

# The Woman Today

**WHERE IS OLGA PRESTE'S BABY?**

BY ISOBEL WALKER SOULE



**INSURANCE FRAUDS EXPOSED**

BY LOUISE THOMPSON



**A QUALITY OF WOMANHOOD**

BY EMMETT GOWAN

**1937**

**JANUARY**

**10¢**

# the Woman Today

JANUARY, 1937

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# WHERE IS OLGA PRESTES' BABY?

By Isobel Walker Soule

This is not a game of hide and seek—but the story of a baby kidnapped at birth. Is the youngest victim of Brazilian "justice" dead or alive?

THE STORY OF Olga Benaris Prestes is the story of a woman whose only crimes are loyalty, idealism and love of her husband. A young German girl, 27 years of age, she is married to Luis Carlos Prestes, president of the "National Liberation Alliance." He was called "The Knight of Hope" because his career as a leader and military genius had been one based on true democracy. The National Liberation Alliance is similar to the "Front Populaire" of France. It is a protest not only of the workers but doctors, educators, bankers, deputies, senators, teachers, economists, engineers, scientists and judges, and even priests. A common struggle of an oppressed people under a government living and building up the process of fascism.

It was the leader of this National Liberation Alliance who, provoked by the Vargas government, revolted last November with his followers. The revolt was too early. It was suppressed for the time being, and wholesale arrests were made of the intellectuals and liberals. Labor unions were smashed and the leaders thrown into jail. At this time General Prestes was taken prisoner. His wife was

arrested for being in company with her husband, her sole crime being that she was his wife.

She then declared she wished to remain in Brazil and stand trial. The authorities wished to deport her to Germany. No one knows just what Mrs. Prestes has suffered.

She was pregnant when arrested. Her worries, her lack of personal care and hygiene, her privations, are all minor speculations. She has been held incommunicado since her arrest. We know she was without funds to buy any little necessity and that she was reduced to one dress, her one possession. I cannot imagine what the prisons are like in Brazil, when the first-class hotels have cockroaches the size of large mice, and fleas are everywhere.

After her arrest a writ of habeas corpus was taken out in order to stay her deportation. It was denied by the Supreme Court of Brazil. The court also refused to allow her physicians to testify as to the condition of her health. When the Minister of Justice was questioned as to why Olga Prestes was being held, he admitted the police could find no reason for holding her as she had committed "no crime," but felt she was an undesirable alien and should be deported. Every effort was made by her attorney. He asked that she be allowed to appear in court and answer charges. The Brazilian law provides that no deportation hearing can be held unless the person against whom the deportation

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OLGA BENARIS PRESTES



OLGA BENARIS PRESTES

# You Can't Eat Glamour

By Jean Lyon

**Phoebe Brand thinks the stage is exciting—but actors must be good trade unionists if they want the theater to progress.**

SHE HAS BEEN known most recently on Broadway as Johnny Johnson's girl, Minny Belle, the girl who sent the peace-loving Johnny off to the war. She has been through enough war hysteria, night after night, to know something about what war is made of.

She was Florrie, in "Waiting for Lefty"—a shop girl, with a taxi driving sweetheart, who couldn't get married and have her home and her baby because there wasn't enough money. She went through enough then, night after night, to know something about what strikes are made of.

Backstage she is Phoebe Brand—young, dark-haired, winsome, one of the Group Theatre's outstanding actresses—and she knows plenty about what acting is made of.

"It's made of work," she said to *THE WOMAN TODAY*. "Actors are workers, just like anyone else who works for a living."

Acting is made of glamour too, she thinks. But you can't eat glamour. It may be that the glamour of the stage is what gets you into acting, and it may be the glamour that has kept so many actors in the business despite poor pay and poor working conditions.

"But the glamour," Phoebe Brand said, "doesn't make the actor feel any differently about his need to earn a decent living. I don't see any reason why you shouldn't eat and have glamour too."

She thinks the stage is exciting. Glamorous, if you will. But she thinks that actors have to be pretty good trade unionists, if they want the theater to progress. "Even though I do think it's a glamorous profession," she said, "that doesn't make me feel any differently about the importance of working through Equity, which is our trade union, for fairer wages and better working standards."

SHE HERSELF is still stage struck. She admits it, with a smile which puckers up her bright black eyes. "I still stare like a high school kid when I see some actor I've admired for a long time," she said. "Even now, after I've met so many of them, I can't help myself." Elisabeth Bergner can practically put Phoebe Brand into a trance. She thinks she's just about the best actress there is. She calls her "Bergner"—which, from another actress, is a tribute.



PHOEBE BRAND

And the movies? "I go whenever I get a chance. I'm crazy about them. I'm afraid I like them good or bad. I don't feel that way about the stage. A play must be good. But somehow the movies all seem pretty marvelous to me. I don't see how the actors make themselves so real, working under the conditions that they have. I would consider it unbearable—those hot lights, and going over and over the same line for hours." She shuddered. "I wouldn't want to be in the movies. But I do admire the actors who are in them."

As she talks about the movies and the stage stars, Miss Brand does give one the feeling that she thinks of herself as just a plain girl in her twenties. The fact that Phoebe Brand is also the name of a stage star doesn't seem to have affected her in the least. She talks like any other girl with a job.

Her rise to leading roles has been partly due to her interest in the progressive movements in the theater. It has been through the Group Theatre, the permanent acting company formed in 1931, that she has done her best work. She was one of the original forward-looking young actors who formed the Group Theatre. Her work since she joined it has gained steady recognition.

Hers is a typical actress's story. "I can't remember when I didn't want to be an actress," she said. Four years after she was born in Syracuse, New York, she was taken to the theatre. "I saw Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan,' and Marguerite Clark in 'Snow White,' when I was very young. And I think I have wanted to be an actress ever since then."

In high school she tried out for the school dramatics, but was never given a part. "They didn't think I was good enough," she explained very solemnly.

But she was determined to try Broadway. She had been taking music lessons, with her mother's encouragement, and her music teacher wanted her to train for opera. Miss Brand, being a single-minded young woman, wanted to act. She had to sing her way to the stage, to be sure. But she never once let the thought of opera get in the way of her ambition to become an actress.

Her first stage job was given to her because of her singing voice. She tells it now a little shamefacedly. It was as a chorus girl in the Winthrop Ames' Gilbert and Sullivan company. Later she went to the Theatre Guild, again in a singing part.

The Theatre Guild gave her her first speaking part, in "Elizabeth the Queen." "It was a small part," Miss Brand explained, "but it seemed enormous to me."

All this time she had been going through the usual throes between jobs—though she considers herself to have been unusually lucky in having jobs that pretty much fitted in one right after the other. "But in those days, you know," Miss Brand said, "we were paid nothing for rehearsals."

"Actors," she said with a hint of indignation in her voice, "are the only workers I know of who were willing to work for four weeks before every new job without pay. It's incredible. But we did it. That's all changed now, thanks to Equity," she added.

Phoebe Brand had seen enough of Broadway and its hardships to feel that better things had to come if the theater, which meant so much to her, was to flourish. So when talk of the formation of a group which would be a permanent acting company began seeping through the

(Continued on page 30)

# Scrap Iron . . . A SHORT STORY

By Mary Ford

Olga scoffed when Mattie told her: ". . . they is goin' heave you out like an old piece of scrap iron. . . ." Then she found out.

THE STEEL DOOR of the laundry clanged behind Olga. As she ran to the service elevator her heels drummed fast and angrily on the cement floor. She was hurrying to tell, to tell every single and separate word. Ach, such talk! Those ugly dangerous words that Mrs. Forrester must hear.

Olga stood directly behind Dick in the elevator so he could not stare at the tear drops on her pale lashes or the red which was flushing up to her linen-colored hair. What a dreadful woman to trust with washing. The elevator mounted its shaft and Mattie's words harassed her ears.

"You ain't got much sense, Olga chile. I been fixin' to tell you that foh a long time 'cause you don't know nothin'." Mattie had been leaning over the washtub whipping the clothes about expertly in the froth of her soapsuds till creamy lines ringed her finely modeled brown arms. Mattie spoke with the deliberate and confident emphasis of a lecturer. "Now I is goin' to tell you straight out 'cause I nevah believes in beatin' around no bush. We all out in the kitchen knows just what you is doin' and it don't smell so sweet. We knows the hows and the whys of them tales gettin' in to Mis' Forrester about us socializin' in the kitchen and skippin' off duty."

The dirty black woman! Olga felt words crowding up in her throat, harsh, hateful words, but she could not speak them because they were not English.

Mattie straightened her long, supple back and fixed Olga with an unwinking glance. "Don' git yohself all excited now 'cause this is one time you is goin' to listen, heah? I got somepin layin' heavy on my chest which is gonna come off. The girls hates you, Olga, and they say you is a low-down, no-account bosses' stool pigeon and rat. I tells 'em you just done fohgot wheah you belongs. Olga, honey, why you let Mistah and Mis' Forrester fool you? They gives you a few extry scraps and lets you boss us 'round like, and you is done fohgot you belongs right in the kitchen with us. Why Lordy, chile, them people don't care nothin' 'bout you. When they is thoo with you they is goin' heave you out like an ole piece of scrap iron 'long with the rest of us."

Mattie's lecture went on but Olga, with the smart of tears in her eyes, turned and fled. The elevator reached the pent house at last and Olga ran through the kitchen, without a glance at cook or the maids, and down the hall to Mrs. Forrester's room. Soft, kind Mrs. Forrester with her tiny white hands hardly bigger than a child's and her little high child's voice with the flute notes in it; Olga would warn 'her; Olga would protect her. But once inside she could only bury her face in her big pale hands and sob. Mrs. Forrester's voice chirped consolingly as she waited until the whole choked story came out.

"Now, Olga," she said, taking her hand, "please don't take this to heart. You know the class of person Mattie is and the way she talks even to me. But we have to overlook some things and I do with Mattie because she's a fine ironer and she doesn't steal. And I'm not worried that you will believe what she says about me. You know Mr. Forrester and I consider you one of the family, Olga. Why we think—" and her voice trailed off.

Olga protested tearfully and with a little more comforting she took herself off to her bedroom which was next to Mrs. Forrester's own. For more than eleven

years Olga had nursed the Forrester household. She had raised Donnie and Chub and seen Alice into her teens. So much nursing down fevers and patting scraped knees and kissing away smudgy tears had made them her own babies. As for those trashy servants in the kitchen, Olga saw now how right she had been always to avoid intimacy with them even when she was lonely. If she didn't hold herself better than the kitchen how could Mr. and Mrs. Forrester be expected to make the distinction?

It was just as well to know how hateful they were with their slanders and their disloyalty and cheating. Even the prettiest chambermaid, the one who wore such smart clothes on her day off that Olga could not recognize her on the street, was no better, treating Mattie as if she thought black people were as good as white. And that was the low-class scum which called her "stool" something-or-other and "rat." When Olga said the word "rat" it made her burst out crying all over again.

FROM THAT DAY on Olga began her real spying on the kitchen. She would walk up softly and push through the swinging door to catch them eating Mrs. Forrester's special fruit cake or find Jennie laying out a choice snack for her chauffeur husband. And once the pretty chambermaid tucked away a pamphlet she was reading very fast and nervously when Olga surprised her.

It was right, too, for Olga to spy, and protect someone who cared for her. In the middle of June Mrs. Forrester offered her a trip to Sweden. For twenty-four years while she wheeled a carriage in the park or crocheted during the long lonely evenings or lay wakeful in the night when the babies were sick, she dreamed of Sweden. She was seventeen years old when Cousin Sigrid brought her to America.

Ach, it was so beautiful, the black forests and the green lakes and the reddish palaces of Stockholm rising from the water. The most beautiful country in the world! Girlhood friends in the village of her birth fingered the collars and gloves and pocketbooks Mrs. Forrester had cast off. The men asked her about prospects for work, trade and banking. You would have

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Agnes Karlin

# Insurance Frauds Exposed

By Louise Thompson

In which the author discusses insurance which rarely insures as well as why women should know about this vital problem.

**I**NSURANCE HAS BECOME a by-word in practically every home in America. In the absence of a governmental system of social insurance every wage-earning man and woman seeks to protect his loved ones.

It has not been hard, therefore, for the commercial insurance companies to "sell" the idea of individual insurance protection to some 65,000,000 people. These holders of policies in commercial insurance companies, through their premium payments, have contributed to the establishment of gigantic insurance institutions which are today in the top rank of "big business."

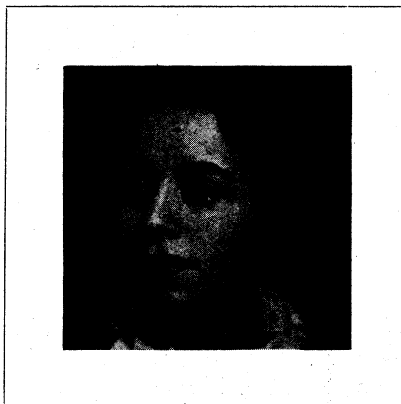
With assets of some \$23,000,000,000, these institutions each year collect premiums amounting to \$750,000,000 on policies which total over 100 billion dollars.

These gigantic insurance companies boast of their "fatted treasuries," of the fact that they are as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. They advance this as an argument to sell more insurance to those seeking protection.

The colossal assets of these institutions, instead of reassuring, should arouse the suspicions of every thinking person. How is it possible, one should ask, for these companies to aid the "widows and orphans" and at the same time to accumulate such huge treasuries? These suspicions become confirmed once we begin to examine the figures of these companies to determine just how much actually goes back to the policy-holder. Let us confine ourselves to industrial insurance (weekly payment plan), which is the most popular among working people.

It is estimated that there are about 50 million workers' families that are paying about 6 per cent of their yearly income for industrial insurance. Statistics for the year 1934 show that only 3 per cent of every thousand dollars of insurance taken off the books of the industrial companies went to pay death benefits. The rest was lost to the policy-holders through lapse or surrender. The Insurance Year Book, for the year ending December 31, 1934, gives the following figures:

Total terminations . . . \$4,428,062,908  
Termination by lapse . . . 3,127,573,734  
Termination by surrender . . . 983,691,019  
Termination by death . . . 153,570,202  
This shows that the families of such



LOUISE THOMPSON  
*National Committee Member of the  
International Workers Order*

wage-earners received a mere \$153,570,202, while billions of dollars, paid in nickels and dimes weekly by workers, are lost through lapsed (dropped) policies. The workers' loss is the companies' gain!

One has only to compare the rates of industrial insurance with the rates for other forms of insurance to understand why 19 out of every 20 people who buy industrial insurance are not able to keep up the "easy" weekly payments.

## Cost of Commercial Insurance

**A**T THE AGE of 35 a worker has to pay \$1.72 a month for a \$500 industrial life policy. Such a policy in the International Workers Order, a non-profit making mutual aid society, would cost this worker exactly 56c a month. Is it any wonder, therefore, that most industrial insurance policies are dropped before they are two years old? For the amount this worker is paying for his \$500 industrial policy he could get \$2,000 worth of insurance in the I.W.O. and still save 38c each month.

Our doubt as to the value of commercial insurance for the working class is further strengthened when we begin to examine the tremendous sums of money spent each year by these companies, and especially WHAT they are being spent for!

In one year, the Industrial Year Book

states, \$149,000,000 was paid out by these companies for salaries and commissions. Of this huge sum, the thousands of underpaid clerks and typists received an average of only \$15 per week! The rest went to pay the salaries of presidents and vice-presidents, district managers and agents. The president of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, for example, received a salary of \$200,000 a year, and the ten or so vice-presidents received salaries ranging from \$20,000 to \$125,000. Millions are spent for advertising and publicity.

Commercial insurance companies not only protect themselves through charging high rates which eventually drive many to drop their policies; the company also protects itself against those who are able to carry the policy through to maturity. Each policy contains clauses which may eventually prevent even the small proportion, who are able to keep their policies in force, from collecting.

One of these clauses is the "Sound Health" or "Express Warranty" clause. The policy-holder in signing is actually guaranteeing that he is in sound health on the date the policy is issued, and that he has not had one of a long list of diseases in the past. Should the company be able to prove that the insured, even without his knowledge, had previously suffered from one of these diseases, they can and do refuse to pay the policy.

Another clause in industrial insurance policies that works against the interests of the beneficiaries is the "Facility of Payment" clause. This clause is supposed to make easy the receipt by the "beneficiary" of the insurance. Actually, this clause is so worded that the insurance company can release itself from its obligations through making a payment to any person presenting claims to the company.

Women especially owe it to themselves and their families to become acquainted with the whole question of insurance, for it is they upon whom the family burden falls heaviest. A study of the excellent little book, "Life Insurance, A Legalized Racket," by Mort and E. A. Gilbert, will dispel many of the illusions about insurance so cleverly built up by commercial companies. Greater discrimination will enable them to purchase insurance which really insures!



