

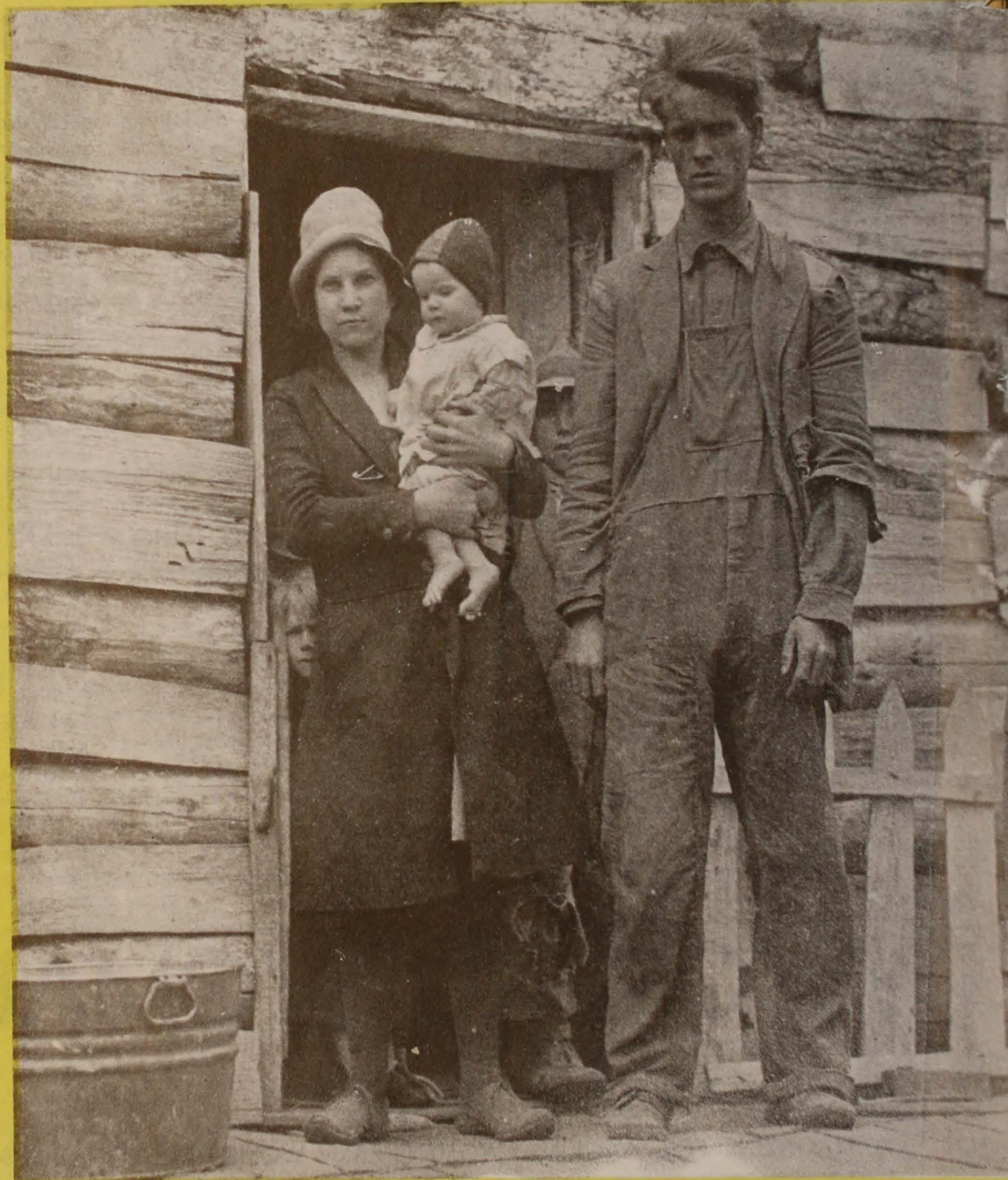
# THE WORKING WOMAN

*By G. R. Hill*

A P R I L

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LIFE OF A MINER'S  
WIFE

BY HERSELF

SCOTTSBORO

STORIES FROM  
SWEAT SHOPS

WHEN BANKS FAIL  
WHO PAYS?

LETTERS FROM  
WORKERS

HELP THE

# MINERS FIGHT STARVATION

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## BUILDING THE WORKING WOMAN

On March 4th, the day of the inauguration of President Roosevelt, tens of thousands of working class women joined with the men in a mighty demonstration against the government of hunger and war.

The demands for more and immediate relief and for unemployment insurance special demands for women, were further voiced by the "forgotten men and women" on March 8, International Women's Day, by the two hundred meetings held all over the United States. The demonstrations this year were attended by over twenty thousand workers, marked by great militancy and a large percentage of Negro women attending.

Most of the Negro and white women who joined in demonstration at International Women's Day meetings in the cities, farms, and mining towns, have already gone thru many strikes and struggles against wage cuts, lay-offs, evictions, against Negro discrimination, for free food and clothing for their children.

These women have gone thru the school of the fourth year of the capitalist crisis and have learned their lesson well. In speeches on the platform, in articles, or in personal talk, the keynote was the need for unity of struggle against their common enemy—the boss' government.

The WORKING WOMAN, which appeared in magazine form during International Women's Day campaign was joyfully received by working class women, as the only militant magazine in the English language for women, as a strong weapon for the winning over of the women masses from under the influence of the boss class. Many pledges of support for the up-keep of the WORKING WOMAN were made on International Women's Day. The drive for one thousand new readers and for the sustaining fund of five hundred dollars has so far brought in only 200 new subs, 81 of which came in from the Lithuanian Working Women's Alliance, 15 from the United Councils, and 104 thru individual subscriptions.

We call on the women in the factories organizations, and those at home, to double their efforts in making good the pledge of International Women's Day to build the WORKING WOMAN into an organizer for developing greater struggle among the broad masses of women.

All contributions and subs that come in during the month of April will be printed in the May issue of the WORKING WOMAN.

### Revolutionary Greetings

Fanny H. Alanen, Worcester, Mass.  
Cecelia Erickson, "  
E. Kebais, "  
Ellen Juhola, "

### United Councils of Working Class Women

Rose Chassman  
Bertha Parman  
Ester Chavkin  
D. Braitman  
Pauline  
W. Matuson  
I. Chaukin

R. Greenberg

Shapiro  
Shoemaker

### United Councils of Working Class Women C 27

Moscahn  
Fischel  
Weiner

A. Rosenberg

Mewman  
Abrams  
Baume  
Rausen  
Z. Rosen

B. Shefle

L. Sackman

R. Levins

### Cloakmaker's Womens Council

B. Stien

C. Kolkes

B. Levine

### Revolutionary Greetings

E. Reynolds

J. Michlilge

Tom Bazzon

Max Shapiro

M. Mine

# THE WORKING WOMAN

Published Monthly by the Central Committee, Communist Party, U.S.A., Section of the Communist International  
Fifty East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

A MAGAZINE FOR WORKING WOMEN, FARM WOMEN, AND WORKING CLASS HOUSEWIVES

Subscription 50 cents a year in U.S. and colonies and Mexico. Single copy 5 cents. Foreign one dollar.  
Entered as second class matter on April 22, 1930 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUE OF APRIL 1933  
VOLUME 4

NUMBER 2

PROMPT PRESS FIFTY EAST THIRTEENTH STREET

WHEN BANKS FAIL

# WHO PAYS?

by Grace Hutchins



—too late to withdraw life savings

What can the workers expect as a result of the capitalist banking crisis? Many banks have not reopened their doors since they were closed on March 4. Workers and small depositors have lost the money they had in these banks, even the saving of a lifetime. Other banks are only partly open and have not yet paid back to the workers the money they had deposited.

That billions of dollars will be lost is admitted by a confidential Wall Street news service, the Whaley-Eaton service, which states frankly:

"Some billions of deposits are to be wiped out." It does not of course admit that the workers and small depositors are the chief losers, but it goes on to point out that Roosevelt and his advisors are cutting wages even in the face of inflation, an unusual proceeding:

"It is not usual to reduce wages in the face of an approaching inflation." Even this capitalist news service is thus surprised that employers are cutting workers' wages at the very time when prices are rising and when the dollar is worth less, will buy less, than a few months ago. New paper money is in use—not backed by gold but only by government bonds or commercial paper, and this means that the value of the dollar is going down.

