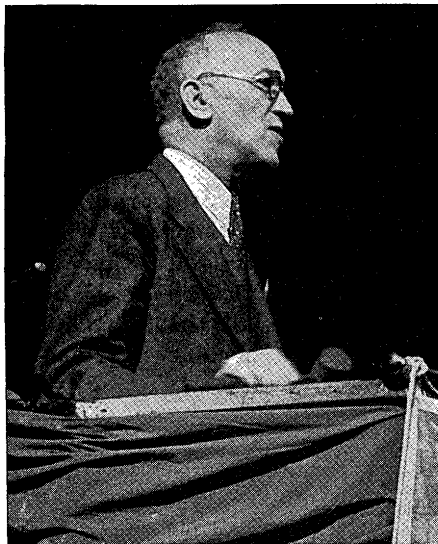




**PUPPET OUT:** Browder, purged from U. S. Communist leadership for advocating "class peace."



**PUPPET IN:** William Z. Foster, new Communist führer, old hand at exploiting unrest.



**PUPPETEER:** After Moscow visit, Duclos pulled strings which put our pals back on old line.

# Our Communists are So Sorry They Were Good Boys

By **STANLEY HIGH**

**W**ITH the unanimity peculiar to Communist "democracy," delegates of the American Communist movement met in New York City on July twenty-eighth and, on orders from the world Communist enterprise, shed their widely advertised devotion to national unity, ended their policy of co-operation with capitalist-democratic America and, under cover of the phrases of freedom and progress, militantly returned to their first love, the business of disruption.

Thus the curtain was rung down on one of the best acts which the Communist Party puppets in this country have ever staged. For several years, during which Soviet Russia stood in sore need of American military and economic succor, the Communists have been among our most fervent evangelists of everything that was good and true and beautiful. Their patriotism was without visible blemish. They espoused "free enterprise" as though they had invented it. Home and Mother and God were among their eternal verities. Their platform read much less like Karl Marx than St. Paul: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

For the same unpropitious reasons that prompted them to stage that act, the Communists have now called it off. The instrument of their devotion to America, to its national unity and progress, was the Communist Political Association. At their recent convention they liquidated it. The author of that policy was their veteran and lately loved leader, Earl Browder. They liquidated him. As a contribution to the national well-being, the Communist Party had been dissolved. They resurrected it. The Communist leader who had most steadfastly opposed the pro-America policy was William Z. Foster. They elevated him to Browder's position.

They laid the foundations for a postwar program of three major objectives. The first is to prepare the Communists of America to take decisive advantage of those postwar economic dislocations and dis-

turbances which they now eagerly anticipate and, if they live up to their record, can be counted on to promote.

The second objective, aimed to facilitate the first, is a militant revival of Communist penetration into strategically important positions in the American labor movement and a militant revival of agitation among Negroes and the unemployed.

The third objective is to intensify the Communist effort to establish Soviet Russia, in the mind of all "progressive" Americans, as the chief source of postwar economic and political liberation; to establish also Soviet Russia's policies, aims and ambitions as an ideal for America and other nations—as the only guarantee of "a people's triumph" against "the forces of reaction."

A policy based on such objectives is an ominous warning to America. Americans have had opportunity to observe the Communists' talent for infiltration into political and economic positions of key importance. We have had experience with their genius for using those positions for obstructive and destructive purposes. We know, from their past, that Communists promote their aims without regard for the truth or the cost to America.

But there appears to be an even more ominous significance in this Communist return to disruption. The Communists, at least, are sure that they know exactly where the orders for that return came from. That accounts for their unholly rush to obey them. If they are right, as they seem to be, then the non-Communist observer must conclude that Communism's prewar world enterprise is in process of aggressive revival.

In the previous period of Communist world organization and action, orders to America's Communists came direct from the Comintern, the Communist International, in Moscow. But in order to escape the provisions of the United States law requiring the registration of alien-affiliated organizations, United States Communists in 1940 severed their visible Moscow connections. In 1943, when Russia was in desperate need of the aid of non-Communist nations, Stalin dissolved the Comin-

Publicly spanked by Duclos, powerful French Communist, for their wartime policy of "class peace," America's Communies have reversed themselves again, kicked out the benign Browder and returned to their strategy of disruption.

tern. Neither connection has yet been formally re-established.

The latest orders to the Communists of the United States came, therefore, via Paris and a Frenchman, one Jacques Duclos. There is probably no Communist anywhere outside Russia itself whose choice for such a duty would leave so little doubt in any Communist mind as to the ultimate source of his authority. Jacques Duclos is a leader of the French Communist Party. With membership nearing 1,000,000; that party is the largest, save for the Russian, in the world. No other is growing so rapidly in numbers and power. None has such high Moscow rating or closer ties with the Soviet Fatherland.

Duclos is secretary of that party—a position similar to that which, in the Russian party, is held by Stalin himself. He was a member of the executive committee of the Comintern. Moreover, Duclos, despite these connections, did not come cold to the task of reversing the American party line. First he went to Moscow. His orders were transmitted while he was still fresh from that fountainhead. They appeared in a signed article in last April's issue of the French party magazine, *Les Cahiers du Communisme*. If Duclos meant what he seemed to say and if the Communists, who ought to know, are right in their interpretation of it, then we have been given a preview of the postwar objectives not alone of Communism in the United States but of a resurging world Communist movement.

The Duclos article examined American Communism's then-current party line at great length, and at great length condemned it because it was aimed "to make democracy work within the framework of the present system." That, Duclos said, is "a false concept of the ways of social evolution in the United States." He condemned it because it gave support to the Browder principle that "we do not want disaster for America, even though it results in Socialism." That principle, according to Duclos, "swerved dangerously from the victorious Marxist-Leninist doctrine." (Continued on Page 113)

# Portrait of a Fullback

By PETE MARTIN

**L**AST fall, when Ed McKeever, Notre Dame's coach, took a busman's holiday to scout the Army team, he wired back to South Bend:

HAVE JUST SEEN SUPERMAN IN THE FLESH. HE WEARS NO. 35 ON HIS ARMY JERSEY. HIS NAME IS FELIX (DOC) BLANCHARD.

In midwinter, McKeever packed a satchel of notebooks crammed with plays and moved on to Cornell, hoping to shove the Big Red team over into the black, or victory, side of the ledger. This spring he wrote to a friend, "I don't know what I'll have this year, but I'm sure of one thing. I can relax and be happy, for we don't have to meet Doc Blanchard."

When Blanchard was a North Carolina freshman, Glenn Thistlewaite, former coach at Northwestern, saw him play. "I have seen all of the great fullbacks," Thistlewaite said, "but this boy will be the greatest." Clark Shaughnessy, Pittsburgh's coach, believes Blanchard "may be" the finest back football has ever known. "He isn't that now," Shaughnessy thinks. "Right now, such fullbacks as Nagurski and Standlee haven't been surpassed. But Blanchard is a prodigious player, a terrific ball carrier, a tremendous blocker. And he's football smart."

McKeever, Thistlewaite and Shaughnessy were taking in a lot of territory—a territory on whose relief map loom such man mountains as Nevers, Molenda, Joesting, Thorpe, Heston, Savoldi, Maulbetsch, Standlee and Nagurski. It is hard to believe that any mere mortal constructed of the usual complement of flesh, blood, bones and sinews can live up to Blanchard's advance billing. But it is equally difficult to dig up a dissenting opinion about his potential greatness. If he ends by rating alongside the Nagurskis, the Savoldis and the Standlees the game has known, perhaps even standing alone at the top of the list, it will be largely because his dad planned it that way. Blanchard's father took a leaf from another father's book, a Frenchman named Lenglen. Only Blanchard's *père's* specialty was football, and the hope of the Blanchard family was a stocky, red-cheeked son instead of the skinny, long-nosed daughter named Suzanne whom Father Lenglen taught to play tennis better than any other woman of her time.

