

him and Vanzetti to induce him to sign the petition to Governor Fuller based on the affidavits of prejudice against Judge Thayer.

With no hesitation, he resisted this attack of persuasiveness and argument marshalled in a final effort to save his life. He declared it futile and a denial of his principles to make any more representations to the authorities. He was smilingly passive in his willingness to have the petition presented with Vanzetti's signature alone.

The period between the sentencing and the removal of Sacco and Vanzetti from Dedham Jail to Charlestown State Prison on July 1, 1927, seemed to be the happiest for Sacco of all the seven years. It was the first opportunity since their arrest that he and Vanzetti had had to be together for so many weeks. Being sentenced to death, they were allowed certain privileges, including an hour or so daily in the courtyard of the jail. There they played *Bocce*, an Italian bowling game, with a set brought to Sacco by a friend. Judging by his conversation, these games and the discussions with Vanzetti were a source of deep pleasure to him.

The unexpected midnight transfer of the men to the Cherry Hill section of the State Prison—the antechamber of the death house where condemned men are placed several weeks before execution—abruptly interrupted this calm. The new surroundings (far less pleasant than Dedham Jail), the imminence of the execution, and the disquieting news, conveyed to him by his wife, of the attitude of the Governor and the Lowell

CHAPTER II

THE last eight months of Sacco's imprisonment disclosed his convictions more firmly rooted than ever. The second refusal of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, early in this period, to reverse Judge Webster Thayer's denial of the motions for a new trial left Sacco outwardly unmoved. Saying that he expected nothing else, he requested counsel to take no further steps in his behalf.

At the sentencing in the Dedham Court House on April 9, 1927, he utilized the permission of public utterance granted men by the state immediately before they are sentenced to death. He addressed the Court briefly, reiterating his innocence and his insistence that Judge Thayer knew before the Dedham trial began that both he and Vanzetti were innocent. As he had done seven years before when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, he jumped up in the cage when pronouncement of sentence was finished and, before the guards could check him, shouted a repetition of his charge against the Court.

Thereafter he cheerfully but steadily refused to have any further dealings with the authorities on his case, either by signature or by word of mouth. Aided by Vanzetti, by Sacco's wife, and by all of Sacco's close friends, Mr. William G. Thompson and Mr. Herbert B. Ehrmann did their utmost as counsel for

committee which she felt was implied in their treatment of her and other defense witnesses, aroused violent rebellion in Sacco again. He began his second hunger strike. At the end of seventeen days he desisted because officials of the State Prison were about to feed him forcibly.

Shortly before issuing his decision on August 3, 1927, the Governor tried to interview Sacco. Sacco shook hands with him but refused to discuss the case. He was quite willing to talk about anything else. It was the same with the Lowell committee.

In the final legal moves, after the Governor's decision, counsel sought Sacco's signature for an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*. Sacco refused to sign, maintaining the same position he held regarding the petition to the Governor.

He and Vanzetti were in the death house twice during this interval—for several days preceding their execution soon after midnight of August 22, 1927, and for several days preceding August 10. Judge Thayer originally sentenced the men to be electrocuted the week of July 10, 1927. After the Governor on June 1, 1927, appointed President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Judge Grant as an advisory committee to supplement his investigation of the case, he reprieved Sacco and Vanzetti from July 10 to August 10.

On the night of August 10 they were made ready for the execution. Their trousers were slit for the electrodes and their hair was cut for the cap. A half hour before midnight, the official execution time, the

Governor announced a further reprieve of twelve days—to August 22.

Sacco's letters in these last months give an insight into the state of mind which enabled him to withstand the great pressure brought to bear upon him.

He was thirty-six years old when executed.

February 4, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR BARTOLO:

Here am I always in this narrow sad cell walking up and down, up and down, while I were trying to give an idea to each one of the dear images that very often they crowd my mind, I were thinking that after all these long persecution years instead to open our prison door, the storm continues to pass upon our shoulder one more cruel than another. But there between these turbulent clouds, a luminous path run always toward the truth, and here under the blue radiant skies a little beloved sweet home in my eyes appear, while two lovely children seeking and calling their dear father; and at the high top a worn and tired but young holy dear mother sitting there looking at the children and smiles with warm gaze waiting to embrace her dear comradeship. And not far off but near this dearest vision, at the cypress tree, where the sun light were shining, your loyal and faithful picture of yesterday. Today in my eyes appear as a martyrdom. The vision of this picture were none but the idea that I had in my mind for several days to send you these words. Therefore, this morning just soon I were sitting I took my

pen and I begin to write you these lines, with certain that you would be pleased to get it and to know that, through all these long way cross road, I am still alive, and how I live I do not know, but I live as always I have done in the struggle fight. As you see, if I didn't write you in these few past months that doesn't mean that I have forgot you, no, not at all, because, on the contrary, I do often think of you, and then everytime I do see my family and the good friends and comrades I always asking about your health. . . .

