

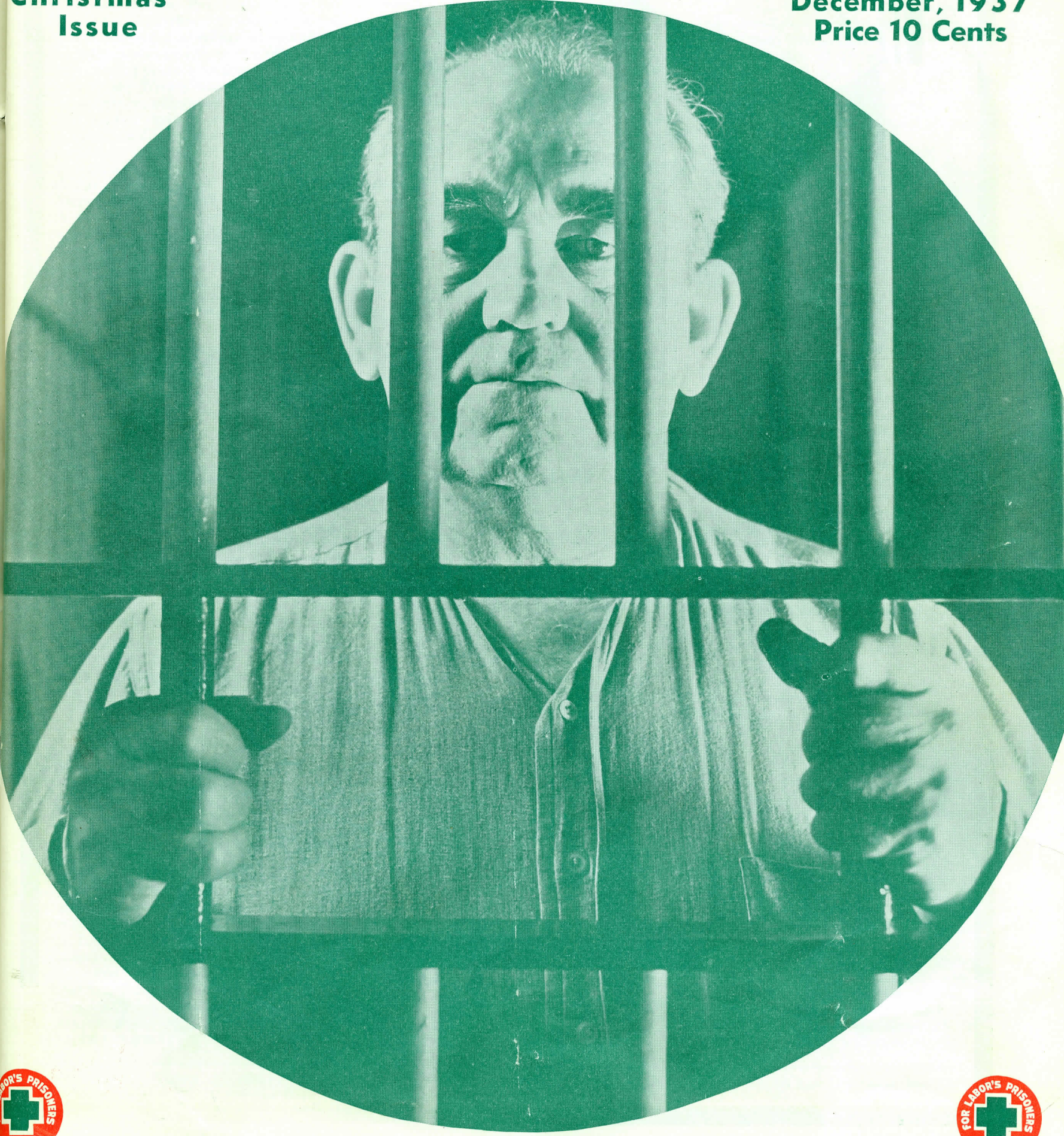
Boal

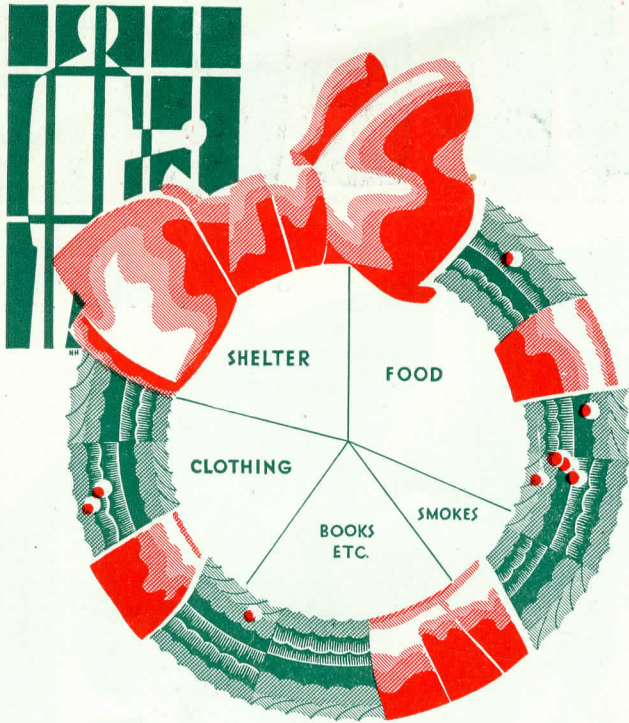
LABOR DEFENDER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DEC 10 1937
LIBRARY

Christmas
Issue

December, 1937
Price 10 Cents





This is what your contribution will do for labor's prisoners and their families +

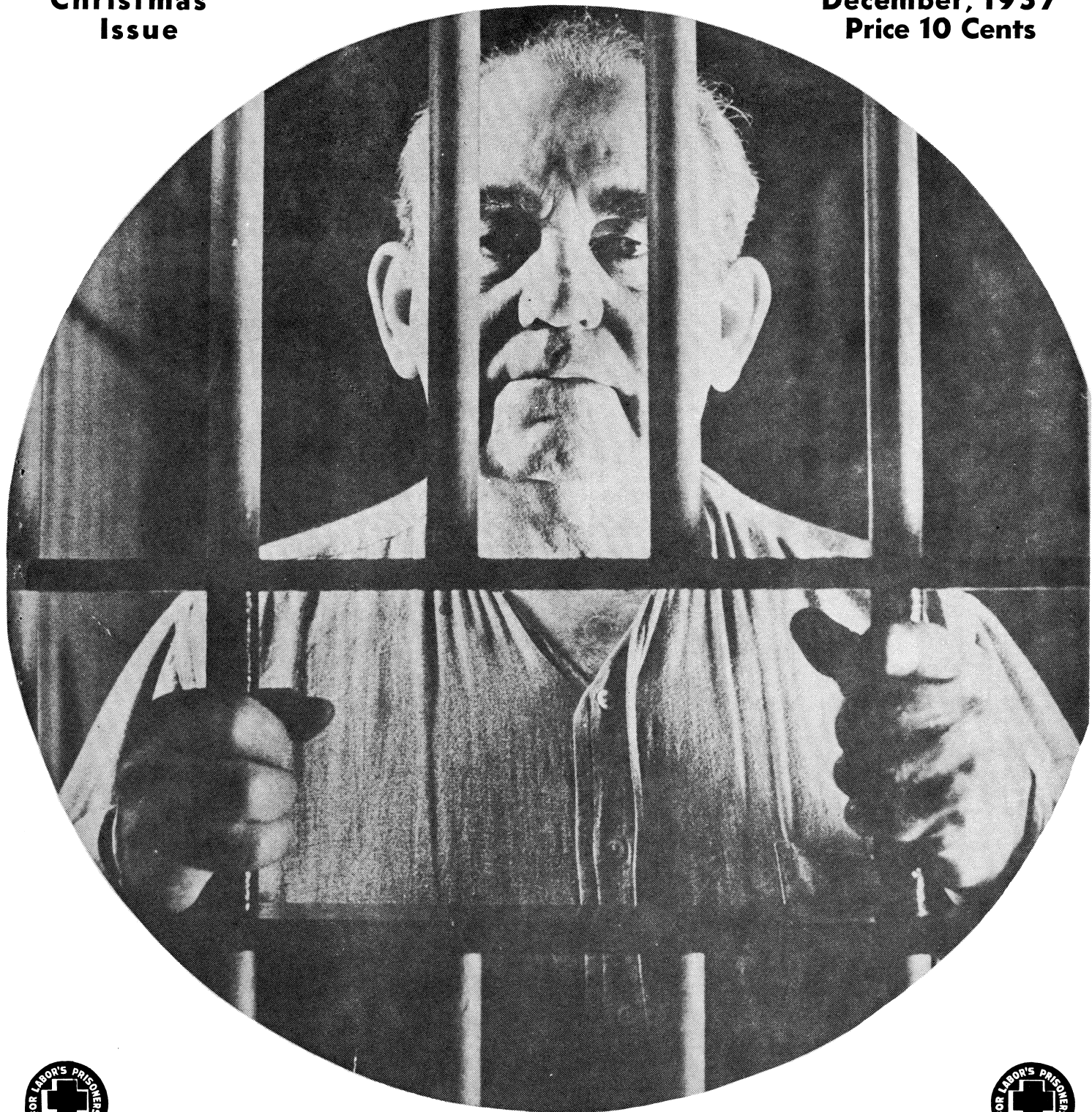
1. \$100.00 will pay RENT for six months for 1 prisoner's family.
2. 82.50 will provide FOOD for a prisoner's family of 5 for 11 weeks.
3. 50.00 will provide CLOTHING for one family for 6 months.
4. 35.00 will provide SHOES for 10 children whose fathers are in jail for labor.
5. 25.00 will provide FOOD and SHELTER for two weeks for one widow of a man killed on the picket-line.
6. 10.00 will provide SCHOOL BOOKS and SUPPLIES for 5 prisoners' children.
7. 7.50 will provide a NEWSPAPER every day for 6 months for one of labor's prisoners.
8. 5.00 will provide SMOKES and SHAVING MATERIALS for one prisoner for one month.
9. 3.00 will provide FUEL and LIGHT for one week for one prisoner's family.
10. 1.00 will provide MEDICINE for one sick child.

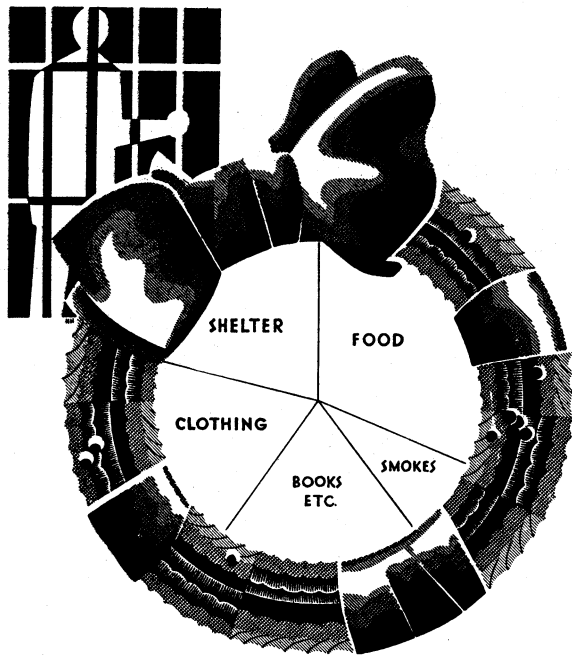
SUPPORT LABOR'S PRISONERS

LABOR DEFENDER

Christmas
Issue

December, 1937
Price 10 Cents





This is what your contribution will do for labor's prisoners and their families +

- | | | |
|-----|----------|---|
| 1. | \$100.00 | will pay RENT for six months for 1 prisoner's family. |
| 2. | 82.50 | will provide FOOD for a prisoner's family of 5 for 11 weeks. |
| 3. | 50.00 | will provide CLOTHING for one family for 6 months. |
| 4. | 35.00 | will provide SHOES for 10 children whose fathers are in jail for labor. |
| 5. | 25.00 | will provide FOOD and SHELTER for two weeks for one widow of a man killed on the picket-line. |
| 6. | 10.00 | will provide SCHOOL BOOKS and SUPPLIES for 5 prisoners' children. |
| 7. | 7.50 | will provide a NEWSPAPER every day for 6 months for one of labor's prisoners. |
| 8. | 5.00 | will provide SMOKES and SHAVING MATERIALS for one prisoner for one month. |
| 9. | 3.00 | will provide FUEL and LIGHT for one week for one prisoner's family. |
| 10. | 1.00 | will provide MEDICINE for one sick child. |

SUPPORT LABOR'S PRISONERS



LABOR DEFENDER

Published monthly by the
INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE

Editor: SASHA SMALL
Pacific Coast Editor: CHESTER A. ARTHUR

Editorial Board:

NATHAN ASGH
LOUIS COLMAN
ANNA DAMON
JOSEPH FREEMAN
NED HILTON

WM. L. PATTERSON

GRACE LUMPKIN
JERRE MANGIONE
ROBERT MINOR
MAURICE ROSENFELD
WALTER WILSON

Contributing Editors:

JACK CONROY
LANGSTON HUGHES
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON
WALDO FRANK

Give to the Xmas Drive

FOR TWELVE YEARS the International Labor Defense has carried right into jails and penitentiaries, a message of support and encouragement accompanied by material aid to thousands upon thousands of men and women serving prison sentences of from three months to life. Weekly news bulletins, regular correspondence, newspapers, magazines, books, smokes, shaving materials, money to buy small comforts—money that represents the solidarity of thousands of unknown but sympathetic friends—have been delivered with clock-like regularity.

Among our wards have been and still are such figures in the American and international labor movements as Tom Mooney, Warren K. Billings, J. B. McNamara, Ernst Thaelmann, Luis Carlos Prestes, the Scottsboro Boys. Among them also are the thousands of lesser known soldiers in the war for the right to live.

During the last twelve years the Prisoners Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense has provided food, shelter, clothing, all year 'round, to 30,000 women and children. Every month during this period they have received regular relief checks, boxes of clothing, additional funds for doctor's bills, hospital bills, school fees—as the need arose.

For twelve years our fund has aided these splendid, uncomplaining, though very needy women and youngsters to maintain their courage, hope, self-respect, until the breadwinner of their family, imprisoned for years, is free to come home to them once more. It has kept families from starvation, misery, loneliness and disintegration by extending to them the helping hand of solidarity.

Our Christmas-Winter Relief Drive for \$25,000 has as its purpose the continuation and further improvement of this service. It includes a special Xmas gift for the holidays but its chief aim is to build the fund to support labor's prisoners all year 'round.

Unfinished Business

AS THE YEAR of 1937 draws to a close it is well to pause and examine what has been accomplished by the defense and relief movement of this country and what remains to be done.

The record of achievement is greater and more gratifying than ever reached before in the history of this movement. Either directly under the leadership of the International Labor Defense or with its active participation and cooperation the following victories can be scored up for 1937:

Lawrence Simpson freed from Nazi terror, and brought safely home from Germany.

Dirk de Jonge freed from imprisonment under the Oregon Criminal Syndicalism law,

by a decision of the United States Supreme Court.

The Oregon Criminal Syndicalism law repealed.

Angelo Herndon freed from a living death on the Georgia chain-gang.

Paul Butash freed from imprisonment under the Indiana Criminal Syndicalism Law.

Four Scottsboro Boys freed.

Leandro Velarde, one of the three Gallup prisoners sentenced to 45 to 60 years hard labor, freed.

