

the Woman Today



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OCTOBER 1936

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HOLLYWOOD SWEAT SHOP



• Hollywood, which beckons like a golden finger to a large number of the jobless youth of America, is in reality the largest sweatshop in the world.

We say that advisedly, despite the flood of publicity about the million dollar salaries of the stars and about their yachts and private swimming pools. The truth is that, according to the latest figures from the Hays office and the trade papers, approximately 17,000 film workers receive an average wage of \$3.23 per week.

These workers are the lowly extras, without the services of which very few, if any, pictures could be made. You see them as the French mobs in *The Tale of Two Cities*, as the disgruntled union workers in *Riff-Raff* and as the elegant soup-and-fish-clad guests in Jean Harlow's and Joan Crawford's society films.

Despite the half-hearted efforts of the photoplay companies to shoo would-be stars from Hollywood, there are at present about 30,000 persons in that city—most of them youngsters—who hang around the casting offices hoping for the "break" which will realize their dreams.

Half of these people, however, are completely out of luck. To get a job as an extra you must be registered with the central casting office. Approximately 16,000 men, women and children are listed there according to the estimates made by the office of Will Hays, film "Czar" and the *Film Daily*, leading trade paper of the industry.

These registered extras, according to the same figures, earned in 1935 a total of \$2,571,293.64. That sounds like a big figure until you break it down. Then it shows that 889 jobs per day pay at an average of \$9.23.

And *that* means an extra who is registered works exactly

16,874 days a year and earns \$155.74 that time or—\$3.23 per week. And according to the trade papers, 1935 was a "record" year for extras!

No wonder the movie companies designate a man to guard the food on banquet tables between scenes. If they didn't, said tables would be as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard in the twinkling of an eye. It's no unusual thing for an extra to get fired because he tries to grab a leg of fried chicken or even a hard roll when the guard's back is turned. So "serious" has the problem become that one company sprayed the food with some unpleasant-tasting chemical in order to prevent its being gobbled up by kids who have found California sunshine a poor substitute for three squares a day.

For a time some of the least hard-hearted of the film companies endeavored to ship starving extras home to their folks. But this, they found proved to great a drain on budgets geared for the production of super-super pictures. So today the only thing done to stop this flood of ambitious youngsters who have read glowing tales of quick success in the fan magazines is to send out an occasional publicity story advising them not to come.

The average chance for an extra making good is something like 10,000 to 1. A few hundred others who come out with large wardrobes manage to eke out a bare living as "dress extras" drawing above-the average pay—until their clothes wear out. The rest stay in Hollywood because they have no money to escape and, if they're "lucky" during a "record" year, manage to be first at the casting offices and last to leave at night, thereby snatching a few quarters more than that deadly average of \$3.23.

Last winter the extras helped to organize the Screen Actors' Guild and horrified their bosses by demanding a living wage. Keep your eyes on their activities in the months to come.



ROMEO AND JULIET. The latest translation of Shakespeare to the screen deserves all the trumpet-blowing it got. The original play has been cut, but always with respect and reverence for the classic love story. Splendid performances by the entire cast.

TO MARY—WITH LOVE. A thin story about a young man who went to seed, his wife who suffered while it happened and his best friend who remained honorable, helpful, and faithful to his love for the unhappy wife.

SEVEN SINNERS. An English-made detective film with Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. Handicapped by a poor story.

MY AMERICAN WIFE. Titled foreigner (Francis Lederer) marries the daughter of rich Americans (Billie Burke and Fred Stone) and proves to be a real American democrat. There are some amusing moments.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN. This is the story of an American, O'Hara (Gary Cooper) fighting to remove the heel of the robber baron, General Yang, from the necks of the Chinese peasants. Good dialogue, fine acting and exciting story.

GIRLS' DORMITORY. Introducing the French star, Simone Simon, at the head of a competent cast, playing the part of

a school girl who falls in love with her teacher (Herbert Marshall). Pleasant entertainment.

PICCADILLY JIM. Fashioned after a P. G. Wodehouse novel, this is a pretty steadily amusing comedy of a caricaturist who tries to marry his father into a wealthy family, but lets his "art" run away with him and uses the family for a comic strip.

SWING TIME. Not up to the usual standard of the dancing partners, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, but welcome entertainment anyway.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS. This is neither Fenimore Cooper's book nor a good movie.

DODSWORTH. From the book to the play to the screen, and still a very fine piece of work. Walter Huston takes the title role.

ROAD TO GLORY. This, along with *SUZY*, the Jean Harlow picture, looks suspiciously like the beginning of a pro-war cycle of pictures. Its theory is that war, horrible as it may be, brings out the best in men.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD. An unusual and extravagant musical glorifying the great glorifier, who doesn't deserve it.

ANTHONY ADVERSE. Omits many sequences from the book, but is still dull and too long.

NINE DAYS A QUEEN. A stirring account of Lady Jane Grey's nine days' reign. The cast is a good one and so is the picture.

woman's place on the air

by George Scott



● "Woman is a gentle moron whose place is in front of the bargain counter." Such is the tacit assumption of radio stations when arranging programs for 22,000,000 American homes.

Not that the broadcasts neglect the "weaker sex." Quite the reverse. Repeated surveys have shown that women do most of this country's buying, so the air is clogged, especially during the daytime hours, with shows designed to arouse feminine cupidity and loosen purse strings.

But such programs! One would think that the ladies, "bless their little hearts," were interested only in beautifying themselves, buying new clothes, listening to chamber music and mushy serial romances, seeing that little Johnny gets a tummyfull of expensive cereal or discovering new recipes for dishes with which to regale grumbling husbands. To supply this mythical need, drug, cosmetic and food manufacturers (who provide most of the revenue for the networks), spend millions of dollars annually on women's programs. These, almost without exception, are of mediocre quality.

And children's programs, in which women are vitally interested get the same careless treatment. "Popeye the Sailor"; "Andy Gump"; "Dick Tracy" and other comic strip characters now on the radio, try the patience of thoughtful mothers to the breaking point and cause the children themselves to prefer adult evening shows.

small comfort to mr. hearst

● "I first of all submitted my article to the Catholic press of this country (England) in the hope that they would publish it, and thus do something to let Catholics know the truth about the present situation in Spain," wrote Monica Whately, an Englishwoman and a Catholic. "But so far as I know, no Catholic paper has carried my article." Miss Whately herewith blasts Hearst-inspired stories of Loyalist atrocities. Part of her article follows:

● On July 11, I was in Barcelona, which, according to the *Universe*, a leading Catholic paper, is the seat of some of the most terrible atrocities. There all was calm, priests and nuns in great numbers were walking about the streets. I have never been in any city where one saw such large numbers.

They had no fear that they were going to be attacked, shot or mutilated, nor would they have been had the properly constituted government been permitted to carry on its work of government.

What happened was that a fascist military group who had been unable to sway the elections to their side, instead of accepting the will of the people, which we must do if democratic government is to prevail, plotted and armed an illegal rebellion against the government.

● As to the destruction of the churches, anyone who had been in Spain would realize that if an aerial bombardment is taking place, it is quite impossible to drop bombs so that they miss the churches. Churches in Spanish towns are as close as mushrooms in a field or blackberries on a bush.

Moreover, the *Universe* has itself acknowledged in its copy of August 7 "that several churches have been used by the anti-Reds as ammunition dumps." The Spanish govern-

ment, therefore, by all the rules of war, is entitled to bomb them.

There are exceptions to prove the rule, of course, such as Columbia's worthwhile "School of the Air" and the political commentaries of Mabelle Jennings from Washington. But the "School of the Air" has never found a sponsor willing to back it, and Miss Jennings' discussions are considered so unimportant that the network did not bother to send her to the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia.

● The attitude of stations toward their employees serves as another illustration of this condescension. Miss Jennings is just about the only woman regularly discussing politics on the air, although it is true that Dorothy Thompson covered the conventions for the National Broadcasting Company—and did a fine job, by the way.

Announcers in skirts are so rare that when a western broadcaster hired one recently it was front page news throughout the country. And women in important executive positions in the industry are so scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth.

Yet the situation is not hopeless. Worthwhile discussions from the woman's viewpoint of politics, education, labor conditions, are, science, social service, etc., can be heard if they are demanded with enough firmness. Because of the tremendous buying power of housewives, station executives and advertisers are super-sensitive to their opinions. If enough of them get sick and tired of "Modern Cinderella"; "The Voice of Experience"; "Good Will Court"; and the rest of that dishonest, adolescent nonsense and write to the networks and local stations expressing such views, a change for the better will take place almost overnight.

As to the alleged attacks on priests and nuns, I would point out that the wireless broadcast from Madrid given by Reuter on behalf of the International Journalists, declared the atrocity stories to be untrue.

In the evening broadcast of August 14, "the public were warned against the hysterical stories published in the British Press by refugees and others." On another occasion the announcer spoke of the tragedy of Biratou, which was entered by the rebels, who shot 2,000 young men because they had arms which they were using in defense of the government of their country.

He said those young men showed no fear of death, making only one request, that they might be allowed to confess to a priest before the execution took place.

Immediately, he went on to say, a member of the rebel force threw off his uniform, donned his priestly garb, and went over to comfort the young men.

These are the young men, remember, spoken of as the "Reds who are out to destroy the Catholic church in Spain," and who have been accused of every sort of blasphemy. . . . While the priest, be it noted, was in the uniform of the rebel attacking force.

There is no doubt at all that large numbers of priests are actually fighting with the fascists.

A friend of mine went into the fascist headquarters in Palma, and found there a priest, whom he knew, disguised as a peasant and carrying a gun. Now there could have been no possible question of defending a church there, for the whole island of Majorca was completely in the hands of the fascist military group, and there had been no attack on any church from either side.

my husband wants a card

photos and story by Lillian Henry

● The law stalks in Aliquippa like an animal after prey. It stalked into a meeting of steel workers and sat down. It took out a pad and began to write—every word said by the speakers at this first mass meeting called by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee in Aliquippa. The law was a man with a badge—steel corporation law.

The little hall, a store—the only one not closed to the workers by Jones and Laughlin Steel terror—held about one hundred humans and two spies. But the loudspeakers carried the speeches around the corner and down the street and around other corners, so that workers lining the curbs, or sitting on their porches or leaning from their windows missed not a word.

● Women were there as reporters and messengers between their husbands and the union. They had been sent to bring back the news of the meeting. The spies wouldn't know to whom these women belonged. After the meeting, they walked right up to the organizer and asked for the address of the union headquarters; they would see that their husbands got there somehow to sign up. Some even signed themselves, for their men. "We'll meet the men in the woods if that wil protect them from spies," said one union man. "And I must say the women are making a fine job of it. It means the bread in the mouths of their babes."

● "Aliquippa, like most other steel towns, is not part of the United States," a steel worker told me. "It is foreign territory—part of the empire of Jones and Laughlin. A man can't do or say as he feels. Even the women pull the shades when they meet in small groups to talk about the cost of living, the union or other things that mean life to them."
(Continued on page 10)



West Aliquippa, Pa.: Part of the wall gone, and a complete cave-in staved off for the present by a pole which supports the sagging wall. How long will it last? This house is occupied.



The garbage pile their playground. And behind that fence, the ever-present Jones and Laughlin mills—in this case it's the by-products plant which sends the stench of tar into all of the homes in the vicinity.



"Divide and rule," says the steel mill boss. And so the Italians, Serbs, Slavs, Greeks, Croations, Americans and Negroes are kept divided in settlements in different sections of town.

"Don't trust any nationality but your own," says the boss. But they're getting together in the Union. Above: the white workers live here. Left: a typical Negro shack.



Barracks for strikebreakers act as a threat to steel mill employees, and are a constant reminder of the might of J & L Steel. Can the surrounding barbed wire fence be charged with electricity? We've heard tales.

my husband wants a card

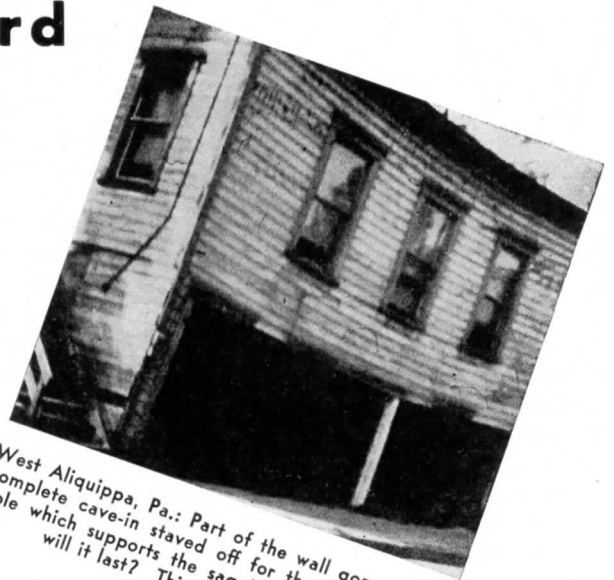
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WOMEN AND PEACE

Clara Bodian

● The movement for peace is gathering strength. This has been shown by two of the most important Congresses of recent years. In Geneva and Brussels thousands of delegates from nearly every major nation of the world gathered to lay the basis for an international movement that will unite all peace forces on a common program. Only fascist Italy and Nazi Germany prevented delegates from coming to the Geneva Peace Congress. Their programs suggest war as the only solution, which proves that fascism breeds war.

Many women who participated in these Congresses are returning now, fired with enthusiasm and anxious to help other women organize for peace. The People's Mandate Committee can play an important role in reaching women with their message. All meetings should be covered in the drive for signatures. Men and women are ready to sign the Mandate. The people—with the exception of the munitions manufacturers—are for peace.

Delegations were organized by the People's Mandate Committee to interview the presidential candidates on their position regarding peace in the United States and in the entire world. Miss Mabel Vernon, director of the People's Mandate Committee and Miss Elizabeth Stradley, organizer of the delegations, were chiefly responsible for the success of these interviews.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt greeted the delegation of 74 when it arrived to meet with the President at their Hyde Park home on Sunday morning, August 23, and she ushered them into the library where they were introduced to President Roosevelt. Dr. Mary E. Woolley, a veteran of the anti-war movement in the United States, the chairman of the delegation, made the keynote speech, in which she brought out the chief objectives of the Mandate:

"Stop immediately all increase of armaments and of armed forces, use existing machinery for peaceful settlement of present conflicts, secure a world treaty for immediate reduction of arms as a step toward complete world disarmament, secure international agreements founded on recognition of world inter-dependence to end the economic anarchy which breeds war."

All types of organizations were represented. Mary Rouse was there from the National Women's Trade Union League; Mrs. Lionel Sutro from the Women's International League for Peace and Free-

dom; Margaret Sanger from the Birth Control League; and there were delegates from the American League Against War and Fascism, the National Student Federation, church denominations and many other groups. Rabbi Bernstein, chairman of the Peace Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, of Rochester, was particularly impressive on the subject of American war appropriations, and the President urged that he come back and discuss the subject further with him.

President Roosevelt observed that the words "peoples mandate" in the name of the committee showed that peaceful conditions must and should spring from the bottom up. Ninety-five per cent of the people in almost every nation oppose war and favor peace, he said, but unfortunately many governments are not abreast of the wishes of their people. He declared that the popular demand for peace is stronger today than ever before in history, a fact apparently recognized by all American governments, as attested by the organization of the Buenos Aires conference.

The greatest good for the future of mankind, he went on, can be accomplished by spreading the popular belief of this hemisphere to other parts of the world to make all peoples insistent that their governments keep out of war. He said that those nations who use the need for improved economic conditions as an excuse for war are putting the cart before the horse, pointing out that the solution is not war but united efforts to improve international economic conditions.

The delegation was much impressed with the statements made by the President. However, many of us present were also aware of the gross appropriations made by the administration for war preparations. Only this year \$526,546,532 was appropriated for the navy, and \$572,446,844 for the army. This is being done in time of peace. Our conclusion can only be that preparations of this sort on the part of our country as well as countries of the world ultimately lead towards a world war.

The delegation met with Governor Landon on August 25 in Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Austin B. Kimball, national president of the Y.W.C.A. and Rabbi Bernstein were the spokesmen for the delegation, and again Rabbi Bernstein seemed to hit a sensitive spot when he brought up the subject of American war appropriations. Rabbi Bernstein urged Governor Landon to go beyond the Republican platform and make clear to the American people that he has greater faith in international friendship than in battleships to preserve peace.

We find that those backing Governor Landon as the presidential candidate of the Republican ticket, are doing everything in their power to sharpen the conflict that leads to war. I mean the American Liberty

League which is straining all efforts to suppress the many privileges enjoyed by the American people such as free speech, the right to organize, etc. We are also aware of the backing of Landon by William Randolph Hearst who is known as a war-maker, and who will spend all his efforts to whip up war hysteria at the time when he feels it most opportune.

The delegates that interviewed both the President and Governor Landon proudly exhibited the names of the many organizations and individuals who are supporting them. My organization, the American League Against War and Fascism, was represented by Dorothy McConnell, writer and secretary of the women's section.

The women's section of the American League will soon announce plans to further the drive for signatures of the People's Mandate Committee, and it is hoped that this will be the basis for the election of delegates to the Pan American Congress to be held in December at Buenos Aires. Our aim is 5,000,000 names by that time, and this will be followed by an International Campaign for which the People's Mandate Committee has pledged 12,000,000 signatures to be taken to Geneva.

● Women are tied to Peace by emotional ties, even more than men, for in time of war they stand to lose their husbands, sons and sweethearts. They are flattered by the name "Star Mother," but they are the widows who are left behind to provide for their fatherless children. Women can be the determining factor as to whether there shall be another war if they organize against war and fascism. They are the victims of the war makers when they are unorganized. They have been employed against their own interests as they were during the last war when they sold bonds and recruited soldiers under war-time hysteria.

To quote Dr. Ward, National Chairman of the American League: "The future depends largely on who works the hardest. Those of us who are fighting for the maintenance of Peace, or the reactionary forces who have all to gain by ushering in fascism that leads to war."

All women must be rallied behind the People's Mandate Committee. Millions of signatures will express to their governments the will to peace of the people. The will to peace must be expressed on an international scale.

The women of America can show the way and must play an important role in helping organize a broad, united peace movement. This can be accomplished only if we bear in mind the need for an intelligent and collective leadership, able to influence a following to include women in industry, on the farm, in the homes, churches, schools—old and young, regardless of race, color, creed or political views.

● ● Write to the WOMAN TODAY for copies of the mandate and do your part in helping collect the millions of signatures necessary.

Selling Ideas... in Sugar Capsules

By DOROTHY McCONNELL

● I am an inveterate reader of women's magazines. In my childhood no home was complete without its *Women's Journal*, its *Ladies' Home Companion*, its *Home Guide*. The fashion pictures served me, after they had been cut out by an accommodating brother, as paper dolls. The stories, surreptitiously read, gave me a glimpse into a grown-up world which seemed completely free from all the mishaps which surrounded the average small girl. The heroine might be ugly to start with, but at the proper moment, under the most auspicious circumstances, she would shed her chrysalis and the reader would find that her ugliness was only due to the fact that she had not the proper clothes to wear, or her beauty was not of the type that could be appreciated by the home-town folks, or that some man had looked with eyes of love on her, calling forth a beauty which no one could ignore. Stories began with a lead-up to an engagement and ended with a highly satisfactory marriage.

