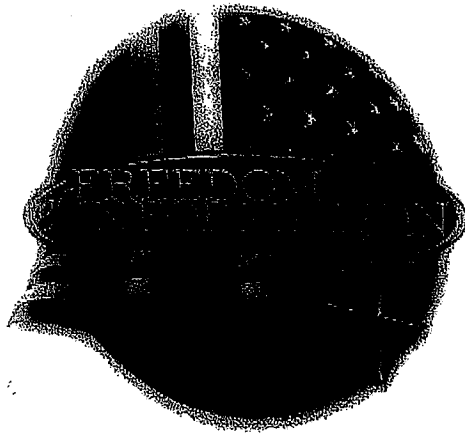


FREEDOM OF INFORMATION  
AND  
PRIVACY ACTS

Subject: Julius Rosenberg

File Number: 65-15348

Section: Sub E (7)



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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**FILE DESCRIPTION**

**NEW YORK FILE**

**SUBJECT** Julius Rosenberg

**FILE NO.** 65-15348  
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thru L  
417

File No: 65-15348-Sub E Re: Julius Rosenberg

Serial	Date	Description (Type of communication, to, from)	No. of Pages		Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited)
			Actual	Released	
395	10-11-53	The Worker Newsclipping	9	9	
396	10-12-53	Daily Worker Newsclip	1	1	
397	10-13-53	" " "	2	2	
398	10-14-53	" " "	2	2	
399	10-16-53	" " "	1	1	
400	10-18-53	" " "	3	3	
401	10-18-53	" " "	8	8	
402	10-25-53	" " "	6	6	
403	10-30-53	" " "	3	3	
404	11-15-53	" " "	5	5	
405	11-16-53	" " "	2	2	
406	11-8-53	" " "	4	4	

File No: 65-15348 Sub E Re: Julius Rosenberg

Date: 2/78  
(month/year)

Serial	Date	Description (Type of communication, to, from)	No. of Pages		Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited)
			Actual	Released	
407	11-3-53	Daily Worker Newsclipping	2	2	
408	11-1-53	" " "	7	7	
409	11-29-53	" " "	3	3	
410	11-29-53	" " "	3	3	
411	1-22-53	" " "	4	4	
412	12-20-53	" " "	5	5	
413	1-7-54	" " "	1	1	
414	1-31-54	" " "	3	3	
415	2-1-54	" " "	2	2	
416	2-1-54	" " "	3	3	
417	2-3-54	" " "	3	3	
			<u>82</u>	<u>82</u>	

U. S. Department of Justice

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65-15348  
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Sub - file - E

Section 1  
Series 395

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Sub-files  
"A" "B" "C" "D"

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417  
G.A. Mitchell  
11/30/54  
11/11/54

# Immortals

Scenes from the Lives of  
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

PART IV.

## Julie Learns of Hunger and Strikes

65-1538 E395

CLIPPING FROM

THE WORKER

DATED *October 14, 1953*

*pg. 8-9 Col. 1*

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OCT 15 1953	
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*[Signature]*

**W**HEN 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 66, 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.

**P**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 \$8 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



**B**EFORE her marriage—photo shows pretty Sophie Cohen, 15 years old, when she put her hair up, dressed in shirtwaist and sweeping skirts, to look old enough to get a job in industry. She sewed buttons on shirts, making on piece rate \$8 a week in 66-hour week.

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.'"

**H**ER 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 stoolpigeons. 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 in—even when he was so high—and if I see he's been in a fight, and I ask him what's 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?"

**H**ER 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.



W...wed the holidays. He...  
us their meaning, stories...  
Bible. Then he'd tell us...  
his boyhood in Europe...  
seemed so strange and...  
far away to us, and we never tired...  
of those stories. My parents were...  
orthodox, so we never traveled...  
anywhere on any of the holidays...  
and 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 candle-...  
light, 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 holi-...  
days, too, and his father would...  
listen to him proudly as Julie, 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 Ter-...  
race, 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 chil-...  
dren—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



SOPHIE COHEN, 18 years old, and Harry Rosenberg, 20,  
when they were engaged. Not until she had worked a year longer...  
to pay her mother's passage over, were they married. Note the...  
heavy gold chain he displays. It is the same, with watch attached...  
which the FBI seized as "evidence" when Julius Rosenberg was...  
arrested, and has never relinquished. The relic was given in recent

for a thousand dollars," he said. Then she added rather shyly, "Sometimes at night I talk to the picture."

"Look," she said, "how happy they are here. Julie loved the country." The snapshot showed them seated on a lawn, the wind ruffling Julie's hair, while he leaned back relaxed and smiling, and Ethel beside him appeared like a little girl. "See, how they're touching each other. Always they were touching each other," she smiled.

"They wanted to be married before," the mother said. "Ethel said, 'I like him, I want to marry, I will work all my life.' My husband, who never would have let a wife work, said, 'And how can you? No, there will be babies, you cannot work. You must wait. Wait until Julie is through school.' They waited—they were married on a Sunday and Julie was graduated on Wednesday. They started penniless and they stayed poor, always so poor."

Behind the family photographs were books. Ever since he was a little thing, the mother said, whenever Yoyni (her version of Yoynle, Yiddish diminutive of Jonah, Julius' Hebrew name) did have any money he bought books. Among them was a worn copy of the Bible, inscribed to Julie for excellence in work by the Downtown Talmud Torah, 394 E. Houston St., which he attended from kindergarten to graduation, even continuing after his Bar Mitzvah on his 13th birthday.

"The girls there were crazy about Julie. After the graduation exercises—he had to make a speech because he was valedictorian—the girls gathered around and teased him, 'Maybe you know more than the teacher, Julie?'"

#### ON THE LOWER SHELVES

were Julie's boyhood books, familiar reading to American boys from coast to coast before the advent of comic books. Dog-eared 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 his 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 Chessmen of Mars, by Edgar Rice Burroughs; The Ocean Wireless Boys in War-Swept Seas, by Capt. Wilbur Lawton; Strange Stories of 1812 and Comrades in New York—or Snaring 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 LeSeur'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 in Lying-In Hospital, then on 17 St. and Second Ave., youngest of

five children. The family then was living in Harlem on 113 St. between Lexington and Third Avenues, while Harry Rosenberg briefly operated a cleaning establishment at 179th Street and Audubon Avenue. The family then moved to the Lower East Side and remained there until after Harry Rosenberg's death in 1946 in Mt. Sinai hospital.

Except for his one business venture, Harry Rosenberg spent all his working years as a garment worker. At the time of his death he was employed at a New York firm named Turner Co.

As with all the families of the Jewish immigrant workers who arrived here with a sense of class and unions built on experience in Europe, and fought to build strong unions in the garment, fur garment and building trades, the Rosenbergs suffered in the early Twenties when strikes were frequent.

"My husband always was very active with the workmen; as shop chairman he always saw that each got his share of work," said Sophie Rosenberg, smoothing her finely tailored gray pin-stripe suit, her husband's handiwork, on another occasion when the reporter visited her.

It was the suit she was photographed in many of the occasions for Julie and Ethel. Her husband had made the suit for her, in the days when Turner's, Inc., made women's wear.

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 cheeks 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 wavered 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 egg.

she could divide one among us." Julie's sister said, smiling as if 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 attracted their 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 working class mother lives through with each child. Despite interruptions she persisted doggedly in this recital. 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 carried him closer, she saw he was her own.

"I never gave my children pennies 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 Gouverneur 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 Burnch 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 operation, 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 gesture 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 searching for an answer as to why a Jewish 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 accusation, 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 next 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 Julie and Ethel in Sing Sing about a month before the end. Julie had 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 one, 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's, "how good the air smelled, how fresh it felt."

"That is my Julie," she said. "Anything that is life, that my Julie 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 rule of the oppressors, found in Isaiah, Hosea, Jeremiah, Amos and other prophets.)*



**THE DEEPLY ETCHED LINES** on her face revealing the ravages 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 McCarthyites 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 stoolpigeons like the painter Mattei 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 name synonymous with justice.

Voltaire, a Catholic, was not



VOLTAIRE

immediately moved to take any side in the case, noted S. C. 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.

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# 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 Slocum, 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 5th grade class last year.

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

Slocum'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 Slocum claimed. When the children were registered by the Bach family, Slocum gruffly advised them to change the names of the children. Mrs. Bach told Slocum, "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.

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JH

HE saw clearly that what had happened to Calas could happen to others and that as long as he was unavenged, while that criminal law and procedure which condemned him went unreformed, while his judges were not rendered execrable 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 half 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

and 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, 1763, 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 new 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 Beaudrigue, one of the Toulouse magistrates who played 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 risked his career, his fortune, his future, in the fight against the McCarthys 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 man.



Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

# Bloch Charges "Political Plot" in Hounding of Rosenberg Children

TOMS RIVER, N. J., Oct. 13.—Clyde Slocum, school supervisor 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 pleas 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 8 year old sons of the

this action, doesn't hold water. 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 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

hours last week to take the children out of the school, then stretched it to a week.

The letter upbraids Slocum for violating their agreement not to make this issue a public one in order to avoid harming the well-being of the children.