Regarding to our case, I have no idea—because the experiences of the years past has taught us to not delude ourselves any more, but it is the end of the struggle, and let it hope so.

I have read with very carefully your pamphlet about your first trial, and I enjoyed reading it. It is a good work, it is the light through the history of an infamous frame-up to begin at your first trial to the end of the second trial. . . .

February 9, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. HENDERSON:

Since the day that Mrs. Evans had announced me in one of her good letters, that you were going to come over to see me, I have been waiting every day by day, and the day did come, but that day . . . was too sad! But nevertheless, to have seen you together with the mother and had talk with you were please for me. Yes, because you, like all the great good

mothers that just soon their painful soften down, just soon their struggle pass away, they open their hearts to receive the pain of their other brother sufferance. Therefore, that is why your welcome visit brought me pleasure, for you are not only one of those noble good mothers that knows and embraces the sufferance of their oppressed brothers, but you have the strength to preserve yet your sensibility toward your dearest and toward the victims of the oppressed humanity.

Four years ago next month, I remember that my companionship Rosina, she like you were sensitive—so much that everytime I used to describe her my prison life, you could see the tears run throughout her beloved face. But from and since that date, since my hunger strike, I have not told her any more my prison confinement for not to see this beloved brittle soul suffer. . . . By the way, Mrs. Henderson, you remember that I was saying to you how much injustice and cruel persecution is in this free society of today, and specially for the poor people. Yes, it is nice and noble to be rich and be kind and generous towards the poor exploit people, but it is much more noble the sacrifice of those who have none and divide his bread with his own oppressed brothers. Pardon me. Mrs. Henderson, it is not for discredit or to ignore you, Mrs. Evans and other human generosity work, which I sincerely believe that is an noble one and I am respectful; but it is the warm sincere voice of an unrest heart beat and a free soul that loved and lived amongst the workers class all his life. . . .

February 22, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR MISS BLOOM:¹

I do not know you personally but Mrs. Evans she have talk of you always, and personally, I have not ignored your good soul. You worth while to be loved by Mrs. Evans, which I believe that she does love you.

I would have write and say to you lots of more things, but the sad soul of this life . . . far off from the life and from all my dearest that I love, has worn little by little all my kind and human ideas; but, nevertheless, I thank you ever so much for these continuous favor you do to me and for have been good hitherto toward Mrs. Evans.

Therefore, you will be good once more, Miss Bloom, to bring this note to Mrs. Evans that you will find enclosed, and I am sure that in your continuous visit that you do to Mrs. Evans you will give always my best wishes to her even when you have not letter to bring to her. . . .

March 3, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:²

. . . . The unexpected visit that you and Mrs. Codman³ kindly have gave to me, though that person-

¹ Anna Bloom, secretary to Mrs. Evans.

² Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow of Boston, who labored earnestly for Sacco and Vanzetti.

³ Mrs. E. A. Codman of Boston, another believer in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

ally we never know before yesterday, it were welcome to me.

Our conversation were rather short than long and yet, the describe of vineyard, the remembrance of my sweet days of adolescent, the good soul of my poor old dear mother and the family that I loved, it enjoyed this sad life of today. Moreover, today, the remembrance of this noble soul of mother has renew in my soul the joy for I have find here another old dear mother, that in the struggle of these long years past she have been always near me and my family sufferance; and today, even when she is lying in bed with broke ankle she find the way to sent me the flowers and her warm greeting by her good friends.

I have received your good letter the other day, and I were please to hear that you enjoyed the visit and that Mrs. Evans is going to come out all right. Therefore, please let me say thank you ever so much for your kind expression words and the solidarity fraternal you have toward our case, and for the good news you have from Mrs. Evans. . . .

Yes, I have read very carefully the article that Prof. Frankfurter wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, and after all the bitterness of these long way cross years, I enjoyed to see an competent lecture man to demolish all the frameup and flat one by one all the falsehood witness, who had try to sent us right straight to the electric chair. It is the truth flash of light that will remain forever into the history of tomorrow, it together with *The Brief* that Mr. Thompson wrote a year past. . . .

March 16, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MRS. EVANS:

It is sad the life in this cross way road, sad as can be for a little dear mother away from the warm caress affectionate of her dear comradeship, and I feel in my soul as always I had wish in the past, the immensity of ardent wish to see the end of this dreadful case.

But this morning is lovely and the tepid ray of sunlight warming my heart while the idea run through these sad iron bars toward the good old dear mother image.

I have your letter of March 8, and the good news that you went back home almost better were so please to me, and would have cheer me great deal if were not for an letter that I had the other day from my poor dear Rosina, which she tell me that she have been very sick and lay in bed at the hospital for one entire month. Therefore, you can imagine how sad and bitterness this soul can feel to-day. . . .