At that time, the time of my childhood, nearly all magazines followed somewhat this same pattern. But the women's magazines had a difference. They wrote of one class. They did not break over often into the shop-girl-who-marries-the-prince motif. They wrote of girls in small towns who married doctors or lawyers or the son-of-the-man-who-lived-in-the-largest-house-in-town. They wrote of a middle class that, while most of the readers did not have quite the easy time of the heroine, was familiar to women of that class.

In later years the general magazines have gone in two directions—one toward the sophisticated story, the other toward the realistic story. But the women's magazines have continued to reflect the wishes, and to a certain extent the activities of the middle class woman. The story is still laid in a fairly prosperous middleclass home. New notes have crept in, of course. Bridge parties take the place of sewing circles and every heroine can drive a car. The advertising world has made its dent—both in the clothes of the heroine and the furnishings of the homes in which she moves.

At one stage the bedrooms of the heroines all had starched muslin curtains and

little maple chairs—or maybe freshly painted chairs. At another stage tables bloomed with polished surfaces and tall blue goblets. As a result, throughout America bedrooms wore starched muslin curtains at their windows and maple chairs beside their beds. The vogue of blue glass caught on so that it became one of the best sellers in the five- and ten-cent stores.

In clothes we find the heroines running one year to beautifully tailored sport clothes while the next season they will be wearing simple little black frocks which fit every slight curve of their perfect figures. Sometimes merchandise is brought in so flagrantly that even an old hand at these stories is startled. I remember one story where two sisters are talking together—one a conceited and selfish older sister, the other an honest out-of-door girl. The conversation is about some third person.

"Oh, she's just the sort who wears girdles," says the older sister.

At which the younger sister holds a soliloquy with herself in which she admits that she wears girdles herself, that though she is slim as an eel the girdle keeps her trim and smooths down the angular lines and she finally ends with the conclusion that the elder sister would look better if she wore a girdle. This tale was published just about the time the corset manufacturers were trying to induce the American woman to go back to corsets.



Mother Parks fell out with her neighbors

Drawings by Jean Lyons



When a woman gets a job—fascist version

● Whether the stories reflect the life of a great section of women in this country or whether the women reflect the stories, is a matter of speculation. The truth lies, probably, somewhere between the two. American women do talk about girdles and blue glass. But they also talk about the magazine stories. In some cases these stories, poor food as they are, become the nourishment for the imaginations of a whole countryside. This I know. I am thinking of a farm section in Ohio. Each woman in this section takes one of the popular women's magazines and then swaps with her neighbors. I remember a terrific feud at one time when Mother Parks fell out with her neighbors and did not pass on her magazine at the time a serial was running. But she was soon brought to terms since the neighbors refused to pass their magazines to her.

But there is more than the outward surface of America's middle class in the women's magazines. There is a whole philosophy that reveals itself effortlessly as the warp and woof of the structure. It is the philosophy of the conservative. Now there are times in our country's life when conservatives are fairly liberal. There are other times when conservatives are extremely reactionary. Today's conservative falls into the latter class. It is true that most women's magazines do not handle controversial subjects in feature articles, nor do they often come out for any definite course of action in the life of the nation. They do not have to. Their stories can put propaganda across in a way that a dozen feature articles could never approach.

For instance, when the federal government took over relief, story after story appeared concerning the man who is nearly down and out until he meets the girl who shames him into manhood so that instead of applying for relief he immediately goes out and gets a job. Needless to say,

(Continued on page 10)

Readin' and Writin' and . . .

College teacher and ardent trade unionist, Mrs. Dodd has come to the fore in teachers' battles as the Legislative Representative of Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers.

Bella V. Dodd

● Over one million teachers in the United States attempt against tremendous odds, to educate thirty million American children. The odds against which teachers struggle include nepotism, political manipulation, attacks by the forces of retrenchment; and the witch-hunting escapades of so-called patriotic and military societies. These organizations would restrict any inquiry by teachers into questions of social significance. The schools have been attacked so often during the past few years by these political busybodies that teachers are becoming aware of the forces which manipulate these organizations and use them to the detriment of the schools. The teacher realizes that the advocates of the present economic system are determined to use the schools as a means of maintaining the status quo and that they want children trained to become docile factory workers and willing cannon fodder.

Discussion of such questions is not encouraged in school conferences. Overcrowded classes which wear the teacher to a frazzle and compel her to neglect individual attention to the aptitudes or problems of her children, are accepted. The result of overcrowding is increasing standardization of our teaching so that we turn out pupils under a system of mass production similar to the manufacture of motor cars or safety pins. Under these conditions the teacher has little to say about what or how he or she is to teach. Curricula and methods are prescribed in detail. Standardized text books often written or re-written to conform with the point of view of Chambers of Commerce, Public Utility interests, and other organized pressure groups add to the regimentation of the school and to the distress of the honest intelligent teacher.

Wanted: Rabbits and Robots

● Attacks upon the teacher's standard of living are part of the present educational set-up. While large incomes have remained relatively untouched during this depression, the entire teaching force of America has been forced to face salary cuts, payless furloughs, payment in scrip, and unemployment occasioned by closed schools. The majority of the American teachers receive less than one thousand dollars a year. An overwhelming majority are without tenure rights and can be dismissed at the whim of the school board.

Unorganized and helpless, many teachers accept yearly contracts which provide them with a mere pittance and which attempt to restrict their personal lives. In many communities women teachers must promise not to marry or smoke during the term of the contract. The teacher's behavior is subject to strict community supervision and her standard of living is that of impoverished gentility. Our present social security laws fail to protect her against unemployment.

Faced with economic insecurity and persistent attacks upon her already slender resources teachers have frequently adopted the character of the rabbit. Timidity and foot-licking have been outstanding characteristics. These were calculated to save one's job, win favors and possibly promotions. In an emergency such teachers would make it possible for fascists to weld the school system into an organ of support for national socialism.

There are, however, an increasing number of teachers in America who do not like the taste of leather, who are

conscious of the changes needed in our country, and who refuse to believe that America is too poor to provide for an adequate educational system. These teachers realize that the goal of education must be to help build a better social order,—one in which children live in families assured of a decent standard of living. Through teachers' organizations and through the labor movement these teachers have become increasingly articulate. They have managed to make education an issue in this presidential campaign by publicizing certain questions addressed to Mr. Landon and Mr. Roosevelt.

We Swear and Swear and Swear—

● Chambers of Commerce, patriotic pressure groups such as the D.A.R., the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, have assisted the Hearst Press in attempting to stem the influence of these teachers by seeking the enactment of repressive legislation. Since the world war more laws interfering with the school curriculum have been passed than in all the years preceding, and more teachers have been dismissed for their views than ever before. According to data gathered by the American Civil Liberties Union it is hazardous in most communities for teachers to discuss in the classroom and often outside the following subjects,—communism, Soviet Russia, socialism, pacifism, trade unions, public ownership of industry, dishonest banking, civil liberties for radicals, racial equality, birth control and sex hygiene.

Twenty-one states have laws which compel the teacher to take oaths of loyalty to the present constitution of the state and nation. While these oaths seem meaningless in themselves they are intended to terrify and intimidate teachers. In the capital of our nation teachers must sign a statement every two weeks to the effect that they have not "taught" communism, meaning that they have not even referred to it. It is encouraging to notice that teachers and liberals have been able to defeat in the primaries Congressman Blanton, of Texas, the author of this infamous red rider law.

In New York State the legislative session of 1936 saw the passage of a joint resolution appropriating \$15,000 to investigate subversive activities in the schools. The measure was introduced by Senator John J. McNaboe. He originally demanded the expenditure of \$150,000 for this red hunt. In 1933 the Citizens Union of New York found Senator John J. McNaboe "woefully misplaced, erring in judgment and lacking in tact and comprehension of legislative principles". In 1934 they characterized him as "unfit for public office".

We Resolve

● Organization among teachers is imperatively needed to stem the rising tide of brutal reaction and intimidation. If we in America are to avoid the burning of books, the smothering of thought, the crushing of labor, which are the essence of fascism, teachers must organize with other workers. The strength of teachers, newspaper men, government employees and other workers in a united labor movement alone can defeat fascism and war. Only by leaving the traditional isolation of the intellectual worker can the teacher defeat the concerted forces of reaction and retrenchment in education.

A f t e r t h e D r o u g h t

G l a d y s T a l b o t t E d w a r d s

● I have seen drought before. I have lived through weeks of burning heat when the temperature ranged between 100 and 120, and the wind was like a blast from a furnace. I know the suspense of watching a darkening haze loom up on the horizon, and the sickening disappointment of seeing that, instead of rain, it is just another swirling dust storm.

I lived on the edge of the drought district in 1931, and I shall not soon forget the little town of Sanish, North Dakota, where not one relieving drop of moisture fell for thirteen months. The lone skeletons of the deserted gold rush towns are not as bleak as the bleached skeletons of a drought-stricken town where people still struggle to hang on to life.

I saw the drought of 1934 in the Dakotas, Montana, Nebraska and Kansas. I know all about the "black blizzards" for I lived through them. I breathed dust, ate dust, shook dust from my pillows when I went to bed and again when I awoke. I saw it piled in drifts and dunes that covered roads, fences and buildings, and I saw the dying trees, the blasted fields and the starving cattle and horses. I saw, too, the exodus of family after family who packed their few belongings and started east, west, north or south—anywhere to escape the heat and choking storms of the dust bowl.

● I have seen all of this, and yet, never before have I seen desolation and despair as I have seen it in this year of drought, A.D. 1936.

Yes, IT IS WORSE than in 1934 or 1931. The newspapers and publications of the states stricken by drought, keep a brave face on it, insisting that the drought stories of this year are manufactured for political purposes. This is not true. This drought is worse, because there is nothing left, upon which to build hope for another year. The two preceding droughts took all the reserve and this one has been the unendurable last load.

The livestock is gone, starved to death, or sacrificed for a quarter of its value. The value of the land is gone, not to be returned for years. And more vital than all this, hope is gone out of the hearts of the people who built the country, against overwhelming odds.

Suffering was intense in 1931. But there was still a bit of green here and there. A few trees survived, grass still showed in the gullies and arroyos.

In 1934, the government stepped in and bought the cattle and hogs which had not starved, and loaned money for feed to keep a foundation herd. Now the foundation herd is gone, the trees are gone, and the hills and prairies are bare and brown. No grass could survive a thirty mile gale at a temperature of 118 degrees.

Last week I crossed a thousand miles of this drought district. Mile after mile as far as eye could reach, lay shimmering in the heat without a spear of green showing on the parched soil. The plowed fields are as barren as the day the new earth was turned. Seeds could not sprout without moisture, and if a hardy blade had showed its green shoot, it would have shriveled at once in the furnace heat of the wind. But most of the seed was blown out and piled under the drifts and dunes of dirt so deeply, that it could not find its way to the surface.

The Sahara desert is not more barren than these western plains. It is not as desolate, for the Sahara does not have farmsteads over its face, and it is these shells of wrecked

hopes which bring to the drought section the very acme of desolation.

No trees, no grass, no gardens. Not one bit of shade, no protection from the merciless sun nor the scorching, eternal wind, which has blistered the paint and shriveled the boards of the buildings until they are hardly to be classified as shelters for the wretched humans who call them home. Strips of tin and old gunny sacks have been brought into use as repairs to cover the ravages made by wind and sun. In front of one of these forlorn shacks, a group of children were playing with tin cans of dirt, and some old pieces of machinery. Their clothes were colorless from washings in scant water, their hair sunburned and strawlike. Even their little faces are drawn and parched from lack of moisture and shade.

● Throughout all this trip, the thought of the women who live out here was uppermost in my mind. I shuddered to think of the dreadful task of trying to make a home, to keep a family comfortable in the face of this monster, Drought. Drought is harder on women than on men. Men suffer from drought, but women die of it. Their souls die, and their minds die. The asylums for the insane in the drought states have been overcrowded by farm women this year. Coming in at the rate of six a day, from areas where the population is very scant, it impresses upon us how heart-breaking is their burden.

It is the women who suffer most with the thirsting animals. It is the women who struggle to raise a garden or a few shrubs on the prairies, and it is with actual pain that they see them shrivel and die.

"I'll never plant another seed nor another plant in this country," said one of these women to me. "Something in me died with everyone of these." As she spoke she looked about her at a barren yard in which the dry skeletons of lilacs, cottonwood and syringa bushes rattled in the scorching wind.

It is the woman of the family who must wage the heart-breaking battle against the dust that sifts into everything. It is in the food, the clothing, the beds, the hair of the

(Continued on page 30)

After the drought comes the dust—the "black blizzard." Like the Sahara Desert, mile after mile lies shimmering in the heat without a spear of green showing.

Resettlement
Administration
photo, from
"The Plow
That Broke
the Plains."





SELLING IDEAS

Continued from page 7)

he can then hold up his head and meet anyone's eye.

Immediately after the 1929 crash there were dozens of stories of the brave little woman who takes her husband's hand and says: "John, what about the old farm that Uncle Eli left us the year we were married." And like a fairy tale, they go back to the farm and sink their teeth into red apples and smell the gingerbread fresh from the oven and grow straight-backed and rosy-cheeked and clear all expenses at the end of the year.

But the most dangerous story (and make no mistake about it—it is dangerous because its influence threatens all working women), is the story that tells of the wife who goes out to get a job when her husband loses his. Invariably the husband falls to ruin before your very eyes. He takes to drink; he runs around with other women; he stops looking for a job; at best he sits home gloomily and reads the paper. But just as the marriage is about to fall completely to pieces the woman, who has become so absorbed in her work she has not noticed her husband's state of dissolution, sees her folly and repents. She gives up her job, she gives back to her husband his feeling of responsibility and immediately, with his shoulders thrown back and a look of dogged determination on his face, he goes out and gets a job the first day, proving that there are jobs for men with grit.

There is a variation of this theme. Sometimes the husband is working but Mary decides to get a job too. She lands a job that pays more than his. She attempts to pay half of the household expenses or move into a more comfortable house than the one in which she now lives. If the man has the right stuff in him he refuses her money but has to work harder and harder to give her the things that she could have had if she had spent her own



They go back to the farm and sink their teeth into red apples.

money. A rift grows between them and just in the nick of time Mary realizes what she is doing, resigns from her job, and goes back to the modest home she had in the beginning. If the man is of weaker stuff, he accepts Mary's money and goes into the inevitable decay, moral and physical, which we have come to expect. Some crisis brings Mary to her senses and back she goes again into the home.

● I cannot understand why someone has not seen the direct fascist propaganda in these stories. I have before me, as I write, a magazine from Germany. I cannot read German well enough to follow the text but it is not necessary. The illustrations tell the story. On one page there is a woman with an anxious frown on her face pouring something into a test tube. There is also a picture of a sad looking young man holding a melancholy baby and looking down the street. On the next page the woman is joyously holding the baby who is laughing with pleasure and seems to have filled out a bit. The man

is shown doing the test tube pouring but minus the frown. It is the same story that is told over and over again in American women's magazines and based on the same false premises: First, that the woman works out of sheer selfishness, and second, that the man could go out and get a job that would support himself, his wife and the babies if he were only given proper encouragement.

In reality it is the old drive against women as workers and therefore against all workers, since by limiting the scope of one group you affect all. It is an attempt, further, to lower the unemployment figures by making women unemployable just as the stories about relief serve the purpose of keeping families off relief except as a last, desperate measure. Or have the purpose of doing away with federal relief altogether since any man, if he has the right stuff in him, can care for his family in some fashion.

The women who read these articles must know that the stories cannot possibly be true. Some of them even laugh a little at the ease with which the hero and heroine overcome their difficulties. But the philosophy—a growing fascist philosophy—is made to become the woman's philosophy. It may be true that some of the authors who write for the women's magazines are unconscious of the propaganda they are spreading. But it is planned propaganda even though authors and readers may not be aware of it. A story that steps too far into the realm of reality does not get as far as the editorial office. Authors come to know what "goes."

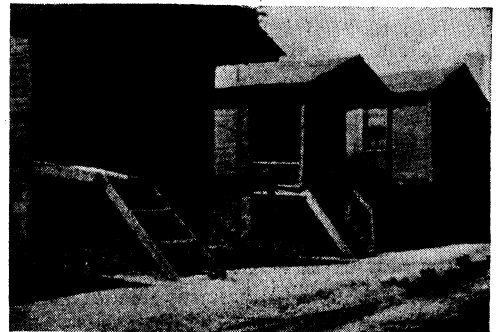
It would be interesting to see if a magazine for women which looked at things as they are can ever be the success that the established women's papers are. Until that time comes, the sincere fighter for women's economic and civil rights has no choice but to raise her voice in protest against the propaganda fiction in the women's magazines.

my husband wants a card

(Continued from page 5)

● YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. A steel worker's wife speaks. "The air is so full of soot and grit, I've got to keep the windows closed all the time—even in the hottest summer weather."

At meal time: "Spread some jam on your bread. Yes, I put it up last fall. Butter? Butter—we don't buy butter any more; not even for the kids; can't afford it. I hope milk won't have to go next."



● "My husband started work again three weeks ago, after being unemployed two years. The mill boss tried to tell him he was too old to work. He's thirty-four years old! They try to hire only young boys these days—the younger the better. They work for less and don't talk Union as much as the older men do. Yes ma'm, my husband's strong for the Union, and there are lots more like him in the mill."



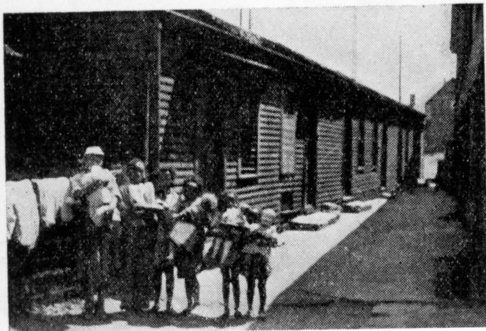
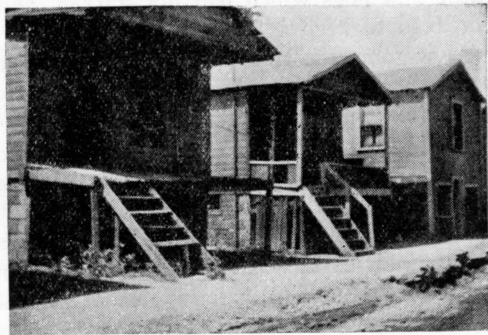
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(Continued from page 5)

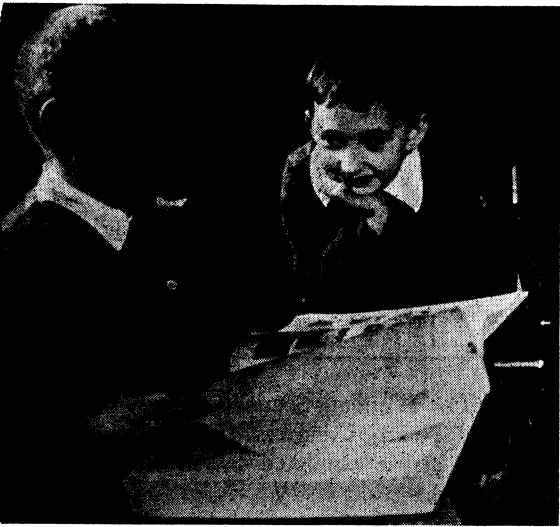
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THE WOMAN TODAY



"I'm teacher now."

and universal well-being of a whole youthful nation.

