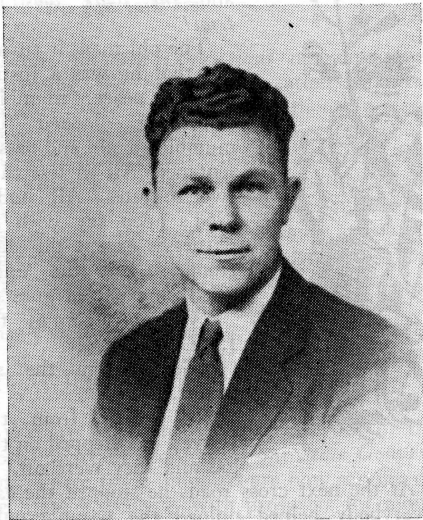
Hands Across

(Continued from Page 17)

To conclude: the New York I.L.D. has in actual life carried out the slogan—"Root the I.L.D. among the trade-unions!" Its successful work is due to its correct approach which rested upon the basic proposition—help the trade unions defend themselves against the employers' attempts to smash their right to strike.

In rendering the aid it did, the New York I.L.D. became, in the hands of the rank and file members of the I.S.U., a trustworthy weapon in their fight for a united, democratically controlled International Seamen's Union capable of wresting from the shipowners human conditions for workers, toilers of the sea.

At present, the New York I.L.D. is fighting to keep Frank Goodall, William Clay, and others whose cases are pending out of jail. It is also rendering aid to our New Jersey District to free the four seamen jailed in Hoboken. Ahead of the I.L.D. lies the supreme task of continuing its well-begun work among seamen, extending it further and preparing for the coming conflicts between the East Coast maritime workers and the shipowners.



A WINNER: K. B. Sparks of California who won a prize in the recently concluded **LABOR DEFENDER** Sub Drive. Congratulations and we hope you keep up the good work.

VOICES FROM PRISON

Have YOU ever been in JAIL?

The 1936 Summer Milk Drive for the Children of Labor's Prisoners is under way. We wish we could say that it was going full blast, that funds were pouring in, that parties and picnics and outings and affairs were being held in every part of the country in solidarity with labor's prisoners and in support of their children.

But we cannot, in all honesty, say that yet. The response to our appeal during the opening week of the drive was good—but not good enough, and frankly we are just a little bit worried.

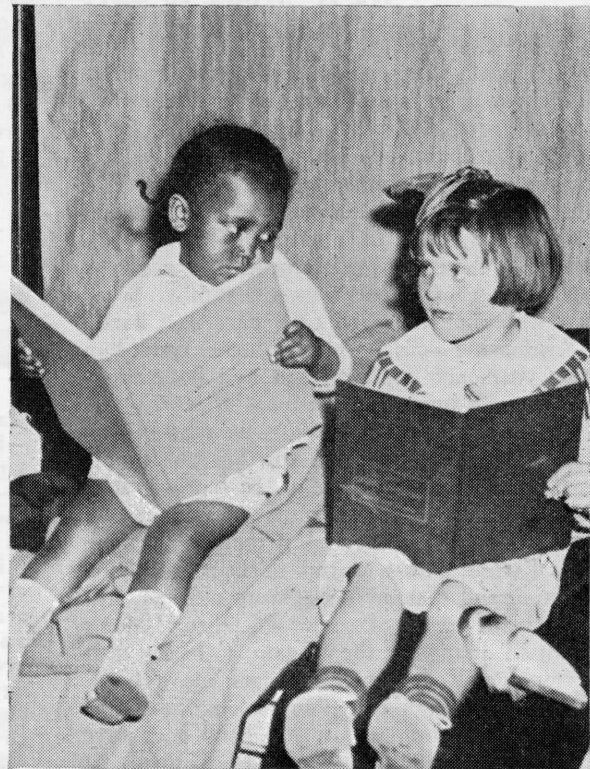
There was a time when people used to say, oh, that I.L.D. is always talking about terror and reaction and persecution. Maybe it's happening somewhere else, but it is not happening here. Today no one can say that any longer. There is not a single section of the country that is free from the ravages and attacks of reaction—in a greater or lesser degree—ranging from the shooting of sharecropper-strikers' in Arkansas, imprisonment of seamen for peaceful picketing on every coast, frame-up of innocent workers for trade union activity to the blackest reaction disclosed yet in this country, the murderous Black Legion in Detroit.