"This is a disgraceful disregard of the children and makes of them a political football," Bloch's letter to the Toms River school official says. "It does them a wanton injury and is sheer cruelty. Your action confirms the fact that the

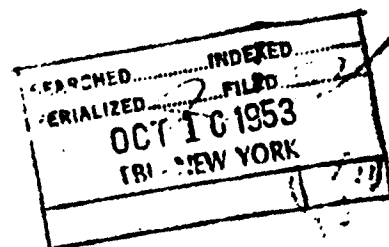
(Continued on Page 6)

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 decides



CLIPPING FROM THE

DAILY WORKER

DATED October 11, 1953

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# Rosenberg

(Continued from Page 1)

children are being made the victims of a political plot."

The Rosenberg children arrived at Tom's 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 age, 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 schools

## 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 Greenglass, mother of Ethel and of David who "singed" his sister into the electric chair, would not have them. She threatened to hand 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 in 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 in the Rosenbergs were revealed the most superb strength, the most noble traits of human nature.

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J. A. Harrington

# Many Hearts Can Be Melted . . .

Pope Pius XII

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 even 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



POPE PIUS XII

**Two Immortals**  
Turn to Page 7 for this series  
by Virginia Gardner on  
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

through that countryside before this latest horror knows that ordinary people, even the school children welcomed the presence of two little sons of the martyrs, and wished them well.

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Harrington

# THE ROSENBERG CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 1)

To the quiet of Tom's River to whisper to the townspeople, asking the questions, designed to frighten and to bow. Suddenly, after the children had gone to the school for over a year, the supervisor of the schools, Clyde Slocum, notified the orphan's guardian, Emanuel Bloch, the lawyer for their parents, that the children are not wanted. Of course, the principal abided, in words, by the canon of humanity, and spoke of law as he departed from justice.

The Jersey law, the said, has requirements which the children do not meet. Their parents, or their legal guardian, must reside in the community, or else their rights to learn, to study, to attend school unimpeded, are void. They must go, the supervisor said, unless Bloch who lives in New York City will move his home to this community, or unless the present caretakers of the children, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bach, become the legal guardians.

I ATTENDED the press conference Bloch held in his office and it was crowded with newspapermen. I have rarely seen reporters so mute, so restrained, as though they had met sophistiched and call-hardened of all citizens, were suddenly abashed. They had lost that air of badgering that was their throughout the years of the case whenever they spoke with the martyrs' lawyer.

He told them that he had investigated and he could find no law such as the principal quoted. He said, too, that the law may require a tuition fee for children whose parents or guardians do not reside in the region. He had offered to pay that and the principal had refused it.

The lawyer told the press that the supervisor spoke of overcrowded schools as though the two little orphans had suddenly created an unbearable crisis in the housing of classes. The supervisor gave Bloch twenty-four hours to determine his course and then relented to give him a week. Then he broke a gentleman's agreement to keep all this quiet during that time so that the children would not know of this latest outrage upon their lives.

The next day, during the school hours, a playmate of Michael Lintonholed him, drew him from the crowd, and told him the story.

NOW IT MUST be remembered that the children's parents, in the last moments of their lives, entrusted to the lawyer the responsibility, the tremendous responsibility, of caring for their children's future. They committed their most precious treasures to a man they came to love and trust. That was only four months ago.

The lawyer, the children's guardian, told the press that he could not, in all conscience, be dragged into committing the care of the children to any other human being, not without the most careful consideration of their future welfare, not without intense search of his own soul. It may be, he said, that he would sometimes agree to do so. As he spoke, one could not help recalling the heartbreaking letters he had received from the mother and the father, the letters of endless solitude, the infinitely tender proposals for the children's education, the books that they should read, the musical instruments that they should learn to play. "Armed and roared" the Rosenbergs had said.

No, the guardian could not, under these circumstances of harassment, take an "irrevocable step," he said, of committing these

children to another's custody.

BUT WHATEVER his course, it would be for their good. Yes, the heart of humanity has been moved and some thirty families in twenty lanes have cabled him that they would adopt the children and keep them as their own. But these children are Americans, this is their native land, and he, their guardian felt, they had the inalienable right to be reared and to grow to manhood in the land they were born. Hence he could not, certainly at this moment, accept the heartfelt bids from abroad to take the children.

NOW, as this newspaper goes to press, the dispatches say that the supervisor of the schools is unrelenting. He will not refer the matter to the School Board for further consideration. There the fate of the children rests at this hour.

The outraged cry of parents throughout the country is beginning to be heard, the lawyer said. The anguished letters are arriving. That cry will grow into a roar, for this is an act so shameless that even the worst enemies of the Rosenbergs, those newspapers that helped send them to their death in the electric chair, have published editorials that recoil from this latest atrocity. The New York Post wrote of the school authorities, "How do they sleep at night?" The Daily News and the Daily Mirror shrink now from the scorn rising at this culmination of the murder which they sanctioned. Both papers asked that the children be allowed to remain in the school.

Somewhere, lurking in the small shrubbery of the Jersey township, are the agents of the government. They are silent today; their chief is silent and when the press asked the local FBI official if he had sent his men into the countryside the past fortnight, he did not answer.

Does the silence connote assent? You may draw your own conclusions.



**BOBBY ROSENBERG**



# Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER



## Julie Learns About Prophets . . . and Strikes

Artist's drawing of the presentation of a book to Julius Rosenberg at the Downtown Torah, and (below) the attention in one of the books.

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S. Y.  
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*27*

Part V

IN THE Lower East Side to move from a top floor flat even to one on the floor below signified relative affluence in the 20s, so that when the Rosenberg family moved from a top floor dwelling at 157 Broome St. to a first floor flat at 64 Columbia St., it was a happy occasion. True, Columbia St. bore a strong resemblance to Shufft St., where a block away, unknown to Julie at that time, lived her father's wife, Ethel Croengler. Both streets were unpaved in their areas. Moreover, the family of five children and two adults were crowded into four rooms on Columbia. Julie and her big brother, David, had to share a narrow bed, and often the mother awoke in the morning to find David had kicked off both goose-leather quilt and younger brother in his sleep, with Julie on top or under the featherbed on the floor.

But by the time Julie was 10 years old the family had moved to the comparative luxury of one of the first housing developments, the Lavinburg Homes, on Coerck St., now 128 Baruch Pl.

BEHIND him were the years

when Julie listened to the meaning of the winter wind while the "snow water" leaked through the roof into the Broome St. flat where steam heat and electricity were unknown quantities. Julie's father, Harry Rosenberg, made higher wages now, and strikes were less frequent than in the early 20s, and in the mother's words they were "living with steam."

So, there were a few years, before the depression hit, when Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg could indulge her family in the "cream and cheese" which Julie fondly would recall to Sing Sing, and plentiful supplies of her specialties, stuffed cabbage and geffilte fish.

At any rate, grow Julie did during the years after he was 10, and if he became the big, tall man described by his mother, it was not due to fresh air and exercise. For Julie preferred books to playing ball, and during long late-afternoon hours in Hebrew school dived in stories of his favorite heroes of Bible stories while the exploits of Tom Swift engrossed him after supper.

AN INCIDENT told by Alex, who as a boy lived on Coerck St., but lost track of Julie when Julie entered college, throws light on Julie the boy. Alex and other neighborhood athletes were playing ball when Julie passed by on his way to Hebrew school. It was a Sabbath. The ball rolled just in front of Julie's feet, but he would not pick it up or touch it as it was a holy day, and the ball rolled into a sewer and was lost.

"We started to get mad," said Alex, "but we couldn't, because we were so impressed that anyone could be that religious." The boys all respected Julie, who was "quiet, very intelligent, even intellectually inclined," and whose friends were mostly those boys who were intellectually bent.

A young woman executive told of her impressions of Julie in the sixth grade. Rather precisely she stated her position at the outset of the interview. She was not passing on the merits of the case, she did not know whether they were guilty or not, but she thought the death sentence was "horrible." She added rather defensively that she did not care whether or not her name were used, saying, "My boss knows how I feel about it."

It was in old Public School 86, now torn down, with only a playground left, at Lewis and Rivington Sts., that she knew Julie in fifth and sixth grades, but she remembered him most clearly in the sixth.

"JULIE was a brilliant boy," she said. His brilliance, she said, was not of the quick or showy kind, but more that of the dreamer and scholar. He was the steady sort, thoughtful, not hurried. Both he and she were in G-B-1, the designation given a group in G-B with highest marks. Some of the

boys and girls from this group occasionally met a class, another's home to do home work. Thus she visited Julie's home and recalled it as an orthodox home. He and others also met at her home, too, for crowded as we were, his in a cramped cold-water flat, my mother always liked to have them over.

"I don't think any of us ever gave our parents any real trouble," she said. "For one thing, we had a wonderful teacher. We were very conscious of the importance of being in the last class before Junior High. We even had some little graduation ceremony. Now that I think of it, we were really pretty happy in that grade."

She said it rather wistfully, then went on to describe Julie at the age of 10: slight, rather studious, very deeply interested, friendly and yet rather shy outside of school—not in class, where he spoke up readily and knew the answers. After sixth grade, he went into rapid advancement class, and into the all-boys Mangin Junior High School. When she saw him again in Soyuz Park, Wash., she was a class ahead of her and she only saw him in corridors passing at

"WE WERE a small community," she said. "That the way it was on the Lower East Side, at least then. Nearly everybody knew everybody else. Of course, I have not been back in years. The neighborhood is all lives close enough to go home for lunch—I know he did and I did, anyway. Then after school we'd hang about the playground killing time, talking. But Julie would leave us after a while, saying he had to go to his new school. He was 10 then, and when

I first saw the picture of Michael, his oldest boy (now 10), it gave me a start. He looked just like Julie at 10. Once, in adult years, she was walking on Houston St. past Julie's shop and saw him and waved, and

### 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 how much it is worth to you that we continue to publish, please do not forget that not only are we running this series on the lives of the two working class heroes, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, but that we are pledged to continue the fight for their complete vindication until it is victorious.*

—VIRGINIA GARDNER.

