

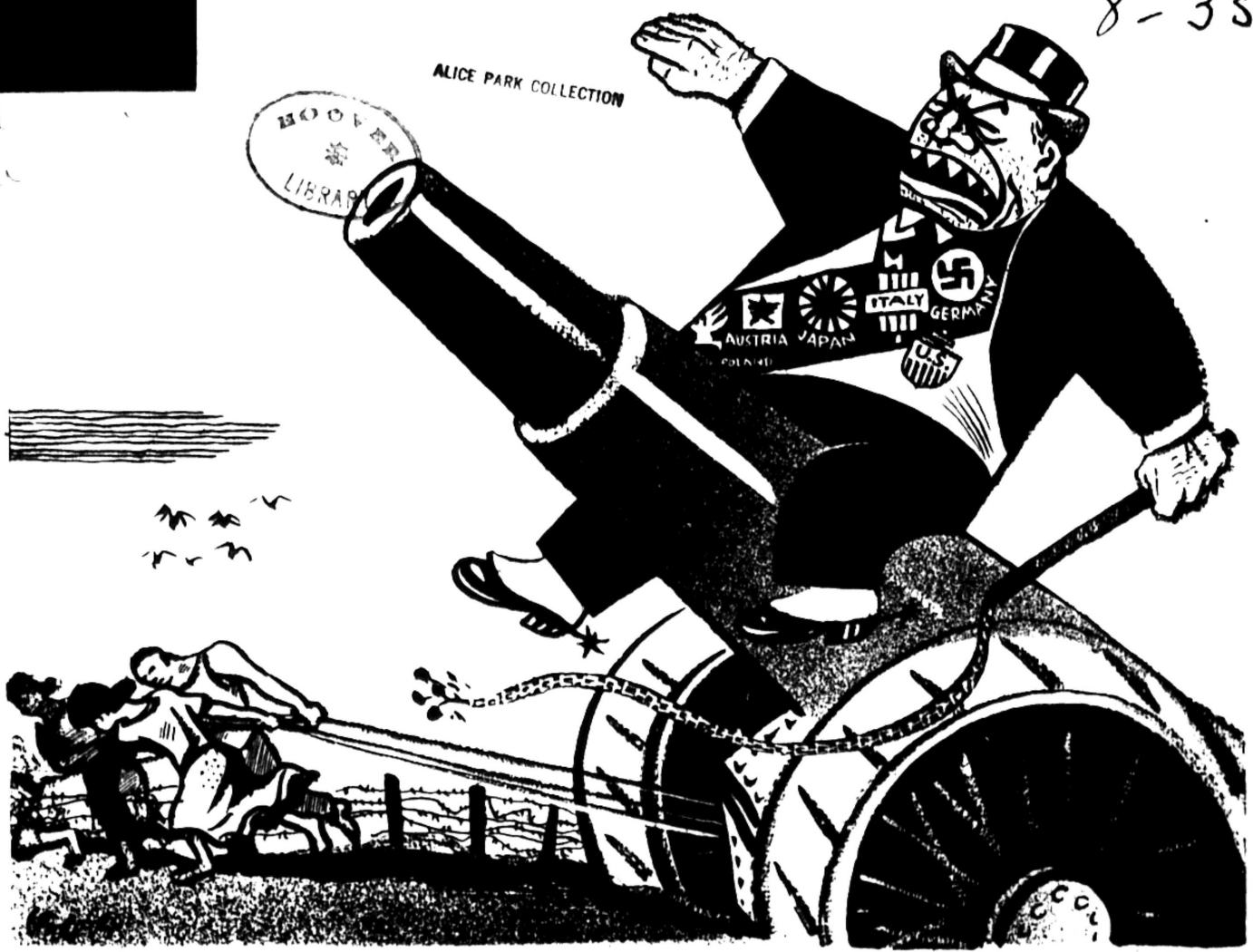
Communist

The Working Woman

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William Grohby

ONE MILLION WOMEN
AGAINST WAR!

A DANGEROUS
WOMAN

AUGUST, 1935

5c

THE Working Woman

MARGARET COWL, Editor

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Attention — Readers

It costs real money to print the *Working Woman*. We know that you have appreciated its improvement for we have 2,000 more circulation this month than in August of last year BUT—

If we are to put out a larger-sized magazine in October, as we are planning; if we are to continue spreading its "The Way Out" message to thousands more women who are suffering and longing for direction, we must call your attention to our serious financial situation at once.

This is an urgent call for all forces to come to the aid of the *Working Woman*.

Readers! Subscribe now; get your friends to subscribe. Yearly subscriptions are our life-blood.

Don't put off answering this call for support until "later!" ACT NOW.

Roosevelt Prepares for War

"WE don't want war" will sound throughout the entire world on August 1, International Anti-War Day. In all the big cities of this country millions of men and women will parade and demonstrate against the New Deal war plans. The Gold Star Mothers will remember that the last war robbed them of their sons while the profiteers made millions. The veterans' wives will remember that the last war gave them crippled, shell-shocked husbands,

and that a bonus was promised—but where is that bonus?

The war widows and war orphans will remember the price they paid for the war "to make the world safe for democracy," for the "war to end war." Where is that democracy and peace we heard so much about? Has the Roosevelt New Deal given it to us?

Just take a look at Roosevelt's latest gift to labor—the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill. This bill has been hailed by William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, as the "Magna Charta" of labor. But Mr. Green has a habit of praising anti-labor bills. Remember his enthusiasm for the N.R.A. Examine the Wagner Bill closely and you find that it is anti-labor, encourages company unions and compulsory arbitration. It gives great power to the National Labor Boards. The women textile workers who fought so bravely in the great Textile Strike of September, 1934, the wives of the auto workers and the steel workers cannot easily forget how the labor boards (backed by Green) sold them out, and forced them to accept starvation wages, and speed-up. Is this democracy? It looks to us more like the terroristic union-smashing methods of Hitler.

Peace? Do you know that Roosevelt, the champion of peace, spent over one billion dollars on war preparations up to June 30, 1934, and that he has recently approved the spending of \$458,694,479 for the navy—the biggest peace time naval appropriation.

Oh, yes, there's plenty of money for war, says our big-hearted President. But not a cent for real workers' unemployment insurance, for real farm relief, or for the bonus. Why even the new four billion dollar works' relief program is in large part a war program.

Seven hundred and fifty millions have already gone for the C.C.C. camps, and it's an open secret that the C.C.C. camps are really military training camps. That's what the New Deal Assistant Secretary of War Woodring said in *Liberty Magazine* not so long ago.

And we have good reason to suspect that the worthy gentleman knows what he's talking about.

We're No Longer Blind

Some of us wonder—who wants war anyway? Surely not we women working in factories, stores and offices. We don't want to give up our sons and husbands for another mad slaughter. Who then wants war? The answer is big business. The millionaires who make profits out of war. But this time big business will find the women and men of the working class not so easily bamboozled into sacrificing themselves for the glory of the House of Morgan. We women declare that we will fight every trick and attempt to plunge us into such a war. We are wise to the patriotic talk which is meant to blind us to the real causes of war. But we women are no longer blind.

We are beginning to see clearly. We know the way to stop war. We know that united action of all women and all men who hate war and fascism is powerful enough to check the war plans and the growth of fascism which the New Deal is fostering.

We have learned through bitter experience on the picket line, at the relief stations, that for all his sweet words Roosevelt is not our friend. He has shown himself to be the mouth-piece of big business. We women workers want to make ourselves heard. Only a party controlled by us, by the trade unions—a real labor party—can speak for us and protect our interests. Only a real labor party will demand that the billions spent for war be spent to feed the unemployed, to tear down fire-trap tenements, and set up decent houses for us workers to live in.