Every new attack brings new victims. Today we are charged with the responsibility of helping to keep 250 children alive and well until their fathers are freed to come home to them once more. Tomorrow may bring us 300 and the next month twice that number.

That is why it is so imperative that our Milk Drive is successful. We must not only reach our goal of \$3,000 to assure body building necessities to our little wards of today. We must go way over the top—to assure those of tomorrow of the same care and assistance.

Many I.L.D. districts are on the job in this 1936 drive. They have reported dates for tag days, dates for flower sales, conferences, affairs, new and novel methods of dramatizing our prisoners relief work. The reports are truly encouraging and we are sure that our local Prisoners Relief Directors will do all they can to fulfill their plans one hundred percent provided they get the full cooperation of every member of the I.L.D.

Their fathers might have landed in jail—like so many hundreds of unemployed workers. These children were photographed in New Jersey's State Capitol during the Hunger Army's occupation of that building.



As for our friends who are not members of the I.L.D. We especially appeal to you for support in this drive. You can do so much to help us. You can speak about this drive to your neighbors, acquaintances, fellow-workers. You can reach them where we cannot.

Tell them about these children whose fathers are in jail for no crime but their loyalty to the working class. Read them some of the letters that appear on the next page. Show them what kind of men and women these wards of ours are. We are sure that they will want to help once they learn of our work and their need.

It is easy to make friends for labor's prisoners. All you have to do is to tell people about them and then ask them whether or not they will at least help provide their children with milk. We know they won't refuse. Our knowledge comes from experience, from the letters we receive from new friends daily telling us how important they think the work is, how much they would like to help.

Remember 250 children, their weary over worried, mothers, their imprisoned fathers depend on us. Remember that tomorrow and all the tomorrows to come in the near future will bring even more responsibilities for all of us to share. Think how you would feel in jail if

your children were not provided for.

Get behind the 1936 Summer Milk Fund Drive. Help us go over the top with our \$3,000 quota. Send all the contributions you can gather to

Room 610
80 East 11th Street
New York City.
ROSE BARON, *Secretary*,
Prisoners Relief Department

These kids wanted to help their unknown little friends whose fathers are in jail. So they collected money for the SUMMER MILK FUND at an I.L.D. picnic in Linden, New Jersey.

ATTENTION!

Friends of Labor's Prisoners

To show its appreciation for those who are actively participating in the SUMMER MILK FUND drive, the Prisoners Relief Department has made two beautiful small medallions mounted on pins. To all those who collect \$5 towards the drive a silver medallion will be awarded. To all those who collect \$7.50 and over—a gold medallion.

The design shows two lovely children and reads: "Award for good work in behalf of political prisoner's children."

VOICES FROM PRISON

Have YOU ever been in JAIL?

The 1936 Summer Milk Drive for the Children of Labor's Prisoners is under way. We wish we could say that it was going full blast, that funds were pouring in, that parties and picnics and outings and affairs were being held in every part of the country in solidarity with labor's prisoners and in support of their children.

But we cannot, in all honesty, say that yet. The response to our appeal during the opening week of the drive was good—but not good enough, and frankly we are just a little bit worried.