LOUISE THOMPSON  
*National Committee Member of the  
International Workers Order*



# Silk Stocking Strike

By Frances Newmark

Lying in snow and mud before the largest hosiery mills in the world, pickets defy tear-gas and cops.

**“WE WANT STOCKINGS** sheer, but not BERKSHIRE,” declared members of the League of Women Shoppers while picketing recently at Woolworth’s.\*

The Berkshire Knitting Mills of Reading, Penna., are the largest hosiery mills in the world, their anti-labor policy one of the most flagrant. More than 3,000 of their workers have been on strike since the end of September, as a protest against Berkshire’s destruction of code standards which are still maintained by 75 per cent of the industry.

Until 1932 conditions in the hosiery industry were extremely chaotic. With the inception of the N.R.A. a uniform code for the full-fashioned industry was adopted, and it survived the passing of the N.R.A. In 1933 the Berkshire mill owners agreed to a contract with the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. Included in the terms of this contract was the provision for an impartial chairman to arbitrate all differences. The first six cases that came up for arbitration were decided in the company’s favor, the seventh in favor of the workers, and the company refused to accept it. The union agreement was, therefore, terminated. Although there was no longer a union contract, the management still upheld N.R.A. code standards. Recently, however, the mill owners decided to wipe out all traces of the code.

They proceeded to introduce a pay cut, the double-machine system (whereby one skilled knitter, with an apprentice, operates two machines instead of one), and the contract system. The terms of the contract system provide that knitters, operating two machines, are assured of 50 weeks’ work at \$45 a week, with a definite production quota calling for a bonus if reached. However, the standard rate for single machine operations is \$55 to \$65 a week. The worker thereby loses at least \$520 a year on this basis. The workers, therefore, went on strike.

In the face of this strike, the mill owners have adopted a policy of complete silence. They have refused negotiation or arbitration of any kind, which is doubtless fitting for a management which believes and has said that Hitler has done wonderful work in Germany and that if “radicals” start labor troubles there, the government knows

how to take care of them. They have refused to discuss the situation even with the Governor of the state, saying, “We have no strikers. It is an invasion from the outside. . . . We were invited to come up here, we don’t know for what particular reason as yet. If it is for the sake of sitting here and mediating this question, or arbitrating the situation, then we are not interested in continuing the conference, because we are not discussing that at all.”

**I**F YOU HAVE been reading the newspapers in the last week, even those “less likely



*League of Women Shoppers picketing Woolworth’s because the store sells scab stockings.*

to give space to labor troubles,” you must have noticed some news about the “lie-down” picket line at the Berkshire Knitting Mills. Men and women, young and old, have been lying in front of the mill gates in an attempt to get strikebreakers to join the strike. Lying in the slush and snow, the local police have covered them with blankets—blankets of tear gas. Think of the bravery and heroism of these workers,

many of them still in their teens. When I was in Reading I interviewed several young and lovely girls, many employed in the mills for years. Some of them joined the union as soon as they went to work, others had come out on strike just that morning “because things are so bad.” Think of them confronted by scabs, police, and tear gas, yet refusing to be frightened. About 150 of them have been arrested to date, and have chosen thirty-day jail sentences in preference to paying ten-dollar fines.

Surely we cannot minimize the importance of this strike, because the issues involved are basic. Upon its outcome depends the future of the full-fashioned hosiery industry. If the Berkshire mill owners are allowed to continue their dictatorial methods unchallenged, thousands of workers will be forced to accept their terms in other mills. If the speed-up, displacement of skilled knitters by apprentices at lower wages, and the employment of women at lower wages than men, remain unchecked, unemployment and subsistence wage levels will again arise in the entire industry.

We, as consumers, can help Berkshire workers, and others as well, by refusing to purchase any stockings made at Berkshire until a satisfactory settlement of the strike. There are many other mills where workers are not denied the right of collective bargaining, are not beaten and gassed by police, from which we can buy stockings—stockings just as sheer, as durable, and as inexpensive as those sold by this mill where autocracy and uncompromising vindictiveness are rampant.

Berkshire stockings are sold under many brand names, and also under the names of the stores selling them. If you cannot tell from the name whether you are buying Berkshire products, ask your dealer where he gets them. If he says Berkshire, your obligation to 3,000 workers must not be forgotten. *Demand that he go elsewhere for his merchandise!*

\* The F. W. Woolworth stores sell Berkshire hosiery under the trade name of Frantone.

The League of Women Shoppers, Inc., will be glad to furnish readers of the THE WOMAN TODAY with a complete list of Berkshire trade names, together with a “white list” of union made hosiery. Address inquiries to 258 Fifth Avenue, New York. Lexington 2-4070.



*League of Women Shoppers picketing Woolworth's because the store sells scab stockings.*

# The Hope of a People

By Marian Minus

The Negro youth are the hope of their people. They will carry on the traditions of Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and other valiant fighters.

THE SHACK WAS a tiny, one-room affair standing in the midst of tenements on Chicago's impoverished South Side. A woman lay on the bed under soiled covers that smelled of bugs. In one corner six children huddled. Sadeyed yet bright-eyed, round youngsters apparently healthy at first glance, but with skin drawn tight over swollen emptiness.

The seventh and oldest child, a girl of nine, stood before a small coal stove cooking something. These children know that there are schools, and have heard voices as young as theirs shouting in the delight of some game. But there is no place for play in their lives.

They are untaught and unaware that life can be happy. They are limited by four walls. Walls which send them out into squalid streets in summer and hold them prisoners when the wind begins to sting. Their eyes are made for seeing and they behold only the misery of a sick and lonely parent.

CHICAGO IS NOT the hinterland of vast America, yet the description of this one instance is typical of the tragic lot of thousands of Negroes in that city. The Negro people suffer from similar intolerable conditions throughout the United States. Quite falsely, the tendency is to assume that the plight of the Negro in the North is far removed from that of the Negro in the South. The relationship of Negroes to whites, any place in the United States, is one of degree and not of kind. A degree which is lessening more and more each day, and a kind which is becoming more pronounced on both sides of that social mockery, the Mason-Dixon line.

Elsewhere in the North, the Negro woman is faced with problems not of her making or to her liking. Recently, in Cleveland, a Negro woman was denied the right to shop in one of the larger downtown department stores. It must not be forgotten that in this metropolis, as in others where violations are equally flagrant, there exists equality of Negro and white under the letter of the law. Such a denial of the right to spend money, black money which is earned under generally peon work-

ing conditions, is an extension of the old pattern of prejudiced behavior.

Historically the role of the Negro woman has extended beyond that of housewife and mother. To live she has been forced into greater, and often humiliating, activity. Today it is more necessary than in the formal slave days that she take again the forward step. Hers has been the heritage of the soil to which she has returned broken in body and spirit after a life of disillusionment. It is a beautiful heritage of

*As a young man shackled in slavery, often beaten but never bowed, the great Frederick Douglass said: "I had a dream of freedom. I would never cease to resist until I walked the earth a free man." What young Negro lives today who does not carry the same conviction within his breast?*

*On the week-end of the birthday of Frederick Douglass, February 12 to 14, 1937, a Southern Negro Conference will be held in Richmond, Virginia. This conference is being organized by the National Negro Congress, and it will act on the major problems facing the young Negro people today: segregation, lynching, peonage, denial of civil and political rights, unemployment, and curtailment of opportunity.*

which she sang sadly and rebelliously in the early days, bursting with her desire to claim and hold it. There must be more than song at the present time but the underlying spirit of many of those mournful chants must not be forgotten.

SINCE THE NEGRO woman is exploited because of sex and race, her role in the Southern Youth Conference cannot be underestimated. The break of woman generally with her traditional place in society has not left the Negro woman untouched. That the same ambition has unfettered women the world over is not unknown to her. She claims the right to security, peace, happiness of home, equality, and has the will to do and to achieve. The expression of this will and the fulfillment of her rights are denied her. Because exploita-

tion of her as a member of the "weaker sex" is a part of a pattern which is larger than race, both Negro and white women must fight together to overcome this unfairness.

The Negro woman, with the Negro man, must fight oppression. This struggle cannot be waged alone nor without definite program and policy. Toward this end, opportunity to prepare for such action will be given an important place in the Southern Youth Conference.

It is not enough to repeat again that these problems exist. Their relation to national politics must be an integral part of the educational program of the conference. In order to facilitate mass demands to state and federal legislators, an intelligent formulation of issues with regard to the whole problem of participating in government must be achieved.

CHILD LABOR is the concern of both Negro and white families. It has the aspects of a vicious circle. Parents demand the right of education for their children. Meager and unequal appropriations are made. The child must have food and clothing to be able to attend school, yet to get these he must work in the fields and factories during the day. A recent report of the National Child Labor Committee indicates the increase of child labor in lumber mills, particularly in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. These are boys and girls of ten and twelve who work long days for five and ten cents an hour.

The Southern Youth Conference will consider child labor and social legislation to prohibit it in great detail. The conference leaders realize that many of these abuses are not limited to one race and are urging all women who have similar problems to participate. This invitation is especially extended to those who live within the southern confines of the country where these problems are most acute.

However, since the national welfare of the toiling masses cannot be divorced from that of a regional group, all sincere people who are interested in the effort to better conditions are also invited to attend.

# A Quality of Womanhood

By Emmett Gowan

Drawings by Virginia Donaldson

Portrait of a woman whose awareness of life made her more learned in the ways of unionism than her husband.

**Y**OU COULD NEVER forget a woman like her. If you were her friend and looked her in the face you saw there such light, so much of the good, gay awareness of life, that some of it was bound to penetrate into your own good-bad-or-indifferent self, and for a moment you were sublime. Life would become gay and good. The money masters, who, locally, were the planters and the insane Southern business men, could not scare you too much, could not deaden your spirit with the lies and frauds and hellish cruelties held by them over the land everywhere. For in her presence you knew that ultimately a good common people would awaken from their dupery and shrug off the cunning business bandits who are friends with one hand and robbers with the other. The depth of her awareness of this was what made her gay. In her presence, wordlessly, you shared her awareness, and this would open out your own intelligence, and make you gay, too.

She lived with her husband in a houseboat stranded in a dry river bed, a colony made up of other stranded houseboaters and dwellers in tiny shanties made out of old boxes roofed with rusty lard tins opened out. One old man with a white beard and the delusion that he was the intimate and confidant of Jesus (as opposed to the others, who believed more, he swore, in the Union than in the second coming of Christ), lived in an abandoned section of sewer pipe.

Her husband had a shotgun, a high-powered rifle and two mad dogs which he was training to eat alive anybody who did not live in the colony or had not been properly introduced to the dogs. This was his preparation to go forth to meet the fate of sharecropper organizers; obstreperously to resist any untoward visits from business men, planters and other scum decked out in sheets and pillow cases and an idiotically bogus knighthood.

She disagreed with her husband's romantic ideas of how to resist the expropriation of the toilers by the parasites of toil, but she allowed him to enjoy his fantasy, while she worked all the harder to put into effect her own method. She took stock only in unionism which was to bide until the correct historical moment. Not only



did she have everybody in the squatter colony organized as tight briars, but she had been the most aggressive force in organizing ten (at the time) other tenant farmer locals.

The river bed on which her boat was stranded had been run dry when the course of the river had been changed. Naturally the nearest planter had claimed the ground where the river had been. He wanted it for a hog pasture, and not only that but he wanted the houseboats and the shanties for ready-made shelters for the hogs. His scheme of getting them was to sue the squatters for "damages" (Arkansas legality is a hideous joke, anyway); to get judgments which they would not be able to pay and then levy on their dwellings. Her way of fighting them was to organize the squatters to refuse to budge, and force the planter to decide between his avarice or being exposed to the world as a murderer. Because he was going to have to murder them to get rid of them. She even kept him from taking away the old hermit's section of sewer pipe, which he tried to haul off once to use in creating an artificial brook in a flower garden.

**D**URING A STRIKE period, when the Union was struggling desperately all over the state, her husband was staying away from home at night. Maybe she wondered where he stayed, but she had no time to hunt him up and find out what he was doing. She was too busy organizing

meetings, speaking to groups of strikers, fighting terror, running off leaflets on a mimeograph made of a coffee can with a stick run through it to roll it over the paper like a rolling-pin over dough, one sheet at a time.

But finally she found out what he had been doing. He had posted himself to guard the tumble-down board building at the edge of town which was precious to them as their Union Hall. He had been sitting in the bushes on the slope across the road night after night, guarding the Union Hall with his rifle and shotgun.

"And what was you going to do if the thugs come?" she asked him.

"I was going to shoot once through the engine of their car, so as they couldn't get away," he said.

"Then what?"

"Then I was going to start picking them off one at a time," he said.

"And then what?" she asked.

"Well, if they swarmed on me, I had the shotgun loaded with buckshot to git any that got close," he said. He looked at her, squinting his tan young face concentrated over something he had not thought out carefully.

"And then?" she asked, implacably.

"The mosquitoes sho was bad, there," he said.

"Answer me," she said.

"Well," he said, "there wouldn't of been nothing to do but just go on back there in the bushes and set down."

She tried, for a moment, to be angry with him. You could see it working on her face, where she stood there sweating in the sun. His desperate pride, by which he wanted to kill and die for what he knew to be right, had endangered not only his own life but the whole Union. Hadn't he been one of the sharecroppers who had gone to the Union office in Memphis begging to be allowed to resist the planters' terror and force with self-defensive force, and hadn't everybody decided that to do so would unleash the scum for another massacre, as one in the past in another county had been let loose, when planters, business men and thugs had ridden through the whole county killing every Negro they saw or could find hiding under beds or in hay-

(Continued on page 30)

# Modern Men of the Sea

By Eunice Huntington

"They're a bunch with no bubbles in their brains . . . and life on the picket line is not much worse than being a seaman at work."

AT THE South Brooklyn piers, the ship-owners on coastwise lines covered the funnels and hatches on their freighters and settled down for a long fight. Outside the terminal gates, in the bitter wind that whips up the waterfront in late November, a line of quiet, half-frozen men picketed. They started early in the morning, when it was coldest, when the longshoremen went to work. If the longshoremen had helped them, the fight would have been quickly won. That is the setting of this seaman's strike: no violence to speak of, but courage in a cold wind.

Seamen are tough strikers; they are hard to beat even with thugs and finks. A shipowner can do little to make a seaman loyal to him; life in zero weather on a picket line is not much worse than being a seaman at work. Christmas bonuses from shipowners to seamen do not include model homes and gardens, gymnasiums, employee stock ownership. A seaman's boss is in a competitive business, and he fires and re-hires when he feels like it. A seaman has been so many places and eaten so much rotten food, and slept in so many stinking glory-holes, that he has literally nothing to lose and knows it. Then, he meets a lot of different men from different countries, men who use words like revolution. Sailors know the meaning of the word "international," too; they're a bunch with no bubbles in their brains. Sailors who have

*Women have joined the strikers in organizing a committee to collect food, funds and clothing for them. "As a survivor of the 'SS. MOHAWK' disaster I know how just the demands of the men are," writes Mrs. Sarah Jackson Smith, Secretary-Treasurer of the Citizens' Committee to Aid Striking Seamen, urging all readers of THE WOMAN TODAY to join.*

*Committee headquarters are at 232 West 22nd Street, New York. Men's winter clothing, packages of staple foods, and cash in any and all amounts are needed very badly to help the strikers.*

worked on passenger ships have had the capitalist system luridly burlesqued under their noses: the beautiful machinery, the fat first-class passengers, the skilled engineers and radiomen, the officials who have to keep their jobs, and then, holding it all up, the seamen who sleep and eat under worse conditions than the pet rat of a traveling broker.

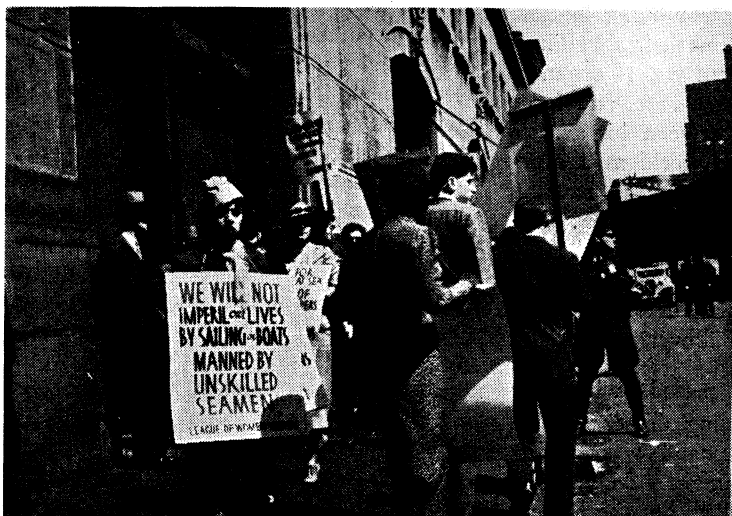
On October 29, the Pacific Maritime Federation, a union of maritime unions, called a strike to retain the gains they had won in the strike of 1934. They tied up the West Coast, and at the date of writing, nothing but driftwood has gone out of the harbors.