March 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. JACK:

The clove flower are always lovely and vivid to my heart, and I want always to thanks for this kind sentiment of sensibility that warmly you have toward me and my family.

So, after all, Friday Rosina together with Ines they were out here to see me, but indeed, I felt so badly

to have find my poor companionship so depressed that I do not remember to have seeing her in all these dreadful long struggle years past so depressed; and naturally among other things, I forgot to give it to Ines. But today I will sent it by maile. Therefore, above all I hope from the bottom of my heart to see this monstrous case sooner the end.

April 1, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR ABBOTT:

Here the life is so monotonous and sad, away from the freedom of life, from the men and from all the friends and comrades that we love and reloved. But today, the spring April ray of sunlight re-warms the oppressed fallen soul, while into vision vivid come one by one all the warm remembrances of my dearests and the pleasure visits I had from the good friends and comrades. Today I feel that I could not go without sending regards and ideas to them. I have your welcome letter of March 8th, and I thank you ever so much for the kind thoughts you have towards me.

I see that you are quite a busy man, requested here and there, which proves that you have nothing to excuse yourself to me for your long silence, because, on the contrary, you that have been a teacher and understanding the prison psychology, will forgive me for not having answered your letters before. . . . In regards to me, I have love for nothing else than faith, which has given me courage and strength in all these terrible

long years of struggle, and today and yesterday, I feel to be proud to have loved this faith. . . .

By the way, I have read also the pamphlet that the comrade John Dos Passos has written for the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, that is *Facing the Chair*, and it is a good bright piece of work, which will awaken all the intelligent human minds and the narrow-minds of the race and cast prejudice. . . .

April 26, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. CODMAN:

It is very sad to be doomed and waiting for the electric chair today, after we have wait for seven long years segregate in this hole cell behind the sad bars for see our right justice. It is a shame for the Massachusetts law to step upon all the tradition of freedom of the United States.

But, however, we still live and we have our eyes to look above and down, we see the spring come always more vivid and blooming and the flowers grow always nice and free; while the perfume of the beauty blooms gayly arise in the earth, in my vision appear one by one all the remembrance of mine beloved and the old and new friends and comrades warmly.

I saw Mrs. Evans together with my companionship last week, and she always talk about you and Mrs. Winslow—which I appreciate very much your and Mrs. Winslow kindness and sympathy that you both have toward our case and my family.

Meanwhile give my best regard to all, to Mrs.

Winslow and special to your doctor—the good bright man as Mrs. Evans describe me. . . .

April 27, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:¹

I have received your last with enclosed the cuttings yesterday, and my comrade Vanzetti and I took great deal interest reading these bright news, of course. But you should send us also the one that talks against us, so we could see what the narrow mind they have to say about. From the last issue of *The Boston Herald* you sent me, I was interest seeing the good fight that the rebel student girls of Smith College, they had put up in the mass meeting protest that they raise in our favor against the town people of Northampton, Mass.

But let me tell you right now, dear mother, that I do not believe that the people of Northampton are against us—no, for I have passet all my life amongst the worker class; but it could probable be, and I am sure that is it, that the people of Northampton they are victims of an false propaganda of an group that dominate and live on the shoulder of the poor exploit people of Northampton year after another. Therefore, if you happen to see anyone of the institution and the rebel girls of Smith College—and also the people of Northampton for I am convinced what I have said above, my and also my comrade Vanzetti warm sincere greetings for all their sympathy they have towards our case. . . .

¹ Mrs. Evans. This is a name used by some of her close friends.

May 3, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

It is a beautiful morning and the gay tipped ray of sunrise warming the hearts of the full sad soul, while the most dearest thoughts running toward you and my beloved ones. . . .

Courage and be of good cheer!

May 8, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

Next Thursday will be seven years that I have been segregate day after another in this narrow sad cell, and after I have been inexcusably persecute all these long years past, I and my poor family, here am I waiting to the ignominious execution. But however, this morning suddenly after I wake, my gaze were turn with the smile towards the bright and beautiful blue sky, while the gold sunrise were shining the flowers of the little pear tree and the leaves of an oak trunk that beginning to blossom, I was breathing with joy the perfume of these flowers that the friends sent to me, the vivid sweet atmosphere of another day that the gay breeze were blowing in my neat cell. It is sweet to me the date of this day because it remind me, warmly in my heart, the remembrance of my first and second old dear mother; the comradeship, the confidence of all the sudden pain of your life that stick to you, to her, and of the grave yonder, and with it all the other poor sufferince mothers. In the *Herald*

issue of May 5th—cutting that you sent me—it weren't pleasant news, when we read, Sacco has refused to sign his name to the Fuller petition because—fanatic and—insane. puff! oh yes, it was also like that always in the history of past . . . if his act would hurt the purse of an spiteful and tyrant class, after they had crush him to death, they call him felon-fanatic and insane. But in spite of all, in the right part has remain always the pride of an sincere faith which one have love and for it suffered and know to fall as he have suffered and loved, while at the other side is the ignominious shame for the humanity.