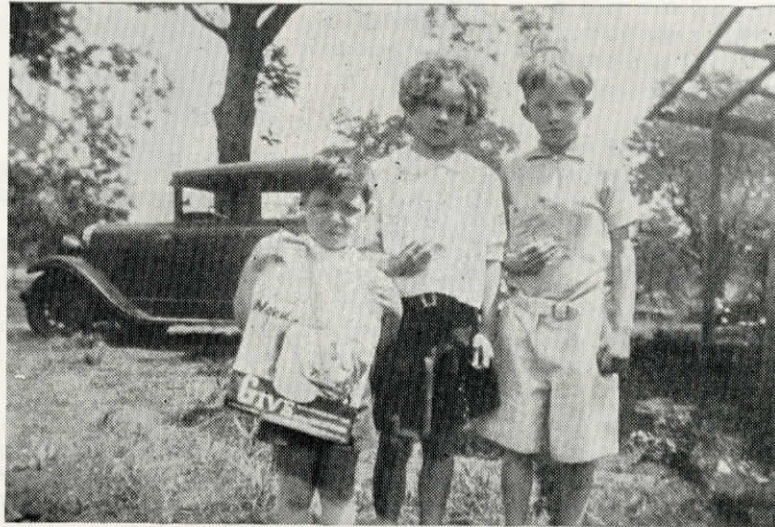
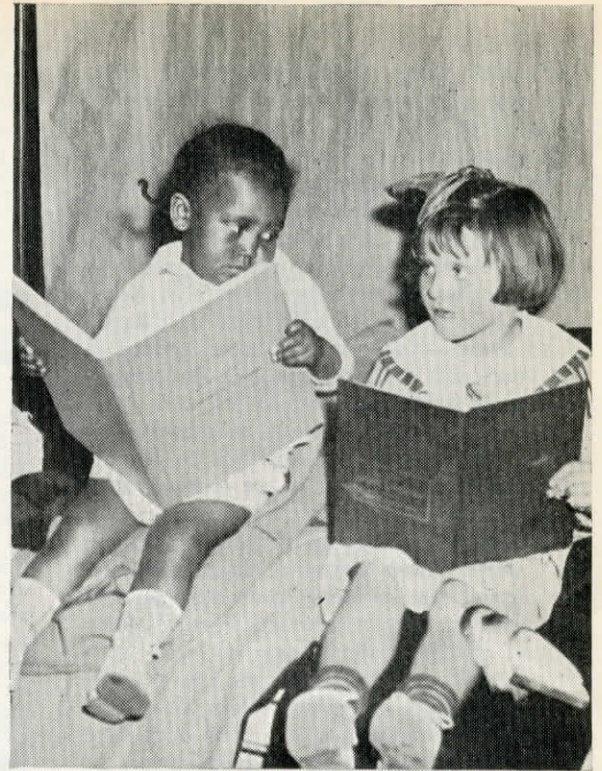
There was a time when people used to say, oh, that I.L.D. is always talking about terror and reaction and persecution. Maybe it's happening somewhere else, but it is not happening here. Today no one can say that any longer. There is not a single section of the country that is free from the ravages and attacks of reaction—in a greater or lesser degree—ranging from the shooting of sharecropper-strikers' in Arkansas, imprisonment of seamen for peaceful picketing on every coast, frame-up of innocent workers for trade union activity to the blackest reaction disclosed yet in this country, the murderous Black Legion in Detroit.

Every new attack brings new victims. Today we are charged with the responsibility of helping to keep 250 children alive and well until their fathers are freed to come home to them once more. Tomorrow may bring us 300 and the next month twice that number.

That is why it is so imperative that our Milk Drive is successful. We must not only reach our goal of \$3,000 to assure body building necessities to our little wards of today. We must go way over the top—to assure those of tomorrow of the same care and assistance.

Many I.L.D. districts are on the job in this 1936 drive. They have reported dates for tag days, dates for flower sales, conferences, affairs, new and novel methods of dramatizing our prisoners relief work. The reports are truly encouraging and we are sure that our local Prisoners Relief Directors will do all they can to fulfill their plans one hundred percent provided they get the full cooperation of every member of the I.L.D.

Their fathers might have landed in jail—like so many hundreds of unemployed workers. These children were photographed in New Jersey's State Capitol during the Hunger Army's occupation of that building.



These kids wanted to help their unknown little friends whose fathers are in jail. So they collected money for the SUMMER MILK FUND at an I.L.D. picnic in Linden, New Jersey.

As for our friends who are not members of the I.L.D. We especially appeal to you for support in this drive. You can do so much to help us. You can speak about this drive to your neighbors, acquaintances, fellow-workers. You can reach them where we cannot.

Tell them about these children whose fathers are in jail for no crime but their loyalty to the working class. Read them some of the letters that appear on the next page. Show them what kind of men and women these wards of ours are. We are sure that they will want to help once they learn of our work and their need.

It is easy to make friends for labor's prisoners. All you have to do is to tell people about them and then ask them whether or not they will at least help provide their children with milk. We know they won't refuse. Our knowledge comes from experience, from the letters we receive from new friends daily telling us how important they think the work is, how much they would like to help.

Remember 250 children, their weary over worried, mothers, their imprisoned fathers depend on us. Remember that tomorrow and all the tomorrows to come in the near future will bring even more responsibilities for all of us to share. Think how you would feel in jail if

your children were not provided for.

Get behind the 1936 Summer Milk Fund Drive. Help us go over the top with our \$3,000 quota. Send all the contributions you can gather to

Room 610
80 East 11th Street
New York City.
ROSE BARON, *Secretary*,
Prisoners Relief Department

ATTENTION!

