Subject: Julius Rosenberg

File Number: 155-15348

Section: Sub E (7)
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NEW YORK FILE

SUBJECT  Julius Rosenberg

FILE NO.  65.15348
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VOLUME NO. 7

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Immortals

Scenes from the Lives of
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

PART IV.

Julie Learns of Hunger and Strikes
WHEN he arrived in this country, Harry Rosenberg, 18 years old, already was a man. He had served his apprenticeship as a garment worker in Lomza, in the province of Bialystok, Poland, then under rule of Czarist Russia and a center of trade dating back to the 16th Century, going there as a boy from his native village to learn a trade.

Two years later a countryman who had worked in the same shop with him in Lomza and preceded him to New York, introduced Harry Rosenberg to his sister, Sophie Cohen, 17, round-cheeked, with the candid eyes of a girl, but dressed in long flowing skirts.

Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg, now 68, clasped the photograph of the handsome 18-year-old Harry, dressed in Homburg hat and fine overcoat, and smiled. "How he dressed!" she said. "He was a sport."

A girl of 14 when she arrived, a year later Sophie put up her hair pompadour fashion, donned the sweeping skirt and shirtwaist and became a breadwinner. Only after the passage of other brothers and sisters and her mother was assured, was her year-long engagement to Harry terminated in marriage, and her factory days over.

POINTING to a photograph of herself at 15, she recalled how "the inspector came around and said, 'Such a child's face for a young lady who says she's 18. Don't you lie?' and called over the boss, who shrugged and said, 'So, she's 18.' Thus began four years of sewing on buttons and putting tags on shirts, from 7:30 in the morning to 6:30 at night, six days a week, for 88 a week. "But how I produced! You had to be fast to make so much."

That is why, she explained, she cannot read the published letters of her son, Julius, and her daughter-in-law Ethel, even the new edition published in Israel which reached her 10 days ago, for she never learned to read English or Yiddish, let alone Hebrew. "In Europe we had to pay the teacher to come to the home—and feed him, too. I had four brothers, and my mother said, 'You are a girl, you don't need education, you learn to cook.'"

HER HUSBAND was "always a good union man, and for years a shop chairman,” and from their father her children learned by example never to lie, never to betray a fellow worker or the union, and to hate all stoop pigeons. To lie to a boss to get a job was another matter, and something any worker or even God himself would understand.

"My children never fight with each other like some children," said the mother, of her five children.

"When some boy would pick a fight, my Julie would fight him, but he'd never tell. He'd come even when he was so high—and if I see he's been in a fight, and I ask him what the matter, he'll say nothing's the matter. And he won't tell who the other boy is, so I quit asking."

Years later he was to tell her, as she put it: "You want I should be like my brother-in-law David? I couldn't live with myself if I did that. Because he did that to two innocent people should we do it to others?"

HER DAUGHTER Ethel, Julie's sister, present at some of the interviews, spoke of other ways in which Julie resembled his father. "Can't you see they look alike?" she said, smiling, gazing at the engagement photo of father and mother—in which, across his vest, is displayed a heavy gold chain, the same chain which with his old-fashioned gold watch, given to Julie, the FBI still keeps as evidence.

"My brother, he loved to laugh, everyone loved his company. And on Jewish holidays, after the prayers, he was always the life of the party. My father was the same.
I enjoyed the holidays. He told us their meaning, stories from the Bible. Then he'd tell us about his boyhood in Europe. It seemed so strange and foreign to us, and we never tired of these stories. My parents were curious, so we never traveled anywhere on any of the holidays, and we were always together. Now tell us what it's like in Europe, one of us would ask, and my father would begin. Some of his stories had a funny twist to them, and others were sad, and in the candlelight, they seemed more sad.

"But one of the sad ones we asked for time and again. It was about a brother of his, who had to travel a long distance one night, of course by horseback, and who fell asleep in the saddle, slipped off his horse and was killed. There were 13 children in his family, but they kept dying; they were so poor and half-starved, though his mother thought a 'bad omen' was over them. Finally she told him to leave to escape the bad omen, and after he got to America he sent for his sister."

JULIE LOVED to tell about the meaning of the different holidays, too, and his father would listen to him proudly as July, a fine scholar in Hebrew, would take over the father's role of telling Bible stories.

From the crowded cabinet in the corner of Mrs. Rosenberg's living room at 38 Laurel Hill Terrace, whose glass doors she had unlocked, the mother now plucked another faded photo.

Unframed, and mounted on stiff gray cardboard decorated on top with a motif of American flags, it showed Julie at 18 months, smiling as if he expected some delightful happening. He had blond curls and blue eyes and a smile that would melt a heart of stone, the sister said. He stayed blond as a little boy, too, like Michael, the mother said. Both women wept. From the nearby river, where Michael and Robbie used to like to watch the boats, came the sound of a tug's whistle.

THE CABINET held various wedding photographs, one or two in color, of Mrs. Rosenberg's children—but none of Ethel and Julie, who were too penniless when they were married to consider having a wedding picture made. A creased and faded snapshot of the two, made three or four years later on one of their infrequent trips into the country, was the only picture of them the mother had. "I would not part with it for a second, not..."
ON THE LOWER SHELVES were Julie's childhood books, familiar reading to American boys from coast to coast before the advent of comic books. Dusty and faded, they suggested frequent readings by the light of the hissing gas fixtures which were the common, source of light for most of the Lower East Side when Julie was in her first reading years.

Among them were Phil, the Fiddler, by Horatio Alger, Jr.; The Motor Boys Under the Sea; The Border Boys Across the Frontier, by Deering; The Chasers of Mars, by Edgar Rice Burroughs; The Ocean Wireless Boys in War-Swept Seas, by Capt. Wilbur Lawton; Strange Stories of 1912 and Comrades in New York—or Sharing the Smugglers.

Other old companions of Julie's and countless other thousands of boys in pre-television days included The Boy Allies in the Baltic, and, of course, Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout, Tom Swift and His Motorcycle and other Tom Swift thrillers.

ABOVE THEM were the adult choices of Ethel and Julie, most of which could be duplicated in any progressive's library even in homes which, like Ethel's and Julie's, had no rugs on the floor. There was Dreiser's American Tragedy, so worn as to suggest a second-hand store book; Carlson's Under Cover; the Dean of Canterbury's Soviet Power (in Yiddish); Shirley Graham's There Was Once a Slave; Agnes Smedley's Battle Hymn of China, and Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass.

A well-used copy of All About Feeding Children and a couple of Julie's textbooks on electrical engineering were seen.

Others were Barrows Dunham's Man Against Myth; Howard Fast's My Glorious Brothers; Meridel LeSueur's North Star Country; Gentlemen's Agreement; The Plot Against the Peace, and Sabotage, both by Sayers and Kahn; Upton Sinclair's Wide Is the Gate; Lincoln Steffens' Autobiography and They Were Expendables by W. L. White.

JULIE was born May 12, 1918 at Lying-In Hospital, on 11 and Second Ave., youngest of...
According to the daughter Ethel, Harry Rosenberg, was a sample-maker, getting as much as $125 a dress at one point, such was his skill.

FATHER AND SON remained deeply attached always, and when his father was stricken, "Julie just moved over to the hospital and stayed night and day that last week; he had a good wife—she said, 'Go, that is where you must be.' Ah," she sighed, a deep sigh which rustled through the quiet room, while her hands fluttered to her lined checks to wipe away the tears.

One of the bleakest periods in their early days of struggle was when Julie was three years old. That was when they had a top fifth-floor cold-water flat on Broome Street.

The "snow water" dripped down through the roof, the chill air was swept through rattling windows by the winter wind, and in the old toilet in the hall, there was not even the gas light which feebly lit the rest of the flat. Little Julie feared the dark little cavern in the hall, so his mother would go in with him, holding aloft a candle whose flame sputtered and wept as the wind seeped through the door.

It was here on Broome Street that he had the measles, while the father was out on a long strike. Julie didn't complain, even when the children were hungry. Pale and big-eyed, he would scrape a hole in the frosted window-pane and look out over the roof-tops at the falling snow.

JUST in the remembering of the child Julie, the mother's face softened and her eyes glowed like the candles in the five-pronged Menorah candelabra, beside which stood her grandmother's heavy brass candlesticks, polished and gleaming. It was a Friday night, which mother and daughter spend together since that awful Friday night in June. (Another daughter through the strain of the last year suffered a nervous collapse and still is ill.)

"I remember, we were so poor, my mother hard-boiled the eggs..."
she could divide one among

Julie's sister said, smiling at

it were the rarest of joys, in the

way these women did whenever

any recollection other than those

of the past three ghastly years

briefly claimed her attention.

Then the mother went on.

"there was no bread in the house

finally, and no milk. I had to leave

Julie, and go down and stand in

line, a long line, where the union

was giving out milk to the families

of the men on strike."

HER MEMORIES roused,
Sophie Rosenberg went through a

recital of the childhood illnesses

and accidents Julie had had. Not

that he had been a sickly child;

they were not much different from

the ordinary experiences any work-

ing class mother lives through with

each child. Despite interruptions

she persisted doggedly in this re-

cital. Only at the end did the

thought running through all her

recollections become apparent.

There was the time, when Julie

was four or five years old, when

Sophie Rosenberg, spending the

Sabbath with her children at her

mother's home, at Third Street and

Avenue C, saw a taxi hit a child

running across the street. When

someone picked him up and car-

ried him closer, she saw he was

her own.

"I never gave my children pen-

nies for candy on Shabbas (the

Sabbath or Saturday), but Yovni

had asked his older brother

Davey for a penny to get a

chocolate, and was running back

with it. I took him, blood and

chocolate on his face, and carried

him to Governor's Hospital."

She was in her eighth month,

carrying her sixth child, and lost

the baby. But Julie was saved.

Then, her capable small brown

hands folded in her lap, she went

on: "It was when Julie was 10,

and we had moved from Columbia

St. to 128 Baruch Pl, that Julie

got appendicitis. He was so sick,

but he didn't want to miss school.

I'm a monitor now, Mamma, they

will be expecting me," he said.

THE DOCTOR had failed to
diagnose it as appendicitis, but

Mrs. Rosenberg made her own
diagnosis, and when his fever went
to 104 degrees, she took him to
Post Graduate Hospital. "Standing
waiting for a taxi, I was crying.

Yovni looked at me, said, 'Mamma,
you're crying,' so surprised. I said,

'No, my kind (child). I don't cry.'"

Informed the appendix had burst

and it would be difficult to save

him, the mother followed the

stretcher as he was wheeled away,

and at the door of the operating

room heard Julie say, "Mamma,

don't you worry." After the opera-

tion, when she was allowed to see

him, a nurse told her he'd been

crying for her. Bending over him,

she heard him whisper, "Mamma,

I wanted to see your face."

She turned the palms of her

work-worn hands outward in a ges-

ture of helplessness. "I bring him

through the measles. I bring him

through the accident. I bring him

through the appendicitis. But I

can't bring him through this last."

CONTINUING her quiet-spoken

lament, she went on, as if search-

ing for an answer as to why a Jew-

ish mother after escaping from the

dark oppression of the European

ghetto should find herself pitted

against all the vengeful might of

a powerful government in her

struggle to "bring him through this

last."

"I went to see Judge Kaufman

last winter. He would not look at

me with his eyes. I say, 'I want
to see your face.' I say to him my

two children are innocent, they are

pure like the snow. And I tell him,

Then, if you give it to him, give

it to me, too, for I do not wish to

live."

Her voice strong now in its ac-

cusation, she asked, "Why? Why?

Why did they have to murder my

two children who never harmed

anyone?"

Julie's sister Ethel, weeping, told

how at one point in the last months

of torment, of rising and falling

hopes, her sister Lena said, "not

really meaning it," maybe Julie

should lie and say he did it, and

name some people who were dead.

"Of course, she saw the last

minute it wouldn't do, we'd have

Julie but it wouldn't be Julie, for

Julie couldn't crawl."

(*)
THE MOTHER told of visiting Julius and Ethel in Sing Sing about a month before the end. Julius had to leave the Death House to have a tooth extracted, then had been stricken with flu. Waiting at the screen before his cell, she saw him being supported by two guards as he virtually was carried in.

For a moment, the strong due, the son who throughout the long two years had cheered his brother and sisters and mothers on their visits, encouraging their at first timid, then intense efforts in his behalf, reminded her of the boy in the hospital who wanted to see her face.

"Mamma, I don't feel good," he said. And, giving way to tears momentarily in his physical weakness, she heard despair in his voice for the first time as he cried out. "Oh, Mamma, where is my wife? Where are my children? I am sick. If only I were home you and my wife, Ethel, would take care of me."

But he would not hear of her leaving so that he could return to his bed. There would be time for that; he felt better when she was there. And then he went on to tell her, smiling at the recollection of his trip in the prison van to the dentist, "how good the air smelled, how fresh it felt."

"That is my Julie," she said. "Anything that is life, that my Julia loves."

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(In The Worker of Oct. 18 will be a portrait of Julius Rosenberg as a sensitive, highly intelligent, deeply religious boy in his early teens, fired by the denunciation of society, the role of the oppressor, found in Isaiah, Hosea, Jeremiah, Amos and other prophets.)

THE DEEPLY ETCHED LINES on her face revealing the ruins of grief and anguish, 66-year-old Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg asks in resonant voice: "Why? Why did they have to murder my two children who never harmed anybody?"
MOST CHERISHED possession of Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg is this snapshot of her son, Julius, and daughter-in-law, Ethel, which she believes was made three or four years after their marriage. Creased by long carrying in Julie's wallet, it was discovered only recently in a pocket of his suit, among the things turned over to her after June 19. "My hands were shaking, I was so excited to find it," she said. Often at night, alone, she "talks to the picture."
JULIUS ROSENBERG at the age of 18 months.
Voltaire Cried Out Against Frameups as Others Were Silent

By DAVID PLATT

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg will be vindicated as surely as Jean Calas, 18th Century victim of a particularly brutal government frameup and murder in France was vindicated in a world-shaking struggle led by Voltaire.

Two centuries separate Calas and the Rosenbergs but the similarity in their cases is striking.

The Calas case began in Toulouse in October, 1761, when Mark Anthony Calas, a morbid and bigoted young idler who spent most of his time in bars and cafes committed suicide.

The Maccabites of Toulouse charged that he was murdered by his father, Jean Calas, a Protestant shopkeeper, because his son had recently embraced Catholicism.

Practically everyone in town believed this horrible lie and it is easy to see why. Toulouse at that time was ruled by anti-Protestants who showed their intolerance by celebrating as a two-day legal holiday one of the bloodiest crimes in history, the massacre of the Protestants at St. Bartholomew in 1564.

Not only was there no religious freedom in Toulouse in 1761, but there were laws prohibiting Protestants from becoming lawyers, doctors, surgeons, druggists, booksellers, grocers or printers.

A few years before an unfortunate woman was heavily fined for serving as a midwife without first embracing Catholicism.

Like the Rosenbergs, Calas was framed, broken on the wheel and hanged for his ideas—in his case religious ideas.

His trial like theirs was a mockery of justice. He was sentenced to death on the testimony of government stooges like the painter Mathei who said that “his wife had told him that a man named Mandrille had told her that someone whose name escaped her had told her that he had heard the victim’s cries at the other end of town.”

Calas, like the Rosenbergs, might have saved himself by confessing a lie.

But with that noble courage found only in true lovers of liberty he “neither wavered nor cried out,” not even when they stretched his body until every limb was drawn from its socket, not even when they poured gallons of water into his mouth by force until “he suffered the anguish of a hundred drownings,” not even when the executioner broke each of his limbs in two places with an iron bar.

A few moments before dying he was again asked to confess. “I have said it,” he answered. “I die innocent.”

The great courage shown by Calas soon brought his case to the attention of Voltaire, a man synonymous with justice. Voltaire, a Catholic, was not immediately moved to take any side in the case, noted S. G. Tallentyre, in his “Life of Voltaire.

“We are not worth much,” he said. “But the Huguenots are worse than we are.”

Nevertheless the case made him think. “took him by the heart.” He wanted to know “on which side is this horror of fanaticism.” He began to study the facts in the case, spending hours and days on every aspect of the witchhunt and frameup, until finally “the innocence of Calas forced itself upon his soul.”

Voltaire, a world renowned figure in the 1760s used all his vast influence to get the country aroused at this awful miscarriage of justice and force the reopening of the case.
ROSENBERG CHILDREN HOUNDED FROM SCHOOL

The Jew-haters and professional McCarthyites who tried to hop up a national lynch spirit against Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are now gunning for their two small boys, Michael, 10, and Bobby, 7.

Clyde Sicum, supervising principal at the Toms River, N. J., public schools, has told the protectors of the two children, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bach, that the children will not be allowed to attend school there. He has given them a week to leave the school, using a crude and flimsy alibi that the children who live in the school district are not "legal residents" of the county. He said that the Board of Education had decided to enforce the non-resident restriction.

Michael and Bobby, who had been buffeted cruelly by the ordeal imposed on their innocent parents, were settling down to a peaceful and normal growing-up. They made friends with the other school children. Michael was elected president of the fifth grade class last year.

It was no secret that fascist elements in the area had been waging a campaign with anger at the normal life of the Rosenberg children and were developing hate-petitions and blackmail to "get the kids." The family at which the children were staying was harassed economically, it was also made known.

Sicum's effort to dump the responsibility on the School Board was cancelled by the revelation of the board's secretary that the Rosenberg children's case had never been discussed as Sicum claimed. When the children were registered by the Bach family, Sicum gruffly advised them to change the names of the children. Mrs. Bach told Sicum, "I told him they have nothing to be ashamed of."

Emanuel Bloch, legal guardian of the children, visited the local authorities. He will hold a press conference this morning on the results of his visit.
He saw clearly that what had happened to Calas could happen to others, and that as long as it was unavenged, while that criminal law and procedure which condemned him went uncorrected, while his judges were not rendered executable to other men and hateful to themselves, who was safe?

