

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

LETTERS FROM BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

By Elizabeth Glendower Evans

The world with all its knowledge of Sacco and Vanzetti knows little of the part Elizabeth Glendower Evans has played in their defense. Ever since she became convinced of their innocence of the crime of which they were accused seven years ago, she has given unsparingly of her talents and quite recklessly of her time, strength and fortune, in the hope of securing justice. Perhaps Sacco best expressed the spirit that has inspired her throughout the years of trial and delay. In the first letter he ever attempted to write in English, he said: "I will never forget THE GENEROUS HEART THAT FIGHT WITHOUT REST FOR THE LIBERTY OF HUMANITY OPPRESSED."—Editorial Note, B. C. L.



ALL THE WORLD knows of Sacco and Vanzetti, and a large part of the world are tremendously for them. The workers, vast in numbers, care for them as a rallying cry; if they are done to death on a frame-up, what other workers may not suffer a like fate if in some stress of labor difficulties they become obnoxious to those who own the earth? While to "intellectuals," law school and other professors, clergymen, and thoughtful members of the Bar, scant in number but mighty in influence, such men as these care far more than for their own life and property, that the equal administration of the law, proud in its Anglo-Saxon traditions, shall be upheld. Few, however, of either of the above classes have any knowledge of the men they are defending.

As throwing some light upon the question and what manner of men are these whose fate has taken on such vast importance, a few extracts are submitted from letters recently received. They are transcribed as written, shortened somewhat, but with grammar and spelling as in the originals.

On March 3, 1927, responding to a letter stating that I was in the hospital with a broken ankle, Vanzetti wrote:

"Your good letter dated 29 Feb., has reached me yesterday and was most welcomed.

"I am glad to be told that your rupture at the ankle does not cause you much pain and I hope you are doing splendidly and will soon be well again

"Yes, I agree that capacity of pain is also capacity of joys without which we could not know happiness. Learned men told us that pleasures are caused by slight, light vibrations and pain by heavy or violent vibrations: this, to me, explains why the so-called spiritual, moral, intellectual joys are superior to the physical ones: they are more genuine. Our passability to pains generate in us the distinction between pains and joys, and by way of contrast the former rend the second more blissful and precious. Out of this, I cannot reconcile the idea of happiness with pains,—though in a way, the shooting of pains maybe a sort of incomplete happiness.

"I wish to tell you a story: Once there was a sick king whose doctors had told that only his wearing of shirt of a happy man could have healed him. The king ordered to a troupe of serves to begin immediately to search his kingdom and provide him a shirt of a happy man. They thought it an easy thing, and they began by looking for a happy man in the very king's court. With great astonishment they failed to find him. Then they proceeded to look for him among the rich, the master, the priest, and other privileged. They failed equally. So they begin to look for an happy man among the peasants and workers, and humble folks. He was not there. And the king was going worst and the searchers were losing hope. The kingdom had been searched almost through—through—but the happy man had not been found. At last, when a band of searchers were on a road, they heard a man singing in a nearby wood, his voice as heartful as that of a nightingale. Led by his song, they reached him, a ragged beggar. 'Well man, you have a voice,' they said. 'No bad,' he answered. They asked

him to sing, and he sang for them. 'Indeed,' said the holder of the searchers, 'you are a happy man.' 'Indeed, I am,' answered the beggar. Hence he was asked to give them his shirt—'the king will make you rich,' said the elder. Said the beggar: 'I am sorry but I have no shirt.' When we say 'happiness'!?!

"As for 'forgive and love thy foes' I believe in resistance to evil in action. At this point you see most evidently that if I begin to argue, I would end no more. So I don't begin—hoping that we will be soon able to argue by voice on this and on all others topics which we will like.

"And, just to acknowledge my appreciation of your previous affection, before to proceed further, I sent you my better sentiments and thoughts. With great heart, yours, Bartolomeo."

AGAIN, pursuant of the same theme, he wrote:

"Your letter of April 1, is at hand. Well, I realize from your words that you are a little impatient of your handicap, and I know by experience that you are right—to not be able to walk for incapacity to it is equivalent to be able to walk but kept chained—substantially. Being a great expert of this matter, I greatly sympathize with you. But, dear, Mrs. Evans, it seems to me that the doctor is right in his saying. A little imprudence, a false move due to impatience to walk make cause you a great harm and delay your guarigion You must help nature in her healing—by giving her the chance. And also, the only thing I can do is to pray you to be bravely, serenely, merrily patient and careful.

"Each day that passes is a confirmation to my believe that the Mass. Supreme Justices are just shame and afraid to let the world know of their long-ready 'no.'