I felt very sorry when Rosina had tell me that the guards have refused to let you in to see me. Well I hope and I please the authority of this institution that next time, I would like that they would let you in any-time you should come to see me. . . .

May 14, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW:

I have received your welcome letter of May 5th and also the other before it was a lovely one, and you forgive me for I have not answer the one before last. . . .

You are very kind when you say that you went to see Rosina to bring her good news and to see her how she was for she was troubled the day after that I refuse to sign my name at the petition that Mr. Thompson sent in to the Gov. Fuller. I thank ever so much for this very gentil idea especially, and for all other and the sympathy that you are showing towards our

case. Pardon me, but please can you tell me what is the good news that you brought to my companion? I did not sign my name because I am positively that the Gov. Fuller and also any other legal step of law they would have refuse to give us any square deal. Many friends and comrades of mine like you they hope and they have always the hope, and that is too bad to see them today sleeping in that same illusion optimism, while we face to the electric chair. My hope, the only one which I had always that today rest in my heart, it is that only the friends and comrades and the international proletariat can save us from the iniquitous execution.

Do not be afraid! When I think all this poor stupid, oppressed humanity, the sufferance of my beloved Rosina and all the persecution for along these seven years segregate in this hell hole cell, I really forget what fear means. If the conscience of Massachusetts justice have the chance to hang us, don't worry, dear friend, they will inexorably execute us. . . .

May 22, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

I knew well how you longe to have one of my poor letter once in a while, and I do write it everytime I do have something dear to say to you when I am sure that it will bring joy into your noble heart.

. . . . This morning sudden after I wake—as ever, I turn toward the window cell and I was looking the gold ray of sunrise that were shining the top branch

trees of the vivid green leaves, and above, between the lovely running white clouds—the splendid sky, has appear to my eyes bright and blue than ever; while my thought were run toward you I thought to seeing there the image head of your lovely gray hair. Oh, life how sad is to live here and in this bad society! . . .

Yes, last Wednesday we have past a good hour in company with my dear Rosetta and Mrs. Winslow. . . . They brought each one of us . . . two beauty black red rose which they are dearest to me. . . .

All the flower has the perfume and the bright beauty, but the black red roses has the most perfume and the vivid beauty above all the flowers. There I report you one poem as example of beauty and also demonstration that I do like specially the black red roses. By C. Jacobs Bond—

There's a Rambler on the trellis
And a wild rose in the hedge,
With a gay and golden Marechal Neil
Upon the arbor's edge.
There's a sweetheart bud a-tapping
At the window of my room,
And my heart is singing . . . singing
For the roses are in bloom!

Well, mother, is not it a lovely little poem? . . .

June 14, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND JACKSON:¹

I know that these few words will surprise you, but

¹ Gardner Jackson, former reporter on *The Boston Globe*, who became a member of the Defense Committee early in 1927.

you should not feel that way at all because, since I have know you and I have been told by comrades of mine about the sincere solidarity you are gave the Defense Committee, I had always in my mind to write you these few lines as a thankful for all your sincere interest that you are give for the sure of our freedom. Although knowing that we are one heart, unfortunately, we represent two opposite class; the first want to live at any cost and the second fight for the freedom, and when it come to take away from him he rebel; although he know that the power of the first, of the opposite, class will crucify his holy rebellion. It is true, indeed, that they can execute the body but they cannot execute the idea which is bound to live. And certainly, as long as this sistem of things, the exploitation of man on other man reign, will remain always the fight between those two opposite class, today and always. But whenever the heart of one of the upper class join with the exploited workers for the struggle of their right, in the human sentiment is the feel of an spontanious attraction of an familiar affection and brotherly love one to another. Indeed, your last visit together with the comrade Felicani, Moro¹ and Georg Branting² were a familiar one, and even the most cheerfully one that we have had among the friends since the sentence day.

¹ Joseph Moro, Italian shoemaker, who became secretary of the Defense Committee in 1926.

² Georg Branting, son of Hjalmar Branting, former Premier of Sweden and President of the Council of the League of Nations. Mr. Branting, a member of the Stockholm bar, was sent to Boston by Swedish labor organizations in June, 1927, to study the case at first hand.

I was glad to hear that you went to see my little ones. I love Ines so dearly, as much as I love Dante who was always my comradeship around the house, and wherever I use to go. . . .

June 23, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

Yesterday morning, the day were bright, and the green vivid leaves of the trees they were sweetly move under breeze waving gay, while the gold ray of sunrise were warming the magnificent atmosphere, the kind little birds they were singing very cheerfully. But at noon—in the night—and this morning the weather and the wind—has been change so sad in this soul that I wish that it stoped at once.