...son with his...  
...was married to Ed...  
...I didn't know...  
...aunt, and her...  
...That's the way...  
...East Side is...  
...She was on vacation when she...  
...read of his arrest and saw his...  
...picture and knew it was the boy...  
...she'd known and liked when he...  
...was 10. It was very disturbing...  
...saddening. It seemed so illogical...  
...Maybe all children are honest and...  
...good. I don't know, but I know...  
...our little group was...  
...I talked to many Jews of the...  
...case after the... she hesitated...  
...as so many did, avoiding the word...  
..."execution," substituting "the end."  
...Then she went on in her precise...  
...way. Many felt it was terrible for...  
...them to get death, because they...  
...were Jews. I would have thought...  
...it was horrible in any event.

IT MAY BE that during the five years from kindergarten to sixth grade, one reason Julie stayed long hours at Hebrew school was because it was a former teacher suggested, it was "light and comfortable in the school, more like home."

But at of the time he moved from the slums of Columbia St. it had to be more than warmth and comfort which held him hour after hour of his Hebrew studies.

While boys and girls throughout the Lower East Side came to Lav-anburg Homes for study groups or other evening activities, in the clubrooms set up there for this experiment in social living, Julie continued to spend after-school hours daily, every Friday night and all day long on Saturday in Downtown Talmud Torah.

There, at 394 E. Houston St., he was graduated with highest honors, was presented with gifts on graduation—books inscribed to him from the school for "excellence of work," and was the finest of Hebrew scholars, according to a mandarin taught him for four years before his graduation.

(The book found at his mother's was dated 1932, when he was 7 years old, and was inscribed to Jonah Rosenberg.)

THE FORMER teacher, informed that this interview was for a biographical sketch of the Rosenbergs which probably would appear under left suspect abroad, and he ran forlornly in The Worker, was asked: Your anti-Communist position is well known, but since Julius was a pupil there for so many years, would it be possible for you to tell something of his record there?

The interview lasted more than an hour and three-quarters. The veteran teacher, a strongly built

(Continued on Page 14)

(Continued from Page 7)

vigorous man with wide-set gray-blue eyes, short-cropped, grizzled hair, a rugged face, deeply lined by tan slowly, thoughtfully, spoke for his words with care.

Julie left a very deep mark, taught Ethel for a short time, too, but I do not remember her very well. She did not stay to graduate. Her brother, David, also was at the school. I think one of Julie's sisters was there for a time, but Julie was the exception.

The boy Jonah, which was his Hebrew name and the name he was called in school, came from a home not unlike most of the homes of the pupils. It was Jewish but not extremely orthodox, according to the teacher, a poor home, the home of a worker.

Many homes were more cultured than this boy's, but it was as if he were making up for all the generations of his people who were deprived of the chance to study. The way he spoke Hebrew...

THERE WERE 700 pupils in the school. In 1931, when the Lower East Side was in the grip of the depression, when teachers were buying milk for children out of their own money, holding that fact from the children, and when many children took bundles of shoes with them to do at night to eke out the family food, Julie was celebrating his Bar-Mitzvah. Julie's parents wanted him to quit school, his former teacher said, but he refused.

"He loved it," he said, his voice quiet, his big rough-hewn features touched with tenderness. Most of the children would stay at the school an hour and a half, but Julie would spend four and five hours at a time in reading and prayer. He went at it so wholeheartedly he became lost to everything else. You could have thrown a stick of dynamite and he would have kept on. At times I would tell him, "You are overdoing it."

The retired teacher wanted to make it clear just what the relationship of teachers to pupils was in the school, to show why his way entitled to the claim. "If anyone can tell about that boy, I can tell. I spent four years with him, years of intimate association. As he said it, there was something urgent in his tone, as if he had gone over this thought many times, and were repeating a plea he had made, either silent or to others.

THE SCHOOL was established some 54 or 55 years ago, he said, the first Galician Hebrew school in the entire country, by the Galician Farband, a fraternal organization, the same group which founded Beth Israel Hospital and the Old Age Home on 12th Street. While his school was orthodox, it did not represent "the extreme in orthodoxy." Thus the extremely orthodox point of view which separated girls and boys did not prevail in Downtown Talmud Torah, where boys and girls both attended. Parents who held to the extreme in orthodoxy and felt the education of sons more important than that of daughters, in the beginning often sent their sons to the

Brochial deating High school  
 that door (fifteenth) Tel-  
 son (Tosah) had this...  
 to them he had...  
 the same block a couple of  
 doors away, and the second floor  
 of the building where many years  
 later, Julius Rosenberg was to  
 have his machine shop, was a syna-  
 gogue which illustrated the type  
 of orthodox synagogue in Down-  
 town Talmud Torah patronized by  
 wealthy Caldean Jews, separated  
 women from men in the syna-  
 gogue.  
 Moreover, it was the space later  
 occupied by the machine shop was  
 vacated by the synagogue con-  
 sidered to lease it to the school,  
 to serve as playground for the  
 girls—but with the proviso boys  
 would not set foot in the girls  
 were there.  
**OUR SCHOOL** but teach-  
 ers were free. We spoke as we  
 believed. Our relationship with  
 the pupils was more than that  
 of teacher, we were fatherly and  
 parents, teachers and friends. Chil-  
 dren came to us with problems  
 they would not have brought to  
 their parents, things they heard  
 at home that troubled them but  
 of which they could not speak.  
 Jonah came to me with prob-  
 lems and I would help him out,  
 explaining what I could. He came  
 to me with difficulties. He had  
 with teachers at Edward Park High  
 over some curricular event and we'd  
 finish it out.  
 Among the subjects... by  
 this boy who wanted to get to the  
 bottom of things was coming in  
 Raschi, named for the author of  
 a much-used commentary on the  
 Bible. He became so interested in  
 about it that he spent three and  
 four hours each day studying  
 Raschi.

Often when he left the school  
 the winter night would have closed  
 in, and the teacher watched the  
 boy as he started home over the  
 creaking snow—head high,  
 while in the gold stillness the  
 hoarse whistle of the boat was heard  
 from the river.  
 Oh, if it were spring, it usually  
 would be dusk when Julie set out  
 for home, past the trees in the  
 little park across the way, mysti-  
 fied in their now-leaved fullness,  
 the turrets in the next block  
 seeming even gracious in the half-  
 light, the tracery of their fire-  
 taper and old ironwork window  
 balconies taking on a new charac-  
 ter in the twilight.  
 The teacher, glancing out the  
 window at the lone figure trudging  
 happily homeward, understood the  
 boy. His thoughts followed him,  
 through the dusty, crumbling  
 tenement streets, to the crowded  
 flat on Columbia St. Not that he  
 ever was in the house where Julie  
 lived when he first taught him, in  
 a building now marked for demoli-  
 tion, but still inhabited by peo-  
 ple who can't get homes else-  
 where. He didn't need to be in it  
 to know it, it was like other homes  
 in the American ghetto in which  
 immigrant families were confined  
 not by law but poverty.  
 And he worried the teacher

who with others in the school  
 taught religion as meaning belief  
 on earth, even while he was aware  
 that the boy was seeking in his  
 own mind a hope without which  
 the brutalities and indignities of  
 tenement life made no sense.  
**CAN SEE** Julie's face now  
 before me as I taught the Prophets  
 drinking to all I said. Isaiah and  
 Jeremiah were my favorites and I  
 spoke of them most. But when I  
 taught the Prophets it was not just  
 to speak of what happened 2,000  
 years ago, but what was happen-  
 ing around us.  
 A strike was in progress at  
 Ohnbach's. I spoke of it in con-  
 nection with a chapter in Isaiah.  
 (He did not name chapter or verse  
 but this is the Prophet who said,  
 Chapter III, Verse 14.) The Lord  
 will enter into judgment with the  
 ancients of his people, and the  
 princes thereof; for ye have eaten  
 up the vineyard, the spoil of the  
 poor is in your houses. What mean  
 ye that ye beat my people to piece,  
 and grind the faces of the poor?  
 saith the Lord God of Hosts.)  
 I saw Julie's eyes glowing. That  
 boy, Jonah, as we was called him,  
 took it literally. He believed. He  
 took all we taught him literally.  
 But how did you use the case  
 of the strike at Ohnbach's? He  
 was asked.  
 I said, Ohnbach is living in the  
 temple now, but what wants his  
 contributions? He had pay his  
 workers a living wage, then his  
 contributions will be welcome.  
 You see, he said simply. I  
 always stressed the theme of ser-  
 vice. And my teaching that to serve  
 was the greatest joy in life—all  
 the boy Jonah believed it.

ALWAYS, he said, he illustrated with such examples from recent happenings. "If I were teaching today, I might bring in the Kinsy report. In this way, he is kind of everything."

One day, he said, he had to leave the classroom for a short time. When he returned, he saw Julie standing before the class.

"He wasn't sitting in my chair, he said all the children had too much respect for me for that. But he was sticking the class. The children were listening attentively. It was the period of Reach, as mentioned to him to keep on, and stood in the back of the room to hear. After that, on many occasions, he would ask if he could teach, and I'd say, 'Go ahead.' He proved it immensely," she added, "his face lighting up with his frequent smile."

He was asked about an incident Julie's mother had described, in which her son had not told her, but a teacher, she said. It concerned an important writer from Palestine, and Julie's making the welcome talk. He recalled it at once.

That was Mrs. Rantz, one of the founders of Colony Dganit. I invited her to visit the class. Julie welcomed her in Hebrew. She danced with the girls, and spoke of Palestine, in Hebrew. For her it was an experience never to be forgotten. She had thought that here in America no one spoke Hebrew.

THE SEASONED teacher who confided he never has found satisfaction since he left off teaching because of a physical disability,

this scholar who stressed the human and humane, delighted in the study of the Torah but believeth in the creed, "God wants your heart, not God wants your mind," and placed sincerity before tradition. All the teachers of Downtown Talmud Torah, he said, adopted as their guide the saying in the Talmud, "Words which come from the heart penetrate the heart."

That he never lied to his pupils. Once in a long while, giving an accepted version of the meaning of some Biblical passage, suddenly his words sounded formal and hollow to him. Then he would be troubled until, after class, some few of his pupils who had deepest understanding—and I remember a couple of these requests, when Julie was among them—would come to him and ask if he believed that in your heart. Then, he said, he would confess he did not, but that every pupil wouldn't understand a finer version of the meaning.

He smiled, but often grew thoughtful. His rough-hewn, essentially cheerful face was furrowed and grave. He mopped his brow vigorously with a large handkerchief.

IT WAS NOT difficult for him apparently, to explain just why the felt concern about the way for this boy who was graduated with highest honors. But for other boys and girls through the years, too, who he seemed to feel likewise exemplified the teacher's objective, "God wants your heart," he had worried. Some had come to him later in life, he said, reproaching him, "Look, you taught me idealism, and the world is not that way, and I have suffered."

And Julie was an especially sensitive, unworldly boy, he said. What he believed he believed with his whole heart. In his school, religion was emphasized. Jonah believed everything we taught him—literally. He took it very seriously. I felt he was becoming over-religious, more than I liked.

It was not that what he taught was not true, it was true, but the teacher knew the world, and the (as of the results for children) who were not in it without any sort of self-protection. In his view, Julie responded so wholeheartedly, that it indicated the schoolboy was "too gullible, too sincere."

In the criticism which followed the reporter said: "One friend of later years, who is gullible in a business sense—that she felt David Greenglass may see the light when it was obvious to him his incompetence as foreman was ruining the business."

His reply was quick and uttered with decision. "That David, we did not think much of him here," he said with finality. Then he continued, emphasizing each word: "I am convinced—and I have told others this—read as he said this, he turned a keen glance in his listener's direction. "I am convinced that Julius could not have obtained any information from David, because David was incapable of giving any."

ETHEL, on the other hand, in her brief stay in school impressed him with her ability and quickness. He even thought her more able, brighter, than Julie, but to

...it was just education in He-  
brew. With Julia, it was some-  
thing else altogether.

At times I've blamed myself.  
Yes, for all of this was leading up  
to the unfortunate thing that over-  
took him, so yes it was unfortun-  
ate, it was such a case that unfor-  
tunate, it was a tragedy, she said  
hushly, wincing down, perhaps  
with the idea of minimizing the  
pain in his eyes. And as I have  
blamed myself, it was never for-  
get that boy.

If there is any accusation against  
him, any guilt, it is that he was  
guilty of one thing, he was guilty of  
sincerity.

Julia never reproached, she later  
as these other boys and girls did,  
for teaching as you did, when the  
world was not an ideal place, did  
he? she was asked.

He shook his head. No, Julia had  
never returned to see him, a former  
that saddened him. He recalled that  
a former pupil once told him, "I can  
remember Jonah? He is now, I as-  
sured in communion." And he re-  
membered his reply to the teacher  
of remembrance. "What, I asked wonder-  
fully, Jonah, who was he?"

"I don't know who he was, I came  
to see him, and he so nice," he  
said. "Anything I would say would  
be just speculation." Maybe she  
thought I would disapprove of his  
new interests.

And, assuming she was true  
you felt that he underestimates you  
to think you would let a student in  
the way? The reporter asked, and  
he nodded absent, silent in his con-  
tion.

With a small smile upon his  
said, he explained how he con-  
sidered seven years ago when he  
proved that the way some children  
from the Lower East Side loved  
oped.

**CALL THE PUPILS** in the school  
were the children of workers and  
out, in those days. More than  
one who grew up in the con-  
ditions she offered on the Lower  
East Side had become a Commu-  
nist, he felt certain of that, he said.  
One old pupil even came to him  
after the pupil had prospered and  
moved far away from the tenements  
of his childhood, and told him that  
he was interested in the Communist  
Party and contributing funds to it.

The teacher added that "from  
time to time, even recently, the  
FBI had come to him to ask about  
some former pupil."

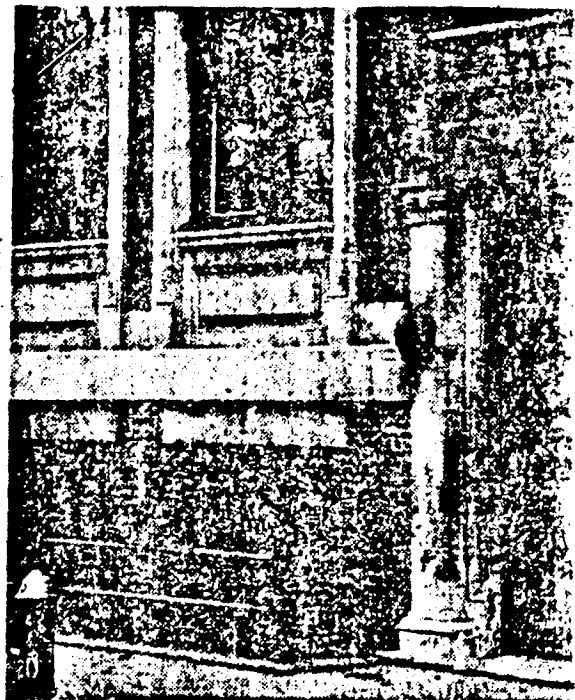
Then she shuddered, without men-  
tioning the words "electric chair" or  
"electrocution," she what befell his  
prize pupil. "I can't bear to think of  
it—and for that boy," she's vibrant  
voice had sunk low. It was clear he  
saw, not the man Julia, but the  
boy Jonah, in that chair, again he  
dropped his brow, drowned in  
thought.

**THE REPORTER** that "in  
these, his figure looming large be-  
hind his desk, a big, vital man  
haunted by the memory of a con-  
fessive youth stirred by the prophet's  
denunciation of oppression and  
greed, a youth whose heart indeed  
had been penetrated by the teach-  
er's words which come from the  
heart. Through his office window  
could be seen the deepening shad-  
ows thrown by city skyscrapers,  
Below, crowds of office workers  
hurried past of buildings headed for  
subways and home.

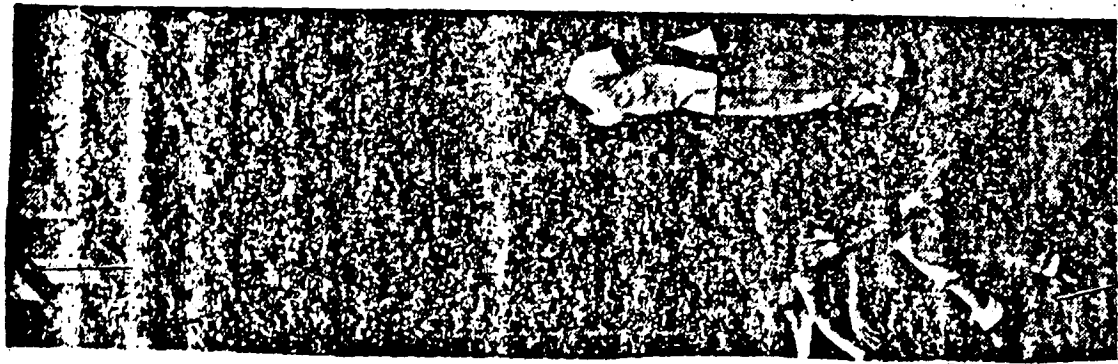


Award for service done  
 to the Baal Keryah group  
 1932 תורה אברהם  
 H. Elkin  
 ה'תש"ב  
 תורה אברהם  
 תורה אברהם

The leaf in a worn copy of The Holy Scriptures in the possession of Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg, one of the books presented to Julie for outstanding work as a Hebrew scholar. The legend in English and Hebrew, signed by H. Elkin, reads: "Award for service done in the Baal Keryah group [readers of the Torah] on the holiday of Shavouth 692. 1932." Shavouth is the same as the Pentecost, and usually is in June or July. The Hebrew numerals "692" are the abbreviation of 5,692, the equivalent of 1932.



The Downtown Talmud Torah which Julius attends



The house at 64 Columbia St. to which the Rosenberg family moved in the 1920's.



# TWO Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER



ETHEL ROSENBERG

## 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 acknowledgement is made of its presence. It is described laconically as "Women's House of Detention" and hurried by—except that today some knowing New Yorkers may add in a hushed 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—see?—must have been ours, because we were on the fifth floor."