Friends of Labor's Prisoners

To show its appreciation for those who are actively participating in the SUMMER MILK FUND drive, the Prisoners Relief Department has made two beautiful small medallions mounted on pins. To all those who collect \$5 towards the drive a silver medallion will be awarded. To all those who collect \$7.50 and over—a gold medallion.

The design shows two lovely children and reads: "Award for good work in behalf of political prisoner's children."

We're proud to have you in the family

It's hard to sit down and write a letter when you cannot say the things you want, but you of course will understand.

Congratulations to you and your associates on the splendid manner in which you handled the Baer question. This will be very encouraging to thousands of others who find themselves in the same predicament. We are very proud to be members of your family. Sorry we were not there to take part in Charles (Krumbein's—Ed.) welcome home. I met him two years ago in Cleveland and he made a very strong impression on me.

You ask if there is anything we need in particular. I'm very glad to say that our simple needs are well taken care of. In fact a branch in Staten Island has been writing to me and in all their letters they ask if there is anything that I want. I have written to them stating my position and that my needs were satisfied, still they want to be of some assistance. I don't want to disappoint them again, so in my next letter I will ask them to send me a book. Looking through the *Times* Book Section I saw where a number of very good ones have been published recently. Some of them, of course, I'm sure we cannot have, but I believe Reed's Biography or Spivak's latest will be admitted. At least I will ask for one of them. If all the political have received as much attention as we have, there should be very few complaints.

Your May Day greeting made quite a hit with us. It's a splendid idea. You have no idea how much we treasure that card. We were very much inspired by the great gathering in New York. We are all in good health at present and in the very best of spirits.

A. HOUGARDY

(serving 3½ years on a charge of criminal syndicalism in California—one of the Sacramento Boys.)

P.S.—Since this letter was received we have learned that the JOE HILL Branch—mentioned in his letter—has already bought a book for Hougardy and sent it to him via the publishers. Good work, JOE HILL Branch.

Has she got spunk!

Hope you don't gauge our gratitude by our silence. Even with the one letter per day that we are permitted to write out it's quite impossible to get even a portion of letters answered.

Have you heard the sentences? Quite vicious. But those of us who didn't lose the perspective of the struggles that led to the case expected all the viciousness the enemy is capable of. Chambers, Wilson and Crane at San Quentin got 5 years each and Nora and I got the same, with our parole set for eighteen months. We've a little over another year to pull yet. . . .

There's been a healthy, stirring reaction to these sentences which is gratifying. The movement to repeal the C.S. law has attained broader unity in the state than any one issue ever did. . . .

In your next letter out, P.S. a special greeting from us to our C.S. comrades at Salem, and a hearty handshake to Comrade Krumbein. Little thrills of pride and joy ran up and

down our spines as we read about his welcome back.

7 p.m. and "Lock-up". Two hours for reading and lights out. Please deliver my thanks and greeting to the Centralia Branch for birthday and May Day greetings.

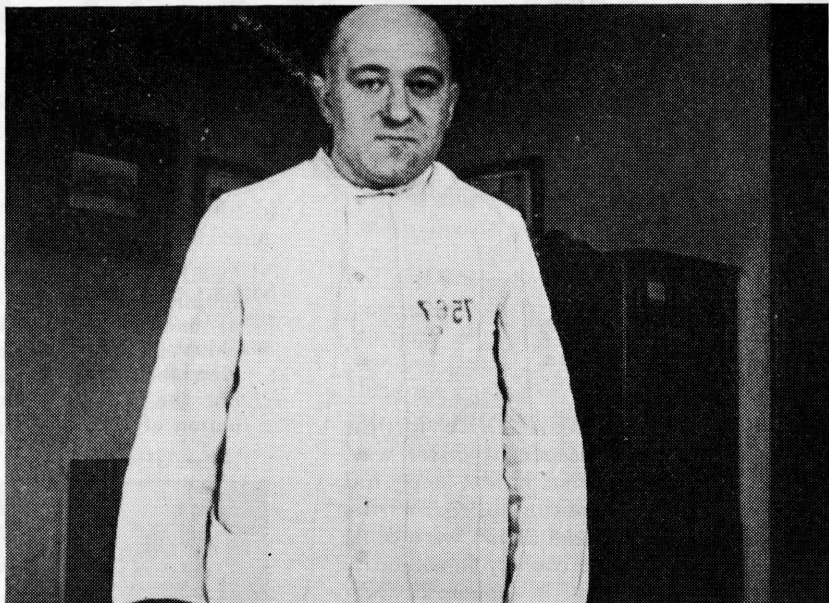
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(serving a 5 year sentence on charges of criminal syndicalism in California—one of the Sacramento girls.)

