

What's On

SATURDAY SYMPOSIUM—on War—at 165 Thastford Av. Brooklyn. Speakers: Dr. H. Schlocher of Columbia University and Quincy Howe, editor of "Living Age," 8 p.m. Adm. 15c. in advance and 25 cents at door. Proceeds to go to send a delegate to the Chicago Student Anti-War Congress.

EAST Side Workers Forum: Subject: "The Scottsboro Case." Speaker: Joseph North, Downtown Workers Center, 96 Ave. C, 230 p.m. Admission 10 cents.

SCOTTSBORO TAG DAYS, SAT., SUN. All Out to Save Lives of 9 Boys NEW YORK—Scottsboro tag days will be held today and tomorrow.

NEED CARS FOR SCOTTSBORO PARADE Workers who have cars are asked to be at the Spanish Workers' Club, 450 5th St., Harlem, at 2 p.m. tomorrow to take part in the parade to the Harlem Workers' Center, 650 Lenox Ave., where Mrs. Ada Wright will speak.

AMUSEMENTS

ANNA STEN "TEMPEST" with EMIL JANNINGS "Extraordinarily Interesting... Dramatic Intensity..." - N. Y. SUN

ITALIAN PROLETARIAN EVENING CONCERT AND DANCE to celebrate the birth of "L'UNITA' OPERAIA" Weekly Paper of the Italian Workers

INAUGURATION DANCE to be held at The Laurel Garden Hall 75 East 116th Street SATURDAY EVENING Dec. 17, 8 P. M.

MAXIM GORKY FESTIVAL FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23rd at 8:30 P. M. Central Opera House—67th Street and 3rd Avenue

SCOTT NEARING Lecture "PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THE AMERICAN WORKER" Sunday, December 25th

WORKERS ATTENTION! Only Cafeteria in Garment District Above 34th Street employing members of the FOOD WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION

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OLD AND NEW PATRONS Eat at SCHILDKRAUT'S VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT 4 WEST 28TH STREET ONLY STORE IN NEW YORK

J. LOUIS ENGDahl Mass Memorial Meeting SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18th, at 7 P. M. BRONX COLISEUM 177th Street and West Farms Road

Workers School Forum 35 EAST 12th STREET SECOND FLOOR SAM DON of the Agitprop Department (Central Committee, C.P.U.S.) will lecture on "The End of Capitalist Stabilization"

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N.Y. DAILY WORKER CITY COMMITTEE will meet SATURDAY, DEC. 17 2 P. M. 50 E. 13th ST. ROOM 309

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Daily Worker

Central Organ of the Communist Party U.S.A.

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An End to All Evictions!

FOR the entire working class, employed and unemployed, there is no single greater immediate need than organized mass struggle for drastic reductions of rent—against evictions.

In New York City courts from January to October inclusive, this third year of the crisis, there were 259,602 eviction processes according to the official figures.

To accept the customary figure of five per family in estimating approximately the number of heads of families and their dependents affected by this savage onslaught of landlords, real estate sharks, police and bailiffs upon unemployed and part time workers, would approach "rotten liberalism."

In three years of the crisis, with its ever increasing mass unemployment and sweeping wage cuts, hundreds of thousands of families have been compelled to take in relatives, to make one apartment, tenement or flat do for two or more families. Consequently, instead of 1,300,000 people being served with eviction notices, on the basis of five per family, the number is undoubtedly in the neighborhood—probably in excess of 2,000,000.

Translated into terms of poverty, hunger and other forms of human misery, these figures stagger the imagination.

There have been struggles against evictions in other cities, notably in Chicago. There have been struggles for reductions in rent. The Communist Party and the Unemployed Councils have taken a leading part in these battles.

But the situation in New York certainly typifies the general situation in the large cities of the United States. Viewed from this angle it is clear that these struggles have merely touched some of the more flagrant instances of this phase of the capitalist offensive.

The facts show not only is the widest and most militant organization and mass struggle needed but that it is entirely possible to bring into decisive action against the eviction atrocities on a wholesale scale new and far larger sections of the working class, poverty-stricken professional groups and ruined middle class forces.