The Sacramento Defendants freed by a decision of the State Supreme Court.

These are only the brightest highlights of the year 1937. They do not include the hundreds of smaller cases, that add up to the record we made in our 12 years of existence of 91% success in the more than 64,000 cases we handled in that period.

But there is important unfinished business facing 1938:

Five Scottsboro Boys have yet to be freed.

Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings are still in prison. Their case goes to the United States Supreme Court on December 6 when a writ of habeas corpus will be filed in their behalf. Also, on December 15 the Senate Judiciary Committee will begin the long awaited investigation into the Mooney-Billings case.

Ernst Thaelmann, is still the hostage of Hitler fascism. March 3, 1938 will mark the fifth year of his outrageous imprisonment without trial. At this moment no one knows where Ernst Thaelmann is. He was moved



No, dear reader, not a wax dummy, but Nazi Butcher Goering in the flesh—admiring his trophies. Let him tell the world what he and Hitler have done with Ernst Thaelmann.

from Moabit Prison in Berlin some weeks ago and there is no word as to his present whereabouts.

Luis Carlos Prestes and hundreds of Brazilian anti-fascists, Matthias Rakosi and his Hungarian compatriots, Umberto Terracini and thousands of Italian fighters for freedom, tens of thousands of German anti-Nazi heroes, Poland's political prisoners by the thousand—face the new year with hope and faith in the international defense and solidarity movement.

Here at home there are still J. B. McNamara, Matt Schmidt and more than 200 imprisoned victims of terror and oppression serving long terms who have yet to be restored to liberty and justice.

The victorious struggle of the defenders of democracy in Spain and China has yet to be completed with the aid and support of the rest of the world.

A long and difficult order of business, but armed with the enthusiasm and encouragement of the record for 1937, the International Labor Defense looks forward to greater victories on the defense field, stronger solidarity for aid and relief, a broader movement for the preservation and extension of civil and human rights, and ever growing unity in the ranks of the defenders of democracy. It must be done, it can be done and it will be done if we organize our forces, extend our membership and influence, win new friends by the tens of thousands for the united movement of defense and solidarity in the United States.

Fascism in Brazil

THE PRESIDENT of Brazil protests that the totalitarian regime he has set up in his vast country, one and a half times the size of the United States, is not fascism. He swears he has installed a democratically inspired constitution whose only aim is the crushing of a mythical "red" menace. He announces he will not join with Italy, Germany and Japan in the world fascist bloc.

His record in the last few years of slow but steady encroachment upon the civil and democratic rights of the Brazilian people give the lie to his noble proclamations. Fascist terror has been rampant in Brazil since 1935. It has taken the lives and freedom of all too many of its finest sons. It has taken the life of one American, Victor Barron.

Brazil is the first solid blot of fascism spilled across the Western hemisphere. No longer can the slogan "It Can't Happen Here," blind the people of the this country to the menace that threatens to engulf the whole world. It's happening here and only the greatest vigilance by the united forces of progress and democracy,—vigilance and action in defense of the democratic rights that are ours today, will stem the tide.

WE ARE MOONEY'S VOICE

A magnificent appeal for the vindication and freedom of Mooney and Billings by a leading Hollywood screen writer. After reading it urge Senator O'Mahoney, Senate Judiciary Committee, Washington, D. C. to bring Mooney to Washington on December 15, to testify in his own behalf.

By Dudley Nichols

I'm glad to help give Tom Mooney the voice he has been deprived of for nearly twenty-one years. The Committee for the Freedom of Mooney and Billings—all the labor organizations that make up that committee—we are the voice of Tom Mooney. It is his indomitable spirit that works in us and compels us to proclaim against an injustice that shames not only California but all America—an injustice that was aimed at organized labor but fell upon two brave men—Mooney and Billings.

The fate of Tom Mooney shows how the forces of power, greed and gain make war on the thing they fear most—the organization of labor. They will not find it so easy from now on under the Wagner Labor Relations Act. They will invent more subtle and cunning methods in their attempts to discredit the union of labor—by shouting "Red" at able, honest union organizers—by creating splits in the ranks of labor—by pitting company unions against real unions—by encouraging jurisdictional disputes—and by force and violence whenever they can get away with it.

Nevertheless we are coming into a new era for labor, and for that very reason we must not forget the forerunners who made this era possible. We must fight harder than ever to right the wrongs of the past.

I wonder if anyone can really be aware of what it means to spend twenty-one years of life in a prison. I'm sure I can't. Not really.



The seamen aid Tom Mooney. N.M.U. member distributing Mooney defense material at the C.I.O. convention in Atlantic City.

Our imaginations won't bite that deep. Twenty-one years deprived of the simple freedom that is granted to a stray dog in the streets. It's the full span of maturity in a man—all of the energetic, creative, fun-loving, hard-working years of a man's life, the years that love activity and the appetite for living that activity brings—and peaceful sleep and a glad awakening, in the midst of a family and friends.

Perhaps if you have committed a great wrong and been justly convicted by a just society of fellowmen, it is easier to bear—for there a sense of expiation accompanies a sense of guilt in civilized man.

But when you have committed a great right—when you have worked unselfishly for the betterment of your brothers among humanity—and been unjustly accused and unjustly convicted by the forces of power, greed and gain—I wonder if any of us would have the courage and the strength to stand it—to stand it without losing sanity of mind and body—without losing a love of our fellow-men—without hoarding up bitterness and hatred?

Mooney and Billings have. It is we who are outside prison bars who must hoard up bitterness for Tom Mooney—bitterness against corrupt powerful interests, against crooked politics and crooked politicians, against bought-up officials and those dealers in justice who deal with a cold deck.

It was the forces of power, greed and gain that framed Tom Mooney—framed him because they hated him—and hated him because he was a great labor organizer, in advance of his time, who knew how to go about protecting labor against their exploitation. They knew that labor properly organized would have a voice as powerful as their own—that would weaken their money-making power—and they wouldn't stand for that kind of opposition.

They wanted Tom Mooney's life, and failing that they tried to bury him alive. But after nearly twenty-one years they still can't destroy his spirit—they still can't rub the slate clean. Even the grave couldn't rob Tom Mooney of his meaning. There's a black spot on the slate of California, and every thinking, honest man knows it is there—and they can't wash it off.

Every year his voice from the living grave grows louder. It is like Poe's story of the Telltale Heart. In that story a murder was committed, and the murderer buried the body behind masonry. The wall was bricked up. It was a perfect crime. Nobody would ever discover it. The murderer must have felt that secret glee that the men who framed Mooney must have experienced when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. . . . But wait a minute—from behind the masonry a beating sound was heard, like the ticking of a heart. At first the murderer could just hear it. But gradually it grew louder—and louder

—and he could do nothing to stop it. And finally everybody could hear it, and the wall was torn away, and the crime discovered.

Just so with Tom Mooney, they may have thought him safely buried alive. But his heart keeps beating. It grows louder every day—every morning Tom Mooney awakens in his prison. And it must finally attract the attention of the whole world, if necessary, for us to tear away those walls of injustice.

There is a saying that Truth, given a fair fight, will always win. Truth in Tom Mooney's case has not had a fair fight—but still it is going to win.

It's an old, old story—this framing and imprisoning of men who threaten corrupt power. I remember an Irish friend of mine telling me with great bitterness about Sir Roger Casement, who was executed for treason by the British. The tribunal that sentenced him revealed that Casement's diary contained shocking information pertaining to sexual perversion.

They were so shocked that even his sympathizers turned their backs on him in his last hours. But this Irish friend of mine has ascertained that Casement had spent some time in Brazil, and being a man of scholarly, scientific interest, had made copious notes pertaining to a little known tribe of savages, and with true scientific thoroughness had also noted down their sexual habits. He intended to write a book about the tribe. Instead of that his notebook was presented as a diary of his private life. My friend had a final comment to make.

"The English," he said, "never defeat their enemies; they always *disqualify them.*"

And the same tactics are used within nations as between them. Corrupt, powerful interests don't defeat outstanding labor leaders—they try to disqualify them. The forces of power, greed and gain—which are completely lawless—will too frequently try to use the law—the very machinery of justice—to trap the men who threaten their power by organizing labor.

Once we realize that—once we face that unpalatable fact—we realize that you don't have to belong to any party or class to fight for victims like Tom Mooney. You don't have to be a Communist, or a Socialist, or a Democrat—or a Four Square Gospelite or a Seventh Day Adventist—to get up on your hind legs and say, I won't stop fighting and I won't shut up until they free Mooney and Billings.

All you have to be is an American.

This great country of ours was conceived in the spirit of freedom—and justice—and democracy. That is a great and lofty ideal—that this is a free, just country that is to be ruled by and for the people. Not just a few people—but for all the people. Those great Revolutionaries who gave this country birth wrote it all down in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. They said to the world—Here is the cradle of equality, justice and democracy; come and find life, liberty and pursue happiness. And the world came and America grew into a great nation.

Those are the principles which have made us great, and if we still believe in them, if we are still good Americans, we must say to ourselves:

Every time our American machinery of justice is used to commit an injustice, a stone is being removed from the foundation of our country. America is like a stone tower—

crowned by liberty, given height by democracy, and founded on justice.

One injustice—one stone knocked loose from the base of the tower—may not be so frightening. Ten may weaken the tower. And a hundred may bring it down.

And it is up to me—to you—to every one of us—to do everything in our power to put back the stones that are torn away. We must keep the foundation of America firm. I say that an official—whether he be a District Attorney or a Governor (and I'm sorry there is a traditional bridge between those offices) who fails to do everything in his power to correct an injustice, is not being a good American.

And he is not being a good human being, because all civilized society is founded on the idea of human justice.

The real enemies of our flag are those who perpetrate injustice, those who fail to

right it and those who fail to fight it.

It is not enough to say, as some well-meaning people do, that they don't know enough about the case of Mooney and Billings to take sides with conviction. If you see smoke pouring from your neighbor's house, you are not being a good neighbor or a good citizen if you hurry past and say, Well, there may be a fire there, but I doubt it; and anyway I'm too busy to stop and find out.

For nearly twenty-one years the black smoke of injustice has been hovering over Tom Mooney's prison cell, and it is the duty of an American citizen to find out where the fire is, and put it out.

Our flag does not represent three thousand miles of continent between two oceans—and forty-eight pieces of property called States. It stands for one hundred and thirty million people who believe in a government



Help reunite these two heroes of labor—in freedom! Warren K. Billings and Tom Mooney when they met for the first time in 19 years in 1935.

of freedom, justice and democracy—who believe that human life is more important than a bank account or a foot of ground. One of those forty-eight stars, called California, is not very bright tonight. It was smudged when Tom Mooney was railroaded into prison. Let us never stop until that smudge is wiped off and the star shines bright again!

THE MOONEY-BILLINGS REPORT

*Suppressed by the
Wickersham Commission*

242

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSIONS.

Considering the records as a whole, we conclude:

(1) There was never 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.

(2) There were flagrant violations of the statutory law of California by both the police and the prosecution in the manner in which the defendants were arrested and held incommunicado, and in the subsequent searches of their homes to procure evidence against them.

(3) After the arrest of the defendants, witnesses were brought to the jails to "identify" them, and their "identifications" were accepted by the police and the prosecution, despite the fact that these witnesses were never required to pick the defendants out of a line-up, or to demonstrate their accuracy by any other test.

(4) Immediately after the arrests of the defendants there commenced a deliberate attempt to arouse public prejudice against them, by a series of almost daily interviews given to the press by prosecuting officials.

(5) Witnesses were produced at the trials with information in the hands of the prosecution that seriously challenged the credibility of the witnesses, but this information was deliberately concealed.

GOTHAM HOUSE, INC.
66 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

243

(6) Witnesses were permitted to testify at the trials, despite such knowledge in the possession of the prosecution of prior contradictory stories told by these witnesses, as to make their mere production a vouching for perjured testimony.

(7) Witnesses were coached in their testimony to a degree that approximated subornation of perjury. There is a strong inference that some of this coaching was done by prosecuting officials, and other evidence points to knowledge by the prosecuting officials that such coaching was being practiced on other witnesses.

(8) 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.

(9) 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 had prosecuted them.

And They Call It Justice!

If your name is Mr. Rand (or Mr. Du Pont, or Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Ford) you don't have to prove that you are innocent of a charge in order to get acquitted. It is sufficient for the judge to tell the jury that he doesn't think the prosecution proved you guilty.

"I'm glad justice has been vindicated," said Mr. Pearl Bergoff who has made a fortune running a very efficient strike breaking agency, when he was acquitted of violating the Byrnes law which prohibits the importation of strike breakers. All he did was to supply strike breakers to Mr. Rand of Remington Rand, therefore it follows that he is innocent of the charge.

It may sound like Alice In Wonderland. But it is actually what happened in the Rand Bergoff case, tried in Connecticut a few weeks ago. The judge's behavior was an outrage, and a travesty of justice. J. B. Mc Namara has lost the last 26 years of his life because he tried to organize trade unions, organize the workers against miserable living conditions, strike-breaking etc., Mr. Rand of Remington Rand goes free when every shred of evidence presented by the prosecution showed clearly that he imported strike breakers, used every step of the infamous Mohawk Valley Formula for strike-breaking, used the threat of moving and dismantling his Connecticut plants as a means of breaking the strike, was condemned by the National Labor Board for unfair practises.

And they call it justice.

December 8 is Tom Mooney's birthday. The address for Greetings is California State Prison, San Quentin, Cal., No. 31921.

The third of the Federal Government Commissions to find Mooney and Billings innocent was the Wickersham Commission. Urge the Senate Judiciary Committee to do the same. They open their Mooney hearing on December 15 in Washington, D. C.

THE HONOR AND THE GLORY...

Three stories from Spain . . . one by our own Leo Gallagher . . . one by the great La Passionaria . . . the third by Anna Louise Strong . . . together they present a moving canvas of the heroic men, women and children of that land.

By Leo Gallagher

It is very difficult to translate into words the impressions and experiences gained from spending one month in Spain. There is so much to say about every aspect of life in that war torn country and that heroic people that I will only here attempt to give to the readers of the Labor Defender a series of scattered impressions pointing to the most significant highlights in the rear guard of the struggle for democracy.

Barcelona. The severest air raids on that beautiful city did not begin until after I had left. In many respects it appears like any other European city untouched by war. The streets are filled with busy people, the cafes are well attended. But despite the magnificent stoical attitude of the men and women, one sees, though there is absolutely no fear on their faces, no evidence of panic, there is a nervous tension in the air that all the bright banners on the main streets and buildings cannot blot out. All the leading hotels and other public buildings have been transformed into government, trade-union etc., headquarters. Posters call the people to action from all the walls.

The thing that remains longest in my memory of Barcelona are the children's homes—established in the palaces and former houses of the rich.

I visited three—the Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxemburg and La Passionaria homes. The Clara Zetkin home is for little children from 6 to 10. It was the house of a very rich man and with the exception of the rows of little beds in the largest, sunniest rooms, it has been left absolutely unchanged as if the people had walked out yesterday. In the main living room there is a magnificent organ that must have cost thousands of dollars. On each of the children's beds, covered with gay and pretty draperies, there was a large doll. This home is for girls only. When I was there they were playing games outdoors and all looked healthy and very happy.

The Rosa Luxemburg home is in a palace that had been closed for years, its owner living abroad most of the time. It stands on a gently sloping hill in a suburb and is surrounded by extensive and luxurious gardens. It houses 40 girls of about 12. This house is run like a little republic and the system is working out very well. Among other things like helping in the administration, food preparation, sanitation, the girls run their own small print shop and they gave me copies of the paper they get out—very attractive and well done. The La Passionaria home has 28 children—boys and girls—who in addition to printing do beautiful wood-work and iron work. Incidentally in all the homes the children are turning out the most intricate and exquisite lace work.

I visited another home about 10 miles outside of Valencia with La Passionaria herself.

This palace stands in an enormous orange grove on a hill from which the whole of Valencia can be seen in the distance. It was the home of Valencia's richest man. Now 70 little refugees from Madrid inhabit it. The money to administer this particular home comes from an organization of anti-fascist women in Paris.

I must say here that the Spanish children are the most lovable I ever saw in my life. Of course, they flocked around La Passionaria with the greatest joy. They sang for us and danced and it certainly does your heart good to see how really happy they are. In none of the homes is there any spirit or appearance of regimentation. None of the children wear uniforms, none of them have that driven look of children in American institutions. They are getting the best of care and attention, wherever funds for the maintenance of the homes is plentiful: and this is the case in all the homes run directly by the Spanish people themselves.

I must report that I saw some homes up in the Pyrenees mountains, which are supposed to be administered entirely by funds from abroad where conditions were really heart-rending. It was already getting cold when I was there and there are not enough blankets, or warm clothes and in some cases not even enough food. I reported the sad state of affairs I found here to the Committee on Co-ordination of Children's Homes in Paris and

was assured that immediate steps would be taken to remedy the situation. The real remedy lies with us, however. We must give more attention to the collection of funds for the maintenance of these homes as our international duty of solidarity to the heroic Spanish people who are not only fighting the war for world democracy with the lives and blood of their best sons, but are sharing everything they have with the little refugees of fascist terror.

Madrid. This city is truly inspiring. Despite the heavy punishment it has received from Franco's guns and Hitler's and Mussolini's planes, this city personifies the great heart of the Spanish people and their determination to win for democracy. I visited the front line trenches around Madrid during a lull in the fighting and one little incident occurred that sums up the whole spirit of its people who will stay to defend their home at all costs. The soldier who was guiding us said, "Look out there," pointing to an opening in the trench wall. One hundred feet beyond was a group of small boys and girls playing peacefully in the sunshine as the children of Madrid had done for years—right on the firing line!

At night there is complete darkness on the streets which have been shelled almost every day since the beginning of the war. Patrols move up and down keeping everyone with no official business off. I was out one night on the way to the broadcasting studio and I was struck by the perfect order. It should be interesting to Americans who live in big cities that there is absolutely no crime in Madrid these days!

I made three visits in Madrid that I shall always remember. One was to another children's home, the Casa de la Solidaridad administered by the SRI—our sister I.L.D. It houses 50 children, is very well run, has a beautiful swimming pool. But most striking



Chicago I.L.D. sends an ambulance to the defenders of democracy in Spain—the third to go from the American I.L.D. Second from the left is Lillian Goodman, acting secretary of the Illinois State I.L.D.



"Aid to the Spanish babies," French solidarity material.



Young Soviet citizens welcome young Spanish refugees to the U.S.S.R.

of all is the high wall that surrounds it. This wall has been especially decorated for the children and most prominent among the figures on it is none other than Mickey Mouse!

The other visit was to the headquarters of General Compesino where they had a little banquet for the international delegation of which I was a member. It was held in a room that was filled with religious works of art, statues of the Blessed Virgin, paintings etc. Not one of these has been touched or tampered with in any way.

Incidentally, one of the biggest churches in Madrid has been converted into a storehouse for works of art, the majority of which are of a religious character. This building

has extensive underground sections and passageways all of which are literally crammed with valuable paintings, statues, etc., all neatly marked and catalogued and accounted for. I remembered Mr. Hearst's horror stories of "vandalism" as I looked at this treasure which is now the property of the people.

The third visit was to that great man, General Miaja, whom I had the honor to see and speak to on four different occasions. The simplicity of this man is very striking. He is a very stern person and might give the impression of being gruff, but that is because he is a man who is not interested in fine words or promises. He wants deeds and he stressed this over and over again, when he gave me a card with an inscription of person-

al greetings on it. All the Spanish people expect deeds from us. They are more than grateful for what has been done already; for the volunteers who came to help them fight, boys like Henry Eaton whom I met in Madrid only a few weeks before he was killed—for the medical aid like the great hospital in Madrid which I visited and hundreds all over the country, but mostly for the solidarity shown in such actions as the half hour strike on the Pacific coast.

They are ready to make every sacrifice to really make the world safe for democracy. We here must do everything in our power to aid and support them—men, women and children alike. We cannot fail them. They will not fail us.

Asturias Will Conquer

By La Passionaria

Days of sadness, pain and hardship—days that are putting to the severest test our spiritual strength—such are the days in which we live. The people of the Asturias are suffering today, what the people in other sections of our country were forced to endure yesterday, at the bloody hands of the invaders who seek to reduce us to abject slavery. Our fists may be clenched more tightly in anguish, but our courage has not waned, nor is our faith in ultimate victory shaken for one moment.

Courage, comrades, friends! In spite of all disaster we shall conquer!

Gijon has been destroyed because it could not be conquered. So was Eibar, so was Guernica, and Cangas de Onis in Asturias, where the heroism of yesterday and today adds pages of glory to the history of our unconquerable and immortal people.

The struggle is not ended in the Asturias. They have destroyed its finest villages, its most beautiful city. They have murdered its women and children. Legions of heroic defenders have fallen, and the blood of their sacrifice has become a pledge of their loyalty to the cause of the people. In the Asturias, the struggle will continue—the very dead will rise from their graves to assist in the deeds of heroism performed by the miners, the peasants, all the workers—heroes who will never submit. They have carried their battle into the mountains of the mine region.



There they will demonstrate to the whole world at what cost their lives will be taken! The earth will tremble in admiration and Asturias, the embodiment of the honor of all Spain will become the pride of those who work and struggle throughout the world for the rights of the people.

To the Asturias has fallen the honor and the glory of beginning the reconquest of our land for liberty and justice.

The Asturias have not been defeated; their heroic resistance, their epic struggle is proof—undisputable and glorious—that Republican Spain, the Spain that wants only liberty, work, happiness for its toiling masses, will never be crushed, will never be annihilated.

Asturias, cry our soldiers in the East, as they respond to the call for greater heroism in behalf of the people.

Asturias, cry the heroes of Madrid. And in their cry resounds a promise, pledged in blood, to continue the battle until victory is won. For in the Asturias, their brothers in

(Continued on Page 14)

"It Will All Be Ours"

By Anna Louise Strong

At least one million civilians have been dislodged from their homes and set adrift by the war in Spain. Some, place the figure as high as 1,500,000. The secretariat for refugees, in Valencia, has a card catalogue where no less than 800,000 were listed at the time of my visit, and hundreds of new cards were arriving every day.

Comparatively few have fled to other countries. They have not the means and in most cases did not want to go. Except for a few thousand children who came to the Soviet Union, 4,000 Basque children who went to England and possibly 25,000 refugees in southern France, the majority of these people are still in their home country. Their attitude toward Franco is shown by the fact that they preferred to leave their homes and to go out into the unknown rather than be under fascist rule.

Madrid, Malaga and Bilbao are the three great centers from which these refugees come. All of these cities were first flooded by hundreds of thousands of refugees from towns and villages, fleeing before the advancing insurgents. These cities were later forced by the war to disgorge their own populations. Some 600,000 persons fled from Madrid and 300,000 from Malaga and Bilbao.

Twelve-year-old Jaime Castellar, sitting in bathing trunks, on a sunny marble bench in a

(Continued on Page 18)

RED STAR of BETHLEHEM

A true Xmas story from the little town of Bethlehem where Christ was born. Fictitious names are used for obvious reasons in this moving tale by a young journalist who has just returned from Palestine.

By Steve Harris

She lay back on the bed exhausted. The pains—those wracking, inconceivable pains that had broken her body at regular intervals for the past twenty-four hours—were gone. Now she could relax, gloriously stretched out on a bed and rest every fibre of her worn-out body. It was the first time she had lain in a bed since that night four months ago when the detectives had taken Alfred and her away. Squad detectives from the anti-Red squad and two tall British constables, so tall that they had to stoop to enter their little cellar room, had roused them roughly at two a. m.

The bells of the Church of Nativity, standing over the manger where Christ was born, boomed out the noon hour. Somehow they didn't sound the same and in her reverie Ruth wondered if they were pealing out the birth of her son. Then she realized that it was because of the bed; she couldn't feel the vibrations of the bells in the stone floor. Noon—December 25—Christmas Day. And a son had been born to her—in Bethlehem, the birthplace of the prophet of peace and freedom.

Alfred hadn't known she was pregnant. She hadn't told him yet and now she was glad. He went quietly, resignedly, back to the Jerusalem Central prison which he had left only six months before. They had been more or less expecting the detectives. Alfred thought it was marvellous that they had succeeded in remaining underground for six whole months. They moved three times in those last five weeks, when Zionist landlords and neighbors became suspicious of their illegal Communist activities. Finally they found a little cubby-hole with a sympathetic Christian Arab family off the Via Dolorosa in the Old City. Alfred hoped they would be safe there, but their last landlord iden-



tified the Arab porter who had carried their bed and detectives kicked, bullied, and bribed him until he led them to the room.

Now, four months later, she was lying on a bed again—in the hospital room of the Bethlehem Women's Prison. There were two other maternity cases with her, Arab peasant women imprisoned for carrying food and home-made lead bullets to their men-folks fighting British troops in the hills. Ruth asked one of them in her broken Arabic about the child—where had they taken it, would it live?

"With Allah's help, of course it will live."

Ruth accepted the woman's assurances for what they were. She didn't expect the child to live. The Arab doctor from the town had been gentle and sympathetic, but he knew nothing about incubation or modern methods of caring for premature infants. It was odd that she was not more concerned. Ever since the first time when detectives had come to the Zionist communal colony and taken Alfred away, she had wanted to have a man-child of his by her side. It would have been

so much easier then to withstand the shock.

Ruth had known that Alfred disagreed with the Zionist comrades in the colony. He had not escaped from the fascist oppression in Germany, he told her, to aid in the oppression of Arab workers and peasants, to buy up their land from the Arab landlords and take away their jobs in the cities. His Sabbaths he spent entirely in the neighboring Arab villages. He learned their language and they learned to trust and confide in him as a friend.

After Alfred's arrest, life in the colony had become unbearable. She suspected that the comrades had reported Alfred to the political police; otherwise why would they have come to the colony? So she left and went to the city to wait for his release.

She came back to the present, taut and tortured as her body cringed with pain. Why didn't they at least tell her if the baby was dead or alive? She cried aloud. There was no answer. Slowly she relaxed and tried to think of other things. It was good to lie on a bed and ease her aching body. In prison you slept



Above: Acre prison in Palestine. It holds hundreds of political prisoners, the vast majority of whom are Arabs.

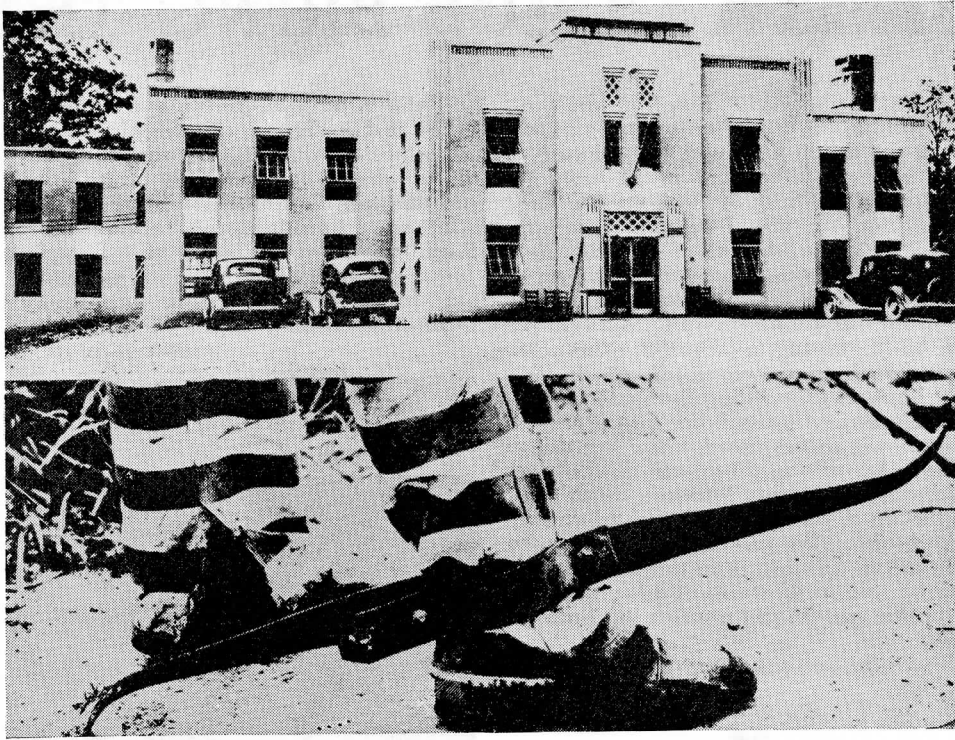


on a thin straw mat laid as far away from the stinking toilet pail as you could get with 21 political prisoners in a cell 14½ by 8 paces. The sign in Arabic and English outside the cell said "8 women" but the girls knew that it meant nothing to the fat British matron who fed her pet geese with the few pints of milk allowed for women with nursing infants.

Ruth remembered gratefully how the other girls had tried to help her in those first days in prison. There was beautiful, blonde Aliza, with the stately manner of a Russian princess; and dumpy little Batya, with an ever-ready smile on her round, open face. Both of them were veterans of the 20-day hunger strike the previous summer, when Communist prisoners throughout the county had struggled to retain the rights of political prisoners

(Continued on Page 18)

Extreme left: Native Arab "home"—made out of Standard Oil petrol cans! Left: "Alfred" and "Ruth," the hero and heroine of our Xmas story.



The Tennessee penitentiary looks fine on the outside, but its inmates are treated as shown below.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

Why the Xmas Drive for labor's prisoners needs your support. Lend a brotherly hand to the men behind the bars.

By *Sasha Small*

The jingle of the mythical sleigh bells, the voices raised in Christmas Carols, the clatter and the swish of dinners, parties and celebrations for Christmas 1937, will be accompanied by ominous sounds. The echo of Franco's artillery, of Japan's deadly bombs, of machine-gun fire will mingle with church bells pealing, "Peace on Earth Good Will To Man," while hundreds of thousands out of range of death dealing gun-fire will sit hungry and shivering, with no more to eat than on any other day of the rest of the year.

To several thousand men and women Christmas Eve and Christmas Day will be another round of monotonous gray hours, punctuated only by the nerve-grinding regularity of bells and sirens announcing the passing of time behind stone walls and bars that shut out life and activity and the rest of the world.

Yet Christmas 1937 will be marked by the same spirit of generosity and sharing, of giving and receiving that has made it the most universal holiday for centuries. And to us in the I.L.D. it will be the occasion of our 12th annual drive for Labor Prisoners and their families—the twelfth year in a row during which we have rallied thousands of unknown friends to the support of labor's neediest cases. We have raised and expended more than \$240,000 on national and international relief to more than 40,000 men, women and children during these years. We have brought hope and happiness into bleak and

miserable homes, into gray prison cells by extending the brotherly hand of solidarity through the medium of our relief fund.

And this year we are out to raise \$25,000 for this fund to meet the needs of labor's neediest, to assure them a regular relief income all year round, delivered without fail on the 15th of each month.

Our appeal has never fallen on deaf ears, but this year we want it to reach more ears than it ever has in the past. The need is greater than it ever was before, the number turning to us for aid and support is greater, the solidarity of labor has reached greater heights.

On other pages of this issue you will find letters from our wards, letters that speak for themselves. Already the children are wondering what Santa Claus will bring them for Christmas this year—and Santa Claus to them doesn't wear white whiskers or a red suit. He's just the postman who brings the letter with a big check in it and a box of clothes and shoes and toys and candy, with something in it for everybody in the family.

Our wards know that we have never failed them in the past and that we will not fail them now. We know that our members and friends have always done everything in their power to make the Christmas Drive an overwhelming success. In the past we have always gone over the top in our quotas. They were never as ambitious as the one this year, but we are confident that we will succeed.

There was a time when we could appeal for these men, women and children—labor's

prisoners and their families—with the knowledge that they alone truly represented labor's neediest cases. They still do—in America. But over in Spain there are hundreds of thousands of men, women and children in great need—of medical supplies, food clothing, homes. Over in China there are millions wandering destitute and hungry, fleeing the rain of death sent down upon them.

We know that most of our friends and supporters will want to help the defenders of democracy in Spain and China for Christmas 1937. We of the I.L.D. have done and will continue to do everything in our power to share in this essential work of international solidarity. Our I.L.D. ambulances are in active service on the Spanish battlefronts today. Our medical supplies are in the hospitals. We are now engaged in raising funds for a children's home in Spain for the little refugees of fascist terror. We are cooperating with the Chinese relief groups. And a percentage of our Christmas funds will be shared with these victims of fascist terror as they always have been in the past.

Our main job and first responsibility, however, is to care for our neediest here at home. They depend on us alone for aid—aid that means the difference between starvation and something to eat; the bitter cold of winter, of a comforting fire and light in the house; shoes that will protect little feet or the ravages of ice and dampness; a newspaper, a cigarette, some change in his pocket or bare gray walls to stare at.

Christmas Day has always been a red letter day for labor's prisoners and their families because of the work of our Relief Fund. We appeal to you to help us make it a banner day this year, when labor is on the march in more powerful legions than ever before, when wider sections of the population are awakening to the need for unity and action in defense of civil and democratic rights, when the fruits of the sacrifices made by the men and women in jail today for Labor's cause are being reaped in a rich harvest of progress for the whole labor movement.

Show them that they are not forgotten.

Help make their Christmas a joyous one, by assuring them that their needs will be met and cared for all year round.

Lend a brotherly hand to the men behind the bars by extending the helping hand of solidarity to their women and children on the outside.



Rose Baron, National Prisoners Relief director. She has just returned from a 3 weeks tour to organize the 1937 Xmas Drive for labor's prisoners and their families.

WHAT WILL SANTA CLAUS BRING THIS YEAR + + LETTERS FROM OUR WARDS



To Dad in prison—help us send smokes and papers and other comforts to make time move more swiftly.



Your letter and the money found us very well and hope the same of you. I was glad to hear that you are working for Christmas gifts. I sure do need some because I did not get anything from my cotton. I haven't even seen not a dime. About the sizes of myself and the children. The two little girls wear the same size shoes and dress—number 14 and shoes 6. My own size and the big girl's is dress 18 and shoes 7.

The younger boy is 14 in the neck and pants 31, 32, shoes 8½. The two other boys, 9 and 8½ shoes, in the neck 15.

Please don't think I am hard to satisfy. I am never like that. I am glad to get anything you can send me. I just wrote to talk to someone about how it is with us now. People just can't get by here.

NANCY JAMES

(Her husband, Cliff James, militant share-cropper was murdered in Alabama in 1932.)



Your check received just at a time for good use. It is our first cold spell. It would seem very pleasant to you who have had cold weather much earlier. Frankie was completely out of shoes so I went to purchase him some shoes that he could wear to school. He is doing fine in school this year. He is now taking piano through the WPA and has not failed to make an A. on every lesson so far. I am real proud of his work. Yes, clothing is always appreciated. Our sizes are the same though Frankie don't seem to do anything but grow taller all the time. He will be nine just before Xmas. I am still a size 40.

Trusting everything is fine in New York as well as other places.

MRS. FRANK NORMAN

(Her husband was murdered by the Florida K.K.K.)



Daddy's serving a 25 year sentence. Help us send her food all year round.

Was more than glad to hear from you also to get the money you sent us. I can't begin to tell you how it helps us. Coal and everything is so high and I manage the very best I can. I have had trouble with my boy. He was so sick. But now I have him back in school. Well, you asked me to send our sizes in shoes and clothes. There is no difference in me, but a lot in the children—especially my oldest boy. He has grown to be a man in size, but too young to go in the mines. He wears 9 in shoes and weighs 132 pounds. My baby boy wears size 3 shoes and shirts size 13. As for coats and pants, I don't know, for I always buy what is cheapest and get them overalls. I have always been very glad to get whatever you send me. Whatever didn't just fit I made it over. I hope it won't be very long before my boy can earn some money to help us live. I know my youngest boy won't ever be able to do much, he is so weak. I had better not tire you so much this time so I will close.

A Miner's Family. Name withheld.



You help us so much. Your last money came just in time to get some fuel to burn. We have had some pretty cold weather and it sure takes fire to keep warm. You mentioned something about sending clothing. We would be very glad to get it right now but then maybe you haven't got anything on hand till Christmas. Both kids need shoes pretty bad. I hate to keep them out of school. They are learning so good. Just send anything you have. We would be so glad to get it. The children's shoes are sizes 8 and 10 and dresses 6 and 8.

MRS. LULU BOCK

(Her husband, a West Virginia miner, is serving the 5th year of a 99 year sentence.)



He won't see his father for another 6 years. Help us keep him well and strong.



I was sure glad to hear from you. We needed the money real bad. The children are going to school every day and they need shoes and clothing very bad. Linda is going to have to stay at home pretty quick if I don't get her some shoes. You know how it hurts a child to stay out of school when they are learning good and she almost cries every time she has to miss.

A Miner's Family. Name withheld.

(Linda got a pair of "temporary" shoes till Xmas.—Ed.)

There is no news here but it is getting colder and colder every day. Junior is very happy because Christmas is near. He is wondering what Santa Claus is going to bring him this year. Our sizes are the same as last year except Junior's shoes which are size 9. Regards to all of our friends. Oh, I forgot. Junior is 8 years old. By that you can figure out what size he wears. I received the money order. Many thanks.

TERESA AVITIA

(Her husband one of the Gallup miners is serving the 2nd of a 45 to 60 year sentence.)



Their father went to jail because he fought to get them decent shoes and clothes. They need your support.

I want to write and thank you for the money order you sent which came just in time as we are in need of food, fuel and clothing and everything. My husband has been sick ever since last January. He has the heart dropsy and it's been doctor and drug store bills ever since. My three daughters have done everything they could to help us, but they have their own families and now the mills are standing for a week at a time and they can't even help themselves. We've got so far in debt at the drug store for the medicine that they won't let us have any more except for cash. I don't see how in the world I'll make out this winter as we both need winter clothing and shoes and fuel for a fire. We live in two rooms of a double apartment house. We don't have any rent to pay as my son-in-law does that. Do you have any idea when my son will get off. If you do will you please write and let me know. Thanks again for your help. I am too old to work in the mills and not old enough to get the old-age pension.

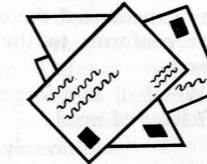
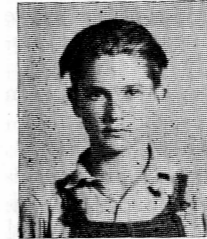
MRS. G. B. BLALOCK

(Mother of Florence Blalock, textile worker, serving a six year sentence on a N. C. chain-gang. Since this was written Mr. Blalock, Sr., committed suicide.)

I receive the letter and money regular each month and am very glad to get it. The children are all well and in school. They are talking of Santa Claus already. Do you think there will be any clothes this winter? I certainly hope so. Our supply is running very low again.

EDITH MULLINS

(Her husband, a West Virginia coal miner, is serving the 5th year of a 99 year sentence.)



His Dad's serving a life sentence. Help us keep those envelopes filled with regular monthly relief checks.



I received your letter and money order and was gladder to get it than I can express for the times are harder with us than they have been since my husband has been away from me. The price of cotton is so low until we can't pay out of debts. I was really glad to hear that you all was going to try to send us something for Christmas. For there is no way for me to get any winter clothes. My baby girl asked me what was Santy going to bring her. I told her that old Santy was too poor this time to come at all.

It is not just hard with me. It is hard with all the poor farmers. I went to see Ned last Sunday. He was getting along very well but for his eyes which are still bad.

The boys' overall sizes are 34 and 38 and 18. Shirt sizes 15½ and 14. The baby girl's dress size is 12. Boys shoes 9 and 6, girl's shoes number 2. Please send us some underwear if there be any chance at all. We all need them bad for we have no clothes only what you all sent to us. The children are well. I suffer with the headache so bad until it seems like some of the times I can't hardly live. May God be with all the workers of all the nations. Love and thanks from my heart to you all.

VIOLA COBB

(Her husband, a share-cropper, is serving the 4th year of a 15 year sentence on an Alabama chain-gang.)



Just a few lines this morning to let you know I got the money order O.K. and certainly do appreciate it very much. I went to see my husband Sunday and he said he is getting his money orders O.K. and he sure did thank you for them. This leaves the family all well.

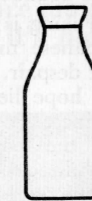
I'm sending the sizes of the things we wear. For myself I wear a size 16 dress, in shoes I wear a 5 and my daughter who's 17 wears the same as I do. I have a boy 14. He wears 4½ in shoes and in a shirt he wears a 14. I have a little girl, she is 11. In shoes she wears 1½ and in dresses she wears 10 or 12, either one. I have a little boy 9. He wears a size 10 in shirts and in shoes he wears small 13. I have a little girl of 4. She wears about 4 in dress and in shoes size 8½. Well, this is the last one, a little boy of 2. He wears shoes size 5½ and in overalls or a suit he wears 4. I had better close now, with love.

MRS. JOHN CATCHINGS

(Her husband, an Alabama steel worker, is in prison for union activity.)



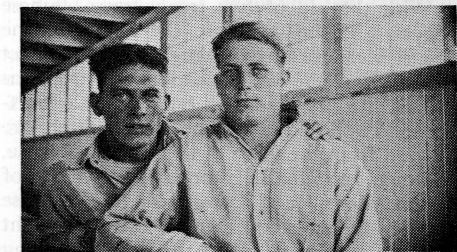
Daddy was on an Alabama chain-gang when this picture was taken. She needs milk.



The kids need shoes and warm clothes. They look forward to new toys. Won't you help us send them some?



as possible; and last but not least, continuing our fight until—eventually we are now free. My thanks and deep appreciation goes to Leo Gallagher who so untiringly and unceasingly fought and worked in our behalf, also to Grover Johnson and now to George Anderson, to Elaine Black, to you Rose Baron, and to all our friends and sympathizers. My stay

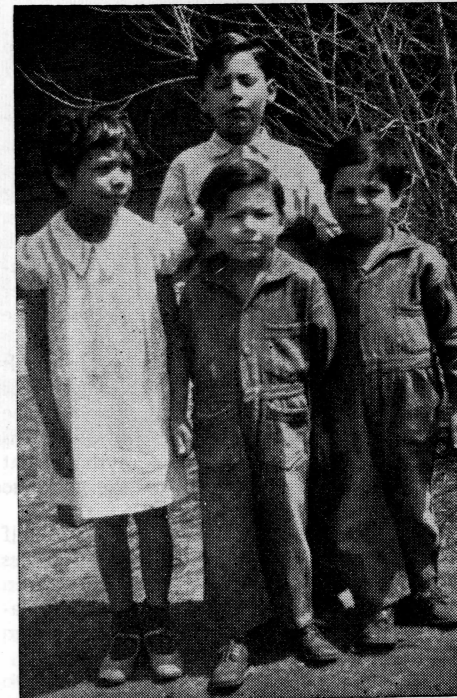


Left: Florence Blaylock, North Carolina textile worker, serving 6 years on the chain-gang for going on strike in 1934.

in prison, I don't mind. The fight is worth it. But,—I take great pride, great joy in making your friendship, that I hold in esteem.

Sincerely yours,

JACK CRANE



Four of our wards in New Mexico. Help us play Santa Claus to the children of labor's prisoners all year round.

Flames Roar Over China

The flames of war are roaring over China. Military-fascist Japan, the ally of Hitler and Mussolini, is pouring its powerful military forces upon the east Asiatic continent in the hope that its six year old policy of blood and iron will be crowned with victory—the complete enslavement of the Chinese nation.

In keeping with the approved fascist formula of the robber-baron method, the Japanese invaders without warning or declaration of war, have swooped down upon the peace-loving Chinese people leaving in their path a bleeding scar of charred buildings and mutilated corpses. Peking, the old capital of China, Tientsin, the chief harbor of North China and Shanghai, the city of four million souls, are today living through a period of horror and terror that defies even the powers of imagination.

With the aid of two treacherous Chinese generals, Peking fell into the hands of the fascist invaders early in August. The first act of the Japanese who occupied the city was to lock the city gates and establish "Committees of Public Safety." These committees are drafted from the scum of the Chinese people, common criminals, procurors, owners of opium dens, and professional Japanese bandits, the so-called Ronius. Day and night these "committees" spend their time running down anti-Japanese residents. Whole sections of the city have been converted into prisons to house the constantly mounting toll of arrested.

Among those seized are dozens of journalists, six editors of our official telegraph agency "Central News," Mr. Powell, the correspondent of the American Fox Movie Tone News and Dr. Wei Shi-sheng, outstanding Chinese statesman and member of the Hopei Chahar Council.

Special Black Lists have been drawn up and given to the bandits for use in their house to house search for "anti-Japanese elements." The fate of most of those who have been arrested remains unknown. Their relatives run through the ancient city's streets, many of them weeping aloud, seeking some information about their loved ones. With fear and horror in their eyes they walk up to the piles of corpses which fill the highways. What follows when a wife or mother discovers her husband, her son among the murdered dead is too horrible to describe.

Every night huge funeral pyres are built upon the squares of Peking. The victims of the fascist murderers are burned in these flames along with car-loads full of "seditious" literature—which means anything that is not written by traitors to the Chinese people.

At present there are in Peking about half a million refugees routed from their homes in the outlying districts. Their need is even more bitter than that of the native population. Hundreds of them have fallen victim to various epidemics.

The people of Peking do not go out into the streets unless it is absolutely necessary and unavoidable. Spying and denunciation is rampant. It is enough for a Japanese agent to mention that a person is anti-Japanese for



One of the defenders of the Chinese people.

that person to be seized arrested and perhaps even shot down then and there. Such perfidy brought about the instant death of 4 newspaper sellers when they were accused of selling anti-Japanese literature.

Almost every night, the stillness over Peking is broken by artillery fire. Not far from the city Chinese divisions still hold their positions and conduct successful guerilla warfare against the Japanese.

Peking is groaning under the iron heel of Japanese military-fascism. But Peking does not despair. It hopes that it will soon be free. Its hope lies in the strength of the united Chinese People's Army, but it also counts on the power of international solidarity mobilized by all the freedom loving people of the world.

—By Geralemo

Some Unions and the ILD

Dear Mr. Newhoff:

The members and officers of Local No. 12 extend to you their heartiest thanks for the services rendered by your organization to arrested and imprisoned brothers during our recent strike.

Please convey to Messrs. Zapp, Melton and Lebovici the deep appreciation this Local has for the fine work they did for those of us who experienced the workings of the Justice that conforms to the interests of the employers.

We shall not forget the aid given us in our hour of need.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) HERMAN SOLOMON

Corr. Sec'y.

Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America. Local 12. Staten Island, N. Y.

Dear Friend and Brother:

Your wire was received with cheers by over three hundred grateful striking newspapermen of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. With that encouragement we are on our way to victory—no matter how ultimate it may be.

The legend about elephants having the longest memories is all wet—the newspaper boys have longer ones.

Gratefully,

(signed) I. KAUFMAN

*Chairman Strike Committee,
Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

Newspaper Guild of New York, Local 3, American Newspaper Guild.

CONVERSATION IN LIMBO

(They laughed, because during the triumphal reception of Mussolini in Berlin, a male chorus which was hidden in the large base of the flagpole, sang lustily: "Du kannst nicht treu sein." (You cannot be faithful.)

(He to Him): "Listen to that, Adolph, they are singing: "You cannot be faithful," whom do they mean?"

(Him to He): "Naturally, they mean you, Benito. Was I ever a Social Democrat . . .?"

(He, vexed): "Shut up. They can't remember that. I almost forgot it myself. No . . . they certainly do not mean that . . ."

(Him, in thought): "Ah . . . now I know . . . They mean 1914, when you left us in the lurch . . ."

(He, in a conciliatory tone): "Come on, let's not start any trouble here. You know I came to talk about peace."

(Him, understandingly): "Yes, that's true. But how the devil are we going to defend peace?"

(He, mysteriously): "Listen. What is real peace? Silence. You have closed their mouths in Germany and I in Italy. Is that peace work, yes or no?"

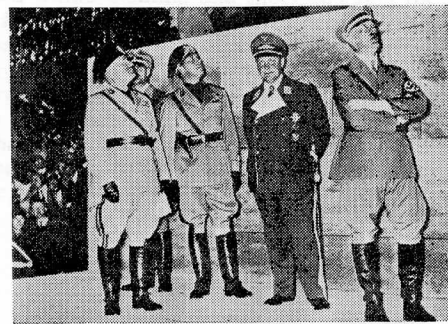
(Him, anxiously): "Yes, but now what?"
(He, with conviction): "I know where real peace lies . . . in the grave yard! That peace we can bring to the whole world, you understand? The real, honest-to-goodness peace . . ."

(Him): ". . . . of the grave yard."

(He): "Sure, of the grave yard."

(Both): "Hurrah, long live world peace!"

Translated from the Dutch



Adolph and Benito "discuss" world peace!

Five More Still to be Freed!



A Letter from
Haywood Patterson

Something many people have been looking forward to for over six years . . . a Scottsboro tour which includes freed Scottsboro boys campaigning in behalf of the remaining five.

On the eve of seventh year of the Scottsboro case, the struggle for the lives and freedom of the five remaining Scottsboro Boys, is entering a new stage of intensity and determination. Under the auspices of the united Scottsboro Defense Committee a national tour is now in progress, to carry the message of Scottsboro Defense to every corner of the country, and to rouse once more into action and protest the hundreds of thousands of people who have already shown their willingness to fight for the freedom of these innocent boys. The tour started last month and has already taken Mr. Richard B. Moore, vice-president of the I.L.D., Roy Wright and Olen Montgomery, two of the four Scottsboro Boys freed last July, to most of the important centers in the east. Below is a listing of the tour itinerary for December and January. The LABOR DEFENDER urges all its readers to watch for

these meetings in their community. We are sure that you will go yourself. We ask you to get all of your friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, union members, members of your clubs to go with you. Attendance at these meetings will be carefully watched by the lynch lords of Alabama. Let us show them what the pulse of the nation is on the question of Scottsboro. Let us show them that the remaining five boys will get the same assistance and support—stronger, more powerful, involving new thousands of people—the same united mass defense that freed four of the Scottsboro Boys. Appeals in three of the cases—Wright, Weems and Norris, are pending before the State Supreme Court of Alabama. These meetings will serve as a thunderous reminder to the gentlemen of that court that the Scottsboro case is not ended and will not be until all nine of the innocent boys are completely and unconditionally freed.

I have received your letter in which I found the money. I highly appreciate your goodness in sending it. I promise your kindness shall always be remembered. The details about the other boys were pleasing. I am so happy to learn they are with you and doing all possible to be helpful in the movement. I wish those boys all the success and the best of luck. I wish I had walked into some luck of that sort. About my own case, I am at a standstill and sometimes utterly helpless and despaired. You see I just keep hearing discouraging things that sometimes I don't seem to feel confident any more of obtaining my liberty. That's when I am overloaded with doubtful thoughts. That is not always for I realize there are people who hold membership with the I.L.D. who desire to see me set at liberty and are working vigorously to obtain my rightful absolute release. I remember that in the past you all were very servicable and excellent and I know you will continue.

You know that I and my family are always grateful to you all. Well, I have said enough for now. I hope you will forgive me if I have not been reasonable and agreeable. Kindest love to you and remember I am always your friend,

SCHEDULE

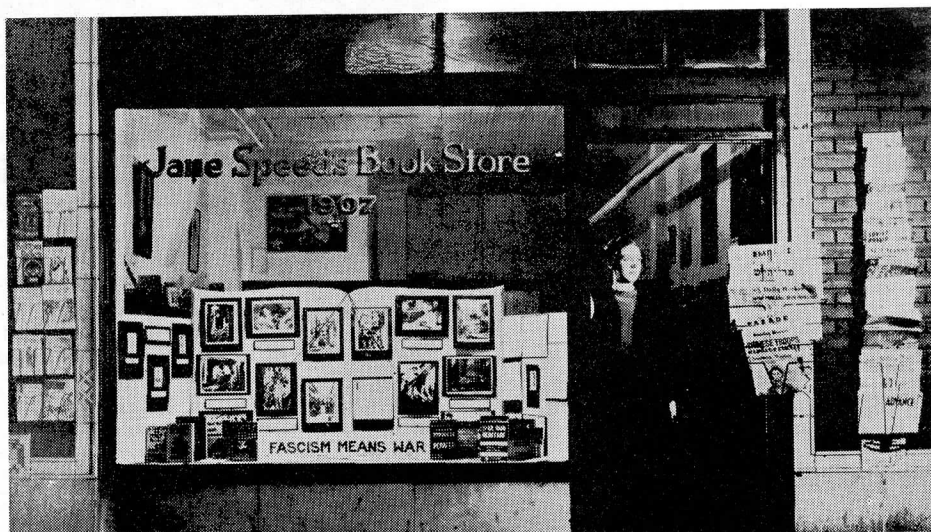
for National Scottsboro Tour
Roy Wright, Olen Montgomery and
Richard B. Moore

* * *

Date	Day	Place
Dec. 1,	Wednesday	Pittsburgh
Dec. 2,	Thursday	Youngstown
Dec. 3,	Friday	Akron, O.
Dec. 4,	Saturday	Cleveland
Dec. 7,	Tuesday	Detroit, Mich.
Dec. 9,	Thursday	Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 10,	Friday	Gary, Ind.
Dec. 12,	Sunday	Milwaukee, Wis.
Dec. 13,	Monday	Milwaukee, Wis.
Dec. 14,	Tuesday	Minneapolis, Minn.
Dec. 15,	Wednesday	St. Paul, Minn.
Dec. 16,	Thursday	Duluth, Minn.
Dec. 17,	Friday	Superior, Wis.
Dec. 20,	Monday	Butte, Mont.
Dec. 21,	Tuesday	Spokane, Wash.
Dec. 22,	Wednesday	Seattle
Dec. 23,	Thursday	Portland, Ore.
Dec. 28,	Tuesday	San Francisco
Dec. 29,	Wednesday	Oakland, Calif.
Dec. 30,	Thursday	Berkeley, Cal.
Jan. 4,	Tuesday	Los Angeles
Jan. 7,	Friday	San Diego
Jan. 10,	Monday	Salt Lake City
Jan. 11,	Tuesday	Denver
Jan. 12,	Wednesday	Oklahoma City
		Oklahoma
Jan. 14,	Friday	Kansas City, Mo.
Jan. 17,	Monday	St. Louis, Mo.
Jan. 18,	Tuesday	Indianapolis, Ind.
Jan. 19,	Wednesday	Cincinnati, O.
Jan. 20,	Thursday	Columbus, O.
Jan. 23,	Sunday	Buffalo
Jan. 24,	Monday	Rochester
Jan. 25,	Tuesday	Syracuse
Jan. 26,	Wednesday	Albany

In the Heart of Alabama

Opening a book store may not sound like an act of heroism
—except when it's done in Birmingham, Alabama.



Jane Speed in the doorway of her book store.

Not so long ago in Birmingham, Alabama, they used to send people to the chain-gang for having one copy of what the illiterate members of the "red" squad decided was "subversive" literature. Today the movement for the enforcement and preservation of civil and democratic rights, backed by the trade unions and an increasing group of liberal citizens, has broken through the wall of bigotry and reaction to a very gratifying extent. Proof? Jane Speed's Book Store in the

heart of Birmingham—a progressive book store which carries trade-union, radical and anti-fascist publications; displays them in the windows, displays portraits of Negro workers on its walls; invites and welcomes Negro customers and visitors; and to date has not been molested by the infamous defenders of "law and order" Alabama style. Congratulations, Jane Speed on your courageous and significant venture. Good luck and the assurance of the support of the I.L.D.

Straight to the Law-Makers

We board the Washington Merry-go-round—but not for the ride. We expect to go places with the I.L.D. legislative bureau for a legislative program in the interests of the rights and liberties of the people.

By Louis Colman

Assistant National Secretary, I.L.D.

In January, the I.L.D. will expand its activities by the opening of a bureau in Washington, D. C. The bureau itself will only be a physical symbol of the entrance of the I.L.D. as a definite factor in the legislative field. It will be a center from which legislative activity is directed and carried on, a coordinating center for a nation-wide lobby of the people for legislation to maintain and enlarge democratic rights.

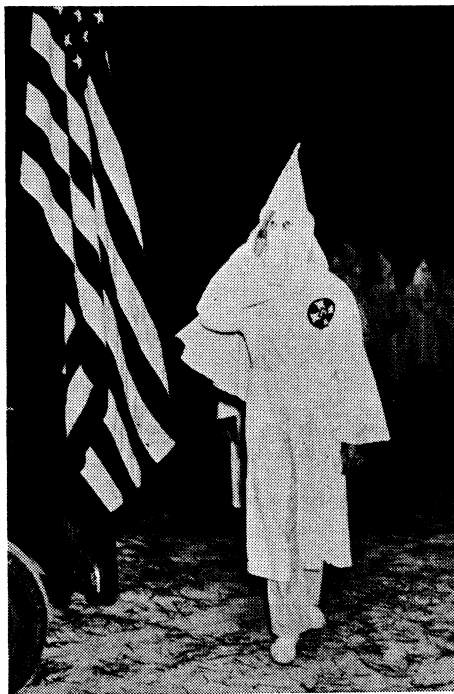
The I.L.D. Resident Board, which decided upon this move at the suggestion of President Vito Marcantonio, does not look upon its Washington Bureau as a lobby in the ordinary sense of the word. It will not depend upon a legislative director in Washington, and its legislative committee there, to influence legislation. The Bureau will guide legislative activity that will be organized in every part of the country, by the people of the country.

In Washington we will have a director and committee whose tasks will be: to keep in close contact with legislative developments in the nation's capital, and with the national progressive organizations whose headquarters are located there, with a view to developing broad action; to keep the people of the country informed of the situation in regard to civil rights legislation, and to suggest to them forms of activity as the needs of the situation will dictate; to be a center for information on these problems for trade unions and other progressive organizations all over the country; to help in the development of state programs of civil rights legislation.

In February, a national Legislative Conference of the I.L.D. will be held in Washington, where a concrete program for civil rights legislation will be presented. This will not be a program conceived in an office, nor even in a single committee. It will be a program in the preparation of which representatives of millions of people will have participated. In the period between now and the time of the Conference, these people—trade-union bodies, trade-union leaders, other organizations and their leaders, liberals, lawyers, and progressive legislators in city, state and federal bodies—will be canvassed thoroughly on the problems. Consultations will be held, and a real, practical program worked out.

In surveying the field, the Resident Board of the I.L.D. has come to some general and tentative conclusions in regard to the types of legislation which is needed. It has decided, for one thing, that it is of the greatest importance to place one single bill at the center of our federal legislative program, and to hammer at that until it is passed. This means that there will be a center of concentration. It does not mean that our program will be restricted.

In the consultations so far, the most important single practical piece of legislation which has been suggested for the implementation of the Bill of Rights, is a measure which would protect trade unions and their representatives operating in one state from a headquarters in another state, by federal legislation. Passage of such a measure is par-



The K.K.K. rides again throughout the South—one powerful argument for a people's legislative program to defend democratic and civil rights.

ticularly needed by the South, where a series of threats and actual outrages against organizers has made the question a critical one for the campaign to organize the unorganized. No relief from this situation can be expected from the state legislatures of the South.

Other measures which have to be considered are:

Legislation to put teeth into the Byrnes Act against interstate transportation of strike-breakers and thugs; legislation to withdraw federal funds from state militia establishments when the state militia is used for strike-breaking purposes; legislation to outlaw vigilantes, private industrial police and private industrial arsenals.

The Bill providing a special status for Labor and Political Prisoners must also be introduced, and agitation carried on around it to remove from unionists the stigma of "criminals" which is placed upon them when they are arrested for carrying out their union duties.

There are numerous other types of measures, around which our I.L.D. Washington Bureau will organize support, which are

sponsored by other organizations. Such as:

Anti-War legislation sponsored by the American League Against War and Fascism.

Bills for the Right of Asylum and for easier naturalization, sponsored by the American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born.

The Anti-Lynch Bill, sponsored by the National Association for Advancement of Colored People; and legislative programs for Negro rights sponsored by the National Negro Congress, and other groups.

Certain civil rights phases of legislation sponsored by the National Maritime Union, and by other trade unions.

Legislation which will help restore the civil rights of the Puerto Rican people, opposition to reactionary proposals such as that for a plebiscite on the question of independence—which would be like a factory collective bargaining election asked by the company, conducted by the company, under conditions of complete absence of free exercise of the ballot.

There is already before Congress a mountain of legislation which would hack big pieces off the already curtailed civil rights of the people of the United States. Plenty of work has to be done to expose and oppose these measures, to prevent them from being enacted into law. There are a number of measures before Congress which would advance civil and democratic rights. Support has to be organized for their passage.

On the state legislative field, Labor's Non-Partisan League has a good program of civil rights measures. In each state, besides, there are special problems, such as jury trials in New York, and others, which have to be worked out. In January, the regular sessions of the state legislatures open in Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Virginia. The New York State I.L.D. has already a legislative program worked out. Massachusetts and New Jersey at least, among the others, would be able to work successfully to advance democratic and civil rights in their respective legislatures.