Can those who are fighting for the vindication of the Rosenbergs put this immense truth into stronger words?

When Voltaire started writing about Calas, public interest in the case was at its lowest.

"One might break a dozen innocent people on the wheel and in Paris people would only talk of the new comedy and think of a good supper," he wrote to a friend.

It is to Voltaire's everlasting credit that he prodded and pushed and opened doors in high places in the court of France in the world of art and letters until virtually everyone of importance had joined the movement for the vindication of Calas—prominent Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

This movement had its first triumph on March 7, 1760, when a higher court decreed a new trial for Calas.

"The Toulouse Parliament was ordered to produce all the records of the case."

It is reported that Voltaire gave "one great leap of joy" when he heard the news. "Then there is justice on the earth; there is humanity," he wept.

The trial began in June, 1764, and on March 9, 1765, exactly three years after Calas paid the supreme penalty for a crime he did not commit, he was declared "perfectly innocent."

The 40 judges who heard the case were unanimous that Calas was "not guilty."

And not long thereafter the King of France contributed a sum of money to the surviving members of the Calas family.

And what happened to the 18th Century Kaufmans and Vinsons responsible for the murder of Calas?

David de Beaurepaire, one of the Toulouse magistrates who had a leading role in the witchhunt that led to the death of an innocent man, "paid dearly for the blood of the Calas."

His children also suffered for his crimes.

His grandson was beheaded during the early days of the French Revolution by patriots who had not forgotten Calas.

The Calas case had a deep and lasting influence on French literature, art and the drama.

No fewer than 113 books, plays, and poems relating to the case were published, according to Coquerel, a noted Calas authority, including Voltaire's classic "Treatise on Tolerance"—tolerance—which was the "principle and passion of his life."

For Jean Calas, as for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, only vindication was possible. But for Morton Sobell who was framed with the Rosenbergs and is now serving 30 years at Alcatraz, freedom can and will be won.

There is a powerful lesson for American writers and artists in the life of Voltaire. This immortal raised his career, his fortune, his future, in the fight against the McCarthyites of his day.

"Because Voltaire stood up like a man when others were silent or unconcerned and cried out that an innocent man was being murdered, history rewarded him by making his name an honored household word."

He was, as Anatole France said of Zola, a moment in the conscience of men.
Bloch Charges "Political Plot" in Hounding of Rosenberg Children

TOMS RIVER, N. J., Oct. 13.—Clyde Slocum, school superintendent here who has ordered the children of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg out of the school, tried to slam the door yesterday to any further consideration of their case. He said he would not call a meeting of the school board to review plans for reconsideration of this decision. He claimed he would give the children a "reasonable time" to leave unless they are adopted here.

The Newark office of the FBI would not comment on Emanuel Bloch's charge that FBI agents had been active in the neighborhood for the past three weeks.

MILTON HOWARD

While the neighbors and kids who know little Michael and Bobby Rosenberg at Toms River, N. J., were shocked at the official decision to bar them from public school, Emanuel Bloch, their legal guardian, yesterday bitterly assailed this new effort to rob the children of normal lives.

"I see a sinister political plot in this action which comes like a bolt from the blue," he angrily told the press yesterday at his office, as he detailed this latest persecution of the 10 and 6 year old sons of the innocent martyrs, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

FBI agents have been in the area during the past three weeks. New Jersey people have phoned me," he said.

"The children were beginning to flourish after their ordeals of the past three years," he said.

"The community accepted them as orphaned children. Now comes this terrible thing and I ask myself why. The explanation given by Clyde Slocum, the supervisor that the schools are overcrowded or that the school board decided

Can you imagine these two children causing the overcrowding of the schools there? Furthermore, the law doesn't make it obligatory that so-called non-resident children can be dismissed. Arrangements can be provided for."

"I asked Mr. Slocum to show me the resolution of the board he says he is acting on, but he could not produce it.

LETTER TO SLOCUM

Reading from a letter which he sent to Slocum, Bloch said that Slocum had first given him 24

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Rosenberg

(Continued from Page 1)

children are being made the victims of a political plot.

The Rosenberg children arrived at Toms River a year ago, and soon made their way into the affections of the local folk. Michael, 10, who is described as being far older in his feelings and ideas than his 4 and was elected class president of the fifth grade by his classmates. Little Bobby, who was robbed of his mother, Ethel, from the time he was two and a half, took longer to rid himself of fears. He calls all women "mommy" even to this day.

The children have been living with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bach, a family that had a slight acquaintance with the Rosenbergs in former years.

MANY OFFERS

"It is too early to make such an irrevocable decision as an adoption," Bloch said. "Life must unfold and take its course for a while. I act on the collective decisions of people in this field with whom I consult. I have offers from scores of families in this country and all over the world who want to cherish these children.

"Civilized people must stop this blow to the children. I intend to contest it. I want these children to grow up normally, without exclusiveness or tensions, as Americans."

Asked by one of the press services whether he discussed adoption with the children, Bloch replied that he thought this premature. He visits them often, he said, and was pleased with the way they had been slowly finding their place in the small farmer community. Last Wednesday, he heard for the first time of the new attack on the children as Mrs. Bach called him frantically to tell him of the order to exclude them from the school.

WORLD SHOCKED

The story of this outrage has already gone all over the world. Millions can hardly believe it. Who are the brutes who are responsible for this? They ask themselves. What local GOP careerist or professional Legion "anti-Communist" figured this out to defile the Rosenbergs once more through their children?

For the first year of the frameup, Michael and Bobby, had to be institutionalized. Their grandmother, Mrs. Tessie Greenslax, mother of Ethel and of David who "angered" his sister into the electric chair, would not have them. She threatened to band them over to the municipal authorities. Then they lived with Julius' mother, Sophie, after she finally got an apartment. But the hysteria in the neighborhood brought heartless cruelties on the children.

Mrs. Rosenberg's grief weighed heavily on her grandchildren. Once, the children saw their parents defamed on a TV show. That's a lie," cried Michael at the screen, bursting into tears. His grandmother related this with tears in her eyes to explain why the children had to be taken to a quieter place in the country.

Now the tormenters of their parents will not let the children rest. They pursue them into the classroom.

"Why are they afraid of the children? The Rosenberg case does not die down as Ethel and Julius lie in their graves. "The world will know, my sons," cried Ethel to her boys just before she was led to the slaughter. Her words are coming true.

But decent people everywhere must rally to these children who are loved by their neighbors and classmates, the ordinary folk of an American small town. The children must win again their right to be quiet, to play and to laugh.
Polish Play
Being Written
On Rosenbergs

WARSAW.

Leon Kruczkowski, chairman of the Polish Writers Union, has been working for the last three months on a play about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

This play which the author hopes to finish in a few weeks will be staged by the Teatr Polski in Warsaw.

"The case of the Rosenbergs is so shocking," stated Kruczkowski, "it is so political and human in content, that contemporary writers cannot help but draw on it in order to express their thoughts and feelings with regard to this event. I chose the form of drama."

The primary source from which the Polish writer is drawing his material for his play is the collection of letters written in prison by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg published in French and English.

"Most important for my conception," he says, "are the last hours of the Rosenbergs. The whole play is built around the six hours before the execution.

The play is composed of six scenes, four of which take place in the cell of the Rosenbergs and two in the public prosecutor's office. In this manner both sides of the dramatic conflict are shown.

Kruczkowski describes his play as an "optimistic tragedy" because of the Rosenbergs were revealed the most superb strength, the most noble traits of human nature."
'Many Hearts Can Be Melted . . .'

By JOSEPH NORTH

BY THIS TIME mankind knows that the innocent children of the Rosenbergs, Michael who is 10 and Robert who is six, are being tortured by the political conspirators, who burned their parents. By this time the low and the high, men like Pope Pius XII, have read the news and they will have consulted their conscience. For it was the Pope, you will remember, who spoke passionately of the Rosenberg children when he pleaded with our President to grant clemency for their parents.

"When, then," he concluded, "two children, Michael, 9 years old and Robert 5, are involved in this fearful fate, many hearts can be melted, before two little innocents on whose soul and destiny the death of their parents would forever leave sinister scars."

What heart, men must ask, can they have in that quiet New Jersey village where the school doors are slammed in the faces of the two innocents? His Holiness, and the many millions of others who are thinking of this tragedy, must learn some other truths that render the tragedy ever more shameful.

THE JERSEY TOWN where the children were sent to live is quiet country, serene on its face, a land of villages, small farms and low pines and nearby is the sea. The inhabitants are plain people, many of them till the soil, and it must be recognized that they did not instigate this new inquisition of children. Everyone who has gone through that countryside before this latest horror knows that the ordinary people, even the school children welcomed the presence of two little sons of the martyrs, and wished them well.

POPE PIUS XII

Two Immortals

Turn to Page 7 for this series by Virginia Gardner on Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.
He told them that he had investigated and that he could feel no law such as the principal warrants. He said, you that the law may require fees for children whose parents or guardians do not reside in the region. He had refused to say that the principal had refused it.

The lawyer told the press that the supervisor, who was the supervising of overcrowded schools as though the two little orphans needed a house of classes. The supervisor gave the lawyer twenty-four hours to determine his course of action in the school. Then the lawyer wrote an appeal to the board of education that the children would not know of this later outrage upon their lives.

The next day, during the school hours, a plenary of Michael Kent told the lawyer that the decision to refuse the legal guardians.

I attended the conference. Bloch, told the lawyer that it was with the newspapers. I was not a mere reporter, he said, I was part of the story. I had been told that the children were not wanted. They were not in the school as a whole. They had been thrown out of the school and the children were suddenly6 abandoned. They had been the subject of badgering that was intense through the years of the case, however, they spoke with the lawyer.

The lawyer, the attorney, the children's guardian, told the lawyer that he had seen the signs that he could not follow. The signs that the children had seen. They had been the subject of badgering that was intense through the years of the case, however, they spoke with the lawyer.

BUT WHATEVER happened to the Rosenberg children must be remembered that the children's parents, in the last moments of their lives, entrusted the lawyer the responsibility for the children's future. They committed their best resources to a man they came to love and trust. That was four months ago.

The lawyer, the children's guardian, told the lawyer that he could not, in all conscience, be dragged into committing the harm. The children's future is not only the children, but any other human being. Not without the most careful consideration of their future welfare, should the lawyer have consented to the children's future. They committed their best resources to a man they came to love and trust. That was four months ago.

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Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By Virginia Gardner

Julie Learns About Prophets...and Strikes
ON THE LOWER East Side

The move from a top floor that even to one on the floor below signified relative affluence in the 20s. So that when the Rosenberg family moved from an apartment on the left floor to a first floor flat at 64 Columbia St. It was a happy occasion. Thus, Columbia St. bore a strong resemblance to Shaw St. Where a single couple, unknown to Julis, had lived. At the same time, the door of 64 Columbia St. was opened, and the doors of several other apartments were thrown open. The apartment was not only spacious but it was furnished with all the necessary furniture. The living room was large and comfortable, the bedroom was small but cozy, and the kitchen was fully equipped.

Julia listened to the meaning of the words "wind" while the snow fell softly through the drapery. Her father, who was always kind and understanding, was there to comfort her. He told her that she was not alone in her feelings, and that everyone goes through such times. He encouraged her to speak her mind, and to express her feelings in words. He told her that she was not weak, but rather strong, and that she was capable of overcoming any obstacle.

"Julia," he said, "you are not alone in your feelings. Many people have felt this way before, and they have been able to overcome their feelings. You are not weak, but rather strong, and you are capable of overcoming any obstacle." He spoke with a gentle voice, and his words were filled with kindness and understanding. Julia felt a sense of relief, knowing that she was not alone in her feelings. She listened to her father's words, and felt a sense of comfort and strength.

A young woman executive told her impressions of Julia in the sixth grade. Rather briefly, she stated her position at the outset of the interview. She was not putting up with the merit of the case. She did not know whether they were guilty or not, but she thought the death sentence was justifiable. She added rather definitely that she did not care whether or not her name was used, saying, "My boss knows how I feel about it."

"It was an old, Public School No. 68, now torn down, with only a playground left," she said. "As the matron, I knew Julia. She was a fifth and sixth grade student, but she remembered him most pleasantly in the sixth grade."

"Julia," she said, "was a brilliant boy. She had been a brilliant student, but not at the quick, able kind, but rather of the dreamer and scholar. He was the steady sort. Thoughtful, not hurried, both he and she were in B-B-1, the designation given to students in B with highest marks. Some of the
boys and girls from this group occasionally seek a chance another hour to do things they like. Thus, she visited Julie's home and recalled it as an orthodical house. He and others also felt at home, lost by dropped as we were, but I wanted cold water and my mother always needed to have them over. I don't think we have ever given up our parents and the trouble we were said. For one thing, we had a wonderful teacher. We were very conscious of the importance of being in the best class before senior. We were had some little graduation ceremony! Now that I think of it, we were really pretty happy in sixth grade. But I don't think she did, I rather wearily went on to describe Julie at the time. She was all a delight, rather childish, very kind, very friendly, and yet rather shy. She went to school, not in class, but in school, and spoke readily and liked the outdoors. After sixth grade, she went to milk and do homework until she met to the school. When she was going to Park High, she was a year ahead of her and she only put him in everyday's sessioning.

A Plea by the Author

As you know, we are in a fund drive. Please do not take our continued existence as a newspaper for granted. And when you consider that funds it is worth to you that we continue to publish, please do not forget that not only are we running the stories of the lives of the two working class heroes, Effie and Julius Benjamin, but that we are pledged to continue the fight for their complete vindication until it is victorious.

VIRGINIA GARDNER
It was not that what he taught was not true; it was true, but the teacher knew the world, and used that knowledge wisely. He had seen the results for children who went out in the world without any sense of self-protection. He knew that Julius was not a whole-hearted student. He was not interested in the study of Talmud, but liked the stories of the Rabbis telling about the great Jewish scholars. He was not the kind of boy who would say that a word means what it says, or that numbers are important. He was more interested in the stories that were told to him, and in the way he could use them to make his point in debates and discussions.

Julius was not an outstanding student, but he was a good pupil. He was a quiet boy who kept to himself, but he was not a bad boy. He was not the kind of boy who would say that a word means what it says, or that numbers are important. He was more interested in the stories that were told to him, and in the way he could use them to make his point in debates and discussions.

But the teacher knew that Julius was not a whole-hearted student. He was not interested in the study of Talmud, but liked the stories of the Rabbis telling about the great Jewish scholars. He was not the kind of boy who would say that a word means what it says, or that numbers are important. He was more interested in the stories that were told to him, and in the way he could use them to make his point in debates and discussions.

In the end, the teacher knew the world, and used that knowledge wisely. He had seen the results for children who went out in the world without any sense of self-protection. He knew that Julius was not a whole-hearted student. He was not interested in the study of Talmud, but liked the stories of the Rabbis telling about the great Jewish scholars. He was not the kind of boy who would say that a word means what it says, or that numbers are important. He was more interested in the stories that were told to him, and in the way he could use them to make his point in debates and discussions.
The house at 64 Columbia St. to which the Rosenberg family moved in the 1920s.
Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Women in Greenwich Jail Tell Their Love for Ethel

PART VI

"THERE, those windows right there, that's where we were."

She stared upward, counted carefully, one, two, three.

From the pavement the building loomed toweringly tall, its walls seemingly sightless, silent and anonymous, as they ordinarily appear to Villagers passing by unthinkingly.

Even to out-of-town visitors headed for the nearby storied center of Greenwich Village night life, the tall grim building at Eighth and Greenwich Streets is apt to arouse only a momentary jarring curiosity.

Dominating the landscape, it is difficult to ignore, despite its total failure to add to the standard Village commodity, the picturesque. So, to the tourists who choose to visualize the thrills of Village life from the vantage point of seats in a sight-seeing bus, some acknowledgment is made of its presence. It is described laconically as "Women's House of Detention" and hurriedly—except that today some knowing New Yorkers may add in a whisper: "where Ethel Rosenberg was before Sing Sing."

THE WOMAN pointing upward from the pavement, was telling about one day when the walls were anything but silent.

It was April 17, 1951, when Ethel Rosenberg was taken to the Death House at Ossining.

One, two, three, she counted upward again. At first the reporter failed to understand why it was so important to gauge the exact height of the windows from which screams issued that April day.

"You see," said the woman, who had been an inmate there at the time, "the windows there only begin on the third floor, so those windows—seell—must have been ours, because we were on the fifth floor."

Clipping from THE WORKER

DATED October 25, 1953
FROM OTHERS, I interviewed had the essential facts—how the authorities, apparent to some demonstration, with neither Ethel, nor her fellow-prisoners any advance warning she was to be removed to Sing-Sing. Instead, Ethel was told in casual fashion that she was wanted in the administration office on the first floor and would she go on down.

Leaving her things in her cell, she sauntered to the elevator, apparently with the same idea the other women had, that she was to be asked some specific questions.

Sooner than the elevator gone down, however, than one came up, and out stepped two guards, who moved into her cell and began to strip it. The watching women knew what that meant. The news spread.

It wasn't organized, no one said, "Let's call to her." But both on the fifth floor and the ninth, where Ethel had spent part of her first eight months' imprisonment, women rushed to windows to take up a watch.

Now this former prisoner, Martha, added her own explanations and narrative.

"I guess it's hard for you to see why this was so important not only to me but to others in there. In the first place, you have to understand that Ethel Rosenberg was respected by every woman there, and loved by most. By some of the officers, too. This is not any exaggeration. You have talked to others, you say, and therefore some you have not seen; who may have loved her more than any of us."