I hope from the bottom of my heart that you understand it—of course that I am tired to swallow all this—dregs and the old sweeping that I don't know what to do with it. I am tired to listen your little story today for tomorrow and do not forget—that the cruel inquisition and persecution never was in any time in the history an instrument of the affection and the education, never was and never will be, poor companion! I am telling you that I am tired to tolerate this cowardice persecution of the men law that you are faithful to; none other should suffering no pain but I only should suffering and crusifice from this iniquitous law, because I . . . have try to hit at the centres of this decrepid society, toward always the conquest of an integral liberty and happiness of all the exploit. . . .

I want that it should be understood! as I said above that for hereafter none other should suffering no pain because I am tired to tolerate it and your little unuseful story any long.

I knew that it will bring you a painful, and I suffer for it; but I want you mother! to think of me as always you have thought in the struggle of these years past, that I love you as I loved my poor dear mother. If I fall, remember, that this mother affection will be buried with this humble soul that have loved you as an good mother can be loved. . . .

June 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. HENDERSON:

As you know I am still living at the same hotel, the same room, and also at the same old number 14—but on the first of July probably, they will bring us to the death house, and from there to the—eternity. That is the eager wish of all the inquisitors also the Gov. Fuller . . . but nevertheless, even today the perfume of the withered red roses revive often in my soul, the remembrance of friends and comrades and the old friends warmly.

Here the Sunday is always more monotonous and sad than the weekly days, and today is much more gloomy than ever, but it must be lovely out in the country to see all the trees, the flowers, the vast prairies verdant here and there and all the bloomy fruitful gardens, while in my soul gain always more joyous the life free wish today more than ever—but, woe is me!

Last week then, it was a great surprising¹ for me to find these lovely four roses in jar, and I have asked myself who is that good hand that have put these here? Finally, after a while, Mr. Curtis¹ came along and had tell me that Mrs. B—— brought me these roses while I was in the yard. If you should see her, give her my best wishes and thanks for these lovely roses she brought me. . . .

June 28, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

Close behind these sad bars in these dull day the life feel so much depressed that you can not imagine—but, nevertheless, here into my heart beat eager, for an good mother, I can always find an comfort idea, an warm greeting for her.

Yesterday in the Boston *La Notizia*² issue, I read the heroic speech that James M. Curley, ex-Boston Mayor . . . made at the Bunker Hill celebration day; poor celebration! . . . Yes, because you can so well see that instead to dedicate themselves at the celebration of the Bunker Hill day they criticise prof. Felix Frankfurter³ for his human solidarity that he does give to Sacco-Vanzetti case. Of course—where is the better chance for them to influence the people against us? They do it in the celebration day as well as Thayer had influence the jury at our first trial. It is

¹ One of the deputy sheriffs at the Dedham Jail.

² A daily Italian newspaper of Boston.

³ Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, author of *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*.

a shame indeed, to have gave the chance to these two men like Curley and the Registrar Goodwin to celebration the great Bunker Hill day. . . .

In the same issue at the next page—press comments, I read the criticise that Lowell, Mass. *Courier Citizen* of June 8th they bring against prof. Dean Pound,¹ for his conviction toward our defense innocence. However, I want to tell you that, when you see that the adversary move their criticise it mean that prof. Frankfurter and Dean Pound and others they are doing a good work. . . .

June 29, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

I have your graceful letter of June 28th this morning, and I see with enjoyment that even when unpleasant letter of mine reach to you, your heart remain sensible as much is noble toward the beloved ones. Thank you, mother! you are good as good and generous was my poor dear mother.

It is sad in these day the remembrance of her who was dearest to me, but, in these remembrance I do find also the joy so much I have find in you and others that I love and loved.

It was rather glooms and dark days today, indeed, I didnt feel very well this morning and yet, I felt something vivid in my heart that I could not describe you, but, nevertheless, it was a great day. Yes, in-

¹ Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School.

deed, because Rosina was out here to see me together with the both childs and, though of all and the very short visit, it is to not be forgotten how surprised and great one it was. . . .

June 30, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

Your welcomed farewell letter reach to me safely the other day, and I am sure that you will enjoy this journey through the beauty spots in Europe.

Let me once more thank to you for all your sincere disinterested sympathy you have towards our case and my family.

By the way, yesterday morning my companion Rosina were out here together with the children, both childs they were looking fine but Rosina she didn't feel very good, although was an enjoy surprised visit for me as it was for my family of course. Dante growing big every day, and in his gay child face he was showing the joyful smile of sun burning. I asked him how he was like the job, and he says that he does like it, indeed he seem to me that he was please as much enthusiastic at it.

Well, I have read this morning news that the Governor Fuller have gave us 31 more day reprieve, that is, the August 10th, so you see we have thirty-one more day living death.

I wish you all the enjoy in the world in your voyage. . . .

June, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR COMRADE BRANTING:

Here in the prison, the intelligent prisoners are always looking forward for something new and more vivid, something original every day, even if it is little thing. . . . How could it be otherwise? Closed in these four and narrow sad walls, away from the face of life, from my beloved ones, and from all the good and the beauty that the human eye can see in this gay of mother nature! Therefore your last visit, the cheerful conversation that we had with Comrade Felicani, Moro and Jackson, was certainly a grateful one. It is only the second time that we both saw you, and yet, we have become so familiar with each other, that it seems that we know for many years as old friends of ours; it is that noble free sentiment of faith that does re-embrace us in one reciprocal affection brother-like.

Often our good friends use to bring me all kinds of beautiful flowers, but the beautiful cloves and the red black beauty vivid roses that you brought us Saturday last, which I liked so well, were certainly the most big and beautiful bunch of flowers I have ever had.

I was glad to hear that you went to see my family and had a fine time with my little ones. Yes, Ines is a good and brisk child, as good as her brother Dante, and both love so dearly their good mother, and without a doubt it is a great relief for me, for I do love them so much, as only love could have loved. By the way, Saturday, when we were talking about your

family, I saw the emotion which enlightened your face, and of course when I came back to my cell, I have thought of you and how dearly you must love your family. It was a relief to me because I knew, that when one loves another even in the torturous struggle, as in poverty, the love remains forever; moreover, here the love . . . goes further on, much far,—like the Anarchist love. That is why we are still living, and we will live, in spite of the inquisitor Thayer, and all his back stage that have sentenced us to death, because you generous people and the world workers want us to be free and to come back once more into life, in the struggle battle for the love and the joy of liberty and all. . . .

July 3, 1927. Charlestown State Prison

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

The Sunday was always lonesome and sad at the Dedham Jail—but and yet the little warm of home made dinner that the dear friends used bring us were of cheer and relieve for our unrest heart, moreover there we could see the green grow, the trees, the beautiful red roses and flowers that the friends used bring us and the beauty blue bright sky of Dedham. But here life buried—where none we can see but four sad wall and a lap of sky that disappear under the wing of a bird, the Sunday is much more lonesome and gloome here than anyelse where. But, nevertheless, while the life buried remain here, the idea runs through

this little lap of sky towards all the friends and comrades and the beloved ones warmly.

As you see after these seven years confinement I have thought sometime that the men law of today which you are faithful had made a progress, but woe is me!—that is not so, they go backward instead of forward, they go right straight toward the end of the old inquisition. . . .

Bartolo have past me your graceful letter of June 30th, and after I have reread it I was glad to hear that you felt more quite and much better and as ever I hope from the bottom of my heart that here the waving gay breeze of the sun along the shore of Chatham—near your dear friends, will sooner get all better. . . .

I imagine how hard it is for my poor companion and for all the beloved ones in these day, but courage mother, and be of good cheer because after us other will take our place, it is the tremendous struggle of the life and every struggle they have the end and I am sure that the end of this struggle your rest in peace. . . .

July 5, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

As ever your letter are welcomed to me and the one I receive yesterday of July the second, certainly was the dearest one, as a remembrance to have received it at the day of my last four July.

It is too sad to think of it I know, but and yet, the cruel blind persecution, the continuous seclusion of

these years past have taught me that if the friends and comrades they but get themselves as ever in the old past weakness illusion, I think they will be too late and sorrow for it tomorrow. But, however, it does not trouble me at all as it would have not trouble any other free soul that have dream and walked straight towards the radiant pathway for the integral conquest—for the joy of liberty of all the exploit and the oppressed class, not at all because, when it comes to feel to have been deprived from the life freedom, from the development of his life dream, for the beauty and the good of all . . . the life does not feel none the sorrow for give the farewell at their decrepid old society.

It is true, indeed, that it is and remain deeply and immensely in my heart—the idea of the dearest beloved ones and specially the little ones, oh, yes! But the idea of it, the remembrance of the ceaseless affection of my dear companionship, it was also comfortant to know that it were the end and my last fourth July.

I was going to write you yesterday afternoon, but in my mind to finish to read the *Portrait Life of Lincoln* by V. F. Miller, which enclosed in it I find many of Abraham Letters that Bartolo told me years go that these were wonderful letters. Indeed, I read these and I find so much worth of good as told in these letters that remind me of the old dear comrade Eugene Debs, and I will reread these ones more because by read these fine letters, I have forgot that yesterday was my last fourth July. . . .

July 10, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR FRIEND MRS. CODMAN:

Your welcomed letter of July the 6th reach to me safely Friday late in the afternoon, and though of this hot day and the segregate living death of this life, I thought to send you these few lines because I am sure that after the last pleasant visit you gave to us together with my little Ines and Rosina, you will like to hear our news directly.