Prices are rising, especially of the foods used by the working class. Wholesale prices of certain commodities, such as sugar, flour and dairy products, are going up and retail prices are sure to follow. Prices will probably rise from 16% to 25%, the capitalists admit. Eggs have gone up 5c a dozen in certain centers. Meat prices are on the rise. Vegetable stores are increasing the prices of onions and potatoes.

Unemployment is still increasing. The boss class is trying to put the whole burden of the deepening crisis on the working class by means of further lay-offs, as well as by wage slashing. Since March 4, a number of plants have fired from 20% to 50% of the working force, while others have closed down entirely. When these plants open up later, workers will find wage rates still further reduced.

In the face of this situation, workers are redoubling

their efforts to resist wage cuts, to organize in Unemployed Councils and in other working class groups, to demand unemployment insurance at the expense of the employers and the government, and immediate cash relief.

On March 4, in the demonstrations of the unemployed about one third were women and again on March 8, International Women's Day, women workers took part with courage and determination. They are refusing to starve.

Rent strikes and bread strikes in many centers have been successful in reducing the rent charges and in cutting down the price of bread, and in these rent and bread strikes, women workers have played a large part.

### THEY DID IT! WHY NOT YOU?

In Cleveland, Ohio, a committee of the workers went to the dairymen and secured from 800 to 1,000 quarts of milk to be given out each day, free of charge, for the children in working class neighborhoods.

In Chicago, in October, 1932, a mighty demonstration of 20,000 workers, many of them women, forced the authorities to withdraw the 50% cut in relief.

The Unemployed Councils in Pennsylvania coal and steel towns, — with the active help of women workers, — stopped evictions and won new milk stations.

Farmers in Nebraska, Iowa and a dozen other states by mass action have stopped mortgage foreclosures and evictions.

These victorious struggles show the way. Any working woman who reads this issue of the Working Woman can take part in such struggles as these. Any miner's wife can help in the miners' struggles. Join the Unemployed Council in your neighborhood. If there is no Council near you, help to organize one.

Write in to the Working Woman, telling us of your experiences during the crisis. Unite with other women workers all over the world in triumphant strikes against the high cost of living, against the bosses' attacks on our living standards, in struggles looking toward the final freedom of the working class.



No shoes—  
children kept in bed.

## LIFE OF A MINER'S WIFE BY HERSELF

As a wife of a miner for 26 years my life was a constant struggle to help feed and clothe my children on the means that we had.

A miner's work is not at any time steady thruout the year. A young girl in a mining town when she reaches the age of 16 or 17 has no chance for education or of getting some kind of work but is forced to get married so that she will have some one to feed her. This marriage almost always results in one child after the other, as the women don't know much about birth control.

A miner's wife doesn't have an easy life at any time. Very seldom do you find a company shack which has running water. We are forced to carry water from a distance. Altho our husbands are coal miners, we are forced to pick coal from slate dumps because we cannot afford to buy it. This work of hauling coal on wheelbarrows is done by the children mostly, no matter how young they are—which often harms them.

In most mining towns we are forced to buy in company stores. The prices are always higher than in the other stores. The company never fails to deduct for rent and many fixed charges no matter if it means that not a cent will be left in the pay envelope for food.

As a mother of eight children I was always forced to keep boarders to help make ends meet because my husband was not able to make enough to feed us properly. I, as the mother of these children, felt their needs most, so I had to work very hard just to help keep them in food and clothing. Altho most

of my children wanted to go to high school and further I was not able to send any of them further than the 8th grade, and some even lower.

We lived in one mining town for eleven years, that was until the 1927-28 strike of the miners. During the strike we were evicted. It was right after this strike, which the officials of the U. M. W. A. sold out, that conditions began to get very bad for the miners. It was one wage cut after the other. If we, at that time had followed the system of mass picketing as the National Miners Union does today, instead listening to the U. M. W. A. leadership and having only two men at the entrance of each mine! There was no possibility for two men to stop the scabs coming in, so the U. M. W. A. policy certainly helped to bring about these rotten conditions.

In the year and a half after the strike we had moved four times. We were forced to move either because the particular mine closed or was working one day a week, and our family could not exist on this.

With the many cuts in wages we saw that we could not live in a mining town. We moved on a farm having in mind that the boys would work on the farm while my husband worked in the mines, hoping in this way to keep up the family. Today my husband works in the mine for 50 cents a day, and walks 12 miles to work every day. In two weeks he earns about \$5. Once a week I go out to the mining towns trying to sell some butter and milk so as to help buy other necessary food for our family. We have not paid our rent for a year which means that the landlord will try to sell what little stock we have, for rent, very soon.

Today a miners wife sees nothing but poverty under the present conditions. To a miner's wife, life has always been a struggle to feed the children. In all the past strikes of the miners we women fought side by side with the men.

In the coming strike struggles and demonstrations of the miners on April 1st we must be even more militant. We absolutely cannot stand to see our children die off from hunger. Let us join the common struggle against the mine owners and fight against the "fixed charges," and Governor Pinchot, for higher wages, for more relief against the commissary plan.

This picture shows a few of the 10,000 miners' wives who marched to Springfield, Ill., to demand relief.

# MURDER IN HARLEM

By Dan Davis

Alvina moaned. Alongside her bed Judith, nine, her youngest, and Marie, two years old slept huddled together in the old crib. Her husband snored. On his heavy arm she rested her head. Quaking pangs just below her stomach made Alvina wonder whether she hadn't made a mistake in judging the time when her baby would be born, a month hence. She had been mistaken once before. Working class mothers could never be sure of anything, especially Negro mothers. The pain stopped for a moment. Her mind wandered back to the dress factory she left three hours before. The boss was particularly nasty today. Mr. Perilsky had said she would have to get a move on or stay home. He said the orders had to go out and that's all there was to it. As she lay in bed Alvina's hands instinctively went thru the motion of sewing hems. Her mind spun with sewing cheap dresses piled high around the shop. She could hear the machine roar.

As tho someone had shut the power off, a shooting pain drove the whirr of the machines from her mind. Alvina woke her husband.

"Joe, I think you better take me to the hospital," she gasped.

Joe asked no questions, he dressed quickly, called their upstairs neighbor to care for the children in the cellar room his family called home. He bundled Alvina into a taxi. The sun was coming up.

"Harlem Hospital quick!" They shot down West 141 Street towards Lenox Avenue. Joe threw his arm around Alvina and awkwardly tried to comfort her. He had been out of work for two years. White bosses didn't hire Negro electricians no matter how capable they were when there were plenty of white workers to be had for next to nothing per week. Any how it was an old story amongst the bosses that Negroes weren't human beings. In fact Joe had misgivings about taking Alvina to the Harlem hospital. All Harlem knew that Tammany's white Negro hating political "ward heelers" were in control of the place. Yet it was the only hospital in the city which admitted



Negro patients. Joe could do nothing but take a chance and consoled himself with the thought, or rather the hope, that they weren't really as bad as was charged.

The cab pulled up in front of the emergency entrance. Alvina had broken water. Joe put his arms around her and almost carried her into the waiting room. He rushed thru the next door. Several nurses were sitting around. A white doctor lay lolling on a table.

"My wife is having a baby," said Joe as calmly as he could. Nobody answered. The nurses continued to chat with each other while the doctor let his eyelids drop in half sleep. Joe couldn't quite understand this indifference so he thought that perhaps they hadn't heard him.

"My wife is giving birth to a baby right now," he repeated.

The doctor stirred on his elbow, "Tell her to sit down on a bench and wait."

"But she can't wait, she's having the baby NOW!"

The doctor seemed annoyed at even having to answer and dismissed Joe with "Well, see somebody in the office."

He dashed to the office. Nobody was there. He ran back to his wife.

Alvina was in a faint. Her head hung limp between her legs.

The low bench kept her from falling to the floor. Joe bit his lips. He almost choked with rage at the wanton disregard by the hospital of human lives. He no longer remembered that his skin was black and he and his wife were therefore marked by the bosses for every misery they could inflict to keep the white workers under the idea that "Negroes are inferior."

The hospital clock had slowly ticked out a half hour when Joe finally, fighting thru the officials maze of vile indifference succeeded in getting Alvina cared for.

They put her on the very same table the doctor so reluctantly left and carried the moaning woman into a ward.

Within a short time the baby was born. It was dead. Two days later Alvina died. The hospital called it blood poisoning. The workers of Harlem, Negro and white, call it by its real name — capitalist murder!