A cousin who visited the Blanchards when young Blanchard was one day old said, "His dad had put a football into the crib for luck." As soon as his son could toddle, the elder Blanchard bought him the best football equipment money could buy and lectured him on punting and kicking, and taught him how to carry a ball so that an opposing player couldn't bump it from his grasp.

Felix Blanchard, Senior, knew about those things. He had played for Tulane in the years between 1917 and 1920. He was a natural football player, and, although he weighed nearly 250 pounds and wore a Size 12 shoe, he was as fast as a blooded race horse. His parents were dead set against the game. They were Louisiana French, which is just another way of saying they were ultraconservative. If they had known he was playing, they would have yanked him out of school, so he played under the name of Beaulieu. Tulane wrote to the schools on its schedule to explain matters, and they sportingly agreed to the deception.

Leaving Tulane, Blanchard finished his medical education at Wake Forest, returned to Tulane for a while, married Mary Gilchrist Tatum, of McColl, South Carolina, and settled down to practice medicine in Bishopville, South Carolina, a town with a population of 3000. When a son was born to the Blanchards, he was named Felix Anthony Blanchard, Jr., but he was called Little Doc, since, with the easy informality of a small Southern community, his dad was called Doc.

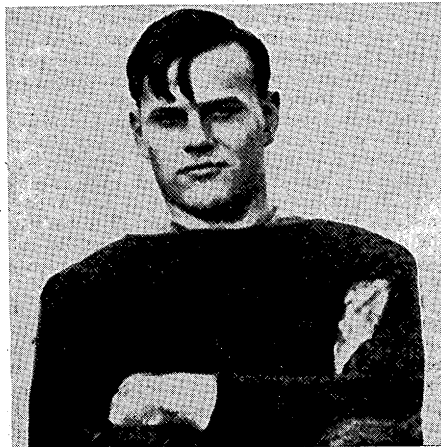
**E**xperts are comparing the Army's Doc Blanchard with such immortals as Thorpe, Heston and Nagurski. If he lives up to all the ballyhoo, it will be because his dad planned it that way.

Big Doc saw to it that his son had not only footballs but baseballs and tennis rackets as well. And Little Doc took to carrying a football with him wherever he went around Bishopville. When he went swimming and diving at near-by Lake Delano, where Bishopville's young fry try their fins, he was usually the leader in "follow the leader."

The boyhood of Felix Anthony Blanchard, Jr., was as typically American as joining the Boy Scouts, playing mumble-the-peg or hooking school. At the age of four, he tried his father's pipe and set the barn on fire. In the summertime, he earned pocket money as a delivery boy for the corner grocery. He had a brush with the law over a broken window, and the incident was settled with a ten-dollar bill contributed by his dad. When he was old enough to drive, he shared a stripped-down jalopy with his young sister.

Like many other parents, the Blanchards had difficulty in keeping their son in clothes. Invariably, Little Doc outgrew his before he wore them out. When he was thirteen, he weighed 159 pounds. A year later, he weighed 180 and was still growing. Scientists who delve into the mysteries of genetics should be interested in Little Doc's growth and amazing physical equipment, for not only was Big Doc a remarkable specimen of manhood but Felix, Jr.'s, mother is exceptionally robust, and both of Big Doc's brothers were hefty.

Until Little Doc was old enough to go out for the Bishopville High team, his dad took him to see the home games. The first game in which Little Doc played was Bishopville's annual contest with its arch rival, Bennettsville. When the coach sent Little Doc in as sub fullback, a Bennettsville back carried the ball over him for a score on the first play. Little Doc thought seriously of quitting football, but after a heart-to-heart talk with his dad, he reversed his decision. The next time the Bishopville coach sent him into a game, he brought down a ball carrier with a bone-jarring tackle still remembered in South Carolina's Lee County.



The late Felix Blanchard when he was a star at Tulane. He put a football into his son's crib for luck.

A year later, when Big Doc entered him at St. Stanislaus College in Bay City, Mississippi, his letters home were as brief as the letters all sons away at school write to their parents. "Dear mother and daddy," he wrote, "I made a pretty good report this week. Thanks for the two dollars. Made first team. Will write later. Love, Anthony."

While at St. Stanislaus, he made the All-Gulf-Coast-Region Class A team, and played on the teams that appeared twice in the New Orleans Toy Bowl as a curtain raiser for the Sugar Bowl game.

When he finished his St. Stanislaus career, in spite of the fact that Notre Dame's All-American Marchy Schwartz had preceded him at the Bay City school, the school paper printed the headline: BLANCHARD HAS RECORD AS GREATEST FOOTBALLER IN STANISLAUS' HISTORY. Colleges all over the country wanted Little Doc. Brother Peter, then head of St. Stanislaus, said, "During the next six months a procession of big-time coaches came to woo him, and the disappointment on various campuses was bitter when he finally chose North Carolina."

Little Doc's first cousin, Jim Tatum, was responsible for his going to North Carolina. Tatum had returned to North Carolina in 1939 as director of freshman athletics and head freshman football coach. He used no high pressure on Doc, Jr., to enroll him at North Carolina. He had his cousin over to Chapel Hill for a few days, and he liked it there, so he stayed. That was all right with Big Doc. His son had considered only Tulane, Duke and North Carolina, and, since Big Doc's health was bad, he hoped his boy would pick either North Carolina or Duke to make it easier for him to see him play.

The relationship between father and son was a special one. Big Doc helped his boy in every way he knew—he even packed his trunk for him when Little Doc went off to college—yet he was careful not to spoil him. A spoiled son, he knew, would be poison.

During his stay at Chapel Hill, Little Doc starred in every game the North Carolina freshmen played. The Tar Babies won the state title that year.

Little Doc was looked upon by the North Carolina coaching staff as the best fullback who had ever entered the university. He weighed 210, was six feet one and a half inches tall, ran the 100-yard dash in ten seconds, and cracked into the line like a locomotive. "There were several men on the varsity who got so they wouldn't try to tackle him," said R. A. White, who trained the North Carolina frosh. "Once he knocked out two would-be tacklers on the same play."

Bob Madry, who handles press relations for North Carolina, recalls Blanchard's attitude about personal publicity with awe. Little Doc never came near his office or sought press clippings or photographs of himself. His lack of ego was unique in Madry's experience with a succession of scrapbook-happy athletes.

While at Chapel Hill, Blanchard was pledged Sigma Nu. Along with the other pledges, Little Doc was subjected to that part of the initiation called Hell Week—an institution having to do with paddles, hazing and goofy stunts abrasive to the body and to the sensibilities. French blood has never been notable for its sluggishness and, during Hell Week, Little Doc decided that he didn't like it and walked out. He was followed by the entire group of pledges. For a while, the fraternity wondered if it would have any new men that fall, but a few hours later Blanchard changed his mind and came back, bringing the other pledges with him. Once when he was on a trip with a group of fraternity brothers, he thought that a hotel manager was giving them a raw deal, and he ripped a steam radiator from the floor with his hands, pipes and all.