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

One Million Women Against WAR!

Mussolini in Fascist Italy reviews eight-year-old boys to whom he has given guns. The smile on his face seems to say, "More soldiers for more wars!" How can mothers feel when their youngsters are being trained to kill others and to be slaughtered themselves?



IT is just a little over two months since the campaign for total disarmament began. A million signatures that are to be presented at the opening of Congress after its summer recess, is the goal. Already similar campaigns are being carried on by women in other countries who are connected with the Women's Committee of the World Committee against War and Fascism.

Women Support Peace Action

The Women's Committee of the American League knew that such a petition would go over in this country. We knew that the women of America would back a movement demanding that war funds be spent for unemployment, maternity and old age insurance. The way the petition is being received showed that we were right.

I remember our first trade-union-signed petition that came into the office. It came from a baker's local, and all the men in that local—Number 639—had signed and endorsed it with the official seal. One of the men brought it in to us. "Does it count?" he asked anxiously. It was feared that only women were privileged to sign the petition! Since that time we have

By Dorothy McConnell

Secretary of the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism

had many union locals who have signed.

A preacher wrote me that after the morning service his entire congregation stood in line at the altar to sign the petitions. He enclosed it with the names and occupations of his congregation. They were housewives, teachers, storekeepers, farmers, and school children. Miners from Ohio and Pennsylvania have sent their names. In one case a whole town in the Mesaba Range signed the petition. But the most active groups of all have been the farmers' wives, who are circulating 4,000 petitions. Signatures are beginning to come in and it is exciting to read them. They come from towns all over the middle west; some of them are tiny villages with only a dozen houses in the village. The country, the factories, the mines, the churches, have united in some way on the total disarmament petition.

It was in Paris, one year ago, at the Women's World Congress Against War and Fascism that the petition drive began.

The Women's Committee of the American League sent a delegation to that Congress which was attended by 1,050 women delegates and observers from all parts of the world. We delegates were eager to work out ways of stopping war preparations and the growth of fascism in our own lands. I, for one, felt that in France the feeling against war and fascism ran high. But I could not feel so sure of my own country. Some of the English women felt the same way. But they were pleasantly surprised. Shortly afterwards they saw a peace ballot—similar to our petition—presented in Parliament for which six million English people had signed their names.

"War—What For?"

We did not realize how ready men and women all over the world are to express themselves for their peace and freedom. Women, who have never made themselves articulate enough in their fight against war are now saying: "We will not sacrifice our sons and husbands for another imperialist war." Patriotic catchwords are being recognized today for what they are. Women are asking "War—what for?"

Evidently they have discovered the answer to that question. It explains the way they have thrown themselves into the anti-war work. It explains why these women are backing the MILLION SIGNATURE DRIVE, which is the most effective answer to the Roosevelt war plans.

Women Must Fight War

These petitions must be spread. War is an immediate danger. Germany, with the support of Great Britain, is building up a war machine and is aiming to attack the Soviet Union, the workers' Fatherland; fascist Italy threatens to attack Ethiopia, the only independent Negro country; Japan in-

vades Northern China. And amidst all this war-madness, the Soviet Union stands out as the champion of peace. The Franco-Soviet Peace pact and other peace pacts pushed by the Soviet Union are instruments of peace. We women must support this movement for peace and freedom. We must demand of fascist Italy, "Keep your guns out of Ethiopia!" Every women's club, church organization and trade union, that has not done so, should circulate and endorse the anti-war petitions. Send for them at once. They can be secured from the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

"A Dangerous Woman"

The Story of Courageous Stella Petrovsky

From Material Collected
By Martha Kieth

According to the "best people" of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., there is a "dangerous woman" at large. Stella Petrovsky is her name. Wife of a coal miner, mother of eight American-born youngsters, this tall strong, blond woman of 36 faces deportation to Poland.

What makes her "dangerous?" Why is the American government anxious to send her out of the country? The following short story of her life will give workers a good idea of what Stella Petrovsky has done to merit the close attention of our so-called "guardians of law and order."

STELLA and her daughter Alice took part in the first nation-wide unemployed demonstration on March 6, 1930, when over a million and a quarter people from coast to coast demanded more relief. They had their first experience with police terror in Wilkes-Barre. About 75 people assembled but there were more police than people. Before the Chairman's first sentence, police threw a tear-gas bomb and everyone ran. All were searched for non-existent weapons. Four were arrested but released after questioning.

In spite of this beginning, Stella began to feel that organization was the only hope for help. Things were not well at home. Her husband, Thomas, was drinking pretty heavily. He could see no way out of the poverty of a working miner and became quarrelsome and brutal. The situa-

tion grew so bad that Stella began to fear for the effect on the children. She tried to reason with him, to show him that she was not to blame for the rotten conditions and at times he would seem to understand. Then things would grow black again and he would drink himself out of his misery into brutality.

Once when Stella was sick in the hospital, a social worker spoke to her very plainly and urged her to divorce her husband. Even though she did not believe in divorce, she decided to do so for the sake of her children and moved to Wilkes-Barre from the small coal town of Ashley where they had been living.

When there was no longer even meager support for the family, they were forced to take to relief. For many weeks this was less than \$5 a week for nine people. There was no

other allowance for rent or lights, coal or water. Stella would herself go out to pick coal because she thought it dangerous for the children. It was nearly impossible to feed so many on so little.

Organization Wins Relief

After literally years of starving, Stella heard that the Unemployment Councils, organized in 1933, would help her. There she found out that according to the relief budget she should be getting \$10 a week for food. They went with her on a committee and took this up with the board. Her relief was increased at once.

And this was how she got her first ton of coal in the winter-time: when she told the Council that she could not cook without coal and that the relief kept promising but that the coal did not come; the committee got busy. When Stella got home the coal was already in the cellar. Results taught her that organization brings strength.

Knowing that her battle was not the only one to be fought, she joined the Council and began helping her neighbors in every way she could.

She helped organize the first "Hunger March" which demanded increases in relief, coal, milk, shoes. Her children and hundreds of others marched as they were, bare-footed, carrying empty milk bottles. The Times Leader of July 3, 1934, reported "100 Children Parade in Blistering Heat; Leaders Secure Audience with Relief Chief."

Stella's next activity was a big victory. A family was to be evicted and appealed to the Council. A committee was elected to reason with the owners and a large number of workers gathered at the home where the eviction was to take place. The police arrived and tried to break up the gathering crowd. Clubs were swung right and left and Stella was arrested, getting a bad bruise which still bothers her. The newspapers wrote plenty about the eviction. A committee went to the mayor and insisted that the four who were arrested be released at once. Stella and her daughter Genevieve, were freed with apologies from the mayor for the police brutality and a promise that no further evictions would take place in Wilkes-Barre. The others were released the next morning when a police station packed with workers frightened the Chief. He did not dare send them to jail.

But the people she helped were not the only ones who now took notice of Stella Petrovsky. Almost every night the police patrol car would go by and throw its spotlight on her porch. Sometimes a car would stop and, after a while, go on.

Schoolboys Imprisoned

Then the miners' strike against the Glen Alden Coal Company began. Several schoolboys were sent to jail for a year because they had stones in their pockets. Their fellow students in the G.A.R. High School decided to strike for their release. The strike spread to Dana Street Public School and Stella kept her children out. When she saw police riding on horses, firing into the air to frighten the children into school, she got together with her neighbors and organized a committee to protest to the mayor.