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THE WORKER

DATED

October 25, 1953

Page 7

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"It doesn't matter," the reporter said soothingly, comparing the unimpaired guards hounding about the patrol wagon to a crowd of entrance.

"I'm satisfied," the man, oblivious of guard duty, reported, lost in memories. "I've heard us. Yes, she must have."

"They brought her out the side door here, leading into this courtyard. We could see the reporters and photographers waiting, and beyond them part of the crowd attracted by the turnout of press and police. We could see the top of the waiting car in the courtyard. Then we saw the photographers' movement, holding up cameras and saw reporters press forward.

"It was for their benefit as well as hers that we screamed and yelled the farewells we'd been cheated of making. 'Goodbye', we yelled. 'Good luck, Ethel,' and 'We love you.' And I mean we screamed. Maybe you can't imagine screaming at the top of your lungs. 'We love you.' Her voice momentarily was almost harsh, resentful."

SHE brushed the tears away, looked at the reporter, who plodded along the hot pavement, at her side. Patiently she tried to explain the near-riot that took place that day behind the discreet walls of the Greenwich St. institution—in terms that could be understood by someone who never had spent months or years in jail.

One of several fellow-prisoners of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in their months in the jails on West St. and Greenwich St. who were located and interviewed for the first time, she told of the fury aroused when Ethel was slipped out without warning from her cell.

FROM OTHERS interviewed had come the essential facts—how the authorities, apparently fearing some demonstration, gave neither Ethel nor her fellow-prisoners any advance warning she was to be removed to Sing Sing (then). Instead, Ethel was told in casual fashion that she was wanted in the administration office on the first floor and would she go on duty.

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 routine question.

No sooner had 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.

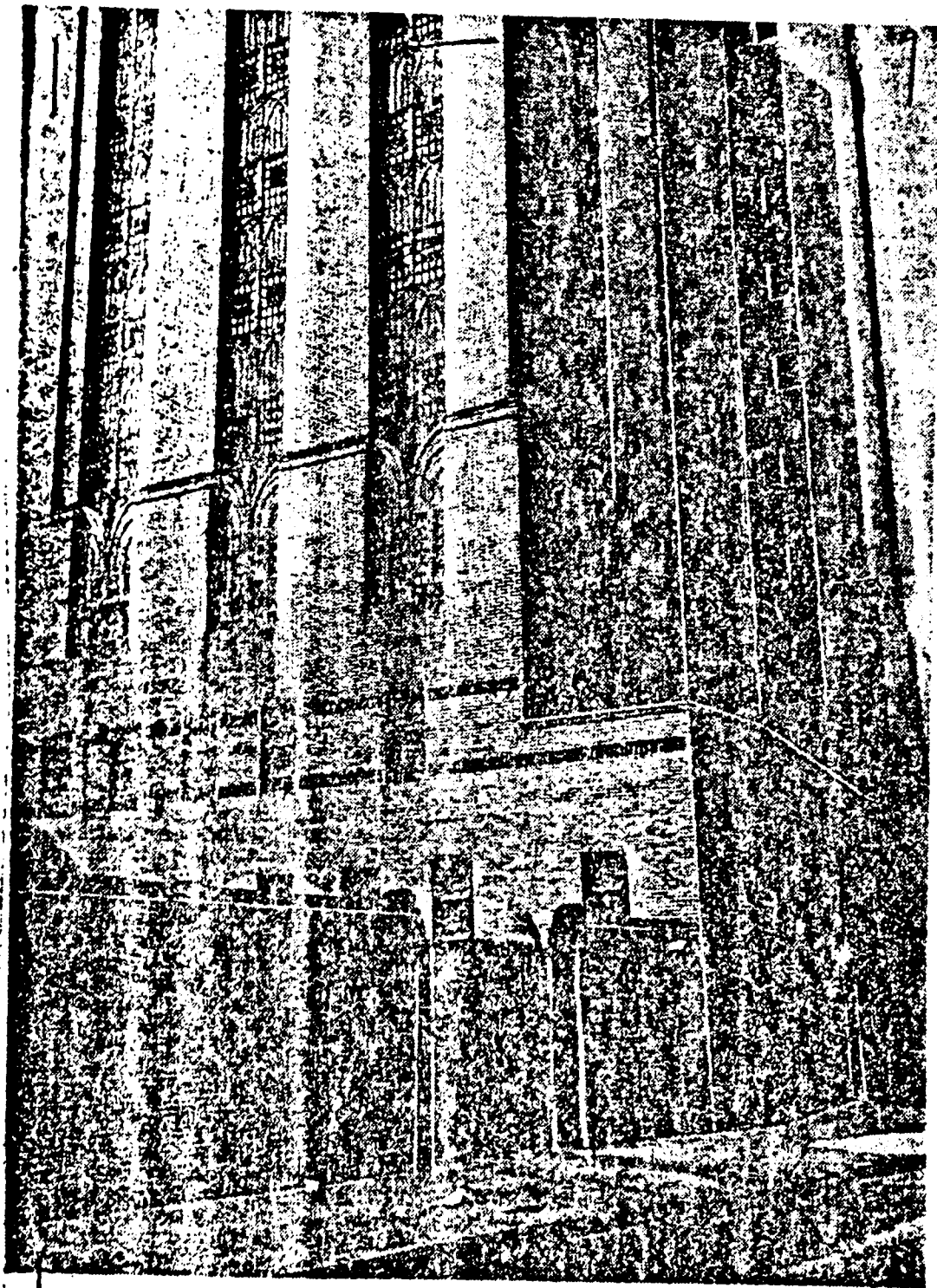
Now this former prisoner, Martha, added her own explanations and narrative.

"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 many of the officers, too. This is not any exaggeration. You have talked to others, you say, and there are 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 state 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—12 days after the sentence."

Some women who had something of a somewhat durable nature, if only a cardboard box in which to



The Women'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 glacial 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 leave-taking 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 ten toilet and table 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. Maybe 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 Jerry, to tell him she wasn't frightened. In case a paper would use it, we have 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 installments of this series will give interviews with other persons who knew Ethel and Julius Rosenberg as neighbors, shopmates 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 employe 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 City 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.

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*Comm. to War*

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COMMUNISTS COLLECTED OVER \$300,000 FROM AMERICAN PEOPLE for anti-U S propoganda 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, NYCity.

The old Rosenberg committee revealed at the Chicago rally that it had collected \$302,530.17 from the American public during its existence. But the Communists aren't 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 SOBELL.

In addition, the trustees of the fund set up to "educate" the Rosenberg children (COUNTERATTACK, Oct 2, 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 ticked in U S when they can raise hundreds of thousands of dollars in behalf of convicted Moscow espionage agents, and when they can look forward to raising more money even while the U S press is full 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 National 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 out-rate prices to help finance its anti-U.S. and pro-Moscow propaganda.

- Schick Shavers
- Gilbert Trains
- Thayer baby strollers
- Flint and Ekko kitchen tools
- Maytag washing machines
- Hamilton Beach vacuum cleaners
- Linens by Pepperell, Cannon and Dundee
- Royal and Smith-Corona Typewriters
- Bissell Carpet Sweepers
- Pull-toys
- Trimble bathinets
- Parker and Waterman pens
- Boontonware plastic dinnerware
- hair dryers, blenders, etc.

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 National Guardian is getting their products and to dry up its source of supply. It would be equally difficult to get a legal ruling that would prevent the owners of the newspaper from distributing the items these firms manufacture.

Neither BELFRAGE, ARONSON nor McMANUS have any love for capitalism. They continually rant against "big business". But when the names and products of big business concerns 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

**L**ONG before she met Julius Rosenberg, Ethel Greenglass 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 porters, 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 con-

tinued 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 de-

velopment. 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 employes 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