In jail, she said, it is customary among women for little farewell ceremonies of a sort, to occur when the announcement is made of someone's forthcoming departure. Maybe it is to go out to freedom; or it is to go to some other prison, as happened later in her own case; or to the woman's federal prison or to go out on bail for a time, and, rarely of course, to go to Sing-Sing's Death House.

"Ethel was under no illusions. When she came back from court after her conviction, even before her sentencing a week later, she told us, 'They will show me no mercy. But this came so soon'—"

Some women who had something to is, somewhat durable nature, if only a cardboard box to which to
The Woman's House of Detention on New York's Greenwich St. It was from these upper-story barred windows that the women shouted their greetings to Ethel Rosenberg. The prison van entered and departed at the gate in the foreground.
keep toothbrush and other allowable toilet articles, planned to give Ethel that. One had begun making an edge of tatting on a handkerchief another was embroidering something which would be at least a decorative touch in the death cell at Sing Sing although no one really believed she'd be taken there.

Where the giver was one of the many there who had no family or friends to provide commissary money, even a gift of half a candy bar or one cigarette would be deemed acceptable to the ordinary prisoner before departure. But Ethel didn't smoke, and for Ethel they planned not an ordinary going-away party but something special. Therefore, much thought had gone into preparations:

"To cheat us out of it, to trick us, so that we had no chance for our little leaving party, no chance even to say goodbye, or give our gifts, who would have thought they'd feel that necessary? We were so burned up that we didn't care much if we did get 'deadlocked' for it—locked in our separate cells for 24 to 48 hours, deprived of commissary or even thrown into 'the tank'."

THERE WAS a delay on the first floor. Later it was learned that Ethel's lawyer, Emanuel Bloch, had had wind of the fact they were to send her to the Death House that day. Without time to prepare any formal action, he at least had put up an argument against her sudden removal and delayed it an hour or so.

Meanwhile the women, standing on one of the table and in each cell facing on the courtyard, watched intently for the movements of others signalling Ethel's emergence from the door below hidden from their gaze. "The windows are in eight sections, opening inward. We couldn't get our heads out so that she could see us, so we were determined she'd hear us."

Two or three would spell each other off every now and then during that hour or so wait. I don't know how long it was. Many much longer. It seemed.

"Then, when we saw that unmistakable bustle and movement, and the cameramen ready to shoot, we knew she was coming out. Then we motioned to others behind us, and we filled those windows and we yelled.

"We knew of course that they heard it on the first floor, because they sent eight guards up at double quick time.

"Some girls were in the corridor behind us, sitting on the cement floor playing cards—you can't sit on the bunks, which pull down from the wall, so that is the only place to sit. Up to then we'd been quiet, and the one officer on duty on the floor was busy with routine work at her desk. Cells open onto corridors, and you have the freedom of the cells on your corridor.

"But the minute the girls heard the elevator doors, and the commotion of the officers arriving and the floor officer rattling her keys to unlock the doors to the different corridors, they came by fast and told us to get back.

"I guess they had their hands full with the ninth and fifth floor." She paused, then said in a flat tone.

"We didn't see her. But we felt sure she heard us, because one of the papers carried a picture of her turning, and looking up and smiling and waving. Maybe she thought we could see. But all we could see was the car moving away, and then the guards came. It was the same with the girls at the next window, and the next.

"But it was only today that I felt positive she heard us. I've never had a chance to figure out just how far up we were as she came out that door. Yes, I think she did. So, her smile was for us—as well as for her friends to tell them she wasn't frightened in case a paper would use it. I've had to think of the

(Continued on Page 14)
Two Immortals

(Continued from Page 7)

way people get messages to each other.

"Sometimes it's more important than the impressions you make on the public. My mother was horrified. When she next visited me she said, 'Ethel shouldn't have smiled that way. It made her look like she didn't care, and that's what the newspapers said.'"

"I had to explain it all to her, as I'm doing to you." She stopped, with a searching, questioning glance, and said: "You do think she heard us, all right, don't you?"

* * *

Past the dark red brick building next door whose quaint gables and cupolas and little spiked towers Ethel could see from her ninth floor cell. Martha now made her way, crossing Eighth St. Then, pointing up, she said: "If you look hard you can see the roof."

It was there on the fenced roof that the prisoners played ball and other games, walked and, with guards looking the other way, talked, hidden from sight and out of sound, their unseemly existence only remotely suspected by the throngs below on Eighth St.

Ethel's co-prisoner told of their standing on top of the high benches and looking down and imagining what occupied the little specks of humanity hurrying along Greenwich and crossing Eighth, and wishing they were a part of the crowd. But, even oftener, they looked westward, across the city, and "imagined we saw the flag on top of the West St. Jail, where Julie was."

As she spoke of her association with Ethel Rosenberg, heightened as all relationships are in jail, and especially by the stark fact that of all the 400 odd women in West St. only Ethel Rosenberg might never again taste freedom, the tears frequently spilled over.

"How I used to kid her about the death sentence," she said. "I'd say, 'You'll be out before I will.' It didn't seem to me they could give it to her, and then, it didn't seem they'd carry it through."

(The story of why the women in the West Street Jail loved Ethel Rosenberg so much will be told in The Worker next week. Later instalments of this series will give interviews with other persons who knew Ethel and Julius Rosenberg as neighbors, shipmates and fellow unionists.)
ETHEL ROSENBERG is shown as she was taken to the Women's House of Detention after she and Julius Rosenberg (separated from her by wire screen) were sentenced by Judge Kaufman.
PARTY-LINE NEWSPAPER USES PRODUCTS OF BIG BUSINESS CONCERNS TO HELP FINANCE ITS OPERATIONS. The National Guardian, nationally distributed weekly newspaper, celebrated its fifth anniversary on Oct. 19. The following men are the top officers of this "progressive" publication:

CEDRIC BELFRAGE, editor. He was identified by ELIZABETH BENTLEY as one of her contacts when she was a courier for a Soviet spy ring. BELFRAGE has refused under oath to say if he is a Communist Party (CP) member or if he has engaged in espionage against the U.S. A former employee of British Intelligence Service, he is now facing deportation to England.

JAMES ARONSON, executive editor and former instructor in journalism at Long Island Univ. He refused in May to tell Senate Internal Security subcommittee if he is a CP member.

JOHN T. MCMANUS, general manager. He was president of the NYC chapter of the American Newspaper Guild when it was CP-controlled; has a long front record and is a leader of the CP-run "Progressive Party."
COMMUNISTS COLLECTED OVER $300,000 FROM AMERICAN PEOPLE for anti-U.S. propaganda in the Rosenberg case. The National Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case technically went out of existence earlier this month at a two-day conference in Chicago at which a supposedly new organization called "The National Rosenberg-Sobell Committee" was formed.

Mrs. EMILY ALMAN is executive sec'y of the new front. She was a leader in the National Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case and is the wife of the man who was its exec sec'y: DAVID ALMAN. (COUNTERATTACK, Sept. 11 p. 1.) The new committee is, of course, the same old CP-run outfit with a change of name and some shifting of personnel. It will occupy the same offices as the original one at 1050 Sixth Ave., NYC.

The old Rosenberg Committee revealed at the Chicago rally that it had collected $302,620.77 from the American public during its existence. But the Communists were not satisfied. They want more and they'll undoubtedly get additional thousands of dollars through the new committee which has launched a campaign for a new trial for MORTON SOBEL.

In addition, the trustees of the fund set up to educate the Rosenberg children, (COUNTERATTACK, Oct. 15 p. 3) have announced that they want $75,000 to carry out their task. They intend to raise it by subscription and the odds are that they will succeed.

Communists are far from being broken in U.S. when they can raise hundreds of thousands of dollars in behalf of convicted Moser espionage agents and when they can look forward to raising more money even while the U.S. press is still of further disclosures of espionage in which these agents had a hand.
The "Guardian Buying Service" is a shopping convenience offered to readers of the newspaper, published by these men. An eight-page supplement devoted to this service was included in the paper's Fifth Anniversary issue. Readers can order dozens of nationally known brand name items from the Nat'1 Guardian to save themselves shopping trouble during the coming holiday season. Items they order by mail are delivered to them by parcel post or express.

The average discount on all items is about 25% of the list price. Here are some of the well-known products the National Guardian is selling at cut-rate prices to help finance its anti-U.S. and pro-Moscow propaganda.

- Schick Shavers
- Gilbert Arrows
- Ecko sets
- Full toys
- Thayer Baby Washers
- Bissell Carpet Sweepers
- Trimble bathinets
- Maytag Washing Machines
- Ecko kitchen tools
- Trumbull and Waterman pens
- Hamilton Beach vacuum cleaners, hair dryers, blenders, etc.
- Linens by Parkley, Cannon and Dundee
- Royal and Smith Corona Typewriters

None of the firms named above is at fault. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for them to find out just how the Nat'1 Guardian is getting their products, and to dry up this source of supply. It would be equally difficult to get an illegal ruling that would prevent the owners of the newspaper from distributing these items these firms manufacture.

Neither Belfrage North nor McManus have any love for capitalism. The continually rant against "big business." But when the names and products of big business concern can help the flow of capitalist dollars into their pockets, they don't hesitate to use them. After all, it does help Moscow.
Two Immortals
Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Ethel, 19, Puts Her 'Heart and Soul' in 1935 Strike

Part IX

Long before she met Julius Rosenberg, Ethel Greenberg took part in one of the dramatic strikes of the mid-thirties, a strike of 12,000 shipping clerks in the ladies' apparel industry.

The strike of these highly exploited clerks, "pushboys" and "putters", most of them young men and women in their teens or a little older, was filled with incidents of employer-inspired violence and of daring and valor on the part of the heretofore unorganized shipping clerks.

One of the highlights concerned young women who lay down across the streets, blocking deliveries by the trucks. Ethel herself was one of the young women, according to a fellow striker from her plant.

EVEN in Sing Sing, Ethel continued to infuse others with her sense of life, her vitality and quickness and warmth. Even there she did make friends, not with all, but with some of the persons officially permitted to talk to her.

Those in contact with Ethel included matrons, guards, regular personnel and officers, and persons such as rabbi or chaplain, physician or nurse, and of course, her counsel.

To one of those who periodically talked with her and the real name, the exact office, performed by the individual and even the sex will not be disclosed here, Ethel at one point spoke of the strike.

Ethel's confidant, who shall be called Leslie here, was told that some of Ethel's early friends, in the period before her marriage, felt that Julie though younger was a more developed person at the time they met, and that he had influenced her greatly in her development. Was that Leslie's impression?

"I hardly knew him," was the reply. "So it is she I have to judge by. I would say that she would have developed as a person just about as she did whether Julie were there or not." Had she told Leslie of any events she thought important as factors in her development? Yes, the strike.

"I'm not sure what kind of a strike it was, or what year it occurred. I think she was in some sort of box factory. I gather that the employees in the important delivery end were not on strike. I know she told me how women lay in the street to keep trucks from making deliveries or unloading.

"That, and the fact that she witnessed brutality against the strikers which impressed her greatly, are all I recall to mark the strike. She did tell me she built up long-term friendships with some of the people she met in connection with..."
Where Ethel Greenglass was on strike when she was 19 years old, the National Packing & Shipping Co., at 327 W. 86th St., is shown here. A freight brokerage house for patrons of the garment industry, its workers joined more than 12,000 shipping clerks on strike in 1935. Scene shows workers delivering packages for shipping.

the strike, and that it was 'a happy period' for her."

ETHEL, Julius' sister, recalled that Ethel once had told her about a strike she was in. "She was just a kid at the time, and she had never seen brutality before, and I remember she said the pickets were very orderly, and when she saw the violence used on them she got very excited.

"She found herself doing things she wouldn't have believed she could do. She was scared, but it didn't keep her from doing them. But I can't remember the details.

"ETHEL was the most active of (Continued on Page 14)

Editor's Note: For policy reasons, as in other installments of this series, names of persons interviewed are withheld, and if a first name is used, it is fictitious.
all the women in our plant in the strike,” recalled Jeff, now a business executive in a small community, then a fellow-striker with Ethel at the National New York Packing and Shipping Co., 327 W. 36 St. “I would say that next to two men who were the leaders there, she was the most active striker.

“So, when some of our girls lay down on 36 St. to keep the trucks from entering, you may be sure Ethel was among them.

“The street was for one-way traffic, from the east, as I recall. The girls just lay down, full length, filling the street from curb to curb. They stopped ‘em. Of course,” he added with a little smile, “there were a few of us fellows around to reinforce the girls.”

He was still bitter about how the truck-drivers refused to honor picket lines. In spite of this the shipping clerks waged an effective strike.

“We shut our place down tight for two weeks. The boss tried to put in scabs. He simply couldn’t operate with them.” His eyes lit up; his years as a business executive fell away and he said proudly, a grim line to his jaw:

“Nothing got through our picket line. The boss tried having a policeman escort a scab to bring out packages. But whether the cop went first, or brought up the rear, the scab had the same luck. One stroke of a razor blade and the rope which tied his packages got cut, and the packages spilled over the street.”

The New York Times of Aug. 31, 1935, described how the previous afternoon “about 150 young women pickets moved in squad after squad through the garment district.” Wearing raincoats, some of the young women “lay on the pavement in front of trucks and dared the drivers to move.” Police in the strike area were increased from 200 to 300 and liberally sprinkled with mounted cops and “alien and radical” squads but women strikers repeated the act.

The Daily Worker of Sept. 2, 1935, spoke of the remarkable heroism of the strikers in the face of “increased gangster violence,” adding, “Girl strikers and sympathizers stopped trucks over the weekend by throwing themselves in their path.”

THE SAME story spoke of the “shameless scab herding of Saul Metz, manager of the truck drivers’ ILC local, in the shipping clerks’ strike,” and claimed it had the approval of David Dubinsky.

The Times of Sept. 5 said with alarm on page one that 15,000 cloackmakers and dressmakers already were out in sympathy, while a union spokesman placed it at 30,000.

In the shipping clerks’ strike, like so many strikes of the 30’s, there was never a dull moment. Strikers were arrested daily, and promptly released by amicable judges. A young woman chained herself to a lamppost and police had to saw through the chain. A bystander was shot by a bullet from the gun of a guard on a truck, for which the Times managed to blame a Negro strike sympathizer. A cab emerged from a cab “naked as the day he was born,” as gaily reported by the Daily Worker, with the words, “I am a scab,” written in lipstick on his back. As a matter of fact, cops even arrested one employee in what the Times politely described as a “mole.”

The Daily Worker of Sept. 5 named among “places where the strike was most effective” the address of 327 W. 36 St.—the shop where Ethel, Jeff and others were on strike.

ETHEL’S subsequent firing by the National New York Packing and Shipping Co., along with others active in the organization of the union there, is recorded in the annals of the National Labor Relations Board.

The name of Ethel Greenglass appears with three others. All were found fired in violation of the NLRB, and ordered reinstated with back pay. She was the only woman among them.

Jeff said both he and Ethel were among some 10 fired after the strikers, along with the other clerks on strike throughout the industry, returned to work.

He told of attending two or three meetings of the strike committee of their plant in Ethel’s home, 64 Sheriff St. It was his first visit to the poverty-stricken tenements of the Lower East Side. “I was pretty shocked to see the way she lived,” he said. “I had never seen people live like that.”

THEY MET in a front room of the second floor. It was here, according to girlhood friends Ethel, that she had installed the second-hand piano she finally achieved. But Jeff could not remember the piano. Once after a strike meeting he heard her sing, though.

“She had a small but very pleasant, very high voice. Even then she entertained some serious ideas of voice study, and used to enter amateur competitions occasionally after picket duty.” He had no idea at the time she ever had gone in for amateur dramatics.

(Ethel later told the NLRB she earned $20 singing in a theatre for five days after her discharge. This and $4 made in four days of canvassing formed the sum total of her earnings in the five months between her discharge and the regional board hearings.)

JEFF DESCRIBED Ethel as “small, very slim, rather round-faced, her hair piled high on top of her head—a lot of hair—and big eyes.” She was 19 years old, “a younger, and quite excitable.” She was the only woman he remembered clearly from the strike.

“You couldn’t forget Ethel, she stood out from the rest. She was just as ready to do work in the soup kitchen as she was to do picket duty or something more spectacular. She put her heart and soul in all she did.”

Jeff told of the particular piece of violence that impressed Ethel most. “One night a group of us employees at National Packing and Shipping attended a big meeting in strike headquarters, across the street (in Christ Church, 344 W. 36 St.). After the meeting we were walking along the street about half a block away from the church, minding our own business, when the goons sprang up from nowhere and swung their iron pipes.

“I saw from half a dozen to 10 of them. Then I got knocked out in a hurly. Still have a scar,” he said, rubbing his head. “Six of us were taken to French Hospital.”
THE GIRL who had walked the dusty streets of the Lower East Side slums dreaming of "The Life" of an artist, of the stage and concert hall, had found the shipping clerk's job in February, 1932, and averaged $7 a week from then until the strike, some three and a half years, NLRB records show.

The company was a freight brokerage house, shipping merchanise ordered from garment houses to clients, whether they were in the city, other states or abroad.

The NLRB said that "The essence of the respondent's business is speed." Packets had to be sent the same day they were received. Jeff described the speedup in less elegant language.

"As for the men, the only difference between us and horses was that we wore pants. The women had it a little easier. Ethel and the other girls worked alongside a fellow, behind belts. They wrote receipts at top speed, until their hands and arms almost dropped off. We men handled the boxes, and fellows wrote the number of the receipt on the package."

Ethel was among the majority who worked part time, except for peak rush times. Shifts were staggered. Crews were small in the morning. By 5 p.m. speedup was at its best. Rush boys lined up, staggering with boxes to the entrance.