# WHO ARE THESE BOYS?

By ALFRED HIRSCH

What is their crime? They are just like the other hundreds of thousands of boys who, in America today do not know where to turn to find work. They are boys who had to leave home because there, they were one more mouth to feed and even without them, there was not enough to eat. And, to make it worse, they are black boys in the South.

They are the boys who wander around in ragged clothes, with their toes sticking out of the ends of their shoes, with a hopeless, hungry look on their faces. Such boys still look for work but there is no work for them. If they are lucky they get a bit of charity, but they do not WANT charity. If they find any place to sleep it is in a leaky shack in Hooverville, or under a bridge, or at the entrance of a subway station, or on the floor in a dark hallway, or in a barn.

They are the children of any unemployed worker who can no longer support a son of school age. They are travelling up and down the country looking for a job where experienced men are being turned away by the thousands. They are any worker's boys. The future seems to have nothing to offer them. The government is thinking of placing them in military camps where they will be trained for cannon-fodder in the coming imperialist war. What was the home life of the nine Negro boys?

"I had three kids at the time that my husbon was taken from me and Olen was the Baby so you all know by that Olen has had a hard time all his life, raised with no papa. And mother had to work all the time."

So writes Mrs. Viola Montgomery, in a different letter from the one we printed in the last issue. The letter goes on: "I lost my older daughter all for the need of at-tenshun. She was sick and I had to work and Olen was only six weeks old at the time she died. I aint been no good since. I lost my helth then. I had to go to work too soon after he was born. But I had to work sick or well."

This is the story of her son, Olen, and of 8 other Negro boys. In March, 1931, they were "riding" a freight train, just as thou-

sands of boys as doing today, looking for work. Some white boys were on the train and they started a fight with a few of the young Negroes who threw them off the train rather than be kicked off themselves. At Paint Rock, Ala., the arain stopped. Sheriffs got on and

arrested the nine Negro boys. They were charged with "hoboing," but when two white girls, dressed in men's clothes, were discovered aboard the train, the charge was changed to "rape."

At first the girls denied that they had been touched but when the sheriff threatened to bring up the fact that they were liable to arrest as known prostitutes, the girls decided to charge the boys with rape. The trial soon came up in Scottsboro, Alabama. The town was seething with lynch spirit. A band played "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Not a single Negro was on the jury. Within a few hours a verdict of GUILTY was brought in and the boys were sentenced to die in the electric chair.

The International Labor Defense immediately called on all workers of the world for a mass campaign to free the boys and carried the case to the Alabama Supreme Court where the verdict was upheld. The case went from there to the Supreme Court of the United States, which was forced by the worker's mass action to grant a new trial, on November 6, 1932. The trial will probably begin late this month.

The campaign to save the nine innocent boys from death—a case which has aroused the indignation of the workers in every part of the world, has brought to Governor Miller of Alabama no less than 150,000 messages of protest, even according to the New York Times. Although the decision of the Supreme Court says they are no longer under a death sentence, they are still in the death cell.

And on the outside, Mrs. Montgomery writes: "Some people seem to like this system. 'Corse they never knew any better. I have heard them tell me it is all rite and it cant be changed. It will all ways be like this. But thear aint no sign it cant be changed and it is high time it change for this world aint fit to live in like it is now. I sure is glad deep down in my hart that somebody seen the rite side and got on it for we have been **shot down like rabbit and talk to like dog and beat like horses long enuff.**"

Mrs. Montgomery was thinking of her son Olen when she wrote this, and of the other eight Scottsboro boys, but the same message must be told to all the thousands of boys in America today, who ride the freights, who shuffle around the streets, looking, looking for something to do.

The outcome of the trial depends very much on you. What if they were your sons?

Organize protests in your factories, naborhoods, organizations, churches, wherever you live and work. Do not rest until these innocent boys are set fully and unconditionally free.

**Think hard, all working-class mothers!**

# SCOTTSBORO

# BEYOND THE POLAR CIRCLE

A Story Sent from the Soviet Union by A. KLIMOV and V. STALSKY



The men nearest the flames, —the women in back.

Ragged reindeer skins covered a skeleton of wooden poles. On one side was a doorway a narrow opening through which blew gusts of icy air, and at the top was another aperture to emit the clouds of dense smoke rising from the fire in the snowy floor. The smoke was acrid, and burned the eyes, making it hard to see clearly in the crowded room. Over the fire hung a cauldron, around which squatted the family, clad in tattered skins, the men nearest the flames, the women in back, a few children tumbling about the floor with the dogs.

The Russian who had arrived that morning, sat nearby drinking a bowl of tea. He had travelled two thousand miles, by wagon, car and sled, all the way from Moscow to the coast of the Arctic Ocean where the nomads lived, huntsmen, fishermen and breeders of reindeer. It seemed to him that he had travelled in time as well as in space, for these filthy, unkempt people were living as they had hundreds of years ago, ignorant of the great changes which had been taking place in their native land.

The master gave a hardly perceptible nod and the women hastened to carry out the mute command. An old woman found and brought him some chewing tobacco. She then beckoned the women to come forward to finish the tea which the men had left.

"Look here, Yaptik, who is this?" asked the Russian guest, who had been watching intently.

The master of the tent, a big, heavysset man, with a surly face, muttered, "Wife."

"You mean the older one? I know her. But who is the little one? Is it your daughter?"

"Also wife. I bought her from the Vanuito clan for big ransom, 25 reindeer skins, 5 blue polar fox skins. Too much," he added darkly, "she is not so good worker."

The girl they were discussing bent her head over her bowl of tea, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes flashing with anger. There was intelligence in the large, dark eyes, strength in the firm mouth and jaw.

"What is the name of your second wife?" asked the visitor, lowering his voice.

"I do not know."

"You do not know . . . And yet she is your wife."

"I do not know. Our wives do not have any names."

They are born without names from others without names."

Yaptik pulled on his high boots of reindeer skin. "We are going to see the fish Seratetto caught today. They say it is as large as a man. Will you come?"

The Russian shook his head. It was very cold outside, and he was tired. Through the opening in the tent he could see a flat, dreary expanse of snow, stretching to the horizon in the twilight.

After the men and children had gone there was silence in the hut. Two of the women huddled in a far corner of the room, talking in whispers. The young girl Yaptik's second wife stared moodily at the fire, and twisted her long black braid in her fingers.

The stranger opened a square bag which lay at his feet, and took out of it a handful of colored spools, red, green and yellow, and a package of long steel needles which gleamed in the firelight. The women were all watching him with interest.

"Come here," he said, "I have something to show you."

The two older women approached slowly. The young girl by the fire raised her head.

"Come," he said again, "there is nothing to fear, I have brought presents from Moscow. What do you use to sew with here?"

The old woman fumbled with the rags on her breast, and pulled out a bone needle threaded with sinew.

"These are better. I have brought them for you." "They are fine," said the old woman, "how narrow the thread is, and how sharp the needle."

"I am not glad to see needles and thread," broke in the young girl savagely. "I am tired of sewing and cooking and putting up the tents, and setting snares for the birds."

There was a shocked silence, and then the other women began to speak at the same time.

"Shame on you, wretched girl," chattered the old woman. "You are lucky that you do not have Seratetto for a husband, who drinks and beats his wives. Do your work and when that is over come to your corner and sleep. It is not your place to say what you want, and what you do not want . . ."

# STORIES FROM THE SWEATSHOPS

## "BUDDY" NOT VERY SOCIAL

This is the story of two young girls, workers in a sweat shop in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The same story can be told by hundreds of other sweat shop workers throughout the country—

Mary—the first worker, is 17, one of 6 children, and she works in the Buddy Shirt and Blouse factory with 150 other workers. The "Buddy" Shirt factory! It sounds nice and social, sort of comfortable, doesn't it? Well, this is how Mary describes it. "It's dirty, and so small we haven't even got room to move around in. There is practically no light in the shop and we have to strain our eyes until we are almost blind at our work. We are crowded together like animals in a cage, with filth all around us. There is one toilet for all the 150 young workers to use. There is no paper, no towels, and no soap, or even drinking water in the place."

Mary went on to tell about her home. "We have eight altogether in the family. My father has been paralyzed for years. He is an old man and worked for many years. I have to get up at 6 in the morning in get to work at 7. I work 10 and a half hours a day and get on an average of \$2.50 a week. My sister goes to school and works after school doing housework and makes \$1.50 a week. We have to live on the \$4 a week. Rent, food, clothing, heat, light, everything on \$4 a week."