Matthias Rakosi
—Hungary's No. 1 political prisoner—smiles in the face of his jailers as he poses for this photo. Rakosi was saved from death by international mass protest 10 years ago. Last year the Hungarian government sent him to prison for life—just after he finished serving an 8½ year prison term.



My helper in this house of sorrow.

I received your most kind and encouraging letter and was very glad to hear from you and also was glad to receive the money order. I thank you all. Oh, yes. I got the Bible allright. It was just what I wanted. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

I feel like you all will continue to be my helper in this house of sorrow and I have been in A class ever since I have been here. I feel that I have been here long enough to start seeking some kind of parole. A short parole or test parole is a little easier to get than a pardon so I feel that if you will send some one to talk with me we can find a way. Any Sunday in the month is visiting Sunday. Please give this matter careful attention because I have a wife and small children and I want to try to get out as early as possible. I hope you will be successful in all your plans and also give all my friends and co-workers my best wishes. I thank them in advance for every effort they can put forth for me and my family.

WALTER BROWN

(serving a 20 year sentence in Kilby Prison, Alabama, on a frame-up rape charge.)

Life in prison made lighter by letters

I am in receipt of your letters for April and May and the money orders they contained for which I thank you. Denny, too, received same. Irene Seibert, 1345 California Avenue, Akron, Ohio, writes that their I.L.D. branch has adopted me as their political prisoner. Please convey to our Akron friends, my sin-

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Best wishes,

DIRKE DE JONGE

(serving 7 years on a charge of criminal syndicalism in Oregon.)

A new family — Vermont strikers

I received your letter and money order, for which I am very grateful to you. We are very glad that you have not forgotten us. The Union gives us our food just as they did before my husband was put in prison. Four of the children have not got good clothes to wear to school. If you would be so kind as to help me out with their summer outfits I would thank you a thousand times.

They are as follows: Pauline, age 11, shoes size 2½, dress size 10, stockings size 9. Katherine, age 14, shoes size 5, dress size 14, stockings size 9½. I take a size 6½ shoes, dress size 44-46 and stockings size 10½.

I hope I am not asking too much. If I am, please let me know. We all thank you again and again.

Mrs. PAUL YASKAT and the children. (Her husband is one of the five Vermont Marble strikers, serving 1 to 2 years in the state penitentiary.)

