

San Quentin Prison
June 18, 1931

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell,
#3 Monadnock Street,
Uphams Corner Station,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Miss Blackwell:--

I guess it is about time I was answering the receipt of your original Easter Card with the union label on it as big as life.

I don't want you to think I am completely sold on the Label. Until something better comes along the Label is the only thing that shows any semblance of concerted action or group spirit.

I live in hopes that some day all producers who produce the necessaries of mankind will respond to a new symbol. I fully realize that day is far in the distance; owing to the concrete fact that all leaders of minorities are cursed with a respectability that deadens the soul of any group from carrying out the precepts of humankind as our creator directed. He left specific orders and instructions to those who took hold where He left off.

If you do a little investigating and re-search, you will find His apostles wallowing in plenty and weighed heavily with pieces of silver. They have left the House of God for the House of Morgan, and all leaders of minorities have done likewise.

Oh yes, the poor, we have them with us. They are developing Science by leaps and bounds. For who? The poor.

History! Why read it? It repeats in every cycle, but our busy minds that are on the trivial things of life prevent us from reviewing it. It has repeated at a distance, but why get too far away from home?

Your cards are always welcome.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. McNamara, 25314.