In 1943, at the close of his freshman year at North Carolina, he volunteered for the Army, after having been turned down by the Naval unit at Chapel Hill because of defective sight; as a boy, one of his eyes had caught a mud pellet thrown by a playmate. Also, the Navy claimed that he was overweight for his size, a reason for his rejection that dumfounded the Tar Babies' opponents, to whom Blanchard's weight had certainly seemed no handicap. In an effort to reduce his weight and have him accepted by the Navy V-12 course, Jim Tatum put Little

**OUR COMMUNISTS  
ARE SO SORRY  
THEY WERE GOOD BOYS**

(Continued from Page 17)

He condemned its "perspective for Europe minimizing and to a great extent eliminating altogether the threat of civil war after the international war" and for its belief in and support of "a long period of peaceful relations in the world before the general advent of Socialism." These, he said, were "erroneous" conclusions "in no wise flowing from a Marxist analysis of the situation."

"The concept," said Duclos, "of a long-term class peace in the United States, of the possibility of the suppression of the class struggle in the postwar world and the establishment of harmony between labor and capital is a notorious revision of Marxismism. By a political platform of class peace, American Communists are sowing dangerous opportunist illusions which will exercise a negative influence on the American labor movement if they are not met with the necessary reply."

Browder's contention that "the principal internal problems of the United States must in the future be solved exclusively by means of reforms" could only result in "reducing to a minimum or completely suppressing methods of struggle and opposition of force to force in the solution of internal problems of each country."

The true doctrine, said Duclos, is the old one that "Socialism cannot be achieved without the conquest of power." The Communists of the United States, as their "necessary reply," must return to that doctrine. There must be a "countermanding" of the policy of "peace between the classes" and a new policy based upon the "opposition of force to force in the solution of internal problems."

All 8000 words of this article were printed in the Daily Worker of May twenty-fourth. They were introduced by a groveling note in which Earl Browder hinted that, though the voice was the voice of Duclos, all the comrades ought to know whose the hand was. "Unquestionably, while this is a personal article of Jacques Duclos," wrote Browder, "it reflects the general trend of opinion of European Marxists in relation to America and thus demands our most respectful attention."

The Communists began to shed their skins immediately. In the party press they poured out their calculated penitence, cursed the old, embraced the new and acknowledged their shame that they had even briefly tried "to find means of peaceful coexistence and collaboration" with America.

Their words were servile paraphrasings of Duclos. "We were guilty of opportunism." "Marxist-Leninist classics were distorted to rationalize our opportunist policy." "We have been guilty of opportunistic revisions of the worst kind." "We were conformists." "I feel very deeply my own weakness in failing to recognize the liquidationist tendencies inherent in our political line."

They left no doubt of their understanding that disruption was henceforth expected of them. "Our theory and practice led to the disarming of the working class." "False" was "our conception that our country can act in a consistently progressive direction." "While it is imperative to utilize the contradictions within the camp of the

thieves" (Britain and America) "it is impermissible, false and dangerous to believe that long-term collaboration is possible." "The whole policy of class peace, our rosy postwar perspectives weakened the labor movement."

The unprincipled ruthlessness with which they turned on Earl Browder was unsurpassed save, perhaps, by the Moscow trials of 1936-38 and the liquidation of virtually a whole generation of veteran Communists.

Browder had been general secretary of the party, its chief executive, for fifteen years. He was president of the new Communist Political Association, editor in chief of the Daily Worker, a member of all the party's important boards and committees, author of its most authoritative books and pamphlets. Twice he had been the Communist candidate for President of the United States.

On May twentieth, the occasion of his fifty-fourth birthday, the Daily Worker published the greeting to Browder of the national board of the Communist Political Association. "We express what all of us feel so deeply about you, the beloved leader of our movement. . . . Your bold, mature Marxist leadership. . . . You are one of the great leaders of the people. . . . We have the highest confidence that under your firm guidance we shall continue to make an honorable and vital contribution. . . ."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**ON MANNERS**

Most children these days are similar in many disrespects.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Duclos article was published five days later. Browder's late friends could hardly move fast enough to confess themselves his enemies. The Daily Worker gladly furnished space for their attacks. "Browder's policy is the crassest form of opportunism." "Browder's approach tends to place a strait jacket around the struggle for peace and security." He has been "dispensing intellectual trash in the name of Marxism." He is a "bourgeois reformer"; a champion of "reactionary capitalism." "His erroneous and utopian perspectives for the postwar world could not but have a particularly dangerous effect."

The national board of the C.P.A. now solemnly resolved. Browder to be "the chief architect of the revisionism in our Communist movement" and charged him with "a proportionately greater share of responsibility than any other individual or member for the opportunist errors and mistakes in the recent period."

When the national convention met in July, the skids were ready. Browder was deposed as party leader, stripped of all party offices, and reduced, with neither friends nor a job, to a probationary status where, according to William Z. Foster, his successor, he must prove, in action, his right to even a rank-and-file party membership.

Foster, sixty-four, one-time organizer for the I.W.W., a Communist since about 1921, the party's expert on trade-union penetration and three times its candidate for President, had opposed and never been reconciled to Browder's program of "class peace." For his persistent devotion to disruption, he narrowly escaped expulsion

from the party. Now that the official return to disruption has lifted him to leadership, he publicly asserts what, previously, he said only in private.

A program "based on class peace," he declared at the time of his election to leadership, "would be a first-class disaster to the workers and the people generally, as well as to our party." Labor-union penetration is now a first essential since, said Foster, "the aims of the trade-unions cannot be achieved by a harmonious agreement between labor and capital." The Communist Party in the United States will henceforth be prepared to take full advantage of the dislocations and upheavals in America which every Communist now counts on.

"It may be stated," said Foster, "that Stalin is one of those who think that an economic crisis after the war is inevitable in the United States. Stalin is right in his forecast of an American postwar crisis."

"Our task in this respect is not to spin capitalist utopias." The "conception of postwar national unity is absurd." Under Browder, the Communists had aggressively supported the effort to extend labor's no-strike pledge into the postwar period. Under Foster, Communist approval of a no-strike policy was limited to the war period, thus opening the way for "the future battles which will become sharper as we go along."

In preparation for those battles, declared the editors of the New Masses, "THE COMMUNISTS CLEAR DECKS" and have "begun to create a new policy that accords with reality; to recognize the grasping role of American imperialism and what to do about it."

It is possible that these procedures and threats may have no Moscow connection whatsoever and, therefore, no more than local American significance. The government of the Soviet Union may regard the Communist Party in the United States as of no better than nuisance value and not at all as an important instrument and agent of the Soviet's ambitions or of Communism's world aims.

In such case, American Communists have been misdirected into a serious disservice to the Soviet Union. Before that disservice reaches damaging proportions either to the internal situation in the United States or to Soviet-American relations, the Soviet government may feel obliged to end it with a forthright disavowal.

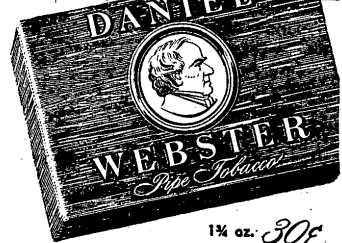
But if America's Communists are wrong, so, obviously, is the highly placed and trusted Jacques Duclos. So, also, is the French Communist Party, which cabled formal congratulations to the American party on its new policy. So is the Swiss party, which specifically congratulated its American comrades for their "conquest of Browder." So are the parties of numerous other nations which sent similar messages. Error on such a scale is hardly likely. That would be the ultimate in misunderstanding. Because it involved a disservice to the Soviet Union it would be the ultimate in Communist high treason.