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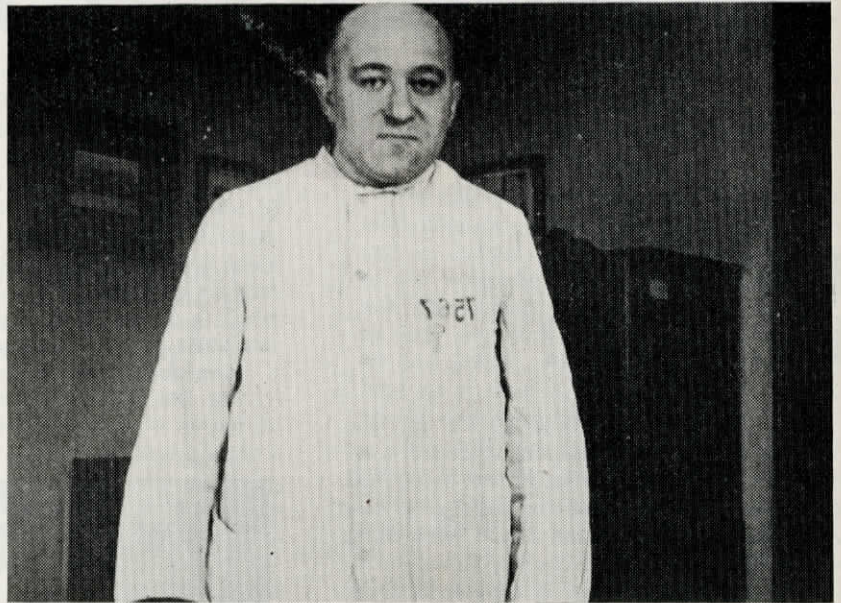
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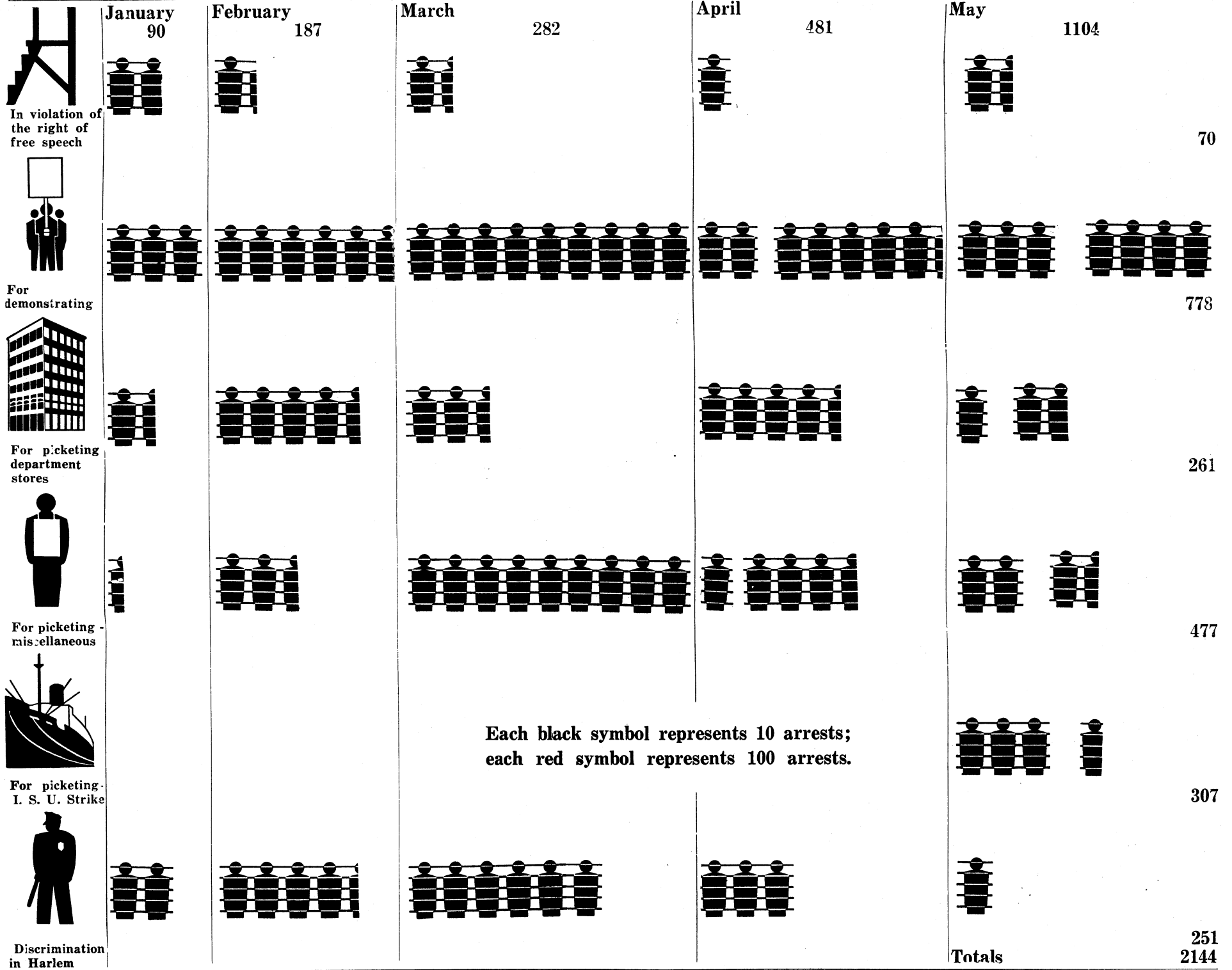