Then Lucy—another worker in the Buddy shop, 18 years old, told us about her conditions. We spoke to her in her home. There are 9 in Lucy's family. She is the only one working. Her father has been out of work for 2 years. Lucy gets about \$3 a week working 10 and half hours a day also. A few months ago the boss took 60 cents off Lucy's three dollars because she spotted a collar on a shirt and "damaged" the garment! Both Lucy and Mary are supposed to support their families on their starvation



salaries and so the city of Bridgeport gives them no relief!

Organizational work has already begun in the Buddy Shop, group meetings to discuss the shop problems are being held. Already the boss has been forced to grant the workers better sanitary conditions.

## IN A CONNECTICUT SWEAT SHOP

By HELEN BRIGHT

I am an operator in a Connecticut sweat shop. Last year I was able to earn about \$12.00 a week, but now all I can earn is about \$5.00 a week. Many a week I even received \$1.50 to \$3.00 a week.

I want to describe some of the conditions under which we have to work. The shop is very dirty. The floor is very seldom swept, windows shut dust and filth flies around, and we breathe it into our lungs for 9 and 10 hours a day.

The prices are very low, what we earn hardly covers fare and lunches. Sometime ago we made dresses for 10 cents and now we get 14 cents, 15 cents and 18 cents, but they are much harder to make. Once in a while when the style is very hard, we get 20 cents. Piece-work is a clever scheme all right. The bosses don't have to tell us to hurry—we are forced to do it ourselves. What happens as a result? One girl had a finger cut off. Others get hurt every day. Many times girls get the needle through their finger. This is a common happening. In one particular case, a girl got the tip of the needle in the pupil of her eye.

The finishers are even worse off. They get 1/4 cent for finishing a dress, and many earn only about 6 cents an hour.

When the bank holiday was declared, they kept our wages back. When the banks opened after some time, all they gave us was only part of our pay. They keep paying out our wages on the installment plan. They still owe us one week's pay. Even when they pay us regularly, they hold a week's pay back. The girls are very sore. Some women spoke to us and gave us papers, urging us to demand our full wages and to come to a meeting where this would be discussed. These papers were signed by the Needle Trades Anti-Sweat Shop Committee of New Haven. I liked the idea right away, because they said that we must fight for decent conditions for everybody in the needle industry, and we sure need that!

That night some of us went to the meeting. The organizer talked to us and we sure felt at home.

Things seem to be brewing in our shop. There will be meetings to explain to all the girls about how we can do away with the bad conditions and get more pay. I am sure when all the girls learn about the Needle Trades Anti-Sweat Shop Committee, we will stick together; secure better working conditions.

# A W A K E N I N G —TOLD ON THE PICKET LINE

THE STORY OF A  
DETROIT AUTO WORKER

While on the picket line a woman told me this story:

"My husband a Briggs worker, working a few days a week, received wages less than some welfare checks. This forced me to take a job in the Murray Body plant. In spite of us both working, we could hardly keep our large family of seven from starving.

"My husband always came home tired and sore with the brutal speed-up and wage-cut after wage-cut taking place in the Briggs plant.

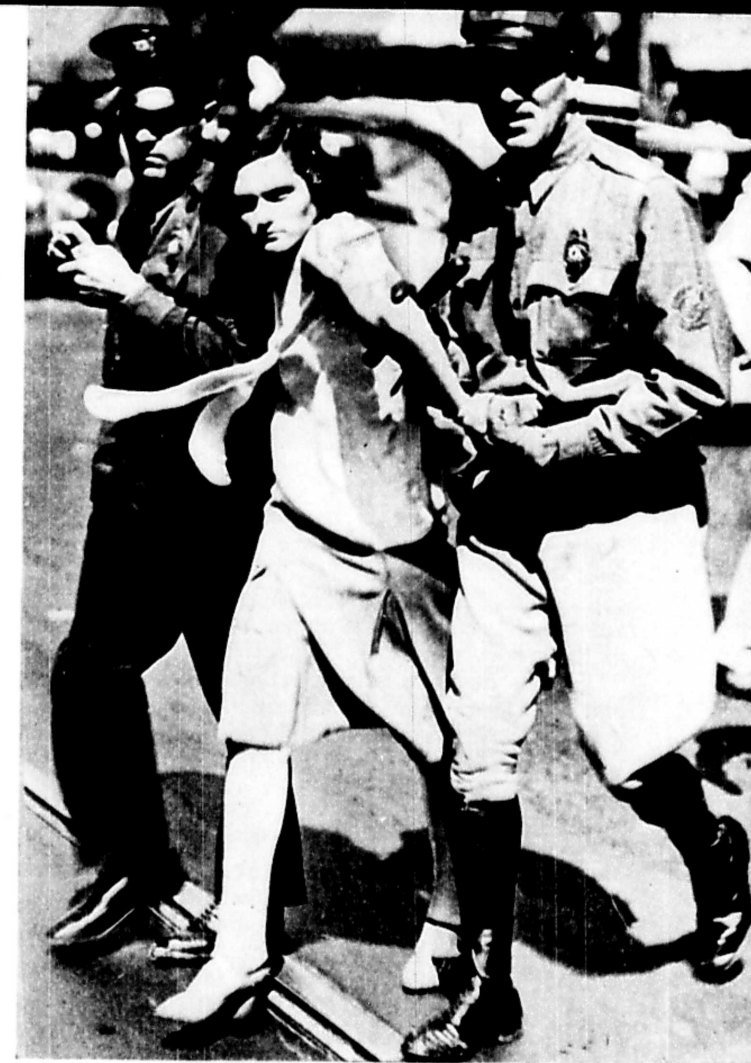
"I too came home tired and disgusted working under similar conditions. We would hardly see each other, except mornings and nights, and then always tired and nervous, quarrelling over the most foolish and petty things. I wonder what's wrong with us? It seemed to me that it was only yesterday that we loved each other, and now? The reason was that my husband was more politically developed, he understood the present social system, which is the cause of it all. He never mentioned this to me before or explained it. I have often seen my husband discuss wage-cuts and conditions in the shop with workers, but not with me.

"It seemed to me that I also could take part in the discussion, if I would only read and understand.

"Then something happened, Murray Body went on strike. Conditions were so bad that we couldn't stand it any longer. Wage-cut after wage-cut taking place. The speed-up was terrible. Girls fainting on the job; needles getting into their hands and forced to go back to work with their hands bandaged. Toilets were cleaned only once a week; no soap or towels with which to wash up.

"While striking I had scabbed for two days on the workers. Then one day I came home saying I wasn't going back to work, but I would not picket. My husband asked me why not. 'They all know me, it isn't nice to parade in front of the shop,' I said. My husband explained to me that a strike cannot be won unless struggles and picketing go on. I realized for the first time that he was right. I asked him why he didn't explain this to me before, so I would not have scabbed for two days on my fellow workers.

"The next morning when I came in front of the factory, I was too shy and bashful to picket. I asked one of my fellow workers to walk in front of me and another one to walk in back of me. On the line we walked around singing and shouting demands. The police tried to break up the line. They pushed me around and told me to walk on. I said, 'like Hell I will, I'm native born, I helped the bosses get rich, helped produce the cars and give the mall the comforts and



luxuries, while I and my children starve. No more! I said.' I together with others struggled with the police. Our picket line went on—the strike was won!

"When we came back we found an increase in wages, better conditions, soap to wash our hands, clean lavatories, and the foreman more polite. All this because we were organized in the Auto Workers Union.

"Now I said to myself, 'the only way to win better conditions is to organize and fight. My sisters, Negro and white, strengthen the unity and solidarity of all the women!'"

From this woman and others I talked to, I realized more than before what good fighters the women make once aroused. I gave her a WORKING WOMAN to read, she looked at it and said, "this is good, women's troubles, sorrows and joys." I said "yes, this is the mouthpiece of working women." She bought a copy and said, "as soon as I have money I will subscribe and make others do the same. Let's try to educate ourselves."

This response to our magazine is an inspiration to carry on more work among women. It can be used as an instrument to mobilize the women for the struggles of the workers.

—R. B.

Revolutionary Greetings

BLAKE BAKERY CO.  
S. Bernstein  
642 Blake Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

United Councils of Workingclass Women  
Council No. 22

In the name of  
COUNCIL No. 24  
Meets at:  
288 E. 174th Street, Bronx, N. Y.



All the door bells on the fourth floor started ringing at once. Through the thin partitions the hurried call resounded "Gas Man! Gas Man!"

It only took a few steps for Alma to cross her cramped two room apartment to the door. With her hand on the door knob she paused to debate inwardly.