Yes, we also thought to remain in Dedham till the August the first, but, as you see they want get ready of our warm life before the monstrous execute date. However, let this date come if the brutality of the men law of today want, because it is really a shame and unhuman to remain here—and to tolerate any longer the sufferance of my beloved ones and the struggle sacrifice of our good friends and comrades.

By the way, the day after my companionship were out here to see us, and after while so to make the conversation little cheerfully, I asked Rosina what she was doing to her suffer face to make her cheeks so lovily smooth as roses, I think that Doctor Codman he must have find something for it! She smile gayly with that joyful smile that I long to see her smile. So, you see that when is the reciprocal affection of love even into the struggle sufferance we can always find something to relief the soul for a while of course, because once the old legend say that, from the heart every cheerfully come, but, when this cheerfully is not into heart, certainly it could not come through. . . .

July 19, 1927. Charlestown State Prison

MY DEAR INES:

I would like that you should understand what I am going to say to you, and I wish I could write you so plain, for I long so much to have you hear all the heart-beat eagerness of your father, for I love you so much as you are the dearest little beloved one.

It is quite hard indeed to make you understand in your young age, but I am going to try from the bottom of my heart to make you understand how dear you are to your father's soul. If I cannot succeed in doing that, I know that you will save this letter and read it over in future years to come and you will see and feel the same heart-beat affection as your father feels in writing it to you.

I will bring with me your little and so dearest letter and carry it right under my heart to the last day of my life. When I die, it will be buried with your father who loves you so much, as I do also your brother Dante and holy dear mother.

You don't know Ines, how dear and great your letter was to your father. It is the most golden present that you could have given to me or that I could have wished for in these sad days.

It was the greatest treasure and sweetness in my struggling life that I could have lived with you and your brother Dante and your mother in a neat little farm, and learn all your sincere words and tender affection. Then in the summer-time to be sitting with you in the home nest under the oak tree shade—be-

ginning to teach you of life and how to read and write, to see you running, laughing, crying and singing through the verdent fields picking the wild flowers here and there from one tree to another, and from the clear, vivid stream to your mother's embrace.

The same I have wished to see for other poor girls, and their brothers, happy with their mother and father as I dreamed for us—but it was not so and the nightmare of the lower classes saddened very badly your father's soul.

For the things of beauty and of good in this life, mother nature gave to us all, for the conquest and the joy of liberty. The men of this dying old society, they brutally have pulled me away from the embrace of your brother and your poor mother. But, in spite of all, the free spirit of your father's faith still survives, and I have lived for it and for the dream that some day I would have come back to life, to the embrace of your dear mother, among our friends and comrades again, but woe is me!

I know that you are good and surely you love your mother, Dante and all the beloved ones—and I am sure that you love me also a little, for I love you much and then so much. You do not know Ines, how often I think of you every day. You are in my heart, in my vision, in every angle of this sad walled cell, in the sky and everywhere my gaze rests.

Meantime, give my best paternal greetings to all the friends and comrades, and doubly so to our beloved ones. Love and kisses to your brother and mother.

With the most affectionate kiss and ineffable caress from him who loves you so much that he constantly thinks of you. Best warm greetings from Bartolo to you all.

YOUR FATHER

August 4, 1927. Charlestown State Prison

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND COMRADES:¹

From the death cell we are just inform from the defense committee that the governor Fuller he has decided to kill us Aug. the 10th. We are not surprised for this news because we know the capitalist class hard without any mercy the good soldiers of the revolution. We are proud for death and fall as all the anarchist can fall. It is up to you now, brothers, comrades! as I have tell you yesterday that you only that can save us, because we have never had faith in the governor for we have always know that the gov. Fuller, Thayer² and Katzmann³ are the murder.

My warm fraternal regards to all,

NICOLA SACCO

August 12, 1927. Charlestown State Prison

DEAR AUNTIE BEE:

I am still extreme weak—but, this morning I could

¹ This letter was sent to the Defense Committee from the death house through counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti.

² Judge Webster Thayer, who presided at the Dedham trial and heard the eight motions for a new trial based on new evidence.

³ Fred G. Katzmann, prosecutor of Sacco and Vanzetti at the Dedham trial in his capacity as district attorney for the South-eastern District (Norfolk and Plymouth Counties).

not go without write you these few lines and to tell you that after the death house, has remain still vividly in my heart the free spirit of an sublime faith to sent this good old dear mother, that I like always and in the death house more than ever. I often thought of you, my first surest heart eager greetings. Meantime give my best wishes to all the friends and comrades, to the beloved ones, kiss to my little darling one if you see her, with my most hearty affectionate embrace.

August 18, 1927. Charlestown State Prison

MY DEAR SON AND COMPANION:

Since the day I saw you last I had always the idea to write you this letter, but the length of my hunger strike and the thought I might not be able to explain myself, made me put it off all this time.