"It is not safe," she said, "for children to be on the street whether they are going to school or staying home." The committee was refused admittance but the Chief of Police told them not to worry. Tomorrow there would be more police and more horses! It was on the charge of leading this strike that Stella was later arrested. That was given as the main excuse but there were other charges.

One day in April, as Stella was baking bread and preparing lunch for her children, some men came into the kitchen. They said, "Come with us!" When she wanted to know where and why, they said someone wanted to see her downtown to ask her a few questions. She said the children would be home for lunch soon—would it take long? Oh, no, they said, it will only take a little while, you'll be back before that. When Stella got into the car, they shoved a paper at her and she knew she was under arrest. She thought she was a citizen because she thought her husband was. They showed her she was not.

She was charged with being an undesirable alien under four specific counts, but especially because she was a "member of an organization affiliated with an organization that believes in the destruction of property and overthrowing the government by violence." This was a false charge since the Councils are not affiliated with any political organization. Held on bail of \$1,000, Stella Petrovsky was released only after two nights spent in jail and after the pressure and indignation of her friends reduced the bail

to \$500, which was paid by a member of the Civil Liberties Union.

At the hearing in her case no defense witnesses were allowed. Irving Schwab acted as her lawyer for the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born which had taken up her fight.

The hearing was a farce. The first witness, Mr. Henning, Headmaster of the G.A.R. High School testified Stella called the school strike. He declared she said, "Organize! Bomb the houses of kids that don't strike. Break windows." Schwab in cross-questioning obtained an admission from Mr. Henning that he had never seen Stella before in his life. The testi-



Stella Petrovsky is an "undesirable alien" according to the bosses in Wilkes-Barre and the Department of Labor is always willing to oblige these gentlemen. If the Department, headed by Frances Perkins, stood for the workers' interests, it would not be trying to deport this fine woman; fighter for relief; admirable mother; militant, courageous worker. Her eight children need her, American workers and their children need her, and we can still save her from being shipped to fascist Poland where dungeons wait for militant workers.

mony by detectives was of the same stripe.

A Stella Petrovsky Defense Committee was set up to aid in the fight against her deportation. At a conference, there was even testimony from Mrs. McCarthy, local relief administrator. She is herself a widowed mother of six and had received most of Stella's complaints to the relief bureau. She said: "I come here to show everybody that I, for one, think that Stella Petrovsky is a most desirable type of woman to have in this community or any other, and a wonderful mother to her own children and also to the children of many poor miners. She is not a 'dangerous woman.' During

the last two years I have come to admire Stella more and more. She has come before me as many as two or three times a week, bringing cases nobody else would touch with a ten-foot pole. I don't know what would happen to the children in the mine patches if Stella were deported."

The final hearing on Stella's case was on this June 24. The Director of Relief submitted a letter stating how much had been paid Stella's family and also a letter from the "poor district." All this was to prove that it would be cheaper if Stella were deported—separated from her children.

The testimony has already been sent to Washington. It is now up to us

* "A Dangerous Woman" by Sprad, 3 cents each; published by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Candlewicks — Cheap

The Sweatshop Goes Rural

By Mary Ellen Stoner

SWEATSHOPS? Who would think of sweatshops on a bright, sunny day in northern Georgia's country of small cotton farms? Could it be true that the sweatshop, so familiar to the exploited millions in large cities, has reached out its ugly hand to crush the life from women and children of small towns and rural districts? City folk are used to thinking of the farm as a place where "at least they have fresh vegetables, milk and eggs." The city mother doesn't realize the plight of her sisters "in the country" who are suffering from the evils of the capitalist system just as much as she is.

Such is the case in northern Georgia. Families throughout this region live on a starvation level. They used to manage to make ends meet working small cotton farms, but the depression and the Roosevelt cotton program have ground them down. When they reached the point when they had to pick a hundred pounds of cotton for 50 cents and less, work at which the

expert could make only a little over a dollar a day, they thought the bottom had been reached in hand-to-mouth living. But the bosses always on the look-out for "cheap labor" have stepped in to the picture and now the sweatshop has settled in the midst of these poverty-stricken people.

From Calhoun down to Atlanta the clotheslines of the cabin housewives have become the shop window for beautiful hand-worked candlewick bedspreads. These are offered to the tourist customer who drives by. Some get the impression that these spreads with their colorful designs vivid in the sun are the product of the thrift and industry of these housewives, spending their leisure hours in this profitable way to earn a little "pin money." But behind this display of handicraft looms the ugly head of the sweatshop.

Hundreds of women, with tired and undernourished bodies are living evidence of sweatshop conditions. All

complicated designs which often cover every inch of the cloth.

I talked to these women in Georgia. They told me the companies send out agents to teach them the work. While they learn they are paid nothing. It is hard work, but not difficult to learn, yet they are kept working for days while the company benefits from their labor and pays them nothing. When they are finally considered good enough they sometimes work by the hour, but most of the work is piece-work done in their homes. These women work under terrific nervous strain. It takes an expert a day to make a spread. And if she happens to snip a tiny rent in the cloth or makes a mis-stitch, she gets nothing for all her labor. The company very kindly gives her the "opportunity" to buy the spread and sell it for what she can get, otherwise she receives nothing.

One woman told me,—"I worked for two days on a spread, but I was so nervous for fear I would do something wrong, I gave it to a woman I know to finish. Neither one of us got a cent. They said a few stitches were not like the others. Believe me, if I had known the name of that company, I would have started a fight." This woman said that a neighbor



worked hard to make ten spreads and all she received was \$1.90.

These women don't want to take such treatment without a murmur. They are in a fighting mood. They watch their standard of living drop day by day and they want to do something about it. Organization is the crying need of these isolated housewives. Only a short link is needed to unite them in militant protest for better conditions with women in the small rural towns who are also exploited
(Continued on page 15)

The Results of The "Meat Strike"

Farmers, Consumers Join to Fight Food Trusts

By Clara Shavelson

Meat Strike Leader

THE splendid fight carried on by the New York housewives against the meat trusts, for cheaper meat, came to a close on June 22, after more than a thousand shops reduced meat prices. Four weeks of picketing, demonstrating before wholesale meat packers, and battling police and gangsters convinced the meat trusts that the housewives of New York meant business.

Nation-Wide Strike

The slogan, "Stop Buying Meat Until Prices Come Down!" reached into every part of the city. Butcher stores closed down and the meat packers were forced to come down in their

prices to the retail butchers. As a result, many butchers settled with the Action Committee agreeing to a reduction of four and five cents on the pound. In Harlem, meat was reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

The meat packers and the Department of Agriculture in Washington, tried to make the strikers' delegation from New York and Chicago believe that the farmer and the drought are to blame for the high price of food. But the delegation would not fall for this. They knew the truth—that while prices remained sky-high—there are millions of tons of meat stored in the Chicago warehouses, that the meat packers are the only ones profiting

from these high prices. The meat trusts gyp the farmers by paying low prices for their live stock and then charge the consumers high prices for meat.

The strike in New York pushed forward the fight against the high cost of living in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Boston, Paterson and Los Angeles. This nation-wide sweep threw panic into the meat packers who began using terror and malicious lies in an effort to split the ranks of the strikers. Under these circumstances, the Action Committee realized that to continue the strike was to play into the hands of the meat packers. The time had come to end the strike and to make preparation for a bigger and better fight against the high cost of living.

At the final strike conference which was attended by 214 delegates, the decision was made to begin at once to prepare for a nation-wide fight against the high cost of living. Committees that led the strike have become the permanent committees against the high cost of living, and have the job of lining up the consumers, trade unions, farmers and small butchers into a united struggle against the meat trusts.

