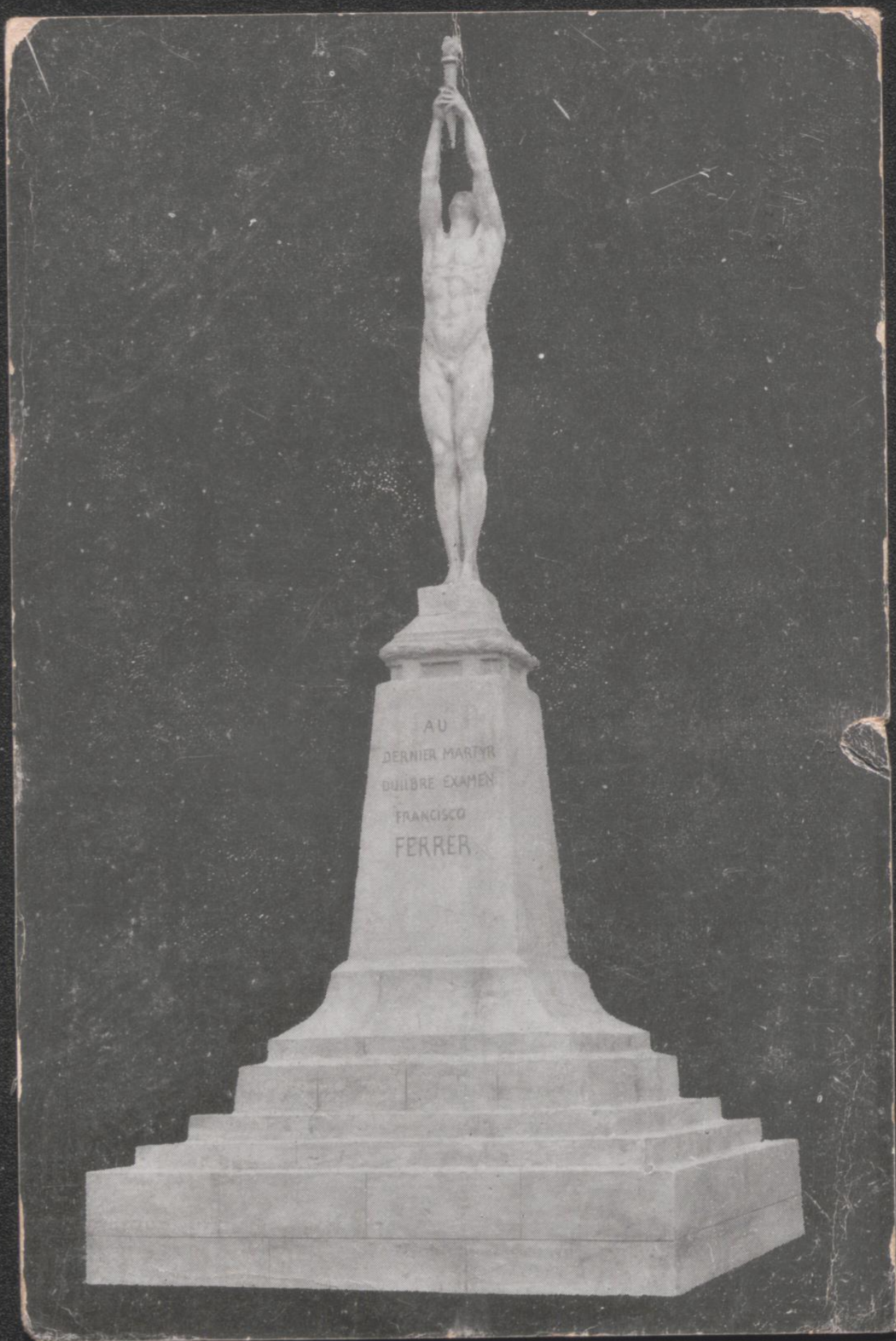
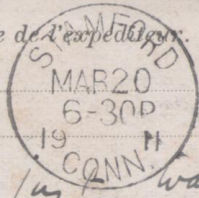




AU
DERNIER MARTYR
D'UN LIBRE EXAMEN
FRANCISCO
FERRER

Nom et adresse de l'expéditeur



Darling - I just want you
to see this beautiful
statue ~~of~~ ~~to~~ Ferrer.
The dignity, strength - power
rather - and simplicity
of it is very impressive.
R.