Let me begin with an anecdote to illustrate one of the characteristics of this new generation. The young people who have grown up since the revolution embody many of the qualities for which their fathers fought. Honesty, intelligence, consideration for others have been bred into these children out of the very forces that made the change. Otherwise they might, with all the loving care and pride in them, have turned out to be spoiled and foolish members of a second generation. This anecdote illustrates an attitude a little hard to define. But the point is that the little boys of this story knew what to say in a pinch.

The friend who saw the incident was on a crowded trolley-bus in Moscow; people were jammed together between the back door and the front. One can only get off by going forward, for the exit is at the front of the car. A Soviet child was caught in this dense group near the back; the next stop was his. He made several determined efforts to break through the crowd and reach the front door. When these efforts failed, he straightened up and cried out: *Citizens! Make way for a small boy!*

This youngster expressed the slogan that has everywhere become a reality. The citizens make way for the children at all times. The babies in nurseries have immaculate surroundings and perfect care; they have had it all along, before the country was as prosperous as it is now. The children get the best; and they show it. They are sun-tanned and plump; they stand very straight; they walk like proud citizens.

I will follow my anecdote with a tableau. Standing on a street corner in a southern city I saw an extraordinary couple: a typical old peasant woman, wizened, in faded clothing, with a white cloth on her head, a heavy basket at her feet; a woman, bent, toothless; a whole life-time of hard work and privation behind her. Standing with her was a child of ten or eleven, evidently her daughter. The girl was probably returning from a Pioneer camp near the sea; a handsome child, sun-tanned, plump, with nicely cut bobbed hair, white, even teeth. She wore white canvas sneakers, a white canvas hat and a brief pair of blue rompers. And there she stood, completely unconscious of her costume, natural and strong and beautiful. Something tremendous had happened in between these two generations; a change we would normally estimate to take a hundred years. The child helped the woman onto the bus with her heavy load. I watched the old and the new speed off in a cloud of dust.

● Soviet children are a new race. One of the nicest things about them is their complete naturalness. They seem more reasonable, and more harmonious than other children. I have seen all kinds—the children of officials, the children in nurseries, the children who patter along the streets of

Soviet Children

... a new race

Genevieve Taggard

● I write to you who worry about your children. For I have seen with my own eyes the natural

Moscow and Leningrad, bare-foot, in abbreviated sun-suits, heads shaved, buying ice-cream in the children's cafe; the silent little boys who play billiards and chess; the children of Bolshevo. . . .

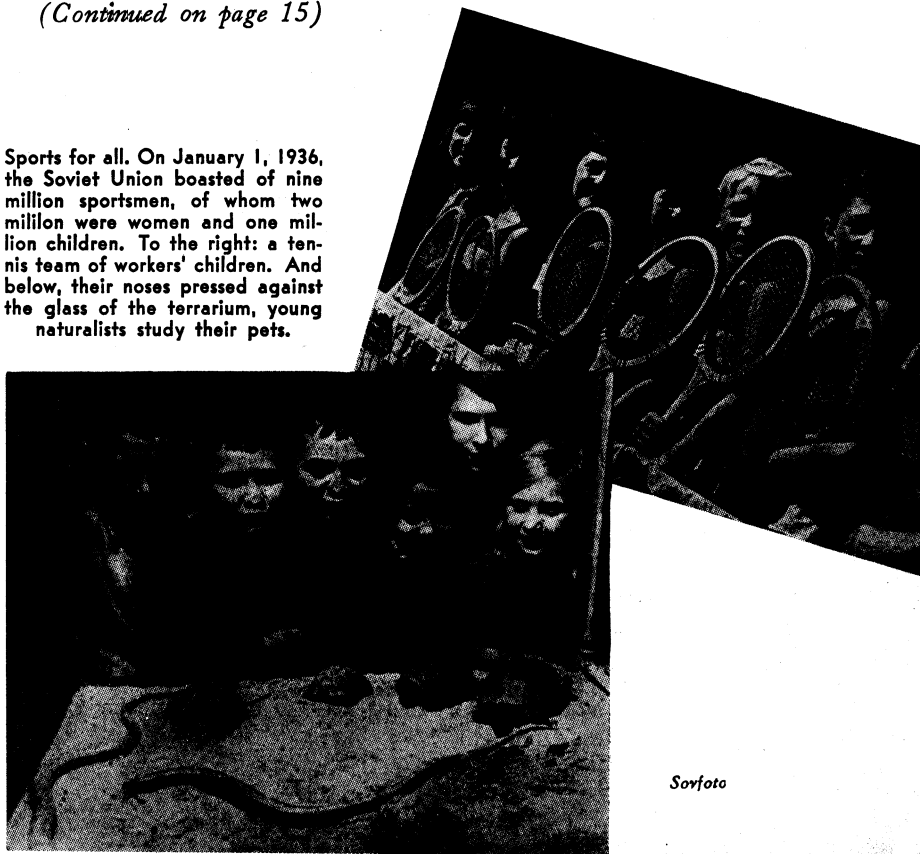
Have you heard about Bolshevo? Twelve thousand people live in this commune; it is a society of reformed criminals, delinquents, derelicts. There are no guards, only teachers and fellow-workers. I saw the reformed wild boys of the streets playing tennis and rugby—across the fields came the sound of saxophones and trombones; the orchestra was at practice. Every single person in the commune is now literate, and the youth look forward to all kinds of future activity—from parachute jumping to engineering. The young man who talked to us about the commune had written a play that will be produced in Moscow this autumn.

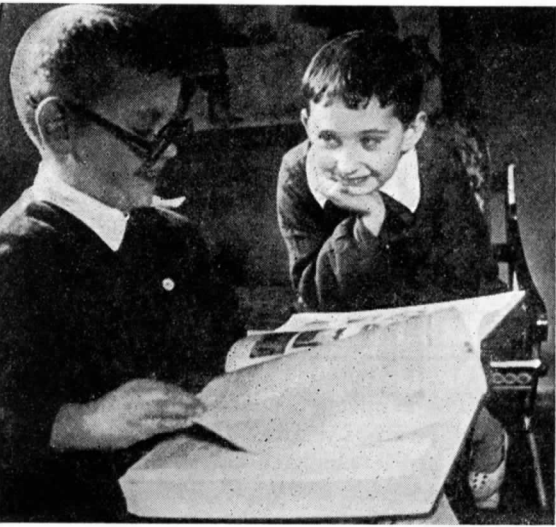
The fact that everyone has a right to work, the fact that work of all kinds is valued and rewarded, makes a future toward which all young people in Soviet Russia march with direct and sturdy determination.

I saw the children on a collective farm. Some of them were playing in a sand box with their teacher; others were taking their afternoon nap. The older ones were swimming in the river and playing or studying under the trees of the pioneer camp. Another group sorted the laundry. The oldest group was playing hand-ball. It was a simple and primitive camp under the trees—dining room and kitchen out-of-doors; laundry done in the river. It looked like a western camp of the pioneer days in our own country. But I think children then were given less intelligent care. In the rest house I saw fifteen tooth-brushes and under them fifteen towels. For the children too young to read their own names, colored pictures had been pasted over the different pegs! The little girl who showed us the room knew her peg by the picture of a tomato above it.

(Continued on page 15)

Sports for all. On January 1, 1936, the Soviet Union boasted of nine million sportsmen, of whom two million were women and one million children. To the right: a tennis team of workers' children. And below, their noses pressed against the glass of the terrarium, young naturalists study their pets.





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Let me begin with an anecdote to illustrate one of the characteristics of this new generation. The young people who have grown up since the revolution embody many of the qualities for which their fathers fought. Honesty, intelligence, consideration for others have been bred into these children out of the very forces that made the change. Otherwise they might, with all the loving care and pride in them, have turned out to be spoiled and foolish members of a second generation. This anecdote illustrates an attitude a little hard to define. But the point is that the little boys of this story knew what to say in a pinch.

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WHICH NEW YORK WOMAN?

by Sasha Small

● They bragged. They boasted. They spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to advertise its coming.

And now—it is here. It has arrived. It finally appeared on Wednesday, September 9, on thousands of news stands—resplendent in color, gleaming with expensive paper—the *New York Woman*, “edited for the women of metropolitan New York.”

Its editorial masthead proclaims:

“After two years of intensive preparation The *New York Woman* makes its debut with this issue. Henceforth, week by week, it will cover the multiple interests of the women of Metropolitan New York; reflect their opinions, provide them with new ideas; report as news the practical information which will enhance their beauty and personal appearance, and add to the comfort and attractiveness of their homes.”

Right under this proclamation comes an explanation of the picture on the expensive cover: “On the cover . . . Pretty Babs Lee, catching the brass rings on the Steeplechase (Coney Island) championship merry-go-round. Her attractive ensemble comes from Saks Fifth Avenue, the suit \$89.00.”

It's a nice enough looking magazine—

● Surveys by numerous agencies and individuals have shown that the domestic servant, whether white or black, is one of the most exploited, if not the most exploited, of American workers. The colored domestic servant in the South receives worse treatment than any other worker in the same category.

The proposal advanced in the article “Part Time Maid” in the *New York Woman* of September 9th, 1936, to import colored maids from the South into New York City and control their entire life, including their religion, recreation and their place of abode is nothing more or less than a proposal for concentration camp labor and stockade slavery. In the closing paragraph of this article the writer assumes to speak for the New York woman. There must be millions of New York women of all classes who resent this article and they should make their protests felt by the editors of the *New York Woman*

ROY WILKINS
Asst. National Secretary
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People

Wherein our writer points out that a certain new woman's magazine does NOT reflect the opinion of the real New York woman. And if you share our sentiments, we urge you to make your mind known to the editors of THE NEW YORK WOMAN.

but with that much money who couldn't get out a nice looking magazine? Money is the main keynote throughout and almost 75 per cent of the space is devoted to advertising.

But its contents! I happen to know a good many New York women and see thousands of them every day. It certainly doesn't “reflect their opinions.” For instance, one of the main articles is called: *Wanted—A part time maid*. I won't bore you with a summary of this vicious, insulting inhuman piece of bad writing. I'll just quote one or two of its choicest bits. You see, this woman has been hiring and firing girls every week because they were all stupid, ignorant, wilful, incompetent, impossible, etcetera, etcetera. They broke her things, they stole, they drank, they were filthy—without exception. The lady's conclusion is:

“There are no finer part time maids than those colored gals down South. I'd suggest that someone bring them to New York in large numbers, house them at centralized points (far from Harlem!) furnish them with snuff and Hoyt's cologne, give them a safe place to dance and fight on Saturday nights and keep them away from Father Divine.”

The fact that these part time maids are *New York Women* too, and may have another side of this same story to tell doesn't enter into the editorial policy of this fancy magazine. The policy would seem to lean much more to Herr Hitler's labor camps for women in Nazi Germany.

But that's not all. How does this magazine “provide them with new ideas”? The main article is called “Mad About Politics.” Its moral is that Park Avenue hostesses can no longer give dinner parties because the guests lose their manners as well as their tempers and fight about politics. Politics, she adds, should be “fun and laughter—a political difference on which to hang a contest of wits . . . a bout between brains.”

The rest of the paper is mostly fashion. How to look elegant in a \$350 fur coat or a simple little ensemble at \$129.50. Then there's a page of pictures called “Nobody's Husband Yet”—photographs of handsome, “successful” men, making plenty of money; an article proving that the depression is over because there is standing room only in the most expensive night clubs and “even the debutantes don't have to look for jobs any more.” Oh yes, it has one editorial that mentions equal rights for women, and no discrimination—equal rights to drink cocktails over any bar, with no discrimination!

When I was a little girl I read a story about a wicked pirate who wanted to poison a lot of children. He decided to do it with

a cake—and he instructed his cook to make the cake very beautiful and to be sure and make the icing green. No children, he said, would be able to resist green icing.

The editors of the *New York Woman* seem to have the same idea—green icing—at only so much in New York's finest department stores—but no matter how they color it—it's still poison.

● The Women's Section of the National Negro Congress discussed an inane article published by an inane magazine called *The New York Woman*, on September 9th. The article was written by a woman desiring a “part time” maid (hours—1 p.m. to 9 p.m.). She discovered that there was a scarcity of “Negro gals.” Her solution of this problem is that from the deep South the “gals”

The reasons this kind lady cannot get a part time maid to do her cooking, cleaning, serving, and laundry when she is not minding the children, for eight hours seven days a week, are:

Maids are today awake to the needs of their own children. Negroes are becoming union-minded. Therefore, we urge the building of the Domestic Workers Union here to protect domestic workers against such “part time” exploitation. Living conditions fit for humans must be won for the domestic workers—the eight-hour day, decent pay.

The Domestic Workers Union will become an asset to the struggle for freedom from low-paid drudgery for all women—Negro and white, alike. Women—real women—will give their answer to the editors of *The New York Woman* by supporting the Domestic Workers Union.

M. F. BOYD
Chairman, Women's Section
National Negro Congress

● The article “Wanted: Part Time Maid” appearing in *The New York Woman* of September 9th is a vicious example of the kind of exploitation of women workers in domestic service which is becoming more and more prevalent among a certain class of employers. It shows a perverted mentality in stating that they expected the worker to remain from one o'clock to nine, on a so-called “part time” basis.

The slurs upon Negro servants are both untrue and unkind. The effective solution for the plight of the domestic worker is a strong labor union organization where conditions of work will be controlled.

ELMER A. CARTER
Editor of “Opportunity”
organ of the
National Urban League

Six Million Hungry Children

by Elizabeth Blake

Drawings by Alice Solomon



● When Peter entered the first grade, ruddy-cheeked and well scrubbed, he stood out from the other children for his ability to learn quickly. He was one of the first to master the first reader, and he used to help the stragglers who never could remember the hard words. As a monitor of "morning inspection" he loved to search out neglected finger nails and unbrushed shoes.

Peter himself was dressed very neatly. Although his blue blouse was faded, it was darned and well ironed, his shoes were patched but always carefully polished. Peter's mother was very proud of his A rating at the end of the grade and I, too, was well pleased with the model pupil who loved school and who would certainly, I felt, have a successful and happy future.

It was during the next term that Peter's father died, that his mother after long searching found a factory job which kept her away from her home and children for most of the daylight hours. Peter came to school looking ill-cared-for. His interest in morning inspection lessened when he had constantly to hear rebukes for dirty finger-nails and grey-rimmed ears and neck. The old blue blouse was torn and soiled and the shoes were ragged.

There were so many brothers and sisters, Peter's mother told us when she finally managed to come up to school at our summons. Ten hours a day away from home, six mouths to feed, washing, mending—it was too much for her. We clucked sympathetically. What could we do? There are so many of these "cases"—for Peter had become a "case."

It was several years later that the fifth grade teacher spoke to me about Peter. He was now a problem child. Dirty, saucy and lazy, he refused to do his homework, played truant and was barely able to maintain a C rating and to avoid being held over in the same grade. It was hard to recognize the sweet red-cheeked youngster I had known in this thin, neglected boy, sullen and hungry-looking, who hated school. It was a case of insufficient food and home care—a case of poverty, in short.

We could write it all down in the card catalog, but Peter would have to go his way. He was only one of forty-eight children in a fifth grade on part time. Many of the children needed medical care and

better clothing and food. The teacher had very little time to give each child her sympathy and attention; improving their home conditions was beyond her power.

● In July, 1933, the United States Children's Bureau reported: "Today somewhere in the neighborhood of one-fifth of all pre-school and school children in the United States are showing the effects of poor nutrition, of inadequate housing, of lack of medical care and, in many cases, the effect of the anxiety and the sense of insecurity that prevails wherever there is no work." In December, 1935, the United States Office of Education reported that 22 per cent of the nation's children were suffering from physical handicaps such as weak hearts, tuberculosis, impaired sight and hearing, defective speech, under-nourishment, etc. This makes at least 6,549,000 children with undermined health attending school.

One child expert remarked: "You cannot make up for skimmed milk today by feeding children cream tomorrow." The children who are suffering physically from the depression today will grow up without the strong frames and ability to resist disease which should be the birthright of every American child.

Not only through lack of physical care are many of our children being poorly prepared for the future, but also they are receiving more meager educational opportunities than they deserve in a country that prides itself, as ours does, on free and full education for everybody. During the years since 1929, thousands of schools have been



closed entirely. In some places the school term has been shortened.

Everywhere there have been campaigns waged to "cut out the fads and frills" in education. The chief campaigners have been those who want to lower the taxes on their large real estate holdings, as well as on income taxes. They have been ably abetted by various and sundry accomplices with seats in the various state legislatures. Actually, this means depriving many chil-



dren of high school education and shortening the school day for others. It means going back to the three R's of the little red schoolhouse, leaving out history, music, physical training, science and many other subjects.

Modern educators believe that the fuller educational curriculum will produce a body of citizens who can better understand their government and the society they live in, who will be able to use their leisure time happily and profitably. The enemies of public education—these so-called Citizens' Budget Commissions, Economic Councils, and the representatives of the Manufacturers' Association and the big banking and industrial groups—prefer to see the children of working people do without too much education. In 1934-35 only \$68.47 per child was spent for education in the United States as compared with \$90.22 in 1929-30. During the same years the national war budget was increased by \$500,000,000.

● It is up to the parents of America to decide what must be done to secure decent physical and medical care and a good education for their children. In many communities mothers' clubs and parent-teacher organizations have succeeded in getting free hot lunches and clothing for needy children, in obtaining better relief allowances, in establishing free dental and medical clinics at the expense of the local government.

In New York City, parents of Harlem and other sections have organized with civic groups and with Local 5 of the Teachers Union in a campaign to improve local school conditions. They have already obtained a promise of two new school buildings. The United Parents Association has brought thousands of organized parents to work for improved school conditions.

We can insure for the children of the United States the kind of future they deserve through organization, through the trade unions (who were instrumental in securing free public education) and their auxiliaries, and through the collaboration of parent and teacher organizations.

I Say What I Think

By Judith Post

The wife of the first Socialist Congressman looks back on a full life and says it was merely an apprenticeship for her future activity.

● "What people really want to know about you is how you, a middle class wife and mother, have managed to keep so young, so far in the front ranks." I went straight to the nub of the interview and Meta Berger was pleased. At sixty-three she is not yet reconciled to getting older, and the esteem and affection of many young friends is a matter of great comfort and pride to her.

"The difference between me and anybody else my age," she said simply, "is Victor Berger. If it hadn't been for him, I'd probably be interested exclusively in my grandchildren."