Plans are under way to circulate a petition calling for a two-day stoppage to take place in early autumn. Local and regional conferences are being arranged. These are to culminate in a National Consumers' Congress which will be held in Washington some time in late winter.

Start the Ball Rolling

Housewives: farm women! Set up action committees on the farms, in apartment houses, on your blocks. Take it on yourselves to get every one, regardless of nationality or political belief—everyone who wants cheaper prices—into these committees. Start the ball rolling for a movement that will sweep the country like wildfire and force the millionaire meat packers to come down in their robber prices.

Depression Lullaby

By L. Banks

(Tune: "Rock-a-Bye Baby")

Rock-a-bye baby, sleep quiet and long,
Your poor dear mother
Sings you a song.
Your father's not working
He's walking the street,
Don't wake, don't cry dear
We've nothing to eat.

Rock-a-bye baby, depression is on
There is no work dear
In this old town,
The rich men's children
Are getting the best
But there's no milk
In your mother's breast.

Rock-a-bye baby, the bosses are rich
They've thrown us workers
Into a ditch.
The workers are rising
To fight it through,
Grow fast my baby
We'll need you too.



day long they work on these spreads, materials for which are sent to them through agents by companies in Dalton and Calhoun, Georgia. They are paid by the "piece," 17 to 30 cents per spread for back-breaking work on

Equality for Women

In Fascist Germany

Hitler preaches that women are inferior. But he conveniently forgets this when dealing with the heroic anti-fascist women. In his torture chambers and on the executioners' block there is "equality" for women. In the first four months of 1935, 74 women were jailed and tortured. Here are some of his latest atrocities:

Helen Glatzer, arrested because of her fight against war, was slaughtered in prison. She was tortured for a long time until finally the police announced that she was dead. Lucie Hubsch, a militant anti-fascist, disappeared from Kiel, where she was arrested in October, 1934, and brutally maltreated. It is feared that she may have been assassinated by the Gestapo (secret police).

In Fascist Austria

In June of this year, the Austrian government decreed that all persons of both sexes would have to register for army work. This is equality for women—fascist style.

In Soviet Russia

A few days ago Mrs. N. Krupskaya, widow of the great leader, Lenin, speaking in Moscow before a national congress of young women, said: "The mother instinct is noble, and we consider it a great force; but we do not want women to devote their lives to rearing children only. We do not want this or any other aspect of their married lives to separate them from public work." Here alone, in this workers' and farmers' State, is there real freedom and equality for women.

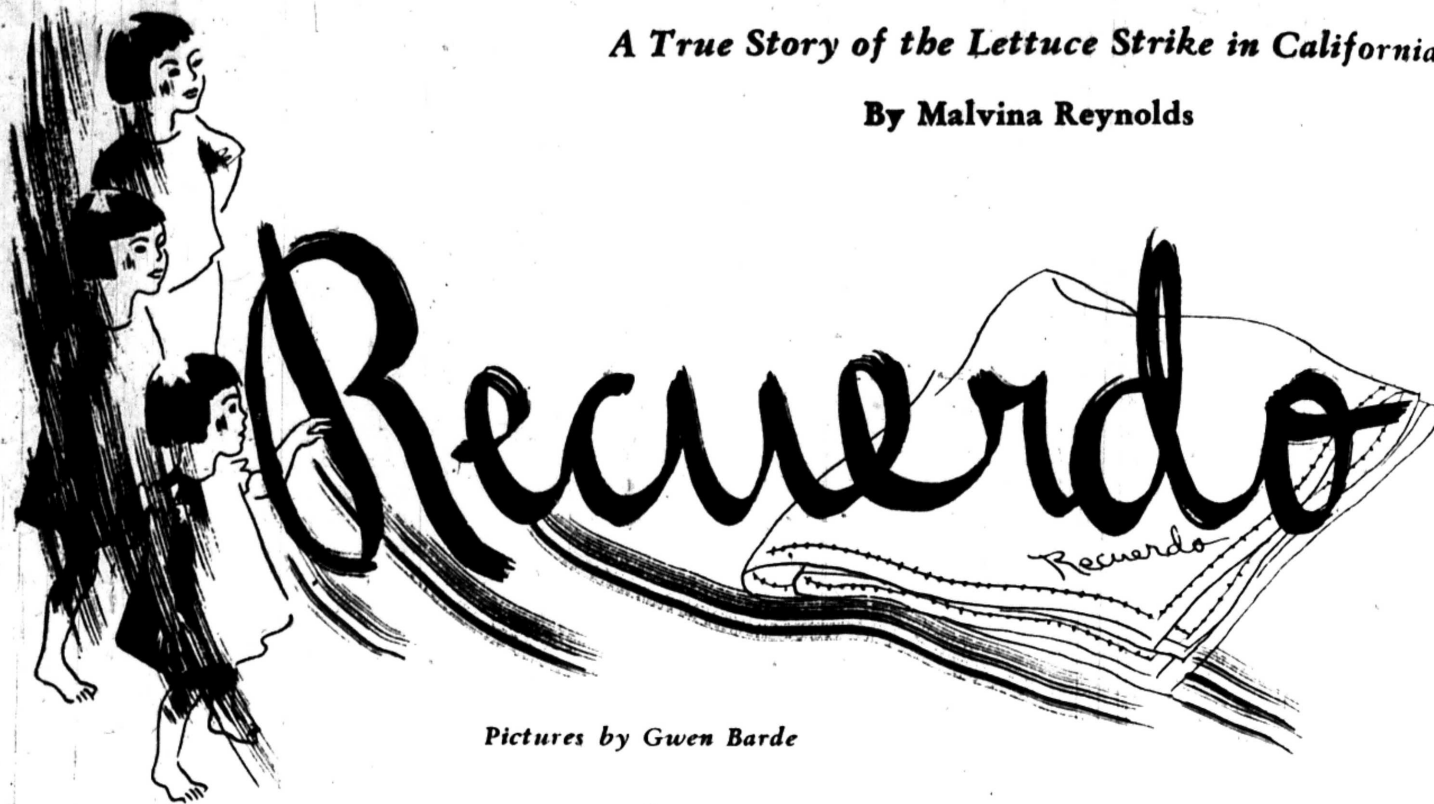
How to Fight Fascism

The French people know how to do it! They showed it on July 14, Bastille Day, which is the French Fourth of July.

Over 200,000 men, women and children marched through the streets of Paris, shouting, "FASCISM SHALL NOT PASS!" Socialists, Radical-Socialists (one of the largest political parties in France) and Communists—factory workers, office workers and veterans presented a determined united front in defense of their rights. That's the way to do it in this country. We women ought to show our men a thing or two and take the lead in making August 1, International Anti-War Day another July 14.

A True Story of the Lettuce Strike in California

By Malvina Reynolds



Pictures by Gwen Barde

I KNEW the little girl who was killed by tear gas thrown into the union hall at Brawley by police and vigilantes during the lettuce strike.

Her name was Cruce, which means "crucifix," and she was one of three children of young Emanuel Gutierrez, agricultural worker and trucker.

I was directed to Emanuel's house, a board shack in the "colonia," when I went to Oxnard to meet with the executive committee of the local union during the beet strike.

I arrived in the afternoon, and stayed with Mary Gutierrez and her babies till the meeting there in the evening. The boy Atanacio, Cruce, and Nene, the little one, had been playing in the yard, plowed into deep dust by the trucks and cars. Emanuel had his own truck. He had paid for it with beet-thinning (three dollars a back-breaking acre, and a good man can do an acre in three days), walnut picking (you get paid by the sack, and the bosses are always slipping in bigger and bigger sacks, and then they cheat you on a sack at the count), pea picking (they always put on too many workers for a field, then the contractor can get bigger percentage of the wages, and more for meals. You pay for meals whether you eat them or not). The truck was paid for; now Emanuel was paying on a new set of

tires. But there wasn't much trucking. The market was low, and many ranchers were not even trying to sell their stuff. Emanuel couldn't haul beets while the strike was on.