Mrs. Olive J. Dargan,
420 West 116 St.,
New York City.

P. S. — Si vous désirez obtenir des renseignements sur le
beau projet de monument Ferrer dont vous trouverez une
phototypie ci-contre, il vous suffira d'envoyer, sans ajouter
d'explications, votre carte de visite au *Secrétariat de l'Œuvre*
Francisco Ferrer, 75, avenue Milcamps, Bruxelles.



Städt. Krankenhaus
Frankfurt a. M.-Süd

July 27, 1930

B
283

Verlag F. Adrian, Frankfurt a. Main

This, Precious, is the most important of the city hospitals. It is like a charming little town inside its gates - with gardens, & hedges, & narrow, winding cobblestone streets. I marked a cross near where the Rontgen Institut would be. Paul Ehrlich discovered "606" in one of these buildings - The "Institut Fur Experimentale Therapy" - we pass it on our drive to the hospital. The street where the building fronts, is called "Paul Ehrlich Strasse". I like their way of recognizing their scientists & artists and writers. You know, by the bye, that Muenier's "Dock Laborer" - (the finest thing in bronze, to my mind) stands on the big bridge across the main here. It is thrilling. It will be wonderful when Germany revolts.

Flugzeugaufnahme der Hansa-Luftbild G. m. b. H.

Filiale: Frankfurt a. M.

Absender: 31 Vogelweid Str.
Frankfurt, a/M.
Wohnort:
Straße, Hausnummer,
Gebäudeteil, Stockwerk

Darling: I shall live!
Professor Holfelder
explained to me how
in his hands the
Röntgen Ray is death
to even the resistant
type of cancer cell.
Today, after many
examinations etc.
He said to me.
"I will cure you." Knowing
how conservative he
was slow to make

Postkarte



Olive J. Dargan
West Asheville,
N.C.
U.S.A.

in

Straße, Hausnummer,
Gebäudeteil, Stockwerk

promises, or hold out fair
hope unless he sees it —
I leaped at the verdict, like
one leaping from death to life.
Oh, darling. Perhaps eight weeks
here — then a long period of
Oxygen & other therapy at home
and I shall be safe from the
scourge!

Beginning tomorrow morning
at 9, the treatments will be given
several times weekly. I shall be
taken to & from Clinic in the
General Hospital by car, then in
bed — nurses administering
Oxygen. It will be severe, &
I shall be too ill to do much
writing. But you, darlingest,
write me often. I shall need
to have your words of love &
dreams of work & the best of
life together. Oh, friend, friend!
Receipts — it will be!
Write Prof. Hans Holfelder, dear & yes!

Saturday, Long Lake, N.Y.
Oct 8, 1921.

Dearest:

I'm up here - without you it feels queer.
Mrs. Shaw was disappointed that we
didn't come together. She exclaimed
that I look as if I'd lost twenty
pounds since last year. So (I guess
my weight would please you better
now) and asked if you were well.

I return at the end of the week.
I'm not losing my cough but I'm
sure the rest is doing me good
generally.

When I return I expect to pass
them a crisis with G., darling. He
hinted at the imposition of certain
conditions (not those that might at
first thought occur to you) if I'm to
continue living at "Beach Willows".
He can drive me to disaster, but

never to do the thing my soul will
not consent to.

If he should insist upon these
conditions when I return - sick, or well,
ready or wholly unprepared, - I'll
walk out of the house never to return.
I know what I shall have to face,
but anything rather than surrender my
self-respect. I can face anything without
flinching; But to violate the integrity of
that in me to which I have clung, thru
a life-time of struggle, would sink me
in the only despair I can conceive.