This is real defense work, making use of the law-making bodies themselves, to protect labor and progressive forces from the law and from lawlessness. The I.L.D. has a big task here, performance of which can earn it an even higher place in the hearts and estimation of the people of the United States than it now holds.

Asturias Will Conquer

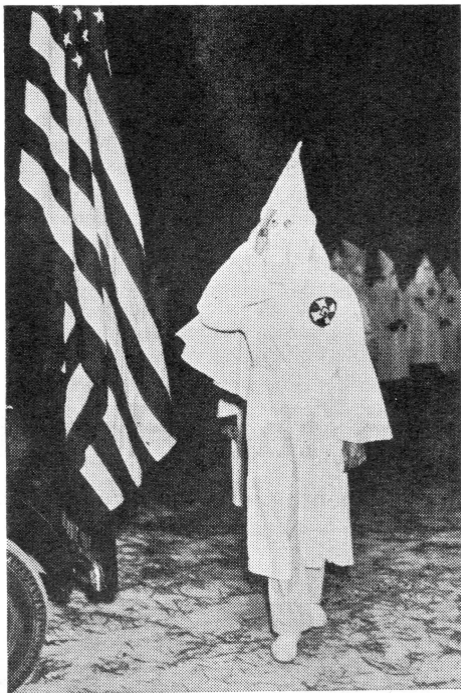
(Continued from Page 7)

heroism have raised aloft, from beneath thousands of corpses, the unassailable flag of the Republic and Liberty.

Asturias, they shout on the Southern fronts. And the example of Asturias, model for all our fighters, will be the example that will spur the men and women of Spain to even greater sacrifices for the coming victory, for crushing fascism. We shall conquer. We will win.

The chief of our government in addressing the people from the heart of our republic—invincible, disciplined Madrid—called for sacrifice, order.

We, the people, reply: always ready. Discipline, yes. Sacrifices, yes. Order, yes. Unity, yes.



**The K.K.K. rides again throughout the South
—one powerful argument for a people's legis-
lative program to defend democratic and civil
rights.**



The I.L.D. Goes to Sea

A yarn about the sea that's no fish story. How it came about that the I.L.D. has 8 branches on 8 ships with over 1100 members in them.

By Fred Robins

Secretary Waterfront International Labor Defense

"He's from the I.L.D." That's all the introduction any of our representatives need to get attention on the New York Waterfront or on a large number of ships that come to this port. In fact it's becoming sort of a pass word.

One reason for it is that we have eight good branches organized and functioning on eight ships of the Munson, Ward, Puerto Rico, Dollar and Standard Oil lines. The other reason is the main one—it's the one that built those branches too, and got us 458 new seamen-members since last September.

The story goes back to the 1935 strike on the New York waterfront, when the members of the I.L.D. in New York not only showed their solidarity with the striking seamen but came right out on the picket line with them to help them fight for their rights, safety at sea and safety from the brutality of the New York police. On August 10, 1936 we had made so many friends among the seamen that we opened a Waterfront I.L.D. center at 25 South Street to help us get together.

By the time of the second great strike—the one that tied up shipping on all coasts, our center had become part of the very life of maritime workers in the East. We just turned over our center to the strike committee. We set up a strike soup kitchen. The legal defense and strike strategy committee met in our center daily. The legal staff of the I.L.D. supplied 50 of its crack members for strike duty. These boys handled 380 cases, and we are proud to report that all but 8 were freed and these served only from 5 to 30 day sentences instead of the real stiff ones the courts had in mind for them. In addition, our legal staff collected thousands of dollars in back wages for the striking seamen and they got them full pay.

All the branches in New York State rallied to the call of our Waterfront center to aid the strikers. We set up the kitchen, but we turned it over to the seamen who administered it themselves, the same with the "can-shaking" committees we helped them organize, the same with the overcoat department which we assembled. These overcoats were donated by I.L.D. members and were handed out for picket duty on the freezing waterfront by the pickets themselves.

When the strike was over, and even during the hectic days of the strike itself, scores of seamen filled out application cards for the organization which represented so much solidarity to them.

By the time they were ready to hold their convention to set up the powerful National Maritime Union, the I.L.D. had made such a place for itself among the seamen, that they invited our president, Mr. Vito Marcantonio to address them and the cheers they gave him when he spoke told the whole story.

At a general membership meeting of the N.M.U. shortly after the convention, Brother Perry, a member of the legal strike strategy committee and of the N.M.U. introduced a

resolution which was unanimously adopted by all three departments present—Deck Hands, Stewards, Firemen, Engineers and Oilers—after thorough discussion. The resolution urged all hands to join the I.L.D.!

And they are joining. On the S.S. Oriente we now have a branch of 180 members. When I first went aboard that ship—a land-lubber like me who hardly knew one end of the ship from another—I was welcomed by Frank Blondin, the chief steward. We held a meeting then and there attended by 85 members of the crew. They displayed the greatest interest in our work and couldn't ask enough questions. They wanted to know about our work in other ports, about other countries, about our attorneys, etc. I didn't have to do all the talking either. Several of the members of the crew related their experiences with the I.L.D. of other countries. One told about Norway and the courtesy he was shown by the I.L.D. there. I told them how we were able upon 24 hours notice to be at their service and put them in touch with the proper people who would handle their problems. The upshot of it was a motion that the entire crew should join the I.L.D. and send delegates to our State convention in November.

After that 5 or 6 of the boys on board who had been in jail for strike activity reported on the relief they had received from the I.L.D. while they were serving their time,

and how much it meant to them. I told them about the relief we sent to long termers and their families—fellow workers in every part of the country.

It was after that they voted to send a special letter to the company signed by all division delegates of the crew requesting an official pass for the representative of the I.L.D. permitting us to go aboard every ship on the line with our message. The company conducted an investigation into our organization. The pass was issued.

The ships on which we now have branches are the following: S.S. Oriente, Orizaba, Washington, Acadia, Ancon, Buena Ventura, Lee, Java Arrow.

We know our members there will do a good job. They've shown that already. Just one example is all there is room for here of the sort of aid our Waterfront Center can give to seamen from every part of the world. Some time ago a group of English and Scotch seamen refused to go through a picket line of longshoremen who were refusing to load war materials for Spain and Japan. The company threatened to put them in irons. They held up their pay and said they would be classed as deserters. The Scandinavian Club which is affiliated to the seamen's union and the I.L.D. brought them up to our center. We immediately got them in touch with our attorneys and they not only got their pay, but passage back and all unfavorable reports and records wiped out.

Our center is also a distribution point for defense literature for the seamen. We can't get enough of it and they can't either. We have a good supply on hand now and we say to all seamen, "Come and get it." Come in and see us. You are always welcome and we are always ready to do everything that we can to help defend your rights, the rights of your union as we defend the rights of all those who believe in justice, progress and democracy.

One small section of the mountain of wreaths and live flowers placed on the Haymarket Monument, Waldheim Cemetery in Chicago on November 14, by the American people. The rain and sleet interfered with the clearness of the picture, but not with the warmth and solidarity of the delegation, organized by the Illinois I.L.D. which conducted the memorial exercises.



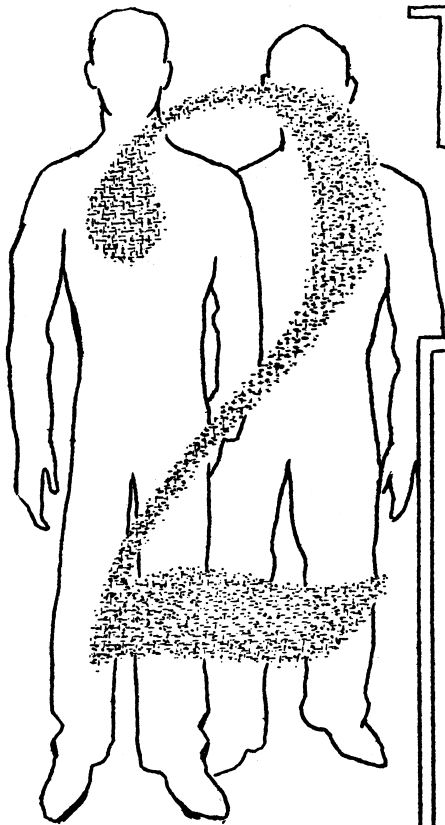
THE NEW YORK I.L.D. CONVENES

The most representative conference ever held in New York under the auspices of the International Labor Defense took place on November 20 and 21. There were 170 delegates present, representing organizations with an aggregate membership of 400,000. 35 trade unions and scores of organizations were in attendance, including the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico, the Joint Board of

the Dressmakers, the Furriers, the seamen, a local of the Longshoremen, the Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance, the Office workers, Workers Alliance, International Workers Order, observers of the National Lawyers Guild, Dock Workers, Bakers Union, Pocket Book workers Union, and others. Called for the purpose of discussing the Christmas and Winter relief campaign for Political and

8 FREED

TO GO



THEIR
FUTURE
IS THE
FUTURE
OF
UNIONISM
IN
GALLUP

GALLUP DEFENSE COMMITTEE

BOX 863

SANTA FE, N.M.

April 4, 1935

1 sheriff, 2 miners killed
4 workers, 1 deputy wounded

April 24, 1935



38 men and 10 women arraigned
on first degree murder charges.
28 men and 10 women freed.

October 9, 1935



10 men tried for first degree
murder. 3 convicted of second
degree. Sentence 45 to 60 years.

August 25, 1937



Appeal to the New Mexico Su-
preme Court results in the
freedom of 1.

TODAY



2 to GO

Labor and Prisoners it also had such points as the fight against injunctions, legislation for civil rights, outstanding cases and the campaign against vigilantism on the agenda.

The delegate from the Cafeteria Workers Union said:

"We had plenty of experience with injunctions. Our union's birth pangs have been injunctions. We once had 200 injunctions directed against us at one time. It is necessary to fight this menace. We favor aid to the Christmas and Winter Aid Drive as well. We must help these men and women behind bars and their families, let us bring them a little cheer this Christmas."

Kurt Rosenfeld, former Minister of Justice in Prussia participated and spoke on the case of Thaelmann. Pres. Vito Marcantonio, Dr. Lin who spoke on China, Gilberto Concepcion who pleaded for aid to Dr. Albizu Campos, Sasha Small who spoke on Brazil, James Baker on Scottsboro, Anna Damon on the Mooney Campaign, Edward Kuntz on proposed legislation, Joseph Portal on Vigilantism, Andrew Newhoff on the Christmas and Winter Aid Drive, Attorneys Miller, Hyman Glickstein, Sidney Cohen on Injunctions, all proposed resolutions on the particular subject discussed.

Enthusiastic response greeted the plans to set up a Legislative Buro of the I.L.D. in Albany. Members of the International Labor Defense were elated by the success of the conference.

Vito Marcantonio in concluding his speech said: "Retreat, hedging and qualifying at this time, is playing into the hands of the reactionaries. I am sure that when the history of the crucial period from 1938 to 1940 is written, the I.L.D. will be given the first line in the history of the struggle for the preservation of democratic rights in America."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Labor Defender published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK N. Y.

Before me a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Sasha Small, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the LABOR DEFENDER, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher International Labor Defense, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City; Editor Sasha Small, 80 East 11th Street, New York City; Managing Editor None; Business Managers Sasha Small, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is International Labor Defense, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City; Anna Damon, National Secretary, 80 East 11th Street, Room 610, New York City.

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

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

SASHA SMALL, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September 1937.

MAX KITZES, Notary Public
(My commission expires Mar. 3, 1938)

VOICES FROM PRISON

Letters from four heroes of labor whose courage is an inspiration to us all.

. . . I also received your other letter this week and was very glad to hear the news about the reversal of the C.S. Cases as well as other items. I am sure that all of the men in prison appreciate your work as greatly as I do and that they are always glad to learn of the victories that are achieved from time to time,—it gives more of us greater hope.

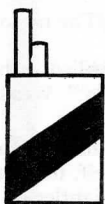
As for myself,—I am enjoying the usual good health and am still busily engaged with my duties as "watchmaker." Between my work and what reading I can find time for all of my waking hours are occupied and time flies by almost as fast as it would if I were not in prison. I keep abreast of the outside world through the medium of *The New York Times*,—*Time Magazine*, and other papers and magazines that I borrow from other inmates and thus avoid much of the monotony and stagnation of prison life. Still, I feel that this twenty years has not altogether left me unscathed and that neither my physical or mental condition is what it really should be, and probably would be, had I been at liberty all these years. It just isn't possible that twenty years could pass without leaving its mark, especially, twenty years in Folsom—and it was twenty years exactly on November 10th since I was "dressed in" as a prisoner under number 10699.

My living expenses (board, room and clothing) being taken care of by the state, my incidental expenses being cared for by the I.L.D.—and being supplied with sufficient labor to occupy my time—I haven't a thing in the world to worry about except not being able to hike as far in one direction as I might sometimes like to. Of course, wine and women are *out* but we get more than enough "song" to make up the deficiency—phonographs play every evening from 5 to 7 and from 3 to 7 on Sundays—not mentioning the band concerts (about an hour every day including Sunday)—and then an occasional radio broadcast. "Music" they say, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast" but there are times when almost any merely 'half-savage' convict could bit a couple of iron bars off his cell door when four different phonographs are playing as many different tunes at the same time and all within a few yards of him.

Thanking you again for your devoted efforts in behalf of those of us who are no longer at liberty to help ourselves and with warmest fraternal greetings to your associates and all the members and contributors to I.L.D., I am,

Sincerely always,

WARREN K. BILLINGS



Smokes for labor's prisoners—not only on Xmas Day but all year round—is one of the aims of our Xmas Drive. You can help us realize it.



Philip and Ann. Their dad was a steel worker—murdered by Chicago police during the Memorial Day Massacre. They are among the children looking forward to a successful 1937 Xmas Drive.

November is about over and that almost finishes old nineteen thirty seven. I have been in here since January and already I feel like an old-timer. Coming here is an experience I shall never forget. Life and time flows grimly onward even in the shadow of these gray walls, but sometimes, time seems to stand still. Comedy and tragedy are freely interspersed. Here one can see an ex-detective strolling with the ex-bank bandit; a sort of Cat and Canary friendship. One can see old men with a dictionary in one hand and *The Decameron* in the other. Havelock Ellis will be derided by some and praised by others. The most popular book is the *World Almanac*. The fellows will go around trying to find something to argue about and when the argument is at its height some one will produce the *Almanac* and settle the score right then.

Little "Willie" of the A.F.L. has done a lot of shouting in the last few weeks, but he has just degraded himself all the more. His action at the Convention proves that he is mean and selfish which strengthens that old saying, "Avarice and fidelity cannot dwell in the same house." I imagine the forthcoming Peace Conference will be a sort of Mack Sennet comedy and instead of pie throwing there will be a lot of mud slinging.

My health is Okeh at this time only the hours in the Jute mill seem to get longer and longer and by the time I get to my cell at night I am about fagged out. Must be getting old.

FRANK J. CONNER

(one of the militant maritime trio of King-Ramsay-Conner imprisoned in San Quentin.)

I received the following news on the fiftieth anniversary of the Haymarket martyrs and the tenth anniversary of Sacco and Vanzetti—my sentence fixed at five years, parole denied. That leaves me 16 months to go. In my opinion the findings of the courts and the recommendations of the committee appointed by the 1937 legislature does not warrant such a sentence. To me it is food for thought, and also food for nourishment. It helps me to see the picture on the agricultural, industrial and maritime fields. It sends a chill down my spine and allows me to see only ice in justice. It steels me to carry on and to meet the supreme sacrifices and struggles yet to be made and waged for economic security and emancipation for all who toil on land and water. Many brothers and sisters from coast to coast deplore the division in the ranks of the workers. Had that division not come some millions of workers would still be unorganized . . . and with the unorganized at a very low figure, the ulcers and unrest in the rank-and-file will give way to understanding and unity in all craft, agricultural, industrial and maritime unions.