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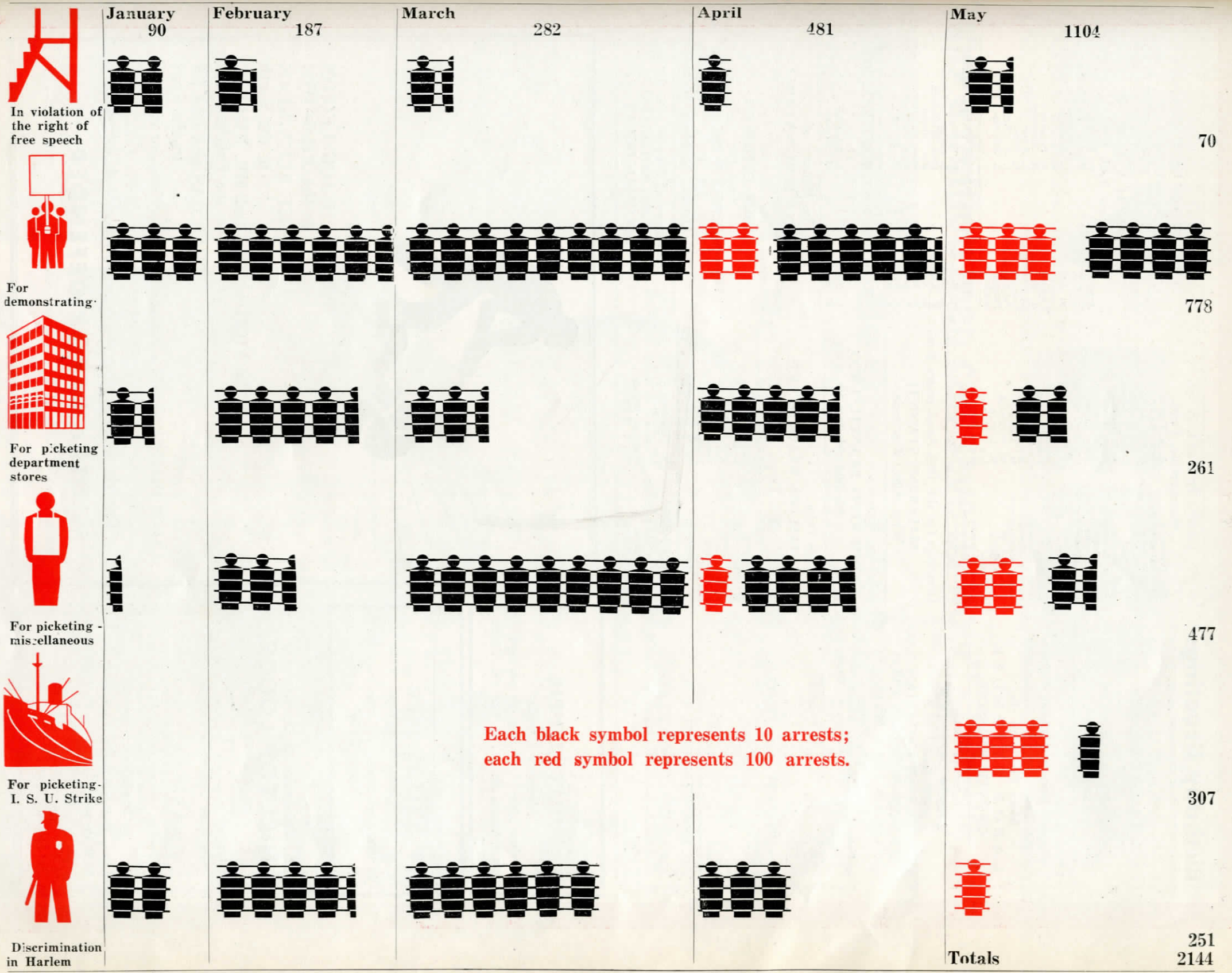
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ARRESTED IN NEW YORK STATE from January 1, 1936 to June 1, 1936