"Has he come to read the meter or to shut off the gas?" She had received her last notice some days ago. Would he shut off the gas now? She opened the door a crack and peered out. There were other womens' faces peering out and in the dim half light their faces were all lined with worry. She heard the gas man saying to her neighbor:

"If you don't send it in by Friday your gas will be shut off!" Then spying her he came over at once.

"Mrs. Manning your bill's \$1.86.

"I'll send it in," she returned quickly.

"No. You got to pay now or I must shut it off."

"Shut it off," she repeated in dismay, "why I'll send it in. You don't understand. I haven't any money. My husband will bring some to-night."

He shook his head determinedly.

"You know I've got nothing to do with it. The company don't care. I'll be fired if I let you go."

"But my children—" she said confusedly, "why I can't let you shut it off!"

Then as he made a step forward she threw herself in his way and swiftly shut the door bolting it on the inside.

"My God," he swore, "did you ever . . ." He pounded on the door repeating.

"Why I'll lose my place for this! It'll get me fired!" But she continued to lean against the door her heart beating excitedly. Presently still muttering "I'll lose my place," his footsteps retreated down the hall.

Slowly she made her way back to the living room-kitchen and sank into a chair. She felt strangely weak. Her thin face was drained of color. She nibbled at a dry, stale roll and sipped some tea. Out of her agitation a thought formed itself.

"Poor man, he's no better off than I. If he loses his place what'll his family do?"

She reached across to her pocket book and counted out her money. Fifty eight cents for the four of them. They would have to eat pork again to-night. It was cheap. Besides the butcher sometimes gave her an extra bone to make soup with. But no matter how cheaply they ate there never was enough for the four of them. How long since they had eaten a full meal she couldn't remember. It seemed ages ago.

As she turned to the sink to wash up the dishes her thoughts went on steadily.

Only Heaven knew where John scraped together the few cents he brought her each day. She guessed he borrowed and begged

# WHAT SHALL I DO?

By JANET GINN

so that he might not come home empty handed. Yet he was a good worker—a journeyman electrician—with twenty years experience in the line. He had even paid the A. F. of L. union \$500 at one time for membership. What did a union mean that let it's workers starve? Now, he only got rare occasional jobs and oh, so little pay. He was a good husband, a kind father. What had they done to deserve to starve? What had they done?

All the papers talked of the depression as if it had descended from the skies. She hadn't seen any cyclones or blizzards . . . What had happened? Who was to blame?

The children came in flinging their books down anywhere. Her heart contracted at the sight of them. They looked shabby, thin, uncared for. Scared too—they walked softly as if in a sick room. Suddenly they broke into a run for the ice-box.

"Mother, there isn't any fruit! Why didn't you buy fruit?"

"Mother, please. Can't I have a glass of milk now?" She grew reckless in her desperation.

"Of course Harold, of course," but she knew there wouldn't be enough for supper.

At six o'clock John returned. He could have come earlier for all the work he had managed to get. Even before he sat down to the thin soup he handed her fifty cents for the next day.

"That's all," he said gruffly trying to hide his feelings.

"Fifty cents," she started saying in a trembling voice, "how am I going to

manage on fifty cents?" She checked herself with an effort, and took her place at the table staring past the children into tomorrow and to-morrow when she would have to manage on fifty cents and less.

They ate their scanty meal in silence. Afterwards they were still hungry. She was glad when the children crawled into bed and fell asleep.

All the accumulated thoughts of the day found vent in her strained voice. She began telling John of the gas man, and the neighbors with their pinched frightened faces.

"I work harder than I ever did," it's such a long time since we've lived decently, or had a square meal . . ." He sighed, rumpling his hair the wrong way in his perplexity.

"I'm only one in thousands. If you could only hear the other workers, see the sights I see . . ." he broke off confusedly.

"Yes, It's the same story everywhere," she agreed, "we work our hands to the bone and then a depression comes—no more work, no food, we and our little ones must go ragged and hungry and fearful of the roof over our heads."

"Who is it that benefits from our starvation, tell me that. How much longer can we bear it?"

She stood up and leaning across the table placed her clenched hands in front of her.

"For my part I'll keep quiet no longer. I want to know who benefits from our starving, from our deprivation. I want to know . . . I must know . . .!"



## HERE'S THE ANSWER

The worry and misery of Mrs Manning is not only the suffering of Mrs. Manning. Mrs. Manning spoke of her neighbors. Their plight is one with the plight of Mrs. Manning. They have the gas man coming to turn off their gas. They, too, must feed their children. They, too, have husbands who are vainly hunting for any kind of a job.

What should Mrs. Manning do? Mrs. Manning should speak to her neighbors. She knows the grounds to speak on. The grounds of their common misery.

Mrs. Manning should call her neighbors to a meeting in her house. She should speak to her neighbors, and tell them. "We have our children to feed. But we have no food. We must have a roof over our heads. But we have no rent. Our problem is the problem of millions of other Negro and white workers' families, and the only way we can win is by uniting and fighting for our demands."

There is an organization called the Unemployed Council whose task it is to help organize just such "block and tenant's committees" to fight for food for the children, and for other forms of relief.

After the "block committee" meeting of the neighbors, a committee of two or three should be elected to go to the Unemployed Council and ask to be affiliated with the City Committee. For just as "Mrs. Manning," you can do nothing alone. So is the strength of the committee made more powerful with the connection with many more such committees.

Mrs. Manning is one. There are millions of other Mrs. Mannings and Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Jones. Every working woman **must become an organizer** of her neighbors for the food, shelter and clothing that she herself needs, and which she can only get through uniting with her neighbors and fighting for their demands!

If it is for the non-payment of rent, for the opening of the gas, for feeding of the children, all these are demands that are as close to your neighbor as they are to you. Only with your neighbors can you strike against high payment of rent. Only with your neighbors can you strongly place before the relief bureaus your need for food, clothing and shelter. Only with your committee, and many other such committees, can the demand for unemployment insurance be brought to the city, state and national authorities. And only through the united action can these demands be won.

### REVOLUTIONARY GREETINGS

United Councils of Working Class Women  
J. Katz  
Picarsky  
Alkin  
Stein

From Women's Auxiliary and Young girls Auxiliary, Bentleyville, Pa.  
From Women's Auxiliary N. M. U.

Finnish Council  
159 Grider St., Buffalo, New York, N. Y.



# O U R W O M E N F I G H T E R S



Stella Rasefsky

In the Chartiers Valley section of Pennsylvania, during the historic coal strike of 1931, every mine was "shut down tight." Every miner in the section, under the leadership of the National Miners Union, was active in the strike. The women folks fought side by side with the men. Old and young alike, their militancy was talked about over the entire strike area. State, County, and Steel and Iron Police attacks failed to check their determination. They were organized too. They were in the Women's Auxiliaries.

Calls for mass action on the picket line, early or late, were always answered by these women. They met with the men, planned strategy with them and fought with them. And as they kept their minds set on victory they also kept their eyes open for the approach of any and all enemies.

Attempts to invade the Chartiers Valley were made by the United Mine Workers of America fakers (Fagan and Murray), but without success. And for their failure, the U.M.W.A. fakers know that these fighting women were responsible. Brooms and mops "cleaned up" more than bare floors in those days.

The "liberal" Governor Pinchot's State Police, together with the county sheriff then began raiding homes and meeting places and arresting the leaders—men and women—in order to break the strike. Among the twenty-odd arrested were Mrs. Mary Rasefsky and her two daughters, Mary, 16, and Stella, 19 years old. The mother was sent to the Allegheny County Workhouse for 18 months and Stella for two years. Hundreds of women received shorter jail sen-

tences. The jail sentences that the women received only made them more determined to fight against starvation wages handed out by the coal barons.

Mrs. Rasefsky has just been released. Stella's time will be up about the second week in May this year. Stella was secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of Cannersburg, which led the heroic struggles of the women against the joint reactionary forces of the state and treacherous United Mine Workers officials.

Also still in that prison are Leo Thompson, Adam Ghetto and Eddie Sherwood.

The women of the mine fields are again preparing to struggle. Pay envelopes for the wives of working miners are as blank as those whose husbands are unemployed. Together with the men, on this April 1st, they will struggle for cash in the pay envelope and for increased relief. Together they will battle their common enemies, the bosses, police and U.M.W.A. officials, and establish a real militant fighting union, the National Miners Union and a—just as strong—Women's Auxiliary.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Tom Myerscough, the writer of this article, was among the leaders arrested and has recently been released after serving a one year sentence in the same prison as Stella, the Blawnox Workhouse. He is now among the active leaders of the National Miners Union.