Suggestion:—now that you know how much longer I will be here and if it is not asking too much of you, would you kindly send me the Brooklyn newspaper as my subscription to the *Herald Tribune* has expired. Thanking you very kindly for past and future favors, trusting this finds the maritime workers and all workers in a militant mood, and some little thing in their long lives to be thankful for I am

PATSY CIAMBRELLI

(One of the Modesto Boys, now in Folsom Prison.)

Your letters and the checks have been coming safely. So has the *N. Y. Post*. All that I can say is "thank you" and ask you to thank the other members of the committee for me. I do not write many letters any more. It seems too futile. After 20½ years in prison and no prospect of ever getting out there is little to be said. The fact that there are a few people who still remember is, indeed, remarkable—one is tempted to say almost un-American.

It seems as though the American Worker has learned a few things during recent years. The scab is no longer the patron saint of America. That is, indeed, Progress. If now the worker learns that he must depend only on himself and his fellow workers in a strong organization and that his union meeting is the place where he can get results, then we shall be on the way to lasting progress.

Will you please correct the number on my address. The number 30704. The address will always be the same. Again thanking you and the I.L.D. I am,

Sincerely

M. A. SCHMIDT

(Serving a life sentence in San Quentin in the McNamara case.)

Shelter for the wives and children of labor's prisoners is another. You can help give them a home till the breadwinner of the family is free to come home to them once more.



It Will All Be Ours

(Continued from Page 7)

children's colony, near Valencia, told me the story of the Malaga flight. He started out with his father, mother and six brothers, and became separated from them on the way. He remembered the seven days of his terrible journey with incredible accuracy of detail. The story became the more appalling for the calm with which he told it. If ever a child was born to be a scientist, Jaime Castellar is that child.

"On Sunday morning there was a lot of bombing and they ordered us to leave that day," he related. "So at seven that evening my father and mother left with me and my six brothers, leaving two older sons behind to fight. We carried baskets of food but took no clothes. There were great crowds on the road. We walked all night and at five in the morning we came to Torre del Mar. There we rested, and went on later.

"At noon, some airplanes came and bombed us. So we hid in the woods until they left. At three o'clock the gunboats Cerbere and Canaries shelled the bridge which we had to cross. Again we fled to the woods and remained there a long time. Some of my family got lost in those woods but we found each other again at Nerja, about midnight.

"We were very tired but we dared not sleep. For at Caracolillos the road follows



The protecting hand of the SRI—the Spanish I.L.D.— is extended to all the victims of fascist terror in Spain.

the face of a precipice; there is no place to hide from shelling from the sea. Therefore we crept past here at night; there were many bodies at the foot of the cliff. Shortly after this I lost my family."

The tale goes on for day after day of that seven-day flight.

"There came 10 three-motored planes, Italians, and we hid in an olive grove. . . . That night we came to a flood, for bombs had broken the levees. The water was not deep, but very swift. The people had no strength to stand against it; they were very tired with walking many days.

"I saw old men swept down by the river. I saw a woman with a baby in her arms and the river carried it away. The woman shrieked and wanted to throw herself after the baby, but two men held her back. Then a militiaman told me where it was shallow and I waited there; it came to my chest, the waves surged around me, but I am used to sports and am very strong.

"I got hungry as I had no more food. In a field of sugar cane I gnawed the cane; I also found some lettuce in a field. I don't think it was wrong to eat like that if you are very hungry, for it will all be ours anyway."

Sixty thousand came thus to the city of Murcia, hungry and without possessions.

Overcrowded Murcia tried to feed them. At the time of my visit they were getting one meal a day. All the conditions together, including the seven-day and seven-night flight from Malaga under gunfire and without food or water, coupled with the conditions found in Murcia caused, in four months, a 50 per cent death rate among babies under one year.

Murcia was the worst situation I found in Spain, among the refugees. On the whole they have been amazingly well handled, due both to the spirit of the Spanish people and the organizing ability of the Spanish government.

An emergency decree requires every Spanish family to accept and support at least one refugee. It is a decree not completely observed, since there are families for whom the support of even one additional person is impossible. But hundreds of thousands of hospitable Spanish people have taken refugees into their homes.

* * *

That is how the heroic Spanish people are bearing the burden. Surely we must do all we can to help lighten it.



Red Star of Bethlehem

(Continued from Page 8)

—to have their own books and clothes and not to do convict labor.

In a low, emotionless voice Aliza had related how the matrons had torn the clothes from the girls and, when they refused to put on the coarse convict stripes, they had been thrown naked into the dreaded *Zinzana*. Down deep in the bowels of the old Turkish fortress-prison were the punishment dungeons, windowless, air-less, lightless. The girls lay on the cold, wet flagstones, refusing bread and water until they had hardly enough strength to drive off the rats that gnawed at their toes.

For twenty days they had lain there until the prison authorities were forced to give in to avert a general uprising. But Ruth saw the permanent marks of suffering on the faces of the girls. Both Aliza and Batya had caught the prisoner's sickness, a dread rheumatic fever and they suffered terribly, sleeping on the cold, moist floor. Alfred had told her of the dampness that rose up from the floor and enveloped you in an icy blanket. Now she knew it for herself. No amount of bedding spread over the straw mat could keep out the cold which seeped through like water trickling through sand.

Alfred had caught the fever from his first time in prison and she remembered how funny he looked in the long, ankle-length underwear he had to wear even on the hottest summer day.

The events of the past weeks came back to her, the glory and pain of it. For months the girls had worked and planned it. All of their pent-up revolutionary energies, the reaction of physical sufferings, would be let out with a rush that would flood the prison. Under the watchful eyes of turnkeys and matrons, they secretly prepared for the holiday.

Ruth bribed one of the turnkeys to give her a red tarboush, the headdress of the Arab male. She explained to the curious man that the girls wanted a symbol of a man about, even if it was only a hat. Working at night

by the dim rays of the moon seeping through the tiny, barred window, the girls cut up the precious red felt into five-pointed stars. Ruth remembered those nights, how each completed point had given her happiness that she had not known since the night before her arrest when she had succeeded in distributing illegal leaflets without detection.

It seemed like any other prison day when it began, that 7th of November. The *pita* was the same at breakfast, half-baked, wormy, unleavened, and with it a bottle of cold water to wash it down when it stuck in one's throat. On rare occasions they sometimes got a bit of hot water with a few tea leaves floating on top. Ruth had wished that this was one of those days. The warm fluid would have been celebration, something more to mark the day off.

The morning passed with the dreary slowness of all mornings, except that it seemed even worse with the impatience of their waiting. Lunch came and more *pita*, a few dried olives and a bit of Halvah. They tasted nothing of it, eating mechanically, all of their thoughts on the exercise hour to come.

At one they filed out into the yard, the stars carefully tucked into their sleeves. They mingled with the other prisoners, marching in a circle. Aliza signaled and it was done. Over twenty-one hearts appeared the red stars, and the clear voices of twenty-one girls sang in joyous release, the song of all races, the marching song of freedom, the Interna-



"Be patient, little one, we'll discuss that problem next month—when we get around to it."

tional. For a moment there was silence in the yard except for the song that promised a new world. Then the turnkeys appeared and the other prisoners broke and ran as the men bore down upon them. Confusion, cries, shrieks, but the song rose clear above the turmoil as the girls stood firm. The lashing whips reached out and, helpless, they were beaten to earth. Again and again the thongs rose and fell as though the arms that swung them could not stop.

* * *

What happened after that was the blurred memory of pain, the hospital, weeks of fever, and finally the wracking pain on Christmas eve.

* * *

"Your baby is dead." Ruth sat up with a jerk. Then slowly she half-turned to face the British head matron framed in the doorway.

"Thank you," she said quietly. The matron turned to go.

"You killed my baby," Ruth yelled at her retreating back. "You killed him." Weakly she fell back on the bed.

"You killed Christ too," she added, speaking out each word slowly to herself, her tearless eyes opened wide staring sightlessly at the brown-stained ceiling.

THOSE WHO HONORED LABOR'S MARTYRS

Mr. Adele, N. Y. Tette Abramson, Cal. Sam Actikoviell, Conn. Hanna S. Mat: Ahola, Minn. Clifford Anderson, Minn. Carl Ahola, Minn. C. Ahino, Ohio A. D. H., N. Y. Mrs. Berman, Ill. Thomas Beals, Cal. B. Bloom, N. Y. Mr. Bolovsky, Cal. Goldie Brown, Cal. Celia Binch, Cal. Rose Butner, Ohio Joe Bryon, Wash. B. Baldyga, Mass. G. Babulya, N. Y. H. Blanc, N. Y. Sylvia Bass, N. Y. Sylvia Bass, N. Y. Irwing Bass, N. Y. Rose Bialeck, Ill. Chas. H. Barr, Ill. J. P. Brass, Ill. A. Burick, Ohio N. S. Bogdan, Ohio Geo. Brletic, Pa. Menford Bliele, Minn. Oscar Berg, Minn. Emil Belity, N. Y. Paul Ciacshi, Ohio C. Ciolek, Ohio Nik Carbonis, Pa. Lloyd Culver, Minn. John Carroll Jerome Cassel, N. Y. C. A. Crawford, N. Y. Herminio Cruz, N. Y. Manserrate Cruz, N. Y. Ruth Chasnick, Ill. Sophie Carson, Ill. J. Chermaskis, Ill.	Charlotte Clafin, Mass. G. Csomor, N. Y. William Dvorak, N. Y. Mr. Dornbush, N. Y. R. Druinkui, Cal. J. Daluga, Mass. Mr. Dora, Ill. Amada Danoy, N. Y. Gertrude Deutch, Ill. K. Danyla, Ill. J. Ebersole, N. Y. J. Evanishin, Ill. Joseph Evanishin, Ill. Eva, Ill. Anany Eytanchub, Conn. A. Faigen, Ill. A. Friend, Cal. Anna Figueroa, N. Y. I. Frieland, Cal. E. Fromson, Cal. Edwin Fohannsen, N. Y. V. Favorito, Ohio J. Ferline, Ohio M. Glica, Mass. Carl Grabonkop, Ill. I. Gorelic, Ill. Clemente Gurzman, N. Y. D.B. Gittleman, Cal. George Gregis, Cal. William Glaudon, Wash. N. G. Gazes, Cal. W. Gomet, Mass. Mrs. I. Goldman, Cal. Georgripts, and Keolgreff, G. Godic, Pa. Jimi Gavin, N. Y. Mike Godich, Pa. B. Gray, Ohio N. Headland, Ill. Matilda Himanka, Minn. Wm. Hemenel, Minn. H S. Hanson, Minn. Lafe Hagen, N. Y. Sam Holmes, N. Y.	S. Hiton, N. Y. S. Hop, Mass. Mr. Hascu, Ill. Yetta Hornstein, Ill. Esther Hornstein, Ill. I. Harris, Ill. Hilla, N. Y. Felton Hall, Mass. B. Ilg, Ill. Joe Izsek, Ill. Ida, Cal. Peter E. Jacobson, Wash. Frank Jeshy, N. Y. Mrs. E. Inard Johnson, Minn. Maria S. Jokela, Minn. Minnie Jokela, Minn. Evan Jankovitch, Ohio Mary Kujanson, Minn. Edwina Kujanson, Minn. Ailie Kujanson, Minn. Mrs. Kinkelberg, Ill. Thomas Kraljich, N. Y. George Kotnick, N. Y. Jakob Kune, Ill. Samuel Kasquars, Conn. A. Kevell, Ill. F. Kolman, Ill. Mr. Kalman, Ill. Mr. Katona, Ill. S. Kass, Ill. A. Kozik, Mass. P. Kuczera, Mass. Art Knowles, Wash. Mr. Kogman, Cal. Mr. Korsen, Cal. William Kopzco, N. Y. S. Koth, N. Y. Jack Lendsay, N. Y. I. Loncarvich, Pa. Sara Lenenson, Cal. Mrs. E. Loanick, Cal. Lucy Lashmits, Conn. Ray Ledewin, Conn.	Livile Leffler, N. Y. Peter Meyson, Conn. F. Mengela, Ill. Mike Mattich, Pa. Mrs. F. Moss, Cal. Ch. Marks, Cal. S. Mena, N. Y. N. Metelsky, N. Y. Leo Melanson, N. Y. M. Mladjan, Pa. Tlanyuk Murko, Pa. Fred Mehrl, Ohio R. W. Mogneson, Minn. S. Nechak, Ohio Theresa Newhouse, N. Y. O. Nelson, Ill. Martin Nicholich, Ill. C. P. Section Organizer, Wash. J. Ochremchut, Conn. Phil O'Malley, Wash. John O'Malley, Wash. Steve Pavisic, Pa. Lizzie Paul Peeppo, Minn. John Papp, Ohio N. Price, Ohio S. Paskash, Ohio M. Perkins, Ohio O. Payne, N. Y. Z. Pafies, N. Y. J. Pelczar, Mass. Ray Penitzky, Ill. Gertrude Penitzky, Ill. Gert Post, Ill. F. Puodzuinas, Ill. J. Finiks, Ill. O. Peterson, Ill. C. Paoblos, Cal. Alexander Ruth, Ill. Emilia Reyes, N. Y. Elisa Rivera, N. Y. S. Ragain, N. Y. Joseph Resnick, Ill. L. Rutterberg, Wash.	R. Romaine, N. Y. Steve Ropora, Pa. Robert, Ohio John Rafter, N. Y. J. D. Reed, N. Y. Lee Schiller, Ill. Joe Styler, Ill. E. Simion, N. Y. Ida Singer, Cal. Sam Schwartz, Cal. Mat Shapiro, Jack Soghoian, Cal. Blanch Silver, Ill. Sophia Sobitzky, Ill. Anna Shaychet, Ill. Mr. Schatz, Ill. Giris of the Sariane, Ill. S. Sallen, N. Y. Hyman Shapiro, Ill. Mary Shauss, Conn. Carmelo Sanchiz, N. Y. Salvador Sanchiz, N. Y. Louis Schiller, N. Y. Robert Sundberg, Minn. Felix Siven, N. Y. Rose Schwartz, N. Y. M. Taub, N. Y. V. Trector, Ill. N. Tobias, N. Y. W. Totura, N. Y. John Totura, N. Y. Ben Tavorita, Ohio Manley Torgerson, Minn. George Tolpianer, N. Y. Sophie Warnick, N. Y. N. Wendrow, Wash. T. Wolin, Ill. Mildred Wolfson, N. Y. L. Wisse, Ill. Carl Young, Ohio N. Younger, N. Y. Ada Yellen, Ill. Marco Zalto, N. Y. C. Zabonsky, N. Y.
---	---	---	--	---

EAST BAY UNION OF MACHINISTS NO. 1304 - C.I.O.
Oakland, California

CONSTRUCTION AND GENERAL LABORERS UNION
No. 261 - A.F.L.
San Francisco California

LUMBER AND SAWMILL WORKERS LOCAL 53 I. W. of A.
Westwood California

BAKERS UNION NO. 237
A. F. of L.
3720 W. Roosevelt Rd. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL JEWELRY WORKERS UNION - Local 23
524 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ALASKA FISHERMEN'S UNION
86 Seneca Street Box 42
Seattle Washington

J. B. I. U. of A.
Local 600
Reno Nevada

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION - Local 437
246 Summer Street Boston, Mass.