G. knows me well enough to know
what insistence on his part must mean.
The things I stand for are more or less
involved. But even if they were not, -
even if the matter had no significance
beyond the dicta that this you
shall or shall not do, if you would
continue to live under ~~that~~ roof -
I would shun it as I would a prison.
No, I could count prison under some
circumstances; such a roof-tree,
under none.

I want you to know, first,
desert, from me, if the break comes.
Love as of old & eternally,

yet.

Do come soon, & right to 88, sweetheart, I have a feeling that you'll like 88 now better than you have ever liked it in the past.

The top floor is certainly 100 percent more livable.

Did you get my letters? I wonder. I heard from you but once - about the floor on Round Top.

Just a line in a card, dearest, - if you are busy - as I suppose you are. Roman's very love to all - all of them!

88 GROVE STREET
NEW YORK

Thurs. Apr. 5.
Wednesday 1923.

Precious:

I'm home again. Graham has turned his unused study over to me to do with as I like, and I've transformed it! It is now the most livable room in the house! The little right across the hall is waiting to greet you. Come & occupy it, darling. I've made it sweet for you.

The obstacle to my remaining at home, is removed. G's objection to J's coming to the house, I am thoroughly convinced was based upon his desire to

The clock has just struck
two-thirty. I'm expecting to
hear that the Foster Jury have
disagreed. I shall lose a
bet if this doesn't happen.
There was one intelligent
woman and two intelligent
men on the jury. That
is, comparatively, & I
expected from the beginning
that they would have
sufficient understanding of
the issues involved to
remain uninfluenced by
the prejudices of the others.

Going out to get the
news - if there is any

personally protect me. He
doesn't tell me his reasons,
& I don't ask. Naturally,
if he knows anything definite
about her (as I believe he
does) he could not, and
would not tell me. But
from evidence from other
sources, I'm sure she's
not to be trusted. So, —

I'm quite content in this
athletic room. The grief, the
peace, is healing. In about
a week or ten days I go on
a speaking tour for the
party. In the meantime,
I write a little.

cover was the initials of the child, M. F. C.

Attempt was made to give the glad news to the parents at once, but they could not be found at first and were reported to be still out searching the streets for their baby.

Only one other person besides the Eastwoods has been living at the Wiloughby Street house, a man they know only as "Red," who works for a florist.

The mother of the kidnapped child, with her other daughter at her side, wheeled the baby carriage yesterday from her home along the few blocks to the shopping district. At the Kresge

Continued on Page Two.

Stokes to Be Married to Lettice Lee Sands; He Divorced Rose Pastor Last October

J. G. Phelps Stokes, millionaire Socialist, who divorced Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, storm centre of many Socialist and Communist troubles, is to be married tomorrow to Miss Lettice Lee Sands at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ransom Spafard Hooker, 173 East Seventy-first Street. The couple obtained a license yesterday at the Municipal Building.

Mr. Stokes got a divorce last October in Nyack, N. Y., from the former Rose Pastor, who before their marriage more than twenty years ago had risen from a cigarmaker on the east side to verse writing for a Jewish daily newspaper. They met when she was sent to Mr. Stokes for an interview. Their romance was swift. Throughout the years of their married life Mr. Stokes staunchly defended his militant wife on the many occasions when she and the law collided. They were married at Mr. Stokes's country place at Noroton, Conn.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes gave generously to liberal movements and she was arrested many times, her troubles ranging from disorderly conduct at meetings to a charge of violation of

the Espionage act. She was convicted of violating the war-time act, at Kansas City, in June, 1918, and was sentenced to serve a term of ten years. She appealed and two years later the courts set the sentence aside.

Mrs. Charles Edwyn Sands of 1 West Seventy-second Street is Miss Sands's mother, with whom she makes her home. Miss Sands is a sister of Edwyn de N. Sands and of the late Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander of 36 West Fifty-second Street.

Mr. Stokes is a son of the late Anson Phelps Stokes of this city. He is a brother of I. N. Phelps Stokes of 935 Park Avenue, Harold Phelps Stokes, who now makes his home in Washington, and the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, who also lives in Washington, as does his sister, Mrs. Sarah M. Phelps Stokes Halkett. Another sister is Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt of 900 Park Avenue.