Each black symbol represents 10 arrests;
each red symbol represents 100 arrests.

Birthday Greetings

Greetings to the
LABOR DEFENDER
from
FRANK ANDERSON
Clarkelen, Wyo.

Greetings to the
Scottsboro Boys and Other Fighters
Against Terrorism and Vigilantism.
More Power to the
LABOR DEFENDER
GROVER JOHNSON

Greetings to the
LABOR DEFENDER
from
FEDERATION OF CROATIAN AND
SERBIAN WORKERS CLUB
Branch 4258 I. W. O.
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Tony Opara	Steve Vujevic
J. Carr	Anthony N. Wasner
V. Printson	L. Filetick
N. Varoich	George Brayok
M. Misetik	John Pavlakovic
J. Korenich	J. Sranaiga
Mick Vrbin	

BRANCH 4308 I. W. O.

John Parac	Kamalic
Gorg Roscak	Katkicl
Sakatoj	Cmic
Plavic	Belec
Plavcic	Naljevac
Portorkov	Tepricl

BRANCH 4307 M. R. R.

J. B.	G. R.
K. Altz	M. P.
M. M.	M. K.

NEWARK
Sam Trehomuk

K. Trehomuk
S. Otramok

BRANCH 4312 I. W. O. Hammerville, Penn.

Alja Disdarvich	A. J. Trayler
Salko Alckcovich	Wm. Harvy
John Valenti	Martin Knichc
Mike Yakojrec	Teddy Toderich
John Fridel	Steive Turchan
Huse Kozlica	Nick Kokot
Joseph Yohman Jr.	Anton Krcelic
Milos Paick	Mike Balskovic
John Yohman	Tony Loure
Huso Asmonovic	Ggnatz Fabrijanec
Tuleman Besic	Mike Zeravica
Jan Yanobich	Josip Cigich
M. Besirovic	Martin Kovoick
Leo Prjic	Frank Benige
George Despot	Paul Lovre
Lobram Marko	Mike Koknear
Larko Mahmedovich	M. Dubravec
Tryic Joe W.	M. Brezovich
Osvald Steve	M. Louvre
S. Susanj	Joe Sjnbanovic
Frank Kovoicic	Marya Ribic
Marko Kljncaric	Steve Golimich
Stevo Kosanovic	Pete Louvre

Greetings for the 10th Anniversary from
MADOLINE STANICH
West Allis, Wisconsin

Greetings from
JOHN REED BRANCH, I.W.O.
Newark, N. J.

Greetings from
McNAMARA BRANCH, I.L.D.
San Diego, Calif.

NEW YORK	Samuel Vaufram
Mr. Stone	I. Kirsch
Henry Keir	Sam Stern
Greitzer	Karl Rathbard
S. Goldfare	Berkowitz
Shulman	Philip Carl
Max Rubensten	Harry Yoselowitz

SAN FRANCISCO	V. Tragabson
In Memory of	Carl Marks
EILEEN WOODS	L. Grew
Harry Dalton	Kathleen Woods
Cecilia Dalway	David O'Byrne

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Newark, N. J.

Greetings
BRANCH 8, I. W. O.
New York City

Anna Bobich	P. Brodsky
Otto Weil	Mrs. J. Melnikoff
Tom D. Mattia	Len Schwartz
M. Bohr	L. Brodsky
Tolmaly	Robskowitz
Tothern	R. Perlman
A. B.	H. Berenson
C. Johnson	J. Maser
George	B. Cohen
Fannie Babek	J. G. Chaikin
Fannie Hoffman	J. Brodsky

LUCY PARSONS BRANCH, I.L.D.

E. Holtzman	R. Baron
L. Inkel	S. rekin
F. Kapiton	Rose Whitehorn
D. Cook	Mrs. Ruben
R. Wvetzlcky	Rose Solomen
F. Schmidt	Vera Budnitzky
S. Raemi	M. Reizen
F. Paperno	

TOM MOONEY WEST SIDE BR.
I. L. D.

L. Gleizer	L. Schreiber
M. Robin	M. Citrin

In Memory of
POLANA ROMENATION

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I. L. D.
Detroit, Michigan

Attorneys of Newark, N. J.
SAMUEL ROTHBARD
SOLOMAN GOLAT

PAUL CROSBIE

Insurance Broker
since 1908 frequent savings
135 Williams St. N.Y.C. Tel. BE. 3-5262

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51 Chambers Street New York City
WOrth 2-3650

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on SYLVAN LAKE

(Formerly Camp Be.kman)
P. O. Hopewell Junction, N. Y.
New York Central to Pawling, N. Y.

Activities:
Tennis - Golf - Hand Ball - Free Boating
Swimming - Dramatics - Music - Dancing
Forums - Cultural Activities - Excellent Service.
REASONABLE RATES

Directors:
S. Rothouser Paul Wolfson
Jack Lewis
(Formerly owners of Camp Harmony)
City Phones: COrtland 7-1660 - STerling 3-8642



With the **BLACK LEGION**
in the Middle West
the **KU KLUX KLAN**
in the South
the **VIGILANTES** and **MR. HEARST**
on the Pacific Coast
TEAR GAS and **CLUBS**
in the East

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