F. A. E. C. T.
34 S. 17th Street
Philadelphia Pa.

HUNGARIAN B. L.
New York New York

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS
Cinema Local No. 1185
1627 N. Cahuenga Blvd. Hollywood, Cal.

TUNNEL, AQUEDUCT & SUBWAY WORKERS - Local 267
San Francisco California

Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America - Lodge No. 1798
Oakland, California

CIGARMAKERS LOCAL UNION
No. 500
C. M. I. U. of America
Tampa Florida

Branch 177
I. W. O.
Springfield Mass.

Branch 158
I. W. O.
Petaluma California

WINTHROP BRANCH I. W. O.
No. 174
Boston Mass.

WORKMEN'S SICK AND DEATH BENEFIT FUND - Branch 102
542 Valencia St. San Francisco, Cal.

SLOVAK WOMEN'S COUNCIL
Newark New Jersey

WORKMEN'S SICK AND DEATH BENEFIT FUND
Bellville Illinois

MOONEY BILLINGS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Los Angeles California

BOYLE HEIGHTS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Los Angeles California

ROSELAND BRANCH I. L. D.
10413 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.

HERNDON DOUGLAS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Chicago Illinois

JEWISH BRANCH I. L. D.
St. Paul Minnesota

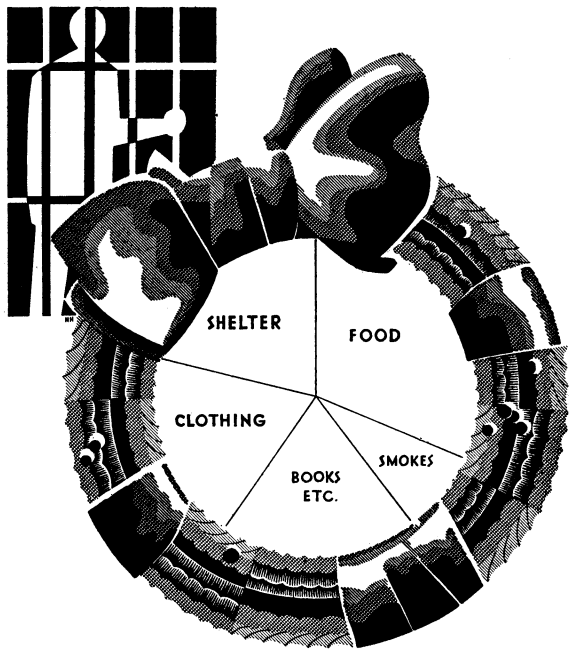
McNAMARA BRANCH I. L. D.
P. O. Box 741 Delano, California

STELTON BRANCH I. L. D.
Newark New Jersey

YORKVILLE
Communist Party
417 E. 85th St., N. Y. C.

East New York
Y. C. L.
397 New Jersey Brooklyn, N. Y.

GONZALO GONZALES BRANCH
Communist Party
1668 Madison Ave. New York City



This is what your contribution will do for labor's prisoners and their families +

It will bring joy and comfort into homes saddened by the unjust imprisonment of the head of the family.

You will be joining with such distinguished Americans as HARRY BRIDGES, DR. MARY WOOLLEY, MICHAEL QUILL, DR. HANNAH M. STONE, PROF. JEROME DAVIS, BABETTE DEUTSCH, JOSEPHINE HERBST and scores of others who are sponsoring our 1937 Xmas Drive for Labor's Prisoners and their families.

You will help keep the splendid hope and courage of labor's heroes behind the bars bright and shining. You will help keep spunky youngsters proud of their dads.

You will help assure a steady relief income to thousands of men, women and children all year round, by adding your contribution to the \$25,000 Christmas Fund. Send your donations to 80 East 11th St., N. Y. C. or to any State or Branch office of the I.L.D.

SUPPORT LABOR'S PRISONERS

THOSE WHO HONORED LABOR'S MARTYRS

<p>Mr. Adele, N. Y. Tette Abramson, Cal. Sam Actikoviell, Conn. Hanna S. Matt Ahola, Minn. Clifford Anderson, Minn. Carl Ahola, Minn. C. Ahino, Ohio A. D. H., N. Y. Mrs. Berman, Ill. Thomas Beals, Cal. B. Bloom, N. Y. Mr. Bolovsky, Cal. Goldie Brown, Cal. Celia Binch, Cal. Rose Butner, Ohio Joe Bryon, Wash. B. Baldyga, Mass. G. Babulya, N. Y. H. Blanc, N. Y. Sylvia Bass, N. Y. Sylvia Bass, N. Y. Irwing Bass, N. Y. Rose Bialeck, Ill. Chas. H. Barr, Ill. J. P. Brass, Ill. A. Burick, Ohio N. S. Bogdan, Ohio Geo. Brletic, Pa. Menford Bliele, Minn. Oscar Berg, Minn. Emil Belity, N. Y. Paul Ciacshi, Ohio C. Ciolek, Ohio Nik Carbonis, Pa. Lloyd Culver, Minn. John Carroll Jerome Cassel, N. Y. C. A. Crawford, N. Y. Herminio Cruz, N. Y. Manserrate Cruz, N. Y. Ruth Chasnack, Ill. Sophie Carson, Ill. J. Chermaskis, Ill.</p>	<p>Charlotte Clafin, Mass. G. Csomor, N. Y. William Dvorak, N. Y. Mr. Dornbush, N. Y. R. Druinkui, Cal. J. Daluga, Mass. Mr. Dora, Ill. Amada Danoy, N. Y. Gertrude Deutch, Ill. K. Danyla, Ill. J. Ebersole, N. Y. J. Evanishin, Ill. Joseph Evanishin, Ill. Eva, Ill. Anaya Eytanchub, Conn. A. Faigen, Il. A. Friend, Cal. Anna Figueroa, N. Y. I. Frieland, Cal. E. Fromson, Cal. Edwin Fohannsen, N. Y. V. Favorito, Ohio J. Ferline, Ohio M. Glica, Mass. Carl Grabonkop, Ill. I. Gorelic, Ill. Clemente Gurzman, N. Y. D.B. Gittleman, Cal. George Gregis, Cal. William Glaudon, Wash. N. G. Gazes, Cal. W. Gomet, Mass. Mrs. I. Goldman, Cal. Georgriffs, and Keolgreff, G. Godic, Pa. Jimi Gavin, N. Y. Mike Godich, Pa. B. Gray, Ohio N. Headland, Ill. Matilda Himanka, Minn. Wm. Hemenel, Minn. H. S. Hanson, Minn. Lafe Hagen, N. Y. Sam Holmes, N. Y.</p>	<p>S. Hiton, N. Y. S. Hop, Mass. Mr. Hascu, Ill. Yetta Hornstein, Ill. Esther Hornstein, Ill. I. Harris, Ill. Hilla, N. Y. Felton Hall, Mass. B. Ilg, Ill. Joe Izsek, Ill. Ida, Cal. Peter E. Jacobson, Wash. Frank Jeshy, N. Y. Mrs. E. Inard Johnson, Minn. Maria S. Jokela, Minn. Minnie Jokela, Minn. Evan Jankovitch, Ohio Mary Kujanson, Minn. Edwina Kujanson, Minn. Ailie Kujanson, Minn. Mrs. Kinkelberg, Ill. Thomas Kraljich, N. Y. George Kotnick, N. Y. Jakob Kune, Ill. Samuel Kasquars, Conn. A. Kevell, Ill. F. Kolman, Ill. Mr. Kalman, Ill. Mr. Katona, Ill. S. Kass, Ill. A. Kozik, Mass. P. Kuczera, Mass. Art Knowles, Wash. Mr. Kogman, Cal. Mr. Korsen, Cal. William Kopzco, N. Y. S. Koth, N. Y. Jack Lendsay, N. Y. I. Loncarvich, Pa. Sara Lenenson, Cal. Mrs. E. Loanick, Cal. Lucy Lashmits, Conn. Ray Ledewin, Conn.</p>	<p>Livile Leffler, N. Y. Peter Meyson, Conn. F. Mengela, Ill. Mike Mattich, Pa. Mrs. F. Moss, Cal. Ch. Marks, Cal. S. Mena, N. Y. N. Metelsky, N. Y. Leo Melanson, N. Y. M. Mladjan, Pa. Tlanyuk Murko, Pa. Fred Mehrl, Ohio R. W. Mogneson, Minn. S. Nechak, Ohio Theresa Newhouse, N. Y. O. Nelson, Ill. Martin Nicholich, Ill. C. P. Section Organizer, Wash. J. Ochremchut, Conn. Phil O'Malley, Wash. John O'Malley, Wash. Steve Pavisic, Pa. Lizzie Paul Peeppo, Minn. John Papp, Ohio N. Price, Ohio S. Paskash, Ohio M. Perkins, Ohio O. Payne, N. Y. Z. Pafies, N. Y. J. Pelczar, Mass. Ray Penitzky, Ill. Gertrude Penitzky, Ill. Fert Post, Ill. F. Puodzuinas, Ill. J. Finiks, Ill. O. Peterson, Ill. C. Paoblos, Cal. Alexander Ruth, Ill. Emilia Reyes, N. Y. Elisa Rivera, N. Y. S. Ragain, N. Y. Joseph Resnick, Ill. L. Rutterberg, Wash.</p>	<p>R. Romaine, N. Y. Steve Ropora, Pa. Robert, Ohio John Rafter, N. Y. J. D. Reed, N. Y. Lee Schiller, Ill. Joe Styler, Ill. E. Simion, N. Y. Ida Singer, Cal. Sam Schwartz, Cal. Mat Shapiro, Jack Soghoian, Cal. Blanch Silver, Ill. Sophia Sobitzky, Ill. Anna Shaychet, Ill. Mr. Schatz, Ill. Gris of the Sariane, Ill. S. Sallen, N. Y. Hyman Shapiro, Ill. Mary Shauss, Conn. Carmelo Sanchiz, N. Y. Salvador Sanchiz, N. Y. Louis Schiller, N. Y. Robert Sundberg, Minn. Felix Siven, N. Y. Rose Schwartz, N. Y. M. Taub, N. Y. V. Trector, Ill. N. Tobias, N. Y. W. Totura, N. Y. John Totura, N. Y. Ben Tavorito, Ohio Manley Torgerson, Minn. George Tolpianer, N. Y. Sophie Warnick, N. Y. N. Wendrow, Wash. T. Wolin, Ill. Mildred Wolfson, N. Y. L. Wisse, Ill. Carl Young, Ohio N. Younger, N. Y. Ada Yellen, Ill. Marco Zalto, N. Y. C. Zabonsky, N. Y.</p>
---	---	---	--	--

EAST BAY UNION OF MACHINISTS NO. 1304 - C.I.O.
Oakland, California

CONSTRUCTION AND GENERAL LABORERS UNION
No. 261 - A.F. L.
San Francisco California

LUMBER AND SAWMILL WORKERS LOCAL 53 I. W. of A.
Westwood California

BAKERS UNION NO. 237
A. F. of L.
3720 W. Roosevelt Rd. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL JEWELRY WORKERS UNION - Local 23
524 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ALASKA FISHERMEN'S UNION
86 Seneca Street Box 42
Seattle Washington

J. B. I. U. of A.
Local 600
Reno Nevada

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION - Local 437
246 Summer Street Boston, Mass.

F. A. E. C. T.
34 S. 17th Street
Philadelphia Pa.

HUNGARIAN B. L.
New York New York

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS
Cinema Local No. 1185
1627 N. Cahuenga Blvd. Hollywood, Cal.

TUNNEL, AQUEDUCT & SUBWAY WORKERS - Local 267
San Francisco California

Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America - Lodge No. 1798
Oakland, California

CIGARMAKERS LOCAL UNION
No. 500
C. M. I. U. of America
Tampa Florida

Branch 177
I. W. O.
Springfield Mass.

Branch 158
I. W. O.
Petaluma California

WINTHROP BRANCH I. W. O.
No. 174
Boston Mass.

WORKMEN'S SICK AND DEATH BENEFIT FUND - Branch 102
542 Valencia St. San Francisco, Cal.

SLOVAK WOMEN'S COUNCIL
Newark New Jersey

WORKMEN'S SICK AND DEATH BENEFIT FUND
Bellville Illinois

MOONEY BILLINGS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Los Angeles California

BOYLE HEIGHTS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Los Angeles California

ROSELAND BRANCH I. L. D.
10413 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.

HERNDON DOUGLAS BRANCH
I. L. D.
Chicago Illinois

JEWISH BRANCH I. L. D.
St. Paul Minnesota

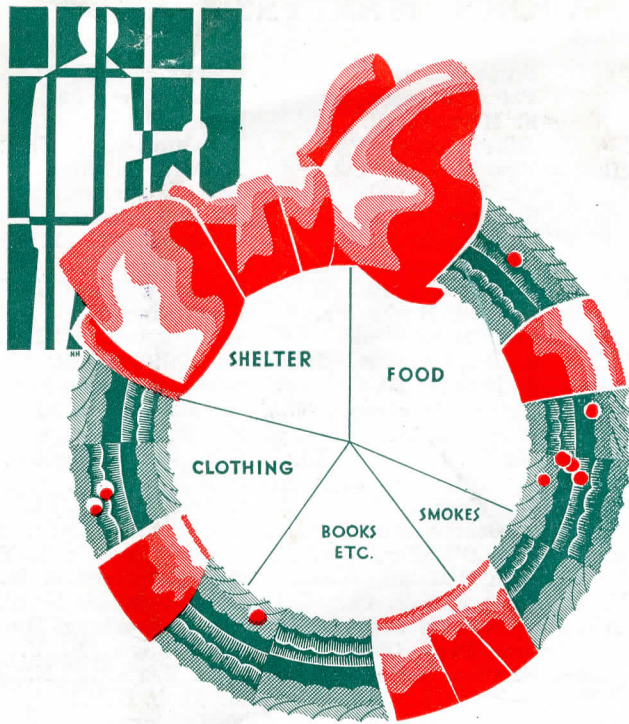
McNAMARA BRANCH I. L. D.
P. O. Box 741 Delano, California

STELTON BRANCH I. L. D.
Newark New Jersey

YORKVILLE
Communist Party
417 E. 85th St., N. Y. C.

East New York
Y. C. L.
397 New Jersey Brooklyn, N. Y.

GONZALO GONZALES BRANCH
Communist Party
1668 Madison Ave. New York City



**This is what your
contribution will do
for labor's prisoners
and their families +**

It will bring joy and comfort into homes saddened by the unjust imprisonment of the head of the family.

You will be joining with such distinguished Americans as HARRY BRIDGES, DR. MARY WOOLLEY, MICHAEL QUILL, DR. HANNAH M. STONE, PROF. JEROME DAVIS, BABETTE DEUTSCH, JOSEPHINE HERBST and scores of others who are sponsoring our 1937 Xmas Drive for Labor's Prisoners and their families.

You will help keep the splendid hope and courage of labor's heroes behind the bars bright and shining. You will help keep spunky youngsters proud of their dads.

You will help assure a steady relief income to thousands of men, women and children all year round, by adding your contribution to the \$25,000 Christmas Fund. Send your donations to 80 East 11th St., N. Y. C. or to any State or Branch office of the I.L.D.

SUPPORT LABOR'S PRISONERS