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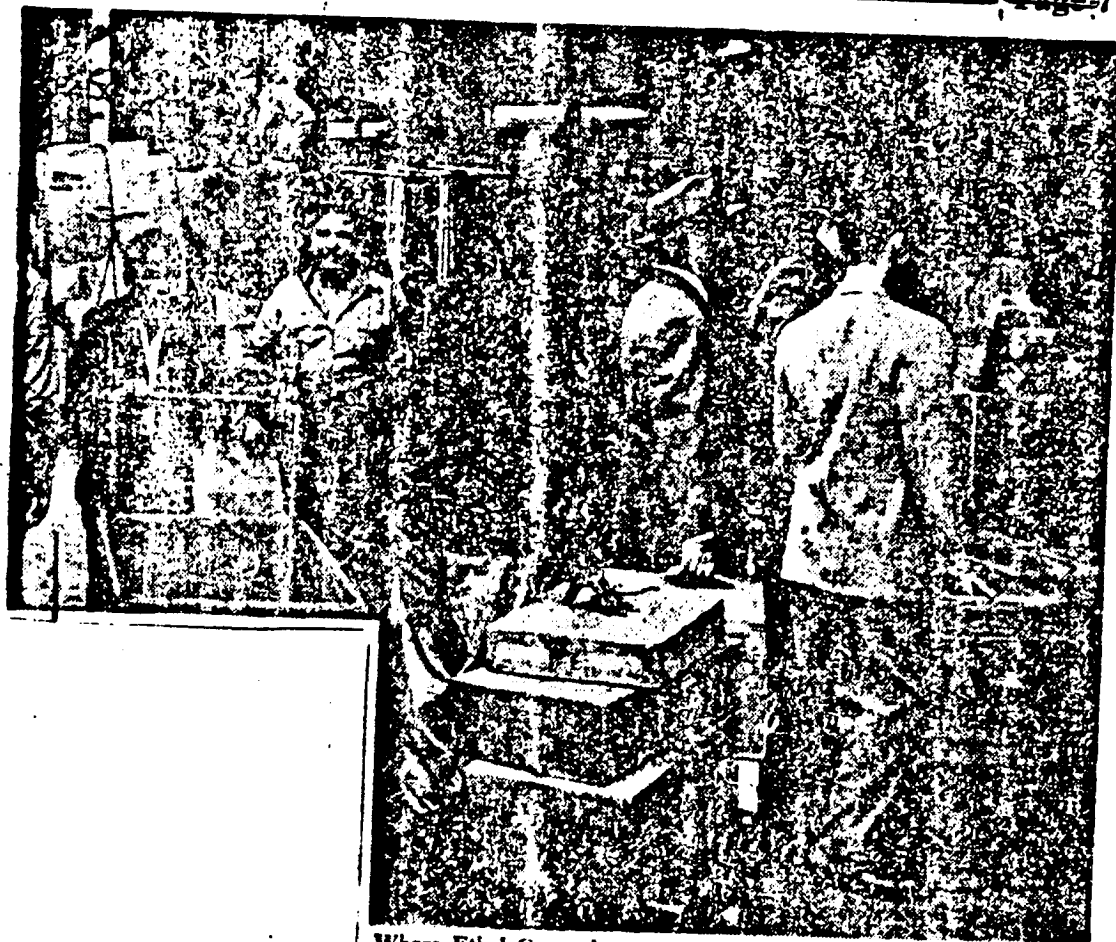
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Where Ethel Greenglass was on strike when she was 19 years old, the National Packing & Shipping Co., at 327 W. 86th St., is shown here. A freight brokerage house for patrons of the garment industry, its workers joined more than 12,000 shipping clerks 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

of what she did—whether it was making a speech or what," Julie's sister said.

"She told me that the brutality she saw used against the strikers, was the thing which started her speaking up against injustice."

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

*Editor's Note: For policy reasons, as in other instalments 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 squads 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 800 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' ILG 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 cloakmakers 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 municipal

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 scab 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 novelty, cops even arrested one employer in what the Times politely described as a "melee."

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 NLRA, and ordered reinstated with back pay. She was the only woman employe 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's, 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 youngster, 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 employes 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 hurry. 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 merchandise 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." Packages 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 3 p.m. speedup was terrific, as push boys lined up, staggering behind loads of boxes, at 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 147 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 helped urge the women to go out on strike when the other thousands of clerks did. She returned to work with the others, about Sept. 13. As else-

where, 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. 19953, 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 shipping clerks, according to the ILG publication, "Justice," was agreed to by Loebel. At the same time, according to the NLRB, Loebel stated that if the men 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, met on the balcony 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 17-18, 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 com-

mittee was in the plant on that shift that day, she told the girls, she felt they ought to walk 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 Charta. 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.

APPARENTLY Ethel's employer used all sorts of futile tactics to forestall the decision. Not only did he claim the NLRB was unconstitutional, and that Ethel and the other three were fired for "insubordination," but tried in other ways to get the case settled to his benefit.

Although the record is silent on it, the employer had no less than Attorney Morris Ernst, red-baiter extraordinary and a member of the American Civil Liberties Union board, appear for him in a behind-the-scenes operation, it was learned. Apparently Ernst himself was somewhat abashed at his anti-labor role, saying when he obtained a private audience with a board member, that he was not pleading for the employer for a fee, but was doing so out of personal friendship.

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 Gyarfás. 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."



SHAKESPEARE

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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 Burgoa 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

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of her trial. This was one of several then in the 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 forgot—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 of them and there, and promptly was 'doad-



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.*

ing." It was long before her trial, but on occasions she was taken to Foley Square for conferences with Julie and her counsel.

"She started to raise a fuss about her transfer on her return. The next day when some of us gathered in the dining-room to drink 'free world' coffee, I took my coffee to where she was drinking milk.

"We got to talking and I mentioned I was reading Howard Fast's 'My Glorious Brothers.' I had found the line, 'Who resists tyrants obeys God.' She had read it long before. Anyway, we were far away from Greenwich St. when an officer came at us with, 'You're not having a coffee klatch in the Waldorf-Astoria, you know.'"

BEFORE Ethel was moved to the fifth floor some of the women agreed she should have a clean cell to welcome her, and one volunteered to do the cleaning. She 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 yield to 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 shared, 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 experience. 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 sessions, 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'd 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 contrast to Ethel's own—The brother and his wife on whose testimony, the Court of Appeals later said, the case against the Rosenbergs stood or fell; the mother, who no longer visited her.

her beloved older brother Bernard, after the death of his wife, the "Gladdie" whom Ethel mourned in her letters, was not strong in his loyalty to Ethel, as she believed he would have been had "Gladdie" 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 across Tenth 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 400 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 phone 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 never "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 dull, resigned voice, unlike her usual one; her eyes had a look of dull misery. Each of these hurts from her mother was a fresh blow." Yet Ethel never mentioned her mother's name.

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 as perfect and as smart as she thought Julius 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 corsage, 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 Julius replied that she would, if she could be sure of getting back in time "to make Shabbos"—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! This 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 Rhee'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)

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## "20 YEARS"

(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 Dolsen'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 "atrocious" 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 GOPer—will not go willingly into any more Asian adventures.

The country wants a Korean peace settlement, not atrocity 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 "communistic 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 telegrams to U. S. Attorney W. W. White, Federal Building, Ninth and Market Sts., Philadelphia, urging the quashing of all Smith Act indictments in Pennsylvania.

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



ETHEL ROSENBERG

## *'Saint on Earth' Prisoner Says of Ethel*

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Page 7

## 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 Rosenbergs 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.

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WHEN Julius was arrested in July, 1950, Ethel's narrative began, an 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 6. 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, flanked 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."

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MARTHA dug in her purse for tissues, blew her nose and wiped her cheeks brusquely, 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 even 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.

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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-arrived prisoner:

"I'm not very bright but I know right from wrong. No matter if the Pope were to tell me Ethel Rosenberg was bad 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 Rosenbergs.

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."

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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 drugs 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, Isabel, was more realistic than Martha about Ethel's

sentence. It wasn't that she accepted the death sentence, but she soberly faced the idea of a long term for Ethel. Isobel's cell was on the floor where Ethel was first placed and where she was kept for many months. If convicted, Isobel expected to serve a two-year sentence, possibly there in the Detention House, as some with short sentences did.

Telling of Isobel, Martha now said: "I think she loved Ethel so much that she would have given her own life if it could have saved Ethel's. She had children of her own, not too far apart in age from Ethel's boys. She promised Ethel that when she got out she would take Michael and Robby and bring them up with her own, and as her own."

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SHE WAS only one of Ethel's many friends. The jail officers were well aware of the loyalty Ethel Rosenberg inspired 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."

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.

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ONE OF THE 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 house-dresses and other clothes. Here Martha interrupted her story of the Belgian woman to interject:

"The clothes Ethel wore to trial broke my heart. Everyone put on the best she could muster, borrowing a bag or handkerchief or hat occasionally, to go to court. Ethel had one or two blouses and at most two skirts. So long as Julie thought she looked pretty she didn't seem to care. But we girls used to worry, particularly those who had been before juries before.

"Their attitude was, you can have right on your side, but the members of the jury usually aren't poor people, and are going to be more impressed if you're wearing a smart suit. A couple of the women

(Continued on Page 14)

*Editor's Note: As in other installments in this series, names of persons who provided recollections of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are withheld for police reasons and, fictitious first names used.*



## Two Immortals

(Continued from Page 7)

had crocheted hats for her in jail. I saw her in one of them and I thought it was horrible on her. But she thought it was lovely and said Julie thought it was lovely."

SO, WHILE they read in the newspapers that this couple was the big pay-off team of "A-bomb spies," rich with Russian gold, these women Ethel Rosenberg was looked up with lamented over her wardrobe. Aware of their concern, Ethel once told them gently that just because she and Julie never had enough money for clothes, they must not think that she had looked for anything in her marriage.

It was Ethel's human qualities, her absorption in the women and their stories and problems, that made them love her so, Martha explained. "She could love even the most 'evil' girl there."

As for the supposed diamond smuggler, she was always weeping. Whenever anyone saw her she was shedding tears, and most of the women regarded her as a dreary creature and would have fled from her except that wherever Ethel was, there she was, too. But Ethel found a certain enjoyment in her apparently, even when she lectured Ethel on her "worldliness."

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 dusting from the little cans of talcum powder permitted to the women, Ethel and her cell-mate lay in their respective cots, glorying 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 it 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 darned screen. I didn't even wait to get a light, I blew it out."

HER LIPS quivered and she fiercely swiped 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 read 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



**ROBBY ROSENBERG**

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## Music Was Always Part of Their Family Home Life

Part I

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 1950.

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 had done all those things she was accused of doing. No one whose life completely centered in her children from the moment Mike was born would take a risk like that. I told the FBI that."

Nelson, Kate's husband, agreed that what little Ethel and Julius had went largely to the children and "all their spare time was spent with Michael, then, Robby and Ethel." Kate had seen her in a nearby market "buy a very inexpensive fish for her and Julie, then spend 50 cents for cherries for Michael, because Michael liked cherries."