One cold morning I rode with Emanuel along the seashore highway to Los Angeles when he brought in a load of cord wood. He shivered in a cheap sweater all the way. He had no coat, not even a short one. He couldn't buy a coat. He had to buy tires. He had to have a truck so he could pull himself and his family out of the furrows, so he could stop following the crops, so he could stay one place long enough for the babies to go to school. Emanuel was thin, his back ruined with stooping. His eyes had a feverish, dogged look.

I helped Mary bathe the babies—all three together, in the round galvanized iron tub taken down from the top of the wood stove. I washed Cruce's little soft black curls, and she didn't cry until the soap got in her eyes. I wiped them out with a towel. She sat quietly while I dressed her, put on her undershirt back side to and then turned it around. In honor of me she was to wear socks and shoes, her only shoes. Then while I worked at some notes, the three youngsters went through my purse, and it took the rest of the afternoon. Atanacio

learned how to screw and unscrew the top of the fountain pen, and how to snap the rings of the note book, remove the pages and replace them. Cruce opened and closed the compact, and the sweet-smelling powder covered her hands and the front of her clean cotton dress.



"Put it away," said Mary in Mexican. "Don't bother the Senora's purse." But I asked her to let them play; they were hurting nothing. Cruce understood the tone and result of what I said. Her bright, dark eyes noted me and approved of me. She was patient and explained things two or three times in her baby Mexican when I didn't seem to understand.

I met with the committee in the evening. The bosses were trying every trick to smash the union. They had begun to fire workers from jobs who did not carry the yellow card of the Mexican Alliance.

"That is a scab union, the Mexican Alliance; a rancher union."

Yes, I would know that. We did not call our union the Mexican this, or the French or German that. We organized the Mexican, the Philipino, the American agriculturos into one union to plan together and strike together for the common demands.

Now we considered how to meet these attacks, how to work in the Alliance, how to carry on the picketing for the fields that had not come out yet. Old Valdez reported about the picket line of women, who were shaming the men and women into coming out of the fields.

"One of the girls," he said, "is the daughter of a contractor boss. She is helping pull her father's jobs. Her husband is a picker. She is not afraid of the cops. The women are brave."

I was to come back next week and finish organizing the defense. There would be arrests. The state police would attack the pickets on the highway, then arrest them and charge them with assault. In the courtroom they would rush things through. The defendant would not know what was going on. First thing he knew he was in jail for three months, six months. The courtroom with its pompous drone of doom in a difficult language terrified the workers more than the guns of the police.

So I came back next week, and all through the many weeks of the beet strike. The strike was lost at last. The growers decided to leave the beets in the field rather than give in so much as a cent on a crate, or dismiss even one of the useful contractors, who took on themselves all the petty jobs of tyranny and cheating. Police and vigilantes began a campaign of terror that the workers were not yet

organized to meet. The old barriers between Mexican, Philipino and American workers were not yet broken through. The strike was lost. But this was only the first of a long series of struggles that were to make the great gains for the agricultural workers in California and the west, and weld their unity in the fire of hard battle.

Meantime I came to know Mary and Emanuel and many others. Mary was a shy, undemonstrative girl. She worked hard, keeping the hopelessly rickety cabin clean, cooking for the babies, her man and her brothers, sewing on the old foot-power machine, doing her turn in the fields.

The last time I saw her, she was packing up the small belongings to be put on the truck. They were going out to the groves for orange picking. She hated to go, she told me. It was impossible to keep those tents warm, and the nights were bitter. The babies always caught cold. Mary herself was going to have another baby.

She took down the brightly painted

I sent you." I gave her an address on a card, and she stuck it hastily in her bosom.

"You don't mind my talking about it, do you?" I said.

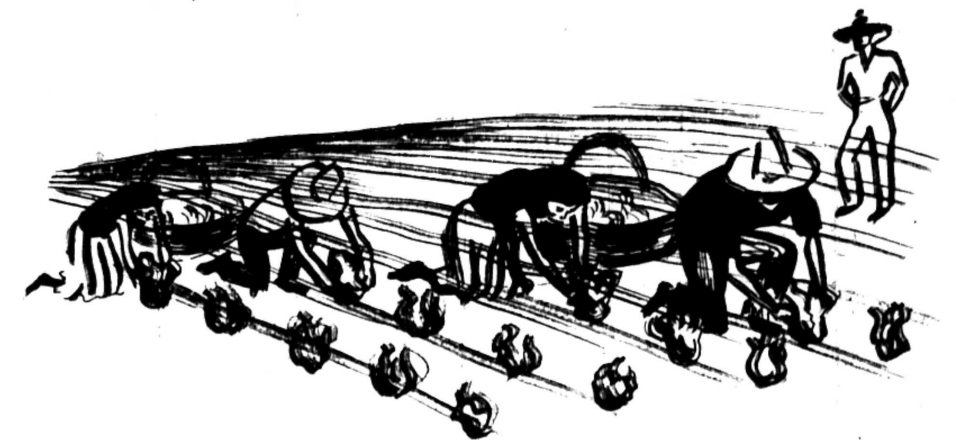
"No," said Mary. "Did you ever see the work my sister does?" She opened a small box and took out some crepe de chine handkerchiefs painstakingly embroidered. She thrust one toward me. It was bright blue, with the word "Recuerdo" embroidered across the corner. "Here," she said. "Take this one for yourself."

I thanked her. "Is it a name?" I said.

"No. That means 'remember.'"

We went into the kitchen to make tortillas for supper. Children were running and shouting in the yard.

"That Cruce," said Mary. "After you left last time, she said to me, 'Mama, I want to see that lady.' Every Friday when she thinks you are coming she makes me dress her in her nice dress and shoes." She is at her godmother's now, so that I can pack.



Mary in the front room, wrapped it carefully in bedding, and put it in the one trunk.

I asked her something that had been long in my mind. "Do you know how not to have babies, Mary?"

She shook her head.

"The priest says it's wicked," I said. "He wants lots of Atanacios to pull beets for the sons of his rancher friends in the future."

Mary's eyes blazed.

"He tells you to have babies," I said. "But he doesn't do anything at all to help Manuel take care of them. When you are in Los Angeles, at your mother's, after the baby is born, go to see the comrade doctor and tell him

But I saw Cruce that night. She came in with her godmother late, when I was sitting with the committee, in the kitchen. I heard her high voice in the front room.

"Venga, Cruce," I said softly, and she ran to me and climbed on my lap. She stayed there all through the meeting, with her hand on my arm, her head against my shoulder. I knew she should be asleep, but I let her stay.

I came back for other meetings, but Mary and Emanuel were gone. The people in these agricultural towns shifted and changed. It was hard to build a permanent organization and train leaders.

(Continued on page 14)

"I take pen in hand—"

Letters to "The Way Out" Column

Morgantown, Va.

Dear Editor:

The conditions of the workers here in Monongalia County are very bad. The mines work but one and two days a week and some only three days a month. An unemployed worker with a family of six gets two days a week work. He works six hours a day at 40 cents an hour and makes \$4.80 a week.

Because of these conditions the children are suffering immensely. There is very little food in the house, almost limited to beans and potatoes. It is seldom that milk is seen.

The undernourishment of the children was so great and on such a wide scale that the Welfare Department was forced to feed them in most of the schools. In the grade school in Jerome Park 125 white children and 18 Negro children were fed, of course, under jim-crow conditions. In the Sabraton grade school some 125 were fed.