Write to Stella Rasefsky and the other comrades, for letters have a cheering effect. Too, it shows that they are not forgotten by the comrades on the outside. All can be reached at Box 56, Blawnox, Pa.

## DIG COAL—BUT HAVE NONE

I am an unemployed miner's wife. I have four children, the oldest one is seven years of age. We



have to live in a two room barrack and every time it rains, the water runs in all over the beds, and our shanty is all wet and cold. One day, a few months ago, I was doing my house duties. I had no coal, my two oldest boys went to gather me a little coal to cook a little food to eat; when the youngest boy tried to pick a few lumps of coal the train ran over his both hands and cut two fingers off one hand and four off the other hand; so this is the way the workers have it in Coverdale and all over this big rich country, as we all know America is the richest country in the world.

Miner's Wife.

## LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

(Over 7,000 letters are received yearly from this organization and Mrs. Sanger, asking for birth control information.)

A year ago I lost my job because the man I was working for failed in business. I've had no steady work since and on top of all the rest of the troubles, my wife has had an abortion and is expecting a baby now. We got scared of another abortion, so we went through with it this time. I've tried hard to find out about birth control, but people put you off with stuff that's no good, and where I live they say it's against the law. I bet my boss who laid me off gets it all right from his private doctor and his wife doesn't have to go through such hard times. I don't believe in class differences, but it gets one sort of upset to see something you need so badly held back for the rich.

My husband has been out of work for over a year and no help is in sight. I am 31 years old, have a girl of 11 and a boy of 8. I can't afford more children. I have practiced home-made methods to no use, and I average at least two abortions a year, which I do for myself, and which are ruining my health. I asked the Health Bureau in our city what to do, but so far find no place to get information.



Gropper

## CAN YOU AFFORD ANOTHER BABY?

Babies are costly under capitalism. In normal times too many workers' and farmers' children are underfed and undernourished, and now—with seventeen million unemployed—how many workers' families can at this time afford so costly a thing as a baby?

Surely not a miners' family, nor textile, steel, auto workers, farmers, not even skilled workers and white collar workers can afford this great luxury—a baby. Still we must go on bringing babies in a world of misery if we want to or even if we don't want to. In this boss-run country it is the rich who do the deciding for us. It is they who make the laws, and it is we, the workers, who are forced to carry them out.

In 1870 a law was passed that birth-control (which means limiting the number of children) is illegal and anyone who breaks the law is subject to punishment—jail. As a result of this there are practically no free clinics where information is given to women on how to limit their offspring without harm to their health.

This law like all other laws is only against the workers. For the rich there is always a way out. High-priced doctors give birth-control information and if need be perform costly operations and are careful for the life and figure of their expensive patients.

In spite of this, it is estimated that over one million abortions are performed every year in the United States. Needless to say that, because most of these are performed by mid-wives, quacks, or brought on by the women themselves under unsanitary conditions, many thousands of working class mothers lose their lives every year.

Working class women, what is your opinion of these barbaric laws that exist in the United States? We want our readers to **write and voice their opinion** as to what should be done about this burning problem. Send in your letters; names will NOT be printed.





### RED CROSS GIVES "JIM-CROW" RELIEF

Here in Mine No. 3 of the Pittsburgh Terminal there is a Red Cross Station to give out clothes to the needy. This mine, by the way, has an agreement with the United Mine Workers of America, and supposedly has the best wages and conditions because of the U.M.W.A. agreement. Yet, it was necessary to establish a station for clothes.

At least 50% of the miners in Mine No. 3 are Negroes. They work in the worst places in the mine, none have the better jobs such as motorman, or dayman. All load coal. The company patch is a sight. Houses forgot what paint looks like. Streets are cluttered with tin cans and all kinds of refuse. When it rains the streets are mud holes, no sidewalks. Toilets are of the most elementary type, just a hole in ground and four walls. In summer time the stench is terrible.

We have the company store here. The butcher is the kind that weighs his thumbs and the whole hand if you don't watch him close. Prices are almost double to what we pay in the independent stores. Our husbands never make enough so we could have some cash and therefore we are forced to wait many a day's for the first car of coal to be dumped in order to get something in the company store. Despite the fact that our husbands can't make anything, the U.M.W.A. fakers propose to cut their wages lower.

Here in the clothes station the Negro women are forced to wait until the white women get what they need, and now they have established a special day for the Negro women. A Jim Crow practice and open discrimination against 50% of the miners in this mine. The Negro and white women will unite and fight



together with the men for a strong fight against starvation, against all forms of discrimination of the Negro miners and their families.

N. H., Coverdale, Pa.

### INT'L WOMEN'S DAY IN MINING FIELDS

Two women's auxiliaries of the National Miners Union of District No. 1, and several groups organized an I. W. D. celebration that was held at Coverdale, Pa. Over 250 men and women, both employed and unemployed from the patches attended. The program consisted of singing, cheers by groups of miners' children, also "Young Girls Clubs" from Coverdale and Finleyville; Russian native dance by Comrade Gatal-sky; violin solo. The singing was by the "Bethel Jolly Four," and "Coverdale Quartet."

The theater, where the celebration was held, was decorated with banners of the Women's Auxiliaries and a large circle with two red stars, one bearing the picture of Comrade Foster and the other picture of Comrade Ford. Comrade Kemenovich spoke on the March 19th conference to be held in Pittsburgh, and on the April 1st strike.

Comrade Anna Damon, our main speaker, spoke on the United front conference, and the coming struggles on April 1st. He speech was based mainly on these two points, stressing the need of united front with the women non-members of the auxiliaries, Negro and white, in common struggle against starvation.

She also brought the message from the fighting women in Detroit auto factories, and from Unemployed Councils and clubs in Chicago, Toledo and New York. Her speech was welcomed as it brought to the men and women in the mining towns and communities a breath of life, and visions broader than the narrow life they live in the company patches.

The significant part of the celebration was the large attendance of women from the patches who are not members of the Auxiliary. Also a large group of Negro miners and their wives from the patches. The celebration certainly helped our Women's Auxiliaries to break the isolation between the barracks and tent colonies and the patches. Now we must follow this up with organizational steps that will cement this bond between the wives of the unemployed and employed, and develop joint struggles against starvation.

Everyone agrees that the celebration would have had much greater attendance but for the fact that none of the mines—2, 3, 4, 8, of the Pittsburgh Terminal or Mine No. 10 of the Pittsburgh Coal—had pay for three weeks, and since we charged admission many did not come because they did not have the price of admission.

Agnes Snear.

### W. W. W. CLUB WINS RELIEF

After returning from the National Hunger March, I began to understand more and more the need for organizing the colored working women, so two more comrades and myself began to get busy and do some work. We started out by house-to-house canvassing in the neighborhoods, drawing workers into the Unemployed Councils.

Then we went to another neighborhood and began to work there. We were able to set up a women's club with a membership of thirty members in a Negro church. In this group there were two or three members who were not getting relief from the charity, so we got a committee to take them to the Associated Charities and got relief for them.

By this method of work we were able to set up another club in another neighborhood. These clubs are called the Woman Willing Workers Clubs. The demands of these workers' clubs are:

1. That the Associated Charities give soap, brooms, sheets and more relief to the workers.
2. That the houses where the workers live be painted and new wall paper be put in including bathtubs where there are none.

We find by this method of work that we are able to reach hundreds of Negro women that we were not able to reach before, and to bring them into the general struggles of the unemployed. Nearly all the members of the W.W.W. clubs took part in March 4th and International Women's Day demonstrations.

L. Hopkins, Cleveland, O.

### BEHIND THE MOVING PICTURES

The entire picture industry is on the rocks, either bankrupt or pretty nearly so. Fox film have laid off hundreds of men and women, cut salaries 20 to 50%. The latest decision is that all employess have to render their services for the next four weeks for nothing at all. All you can do is wait and hope, and now with the national bank holiday over and our deposits mostly lost, a great deal of trouble and deprivation exists here. We are doing our best to protest against this condition, but individual action can bring no results. It is time that the thousands of slaves in the movie industry took matters in their own hands and organized to fight against these terrible conditions that are as had as in any industry.

J. B., Los Angeles, Calif.

### FARM WOMEN MUST ORGANIZE

Of all the women who toil, the lot of the farm woman is the hardest from early morning until mid-night. Her evenings are generally spent darning stockings, patching clothes, or knitting for the family.