Their evident poverty (in 1946, his first year in business, Julie took nothing out of the business, Kate said) did not bother Ethel, who seemed "absolutely contented, altogether absorbed in the children and their future."

MICHAEL was a delicate baby, a 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 singing and playing on their old piano, songs for the boys, and songs for Julie.

Records were almost a nightly ritual before the children were put to bed. (A stack of the children's records still are in the home of Julie's mother, ranging from "Mother Goose" to "The Star

Spangled Banner" and "Columbia in the Heart of the Ocean.") Before the parents' arrest Michael was taking music lessons and Ethel was studying guitar in order to teach him.

Among Julie's favorites sung by Ethel, Nelson recalled Beethoven's Ninth, in which parts of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" appear. She had earned it as a member of the celebrated choir, Schola Cantorum.

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 suffered fragments over them."

His East Houston Street shop was located under a synagogue and so Julie could not keep open on Saturday. But Sunday he generally worked. His one day off, Saturday, was completely devoted to Michael; then, when Robby was old enough to go along on their jaunts, to them both.

They spent nothing on entertainment, but there was always money for subway fare, then 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. Another regular event was to go to Penn Station, where Michael and Julie would kill hours on a tour of inspection.

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JULIE 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 ordered, immaculate 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. I can't bring myself 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.' In a very real sense 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, absently 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. Robbis was a robust, happy kid, but oh, 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. "The

set on Ethel. 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, any child. 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 he'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 never had 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.

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THEY 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

AFTER HIS VACATION, and Ethel's arrest in August, he said members of his family and friends who knew he knew Julie 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 anyone who'd get in a fix and 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 fishy about the whole thing."

"And how Ethel loved that no-

good brother of hers," Kate said. "Ethel was a slave to her family, anyway—none of whom, even her mother, went to see her buried. Yet, even about 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."

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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 gradu-



*An artist's conception of an evening in the Rosenbergs' home.*

"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 he recalled his 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."

...her own family could not understand her complete lack of caring for money, said Kate. She recalled the last time she saw her, in the spring of 1950. "She was very happy, told me Julie 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)

*Editor's Note: For policy reasons, as in other instalments of this...*



# 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.

McCarthy, now has moved up a step. Now he charges the Democratic Party for the past 30 years with having encouraged "spies," with having taken its domestic and foreign policies from "spies." McCarthy challenged the country in his radio reply to Truman to choose between him and those who refuse to fight the "spies."

McCarthy has accused many—but he has never found a single "spy."

McCarthyism makes the accusation of "espionage" the same as the proof of espionage.

IT IS a tragic fact that fascist McCarthyism has been given its major weapon by a whole series of fantastic "spy" boaxes starting with the Canadian Spy Hoax of 1946.

An analysis of each of the many cases involving alleged "spies" shows a series of facts which would startle the American people if they could only break through the headline forgeries of the press, radio and TV.

Here are just some of the facts:  
• There has never been any evidence of "Soviet spying" on the part of those who have been accused or convicted. There has been only testimony—that unsupported accusations by a few individuals, but no evidence.

• 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 each other, according to the records themselves.

THE "DADDY" of all the spy boaxes was the Canadian.

The Canada "spy ring" was broken, Feb. 15, 1948, two weeks before Churchill started the Cold War. It was the careful build-up for his pro-war speech.

It started with the yarn dish-ed 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 long "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 one half months every day prior to his giving his yarn to the press on March 22, 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 few 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 secret" 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, subsequent fakes collapsed—like the

(Continued on Page 35)

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SERIALIZED	FILED
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FBI - NEW YORK	

(Continued from Page 1)

"Government Printing Office" hoax, like the Fort Monmouth hoax, etc.

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 Woikin, was got to plead guilty to the fact that she had "exchanged general opinions" with Communist leader, Fred Rose.

But — "atom spy" Mrs. Woikin 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. Wallsher. He was completely acquitted of any wrongdoing whatsoever by the court, even though Mrs. Wallsher had "confessed" to having given him "information" which the court said he had never received, or which was not illegal to receive.

Dr. Raymond Boyer, 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 not for "atomic espionage" at 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.

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### 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 in the Fuchs case—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 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.

Then 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 testimony 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—not 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 published

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 any 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 to 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!

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 give 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 recording 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 Hiss case, we got a case whose fraud was unmasked by the British legal expert, Lord Jewitt in his book The Strange Case of Alger Hiss. 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 Hiss 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. This 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, Ethel died solely 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.

## 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 purse documents which she was allegedly going to transmit to "the Russians."

# Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

marriage to Julie. In his first reaction He... at Julie's name from a wedding document and his photograph from a group wedding photo. Regretting 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

## Julie premature victim of loyalty oath axe

Part X

**H**ARDLY a man of prominence in Julie's union failed to be hounded 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. Julie had been a witness at Herman's

### The City College ALUMNUS

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Robert Stein '47 MANAGING EDITOR: I. E. Levine '46

October, 1953

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#### IN MEMORIAM

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| Augustus Rogers '02ex   | Joseph Scarleta, Jr. '15   | Oscar Factor '38        |
| Dr. Max Scheer '03ex    | Samuel B. Simon '16        | Major Thomas Davis '39T |
| Max Schlesinger '03ex   | Siegfried Loewenthal '15   | Julius Rosenberg '39T   |
| Dr. E. D. Friedman '03  | Carl F. Roberts '15        | Earle A. Weiss '42B     |
| Dr. Joseph Singer '03   | Ira S. Livingston '20      | Sidney Weisman '46B     |
|                         | Isaac Jaffe '42B           |                         |

City College Alumnus, college publication, printed the name of Julius Rosenberg (arrow) in its "In Memoriam" edition of October 1953.

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Ethel and Julius Rosenberg at the time of their conviction.

self-conscious in recounting such things—so innocuous in those days, so suspect now.

Sol knew Julie first in 1941. That was the lush period, all right. To those in progressive unions, anything seemed possible—and it almost was.

The arms program was mushrooming. CIO organization of unorganized was booming, a progressive trend was on the upgrade, the country was on the whole united behind "the war effort," even before Pearl Harbor. Such characters as Martin Dies were in disrepute; FDR had excoriated his Un-American Committee publicly. What today is a crime in the eyes of Sen. McCarthy was commonplace then.

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

Ethel was busy in the Women's Auxiliary. Julie was active in the union, made the union a part of his daily life, but so did lots of other rank-and-filers," Sol said.

\*

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 instalments of this series, names of persons interviewed are withheld, and if a first name is used, it is fictitious.*

white-collar 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 read to the jury the legend on a can, seized in the Rosenberg flat by the FBI men as evidence: "Save a Spanish child. Volveremos, We Will Return! Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, 192 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.

OFTEN he and Julie would still be running off a leaflet late at night in the union offices at 5 Beekman St., in 1940 or '41, occasionally with Ethel's help. As Herman was "about the only one who could run that mimeo machine" Julie would write it and he'd run it off.

He said he thought they got out one leaflet on the Second Front, in 1942, as part of the political side of the union's win-the-war program. A large number of CIO unions were speaking out in favor of "A Second Front Now."

(Years later U. S. Attorney Saypol cross-examined Julie on whether he was "pleased" or "happy about it" when the Second Front was opened. "Yes, I was happy when the Second Front was opened," said Julie.)

Before he went into the Armed Forces Herman was given a dinner by the union at Uptown Cafe Society. It figures in Julie's testimony, brought out by his attorney, Emanuel Bloch.

"Did you tell Ruth or Dave Greenglass that you were entertaining and spending \$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 ever attended, he said.

IN HIS bachelor days, before he met his future wife, Herman often dropped in on Julie 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

off-corner from 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 from 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 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 like his company," said Herman.

"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 hide. I could 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 no question of their courage."

**JULIE AND ETHEL** almost never "went out" socially, they had so little money, but they went with Herman to the country, once to the Followers of the Trail, near Peekskill, once to a bungalow Herman rented. Julie seemed to enjoy just wandering around looking at the trees, trying out his muscles on an axe, watching the sun come 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 and loss of the prevailing wages the union had won for them after hard struggle.

"Last week the FAECT was informed," read a story in Tech Talk, put out by Metropolitan Chapter 31, "that in the Brooklyn Army Base a 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 Gen. Crominger" 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 a "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 'boom!' They didn't bother to state a charge, or, if they did to present evidence."

One of the more amazing cases was cited by Sol. An FAECT member was hauled before the Civil Service Commission, charged with being the brother of Albert Maltz. This was long before the novelist and screenwriter went to jail for defying the Un-American Committee.

"It's pretty difficult to prove you're not someone's brother, particularly if you don't know him," said Sol in mock earnestness. "And of course it always was up to the guy to disprove the charges," though the government didn't bother to try to prove them. In the end they let him keep his job but removed his name from all eligibility lists (of men who'd passed civil service tests for other posts.)

In the early years of the war the union obtained reinstatements in a number of such cases. Sol recalled one on which Julie was active. When their delegation met with a colonel "Julie was more articulate than most rank-and-filers, he didn't leave all the talking to the organizer."

**THEY ASKED** the colonel what

the charge was. "We were told that the man was fired because he'd signed a petition having something to do with Spain. But when we demanded the evidence, we were shown a little photostat, two inches by one-quarter inch, of what purported to be his signature, that's all. It could have been attached to anything. But that was the War Department. And that time the guy stayed fired."