The feeding, however, lasted but three months. It was discontinued on May 1, proclaimed by the capitalists as a "Child Health Day." Only those children who are totally undernourished and sick are getting food now. Thus in the Jerome Park School that feed 143 children only 29 are being fed now and the Sabraton School only 25 out of 125. That all these children that are being fed now, have or will have tuberculosis is beyond any doubt.

The conditions of the children of pre-school age are just as bad. This led to the opening of six nurseries in the country for the children between two and six years of age. The admittance to the nurseries is limited to the most undernourished. It is also limited to the white children. Negro children, no matter how undernourished, are not permitted.

When they stopped feeding school children they also began to close down the nurseries. The Jerome Park nursery that took care of 38 was the first to be closed. The Unemployment Council took the initiative and drew

up a petition which was signed by every man and woman in the town. This resulted in a promise to open a new nursery and prevented the closing down of the others.

Many of the children now miss days of school because of no food. None



Pictures by Mary Morrow

A Life Story in Brief

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editor:

Was more than glad to get the paper which writes an altogether different side of the matter. I can't say I agree with that paper but I started talking to my lady friend and she got one too and likes it. I can't say I understand what it all means, some parts is hard to understand.

The picture on the front (a farmer's family—June issue—Ed.) is the spitting image of the old place I was raised in but we women folks never wore overalls 'cept when we plowed.

We come up from a little town in Georgia in '28 just afore the panic set in and been in the mill ever since.

offered some greyish-black material to the women to make underwear for themselves and the children. The Negro women were the first to refuse it, demanding a clean, white material. The white women followed. Now they are holding meetings and preparing to fight for sanitary material.

The situation in this county is becoming so bad that men and women are talking about organization and struggle against conditions. This is so especially since the announcement that the Roosevelt Security Program will pay only \$19 a month to the relief workers.

I go regular to church but think it is fine. Read what that woman, whoever she is said about us mill hands having to go. We don't have to go. The Lord's House is free to all; we're not forced to go to church.

It told about Miss Rivers and Lord only knows it sure hit where it hurt. A certain woman here took it and showed her the piece about her. I heard she nigh busted a blood vessel. Ha, Ha.

Who sent in my name as I would like to thank them as I can't send in no money. I got insurance, grocery bill, electric bill, and everything out of just \$12 a week. Have several young 'uns besides. I have a downright tough time to hold body and soul together as I am a widow woman and got no man to help me.

Please don't print my name as I will get fired if they know I write to you, especial since such a big fuss has been stirred upon the hill about you-all lambasting the Elsases who are madder than a wet hen about us reading the truth for once.

Yours truly,

A Reader and Friend

The Way Out Our Answer

Dear Friend:

Your letter was very, very welcome. We were glad to learn that you like our magazine even though you do not agree with us on everything. We want you and your friends in Atlanta to feel that this is your magazine, and that any time you want to write anything it will be printed. We are sure that we agree on the main things—the really important things—and that our magazine can be a great help to you and your friends.



We all agree that Miss Rivers and the likes of her are surely no friends of the mill hands. It is impossible to feed a family of five on \$12 a week. How can you and your friends get decent wages, enough food for your families, the chance to keep yourself young and attractive, and to save your children from the same poverty and

misery that is weighing you down? Why must a widow like you have to battle against the whole world to feed your young ones?

Who will help you? Roosevelt? or the other politicians like Huey Long, or Father Coughlin? It was Roosevelt, who, through the N.R.A. code, gave you the \$12 wage; it was Roosevelt who set up the Winant Board in the last Textile Strike, that sent workers back to starvation and the stretch-out. Huey Long admits he is against union wages. His "Kingdom," Louisiana, pays the "grand wage" of ten cents an hour on his public works projects. Father Coughlin claims to be the friend of labor, and because he is a priest, many women will believe him. In a recent speech he said:

"The right way is not to destroy the profit system. Insist on taking more from the public (this means high prices—Ed.) as well as from the profits. If you strike, do not do it on a false basis. There is an illegitimate marriage between finance and industry, when industry should be with its true wife—labor." This speech like all his other speeches and deeds shows that Father Coughlin is not the friend of the working woman—that he favors high prices, is against American Federation of Labor unions, and strikes. Despite all his fine words, he is serving the bankers, as can be seen by his close connections with Mr. Vanderlip, well-known banker.



We have learned that when we get together and strike under honest leadership we can win much. But this is not enough, because there are always government arbitration boards that come in and take away our gains, and stick up for the mill owners. We've got to do what the working men and women did in Russia. There, led by the Communist Party, the workers and farmers kicked out the government of mill owners, bankers, and set up a government of their own. In Russia the women from the textile mills, from the farms, the men from the steel mills rule the land. The government's first care is for the work-

ing class women and children. A widow like you would not have to worry about caring for your children. There the State helps widows through Social Insurance. The government provides free nurseries and rest homes, also the best of care for the workers' children. There, women workers are not overburdened with work in the mills and work at home. Women have plenty of time to go to factory schools and to keep themselves young, healthy and attractive.

Can we do the same here? Sure we can! The way of the Russian workers is the only way out for the American workers.

Thinks Men Are to Blame

Dear Editor:

I take strong exception to the article in your June number entitled "Cotton Mill Babies."

I greatly dislike writing on this subject for I am old and do not even



wish to overcome the feelings against the discussion of such matters except between the most intimate friends. But deepest pity for the helpless babies and the equally helpless, suffering wives and boundless indignation against selfish, sensual husbands, prompts me to disregard such personal feelings and be "modern."

Men are not "ignorant how to prevent getting that way." Every man, young or old naturally knows how to prevent consequences. Even if he has no Bible and has not read of Onan's evasion of a brother's duty, he knows. But he will not deny himself.

Men who are ambitious to better themselves, who have too much pride to bring children into the world to live and look as that article describes, choose to control themselves. Their wives are at their mercy, they can callously allow them to resort to measures that kill or cripple them for life. Not all women are blameless. I can only suspect that many are too lazy to bother with simple preventive measures. It is silly to speak of "getting up in an icy room to heat water." That should be done before retiring when hot water is on hand for supper and dish-washing.

I am heartily with the writer in the matter of scientific control, to be taught in free clinics by competent persons. But the next article, in the July issue, on "treat 'em rough" clinics roused grave doubts if the same principle might not be acted on in all clinics. Doctors get considerable business with miscarriages.

Would not sterilization be the surest and simplest way for these poor women? I do not, of course, know. They could demand it in free clinics.

Western Farm Woman

Our Answer

The cause for too many babies is poverty and ignorance—not the selfishness of men. Most of the working men and women are taught in schools,

and often in churches, that it is sinful to bring children into a world of starvation and suffering. More and more working women—and men—are seeking birth control information, but they can't afford it and they have no way of getting it. At present there are laws which make it illegal to spread such information. But the rich, who can pay the price, can beat the law and get the information. The question is: how are the hundreds of thousands of women in the steel towns, in the mining towns, in the textile towns; on the isolated farms, to get this information about safe birth control methods, and thus be able to enjoy normal sex relations?

There is only one way for us: to organize a big women's movement (as they did in Germany before the

Hitler days) against these laws; to organize a nation-wide movement and get the government to finance and set up free birth-control clinics that will be run by workers.

Under workers' control, there will be no chance for money-mad or needy doctors to pull any rough stuff.

In this column we try to answer the many questions that trouble women workers everywhere.