We call the attention of the Party organizations and the Communist fractions in the Unemployed Councils to the tremendous scope of the eviction drive and the vital necessity for extending the mass struggle on this issue in connection with the fight for immediate cash winter relief and compulsory federal unemployment insurance.

Reduction of rents! No evictions of unemployed and part time workers!

"L'Unita Operaia"

THE Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U. S. A. greets the new Italian Revolutionary paper—"L'Unita Operaia." This paper is very much needed to win the large masses of Italian workers in this country for the revolutionary way out of the present crisis of capitalism.

There are about five million Italian workers in the United States. Most of these workers are in basic industries such as coal mining, steel, oil, railroad, textiles, etc. Their standard of living has been cut to the bone by the present crisis and the capitalist offensive.

There are among the hardest hit by mass unemployment, wage cuts and the criminal mass deportation of foreign-born workers. To this persecution and starvation the Italian workers are answering with willingness to organize and struggle. Hundreds of them are entering the ranks of our Party.

Such a section of the working class cannot be neglected by us, it must be won from the influence of fascism spread among them by the Italian-American bourgeois press, and from the illusions spread among them by the socialist and anarchist press which paves the way for fascism.

American imperialism as well as the Italian fascist embassy in Washington understand the importance of the Italian workers in the class struggle in this country as well as the role these workers will play in the approaching sharp struggles of the proletariat in Italy.

There is the fact that "Il Lavoratore" was deprived of second class mailing privileges, the same persecution visited upon the "Ordine Nuovo" which succeeded "Il Lavoratore." "L'Unita," a revolutionary magazine, was declared "immoral" by the post office authorities.

There is no doubt that behind this persecution in the Italian embassy. We call upon the Italian workers to support "L'Unita Operaia" by subscribing to it, by sending financial contributions to it, and above all to popularize the paper among the broad masses of Italian workers in order that it may grow more powerful and become a daily paper.

We call upon all our Party workers to see every Italian Party member become a subscriber, a supporter and also a correspondent for "L'Unita Operaia." The literature agents of our sections and units throughout the country must at once call the office of the paper: 813 Broadway, New York City, or write to P. O. Box 189, Station "D," New York City, and make arrangements for a bundle order of the paper to be sold in the Italian neighborhoods and factories where Italian workers are employed.

Our District and Section Organizers must see to it that some of our best Italian comrades are assigned to build organizations among Italian workers to strengthen the mass base of support and circulation of the paper.

MAKE L'UNITA OPERAIA A POWERFUL WORKING CLASS WEAPON!

WIN THE MAJORITY OF THE ITALIAN WORKERS FOR THE REVOLUTION!

LONG LIVE L'UNITA OPERAIA!

Central Committee of the Communist Party of U.S.A.

J. Louis Engdahl's Role in Fight for Scottsboro Boys

By WILLIAM L. PATTERSON. (General Sec'y Int'l Labor Defense)

A MEMORIAL tribute to J. Louis Engdahl, National Secretary of the International Labor Defense, will be held this Sunday night at the Bronx Coliseum. Black and white, native and foreign-born workers and their friends should be there. This is the tribute to a man who played a glorious part in the struggle for the human liberty of the Scottsboro boys.

J. Louis Engdahl was a martyr of the class struggle. He was no less a victim of the bloody terror of the ruling class than if he had laid down his life in the fiercest clash of armed forces. Harassed by secret services men of America and foreign countries, persecuted by the police of 16 European countries, Engdahl was so weakened from the struggle with the class enemy without, he had no power to resist disease, the enemy from within.

There could have been no more fitting climax to his life than that he should have died in Moscow, capital of the Workers' Fatherland. From here the cry of the masses that saved Tom Mooney's life came. Mooney and Scottsboro, Scottsboro and Mooney—his links them together. There is an inseparable link between the struggle Engdahl led and the socialist construction of the Russian workers. The one gives added strength to the other.

It was while J. Louis Engdahl was its general secretary that the International Labor Defense and its supporters laid the basis for complete victory in the Scottsboro case. Only a partial victory was achieved in his lifetime. That partial victory was realized because the Scottsboro case was internationalized—because the current of Negro liberation was merged with struggle of the working class. This could not have been accomplished if there had not been some understanding that Scottsboro was an act of national oppression and more—that a blow in defense of Negro liberation was at once an act of defense of the struggles of the whole working class.

By defending the Scottsboro boys, the struggles against mass unemployment and mass starvation are defended. By defending the Scottsboro boys, American imperialism is attacked. By attacking American imperialism the socialist fortress is defended. By defending the world of socialism the imperialist world is attacked. J. Louis Engdahl saw this. As an enduring statue to J. Louis Engdahl, build the International Labor Defense into an irresistible weapon of working-class defense. The memorial to J. Louis Engdahl should launch the victorious march toward which he led so decisive a forward step.

"ANOTHER LITTLE X-MAS GIFT FOR YOU, BROTHER!"

—By Burck



Frame-Ups of Tampa Victims

By LUIS ORTIZ

Here we have a case, born of the class struggle, in which American and Latin American workers who have taken their places in the revolutionary movement of the United States, to which they belong, who had the courage to raise the banner of the Communist Party of the United States with its program of liberation of the oppressed Negro people in the United States, in the Southern State of Florida, with its criminal system of Jim-crowism, segregation, etc., for the Negroes, rotting in jail and the murderous chain-gangs.

This fact must serve to bring the Party and the whole revolutionary movement of the United States to frankly look at the true causes which underlie the underestimation of this case. THE Tampa case, in which colonial workers from Cuba, Mexico, Uruguay, and other Latin-American countries, are victims of the most vicious frame-up, must be the signal for a general mobilization of the revolutionary working class and toiling masses in the United States, under the leadership of our Party and the International Labor Defense. Forward to the defense of the Tampa prisoners! Long live the unity of the American and Latin American toilers! (THE END.)

WHAT WAS THAT SONG?

A STORY OF AN UNEMPLOYED WORKER

By FRED R. MILLER

(Copyright by Revolutionary Writers' Federation)

THE STORY SO FAR—Previous instalments of "What Was That Song?" described the conversation between an unemployed worker and his wife who were about to be evicted. The worker had told her that the judge had given them five days to move; he then described his fruitless visit to the charities, and the demonstration for relief outside. Returning to his flat, the worker scrapes together the last bits of stale food. Now read on:

The last thing I did was scratch off about a dozen oat flakes that was stuck to the inside bottom of the Quaker Oats box. I put them in my hand, and after pouring plenty of salt and pepper on I gobbled it up like it was a plate of ham and eggs. There was some coffee left in the pot, so I poured out a cup to wash the feed down with. It froze my teeth. I felt like smoking after that. The snipe wasn't dry yet. I thought of the pipe on the mantelpiece and took it down. I didn't have anything but ashes in it. For some reason I got the crazy idea of trying to smoke a pipe full of coffee. So I went back to the cupboard, got the coffee bag, and then I knocked the ashes out of the pipe and loaded up with the ground coffee. The first couple of pulls wasn't bad. In a minute, though, the stuff began to stink like burning hair. I said out loud, "What the Jesus," and made a bee-line for the sink.

The old lady looked starved. I says, "Babe, I got out, ain't there anything left that we can put in cook?" So's youse two and the kid could have a couple of more meals. Can't tell when these cops'll come through, all of that red tape." Ellen says, "Only my coat. The one with the fur. Maybe you could raise a buck or so on it. I fell like smoking after that. The snipe wasn't dry yet. I thought of the pipe on the mantelpiece and took it down. I didn't have anything but ashes in it. For some reason I got the crazy idea of trying to smoke a pipe full of coffee. So I went back to the cupboard, got the coffee bag, and then I knocked the ashes out of the pipe and loaded up with the ground coffee. The first couple of pulls wasn't bad. In a minute, though, the stuff began to stink like burning hair. I said out loud, "What the Jesus," and made a bee-line for the sink.

THE next morning I was going to the station house for a bar of coal. It was like this. The plain-clothes bull came around to the house to investigate, see. He seen the old lady sitting there next to the stove with her coat on, so he tells me about a load of coal just coming in from the Mayor's Committee. He said every family that was registered at the station house could take away a hundred pounds of it. "You dust around there with a bag," he says to me. "I'm going to put you down for an active case, so you'll be all set. They'll bring you a food check today or tomorrow, and every two weeks after that. By rights you ought to get a check

every week, but the Mayor's Committee ain't giving us enough checks to go around. So we have to deal them out the best way we can. "And say," he says, "I'm going to recommend you for financial aid, see? You owe three months' rent—is that right? Well, I'm pretty sure the Committee won't pay it all, but you can bank on getting a check out of them. Mightn't be a whole lot, maybe say just enough to pay one month's rent and a little over."

"You mean enough for us to move to another dump like this, huh?" I says. The kid was squawking in the front room. I could hear Ellen trying to calm it down. The squawks made me jumpy.

The bull says, "Well, you know. We ain't supposed to advise no tenant to beat the landlord out of his back rent." He give me a wink. "You know how it is. When they bring you the check, just use your own judgment."

"Sure, I get the idea," I says. "But will this jack show up before we get kicked out, that's the question."

"Oh, you'll get it all right. Don't worry. Just keep your head out of the barrel, that's the main thing. Everybody gets a bad break sometime. So long, uh, Harry."

I got ready to go out. I went over to the sink and washed my hands. Then when I was wiping myself I happened to look in the looking glass and seen I needed a shave. The whiskers was so long they made me look like some Bolshevik in the movies. But it was no use trying to shave with that blade I had. I got about fifty shaves out of that blade. It wouldn't pull out the hairs any more, let alone cut 'em.

Ellen came in while I was putting my coat on. Both her and

watching everywhere. The major part of the column is unattached. The major part of the leadership is safe. We had telephoned Philadelphia and Baltimore to the representatives of the I.L.D. They are coming. They will take care of the prisoners. Our family is on the alert.

It is way past midnight. The nurses have finished their work. The crowd is gradually overwhelmed with sleep. Only a few are awake. Those are the older and most responsible comrades. They are working out a plan for tomorrow. They are mobilizing the forces of the Hunger March for a new day of struggle.

Putting the old lady like her out in the street in this weather. The two guys had all of the furniture out in no time. There was a lot of people watching them, but they never paid any attention. A big beefy cop came out of the house and stood there on the stoop, looking down at the crowd. He moved over to let the two guys carry a little bureau down the steps. After they put it next to the other stuff, one of them took his hat off and wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his coat. I think he was the Marshal. Well, that's what he says. "There's that landlady hiding, do you know?"

Before the cop could say anything, everybody heard hollering down the street. We looked and seen a bunch of men coming along the pavement. They wasn't losing any time. The Marshal says, "Well, I'll be God damned. They're Reds, I'll bet a dollar. Here's where we have a battle!"

The men piled right through the crowd and started to grab a hold of the furniture. You might of thought the cop wasn't there, for all they cared. They says to us, "All right, comrades. Back into the house with it. That's the front!"

The cop come off of the stoop. He moves up to them and says, "What the hell do you think you're going to do?"

They says, "We're going to put this furniture back, that's what." "Oh, no, you don't." "Come on, get out of the way," they says. Well, while the flatfoot and the Marshal was trying to hold back one bunch, three other guys runs into the house carrying some stuff. I didn't see where the Marshal's helper got to. The crowd began booing at the cop, saying it was a dirty shame to put an old lady out in the street. Then it started. (CONCLUDED MONDAY)

The Battle of Wilmington

The Courageous Fight of the Militant Hunger Marchers in Du Pont's City

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

EVER since we left New York we knew that trouble was brewing in Wilmington. Wilmington, we were told, would not permit a parade of the Hunger Marchers. Wilmington would not permit us even to leave our trucks. Press, pulpit and city administration had conducted an insidious propaganda against the Hunger March.

The Hunger Marchers had to prepare. We had to reckon with the possibility of an attack. We discussed the question in our trucks. We made a unanimous decision. And there could be only one decision: We demonstrate on the streets of Wilmington!

WE SHOW OUR STRENGTH! When we arrived in Chester, Pennsylvania, twelve miles distance from Wilmington, we were perfectly aware of the fact that the stronger our stand in this last stop before the state of Delaware, the more the Delaware authorities would appreciate our power.

It is necessary to understand the psychology of the rulers and their armed servants in relation to the March. They know that there are in the world men of power and beggars. The men of power deserve respect; the beggars deserve contempt. A man like DuPont is a power; he owns Wilmington; he owns its plants and its ammunition factories on the other side of the Delaware, in New Jersey; Governor Buck of Delaware is proud to have married into the house of the Du Ponts. A Du Pont certainly deserves respect. The Hunger Marchers, on the other hand, are beggars; they wear poor clothes; they are unshaven, underfed; they have no food stores and must rely on outside aid; we had no place to sleep in and lay down wherever we found a spot. According to all rules and regulations of capitalist society, people like the Marchers were to be meek, submissive, docile, thankful for not being locked up. And here, the unexpected thing happened; these beggars came with a pride and a dignity, these tattered individuals did not beg, but demanded, like one who has power. They did have power. What could the authorities do with this kind of a crowd?

THEY were in a quandry and we knew it. We also knew that everything depended upon our stand. If we are better organized, more determined, if the rank and file understands better the whole plan of action, it will be easier for us to confuse the rulers.

We marched into Chester like a well-organized army. We paraded through the city in excellent order. We arrived at the center of the city, in front of City Hall and we told the workers about ourselves and our aims. We told them we were going to parade through any circumstances. "We will fight to the last ditch," said Carl Winter, one of our leaders, and his words were heard not only by the workers of Chester, but also by the police; they were heard by the capitalist reporters who transmitted them to the Wilmington chief of police, and Black, the superintendent of public safety, who learned that the Hunger Marchers (our Column) were an army of 1,200 united, embittered and determined fighters.

OUR PROGRAM AND TACTICS Between Chester and Wilmington our trucks tightened their discipline and made their last-minute preparations. Here are the major points of our program and tactics as worked out on the road and agreed to by every member of every truck:

- 1. We parade through Wilmington with banners, placards, music and singing. 2. Individual marchers receive orders from nobody but their commanders. 3. We do not attack the police, but if the police attacks we defend ourselves. 4. We do not break our ranks if individual marchers are arrested. 5. We defend the Negro comrades who would possibly be the first to be attacked by the police; we do not allow them to

be snatched out of our ranks. 6. The Negro comrades defend themselves also, not waiting for their white comrades. 7. We hold at least two open-air meetings in Wilmington. 8. We stay over night in Wilmington.

When we reached the city limits of Wilmington, we were all taut like a bow string. A delegation had been sent by us to inform the police officials that we were going to parade. The answer was "No, you won't parade."

WE PARADED. We marched with unusual agility; we kept our ranks closed; we sang; we exclaimed; we chanted in chorus, and there was a hot flare of enthusiasm surging through the ranks. The population poured into the streets to watch us. Many applauded. The crowds stood in thick rows all along the streets, sometimes several hundred in one block. We passed thirty-two blocks. When we saw a Negro crowd we chanted: "Negro and white, unite and fight."

This never failed to call forth enthusiastic applause from among the Negroes. The Column kept marvelous order. The marchers walked like one, rhythmically, crisply, keeping time, heads erect, eyes ablaze. It wasn't a mob, no indeed. It was not a crowd of beggars either! It was an organization of fighters!

A WORD must be said about the marchers. They were elected haphazardly on broad lines, in pool rooms, in flop houses, in block committees. Most of them were a raw element, just drawn into the movement. Most of them had never participated in a clash with constituted authorities. For the first time, they were learning the meaning of revolutionary proletarian struggle. They were awakening to a realization of something overwhelming: the power of their class.

We approached the garage at the corner of Front and Madison Sts., where about 800 of us were to stay over night. Another group of about 200 was sent to the Italian Labor Lyceum. A third was to stay over night in a Polish club, in the former building of a Catholic Church. There were many women in this latter division.

IN THE POLISH CHURCH With shouts and laughter we poured into the Polish church. A large building—one big hall with a platform; a few steps leading down to a kitchen in the basement. The hall was almost empty except for a few dozen chairs. But the entire building was well heated and the floor was clean. We sat down on the chairs and on the floor—some 250 men and women. There was a great deal of shouting, singing, joking. We were all somewhat intoxicated with our own victory. Supper was served down below. The tables could seat only about 80 and we had to eat in three shifts. But that made no difference, since the meal was gobbled up in a minute or two.

Exhilarated after the march, and cheered by the warmth of the room, we started dancing. Somebody banged the piano which we discovered on the platform. Soon several dozen comrades were whirling around the hall. This did not prevent others from spreading their belongings on the floor and going to sleep. It was 9 o'clock. Soon everybody would settle down for a night's rest.

KNOW OF POLICE ACTIVITY We knew that there were police detachments on the corner of Chestnut and Adams. We knew that a street meeting was to take place not far from the church. We knew, however, that our speakers were to address the local crowd.

For us, the mass of the marchers, the day was over. Still, when we heard that a meeting was in progress right in front of the church, many of us stepped out to listen and to support the speakers. We learned that the police had dispersed the meeting scheduled to take place at Chestnut and Adams, and that this was our second attempt to address the local people.

WE SAW police everywhere. Squads of police. Uniforms all around. Trucks with mounted machine guns. Policemen armed with sawed-off shotguns. They were forming groups and lines in front of the church, trying to separate the mass of Wilmingtonians gathered in front of the church.

AND this is the scene before the battle started. Police in various corners of the street. Police in front of the church on the opposite sidewalk. Police in the middle of the street flanking the crowd. Our speaker, at the head of the stairs leading from the church to the sidewalk. Around our speaker several dozen hunger marchers, while the majority remained inside the building unaware of what was going on outside. The police were obviously in an ugly temper, but who cared. We had carried out the first part of our program. We were determined to carry out the second part as to an open-air meeting. Our activities were to serve for the local workers as an example of how organization, and determination could break police bans.

The battle started with the police beginning to mount the stairs. Policemen began to push our speakers. Some attempted to make arrests. The marchers offered resistance. Police clubs were raised, but strong hands seized police arms, fists met fists. The bluecoats became enraged. They didn't expect that. They began to push us back from the porch into the church. The marchers entered the hall but refused to let the police in. They locked the door and pushed against it in a big compact mass. The police were locked out.

In the kitchen below a few dozen women gathered. There is a door leading from the kitchen to the street. The police tried to break that door. But the women built a barricade of tables and chairs. The policemen brought hatchets to break the door. In the meantime the electric light went out in the kitchen. When the bluecoats finally forced their way into the kitchen, they were met by chair legs, welded aply. Our battle ensued, with the women fighting even better than the men. "The women fought like tigers," said the Wilmington Press the following morning.

THE main hall was besieged for a while with the police unable to get in. Then, tear gas bombs were thrown from outside into the hall. Many exploded. Some were snatched by our comrades and thrown back through the window before they exploded. The big hall was filled with gas. The marchers coughed. Their eyes smarted. First they tried to lay down on the floor where the gas was not so heavy. Some comrades broke all the windows to let air in. Others were throwing parts of the chairs into the police force outside. Finally a comrade suggested that all leave the hall through a side window opening into the street. The comrades, about 200, mostly women, soon found themselves in the street—and here the mass battle only began.

PROLETARIAN RESISTANCE The marchers must be given due credit. They showed an example of powerful proletarian resistance. They did not attack but they did not take attacks passively. They did not provoke, but they did not allow themselves to be provoked. A policeman drew a gun. The moment was tense. He was in a white rage. One of the women comrades began to talk to him. She did not say anything soothing. She just said, "You are a coward. A man with a gun against unarmed people. You better put your gun away and step up; let's see how you can



"They Started Putting the Furniture Back."

By QUIET