The margin of income is so small, by the time taxes, interest on the mortgage, feed for the animals are paid for, there is little or nothing at all left for new clothes.

In our own family one new suit of clothing for better wear was bought in eleven years.

On the majority of farms the women are still using primitive methods of housework. In spite of modern improvements, many are without electricity.



Childbirth for the farm woman is hazardous. In our community the doctor makes only one call and that is at time of birth of the child, he charges \$25 for that. Very often children are born without the presence of a doctor.

On the American farm it has always been necessary for the entire family to work as an economic unit in order to obtain a living. The standard of living of the small middle farmer has always been low. Since the economic crisis, it has reached such a low level that the farmer and his family are suffering for the very necessities of life.

Pellagra, a most dreaded disease, is threatening the very life of our Negro and poor white families, especially in the South.

The farm papers, who represent the interests of the Harvester trust, the Fertilizer trust, the food trust, the bankers and insurance interests, try to tell us that the farm woman is the most contented woman in America. That is not so. We are far from being contented. Everywhere there is discontent, bitterness and hatred for a system that is evicting farmers from their homes

and which has thrown millions of workers out of a job. Before the economic crisis the farm women did not realize the close connection between the city worker and the farm. Now the unity of farmer and city worker is all important.

At the Farmers' National Relief Conference, held in Washington, D. C., last December, unity of the city worker and farmer was stressed. When the farmers asked for better prices for their products, it was clearly stated, it must not come from the city workers, but from the swollen profits of the food trust. The conference of rank and file farmers, who for the first time in history met without high-salaried officials, formulated a program of demands that if enacted would give real relief to the farm family. The program insures immediate cash relief for that section of the farm population in need of immediate relief, regardless of race, creed or color. To make evictions illegal, declare a debt holiday. Cancellation of back farm taxes and moratorium on future farm taxes during the crisis. The conference declared there is no surplus of farm products while millions of our people are starving. We delegates, Negro and white, went to the conference in trucks, in cars, and by freight. Many endured hardships. We depended on our farm neighbors to feed and house us, which they did.

As a result of this conference, the farm women are taking greater interest in their problems and show a willingness for struggle to better their conditions.

E. C., New Hampshire.

### WELFARE "LADY" GIVES NO HELP

A family of six lived in a tent for over a year as they had no work and could not get any. The N. M. U.



gave them a tent to live in. Last Saturday morning the tent caught fire and as the water was down over the hill it was impossible to put the fire out, therefore the tent burned down. Their clothes, mattresses and bed clothing also burned up. Mr. Buckhorn went to the family welfare for help. The lady that takes care of their orders and needs, well she told him she would be out Monday morning to see about them. These people had no place to go over Sunday but the welfare could not see them till Monday. The unemployed got busy and found an old tent for this family. The welfare did not come to see about this family till Tuesday. And it rained all day, Monday. The workers had gathered a little old bedding for them to get

along till they got some help from the welfare. Everything in the tent was soaking wet. Now you can plainly see the boss class cares nothing for the workers.



This family of six only gets an order of \$5.40 to live on a week, and when the welfare lady did come out to see about them she told Mr. Buckhorn to go down to the store where he gets his order and tell the storekeeper to give him something to mend his tent and take the cost of it out of his order. That means to take the bread out of the children's mouths to mend the tent and she would see what she could do for them. Now this is Wednesday evening. And it rained and snowed all last night. Still the welfare has done nothing for this family yet.

Miner's Wife, Coverdale, Pa.

### HOMELESS GIRLS—PRISONERS IN YWCA

Meager relief is doled out to unemployed women in Vancouver in script. One girl assigned to live in the Y.W.C.A. here reported that she had tried to get out of that institution but the relief officer would not permit her to leave. The reason for this is that the Y.W.C.A. gets three dollars a week for each girl on relief. They force the girls to sleep three in a room, and eat whatever poor sort of food is allotted them. The Y.W.C.A. gets \$20,000 a year grant from the Welfare Federation besides other grants from other sources for this "charitable" work, when as a matter of fact the unemployed woman in their institutions is forced to do all sorts of work in payment. The Unemployed Council and the Women's Labor League in Vancouver calls upon all workers and working women to join its ranks and fight against this intolerable, prison charity.

M. G., Vancouver, Canada.



*You're telling me!*

### TREASON?

Three men who passed out circulars signed "Communist Party, New York District, 50 East Thirteenth Street," in Union Square yesterday afternoon, calling on small depositors, workers and professional people to demand that their banks pay their accounts in full immediately, were arrested and later held in \$500 bail each for violation of the law that prohibits acts endangering the public peace.

The men first were charged with disorderly conduct, but the charge was changed in Yorkville court upon the recommendation of Assistant District Attorney Ray Leo.

"A National emergency exists and we are at war with economic forces," Mr. Leo told the court. "The action of these three defendants is almost equivalent to treason, in view of the President's proclamation."

NEW YORK TIMES, March 14.

You bet, a national emergency exists. For instance see the headlines in this same day's paper:

**J. W. HARRIMAN HELD IN MISUSE OF FUNDS OF BANK DEPOSITORS  
DREW \$1,661,170  
(of Depositors' Money)  
WITNESSES AVER**

**MARCUS AND SINGER  
(former heads of the Bank of United States)  
MUST SERVE TERMS**

### DISMISS OFFICIALS OF DETROIT BANKS



But the Daily Worker of March 16 and 17 reveals:

**No Government Guarantee of Deposits  
Reopened Banks Refuse Full Payment to Small  
Depositors.**

Is this "treason" in view of the President's proclamation?

**STARVED NEGRO DIES IN STREET:  
REFUSED HOSPITAL ASSISTANCE**

New York.—Starvation and neglect, two of the many traps set for the workers who live in this boss system, caught a Negro worker who died March 10 outside the pool room at 68 Lenox Avenue.

DAILY WORKER, March 15, 1933.

Yet in Brazil they burn coffee for fuel; in Michigan they dump milk on the roadways; and California they make plans to destroy 90% of the next orange crop—all because "there is no market" (meaning no big profits), unless a food shortage is created.

### ADMIRAL BYRD LAUDS REDUCTION PROGRAM

He Says Roosevelt Will Trim Expenses Wisely  
And Calls for Support of Nation.

NEW YORK TIMES, March 11.



### TALE OF POVERTY GETS BYRD'S AIDE A JOB

J. S. O'Brien told yesterday of the chain of events that sent him penniless to the park benches, where he was recently discovered, destitute and on the verge of suicide, by a friend.

Mr. O'Brien was one of the volunteer members of the Byrd Antarctic expedition and a member of the Larry Gould party that made the long dog sled trip from Little America to the mountain barrier surrounding the South Pole. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor in 1931.

NEW YORK TIMES, March 13.

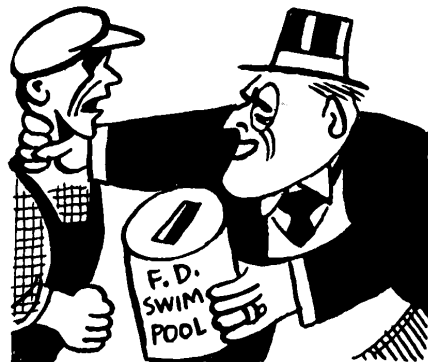
Evidently Byrd not only favors trimming expenses but also trimming workers—like his friend Roosevelt.

### ALL NEW YORK TO BUY F. D. SWIMMING POOL

Employed and unemployed, sick and well, old and young, rich and poor—New Yorkers all, they proved yesterday the unique place President Roosevelt holds in the hearts of his countrymen.

At the time we went to press, we had figured up that the Roosevelt Swimming Pool Fund had reached the total of \$12,022.37 in money, swimming equipment and expert services—all the free gift of people who want to see that the President gets the exercise he needs in these trying times.

N. Y. DAILY NEWS, March 16 and 17.



We wonder whether they've gotten contributions yet from the 7,000 relief workers discharged by the Gibson Committee last week for lack of funds; or the contributions of the Negro workers of Harlem who were refused admission to the Municipal Swimming Pool last summer.

# ORGANIZE—FIGHT!

HOW THE UNITED COUNCIL OF WORKING CLASS WOMEN TOOK PART IN INT'L WOMEN'S DAY

March 8, 1933 marked the height of hardships and misery for the working women in the United States. In New York City both working women and working men are carrying on bitter fights against high rents, which culminate in rent strikes. Members of the Women's Council are particularly active in this struggle. A number of our Councils are taking direct charge of the struggle and are leading it successfully. At the Home Relief Buros and around Public Schools our organization is constantly fighting for immediate relief.