We simply haven't enough space to answer all the questions asked us. However, we will try to make our answers cover several letters. All letters not answered in the magazine will be personally answered by the editor. Send in all your questions, doubts, and worries to us. We will show you the way out.

rough stuff. Fourteen workers were arrested and framed on charges of criminal syndicalism. The women's auxiliaries got busy in defense of these fourteen of Hillsboro. They sent resolutions, circulated petitions, organized dances and raffles to raise money for the defense. They courageously carried on work in spite of all the intimidation of the police authorities and labor fakers. When the Hillsboro men came to trial and the sheriff ordered the courtroom cleared, the men walked out, but the women stood solid, refusing to budge. The sheriff was forced to give in. The workers took over the courtroom.

The officials of the P.M.A. whose policy helps the coal operators rather than the miners, fear the women's auxiliaries, and tried to suppress them, but this was not possible—the auxiliaries had struck firm roots. So the officers are trying to kill them gradually. They are trying, through their Bollini-Clerick leadership to change the fighting auxiliaries into harmless sewing clubs. The first president, Agnes Wick, who pretends to be a real fighter, showed her true colors when she helped put the reactionaries into office while attacking the Communist women who are respected as the most honest and fearless members.

The women must not allow false leaders to split their ranks, to drive out the bravest women, and to turn the auxiliaries into gossip circles. These auxiliaries must keep up their fighting spirit. They must help their men build an honest union that will fight for a better life in the mining towns.

Miners' Wives Organize

By S. Kling

THE movement to build women's auxiliaries of the Progressive Miners of America has spread like wildfire. Women, who never before had belonged to any organization, whose life had been taking care of children and cooking meals for their husband, have canvassed from house to house to get other women to join. And it is no surprise that the women of the coal mining fields were eager to organize, eager to fight shoulder to shoulder with their men against the coal operators.

It is the women who have to make the miserable wages go around, to make the relief do. Sixty per cent of the miners of Illinois are unemployed. Day in and day out there is constant drudgery—wash, scrub, cook. Bath tubs are an impossible luxury in most of the towns.

There is the constant fear of pregnancy and even though birth control knowledge is seeping through, it does not come from scientific sources and in most cases it is impossible to have the proper facilities. After making so many sacrifices to rear their children the mothers of Illinois coal fields can see no future for them. There are no jobs in the mines. The only thing left for the young fellows in the mining camps is to go on the bum or hang around the pool rooms. As for the young girls—they flock to the

cities to become maids.

In 1932 when the revolt took place in the Illinois coal fields against the Lewis machine, the militant rank and file set out to build a class-struggle union. Their wives set out to build a women's organization to help fight against the coal operators. But the reactionary Lewis leadership of the United Mine Workers of America, who have sold out to the coal operators, and fear the fighting spirit that the women will bring to the miners' struggles, have always opposed women's auxiliaries.

The early history of the women's auxiliaries is a story of fight, of picket lines, of demonstrations.

In Christian County in 1933 the Peabody Coal Co. killed a member of the women's auxiliary, Emma Cumerlato, in a fierce attack on the women. In Springfield in 1933, the women battled on the picket line against the National Guard. In the southern fields, in Johnston City, the women gave the faker, John Walker of the U.M.W.A. a parting farewell with bricks, that he will never forget.

When the miners of Montgomery County demonstrated for relief and got tear gas instead, the women were in the front ranks. The chairman, a woman, leading the thousand workers present, defied tear gas and deputy sheriffs who were pulling their usual

Birth Control

By Grace Hutchins

IN a little mining-steel town of western Pennsylvania recently, the women were discussing birth control. They agreed that one of their most immediate needs was to know how to space and limit the number of their children. But how to find out?

A Child Each Year

That information is at present reserved for those who can pay for a private physician to tell them how not to have too many children. But the working class mother often finds another child is on the way before she has fully recovered from having the previous one. Her husband too wants to regulate the number of children, but no one in the town can tell them what to do about it. According to the present federal law, the giving of information on birth control is classed with "obscenity, pornography, and indecency!" As one father wrote:

"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. . . . It gets one sort of upset to see something you need so badly held back for the rich."

In capitalist America the working class mother has too many children, too many for her own health and for the good of the children, because she has no money to buy the information she needs; she cannot afford, under the conditions of capitalism, to give even one child the care he should have for his health and welfare.

When a physician in a birth control clinic in New York City heard about those women workers in the little mining steel town of Pennsylvania and their discussion of the subject, she said:

"But why don't they go to the birth control clinic?"

More Clinics Needed

That is good advice for those who are within reach of such a clinic, and such organizations as the American Birth Control League, are doing good work in increasing the number of

This knowledge is desperately needed

birth control centers in the United States. There are now 200 such centers; but 26 of them are in Greater New York City. There is only one in Pittsburgh and it is difficult, if not impossible, for a miner's wife in a remote mining camp to know how and when to get in to the clinic for the needed information.

What about the women in Germany, Italy and Austria where fascist rulers already dictate what the workers shall do and say? Can working class women get information in those countries on how to space and limit the number of their children? Before fascism developed there were birth control clinics in all three of these countries.

Fascists Demand Cannon Fodder

But one of the first acts of the fascist state was to close all birth control centers. As the *Birth Control Review* explains:

"In fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Catholic Austria, birth control centers have been closed and the dissemination of contraceptive information prohibited. But women under fascism have given their answer to the dictators who bid them bear more babies to fight future wars. . . . Italy's birth rate has declined since the advent of fascism. In 1924 it was 29 per 1,000; it was only 23 in 1934."

In fascist Germany the birth rate is only 17.6 (during the first half of 1934) and the Nazi rulers are said to be worrying about it in connection with their preparation for wars in the future.

Workers' Country Is Different

In contrast to these facts about fascist nations, we find that the *increase* in population in the Soviet Union is about three million a year!

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, pioneer in the birth control movement in the United States, went to the U.S.S.R. last summer to see for herself the situation in the only country where the workers and farmers rule. She writes of what she saw in the *Birth Control Review* for June, 1935, and we quote her testimony as to the position for women in the first workers' state:



International News Photos

This is a German "war baby". Born in 1914 he is one of many such who have been forced into military service by the Nazis who are preparing war against the Soviet Union. Why should workers kill one another? Why should mothers raise families only to have them mutilated and slaughtered? Hitler forbids birth control clinics but favors sterilization for militant workers.

"One must keep in mind the attitude of Soviet Russia toward its women. This would delight the heart of the staunchest feminist. Equal rights are a settled and accepted fact."

"There are no laws against birth

small towns and villages, Mrs. Sanger said she found everywhere posters warning women against abortions and urging them to practice contraception instead. But abortions are allowed, with proper safeguards for the health



Courtesy of Soviet Russia Today
Dinner time in the children's nursery of a Soviet textile factory. Mothers need not worry. Baby is safe, well-fed and happy.

control, and no religious objections. The right of a woman to have birth control instruction is clear. And this right need not be bulwarked, as in our country, by 'health reasons,' 'economic reasons,' 'eugenic reasons,' but is granted as a simple human right."

After visiting women's consultation centers in many places, including

of the woman who receives full pay during this period of absence from work. She concludes:

"We could well take example from Russia, where there are no legal restrictions, no religious condemnation, and where birth control instruction is part of the regular welfare service of the government."

Household Corner

By a Reader

Los Angeles, Cal.

HOT weather is here. I know a recipe for vegetables in aspic (jelly) which is easy to make, cheap, delicious and cooling.

