Following are excerpts from the testimony of Lupe Gallardo Marshall before the La Follette Committee of Congress on "Violations of Free Speech and Rights of Labor." Lupe Marshall was the mother of three small children and a volunteer social worker with connections to Hull House. Although wounded by the police during the Memorial Day Massacre, Mrs. Marshall gave heroic aid to the other wounded. She was 59 inches tall and weighed 97 pounds.
I started helping these men, straightening out their heads and lifting their arms from underneath. I noticed that there was one particular fellow there who looked very gaunt and haggard. There was a heavy-set man that had fallen on top of him and this fellow was pinned completely with his head over his knees. I straightened him out, managed to get his head on my lap. I noticed his face was getting cold and was turning black. He was motioning to his shirt pocket. He had a package of cigarettes there, and I understood he wanted me to light a cigarette for him. When I did get the cigarette out it was cloaked with blood. So he said, "Never mind. Carry on." And he started to say "mother" but he didn't finish, and he stiffened up. I became somewhat hysterical. I told the patrolman that was in the back of the wagon, "I hope you get the medal for this." I said, "Your children and your wife must be very proud of you." And he says, "I didn't do that, I have to see that you get medical care now, I wouldn't do that." And I noticed the tears rolling down his eyes.

Well, it seemed we drove all over the city of Chicago before we got to the hospital. Every time the patrol wagon jolted, these men would go up about a foot or so, and fall on top of each other and there was the most terrible screaming, groaning, and going on in that wagon! I really feared that none of these men were going to live. Finally we got to the hospital. I went to the dining room and gathered the tablecloths and napkins and the pitcher of water and started helping the wounded, putting these wet packs on their wounds. One policeman had been assigned to watch me. Every time I made an effort to help the wounded, to light their cigarettes, this policeman would come and set me down.

Small Child Shot in the Heel
A woman came in with a small child that had been shot in the heel. The doctor went to dress the little boy's leg. I asked if I could help. The doctor said, "Yes." So I was holding the boy's leg and distracted him when this policeman came and said, "Come on, you have to come out here and sit in the hall." The doctor was very irritated at this. He said, "You have done enough to these people. Now we are trying to do what we can for them. Now please get out and stay out." And then the policeman walked out and left me alone for a while.

Then the doctor wanted to dress my wound. I told him to take care of the other men there. There was one man that had his head opened in five places. The doctor said, "That is a skull fracture," and he put his finger in there, and the doctor's finger went into that dent there in his forehead. So the doctor said, "Well if you feel that you can stand it, I think it better to take care of these other men."

When it came my turn, the doctor in charge told the nurse not to let me walk, that I had lost a lot of blood, that she should have X-rays taken. I asked to be taken to the bathroom because I was feeling ill. As I walked into the bathroom, the policeman started walking in and the nurse said, "You can't go in there." The nurse stayed with me until someone called "Nurse!" The minute she ran out of the bathroom, the policeman walked in and grabbed me by the arm and said, "Quit your stalling," and started dragging me through the hall. As we passed the elevator, he hesitated and said, "No, I guess you can walk it," and he ran me down the steps as fast as he could.

Note Mrs. Marshall was kept in jail and not allowed to communicate with her family from Sunday, May 30, 1937 until the following Wednesday.
Lupe Gallardo Marshall:
I joined a group of women that seemed to be going to the front. They were singing and some of the fellows were kidding each other and patting themselves on the back as we went along. I would say about 200 women (were there). While the meeting was going on there were children running around buying ice cream and popsicles.

From my recollections, the marchers did not reach the police, but the police advanced toward us in a running step when we were about 15 or 20 feet away from them. Officer Higgins called me a vile name. The women around us told us to get back. Somebody hollered, “Mayor Kelly said it is all right to picket.” Others said, “We have got our rights.” And as these things were being said, the officers were swinging their clubs like this in front of our faces.”

Volley of Shots
And this happened so suddenly that it seems that I was still talking to these officers in front of me when I heard a dull thud toward the back of my group. As I turned around there was screaming and going on in back and simultaneously a volley of shots. It sounded more like thunder. I couldn’t believe that they were shooting, so I turned around to see what was happening. The people that were standing in back of me were all lying on the ground face down. I tried to run but I couldn’t. The road was closed by these people there and I didn’t want to step on them.

I had been knocked down by a club. My head had been broken open and I was raising myself up from the heap of these people. Well, I was somewhat dazed, and all I was aware of was that I wanted to get away from these people and walked back to where the field seemed to be clear. There were not so many policemen over on that side.

After I evaded these policemen, I was aware that my head was bleeding. I noticed that my blouse was all stained with blood, and that sort of brought me to. I started walking slowly toward the direction from which we had started when I noticed that a policeman had just clubbed an individual. This individual dragged himself a bit and tried to get up when the policeman clubbed him again. He did that four times. Every time he tried to get up the policeman’s club came down on him. When the man finally fell so he could not move, the policeman took him by the foot and turned him over on his back and started dragging him I noticed that the man’s shirt was all blood stained here on the side so I screamed at the policeman, “Don’t do that. Can’t you see he is terribly injured?” And at the moment I said that, somebody struck me from the back again and knocked me down. As I went down a policeman kicked me on the side here.

They Hit Me Three Times
So after he kicked me I tried to get up and they hit me three times across the back. Then somebody picked me up and took me to the patrol wagon. As we were walking along to the patrol wagon, I noticed men lying all over the field. Some of them were motionless. Some were groaning. Nearly all of those that were lying down had their heads covered with blood and their clothing was stained with blood. A patrol wagon stopped right in front of us. I had one foot on the step when a policeman put his hand on my back, on my buttocks, and shoved me in there. If I had not put my hands across my face, I would have struck the grating of the window in the front of the patrol wagon. They started bringing [the wounded] in by their feet and their hands, half dragging them and half picking them up. They piled them one on top of the other. There were some men who had their heads underneath others. Some had their arms all twisted up, and their legs twisted up, until they filled the wagon up.