It had been an intensive training in politics and labor organization, in purpose and flexibility, being married to Victor Berger, she said, and she insisted that anyone would have been "graduated" from the course just as she has.

"If I learned anything from my husband it was that every new situation must be freshly examined in the light of one's purpose," she said. "That explains why I find it quite simple and entirely consistent to take a stand on such controversial questions as Russia or the united front. I do not feel restricted by any attitudes Victor Berger had fifteen or more years ago, under very different circumstances. He was skeptical of the development of socialism in Russia, but that was before Russia had demonstrated to the world that it is, in fact, building the new society. He was attacked by the communists of a decade ago and he opposed them, but that was before fascism became a threat to the life of all progressive groups. His policies and positions were determined by the facts as he knew them, but that was before history had given the world the Germany and Italy of today and before Spain had become a lesson in politics which no one can ignore."

"So you think that if Victor Berger were alive today he would not maintain his old attitudes but would take the same position you take?"

I wondered, as I asked her, whether she would insist on the comfort of the belief that he would agree with her.

"To be frank with you, I don't think there is any use in that sort of speculation," she said, and then added laughingly, "we all claim the angels for our side. And I would find it impossible to conform my husband's hypothetical opinions—if they remained unchanged—when bombs are bursting in Spain."

● When I asked Mrs. Berger to discuss her position in the Socialist Party as a leader of the minority favoring united action with all other groups against war and fascism she said:

"The Party in Wisconsin has recently adopted a rule forbidding members to advocate the united front upon pain of expulsion. I don't want to be expelled but I think the rule would hardly apply to the mere expression of conviction on the subject, do you?"

I assured her that I thought her party would not expect her to refuse to answer a question on the point and reminded her that her opinions were hardly a secret.

"I believe," she said, "that it is absurd to refuse to work

with anyone toward the goal which you very much want, and I don't think we socialists can afford to exclude anybody who will fight on our side. I know there are honest socialists who differ with me on this subject. What I think they do not realize is that in the teeth of fascist danger they must unbend or be broken. Other comrades oppose the united front for other reasons: some are more Zionist than socialist; others see more fertile field for their ambitions in separate party activities."

Mrs. Berger smiled at the echo of her own words.

"You see how thoroughly convinced I am," she said. "I think anybody who takes the opposite attitude must have something wrong with him—or must want other ends more than socialism."

● Referring to the recent repudiation Mrs. Berger suffered at the hands of Milwaukee's socialist mayor during the spring election campaign for her opposition to Germany in favor of Russia, as a cultural Mecca for Milwaukee school teachers, I asked her whether she had suffered the loss of much party support and sympathy.

"It must be a rather lonely business," I suggested.

"No," she said, "I have many friends and comrades in and out of the party who have supported me loyally. Besides, I'm used to saying what I think and taking the consequences." And then she added, somewhat wistfully, "but it was easier when Mr. Berger and I took the consequences together. I miss his wisdom and the vigorous reassurance of his convictions. But I guess I've been toughened."

She took me into her confidence in an engaging way which made me feel I had been a party to her struggles. "It seems to me sometimes that all of my life has been a series of battles. First there was just a personal, private struggle to survive as something more than Mr. Berger's housekeeper. Often I think that I was more frightened about that than anything else. The outcome was uncertain. We were poor and I had a couple of babies and there was very little time to "catch up" to Victor Berger. . . ."

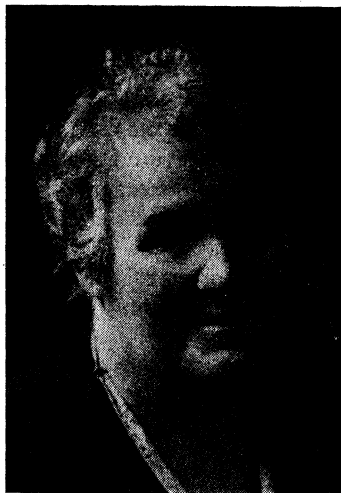
She laughed softly, interrupting her story.

"Not that I ever did really catch up. But I got finally so I understood what his problems were and the snatches of conversation that I heard between waiting on the children and managing the meals when we had guests, began to register and have

meaning for me.

"You know those early days in the socialist movement were not so soft and settled as they are now. Socialists were viewed with the same fear and violence by the general citizenship as communists often are today. And the business of being a socialist was taken very seriously. It meant endless arguments and discussion of theories and policies. The principles and objectives which have become casual party assumptions were born of fierce, if somewhat theoretical, controversies among men and women who lost their jobs and were persecuted in much the way of our friends on

(Continued on page 30)



Meta Berger



Meta Berger

SOVIET CHILDREN

(Continued from page 11)

● In order to complete the picture of the life of the young people in this socialist country, I must add some description of their intellectual pursuits. This is the only country in the world where students are paid while they study. What ardent students they are! How hungry they are for all kinds of knowledge—engineering, biology, physics, natural science. And how thoroughly they know that science of Marx-Leninism, through which an older generation mastered the world in which they now live. Knowledge is power. This they know. A boy whose parents were nomads yesterday living the way their fathers lived a thousand years ago, today bores through learning like a steel drill.

Added to this the young people cherish culture. They do not mean what we mean by culture—our pallid and artword is inadequate. They mean everything from “western” ballroom dancing to Iliad, Shakespeare and Pushkin, Galileo and Edison, Walt Whitman and Confucius—in other words, the best of the past is their wealth and their careful study. Books are published in editions of a million copies. They vanish within a few weeks. There is not enough paper in the Soviet Union to print enough copies of the books in demand.

I think I learned most about the children of the Soviet Union by seeing the Sports Parade in Moscow. Eighty-six

thousand children and young people paraded into the Red Square past the tribune in front of the Kremlin. It was the most dazzling display of happiness and physical beauty—straight young shoulders, line on line, in perfect marching time; brown sturdy bodies, and colors blended and splashed in banners, costumes, flowers, flags. Six very small children led the parade carrying vast bouquets of flowers. When they reached the tribune where Stalin was beaming down at them they disappeared, and in a moment we saw flowers and children emerge on the tribune platform above. There their hands waved with the hands of the chiefs of the Union, while their comrades paraded endlessly below, saluting and singing their thanks for a good life.

● I thought then of the children back at home; the children in steel towns, the children of New York City, the sickly children in the bleak and sad Southern towns. And I thought of other children I know who are fortunate by comparison—the carefully cared for children of middle-class parents—I remembered their discontent, boredom and confusion. I remembered the boys who had gone to college, who are now tending gasoline stations. A deadly force is stunting the life of our youth wherever it puts forth a new shoot, I thought.

But here, here I was seeing a new race of people, the first fruits of a new society.

children go to theatre

By Anne Powell

Federal Theatre photo

● When the W.P.A. Children's Theatre's first offering “The Emperor's New Clothes”, a charming adaptation of Hans Andersen's fairy tale, opened at the Adelphi Theatre in New York City the economic problem cropped up in the “carfare” question. It was found that even though prices for admission were reduced to five cents for children who came in large batches, mothers were unable to provide the extra cents necessary for transportation.

Private donations and welfare organizations ameliorated the problem somewhat, but not sufficiently to make it possible to constantly draw huge audiences of children to a

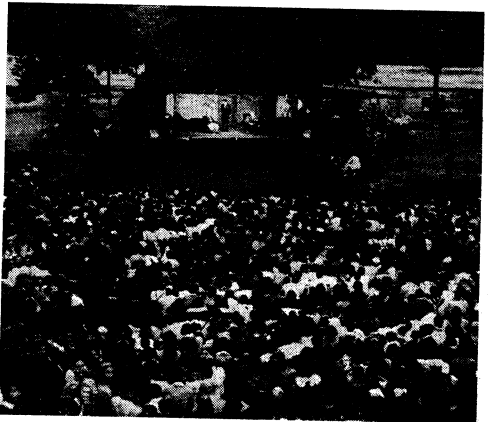
central location. A new plan of operation which is being set into motion this month will perhaps be the best panacea for the situation. A circuit of theatres is being organized in all the five boroughs, and a children's repertory of plays will be given.

● There has been an acute need for a children's theatre in this country for many years—especially one well enough subsidized to provide a variety of cultural entertainment for the juvenile.

The W.P.A. Children's Theatre is the first serious attempt in this direction in the United States. Though its activity is limited at present to New York City, plans are under way to extend its influence into other parts of the country, and into the hinterland sections of New York City.

The experience of the project with its portable trailer theatres proved that where the drama is taken directly to the people, as was done this summer in the parks, huge masses of children and adults turn out. Over 100,000 auditors, for instance, saw park performances of “The Emperor's New Clothes” in a six weeks period. There is little doubt that children's theatres established in local neighborhoods will obtain similar results, both in numbers and in educational work.

● The success of “The Emperor's New Clothes,” a tale with definite social implications, which enlists the sympathy of the child audience for the exploited and underpaid weavers, has borne out the contention that plays can be imaginative, humorous, and fantastic in nature, and still contain sufficient subject matter to leave the child with an awareness of many of the realities of the world.



The portable theatre draws a large crowd.

Young eyes watch "The Emperor's New Clothes."



(Continued on page 19)

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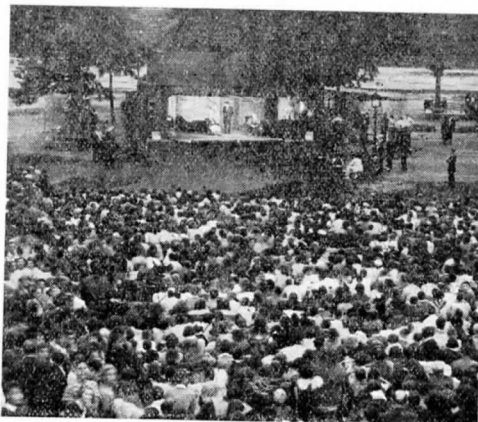
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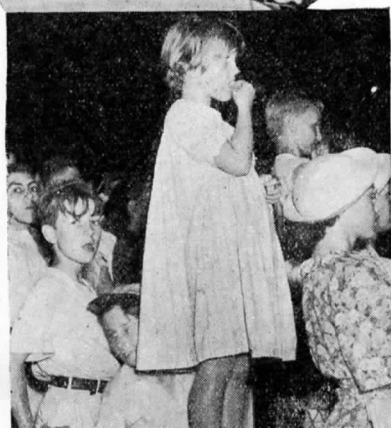
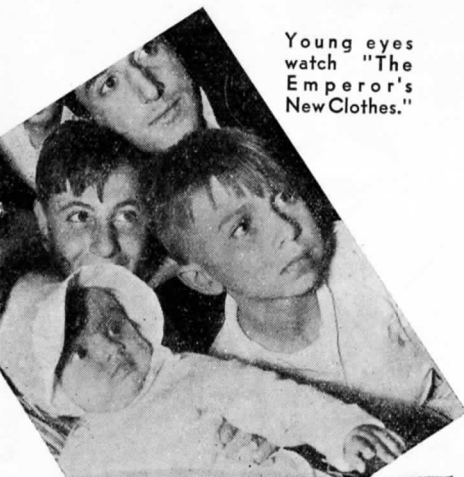
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(Continued on page 19)

YOU BOSS, HUH?



• Ol John didn't like to have his cronies tell him, "You're almost a native!"

To call a man a "native" in modern Alaska is equivalent to calling him an Indian, and to call a man an Indian is almost as bad as the quaint custom of referring to his mother as a lady dog. It is not being done.

Alaska is now civilized, and therefore an Indian (or Eskimo) is not and never can be an Alaskan, even though he and his have owned the land for a thousand years. He is merely—and often contemptuously—a "native." On the other hand, the Alaskan-born white child is never referred to as a native of the land of his birth; not by sourdoughs. The native is never an Alaskan; the Alaskan is never a native. Future-born native sons will doubtless have trouble in explaining this curious terminology.

Because he had been thirty-five years in the Far North, Old John was an Alaskan; his wife, known to all and sundry persons of both races as "Grandma," was a native and vastly proud of it. Old John had brought no race prejudices to Alaska. Almost his first discovery on his arrival in the Far North was that he needed dogs and missed women. Second, that while dogs came high, women, of sorts, were cheap but expensive at any price. His third and major discovery was a comely Indian girl who owned and drove a very fine sled team of dogs. Because many white men coveted the girl, or her dogs, or both, Old John, then young and red-blooded, had taken no chances. He hastily married her in proper missionary fashion; and through fat years and lean she drove dogs, made camp, cooked, and bore sons to this strange chechaco. To him she was at first just another "Mary"; then mother; later, and more affectionately, she came to be known as "Grandma." She fed the hungry of both races as a chief's daughter should. If at times she found the union irksome, as all Indian women who marry white men must, she bore the inconvenience philosophically and behaved with discretion.

Now, alas, Alaska was getting civilized. Old John was suffering from too much civilization; he was getting "touched" in his old age. How could he avoid it? Civilization was invading Alaska like a plague of mosquitoes. White women from the States came north bringing backless dresses to replace the sensible reindeer parkas; kid slippers and frozen feet had replaced mukluks and moccasins. Tourists overran the country like a migration of caribou, and along with silk panties and permanent waves came race hatred, and caste, and social codes. Tuberculosis and influenza were presented to the natives, and under this double white man's burden

they lay down and died in thousands. The sum total of all this means that Old John was getting very tired of being referred to as a "squaw man."

Besides, there was politics. You who bewail the filth of big-city politics know nothing of the political mud puddle as it appears in a small town of less than two thousand persons, counting whites, breeds, women and children—and natives. "North of 63" politics suffers from no inhibitions. Old John wanted a Commissioner's job; the President was coming north to inspect the contents of "Uncle Sam's Ice-box." How could a mere squaw man hope to meet him socially?

Old John had many friends, cronies and hangers-on, for he was rich in his old age. He took his troubles to his favorite bar and got plenty of advice. Worst of all, he was

Drawings by
C. A. Johnson



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"Why don't you throw her out?"
said one.

"She's a chief's daughter and she's
got pride; beat her and she'll leave,"
they assured him.

"Plenty of California girls coming
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"You don't need her to drive dogs
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him she was neither white nor na-
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Jeers, cheers and sneers followed
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A half-hour later, when he en-
tered his very comfortable home, he
had the biggest jag and the worst grouch Grandma had
ever seen. He stormed and raved like a madman, putting
on an act for her especial benefit. Grandma ignored his
tantrum as she probably had many times in the past.
Through all his flow of drunken language Old John kept
repeating one refrain:

"I'm boss, see? You get out!"

When Grandma continued to placidly ignore his ravings
he proceeded to give her the beating of her life. Grandma
decided to leave, after administering suitable retaliatory
discipline with a chunk of firewood. No, she did not seri-
ously injure him; but as she surveyed his prostrate form
she was heard to remark, with a questioning, doubtful,
rather scornful and contemptuous inflection in her voice,

"You Boss, huh? YOU boss? HUH!"

Of course Grandma knew better than to stay and wait
for John to "come alive" again. She made her way as
quickly as possible to Bill's home. Bill was one of her five
stalwart sons. The first-born, he had been sent to the
States for education and had distinguished himself by

● A short, short from life based on an actual incident in Fairbanks, Alaska, several
years ago; showing—what some people forget—that women's rights are bound up
with their economic position. Indian women have a keen sense of their "rights"—as a
consequence of tribal custom which makes the women the owner of certain house-
hold goods and chattels in many Indian communities.

bringing home, as his wife, a white girl school teacher from
Oregon. She had traded her low-paid job and racial caste
for a home, a half-breed husband whom she adored, and
the contempt of her new neighbors. Nelly was a scandal
in the community; but to offset that she had acquired an
interest in Grandma and a Koyukuk gold claim. Nelly
loved Grandma; she knew Indians, and she also knew
white men's ways. After Grandma had told her woes Nelly

just asked:

"Do you want Old John back again?"

Grandma's answer was a very explosive "No!"

"All right then; I'll fix everything."

Nelly talked awhile to Bill; and he went after all his
brothers and all their friends and relatives. It was mid-
night, but what matters midnight on the Arctic Circle?
Nelly got busy and cooked a very substantial meal. Indians
do not drink when they have serious matters to consider,
but they like to eat before thinking. Several score came,
and ate, and talked of this and that. Nelly sent Bill over
to a certain smart lawyer's house to warn him that clients
were about to visit him.

In the small hours of the morning the lawyer, who had
best be nameless, looked out of his windows upon an un-
usually large gathering of natives, led by Nelly and Grand-
ma. He took in the situation at a glance, and being clever
and having an eye to future business, took in the whole
gang to breakfast. Indians may not be welcome socially,
but their money is good, and that lawyer's wife did not
feel that she lost caste when she cooked breakfast for a
gang of "natives." Lawyers, like Indians, must eat!

Very discreetly, the lawyer used the telephone. Then he
drew up a number of legal papers. He remarked, "We
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later Old John was brought in by a police officer, the judge
having insisted that he should personally appear to defend
himself. Both lawyer and judge happened to be bitter
political enemies of Old John, but they were nothing if not
fair! Very cheerfully John admitted profanely abusing his
wife, and beating her. Things seemed to be coming his
way at last! Very happy was he when his wife was handed
her decree of divorce, and he realized that it was imme-
diately final and irrevocable. He was happy; she was
happier; it seemed to be a happy ending! Old John and
his cronies retired to the nearest bar to celebrate.

Grandma, her friends, including the smart lawyer and
his friend the judge, all went to her house. In the course
of time Old John also went home. He was met at the
door by his ex-wife, flanked by her five sons. In the back-

Grace Verne - Silver

ground were many familiar faces. Grandma spoke first, and
to the point:

"Get out of my house and stay out."

Two police officers stepped to old John's side. One spoke:

"The old woman's right. The judge brought us here
to look after things. You must have forgotten that Grand-
ma owns every bit of property you ever had."

(Continued on page 28)

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as getting very tired of being

You who bewail the filth of
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(Continued on page 28)



Mrs. John Q. Public Acts

Drawings by Agnes Karlin

DR. ELSIE V. BAXTER

● United in their determination to build a genuine People's Front, women of the State of Washington have set out to organize themselves into a closely-knit consumers' group, one with which greedy industrialists must reckon in the economic struggles now looming upon the horizon.

The Washington Commonwealth Federation, composed of liberal and radical citizens throughout the state, stands for independent political action and represents the potential foundation for an effective People's Front. The basic plank in its platform, around which liberal forces are now rallying, is Initiative Measure No. 119, the Production-for-Use Bill: "An Act to establish a planned economy based upon production-for-use rather than for profit. Within the state are idle lands, factories and vast natural resources. Many thousands of people, now unemployed, are able and willing to do productive labor. It is the purpose of this Act to provide for the organization of these unused productive forces and for the development of our natural resources in order to afford employment and natural security for all."

Progressive women of Washington are eager to see this bill become a workable cog in the legal machinery of the state. Katherine Smith and Elizabeth Harper were among that eager, determined group of women who stood patiently on Seattle's rainy street corners soliciting signatures on a petition to support the bill. Each copy of the bill had space for one hundred names; and these two tenacious citizens, weavers of dreams, but with feet firmly rested in the soil of grim reality, recognized neither rebuff nor defeat.

