

Life and Freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti!

By MAX SHACHTMAN.

DEATH draws near to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. The denial of a new trial by the supreme court of Massachusetts hammers home again to the workers the terrible truth that the two innocent Italian workers are but a step from the electric chair.

It is now a month more than six years since they were arrested and charged with the murder of Frederick Parmentier, the paymaster of the Slater and Merrill Shoe Company of South Braintree, Massachusetts; they were also accused of having murdered Parmentier's guard. And in the six years of their arrest and trial and approaching death sentence the workers throughout the entire world have expressed their protest unmistakably, both in resolutions and in demonstrations, against the proposed legal assassination of these two formerly obscure workers. It was the splendid demonstrations of solidarity from all sections of the working class, in all the countries of Europe and Latin America, that prevented the death of Sacco and Vanzetti when they were threatened a few years ago. And the growing protest that is now being renewed throughout the world may again stay the black hand of capitalist injustice.

A few weeks before their arrest, the little group of Italian workers to which Sacco and Vanzetti belonged in East Boston got word of the arrest without warrant of law of two Italian printers in New York, Salsedo and Elia. The two printers were being held in the offices of the department of justice in Park Row, New York, and were being slated for deportation as dangerous reds. This was in the period of the heyday of Mitchell Palmer and his red raids and terrorism and frightfulness, the days when the mildest progressives, protestants and liberals were bunched together with syndicalists, socialists, Communists and anarchists as "reds" and therefore subject, if foreign born, to deportation, and, if native, to the firing squad the next morning.

His group sent Vanzetti to investigate what they could do for Elia and Salsedo. Vanzetti returned with an appeal for financial aid for the hiring of a lawyer and a proposal to hold mass meetings at which to raise the required sum. But a few nights before the meeting, at which Vanzetti was to be announced as a speaker, he and Sacco were arrested on the murder charge. On the same morning, the news came that Salsedo had been killed by a fall from the fourteenth story of the building in Park Row where he had been illegally held prisoner by the D. of J. The latter stoutly maintained that he had jumped out of his own accord; but those who have read the affidavit of Elia who was summarily deported, know that the worthy agents of the government department failed to extort any "confession" of guilt from the innocent Salsedo despite all their tortures which preceded his fall to the pavement below.

It is sufficient to have the slightest knowledge of American frame-up methods to realize how, combined with the anti-red and anti-foreign sentiment which had been whipped up to a high pitch at that time, it was easy to secure a conviction against the two Italians in Massachusetts. A score of witnesses testified that neither of the two was within miles of the murder when it occurred; but in this case their testimony was dismissed with the phrase: "You know, these wops stick together every time."

The star witnesses for the state were caught time and again in palpable falsehoods, in conflicting testimony, to say the least. But neither did that sway the jurors or judge to a decent verdict.

As the trial proceeded it no longer mattered whether or not the numerous witnesses proved one thing or another about the real murder. Prosecution and judge had swerved in their attack and demanded the heads of Vanzetti and Sacco because they were workers who had fought for their

class; because they were foreigners, and, ipso facto, enemies of society.

The judge, in his remarks to the jury, waved the red, white and blue almost into tatters. He adjured the twelve peers of the defendants to do their duty to the "boys who had done their duty in Flanders Fields." It was difficult to differentiate between the prosecution and the honorable occupant of the judicial chair. The black-robed alquimist of capitalist injustice was as ready to pounce upon the victims as the attorneys for the state.

Sacco and Vanzetti were found guilty. Glee there was only in those quarters which had been troubled by the organizing work of the two Italian workers who were every ready to fight in behalf of their oppressed brothers and comrades. The shoe manufacturers were satisfied; the anti-red hysteria put two more notches into its gun. But the electro-

cution of the two workers was delayed for a time. The mighty voice of protest from the throats of millions, literally millions of workers throughout the world, the huge demonstrations in front of every American embassy halted the legal murder for a few years.

An appeal was filed for a new trial some three years ago. A hearing of the five motions for a new trial was set for January 11, 1926. And on May 12, 1926, the supreme court denied them a new trial.

The impending menace of death to these two workers, who have fought bravely for their principles, denying nothing, withdrawing nothing, brought a new wave of protest and solidarity with their cause. The cause of labor's struggle for freedom, happiness and union was what they stood for. And they were the symbol of the more bitter struggle for these things which is

fought by the worker who comes to America from another land. The appeal of their cause was so universal that it had been endorsed by anarchists and conventions of the A. F. of L., by socialists and Communists, by liberals, churchmen and the I. W. W.

With death looming grimly Vanzetti appealed to the people, to the workers as the only ones who could save Sacco and himself. International Labor Defense, to which he addressed his appeal, immediately answered with a call for aid and protest and solidarity. Meetings everywhere. A broad and enlightening stream of publicity. Resolution of support. Financial aid.

As the judicial tools of a cynical capitalism goad these two workers to their death, labor must remember the last words of Bartolomeo Vanzetti: "They are preparing the fire on which to burn us alive. . . Only the people can give us life and freedom. . ."

Under the Southern Cross

By A VOYAGER.

THE young Brazilian, pampered son of a rich widow, was returning home. Blond, tall and gay of heart, he had spent his time at college in "the states" breaking hearts and wasting his mother's substance in riotous living. She had recalled him to Rio to keep him in range of the maternal eye lest worse befall.

As the boat heaved onward day after day, headed southeast around the continental triangle whose eastern tip at Pernambuco lies in a longitude a thousand miles east of New York, the young Brazilian whiled the weary hours away teaching the "unattached" girls the Charleston and bantering with two young Argentinians, also college boys going home, concerning the coming war between Brazil and Argentina.

THE war to be is accepted as a certainty. The moot point is, who is going to win, Argentine or Brazil?

The Brazilian boasted of the great resources of his country, the fourth largest country of the world, with more man power, besides, than Argentina has. Brazil would crush Argentina with sheer force of numbers and, while doing so, sweep over little Uruguay between as the hosts of Kaiser Wilhelm swept over Belgium in 1914. Especially if Uruguay aided the hated Argentina. A Uruguayan on the boat shrugged his shoulders and admitted his country's weakness.

The Argentine lads were equally as sure that Argentina would win the war. One of the two boys, the most forceful of them, felt his confidence enhanced by his own present triumph, he having won out against the Brazilian in a silent war for the clandestine favors of a Danish girl going south to marry her fiance, but who had succumbed, as many a maiden does, to the witchery of the ocean under tropical moons, and given her caresses if not her heart to the Argentinian in the propitious shadows of the lifeboat davits as the boat plunged forward during the tropic nights with the phosphorus gleaming in the foaming torrent at the stern and the southern cross hung sparkling in the heavens above the bow.

THE Argentinian was just as sure that Argentina would win the war, Argentina was more progressive, and he ridiculed the motto, "Order and Progress," as lettered on the Brazilian flag, "The macacos* have neither order nor progress," he snorted.

The Argentinian boasted of the strength of the Argentine army and navy. He had a host of friends in the navy. An assignment of 150 naval officers from Argentina was in the United States learning the art of war from the "peaceful" Yankees, who also were assisting his country by loaning millions and millions of dollars to Argentina, besides great industrial investments.

*"Macaco," a deprecatory term meaning a malformed or misbegotten being, or ape.



The more the United States exerts itself in favor of harmony between Peru and Chile the more strained become the relations between the two. Isn't it peculiar?

"The monkeys," he said, referring to the Brazilians, "thrive on bananas." That would probably have settled the argument, but the Brazilian retorted that Argentina is one of Brazil's best markets for bananas. "If monkeys thrive on bananas, then the Argentinians are monkeys, not we. We raise them, but you eat them."

A PROFESSOR of sociology from a Yankee college intervened. He was a gray-haired but well-preserved old codger, unready to yield to youth; as was apparent by his having brought on board in the status of wife a very young woman easy to look upon, whose anxious and perhaps indignant parents had to be placated by numerous radiograms.

The professor proved, to his own satisfaction, that there was no reason for enmity between Argentine and Brazil. Historically, he proved that neither country had wronged the other. Ethnologically, of course, both were inferior to the "higher" Anglo-Saxons, but both were Latins and

should "get along together," even if one spoke Spanish and the other Portuguese. Geographically they were not quarreling about boundary lines. And as both countries were large and the populations small, if they would only practice birth control—a panacea for all social ills for the professor and his attractive companion—they had no reason for war. War between them was "quite illogical, quite . . ."

BUT in spite of it being quite illogical, the government of Brazil, controlled by British imperialism, and the government of Argentine, ruled by Wall Street bankers, proceed arming and preparing for conflict.

All of which goes to show that when Brazil and Argentine go to war with each other neither will win the war. The victor will be either Morgan or Rothschild, either the United States or Great Britain will triumph, while the young Brazilians and the young Argentinians will officiate as cannon fodder.

This was not, and is not expected to be, comprehensible to professors of sociology.

Sacco and Vanzetti

SACCO AND VANZETTI SHALL YET BE FREE

By Samuel A. Herman

Men of iron, staunch and true,

Brave as lions, as firm too—

We salute you!

And we promise:

That the future shall be brighter,

That your burdens shall be lighter,

That we never forget a fighter

On the side of Labor's ranks;

That you shall yet be free!

Brothers, so loyal to our Cause,

Comrades, who knew not the word:

"Pause."

We greet you!

And we promise:

That Plutocracy shall be shocked,

That the cells shall be unlocked,

That the hangman shall be mocked,
Standing by an empty rope;

That You shall yet be free!

So wait a little longer—

Six long miserable years

Have already passed into

The waters of the distant past

Beyond recall;

Six years that were black

As Death; full of torture

As a horrible nightmare—

A dream of Eternal duration.

So Comrades, what matters a few days?

The Giant of Labor rises,

And proclaims with voice of thunder

And eyes that hurl lightnings

At the Lords of Wealth:

THAT YOU SHALL YET BE FREE!