Only a few friends and relatives will witness the wedding tomorrow. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Charles Hampton, pastor of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel (Liberal Catholic), at 144 West Sixty-fifth Street.

FINE PHOTOS—MODERATE PRICES.
Sarony, 364 5th Av. —Adv.

State

The statement of publican leaders, purporting to represent the views of would-be private investors, recommends creation of an official State housing board made up of officials drawing salary from the State and functioning somewhat along the lines of the Public Service Commission in exercising control and supervision of quasi-public housing projects initiated through limited dividend corporation receiving power of condemnation.

Object to Status of Capital.

"Private capital is not protected in any way against loss" (under the Governor's plan), the memorandum says. "It has everything to lose and the utmost it can gain is the legal rate of interest and the eventual return of its one-third. Private capital has no opportunity to gain possession of the property. In other words, private capital does all the work of renting and managing, is limited in its return, takes all risk and has no guarantee against loss."

"The State Bank is not essential. With proper reasonable encouragement private capital will supply the necessary funds, provided the fee is conveyed to private capital and its investment left under its own control, subject to the regulation of the State Housing Board."

"The State Housing Bank might be made to serve some good in assisting cooperatives and other groups of small investors. In any event, the bill should not make it compulsory to work through the State Bank. The State Housing Board should have full control."

The memorandum recommends that the legislation should contain the following principal provisions:

Create a State Housing Board of salaried, full-time Commissioners similar to the Public Service and Interstate Commerce Commissions. They will have full power to scrutinize all housing concerns that avail themselves of the benefit of the State Housing law, to audit the books and to approve the accounts. The State Housing Board should have no jurisdiction over housing

Rose Pastor Stokes Dead

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

until her illness forced her to discontinue activity.

In 1905 she married J. G. Phelps Stokes, a millionaire-philanthropist, who later figured in the Socialist Party, eventually turning Social-patriot during the war and ending as an arch-imperialist. They were divorced in 1925 after years of alienation as a result of political differences.

The daughter of Russian Jewish workers, Rose Pastor Stokes came to this country at the age of 11 from London, East End, whither her parents, had gone from Czarist Russia. She immediately went to work in a Cleveland cigar factory where she remained for 11 years. Later, she came to New York, where she became a prominent and colorful figure in the struggles of the workers, most of them immigrants exploited in sweatshops under the worst conditions. She was a staunch champion of the struggles of the Negro masses for liberation, and in her burned a passionate hatred for all forms of racial oppression.

For a short time she fell under the influence of the opportunist leadership of the Socialist Party and supported the war. Long before the war ended, however, she was again taking an active part in exposing its Wall Street basis, and her arrest in Kansas City followed soon afterward.

Leader in Left Wing of S. P.

Leaving the Socialist Party with other militants of the left wing in that organization in 1919 she became one of the founders of the Communist Party of the United States, serving as a member of the Central Committee. Before that time she was part of the active left wing which fought the opportunist leaders and policies of the Socialist Party.

In 1922, with a number of other Communist leaders, she was arrested in Bridgman, Mich., and charged with "sedition". Michigan authorities recently were forced to quash all the indictments in connection with this case.

Up to the very moment of her death, Comrade Stokes followed every development of the revolutionary movement with unflagging interest. Just before she left for Germany, several months ago, she said, "I'll pull through. I'm determined. I must see a Soviet America. I will see the workers rise to power and build their own world, as they are doing in Soviet Russia, a world in which there will be no unemployment, hunger, insecurity or war."

A more detailed account of the life and working class activities of Rose Pastor Stokes will be printed in tomorrow's Daily Worker.

July 29, 1931

Precious, Jerome said he'd try & get you Imprecor for a few months. I haven't seen a copy since I left Frankfurt, but hope to soon.