ETHEL worked on the first floor, where today behind the plate glass front only men shipping clerks can be seen, and on the balcony, behind a belt, on which packages were received, sorted according to shipping routes and sent below, Jeff said. In 1935 the company had 40 persons on the payroll. Jeff recalled how some of the fellows were talking over the approaching nuptials of one of the better paid men who averaged about $20 a week. "I still remember one guy's remark," he smiled. "It wasn't said in jest. Don't see how you can marry and keep a wife and raise kids on $20 a week. Takes about $25." One of the first organizers of the union, Ethel, urged them to go out on strike when the other thousands of clerks did. They returned to work with the others, about Sept. 13. As elsewhere, the union didn't get recognition, though winning some concessions.

"We went back on a gentleman's agreement. Only trouble was that Loebel (Andrew W., president of the company) wasn't a gentleman," Jeff said ruefully.

ETHEL was a member of the original strike committee, elected by the nucleus who first signed up in the union. When Loebel challenged its authority, the workers as a whole elected Ethel to the second committee. All of the workers had joined the union, AFL Federal Local No. 1955, the Ladies Apparel Shipping Clerks Union, or at least joined in the strike, except office and supervisory employees.

Loebel dealt with the second committee when the strikers agreed on terms of returning to work. Some wage increases were given, though it is not clear whether the $15 minimum won by the striking clerks, according to the ILC publication, "Justice," was agreed to by Loebel. At the same time, according to the NLRB, Loebel "stated that if he wanted to belong to a union they need not come back to work."

Jeff described how Loebel called all the workers to a meeting in his office, determined to have a committee he could control, a small committee.

"Ethel addressed the meeting, urging a large, strong, independent committee, democratically elected. All of us who spoke urged the same thing, protesting against Loebel's plan to elect the committee then and there. We were packed in there, sitting on desks or standing jammed in. Ethel was excited, but she brought out the right points. "All who spoke were fired, most of us in one day," said Jeff.

THE BOARD ruled that Loebel's presence at the meeting and that of other officers was "a clear violation of the Act." It was obvious he was determined to break the union and replace it with an "inside organization," it found.

Also contributing to Ethel's firing, the board found, was that when one of the early organizers was fired, prior to the others, on a " pretext," Oct. 11, Ethel after completing her work and checking out urged other employees to protest. A number did quit work, and she went to the company and protested the dismissal.

Reading of the transcript of the testimony now lodged in government archives reveals Ethel going from one girl to another explaining patiently why they should take some action immediately. She told the board that they all felt that the man's discharge was unwarranted. What she told the girls, she said in her testimony, March 18, 1936, was that if they did not protest the discharge, the rest of them could be "picked off" one by one for minor reasons or no reason at all.

SINCE none of the shop committee was in the plant on that shift that day, she told the girls, they couldn't get out anyway as she was sure that was what the shop committee would recommend. They willingly stopped work to protest.

A one-paragraph item in The Times said the company was ordered to reinstate four employees, but the item failed to name them.

"Ethel Greenglass," according to the NLRB findings, "had worked for the respondent since February, 1932. There is no allegation or evidence that she was not an efficient employee. The respondent's antagonism to Ethel Greenglass undoubtedly arose by virtue of the fact that she was active in organizing the union, was a member of the first and second strike committees, and had urged employees who were working [after the dismissal of one of the union's early organizers] ... to cease working and protest against it.

"We find that Ethel Greenglass was discharged because of her union membership and activities."

The National Packing and Shipping Co. case was one of the NLRB's early decisions, in the days when it was proving to be in fact labor's magna carta. The portion quoted appears in Volume One of the board's decisions. The NLRB had been upheld by the Supreme Court less than a year before.
JEFF lost track of Ethel after they were fired. He obtained another job and continued his college studies.

"I saw her once after that," he said. "It was in '41 or '42, and I was walking along a street with some fellows. I remember I was quite startled when someone threw her arms around me.

"Of course I recognized her as soon as I got a chance to look at her—because no one was quite so vivacious as Ethel. Very warm, full of life—that was Ethel."

She was with Julie at the time, and introduced him as her husband. She and Jeff reminisced a minute or two, and went on. He never saw either again.

(To be continued in the Worker of Nov. 22.)
Third Rosenberg Play Opens:
Shakespeare on McCarthyism

By DAVID PLATT

A third play on the Rosenberg Case has just opened in Vienna. The other two opened recently in London and Warsaw. "Loyalty" is the title of the new one and its author is Miklos Gyarfas. There are four characters in the play: Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, a jailer and a "stranger" who promises them freedom if they will turn informer. They choose to remain loyal to their democratic principles.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect description of McCarthyism than this quote from Shakespeare:

"Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office."

Like some of Shakespeare's drunkards, the McCarthyites 'smite the air for breathing in their faces.'

I am delighted, as I am sure you will be too with Milton Howard's new five-cent pamphlet, "McCarthyism and the Big Lie," a very readable, lucid and convincing discussion of McCarthyism—what it is—and how to fight it.

Communism is a "conspiracy," shout the McCarthyites. This is Big Lie No. 1 says Howard's pamphlet. "The truth is that conspiracy and Marxism are opposites, since Marxism (and Marxist parties) base itself on actual, objective social conditions, on the actual movements of millions of people acting in defense of their economic interests. Marxism is the social science which requires for its application the support and approval of millions of people; it cannot be a conspiracy."
An attorney, Charles J. Katz, once observed that the charge of "conspiracy" against Communists today "is exactly what Marcus Aurelius said about the Christians, and that is exactly what the followers of King Henry VIII said about the Catholics, and that is exactly, word for word, what certain people said about Anne Hutchinson. Every time you find an inquisition, you find someone trying to justify it by saying, "We Are Imperilled."

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning old Fury: "I'll try the whole case and condemn you to death."—Alice in Wonderland.

Sidney Finkelstein's book "How Music Expresses Ideas" has been translated and published in Japan. It was well received by musicians and music critics there, including Saburo Sonobe, outstanding Communist critic, writer and musicologist, who said: "I can entirely agree with Mr. Finkelstein's opinion of music and his analysis of music which is linked closely with the analysis of class society. I appreciate the high value of this book for the future of music theory and the establishment of a peaceful world. I feel keenly that the book must be read by all Japanese, especially musicians.

Wanda Jakubowska, director of the powerful Polish anti-Nazi movie "The Last Stop" which was well received here a couple of years ago when it played on Broadway, won a First State Prize in Poland for her new production "Soldier of Victory." Her new film is a two-part biography of Gen. Swierczewski, leader of the International Brigade which fought Franco in Spain, and later commanded Polish anti-Nazi forces in World War II.

Federal Judge Ignacio Burgos of Mexico City, ruled last week that comic books imported from the U.S. which speak disrespectfully of Asian peoples may not be sold in Mexico. He made the ruling in upholding the ban by the Magazine Censorship Commission on comic books in which Chinese and Japanese were referred to as "pigs" and "dogs." He ruled that the magazines contributed to racial discrimination which is outlawed by the Mexican Constitution.

Duke Ellington was the first Negro band leader to play the Paramount (on Broadway) in 1930. He will also be the last Negro star at this theatre which is abandoning stage shows at the end of the month. Television has sapped interest in stage shows.

A daily reader writes: "Thank you very much for announcing those good TV programs. Enjoyed 'The Big Issue' with Corliss Lamont and the anti-Nazi movie 'So Ends Our Night.' Please continue recommending good TV programs, especially movies. We missed almost all the good old films. We were too young at the time and unaware. Also interested in your article on the Mayor of Boston and the opera."
Two Immortals
Scenes from the lives of
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

BY VIRGINIA GARDNER

Ethel's Greatness: Never Bitter, Says Jail Friend

PART VIII

"I DON'T know who named Ethel's cell 'Rosenberg's Delicatessen,'" Martha smiled, but the name stuck.

"Ethel got a kick out of it. She said she ought to get credit for bringing a little touch of the East Side into that terrible place, which of course the East Side couldn't be blamed for.

"It was," she added, "the first time she ever had lived on the West Side, and she thought the East Side preferable. Someone suggested the delicatessen ought to get her a few days off for meritorious behavior—that was before the sentence."

Anyone in her corridor hungry at night would go to the Rosenberg Delicatessen. Although she didn't smoke, Ethel always had an ample supply of "commissary"—candy bars, some fruit, a sandwich or two, little cakes, and jars of jam.

"Occasionally she even had a pack of cigarettes, if she had an extra quarter to spend on commissary that day, for her friends to enjoy. The jam wasn't free world jam.

"THIS was a new term, and she explained that "free world" meant the world outside the jail walls, so that "free world" food was food bought at the commissary, and was vastly different. The bread served at the detention house, for instance, was bread made by inmates at Riker's Island, a city institution, and heartily disliked.

At mealtimes, jail personnel looked the other way while women who had lotion or cold cream jars emptied into them the usual pat of apple butter or, more rarely, jam which accompanied a meal. These were taken to their cells because everyone grew hungry at night.

With a piece of "free world" bread from a sandwich, visitors at the Rosenberg Delicatessen could dip into one of Ethel's jam jars with a wooden tongue applicator, filched by the women from the clinic, or the handle of a toothbrush, and have a minor feast.

ETHEL'S popularity with the prisoners extended beyond the fifth and ninth floors, where she spent different periods on Greenwich St. She attended all the religious services in the jail, Jewish, Catholic, Christian Science, whatever the sect. There she met her friends, and took part in the singing with zest.

Jewish prisoners were few in number. Martha told how on the day after Ethel was convicted, there was a full attendance at the Jewish services—some eight or ten. Others arrived early, waiting for Ethel. As they sat there in the solemn hush of the chapel, the little group spoke in whispers of one subject—her conviction.

Among them was a new arrival who did not know her, but knew
of her trial. This was a relief, one of several then in a Women's House of Detention. She was in on a charge of attempting to smuggle into the country a scant few hundred dollars' worth of merchandise into which she reputedly had converted her life savings.

Her husband, father, mother and brothers had been killed by the Nazis in the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto. She herself and her four-year-old daughter were sent to a Nazi concentration camp. Her child was too young to work and too old to feed, so had been taken from her and put to death in a gas oven.

She sat rather apart from the rest and took little notice of their conversation, understanding little English. But like the others she kept her eyes on the door expectantly. Then Ethel appeared in the doorway and began the walk down the long aisle, her face composed.

her head thrown back a little, her step measured and poised, as if she were the focus of a thousand pairs of eyes instead of eight or ten, and trying to assure them all that she was quite all right.

The little group huddled in front sat rigidly, not knowing how to break the solemnity of the moment which Ethel was trying to ease.

THEN the little figure of the refugee, who was unknown to Ethel, "broke ranks" and fled toward her, kissing her hands and speaking softly in Yiddish. The others sat back, the tension and awkwardness gone; the refugee had expressed something for them. Now, in grateful relief, they moved aside, greeted her naturally, only with added warmth, made room for Ethel and the refugee, and the services began.

Not that those interviewed claimed that there was a complete absence of hostility toward Ethel. At one point, when she complained of a dirty dish or the food—the exact nature of her dining-room remark was forgotten—an officer said to her that whatever it was, the food was too good for such a "spy."

"Ethel put up an immediate squawk," as her friend of Detention House days put it. "And she was anything but an aggressive person. Ethel really didn't like to fight."

"She told the officer off then and there, and promptly was locked up she demanded to see the captain, declared she'd have her attorney investigate, and was so forceful a captain came, and unlocked her."

IT WAS some months after her arrest in August, 1950, that Ethel was assigned from the ninth floor to the fifth for the first time. It was only then that Martha, who had been placed on that floor on her arrest, became acquainted with her.

"All her friends were on the ninth, and she didn't like it. Besides, they had transferred her things without telling her."

These two rare photographs of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were discovered by Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg, Julius' mother, and reproduced by the National Rosenberg-Sobell Committee. Both snapshots were taken when they were in their early twenties. The committee urges that anyone who has photos for the Rosenberg-Sobell campaign make their pictures available for public use by sending them to the National Rosenberg-Sobell Committee, 1050 Sixth Ave., New York N.Y.
Before Ethel was moved to the fifth floor, some of the women agreed she should have a cell to welcome her, and one volunteered to do the cleaning. Sills scrubbed almost the entire day, but Ethel was so sad about leaving her friends on the ninth, and had so much on her mind, that I guess she didn’t notice it, and no one told her,” Martha said.

The jail personnel did not do Ethel’s request to be sent back to the ninth floor, but even so, thereafter Martha and Ethel shared almost daily 15-minute sessions. She persuaded Ethel that coffee if served, and if it was “free world” coffee, not the kind they had for breakfast, could be a priceless luxury. Ethel changed from milk to coffee.

Often they talked of books, or they talked of marriage, their families and early work experiences. Ethel told stories of the bitter working conditions she and others faced in the depression, and the militancy of those she worked with.

“When she went away, I quit going down to the dining room in the afternoon. I even quit buying ‘free world’ coffee. There was no fun in it any more. But how wonderful they were, those little antics, which once in a while we could string out to half an hour if an officer was lenient.”

Ethel’s ninth floor friends were teaching her to knit, and she started a sweater for one of her boys. She failed to finish it before she departed, and the women used to wonder if she ever found a matron to help her with her knitting in Sing Sing, and if Michael ever got the sweater. (He didn’t; Julie’s sister now has the green and white yarn and unfinished sweater.)

Martha told how when she was serving out her term at Bedford State Prison she thought of Ethel in Sing Sing every time she saw the moon in the sky or a flower in bloom. It was pretty there, in comparison to the detention house in the heart of New York City, and “I’d think with a stab of the Ethel who so loved to be with people-alone, the only woman prisoner in the Death House, able to see Julie once a week through a screen.”

Knowing Ethel made her appreciate everything in life more, including her own family. At first in their sessions she hesitated to speak of her own family, they seemed such a cruel entrant to Ethel’s own—the brother and his wife on whose testimony, the Court of Appeals later said, the case against the Rosenberg stood or fell; the brother who no longer visited her.

Her beloved older brother, Michael, after the death of his wife, the “Claudia” whom Ethel married in her letters, was not strong in his loyalty to Ethel, as she believed he would have been had “Claudia” lived. Gladys died of cancer shortly after Julius’ arrest.

But when Ethel kept asking Martha about this family who stuck by her, Martha spoke of them. Once by pre-arrangement Martha’s mother stood acrass Ninth St. facing the jail, spotting their window by the white paper Martha and Ethel moved up and down across the heavy screen. Thus Ethel saw the mother, and saw her wave.

Martha told Ethel one day, “My mother now asks ‘How is Ethel?’ before she asks how I’m doing.” Then Martha added: “I’ll never forget Ethel’s smile as I told her.”

Other mothers—about a third of the jail’s population of from 850 to 1,000 regularly received visits from their mothers; had their visits in a big square room. Prisoners stood in stalls separated from visitors by thick plate glass, and shrieked above the hubbub when the room was full. Instead of using the clumsy telephone apparatus through which one spoke while another listened, it was simpler to write notes to each other, which were read through the glass.

But Mrs. Greenglass when she did visit Ethel was ushered into a separate room. The hard-to-get “table visits” were awarded as if by magic, without Ethel’s ever requesting them. One day when Martha returned from the sweet solace of a visit with her mother, Ethel told her how it was when Tessie Greenglass had visited her, screaming at her, “What are you doing to Davey?” It was just: “What is Davey doing to you?”

When the mother pleaded with her, “You have it in your power to save Davey,” Ethel had an idea who it was that arranged those “table visits.” That was in the period when David Greenglass was being cultivated sedulously by the government. In the original indictment against Ethel and Julius, Greenglass and his wife Ruth were named only “as co-conspirators but not as defendants,” according to the record.

Then there was the time, after sentence, followed by David’s 15-year sentence, when Ethel told her companion that she had learned her mother had had an audience with Judge Kaufman prior to the sentence—and had pleaded only for David. “Ethel spoke in a dulcet, enigmatic voice, unlike her usual one; her eyes had a look of dull almsy. Each of these days from her mother was a fresh blow—A yet Ethel—
mother with hatred," Martha said. "Only with sadness—but what sadness!

Even when it came to David, Ethel spoke of him as "weak" and how he'd been "a spoiled kid," but explained that he was dominated by a designing and much shrewder wife, a calculating woman who persuaded him to go along with the creators of the frameup to save Ruth's life and his own.

MARTHA and Ethel had many searching talks. "I disagreed with her on lots of things," Martha ruminated. "She was too good. At times she almost annoyed me with her goodness. Not that she was goody-goody in any way—she believed in enjoying life to the full and wanted every one to.

"It's hard to say what I felt. But—she seemed too charitable toward her own family. I knew what a family could be like and what it meant to someone in jail, and I resented the dirty deal she got from hers, more than she did.

"Little things—I warned her against lending commissary money to certain women in our cell block. Then she'd confess she had. When it wasn't repaid, she shrugged it off—and would lend it again.

"Big things, too. At times I just didn't see how anyone could be like she was. I mean, she seemed to believe so much just on faith. I didn't think any man could be so perfect and as smart as she thought Julia was. Also, I'd get to thinking how no one at that time but her lawyer was sticking up for her and I'd get bitter, because already I loved her, and I wasn't the only one inside who did.

"But never a word of bitterness crossed her lips. She would say, that's all right, the workers will find out the truth about us, that we're framed, and then the people will demand we be freed. Always she had that faith—the people always did the right thing."

SHE STOPPED, wiped her eyes. "I learned from her, learned how to believe in people all over again. Because in jail it is bitter and lonely—only Ethel, and Julius, too, I guess, though I didn't know him, never felt bitter or really lonely.

"Anyway," she ended, her voice small and hurried, "here I was in the beginning, feeling impatient with her, feeling she was too soft, too trusting, I guess even thinking myself smarter. Soft! Yes, she was soft, she had human frailties. She was like so many ordinary rank and file people you meet every day. And how she taught me to believe, to see how right and wonderful they are, because that's all she was, and look what she became."

She stared unseeing at the people hurrying by the bench in Central Park where she sat. Then she seemed to see them, and to remember she was being interviewed. "That's about all," she said tonelessly.

"And when you got out—?" she was asked.

SHE WAS released from prison a few weeks before the execution, she said. In the final week of the Rosenbergs' lives, after Justice Douglas granted a stay, the Rosenberg Committee office drew her irresistibly. In the midst of celebrating the stay, while Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg, Julie's mother, was being presented with a bouquet, news came of the full court's being summoned for the following day.

The news was kept from Mrs. Rosenberg, and she was told that a special train would go as planned to Washington, just to demonstrate support, and the committee would like her to go along. The aged mother of Juls repaid that she would, if she could be sure of getting back in time "to make Shabos"—meaning to prepare food for the Sabbath.

"All day Friday as I kept buying papers and listening to the radio I kept hearing that poor little old lady's words."

(In The Worker of Nov. 15 the story of Ethel's participation in a strike in the mid-thirties will be told for the first time.)
"20 YEARS" — We Cannot Be Silent!

An Editorial

A SAVAGELY UN-AMERICAN judge, hungry for McCarthyite headlines and war hysteria, yesterday looked down on Jim Dolsen, aged 68, Pittsburgh writer for this paper, and sneeringly said:

"Twenty years in jail."

Jim Dolsen—with another five-year Smith Act term on his head—was being framed into a living death, to end his days in a cell.

The prosecution said his WRITINGS were creating "contempt and hatred" of the State of Pennsylvania! Thus is the crime of "sedition" defined in the 30-year-old witch-hunting Sedition Act.

Under this brutal decree, which not even a King George III dared to apply to "seditious" Americans with such ferocity, noble Steve Nelson has been sentenced to the same 20 years!

Steel worker Andy Onda, seriously sick with heart trouble, faces death if this kind of sentence is imposed on him as the judge threatens.

WHAT IS THE MEANING of these brutal sentences against more and more Americans?

What is the meaning behind these political frameups under "sedition" laws, and thought-control laws like the Smith Act under which more than 100 American men and women have been jailed or face jail solely for their political opinions?

It is up to every American—every trade union member, every citizen regardless of his affiliations—to ponder deeply into this new wave of legal brutalities which reminds one of the Spanish Inquisition, of the hated Alien and Sedition frameups which swept America until Jefferson and the people stopped them in their tracks.

IT IS THE JUDGES and prosecutors themselves who give us the answer.

In practically every case, the judicial hangmen scream at their victims that their crime is—in Korea, the war which Israel's agents here admit they started!

Prosecutor Irving Saypol, who howled for the blood of the first Foley Square defendants, shouted that the Communists were traitors because they opposed the war in Korea!

When the ambition-ridden Judge Kaufman sent Ethel and Julius Rosenberg to their martyrdom, he pointed to Korea as the excuse for the legal crime which was shock

(Continued on Page 5)
(Continued from Page 1)

ing decent humanity. Judge Kaufman blamed the Korean War on Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, thus providing the classic example of the blood-stained scapegoat to a nation sick of "the most useless war in American history."

Yesterday, the McCarthyite hangman whose judicial robes hide an un-American political bigot once again referred to the Korean war and sought to ride on the tails of the Rosenberg Frameup. Jimmy Dolen's writings on democracy, peace, and Socialism were "worse than the Rosenbergs," he snarled.

These are the recognizable accents of all Inquisitors who have burned men at the stake for "teaching and advocating" the Reformation, science, and the treasonous doctrines of the Brotherhood of Man.

In short, these political brutalities are coldly calculated to warn the average American that he must not demand peace in Korea, that he must not challenge the latest State Department more-war "atrocities" propaganda; that he must bow his head in submission to more war taxes, more killings in Asia, more shedding of American blood to keep the "boom" going!

The background to this wave of jailings, deportations, and frameups—which Attorney General Brownell promises to increase—is the simple fact that the American people are not eager for any more wars, either Korean or atomic. They are sick of the tax burdens growing out of the endless subsidies to war plotters like Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek, and the fascist Franco.

It is only too plain that the Washington leaders are frantically worried because the American people—like the Western cattlemen seeking economic relief, like the Wisconsin farmers defeating a pro-McCarthy GOP—will not go willingly into any more Asian adventures.

The country wants a Korean peace settlement, not "atrocities" propaganda! The country wants trade to help solve our "surplus" problem, not new atomic arms races which no one can win! The jailing of Communists is intended to bully the rest of America into silent submission on the ground that resistance is "communist subversion."

THAT IS WHY the cause of these "sedition" and Smith Act victims is the cause of the United States, of the American labor movement and all decent citizens!

We urge protests from all citizens of good will, urging that Governor John S. Fine, Harrisburg, Pa., reverse these "sedition" sentences and halt all "sedition" trials.


We urge similar expressions to U. S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, asking amnesty for all those now in jail for their ideas, as well as the halt to all present indictments.

This "sedition" terrorism is a menace to the safety and security of the United States. It is a plot against peace.
Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By Virginia Gardner

'Saint on Earth' Prisoner Says of Ethel
Part VII

AT THE time Martha first knew Ethel Rosenberg in the Women's House of Detention Ethel's children were in a City shelter. Probably out of her concern for others, for Ethel was such a part of the life about her, she kept the worst of her grief to herself.

"I never saw her cry, although I saw her the night she came back from being sentenced," said Martha, one of several persons interviewed who knew the Rosenbergbs in jail before they were taken to Ossining. "One morning I dropped into her cell, as we could do with one another when on the same corridor, and saw she had been crying. I asked her if she was blue, and she said, 'Oh, it's just thinking about the children, I can stand everything else.'

Even those who saw her always cheerful thought of her as a tragic figure—because of the little boys. Often when she was restless or distracted she would seek relief in dropping in another's cell and bringing the talk around to children.

On one of these occasions she told a story which used to haunt her friends after she was removed to Sing Sing. As Ethel told it her eyes were almost more than Martha could bear to watch.

WHEN JULIUS was arrested in July, 1950, Ethel's narrative began. The FBI agent searched the house while two agents stood on either side of Julius. Both little boys were at home. Michael was then seven years old. Robby had had his third birthday on the previous May 8.

At one point during the strange visit by the agents, two of whom were alluded to later by Judge Kaufman as "perfect gentlemen at all times," little Robby turned to the radio and turned a dial. Sound blared forth. An agent pushed him roughly aside, switched it off.

Julie couldn't move toward the child, flank ed as he was, but Ethel rushed to him, hugged him to her to quiet his frightened crying.

A month later, Aug. 11, when she was arrested while emerging from the grand jury room, she was permitted to make a phone call home to break the news to Michael, the seven-year-old. She started out, making her voice sound as natural as possible: "Michael, you remember what happened to Daddy, dear?"

But she got no further. Michael knew what the rest would be. The child screamed one long agonized scream into the telephone.

On dispirited mornings when she had not slept much, and before her spirits rose, as they usually did at some time during the day, Ethel more than once said to her fellow prisoners on Greenwich Street: "Oh, no, nothing's wrong. I just heard that scream again last night."

I heard it every time I fell asleep, I think."

MARThA dug in her purse for tissues, blew her nose and wiped her cheeks briskly, unconcerned with the presence of decorous diners in a Village restaurant.

That is why it would make us so burning mad when some news-
paper columnist would write that she didn’t care enough about her children to have them visit her,” she said. “Reading some columnist one day, Ethel laid down the paper and said, ‘They say I’m indifferent, that I don’t care. What do they think I’m made of?’

During her entire more than eight months in the Detention House, her bail too exorbitant ever to consider, Ethel Rosenberg did not see her boys. This, said Martha, required the most rigid self-denial. It wasn’t any problem for the women inside to understand,” she said, “but the smart columnists couldn’t figure it out. She wanted to wait. She didn’t want the children to visit her in one jail, and then, if it could be arranged for West St., visit their father in another. She felt they would find it less of a shock if they saw their parents together.”

Here she supplied a single example of the way the women prisoners understood. A Negro woman made it a regular practice to watch discreetly when Ethel would go into her cell alone then, if she saw Ethel’s shoulders begin to shake, she would go in, put her arms around her and comfort her.

ANOTHER story was told by a woman who was in Greenwich St. jail shortly after Ethel departed for Sing Sing. A young Puerto Rican woman prisoner, a devout Catholic, at mention of Ethel’s name flared up and told the newly-ar- rived prisoner:

“I’m not very bright but I know right from wrong. No matter if the Pope were to tell me Ethel Rosenberg was had I wouldn’t believe him because I know she was a saint on earth.”

The young Puerto Rican then told how Ethel had nursed her through her illness when she was trying to recover from the dope habit. Her remarks were made in June 1951, almost two years before the Pope urged clemency for the Rosebergs.

Martha was with Ethel when she returned after hearing sentence pronounced on her and Julie. Ethel made no comment on the fact that Judge Kaufman had ordered her and her husband to die in the electric chair. The only thing she spoke of was the below-the-belt attack on Julie and Ethel as parents which he made in a speech on sentencing them. Dazedly Ethel spoke of it to her friends in the jail, and, knowing no woman could be a more concerned and loving mother, they were enraged, Martha related.

“A jail official came up to her when she got back and offered her a sedative. I think she sort of put her arm out as if to steady Ethel. But Ethel refused the sedative and walked erect and alone to her cell.”

THE WOMEN, talking together, figured out why. She didn’t want to do any single thing which the press could get hold of and headline, to indicate her morale was breaking. It was part of her feeling of responsibility. She wasn’t a criminal, she was a political case, she told them, and they knew as much. They were glad she wouldn’t give the papers the opportunity to say she needed drags to make her sleep.

“She was very proud. It was only that remark about her and Julie as parents which stunned her,” said Martha.

One prisoner, Isobel, was more realistic than Martha about Ethel’s
Both Anna and Martha spoke of Ethel's warmth and a quality she had of making the best of things so that those around her forgot their troubles.

**ONE OF THE many women Ethel befriended was a Belgian who had been assigned to her cell because, in addition to her own language, she spoke only a little Yiddish, which Ethel spoke fluently. When she arrived the frightened woman had no clothes of her own except the ones on her back. The FBI had taken them all to search. She had been seized on entering the country as an accused diamond smuggler.

Ethel shared everything she had with the woman, including her own scant nondescript stock of houseresses and other clothes. Her Martha interrupted her story of the Belgian woman to interrupt:

"The clothes Ethel wore to trial were only one of Ethel's many friends. The jail officers were well aware of the loyalty Ethel Rosenberg inscribed among the women. Although it was strictly against the rules, often at night, when all were in their bunks and lights out, Ethel's clear soprano voice would soar through the corridors, comforting the silent women who wept into their hard pillows in the dark cells.

At times it was Brahms's Lullaby, or a ballad, or some song the women had told her they wanted to hear. "It was her way of saying good night, and no guard or officer dared to stop her, she was too popular—and it was too beautiful." There was the incident around the Mexican film, 'The Pearl,' revealed to this reporter by another former inmate of the Women's House of Detention. It was one of the few moving films shown there, the story of a fisherman who finds a valuable pearl in an oyster.

The pearl eventually becomes the subject of great envy on the part of neighbors in the fishing village, until, in a struggle over it, the fisherman's little child is killed. The picture ends with the fisherman standing on the shore, giving the pearl to his wife and warning her to throw it far out to sea.

When Ethel's friend, Anna, realized she hadn't been present as the film was shown she told her what she had missed. "I know, Ethel said, adding she remembered a review of the film. "I stayed away. I couldn't watch the killing of the child."
The husband whom the cell-mate had left in Belgium seemingly was a most pious man, not at all concerned with the pleasures of this world, and the wife therefore never dared to wear short-sleeved dresses even in the privacy of their own home as it distracted him from his contemplations.

Ethel never laughed at her, but put on a campaign to get her to cry less and to see some joy in life—even where they were. With a gleam in her eye Ethel once asked the Belgian woman why she wore lipstick. Oh, the reply was, she liked lipstick. There you are, Ethel said triumphantly, you do like to make yourself attractive.

In time Ethel began to make progress in her campaign to make the forlorn woman "not less pious, but more conscious that life can be a fine thing and that it's always interesting." Martha said.

Thus Ethel reported proudly to some of the women how the night previous her cell-mate had shown herself to be a woman like all of them, with the same human longings. After showers and the one luxury of jail life, a plentiful drizzling from the little can of talcum powder permitted to the women, Ethel and her cell-mate lay in their respective cots, gripping in the sense of cleanliness and the sweet scent of the talcum. For the moment all the smells and dirt and human indignities of jail life were erased. And when Ethel sighed that if only they could be with their husbands then things would really be all right, for once her cell-mate agreed.

Eventually Ethel even succeeded in persuading her charge to accompany her to one of the jail movies. She never had seen a movie.
IT WAS Anna, then a federal prisoner who at times shared seats with Ethel and others in the van which took them to Foley Sq., who told the most graphic story of the relationship between Ethel and Julius. Martha had heard probably more of Ethel's confidences, but it was Anna who witnessed the incident that she described in her curious mixture of jail slang and toughness and compassion.

She told first of how Ethel never tired of talking about Julie. "Nothing she said was phony, but I just couldn't believe that any marriage was all she said hers was. But I'm telling you, after what I saw in that pie-wagon (prison van), jolting along the streets on the way to Foley Sq., why, I know that Romeo and Juliet weren't even in it."

"The big van in which they took prisoners to court had called at the West St. jail first, and there the men were loaded into it. 'Julie had the seat I learned later the men always reserved for him—next to the grating which separated men from women. It was a pretty large open steel mesh screen."

"The women who were going to court that day held back and let Ethel take her seat. I sat down opposite her. It was dark in the van. I didn't even know at the time where Julie was, for you couldn't see any faces. Then I struck a match to light a cigarette."

"I'll never forget what that match lit up. Julie and Ethel, kissing each other through that damned screen. I didn't even wait to get a light, I blew it out."

HER LIPS quivered and she fiercely wiped at the tears that would come in spite of herself. Lighting a cigarette with shaking fingers, she then said in a flat choked voice:

"I kept seeing that picture when I—when I heard about the two hours they had together that last day, and wondered if at last they got to kiss each other without a screen between them, once before they died."

(In The Worker of Nov. 8 will appear the final account of Ethel's life in the House of Detention in New York City, after which more will be told of periods in the lives of Julius and Ethel before and after their arrest.)
MICHAEL ROSENBERG
One long agonized scream into the telephone

BOBBY ROSENBERG
Music Was Always Part of Their Family Home Life

Part X

ETHEL was literally a mother 24 hours out of 24,” said Kate, a neighbor who saw her frequently from the time Michael, now 10, was an infant, until the spring of 1930. One of the innumerable friends and acquaintances grilled by the FBI simply because she knew the Rosenbergs, Kate said: “Nothing could ever make me believe she was a crook. She had done all those things she was accused of doing. No one who really knew her would believe she was a crook.”

Records were almost a nightly ritual before the children were put to bed. (A stack of children’s records still are in the home.) Julie’s mother, ranging from “Molly Malone” to “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” sang to her children until well into the night.

Michael was a delicate baby, sensitive, precocious child. “How much thought went into every little purchase for him; every record was chosen with the idea that recreation must relax, not stimulate him,” said Kate. Nelson told how music was a part of their daily home life, with Ethel sing-songing and playing on their old piano, songs for the boys, and songs for Julie.

JULIE was “as involved with the children as any father I ever knew,” said Nelson, who without discounting what Ethel must have suffered in Sing Sing felt that Julie’s love for his sons was so deep that he also sufferedfred greatly over them. “His East Houston Street shop was located under a synagogue and so Julie could not keep open on Saturdays. But Sunday he generally worked. His one day off was Saturday, was completely devoted to Michael; then, when Robby was old enough to go along on their visits, to them both.

They spent nothing on entertainment, but there was always money for subway fare, a nickel, and Julie thought nothing of taking Michael to the end of the line, riding as close to the front of the train as possible. Or he’d take them to the zoo for the day.

Among Julie’s favorites sung by Ethel, Nelson recalled Beethoven’s Ninth, in which parts of Schiller’s Ode to Joy appear. She had been a member of the colored choir, Schola Cantorum.
JULY never minded when he came home to find "the house in an uproar, the kids and Ethel on the floor playing games." Yes, said Kate, and he had a sense of humor. "Once I met him in a little shop near Knickerbocker Village, thumbing through birthday cards, looking for one for Ethel. One was an elaborate tribute to a man's helpmate, and in rhyme told how he always came home to find an order: immediate house. He showed it to me, laughed, and said, "Well, I can't in all honesty send that one."

"He idolized her," said Kate, who was not given to overstatement. "I've heard people who read their letters say that she adored Julie. She can't bring herself to read them yet. But the real adoration was on Julie's part.

Nelson agreed. Julie consulted Ethel on everything, he pointed out, and went along with her theory the children were more important than the house. Neither cared anything for their own personal comfort.

They agreed, moreover, that each was dependent on the other, that they were "a unit," their relationship a mutual one. "Actually they loved each other very much," Kate said, "but the children were the peak of their success. I think the kids were to each of them the mainspring of their lives."

A SILENCE fell in the cheerful living room in the distant town where Kate and Nelson moved in the spring of 1950. The late afternoon sun picked out the gleaming copper and bronze on bookshelves, and turned to exotic shades the bowls of garden flowers.

"I think I'm a pretty good mother," Kate said, absentmindedly, playing with the bare feet of the gorgeous youngest she held in her lap, "but never did I see such patience as Ethel had. And never was there a child so unprepared to lose his parents as little Michael, who had never heard a discouraging word spoken to him in his home. Robbie was a robust, happy kid, but one, when I think of Michael—she left the sentence unfinished, ending with a sigh and a long shudder.”

MICHAEL always called his mother Ethel, she recalled. "She never mended a shirt for herself, and always gave me an outfit of her own. She worked so hard to keep the family together, and yet she always had money to buy the kids the things they needed."

Not only her own kids loved her, but mine. When my boy would return from their house, I'd expect me to drop everything, even if I was in the midst of making a cake, or sewing, and play with us like Ethel does.

Ethel couldn't stand to hear a child cry, say anything, the nearest thing to a dispute the two women ever had was when, calling on Kate, Ethel found she'd punished her eldest, then about 5, for using some bad language. She'd picked up from older boys. He was crying, and Ethel "took me to task—she was that way, couldn't bear to see a child punished, or suffer in any way.

She still "couldn't believe it—what happened," she wished now she'd attended the funeral, "so I'd know they're really dead.

"It's all so fantastic," Nelson, a construction engineer, said dazedly. "And people, everyone who'd known them, even slightly, were terrified. I never expected to see such a thing in this country, but there it was.

He had not talked politics with Julie, but as a neighbor and friend who knew the Greenglass family as well as Julie and Ethel, he knew something of the struggles in the machine shop in which David Greenglass, Ethel's youngest brother, was foreman.

THERE WERE on vacation, said Nelson, in July, 1950, when the news of Julie's arrest reached them on the radio. "I was shocked. I was sick for a week, had to go to bed, and for a week I couldn't sleep. I simply couldn't figure it out.

Then when I read of this sketch [David Greenglass' supposed sketch incorporating the "secret" of the A-bomb, allegedly given to Julie, allegedly for the Russians, although no documentary proof was introduced in the trial records], I thought, 'Something's wrong.'

"David was incapable of it—he was no more capable of it than a salesman without any technical education would be. I know of my own knowledge that David couldn't have taken an idea out of that machine shop, let alone a scientific idea out of Los Alamos.

He knew, he said, that Julie's failure to make money in the machine shop was due to one thing, the fact that David "ruined one job after another, so that at least half the finished work they sent out was returned because it was so bad."

AFTER HIS VACATION, and Ethel's arrest in August, he said members of his family and friends who knew he had called and asked anxiously, "Are you all right?"

"I'd say, 'Sure, why shouldn't I be all right?' But if it was apparent to people who didn't know Greenglass that some who get in a fix involve not only his brother-in-law but his own sister, was dangerous, you can imagine what it was for me. He might not stop there but involve a whole slew of Julie's friends, including myself. After all, I knew David. I knew he was irresponsible, and I knew there was something shady about the whole thing.

"And how Ethel loved that no brother or sister, "Kate said. Ethel was a slave to her family, anybody—none of whom, even her mother, went to see her buried. Yet everyone said that Ruth (Dave's wife), whom I always figured to be a cold and selfish woman, Ethel never said a harsh word. And when Ruth was burned (shortly before David's arrest) Ethel left her kids with me and went to take care of Ruth's kids.

"The only thing I can figure," said Nelson, "is that David and Ruth got into trouble, and Julie and Ethel were the sort of people to rush in and try to help them. If Julie hadn't wanted to go to David's help—because they finally had broken and David was out of the business—Ethel would have done it in spite of him. The family ties were very close."

IT WAS THIS which explained Julie's failure to kick out David earlier, his putting up with David's incompetence and his behavior, which was to laugh and shrug when work was rejected, and to drop everything and run home to help Ruth with the kids whenever she telephoned for him.

Nelson compared the two families, Julie's and Ethel's. Both were workers' families, both fathers were skilled workers when they came to this country. "But in Julie's father you sensed that he typified that real starvation for culture, as real as a man's longing for water in a desert, which so many Jews brought here. Not that he himself was cultured, but he wanted his children to be, wanted Julie to be a scholar in Hebrew, which he was, and a college student that."

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"And how Ethel loved that no
"Ethel's family, on the other hand, was rooted in the ghetto, spiritually impoverished, content to stay there—with no love of culture apparent in any except Ethel, in whom it flowered as if to make up for the rest."

In Ethel he saw "a vein of iron," contented in her own role as mother and wife, she was determined her children should have every creative opportunity. And her recalled her own mother, who worked endless hours in a little shop "but was so determined she would learn to read English that she'd take the dictionary in with her when she went to the bathroom—only time she could take from work."

"Our own family could not understand her complete lack of daring for money, said Kate. She recalled the last time she saw her, in the spring of 1950. "She was very happy, told me Julio finally was taking $50 a week from the business, saying it as if it were riches. She'd even begun buying some clothes—I think the first since her marriage. A dress, and some hats she'd paid 50 cents and $1 for, at Kline's. I thought of it when I read that they were the big pay-off team for Russian spies."

(To Be Continued)
Here's Proof McCarthy Lied About Spy Rings

MILTON HOWARD

ONCE AGAIN, the United States is being hit hard with a barrage of "spy" propaganda. The leader of the drive to fascism in the U.S.A.

- Not a single one of the victims in the main cases has been indicted for actual espionage, only for intended espionage, or for intention to commit espionage in the future.

- The "confessions" of certain alleged "spies" contradict each other. In most cases, the members of the alleged "ring" never met or heard of another, according to the records themselves.

- The "DADDY" of all the spy hoaxes was the Canadian.

- The Canada "spy ring" was broken, Feb. 15, 1946, two weeks before Churchill started the Cold War. It was the careful build-up for his pre-war speech.

- It started with the yarn dashed out by an obscure clerk in the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa, Canada, Gouzenko.

- Gouzenko wanted reasonable people to swallow his tale that he had stolen a "list" of "atomic spies" from a drawer in the Soviet Embassy where it was conveniently kept for reference, or consultation by file clerks.

- Gouzenko was briefed by Canadian police for six and a half months every day prior to giving his yarn to the press on March 12, 1946.

This Is the same Gouzenko who having run through the first 100,000 he made in articles, books, etc., now wants to come to the United States to make a new fortune helping McCarthyism to strangle American freedom.

- THE CANADIAN "spy ring" was a hoax from the first.

A Royal Commission of two members accused 22 Canadians of the most fearful crimes of having stolen "the atomic secrets" for the Soviet Union.

The American press screamed these charges in enormous headlines, for days and weeks on end.

But what happened to the Canadian spy yarn? It collapsed as all of McCarthy's similar frequent fake collapsed—like

(Continued on Page 15)

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(Continued from Page 1)

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The cold fact is that not a single one of the 22 defendants in the Canada Spy Case was ever charged with anything even remotely connected with "atomic espionage" or any kind of espionage whatsoever.

- Even in the hysteria-ridden courtroom, 15 of the "atomic spies for the Soviet Union" were acquitted because of the complete and utter lack of any evidence!

Of the people convicted—with sentences ranging from six years maximum to three months—not one was convicted on the basis of evidence. One of the defendants, Mrs. Emma Wolkin, was got to plead guilty to the fact that she had "exchanged general opinions" with Communist leader, Fred Rose.

But—"atom spy" Mrs. Wolkin admittedly stopped seeing Rose after 1939, five years before the world ever heard of the atom bomb!

Another fact—the defendant Eric Adams was supposed to be getting "information" from defendant Mrs. Walliser. He was completely acquitted of any wrongdoing whatsoever by the court, even though Mrs. Walliser had "confessed" to having given him "information," which the court said he had never received, which was not illegal to receive.

In Raymond Power, for example, was finally convicted, after two previous attempts had failed, merely of having public conversations with a Communist about a certain chemical "RDX" which was fully known to scientists as far back as 1904—nothing was ever transmitted, or could be transmitted, and the government did not even dare to assert this in the indictment.

Another of the "atom spies," Communist leader Sam Carr, was jailed for "atomic espionage" by millions of newspaper items claimed, but for helping a Lincoln Brigade veteran get a passport!

But he too is known now as part of the "atom spy ring."

- So it goes for every defendant in one form or another.

But the Canadian Spy Case fraud became the basis for a whole series of new fakes, to the Rosenberg frame-up, the Monmouth fakes, and who knows to what else it will lead.

Look into some of the other cases.

* The Fuchs 'Spy' Hoax

- There is no evidence that Klaus Fuchs, whose "confession" according to the FBI opened up the door to the "spy ring" was ever a spy, as he claimed.

- No one knows just what it is that Fuchs confessed to. The details have never been revealed.

- No one has ever found a single piece of evidence to back up what Fuchs is alleged to have said in his confession.

- No one can explain why Fuchs confessed, since without his volunteered confession the government had no case whatsoever.

- Fuchs, who has been glamorized as a top atomic scientist, has never been listed in any of the literature dealing with atomic physicists. He has never been listed in any Who's Who of scientists.

- When Fuchs issued his confession, the Soviet Government took the unprecedented step of branding his claims as forgeries.

On Fuchs' claims, the Soviet Union flatly stated:

"That statement is a rank invention."

- Though classified everywhere in the "free world" as a Communist, in order to further the fake of "communist spy" propaganda, there is nothing anywhere to show that Fuchs was ever a Communist.

- Fuchs never told the police or any official body that he was a Communist. The yarn that he was a Communist is traced back solely to a secret file on him in the Fascist Gestapo.

- The FBI claims that Fuchs' confession led them to Harry Gold, another alleged member of the alleged "spy ring."

- Yet, it is fact that the Gold confession in Philadelphia and the purported confession of Fuchs do not agree in any important point, and in fact, completely refute each other!

- Here is another astounding fact—there is no one knows how the British police ever got on his trail, since he never did anything or said anything by their own admission—which could have led them to indict him!

- The only actual confession we have from Fuchs is his claim that he gave the Soviet Union "the general principles of the atom bomb," to use his own words. But the American, official Smythe Report admits "the principles of the atom bomb have been known to scientists all over the world since 1938."

- One last, but in a remarkable touch in this unbelievable Fuchs case—when Fuchs was testifying at a citizenship hearing before his alleged confession, he was asked to give proof of his loyalty. What did he do?

- He asked the court to go to the secret British security police, the same police to whom he later made his confession!

* The Harry Gold Fairy Tale

THIS WEIRD character was arrested by the FBI in May, 1950, the press screamed that the British "spy" Fuchs had named Harry Gold to the FBI.

- But actually, the FBI has been questioning Gold before they ever saw Fuchs.

The story was changed, and it was claimed that Elizabeth Bentley had named Gold.

What are the facts?

- Gold made five different confessions—each confession being absolutely irreconcilable with the others.

- Gold's confession cannot be reconciled with the confessions of his alleged accomplices, Fuchs and Greenglass.
Finally, David Greenglass testified on how he allegedly met Harry Gold is a fraud on the face of it; it was impossible for Gold to have gone to Los Alamos in the manner claimed for him, on the basis of a study of the railroad timetables.

Greenglass never claimed that Gold even mentioned Julius Rosenberg—until later, after Greenglass had met the FBI again did he bring in Julius.

Refuting the hoax that Fuchs had fingered Gold as his American accomplice, there is a public record to the effect that J. Edgar Hoover admitted Fuchs did not and could not identify Gold.

Though Gold was always mentioned as a "communist", there exists nothing whatever to connect him in any way with Communism or anti-left-wing activity.

Despite tons of propaganda to the contrary, it is a matter of official record in the Gold case, that Harry Gold never knew, never heard of, or ever met with Julius or Ethel Rosenberg, or with the other victim, Morton Sobell! Gold "confessed", but no one knows in exactly what.

It has never been shown that he ever had any involvement with anyone in any alleged "ring" other than in the statement made by Greenglass after he changed his original statement!

The Judy Coplon Frameup

MILLIONS of Americans have been sold the lie that the government proved that this young American woman was a "Soviet spy."

There has never been the slightest proof of this. The contrary is true.

Judith Coplon was arrested by the FBI, on a personal "date" without a warrant and on the basis of alleged wire-tap information.

The government could not cite any evidence against her except the fact that she had in her house documents which she was allegedly going to transmit to "the Russians."

These documents were never proved to be anything else than routine documents on which Judith Coplon was working legally and officially. No evidence was ever shown that she was going to or did it to anyone.

Throughout her trial the FBI witness lied their heads off on the witness stand under oath, committing perjury wholesale.

The FBI agents swore that there were no wire-tap recordings in the case. But it was discovered later that the FBI had hurriedly destroyed wire-tap recordings after the court and the defense demanded the right to look at them. The "secret" recordings, hurriedly destroyed, were the sole "evidence" against Judith Coplon whose name echoes up and down America as a "spy."

I HAVE passed over some of the other cases for reasons of space only.

In the Hess case, we got a case whose fraud was unmasked by the British legal expert, Lord Jewitt, in his book The Strange Case of Alger Hess. The government's witness, Whittaker Chambers, could never prove his main contention, that the "pumpkin papers" he finally dragged out—after denying that he had any proof in earlier years—were given to him by Hess or any other "New Dealer. Other weird facts in this case show its fraudulent nature from the beginning.

I have passed over the details of the monstrous Rosenberg-Sobell frameup, since they have been widely exposed. It was perhaps the biggest crime against truth which has ever been committed in the USA. "David Greenglass' yarn was unsupported by any evidence of any kind, of course. But worse yet, it showed how the FBI was working to recruit witnesses, such as Max Elitcher, over whom it had hanging a 5-year prison rap for perjury if he did not "cooperate." Elitcher changed his story and cooperated.

According to the trial record, Elitcher died only because she had encouraged her husband, and had collected money for the Spanish anti-Fascist Committee. That is all there is in the trial against her.

* * *

IT IS HARD to catch up with every new lie of the pro-war plotters who launch their "spy" takes every time they need new ammunition to whip up new hysteria against peace.

But decent, reasonable people must begin to wake up to these terrible deceptions. A nation like Germany was nearly destroyed by such lies. It must not happen here.
Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Julie premature victim of loyalty oath axe

Part X

HARDLY a man of prominence in Julie's union failed to be bounded by the FBI after Julie's arrest in July, 1950. "It didn't bother most of us," said Sol, a seasoned ex-organizer of FAECT (Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists & Technicians, "We just walked on, if it was on the street, or shut the door."

However, some persons were affected by the political climate of today without realizing it. Others told how friends were affected by the terror surrounding the case.

Al, a companion and admirer of Julie at City College of New York, was with a friend in another city when he read of Julie's arrest.

"I cried out, 'I know him, I know him well," Al said in recounting his experience. "The friend shot me a look of fear. 'Not so loud,' he said. 'But he's innocent,' I cried. 'I know it, I would swear it.' My friend said, 'If you know him, keep still about it.'"

Then there was Herman, Julia's friend from the wedding ceremony and photograph from a group wedding photo. Regrettting it, he made efforts to find the negative, but failed. Sol, the organizer, could see why others who knew Julie better than he did seemed to find it difficult to reconstruct the sayings, the little incidents and commonplace happenings that made up the normal life of the man who seemed to them an average progressive trade unionist.

IT SIMPLY was hard for them to put themselves back in a period when the natural thing was to talk about the need for opening a second front, or to relax in a social gathering by hearing Ethel sing songs of Democracy from Spanish War days. So, they became a little
smaller union, the American Newspaper Guild, which organized associate members on campus, FAECT thus tried to combat reactionary and pro-employer trends in professional schools.

The same issue of the mimeographed union paper said President Roosevelt accepted honorary membership voted by an FAECT convention, described John L. Lewis addressing the convention. There was nothing unusual about the union's position on Spain. Earlier than that the ILGWU had called on labor to give to a fund for Spanish children victimized by the war.

Yet Irving Saypol, then U. S. Attorney, 12 years later solemnly told to the jury the legend on a can seized in the Rosenberg flat by the FBI men as evidence: save a Spanish child. Volkeremos, We Will Return! Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, 102 Lexington Ave."

Herman described Julie as a "Jimmy Higgins in the union, like I was." For a time Julie was chairman of the Civil Service committee of Metropolitan Chapter 31, but by that time organization of private industry was all-important and civil service was a union stepchild, just as earlier private industry was "the tail of the WPA dog." Whatever Julie did in the union, and nothing was too tedious or too onerous for him, he "put his heart and soul in it," said his fellow rank-and-filer.

A PERUSAL of union publications in the New York Public Library revealed that members of WPA Chapter 32, FAECT, were urged to "make upon the President an effective demand that he lift the embargo against Spain." (FAECT News, January, 1939.)

Julie by then was a member, having joined a CCNY chapter of FAECT. Like another early (Continued on Page 14)

Editor's Note: For policy reasons, as in other installments of this series, names of persons interviewed are withheld, and if a first name is used, it is fictitious.

"..."I was busy in the Women's Auxiliary. Julie was active in the union, made the union a part of his daily life, but..." Sol said.

Julie seemed an average guy. What engaged him and Ethel engaged us all. It seemed you knew hundreds of Julies' and Ethels.

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg at the time of their conviction.
"Did you tell Ruth and Dave Greenblatt that you went entertaining and spent $50 or $75 a night in connection with your espionage work?" Attorney Bloch asked on direct examination. Julie said he'd never told anybody that.

Questioned further, he said he'd never entertained anybody for espionage work. Had he ever been to a night club? Once. What night club? "Well, the Federation of Architects had a dinner party at Cafe Society." That was the only night club he'd ever attended, he said.

In his bachelor days, before he met his future wife, Herman often dropped in on July and Ethel of a Saturday night, in 1941 and early 1942. They lived in a furnished room, "a little corner in an apartment in an old tenement..." a corner of Tompkins Square Park, at Avenue A and Seventh St. Julie, according to his testimony, was making $2,000 a year in '41 as junior engineer for the Signal Corps. Ethel was working full-time as a volunteer in the East Side Defense Council, a forerunner of the national civilian defense setup.

"They didn't have any money," Herman said. "But they were happy as anything. Without a dime, they made marriage look like something wonderful. And there was always open house there on Saturday night, always people around, sometimes sleeping on the floor. Julie'd give the shirt off his back, and he'd never say no to someone in out of town, or broke, who wanted a place to stay.

"I never saw liquor in their house. Ethel would sing, and we'd talk and maybe she'd get coffee from the landlady. They were young and carefree then, Julie was a good company. He was a guy who loved to laugh."

In the union, "there wasn't a worker who didn't like and respect Julie and Ethel," Herman said.

"He was friendly, never the wise guy, and if a political topic came up in conversation Julie'd say exactly what he thought. He didn't pull his punches and he never budged an inch. His attitude was, 'I've got nothing to lose.' I can see the guys liked him for this even when they didn't agree with him."

"With both Julie and Ethel there was no question that they knew what they were fighting for, and so question of their courage."

Julie and Ethel almost never went out casually, they had a little money, but they went with Herman to the country, once to the Followers of the Trail, near Peekskill, or to a bungalow Herman rented. Julie seemed to enjoy just wandering around looking at the trees, trying out his muscles on an axle, or watching the sun rise up, or the moon. Herman recalled the couple seated like new lovers in a hammock, while Ethel sang and they watched the light fade from the sky.

Even before Herman went into the Armed Forces, the colonels and generals who hated unions had begun to harass civil service members of the union which in 1937 had led 7,000 engineers on strike in New York City WPA projects when they faced mass layoffs. As a result the union had won for them a 10 per cent raise.

"Last week the FAECT was informed, ..." read a story in the New York Times, "that the Brooklyn Army Base questionnaire was sent out to all the inspectors asking them point blank whether they are now or ever in the past were members of FAECT."

A delegation met promptly with a "Col. Blankenship and Con Croomer" to protest "this open violation of Federal Civil Service Labor policy," and stopped the questionnaire, just as in '38 the union had stopped what it ridiculed as the "Report card system, initiated by Col. Somervell of WPA, giving demerits for irregularity in attendance, tardiness, misconduct, disloyalty."

But other undemocratic practices grew as the generals' fear of peace grew. By the time Herman returned from the Armed Forces, Julie himself was a "case" severed on the vague charge of "communism" in February, 1945. Herman recalled he had been a member of a delegation which protested Julie's firing, but, like half a dozen or more other former members and organizers of FAECT, he recalled little about the case. No one could say where the union records now were, as various unions absorbed portions of the union.

"Sol wasn't here at the time, but said, 'If it was like most of those War Department cases, it was bosses.' They didn't bother to state a charge, or if they did, to present evidence."
**SOL** said firmly, his face grim with concentration, his lantern few set: "Events have settled it—that Julie was capable of great leadership. He played that role in prison.

"But it is not implausible, just as in battle it's hard to know in advance what a guy will do, that in his normal everyday living the exceptional qualities in Julie were not seen. Frankly I didn't see them. I thought him a nice, genial, average sort of fellow.

"The significant thing is that there are probably any number of rank-and-file progressives who would develop just as Julie and Ethel did if faced with the same test.

"These people were not of a special character. They had not been steeled by experience to stand up under anything. I feel sure when the government picked them for this frameup it was aware of that. Yet they did stand up.

"That is what gives courage to the rest of us, and the heartening confidence that we ourselves can stand up, and many with us." (To be continued in The Worker, November 29.)
"Tell them I love them... so does the whole world"
I put his hat and did so. Moreover, Rosenberg told Bloch that he had been discharged from a civilian job by the War Department in 1945 on charges he was a Communist, and that the FBI agents had questioned him on his political beliefs, associations past and present, and even on how active he was in FAECT (Julie's old union, Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians). Bloch figured at most the government was gunning for Julie with the idea of indicting him for perjury, he said. Julie's union had appealed his case during the war years and Julie had denied he was a Communist. "He didn't appear too perturbed," Bloch recalled. "I told him I'd handle the case, and to go on home and resume his normal life and work, and to let me know if he got a summons to appear before a grand jury." 

He even made a little speech to his new client, saying that inquiries regarding Communism were not uncommon in those days, and that he "would be in the same boat with hundreds of other people." 

JULIE'S arrest came a month and a day later, on July 17. Neither he nor Bloch learned what the charges were until the actual arraignment. Ethel's arrest followed Aug. 11. "From the outset Julie understood he was a victim of the cold war. He and Ethel saw their arrest as a big step on the road to fascism and war." It didn't take the lawyer long to realize he had underestimated Julie, that not only did he have "steadiness and level-headedness," but that he was a sound political thinker.

This was illustrated dramatically the day of their sentencing, April 5, 1951, which Attorney Bloch now recalled.

After sentence was pronounced, Alexander Bloch, Emanuel Bloch's father, trial attorney for Ethel and Harold M. Phillips, one of the counsel for Morton Sobell, a co-defendant now serving 30 years in Alcatraz, suggested the attorneys go to the basement lockup in Foley Square where the young couple was held. It was their idea that they should try to "give solace to the Rosenbergs."

In the conference room, the lawyers faced the young people, who less than an hour before had been ordered to die. Julie sat at the head of the table, and it was he who gave solace to the attorneys. There was nothing they could have done to alter the verdict, he explained gently to them. Emanuel Bloch, recounting the scene, continued: "He explained that the verdict was inevitable, part of the government's plan to intensify hatred against the Soviet Union and terrorize left-progressives and those for peace in this country. This plan, he said, called for a native atom spy case. He pointed out that only nine days after Greenglass was arrested the Korean war was started."

He mentioned the Hiss case, the "Eleven" (Communists jailed on Smith Act charges), and now, the pinnacle of the government's achievement, the Rosenbergs, just sentenced to the chair. "In the Rosenberg case," Julie said, as recounted by Bloch to this reporter, "the government hoped to sell the people finally the concept that an espionage agent must be a Communist, and a Communist, an espionage agent.

Bloch paused, glanced out the window of his Broadway office. His face was haggard. It was little more than a month after the Rosenbergs were killed. "The dignity, with which they
took the verdict was incomparable.
It was a dignity which persisted
until death," he said quietly.

Pointing out how prophetic
Julie's analysis was, he said that
thereafter any left-progressive who
claimed the privilege of the Fifth
Amendment before a Congressional
hearing was asked "not only the
$64 question but whether he ever
committed espionage."

IN THE period before Ethel's
arrest he saw her as a woman
gallantly struggling to keep her
husband's little machine shop open,
to carry on as normally as possible
as a mother and visit and
write her husband. Suddenly visited
by this strange tragedy, "first her
brother, then her husband," she
was to him a touching figure.

After her arrest when the three
had frequent conferences, he came
to know her as a sensitive, tender
mother and person, a cultured
woman, with deep political
understanding—a figure in her own
right," he said, "was truly a civilized
human being."

As he said the words, hearing
his voice use the past tense about
the man who wrote to him as
"friend and brother," a quiver passed
over his face.

Because it is human to hope,
eye did hope, before conviction.
This was a factor in their decision
not to have their boys visit
them. They hoped that one or both
might be going home; meanwhile,
they feared the emotional shock
on the children, who would have
to see them in separate
institutions.

The very night of Ethel's ar-
rest, when I was out of town, my
dad received a phone call from
Mrs. Tessie Greenglass, Ethel's
mother. Ethel had the children
turned over to her mother on her
arrest.

"My dad told me in shocked
tones," Attorney Bloch continued,
"that the grandmother had
complained that the boys were unruly,
that she was old and not well, and
that she would have to have help
or would take them to a pol
car. It was not long until the
dad turn them over to city authori-

DURING the pre-trial confer-
ences the question arose as to
what Ethel and Julie would reply
when, taking the stand in their
defense, prosecutors would ask the
inevitable questions about
Communist affiliation. They promptly
said their position would be their own
business.

"My father took another posi-
tion," said the lawyer. "Let's
assume you were Communists," he
said. "It would sound better to the
jury if you said so, in that case."

No, they said, whether they were
or weren't they should claim their
privilege under the Fifth
Amendment. The issue would be brought
up, they said, 'only to make us be-
come stumps or to create the idea
that all Communists are spies.'

"I asked if any witnesses would
have been found to testify for the
Rosenbergs. Bloch said, 'One or
two, on fairly minor things. But
Ethel wouldn't have it. Said it
would injure them in their profes-
sions. That's the sort of people
Ethel and Julie were.'

Such was the hysteria at the
time that Julie's sister, Ethel,
explained to the reporter at the late
date: "No, we weren't at the trial.
My sister and I were both home,
with our heads buried, weeping and
ashamed. We didn't know any
better then." That was why, she
said, that it was months later
before she knew that Bloch was look-
ing for "that silly old console table,
which was in my basement all
along." As she spoke, tears coursed
down her cheeks.

(The table was the subject of
seemingly endless testimony at the
trial, the prosecution claiming it
was given Julie as an award by the
Russians. After the trial the de-
defense obtained an affidavit from
a Macy's department store execu-
tive affirming the Rosenbergs' tes-
timony they bought it there, for
$19.97. Julie's sister had taken it
from the Rosenberg flat when their
machine shop was liquidated and
their flat rented. "It wasn't
much but it was the best thing
they had," she said.

(Later Julie's sister and mother
participated actively in the pub-
lc campaign to obtain justice. At
all stages they visited Ethel and
Julie. Before a Committee to Se-
cure Justice in the Rosenberg Case
was formed, Attorney Bloch said,
the Rosenberg family raised $500
for typing of the record and
typing of the brief for the U.S.
Court of Appeals. Moreover, the

THE CALM composure of Julie
and Ethel in that hostile court-
room empy of a friendly face
other than his own, was described
by their attorney in one of three
consecutive interviews held in
early August.

Possibly even then the thousands
who were, to mass before the
White House and American em-
bossies in foreign capitals, were
envisioned by Julie as he replied
to U. S. Attorney Saypol's ques-
tions. When Saypol persisted in
knowing whether Julie wasn't con-
cerned when he once saw before
his machine shop, prior to his ar-
rest, one of the FBI agents who'd
questioned him that June 16, Julie
replied:

"No, I wasn't concerned, Mr.
Saypol, because I wasn't guilty of
any crime."

He was equally unruffled when
Saypol demanded whether he
didn't get the Daily Worker regu-
larly at a newsstand at Madison
and Rutgers Sts. Julie replied: "No,
sir; . . . I bought it at lots of news-
stands."

* * *

ON APRIL 11 Bloch was tipped
off by a newsmen that Ethel was
to be transferred to the Death
House that day. Rushing to Green-
wich Street Detention House, he
found her prepared to depart,
sober, realistic, "but terribly con-
cerned about Julie, knowing he'd
try to get transferred, urging me
not to let him.

They expect me to break under
the strain because I am a woman," she
told him calmly. "They think
that in the Death House I will
be haunted by images, alone, and
without Julie I'll collapse." Then

(Continued on Page 14)
(Continued from Page 12)

with a faint smile she reassured her counsel: "But I won't."

When Ethel was taken away, she saw matrons crying and heard a part of "the pandemonium which broke loose above on the fifth and ninth floors where the women prisoners knew her best.

Bloch went at once to see Julie. The first words out of his mouth were, 'I must get transferred right away.' He promised him I'd test the legality of her transfer. At habeas corpus proceedings a psychiatrist testified it was his opinion she might break down if solitary confinement continued. In a series of hearings in which he charged the government with sinister motives in moving her so swiftly to the Death House, he lost in his attempt to have her removed from Sing Sing. Instead, Julie was sent to Ossining.

THREE DAYS after Ethel arrived in Ossining the younger Bloch visited her. An associate, telling of his return, said, "He looked awful. He said he never again wanted to see a progressive in the Death House."

Ethel had sat there, without lipstick or makeup, not caring how she looked, and told him of the horror of the place, pleading with him to keep Julie from coming there if possible. It was "the only time he ever saw her like that; always afterward she took pride in her appearance, likely to be told she looked nice."

All that Bloch said of that visit, however, was that he and Ethel swapped a course of self-study in American history and music; she would follow, since prisoners in the Death House were not allowed to do any work. His wife sent her a sounding instrument of plastic; prisoners were not allowed any metal. She sent her Vernon Patrington's "Main Currents of American Thought" and the Bell "Rise of American Civilization." Brahms' Lieder and things by Schubert and Schumann.

Ethel was not at all sure she would get to see Julie even were he sent to the Death House. There was no precedent at Sing Sing for a husband and wife being incarcerated there at the same time.

Martha Beck, the woman last executed there before Ethel Rosenberg, had during her imprisonment there never seen her lover, locked in the Death House at the same time, until before their execution, Ethel's counsel was told.

Attorney Bloch had to put up a struggle, before Julie and Ethel were allowed to visit at all. He also obtained a special court order for Julie's family to visit her, as appeared objected. It was issued by Judge Edward J. Weinfeld in Federal Court.

BLOCH described the first conference with both Ethel and Julie in the Death House. They met in a counsel room with him. "It was the first time they were permitted to embrace. They never again were permitted to touch each other."

As for their last two hours of life, when they were together, he did not know; apparently he had not had the courage to ask. "After they were killed the warden sent word he wanted to see me. I sent up an associate, Morton Friedman, to whom he gave their last letters and wills, the worn wedding ring and the religious medallion, which he had kept for me. I couldn't face it just then."

He described the usual conference he had with both after Julie became an inmate of the men's ward of the Death House. "Julie sat at one end of the table, with about seven feet of table between him and Ethel. I sat between, on one side. Behind Julie was a sergeant. Behind Ethel was a matron. "I'd see them looking at each other avidly, but never were they permitted even to satisfy the craving to touch each other's hands."

He recalled the first time he had taken the boys to see their parents there. They met first with Ethel, then Julie. Both parents displayed "remarkable fortitude and discipline." Only after a year of these separate meetings was the attorney able to obtain the warden's consent for them to meet together with the boys.

Throughout the two years Ethel and Julie were in the Death House, Bloch said, "the guards almost to a man used to try to beg off" when it came their turn to preside over visits with the children. "They couldn't take it," said the attorney, who always accompanied Michael and Robby on these journeys.

"Once I saw an old guard who'd been there for 85 years turn his face aside and cry like a baby. Matrons would leave with tears in their eyes."

For that matter, he said, "everyone there from the warden on down to the lowest-paid attendant recognized that these were not two ordinary people."

EXCEPT for their counsel, the Rosenbergs fought alone for more than a year. After the formation of the committee in their defense, both Ethel and Julie felt greatly encouraged, Bloch said; but it was in their long struggle alone that their real greatness was revealed.

"Not once did Ethel weep in front of me, and only once did she show tears—when I told her of the Dutch woman who named her new-born daughter after them, Ethel Julia," he said. "Ethel had her despondent spells, but always in her cell alone. Once in a while I'd see tears well up in Julie's eyes. Each got strength from the other, but each would have acted in the same way alone."
Bloch saw them last Tuesday before they were killed. He, Attorney Malcolm Sharp of the University of Chicago and Attorney John F. Finerty had argued the previous evening before Justice Douglas, asking reconsideration of the stay which the full Supreme Court earlier that day failed to grant. The Justice, having deliberated until after midnight, still was reading the record and a summary of new evidence prepared the night before by the other counsel. Bloch had flown to New York and been driven to Ossining with a petition for clemency which Ethel and Julie had to sign before it could be presented to the President.

At Ossining, he was met by Ben Bach, of Toms River, and Michael and Robby. Bach had been with the boys the previous Sunday in Washington, where they had visited the mammoth picket line before the White House, and had driven them to Sing Sing from their home in Toms River. Bloch left the children with Bach, knowing it would require 45 minutes to read the document to Julie and Ethel. All documents had to be read aloud to them save those censored in the mail.

WHEN he returned for the boys, Michael was standing in the administration building holding a bouquet for Ethel, screaming that he wouldn't give it up, and that he wanted "to take the flowers to my Mommy." The warden stood by helplessly. The rule was they'd have to be inspected, he pleaded, then he would take them to her. Bloch interceded, told Michael the warden always had stuck to his word, and could be trusted.

Ethel didn't cry. Neither did Julie. "Both were just as they always were, playing with the boys as if they were in their own living room. But as they were leaving Michael began screaming. "Til never see you again." Ethel hugged him to her and fled, leaving the two boys, both now screaming, for Julie and the lawyer to comfort as best they could.

Before she fled, Ethel gave Bloch a letter to the President, "to be given only if everything else fails." He hasn't known she was preparing it.

Michael's frenzied fear-stained screams had burst suddenly through what Julie and Ethel had tried to make casual goodbyes. Actually there had been a series of goodbyes. Each time the parents wanted to leave the children held them. Bloch said he kissed Ethel goodbye. He said he saw the question in her eyes, and told her truthfully, for he did have hope then: "I have hope our government won't be so brutal and so stupid."

THE LAWYER paused, glancing out at the August sunshine shimmering on the distant dusty roofs of the East Side where Ethel and Julie had spent their brief lives. It was now six weeks since the execution which had followed swiftly when the Supreme Court overruled Justice Douglas' stay in such obscene haste.

"If Julie and Ethel felt it was the last time they would see me, they didn't show it in any way," he said shortly, with a face so set, so stern, apparently so drained of emotion after the long battle, that it stopped any further questions.

With a shaking hand he rummaged in the drawer of his desk, brought out their last messages, the pathetic, cheap wedding ring and religious amulet which were Ethel's sole worldly possessions. Her last notes were written in obvious haste, filled with scratched out words; Julie's words were neat and plain, unaltered but moving, such as, "I love my sons most profoundly."

Bloch, restrained, his forehead resting on his hand, added huskily: "I keep regretting I was not with them at the end. I had planned to be. There wasn't time."

Indicating the letters, he said: "Their last hour was spent in thinking of others. Like their whole adult lives."

That terminated the interview.

An associate of Bloch's, however, told of the tense days in Washington which ensued after Bloch's last visit with Ethel and Julie; the stay, the reversal of the stay, followed almost immediately by F.D.R. Eisenhower's denial of clemency; the efforts to see justices on new motions; news the Attorney General had decided not to "violate" the Sabbath by having them executed; a call to the warden in which the warden indicated the execution probably would be before sundown that day.