On the East coast there is no Maritime

Federation to hold the longshoremen and seamen together. Both groups have worse conditions than West Coast workers: the chief disadvantage is the lack of union hiring halls, which assure the equal distribution of work.

All year the rank and file in the East had been grooming to get West Coast standards. The seamen were chafing under a two-year renewal of unsatisfactory conditions signed over their heads by the International Seamen's Union leaders last winter. Insurgent efforts last spring were rewarded with mutiny charges. When the West Coast agreements expired this fall, and the West Coast longshoremen and seamen struck together, nothing would hold the Eastern seamen from following. But the leaders of the Seamen's International in the East would not even allow the question to come to a vote. They claimed they had signed a contract. The sailors did not recognize any contract, repudiated as this one had been by rank and file vote. So they bucked the old leadership, formed the Strike Strategy Committee under Joseph Curran, and called a strike.

The East Coast longshoremen have not followed. In fact their leaders have done everything in their power to break the seamen's strike. But there is ample indication that the longshoremen's leaders are as remote from the sentiments of the membership as the seamen's officials proved to be.



Members of League of Women Shoppers brave policemen's clubs to prevent the sailing of scab-manned ships in the 1934 strike.



They're landlubbers now . . . and will be until they win "Every man a union man and every ship a union ship!"



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*They're landlubbers now . . . and will be until they win "Every man a union man and every ship a union ship!"*

THAT is the complicated plot of the West-East, longshoremen-seamen tangle. Some 10,000 seamen are out in New York from five unions, including the radiomen and officers, with over eighty ships strikebound in the harbor. Twice as many ships and another 10,000 men are out in Gulf ports. On the West Coast, at least 175 ships have been tied up and 50,000 men called out.

The ripples of such a strike run neatly around both oceans and back. P. A. S. Franklin, President of the International Mercantile Marine, which, through subsidiary companies, operates scores of coastwise ships, complains that the strike is costing his company a fortune. Financial Cassandras on the West Coast assess strike losses to business at \$7,000,000 a day. The re-settled inhabitants of Alaska were prevented from properly rendering Thanksgiving thanks, when no shipments of turkey could get through from California. Tourists in Honolulu had to come home on a Japanese liner and pay government fines of \$200 for traveling on a foreign ship between American ports.

These spectacular items, however, merely confirm the lesson which was taught so graphically in 1934: that a strike of seamen and longshoremen can tie the nation in knots in a week. The West Coast strike is being fought as a simple strike for working conditions and union authority. Its complete success in tying up shipping should demonstrate once and for all to East Coast marine workers what they can do when their leadership is straight and their unionism vertical. The East Coast strike, while not a hundred per cent walkout, throws into relief all the issues of the American labor movement. On the East Coast they are still fighting the dead hand of machine leadership, which the West Coast threw off two years ago.

SIX feet high in the strike picture looms Irish, athletic Joe Curran who emerged last March as organizer of the spectacular "mutiny" strike on the S.S. California. Chairman of the Strike Strategy Committee, he is to be found in the independent insurgent offices near the Chelsea piers in New York City. The job is not an easy one. Soup kitchens have to be kept running, clothes collected, money raised from every possible group. Besides the ordinary scabbing problems of paid thugs under the notorious "Chowderhead" Cohen, lately investigated by the LaFollette Committee for illegal strike-breaking, Curran has to fight the Longshoremen's International, which should be his strongest ally. The longshoremen were kept from going out in 1934 by their leader Joe Ryan with promises of a new contract. They are locked now in the vise of a union racket



*Registering for strike duty at union headquarters.*

which nets Joe Ryan the friendship of shipowners, a fabulous personal income, and a 16-cylinder Mercedes limousine. In the present strike the principle of craft unionism has been reduced to its tragic absurdity, with union longshoremen ordered to take the jobs and break the strike of union seamen. The final absurdity was struck when the International Longshoremen's Association refused to unload French ships because French longshore-

men had demonstrated their sympathy to the striking seamen. This active concern of Ryan's for the prosperity of the American shipowner will, of course, prove shortsighted. Temporarily it may harass Joe Curran, whom Ryan does not like. But it may also spell the end of Joe Ryan as the longshoremen's boss. Already some of his members have defied him and refused to unload strike-bound vessels.

Besides the shipowners and professional strikebreakers Curran has to fight the officials of the International Seamen's Union who have insisted to the last minute that the strike was outlaw. This pronouncement the conservative press was not slow to publicize. Certain companies which were ready to sign up with the strikers were dissuaded from doing so by the union officials. The latter threaten to sue the steamship lines for violations of the phony contract which the officials still brandish. Leader of these admirable officials is one David Grange, who is on trial for misappropriating \$143,000 of union funds.

The federal government, perhaps out of awed respect for the millions of dollars tied up in ship subsidies, has taken no hand in straightening out the duplicity of maritime labor relations on the East Coast. But the seamen and longshoremen may not need Miss Perkins. A relentless spirit has been generated in the East Coast maritime unions against the thug leadership which has prevented them from keeping pace with the West Coast.



*Even thugs and finks can't beat the seamen.*

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# The Fight For Unity

By Erma L. Lee

## Why the American Federation of Labor Convention was of vital concern to working women and housewives.

THE NEWS that overshadows all else in the trade union movement is the serious split in the American Federation of Labor. It was hoped that at the convention just concluded the leadership would react intelligently to the voices from the membership and immediately restore the C.I.O. unions to full membership rights, but twenty-one resolutions against the expulsion were ignored and one resolution approving the action of the Executive Council was adopted. Returning delegates say that the officers ignored all membership protests and that the steam-roller just "rolled 'em under." Reports of the convention prove a wide-spread dissatisfaction, however, and a demand for the end of official bickering.

### Does This Concern or Affect Women?

But why should women be interested in internal quarrels of A. F. of L. officials, you may ask. Because any weakening of the American labor movement will affect your standard of living almost immediately. Weakness means wage cuts—less food and clothing—for you. A unified and aggressive trade union movement raises wages and shortens hours for union workers and it always follows that even non-union workers are granted some, although lesser, gains. Unions fight gag laws for teachers, and all children get a better education, more of the facts of life; when unions secure the passage of sanitary and safety laws for factories and workshops, all workers gain. Remove the unified labor movement from the United States and you would have terrible confusion of workers and the end of decent hours and living wages. That is why we fight for unity.

### Swivel-Chair Officials Blind

Mr. Green says Mr. Lewis shall not organize the steel workers into an industrial union, yet when I asked the worker alongside me if he thought the steel workers should have an industrial union—that is, every steel worker in one union—he answered me: "Why not? If the steel workers want an industrial union. It is for them to decide, but they certainly need a union!" All the mass production industries especially need unions, their workers want unions, they start organizing and then the swivel-chair "sit-down-

ers" of the A. F. of L. expel everyone who helps them organize. These mass production industries like steel and automobile, which developed rapidly after the war, rendered the small craft unions practically useless in maintaining the standards of living, and the unemployed millions of the depression further lowered living standards. Workers must not be handicapped now by officials who either cannot adopt new tactics or are too deeply involved in their personal quarrels for power to see the need for them.

### What to Do About It

The federation of unions belongs to us, the workers, and not to the Executive Council or to any one official. Let them know this. Tell them by resolutions from your union, by petitions from thousands of workers. Demand the reinstatement of the ten expelled unions and a new convention.

### Decisions of the Conventions

In reply to a question President Green said that for the present the Central Labor bodies and the State Federations of Labor would not be ordered to expel delegates from C.I.O. unions.

The convention protested at Yale University's failure to reappoint to the faculty

Professor Jerome Davis, who has been active in union affairs in New Haven.

Refused a national union charter to local agricultural unions on some flimsy excuse.

Refused to take a position against the fascists in Spain who are fighting the people's government, and refused to grant the floor to Isabel de Palencia, minister to Sweden from Spain, who wished to explain the Spanish situation.

Voted down a resolution for a labor party.

### More Newspaper Guild Gains

The rapid advance of the Newspaper Guild as a trade union is an inspiration to all workers. The guild has just secured recognition and a year and a half contract from the Daily News in New York City which provides wage raises and a shop committee to adjust grievances. Hours are 35 for a five-day week and they have a Guild preferential shop. Wages for copy boys are from \$15 to \$20, reporters \$25 to \$50, \$40 to \$65 for photographers, \$25 to \$35 for library workers, \$21 to \$30 for clerks and typists and a \$70 minimum for rewrite men and copyreaders.

### Flushing Publisher Tries Union-Busting

Harold Forbes, publisher of the "North Shore Journal" at Flushing, a suburb of New York City, is out to a "fight to the finish" to bust the Typographical Union. Eighteen union printers went on strike when one was discharged without cause, and soon after the Newspaper Guild members "refused to walk through the printers' picket line." A union paper is being issued and a house-to-house canvass by union women is expected to "bust" Publisher Forbes's advertising. Hearst tried to "bust the unions" but even he is now signing contracts!

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## Consumers' Cooperative Workers Strike

By Manning Johnson

Eight out of thirteen eligible workers of the Consumers Cooperative Society Cafeteria, located at 49 East 25th Street, went on strike Monday, November 31, 1936.

The strike grew out of the arbitrary removal from their jobs, by the general manager, Mary E. Arnold, of two members of the Cafeteria Employees Union, Local 302.

Every attempt on the part of the officials of Local 302 to avert a strike was treated contemptuously by Miss Arnold.

In spite of the "pro-labor" policy of C.C.S., the action of the general manager has been one of systematic elimination of all known union workers from the organization. During the last few months Janette Freeman, Fred Lord, Eileen Walker and William Davis have been fired or re-

moved from their jobs because they were "more concerned with organizing the workers into the union than in the cooperative organization."

Our experience with the general manager, as well as with Mr. Leslie E. Woodcock, is that they are definitely opposed to dealing with a union affiliated with the A. F. of L. but are in favor of a company union called the Cooperative Workers' Council.

We feel that unless there is a sincere effort on the part of the management to carry out the mandate of the membership pertaining to "willingness to deal with any union the employees may join," the strike will continue to the detriment of the cooperative movement.

# Chicago Women Force Gas Cuts

By Hayes Jones

WHEN WOMEN FIGHT to safeguard the family pocketbook, they can fight as hard as their husbands do to increase their wages—the source from which it is filled. Chicago women are proving that today, in their fight against the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. In the last three months they have stopped two raids on the battered old pocketbook.

Several years ago Chicago women organized the United Conference Against the High Cost of Living and For the Repeal of the Sales Tax. Both items are still on the order of business, and the United Conference is active.

One hundred and twelve organizations are affiliated with the United Conference. They represent women in all walks of life. Most of them are working class women, the wives of trade union members and small business people who feel crushed by the big monopolies. They have the active support of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and one of their chief campaign organs has been WCFL, the "Voice of Labor."

Four months ago, both the Peoples Gas and the Edison companies tried to get rates increased, to pass the state sales tax on to the consumers. The United Conference, which had been quiet for some time, sprang to life, under the guidance of Mrs. Dena Ginzberg, a furrier and wife of a furrier. Later, when the fur "season" took Mrs. Ginzberg out of work, other women carried the fight on. The women, flanked by the Chicago Federation of Labor secretary, Ed Nockels, marched on the Illinois Commerce Commission, and showed conclusively that gas and electric rates were too high. The increase was denied.

The electric company proved this contention to be true late in November, when it gave its stockholders an extra dividend. The gas company went to court, to set aside the Commerce Commission's rulings. A Master in Chancery heard the evidence, and recommended that the company's request for an injunction be denied. In spite of the Master's recommendation, Judge Klarkowski immediately granted the company's request for an injunction. The Commerce Commission appealed to a higher court and the injunction was set aside. When a permanent injunction hearing was held before the higher court, the in-

junction was denied. The matter rests till June.

United Conference delegates appeared before the Commerce Commission's hearings when the regulating body had the proposed increase up for consideration. They gave the people's side of the question.

The company proposed to raise the price of the first two therms of gas from 58 cents to 90 cents. The company officials argued that their "only source of revenue" was the gas consumer, that they "lost \$3,000 a month" at present rates; that wages had gone up, and coal prices (their raw material) had gone up too.

THE WOMEN countered that the company had "socked the poor" who use gas for cooking and boiling the babies' clothes, but had carefully refrained from raising rates on the big industrial users, or those who heat with gas, because these could change to another fuel easily. In short, they argued this was a tax on the kitchen stove of the working class family. They told how thousands had been forced to stop using gas because it cost too much, how children had been maimed and killed "picking" coal from railroad rights of way, and sticks from the street, for the family fuel. They said this raise would mean more children salvaging fuel, and more people driven back to nineteenth century cooking methods.

They scored a big hit when they asked the gas officials when the "wage raise" they referred to had gone through. The gas company admitted it had not raised wages, nor did it intend to. This extra three million dollars was for the "poor stockholders," who hadn't received a "proper dividend" since Sam Insull gutted the company with his marvelous financial deals in the late '20s. This became very embarrassing when the women's delegation started asking questions about the financial structure of the great utility. The company officers were embarrassed, too, when the women said they'd allowed a rise in milk prices because part of it went to the men who handle milk from the farm to the kitchen door. But the People's Gas didn't intend to give any of its money to the workers. It was "all for the poor stockholders."

The women invited the company offi-



cial to attend an open hearing, but the officials didn't avail themselves of this opportunity to acquaint the public with their case. Commerce Commission officials sent their regrets that they could not be present, and thanked the women for their work.

THE HEARING was small, but emphatic. It gathered women from slums and from working class districts, where steel and stockyard workers live. It brought a representative from the Women's Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, as an observer. Women denounced the gas company for the high price and low quality of the gas it provided. They scored the natural gas which the company bought from itself at excessive prices, and resold to the public, to blacken their pots and ceilings. It gives no efficient heat.

Backed by the women's support, and constant publicity over the "Voice of Labor" radio station, the Illinois Commerce Commission has delved into company history and produced proof that the company actually nets \$8,000,000 a year, and the increased asked would raise this to \$11,000,000. The company carries its value at \$160,000,000 while the commission proves its highest possible valuation is \$120,000,000; and that rates must be reduced. With such backing and the resulting action, Chicago's women expect to save \$3,000,000 a year on their gas bills.

The fight is over until next June, but the women still have to work on it, and they have a renewed sales tax to keep their organization going until the June battle against the grabbers comes again.

## THE BUENOS AIRES CONFERENCE

A FORWARD STEP toward the cause of world peace was made at the Inter American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace in Buenos Aires.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull made a contribution when he addressed the delegates of twenty-one American Republics.

"The conference must recognize the all important principle of practical international cooperation," he said, "any country whose policies make war likely is threatening injury to all."

Proof of the significance of the Buenos Aires Conference was the reaction from the centers of fascism. The German press condemned the whole conference.

Because of the important part women must play in the maintenance of world peace, it was unfortunate that the National Woman's Party pushed the issue of the "equal rights clause," which in the United States amounts to equal exploitation.

Those who had worked for years to win protective legislation for women were forced to oppose the National Woman's Party. The injection of such an issue by the National Woman's Party when they knew it would get opposition from the American delegates was a real hindrance to united action in this conference.

Trade unionists know that the amendment to our constitution proposed by the National Woman's Party would take away the few laws protecting women that have been won by a long hard fight.

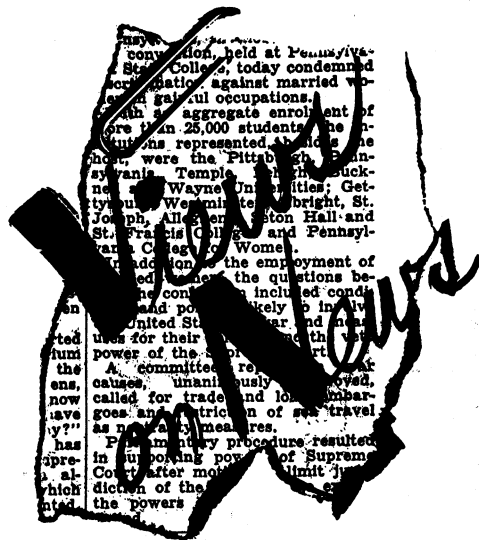
We applaud the American women delegates who opposed the "equal rights clause" and tried to win a genuine unity of all forces for peace in Buenos Aires.

What happened at the Buenos Aires Peace Conference gives us new direction and opportunities to carry on the fight for world peace. Mr. Hull went so far as to remark that "the Americas offer a united front in behalf of peace."

Women delegates from the United States should be the first to realize that they must take an active part in the work that is being done to further world peace. The voice of women must be heard in the campaign to keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world.

American women through united action of their organizations can do more. They could call a National Woman's Conference for Peace here in the United States.

There is much to be done in a little



time. The forces of war grow more threatening every day. Spanish children are being murdered by German and Italian bombs in the schools and streets of Madrid.

It is the duty of women all over the world and the American women have a great opportunity now to stop the slaughter of whole communities and the killing of little children already started by German and Italian fascists. American women must also study the real causes that make for imperialist wars. While we must take advantage of the Buenos Aires Conference, we should, at the same time, realize that agreements entered into by imperialist countries and nations ruled by dictators, as some of the South American Republics, can only be effective if the majority of the people see that they are enforced.

## IS THIS JUSTICE?

UNLESS THE AMERICAN people organize a mighty protest, fifteen young men, eight of them minors, will walk the last mile to the electric chair at Sing Sing on the night of January 7. If the sentences are carried out, this will be the greatest mass execution since 1912.

Six of these boys confessed to the murder of a subway cashier. There is evidence of the use of brutal third degree methods, beatings and cutting, at the hands of police. Five of the defendants now state that the confessions were given only to stop the torture, and that they are innocent.

Prison records show that all the condemned were undernourished. Many of their families are on relief, and all of them are underprivileged.

These boys were forced to leave school at an early age, denied the opportunity of learning trades, driven to desperate ways because of their poverty. Whether any of them actually did commit these acts or not,

it is clear that the real criminal in these cases is the *society* which permits such conditions to exist.

What are these conditions? Unemployed, homeless, hopeless, hundreds of thousands of our young people are wandering the streets and highways of the land. At home, their parents wait for news in anxiety and fear.

We must not allow those who are responsible for the misery and poverty of millions of our young people to solve the problem by legal murder.

Working women, wives and mothers, make your voices heard!

Write to Governor Lehman, asking for clemency for these victims of society!

He has the power to save these condemned victims. If the voices of protest are strong and loud enough the Governor will hear them.

## THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

PRIME MINISTER BALDWIN has won a temporary advantage for the reactionary forces of England. He has been able to replace an obstinate unstable king by one who will be a more pliant tool in the hands of British industrialists and imperialists.

There is nothing in the English Constitution to prevent the King from marrying whom he pleases. Talk of the Constitution and Democracy were pretenses that Baldwin used to further his own ends. Unfortunately the Labor Party swallowed this talk and supported Baldwin.

The majority of the English people supported the king. A popular movement grew up around the issue of his right to marry whom he pleased. The Labor Party could and should have given leadership to this movement and taken power. Its leaders lacked the courage and initiative. The Labor Party left the direction and leadership of this growing popular movement around the king to the leadership of such open fascists as Oswald Mosley.

The fascist forces are still taking advantage of and furthering popular sentiment behind the exiled king. They are building up a reserve weapon for British capitalism in case of emergency.

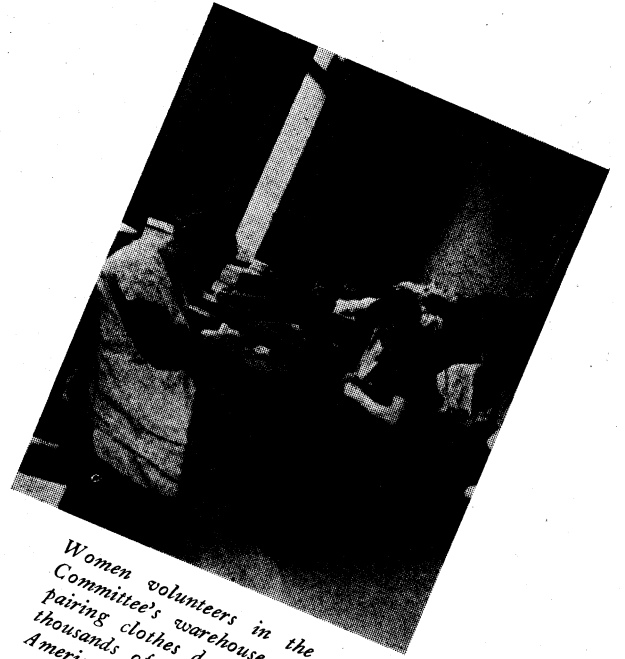
It is to be hoped that the abdication of King Edward will spell defeat for the Baldwin Cabinet and that the Labor Party will take power prepared to fight for the real needs of the English people.

# "Humanity! This Appeal is to You"

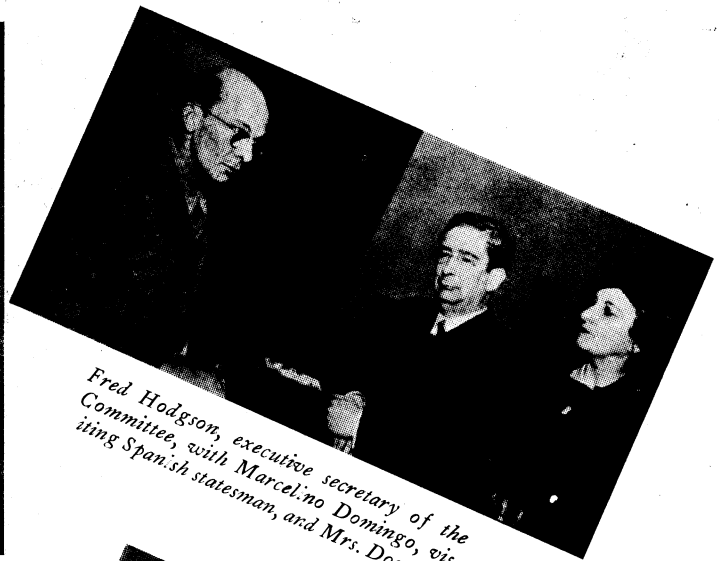
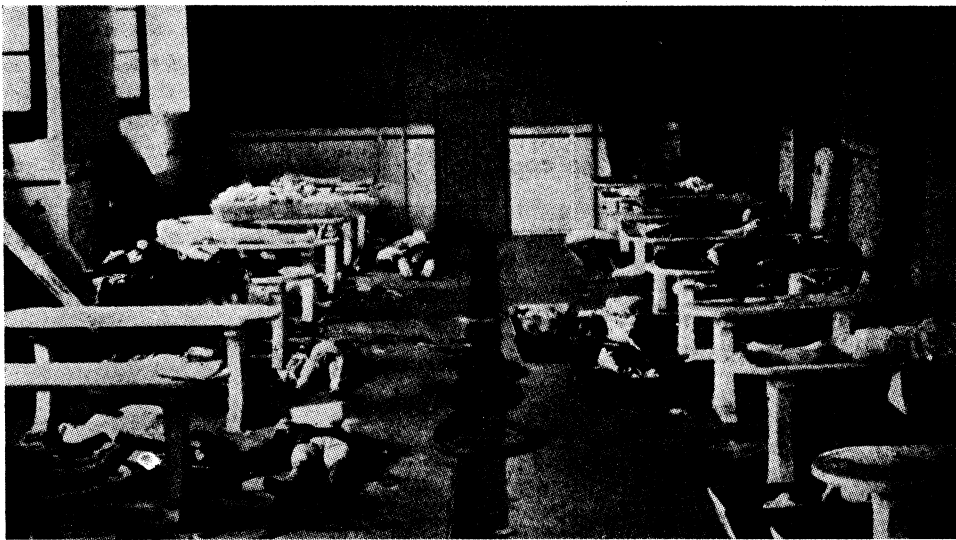


## ANSWER TERROR IN SPAIN

On November 6, 1936, a fascist plane swooped down over Madrid and dropped German bombs on Spanish children and their mothers. Hundreds were killed and injured. The bombed schoolhouse (below) was filled with scores like the dead boy to the left. The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 149 Fifth Avenue, New York, is the American clearing house for all aid to Spain. It is through this body that the people of America can answer the foreign fascist invaders of democratic Spain. A postcard to this Committee, which is rushing food, clothing and medical supplies to Spain, will tell you what YOU can do to help the victims of armed fascism.



Women volunteers in the Committee's warehouse repairing clothes donated by thousands of liberty-loving Americans.

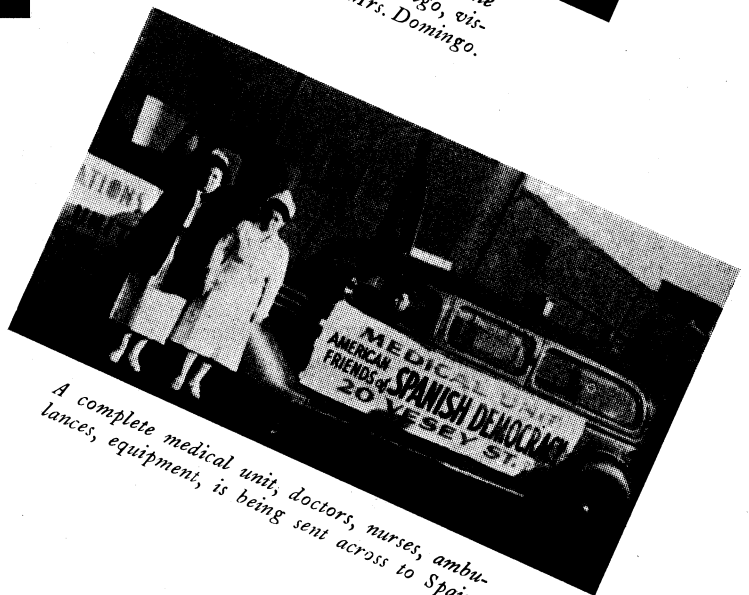


Fred Hodgson, executive secretary of the Committee, with Marcelino Domingo, visiting Spanish statesman, and Mrs. Domingo.

By Romain Rolland

**H**UMANITY! HUMANITY! The appeal is to you. The appeal is to you, men of Europe and America. Come to the help of Spain! Come to our help! Come to your own help! For it is you, it is all of us who are menaced. Do not allow these women, children and world treasures to perish. If you remain silent now, tomorrow it will be your children, your wives, all that you hold dear, everything which makes life beautiful and sacred, that will perish in its turn. If you do not oppose the bombardment of hospitals and museums, of thickly populated areas, of children at play, you too, peoples of the world, will suffer sooner or later the same fate.

Quick! Quicker still! Rise, speak, cry out, act! If we are not able to stop the war, let us compel respect for the rules which international conventions impose. Let us save the helpless and innocent!



A complete medical unit, doctors, nurses, ambulances, equipment, is being sent across to Spain.

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*Times World Wide Photo*

"If the government lays down on the works program for the unemployed we will stage a sit-down for jobs," say these women. Their cry is being re-echoed throughout the country.

# We Will Not Starve

By Thelma Nurenberg

**W**HEN A MAYOR tells a crowd of desperate women who have seized the city hall that "they can stay there until hell freezes over before he will do anything about it"—then that mayor is guilty of inciting them to riot. And eighty-eight women in the town of Pleasantville, N. J., who were dismissed from a W.P.A. sewing project are determined that he will do something for them—or else—

On December 1 these women marched on the city hall, invaded its chambers and vowed to leave it only when they were put back to work. For nearly a year they had been employed at salaries ranging from \$57 to \$88 monthly on two sewing projects. The council chamber is located on the second floor of the red brick building which also houses the fire department, tax officials and the town councilmen. Here

these brave, indignant women sit and knit, read or make plans during the day, turning the floor and the hard, narrow benches into beds by night. They occupy the chamber in relays, one group sitting on the benches and in the councilmen's swivel chairs, while another group looks after their household duties.

A glance at these women will suffice to convince one that only a week ago these American women would have been surprised at such action. What then impelled these peaceful, law-abiding women, the majority of whom are mothers, while others are in their fifties and sixties, to take such militant and drastic action? I put this question to them—and in one voice they answered:

"Relief!"

"We are afraid of relief," said Mrs. Anna McArdle, their leader and former

supervisor. The forty-odd women in the hall listened intently as we talked. Alert, determined eyes gleamed out of their faces. A plump, middle-aged woman squeezed against a scrawny, sallow-faced girl, while next to her a tall, powerfully built Negro woman leaned forward to catch our words. Several colored children played about the room. Here and there a pair of worn shoes lay about, while pillows, blankets and coats rested against the backs of benches.

Behind a desk in the far corner of the room sat a policeman of enormous proportions. He was playing cards with several women, and occasionally glanced in our direction. It was obvious that Mrs. McArdle was the leader of these embattled women, and that she had come by it, as one of them said, "because she has a head on her and a tongue—and oh, boy! can



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*Times World Wide Photo*

she tell 'em!" Mrs. McArdle is the mother of seven children.

"We hate relief," she repeated. "If you knew the terrible conditions around here when we were on relief you'd understand why we demand work. We would have to walk two and a half miles in the coldest weather, through snow piled so high you couldn't lift your feet over it, and when we did get to the relief office we were given the run-around. Often we were sent away with empty hands, and we had to come back two or three times to get stuff that wasn't fit for pigs. That's why we are desperate. We don't want that again. We asked the mayor to meet with us, but he refused, so we are taking things into our own hands. We're going to investigate the vice and gambling in this town, and before we get through the politicians will have wished we hadn't got started."

**T**HE WOMEN had known for a long time that their officials were well paid for the protection they gave owners of vice and gambling places, but were powerless to do anything about it. And while officials stoutly disclaim any knowledge of gambling in this small town of about nine thousand people, several correspondents who were utter strangers in town had absolutely no difficulty in locating such places.

It is rumored that politicians in this town are getting more in bribes for protection than it would cost to finance the project. And the women are proving that gambling is rampant by picketing such places with signs reading, "We want work—not re-

lief." "Merry Christmas to you. What about us?" "Open gambling allowed—but no work sponsored. Why?"

Although they have repeatedly tried to get the local councilmen to discuss their predicament, each plan they submitted has been turned down. Even their offer to donate between \$1.50 and \$2.50 a week each out of their salaries to buy the material needed for the project has been rejected.

"What can you expect of these politicians?" asked Laoma Byrd, one of the two Negro supervisors of the project. "They'll stoop to anything. They tax the colored people the same as the whites, but we get nothing for it. We're taxed for sewerage, but we haven't any; we're taxed for water and light, but we don't get it. We have no representatives on the school board. We have no paved streets in the colored district, although there are appropriations for it, while in white sections many streets where no one lives are paved."

"Is there race discrimination on this project?" I asked.

"Absolutely none. These women are poor housewives, whose husbands were workers. They know we must stick together harmoniously if we are to get results."

Miss Byrd is a graduate of the local high school. She studies shorthand as she sits here after her turn picketing. She is a handsome, intelligent woman, confident that her fellow strikers will not permit the politicians to single out the colored workers for punishment.

Tired but hopeful, the women straggled

into headquarters while others took their places. I sat down to chat with Mrs. Dorothy Corson, a slender, dark-haired widow in her twenties. "In the beginning they stopped the clock, locked the ladies' room and shut off the water," she told me. "But we made those politicians turn it on again."

**N**EAR THE railroad tracks the Democratic Party of Pleasantville has thrown open its quarters to the women. Here they come to cook and eat the food which local merchants donate daily. The storekeepers are in sympathy with them, as their income is derived from the small earnings of these women. Hence they identify themselves with these "rebels" and are helping them to fight their battle.

A wave of dismissals is spreading throughout the country. Nearly 425,000 workers are being dropped from W.P.A. payrolls, nearly a quarter of a million of whom are drought-relief farmers.

All these women voted for Roosevelt. They were the first victims of his pledge to the Chamber of Commerce to reduce the budget. I urged Mrs. McArdle to tell me what the women would do if nothing was done to reinstate them.

"I think Roosevelt will stop these dismissals. He just can't let us down. We voted for him because we expected to hold our jobs. If he turns on the workers, he'd better take the first boat to Europe," she replied belligerently, with flashing eyes.

Before I left Pleasantville I tried to convince Mrs. McArdle that the eyes of men and women on government projects were on this band of intrepid women. What would they do to safeguard their meager jobs? "They must do something—or we will," was the unspoken but determined resolution.

In the meantime organizations like the Workers' Alliance, to whom the dismissed W.P.A. workers are turning for guidance, urge a series of actions to prevent the discharges. This includes sit-down strikes, refusals of discharged workers to leave the projects, mass delegations to W.P.A. offices, city councils, and the homes of United States Congressmen and Senators. A resolution drawn up by these dismissed workers who are members of the Workers' Alliance reads: "Heavy cuts in W.P.A. projects will affect adversely organized labor by throwing hundreds of thousands on the labor market; will reduce purchasing power. We do not desire to continue on federal work one day longer than necessary. Until private employment at decent wages is available, we will fight with every ounce of our energy to retain the only means of livelihood that we have.

"It is not patriotic to starve. We will not starve!"



Times World Wide Photo





# The Woman Who Ran For President

By Grace Verne Silver

The fascinating story of Victoria Woodhull, who dared fight for women's rights in the prudish age when, to many, woman suffrage and "free love" meant the same.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY produced Queen Victoria, whose name became a synonym for prudishness. It also produced Victoria Woodhull, whose name and fame were associated with every new idea of her time. The American Victoria was the best loved and worst hated, the most utterly despised and the most reverently worshipped woman of her day. She was beautiful, magnetic, intelligent. She was a man's woman who yet had loyal, devoted women friends; a feminine person who fought like a man with relentless logic and masculine courage in a man's world of politics and finance. She secured men's love without their jealousy and won women's affection and admiration even if not their respect. An opponent said of her: "She ought to be hanged on a gallows; and a monument to her memory should then be erected at the foot of that gallows!"

VICTORIA STARTED LIFE in 1837, in the wilds of Ohio, as the daughter of a beautiful, high spirited, unconventional mother and an equally irregular, more talented father. Her training for future public speaking began in singing, reciting, dancing, telling fortunes along with her mother and sister, and otherwise aiding her father in his wandering career as "pitch man," medicine vendor and seance medium. Before she was fourteen he had married her to a business associate, Canning Woodhull. It is of passing interest to note that even though she divorced him a few years later and married Colonel Blood, whose ideas coincided with hers in all things, Victoria continued to support her first husband until he died. She was already past thirty, with twenty years of adventurous experience behind her, when her father brought her and sister Tennie C. (originally named Tennessee) to New York, in 1870. History says they arrived without money.

Three such people needed no money. They promptly called upon old Commodore Vanderbilt (of railroad and "public-be-damned" memory) and the old man was so fascinated by Tennie that he backed the sisters in opening the first "Lady Brokers' Office" in Wall Street, supplied them with timely tips, and, it is said, would have mar-

ried Tennie C. but for the opposition of his younger relatives—and the fact that Tennie C. would not have him.

In a few weeks the "Lady Brokers," helped by unlimited newspaper publicity and their inside information, cleaned up over half a million dollars. With this cap-



"THE WOODHULL"

ital they entered the suffrage movement, founded and published for several years a finely gotten up newspaper called "Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly." Tennie C. was the efficient business manager; Victoria traveled throughout the country giving sensational lectures on sex, love, marriage, and a score of other subjects at a dollar per head admission. Colonel Blood and Stephen Andrews ran the paper in her absence. Many people, after hearing the oratory of Beecher, Tilton, Ingersoll and Bryan, still maintained that for sheer power Victoria capped them all; they said this in spite of frank disapproval of all her principles.

VICTORIA DELIGHTED in scandalizing the Grundys, though she was never coarse. She demanded sex education in public schools; said marriage was only prostitution when love was absent; insisted women should at all times, in and out of

marriage, control their own bodies; defended the mother's right to sole control of her child after divorce; proposed to abolish all laws discriminating against illegitimate children; defended the prostitute as the victim of circumstances, but damned all men who bought women, whether by night or by life. Her enemies claimed that she once raised money to enable her paper to survive a crisis by threatening to publish a long list of names of prominent men who visited houses of ill-fame, with dates and circumstantial details. She demanded no money as the price of silence, but money came! She advocated free divorce at the will of either party, anticipating the Russian position by fifty years; advocated birth control, proclaimed love the only morality. Of course, they called her a "free lover."

"You men who denounce *free love*," she would say, "are only trying to say you prefer the 'love' you buy and pay for."

The suffrage movement felt it had to endure enough opprobrium without saddling itself with the extreme ideas of "The Woodhull"; but they were glad enough to take her money, and, of necessity, endured her personal assistance for a hectic three years.

The "Weekly" carried as its motto in bold type: "Progress! Freedom! Untrammelled lives! Breaking the way for future generations!"

ON THE THIRD of February, 1871, the National Suffrage Convention, in session at Washington, D.C., was astounded to learn that on the following day Victoria Woodhull would address the House Judiciary Committee in behalf of woman suffrage. Like it or not, they attended the hearing. In a long and carefully prepared legal brief Victoria argued that the Fourteenth Amendment had already given women, as well as Negroes, the ballot; that it was merely necessary for Congress to pass enabling laws. She was the first of her sex to speak before a Congressional body of any sort.

The Constitution, as Victoria logically reasoned, says: "All *persons* . . . are citizens." Are not women also "persons"?

The Constitution nowhere prohibited



“THE WOODHULL”

women from voting. A minority of the committee approved of her position; Gen. Ben Butler spoke in behalf of the "Woodhull Memorial." Several suffrage leaders seized upon the argument and actually voted. Susan B. Anthony was fined one hundred dollars but refused to pay. It is of historic importance to remember that when several western states ultimately gave women the ballot, Victoria's identical arguments were used to prove the harmony of such state legislation with the national Constitution.

Victoria was ever the stormy petrel of the suffrage movement. In May, 1872, another suffrage convention was held in New York. Nearby the People's Party was also having a national convention. At the close of the day Victoria rose and moved that the suffrage convention adjourn, to meet the following day in joint session with the People's Party, in Apollo Hall. Miss Anthony refused to put the question; Victoria appealed, and it was carried almost unanimously. Followed by most of the women she entered the already crowded hall on the following day and was immediately called to the platform. There is evidence that she deliberately stampeded both conventions. Sentences—flashes of her speech have come down to us:

"From this convention shall go forth a tide of revolution that shall sweep over the whole earth." She had already marched in Paris Commune demonstrations. "We must purge the world of political trickery, despotic assumption, and all industrial injustice. . . . Shall we be safe, yet remain slaves?" Tumultuous applause frequently interrupted her. Toward the end she exclaimed, after a dramatic pause: "Who will dare to unlock the luminous portals of the Future with the rusty key of the Past?"

Judge Carter of Cincinnati immediately nominated her for President; the chairman, Judge Raymart of New York, put the vote. By unanimous, spontaneous consent she became the standard-bearer of the new political party. No longer called "People's" it was now the "Equal Rights Party." Stephen Douglass, great Negro leader, was named for Vice-President. Said Moses Hull:

"We must have a representative of the oppressed *Race* to run side by side with one of the oppressed *Sex*."

During the next few months Victoria was repeatedly arrested for this and that; tried, acquitted, forced to raise immense sums to defend herself, her friends, and her various causes. Her paper broke the Beecher-Tilton love scandal wide open; Anthony Comstock prosecuted her for publishing sentences from the Bible (Deut., ch. xxii) in describing details of that scandal of the nineteenth century. The judge directed her acquittal. In another

case the jury acquitted her in spite of judicial advice to convict. They broke her health with months in Ludlow Street jail. Her fifty years of after life, in England, were purely anti-climax. She died in 1927, all but forgotten.

**P**OSSIBLY THE Equal Rights Party might have lasted longer had not so many of its founders, like Victoria herself, tried to be so extremely advanced and radical that they outstripped their potential following. In addition to the causes she had previously championed, she took over the new Equal Rights platform which advocated government ownership of public utilities and all mineral deposits; national referendum and initiative provisions; a new Constitution; minority representation in Congress and legislatures; abolition of the death penalty; reformation (not punishment) of criminals; the government to guarantee work for all men *and women*; free trade and the end of war by compulsory arbitration; greenback money; taxation, amounting to confiscation, of large fortunes; universal suffrage, and a proposition to create a sort of United States of the World, antedating the League of Nations by fifty years.

It was too heavy a load for one woman's shoulders. While we must record the fact that she failed, we should not forget that she and her co-workers made a gallant and sensational effort to make over the world. The wonder is not that she failed; it is that she had courage to make such an attempt in the mid-Victorian era.

## WHERE IS OLGA PRESTES' BABY?

(Continued from page 3)

charges have been brought is present. The attorney pointed out that all these denials of justice proved that all legal rights had been abolished in the courts of Brazil.

It was also proved that it was traditional for a child conceived in Brazil to be considered even before birth a citizen of that country and that it was entitled to full protection of its country. It was on this plea that Mrs. Prestes wished to remain in Brazil. After these pleas no news was heard of Olga Benaris Prestes. Was she in jail? Had she been deported? Was she being tortured? Was she able to remain alive in such conditions? These are some of the questions that have been unanswered and some are still unanswered, but here are a few of the things that we, James Waterman Wise and I, as delegates sent by the Joint Committee to Aid the Brazilian People, found out.

As soon as we landed we realized the

excellence of the espionage system of Brazil and also the absolute censorship, not only of their own press, but of North American news agents. In all news offices there is a censor sitting at the elbow of the news agents. We then realized why we had received no news of the case of Olga Prestes or her baby.

We talked to many people but at once we saw people were afraid to talk. At last one person told us Olga Prestes and Mrs. Ewart (another German political prisoner) were deported 21 days ago. When asked about the baby, the person did not know it had been born. We then felt our way with everyone we met, for we knew if we showed too much concern about Mrs. Prestes that two American journalists would, in all probability, be put in protective custody until our boat sailed, and we realized the importance of the outside world learning the truth.

We then heard one story that the night she was taken from jail there had been a riot, because of an abortion that was to be performed before deportation. Of course at that stage of pregnancy it would not have been abortion but murder; also that Mrs. Prestes had been deported to Spain. This was so ridiculous that it showed it would be difficult for us to get true information. As to the authenticity of this abortion story, we could find out no more about it. But we had a confirmed report that Mrs. Prestes was in a German concentration camp before we left the country.

We now have the information that Mrs. Prestes' baby was born before departure. The story is that she was taken from the prison where she was held to a hospital for her confinement. There was a riot and uprising in the jail demanding that two fellow prisoners, a doctor and a lawyer, accompany her. This request was agreed to but they were forced to part from her at the entrance of the hospital.

Nine days later she was deported without her baby. Where is Olga Benaris Prestes' baby?

A few years back in this country of ours a pathological person or persons kidnapped and murdered the child of a young mother and one of our heroes. It became an international baby and scandal. Today a pathological government has kidnapped a baby from a young mother and a national hero. The parents have not even the opportunity to describe in one radio broadcast their child or its food, which in all probability should be its mother's milk, for she is in a Nazi concentration camp thousands of miles away, and the father is in prison, very ill, facing a military tribunal in a country under martial law. We—the women of the world—must try and restore this infant to its rightful heritage. We must find the Prestes baby.

# A STONE CAME ROLLING

## THE STORY SO FAR

Because of a wage cut in the mills workers of Dunmow are forced to strike. Ishma Hensley, Jim Conover and other militant workers lead the movement.

Strikers are supported by small shopkeepers, farmers and the unemployed. Fearing a victory, employers, government officials and local police get together. They arrest many of the

militant leaders, including Jim Conover and Red Ewing.

After the arrests Conciliator Bentley is called in. A company union is set up with Kik Kearns as president. Under Kearns' leadership the strikers are sold out. Those not blacklisted go back to work with too much fear in their hearts to continue the struggle.

Realizing she can do nothing more among mill workers for the present, Ishma decides to help the unemployed movement. Eph Clark-

son, leader of the unemployed, is kidnaped and beaten by a mob of masked men.

An attempt is made to lynch Stomp, Negro leader of the unemployed. Friends, posing as the lynchers, snatch Stomp from the sheriff in the nick of time.

Ishma goes to a revival meeting where she takes the platform. As she is explaining the real way out of their misery to the congregation hecklers attack her, and Britt, her husband, springs to Ishma's side.

## By FIELDING BURKE

**I** KNOW RAD BAILEY," Britt's voice went out, "and I hope I have enough of the Lord Jesus Christ in my heart to forgive him for anything that he ever did to me."

He had found the only answer for the Christian multitude. The one answer that they must accept. There was a new silence as they looked with approval on Britt, and felt shame rising for the questioner.

Ern Starbo, prodded into view, and feeling the poison of Hickman's words rising in him, stepped close to the platform and shook his fist at the two who had not left it.

"Yes! You tried to put my mother into hell! And you are sending young girls to hell! Both of you!"

He was echoed by voices around Hickman. But Britt had friends there. And his smile and prayer had won to him many who had been strangers before that moment.

"Sending young girls to hell!" shouted a man whose face sagged with a lascivious story. "And there is the father of one of them!" He pointed his finger at Tom Jeff. And Tom Jeff, the kindly, the peaceable, the phlegmatic, drew back his fist and struck the man a bloody blow on the mouth.

With that the crowd had its signal. Fighting blood was released. It had to happen. In the veins of the multitude ecstasy had been checked at flood-tide. For ten minutes the congestion of emotion had been giving actual pain. Something had to break through.

Britt leapt to the rescue of Tom Jeff, who was being heavily mauled to the rhythm of "Hell! Hell! Hell!" The main fight gathered about them like a growing ball. Britt's youth returned to him. He was again the champion of Wimble County, and more than one about him was finding it out.

Ishma stood on the little stage alone, confounded. What had she done? What darkness! What savagery! Had her great

light led to this? She could not bear it.

A cry shot its way out of the struggling mass. "Stand off! He's killed! Stand off!" The living ball about Britt divided and fell back. He was lying on the ground. Someone began shouting for a doctor. Unthank pushed through to him. Already his body was an island in blood. The knife had gone into his back and touched his heart. When Unthank rose, the face of Ishma was almost against him, terrible with command. "Quick, Derry! Save him! Don't stand there! Why don't you move?"

He would rather have been on the ground in Britt's place than tell her that nothing could be done. But he said it. She told him that he lied. With magnificent wrath she rejected death for an instant, then dropped like a stone beside Britt.

Britt was whispering to Ishma. "Don't let go, honiest in the world. Hold me till I'm cold. I ain't afraid, but I want you as long as I'm human warm."

She kept her arms about him, her lips against his neck, but she couldn't speak.

He was whispering to Ishma again. "I'm not hurtin', honiest. Just bleedin' . . . an' lovin' . . ." The old twinkle was in his voice as he said that. "Hold me. Why don't they sing? I can't hear. Tell 'em louder. 'Fling wide the gates!' That's a rollin' song."

"Fling wide the gates, O Jerusalem!"

The people were quick to understand. There were few present who had not, at some time in their lives, been called to sing, or listen to song, by a death-bed. Everyone who could lay the slightest claim to a musical voice had joined Fairinda before she came to the chorus the first time.

*Fling wide the gates . . .*

*And let the king come in . . .*

It didn't matter that in the song, "Jerusalem" meant the heart of man—your heart and mine—that we were to open for the entrance of the king. As they sang it they saw the city of gold beyond the sun-

rise. In sweeping vibrance their voices gathered in a far-going wave. . . .

And Britt went out on its crest.

Everyone knew that he was gone. No need for the whisper to run here and there, breaking and falling, Fairinda was dizzily leaving the platform when someone helped her down. It was Martin. All of her strength had gone into her voice and died with it. With a helpful arm about her waist, Martin guided her to a seat under the trees away from the people. Her head was on his breast as she cried through all the stages of acute mourning, from wild weeping to dry, shaky sobs. She said she had loved him so! She had meant no harm, but oh, she had loved him! There was nobody on earth like him. Nobody at all! There would never be anybody like him again. And Martin held her closer, trying to mumble comfort into ears that could not hear.

**I**SHMA WAS STILL at Britt's side, refusing to believe, trying to give his white, drained body warmth of her own. Her blue dress was dark with blood. When Unthank tried to lift her she looked up with a face that made him stagger back, his hands falling at his side. The heart-cry of his forefathers rose unconsciously to his lips. "Merciful God!" he said, and wandered off into the dark, beyond the unbearable glow of the lanterns.

Who could believe this? Britt, only twenty minutes ago so tremendously, invincibly alive, was as utterly gone as if he had been dust a thousand years. Derry Unthank continued to stumble about in the dark, with that look on Ishma's face following him. How could he help her? He could not lie down in Britt's stead, and that was the only way. It was useless to return to her. To enter her grief would be like trying to enter a sweeping fire. He stumbled about, waiting, denying, accepting, until he heard the ambulance coming.

(Continued on page 24)

# Housewives Unite in Auxiliary Council

By Agnes Burns Wieck

**W**E SEND OUT missionaries among the strikers' wives. That's a very successful way to break a strike. Our missionaries get inside the homes and undermine the women's confidence in the union. That starts pressure from behind the lines."

Summoned before the Labor Board hearing in the Remington-Rand strike, the notorious profiteers in professional strike-breaking actually reveled in the opportunity to reveal the brutality of their frontal attacks on labor and their more recent strategy in undermining labor's forces from the rear.

Workers' wives are giving their own answer to this challenge. Called into conference by the New York Women's Trade Union League, headed by Miss Rose Schneiderman, eighteen women's auxiliaries of New York labor unions have taken the initiative in a vigorous campaign to defend workers' homes against the menace of this spy system and the attack on living standards.

It was interesting to observe how the exchange of experiences began to broaden the outlook of these women who for the first time were meeting in joint conference. A most stimulating exchange of experiences brought the meeting to a high pitch when one delegate after another voiced the sentiment that *an injury to one union is the concern of all unions*. Immediate action was taken to form a permanent Auxiliary Council, affiliated with the Women's Trade Union League.

"Wives and mothers the country over are mobilizing their forces in behalf of labor," said Mrs. Fannie Noskin, chairman, herself an active member in the typographical auxiliary. "Just recently in the Chicago area, women's auxiliaries of steel workers organized a most successful conference not only of the women of labor but all progressive community groups. The voice of women, organized and strong, will prove a powerful force in telling the true story of the workers."

"The time is ripe for women's auxiliaries," declared Mrs. Maud Swartz, vice-president of the Women's Trade Union League. "The League's work is mainly among women workers in industry and the professions, but the League House, where you are meeting, has always had its latch-string open to the wives of workers. Every night of the week you will find labor classes and lectures going on here. Come, make the League House your own."

"The depression has spurred housewives into action on a scale heretofore unknown," said Mrs. Mary Rouse, national organizer of the Typographical Union Auxiliary and secretary of the New Jersey Women's Trade Union League.

Forgotten women, that's what the housewives have too long been, in the opinion of Mrs. Klug, representing the Women's Division of the New York Navy Yard Retirement Association. "We machinists' wives, like the printers' womenfolk, pioneered in this movement."

Listening to the reports of the delegates, one could picture the reception awaiting the "missionaries," who might try to visit the homes of auxiliary women. Nor will they stop at slamming the door in the face of these spies. They will carry the fight right to the doors of the employers, as was done by the lone woman who, in winter weather, took her children and her banner and picketed the head office of the powerful BMT subway corporation that fired her husband for union activity after long years of service.

"That woman's courage inspired our men to greater strength," said the wife of a transport worker, "and out of that incident grew our auxiliary. Tonight we can proudly inform this conference that our men's union has won recognition from the BMT."

Women's courage in the face of per-



secution was again demonstrated when the leader of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Auxiliary reported that Borden's had just fired her husband. "After twenty-four and a half years of faithful service, they discovered he was inefficient. Their missionaries tried all kinds of bribery to induce me to betray the union cause."

Flushed with victory came the painters' wives, for their men's union has routed the racketeers and restored decent standards to their trade. Progressive unionism inspired this auxiliary in the recent painters' strike to march shoulder to shoulder with the men.

Fresh from their vigorous protests at W.P.A. headquarters and City Hall came the wives of architects, engineers, chemists and technicians. Layoffs on Federal projects are hitting their homes hard. And with their menfolk they are fighting back.

Victories were reported in the strikes of bakers, pharmacists and optical technicians, strongly backed by women's auxiliaries.

"No strike is ever lost." A wave of applause greeted this remark by a delegate from the lithographers' auxiliary. "Labor may retreat but labor never surrenders.

Employing women to beat down men's wages was denounced by the wife of a butcher workman. "I used to be against unions myself," she explained, "because I was like these women—I did not understand. I was new in this country. But I married a union man and he began to teach me about labor and also about citizenship. Today I am very proud to tell you I have taken out my papers to be a citizen like you. These women who work cheap must be educated."

Auxiliaries today are stressing labor education, featuring speakers on labor legislation, parliamentary procedure and current topics. One auxiliary develops its own speakers by assignments on the Social Security Act, the history of the American Federation of Labor and kindred subjects. Even the radio is being utilized by these wide awake women.

Does picketing keep some women from the auxiliaries? Win them through social and educational activities, say these women. If a strike comes, important as the picket line is, there's the big problem of the commissary and strike kitchens. Women love to roll up their sleeves for such service to labor's cause.

"But even timid women forget their fears," said a delegate, "once they join the picket line. After years of housekeeping, I went out one early morning to help picket. When dawn is just breaking over a big city, it gives you a feeling you never get at any other time. Blocks away I caught the voices of the singing pickets. When I joined them, I experienced a thrilling sense of labor's solidarity. There is nothing like a picket line at dawn."



# Seen But Not Heard

By Jane Whitbread

At the sight of rising profits and the sound of turning wheels the upper crust again exploits the children.

**A**N OLD MAXIM was applied to young things in the days before progressive education broke the peace—"children should be seen and not heard." It has been taken out, dusted off, and put to strenuous use by plump-giled philanthropists who use child labor by day. In the evening, at "Tots' Club" dinners, they deny the existence of such a phenomenon as working kids.

These gentlemen have quite a following, too. There is a large percentage of the daily press, and the Catholic churchman; there is the American Bar Association, not to speak of a round dozen of organizations in defense of things like "the old fashioned way," "home," "mother," "family," "defense" itself, significantly enough, and, of course, the "flag." These followers are not quite as bold as to declare outright that children aren't working. They take a different line—the "keep them out of mischief," "all of our big men were newsboys"—line. They also pour out a great deal of ink and lung power on the danger of allowing the state to control the family. Getting hysterical, they appear at hearings on the Child Labor Amendment, which would abolish child

labor throughout the nation, and in choked voices ask, "What next?" They prophesy the end of religion, Nelly's dishwashing for mamma, and mamma's right to bring up her child. Then in some obscure way they link all this to a Communist plot directed and financed from, guess where?—Moscow.

Now it would be unfair to accuse these opponents of the Child Labor Amendment of harboring any but the most humane and patriotic sentiments and ideas. Maybe they sincerely believe all this.

On the other hand, here is the truth. For a brief period before the blue bird of the NRA got shot down by the Supreme Court's bow and arrow, there was a flicker of hope that child labor in America might be done away with. Except for the newspapers, industries subscribed to a provision in the codes eliminating the labor of children under 16. But the blessing was brief, and June, 1935 brought farewell to all that. Child labor has returned as we shall show, and the drive for ratification of the Amendment goes on harder than ever before.

Justification there is, undoubtedly, for the statement that child labor has decreased in spite of this particular Supreme Court

decision. But the fact that, with apparently returning prosperity, children are again helping to fill the factories, is a shameful sign that the upper crust of American society is again willing to forget social altruism at the sound of the turning wheels of industry and the sight of rising asset figures.

The vaguely idealistic talk about spreading the purchasing power, which has been wafted through the air in the last years, is going to be forgotten. Children will be hired for incredibly low wages in mills and factories, in western agriculture, and, where possible, in the sweatshops of the North. The crisis of 1929 will come again. Those late analyzers of the phenomenon of 1929 will wonder how it came at first, and then analyze the second one and urge that something gentle be done to check the third.

In the meantime, however, people who realize that this returning prosperity is not universal, want improvement of labor conditions to continue. They are not planning to wait for the next depression. They don't intend to have hundreds of thousands of children employed when Mr. Hopkins's now famous 7,000,000 continuously unemployed are still with us. These people, too, are apt to have slightly humanitarian feelings about kids at work.



*A group of newsboys. A few years ago Warden Lawes said 69 per cent of the Sing Sing prisoners were newsboys in their youth.*

**T**HE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION welcomes to its newsboy ranks the loudest, most difficult children in the public schools because they can let off more steam and sell more papers, according to a Hearst circulation manager who testified at the newspaper code hearing in Washington in 1934. There are those, however, who feel that these are exactly the nervous, easily excited children for whom the added stimulation of unsupervised work at night, with late hours spent in the delivery room of the newspaper or in city alleys, is not quite the best thing. In fact, they might understand more easily why, according to Warden Lawes, 69 per cent of the criminals in Sing Sing were newsboys at one point of their youth.

**I**N THE SUGAR BEET FIELDS, during the harvest, schools are shut up tight for what is called a "beet vacation."





*A group of newsboys. A few years ago Warden Lawes said 69 per cent of the Sing Sing prisoners were newsboys in their youth.*

The kids go to work at dawn in the damp fields, and work with their backs cramped as they crouch over the crop until sundown. Compensation appears almost incidental when you realize that this work is being done by kids from six up. But it provides an interesting item, averaging about \$400 or \$500 for a family of five or six for the entire year—an amount inadequate to tide these agricultural workers over between seasons, making them dependent on state or federal relief during the idle months. Amounting to practical government subsidy of commercialized agriculture, this relief custom is interesting, in view of the strenuous complaints raised by large land holders against paying their slight share in the taxes from which this relief is derived.

Even under the Jones-Costigan Act, now deceased, growers held the show. This act authorized the fixing of minimum wages, and the elimination of child labor in beets, through agreements, but provided no representation for labor on the local enforcement boards set up under it.

That their omission from these committees went practically uncontested is evidence that labor was not to be feared in 1935. However, conditions grow worse, and organization progresses. Poverty among the workers is so great that American Federation of Labor federal union dues can't be paid—nor can organizers be supported. But Colorado and Michigan beet workers went to Tampa last month and passed resolutions demanding attention from the A. F. of L.

These workers are tired of starvation wages, are tired of pushing their 6-year-olds into the fields at dawn, are tired of being slighted on relief. Their organized efforts will have more to do with protective legislation in the sugar beet industry than any other single factor—for they, after all, are most directly concerned.

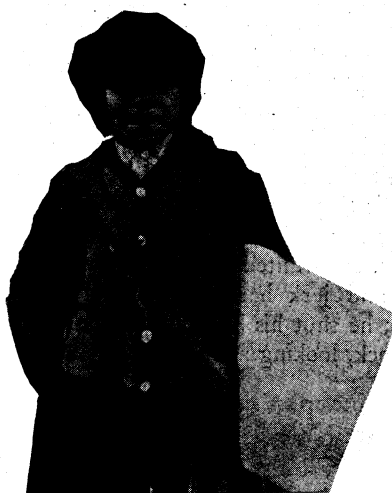
The story of migratory labor in California is even grimmer as reported in a recent relief administration study in that state. Here, as a result of the oppressive labor conditions, long, exhausting hours, wages which barely provide food during the season and place the smallest luxury beyond the realm of possibility at any time, kids turn, naturally enough, to sexual excitement, the only way they know to break the monotony of deadly fatigue, deprivation, lack of privacy or comfort, and the lack of beauty in their lives. Repeated cases of 16-year-olds marrying and bearing children they are physically unprepared to have and financially unable to support, are reported. Girls are wearing themselves out, so that at the age of 25 or 30 they are old women, chronically "ailin'," or with diseases contracted from overwork, exposure, and malnutrition. Such diseases are often incurable un-



Top—Children in Colorado beet fields.  
Lower—Children doing homework in a city slum section.

der any circumstances, but especially with these workers. They have neither the knowledge nor the money to have them diagnosed early, and cannot afford the necessary treatment. Coughs, bone infections, skin diseases, joint crippling are repeatedly reported in this survey. The conditions of work and income which put workers in this position start when they are old enough to work. Most of them have been to school very irregularly. Few, at best, have completed the eighth grade.

**O**RGANIZED OPPOSITION TO these conditions is sporadic. Strikes have taken place in different sections of California,



Newspapers welcome public school kids to the ranks of their employees.

but gains have been temporary and slight. Onion workers in Ohio fields a few summers ago, striking for a living wage, were replaced by "babies" who managed for a time to break the strike. A similar incident took place in Pennsylvania not long ago.

Nor is agriculture the only industry of which child labor horror stories can be told. In Mississippi, where children are not covered by labor legislation in the canning industry, small children were found by the roving reporter of the *Buffalo Times* last spring to be working from 4 A.M. to 6 P.M., shelling shrimps. Another investigator found children of 12 and up, occasionally younger, working in tomato canning plants, at loading and unloading, cleaning up, pasting labels. Because of the short season and the fact that employers are working hard to pack as many products as quickly as possible, children are kept out of school during the season. School inspectors are known to be none too diligent in checking up on these irregularities.

The endless narration of conditions like the preceding, which are prevalent in one industry after another, is unnecessary to convince people that child labor exists. It matters little, in the last analysis, how prevalent it is. As long as children under 16 are working all day in *any* factory or field in this country, sacrificing general education, or special training which will equip them to support themselves adequately as adults, there is something rotten. It can be corrected in one way: by the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment.

Nineteen states which have not ratified have state legislatures meeting this year. Residents of these states to whom a decent society means a tinker's damn will use the first opportunity they have to get in touch with state committees working for the passage of the amendment in their state legislatures. The national organization prominent in the drive for the amendment is the National Child Labor Committee, with offices at 419 Fourth Avenue in New York City. This group will provide information as to committees in states and local communities, or names of individuals with whom to work. From them, too, literature on the amendment and further information about the nature of the opponents and their arguments may be secured.

The Institute of Public Opinion poll last spring showed that 65 per cent of the people in the country favored the amendment. What is needed is action immediately by the forces of opinion represented in that poll. Special interests, to this time, have obviously influenced the legislators. The chance of losing votes might change their minds this year.



*Top—Children in Colorado beet fields.  
Lower—Children doing homework in a  
a city slum section.*

der any circumstances, but especially with these workers. They have neither the knowledge nor the money to have them diagnosed early, and cannot afford the necessary treatment. Coughs, bone infections, skin diseases, joint crippling are repeatedly reported in this survey. The conditions of work and income which put workers in this position start when they are old enough to work. Most of them have been to school very irregularly. Few, at best, have completed the eighth grade.

**O**RGANIZED OPPOSITION TO these conditions is sporadic. Strikes have taken place in different sections of California,



*Newspapers welcome public school kids to  
the ranks of their employees.*

## A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 20)

They sent Britt back to the mountains, to be buried on Cloudy Knob. Ishma, unable to leave her bed, could not go with the burial group. What did it matter anyway? Life was over.

The first day that Ishma was up she walked across the pasture to the woods. Her cheeks were hot with fever, and there was driven light in her eyes. Life was coming back, but with burning cruelty. She wanted to find silence. But in the woods a falling leaf crackled on her ear like a storm. A twig snapped, and she felt her flesh torn. Where would she find still earth? All sensation was cruel insolence, and she couldn't shut it out except by death. Had Bly felt like this when he came to that last hour by the river? If he had, it wasn't strange that he had got out of it.

A figure appeared at the open end of the field. She turned and moved back under the trees. The sounds there would be easier to bear than the noise of speech. Unthank, stock-still, watched her retreat. She had seen him, he knew. When she was out of sight he went back to the house where Fairinda was trying to get supper while Deely was at the barn.

"She's in the woods, Fairinda."

"You don't suppose—"

"No, no! She'll never kill herself. She has too much to live for."

"She has Ned."

"That wouldn't be enough. She has all the Neds that are ever to be born. They'll pull her back."

But sometimes he doubted. Doctor Schermerhorn came every day to Holder-ness. It was he who filled the household with fighting hope. They welcomed Vance and Jeffrey and Heck Moore. There were exciting talks about unions and new alignments, and how this one and that had come through. With quite efficiency the members of the National Textile Union were entering and strengthening the rank and file of the United Textile Workers. Kik had done a great work for Dunmow. He had put over the idea of unionism. Now among the workers it was only a question of what kind of union would help them most. And that certainly was not Kik's.

Red Ewing, Conover, and Bud Wells came to Ishma with their glowing tales of the increasing line-up. She tried to listen. When Jim Conover took her hand, she saw the tears in his eyes, and said, "I'm coming back, Jim. I'm coming back, but not yet. Not quite yet." The smile she gave him was a promise, and he went away happy.

Alone with Ishma, Derry asked, "Ishma, what can we do to make you want to live?"

She looked up and saw how humble he was. Old Derry wanted her to help him.

And to help was the first need of her nature. Her face warmed with color.

"You can take me to the mountains, Derry."

He was chilled. "To the grave?"

"No. But to some place near where I grew up. To some high mountain. Maybe to Standing Indian. I've always wanted to go there. Maybe I could find life again if I could start from my own birth-ground and feel my mountain people about me. I am dead, Derry. I'll have to get back to the beginning and be born again."

"We'll start tomorrow."

Unthank drove, sitting by her side. Doctor Schermerhorn was in the rear seat, with food, blankets and camping utensils packed about him. Fairinda, a good driver, was with Ned in the doctor's little car, with more food and blankets. Derry had suggested taking Martin but Fairinda had reacted hysterically. She couldn't go if Martin did! And Derry had shrewdly arranged for Martin and Guy Beard to follow next day.

Between twilight and dark they reached Flack's Tavern, a few miles from the foot of Standing Indian. There was a great lobby, upheld by pillars made of old mine-props, and a fireplace where a score of wanderers could gather as one family. Schermerhorn was not new to the place. He had spent many holidays there, and that night he enjoyed himself around the fire as he might have done in his eager fifties.

ON THE MOUNTAIN Ned speedily found the point of greatest vantage and led his mother to it. This was not at the height of the peak where the lone Indian had stood to lift his signal of fire to his beleaguered people, but lower down, where a great rock, covered with lichen and feather-moss, topped a precipice which was one wall of a mile-wide abyss.

He began ramblingly to invent tales of the little people down in that other world. He did his best, but he saw that his mother was only enduring it. Finally she said, "Those are our people, our homes," and he knew that she was back on Cloudy Knob with his father.

But a boy's patience is short, and Ned's had held out for an incredibly long time. Didn't she have *him*? Was he *nothing*? Hadn't they come all the way to the peaks to get her out of it? He felt like shouting to her. He wanted to take her by the shoulders and jerk her away from grief. Instead, he shut his hurt lips and lay back on the rock, looking at the sky.



Far down in the abyss a clear note rose upward. The two had been so still, one with bowed head and the other stretched upon the rock, that the faint sound pierced the unopposing silence and took possession of it. The mother gave a soft, quick movement. Ned rose to a sitting posture and leaned toward the abyss. A third time the thin invading strokes mounted to the cliff. So slight, but bearing such a rush of life. Ishma felt a glow like an invisible garment all over her body, a keen, musical tingle about her heart. She wasn't remembering now. She was living. At the milk-gap on Cloudy Knob. Giving her baby his supper. In Britt's arms after his months in Forny woods. Laviny's nagging voice sharp in her ears, making her smile. "Don't git the high-head, Ishmerlee!" Marshall Wycaster teasing her mother with his "made-ups." "You'll not catch me, lady, not catch me till I die, for I'm a squirrel in a tree, a fish-hawk in the sky!" Lazy Jim Wishart on his pallet. "Be good, Ish, and fry me three or four eggs, I'm not feelin' well." Running from the house, flying on the trail to Moonfeather Falls.

The comfort of reality was in her veins. She stole a look at the world about her. Yes, that was a real sun sinking behind the third little mountain. Those were actual trees holding out their crowns and mantles of color on the sloping chasm wall. She was sitting on a rock, ancient, enduring rock, and it was covered with lichen. They were real. She delayed looking at Ned. Would he be real too? Or would she see him through a wall of pain, over in a world that was not true, as she had seen him for weeks past? She put out her hand and touched him. Then their eyes met, and hers were warm as a June night mothering earth.

"Oh!" cried the boy, wanting to throw himself into her lap, though he made no move. She took his hand, and he slid over against her. When they went back to the camp-fire, Derry was busy with supper. The ranger who kept the watch-tower had been invited to share it, and was waiting patiently. Fairinda flitted about like an eager moth, very much in the way. Ishma knelt before the fire. She would turn the bacon.

"I'll take that fork, Doctor." At the sound of her voice, with its old, casual music, a torrent of joy gathered to a lump in Derry's throat. It was not the fork that she was reaching for, it was life.

It was lively at the camp. The ranger was having guests for supper. "Them singin' youngsters from Horse Cove," Siler informed Ishma, as she sat down by him. "They come up to pound the banjer an' keep the ranger from gittin' too lonesome. Rafe Owen has got his guitar, and them other chaps brought their banjers. That's Eldy Reems that's keepin' nigh Rafe's

coat-tails. They're aimin' to git married Christmas, an' it's a good idy. This trapsein' around an' singin' on mountain tops kain't be kep' up long without something happenin' that the church don't stand fer. Ol' Jake Reems'll have to be cleanin' up his shot-gun."

All shared supper together. It was soon over, and music was on in time to welcome the rising moon. Rafe played the old mountain melodies with as much confidence as had lived in Britt's fingers. When he found out who Ishma was, he gave them "Welcome to Beebread!" which had been composed by Britt for one of their big "banjer" days.

"That'll live as long as there's a banjer in the Smokies," said Rafe.

Ishma drifted aside. It was easier to dream than to listen. But after a time she was aware of a sharp change in the music. Siler had asked for "Hand Me Down My Walking-cane," and Rafe was giving it to them as the strikers had sung it down in Georgia. Finally Rafe reckoned they'd had enough.

"You goin' back, Rafe?" asked Sim Goforth, one of the youngsters.

"Sure. I've signed up for the war. And Eldy's goin' with me after we tie up Christmas."

"I'd like to try it once."

"All right. Come with us. You've got sand. No use for weak-knees down there any more."

Derry nudged Guy. "Maybe you needn't worry about the mill owners tapping the mountains for docile hands. The source of supply seems tainted."

"All a hill-man wants in a fight is God an' a gun. Lord, you don't suppose they pay twenty cents a quart fer milk fer their babies."

"They don't pay it," said Rafe. "They don't have any milk."

"That ain't no place to raise young uns. Ain't they no Christians down there?"

"Plenty. Prayin' and singin' big."

"Well, ain't they no guns?"

"We're not ready for guns, Uncle Bill. First we've got to have a union with all of us in it. Every worker, man, woman, child, white and black."

"Aw, now, not the black uns?"

"They're workers, same as us. They work and fight with us. Wouldn't you muss a black man's head if he got it broke in *our* fight, Uncle Bill?"

Derry got his tongue into line. "You hit it off just right with the old God of Battles, Uncle Bill. You'd have been a whopper as one of Gideon's generals." He turned to Rafe. "Owen, what about coming to Dunmow? Couldn't he fit in, Guy?"

Guy looked at Martin. They had been thinking the same thing.

"Sure! If he'll come."

"Dunmow? The workers there are sappy, ain't they? Went into a one-horse union by themselves."

"They're finding out now, and are heading right. There's a mill there run by the workers. That's where we want you."

"Do they own it?"

"Well, just about."

"That's no good. It's still private property even if a group of workers won it. And the manufacturers will know how to cut 'em out."

"We'll see that the manufacturers don't learn too much right off, and we hope to pull through to the big day when all the workers will own all the industries."

"That's the only thing. That's the way we're talkin' it in Georgia. If you're from Dunmow, maybe you can tell me about this filthy frame-up down there in the Tom Ray cotton-mill strike. You know those fellers—Conover, Ewing, and Wells?"

Ishma rose immediately and joined the group. "What do you mean?"

"It's in the papers, but they don't give the low-down on it."

"Boys, what is this about? Why didn't you tell me last night?"

Guy and Martin looked at Unthank.



"I told 'em to hold it," Derry confessed.

"You were taking the mountain-cure—"

"That's enough, Derry. Tell me, boys."

When they had told her, she said, "We'll start down at sun-up," and turned to get her blankets for the night.

THE GOOD PEOPLE of Dunmow did not actually seal their hearts against sympathy, but they took comfort in thinking that the Tom Ray workers were a bunch that deserved what they got. And the workers in other factories, either with or without reason, looked upon them as apathetic and without ambition; the "put up with it" sort, who couldn't even be kept in Kik's union. They were falling out faster than they had come in, and not much loss either, though Hickman had called several meetings among them and made a noisy effort to retain their numbers and dues. Something had got into them, and Hickman knew what it was. Dope from that Unemployed Council and the United Textile Workers. Those three jail-birds, Conover, Ewing and Wells, had spent too much time around the Tom Ray Mill.

The Hensley woman was just as bad, but she was sick, going to die maybe, and he hoped she would. Then he hoped she

wouldn't. He'd feel sorter cheated if she got out before he settled accounts with her. He'd like to make one bash at her con-founded good-looking face, and feel her eyes tear through him. Tear through him! He'd like it. He had never seen another woman's eyes that matched up with hers. If you thought they were just an ordinary dark gray, you wouldn't think it long. They could be deep and soft, covering a man with peace, and then suddenly be full of green and yellow lights that flashed out like needles in your skin. If he could sting her some way. Killing her man, that didn't count, not the way he'd like to hurt her. But maybe she was going to die. All right. to hell with her. She'd be off his mind. He had enough to bother him, with his union slipping to pieces, the manufacturers getting too cocky again, and Kik half the time on his knees to an old spook in the sky. No time to be muddling your think-box with a woman.

And just as he tossed her from his thoughts he met her on the street, so unexpectedly that he stopped in his tracks. She walked on, without seeing him—pretending she didn't—going straight ahead, sure as everlasting fire. Making trouble for him, of course. No doubt about it. He must set his men after her; know what she was doing. And wasn't she looking gorgeous? Sick! Who started that phony stuff? She'd better look out. He had three men who wouldn't be afraid to kidnap her in broad daylight if he gave the wink.

SHE was alone that morning, thereby breaking her promise to Derry, who had ranted and sworn until she gave him her word not to go around without some of her comrades with her. But she couldn't always be calling on the boys to go everywhere she had to go. She walked rapidly, for she was busy, rapturously busy, organizing the scattered facts and acts of her days into meaning and force.

By ten o'clock the "sympathizers" had begun to pour in. Two thousand seceders who had refused to heed Kik's "honest opinion and counsel," and had declared a strike for the day. Lines of the unemployed, colored and white, and troops of the country contingent, farmers, farm-wives, and children large enough to march. The "square" was enlarged to receive them all, and the singing never flagged.

"Not so many as we had on the big day in July," said Martin, regretfully. "We were fifteen thousand on that day." Martin's "we" had rapidly appropriated the whole historic movement of labor.

"But how much more they know!" cried Guy. "And how much closer together! Six thousand, at least, and they know their parsley. If Kik came along now he'd be laughed at."

(To be continued)

# Our Readers Discuss the Soviet Family Welfare Law

December 6, 1936

IN MARGARET SANGER's article on the Soviet Union's abortion law in the current issue of *THE WOMAN TODAY*, she expressed a position which I find it hard to understand in a woman who has fought for the right of women to live the fullest life. There are several instances in the article which show lack of understanding of what is going on in the Soviet Union in the realm of "women's rights," which should be made clear to your readers.

First of all there is a contradiction in the statements made by Mrs. Sanger in regard to the development of birth control methods and the dissemination of birth control knowledge. As long as four or five years ago I heard Mrs. Sanger state at a meeting of the social work agencies of Newark, New Jersey, that such methods were being perfected rapidly in the Soviet Union, and that the dissemination of such knowledge is carried out there in a manner superior to any in any other country. Knowing the rapidity with which matters improve in the Soviet Union, I can hardly believe that things are now as bad as she intimates in her present article. Furthermore, at that time she praised the attitude of the Soviet government in its eagerness to make such knowledge available to all and in its real interest in the whole problem of birth control methods.

Mrs. Sanger's attempt to explain the new abortion law on the grounds that previously the Soviet government needed women in industry while now the government needs them as mothers is purely an attempt at logical reasoning without any understanding of the Soviet world; reasoning, moreover, carried out on the logic of a capitalist world, not a socialist one. The Soviet government, as a workers' government, wants to see women in industry, not primarily because they are needed there, but because no people can free itself while half of them are kept imprisoned in the kitchen.

Engels said long ago that "in a given society the degree of emancipation of women is the natural measure of the general emancipation." There has been no reversal of that policy. On the contrary, the number of women in industry in the Soviet Union is constantly increasing. The beauty of the abortion law, in the eyes of

this feminist, is that under it the right is recognized of the woman to have both a career and motherhood—this conflict, so disturbing to the women of the capitalist world, no longer exists in the socialist world.

Was this right not recognized previously? Only partially; it was recognized by the state, but perhaps not by the men within the state. A friend of mine in the Soviet Union told of one woman who explained to the doctor that she had had six abortions previous to the one she was about to undergo, due to the fact that her husband found it too much trouble to try to prevent conception. This husband was called to a conference with the doctor, and we may hope he was correctly guided. But surely such exploitation of the women by men was encouraged rather than otherwise by the ease with which abortions could be had. The harm done by abortions cannot be measured by death statistics alone. Abortions, under the best of conditions, are barbaric.

Having had experience in working with women in many sections of the country, in many classes, I do not believe any normal woman wants to have an abortion. For the average working class woman, it is purely a matter of economy. The professional woman does not want a child because it will interfere with her career. Yet every childless woman approaching the age of 35 wishes she had or could have a child. It is also my opinion that men, too, feel the desire for children, although they are, perhaps because of social custom, more able to conceal this desire. Capitalism has forced the working class woman to fear children, at the same time that it prevents her from obtaining knowledge of birth control methods. The same capitalism has created a selfishness in the middle class and professional woman which leads her to curb her natural instincts. Neither force operates in a socialist society. The only people who, living in a socialist society, could fail to see the progressive character of the new abortion law, would be those containing within themselves remnants of this old selfishness carried over from capitalism.

Because, first of all, birth control methods are available to all interested in obtaining them; secondly, if pregnancy occurs, there is no economic pressure to make either

mother or father dread having a child; thirdly, the professional woman who finds herself pregnant knows that this can in no way interfere with her professional activities, except for the short interval immediately preceding and following her confinement; fourthly, motherhood is not considered shameful in the Soviet Union—the pregnant woman walks proudly.

No, I am afraid that in this instance Mrs. Sanger has permitted her feminism to carry her into the same trap as has engulfed those ladies of previous years who insisted that labor laws passed for the protection of women in industry were an infringement on the right of women to be exploited equally with men. The only true equality of women is one taking into consideration the biological make-up of women, organizing society in such a way that this shall in no way be interfered with and at the same time, that it shall in no way interfere with her activities as a member of the human race. It is only a Socialist state that can so organize society. The new Soviet Abortion Law is the symbol of that equality.

BEATRICE BLOSSER

AS AN INDIVIDUAL who is sympathetic to the Soviet Union, I take exception to the additional comment on Dr. Hannah Stone's article on "U.S.S.R. laws" in the September issue of *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

In 1934 I visited the Soviet Union, and during that time I not only observed many birth control clinics but actually worked in them and taught the Russian physicians the American technique. At that time I also brought with me and distributed contraceptive supplies which were contributed by New York City manufacturers.

The supplies in the Soviet Union were decidedly inadequate and when they were available were of such poor quality that they were, for practical purposes, almost negligible.

Since that time no further improvements have been reported by observers. Dr. Kabonova of the State Birth Control Clinic in Moscow, in an article published in the *Journal of Contraception* reveals that types of material were restricted and, what is more significant, the number of women applying for advice had not increased.

Don't you think that it would make many people more sympathetic if you were to admit a shortcoming and at the same time to point out that a law which is unpopular with the masses is soon rescinded? To take such a position, rather than "my country right or wrong," would, it seems, enhance your criticisms of American conditions.

CHERI APPEL, M.D.

THE WOMAN TODAY

# Let's Have A Party

By Martha Grenner



Drawings by Agnes Karlin

AT THIS TIME of year a feeling of friendliness and general good-will is in the air—the holiday season. Visiting and entertaining are in order. Whether it be a party with a purpose or just a social occasion, food plays a very important part and should be considered accordingly.

For a Sunday evening buffet supper—where all the food is placed on a large table and each guest helps himself—hot dishes are much easier to manage and are much less expensive than cold cuts or sandwiches. A hot dish, a salad, bread and butter sandwiches, a hot drink or punch and small cakes, make an easy, attractive menu and can be used to serve from five to twenty-five people.

Creamed shrimp and mushrooms is a general favorite. Boil the shrimps in shell, remove the center line (this is the intestinal tract) cut in half through the center. Make a thick cream sauce. Saute the mushrooms in butter, add the sauce, then the shrimp, season and serve on toast triangles.

A good mixed vegetable salad would go well with this dish. Diced carrots, sliced celery, strips of green pepper, beet cubes, slivered string beans. Soak each variety of vegetable separately in French dressing for about two hours; drain and place each kind on a large lettuce leaf, saving the center of the head for decoration. Bread and

butter sandwiches—dainty triangles of white bread, buttered,—or rye bread, sliced thin, spread with mayonnaise instead of butter, and cut diagonally.

A ginger ale punch or wine cup would go well for a New Year's Eve party. With thin cookies, vanilla wafers and brownies, we complete a distinctive buffet supper.

A wine punch is made of two or three quarts of wine, depending on the number of guests—claret is a good wine for this recipe—two quarts of sparkling water, one-half pound of powdered sugar and one-half pint lemon juice. Mix in a punch bowl and decorate with lemon and orange slices.

Vanilla wafers are a very excellent accompaniment. These are very thin and the following recipe makes a great batch. Two-thirds cup of sugar, one-quarter pound of butter, scant (slightly melted). Mix well together; add two whole eggs, one cup flour and two tablespoons of vanilla. Mix batter together and drop from teaspoon on buttered cookie sheets. The smaller the quantity dropped the smaller the cookie.

Cover your largest table with a tablecloth, place a suitable decoration in the center. A group of pine tree boughs with cones, if available, make a nice decoration. A large bowl of silver Christmas tree ornaments, set off with sprays of holly or

huckleberry, are ornamental, as well as a large mixing bowl or a punch bowl, if you have one, containing the punch.

The salad platter can be fixed and ready in the icebox. The ingredients for the hot dish can be all prepared just ready to combine and heat. The bread and butter sandwiches fixed and covered with a dampened napkin to keep them fresh. Glasses or cups are placed on the table for the number of guests; forks, knives, plates stacked, salts and peppers, paper napkins, serving forks and spoons.

It won't be necessary for the hostess to leave the party for more than fifteen minutes before the time to serve the food if all the preparations are made in advance. Put the food on the table and the guests serve themselves. Be sure the hot food is hot and the salad crisp and appetizing and all served nicely.



# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## OUR WEALTH

MAN'S WORLDLY GOODS, by Leo Huberman, Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAID, "Trade in general being nothing else but the exchange of labor for labor, the value of all things is justly measured by labor."

Other believers in what is called "the labor theory of value" have included Ricardo, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx. This theory, that the value of goods is based on the labor they represent, is one of the foundation stones of working class philosophy. Strangely enough, this is only partly understood by many of the very people most concerned.

One reason for this lack of understanding has been the way such subjects as "use-value," "variable capital," and "falling rate of profit" are usually written about in books long, dry, and hard to read. But now Leo Huberman gives us the kernels of something like 250 works, in a nutshell of 319 pages. And while many of the books from which he drew his material must have been hard nuts to crack, his own is light and easy to digest.

On the subject of crises he says: "There have always been crises in all periods of history. But there is a marked difference between those that occurred before capitalism grew up and those that have occurred since. Before the eighteenth century the most common type of crisis was that due to crop failure, war, or some abnormal event; such a crisis was marked by a shortage of food and other necessities which caused prices to rise. But the crises that we know, the crises that came into being with the coming of the capitalist system, are not due to abnormal events—they seem to be part and parcel of our economic system; these crises are marked not by a shortage, but rather by an overabundance; in these crises, prices do not rise, they fall. . . . The paradox of poverty in plenty is everywhere visible.

"Is there a lack of raw materials? Not at all. The cotton growers are anxious to sell their cotton. Is there a lack of capital equipment? Not at all. The factory owners are eager to see the spindles and looms in their silent mills running again. Is there a lack of labor? Not at all. The unemployed textile workers are more than willing to get back into the mill to make the very cotton cloth they lack." Yet the

wheels are too often stopped. Why? Because of the quarrel between Plenty and Profit. If plenty of anything exists, profit disappears. And when profit disappears, the wheels of industry, in a capitalist society, do not go round.

Two solutions to this problem are before the world. Both have been tried. One is the abolition of profit. The other is the abolition of plenty.

The abolition of plenty we have tried ourselves. We have plowed under cotton, destroyed meat; coffee has been burned and the supply of sugar reduced. And while profits have returned, the unemployed are still mostly unemployed, and the hungry are still mostly hungry. The solution, then, based on the abolition of plenty, from the viewpoint of most people, did not work.

The other solution is the abolition of profit. That has been tried in Russia, and a fair estimate of the results are given by Huberman. In Russia there are jobs for all: no unemployed. There is plenty of the necessary things of life (including education!). Many useful articles are still scarce, on account of several facts: the extreme low ebb of Russia after the war; her determination to build for the future rather than for the day—that is, her need to build factories first, automobiles afterward; her need to build war materials to prepare a strong defense. She has been like the young couple sacrificing much to build a house—but she has built.

But no such sacrifice would be needed, Huberman points out, should we decide to change to socialism. We already have factories built. Socialism would only enable us to use them fully, as they cannot be used now. It would not be necessary for us to deprive ourselves of the good things of life for several years while we built foundations. The foundations we have already built under capitalism.

We are traveling another road, however. It is the road of the profit system, and profits forever grow smaller (believe it or not). Huberman's discussion of the falling rate of profit is clear, but not comforting. Under the present system when profits have gone down they must be made up for by expansion, foreign markets, "development" of foreign lands. In other words, war.

"Seventy years ago there were still a lot of 'free' areas as yet unattached. Today that is no longer true. If there is to be a

redivision, the have-nots must seize what they want—from the haves. Germany, Italy, and Japan want colonies today. Italy and Japan are grabbing what they can. Germany is arming—in preparation for the grab to come."

Every workers' organization, whether a trade union, or merely a social club, should have a library. And this is one of the books that should be in it.

—Ann Weedon.

## SEVENTY-NINE WORKING WOMEN

I AM A WOMAN WORKER, published by The Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc., 302 East 35th Street, New York City. Price 50 cents.

THIS IS A collection of seventy-nine stories written by women workers in the labor movement. In their own words these women tell us of the fight for better wages, of the struggle to maintain civil liberties, of their part in picketing and strikes.

They tell us about job hunting and life in the factory. They give us the story of their struggle with company unions and open shops. We learn from them how trade unions have raised wages and improved conditions.

In the pages devoted to strikes we see them fighting for their livelihood against the boss's hirelings, scabs, thugs and police. We see the power of the strike as labor's strongest weapon.

They tell us strikes are never lost because the labor movement cannot be defeated. In describing a temporary setback one woman says:

"Has the battle broken our spirit and solidarity? Again I say, no! This bloody picket line will remain in the memories of the workers in our industry as an inspiration in the future struggle for a final victory."

If you are an industrial worker, many of these stories will be familiar to you. These pages also tell you just what the women did to raise wages and win better conditions in their shops and factories. They have much to teach us. Every working woman should read this book and see that her union or auxiliary sisters read it.

Teachers and scholars will find that these sketches contain valuable and interesting source material. This is especially true for those who teach English or the social sciences. The stories can be a model for students of English composition. Those interested in the field of social science and economics cannot afford to miss this book.

THE WOMAN TODAY



# From A Fashion Notebook

GWEN BARDE



## YOU CAN'T EAT GLAMOUR

(Continued from page 4)

stage doors, Miss Brand pricked up her ears.

It sounded like the sort of thing she believed in. There were to be no wide differentiations in pay between stars and other actors. It would be a year around job for those in the company. The plays that were to be put on, she felt, would be plays that had something to do with the world we live in.

She applied for membership in the company when it was first organized. "And I was chosen," she said proudly.

She thinks more such groups are needed if the theater is to progress.

She became, too, at the same time, more interested in Equity, which she began to realize could get for her and for others in her profession some of the rights they felt they should have. "I think it is very important for every actor," she said, "to be actively interested in his trade union, and to work through an organized group for better conditions in the theatre." She has seen Equity bring pay for rehearsals, and higher minimum wages for her own profession during her own young acting life. She knows that actors, just like other workers, have to be organized.

Some of the consciousness she has of the importance of an organization of workers in every field has come through some of the plays in which she has acted. She says that Clifford Odets' plays are the most thrilling. "They are swell to play in," she said. "The characters are so rich. And," she added, "they're very convincing."

In "Johnny Johnson," by Paul Green, with music by Kurt Weil, Phoebe Brand has had to grow old on the stage for the first time in her life. All in five minutes she must change from a girl of twenty to a woman of forty.

"I have to try to feel the way I would feel if I were forty," she explained. "Of course I watched women of forty, for a while, to see how they looked and acted. But we don't believe that you can act through mimicry. You must feel the part inside you. The parts you take have to be you. You try to think how you would feel if you were that person, until you actually do become that person."

Perhaps that is one reason Phoebe Brand feels so strongly against war and is so convinced that workers must unite in their efforts to win their rights. She has had to play the parts of people who have been through needless wars, and who have been on strike for their rights. And she knows how they feel.

What's more, she is an actress who works at her job. And even if it is glamorous, it makes her a worker who has to eat on what she earns.

## A QUALITY OF WOMANHOOD

(Continued from page 9)

stacks? He had only seen the thing from his own point of view, a man determined to fight for his rights like a man with the same weapons his enemies used. But she could not be mad. She rushed to him and hugged him, and in his bewilderment, like a child's, she explained to him as to a child wherein his idea had been wrong.

**T**HIS LITTLE SCENE made you think, Here is a *Woman!* For contrast you thought of all the egocentric little floozies, with their minds lost in their flesh's narcissistic contemplation of itself. You thought of all the fancy dames who were scrubs of life which never grew up to bear fruit. You saw her standing there, a thin woman, bent and gnarled and leathery at 25 from all the summers spent in the cotton fields, standing there lovingly explaining union tactics to a hulking ox of a man; a wife wiser than her husband because she was less an egocentric than he, quicker learned in unionism because she went out to others easier than he, and you thought that here was a woman who lived to prove how splendid women can be.

She did not do anything very sensational, and that is why this is a sketch instead of an article, but she could direct and guide and teach, not out of learning but out of wisdom and awareness. She could set that one man straight or five hundred like him, who could quickly bellow "strike," and then go out and make mistakes by which to lose it. She could go to jail and make bullying jailers ashamed of themselves, and make the bigot on the bench sweat and squirm in his judicial black gown, and she would come out and go on planting unionism.

Her conception of the way the unionization of the farmers should grow across

the delta was that it should be like orchard grass, which puts out shoots that make new clumps, each of which puts out more shoots to make more clumps. ("And orchard grass is darn hard to kill out," her husband said.) She was an ardent sower of orchard-grass unionism.

She had, when a very young girl, seen her aunt gradually starve to death, through the slow way of malnutrition, pellagra and tuberculosis. She remembered that this aunt had had dropsy, and had picked cotton, trying to feed her starving children, when she was so swollen that she could not walk and had crawled on her hands and knees between the rows. She remembered that when her aunt died she had been begging for a cup of coffee, but there was none in the house and none of the neighbors had anything for coffee except scorched soy beans.

None of the horrors that every share-cropper has seen and felt had dismayed her, nor had any of her own terrific hardships and sufferings and starvings broken her. Whenever you came in contact with her, you were bound to feel better and more hopeful. Futile worries would fall away and you would begin to look at things in a light that you knew to be a true one. Her personality could refresh you like wine, although, of course, it was sobering, not intoxicating.

There is no naming what it was that made the difference between her and other people. She was such an ordinary woman and so splendid, so poverty-ridden and so vital, so simple and yet so highly intelligent, so ragged and toil-bent and yet so beautiful in uncompromising human dignity. You can't say what it was about her that gave her that special quality of womanhood, which made her, even in her obscurity, one of the great ones from whom a new way of living for a new world will come.



## SCRAP IRON

(Continued from page 5)

thought Olga had made a fortune in America!

But the happiest moment, perhaps the happiest moment of her life, was when she stepped from the gangplank in New York to find Mrs. Forrester waiting to welcome her. Together they rode back in the Rolls Royce and Mrs. Forrester came right into Olga's room while she unpacked. Mrs. Forrester had a small head and a little crooked nose which no one noticed because her skin was so creamy and her hair so evenly waved. She was sitting with her hands in her lap asking Olga jumpy questions about the trip.

"And how have you been, dear Mrs. Forrester?"

"Oh, Olga, please don't ask me. Mr. Forrester has had so much trouble. I suppose you heard all the terrible things that happened on the stock exchange? Mr. Forrester said some of our securities would never be good again and—"

Olga felt a little cold cloud over her heart. Poor Mr. Forrester.

"Olga, my dear, it makes me so unhappy to have to say this but I don't see how we can possibly pay your wages while you were gone. You see Chub was sick and we had to have someone else to take care of him and—" her little high voice trailed off nowhere.

## A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH TO GRACE LUMPKIN

—, Alabama, Nov. 9, 1936

**I** TAKE GREAT pains to sit alone and write you some of the news of what is going on in this country. It is beginning to get cold here now and the farmers are most through work, because they have made nothing much since we were in the drought this summer and spring.

There is many a worker that did not make much this time but is going to try to make it through the winter if he can. The schools were just opened about two weeks ago, and one-third of the children don't have books to study in school. Why? Because the parents cannot get them. Willie is in school and needs some books but I don't see any way to get them. Grace, I never have been in such a fix as

The small cloud over Olga's heart grew very big and black. What a terrible hole she had made in her savings, because she counted on her wages piling up at home. But she ought not to let Mrs. Forrester see how worried she was when Mrs. Forrester had so many troubles of her own. A job and a bank account were still left for Olga to depend on.

**L**IFE SLIPPED INTO the old routine. The maids were hostile and secretive and Mattie received her with open and hearty scorn. Times got worse. Much worse. One morning at breakfast Mr. Forrester read an article out of the Tribune about a bank failure. Olga was not listening but the headline caught her eye when he laid down the paper. It was the bank where she kept her savings of twenty-four years. The Forresters had a great deal of money in that bank but oddly enough they did not seem to have suffered a loss. After the bank failure a few heavy lines appeared in Olga's round light face.

Wall Street was hardest hit of all by the depression. Mrs. Forrester explained this jerkily and in detail to Olga the day she informed her that Mr. Forrester thought they would be forced to cut her wages. She was so sorry; so terribly sorry.

Mrs. Forrester was terribly sorry about the wages but strange as it may seem she did not appear to realize that Olga might be hurt about the bedroom. Her voice was

this before in my life. It is so terrible to be like this.

We are still at work and I do wish you were with me last Monday night. We had a large mass meeting and also the night before. The workers turned out because they see it is ripe for a better day to come. We women are doing just fine as far as we know how. I have built many a new local in other sections and that makes me feel like we are doing good for the women, for the majority of women are trying to get little jobs to try to feed their little children through this winter and to try to school them. Also the issue is now before us that they don't freeze this winter.

Oh! I never will forget when you came to my home. I do hope you will be coming again to see us out here in the South.

matter-of-fact when she explained that with Alice home from finishing school she would like to entertain guests during the vacations and with the apartment so tucked-up—Olga could have the second chambermaid's room.

That night Olga lay down in her narrow cell off the kitchen and cried until she thought her head would split from aching. In the days that followed, the cook and the girls laughed at scraps of secrets she did not share but they had taken the scorn out of their eyes. Olga was horribly lonely and she was almost broken but still she could not come near the others. She had been a stool pigeon for too long.

Then one day something happened to Olga. It was spring—the day when Chub used to weave May baskets with his fat fingers and leave them hanging to her doorknob while he scampered down the hall after a mysterious, unguessable knock. Today Mrs. Forrester had taken Olga shopping with her to help in the choice of linens. Jennie's slow-witted husband drove them bang-up into a workers' parade and they had to fret and fume while thousands of rows of singing people tramped by. Olga felt frightened at the banners, "Give the Bankers Home Relief! We Want Jobs!" "Make New York a Union Town!"

At last a policeman signaled for the car to proceed and as its long body swung into motion Olga caught a glimpse of a new row of marchers turning into the avenue. There, her brown head thrown back, her white teeth parted over a song, was Mattie and, beside her, Cook and Jennie and the young chambermaid, looking as smart as a dress designer's model, with a placard in her hand, "Negro and White, Unite!"

Now it was Olga's chance to protect Mrs. Forrester. She didn't have a second to lose. It was as she had expected—the whole lot were union members and if Mrs. Forrester knew it she would sweep the pack from her house.

"Mrs. Forrester, please see," Olga was surprised at the harshness of her own voice.

Mrs. Forrester turned her head. Then suddenly something choked in Olga's throat. The bank, the wage cut, the unpaid trip, the loss of her own dear room were suddenly connected in her mind with Mrs. Forrester's painted, much-massaged cheek. Mattie's words welled up in her mind. "Olga, honey, you done fohgot wheah you belongs."

"Where, Olga?" Mrs. Forrester inquired.

Olga pointed straight ahead, very stupidly at nothing. And all the time, just behind them, Cook and Jennie and the chambermaid were marching with Mattie, proud and singing.

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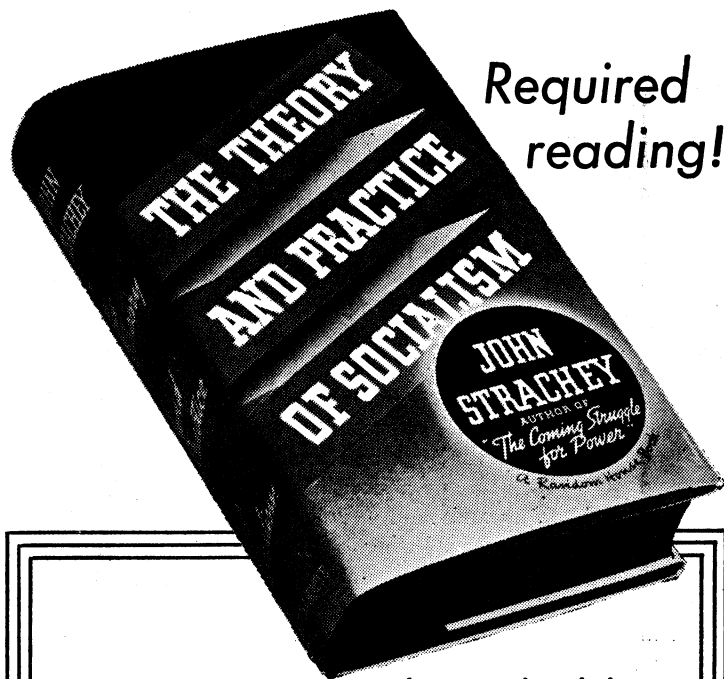
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2. HEALTH and HYGIENE is edited for the men and women in the lower income groups. It always keeps in mind that illness, diseases and health are inseparable from economic conditions.
3. HEALTH and HYGIENE realizes that as an honest magazine the most it can do is help you distinguish between fact and fancy, give you the fundamental rules for healthful living, answer personal medical problems, and offer advice on reliable sources and methods of treatment.
4. HEALTH and HYGIENE every month exposes the fake claims of many foods, drugs, quacks and faddists. Past issues have revealed the truth about Bernarr MacFadden's quack cancer treatment, Ovaltine, Fleischmann's Yeast, Alka Seltzer, Ex-Lax, Sal Hepatica, Good Housekeeping's phoney seal, "Feminine Hygiene" products, Dr. Hay's diet, Serutan, Bromo Seltzer and innumerable other frauds.
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NOTE: The forthcoming (January) issue of HEALTH and HYGIENE has two articles especially addressed to women, "THE CHANGE OF LIFE" and "PYRAMIDON PAIN-KILLERS." The first gives the facts about what is often a critical period in women's lives, the second exposes the dangers involved in the use of MIDOL, PYRAMIDON and similar drugs used for the relief of menstrual pain.

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