It is clear from the devious and deceptive Communist record that the one dependable Communist loyalty is loyalty to the Soviet Union. The single consistency in the party line has been its attempt to mirror and promote the Soviets' aims and ambitions. In all its weavings it has had no other trustworthy purpose. The party's recent history is proof of the shrewd and unprincipled zeal with which that purpose is promoted. It is that history

**Bobby Sox Agree**



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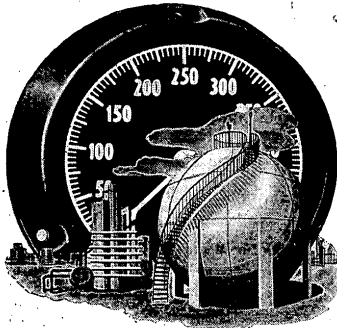
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which gives the new party line its ominous significance.

Prior to the war's outbreak in Europe, the Soviets were under the substantial fear that the Fascist nations might gang up on them. In that period, therefore, the Communists were our fiercest anti-Fascists. Then Stalin shook the world by his pact with Hitler. At once the Communists changed the names of their anti-Fascist organizations, dropped their boycott of German goods and sought to sell the country on the idea that appeasing Hitler was, as Earl Browder said, "a master stroke for peace."

When Hitler attacked one European country after another, not a Communist could be found who hated Fascism enough to raise his voice in protest. On the contrary, Browder declared that, as between the Fascist and democratic nations in the war, "there is nothing to choose." United States production of war goods to aid the democracies and destroy Fascism was described by the New Masses as "collaboration with the enemies of the people." To weaken the anti-Fascist war effort, Communists fomented a whole series of destructive strikes in critical American war industries.

Then, on June 22, 1941, Hitler attacked Russia. In a miracle of unscrupulousness, the Communists reversed themselves overnight. THE IMPERIALISTS' WAR was now THE PEOPLE'S WAR OF NATIONAL LIBERATION. The party slogan, NOT A CENT; NOT A GUN, NOT A MAN quickly was changed to THIS HOLIEST OF CAUSES. WARMONGER ROOSEVELT became OUR SUPERB LEADER. THE YANKS ARE NOT COMING was dropped from the party's songbook. Into its place went FIGHT, AMERICA, FIGHT.

When Pearl Harbor put the United States into the war, Russia was fighting with her back to the wall in Europe. Fearful that we might first fight in the Pacific and thereby delay aid to Russia, our Communists turned loose their entire propagandist machine to convince the nation that Europe was our first job.

**Side-Line Generalship**

When it became apparent that we proposed to fight in Europe also, the Communists, with Russia's back still to the wall, originated the political agitation for a second front. The Daily Worker specified that only a front along the North European coast, where pressure on Germany would most quickly relieve pressure on Russia, would be acceptable.

Meanwhile, they launched an amazing campaign to maneuver themselves into a position from which, once Russia was militarily out of the woods and victory in sight, they could lend a helping Communist hand in the shaping of the world's postwar political setup. On the assumption that the first and foremost Soviet objective was to make Russia and Russia's political friends the ascendant power in Europe, Asia and wherever else it could be managed, they undertook to dress up that prospect to look like something which America would welcome and, perhaps, even help to bring about.

They ostentatiously shed everything which might provoke unpleasant thoughts in the American mind toward Communism and, thereby, toward the Soviets. They ostentatiously identified themselves with the best features of the good life in order to persuade us that the good life, on the American plan, was exactly what Russia had in mind.

Opening prayers were prescribed for gatherings of the Communist American Youth for Democracy. The New Masses ran a featured series of articles on OUR CALVINIST LEGACY. When The New York Times revealed the widespread inadequacy of American history instruction in our high schools, no publication was so deeply shocked as the New Masses "at this appalling state of affairs." "In a war for national survival, a deep immersion in American history is of crucial importance."

As a climaxing act of this campaign of purposeful good faith, Browder announced the impending dissolution of the Communist Party at an immense and wildly cheering meeting in Madison Square Garden in January, 1944. That announcement was unanimously ratified at a special party convention the following spring. The Communist Political Association was unanimously created—in place of the party.

**The Red Lexicon**

"The Communist Political Association," said its constitution, "is a non-party organization of Americans which, basing itself upon the working class, carries forward the traditions of Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Jackson and Lincoln. It upholds the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution and its Bill of Rights and the achievements of American democracy against all the enemies of popular liberties."

From this vantage point of unsullied Americanism, the Communists carried forward what they conceived to be their Soviet mission. Wherever, in Europe or Asia, a government or resistance movement showed itself to be pro-Soviet, they quickly unfolded it with the most meaningful American phrases. Those not pro-Soviet were condemned in language likely to sound most derogatory to Americans.

Thus the swallowing up of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania was described as "liberation." When an early Italian regime excluded Communists, it was labeled as "a shadow regime which is hated by the Italian people as deeply as are Hitler and Mussolini." The excluded Communist elements were called "the party of liberation."

For having come to amicable terms with the Soviets, the Czechoslovak government was eulogized for "its constructive and consistent role." In Rumania, the non-Communist government of Nicolae Radescu was made up of "reactionaries" and engaged in "sabotage." The Communist opposition, however, was "the strongly anti-Fascist, Democratic Front."

The fact that the Communists are now returning to disruption does not call for the ending of this effort, under democratic disguise, to support the interests and aims of the Soviets. On the contrary, the newly adopted constitution of the newly revived Communist Party is alive with such phrases as "democracy," "popular liberties," "the welfare of the people and the nation." It even offers itself as a "guarantee" of "the full realization of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Thus "Communists and non-Communists, all progressives and anti-Fascists, can be rallied" in support of the continued attempt to make it appear that the prospects for a free, peaceful, progressing postwar world are everywhere identical with the plans and purposes of the Soviet Union.

"The atom bomb which shattered a Japanese city last Sunday," declared the Daily Worker of August ninth,



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"has been followed up by a political and military bombshell of even deeper significance: the Soviet declaration of war on Japan. The Soviet bombshell represents the greatest guaranty thus far that there will emerge a genuine peace and a new Asia."

It is likely the Communists' newly adopted disruptive program will, sooner or later, foul up these democratic, American disguises. That, doubtless, will lead to the unbecoming of some of the "progressive elements" with which—to serve the Communist purpose—they are now seeking alliance. That prospect does not seem to bother the Communists. They evidently figure that, long before that happens, Russia will be so well along in the postwar political settlements that further effort on their part will be unnecessary.

Then, from the decks so lately cleared of such obstructive policies as

"co-operation," "collaboration," "reform" and "class peace," the party can go into action for "Socialism through the seizure of power." To preparation for that event and to its hastening, the Communists of the United States have now dedicated themselves. The results of that dedication, if the Communists live up to their past, will not be long in appearing.

They will be even less delayed if the party lives up to what it believes to be its future. Supported and impelled by Soviet Russia's monumental triumphs, Communism, to the Communist, is now a surging, cosmic tide: To the Communist, the recent party upheaval had behind it a power even more compelling than the orders transmitted by Duclos. It was, as the editor of the New Masses declared, "of a piece with the tremendous events moving across the world."  
THE END

**PORTRAIT OF A FULLBACK**

(Continued from Page 19)

filling Scrapbook No. 3. Mary Elizabeth Blanchard's idea of fun was to get out and scrimmage with a boys' football squad herself, nor did she mind an occasional bloodied nose acquired in so doing.

Ralph Davis—Glenn Davis' twin brother—is Blanchard's best friend at The Point. They bunk together on team trips. His favorite gag is to dig up a D drag—deficient blind date—for Doc. "But," Davis hastens to add, "when Doc dates a girl himself, she is usually mighty attractive."

Blanchard has no particular formula for keeping himself fit. The Point routine takes care of that. Every cadet participates in athletics, even if only intramural soccer. The various athletic squads—with the exception of the A and B footballers, who ride busses to practice—trot over The Point's paths on the double on their way to the athletic fields. Blanchard stands no chance to grow soft or short of wind, for his athletic program is a strenuous one, involving fall football, winter indoor track, spring football practice and late-spring outdoor track.

Any cadet's daily schedule is so chockablock that even a pause to pass the time of day cuts things dangerously fine. A typical Blanchard day goes like this:

5:50	Reveille.
6:20	Assembly to breakfast.
7:00	Back to room.
7:45 to noon	Classes.
12:15 to 12:45	Dinner.
1 to 3	Afternoon classes.
3:30	Football practice.
5:50 to 6:00	Finish football practice.
6:15	Dinner for rest of corps.
6:30	Dinner for football squad.
7:00	Finish dinner.
7:15	Call to quarters. Study.
10:30	Taps.

When a cadet invites a drag to The Point for the week end, it means that he expects to spend most of his Saturday and Sunday waking hours with her. But in the fall Blanchard takes part in football practice or a game on Saturday afternoons, and doesn't begin to act as a squire of dames until Saturday evening, when he can take his date to the movies before escorting her to the week-end hop. The Point's dance regulations specify that a cadet must hold the girl with whom he is dancing at a "proper distance," which means that daylight must show be-

tween partners. Once at a hop, he can't leave the dance floor until he is ready to go home. Like other Army football players, Blanchard sleeps late on Sunday morning during the season, and wakes in time to have luncheon with his drag at The Thayer-West Point hotel, after which he can take her for a walk or sit with her in the Thayer soda bar, where a mammoth scoop of ice cream dripping with hot fudge costs fifteen cents.

At St. Stanislaus, Blanchard devoured comic books, although officially they were frowned upon. At The Point, he has shown a weakness for Western fiction, his favorite authors being Zane Grey and Max Brand. His favorite movie star is Betty Hutton, but his Hutton fixation was somewhat dissipated by the star's recent marriage.

Those who know him say of him, "Outwardly, he's not nervous before a game, but he's mighty sincere about football." He talks in his sleep on the night before a game, and yells such things as "Get him! Get him!" while slumbering. Once, on a football trip, while still asleep in a lower berth, he began to move his legs as if running through and over tacklers on a broken field. A teammate in the berth above thought the train was coming apart.

Leo Novak, the Army's track coach, believes that with Blanchard's natural timing and co-ordination, he could excel at any sport.

"Blanchard is a tremendous man, and he's fast," said Novak. "He came out for track last December. At first, he did only thirty feet with the sixteen-pound shot. A month later he was hitting forty-one feet. Then on March third, at the ICAAAA Indoor Championships in New York, he won the shot with a heave of forty-eight feet, three and a half inches."

On Saturday, May twenty-sixth, Plebe Blanchard won the shot in the Army-Navy dual meet with a distance of fifty-one feet, ten and three quarters inches, to establish a new meet record. Novak has seen men gain two feet with the sixteen-pound shot in a season, even five feet, but he had never seen an athlete lift his distance twenty feet in six months. Despite the fact that he must have known that he was tutoring his friend to replace him as the Army's No. 1 weight man, Ralph Davis had almost as much to do with making Doc a top-flight shot putter as did Coach Novak. "Ralph put him here to the fine points," said a cadet who knows them both, "and Doc did everything Ralph told him to do."

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"The boy is well coupled," Novak explained. "And he's good for ten flat in the hundred." While ten flat is fast, it is no longer regarded as phenomenal. It's only phenomenal when a boy weighing more than 200 pounds does it. "Where Blanchard excels as a runner is on his getaway," Novak said. "He's ahead of everybody up to fifty yards, and that fast getaway helps him when he is lugging a football. He's popular and he's not conceited. He's always wrasslin' with Ralph Davis. They're like a couple of puppies."

Both Novak and Ralph Davis, however, make it clear that Blanchard doesn't fool around when the chips are down. "In competition, he's a different man," Novak declared. "In practice, he'll get the shot out around forty-one or forty-two feet. Then, on Saturday, when it counts, he tosses it fifty."

"In football, you have to hit him low if you want to stop him," Ralph Davis said. It is an easy trick to prove that Blanchard plows into an opposing tackler with an impact of 6750 foot-pounds, and, as if this momentum were not enough, he has a habit of turning on an extra notch of speed in the split second before he hits an opponent—a device the most rugged tackler finds sharply disconcerting. Blanchard's natural color is florid, but his face grows even redder when he's excited or angry and his lips tighten into a straight line. He really hits for keeps then.

In last year's Army-Notre Dame game, the South Bend back, Kelly, was running with the ball when Doc Blanchard came up to make the tackle. An official made the mistake of getting between them, and Blanchard went through him as if he were made of paper to drop Kelly. The other officials called time out for their injured co-worker. Later in the game, the same striped-shirt wearer got in Blanchard's way once more, and after this second collision he was a stretcher case.

Lawson Robertson, coach of many American Olympic teams, thinks that the secret of Blanchard's success as a shot putter lies in his legs and thighs. "The impetus that sends the shot out beyond the fifty-foot mark starts in the legs and travels upward," Robertson said. No one who has seen Blanchard in a track suit will forget his thighs. Seeing them, it was easy to believe Novak when he said, "If that boy pulled a muscle, he wouldn't even know it."

Those legs may become as famous in time as the gamms of Dietrich or Grable. Scarlett O'Hara's waist measured only seventeen inches when cinched in, but Blanchard's thigh bulges the tape measure at least eight inches more than Scarlett's waist, and his calf looks as if it had been removed from the statue of David by Michelangelo. Such underpinning contributes enormously to Blanchard's muzzle velocity when he cannonades into the line, just as the sixteen-inch calf and twenty-five-inch thigh of Jumping Joe Savoldi and the eighteen-inch calf and twenty-six-inch thigh of Bronko Nagurski made those human projectiles hard to stop.

Andy Bershak, end at North Carolina in 1937, and a member of the Tar Heel coaching staff while Blanchard was a freshman, once remarked to Jim Tatum, "Jim, I know some folks would rather see a pretty girl with a lovely figure than anything else. Personally, I'd rather look at Blanchard getting dressed for a game than any pretty girl I've ever seen! What a build!"

It is Army's policy to use Blanchard as a flanker in its T formation. "When

Blanchard is out on the wing," said George Munger, the University of Pennsylvania coach, whose team lost to Army last fall 62-7, "he's not only a good ball carrier—last year he gained five hundred and fifty-six yards for an average of seven and one tenth yards—but he's a hot pass receiver and blocker. He puts tremendous pressure on the end and the backer up. You never know whether he'll block the end, block the back or keep on going and catch a pass, and that uncertainty helps open up things so All-American Glenn Davis can romp through."

Like a boxer, Blanchard possesses not only speed but timing. His blocks are razor-edge timed, so that the end can't get up and make the tackle after he's been blocked. An end must play Blanchard direct, instead of keeping one eye on the ball carrier. Doc is a vicious tackler. He moves in when he makes his contact and keeps driving with his legs. When he hits a ball carrier, that carrier is usually stopped or driven back.

One coach who scouted most of the Army's games last year says of him, "He's a better-than-average punter. When he warms up before a game, his punts average better than fifty yards. Some of them sail out as far as sixty-five or seventy yards. He kicks off for the Army, and seventy per cent of his kicks go over the goal line; many of them through the goal posts. His kick-offs average fifty-six and one tenth yards per boot. Many times after kicking off, he gets down to make the tackle himself."

On pass defense, Blanchard is a ball hawk. He's a great pass receiver and takes them on the run out in the flat—a tough angle in which to catch a pass—as well as down the field. During a game he has composure. He enjoys every minute of it. He's not flighty or fidgety. He knows how to relax.

It is inevitable that Blanchard should be compared to the game's other great fullbacks. Steve Owen, coach of the pro New York Giants, said of him, "He's as good as Nagurski, only he has more finesse." Oscar Hagberg, coach of the United States Naval Academy, who has reason to know, said, "He reminds me of both Savoldi and Nagurski. He's terrific."

Clark Shaughnessy's estimate of Blanchard's place among fullback greats is more dispassionate, although Shaughnessy has a sentimental interest in him. For it was Shaughnessy who was coaching at Tulane when a young buck from the bayous named Blanchard played for the Green Wave under the name of Beaulieu.

In September, 1942, Shaughnessy was in a Durham, North Carolina, hotel room when a knock came at the door. "As the door opened, I saw a man filling it," he said. "His name was Felix Blanchard. I hadn't seen him for

twenty years, when I coached him at Tulane. Right behind him, sort of jutting out all around his edges, was his son. He was a second edition of his dad, who was certainly proud of him. He'd done everything he could to develop the football ability that had been born in his son. He'd be even prouder now, if he were still alive. Big Doc Blanchard used to leave some mighty fast footsteps, but just as he seemed to jut out around the edges of his father that day I saw him in the doorway, Little Doc does everything his father did, and does it a little better."

With such tributes beating down on him like a hot white light, Blanchard was on the spot this fall. If he turned in a performance of merely All-American caliber, there was tongue clucking and head wagging in the press box. But when he took up this fall where he left off last year, there was no falling off in his stellar qualities. The New York Times compared him to a machine powered by atomic energy and—after the Michigan game—to a "charging wild buffalo." In the Army's opener, the P. D. Command game, he kicked off twice into the end zone, and on both occasions tackled the receiver. Against Michigan, he tallied twice, once on a line buck, and again burst through the line for sixty-eight yards. On a seventy-yard run by Davis, Blanchard helped throw one of the blocks that cleared the way.

After the Michigan game, one sports writer wrote, "Army won because of two reasons. One was Felix (Doc) Blanchard. The other was Glenn Davis. If one were to eliminate them, the fray would have been a toss-up." Blanchard and Davis would be the first to put the blast on such a statement. They would point out that, after all, there was a one-man task force named DeWitt Coulter in the Army line, and that there was a bullet back named Shorty McWilliams in the Army backfield, and that a number of other formidable characters such as Pitzer and Tucker helped out manfully. But they can't brush aside the fact that between them they scored three of Army's four touchdowns in the Michigan game—one paper called them the "twin high executioners"—and gained 370 of the 380 yards the Army made by rushing.

Early in this present season there was a tendency on the part of coaches to say that this year's Army team is the best collegiate one ever gathered together, and that it would be capable of standing toe to toe with the best the pro leagues have to offer. Almost in the same breath, the same coaches make the point, "Of course you can't tell really how good the Army is because they are playing against teams denuded of their natural strength and power by the loss of key men to the armed services." The size of last year's Army scores may well have reflected that situation. Despite the fact that

this year its opponents have been bolstered almost weekly by returnee stars, how well such players as Davis and Blanchard will do against a prewar type of opposition will not be revealed until next year—perhaps not until the year after. However, when Blanchard was acclaimed the greatest star St. Stanislaus ever had, and the finest full-back ever to enter North Carolina, the teams on which he played had no special advantages over the ones they met. And when he starred against Navy last year he was not playing against a team weakened by enlistments or inductions.

The official attendance at last year's Army-Navy game was 66,639. Unofficially it was 66,640. Somewhere in the crowd was a huge block of a man with thinning hair and a soft Louisiana accent. Despite his bulk, he took up no room, for he wasn't there in the flesh. He had died seven months before. But a little thing like death wouldn't have kept Felix Anthony Blanchard away from the Baltimore Municipal Stadium where his son was meeting his sternest test.

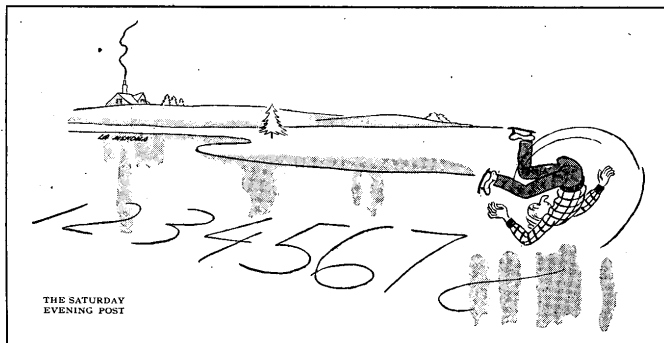
At least twice during each season while Little Doc played for St. Stanislaus, Big Doc made the trip from Lee County, all the way to Bay City, Mississippi, to see his son run with the ball. When Little Doc moved on to the University of North Carolina as a college freshman, Big Doc followed the Tar Babies even more faithfully. It is only natural, therefore, to suppose that he was among those present at the Baltimore Stadium last year when the Army and the Navy decided the 1944 national football championship.

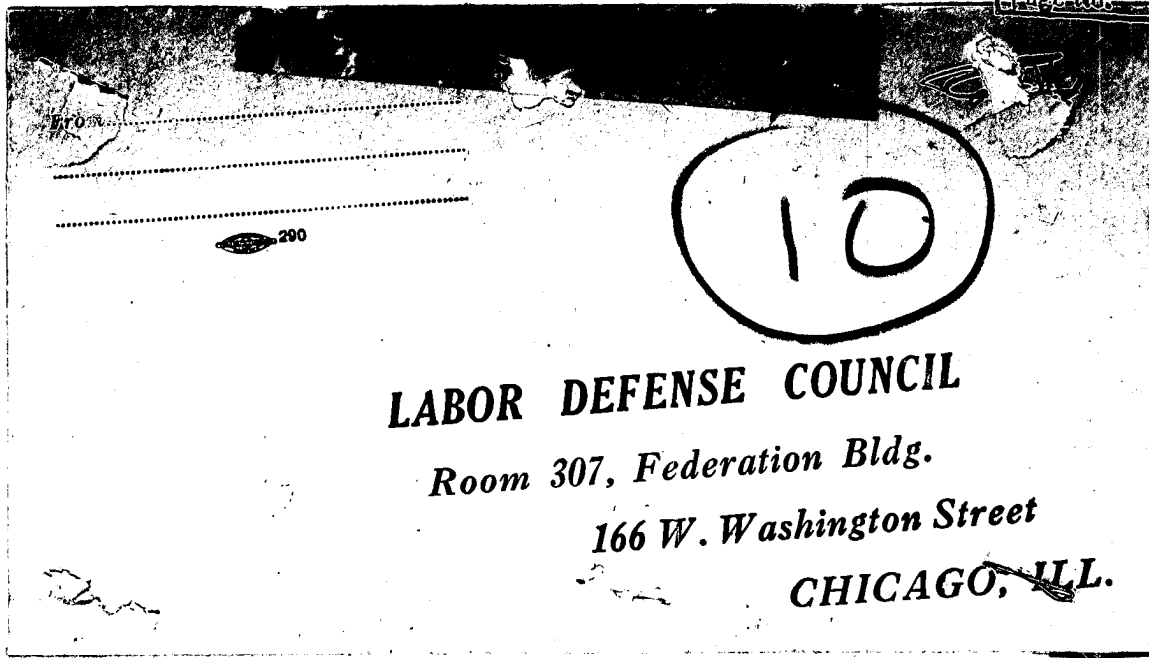
In the third quarter Little Doc covered nine yards for the score that blew the game open. When he took the ball, veered slightly and burst through the left side of the Navy line, the score stood Army 9, Navy 7. When he crossed the goal line carrying three frantic Navy hitch-hikers with him, the game was Army's.

Before Little Doc reached that nine-yard line, Army Back Glenn Davis had intercepted a Navy pass and had downed it on the Army's forty-eight-yard line. A Baltimore paper described the Army's march from that point: "Blanchard raced around Navy's right end to the Navy thirty-two. . . . Blanchard hit left tackle for three. . . . Davis added three at right end. . . . Blanchard hit the middle for a first down on the Navy twenty-one. . . . Minor gained a yard at left guard. . . . Blanchard bullied his own hole at right tackle to gain a first down on the Navy nine. . . . Blanchard ripped through the middle for Army's second touchdown. . . . Score Army 15, Navy 7." Thereafter Doc and Glenn Davis brought the ball down the field for another score.

This year's Army-Navy game will be played on Saturday in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. Last year, the Blanchard clan was represented, for both mother and sister came North to see him play, and his cousin, Ed Tatum, Jim Tatum's brother, made the journey too. Unless something unforeseen happens, they'll be in Philadelphia this December. And once more the official attendance figures will differ from the unofficial by one, for an invisible giant of a man who once put a football in his son's crib for luck will be on hand.

Last year after the game, Little Doc said to Ed Tatum, "He was there, Ed. I could feel him patting me on the back after each play and saying, 'Hit like your daddy did, son.'" THE END





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# Stop This Railroading of Workers to Prison!

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**L**ABOR UNIONS AND ALL organizations of workers and "dirt" farmers—in fact, all groups and persons interested in questions of political and economic rights of the masses—should give quick and sharp attention to the attempt in Michigan **TO EXTINGUISH WITH ONE BLOW THE SUPPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF FREEDOM OF OPINION, FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS AND FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLAGE.**

## C.E. Ruthenberg Sentenced!

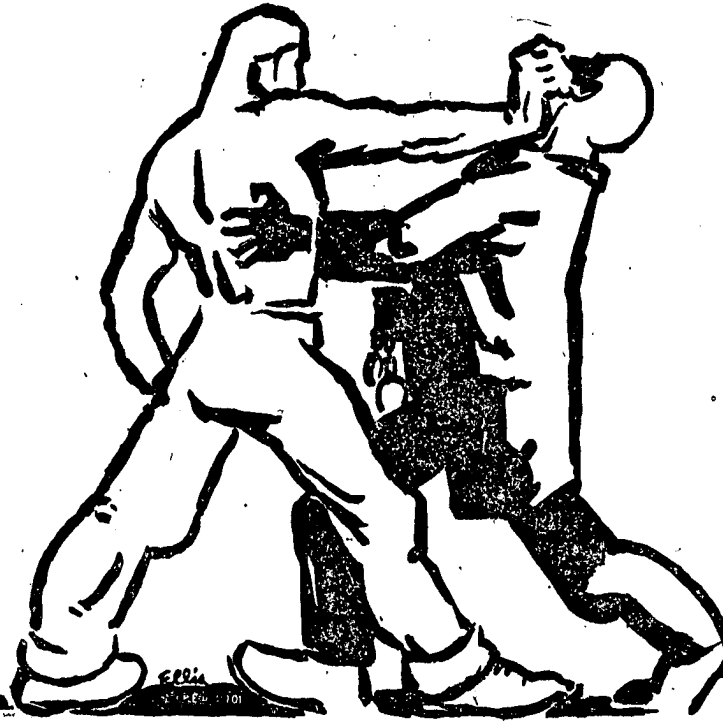
**T**HE Michigan Supreme Court's sustaining of the conviction of C. E. Ruthenberg, national executive secretary of the Workers (Communist) Party, with his condemnation to the penitentiary at Jackson, Michigan, under a savage sentence of three to ten years and a \$5,000 fine, and the opening of prosecutions against thirty-one leaders of that party—for nothing more than "assembling" and holding certain political opinions—is a blow at the foundation of whatever rights the masses are supposed to have. It is an effort to establish something like martial law over all organizations of the working people throughout the United States, in time of peace, to be used permanently to crush labor organizations.

The fight of REACTION to fasten new chains upon the Labor movement, twice condemned by the Michigan State Federation of Labor and denounced repeatedly by numerous progressive Labor bodies, and which all hoped had come to an end—has been re-opened with redoubled vigor.

## Robert Minor Next to Be Tried

**B**ACKED by the same old "open shop" gang of strike-breakers of William J. Burns and Harry M. Daugherty, with expenses cared for out

of large sums of money contributed from some secret source, the local prosecutor at St. Joseph, Michigan, has announced that Robert Minor, nationally known as a labor journalist and one of the leaders of the Workers (Communist) Party, will be the next defendant to be brought to trial, beginning in February. Robert Minor is known to the entire Labor movement of the



United States for his work in organizing the defense of Tom Mooney in the famous frame-up of San Francisco, growing out of the street-car strike of 1916. The intended hanging of Tom Mooney on infamous perjured testimony, was one of the first items on the program of the open shop drive of that year, and the work of rallying more than fifty A. F. of L. unions to a nation-wide defense organization and of securing the official endorsement of the defense by the whole of Organized Labor in America, as well as arousing the European Labor

movements to protest against the outrage, which thus prevented the hanging of Mooney, was led, inspired and organized by a group of workers among whom Minor was a chief leader. Now a case no less infamous than the Mooney frame-up (even while Mooney still lies in prison) faces the Labor movement. The Burns crew of strike-breakers and the sinister open shop forces behind them are bending all energies to the conviction of Minor, with the expressed intention of taking every one of the other Michigan cases and filling the Michigan penitentiary with workers to be condemned to years of penal servitude under no other charge than that of "assembling" peacefully and holding certain views regarding the struggle between Labor and capital.

An idea of the full significance of the cases is obtained from the following facts:



## William Z. Foster to be Again Prosecuted

**W**ILLIAM Z. FOSTER, noted leader of the great Steel Strike in 1919-20, founder of the Trade Union Educational League, now national chairman of the Workers (Communist) Party, candidate of that party in the election of 1924 for the presidency of the United States, who has already once been tried by a jury which failed to convict, will be again brought before the same criminal court in Michigan in the effort to put him in the penitentiary for a heavy term. The hatred of the Steel Trust against the leader of its half-million oppressed workers in their heroic struggle against that twelve-hour open-shop hell of the steel mills, seeks its revenge. Against the former leader and spokesman of the inhumanly oppressed packing-house workers, the hatred of Big Business plans revenge in Michigan. All the hatred of the open-shop reaction against a militant Labor leader who cannot be intimidated or swerved from his course, seeks to lock William Z. Foster into a living tomb on the charge of peaceably "assembling with" an organization holding certain opinions on the Labor struggle.

## William F. Dunne Intended Victim

**W**ILLIAM F. DUNNE, noted for his militant fight against the Copper Trust in organizing the workers of the Anaconda copper mines, for many years prominent in the Montana Federation of Labor and the A. F. of L. and now a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Workers (Communist) Party and editor of the "Daily Worker," will be railroaded to prison, not for any overt act, but solely for holding a political opinion and for "assembling" in a peaceful meeting—if the prosecution, backed by big business interests, has its way.

## Prosecutions Wholesale

**T**HE foregoing are only a few of those on the roll of revenge of the capitalist reaction. In addition are Max Bedacht, former editor of a German language labor paper of San Francisco, now a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Workers (Communist) Party; Jay Lovestone, also a member of the Workers Party executive committee; Earl R. Browder, closely

associated with Foster in the Trade Union Educational League, a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Workers Party and editor of the Workers Monthly; (Mrs.) Ella Reeve Bloor, who was for several years a general organizer of the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers and later an organizer of the International Association of Machinists, now an organizer of the Workers Party; Charles Krumbein, prominent in the Steamfitters and long active in the Chicago Federation of Labor; Philip Aaronberg, prominent in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at Chicago, and twenty-two other active workers in the Labor movement. These are: Caleb Harrison, William D. Reynolds, T. R. Sullivan, Cyril Lambkin, Seth Nordling, John Mihelic, Alex Bail, T. J. O'Flaherty, Max Lerner, Norman H. Tallentire, Charles Erickson, Eugene Bechtold, Elmer McMillan, Joseph Zack, A. V. Severino, Alexis Georgian, William Weinstone, John J. Ballam, Rose Pastor Stokes, G. A. Schulenberg, Rebecca Sacharow, and Edgar Owens.

## No Crime Committed!

**U**NDERSTAND, Workers, Farmers and all others interested in the cause of freedom! These men and women are not accused of any act criminal in itself. They are accused only of meeting together peaceably and of holding political opinions which are obnoxious to the big Wall Street interests of this country. The indictment on which they are being tried reads:

"That heretofore, to wit, on the 20th day of August, A. D. 1922, at the Township of Lake, and in the County and State aforesaid, (the defendants) did voluntarily assemble with a certain society, group and assemblage of persons, to wit, the Communist Party of America, formed to teach and advocate the doctrines of criminal syndicalism, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of Michigan."

That and nothing more. All other charges than "assembling" were shown to have no basis and were dismissed. No overt act could be proven or even alleged. Therefore there is no other issue here except that of the freedom of workers to choose their own political opinions and to assemble in peaceful meeting.

## Opening for General Reaction

**T**HERE can be no doubt that the re-opening of these persecutions is only a forerunner of further attacks upon the Labor movement and upon civil rights—just as the original arrests of these defendants was immediately followed by the Daugherty injunction and the general onslaught against the rights of Labor in 1922. The REACTION desires to bring about wage cuts, it desires to make further severe restrictions upon Labor organizations, to abolish the right to strike, etc. The REACTION begins by this new drive to imprison men for their opinions and for peacefully “assembling.” The REACTION will end in complete and naked tyranny, unless it is met, fought and defeated in the name of the cause of liberty.

## The Burns Crew Busy

**H**OW does it come about that men and women are thrown into prison on such charges? The only answer is seen when we learn who is back of the dastardly effort.

Who brought about the arrests? **WILLIAM J. BURNS**, the chief stool-pigeon and strike-breaker of the open shop movement of the United States! His agents, the labor spies, Jacob Spolansky and Max Burger, led the raid and arrests!

Who gave the order to Burns? **HARRY M. DAUGHERTY**, the Labor union smasher, Daugherty, the “hero” of the Teapot Dome swindle, Daugherty of the black bag, Daugherty the boot-leggers’ protector.

## Part of Drive Against Labor

**U**NDER what circumstances did the arrests take place? It was at the beginning of the great railroad and coal strikes of 1922. Jacob Spolansky, Burns’ labor spy, while making the arrests, remarked to several of the defendants:

“If these strikes had not been in progress your convention probably would not have been raided.”

The arrests were only a part of a general drive against the Labor movement at that time. Burns who engineered the raid was engaged at exactly the same time in attempts to smash the coal strike; his agents who participated in the raid in Michigan, were at the same time engaged in securing 15,000 fake “affidavits of crime” on the

part of the railroad workers, to substantiate the Daugherty injunction. Daugherty, who ordered the raids and who issued propaganda against the defendants, applied a week later for the infamous injunction against the railroad workers, declaring in open court “so long and to the extent that I can speak for the government of the United States I will use the power of the government to prevent the labor unions of the country from destroying the open shop.”

## It Is a “Burns Job”

**T**HE same forces—the dastardly “open shop” movement, the famous set of jury-fixers and professional strike-breakers which center about the private detective agency of William J. Burns in the service of anti-labor reaction—all of these constitute the machine which is conducting the prosecution at St. Joseph, Michigan. Allen O. Meyers, chief of Burns’ New York office of strike-breakers, came to Michigan to stir up a mob sentiment against the defendants. Meyers, employee of Burns’ private detective agency, made a speech to the Rotary Club in St. Joseph demanding the conviction of the labor defendants while Burns’ other underlings (on the federal pay-roll) directed the prosecution.

In short, the forces of the open shop movement are conducting the Michigan attack upon the workers’ rights.

Workers! You will meet this attack now, or you will find yourselves hamstrung and deprived of all rights of political opinion and labor organization in future!

## Defend Political Rights

**R**ECOGNIZING that the defense of the men and women thus attacked is not a personal matter of the individuals immediately concerned, but a great issue involving the rights of the millions, and that if such rights are not now successfully defended a great setback to every progressive cause will be the immediate result, a LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL has been organized to take up the defense of constitutional rights. The Labor Defense Council has the following purposes:

“For the defense of the Michigan criminal syndicalist defendants prosecuted at the instance of the federal secret service in its drive against organized labor.

“To carry on in connection with the legal defense, a campaign against all infringement

upon the right of free speech, free press and free assemblage and all measures restricting the rights of the workers."

### Labor Defense Council

THE National Committee of the LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL is composed of Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Norman B. Barr, director of the Olivet Institute, Chicago; Robert M. Buck, Washington, D. C.; John G. Clay, secretary of Teamsters' local union No. 172, Chicago; Lenetta M. Cooper, Chicago; Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mary T. Ferguson, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. H. Holly, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of Community Church, New York; Dr. John A. Lapp, National Catholic Welfare Council, Chicago; Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., director of the Social Action department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, Washington, D. C.; Moritz J. Loeb, Chicago; Hulet M. Wells, formerly president of the Seattle Central Labor Union; George P. West, San Francisco; Rev. David Rhys Williams, Chicago, Ill.; Edward C. Wentworth, Chicago, the chairman, and George Maurer, the secretary of the Labor Defense Council.

Co-operating with the national committee above named, is a committee representing the defendants, composed of William Z. Foster, C. E. Ruthenberg, Earl R. Browder and William F. Dunne.

More than forty Local Labor Defense Councils are functioning as delegate bodies with representatives from Trade Unions, labor political parties

and labor fraternal societies. These are in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth, Omaha, Portland, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Pittsburgh and many smaller cities.

### Appeal

THE LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL sends this urgent appeal to all Labor Organizations, all organizations of Farmers, all groups of public spirited citizens and to all individuals to whom the cause of liberty still has a meaning, to come quickly to the rescue of their own cause in this case. We ask you to obtain contributions of money from your organization's funds and to contribute from your own means. We ask your MORAL SUPPORT in the form of resolutions to be passed by your Trade Unions and other organizations.

The defendants are working men and women who alone cannot meet the tremendous expense of fighting these cases. Arrayed behind this reactionary prosecution are seemingly unlimited sums of money from sources unknown. Every legal means obtainable at any expense is being used for the purpose of extinguishing your and our constitutional rights.

The LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL must at all cost carry the appeal of C. E. Ruthenberg through its final conclusion in the United States supreme court, in which Ruthenberg has been granted bail with temporary release. Funds must be raised immediately for this appeal, as well as for the big legal battles which will ensue in the trial court in Michigan.

We ask you to contribute generously and quickly to this defense.

**STOP THE RAILROADING! SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTION NOW!**

Labor Defense Council, Room 307,  
166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$..... my (our) contribution for the Defense of the Michigan Cases.

Name of Organization.....

Sender's Name .....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....