I'm on my book again, dealing - about 10,000 words more. Nearly finished with the Cleveland period. The cabin - this tiny new one - has released me, at last. I have hardly any work. A few strokes of the broom sweeps the floor. I make up my bed on the open porch & set less than a few things to rights and I'm started for the day. My breakfast is bread & milk and fruit, I take an occasional egg - raw - & some days cook a vegetable & bake a "tata" or bit of bacon. A neighbor got me "Kauphook" - a two - ~~burning~~ burner gasoline stove that folds up like a hand-grip - a perfect, simple, fool-proof, gasoline stove that ~~cooks~~ burns a clean gas flame. The small "bakers" from the five & ten bakes anything for one or two. It's a joy! and I am emancipated from all cook-stoves henceforth.

At first I "gypsyed" it. Cooked in the angle of a large rock. All my kitchen equipment is still outside.

For an hour or so I pour water over me, outside the cabin, & bathe in the sun!

Jerome comes for Saturday afternoon

and Sunday — works the week in town,
little Jerry was here, but is going to
Camp. I can't mother him just yet again.
Must write first.

I've half a notion I'll have to stay in
Westport (go down to the cottage for the winter)
because all my data and papers are
here, & they'll be so hard to move.
My health will decide that. If I
pull through October without a
heavy "cold", I'll stay.

How are things (and folks!) with you,
dearest? Don't let such "git ye"! throw
off the burden of care & irritati^{on}.
Worth breaking one's self for!

I know what I want, dear. I want you
here. Summers, on the other "wing" of my "airplane"
Cabin, winters, in the "other half" of my four
room cottage. I'm going to have an oil
heating ~~st~~ apparatus installed to keep
it going (day & night for only 20 cents
worth of oil every 24 hours). Every
 tradesman comes to the door. I can
have electricity if I want for about
2.50 a month, telephone etc — yet
we are as remote as woodsmen
in the Adirondacks. Not a disturbing
incident to break the peace, & sense
of solitude. Oh, couldn't you come, Darling?

Frankfurt 9. M. den 14. IV. 33.
Städtisches Krankenhaus
abt. Abt. Prof. Halfelder.

Precious!

How did you know — no, you would guess what I needed most. The little snaps were so sweet and so stimulating. In my imagination I have been in and out of the simple with you and hand in hand we have clambered over your glorious hills. I love the little snap of you as you sit there on the rail of the porch your head still rises fawn like against the foliage. Are your writing downing is the sequel the next book? How I wish that my friends would select you to take my ashes to its last destination. You and I would than have one of our dearest wishes fulfilled — After a fashion, I like the thought. Dearest give my love to our hilly-silly Sally Fitchin.

To-morrow I am being transferred to the hospital again from the private klinik. It is bound up with matters of which I cannot here speak. As to my condition I am very weak, my condition serious, blood count very low but making a fight.

Holpelder is wonderful but the rest of
the therapy which he cannot wholly
control has been almost destructive. I have
not yet recovered from it and don't know
if I will. The other day I engaged extra help
to help me & rally ~~for my life~~

Write me often sweetheart I need
your messages. You know darling, the atmos-
phere is desolate for me.

My heart is very weak but you know
what my love for you is. As I look back
over the years darling - the nearly 30 years
I see our friendship as among the rarest
purest the happiest. I know you are
just gone in every memory just as I am
to day. Even the dreams we dreamt seem
not so unreal and I am grateful for all

But o precious, if you and I could
make that last journey together, even so
differently than we had always dreamt!
Write me, o write me often!

Your own sister
Rose

Via
SS of Hamburg
City of Bremen

Postreisescheck
Empfangen!



Mrs. O. T. Dargan,
West Asheville
N. C.

USA

O my darling
 your letters. They
 are like your
 arms about me
 in these hot hours
 And how I need
 them. Heart sink-
 ing - vision clear

Rec. June 26
 1935 O.S.
 Rose
 Sister
 near death
 then last
 letter. I
 was on
 Spring
 mountain
 to writing
 49 tons
 Pulling
 O.S.

Cannot write
 O the years! as
 you bring them
 back.
 Spicewen Mountain!
 How blest!
 Write - write
 with power + vision
 my Beloved sister
 friend Conrude. R