"People must be educated," they said simply.

And so, when more than 70,000 names were counted—20,000 more than the law required—Elizabeth Harper admitted that she had turned in ten copies of the bill and Mrs. Smith accounted for fourteen. Anyone who thinks it is a simple matter to garner 1,000 names on a petition, especially where explanatory educative work is a prerequisite, is invited to try it once.

● In 1934, the Commonwealth Builders, a mushroom family of production-for-use units which sprang from the old self-help barter groups of 1929-'30, astonished the two old parties by electing some forty candidates to the lower house of the legislature, and about twenty to the State Senate. But the production-for-use label did not make the man—or the woman, either—when political pressure was applied. Candidates on the W.C.F. platform were called communists, and word went around that they were headed for Olympia to overthrow the state government "by force and violence."

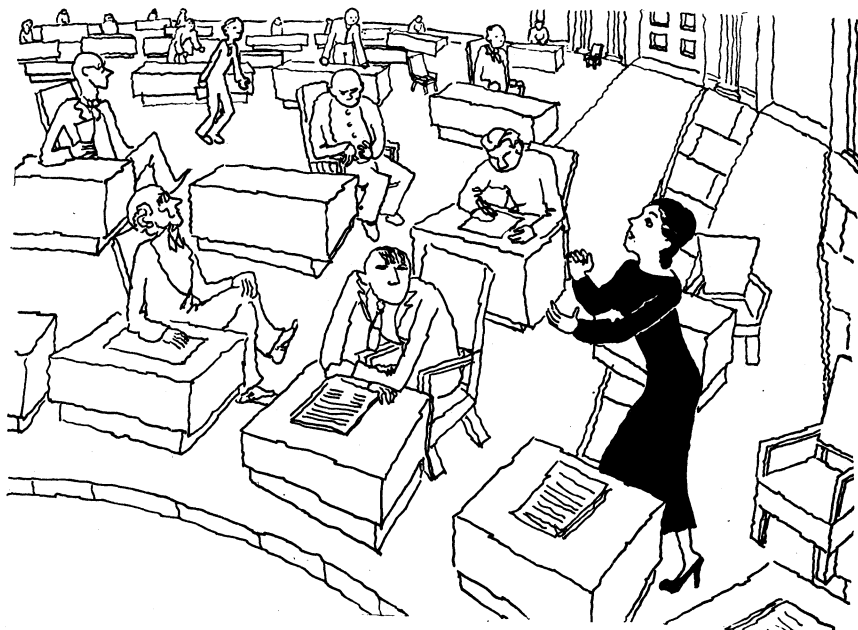
Nevertheless, there were women candidates elected in 1934. Mary U. Farquharson, radical wife of a professor at the University of Washington, was nominated as one of Seattle's candidates for State Senator. And then "the heat was turned on," as Senator Mary will tell you; the usual cry of "Communist!" rent the air. But Mary didn't mind that at all. She asked no quarter—and gave none. Nor did she make the sweet little feminine appeal of "your vote, please, because I am a woman," implying that, being a woman, she was all sweetness and light and would never

seek to pass a law that would annoy anybody. For the truth was that the lady senator intended to annoy a great many people. Not that she isn't feminine; she is, decidedly.

Katherine Malstrom was sent up from Olympia to keep Mary company, and although the former arrived in the Senate as a Liberal in the making, she stood staunchly for repeal of the anti-labor Criminal Syndicalism Law, for optional military training in state colleges, instead of required, and for other progressive measures not included in the mandate of the Parent-Teacher Association program upon which she had made her campaign. Mrs. Marie F. Keene, representative from Longview, that capital of the far-flung empire of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, joined hands with the other two women, because Marie had already had experience in carrying the banner of labor during the ominous days of the strike when support of the strikers was a true test of courage. These three women, on the firing line, demonstrated in no uncertain terms that they would never become mere rubber stamps for the lumber barons of their state.

● These women remember the dark days of the early depression years, when boatloads of fish, donated by the local fishing fleet, were hauled east of the Cascade Mountains and exchanged for potatoes, fruits and vegetables, produced in abundance in those fertile, irrigated valleys. They haven't forgotten their collective efforts, such as "chiseling" sugar—Seattle's mayor staged a large public ball to provide it!—and their canning operations which followed the sugar deal. They organized an auxiliary which concerned itself with medical care of the unemployed, the members visiting clinics and the country hospital in order to obtain such simple necessities as cod liver oil and epsom salts.

Nor did these resourceful women keep silent when the Red
(Continued on page 19)



Behind the Sunflower

• The "Land a job with Landon" slogans continue to spread over billpost and barnyard, and the sunflower symbol glows with buttercup gold textiles manufactured under sweatshop conditions. At the same time a large army of Landon's constituents—residents of Kansas—are wondering whether they will live long enough to see the conclusion of a campaign distinguished for glowing promises built upon performances which spell slow and torturous death for them.

They are the victims of silicosis—men, women and children—from the mining regions of Kansas, whose lungs are heavy with the deadly dust particles.

The jobs landed by these miners and their families are surely landing them into the jaws of an untimely grave. The present Governor—"Sunflower" Landon—has not only failed to move a hair to help them—but discouraged offers of assistance from others.

According to statements by local physicians, victims of this dread disease include many hundreds of little children who live near the mines. Dust blown from the mine to the residential areas in great gusts strikes these helpless victims. As they breathe, the

silica dust penetrates their lungs and causes lesions. Efforts to establish a sanitarium for silicosis sufferers were rebuffed by the "Sunflower" candidate.

Last year the miners called a strike to insure protection against this menace. Troops were called and the strike crushed. The latest attempt to sidetrack the organization of a bonafide union was made by Governor Landon in importing an army of thugs, gangsters and ex-convicts. They roam the countryside and terrorize the miners. A company union manned by these sinister characters has been set up.

• WOMAN TODAY urges its readers to look beneath the glowing promises of Hearst's protege. Landon's record as Governor of Kansas as strike-breaker, union-buster, home-wrecker, can only be the foreshadow of his future as President. If that record is not clear enough to any then let the hollow voices of the silica-torn lung victims be heard!

the
Woman Today

Mrs. John Q. Public Acts

(Continued from page 18)

Cross allowed a carload of flour to rot while Seattle families cried for bread. They clamored for the carloads of potatoes over which men on Produce Row poured kerosene in order to preserve scarcity and high prices. But, as dark-haired, courageous Mrs. Mabel Jensen will tell you: "The judge ruled that potatoes were private property and could be destroyed or sold—at the owner's discretion!" Then she adds: "The big merchants wanted to sell commodities to the county commissioners for the unemployed. And when they saw the variety—and quantity!—of food and other merchandise we were able to obtain without any actual money ever changing hands, well, it was simply more than their greedy, profiteering souls could bear."

Now the important lesson Washington women have learned can be summed up and expressed in the words of Miss Jean Stovel, chairman of the Women's Work Committee of the WCF. Having lived in Seattle for thirty years and served time as an active organizer in the ranks of the A. F. of L., fighting for

minimum hours and wages for women, Miss Stovel turns her level gaze upon a world of disillusioned men and women, with a keen perception and an all-embracing sympathy.

"The women of this People's Front movement have learned much since we organized," she says, "and they have learned in the only way possible: by their own *personal* experience. But we have learned to rely upon ourselves in terms of collective struggle for our immediate needs. Our strength lies in our purchasing power. We want protection for unemployed families facing eviction; we want socialized medicine. When we, the organized women of this state, refuse to purchase the products of the Fisher Flour Mill because its owners are unfair to organized labor, then stores are going to hesitate about placing those commodities upon their shelves. We know we shall soon be face to face with soaring living costs in the basic line of necessities. But we are that mythical thing called 'the public' and so we shall demand a hearing.

"Defeated?" Again there was a twinkle in those eyes that see through and beyond so many things. "Why, women have sold the idea of organization—their own vast power!—to themselves, the result of bitter experience. We've just begun to fight!"

Children Go to Theatre

(Continued from page 15)

We would also suggest that mothers watch for the opening of the new play "Flight" which is at present in preparation. This is a stirring dramatization of Lindbergh's first transatlantic flight, and it also incorporates, during the telling, the entire evolution of man's conquest of the air.

The Children's Theatre, which has received the acclaim of both the liberal and the most conservative press, well deserves the support of the public. It is one of the most needed cultural institutions in this country, and if established on the ambitious scale planned by the administration will do much to offset the pernicious influence of gun-shooting movies on children's development.

THE MILK RACKET

By Josephine Wertheim

FLASH! As we go to press, the New York Times of September 19th announces. "Milk Price Is Cut by Big Chains Here." It frankly states that this decrease was due to the "vigorous protest by Mayor La Guardia, consumers and others." The price paid by the milk dealers to the producers has been raised twenty cents, making the new price \$2.90 per hundred pounds. However, the plans for a strike continue, since the demands of the milk producers for \$3 per hundred pounds and abolition of the classification system have not been met. The producers insist that the price to the consumer be not raised. We're all for them!

● Over the lowly milk bottle which arrives at the door each morning, a state-wide controversy is being waged with implications important to a wide variety of groups. The outcome is especially vital to the several million New York State mothers, who, on a limited income must provide their families with this essential food.

In the center of the controversy are the two large distributors, Bordens Farm Products Co. and National Dairy Products Corp. (Sheffields), who are united by their virtual monopoly of the New York market. When, a fortnight ago, these dealers raised the price of milk one cent a quart on the pretext that this was necessary to cover recent increases in the farmers' price, they were vigorously attacked.

On one side stand farmers of 29 up-state counties who threaten to strike for higher rates, which, they charge, the dealers can well afford to pay.

On the other side are consumer groups, who, supporting the farmer, claim the producers' increase should be taken from the dealer's profits, not from the pocket of the consumer. And in their turn, the consumers are planning a boycott of Bordens' and Sheffields' products in favor of the independent dealers who have stated they will not advance the retail price.

All available facts support the consumers' contention that the new price rise is not only unnecessary but actually dangerous to the public well-being. Milk means health and even life to thousands of New York children. Already the consumption of families in the lower income group is only half the adequate standard. With the new price, their supply will be further limited. The dread disease of rickets will become more prevalent. Malnutrition will increase. But to Bordens and Sheffields, the health of thousands of children is an easy sacrifice. On one pretext or another they have raised the retail price three times since 1932. Yet an examination of their finances discloses a flourishing condition.

In 1935 the president of National Dairy received a salary of \$108,680 and nine other officers were paid salaries

ranging from \$60,733 to \$35,500. Despite the depression, this company earned 18.36 per cent on invested capital in 1931, and after successfully riding the worst years, it still earned 8.92 per cent in 1935. Bordens, a smaller company, presents a comparable report.

The prospects for both companies for 1936 appear even more lucrative. For the first six months of this year, National Dairy netted a profit of \$5,928,095, almost twice the sum for the corresponding period last year. The president of Bordens was quoted as early as April to the effect that his company would exceed its 1935 earnings during the current year. Faced with these financial statements, the consumer can only conclude that either the dealers are profiteering or their operating expenses are exorbitant.

The dealers' strong financial position is the result both of overcharging the consumer and underpaying the producers. The strike of 1933 which resulted in the formation of the New York State Milk Control Board, brought little relief to the dairy farmers. The Board has completely failed to secure a just price for the farmer. Today with their fields dry and useless from the drought, unable to afford the extra expense of buying cattle feed, the farmers are compelled to strike.

It appears that the crux of their predicament lies in the Classified Price Plan. Under this plan the Milk Control Board fixes the minimum prices paid the farmers by the dealers. The farmer receives the highest prices for milk sold the consumer in fluid form; for "surplus" milk, or milk sold in manufactured forms such as cheese or ice cream, he receives less. Thus six weeks after he delivers his milk, the farmer is paid, not its value as fluid milk, but a "blended" price computed by the dealer from the proportions of milk sold in fluid and surplus forms. When the farmer should receive \$2.70 per hundredweight of fluid milk (the latest price fixing order), in reality he is paid a blended price which in 1935 averaged \$1.82 per hundredweight. With the resulting income, the farmer cannot even cover operating costs, much less earn a decent livelihood. There is little justification for a system under which the farmer can neither fix the price nor the terms of sale of his product. Clearly the farmer has every right to demand abolition of the plan and a basic price of \$3 per hundredweight.

● To combat exploitation by the distributors, consumers as well as farmers must organize. Due to a strong producers' organization, Chicago dealers have been compelled to pay farmers more and retail milk at 10 cents a quart. Forceful action should achieve the same results in New York.

Under the leadership of the Consumers Union of the U.S., a Milk Consumers Protective Committee has been formed which includes more than thirty settlement houses, church, labor and consumer groups. Advocating as a final solution, the formation of consumer cooperative distributing plants, the Committee has already launched a vigorous program of consumer protest against the rise in the retail price. This is an encouraging development.

The dealers must be prevented from increasing the already huge margin between the original cost of milk and its selling price. Only united action by the consumer groups in support of the farmers, can achieve this result.

FASHION LETTER

● And now, we have October's bright blue weather—a season that calls for gaiety and plenty of gumption because planning for the winter (grrr) is in order.

● Figure 1 shows a dress seen in a New York shop, the effect of which can easily be achieved by patient hands at home; black wool it is, with the shirtfront of vivid color—wool or velvet. There should be a little jacket matching either the dress or shirtfront. This outfit in gray or beige would be very tasty with a black or dark brown shirtfront—and consider for a moment the effect of a shirtfront of thin flat fur! Ah well, I just thought if you had a piece kicking around—ideal for the woman who dashed about with her coat open.

There's not much point in advising you as to patterns—when planning a dress such as this. I take it for granted that any woman who has the temerity to cut into a length of material, is pattern wise. I am fairly experienced in the designing and sewing of clothes but I feel that the intricate and more extreme fashions are for women with more leisure and income than I have.

So when choosing a pattern, my eagle eye seeks out that one that's easiest to make—bearing in mind, of course, that its lines must be new, youthful and flattering to the chassis under consideration. Go thou and do likewise, why don't you. And after you've found a pattern to suit you, use it again and again with variations. Just for fun, I have sketched the amazing number of clothes I have made from just two patterns; one a pattern for a three-piece outfit and the other, a jacket pattern.

● Friendly and inspiring letters come from readers now and then, but we would like to give a prize to Mrs. R.B. for her letter, excerpts from which appear below. We wish her plenty of orchids to wear on her chest.

She says:

"Blessings on Jean Stewart for giving the magic formula for smocking. For years I've been pursuing smockers for the information, but they are very cagey and put off with dark hints about its being very difficult to do and impossible to explain. Pish-tush to them now. That pearl bead idea is going into Christmas presents, and a glamorous scarf for me.

"I disagree with M.W. and everyone else who dispenses with summer top underwear. I find it most uncomfortable to have nothing to absorb the perspiration from the large back area (dresses and even slips won't do it). My friends all envy me that cucumber look—and I wear soft cot-

ton mesh (very brief) or hankie linen. It's cheap—even to buy in the stores—and it wears for years and years. The linen I make myself—hand rolled and all.

It's a pleasure to wear—aesthetically, too, and seersucker for everyday doesn't have to be ironed. Have I converted anybody?

"L.O. and E. Mc., to put it rudely and crudely are ALL WET. For one thing, recipes, styles and beauty advice are not "lures" but common sense economy and health measures. As to that 'segregation of the sexes'—I think most emphatically, THE WOMAN TODAY serves to interest women who are carefully and truly 'lured away' from their best interests by the idiotic and elaborate beauty and style junk in the Hearst, etc., publications. I have found it possible to interest the most backward and reactionary women in economic problems, which they didn't realize affected them, with this wonderful magazine.

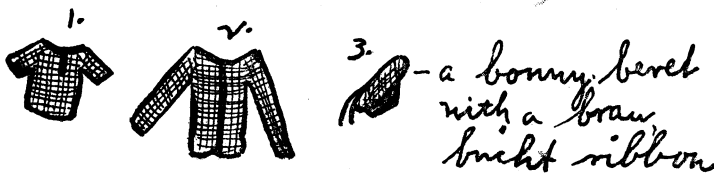
"They begin by reading the excellent fiction, wander over to your page, Fashion Editor, and the splendid health hints by Dr. Hannah Stone and others—and wind up on the trade union and organizational news. If that's evil—by all means let's have more of it.

"I think it about time this false notion was blasted that it's incompatible with straight thinking, intelligent voting, and militant action, to powder one's nose tastefully or take an inch off the hips. Whew! That's out."

After giving us her answers to the questionnaire, Mrs. R.M.B. writes a Post-script:

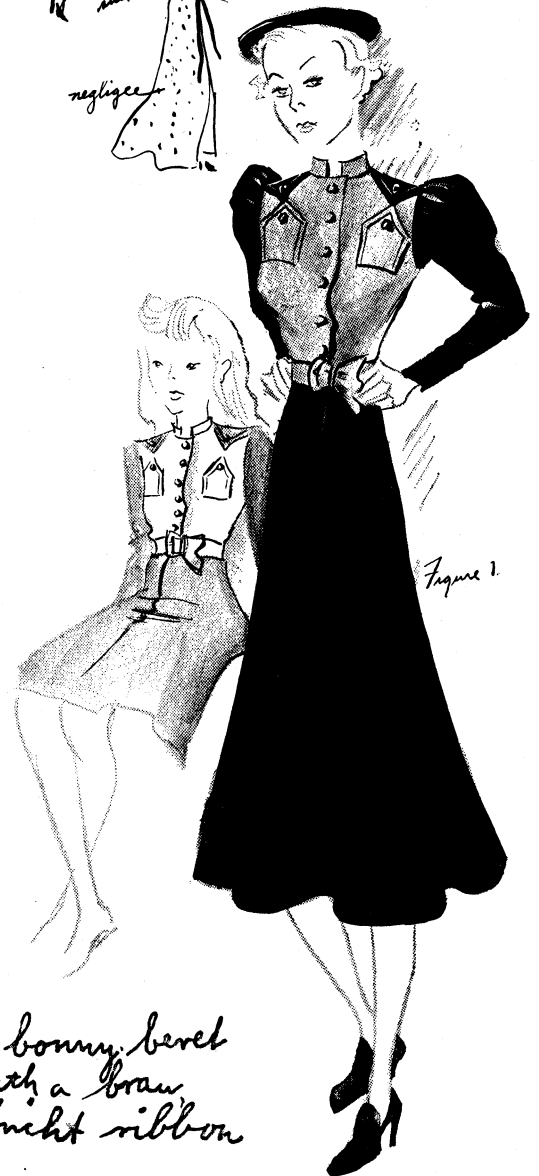
"One of the big stores is showing plaid woollen 'cardigan sets.' Easy as pie to make and saves you six dollars. About two yards of 54 inch woollen should do it. 1. A short-sleeved utterly plain blouse—neck and cuffs bound with matching braid or ribbon. 2. A long-sleeved, button-down-the-front-ditto. Maybe you'd like a zipper. And 3. A skittish scotch plaid cap to match, and hoot, gal!"

And then, modestly deprecatory, as to her artistic abilities, she adds these cunning if slightly constipated little drawings:



● These and Figure 1 are also suitable for school children.

—GWEN BARDE.



our readers write

edited by Bessie Byrd



● Vacations . . . crisp mountain breezes . . . walks in the moonlight or getting the tang of the sea into your being. Ah what memories for the fortunate few. Or were you one of those who spent her time working in a factory, being a farmerette, pounding a typewriter or doing the usual chores in a kitchen? If you were, we hope that our magazine helped to lighten the work on sultry days.

THE WOMAN TODAY had no vacation. But she didn't mind. She is happiest when winning new friends while traveling through all parts of the country. She is positively joyous in knowing that women are improving their lot because of her. Yes, they tell her so. And what's more our WOMAN TODAY thrives on work. But let's keep her healthy and strong by giving her the nourishment she requires, sub—subs—and *more subs*. Onward to fifty thousand subscriptions by January 1.

● Dear Art Editor,

Due to the fact that I do not wish to deface my August issue of THE WOMAN TODAY, I am sending you a copy of your pattern questionnaire.

I have been so very enthusiastic about your magazine that six of my friends (including both men and women) wish to read it. Two others have read it from cover to cover and endorse my enthusiasm.

A pattern department, if economical, may give me a very fine opening with which to approach my women friends who are not as yet progressive minded. I hope that the wear and tear on my first copy of THE WOMAN TODAY will help increase your circulation. I shall do all that I can along that line.

Sincerely,

ISABELLE L. KOPPENHAUER,
Newberry, Pa.

No wonder the questionnaires have not been coming in. If you do not want to cut up your copy, send the answers in on a separate sheet. As long as we have them and your opinions on forming a pattern department.

● Dear Editors,

A group of us have been attempting to organize the stenographers and accounting clerks in a rather large office here and progress has been pretty slow. But a few weeks ago a friend of mine gave me the copy of THE WOMAN TODAY containing the article by Theresa Wolfson, *White Collars Are Wilting*. This was just what was needed to bring home to some of the girls the need for organizing.

Please send five copies of this issue if it is still available. Also enclosed is one dollar for a yearly subscription. Two of the girls have already subscribed and undoubtedly there will be more.

You are to be congratulated upon a magazine finely filling a pressing need. The original make-up and general lay-out is particularly pleasing.

Sincerely yours,

D. MCKAY,
San Francisco, Cal.

It makes us feel good to know that women are thinking of organization due to articles appearing in THE WOMAN TODAY, since that is one of our main objectives.

● Dear Editors,

Circumstances have brought me to a project shop where hundreds of women work at sewing machines.

A large hall as long as one block and as broad as three, comes to your view. The machines are close to each other. At first glance you see heads of various colors—grey, blond, the majority of them black. Taking a closer look you see women of various ages, very old, very young. However, most of them are of middle age. Upon viewing them coming and going about their tasks, you are aware of different types of cripples—hunch-backed, lame, etc. Some of the women are very slim—so slim that were it not for their skin their bones would fall apart, and those who are overweight can be counted on one's fingers.

Looking around the shop itself, we notice that the light by which the women work is artificial—that is, electric light. The walls are solid—not a window to be seen. You wonder how is it possible for so many human beings, to work in a room void of windows. Perhaps they cannot be seen. Why even a cell has a window that allows adequate ventilation. After searching a bit we finally find them, not in the shop-room itself, but in the cloak room and offices. What irony, an airy space is provided in a cloak room, where only clothes are hung, yet for women performing factory work there is not a space to be had that can provide them with fresh air, which naturally resulted in many of them fainting at their work.

One of the workers informed me that there is a union. I became interested in it. It is quite unusual to observe how these workers participate in bettering conditions for themselves and their fellow workers. Until now the union of these workers have won them the following victories in their intensive campaign:

1. Requirements for the boss to consider those working under him as human beings and treating them accordingly. Whereas in the past he would exceed his authority.

2. Clean wash rooms, paper towels and soap.

3. In the past the boss hindered the privilege of having milk and lunches delivered to the workers. This has been abolished and the milk and lunches are being delivered again, the milk at lower prices.

4. Another recent victory is that they have just taken down the partition which covered the windows, thereby giving the workers some light and air.

The major points in our campaign which we are endeavoring to attain are:

● WE CAN'T CALL IT A LET-DOWN. Not with such a steadily growing body of readers and subscribers.

● BUT we would have liked nothing better than to have given away the cash prize of \$75. You may remember that only 50 subs would have won a prize.

● Was it the drought—or are you women too busy with the presidential campaign?

● Whatever the reason, we know that you will do your utmost to help THE WOMAN TODAY grow.

● Contest or not, we still need your subs. Can we count on you?

1. A twenty-five-hour week, meaning a five-hour day and five days per week.

2. An increase in wage from 55 cents per hour to 65 cents per hour.

3. Establishment of a project that will take care of the children whose mothers are on W.P.A.

4. Extension of the Needlework Project to include five thousand women.

The points which we are trying to gain are not as yet settled. However, by our united efforts we hope to gain these in the near future.

Dear sisters, to emphasize the need of our continuous activity we must allow that facts speak for themselves. Let us get together so that we may have a protective organization that will battle for our rights.

A Worker in the Project Shop,
New York City.

We take pleasure in adding that workers fired for union activity were reinstated with back pay, after putting up a militant struggle. We know that there are needlework projects in other cities, we would like to hear from them.

● Dear Editors,

Someone has been sending me a copy of THE WOMAN TODAY and I am very enthusiastic about it. I wish the magazine the greatest success in gathering millions of women under its wing and giving them a purpose in going forward to a better life.

I have been living in the U.S.S.R. for four years and I have seen a new world in birth. What a grand sight! Perhaps some day I shall tell you more about it. I think many a woman would be happy to live through such an epoch, I know I am.

Sincerely,

SOPHIE BOGART,
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Shall we start flooding our Soviet reader with questions? What do you say? Who'll be the first to prove herself curious?

● Dear Editors,

As executive secretary of Commonwealth College, I have observed the women students gaining confidence here in an educational environment which not only tolerates, but *expects* its women students to play an equal and aggressive role in the labor movement. I have watched the timid woman student suddenly become aware that she could make a public speech, that she could convince others of her opinions.

As an enthusiastic reader of THE WOMAN TODAY, I want to say that I think your magazine has done a great deal towards encouraging women to take their rightful place in the labor movement. Many women have a whole host of inhibitions about taking an equal part in the struggles for a better society, and THE WOMAN TODAY helps to give us all a push in the right direction.

Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE MOSKOWITZ,
Commonwealth College,
Mena, Arkansas.

Readers desiring more information about this interesting college for workers, should write to Charlotte Moskowitz, executive secretary, at the college.

The Story Thus Far:

● Goaded by hunger into striking, the workers of Dunmow leave the mills and march into the streets. Led by Ishma Hensley, Jim Conover and other militant workers, they are determined that all looms be silenced and all tools downed until the pressure of their united ranks would wrest from the manufacturers a decent living wage.

Kik Kearns, also a worker, urges the strikers to act with Christian reserve. Early in the strike Ishma is convinced that if Kik gains control of the situation the workers would be betrayed.

Alarmed at the growing militancy of the strikers, Kik joins the City Council in condemning agitators and communists. At a mass meeting Kik evades the basic issues of the strike, and urging all workers to be led by God, calls for a hymn. Protesting that events called for thought more than for song, Ishma nearly precipitates a riot. The meeting is quieted down when Britt Hensley's strong, resonant voice rings out in hymn and others join him. Madly in love with his wife, Britt is determined to take care of Ishma while she leads the workers.

15,000 were on the march in Dunmow in a strike demonstration with the unemployed, led by Eph Clarkson, the small shopkeepers and the farmers supporting the strikers. A barber shop announced: "Strikers welcome. No charge." A dentist had put on his door: "Strikers, your credit is good."

Certain militant leaders had been picked for arrest, among them Jim Conover and Red Ewing. An official conciliator is brought into Dunmow with the connivance of Kik Kearns.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

PART VII

● Conciliator Bentley knew his gadgets. His pins, his bolts, his rivets. Anything and everything necessary to keeping the existing machinery of society intact. One long private talk with Kik, two extended sittings with the central committee, three kindly offered addresses at strikers' meetings, and the great rebellion simmered down to placid endurance, with only inoffensive bubblings here and there.

Bentley remained with them until the Piedmont Industrial Association was firmly organized, with Kik as president and Hyder Hickman as secretary and treasurer. The manufacturers made a show of opposition, but this sort of union suited them very well. It stood for law, for respectability, the church, and the United States government. In briefer terms, for themselves.

There had been wholesale arrests and a swift trial. All were acquitted except Bud Wells. "The only one that we could not spare," said Ishma. She tried to start a protest and rescue, but the popular feeling was one of gratitude for so many acquittals. "Of course they were acquitted," she told them. "They were meant to be. Bud was the only one they wanted." But the strikers said that she was too suspicious. They couldn't believe in such guile. And Bud was sent to Caledonia Farm to work with chains on his legs.

Red and Jim had not been brought to trial. They were transferred from Greensboro to some jail unknown. It was advertised that the move was made for the protection of the prisoners.

After Bentley left, there followed the usual month or so of deadlocks, counter-propositions, heart-break, and slow death in back streets. But faith in the new union was not allowed to die. It would save them. All militants were excluded from the organization. This was to be a peaceful union, marching under the banner of Christ. The operators had made it clear that they would accept no proposition from the committee so long as the organization

upheld breakers of the law and received them into membership. Hickman willingly purged the ranks of fighting spirits.

The union was restricted to the counties of Camberson and Whitlow. No sub-officials would be required. And there was to be no affiliation with larger organizations, such as the American Federation of Labor, the United Textile Workers, and that latest fighting organization, the National Textile Workers, with its abhorrent communistic taint. It was worse than taint, said Hickman, in a fervid speech. It was downright saturation. Communism was its end and aim. As they loved God and their families, they would keep their union purged of it!

Here a slim little man with a weak voice, sitting in the back of the hall, shrilled out, "Mister Speaker, will you tell us what communism is? Everybody tells us to be afraid of it, but nobody tells us what it is."

"If you want to know that, go over to Charlotte and listen to some of their vile speeches."

"I think I will," squeaked the little man, to the surprise and delight of the audience. Hickman paled with irritation. His thin nose vibrated, crimson set in white.

"Brothers," he said, his voice piercing, "I thought we had cleaned our organization of such filth!"

"Abe Horton is not filth!" cried a voice, resolute enough to convince Hickman that he had to retract, and he did it with his usual careful diplomacy.

the gullible. Wherever she goes, trouble and doubt and failure follow in her tracks. We ask her to quietly leave the hall, our guards will attend to her. Her accomplice, Bud Wells, is not here to uphold her. He is in his proper place with other criminals, where, it is safe to prophesy, she will soon join him."

Ishma rase to her feet. "I will leave quietly; but before I go I want to ask my fellow workers here if I may tell them what communism is? Others besides Abe Horton may wish to know."

"You will not be permitted to pervert the minds of honest workers. Get out at once!"

Ishma waited to see if anyone would come to her aid. No one moved, or broke the silence. "Guards, do your duty!" said Hickman, with the voice of judgment. Four men rose and started towards her. She turned, and with regal deliberation, left the hall. Hickman watched the erect, slowly vanishing figure, and found it not easy to come out of his silence.

"I've heard that the communists want unemployment insurance."

God! Wasn't he through with that subject? "Maybe so," he said mildly. "Maybe they do. But we are agitating for some-



By FIELDING BURKE

"Is that Abe Horton?" He scrutinized Abe's corner for a moment. "Yes. And I know that Abe is an honest worker. But there's a woman sitting by him who is not an honest worker. A woman who does not belong with us. She should not have been admitted here. She was not employed when the strike began, and she has mixed with us only to make trouble. She listens to the serpent and whispers into the ears of

thing better than that. What we are working for is a permanent job. What do we want with idleness and living on the government? We don't want a dole. We don't want a handout. That's all that unemployment insurance will ever be. We want employment."

There were yells of approval. "That's what we've united for. We'll give our

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A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 23)

employers honest labor, and take honest pay. We are citizens! We don't intend to be floaters, sucking the federal treasury to keep ourselves half alive, and ashamed to look real workers in the face."

● The strike had its quota of calamities. When five strikers opposed their bodies to a car driven by a worker in a determined effort to get through a picket line to his job, and all five were carried to a hospital, the state papers printed the news. The case of Myrtle Wrenn, a dark-eyed, smiling girl of eighteen, who was hurt when on picket duty before the Sleicher Silk Mill, was kept within local bounds. She was struck to the ground and a policeman's foot was set on her chest.

Fairinda was Myrtle's picket buddy. On her knees, she tore at the policeman's leg until the foot was removed, then held herself over Myrtle, trying to shield her with curved back and shoulders. Her hands were stepped on, but she didn't scream. A club struck her on her back and she hardly felt it, though she cried all the following night with the pain. The policeman, Brady, who had set his foot on Myrtle, pulled Fairinda up and shoved her along to a police car. There he commanded her to get in, assisting her with a vicious push. One of her cheeks was swollen from a kick, and her lips were bleeding, but she glared on Brady with the same fire that had shot from old John Ferrabee's eyes when the Tories swung him from the oak tree in front of his gate.

Myrtle was caught around the waist and carried like a divided sack to the car. She was unconscious. When she was thrown into the car, her pretty legs stuck pathetically out of the door. The policeman crammed them inside and forced the door shut. Fairinda tried to pull Myrtle out of her queerly cramped position, but her back was now hurting until she could scarcely move.

At the police station Myrtle was revived, and both the girls were sent home. Word went out that Myrtle was not seriously hurt and that she and the Ferrabee girl were under bond for blocking traffic and resisting arrest. A doctor examined the Wrenn girl and said she would be all right. But gentle, smiling Myrtle would never be "all right."

● The strike hung on, dragging to inevitable surrender. They had had victory within their grasp, and had let it go. That was the refrain that beat with sickening insistence through Ishma's mind. It was no message of courage that they had sent out. No triumphant wave gathered to an invincible ocean. Only the hopeless story of defeat, weakening everywhere the

stream of effort and confidence.

Britt tried to console Ishma. "The spirit is in 'em, honey, or they wouldn't have jumped up like that—all in a day, and by themselves—the spirit is in 'em, and it'll jump again, too. Next time it'll go further."

Britt was right. The spirit was in them. Gradually she recovered her hope. Some day—some day the workers of Dunmow would march again, and next time they would know what they were marching for—not merely to free themselves from hunger, but to free a world from the dark age of poverty.

Courage came back to her. Again her soul began to make its majestic demands, her veins began to fill with belief. The unemployed, increasing in numbers and need, and dying bodily, were easiest to animate with truth. In them she found her immediate opportunity. Britt pleaded with her not to put herself in danger by accepting a place on the Council's committee. He offered himself instead. And she had to tell him that he could never be a leader in a militant organization. His heart of peace would betray him, would always becloud him at the moment that he should see clearest.

"But we don't want to fight, honiest."

"We want to win, don't we? It all means nothing if we don't win."

"But not by fighting—hitting people—killing people. That's not the way."

"Don't they hit us—don't they kill us—don't they fight us every day and every hour, with all the weapons and power they have? It is a fight, Britt. We didn't bring it on. But we're in it."

"We can get out. I mean you and me. We've got Cloudy Knob. We can always go back to the mountains."

"Yes. We've got our farm up there. And that's against us."



"What do you mean? It's a mighty good thing we've got it, seems to me."

"So long as we have it, we know we can retreat. We are not logical products of the system. We're accidents. It's merely an accident that we can save ourselves."

"I'm mighty glad we can do it, though. Ain't you, Ish-my-own?"

"Others have to fight. There's no escape for them. Why should there be safety for us? Do you think we could ever be proud of ourselves, up there on our little peak of refuge? I don't like being an accident. And I don't want to run away. You know I ran away once from Winbury—when the heavy fight was on. And I know what I thought of myself afterwards. I know what I paid."

"You didn't run from the fight. You ran to me." A flush of light swept her face. She put her arms around his neck.

"That's true. That's why I ran. I wasn't a deserter. But you are with me now. I can't run."

"Ishma, don't you ever feel that we're too different? I mean don't you feel sometimes that I'm not enough your kind for you to be married to? I mean—"

"Don't say it, Britt. The only thing that will ever make us too different is for you to think like that and talk like that. If I didn't have you, I couldn't keep up this life. I couldn't go out trying to do this and that little bit to make the world know what has happened to it, go out trying to get the wind to blow east when it is going west. I'd fall on the road if I didn't have you waiting on it for me. I'd go dead-cold without your heart to warm me. Don't take yourself away from me by thinking of us as different. We can't be different in any way that divides us. Our lives are whole only so long as they are together."

His arms were about her and her breath was warming his neck as she spoke.

"Yes, honiest. But sometimes—when I see you talking so easy with men that have had every sort of a chance—a man now like Bly Emberson . . . I—well, I just wish I was different anyhow."

"Oh, don't, Britt! I'm so sorry for Bly Emberson sometimes that I ache to help him. His life is harder than ours. There is no one in it to give him the peace that we give each other. And his strength is almost gone. I do like to be with him, for an hour or two, and try to believe that I can help him. But he can't be helped. I can only talk to him a little. You would want me to do that. You would want me to be sorry for him. You'd be ashamed of me if I wasn't. Wouldn't you, my only man?"

Britt didn't answer. He was dropping kisses on his wife's hair. His heart was like a ball of throbbing light, and he pressed it hard against her breast to make it stay quiet.

● Ishma was right about Bly being near the end of resistance. His mill was running on the old wage scale, but only for a little while longer would he be able to meet the price of his competitors in the hosiery market. Obe Stinson had told him brutally that if he didn't lower wages to the scale of the other mills a boycott would be or-

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Green Expels Ten Unions

The expulsion in September of ten national trade unions from the American Federation of Labor was because these unions were guilty of setting up a "dual union" movement when they united to organize the steel workers into an industrial union, according to a statement by Messrs. Green and Hutcheson of the Executive Council. Mr. Green admits the great need for organization of the steel workers and claims that the "craft" versus "industrial" form has nothing to do with the dispute. The setting up of a "dual movement" within the A. F. of L. cannot be tolerated.

Meanwhile the Committee for Industrial Organization feverishly builds an industrial union in every town and hamlet where the domination of the steel trust has heretofore been absolute. Dozens of paid and volunteer organizers ferret out every worker, thousands of leaflets are distributed, many meetings, large and small, are held. New members are counted by the hundreds; a new day dawns.

Lewis "Going Through"

John L. Lewis, chairman of the C.I.O., charges that never before has the A. F. of L. labeled an organization drive a "dual union"; that their expulsion is entirely illegal, and was done to keep their voices and votes off the coming convention floor, where Messrs. Green and Hutcheson fear they will lose their control. "We are going through! Nothing will stop the organization of the steel workers," said Mr. Lewis after the expulsion. And instead of the expulsion creating deserters, it has rallied greater support for the C.I.O. Dubinsky, Zimmerman, Howard, and even George L. Berry, echo Mr. Lewis. Dozens of Central Trades Councils, local and national unions, workers in shops and factories are sending support to the C.I.O. and are denouncing the blind, stupid and dangerous splitting of the labor movement. In Canada resolutions poured into the annual Convention of the Trades and Labor Congress supporting the C.I.O.