In preparation for March 8th our organization carried on discussions in all of the 40 local Councils and also in International Worker's Order branches and Workers Clubs, where the significance and importance of I. W. O. was brought out. We sold 1000 copies of the pamphlet "Women Who Work" and 1600 buttons. One thousand copies of the new "Working Woman" magazine were sold and 200 posters were sent out. Mass meetings were called in four of the sections where struggles had been carried on, 12,000 leaflets were distributed thruout the city to which several thousand workers responded.

## MEMBERSHIP DRIVE.

The organization is now involved in a membership drive. As a result of the above activities we are constantly adding members to our ranks to mobilize them for further struggles that working women are confronted with. Within the last three and a half months we have gained 580 members. Nine new Councils were organized three of which are in Negro neighborhoods.

## THE WORKING WOMAN.

The "Working Woman" as a magazine was very much welcomed by our members. The first issue was sold as quickly as it came off the press. 1000 copies were disposed of in no time. We fully appreciate a woman's magazine of such a character as the "Working Woman" and will try and help to make it a real broad mass paper. We also know the financial difficulties of the magazine, and affairs and house parties were and are being arranged for the purpose of raising funds. Our quota for subscriptions is 100, so far we have gotten 15 new subscribers and are intensifying our drive to get more, so as to get the working women to read a real workers' magazine instead of the trashy magazines now being read by them. In the "Working Woman" we find full expression for our daily problems and the solution for them.

Let every council elect a Worker-correspondent. It is through worker's letters that our readers hear of real, active struggles by women workers. We call on our members to fulfill our quota of subscriptions. Our slogan is, "Every Working Woman a Reader and Subscriber to the Working Woman."

Central Executive Committee of the United Council of Workingclass Women.



Library scene in the Soviet Union. Under the pictures of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, the women workers, freed from household drudgery, study the works of these great leaders.

## WE NEED ORGANIZATION

The number of jobless women in Superior is very large. Thru the rotten conditions many women of Superior have been forced into degrading positions, for the most part the younger women and girls.

Girls working in the large chain stores such as Woolworth's, Kresger's and the main chain grocery stores have received a number of cuts in their wages but they have no organization, and the girls have not voiced their protests for fear of losing their jobs. Some of the girls support large families on wages that wouldn't support one girl in the way that she should live.

The conditions are pitiable. Only thru organization can they improve. No organization has ever been tried among these working girls in Superior. There is a crying need right now. R.

## FINLEYVILLE, PA.

Here in Finleyville the Red Cross established a station for clothing.

Two weeks ago, one of our women went down to get a dress for herself. They gave her only one, and the next week she went to get some more but Mrs. McChain, and Boyer, who is in charge told her to wash the one at night so it dries, then she will be able to put it on in the morning.

But we women of our auxiliary took this question up. We are all organized, ready to march down this Friday and will have our lists of names of all those in need of immediate clothing, women and children both.

We all are determined to take the clothes ourselves if it will not be given in a peaceful way.

We also have our members lined up on speaking, and organizing the women, to get ready for April 1st.

Julia Radich,

Member of Women's Auxiliary Nat'l Miners Union

# FASCISM IN GERMANY



An orgy of patriotism is sweeping over Germany. The sound of "Deutschland Uber Alles" is re-echoing from the Rhine to the Polish border. The old Kaiser uniform, the old German militarism is revived again. Prussianism has dressed itself in the coat of fascism.

The coming of Hitler, of Fascism into power in Germany unchained a murderous reign of terror against the workingclass, against the Jewish people and the national minorities. In the first weeks of Hitler's power, Thaelmann, Torgler and tens of thousands of Communists, of militant Socialist workers have been tortured, jailed by the bloody fascist bands. Hitlerism is financed by the German Junkers, by the big financiers, by the princes of Hohenzollern and the other criminals who for many long years have been strangling the German working class. The fascist regime in Germany is the open dictatorship of big capital established as an attempt to overcome the crisis by putting the entire burden on the shoulders of the working class. It means more exploitation, greater wage slavery and more reaction.

...It means not only a drive against the already low standard of living of the German toilers, but also a more ruthless attack against the working class in all capitalist countries.

The coming into power of fascism in Germany is sharpening tremendously the contradictions between Germany and France, Germany and Poland. All over Europe a feverish preparing of the guns is going on. In Germany itself the police, the Hitlerite bands, the faithful dogs of the Kaiser; steel-helmet troops; are militarized, not only for murderous attacks against the Communists, the social-democratic workers, the German toilers in general, but also to prepare for war. The atmosphere reeks of gun powder.

From the end of the World War, 1918, until recent days, the road to fascism was paved by the social-democratic leaders, who are responsible for the strangling of the revolution in 1918, responsible for the murder of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. The same people who elected Hindenburg, the old Kaiser's general, representative of the Junkers, financiers and Wilhelm the II in Germany. The social-democratic leaders are responsible for the coming of Hitler into power through their sabotage of militant action by the working class, through their sabotage against the general strike.

## BEYOND THE POLAR CIRCLE

(Continued from page 7)

The Russian was interested in this intelligent young girl, who rebelled at her slavery.

"Let her speak," he said sternly.

"The men are no better than we are," she went on stormily, "why should we shiver during the long, cold nights, in our corner which is called 'unclean,' while they take the best skins to lie on? Last year the second wife of Ostrolenk was drowned in the lake five miles north of here, and now it is called the unclean lake, the accursed lake . . ."

"You are right," nodded the stranger, "the women are not well treated, and I as well as many others are being sent by the Soviet Union to educate the people, to free the women. There will be a school and a hospital where the sick will be cared for. See, I have brought books with me," and he took a book out of his valise which he handed to the girl. She grasped it eagerly, and knelt near the fire, holding the book so that the light fell on its pages. It was a simple reader for children, illustrated with pictures.

"Would you like to be able to read?"

For the working class movement, fascism in Germany means the most ruthless exploitation, slavery, slashing of wages, slashing of relief in other capitalist countries as well. The experiences of fascism in Italy and Poland, in the Balkan countries shows to what point the fascist dictatorship is oppressing the working women. They are slaves to the factory and slaves to the church. It means the loss of any bourgeois civil rights, it means jail, torture and bestiality.

Hundreds of thousands of working women are smarting in the jails of Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Poland, for having fought shoulder to shoulder with the working men against fascist terror. The crimes, the atrocities committed against women in the fascist countries overshadow the brutalities of the Spanish Inquisition and are living documents of proof of how in the epoch of bourgeois "civilization" women were tortured and raped.

But the bourgeoisie in its reaction against the working class does not blush with shame. It is cold and brutal under the banner of bourgeois civilization, which means liberty for the few capitalists to suck the blood of the masses, ruthless in its reaction.

Today thousands of working women are in the jails, in the newly built prison barracks in Germany. We must rush to their defense. The working class, the working women all over the world, must stop the hands of the brutes, the hands of the criminal fascist bands gathered by the bourgeoisie.

Working class women of the United States! Raise your voices! Raise your indignant protest over the bloody regime going on in Germany. Flood the German ambassador in Washington D. C., with protests. Assist in this manner the struggle of the German toilers, the struggle of the working class women, of your German sisters.

The German proletariat is not destroyed. Today it is more alive than ever. It is on the road that will overthrow the brutal Hitler fascist regime of exploitation and reaction and will establish a real democratic Germany—a Workers' and Farmers' Government.

"Oh yes," she answered eagerly.

"I shall be here a few days and will teach you the alphabet. Later on more people will come who will teach you to read many books. Then perhaps you in turn can show other women how to read, and help in other ways. It will not be easy, as the men at first will make it hard for a woman to do such things."

"I am not afraid," she said proudly.

"Yaptik says that you have no name."

"That is true," she answered bitterly, "and even the dogs have names."

"I am going to call you Anna Khorolia, after a brave woman who gave her life for others."

"I thank you for the name. It is a fine name."

There were shouts and the noise of footsteps outside. The men were returning. Yaptik shouldered his way through the doorway, threw down a great bundle of furs, and stood glaring about like a surly bull.

Anna silently handed the book back to the visitor, and started to walk away, but a heavy hand fell on her shoulder and jerked her about.

WHAT HAPPENED? Read the May issue of THE WORKING WOMAN.