"But the responsibilities are personal, and the real reality the abstract 'America' does not exist. In reality each country is a manifolded country. The anarchists of the whole world are of one, same-country. The hangers of the world too are of one same country. The country of the

former as that of the later are world-wide and yet two different country. I cannot believe that you can be of the same country of the justices. So, do not let their infamy bother you. It has nothing to do with you. So, be of good cheer and patient. With great heart, yours, Bartolomeo."

MORNING, April 6, 7 o'clock, A. M. Learnt of the refusal by the full bench, I suppose. They murdered me two times under that golden dome of the Boston State House. Be of brave heart."

Later on the day of April 6, Vanzetti wrote:

"Your good letter has reached me just now. Yes, as far as our lives and freedom are concerned, all has been vain. I am confined in a cell of Cherry Hill wing, antechamber of the death-house, waiting for my doom. As Wilbur has publicly said few month ago, 'the sooner Sacco and Vanzetti be brought to they ultimate justice (!?!?) the sooner the agitation will stop. And I have no illusions.

"But yours and our comrades and friends' solidarity and generosity has written a wonderful paragraph in history. It helped us and it will save other,—it will never have been done in vain.

"Be patient and of great heart, Comrade Evans, and have all my good wishes and affection.

"Always yours, Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

ON APRIL 13th, when the tide of protest in his and Sacco's behalf had risen to considerable proportions, Vanzetti wrote:

"Your good letter is received. I will be glad to see you again. It seems as if finally the people are following you in our defense and I know that your heart throb with joy for it. I'm also proud to know and rehear from you that you like my little letters. With all my blesses to you. I am yours, Bartolomeo."

Letters from Sacco, equally moving in their contents and equally revealing of the manner of man he is, will follow in next month's issue.

A New River Bank

RAILROAD embankments along the treacherous Missouri River are being protected by a unique piece of engineering which has proved highly successful in the first few months of its use.

The Missouri was rapidly washing away its bank near Dover, Missouri, when it was decided to sink a mattress of willow branches along the shore. The mattress was easily built of intertwined brush and sunk with stone, when completed.

Pole cribs, six feet square, were placed on top of this, especially designed to catch the mud and hold it. In a short time, the silt and sand filled the mud cells and a new bank was begun. The willow growth will hold it together.

Thus do engineers avert the destructive tendencies of nature at slight expense.

ANTI-FREEZE CHEMICALS

THERE has always been discussion regarding anti-freeze mixtures for automobile radiators, but the weight of opinion seems gradually settling on a comparatively little-known chemical, ethylene glycol, as the best of the various materials advocated.

The best known anti-freeze agents are alcohol and glycerine. The former is cheaper but it evaporates rather rapidly, necessitating frequent refilling. Alcohol is not good for cars finished in Duco or other cellulose lacquers, for it dissolves this finish and none dare be spilled when filling the radiator. Glycerine is more expensive but lasts longer. Either the chemically pure or commercial grade can be used but crude glycerine corrodes the radiator.

Glycol is non-corrosive, lower in freezing temperature and does not evaporate. Chemists hail it as an ideal anti-freeze material.

Fresh Water at Sea

MODERN ocean liner must carry tons and tons of fresh water to minister to the needs of passengers, who like their baths at sea as well as on land. The Majestic, prince of trans-Atlantic carriers, ships 4750 tons for each trip and few, indeed, are the passenger liners not capable of carrying 1500 tons of good fresh water.

It has been estimated that the first class passengers on big liners average 40 gallons of water a day. Ships carrying several thousand persons need a tremendous amount of water to supply such a demand. All fresh water is usually filtered and carefully distributed to prevent possible disease.

Not so many years ago, passengers were restricted in their use of fresh water on board ship to barely enough to drink. Quite a difference today, with shower baths and tubs to supply, in addition to the water used for drinking purposes!

THE HUMAN BODY

THE human body is the most wonderful invention ever made. It is also the most valuable. Yet, if all the ingredients of an average person's body were separated, they would be worth less than one dollar in cash.

Two-thirds of the body is water, there being about ten gallons in the average man weighing 160 pounds. Carbon is the ingredient next in importance. It makes up some 25 pounds of the total weight. Lime, phosphorous and nitrogen weigh about 15 pounds. Tiny quantities of salt, potassium, magnesium, iodine, sulphur, sugar and iron are also present.

But the heaviest man in the world could not be "scrapped" for more than two dollars in cash. The raw materials of which the most intricate machine in the world is made are very inexpensive, to say the least.