Meanwhile—Politics

We are in the midst of a national election. Labor's vote will determine who the next president will be. Mr. Hutcheson is chairman of Landon's labor committee; Mr. Green has always been a Republican; Mr. Howard, heretofore a staunch Republican, now comes out aggressively for Roosevelt, and, following very closely, George L. Berry, head of the pressmen's unions, and chairman of Labor's Nonpartisan Committee to Elect Roosevelt, announces his support of the C.I.O., saying "a set of embossed resolutions" rather than condemnation should be given to Mr. Lewis and his associates. Lesser officials everywhere are cagey; they appear to be awaiting orders.

TRADE UNION NEWS

by Erma Lee

Printers Support C.I.O.

The situation in the Typographical Union is bewildering. Mr. Howard has always frowned upon the rapidly growing industrial union group in his own union; once he severely scolded them. However, in the printers' convention, just concluded, support for the C.I.O. was almost unanimous and Mr. Howard was authorized to fight the expulsion in the civil courts, if necessary. Sections of the resolution passed by the convention clearly state the illegality of the expulsion and also the line of action to be pursued.

Whereas, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has suspended ten international unions associated under the title Committee for Industrial Organization because these international unions have engaged in organization and education campaigns to promote collective bargaining among unorganized workers in mass production and other industries; and

Whereas, by its action the Executive Council has exercised authority not delegated to it by the constitution of the American Federation of Labor and taken an action never previously attempted by an executive council, the constitution specifically providing:

"Section 12. The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor shall only have power to revoke the charter of an affiliated national or international union when the revocation has been ordered by a two-thirds majority of a regular convention of the American Federation of Labor, by a roll-call vote"; and . . .

Resolved, that the International Typographical Union in annual session by this action refuses to recognize the executive council of the American Federation of Labor as authority to suspend a national or international union, thereby usurping power specifically reserved to regular conventions of the American Federation of Labor; and be it further

Resolved, that the International Typographical Union hereby asserts its right individually or in concert with other national or international unions to engage in educational and organization activities among unorganized workers and to assist any or all national or international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor; and be it further

Resolved, that the International Typographical Union hereby pledges such moral and financial support as it may contribute to the organization campaign among steel workers and in other unorganized industries now being conducted by the Committee for Industrial Organization; and be it further

Resolved, that the executive officers of the International Typographical Union are hereby authorized to take such action as in their judgment may be necessary to protect and preserve the autonomous rights, privileges and powers of the International Typographical Union as an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor.

Seattle, We Hail You!

This time Hearst picked the wrong town and is getting a severe drubbing from Seattle trade unionists. In July, Hearst's paper in Seattle, the *Post-Intelligencer*, discharged Eberhardt Armstrong, its dramatic critic for seventeen years, and Frank Lynch, long its photographer, on trumped up charges of "poor management" and defiant attitudes just after the men admitted they were members of the American Newspaper Guild. A strike of Guild members followed and onto the picket line that completely surrounded the plant came husky marine workers as well as many other union men. An attempt made by the Seattle Central Trades Council to settle the strike was rudely rebuffed by the P.-I. management and so the newspaper was placed on the unfair list.

Now for years the printers' unions have had trouble with Hearst's Seattle paper. Espionage and terror reign in all Hearst's papers; no one is ever safe or satisfied. Consequently the printers in Seattle decided they could not go in to work through that picket line: it was dangerous to them, they said. Printers in other shops there refused to set up the "unfair" paper, and papers printed out of town and shipped in laid on the docks untouched—the ferry workers union refused to touch them.

Now what did Hearst do? Why he settled with the Guild strikers in Milwaukee. Of course he is careful to announce that he did not sign a contract with the Guild there; he only signed an "agreement" with the officers of the Central Trades! Maybe there's a difference, but personally we think Hearst is backing up. Meanwhile the Seattle strike wins mass support and determined picket lines. Seattle is fighting for you, Worker, wherever you are. Support the Guild in Seattle. It is the time to show Hearst that there is no room in America for his fascism, his disregard of the rights of the workers, for this war propaganda.

Painters Union Victory

New York City union painters have won a splendid victory after a short but militant strike which surrounded many large buildings and apartment houses, with picket lines and brought out a large group of Negro union members in Harlem. The settlement is the end of the "kick-back" racket—a practice of forcing a return to the employer of a part of the union wage. Now there's to be a shop chairman on every job to enforce the laws; 25 per cent of the men hired must come directly from the union and one out of every ten men hired must come from the group who are 55 years of age or older. This has been the program of the militant secretary, Louis Weinstock, for a long time. All militants are indebted to Mr. Weinstock for thus pointing the way.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 24)

ganized against him. He was giving open support to a revolt of the workers, said Enoch Hamilton. His obstinacy, Enoch declared, was standing between them and a settlement of the strike. On the street, Bly rarely encountered the old smile of affection. Friends dropped their heads as he passed. The chairman of the Chamber of Commerce forgot his "Hello, boy Bly!" and touched his hat formally, not moving his lips.

One day Bly in his study laid himself on the couch. Perhaps he was only tired. If he could stop thinking for one minute! Was there any earthly way to revamp his business and hold up? How was the family to live if the mill shut down?

Suddenly he reached out as if to get hold of something and sat up rigid.

Certainly he could manage. He had only to take hold. He *would* take hold. He would shut down the mill and reorganize it.

He would cut, slash, rationalize. He would reopen and meet competition with a lessened payroll and greater production. That was what they were all doing. He could do it with better results than his rivals were getting. He knew the business and the market. That accomplished, he would take up the problems in his home.

● The strike couldn't go on. Everybody knew that. Kik and Hickman continued to make promises, trying to keep up the courage of the men, but the operators were no nearer the point of capitulation and the resources of sympathizers would soon be exhausted. There would be nothing to draw upon but the scanty relief provided by the city. And that, the fathers announced, might have to be withdrawn. Kik, however, made them see that in that case the strikers would be driven to affiliate with non-local organizations. He wanted—and they wanted—above all things to confine the union to their own section—Dunmow and the two outlying counties. If they didn't interference would be constant, and the situation would become unmanageable.

The end came, not the strikers' way, but "t'other."

Kik lost no prestige. He made a plaintive speech, telling the tightened belts and hungry eyes before him that he had done all a man could do. He had worked day and night for a solution. But a point had been reached where the strike could not be prolonged without intense suffering on the part of their wives and children. (Presumably husbands and fathers were superior to food!) He dwelt largely on what had been gained. "We have gained the right to stand together. We have our union." (Yeah! A union that took its orders from the company. What could it get 'em?)

"We've won the right to be considered human beings. On pay day we'll not be handed an envelope with a cut in it going back two weeks that we knew nothing about. They'll give us notice, and we'll know how much or how little we're workin' for. Then when they want us for overtime, we'll be told the day before. We'll not have a foreman walkin' through at quittin' time holdin' up two hands with his fingers spread to signify that we're to work till ten o'clock that night. Not even speakin' to us! We'll not have to endure that insult. They'll give us notice long enough to make our engagements and plans." (What plans? To sit at a machine four hours overtime without pay?) "And the best of all is this. We don't have to take that last cut. We walked out when they popped that to us, and we've stayed out till they've taken it back. They offer us work at the old wage scale. The one we were workin' on when we quit. We'll get as much as we were gettin' then. *We've stopped that cut.* And we've done it ourselves. We haven't had a dollar outside of our two counties, and nobody but ourselves has got any say in our affairs."

He paused for the applause that broke in. Heads were up and pinched pasty faces were momentarily alight.

"Nobody but ourselves. No big national organization has got a string around our necks. I know it is hard to live on what we were making, and it is hard to go back to it. But we've had a taste of what it is to live on no wage at all. We can't go any farther that way. I wish I could bring you a better offer. I have prayed to God to make it possible. But His wisdom is deeper



than ours. We cannot penetrate it. The offer I lay before you is the best that I could get. I leave it with you. It is for you to decide what we shall do. And my resignation is in your hands."

His resignation? Who wanted his resignation? The house stormed. Only a few disgusted dissenters left. The strikers voted their confidence in Kik, and accepted the terms of the operators.

Ishma was expecting it—what else could happen—but when she met Margaret Stacey she couldn't help asking why *she* had surrendered.

"Why?" Margaret screamed the word. "Because I couldn't let my two babies die. That's why."

"But Margaret, you know it is only a question of time when you'll be out again. It will all be to fight over."

"Yes, I know. But between that time and now we'll live. You don't know anything about it, Ishma. You've got no little children. You've got a farm that feeds you, and a husband to bring in what you want. You've no right to criticize me. You're simply not qualified."

"Margaret, they're not going to take all of you back. They've promised, but they won't."

"I know it. And I'm scared to death because I did take a big hand in the walk-out, you know."

"I was going to say, if they don't take you back, you come into the council. We'll show you how to fight. We're not trying to stand by ourselves—one little union in one little place. We're uniting with workers all over the country. If they don't take you back—"

Margaret wiped at the tears on her face. "They'll have to! They'll *have* to! If you had children—" She couldn't say any more, and hurried down the street.

● Blairwood again rested quietly on granite foundations. With magnanimous spirit, the operators had opened the mill doors; in orderly fashion the workers had passed through and taken the places to which Divine Love had assigned them. And now was come the time for general rejoicing; from the least to the highest; from the black sweepers in the carding-rooms, coughing with lint-laden lungs, to the operators resting in the clear, clean air of the Lake Shore.

When at last the strike was so unfairly ended, many of the Sleicher mill workers were not taken back, but Fairinda and Alfa were permitted to return to their machines. They had been active on the picket line, but the injury to Myrtle inclined the management to be generous to the family. Vance had been promised work as soon as his broken arm was strong enough for it, and he trembled between eagerness to make a bit of bread and his desire to wipe up the earth with Superintendent Eichman.

"How would that help you?" Ishma asked. "You would only make room for another Eichman. We have to make Eichmans impossible. We have to get rid of the thing that breeds them. We can't do that from a jail. We've been slow on the job so far because so many of our best and bravest have been grabbed and jailed, and hung, and deported. You go into the mill, Vance, and show the workers who their real enemies are. The system that breeds Eichmans, and will breed them so long as it exists."

"But you want us to line up with niggers. We can't do that, Mis' Hensley."

"I'm sorry you think so, Vance. You'll not only find out that you can. You'll find out that you have to. So long as we leave

(Continued on page 28)

WOMEN SPEED UP STEEL DRIVE

● *Women in Steel* is a lively little bulletin recently making its appearance in the organization drive along the Chicago-Calumet-Gary steel front. A most attractive and informative paper, it proves that housewives can be as efficient with a mimeograph machine as with dishpan and washtub. Its content is convincing evidence of the value of these Auxiliary women in speeding up the steel drive.

Better homes, security for their families, education for their children—of such things are these womenfolk of steel workers talking as they begin to sense their collective strength and their importance to social progress. The earnestness with which they are entering the labor movement is demonstrated by one of their first “demands,” which would doubtless be the death of J. P. Morgan were he to hear of it.

“At a meeting of the Auxiliary of Lodge 65, South Chicago,” the bulletin reports, “it was unanimously decided that a letter be sent to the Workers’ Education Division of the W.P.A., requesting that a young woman be sent to South Chicago twice a month on the afternoons of Auxiliary meetings, to care for the children of the members. Within the near future the women expect to request the establishment of an afternoon class for children for several days a week.”

Perhaps these women were remembering the J. P. Morgan testimony before a Senate committee, acclaiming his class as the bulwark of civilization, because, said he, only that class has leisure for acquiring culture. Wives of workers are but drudges, he explained, whose children are woefully neglected because these women are without maids. Therefore, reasoned this richest of steel kings, the working class can make no contribution to civilization. It may well be that his recent paralytic shock was due to the steel workers’ determination to civilize the steel mills.

Speaking of the Morgans, Mrs. J. P. gets her name in this breezy bulletin, in the cooking column!

Between cooking, cleaning and caring for their children, these mothers find time to peruse the “wage scale” of the American Iron and Steel Institute, taken from the records of the United States government. Chas. M. Schwab, for example, receives \$125.00 per hour, figuring his “labor” on an eight-hour basis. Thousands of steel workers bring home pay envelopes based on 47 cents per hour.

Scanning the schedule of steel kings’ pay, these militant women are stirred by the idea of Workers’ Education classes. The College Teachers’ Union, aiding the steel drive in the Chicago area, will give classes in labor history, economics, parliamentary procedure, public speaking and kindred subjects, open to both men and women.

Women’s auxiliary activities in this region are being coordinated by a woman director, Mrs. Minneola Ingersoll, wife of a South Chicago steel worker, acting for the Steel Workers’ Organizing Commit-

tee. Wherever there are lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, women’s auxiliaries will be organized.

BEHIND THE RAILWAY SIGNALS

● Behind the many signals guiding the great railway systems that span the continent are thousands of highly skilled workmen, banded together in the Brotherhood of Railway Signalmen of America. And behind these union signalmen are staunch womenfolk, supporting their men’s struggle for better working conditions and better homes. Leading their International Auxiliary is Mrs. C. L. Essman of Kansas City, Missouri, whose report to the recent Auxiliary convention in Chicago revealed a sterling unionism among these women.

Signalmen are widely scattered workmen who miss much of home life. Attending their union meetings involves much more than a trip uptown after supper. Likewise the women must travel far to their meetings—the greater part of a day, or perhaps an all-night journey, often with their children—in some cases with their grandchildren. But they are not to be discouraged. Reporting to their third biennial convention, Secretary Mrs. M. Peterson, 1628 North 23rd Street, Lincoln, Nebraska, described a growing organization.

Speaking of the men’s appreciation of the auxiliary, Mrs. Essman reported that two locals on the Burlington line donated \$45 each toward the initial organization. From Santa Fe Local 33, a delegate reported that the union gave great credit to the auxiliary for building up attendance at meetings to which the men must travel from Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. A California delegate mentioned Los Angeles as the largest local union, whose almost three hundred members urged Mrs. Essman to come organize their women. In the language of signalmen, the auxiliaries are referred to as subordinate relays.

Joint social affairs play a big part in strengthening the solidarity of these workers, as was emphasized by Mrs. C. L. Watson of Guthrie, Oklahoma, reporting on a union carnival for the Southwest.

THE WOMAN TODAY was introduced at the convention by Mrs. Elizabeth Johnstone, warmly welcomed as a speaker. Mrs. Johnstone brought news of women’s activities in many fields. The delegates responded with high enthusiasm to her suggestion for an education program through which women may better equip themselves for service in the cause of labor.

TWO KINDS OF RECIPES

● From time to time the steel companies make a bid for the women. Here’s an example of how they try to fool us into believing that they want to help steel workers’ families.

A few months ago *Steel Columns*, Carnegie-Illinois publication, offered recipes on sandwiches. “I wrote in,” said one woman, hoping to get some new ideas about inexpensive, appetizing sandwiches for my husband’s lunches.”

But here’s what she found: Recipes for fancy ribbon, checkerboard, pin-wheel, and open-face sandwiches, to be decorated with a pastry tube and filled with everything from caviar to chicken liver and hot fried oysters.

“I’m not against fancy cooking,” this woman said, “but what chance has a steel worker’s wife for using such sandwiches? They’re for Mrs. J. P. Morgan whose husband owns a big part of the steel industry, and her cocktail parties. I can just imagine my husband leaving the hot furnaces at lunch time to nibble on a few ribbon sandwiches!”

● And now, if you have difficulty trying to decide what to feed your family on a steel worker’s wage, perhaps the following recipe may be a suggestion:

Buy a shank of veal. Have the meat cut off the bone and cut into small pieces. For a family of six, cut up 9 large or 12 medium-size onions, slice and put in stew pan with 2 tablespoons fat. Put on lid tightly, so no steam escapes; cook slowly one hour. Serve with mashed or boiled potatoes. If boiled potatoes, put on top of meat at end of one hour. If there is any stew left, put in ice box to jell and next day use for sandwiches.

● While eating, tell your husband about the Union and urge him to join! (*From Women in Steel*).

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 26)

them out, we leave a weapon ready for the enemy's hand. Isn't the Negro a worker? We can't go divided into a workers' world. We have to go together."

● One evening, a week or so later, Ishma was in the farm kitchen alone; Deely, with the children, had gone to bed early. Tom Jeff, Britt and Ned, had not returned from Dunmow.

There was a knock at the kitchen door, and Ishma opened it to see Heck Moore, the miller of Buffalo Bridge, outlined in the dark.

He stepped inside. She saw that his face looked longer than usual; that his eyes were sunk deeper in their bony pits.

"I hate to bring bad news, but they've got Eph Clarkson."

"Who? Where?"

"As to who—reckon it's the mill crowd—them that's at work. They're dead set against the new organization, 'cause—"

"I know. What about Eph?"

"He's been sleepin' at the mill. I've kept a mattress on a little platform up under the roof for a year or two, so I could go up there an' sleep quiet when I felt like it. I let Eph have it, and he laid a plank from the window out to the cliff and when anybody got to snoopin' around he'd skip across and take up the plank after him and hide it in the bushes. It was workin' out fine, and they's hard put to know where Eph was sleepin'."

"They've searched the mill three times, bein' told he was seen comin' out the bridge road. Though that wasn't so, for he had sense enough to always break through the woods. Whenever I saw anybody comin' that looked yaller to me, I'd begin to whistle Annie Laurie, that everybody knows I'm always whistlin', and Eph would jump up and light out right then. They found the mattress but they knowed I'd had one up there all the time. Tonight they come about dusk, and had a big flashlight. When they climbed up all them ladders to the roof, they flashed it out the winder. The cliff has washed away a sight, an' they knowed a man couldn't jump across to solid ground. But this time they saw the end of a plank stickin' out the bushes, an' they come down mighty secret and quiet."

"Well, they surrounded the cliff and got Eph."

"They'll kill him?"

"No, they ain't meanin' to do that, but that's what it'll amount to. He won't live long after the beatin' they'll give him. An' I reckon they'll pour enough castor-oil down him to kill an elephant."

"Oh, we must hurry!"

"What's the use? They're huntin' for Stomp Nelson now. Said they'd not give

Eph his dose till they got Stomp, then they'd give it to 'em together."

She looked Heck in the eye. "Are they coming for me too? Is that what you are trying to tell me?"

"Well, they aim to bring 'em on your doorstep, to let you know how you'll look if they have to tend to you too and give you the same. I thought I'd warn you, so you won't feel so bad when they get here. They ain't *raley* goin' to hurt you."

Both knew that Stomp was safe in a closed room of Doctor Schermerhorn's big, half-deserted house, but they said nothing.

"We can do something! Maybe it's not too late. We can rouse members of the Unemployed Council. We can get nearly everybody out in the flats—and everybody out on the South side—and the farmers along the bridge road. They'll help us. We'll get Father Litmore, too. He's not afraid. How many were after Eph, comrade?"

"About fifty, I reckon."

"We can handle them. Were they masked?"

"Ever' one. Handkerchief tied over the face, an' two holes in it for eyes."

They heard a car, and Britt arrived with Tom Jeff and Ned. Ishma told Britt that she had to go with Heck on some Council business. He turned to Ned. "Son, you go in and get to bed."

Ned went in with Ferrabee, and Britt stood by Heck's car. "Now what's it all about?"

They told him.

"We'll take our car too," he said. "We'll want more'n one to roust out all the help we'll be needin'."

"Britt, one of us must keep out of danger."

"That's what I think. And that one is you. Me an' Heck'll take keer o' this."

He got into his own car, and Ishma silently took her place by his side. When Britt's mouth was set like that words had no effect on him. He simply didn't hear. They decided to go into town by way of White Oak. Several sympathetic farmers lived on the road between the church and Dunmow. They would rouse them as they passed. But when they were nearing the church, white in its girdle of oaks, they saw a light and heard sounds. Stopping the car, they left it by the side of the road and crept noiselessly through the woods from tree to tree toward the opening about the church. Strong flashlights made the scene clear. As the crowd milled and parted, they saw a man lying on the ground, his back uppermost. Not a shred of clothing was on him.

"We had to strip him," jeered a voice, "to see if he's black under his shirt."

With the first blow that fell on Eph, she fainted in Britt's arms.

Two men beat Eph alternately, a blow from one, then the other, falling

without pause. They were not beating him to a jelly. He didn't have flesh enough for that. They were breaking the skin over his bones.

The blows ceased. "Where's your nigger brother? Where's Stomp?"

No reply, and the blows fell again. Once more the two men stopped, and Eph was rolled over. His face was upturned. Blood was rushing from his mouth.

"He's red sure enough," said a man, and they heard the laugh of Hickman.

"How are we goin' to get the oil down him through that?" asked another. He'll struggle."

Ishma was still unconscious. "Heck, I'll have to take her home. You stay here and watch. I'll be right back."

Britt rushed to the car, and in a few minutes was at Holderness. Deely and Tom Jeff had returned. His wife would be cared for.

He raced the car back to White Oak. The masked gang had departed, leaving the bleeding man on the ground. They had tied his hands and feet so that he couldn't crawl away while they were searching for the Negro. Heck and Britt untied him, wrapped him in a sheet that Britt had brought, and took him to Holderness.

Ishma was up, with no light in her staring eyes. Her world was black. She couldn't see. Workers killing workers! Humanity committing suicide.

(To Be Continued.)

YOU BOSS, HUH?

(Continued from page 17)

Then Old John did rave! He was interrupted by the judge, who just had to see this case to a finish:

"Don't you remember, John, how you deeded all your property to your wife more than twenty years ago, so as to avoid paying me and others your just debts? John, you're broke; and unless Grandma will take you back, you are homeless."

The shame of it nearly killed him. There is no political future in Alaska for a "squaw man"; there is less than none for one whose squaw has discarded him. His cronies left him; he had no more money for drinks and cards. Grandma refused to take him back. She did, however, give him an old hut on the edge of town, a scrubby, third-rate dog team, and grub-staked him for the rest of the winter. She would not let him starve. Grandma and Nelly and the boys now live in the comfortable house. Often the old squaw goes out of her way to meet her ex-husband on the street. Invariably, when she meets him, she greets him with a rising, questioning, scornful inflection in her voice:

"You boss, huh?"

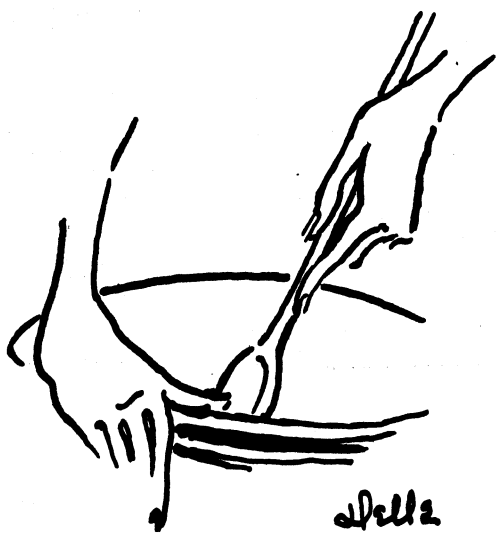
Invariably, her parting good-bye is expressed definitely, with dignity, yet not with undue pride:

Me boss, NOW!"

TIPS ON YOUR FINGERS

Leona Howard

Drawings by Delle



● Good looking, well kept hands are not the prerogatives of the rich and idle alone. Any women with both job and housework duties need never be ashamed of her hands if she has at her disposal even an hour a week, a few pennies for necessary preparations, and a little patience. Her hands may never have the limp unused look of a lily of the fields, but that's a blessing rather than a drawback. Hers will have, rather, an enviable character achieved by useful work, and made attractive by continual cleanliness and care.

The few things necessary for the care of the hands and nails are inexpensive, and some of them serve a double or triple purpose as well as complexion aids, so the investment, small as it is, can be considered worth your while.

Olive oil, for instance, is fine for lubricating a dry skin, for hair treatments, and for refining the skin on the hands and smoothing the cuticle. Lanolin, obtained from the woolly sheep, is another unguent used for the hands. Glycerine and rose water makes a preventive for chapped hands, and even the lowly vaseline, at ten cents a jar, will serve to keep hands in good condition.

It may seem an awful bother at first, but one of the best ways to keep hands looking nice is to wear old gloves when dusting, and rubber gloves for dishwashing and scrubbing (ten cent store variety). The hands respond to bad treatment just as fast as they do to good, and dirt and greasy dishwater are both bad for them. And it takes only a little time to grow accustomed to swishing a dust or dish cloth just as expertly with the gloves on. The results are worth the trouble. If you can wear rubber gloves too when peeling potatoes and other vegetables, you'll find you save your hands many ugly stains, even if it slows up your speed a bit at first.

● People whose time is too scarce to allow for a daily hand treatment will find that a weekly overnight application (gloves over olive oil, lanolin, cold cream, or vaseline, after a little massage) will be almost as helpful. Any care that you give the hands has more benefit at bedtime, when the skin and nails have a chance to absorb the oil or cream spread on them.

In the daytime, whenever possible, rub a little glycerine and rose water on, immediately after washing the hands.

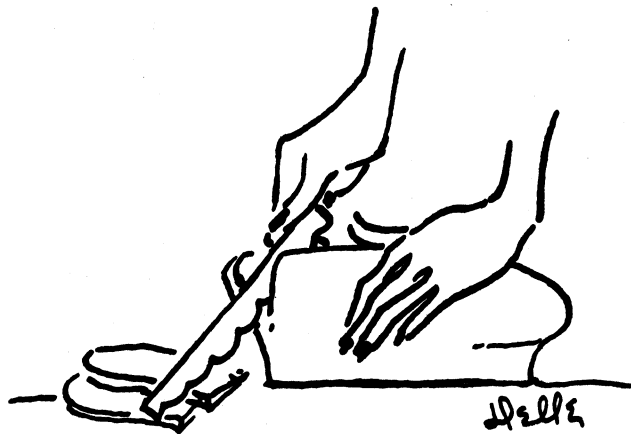
Once you've submitted to the vicious habit of cutting your cuticle it's almost impossible to stop. But you can keep it in far better condition, and less ragged and scraggly, by an

occasional dipping of your fingers in olive oil before shoving back the dead skin at the base of the nails.

If the skin on your fingertips is cracked and broken, with no excuse of hard housework to account for it, your system probably lacks calcium, in which case look to your diet.

Tea drinkers, Russian style, can utilize their lemon skins. Leave them on the soap dish and after washing, rub the insides over the hands. Lemon is a bleaching agent that not only whitens the hands but removes the accursed nicotine stains.

● Almost all the articles necessary for a simple home manicure can be found in any dime store, if they're not already at home on your bathroom shelf. Orange wood stick, file, emery board, cold cream, soap, and if you're a cuticle-cutter, a pair of scissors or skin-clippers, which cost more, of course.



It's a long time since people stopped saying: "Red-painted fingernails are ugly," and started shellacking their own digit ends. I still hate the stuff except in the more plausible shades of pink, and even hate that when it starts scaling off to show comparatively anemic areas of natural-colored fingernail underneath. Besides, unless hands are beautiful enough to have attention called to them, bloody red nails seem as foolish as deliberately and violently powdering white an already tremendous nose. (Note: If your beak is large, always use darker powder on it.)

But if you insist on adding to the pleasure and profit of nail manufacturers by painting your nails in hectic hues, at least give the rest of your hands adequate care, so that the little blobs of incredible red on the nails won't be tipping off hands with incongruously roughened knuckles, ragged cuticle and discolored skin. The above methods should give you enough ideas without expenditure of too much time or effort.

I SAY WHAT I THINK

(Continued from page 14)

the left today, excepting, of course, that in these days of Russia and Spain, the communists are taken much more seriously than were the early socialists, and by the same sign, have a more difficult time of it. However, being a socialist in those years was good practice in keeping the chin up and the eyes ahead.

"Later there was the war. Mr. Berger never had to serve any part of his twenty-year sentence, but so far as the effect on our morale was concerned, the trial and the difficulties of the *Milwaukee Leader* put us adequately to the test.

And then Mrs. Berger told me a little of her war-time experience.

"You see, by temperament Mr. Berger was very different from such a person as Eugene V. Debs. Debs almost gloried in his martyrdom and made the most of it for the cause. Mr. Berger hated the idea of jail. He used to say that he would rather be a live agitator than a dead hero. He wanted to be out fighting—though, of course, he would have gone to jail rather than be silent. So he continued to blast away against the war in the *Milwaukee Leader*, the daily paper which he had founded. Then the offices of the *Leader* were raided, its second-class mailing privileges were revoked and all mail addressed to it was returned to the sender as "undeliverable under the espionage act." It meant the loss of readers, the loss of advertising—we didn't dare to guess what it meant. Subscriptions, donations, ads, news material—all mail ceased. Some members of the staff, fearing the ship would sink, left. Others of those who remained protested the foolhardy policy and washed their hands of responsibility in a cold and lofty letter to Mr. Berger. But there were a few who stuck—loyally risking as much in the same cause. People were afraid to buy the paper or have it delivered at their homes. Denied the mails, we wrapped up bundles and expressed the papers in lots of fifty to creameries throughout the state, hoping thereby to reach the farmers. Then the express company rejected our bundles.

"In the meantime, Mr. Berger ran for Congress. He had been elected from the Fifth District back in 1910 and had served with considerable distinction as the first Socialist

AFTER THE DROUGHT

(Continued from page 9)

children, her own skin. It lies thick on the furniture, and grits under her feet on the floors. She must try to wash clothes when water is more precious than rubies, and the dirt blows into wet garments making them stiff with mud. She must go about her daily work by lamp-light while the black blizzard howls outside, and the dirt piles in drifts around the cracks in the doors and the window sills.

"I have lost all interest in everything," writes one, a college graduate, and a former school teacher, who married a farmer and tried to make a home in the drought area. "My hair is like straw, my skin is raw and rough, and the dirt has ruined my furniture and rugs. There is no garden and my lilacs are dead. I wish we could get away, but there is no money to go one."

Still another letter says: "Can you help me to get a job under W.P.A.? I need it desperately. My husband has been very ill with double pneumonia (dust) and cannot work. My daughter and her family are here and I must help them too."

This woman is a grandmother. Her health is not good.

congressman. I don't remember the number of bills he had introduced but there were a great many covering everything from the socialization of industry to the abolition of the United States Senate. He had caused a congressional investigation of the Lawrence strike and started successful impeachment proceedings against a federal judge. And, of course, he had enormously enjoyed it all.

"During the strenuous period of the war he again ran for Congress and in spite of a half-dozen indictments under the espionage act, some yellow paint and rocks flung at him and innumerable slanderous and threatening attacks in the press, he was elected. But when he went to Washington, he was denied his seat. The governor of the state of Wisconsin called a special election and after another bitter campaign, Mr. Berger was again victorious. We had a long and expensive and futile fight to get the seat, but he was again denied it with only a few votes in protest. Thereafter the governor declined to call another election and the seat remained vacant.

"Meantime, Mr. Berger and four other Socialists were tried for their opposition to the war. The trial was held in Chicago and lasted six weeks. A jury approved and checked by patriotic vigilantes found the five defendants guilty and a violently eccentric judge (now a baseball referee) sentenced them to twenty years each. Bail was set at half a million dollars. The five men decided to pool what bond could be raised. So their wives and a few friends made a desperate tour of union meetings in Chicago, that day, to raise the bond. But we had to have unencumbered real estate and not many trade unionists at the meetings had property free of mortgage. We didn't know until late that night when we returned to the federal building whether or not we had been successful in raising enough to free all the men. There we found hundreds of comrades, each holding his precious documents. When the appellate judge finally arrived in the courtroom at midnight (after having attended a banquet) the clerk announced that more than enough bond was at hand, and the crowd spontaneously burst into "The International." Singing, we all marched out together into the winter night, thick in the throat and victorious as if we ourselves had actually stopped the war.

"You see, I have served a stormy apprenticeship. I think I am ready for whatever struggles there may still be."

She and her husband came here thirty years ago, from the textile mills of the east coast. They slaved (having had good practice in the mills) until they had built up a home and were a power in the community. No cooperative enterprise was ever built without their money, time and effort going into it. Now they are old and these last three years of drought with their accompaniment of grasshoppers, has taken all they have.

Seeing this devastation of drought has not been easy for me, since I came into it, in both 1934 and 1935, from the South and East where floods had wrought havoc. Death and destruction from too much water. Death and destruction from too little water.

● It takes extreme suffering to bring about good. Maybe out of this desolation will come a system of flood and drought control that will mean happiness and security to coming generations. Maybe, out of the starvation and want of the drought farmers will learn that they are consumers always, and producers only at times. When this realization comes, then will the farmer know that he is brother to all other consumers and be ready to join hands with them to bring abundance to all.

Garner the Harvest

By Martha Grenner

Drawing by Delle

● Do you know the joy of going to your shelves in November or December and opening a jar of fruit, vegetables, relish or preserves for the unexpected guest, or as a treat for the family? It is well worth any small effort given to preserving now, when the season has so much to offer. Try it, the simplest things first. But really—preserving these days is all so very simple.

Fruit which is so plentiful at this time may be preserved, a few jars at a time. You can do three or four quarts in half an hour. Use only good quality, ripe fruit. Peel pears with a knife. For peaches, lower them into boiling water for 15 or 20 seconds, then take them out and the skin will come off without any trouble. Leave the stones in peaches, plums, cherries, etc., so they will have a better flavor.

Now for the process. Into a large kettle put one-half quart of cold water and 1 cup sugar for each quart of fruit. For 4 quarts of fruit, pour 2 quarts of cold water into kettle; then put in 4 cups of granulated sugar and allow to come to a boil. Boil for 5 minutes. Remove kettle from stove. Have quart or pint size mason jars washed and rinsed in hot water with rubber rings on. Take fruit out of kettle immediately, while boiling hot (use a cup). Fill jar with fruit and pour in juice until jar is overflowing. While syrup is overflowing, quickly screw on clean cap; be sure it is on tight. If you use a mason jar with a screw top go over the jars in 15 minutes and see if any can be tightened. Easy, isn't it?

● Now for vegetables. If you are inexperienced try tomatoes and string beans first. These are almost fool-proof, and if you use many tomatoes during the winter—and you should—this will be a great help and quite a saving.

Vegetables, unlike fruit, require processing to keep. The simplest way is the water bath. It consists of a vessel deep enough to allow the water to cover the tops of the jars by at least an inch, a fairly tight-fitting cover and a rack or false bottom to support the jars above the bottom of the vessel. I use a wash boiler with four or five strips of wood on the bottom on which I stand the jars. Glass jars should be placed in cold water and heated so that they are hot and ready to use when your vegetables are prepared.

Virtually all vegetables require the same general preparation they have for table use. Pack as soon as possible after preparing. Fill jars with a large spoon which has been sterilized. Pack jars as full as possible without crushing vegetables. Add seasoning and fill jar with boiling water. Dip rubber in scalding water. Place it and the hot cap of the jar in position and partially seal. Screw cap down tightly, then loosen a quarter-turn. Place jars in boiler on the wood strips with boiling water to cover. Begin to count the time the moment the water boils vigorously. When the time designated for the product has elapsed (see table that follows) the jars should be taken out of the boiler and completely sealed at once. After the jars are cool invert for a short time to test the seal.

Salt is added to vegetables because their flavor and quality are improved by it, and because the solvent power of pure water destroys the firmness and color of many vegetables.

String beans: Beans should be tender and fresh. Wash thoroughly, string, and cut if you prefer. Bring to boiling point in water to cover. Pack into jars. Add salt, a teaspoon to each quart jar, and the boiling water in which beans have been blanched. Partially seal and process.

Tomatoes, being an acid vegetable, do not require the blanch-

ing process. Dip them in boiling water until the skins are free, peel and pack in hot mason jars, using the tomato juice to fill; add teaspoon of salt to each quart, partially seal and process.

CANNING TIME TABLE VEGETABLES

Product	Water Bath	
	Pints Minutes	Quarts Minutes
Beans, String	100	120
Beets	90	100
Carrots	90	100
Corn	160	180
Greens	120	130
Peas	160	180
Succotash	160	180
Tomatoes	25	25

For the experienced housewife who might like to experiment with a new recipe I have found that the following lend the much needed variety to the winter menu and are cheap and easy to make.

● Carrot Honey

One pint grated raw carrot, juice of two lemons, grated rind of one lemon, two cupfuls sugar. Mix ingredients well, heat them slowly and simmer mixture until thick and clear. Put in scalded jelly glasses and when cold cover with hot paraffin. An excellent relish.

● Emergency Chow Chow

A quart of peeled and cut up ripe tomatoes are put in a pan with one finely minced onion, one slivered green pepper, one minced apple, one-eighth cupful of vinegar, six cloves, a pinch of celery seed and mustard, a quarter cupful of brown sugar, two teaspoons of salt, and chile pepper or cayenne to taste. Simmer three-quarters of an hour, stirring until required consistency. When cool it is ready for use.

● Grape Tutti Frutti

Two oranges chopped fine, five pounds sugar, two pounds raisins whole, ten pounds grapes. Take grapes, slit skins and boil long enough for seeds to get loose. Put through colander and add raisins, oranges and sugar. Cook 20 minutes after it begins to boil. Pack and seal.

● Sliced Pickles

Slice, without peeling, enough medium-sized cucumbers to fill the jars. Pack in layers with two-thirds cup of salt. Let stand three hours. Drain; put in layers again using mustard seed, celery seed and chopped onions between the layers. Add one-quarter cup olive oil for each quart and cover with cold vinegar.

● Gingered Pears

To eight pounds of chopped pears allow four pounds of sugar, the juice of four lemons, also the outside rind cut into thinnest shavings, and one-eighth pound of thinly sliced ginger root. Boil sugar in a cup of cold water. Put in the fruit, ginger and lemon and simmer 45 minutes or until the consistency of marmalade.



COOPERATION TAKES NEW FORMS

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