Prepare one package of lemon-flavored jello exactly as directed on the box but use one-third less water than amount called for. Set aside to cool, then add the strained juice of one and a half lemons, a dash of salt, pepper, paprika. Taste it. If not sour enough to suit you, add another half lemon. (You can substitute vinegar for lemon.) Now put it in the icebox. When it has begun to set, but before it is solid, take it out and

add a little more than one cup of vegetables made up of the following ones and cut in small pieces: Cabbage (shredded very fine), green onions (scallions), celery and cucumbers. (Some like this salad made of cooked vegetables.)

Combine vegetables thoroughly with the sour jello using a fork. Let stand in icebox, overnight preferably. Serve it by cutting into squares and placing on individual lettuce leaves. Put dash of mayonnaise or sour cream on top and to make it look real fancy, garnish with strips of tomato on either side or with radishes or green peppers.

R. E.

Recuerdo

(Continued from page 9)

But the cards of the union, the slogans of the union, went up and down the valley with the moving workers, went up and down the state, up into Oregon with the apple picking and down to Riverside with the citrus.

The strikes came, one after another. Against rate-cuts, against the typhoid ditch-water, against the contractors. Million dollar crops of melons spoiled on the vines because workers refused to pick them, starving and burning with fever. The growers went wild. They let loose the armed police, the vigilantes. They hunted the union organizers like beasts. Lawyers and ministers who came into the strike area were beaten and driven out.

In Brawley there was a union meeting in Azteca Hall. As usual, the women and children were there, sitting in the front rows of benches. The men sat in the back rows, or stood around the walls, wearing broad hats and serapes or sheep-lined coats. The women and children voted, even to the littlest, and the young voices would cry out, "Viva, Ibarra!" and little brown fists raise up with the others for committee nominees who stood in a group, according to the custom, before the assembly until the vote was taken.

Suddenly tear bombs were thrown in through the open windows. One, two, six, a dozen. The windows were pulled down from the outside. The acrid, biting gas rose from the floor and filled the room till the lights were dimmed and you couldn't see your hand. Screaming, crying, choking, the people surged toward the big, iron double door at the back, only to find it barred from the outside.

"Altogether men!" yelled a voice through the smoke. "One! Two!" And the men pushed against the doors until the jamb gave way and the doors were forced open.

Outside in a ring waited the police and vigilantes. They clubbed the surging workers till the ground was clogged with bleeding men and those inside could not move forward.

Next day the workers organized a red funeral for a child who had died from the gas. It was Cruce, three-year-old daughter of Emanuel and Mary Guitterez, members of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union.

Miniature Gardens

I PASS by the large florists' windows and think how one of those beautiful plants would add color and courage to my home, and why shouldn't I be able to have one as well as Mrs. Stylish Stout? A neighbor showed me a simple little trick of how to make a miniature garden out of practically nothing, which I have followed and now have a very attractive center piece for my dining room table.

Watch Out—No Washing

Here's how it's done. Set aside one or two of any of the following vegetables, or one of all them: carrot, turnip, parsnip, beet. Let it lie complete with tops, leaves, etc., for three or four days in a cool place. *Without washing* remove leaves and stems from the top, but do not touch any of the vegetables while doing so. With the leafy tops gone cut off a slice

from the top of the vegetable about a third of an inch thick. (Remember; no washing.) Place the slices in a shallow dish or saucer and add water so it reaches just to the top of the slice of the vegetable—no more. Now keep the water like that, by adding just a little each day. In a few days you'll be surprised to see tiny sprouts appearing. In a week or two the carrot will wave a light green feathery top, the beets will thrust forth short red trees, the turnip will surprise you with a curly little plant. Add water slowly, but don't give it too much sun, because the idea is to make this last as long as possible. I've seen a dish of these sliced tops with an array of foliage six inches high and they really were beautiful.

Mine are now about three inches high and my little girl became intrigued with the idea of the miniature

forests. "No," she said, "they're the South Sea Islands, because they're all surrounded by water." She decided we must make a boat for the "ocean." So out of a piece of old red eraser we made a tiny boat. To fit the scale of our landscape the boat was as big as the nail on my little finger, of course. Out of a tooth pick we made two oars and had half a tooth pick left. With her red crayon we "painted" the oars.

Pretty Plant at No Cost

It stimulates children's imagination as well as their ingenuity and with a little expenditure of time and no money you can have an attractive table center. But aside from everything else—I love to watch things grow that I've planted—don't you?

R. E.

P.S.—The beet top should be cut thicker than the rest—about three-fourths of an inch.

Candlewicks—Cheap

(Continued from page 6)

and kept at subsistence level.

In Cartersville, a town of 5,000, for instance, conditions among the families of this small place 40 miles north of Atlanta tell the same story. Much has been written in the newspapers about the four billion dollars being spent for relief. Where it is being spent, these women don't know—all they know is that precious little finds its way into their pockets. I visited the local work relief project. There, in two dark and badly ventilated rooms I found sixteen women bent at work, quilting, making flannel nightgowns and carding cotton to use in the quilts they made. They receive 15 cents an hour—\$1.20 for an eight-hour day, and work two or three days a week, sometimes only one.

Most of these women have families to support. Only one person in the family can work, no matter how little work they get. These women told me their stories. One, a widow, has a son of 31 completely blind. She has two other children under 14. She pays 50 cents a week for rent for two rooms she said were "just a hole." Every week she puts aside money for her

water bill of 85 cents a month. She lives in continual fear of having the water shut off. "They won't listen to you," she said. When she pays the rent and puts aside the water money and buys her stove wood, there never is enough left for food.

These towns' women also pick cotton during the picking season in August and September. They and the farm women receive 50 cents for picking one hundred pounds.

No Unemployed Council, relief committee, or farmers' organizations is complete without the exploited women represented and fighting with the men. If we stick together in our demands for higher standards of living for our families, nothing can stop us.

SAVE THIS GIRL

Hitler, the madman, has handed out a most severe sentence to a mere girl, 24-year-old Berta Karg. Her crime? She was one of the fearless band of working class leaders that, in the face of the most outrageous Nazi terror, is organizing the German workers to throw off this rule of blood and hunger. This girl, together with Ernst

SOCIETY NOTE

New York *World-Telegram*, July 5.—"Surrogate's Court gives Frazier child \$45,750 for 18 months' expenses. Surrogate Foley approves plea of mother of heiress, 14 years old; \$5,400 needed for clothing, \$1,800 for amusements and parties."

Further items in the account read, besides the \$5,400 for clothing "dentists' services—\$3,600; books, toys and school supplies—\$900; food—\$10,500." There is one item smaller than the rest. Guess what? "Charitable contributions—\$375."

Compare this with your "coffee and—"

Thaelmann, secretary of the German Communist Party, and scores of other anti-fascists, who are locked up in the Nazi torture chambers, must be saved. Do your part. Send protests to the German Consulate, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., demanding the release of all imprisoned anti-fascists.

A Million Women Against WAR!

1,000,000 SIGNATURES

will be presented as a petition for total disarmament to Congress in Washington, D. C.

Women in thirty cities are busy getting signatures against war. . . 250,000 signers is the goal for Chicago.

Farm women are circulating 4,000 petitions; American Federation of Labor locals have endorsed the campaign and are getting signatures.

500,000 FOR NEW YORK

Spread this Petition! In your houses, shops, clubs and churches. Make August 1st particularly a day for getting signatures against a new slaughter.

Write for Petitions to the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y., Room 605.

DURING THE LAST WORLD WAR

TWICE
AS MANY
NON COMBATANTS WERE
KILLED

AS WERE KILLED IN ACTUAL BATTLE!

BEHIND THE LINES! Millions Dying! Children Dropping in the Streets! Epidemic following epidemic!—Such is the history of all wars—BEHIND THE LINES! Remember August 1914. Learn about this other war READ THE

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