Julie's hatred of stoolpigeons, learned as a boy from his trade-union father, doubtless was increased by another case the union didn't win—that of a number of workers, Negro and white, fired from Brooklyn Navy Yard after a stoolpigeon, previously expelled by the union, fingered them. The pigeon was particularly brazen. When the men were called into the office, said Sol, there he would be seated, a gun on each hip in full view.

Thereafter the men, who like Julie had all of their working experience in federal civil service, were fired from one job after another, until they were lost to the industry and the union.

"By the time Julie was fired, although he tried for a year to drum up activity on his appeal, it was pretty clear the days were over when we could win reinstatements. So not much of a fight was

It may have been that Julie's recollection of how others had been fired from job after job after being severed on "communism" charges, was responsible for his opening his machine shop. He did get private employment immediately at one of the places where he'd been working for the Army, Emerson Radio, but with the cut-back he was let go in the December layoffs.

"IN YOUR opinion how was it that Julie remained during the years you knew him a Jimmy Higgins, as you say?"

The question had been put in various forms to others.

Al, his college chum, had then asked if he saw a mass leader in

Julie. He saw Julie as "the most devoted, the most responsible, the most mature" of the comparatively few progressives in the engineering school and a leader among them. He couldn't see Julie as he knew him, however, addressing 100,000 persons. "Julie could never have pushed himself forward. He was too selfless. Events had to push him forward."

Now Sol and Herman, interviewed together after original interviews with each, were asked. Herman looked helpless. "I have not the ability to express—" he began, then said: "He was a swell guy, that's all I know. I always knew it. I'm not saying he didn't rise to something I didn't foresee—but how could you foresee—that?" He stared into space, pupils dilated, while little beads of perspiration gathered on his upper lip, as if that yawning chair, straps and bolts limply waiting, loomed before his eyes.

SOL SAID firmly, his face grim with concentration, his lantern jaw 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' of November 22.)



# Two Immortals

Scenes from the lives of  
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

## "Tell them I love them... so does the whole world"

### Part XIII

(Last of a Series)

"When I read about Julie's arrest, then hers, I nearly went crazy. I knew those two kids were framed. Then when I read that Michael and Robby were put in a City shelter, I got on a train and traveled to New York. I looked up their attorney, Mr. Bloch. What could I do, I asked, and why weren't people moving heaven and earth to get those children out of that shelter?"

"He looked at me. Tears came to his eyes. You're the first person who's come near me to offer help," he said. "They're so little known, you see. It will take time before others realize they are framed."

"I went around knocking on doors of other old neighbors of theirs. I guess some believed the lie. Others admitted they were too frightened to move. Finally I went back home."

—From an interview with Eloise, a former neighbor.

ON THE evening of June 16, 1950, while he and his wife were having dinner with guests in their Village apartment, attorney Emanuel Bloch was called to the telephone. Another lawyer was calling. He told Bloch a man by the name of Julius Rosenberg would call him later that night, adding that he had recommended Bloch's legal services to Rosenberg.



EMANUEL BLOCH, attorney for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, shown with Robert and Michael Rosenberg during a visit with their parents at Sing Sing.

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fascism and war." It didn't take the lawyer long to realize he had under-estimated 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

papers blazoning the arrest of David Greenglass, but didn't connect the two. When he met Rosenberg at 10 o'clock that night and walked with him to nearby Washington Square, he figured it would be "just another routine case," he explained in an interview. He had been asked to tell his story of the Rosenbergs as people.

After he and Julie had talked on a park bench, and over coffee in an Eighth St. restaurant, he still felt it would be a routine case.

The man who impressed him at first only as "a rather soft, sweet, intellectual sort of fellow," told him FBI agents had rapped on his door that morning while he was shaving. Only after several hours of questioning at the FBI building had agents told him that his brother-in-law, Greenglass, had declared that Julius Rosenberg had seduced him into an espionage apparatus.

At the time Rosenberg was being questioned Greenglass had not been arraigned; he had been picked up only the night before and Rosenberg was not even certain Greenglass was under formal arrest. The agents refused to yield to Julie's demand that they produce Greenglass and let him repeat his accusations face to face—if he had made them.

Rosenberg then had demanded to call an attorney. While agents tried to soothe him and stall, his wife, Ethel, called, reached him on the phone there, and he told her he wanted counsel. The FBI then let Rosenberg phone a lawyer, and, being advised he could walk out if he were not under ar-

rest, he put on his hat and did so.

Moreover, Rosenberg told Bloch 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 was he 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

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 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." And Julie, 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, they 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 had to see them in separate institutions.

"The very night of Ethel's arrest, 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 police station. It was not long until he did turn them over to city authorities."

DURING the pre-trial conferences 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 political ideas were their own business.

"My father took another position," 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 become stools or to create the idea all Communists are spies."

Asked if any witnesses could 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 professions. 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 a later 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 looking 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 defense obtained an affidavit from a Macy's department store executive affirming the Rosenbergs' testimony 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 sisters and mother participated actively in the public campaign to obtain justice. At all stages they visited Ethel and Julie. Before a Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case was formed, Attorney Bloch said, the Rosenberg family raised \$100 to pay for typing of the record and typing of the brief for the U.S. Court of Appeals. Moreover, the family rented an apartment for

THE CALM composure of Julie and Ethel in that hostile courtroom empty 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 embassies in foreign capitals, were envisioned by Julie as he replied to U. S. Attorney Saypol's questions. When Saypol persisted in knowing whether Julie wasn't concerned when he once saw before his machine shop, prior to his arrest, 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 regularly at a newsstand at Madison and Rutgers Sts. Julie replied: "No, sir; . . . I bought it at lots of newsstands."

ON APRIL 11 Bloch was tipped off by a newsmen that Ethel was to be transferred to the Death House that day. Rushing to Greenwich Street Detention House, he found her prepared to depart, sober, realistic, "but terribly concerned 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 said to 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, he saw matrons crying and he 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. I 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, pleaded 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, liked to be told she looked nice."

All that Bloch said of that visit, however, was that he and Ethel mapped out 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 Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought" and the Beards' "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 Saypol 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 the 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. "I'll 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 hadn't known she was preparing it.

Michael's frenzied fear-ridden 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, unadorned 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 Pres. 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 6 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 does 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, 6 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 newsmen 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 intervention.

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# 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 insure 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 adver-

tised 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.

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The dawn-to-dawn vigils before the White House pleading for the clemency of Pope, the President of France, and 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 Sobel. 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 6)

CLIPPING FROM THE

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DATED

February 1954

SEARCHED INDEXED  
SERIALIZED FILED  
FEB 19 1954  
FBI - NEW YORK  
416

## Sobell

(Continued from Page 1)  
by the Rosenbergs in a New York department story 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 memoranda 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 makings of a deal for this perjured testimony by representatives of the Attorney General's office itself."

"The affidavit about David's uranium theft," as the government brief called it, refers 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 evidences 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



BLOCH

Little more than seven months after attorney Emanuel Bloch spoke at the funeral of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, where 50,000 persons paid final tribute to the working class martyrs, Bloch's own sudden death was mourned last night as his body lay in state 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 pajamas, slumped backward in the bathtub in his apartment at 3:10 p.m. Saturday, by Gloria Agrin, a friend and fellow attorney, of 297 Lenox St., Brooklyn. When he failed to answer her as arranged that morning, she visited the apartment, and, receiving no response to knocks on the door, located an extra key he had hidden in a hall pantry near the outside door.

Although an inside chain-locked entrance, the door opened easily enough to allow her to see Bloch.

(Continued on Page 6)

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July 1954

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# 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 filed 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 ~~legal structure.~~

"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 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 death ~~was~~

"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 whence they came. . . ."

In Welwood cemetery, near Pinelawn, Bloch stood beside Mrs. Sophie Rosenberg, Julius' mother, consoling 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 Bobby 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 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 Cronbach, 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, jailed during World War I for opposing the war. "Pity those who will not speak."

## DR. DuBOIS SPEAKS

Dr. W.E. B. DuBois, his voice bitter and strong, said that Bloch

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 Whittier 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 banked high.

"I dedicate this song to Emanuel Bloch and to the brave people he defended," he said. Then he began the Bach chorale "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

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with words which ended: "This body they may kill, But the truth endureth still." As he went on to sing the Chassidic Chant, "song of his fathers" as Robeson put it, many wept.

Prof. Malcolm Sharp of the University of Chicago law school, associated with the Rosenberg defense during the appeals, said that Bloch was an outstanding American lawyer "with devotion to justice and a deep affection for people." He cited Supreme Court Justice Jackson's tribute to Bloch for the "wisdom and skill" of his legal fight to save the Rosenbergs.

"He made a permanent contribution to America life," concluded Prof. Sharp.

Speaking for the Rosenberg-Sobell Committee, Joseph Brainin

expressed confidence that Bloch's 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 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, a co-worker in the Rosenberg case, told of how all

(Continued on Page 6)

# Bloch

(Continued from Page 1)

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, and 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 sufferings 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 who 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 indignation which made him an example to the Bar, an example which is sorely needed today."

Finerty spoke of the hostile Bar committee which had just presented charges against Bloch to the Bar because of Bloch's bitter denunciation of the White House's 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" spoken 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 hound the defender of the Rosenbergs out of the legal profession.

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

When Bloch's name was mentioned at the recent Vicuna conference of world lawyers, including many judges and supreme court justices, his name was greeted with a standing ovation," Garfunkel 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 abbi 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. Aronson, Shirley Graham DufBois, 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 unstinting 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 their 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."