"After the last futile motion, at 8 p.m. Bloch called Sing Sing, got the warden and asked to speak to U.S. Marshal William Carroll," said the associate, who heard his words. "He reached Carroll.

"Please take a message into Julie and Ethel," he told Carroll. "Tell them I did the best I could for them. Tell them I respect and admire them. Tell them I love them. And so do the whole world."

Then his voice cracked, and he stopped talking.

(The End)
Rosenberg Sons Being Taken to Another School
TOMS RIVER, N. J., Jan. 6—Michael Rosenberg, 11, and his
brother, Robert, 8 years old, departed at Christmas time with
their guardian, Attorney Emmanuel H. Bloch, with the prospect of
transferring to another school, it was revealed here today.

When the sons of the martyred Ethel and Julius Rosenberg failed
to appear in the local school, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bach told news
men that Bloch had requested their transfer, but declined to say
where they had been taken. The Bachs cared for the children in
their home here for 20 months.

Their guardian's action followed on the persecution of the children
by school authorities widely publicized last fall. School authorities
notified the Bachs that the boys would not be allowed to continue
to attend Toms River elementary school last October, but later
agreed to postponing removal of the youngsters on Bloch's interven-
tion.
The Two Mankind Will Never Forget
by Virginia Gardner

It is seven months since the Supreme Court was summoned in obscene haste to overturn Justice Douglas' stay of execution. Even then, to assure a legal basis for killing the Rosenbergs, the Dept. of Justice engaged in deception and falsehood and misled the court and the President, according to recent charges by the Natl. Rosenberg-Sobell Committee, who asked an investigation by the Senate Judiciary Committee.

But the forces of reaction apparently are fearful. Even though the press aiding the fight for vindication is only a tiny segment of the nation's press a book is published and advertised at great expense to counteract its influence.

This tiny segment of the American press—whose printed word eventually helped arouse much of the world until even the Pope and hundreds of high dignitaries in government, labor, sciences, and the arts in other countries cried for amnesty—included but two daily newspapers, the Daily Worker and The Daily People's World of California.

A Times ad asked, "What about the death penalty? Too harsh? Or too good for them?" And it declared, "The Rosenbergs will be discussed and argued pro and con for years to come."

Whatever the discussion, The Daily Worker will continue to play a role—not in the hypocritically "objective" manner of The Times and the commercial press in general, but as a newspaper pledged to campaign for the freedom of Sobell and the official vindication of the murdered couple whose honor couldn't be bought.

And, as in the past, the Daily Worker and its day-in, day-out fight helped to arouse world opinion: it will continue to do so—is pledged to continue the fight until Sobell is freed and the names of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg officially cleared.

Clipping from
The Worker
Dated 11.7.51
The dawn-to-dawn vigils before the White House pleading for the 'clemency of Pope,' to President of France, had countless millions prayed.
Justice Dept. Says Greenglass Could Have Lied

The Justice Dept. has finally admitted the existence of evidence proving David and Ruth Greenglass lied in their testimony at the trial that sent Ethel and Julius Rosenberg to their death and Morton Sobell to 30 years in Alcatraz. This was disclosed yesterday by the National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell in the Rosenberg Case.

The admission, the committee pointed out, was made in the government brief recently submitted to the U.S. Supreme Court opposing a new trial for Sobell. The government said in that brief:

"The console table evidence, the attorney's memoranda, the affidavit about David's uranium theft—all of these are at most evidence tending to show that the Greenglasses had some motive to lie and some facts from which it might be inferred that they had done so."

The committee analyzed the government's statement in detail. In reference to the console table the committee said: "Greenglass' story that the Rosenbergs received a console table with a secret compartment for microfilming as a gift from the Russians is refuted by an affidavit which proves that the table was an ordinary one bought.

(Continued on Page 8)
(Continued from Page 1) by the Rosenbergs in a New York department store.

In the Greenglass attorney's memoranda, the committee said, "Ruth Greenglass shows that she had never even heard of the atomic bomb at the time when she claimed in court to have been involved in a conspiracy to steal its secret. David Greenglass reveals that he didn't know who sent Harry Gold to see him, when in the trial he swore it was Julius Rosenberg."

The Greenglass' attorney's memorandum quotes Ruth Greenglass as saying that her husband had a tendency to hysteria and was an habitual liar. These memoranda, the committee asserted, also "show the making of a deal for this perjured testimony by representatives of the Attorney General's office itself."

"The affidavit about David's uranium theft," the government brief called it,经查 to an affidavit by David Greenglass' brother which proves, the committee said, that Greenglass stole uranium at Los Alamos, a fact which he concealed in the trial."

"The first major break," the committee said yesterday, "has occurred in the Rosenberg-Sobell Case.

"In an historic development, the U.S. Attorney General's Office has at last admitted that new evidence reveals that the chief government witnesses, David and Ruth Greenglass, lied in their testimony."

"The lies referred to by the new evidence go to the heart of the case. By admitting that the Greenglasses did in fact lie, the Attorney General's Office admits that there never was a case against Morton Sobell or the executed Ethel and Julius Rosenberg."

"The Attorney General's office, compelled to make this admission by the weight of the new evidence, is at a loss to explain away the lies. The best it can do is to try to minimize their importance. But the new evidence itself shows clearly that these lies were made in the central aspects of the Greenglass testimony."

"The importance of these lies is further emphasized by the statement of the Circuit Court of Appeals that without the testimony of the Greenglasses, the conviction could not stand."

"Our Committee has steadfastly maintained that Morton Sobell must have a new trial. The latest admission of the Attorney General's office makes such a new trial an immediate necessity. However, the Attorney General's office continues to oppose such a trial. In doing so, it knowingly continues the flagrant use of perjured testimony."

"Such conduct is in keeping with the entire role that the Attorney General's office has played in this case. On Dec. 4, we presented to Sen. William Langer, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, a request to investigate the conduct of the Attorney General's office in the Rosenberg-Sobell Case. The
Rites Tomorrow for Emmanuel Bloch

Little more than seven months after attorney Emmanuel Bloch spoke at the funerals of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, where 50,000 persons paid final tribute to the workers, Bloch's own sudden death was mourned last night as his body lay in Riverside chapel, 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

Throughout today and up until 10 p.m. tonight, mourners will continue to pay their respects to the attorney who for three years fought for justice for the Rosenbergs.

Funeral services for Bloch, who was found dead in the bathroom of his apartment at 7 W. 16th St., Saturday, will be held at 11:30 a.m. tomorrow (Tuesday). Burial will be in Mt. Judah cemetery in Queens.

The Daily Worker switchboard was deluged by phone calls yesterday from persons who sought information on where they might go to pay tribute to the defender of the Rosenbergs.

Final arrangements on speakers for the funeral services were pending late yesterday. Flowers will be welcomed, it was announced by the National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell.

After a day in which the homicide squad was called to investigate all possible angles of his death, a coroner's report attributed the cause to acute myocarditis, a condition in which the muscles of the heart are affected and injured.

Bloch was found dressed in his pajamas, slumped backward in the bathtub in his apartment at 11:30 p.m. Saturday, by his wife, Gloria Agrin, a friend and fellow attorney, of 297 Lenox Ave, Brooklyn. When she failed to get a response to knocks on the door, located an extra key he had in a hall pantry near the outside door.

Although an inside chain vented entrance, the door opened to allow her to see (Continued on Page 6)
Bloch

(Continued from Page 1) opened bathroom door, whereupon she called police.

PERSECUTED

A statement issued by the National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell in the Rosenberg case alluded to the most recent attack against the attorney, long a fighter for civil rights.

This was a petition filed by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York with the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court asking disciplinary action against Bloch.

It could have led to his suspension or disbarment. Although the Judiciary law provides that all such proceedings be confidential and private until and unless charges are sustained news of the action was leaked to the press and unnamed sources quoted as saying complaints were made against Bloch's remarks at the Rosenberg funeral.

The Sobell-Rosenberg committee's statement follows:

"The National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell in the Rosenberg Case joins millions throughout the world in mourning Emanuel Bloch, a dedicated lawyer, an outstanding humanitarian and a sincere defender of the highest principles of American justice.

"His death came after three years of laboring under the most intense strain. Without regard to his health, he fought with all of his heart and strength to prove the innocence of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

"Having suffered a profound personal tragedy in their execution, he devoted himself with a deep sense of dedication and love to securing the future of the Rosenberg children. In the final weeks of his life he was subjected to cruel pressure from those who tried to deprive him of his livelihood by sniping at his monumental legacies.

"Emanuel Bloch will be remembered as one of America's great lawyers. We believe the future will vindicate his faith in the innocence of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg."

The New York Times on Jan. 20, quoted Bloch as stating, after publication of news of the bar association's move:

"I have an unblemished record before the bar for the past 30 years. Indeed, in the Rosenberg case itself I have received strong praise from the courts before whom I appeared on behalf of my clients. Of course, I shall defend myself."

HELPED TRENTON SIX

The 53-year-old attorney was active in the defense of the Trenton Six, retained by the Civil Rights Congress to appeal the death sentences of six Negroes framed for murder in Trenton. After presiding Judge Charles A. Hutchison removed the permits of Bloch and other defense lawyers to practice in New Jersey, the Federal Circuit Court later reversed his action.

Bloch recently, in an interview with the Sunday Worker told of his experiences with the Rosenbergs in the three years following the night when Julius Rosenberg, recommended to him by another lawyer, sought his legal advice, after being questioned and released by the FBI.

"Bloch, thinking it would be just another routine case, similar to many individuals he had defended when charged with "Communism" before Congressional committees, took the case. He had no regrets, save that he was not with them at the end, he said. The haste with which the Rosenbergs were rushed to their deaths..."
But let us take solace in the fact that for the first time in three years Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are among their friends—among the people from whose homes they came…

In Welwood cemetery, near Pinelawn, Bloch stood beside Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg. Julius' mother, comforting her, as the bodies of the two she called "my children" were lowered.

Mrs. Rosenberg, visited by a member of the Sobell-Rosenberg committee who broke the news to her of the attorney's death, was distraught, but planned to attend the services, a committee member said.

Bloch was born in New York City, attended public schools, was graduated in 1920 from City College, from where Julius Rosenberg was graduated in 39, and obtained his law degree in 1923 from Columbia University.

Surviving are his father, Alexander Bloch, who acted as Ethel Rosenberg's trial lawyer, and in whose office Bloch began law practice, and a brother, Milton, also an attorney.

After the execution of the Rosenbergs, Bloch devoted himself exclusively to his duties as guardian of the children, Michael and Robby Rosenberg, and to raising money for a trust fund for the boys. Before Christmas he returned from a month's speaking tour in their behalf, which took him into Canada and various cities in the Midwest and west.

It is impossible. His frantic efforts in Washington to prevent it continued up until 10 minutes before they were electrocuted.

"Dope" stories in newspapers attributed the organized bar's determination to discipline Bloch to anonymous complaints over Bloch's having declared at the Rosenberg's funeral that Pres. Eisenhower, Attorney-General Brownell and J. Edgar Hoover were responsible for the murder of the Rosenbergs.

"They did not pull the switch, it is true," he said. "But they were the ones who directed the one who pulled the switch."

The grief-stricken attorney shared honors as speakers at the services with Rabbi Abraham Groth, professor emeritus at the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, and others.

In the small crowded Brooklyn chapel, while tens of thousands massed silently for blocks leading to the scene of the services, and other tens of thousands stood roped off behind police lines, the graying attorney told the throng, "This is not the time to grieve. Neither Ethel nor Julius would have wanted it that way… They were hurt but they did not cry. They were tortured but they did not yield…"

But though he remained dry-eyed, controlled in his deep personal loss, tears overflowed many eyes when he said, "Two very simple, sweet, tender, intelligent and cultural people have been killed."
Throngs Mourn at
Emanuel Bloch Rites

By MILTON HOWARD

He fell in battle and they buried him like a hero.

Emanuel Bloch, fighting defender of truth, lawyer for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, for Willie McGee and the Trenton Six, whom they tried to ban with dishonor, was buried yesterday. Nearly 600 persons jammed the Riverside Funeral Hall at 76th and Amsterdam Ave., while outside many hundreds more crowded both sides of the street to pay their final tribute. Bloch, aged 53, was stricken fatally with a heart attack when he was alone in his downtown apartment on Friday night.

At 11:30 a.m. the tributes began, Cedric Belfrage, of the National Guardian, said: "The Rosenberg case was the first act, and the death of Manny Bloch the second act in this tragedy—the American tragedy. But the third act is still to be written, and it is to be written by us."

He said that Bloch was "paying the price" for choosing truth and justice, and that his choice was natural and inevitable for him.

He told of how Bloch had begun the uphill fight to proclaim the innocence of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg in the earliest days of the case. Bloch's intense affection for the Rosenbergs carried an irresistible conviction, Belfrage said. He closed his eulogy with a quotation from the poetry of Ralph Chapin, who died during World War I for opposing the war. "Pity those who will not speak."

DR. DUBOIS SPEAKS

Dr. W.E.B. DuBois, his voice had a profound faith in justice. "My people are not surprised," he said, "when that justice miscarries. We have suffered too many wrongs, insults."

"Dr. DuBois traced Bloch's career through the defense of Willie McGee and the framed Negro victims known as the Trenton Six. In a deeply moving conclusion, Dr. DuBois read a poem by Whitman which asked if America would endure to see its liberty destroyed, and ended with the emphatic answer, "No!"

Paul Robeson then ascended the pulpit, where scores of huge flower tributes were bashed high. "I dedicate this song to Emanuel Bloch and to the brave people," he said. Then he began the Bach choral "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,"
with words which ended: "This struggle for the truth in the Rosenberg case would inevitably be vindicated. "That day of triumph will be his and ours," he said.

Abraham Unger, attorney, said that of the "300,000 members of the American Bar, Bloch was best known and loved throughout the world." He cited Bloch's long legal career, noting that Bloch always chose cases in which he defended victims of wrong, and of which basic issues facing the nation were intimately involved.

"The Rosenberg case was a battlefield where shot and shell rained on all sides," he said, "and at first Bloch stood alone. But he was indomitable."

Alice Citron, co-worker in the Rosenberg case, told of how all Sobell Committee, Joseph Brainin (Continued on Page 6)
France loved Bloch.

"This morning," she said, "some of the leading lawyers of France placed a flowery wreath at the steps of the Palace of Justice in Paris to honor Manny's memory. At their head was the Catholic lawyer who interceded with the Pope and won him to ask the White House for clemency."

She continued by quoting a French leader who said, "To us, Manny Bloch was Washington and Lincoln, and we believe that an America that can produce a Manny Bloch is an America that will save itself."

Gloria Agrin, Attorney who worked with Bloch on the Rosenberg case, as she said "for three and a half years, hour by hour, minute by minute," spoke with deep emotion of the lessons of Bloch's life. "The steel of his strength," she said, "was compounded of sweetness and a response to the suffering of others."

"He taught us we must be unafraid and not to live on our knees." She quoted as Bloch's epitaph the last poem written by Ethel for her children: "It is his too, spoken too soon."

The speech of John Finerty, attorney who served in the Mooney and Sacco-Vanzetti and worked with Bloch in the final days of the Rosenberg case before the Supreme Court, emphasized Bloch's tremendous contribution to American legal tradition. He called the Rosenberg case "the most shameful maladministration of law that our country has ever seen." He said that "the persecution of the Rosenbergs and of their attorney and defender, Emanuel Bloch, was not hysteria but coldly calculated." He stated that Bloch had a "selfless compassion and an honest idealism which made him an example to the Bar, an example which is sorely needed today."

Finerty spoke of the hostile Bar committee which had presented charges against Bloch to the Bar because of Bloch's bitter denunciation of the White House and Supreme Court's refusal to look at the facts in the case, especially the new facts proving the perjury in the government's case against the Rosenbergs.

Finerty thought that Bloch has "in pain and tears" spoke injudiciously when he denounced the government as "murderers," but he said that not even the grievance committee passing on the charges to the Bar could propose any such thing as disbarment. But it was known that a reactionary group in the Bar was seeking to have the defender of the Rosenberg's out of the legal profession.

Others who paid tribute were Yuri Suhl, Bernard Jaffe of the National Lawyers Guild and J. Canfield of the Canadian Rosenberg-Sobell Committee.

"When Bloch's name was mentioned at the recent Vienna conference of world lawyers, including many judges and supreme court justices, his name was greeted with a standing ovation," Canfield said.

Many cables of condolence are coming in from all part of the world, Bloch's office said.

Present in the audience at the services was Mrs. Rosenberg, mother of Julius. She was accompanied by Emily Alman of the Rosenberg-Sobell Committee.

A quartet played a movement from Beethoven's Quartet Opus 74.

The religious services were conducted by Rabbi S. Phillips.

The trustees of the Rosenberg Children's Trust Fund yesterday announced that Miss Agrin had been elected to fill Bloch's place as a trustee of the fund.

The other trustees are: James B. Armstrong, Shirley Graham Dulles, Malcolm Sharp and Yuri Suhl.

In a statement issued yesterday the trustees said they had received the news of Bloch's death with "profound regret and personal sorrow."

"He was in the most meaningful sense the guardian and the dearest friend of Robert and Michael Rosenberg, the children of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg," the trustees said.

With the same zeal and unflagging devotion with which Emanuel Bloch fought to prove the innocence and save the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, so did he strive until the last day of his life to secure the future of his children. His death came on the very eve of the announcement that the Rosenberg Children's Trust Fund had achieved its goal.

"The trustees of the Fund pledge themselves to continue, in the spirit of Emanuel Bloch, to administer the Fund in a manner which will provide for the greatest security for the Rosenberg children."