The other day, I ended my hunger strike and just as soon as I did that I thought of you to write to you, but I find that I did not have enough strength and I cannot finish it at one time. However, I want to get it down in any way before they take us again to the death-house, because it is my conviction that just as soon as the court refuses a new trial to us they will take us there. And between Friday and Monday, if nothing happens, they will electrocute us right after midnight, on August 22nd. Therefore, here I am, right with you with love and with open heart as ever I was yesterday.

I never thought that our inseparable life could be

separated, but the thought of seven dolorous years makes it seem it did come, but then it has not changed really the unrest and the heart-beat of affection. That has remained as it was. More. I say that our ineffable affection reciprocal, is today more than any other time, of course. That is not only a great deal but it is grand because you can see the real brotherly love, not only in joy but also and more in the struggle of suffering. Remember this, Dante. We have demonstrated this, and modesty apart, we are proud of it.

Much we have suffered during this long Calvary. We protest today as we protested yesterday. We protest always for our freedom.

If I stopped hunger strike the other day, it was because there was no more sign of life in me. Because I protested with my hunger strike yesterday as today I protest for life and not for death.

I sacrificed because I wanted to come back to the embrace of your dear little sister Ines and your mother and all the beloved friends and comrades of life and not death. So Son, today life begins to revive slow and calm, but yet without horizon and always with sadness and visions of death.

Well, my dear boy, after your mother had talked to me so much and I had dreamed of you day and night, how joyful it was to see you at last. To have talked with you like we used to in the days—in those days. Much I told you on that visit and more I wanted to say, but I saw that you will remain the same affectionate boy, faithful to your mother who

loves you so much, and I did not want to hurt your sensibilities any longer, because I am sure that you will continue to be the same boy and remember what I have told you. I knew that and what here I am going to tell you will touch your sensibilities, but don't cry Dante, because many tears have been wasted, as your mother's have been wasted for seven years, and never did any good. So, Son, instead of crying, be strong, so as to be able to comfort your mother, and when you want to distract your mother from the discouraging soulness, I will tell you what I used to do. To take her for a long walk in the quiet country, gathering wild flowers here and there, resting under the shade of trees, between the harmony of the vivid stream and the gentle tranquility of the mothernature, and I am sure that she will enjoy this very much, as you surely would be happy for it. But remember always, Dante, in the play of happiness, don't you use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step, at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help, help the prosecuted and the victim, because that are your better friends; they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy of freedom for all and the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved.

I am sure that from what your mother told me about what you said during these last terrible days when I was lying in the iniquitous death-house—that description gave me happiness because it showed you will be the beloved boy I had always dreamed.

Therefore whatever should happen tomorrow, nobody knows, but if they should kill us, you must not forget to look at your friends and comrades with the smiling gaze of gratitude as you look at your beloved ones, because they love you as they love every one of the fallen persecuted comrades. I tell you, your father that is all the life to you, your father that loved you and saw them, and knows their noble faith (that is mine) their supreme sacrifice that they are still doing for our freedom, for I have fought with them, and they are the ones that still hold the last of our hope that today they can still save us from electrocution, it is the struggle and fight between the rich and the poor for safety and freedom, Son, which you will understand in the future of your years to come, of this unrest and struggle of life's death.

Much I thought of you when I was lying in the death house—the singing, the kind tender voices of the children from the playground, where there was all the life and the joy of liberty—just one step from the wall which contains the buried agony of three buried souls. It would remind me so often of you and your sister Ines, and I wish I could see you every moment. But I feel better that you did not come to the death-house so that you could not see the horrible picture of three lying in agony waiting to be electrocuted, because I do not know what effect it would have on your young age. But then, in another way if you were not so sensitive it would be very useful to you tomorrow when you could use this horrible memory to hold up to the world the shame of the country in this cruel persecu-

tion and unjust death. Yes, Dante, they can crucify our bodies today as they are doing, but they cannot destroy our ideas, that will remain for the youth of the future to come.

Dante, when I said three human lives buried, I meant to say that with us there is another young man by the name of Celestino Maderios that is to be electrocuted at the same time with us. He has been twice before in that horrible death-house, that should be destroyed with the hammers of real progress—that horrible house that will shame forever the future of the citizens of Massachusetts. They should destroy that house and put up a factory or school, to teach many of the hundreds of the poor orphan boys of the world.

Dante, I say once more to love and be nearest to your mother and the beloved ones in these sad days, and I am sure that with your brave heart and kind goodness they will feel less discomfort. And you will also not forget to love me a little for I do—O, Sonny! thinking so much and so often of you.

Best fraternal greetings to all the beloved ones, love and kisses to your little Ines and mother. Most hearty affectionate embrace.

YOUR FATHER AND COMPANION

P.S. Bartolo send you the most affectionate greetings. I hope that your mother will help you to understand this letter because I could have written much better and more simple, if I was feeling good. But I am so weak.

Part Two

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI