

# The Woman Today

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER

BY MARY VAN KLEECK



THE DEBUTANTE

BY GRACE LUMPKIN



CHINA'S JOAN OF ARC

BY NANCY BEDFORD JONES

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# The Women's Charter

By Mary van Kleeck

**This proposed charter is yours to act upon and study. It was drawn by a group of 25 women active in their organizations. It is being submitted to their organizations and others for study and action.**

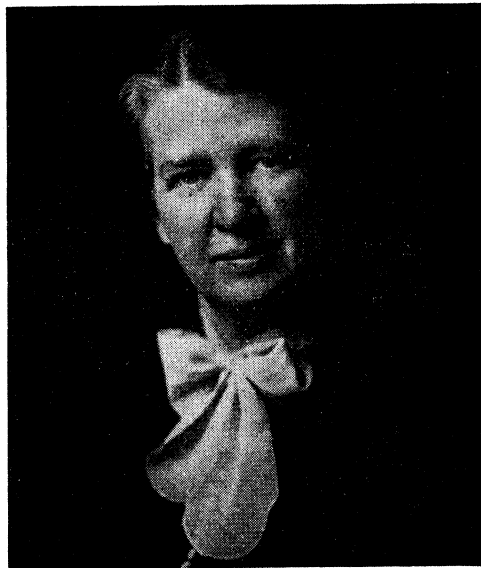
**T**HE WOMEN'S CHARTER is still in the form of a proposed draft. Along with its issuance in the press on December 28 went an invitation to all organizations concerned to join in studying it in preparation for a national delegates conference some months hence. Prior to that date each organization desiring to participate is asked to prepare a report dealing with the effects, favorable or unfavorable, which the adoption of the charter's provisions would have on the members of that group. By such a process the women of the United States should be able to develop a program on the basis of which joint action will be possible throughout the world. All who read the Women's Charter now should do so with the full understanding that it is but the beginning of a long process of study, conference and eventual agreement not only on basic principles but on specific laws to embody the aims.

The suggestion to draft a Women's Charter was made in a meeting in New York last August. A group of women primarily responsible for research in several women's organizations were called together by Mary Anderson, Director of the Women's Bureau, to discuss reports which the International Labor Organization had requested concerning women's status in various countries. The origin of this request goes back to a resolution in the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1935, calling for facts as to the effect which the adoption of an "equal rights" treaty might have upon labor legislation throughout the world. The occasion seemed to call for more than statistics from the United States. Reaction in many countries threatens to sweep away the gains made by women in political rights and economic opportunity in the past twenty-five years. This reaction, striking as it does first at democratic procedure and then at the labor movement, while simultaneously relegating women to a past status of dependency, shows how dependent is the feminist movement upon the maintenance of democracy and particularly upon the rights of workers and the status of trade unions.

The women of the United States have an opportunity to organize their forces now in unity and thus to encourage and stimulate women in other nations to join in com-

mon action. With feminism's demand for equality must be linked the demand by women in industry for freedom from special exploitation and for new power for the labor movement as a whole. This power can be increased through the labor laws of democratic nations. So the charter here is proposed as a means of unity and a basis for action between all women of all races in the United States and eventually, it is hoped, with co-operation throughout the world.

The basic principles are that women should have full political and civil rights; full opportunity for education; full oppor-



MARY VAN KLEECK  
*National Chairman of the Inter-  
Professional Association*

tunity for employment according to their individual abilities and without discrimination because of sex; and security of livelihood, including the safeguarding of motherhood. Although custom and tradition and voluntary arrangements independent of government play their part in these matters, nevertheless in all of them government has a role to play, and the charter therefore is designed primarily to embody objectives for legislation. The legislative program to put the charter's principles into effect remains to be worked out for the United States. Each separate legislative proposal will be more sound if its place is clear in the total program of women's objectives.

It is, however, not enough to put forward these positive aims. It is well recognized that special exploitation of women workers exists in modern industry and in the economic system which has grown up around the so-called industrial revolution. The special exploitation arises out of the tendency of this system to seek the cheapest possible labor. Women represent a "reserve supply." The greater the poverty through the low wages of men, the greater the compulsion upon women to crowd into the labor market, and the less their bargaining power under these circumstances to ask for a decent wage. No charter can ignore this fact. Nor can it look upon this as a matter of "equal rights" comparable with freedom to pursue a profession.

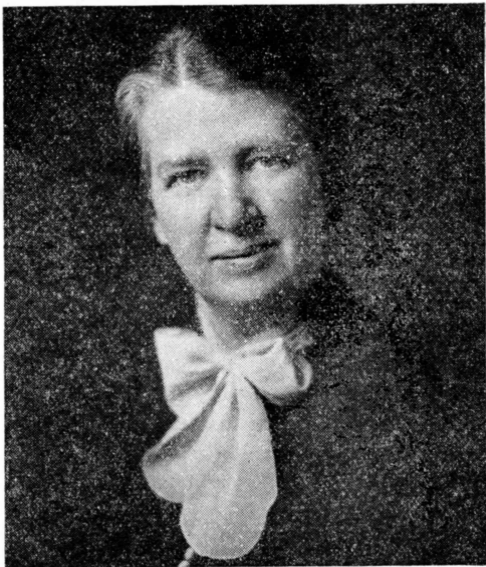
The opposition to labor laws by a small group of "equal rights" advocates in the United States has been confusing to many professional and business women, who have been led to believe that restrictions upon hours or minimum wage legislation for women only were handicaps to women. Broadly, this is based on lack of knowledge of industry.

**H**ERE IT IS not the woman whose freedom must be maintained, but the exploiting system which must be controlled by the setting of basic standards through legislation. Nowhere does the charter say that these laws should be limited to women. Historically, whether we like it or not, it has been the greater exploitation of women and children which has led to labor legislation for their protection. As time goes on, more and more of these laws cover both men and women in industry, but a charter designed for the world as a whole must leave this question open.

The charter makes a demand, however, upon advocates of labor laws for women. In no instance should such labor legislation violate the principle of equal opportunity for employment according to individual abilities. For women printers in New York, whose trade union organization protects them against long hours, the Women's Charter would have supported exemption from night work laws. But these women in the printing trades, instead of joining as a few have done, with feminists of the

*(Continued on page 26)*





MARY VAN KLEECK  
*National Chairman of the Inter-  
Professional Association*





U. S. Works Progress Administration

# Have You a Nursery in Your Town?

By Marese Eliot

The old question—How can I care for my children and work? More W.P.A. nurseries are the answer.

**T**HE NURSERY SCHOOL, which, within the last decade has developed along progressive education lines, helps the child during the first five years of life, when patterns of behavior are formed which do much to determine the ability of the individual to meet the problems of adult life.

For about twenty-five years nursery schools have existed in America, but in general only for families with enough money to patronize them. The critical year 1929 appeared. The period that followed clearly showed the far greater need among underprivileged families for the training and care of their very young children.

The depression increased unbearably the problems of families where unemployment meant a worried father out of a job, often sitting home at loose ends with life; a harassed mother attempting to budget a family on relief checks barely adequate to sustain life. The agony of the parents

naturally had its reaction upon the children of the family.

Young children especially became the victims of family misfortunes. The older children had one avenue of escape from the often intolerably tense situation at home. The school-room opened to these older children a refuge where sometimes even hot food and warm clothing were provided for the neediest. But the babies from two to four years old were excluded from public school advantages. They had to remain behind in dark, cold, often unsanitary tenements, frequently alone while both parents tramped the streets vainly seeking employment.

The miserably insufficient food check from relief funds never supplied enough nourishing food. Very young children fell a ready prey to malnutrition with its attendant rickets and other diseases.

Two to four-year-olds were the forgotten age until the Works Progress Administra-

tion allotted a sum of money to Emergency Nursery School Projects. Protection and progressive education were at last available to children too young to enter public schools. In the early Spring of 1934, Federal Emergency Nursery Schools were established in New York City. Today the shadow of malnutrition is growing shorter and lighter over the children who attend the eighteen Works Progress Administration Nursery Schools in New York City. They now have an opportunity early in life to develop physical robustness. Fears are dissolving in social contact with playmates of their own age. Cooperation in play is replacing competition and they are learning the reasonable give and take of normal, wholesome social living.

**T**HE DAY of a Nursery School child begins early. The staff of the school assembles by 8:30 so that older brothers or sisters on their way to their own class-





*U. S. Works Progress Administration*



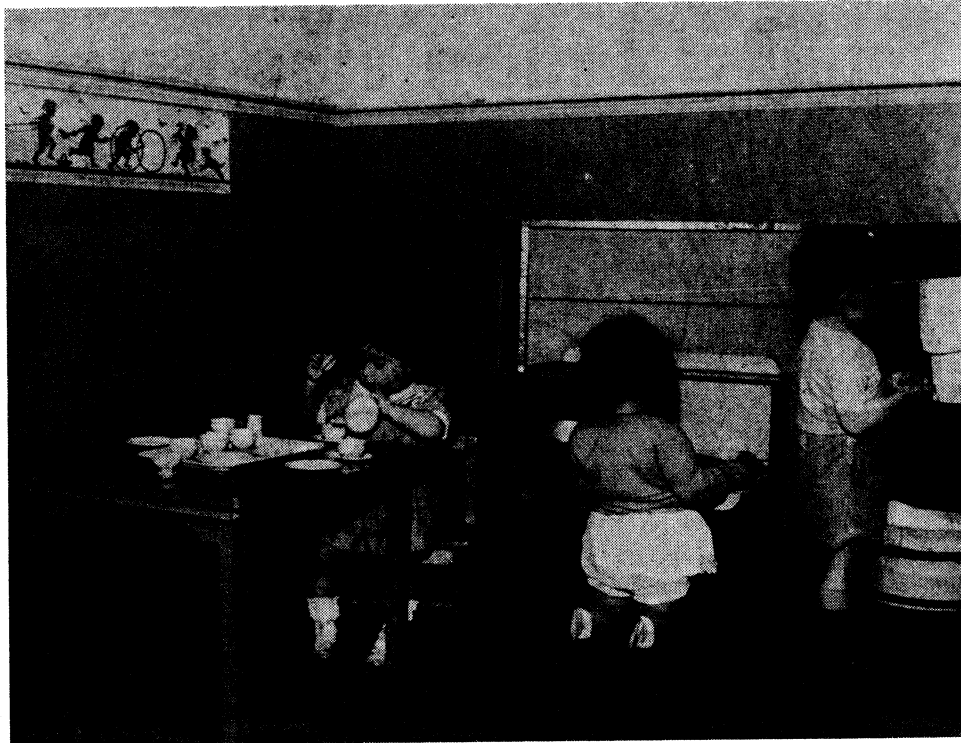
rooms can bring the youngsters, or a mother who is employed can leave the child on her way to work.

At the door of the playroom the nurse greets the child before he joins his schoolmates, and gives a swift but careful health check-up to guard against the spread of infection. A picture for each child decorates the wall beside the peg where his clothing is hung. Little fingers are taught to be self-reliant. As swiftly as possible the child learns to unbutton and hang up his coat and hat on his own peg. He then runs in to join his playmates.

Most nursery schools divide their children into two groups in order to meet more thoroughly the needs of each individual child. During the winter months, the older and sturdier children, if they are warmly enough dressed, go out on the playground or roof. Careful supervision is given by teachers keenly alert to aid, suggest and encourage, but never to force the child in his choice of play. Large blocks, wheeled toys, tricycles, and a variety of ladders are at hand. The child chooses his own medium of play.

In building, climbing and riding he gets physical exercise which best develops the leg and large body muscles.

All during the winter, whenever the sun is shining, the older and sturdier group spend much time outdoors between the hours of 10 and 2, when the violet rays given off by the sun are strongest. The younger group also plays outdoors for part of each morning when the weather permits.



*Our children can learn household problems at an early age.*

**P**LAY INSIDE for the less sturdy children involves blocks, trains and colorful toys. Here again the child chooses. He may pick an easel and brush to paint, using the special paints prepared for children. Or he builds with blocks—not so large as those outdoors but requiring coordination of mind and hand. Or he seeks in the toy

cupboard for some bright colored toy to fit his mood. Teachers are in and about, watching and guiding but never dictating.

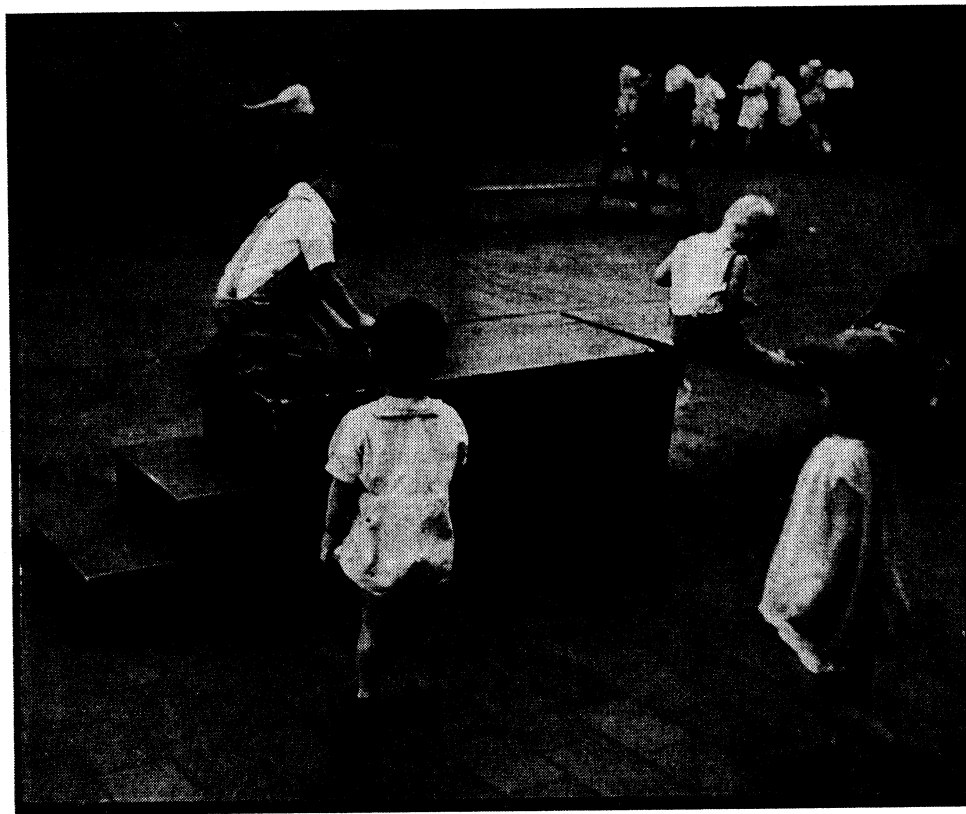
Just before noon both groups wash their faces and hands. A rest period is necessary to quiet the children before dinner. A trained dietician and a cook have planned and prepared the mid-day meal, which is usually the main meal of the day for the children in W.P.A. Nursery Schools. Tables are set carefully so that the nursery school children will come to know neatness and beauty. While the children rest on cots or sit down quietly on blankets, hot, nourishing food is brought in.

A period of great value to these children follows the meal. Each child is carefully tucked into an individual cot for a long nap in a well-ventilated room. Few of their homes have adequately ventilated bedrooms and even fewer can provide individual beds.

The nap lasts about two hours. Mothers and brothers and sisters come to call for the children at different times. A child wakes slowly from sleep. He is never awakened from his nap at nursery school, but is allowed to return naturally to the everyday world. A glass of milk with toast or crackers is ready for him in the play room. The school tries to supply at least a pint of milk to each child every day, including the amount used in cooked food. A daily quota of cod liver oil is also given to furnish the vitamins so necessary to children living in the slums.

While waiting to be called for, the child plays quietly. Toy cupboards are open; a

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*They can climb stairs to their hearts' content.*

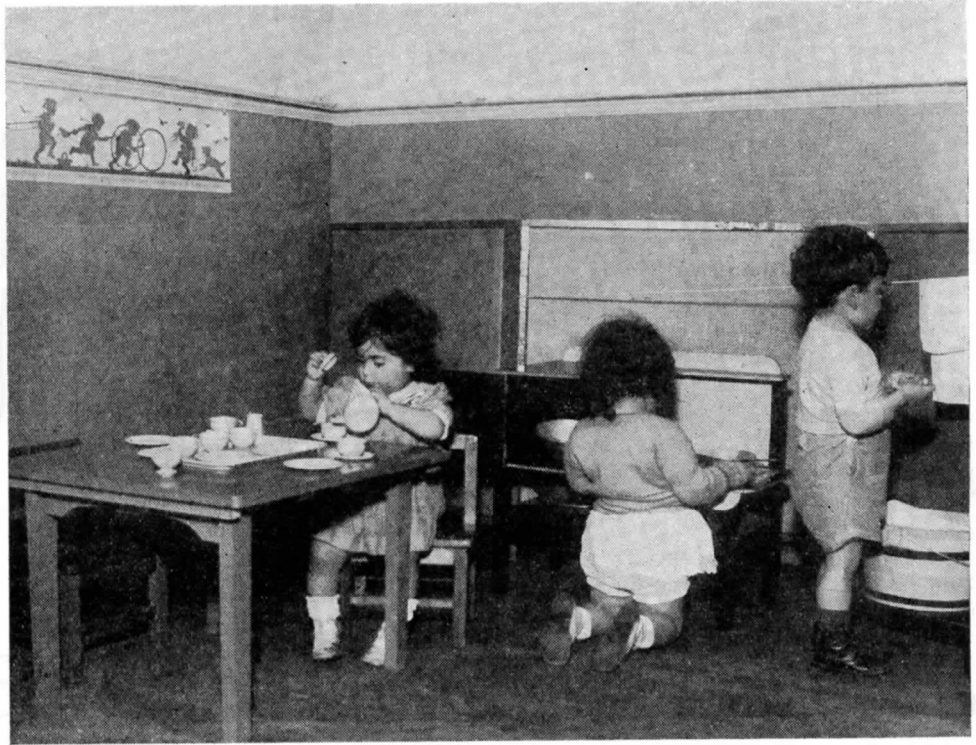
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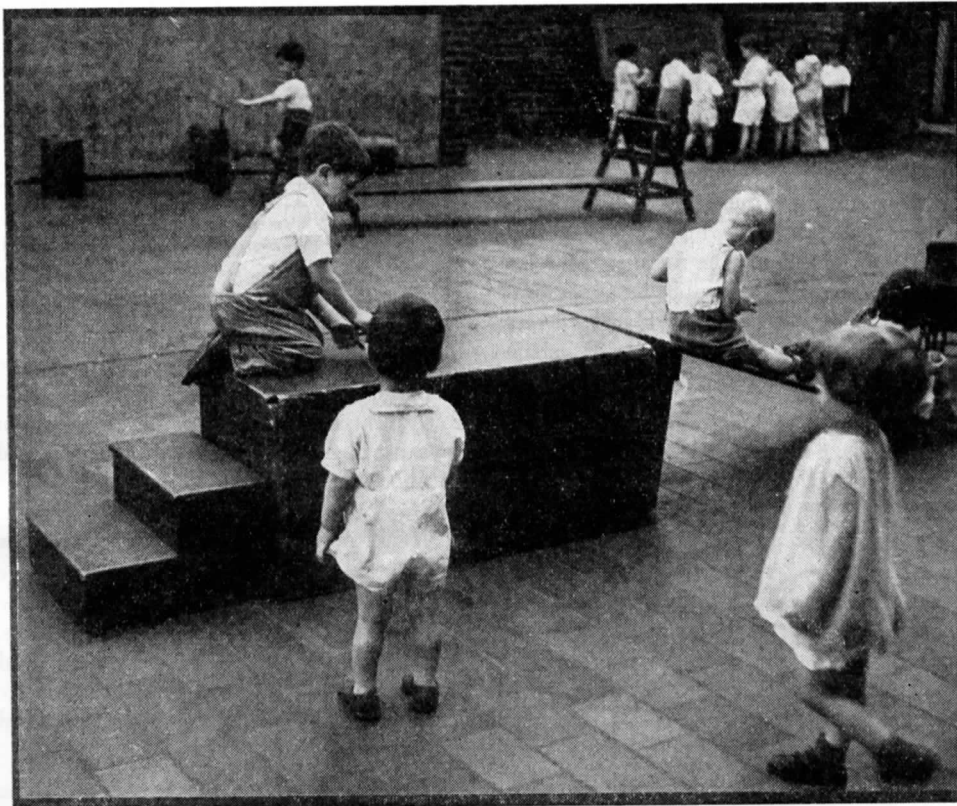
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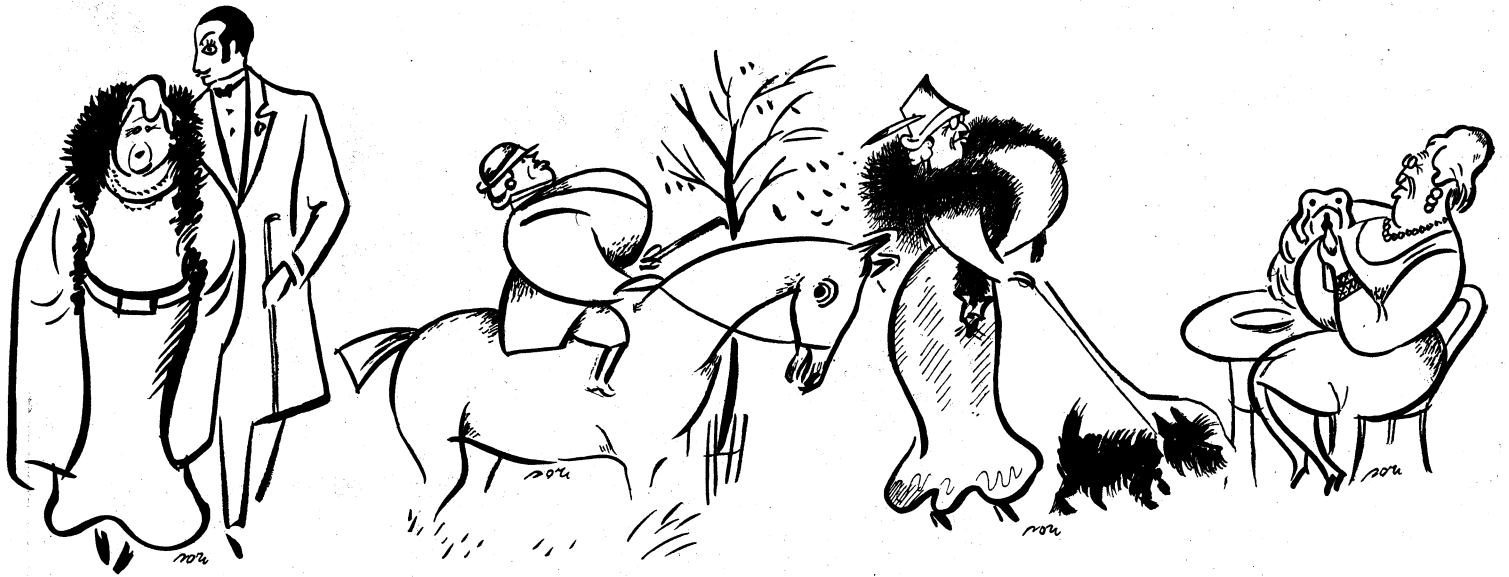
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*(Continued on page 30)*



*They can climb stairs to their hearts' content.*





# LADY MILLIONAIRES

By Lillian Henry

CONSIDER THE PLIGHT of one poor little rich girl! The upper crust just wouldn't play with Jessie Donahue, Woolworth heiress. They voted thumbs down despite her gorgeous showplace at Southampton, Long Island, the swimming pool built as an afterthought to attract the sporting set. Despite her aristocratic indifference to money—she is said to have lost \$10,000 in eight minutes at gaming—they won't play in her back yard.

Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue takes it quite gracefully, however. Her work in life is the pursuit of pleasure, and her jewel-decked, sable-wrapped figure may be glimpsed in those haunts which are the nightly playground of the gilded folk.

Not far different is her niece, Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, heiress to one-third of the Woolworth fortune, collector of titles, much photographed and publicized, out to get all the fun in life that money can buy.

For contrast view the third Woolworth heiress, Mrs. Helena Woolworth McCann, owner of two yachts and a \$3,500,000 Long Island home. *She* carries her wealth with all the social correctness that consciousness of duty to her class entails.

More than 2,700 five-and-ten-cent stores have supplied each of these ladies with dividends estimated at about \$1,500,000 for 1936—several hundred dollars an hour for each working day! Woolworth's pays many of its salesgirls less than \$10 a week.

The Woolworth ladies furnish but three portraits in a gallery of the twenty-three richest American women, exhibited in the

November 1936 issue of *Fortune*. All have \$25,000,000 or more; not one of them has worked to amass her fortune; each has an annual income of over \$1,000,000; a larger amount than one thousand workers, each earning \$1,000 a year, have for themselves and their families. The women of the Rockefeller, Ford, duPont families, etc., are not included in the gallery, since they have yet to come into their own.

THE FORTUNES COME from varied sources. Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, of 2,000 pints of frozen cream publicity, wife of the United States Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., gets her dividends from General Foods, Inc. (Post Toasties, Postum, etc.). Her 78-room apartment and costly entertainments have been newspaper gossip. From food, too, come the fortunes of Mrs. John T. Dorrance (Campbell Soup Company) and Mrs. Edward V. Hartford and her daughter and sister (A. & P. chain stores).

Tobacco furnished three of the fortunes: Mrs. Charles Henry Babcock, daughter of Richard J. Reynolds, who was president of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, received \$30,000,000 last August. She owns an entire community in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the State in which cigarette workers average a few hundred dollars a year in earnings. The Duke tobacco workers have amply provided for Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell (Doris Duke) and Mrs. Duke Biddle, who are among the richest of the twenty-three.

Iron and steel, public utilities, automobiles, railroads, coal and oil have been

successfully exploited to pile up millions for eleven more of the group here presented. Banking has taken care of two.

Add glamorous details: Mrs. Payne Whitney (fortune from Standard Oil) is "First Lady of the Turf", famous for her racing stables. Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, runs a wedding anniversary costume party every July Fourth on her Long Island estate, where guests may be found next morning playing golf in fancy dress. Mrs. Andrew Carnegie (coal and steel) has the largest home in New York—excepting Charles M. Schwab's—and a castle in Scotland. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice (coal, gas, oil and street railways) owns a rope of pearls valued at over \$1,000,000, and is hostess at the annual Tennis Week ball in Newport, with several thousand guests, each of whom she personally bids good-bye at 9 A.M. the following day. Mrs. Hugh Dillman, formerly Mrs. Horace E. Dodge (Dodge Brothers, automobiles), has palaces in Detroit and Palm Beach, the latter going in for some rather fancy gadgets such as gold faucets.

THESE DOINGS FURNISH grist for the society column mills. But the picture takes on different color when viewed by the millions of workers, insecure in their jobs, the unemployed and those on W.P.A., and the housewives whose budgets have become thinner because of mounting prices and sales tax impositions.

The seventy-fifth Congress of the United States convened on January 5. The

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THE WOMAN TODAY



# Statements from Leading Women on the Charter

*PROPOSAL for a women's charter embodying objectives for legislation in all countries.*

## PREAMBLE

**T**HIS CHARTER is a general statement of the social and economic objectives of women, for women and for society as a whole, insofar as these can be embodied in legislation and governmental administration. It is put forward in order that there may be an agreed formulation of the purposes to which a large number of women's organizations throughout the world already are committed. It is recognized that some of the present specific needs which it seeks to remedy should disappear as society develops the assurance of a more complete life for every person; and some of its objectives would establish conditions which should be attainable for all persons, so that in promoting them for women it is hoped thereby to bring nearer the time of their establishment for all.

## WOMEN'S CHARTER

Women shall have full political and civil rights; full opportunity for education; full opportunity for employment according to their individual abilities, with safeguards against physically harmful conditions of employment and economic exploitation; they shall receive compensation without discrimination because of sex. They shall be assured security of livelihood, including the safeguarding of motherhood. The provisions necessary for the establishment of these standards shall be guaranteed by government, which shall insure also the right of united action toward the attainment of these aims.

Where special exploitation of women workers exists, such as low wages which provide less than the living standards attainable, unhealthy working conditions, or long hours of work which result in physical exhaustion and denial of the right to leisure, such conditions shall be corrected through social and labor legislation, which the world's experience shows to be necessary.

## LEANE ZUGSMITH

Author

**T**O RAISE THE social and economic standards of women, as proposed in the charter, will be a safeguard against lowering men wage-earners' standards in just such fashion.

While the proposal that women shall receive compensation without discrimination because of sex is excellent, I feel that it is incomplete without the addition "or because of race." Had Negroes been represented in the Joint Conference Group, I doubt that this important point would have been overlooked. Otherwise, the points are well taken, and not least among them is the provision calling for guarantee by the government of such objectives and "the right of united action toward the attainment of these aims."

## ELLA REEVE BLOOR

National Women's Committee Against War and Fascism

**T**HE WOMEN'S CHARTER, which I have read very carefully, is a welcome document to me, bearing as it does the approval of so many women whose organizations will be powerful instruments in bringing about the fulfillment of the demands of the charter, for Equal Rights and Equal Responsibilities—For All Women. It is my special hope and desire that the working women of America shall be mobilized without any discrimination as to race, color or creed, that they shall be a part of this great movement for the advancement and protection of women and children, and that this charter may be a great unifying force for peace—and the struggle against reaction and fascism.

## HELEN A. HOLMAN

All Peoples Party

**I** AM GLAD to see that so many influential women have united on a charter for social, economic and political rights of women. I regret to note, however, that the charter in its present form has not included the problems of the Negro women. I earnestly hope that in its final draft its provisions will extend to the millions of

Negro women, who are doubly discriminated against. With these women in the ranks we can go forward to achieve the great objectives of the charter.

## CLARINA MICHELSON

Organizer, Department Store Employees' Union, Local 1250, A. F. of L.

**A**LL UNIONS, I FEEL, should welcome the Women's Charter, as all labor must be concerned in any unified attempt to fight fascism. In our industry, which is largely a woman's industry, we are of course glad of any protective measures regarding women, and are deeply concerned with the charter demands for full political and educational rights for women, and especially opportunity to work without discrimination of sex. I am only sorry that no Negro women are included on the Joint Conference Group so their needs, which are far greater even than those of white women, could be better looked out for.

## FREDA KIRCHWEY

An editor of "The Nation"

**T**HE NEW WOMEN'S CHARTER will arouse little controversy except in the few sentences devoted to the need for the protection of women in industry. The rest of the document is a vigorous, uncompromising restatement of the old demand for equal opportunities—in education, in public life, in the professions. No sensible person any longer questions the propriety of that demand.

But many sensible persons are bitterly opposed to protective legislation for women. They say that legislation designed to safeguard the health of women workers—such as laws limiting hours or prohibiting work at night—legislation establishing a minimum wage, and other legal safeguards are in their very nature a denial of equality, and in practice prevent women from competing in industry on equal terms with men.

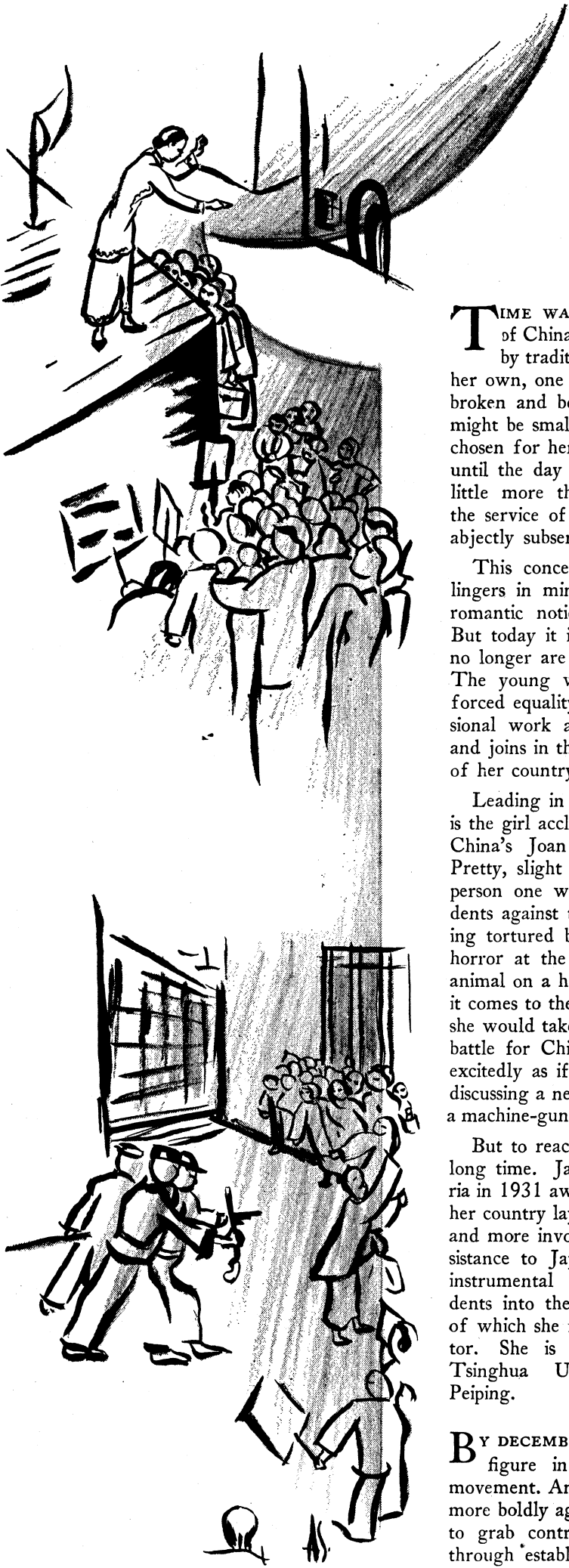
I disagree with this position even while I recognize its logic. I am an opportunist in this matter rather than a consistent feminist. Hard-boiled employers would like

(Continued on page 26)



# China's Joan of Arc

By Nancy Bedford-Jones



**T**IME WAS WHEN the typical woman of China was one crippled and bound by traditions, one who had no will of her own, one whose feet were deliberately broken and bound at childhood that they might be small, one who married the man chosen for her and usually never saw him until the day of marriage—one who was little more than a convenient puppet at the service of the men of her family and abjectly subservient to them.

This conception is the one which still lingers in mind, along with other falsely romantic notions concerning the Orient. But today it is different. China's women no longer are tied to antiquated traditions. The young woman of China today has forced equality of sexes, aspires to professional work as much as American girls, and joins in the fight for the emancipation of her country.

Leading in the vanguard of the change is the girl acclaimed on three continents as China's Joan of Arc, Miss Loh Tsei. Pretty, slight and studious, she is the last person one would picture as leading students against the gates of Peiping and being tortured by police. She is filled with horror at the idea of shooting a bird or animal on a hunting expedition; but when it comes to the question of whether or not she would take up arms if necessary in the battle for China's freedom, she replies as excitedly as if she were an American girl discussing a new frock: "Oh, I'd like to be a machine-gunner!"

But to reach such a position took her a long time. Japan's conquest of Manchuria in 1931 awoke her to the peril in which her country lay, and slowly she grew more and more involved in the campaign of resistance to Japanese aggression. She was instrumental in organizing Peiping students into the All-China Student Union, of which she is national educational director. She is a student of sociology at Tsinghua University, just outside of Peiping.

**B**Y DECEMBER, 1935, she was a leading figure in the student anti-Japanese movement. And by then, Japan had grown more boldly aggressive and was attempting to grab control of all of North China through establishing a puppet state under

the guise of autonomy. Peiping students determined to act, and decided upon holding gigantic joint demonstrations of students from all schools. Those outside the city, including Miss Loh, were to march in and join the others. Early on the morning of December 16 they marched, but reached the city only to find the gates closed and locked by police, who at that time had not yet grown aware of China's peril and complacently took orders. By sheer pressure of their bodies, at the cost of scores of hemorrhages, the weaponless students broke down the gates, only to confront the closed ones of the inner wall.

Promised by police that if they separated according to schools they would be let through, the demonstrators did so; but once separated, they were attacked by the guns and clubs of the police. While the beating was going on, Miss Loh learned that Peiping students meeting on the other side of the wall were also being attacked and beaten. Realizing the necessity of uniting the two groups, she slipped under a gate of the inner wall, threw back the heavy iron bars, and opened the gate. Seized at once by police, she was beaten with gun-butts and arrested, to be placed under a five-hour inquisition, after which the other students forced her release. Hundreds were injured altogether. But Miss Loh doesn't think it very important that it was her heroism on this occasion which won her the title: "China's Joan of Arc."

"How many days was I in the hospital?" she will say. "I didn't count. I don't remember. I had to continue the work."

**N**EVERTHELESS, IT WAS these demonstrations which had a lot to do with preventing Japan's grabbing North China. The puppet government has not yet been set up. And the work which Loh Tsei did continues. Active throughout the Spring in the student movement, she was sent this Summer to Europe as the representative of the All-China Student Union. She attended the World Youth Congress held in Geneva, from which American delegates returned to report her address as one of the highlights of the meeting. Now she is in the United States, seeking support for the anti-Japanese movement from "over-seas" Chinese and from Americans.

(Continued on page 30)

# Mrs. Main Street Steps Out ... A Story

By Elizabeth Merrell

A BRANCH OF THE League Against War and Fascism had only recently been formed in Middleburg. It was a new sort of club for that city. Mrs. Bugbee, for instance, one of the powers in the Civic and Literary Club, was not sure she wanted to join at first.

"Aren't you making a mistake," she asked young Mrs. Beck, who was the secretary of the branch, "in getting in just *everybody* who is for peace and democracy? You know some people say they are for peace, and really they are working all the time for illegitimate ends."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked Mrs. Beck, a little bewildered.

"Well," she said, giving Mrs. Beck a terrifying look, "Socialism . . . Communism . . . Anarchism. You shouldn't really trust everybody, you know!"

Mrs. Beck gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, well, Mrs. Bugbee, only God knows whether folks are sincere in their own hearts, and I don't care what people's politics are—if they'll work for peace that's all that matters, isn't it, and why not take them at their word until you have a real reason to doubt their sincerity; otherwise you'll just be doing them an injustice, as sure as you live. Neither you nor I can see into the human heart."

JUST AT THAT TIME Mrs. Bugbee happened to be busy preparing a lecture on "Traveling in India Today" for the Civic and Literary Club. Later she turned her attention to the League Against War and Fascism when she read a newspaper editorial which called all Methodist ministers dangerous reds because of the peace policy of the Methodist Church.

She sailed into her first meeting, very large and awful in her dignity. She gave the assembled company a long, appraising study through her lorgnette. About a hundred men and women were gathered together in some one's house in the living room and dining room and downstairs hall. She didn't know whose house it was; she didn't see many familiar faces. Certainly they hadn't been around the Civic and Literary Club much. But they were deadly serious; and there was a kind of excitement among them.

First there were reports from sub-committees. One committee had gone to the

principal of the high school to ask that compulsory R.O.T.C. be abolished. One woman had organized a peace meeting at the Y.W.C.A. A man reported on the various newspapers of the State and their attitudes on peace and democracy.

There were two speakers for the evening, a professor from the State university, who spoke of the Teachers' Oath Law and the inability of the teacher to carry on his work fearlessly and honestly in the atmosphere of growing suspicion and repression. The other speaker was a boy who had been expelled from the university for organizing a demonstration on the day of the National Student Peace Demonstration the year before. He made a tremendous impression on Mrs. Bugbee. She had always thought that boys were expelled only for drinking and immorality. But this boy was obviously "clean and wholesome," what you might call an idealist.

THERE WAS A CALL for some one to write up the activities in Middleburg for the national news organ of the League. Before Mrs. Bugbee could make up her mind whether to plunge in or not, some one else who had "always wanted to write" had seized the opportunity. She did, however, get her hand up in time to be the first to volunteer to make a survey of Teachers' Oath Laws in the United States before the next meeting.

What a contrast she was to the others! Her voice rolled out smoothly and sonorously as she recited all the statistics which she had in her head. As she read off quotations from eminent educators on the evils of the Teachers' Oaths, one felt that she was the incarnation of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, President Conant of Harvard University, and Dr. Charles Beard, the well-known historian, all rolled into one. The group was very enthusiastic after her report. They even applauded, which was a departure from the usual routine. Resolutions were passed, and a committee formed to study what further action could be taken on the Teachers' Oaths in the State.

When the chairman announced that the meeting must now elect a delegate to the National Convention of the League, there was no doubt as to who would have the



honor thrust upon her. Mrs. Bugbee was unanimously elected to represent the Middleburg branch at Cleveland. She arose with dignity, and after a solemn gaze upward as though seeking guidance from Heaven, she accepted amid enthusiastic applause.

A month later there was a huge meeting to greet her on her return. There were too many people for a private house. It was held in the Methodist church.

The business of the meeting was gone over quickly, and Mrs. Bugbee proceeded to the pulpit to tell about the convention. She began in an even tone, her speech slower and more precise than ever.

"Twenty-seven hundred and forty-three delegates representing two hundred and twelve church groups, fifty-nine Y.M.C.A. groups, eight-nine youth groups in the colleges and universities, all political faiths and," pausing ominously, "four hundred and thirty-seven . . ." She went on

(Continued on page 30)





# Swedish Wives Show Us a Thing or Two

By Thyra Edwards

Wouldn't you like a vacation from housekeeping? The Swedish women tell you how to get it.

**T**HE NEW TASK of women in the labor movement is to confront housewives with a knowledge of the scheme of production, its relation to workers' households, and most important of all to bring them to the realization of their power as consumers."

Kai Andersson, modest alert young editor, was talking to me over breakfast coffee and cheese. We were alone in the garden of that lovely island restaurant that sparkles almost at the center of Stockholm. We had chosen the morning for its possibility of quiet and because it was the only hour we could both snatch out of our respectively full calendars.

"Then there is the problem of food, clothing and comfort in the home. These items absorb practically the entire wage of a worker. It is the housewives who control and direct these expenditures. They are the consumers and inadvertently the leaders of production. Once they are made aware of their latent power, they can be the intelligent bosses of the producers. They could rationalize industry, but they don't realize it. They could stop the factories, but they don't know it."

She is very earnest, this little Swedish woman, editor of *Morgonbris*, a magazine of progressive working class and professional women. She is so unassuming that it is well nigh impossible to learn anything of Kai Andersson herself.

"No, thank you, I have no photograph," she had said in response to my request for one of herself to accompany this article. "Tell them about the magazine, tell them about *Morgonbris*. When I was seventeen years old I went with *Social Demokraten* and after thirteen years there I came to *Morgonbris*. We are a group of five wo-

men. We have a job together whose name is the magazine."

She stopped a moment, reflecting, then she went on: "Sometimes it is difficult enlisting the men's support in our work. I went to *Social Demokraten* at seventeen and to most of them, now twenty years afterward, I am still 'that little girl.' It hinders.

**L**AST YEAR," she went on, "we sent out questionnaires to workers' families. Very simple questionnaires listing the most elemental household necessities. We wanted to know what they had, what they would like to buy but couldn't, what type and brands of goods they preferred and the experience back of this choice. Particularly we wanted to know the items they needed most. Thousands of these questionnaires came back stating 'we need beds, we have no beds, we have no sheets.' It is a shame to think that workers have no beds to rest in. If the Swedish workers were to have merely the things they need—beds, sheets, blankets—there would be no unemployment in this country."

"We have developed Housewives' Clubs who visit factories, and support a Consum-

ers' Research to stimulate better production. We have arranged exhibitions bringing producers into contact with their consumers, the housewives."

I complimented Kai Andersson on the elegance of her magazine's make-up.

"Do you know," she said, "I have been greatly influenced by your American *Harpers Bazaar*. On first seeing *Morgonbris* people have said: 'Why stimulate this longing for the beautiful that cannot be satisfied? Why show women what they cannot buy? Why shape their ideas to these things?'"

**T**HERE AGAIN the factor of correlation between consumer and producer is brought into force. I say that enlightened housewives could rationalize industry. Our porcelain factories offer a case in point. We visited the director of a large porcelain factory. In the interview he pointed out that his warehouses were stacked with goods that wouldn't move. We pointed out that such a situation develops because producers don't know and therefore cannot plan their production in relation to what housewives actually need and want. Housewives thus pay for the warehouse cost that is spread over the price of porcelain that does move.

"Porcelain factories do not advertise generally but now they give *Morgonbris* advertising. We select the things we want advertised. We pick out those that are useful, have good lines and are priced low. We don't advertise those articles whose prices are out of reach. That is the answer to the question 'Why shape their ideas to these things?'"

"I like advertisements. I wouldn't see a paper without them but we consumers pay for the advertisements, therefore we must control them.



Swedish housewives demonstrate against fruit tariff and for holidays for housewives.



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"**B**EAUTY SHOULD BE classless. This applies to clothing, household furnishings and dwellings, as well as to porcelain. Formerly the worker's wife went about with a shawl over her head. Only high class people wore fine clothes. On the street, in the tram, one could say at a glance 'Here comes a worker's wife and here comes a lady.' Children in the class room too could be so singled out. But now the factories are producing such cheap clothes one can no longer point out who is who in the mass.

"Last New Year we presented a dramatization of this revolution in women's clothes. 'From shawl to classless costume' it was called. The office of the Central Trade Unions supported the exhibition. There were the old wives presented in shawls who recited in mass 'Stitch, stitch, stitch.' The young women were dressed in blue work clothes, operating machinery. Then we showed the newest dress models from Stockholm.

"The cultural and recreational has also been stressed by our magazine. The good life we are all striving for must not only guarantee our economic security but give us leisure as well. There is nothing new in the agitation for vacations for workers in offices, factories and mills. But no one seems to have given much thought to vacations for mothers and housewives. Five years ago we organized our first housewives' vacation excursion. It was only for a few days down the Gotha Canal. But it

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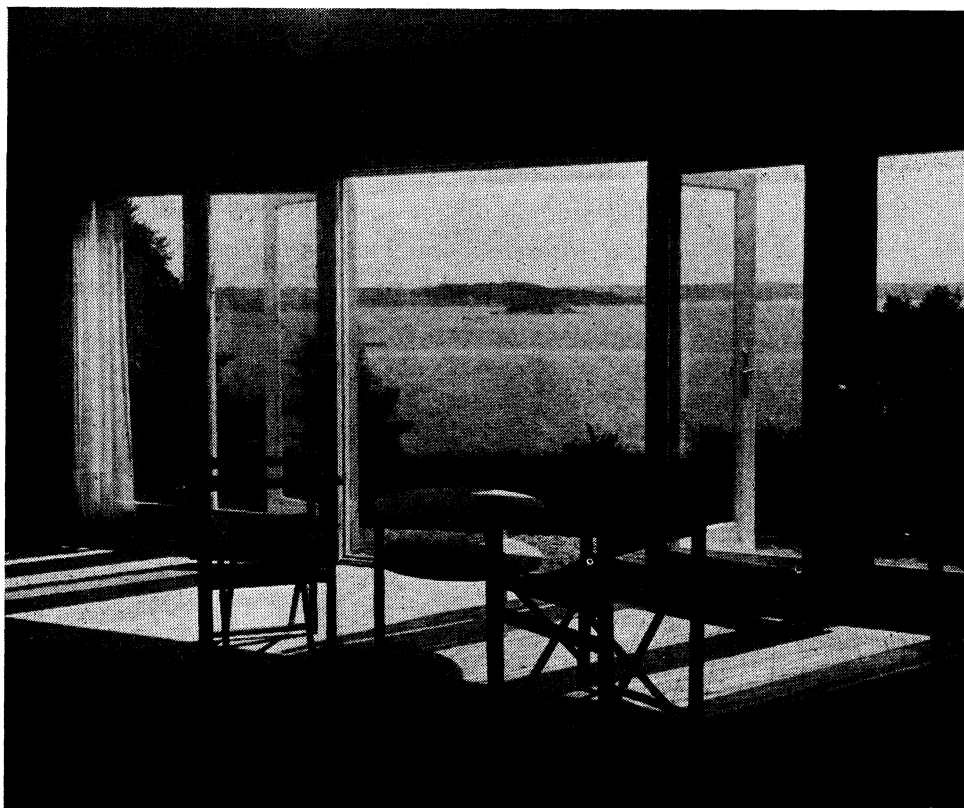
England and now we are trying to muster the courage and the finances for a journey to America in 1937.

"Of course getting away for a vacation is not so simple for the housewife and mother as for the factory girl. There is the problem of meals to be looked after and children to be planned for. The housewives organization has met this by a plan of rotation. Two or three vacation excursions are planned each season and they arrange to take care of each other's families during these vacation absences."

**I** WISH THERE WERE more space to tell you all of the interests and movements that Kai Andersson and *Morgonbris* have made theirs. The fight for adequate birth control legislation, for government funds to pregnant women, for low cost housing, are a few of the struggles that the magazine and its editor have carried on.

We got around to the National Negro Congress. I had brought her copies of the report and Kai Andersson was agreeing that the whole question of Negro rights, of the rights of all minor nations, was a part of the whole struggle on the labor front.

"Until I knew you two years ago," she was saying, "I had never met and talked with a Negro woman. At first it was strange and interesting, a novelty. Now we have spoken about all these things, we have understood all these things together. It is as though you were my sister working beside me."



*The vacation home of the Swedish housewives.*



*Left, housewife of today.*

*Below, housewife of yesterday—the Lady of the Shawl.*

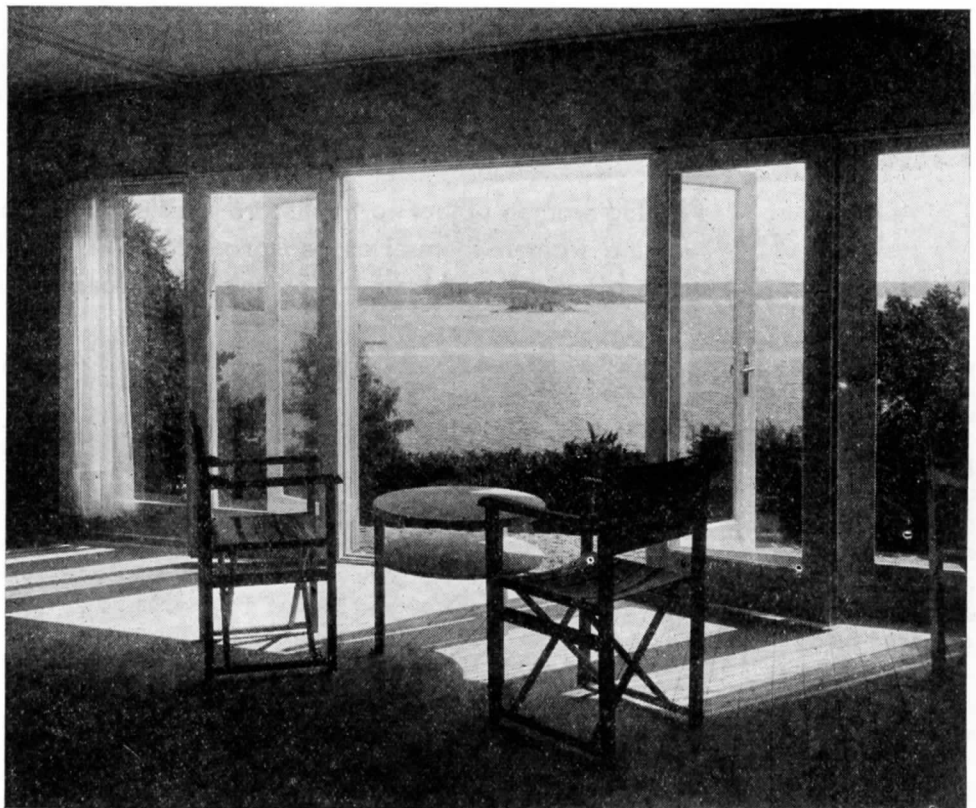




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# Organization *and* Legislation

By Erma L. Lee

Printing women object to haphazard legislation — Cooperation of the working women themselves can produce more progressive approach to "protection" problems—Woman's Party does not represent workers.

**M**OST WOMEN MEMBERS of the Typographical Union of New York City, of which I am a member, are opposed to protective legislation which restricts their right to work nights. At a recent convention of the Woman's Party one of our members said that the printing trades women were greatly handicapped when the New York Legislature some years ago passed the night work law which forced many women printers off their jobs, and that although some of these women put up an organized resistance and secured an exemption from the law after two years of fighting, this did not settle the question.

At present those of our women members in newspapers are permitted to continue working, but in book and magazine shops, which are classed as "factories" under the law, they cannot work nights, except for a small further exemption which permits women on typesetting machines only—hand compositors and proofreaders are still barred, although all are members of the same union and getting the same wages. About three hundred union women printers are affected in New York City alone.

Some of these women have now joined the Woman's Party, which opposes all protective legislation for women, believing that through the Woman's Party they can correct these legislative handicaps. While no one can blame them for turning against legislation which did not "protect" them but threw them out of their jobs of ten and fifteen years' priority, yet it is my opinion that they are turning their backs against their best friend—their union.

The high working conditions of women printers are due entirely to the union; hours from 37 to 40 weekly and wages from \$50 to \$63 were not secured by individual bargaining with employers. They came through the union. Each woman is strong because her union is strong and, further, because that union's laws grant her full equality with the men members. There is no discrimination whatsoever between the sexes in the laws of the Typographical Union—the union's laws are far superior to the State's laws. It is an undeniable fact that wherever women workers have good working conditions these conditions were secured through the mass power of the labor movement. Wouldn't it seem, therefore, that the correction of any minor

inequalities could best be made through that same labor movement?

Now what is the Woman's Party? Organized by extreme feminists of the middle and wealthy classes, its program has been "equality for women." But what kind of equality? Equality in handling the finances of wealthy families so that husbands could not disinherit wives and will large fortunes to male heirs. These things hardly concern working women. Certainly we all agree that those State laws allowing men to legally will away their children, or to collect their wives' wages, or to will away property jointly accumulated, or any other law which allows the husband or father to deal unfairly with his family, are unfair and should be speedily repealed. But from here on we should analyze carefully the program of the Woman's Party. Its emphasis has always been on property rights, and the familiar names running through the history of that party have been names of wealth, prestige, power; in other words, the names of the exploiters of labor. For instance, at a recent convention it announced a \$1,000 campaign contribution from a Mrs. Alfred du Pont, a name infamous to all labor.

Recently the Woman's Party has been catering to women who work by giving great prominence to the legal discriminations against women working in industry, such as those cited above. And how do they propose to remove these discriminations? By separating women from the struggle of the labor movement entirely and passing a Constitutional Amendment nullifying all protective legislation for women, both good and bad.

\* \* \*

**P**ROTECTIVE LEGISLATION is an attempt to control the most grasping employers who in their mad grab for profits drive wages down to a peon's standards by grinding down the unprotected woman. When the simplification of machinery brought women into industry in great numbers they were paid less than men, thus lowering the wage standards. Being unorganized and inexperienced they could also be worked harder. Most of the men's unions refused to admit women but they supported what they called "protective" legislation which barred women from night work, etc., believing that if women could be gotten out

of the way the men could get decent wages and hours. They said women only worked to buy a trousseau, or until a man came along to marry them. Strangely enough, they took the same view of the working woman that the extreme feminist, middle class groups now take. They refused to see that the working woman's struggle is the same as that of the working man.

At about that time the last depression hit and millions were grasping for any kind of work at subsistence wages. Today, with the business machinery running almost full blast we have a permanent army of unemployed of around 12,000,000. In applying for a job today both men and women must bid against millions of others. Each depression leaves more workers permanently unemployed, and even conservative economists predict another major depression in the Nineteen Forties. Workers are coming to understand that the successful struggle for decent standards is not one of a battle between the sexes but depends upon whether or not all the workers in the industry are organized, both male and female.

We must face the problem as it is today: the unorganized man who must bid for a job against an unemployed army also needs protection. Perhaps both sexes should now come under minimum wage and maximum hour laws.

Eight million women now work. Their problems on the job are in general the same as men's; and they must work with men toward the solution of these problems. Our main task should be to organize them into unions and to conduct an unceasing struggle for their admission into unions now barring them.

There are no fundamental reasons for differences of opinion among working women on protective legislation. Wherever such legislation has interfered with women union members on their jobs the laws can be changed and modified. A satisfactory solution for the minor differences can be found once we realize the paramount need for unity.

Women printers should guard their affiliation with their union zealously and use their power to aid other women to become organized. They should view with suspicion any group which tends to draw them away from the labor movement.

# Lettuce With a Dash of Tear Gas

By Edward Robbin

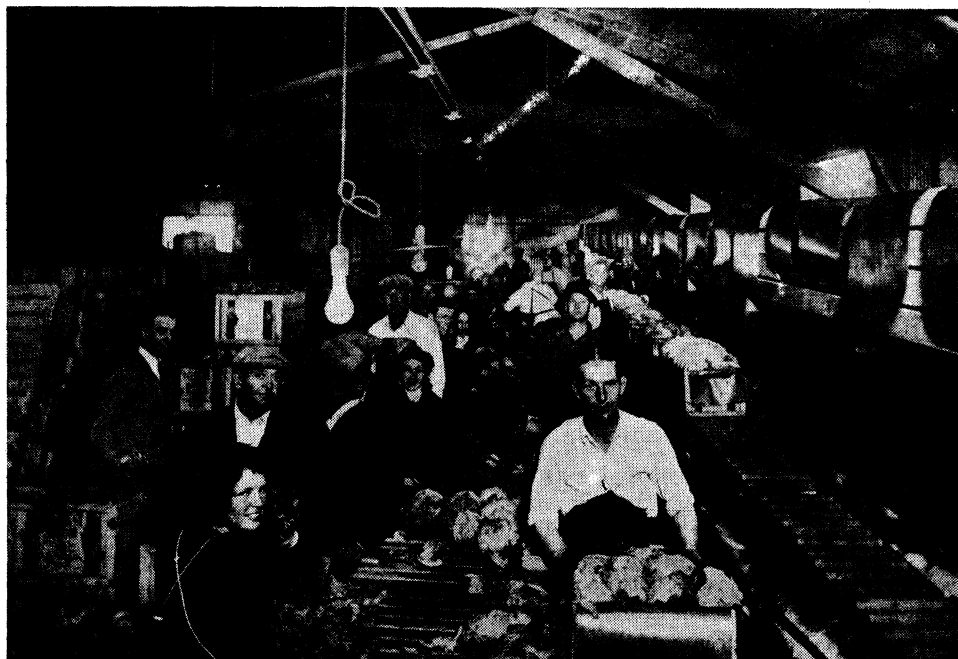
We don't think you'll like this new menu the fascists have concocted. The Salinas strikers certainly don't—and they're doing things about it. Watch how their union and other Agricultural Workers' Unions grow.

I HAVE TOLD the story of Salinas to many people since I returned from a thorough investigation of the strike last September. It's an incredible story and I don't want anybody to forget it. Whenever a person tells me that fascism can't come to this country I don't recite any long history of terror, I simply tell them what I saw in Salinas when three thousand lettuce shed workers, about 40 per cent of whom were women, were locked out in an attempt to break the Fruit and Vegetable Workers Union.

The main issue of the lockout was preferential hiring, the same issue on which forty thousand seamen and longshoremen of the Pacific Coast are picketing the waterfront today. Preferential hiring is the backbone of the union; on it depends whether or not there shall be a union, and since the industrialists of the West Coast have organized this drive to break the unions in California, the issue, in the agricultural as in the maritime strike, is preferential hiring. Preferential hiring means that employers must give preference to union men. Without such a clause unions are at the mercy of the employer. Of course, the strikers have other demands as, for example, in Salinas the demand of the women workers in the sheds for equal pay with men when they do equal work, but the crux of the matter was preferential hiring.

How was the Salinas strike crushed? By an organized fascist terror. I mean fascism in the very definite technical sense of the word, the open combination of industrialists and government. In visiting Salinas I visited an amoebic Germany. Here was an opportunity to see it happen here. The Shippers and Growers Association took over the arm or the mailed fist of city and county government and moved it into their own offices.

I went to the Jeffrey Hotel, on the sixth floor of which I found the headquarters of what was commonly called "the General Staff." The Shippers and Growers, the Inspector of the Highway Patrol, the chief of police, the Farmers' Alliance, the William Ragsdale Detective Agency, all operated from these headquarters. And there too was the office of Colonel H. R. Sanborn, self-announced Coordinator of Peace Enforcing Agencies. Sanborn is known for



Packing lettuce in one of the California sheds.

strike-breaking activity in the *Post-Intelligencer* strike; he is the editor of that filthy red-baiting sheet published in San Mateo, *The American Citizen*. He refused to say from whom his authority was derived or who was paying his salary.

FROM THESE "general headquarters" were executed the orders that drafted two thousand citizens into armed bands of strike-breaking vigilantes, the terror that

*Agricultural, cannery and packing-house workers are the largest group of wage earners in any single industry in the United States.*

*They are the most exploited section of the working class with wages often as low as 50 cents a day. They have been excluded from all social legislation. Women and children are a large group in the agricultural industry.*

*Those who pick, sow and pack our food are beginning to rebel. They have organized themselves into Federal Unions affiliated to the American Federation of Labor in the eastern and southern parts of the United States as well as on the West Coast.*

loosed gas and bullets in the streets and ruled the city through vigilanteism and violence. Women and children were gassed in their homes, a stranger visiting the city was shot. What did it matter just so the lettuce got through! This combination of terror plus a bureaucratically controlled union which had failed to take steps to organize the Filipino field workers, broke the strike.

Now strikers by the hundreds are black-listed in the sheds, and pressure is being brought to bear on the smaller shippers and growers through banks and stoppage of supplies not to rehire the men. Five Salinas strikers, however, have brought charges of conspiracy under the Sherman anti-trust law against the Shippers and Growers Association.

Celery workers on strike in Stockton have profited from the experiences in Salinas. Filipinos, whites and Negroes are united and the rank and file are in control.

Organizing in El Centro and Orange County, in Bakersfield and Venice is going forward, and no terror will stop it, for the agricultural workers have learned that only through unions can they escape peonage. But we must fight and expose the fascist on every front and so help these workers to organize.





*Packing lettuce in one of the California sheds.*

# Birth Control Advances

By Dr. Cheri Appel

You can now get more birth control information; the new law allows doctors to give you this advice.

**T**HE BIRTH CONTROL Clinical Research Bureau celebrated a legal victory in an unusual manner during the last week of the old year. Under the aegis of Mrs. Margaret Sanger, birth control pioneer and militant director and organizer of its activities, the Birth Control Clinic held a two-day conference in New York City. A short time previously the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals had handed down a decision whereby the law no longer prevented "the importation, sale or carriage by mail of things which might intelligently be employed by conscientious and competent physicians for the purpose of saving life or promoting the well-being of their patients."

At the conference individuals and groups interested in this aspect of preventative medicine learned that the mails were now open to them. However, there is still one loophole—a circuit decision can be appealed. Will there be a Supreme Court decision before the new year is over?

The physicians, biologists, nurses, and social workers present learned not only of the legal change that had occurred, but also were informed of the latest developments in contraceptive research and clinical practice.

The first day included a presentation of the research aspects of contraception and related subjects.

Dr. Bayard Carter, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Duke University, stressed the need for teaching students scientific birth control. He said it was necessary and essential that pregnancy be prevented in women suffering from the diseases he enumerated.

Dr. Harrar, Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology of Cornell Medical College, stated that at his institution there were no formal lectures on the subject of birth control, as a part of medical education, but that whatever information students "picked up" was obtained at informal discussion. Further, he said, that at the Lying-in-Hospital, out of 11,000 women who had given birth to children, only 330 had been referred to the birth control clinic connected with the institution. According to him, a woman who has borne a child is fully recovered from the ordeal after a three-month interval and as she is physically able to conceive again, she is not entitled to this type of advice.



MARGARET SANGER

*Presented with the Town Hall award of honor for "the most conspicuous contribution to the enlargement and enrichment of life."*

Those women who were sent to the contraceptive clinic were sufferers from incipient or active tuberculosis (arrested or healed cases were not referred); those who had heart trouble; others with chronic kidney disease, a few cases of epilepsy, psychosis (mental disease), and diabetes constituted the cause for prescribing preventives at this hospital.

**I**T HAD BEEN established by expert medical testimony in 1929 that at least a two year interval should elapse between the birth of one child and beginning conception of another. It is considered today by most specialists that this time interval is not only more healthful for the mother, but that its benefits are reflected in the lowering of the infant mortality rate. The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in one of its reports on the infant mortality rate showed that where the interval between the birth of one child and that of the next was one year the infant mortality rate was 146 per thousand live births, whereas when the interval was two years this rate was spectacularly reduced to 98.

These statistics seem to us to be a clear-cut indication of a medical reason for birth control. Despite Dr. Harran's statement that once a woman is given contraceptive

advice it becomes irrevocable, the author of this article presented a paper on the relationship of fertility to the use of contraceptives which disproved his remark. The very fact that numerous cases were cited of voluntary discontinuance of birth control methods in favor of planned pregnancy shows the fallacy of his contention. Certainly Dr. Harran's views were the most conservative we have heard expressed in many a year.

From the layman's point of view, the second day of the conference unfolded a much more interesting and comprehensible program. Dr. Norman Himes, of Colgate University, gave a resume of the history of birth control practice. He told the audience of the various materials and methods that had been used by the ancients and cited instances of contraceptives used by the Greeks and Romans. He pointed out that in America the people in the higher income brackets can and do readily avail themselves of the best preventive methods, to which those in the lower income groups have no access.

We take exception to a remark made by Dr. Himes that the level of American intelligence was being lowered by the greater increase in population by those in the lowest income groups. We would assume that Dr. Himes, as a sociologist, ought to know that this intangible quality that is called intelligence may be inherited, but that environment plays the most important role in its development. We agree with the doctor that there should be widespread dissemination of scientific birth control advice, both for health and economic reasons, but certainly not because of differences in intellectual levels of the population.

The keynote of the medical aspects of the conference was that more intensive research be carried on, in an attempt to discover simpler, cheaper, and more easily applicable means of birth control. A plea was made for cooperation by organized medicine to help advance the work. The indifference, and in some instances active antagonism, especially by the American Medical Association, has driven the clinical aspect of this branch of medicine into lay hands, and has hindered and impeded progress that might have been attained with interested medical groups.



MARGARET SANGER



# We Stand With Our Men

By Roberta Jones

Our Auxiliary, affiliated with the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, is sharing the responsibilities of this strike.

HERE ON THE PACIFIC COAST forty thousand maritime workers are determined that their unions shall not be crushed by the powerful ship owners. We women of these workers' homes are equally determined to see our men through to victory. No pay-days since October 29, 1936, we stand steadfastly with our men in resisting this latest attack on West Coast union standards, so vital to the security of our homes.

Why has peace been so long blocked in this strike that has completely tied up West Coast shipping? Why did the ship owners force this strike when they well knew, in the face of such unbreakable solidarity, not a ship could move? They are losing millions, but the so-called "Big Three" of the maritime industry were calculating their future gains, once they had the unions out of the way. They staged this lockout, which it really is, as an opening wedge against the entire trade union movement. Deliberately and consciously they have thwarted all peace proposals by imposing conditions they knew it was impossible for our men to accept.

What are the rights our men refused to surrender? The Seamen ask for the maintenance of union hiring halls, cash payment for overtime work, the eight-hour day for the Marine Cooks and Stewards. The Longshoremen ask that their hiring halls and the six-hour day, granted by the 1934 Award, be retained.

We women understand these issues thoroughly, for our auxiliary is affiliated with the Maritime Federation of the Pacific and we are sharing in the responsibilities of this strike. Without hiring halls to give security to the job, wage scales become meaningless. Without shorter hours, unemployment would again be rife among us. Seeing the gains of the past threatened, we women at once took up the challenge.

"We Stand With Our Men" proclaimed our banners as we proudly marched up Market Street, with 20,000 maritime workers. Our children, too, raised high their banners telling San Francisco, "My Dad and Santa Claus Are Locked Out."

But the Civic Auditorium was ours on Christmas Day and 2,700 children were the honored guests of the unions and the auxiliary. The Park Commission donated a 50-foot Christmas tree. In the bag which every child received, was a new toy,

## THE CREED OF AN AUXILIARY MEMBER

### What I Believe:

I believe in the trade union movement.

I believe in trade union democracy.

I am opposed to any discrimination because of race, creed, color, political or religious belief.

I am opposed to vigilante terror, red-baiting, and all other attacks on the unity of the workers.

I believe that the women as well as the men must be organized to insure a better standard of living.

I believe that civil liberties are the American right of every worker.

I am opposed to war.

I believe that the solidarity of the entire working class is its only salvation.

### What I Do:

I support the trade union movement in its struggles to improve its working conditions.

I support all campaigns which have as their aim the welfare of the working class.

I teach my children the principles of good trade unionism.

I buy union made goods.

I patronize stores with union clerks.

I try to keep myself informed of all the latest developments in trade unionism.

I help my sister and brother unionists in times of sickness and need.

### I Belong to My Auxiliary!

fruit, candy, nuts. The San Francisco W.P.A. Theatre Project sent its best vaudeville acts. We had the Civic Auditorium Band and a Hill-Billy band. Dancers, Puppets, Jugglers, everything.

Our auxiliary, born during the 1934 maritime strike, belongs to the International Longshoremen's Association. It comprises the women relatives of Longshoremen, Warehousemen, Scalpers, Bargemen and Clerks. But the sea-going waterfront workers, as well as the I.L.A. men's families, share in our benefits, for we administer emergency relief to their families too.

Maritime officers' wives, through their auxiliary, have helped with the Relief Fund, the Christmas Party and other activities. So impressed are the unions with auxiliary aid, there is now being set up an auxiliary for the wives of sea-going unlicensed personnel, so that all the women of the maritime workers will be eligible to join this movement.

Our committees function jointly with the men's committees, wherever we are needed. Emergency relief for families was turned over to the auxiliary by the Joint Maritime Relief Committee. From the commissary a generous order of food goes to any family who must be tided over until State relief is secured. Clothes have been collected for the men and their families. And how the pickets do appreciate the warm coats and socks from the auxiliary!

Very important is the Auxiliary Social Committee, planning affairs to raise money for the Relief Fund. Running the soup kitchen is the responsibility of the Marine Cooks and Stewards, but everyone is responsible for the funds that keep the kitchen going. Two huge balls have brought substantial aid to the Central Relief Fund.

Regardless of what else happens, all sick members and brother unionists are visited by the Auxiliary Sick Committee. Cigarettes, flowers and the latest literature go with these visiting committees.

The *I.L.A. Women's Voice*, that's what we call our strike bulletin, is heartily welcomed on the picket line where it is read and pocketed for the wife at home. We emphasize that it is not enough for the women to sit at home and *hope* the strike will be won. "We must mobilize behind our men," the bulletin declares. "You belong in the auxiliary." And they come!

On the Joint Maritime Publicity Committee our own publicity committee functions with fine results. Speakers go out before women's organizations, spreading the facts of the strike. Press releases are sent weekly to the labor press.

Blocking defeatist propaganda, creating public understanding and sympathy, raising and administering relief, these auxiliary activities have won the admiration of the maritime unions. We women stand with our men in keeping West Coast solidarity secure, for in that solidarity lies the security of our homes.





# The Debutante

IN THE SPRING of 1930, just after Easter, Susy Ellison made her debut in the large garden of her father's home. The party was given in the garden of the old mansion which had a fountain, box hedges, roses and other old fashioned flowers along the walks and in beds. And from the trees overflowing from trellises hung down purple clusters of wisteria. Women and girls in all colors of thin dresses moved over the lawn among the flowers reminding everyone of the words of a Southern orator, "the irrepressible beauty of the South blooms out in the matchless loveliness of Southern women, sweet as her roses, and holy as her prayers." Then men in white linen or cream colored flannel trousers and dark coats bent over the women making flattering remarks, or hurried away to return with ices and cooling drinks.

For those who wished to dance there was an orchestra in the house, where the sunlight coming in through drawn blinds gave the rooms a charming and mysterious atmosphere of romance. All the young men paid their respects to Susy, so that she had plenty of attention and all her dreadful fears of being left a wall-flower vanished. She felt that she could indeed be counted a worthy successor to her mother.

During all her life to that time Susy had never been allowed to forget the tradition of her mother's popularity. This tradition was supported not only by Susy's mother herself, but by Mrs. Ellison's girlhood friends who spoke romantically of a duel which was fought—or was just prevented from being fought—by two young men over Susy's mother's handkerchief. Early in what might be called her career Susy's mother, who was of course not Susy's mother then, had a fascination for men. She was beautiful and what is called a born flirt. Added to these qualities there was a

mysterious allure which was caused partly by her refusal to be seen by her beaux before five o'clock in the afternoon.

She had several offers of marriage. One of them was from an army officer, and perhaps he was the one she should have married, because there is a great deal of opportunity for innocent flirtation at an army post, and it is very hard for a born flirt to change her nature even after marriage.

In her nineteenth year, instead of the army officer or any of the other suitors, Susy's mother married a dependable young man, David Ellison, with a promising future as a lawyer. He was very much respected in the community, and during the following years, after his marriage, he rose higher in everyone's esteem. He gave advice freely and often defended people in court without any remuneration. He liked to read and had a large library, most of it inherited.

In the evening when he came from the office he liked to be received by his wife at the door and after a hearty supper he expected her to sit beside him while he read in the library. He was kind to his wife, gave her all the money she needed and let her ask guests to the house for large dinners. At these dinners the table was covered with beautiful linen, old china, and with silver that had come from the ancestors of both himself and his wife. It is true the guests who were invited were always those people who were his friends. They were rather staid, commonplace couples. Consequently, as the years continued, Susy's mother, lacking opportunity for harmless flirtation, became less careful of her appearance. She no longer put buttermilk on her face and neck to preserve her complexion. Often she let a day go by without taking a bath. Her clothes became somewhat dowdy.

HER WHOLE ATTENTION was given to her husband and child, though often the things she did for them were done with the tense nervousness of a person performing a duty toward something not actually realized or accepted. As she grew older her temper was not very even and though her husband often regretted her nagging, he always excused it not only to other people but to himself. He always thought of his wife as he had first seen her, in a yellow organdy dress with purple wisteria dropping from the trees above her, surrounded by a half dozen young men.

Most of Mrs. Ellison's irritation, however, fell on the servants, and she never let them slight any part of their duty to the house. Once when she sprained her ankle and was lying on a couch upstairs the thought of what they might be doing to the house or leaving undone disturbed her so she sent for a pair of crutches and hobbled downstairs. Leaning on one of the crutches she raised the other, pointing to various parts of the rooms or pieces of furniture which had been neglected, at the same time scolding the Negro boy who scurried about at her orders, spilling the furniture polish in his nervousness, or breaking a valuable piece of china, which only made things worse for him.

She also scolded Susy as the girl grew up. Sometimes she would even stamp her foot in anger and exasperation at her daughter, though Susy had been raised so carefully she did not often do anything that was wrong.

In spite of Susy's perfection, which all the relatives commented upon, her mother would not be satisfied. She was especially particular about Susy's behavior toward boys. In fact she kept her practically isolated from them. But once when Susy was fifteen a boy cousin a year older came to

visit them. One morning after breakfast Susy innocently invited this cousin in her bedroom to look at an album of newspaper clippings her mother had kept, recording the times when her name had appeared in the newspapers, beginning with that which said, "Born to . . ." etc.

Susy's mother went into the room, seeing her fifteen year old daughter and the sixteen year old boy cousin sitting together on the bed, looking over the album. She sternly ordered the boy from the room. Very slowly, with great solemnity she closed the door and faced Susy, who had not risen from the bed. Even before her mother spoke, though she was not conscious of having done anything wrong, Susy felt guilty because of the accusing look on her mother's face.

Her delicate skin, which had not needed buttermilk to make it perfect, became most blood-red from embarrassment and her legs were weak from fear so that she could not have stood up even if she wished. She seemed her mother was equally embarrassed for she fidgeted nervously with her fingers at the belt of her dress as she slowly walked toward her daughter.

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visit them. One morning after breakfast Susy innocently invited this cousin into her bedroom to look at an album of newspaper clippings her mother had kept, recording the times when her name had appeared in the newspapers, beginning with that which said, "Born to..." etc.

Susy's mother went into the room seeing her fifteen year old daughter and the sixteen year old boy cousin sitting together on the bed, looking over the album. She only ordered the boy from the room. Very slowly, with great solemnity, she closed the door and faced Susy, who had not risen from the bed. Even before her mother spoke, though she was not conscious of having done anything wrong, Susy felt guilty because of the accusing look on her mother's face.

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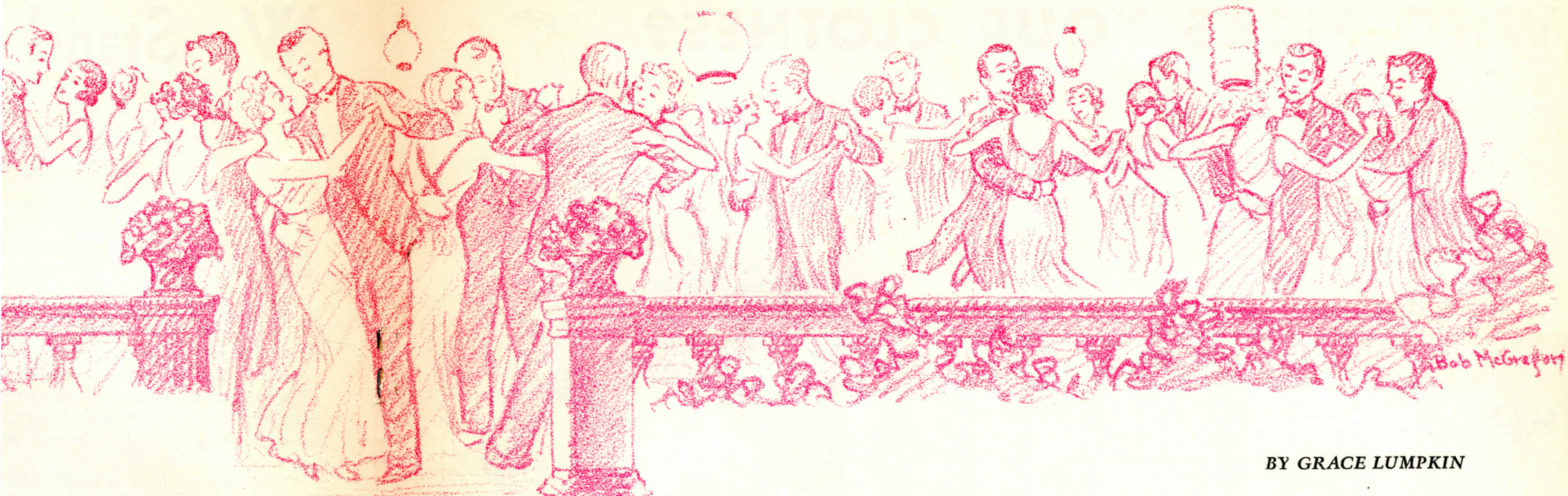
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"What were you doing with Charles in this room?" Susy's mother hissed.

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"Never, never allow a man to cross the threshold of your room, except your husband. Men are dangerous. Do you understand?"

Susy's head moved on its boneless neck.

"I will not tell your father about this," Susy's mother said magnanimously. "It would agitate him too much. He would be too angry."

Later in the day, she led Susy off into the dining-room just before her husband was expected. "I will not tell your father," she said, "but I expect you to remember everything I said to you this morning."

In Susy's mind there was a feeling of great surprise that her mother could think for a moment that she would ever forget what had happened that morning. She looked at her mother with a wondering expression on her face and Mrs. Ellison thought, "My sweet, pure, innocent little girl. We must protect her and keep her just as she is."

Often after that time Susy's mother repeated, sometimes carelessly, bringing the subject into some conversation about other things, "You must not let a man touch you until you are engaged. To do that is low and common. It spoils your freshness, just as touching a magnolia petal turns its beauty dark and ugly."

During the first twelve or fourteen years of Susy's life she had been her father's special companion and like him she enjoyed reading quietly in the library. But about the time when this incident occurred either her father became too busy to pay attention to her, or he decided that she needed more of a mother's companionship. Whatever the reason, Susy's mother began

taking her on shopping trips and calls. She bought her very delicate and lovely dresses, and even more expensive and dainty underwear.

As Susy began to grow up into a young woman everyone spoke of the mother's and daughter's devotion to each other. They spoke also of Susy's beautiful innocence. She was so unlike most of the girls of the new generation. She was of the old South, a beautiful innocent girl who would some day make a perfect wife. This was what everyone said. They pointed Susy out to visitors much as people point out a new monument on a historic battlefield.

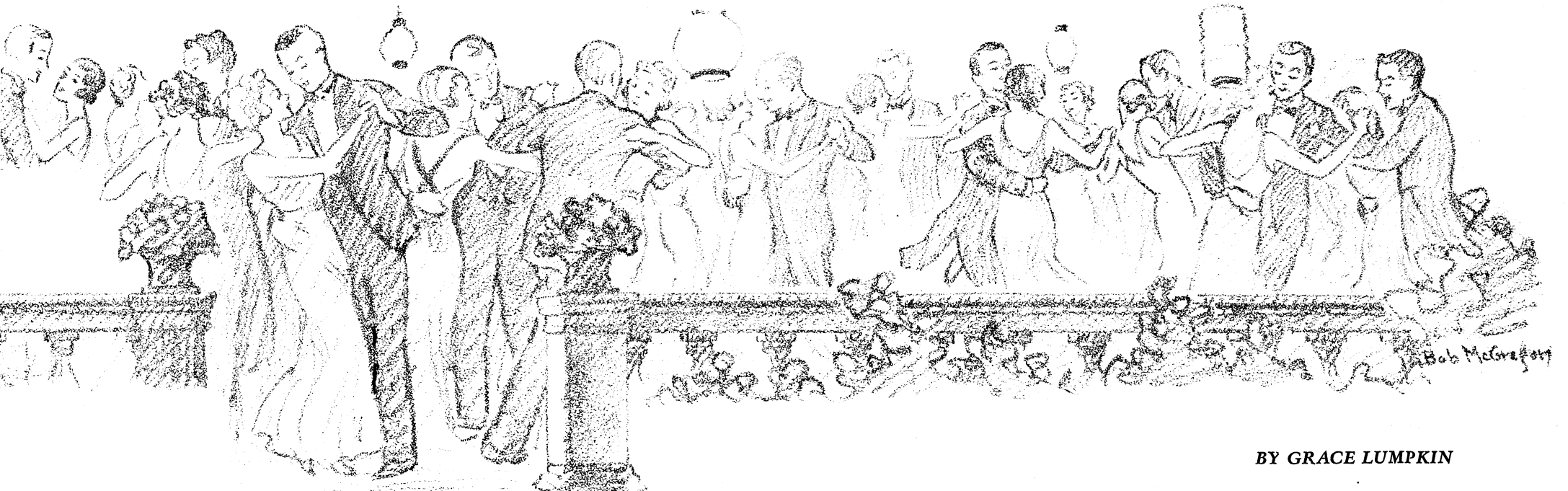
Under her mother's guidance and tutelage Susy acquired a sweet enthusiastic manner toward people. This manner especially charmed her mother's and father's friends. At Susy's debut they told Susy's mother in the girl's presence that Susy would certainly become a great belle as her mother had been. Susy found it hard to believe this, for she knew that, while she could be sweet and enthusiastic with her mother's and father's friends, she found it almost impossible to be so with the young men.

For a while, however, this made no difference in her life. After the debut Susy's mother wrote all the relatives about her daughter's triumphs and sent them notices in the society columns of the newspapers with reproductions of beautiful photographs of Susy.

BUT MRS. ELLISON did not write her relatives about the disappointments which came later. At first, for a number of weeks, Susy was immersed in what the newspapers called a round of gaieties. She had engagements for dinners, moonlight parties, dances at the country club with all the young men who had attended her party.

(Continued on page 28)





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During the first twelve or fourteen years of Susy's life she had been her father's special companion and like him she enjoyed reading quietly in the library. But about the time when this incident occurred either her father became too busy to pay attention to her, or he decided that she needed more of a mother's companionship. Whatever the reason, Susy's mother began

taking her on shopping trips and calls. She bought her very delicate and lovely dresses, and even more expensive and dainty underwear.

As Susy began to grow up into a young woman everyone spoke of the mother's and daughter's devotion to each other. They spoke also of Susy's beautiful innocence. She was so unlike most of the girls of the new generation. She was of the old South, a beautiful innocent girl who would some day make a perfect wife. This was what everyone said. They pointed Susy out to visitors much as people point out a new monument on a historic battlefield.

Under her mother's guidance and tutelage Susy acquired a sweet enthusiastic manner toward people. This manner especially charmed her mother's and father's friends. At Susy's debut they told Susy's mother in the girl's presence that Susy would certainly become a great belle as her mother had been. Susy found it hard to believe this, for she knew that, while she could be sweet and enthusiastic with her mother's and father's friends, she found it almost impossible to be so with the young men.

For a while, however, this made no difference in her life. After the debut Susy's mother wrote all the relatives about her daughter's triumphs and sent them notices in the society columns of the newspapers with reproductions of beautiful photographs of Susy.

BUT MRS. ELLISON did not write her relatives about the disappointments which came later. At first, for a number of weeks, Susy was immersed in what the newspapers called a round of gaieties. She had engagements for dinners, moonlight parties, dances at the country club with all the young men who had attended her party.

(Continued on page 28)

# WHO PICKS YOUR CLOTHES?

You—or the style racketeer? Try these exercises for increasing sales resistance to the fashion frame-up.

By WILLSON WHITMAN

“PARIS SAYS . . .” “Dame Fashion Decrees . . .” So say the headlines; under them, incredible stories from the seasonal “openings,” or pictures of hats and frocks that no sane woman would wear to the back door on a bet.

One who has written many examples of such stuff in the course of earning a dishonest living would like to expiate past crimes by suggesting that they be met by the reader with “So what?” and “Damn fashion decrees!”

Don’t get the idea that this is the attitude of a dowdy old girl who doesn’t know or care about good clothes when she sees them. Nobody else I know takes more real interest in clothes, gets more fun out of good ones or is more severely pained by bad ones when worn by herself or by others. That’s just it. It hurts to see women waste good money buying the wrong things.

Many years ago this writer got her first job writing department store advertising. Six months was enough to establish a permanent distaste for persuading people to purchase junk they don’t need. But it took three years on a big woman’s magazine to demonstrate that there was no essential difference between advertising and editorial work in that business; and two years on a newspaper to convey the certainty that *that* was advertising too.

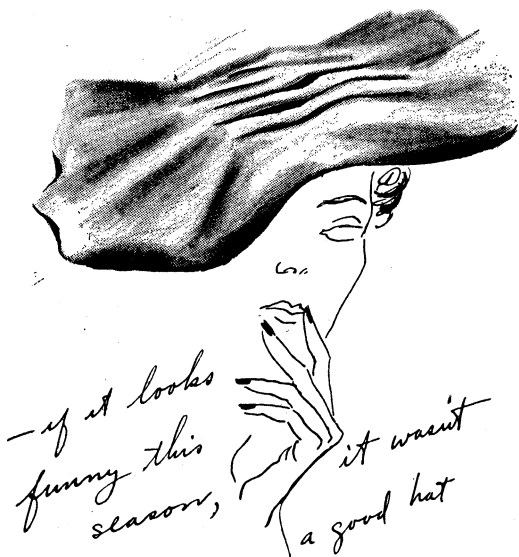
The sales promotion tactics of the women’s magazines have already been discussed in these pages. The same is even more obviously true of newspapers. The “feature editor” of a big paper must sift incredible quantities of “advance fashion news,” pictures, Paris dispatches, and all the raw material from which fashion pages are made. The real news which comes to hand in the course of a year could be printed in a single newspaper column, and the worthwhile pictures in, say, two pages. But the papers demand column after column of “fashion copy,” daily pictures, and big “art spreads” as the

seasons change. Why? Because the papers also carry pages of department store advertising, stressing style change, and hopefully hammering home the idea that the hat you bought last season will never do this year.

There is just one answer to the whole business, which will be effective as soon as women learn it. It is: *if the hat I bought last season looks funny this season, it wasn’t a good hat.*

**M**OST REALLY well-dressed women know this and plan accordingly. Good clothes are not merely good in quality, they are conservative enough in design to permit you to live in peace with them over a long period. This is as true today of really good clothes for women as it is of really good clothes for men. But you won’t find it mentioned in the magazine fashion pages, or in the newspapers which count on selling double page ads to department stores.

The truth is that conservatism in dress, for women, is a radical idea—a truly democratic, therefore “proletarian” idea. It is women feverishly struggling out of the bourgeois class into the ranks of economic royalty who seek to establish personal distinction by what they wear; it is idle women who seek amusement in dressing up even when they have no place to go. Women with work to do prefer to express themselves through that work, and they are too busy getting places to be impeded by what advertisers so insolently call the “dictates” of quick-changing fashion.





There is, when you think of it, something insulting to intelligence in most fashion copy. I have not forgotten the fashion writer who referred to the Hauptmann murder trial as "the style event of the century," nor forgiven her for beginning an autumn forecast with "War clouds may hover over Abyssinia, but no war will ever be as important to the American woman as her new Fall hat."

In the early days of the suffrage fight many women went in for dress reform because they realized that the fashions of the period contradicted their claims to equality with men. In those days social reformers were usually described as "short-haired women and long-haired men"; the odd thing is that if you look at old pictures you discover that the "short-haired women" appear far less ridiculous to posterity than their fashionable sisters with pompadours, puffs, "rats" and corresponding clothes.

Much of the messiness of women's apparel is due to a basic conflict between the aims of designer and distributor, not always recognized even in "the trade." The old tradition of dressmaking was distinction—to make for the great lady something which no other lady would have. This idea



led naturally to freak styles, "creations" which would look like heck on the average woman and were not intended for everyday wear.

Modern manufacturers, on the other hand, though their fashion writers deny it, aim at standardization. They must if they are to make profits from mass production. So they seek to spread a contagion that will make the girl in Paris, Texas, hurry to buy the latest production of a dressmaker in Paris, France. Then as soon as Paris, Texas, gets the idea, Paris, France, must think of something else.

THE POINT WHERE trick designer and manufacturer combine their aims is in the matter of change. Freak designs mean a quick turnover and more buying, because women soon get sick of looking at unbecoming novelties. The truth is that women who are slavish followers of freak fashions never look well dressed. If they've just landed from the "Normandie" wearing the very newest, they hurt our eyes because the change has yet to be properly publicized. If they cling one second too long to a novelty, they look like a rummage sale.

To get back to design, the really good designer today recognizes the fact of mass production, indeed rejoices in the idea that his work will be worn by millions, and so tries to evolve clothes which will look well on different people. Intelligent modern design adopts the poet's principle, "I will accept nothing which all men cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms." Good dress designers are coming to understand what architects mean by the term "functional," and to see that clothes, like houses and furniture, can be useful, suitable, adaptable and comfortable.

As with houses, clothes which pass this test are not necessarily expensive; rather, they may, because of their simplicity, be produced in quantity at

low cost. The primary need is to educate women to demand such clothes, and, even more important, to decline the wide variety of bad fashions which commerce will continue to provide as long as they can be marketed.

The functional test of design will, in most cases, work. It is significant that the first great step forward in clothes design for women was taken during the war, when women began to do unaccustomed work and necessarily discarded corsets and innumerable garments in favor of the famous "chemise" dress. That simple little dress and the round "cloche" hat that went with it became the bane of dressmakers and milliners. A carefully promoted reaction finally set in; but it took several seasons to produce the desired return to "femininity," meaning curves and decoration; and never did the best efforts of commerce succeed in re-imposing the corset.

Now the chemise dress was not perfect because it did not look well on women with bad figures. The same was true of the first tailored suits. To devise a dress and a suit that would be becoming to the average, that is, imperfect, feminine figure was no task to be accomplished in one season. Steps have been taken in that direction, however, and under all the annual whoopee about style change it is well to remark that the "shirtwaist" dress has now been with us four years, and the so-called "swagger" coat or suit for an even longer period. Both garments are deservedly called "classic" despite minor changes in detail. Both look well on the "average" woman, that is on nearly every woman.

(To be continued in the March issue)



# 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 strike 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. She goes to a revival meeting where she takes the platform. As she is explaining the real way out to the congregation, hecklers attack her.

Britt, Ishma's husband, springs to her rescue. At first he manages to hold the crowd but

Ern Starbo begins an attack on Tom Jeff. Several thugs begin to maul Jeff, and Britt leaps off the platform to his rescue.

In the struggle Britt is killed. At first Ishma refuses to believe it and then she is overcome with grief. For several weeks Ishma can take no interest in life. Her friends fear that she will commit suicide.

After spending some time in the mountains with her son the necessity of carrying on her work drives Ishma back into life. She returns to Dunmow ready to help the mill workers reorganize their militant union.

## By FIELDING BURKE

KIK DID NOT come along. But Hickman was there, with several close attendants, gibing and jeering from the sides of the line as much as "brother workmen" dared.

Obe Stinson was in his office, pacing, swearing, and maltreating his telephone. He wanted more guards and machine-guns, but the city didn't want to post them along the streets unless actual rioting gave them their justification.

"How the hell can there be a riot unless the guards are there?" Obe exploded.

The chairman of the city council—acting in the place of the absent mayor, who was conveniently ill for the day—took the 'phone and progressed toward an agreement with Obe. The Guards would patrol the line of march, and guns would be stationed at several points. As the people were parading without a permit, they could be legally driven from the streets. But they were not to be fired upon unless there was actual resistance.

An officer was sent as emissary to the strike leaders asking them to retire. Bud, anxious to avoid bloodshed, called a consultation. It was agreed to halt the parade and adjourn to a large grove not far from the back of the mill.

"It's not actually a retreat," said Bud. "It's time to rest."

The police warmed up. So did the strikers. Bud and other leaders went to and fro counseling discretion in the face of those guns. Perhaps they'd all better go over to the grove and call it a day. This counsel was gallantly rejected. This day must be theirs.

Rumors were flying through the city. It was said that there was wild rioting around the Tom Ray mill. Deputies had been reported killed, and the police would not deny it to their frantic families. With reports of the death of a deputy—false but

effective—orders were given to disperse the crowd and fire the guns. The Guards hesitated. War was all right. Butchery was another thing. They tried to shove the crowd along with bayonets. An old man, ordered to move faster, got bewildered, turned the wrong way, and fell down. He was pierced in the back with a bayonet. It didn't seem possible, but it was so. The soldiers were not angry and hot. Perhaps the soldier who pierced the old man had simply lost his head. For a moment the man on the pavement was a bundle of straw.

Ishma ran to him, stopping before the halted soldiers. She called men to carry him to her car over in the grove and drive him from there to Doctor Schermerhorn's. As she stooped over the old man, the soldiers poured abuse upon her. The women hell-cats were to blame for all the rumpus. When she rose and looked at them the torrent stopped.

"You will be with us some day," she said. "You won't always shoot down your fathers and brothers. You will come to us and help us win the world, a world in which a murder like this can never happen."

She walked off behind those who bore the wounded man, leaving the soldiers silent. But all along the street there were foreboding shouts, and finally came a cry from an officer. Thugs, deputies, and soldiers ran from the streets to shelter behind the guns. The crowd realized what was happening. *They were going to fire.*

There was scramble and rush for safety. . . . A dozen men and three women fell. And still it couldn't be believed. Some of the fallen rose. Others were helped up. Three were dead. Surely the soldiers couldn't have meant it. But three were dead . . . and eight were wounded, among them Elda, the little bride of Rafe Owen.

HOSPITALS WERE OPENED to the wounded but the workers refused to go. All were carried to Schermerhorn's house, and doctors and nurses came there as volunteer helpers.

Two days later the men who had fallen were buried, with thousands of mourners assembled. The city in no way interfered, or advised, but left them to bury their dead as they would, with no eye of police or military upon them. The Guards were in their quarters for the day, and glad to be there.

The long procession followed the coffin through the city and out to the burial ground. Near the end of the line, Ned Hensley and Art Cunliffe were leading a section in the procession, several hundred boys and girls, white and black. At a point near the city limits, Evelyn Emberson came flying along the street and breathlessly joined them. She was pale and thin, and almost fell as she reached Ned. "I know all about it," she said. "Mother tried to keep me, but I ran away."

Ned put his arm around her to hold her up. Ishma was in the group just ahead. She heard his troubled cry, "Mother!" and ran back. Evelyn had fainted. "Go on, son," she said, taking the girl in her arms. "She'll be all right. I'll take care of her."

From one window a young woman beckoned. Ishma carried Evelyn into the house. Evelyn was slow in reviving, with all they could do, and Ishma was worried. The woman said she would go and bring



Derry while Ishma watched her baby. Not five minutes after she was gone there was a shadow in the door. Ishma, working with Evelyn, looked up and saw a deputy. Behind him was another. The first one waved a warrant at her. "For your arrest, lady-bird. We've carried it for a week."

"And you couldn't find me alone," she said, with contempt that bit. There was a third man behind the other two. Ishma knew, without looking at him, that it was Hickman.

"Come along, or do you want the handcuffs?" said the deputy whose face was like a clumsily hewn rock.

"Would you have me leave this child and this sick baby alone?"

"Sure I would. The mother'll be back in a minute. We don't want any trouble, and we'd have it if we waited till she got back and whoever she's gone after."

For the instant Ishma wanted to fight. She wanted to deal physical blows at these men that represented only force. Her whole being, that could surprise her with its sudden rebellions, was never more rebellious. She wanted to throw herself madly forward and fight for freedom. Mere bodily freedom. But she stood on immovable feet, utterly transfixed. "You'll not be hurt," said Hickman, softly, but she didn't see him. The deputies were human, at least. Brutal, but human. One of them took her arm. "Step now!"

They arrived at the jail. "I want to telephone, and I want a lawyer," said Ishma. The chief's assistant leaned back and broke into laughter. "Hear that! She wants to telephone, and she wants a lawyer. Take her to solitary, Jim. One hundred and one. And forget the key till day after tomorrow."

Rand led her away, with Hickman following. He'd see the last of her! Make her see *him* too!

Ishma knew about cell one hundred and one. Men had died of wounds there, and nobody had heard their cries.

She was put in, and Rand started to leave. Hickman spoke.



"Look-at me!" She kept her eyes toward the floor. "Look at me!" He caught her arm, slightly twisting it, and she lifted her eyes. Their dark fire poured through him like quicksilver. "I'm a worm, am I?" He doubled his fist and struck her between the eyes. "Now you'll see me! Do I look like a worm?" Rage took control, and his next blow was on her lips. "Not fit to speak to, am I?"

He had no desire now but to hurt her as much as he could, and gave her a blow that knocked her to the floor.

With the sight of her helpless body at his feet his senses returned to him. But it was too late to pull himself back to the shore of decency. He would be forever the brute she thought him. He stooped over her, hardly knowing what he intended, and found himself in the grip of James Rand. The deputy, too, was raging. Using his black-jack efficiently, he soon had Hickman unconscious and helpless as the woman he had so viciously struck. Rand then dragged him down the corridor to a door that opened on an alley. This he unlocked and threw Hickman onto the ground outside. "If I'm found out, and there's hell to pay, I'll pay it!" he said happily.

**I**SHMA WAS CONSCIOUS again, though her mind was inactive, over-powered by the ache in her body. There was sickening pain where her head and shoulders had struck, with cruel force, the hard stone floor. Her lips met like little hills. She pressed her finger between them and felt of her beautiful teeth. With half-conscious relief she discovered they were all there. Dry blood covered her chin. She knew she wasn't mortally injured. But if she were left there without aid and food it wouldn't take long for her to weaken beyond re-

covery. That, probably, was what her captors intended.

She shut her eyes and saw the sun. What was that old verse? A pleasant thing . . . to behold the sun. And what if it were sun that never would set? There it was . . . under her eyelids . . . and men moving forward in it . . . time without end. . . .

She lay there trying to follow it . . . without end. . . . And the sound of singing came through the walls. Distant, but voluminous, and growing stronger, nearer. A few minutes more and she recognized the tune, "Solidarity." They were coming back from the funeral. Closer the singing rose and swelled. The cell floor began to vibrate with approaching feet. The tramping became a storm around the jail. Singing voices rose high above the building, making a canopy of sound. Now there were shouts, with here and there a word that she could distinguish. Rushing feet entered the jail. The storm was inside. Doors were flying open. And still those triumphant shouts. She could understand them now. They were taking Red and Jim from the jail. They were setting them free.

Red and Jim were out. She knew by the cheering. And there had been no breaking of doors. The jailer had given up the keys. Given them to ten thousand. Why had the machine-guns been silent? The soldiers had not been summoned. Wouldn't they fire on ten thousand? Or were they fed up with their bloody feast of two days before?

Now the noise rolled low, a deep-dipping wave. They were going. And she would be left there. They did not know. She would be left. . . .

There was a surge along the corridor. Running feet and burst of song. She heard Ewing shout. Jim Conover called her name. Was that Bud's big fist banging the wall? She tried to call to them, but her mouth was rigid and the glad lump in her throat was too big. The lock turned, and the open door was full of faces. Then old Derry was kneeling by her.

## Wanted --- Recipes for a Budget of \$7 or \$8 a Week

DEAR EDITOR:

A friend of mine down here just showed me a copy of your magazine. It's a swell thing to have a working-class magazine for women, and most of it is pretty good reading. When I get some spare money I am going to subscribe. I just wanted to tell you something that you folks may not have heard of up there.

You see, I work in a hosiery mill here, and good times, when I work very hard, I make \$7 or \$8 a week. Well, I was reading your menus. Now let me tell you, in case you didn't know it, you just can't prepare shrimps and mushrooms even for a party when you got two kids and an unemployed husband to feed on \$7 or \$8 a week.

Maybe you can tell us some new receipts for blackeyed peas and sweet potatoes and pork. That would be more like our speed. And another thing: When we women down here work in the mills and have to keep house at the same time we don't have time to sew clothes. How about some clothes ideas for the working women?

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Yours truly,

A GOOD FRIEND.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"SEVEN TIMES a failure."

This was said of Abraham Lincoln, "poor white," who was postman, ferryman, laborer, clerk, surveyer, store-keeper and lawyer-without-clients. Mere ambition for himself could never develop him to his full stature. He remained a failure until he lost himself in the struggle to better the human lot. It was only then that he grew to his full size and became, perhaps, by popular measure the most successful American.

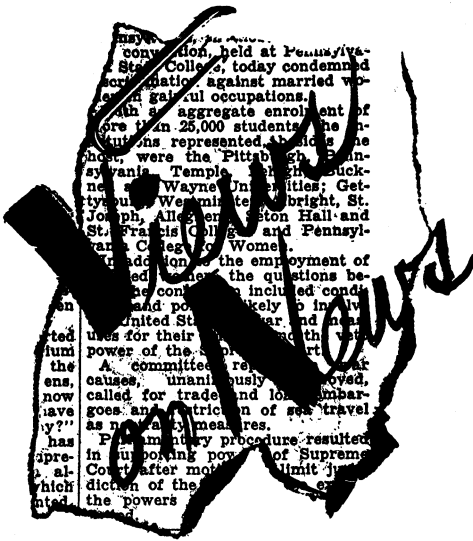
Even in 1937 the greatest class of the American people, the working class still cherishes his words and takes courage and inspiration from such as this, which he said in 1860: "I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to. . . ."

And words he spoke in 1858: "They established these great self-evident truths, (so) that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the human and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built."

And words he spoke in 1857: "In those days (of the American Revolution) our Declaration of Independence was held sacred by all, and thought to include all; but now, to aid in making the bondage of the Negro universal and eternal, it is assailed, and sneered at, and hawked at, and torn, till, if its framers could rise from their graves, they could not at all recognize it."

Following the Civil War the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution freed the Negroes from chattel slavery, only to give them over to wage slavery, and in some parts of the country even to peonage. The Fifteenth Amendment gave them the vote, only to leave them to the mercy of local rulers who have found devices for taking it away from them.

The problems of Lincoln's time are not so different from those of our time. It has been estimated that there were about two thousand anti-slavery societies with about two hundred thousand members before the war. About three hundred thousand signed



anti-slavery petitions. So many of our best can not now be successful by the middle class measure of being well-to-do; so many of our best are drawn to the struggle for human betterment.

February is more honored for containing Lincoln's birthday than for any other reason. February twelfth is also the birthday of Frederick Douglass, the great Negro leader. This year a Southern Youth Congress, organized by the National Negro Congress, is being held in Richmond, Virginia, February 12 to 14. It will act on the major problems of the Negro youth: segregation, lynching, unemployment, denial of equal rights.

Will those who attend please write us about it? Our readers of all races want a full report of the convention. And will all those who can, please help us to reach Negroes who are still unorganized and isolated in their fight for equality, and bring them into touch with their active friends?

## LABOR PAYS PRICE OF A. F. of L. SPLIT

THE WORKERS ARE already paying the price of the split in the A. F. of L. leadership. The General Motors auto plants are completely tied up with a "sit-down" strike against the cruel and inhuman belt system, indiscriminate hiring and firing, and sub-standard wages, and are demanding job security by collective bargaining. Gates and doors are locked and protected by gunmen guards, but wives and friends bring food which goes in through windows via ladders. The guards and police tried to starve the workers out by stopping the en-

## NAZI GARBAGE PAILS

THE SIGHT of Nazi officials snooping around garbage pails must indeed be edifying. They are being led to this course of action by frantic fears of what results the present food crisis in Germany might lead to.

The German government announces: "Discarded food still is found in garbage pails, especially pieces of bread. This must not be. Bread must be treated as a gift from earth. Save every crust of bread."

About a year ago, Minister Herman Goering announced that, as far as he was concerned, he was ready to promise never to touch butter if it helped in the acquisition of cannon, shells, airplanes." He urged the German housewives to do likewise, and recently has pointed to the loss of twenty pounds of weight as the result of this denial.

Such are the inescapable accompaniments of Fascism. No doubt many a German housewife and working woman has lost pounds; no doubt many a German worker has had to draw in his belt because of the scarcity of food and lack of money to buy enough of what food there may be. Meanwhile, Germany's armaments program goes on at feverish speed in order to satisfy the monster, Fascism, and his twin offspring, Starvation and War.

trance of food, and used terror, beatings, guns and tear gas against the strikers. And into this picture steps the "leader" of the organized labor movement. Mr. Green, president of the A. F. of L., issued a statement that the auto strike was unauthorized and therefore illegal, and John P. Frey ordered the craft union men in the struck plants to GO BACK TO WORK! Who do these "labor leaders" help—the workers? No! They are helping the auto barons to keep their plants going.

There is a way around this kind of thing. You workers, yourselves, should set up workers committees to interview the workers in those Frey craft unions. Work out plans for UNITY. You have no quarrel with each other. Stand together, united, and face your common enemy—the plundering, grasping, exploiting auto barons.

# One - Way Cooperation

By Dale Curran

The management of Consumers Cooperative Services takes an anti-labor stand and puts the whole cooperative movement in jeopardy.

PICKETS ON A FROSTY January day marching up and down in front of a neat little restaurant that bears over the door the words "Consumers Cooperative Services, Inc." Placards saying: "This restaurant unfair to organized labor." The general public looked puzzled. The members of New York's foremost cooperative organization in the food field were upset and very angry.

Such things just couldn't be; it didn't make sense. But when you questioned the pickets you began to learn.

Cashiers and counter-girls earning as little as ten dollars a week. Twenty-five per cent of all C.C.S. workers on part-time, earning below \$15. Insecurity on the job, constant arbitrary transfers, a labor turnover that would stagger any commercial venture. Subtle discrimination against Negro workers. And, behind a mask of liberal impartiality, an iron-clad opposition to organized labor.

The actual details of the strike follow closely the pattern of the average labor struggle in a frankly commercial industry. There was the friendly talk from the management, pointing out that the workers didn't really need "outside" union organizers to settle their problems; there were veiled threats when organization continued. And then there was direct and swift action.

No worker has ever been fired for union activity, not even by U. S. Steel or General Motors. But by a strange coincidence Jeanette Freeman, Fred Lord, William Davis and Eileen Walker were found inefficient, careless, or insufficiently interested in the ideals of the cooperative movement just at the time they were seen wearing union buttons and holding private talks with other workers. Then eight out of thirteen eligible workers of the 25th Street branch walked out and the strike was on.

Meanwhile a portion of the general membership—those who in return for a ten-dollar investment have the privilege of a rebate on money spent in the cafeterias and, presumably, a voice in the management—had been aroused by the bad labor conditions. It was pointed out that the workers, as members of C.C.S., were a small minority, that they had special interests which could be protected only through union organization. At a membership meeting in October a resolution was passed ap-

## Learn from Rochdale Weavers

C. C. S. HAS DEPARTED widely from the original model, the Rochdale weavers of England, who set out to feed and shelter themselves in opposition to the exploiting employers of their town. They were first of all united in the economic field in which they earned their living. The movement grew and spread, until today the foremost countries of Europe have consumers' cooperatives which sometimes play a leading part in the whole distribution system of a country. In Sweden, in Denmark, in England and in the Soviet Union, these cooperatives are solidly rooted on the principle of trade unionism for workers and producers. In setting up the mere form of a cooperative, the framework without the foundation, C.C.S. is building dangerously toward a collapse.

proving the principle of unionization and stating the intention of dealing with any union selected by the workers. But that declaration of policy was immediately violated by the management, which has consistently refused to deal with Local 302, Cafeteria Employees Union, A. F. of L., or to reinstate the locked-out workers.

ORGANIZED INTO the Membership Labor Committee, a progressive portion of the C.C.S. membership continued to work for some kind of settlement. They held meetings with the board of directors, asking only that the closed branch be reopened and the striking workers reinstated. Their efforts to save the good name of C.C.S. met with evasion and refusal.

By a campaign of intimidation, the union membership in the remaining cafeterias has been driven underground. A company union to be known as the Cooperative Workers' Council is being promoted. Meanwhile, the alert boys and girls from behind desk and counter are out there on the picket line. And the membership begins to wonder who's to blame for this disgraceful, mismanaged mess that is making the whole cooperative movement ridiculous.

Mary Ellicott Arnold, general manager of C.C.S., is an estimable lady who has devoted her life to the cooperative movement: that is, she has built up a chain of restaurants and out of the profits erected an expensive apartment house. Unity with other cooperative movements, either producers' or consumers', she regards as out of her field.

The ingratitude evidenced when the workers talked about unions cut Miss Arnold to the heart. She called in some of the more vocal ones and reasoned with them.

"The peaceful methods of cooperation" said Miss Arnold, "will secure more for the worker than can be gained through struggle between employer and employee or through the delegation of authority to another movement.

"But if cooperation is to accomplish its objectives it must do so through its own machinery and must demand that first loyalty of its members both as consumers and as workers which any great movement working for social change must have."

Now, if C.C.S. is to make any pretension of being "a great movement working for social change" it should have recognized long ago that it is only a small unit in the whole cooperative movement, a movement that must of necessity include all the producers' cooperatives; farmers, milkmen, fruit-growers, etc. Also it must cooperate with the numerous organizations in the retail field. Then there is the Consumers' Union in the advisory field, taking the place of the late unlamented Consumers Research which committed suicide by its anti-labor stand. And neither last nor least come the labor unions, themselves the oldest, strongest, and ideologically soundest of all movements for cooperation.

Miss Arnold flatly assumes that a labor union is something outside of and opposed to the Cooperative movement. But we must produce before we can consume and surely the organization that enables us to earn a living deserves and gets our first loyalty. For the workers in C.C.S., that organization must be a labor union.

*As we go to press we learn that the strike at Consumers Cooperative Services has been settled with the union.*

*Congratulations to the workers at C.C.S. and their labor union.*

# What a French Town Did for Its Children

By Verne Lee

Here is how parents in a People's Front town were able to give children a better break.

A CLATTERING AUTOMOBILE raced along the skiddy highway. Through the windows we could see women in thin-soled, high-heeled shoes, mincing through the crowded streets, drenched to the knees, and often without overcoat or umbrella, soaked to the shoulders. It was certainly too stifling to wear any sort of extra coat, and the absence of umbrellas might be due to the suddenness of the storm, but why such impractical shoes? Well, French women are like that; this is the footwear they use, rain or shine, city street or country lane.

We bumped over a couple of bridges in a brilliant interval between showers. A backward glance revealed the Church of Notre Dame in a halo of golden light shooting out from between menacing clouds. This reflected in the river a pattern of shimmering depths, which disappeared the next instant as a cloud blew across the sun. We continued our precarious way towards the outskirts of Paris.

In a crowded suburb called the gate of something or other, we began to climb a slight incline. The engine gave a snort, knocked loudly, and demanded second gear. We pulled slowly to the summit. A sudden swerve to the left, several loudly honking horns, some unprintable words, and we

were safely chugging up a gravel slope.

The car parked in a big open square. Where was I? Could this really still be Paris or was I in some entirely new world? The town hall which confronted me was draped from roof to ground, from pinnacle to portico, in red flags! Nor were these flags left in their pristine plainness, in case you should mistake their significance. There was a hammer and sickle on one, three broad arrows on another, the Phrygian bonnet of the French Revolution on a third, and then, as if to remind us that we were still on French soil, a large tricolor of red, white and blue draped the newly erected platform.

"Some united front you've got here, only the Church is missing!" As if in answer to my remark, a small child appeared, taking some hammer and sickle emblems to the decorators in one corner of the yard. She wore a little gold chain around her neck. On this chain were three medallions—one of St. Christopher, one of the Virgin, and the third I could not quite distinguish without seeming rude.

"She's from the patronnage we've come to see," my guide explained. "What's a patronnage?" I asked. The comrade smiled, not so much at my ignorance perhaps as at the way he had whisked me out

here without any explanations, knowing that I had come to see what was being done for the children of Paris under the new regime.

The patronnages are organizations to take care of French children on Thursdays, and Sundays too, if their parents so desire. Thursday and not Saturday is the legal holiday from school in France. This custom was instituted when public education became compulsory after the Paris Commune of 1871. Since the education had to be strictly non-religious and the Roman Catholic Church was still very powerful, it was able to influence legislation to establish the patronnage. For what is a working mother to do with her children on Thursdays? She did just what the Church meant her to do, she sent them to the Roman Catholic patronnage, where they had a good time in a playground, and received religious teaching besides.

WE ENTERED a large gravel-coated playground. There were perhaps one hundred children playing on swings and balances, hanging around the fence or having games of checkers and lotto in a hall. A bronze-faced, blue-eyed peasant was settling a dispute, while a woman handed out bread and chocolate to the children near her.

"Why don't priests or nuns take care of this sort of work?" I asked. "Oh, this is one of the lay patronnages," my companion explained. "Since thirty of the districts around Paris returned Communist Mayors we have had very active lay patronnages as well as those run by the priests. The religious one is across the way; we are quite friendly with them, and some of the children of parents who go regularly to mass attend our patronnage."

"Why do you say 'our'?"

"Because these lay patronnages are run largely by the Communists, since the municipality, which is Communist, is responsible for them."

"What's the advantage for Catholic children in coming to the Communist playground?"

"Free lunches, paid for out of municipal funds," was the answer.



Dining room of the Karl Marx School at Villejuif.





*Dining room of the Karl Marx School at Villejuif.*

On our way to the next place of interest, we passed through the Hooverville of Paris, a district which forms a ring around the city, just outside the old walls. Here were what at first appeared to be little shanties, charmingly overgrown with vines and flowers, but which on closer examination turned out to be lean-tos of old bits of corrugated iron without any real doors or windows, no fireplaces for cold weather heating, no water. But the flowers were real; it seemed that the pleasure of gardens, culled from goodness knows where and carefully tended, was the only joy within the reach of these unemployed workers. It is these municipalities that have turned to the election of Communist mayors.

Our next stopping-place was in front of a magnificent building, modernistic, and so handsome that it seemed inconsistent with the rest of the surroundings. The district was another suburb of Paris, with rows of poor houses, some arid but cultivated fields, cheap general stores and, of course, cafes.

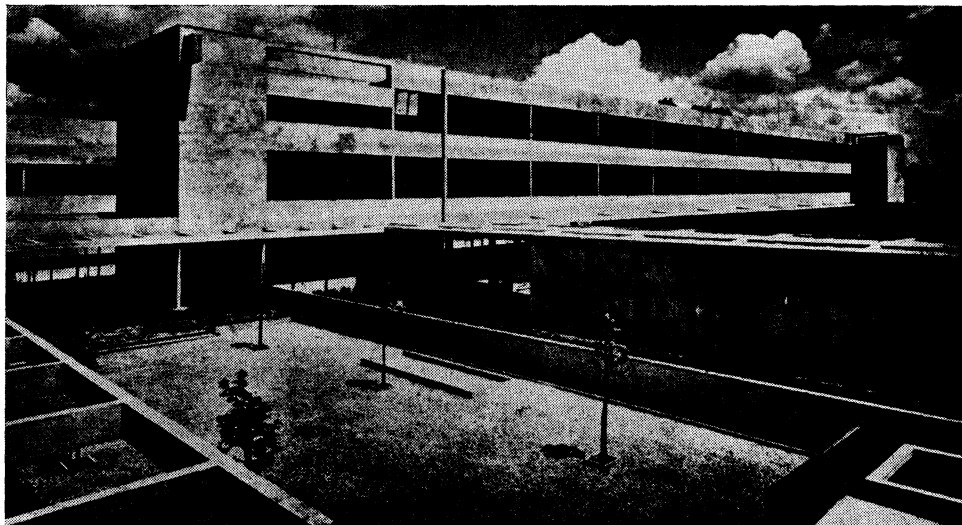
The large edifice, with its rows of windows circling the concrete at different levels, was the prize school in all France. There was a model kindergarten with everything a small person needs, from little low chairs to a rabbit pen. On the opposite side of the road an enormous stadium opened out, with a spacious gymnasium, numerous showers, and raised seats from which to witness bicycle races, running contests and football games. This school is named for Karl Marx. It is far and away the best school in the country.

A long ride brought us, this time, out into the open country. We began to approach the forest of Fontainebleau, the healthiest district near Paris. This was the area chosen by the rich for their châteaux. In fact our auto, still holding out remarkably well, came to a stop outside a small chateau, with carefully laid out beds of blue flowers and red-leaved plants. A long path led up to the front door.

No liveried lackey came to answer our ring, but a rosy-cheeked peasant, clad in overalls and a shirt open at the neck. We presented our note of introduction from one of the Communist mayors. "Come in, comrades," he welcomed us, "the kiddies are at rest." We looked out into a shady arbor and saw about thirty children between the ages of six and sixteen lying down on camp beds, and listening to a story read by a pleasant-faced young woman.

The comrade in charge led us all over this converted chateau, which had been acquired by a Communist municipality and used as a rest home or sanitarium for ailing children of the district.

The children come to stay from three to six months at a time. When a child returns to his home, the same doctor who has attended him here follows up the case. Un-



*The Karl Marx School at Villejuif as it looks from the outside.*

fortunately the poverty is so great that little permanent improvement is noticed after the children return home. However, many a child has been saved from pernicious disease by these months in healthy surroundings.

A BUZZ OF child voices announced the end of rest and preparations for the afternoon walk in the forest, when "gouté", the tea time bread and chocolate, was carried along. We hurried through the dining room with its decorative plates on the walls, bearing likenesses of Marx and Lenin, to the group of children lined up in red berets for the walk. On the pine-needled turf, where the sunlight danced through the boughs, we played games, sang songs, listened to stories, as an active game was followed by a quiet occupation. The circle of children with pale faces and long, weak limbs seemed to grow in health and strength as we watched them in that kindly atmosphere. Their frightened looks turned to confidence here where adult and child, adult and adult, acted so much as equal to equal. The children know no other name for the adults with them than "Comrade," and when they returned to their homes and perhaps to the Church "Monsieur l'Abbé" must have been not a little amused to be included in the category "Mon Camarade". On the other hand, new patients drawn from the Catholic Patronnage at first called the workers at the chateau "Monsieur l'Abbé"!

Here was a genuine united front, an absence of discrimination. There was no hard feeling because of the background of the child, no attempt to undo religious teaching, although of course none was given. On the other hand, there was no propaganda or instruction of any sort: rest, good food, open air, quiet and freedom were the means of education towards new health and new ideas. At first, the children

were afraid of the shower, never having seen one before. When the children went home, they demanded more adequate washing, attention to teeth, and fresh clothes.

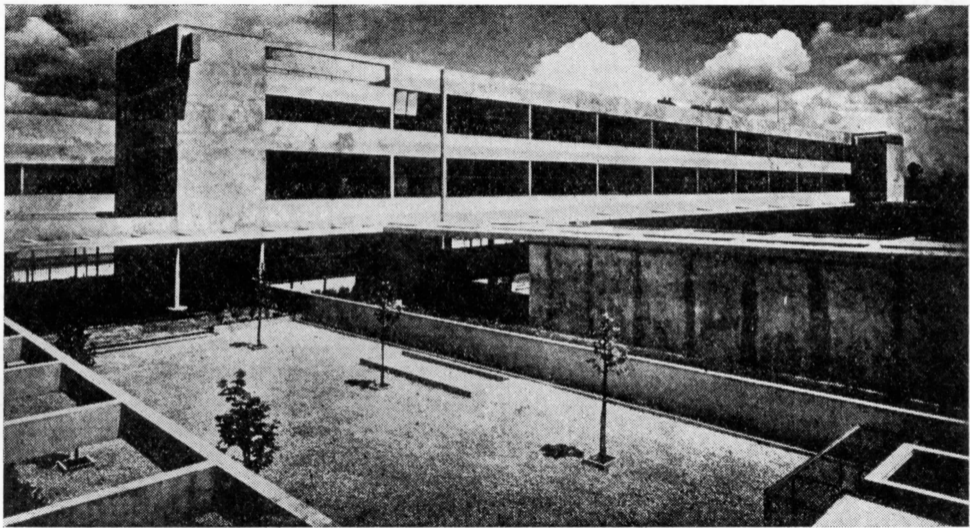
These improvements are only a beginning, but the trend is obvious. Where the bourgeois mayors spent their first municipal funds on a fine town hall, high salaried executives, and other personal glorification, the communist mayors have strained every purse-string to take immediate care of child welfare. Within a short time they have made possible a model school, free lunches, a sanitarium, and patronnages which devote themselves to the consideration of the child himself, instead of preparing him for the next world or the next war.

## LADY MILLIONAIRES

*(Continued from page 3)*

fight for an adequate program of unemployment and old age insurance will again be taken up, as well as the continuation and expansion of the Works Progress Administration, and numerous other problems of vital concern to the majority of Americans. Representatives of the industrial and financial rulers and Chambers of Commerce will demand a reduction in the budget and declare themselves—to the accompaniment of loud newspaper fanfare—against a rise in taxes (meaning, of course, taxes such as they and the ladies described in this story can well afford to pay).

On the other side will stand the workers organized in trade unions, and unemployed, housewives' and farmers' groups. They will demand and support an adequate security program, with moneys for its financing secured by the imposition of steeply graded taxes so that the approximately 14,170 millionaires and multi-millionaires in the United States today will pay a more proportionate share toward the security of those who work.



*The Karl Marx School at Villejuif as it looks from the outside.*



## THE WOMEN'S CHARTER

(Continued from page 3)

leisure class to oppose all legislation against night work, might well have studied the whole question in their trade union. The result would probably have been support by them for a limitation against exploitation of women in canneries and in laundries by prolonging the day's work far into the night, and in other low-paid industries.

The preamble should be carefully read, since it shows that the aim is not to promote such standards for women alone, but "to bring nearer the time of their establishment for all." The intention is to leave the women in industry free to determine in the various nations of the world, in the light of the attitude of the labor movement at the time, what type of legislation can be secured which will move forward the slow rate of advance toward better standards.

**T**HE FEMINIST MOVEMENT has reached a turning point. Current history shows us that almost overnight, as in Germany, for example, all the gains of women in the last half-century can be swept away. There is need for combining the best in three movements which have tended in the past to emphasize their differences rather than their fundamental common aim, namely, feminism, which has occupied itself mainly with political and civil rights; the movement for social reform, which has sought to embody in legislation the provisions necessary to correct the special exploitation of women in industry; and the trade union movement, particularly the women membership of that movement, which in this country has fully accepted in its program the twofold means of advance through collective bargaining and trade union organization and through labor legislation. As rapidly as the trade union movement has accepted labor legislation for men as well, women workers have been ready to join in this effort; but failing this they have been unwilling to forego the opportunity at least to raise the level at the bottom and hence to help maintain standards for all workers. The N.R.A. experience, in which the codes set a lower rate for women as compared with men, suffices to show that the mere enactment of a law covering men and women is not enough to secure equality for women.

The group of feminists already mentioned, organized in the National Woman's Party, have asked for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, declaring that "men and women shall have equal rights." This amendment has been opposed by organizations of women in industry and by social and civic organizations, on the ground that it would result in declaring many labor laws unconstitutional.



In view of recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court, certainly it is not safe to give any more basis than now exists for nullifying labor laws. The "equal rights" treaty put forward for international action would probably similarly endanger the draft conventions for labor legislation, which have a special significance in the areas of colonial exploitation of women workers. This movement for consistent equality, however, is important to all women and should be supported by women in industry. Indeed, it is consistent with the Women's Charter, if a new proposal for such an amendment could be drafted without jeopardizing the movement for labor legislation. In any event a program of legislation to achieve these aims would be needed whether the Constitution is amended or not.

We could have made far greater progress in this country toward political and civil equality if the exponents of the equal rights amendment had not confused the issue by going outside the field of political and civil rights and attacking in the industrial field the program put forward by women in industry. It is a wholly false conflict which has been engendered as between equality in political and civil rights and the raising of standards of employment through legislation. Indeed, the coming of fascism shows that political and civil rights are swept away when the basic economic conditions make for exploitation of men and women alike. Political and civil rights for women will never be won or assured until we learn the necessity for controlling economic conditions and establishing basic security of livelihood.

## STATEMENTS FROM LEADING WOMEN ON THE CHARTER

(Continued from page 7)

nothing better than a general acceptance of the idea that women workers are as well able to protect themselves as men and need no special legislation. Once that idea was thoroughly sold to women, many of the bosses' troubles would be over. Because unfortunately, women are *not* able, at this stage of their development as industrial workers, to compete on equal terms with men. And the bosses know it. Women are less well organized. They are considered less valuable in most industrial jobs. They are subject to certain physical handicaps—most particularly the handicap of childbearing. They are newer in the field and less sure of their power. These impediments exist in reality, and many more exist in the minds of employers.

All this means just one thing: that employers are able to increase the hours of women and depress their pay beyond any decent standards if such actions are not prevented by law. And this means one more thing: that the standards of all labor tend to sink to the levels applied to women. So that the general scale of living, as well as the fate of women workers themselves, is directly influenced by such laws as the Women's Charter recommends.

Men must learn that their women fellow workers will be dangerous competitors only as long as they are unorganized, underpaid, and overworked. They don't know it yet and I wish the Women's Charter had helped to bring it home to them.

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### MARGARET LAMONT

Member of the Socialist Party

**T**HE CHARTER SHOWS clearly that the question of equality of rights for women as human beings cannot be viewed in isolation. It must be considered in the light of the possibilities for eliminating the exploitation of men, women and children in society as a whole, and for establishing a broad and solid base of security and opportunity for those who do the physical and mental work of the world.

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### GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Author

**T**HE CHARTER is a document that will mark a milepost in the forward advance of women all over the world. *The old feminism is dead; long live the new feminism.* The fault of the old feminism was that it expressed only the needs of middle class women. It spoke of women

apart from their relationship to the rest of the world—it kept them in a vacuum. The new feminism, through this charter, sees the cause of women as the cause of all toiling humanity. And by making clear the plight of women, which is the plight of one of the most exploited sections of the masses, it cuts in at a vital spot in a larger issue. Therefore this charter deserves our support.

### THYRA EDWARDS

National Negro Congress

THAT THE WOMEN'S CHARTER indicates a progressive move to draw women of all classes and interests together for concerted and intelligent action on a program for their general security and protection is undebatable.

However, in introducing a movement of such portent it is expedient to clarify and emphasize scope and relationships clearly and to set up safeguards from the very beginning, guaranteeing these objectives and gains to every woman in the population.

This charter calls for FULL POLITICAL AND CIVIL RIGHTS without discrimination as to sex. Yet it is a recognized fact that the Negro population residing in the Southern States are denied all political and civil rights. (And except for the sustained protests of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the International Labor Defense, this condition is pretty generally accepted.) Well over half of the 12 million Negroes in the United States live in these States. Thus more than half of the Negro women of the United States are barred from participation in political life not only because of sex discrimination but with the added burden of race discrimination.

The entire charter might be reviewed pointing out the loopholes through which, as the Charter now stands, a large section of the female population could be excluded from the security and protection which the charter seeks to obtain. The above references, however, are sufficient to indicate the expediency of an amendment insuring inclusion of all the women in the population. Such an amendment should provide that the social and economic objectives sought by the charter are to be guaranteed WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION BECAUSE OF SEX, RACE, RELIGION, CREED OR POLITICAL BELIEF.

Such an amendment is particularly necessary at this period with the resistance of reactionary forces against all liberal, democratic and progressive elements. It is not merely a guarantee to Negro women but to other racial and religious groups who are more and more exposed to Fascist attack and reactionary discrimination.

### ROSE NELSON

Progressive Women's Councils

THE DRAFT of the Women's Charter, issued by the Joint Conference Group of Women, will most certainly be welcomed by progressive women, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. It gives us a program around which to rally millions of women in industry and home against suppression and oppression wherever it exists. The charter embodies the hopes of every woman for equal opportunity—in industry, education, and the security of livelihood. It should become a tremendous factor in the world-wide fight against fascism, which would relegate women to the position of tenth-class citizens with no more rights than chattel slaves.

### Joint Conference Group in the United States for the Women's Charter Acting Individually

Mary Anderson, Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

Helen W. Atwater, American Home Economics Association

Helen Judy Bond, American Home Economics Association

Selma Borchardt, American Federation of Teachers

Linna Brette, National Council of Catholic Women

Mrs. Arthur Brin, National Council of Jewish Women

Elisabeth Christman, National Women's Trade Union League

Edith Valet Cook, National League of Women Voters

Frances Cummings, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

Josephine Junkin Doggett, General Federation of Women's Clubs

Elsie Harper, Young Women's Christian Association

Anne Hartwell Johnstone, National League of Women Voters

Dorothy Kenyon, Consumers' League of New York

Lucy R. Mason, National Consumers' League

Elizabeth May, American Association of University Women

Dorothy McConnell, Women's Committee, American League Against War and Fascism

Frieda S. Miller, Division of Women in Industry and Minimum Wage, New York State Department of Labor.

Elizabeth Morrissy, National Council of Catholic Women.

Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon, Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

Agnes G. Regan, National Council of Catholic Women

Henrietta Roelofs, Young Women's Christian Association

Rose Schneiderman, National Women's Trade Union League

Mary Van Kleeck, Inter-Professional Association

Charl O. Williams, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

Organizations are now being asked to endorse the charter. For further information about the charter write to any one of the above names.

### ISOBEL WALKER SOULE

Author

IN MY OPINION one of the healthiest signs I have witnessed over a long period is the Women's Charter. I commend this group of realists who drafted the charter for their realization of what we need and their effort to rectify it. I sincerely hope to see women of all groups give their active support to the charter not only with encouragement but also by direct action.

### ROSE WORTIS

Communist Party

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER lays the basis for a broad movement to unite women on their vital demands, but for better effectiveness it is necessary for the charter committee to bring the charter before the women in industry in order to give life and substance to the major issues. It is a great step forward to unite women on progressive measures for their welfare.

### MARGARET SANGER

President of National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control. An excerpt from a statement made to "The Woman Today" on the Charter.

FOR MILLIONS OF mothers too poor, too weak, too inarticulate to demand their liberties because they are crushed under the double burden of poverty and child-bearing, they can never have full political or civil rights, never full opportunity for education, no freedom to enlarge their talents or submerged abilities until the function of child-bearing comes under control. Until that function of her being, the procreative power, is under her complete control woman can never hope to aspire to the heights of her own spiritual destiny.

### JUSTINE WISE TULIN

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER clears the air. It is frankly concerned with the rights and needs of women workers and not with the theoretical rights or fancied wrongs of any group of specially privileged women. The equality of women means nothing apart from the social and economic factors which determine their lives, and those who are earnestly concerned with increasing the usefulness and fullness of life for women workers know that whatever social legislation can be secured will only serve as a limited check against their special exploitation.

The charter is sponsored by women workers and experts who concern themselves with the problems of women workers. They see the problems clearly and have provided a sound program of action.

## THE DEBUTANTE

(Continued from page 17)

Then suddenly, or it seemed a very sudden thing to Susy's mother, her daughter began staying at home in the evenings. The telephone continued to ring at intervals during the day, but the person at the other end always turned out to be a woman or girl with an invitation to a luncheon or bridge where there would be no men.

Susy's mother began to look at her questioningly. Though Mrs. Ellison said nothing out loud, Susy felt that a question was being hurled at her, like an object. "Where are all the young men?" Susy's mother seemed to be asking.

For a week Susy went to her room at 9 o'clock and locked the door. There, alone, she kept thinking over the things that had happened when she was out with young men, trying to find out what mistakes she had made and pretending that she had it all to do over again, when she said and did the right things in order to fascinate them. She blamed herself entirely and was miserable over her failure to become a belle as her mother had been.

After a week of miserable lonely evenings in her room Susy began to stay downstairs with her parents. Her father was glad to have his daughter. Nothing made him happier than to sit in the library with his wife by his side and his daughter across the room. But because she had done without it for several years, Susy had lost interest in reading. For five years she had been trained to buy clothes, go to parties, think about young men and look forward to marriage, with herself as the prize. But, sitting in the library with her father and mother, Susy did not feel like a prize. She felt as if she were frozen in ice, like people she had read about falling in the crevice of a glacier and appearing years afterward encased in ice, perfect and unchanged, yet undoubted corpses.

Mrs. Ellison loved her daughter, but Susy's presence in the house in the evenings when the daughters of other mothers were at a dance or out with young men irritated her, and Susy understood this. At night when she went wearily to bed her mother followed her to her room. And now Mrs. Ellison did not hurl silent questions but asked in a falsely cheerful voice, "What has become of this young man or that young man?" And Susy would answer, "I don't know."

One evening when Mrs. Ellison had arranged with one of her girlhood friends to have her son ask Susy to the Country Club for a dance, she gave Susy advice. "Men like to talk about themselves," she said. "Ask them to tell you about their work, or whether they have gone hunting recently."

"But it isn't the hunting season," Susy objected.

"Well—anything, then," her mother said vaguely, and rather fretfully, "only make them feel how handsome and attractive they are to you."

SUSY WAS PRETTY, but her features needed an inner enthusiasm to make them really attractive and significant. And she had no real inner enthusiasm and no material on which to build it. So even when the sons of friends were persuaded or bribed to take her to a dance, they made her feel that it was not exactly a pleasure, as indeed it was not.

Susy's mother attended one of the dances at the Country Club, and when she saw how her daughter was left to sit out some of the dances while other girls not nearly so pretty had plenty of beaux, she wondered bitterly if there was any justice left in the world.

At home she spoke to Susy—"I am so glad," she said. "You are not like those other girls who make themselves common and promiscuous, only in order to get the attention of men."

These words comforted Susy and that very night she began to think of herself as superior to other girls, different, with some mysterious and unusual fate reserved for her as a reward for her fastidious care of herself. This thought almost, not quite, conquered the misery of having sat alone in a chair or in the dressing room at dances.

But days went by and months, and two whole years, and still the mysterious and unusual destiny did not materialize. Vaguely, without acknowledging it to herself, Susy began to blame her mother for her loneliness. She became more reserved and at last refused to go out to parties in the day and took very little interest in buying new clothes. Her mother—that was in the Spring, nearly two years after her debut—told all their friends that Susy had a nervous breakdown, and put her to bed where she was either silent or broke out into sobs that she could not control. The doctor advised a change and Susy's mother decided to send her for a visit to a cousin in New York City.

Susy spent six weeks in New York, and when she returned appeared to be strong and well again and in the best spirits. Welcomed lovingly by her mother and affectionately by her father she felt quite happy. All day she went about the house enthusiastically noticing every small change her mother had made, the flowers that had been put in her room, the new curtains at the dining room windows, the new set of porch furniture which had been ordered especially for her. She answered telephone calls from friends, and told about the men she had met, the plays they had taken her to see, and night clubs. The evening of the day she returned was spent in a loving at-

mosphere of reunion with her father and mother, aided by some friends who came in to welcome her.

Susy's mother followed her to her room when the company had left and while she undressed they talked more intimately about the visit. After she had tucked Susy in bed Mrs. Ellison sat beside it and Susy told her all the details of the visit. Mrs. Ellison had been controlling herself all day, and found it hard to continue to do so, but she waited patiently until Susy had finished all the details and then asked, "And was there any young man you especially liked?"

Susy hung her head and blushed. "No," she whispered, knowing that her mother meant, "Was there any young man who especially liked you?"

For almost four days, the father, mother and daughter were closely united. Susy met all her friends, who were enthusiastic about seeing her, and she was enthusiastic about seeing them. She went to bridge parties and teas where she and her new dresses from the New York shops were the center of attention. But on the fifth day a girl, just returned from a series of dances at the university, told of her conquests and all the attention which had been Susy's was transferred to the newer arrival. Suddenly, at the bridge table, Susy had a curious feeling of flatness, as if she were a toy balloon that had burst and shriveled.

AT HOME SHE WENT TO HER ROOM, for since that unexplainable feeling had come over her she did not wish to meet anyone. While she was alone in her room some thoughts she had been pushing away from her began to insist on being heard. These thoughts were not clear, and perhaps could not be called thoughts at all. But she was disturbed. She no longer felt that sense of superiority to other girls who were what her mother called promiscuous. She even began to question her mother's judgment and wonder if they were really inferior people. If so they seemed contented in their inferiority, really quite happy. If they were wicked and low, they seemed contented with being so. The thought that disturbed Susy especially was that inferior people could be happy. For the first time she wondered if superiority was worth the pains one had to take to achieve it.

She locked her door, and refused to go down to supper though her mother sent the maid and then came up herself to knock on the door and beg Susy to come down. She would not. She lay on the bed, her head pushed half-way under a pillow, not crying, but with her head burning so she was almost stifled, not by the pillow, but by the form her thoughts and feelings were taking.

While she was in New York an assistant critic on one of the newspapers had taken



Susy to a play. It was not exactly a happy play, for it was about workers who were striking, and their wives and sweethearts, who did not have an easy life, as Susy's had been. There seemed nothing for her to envy about them, yet the whole atmosphere of the play impressed her as one of freedom, of people learning to know themselves and to know their place in the world. Susy did not understand or know the world or why things happened as they did and unconsciously she envied these people who seemed to have learned and to have been set free by the knowledge. Also in the theater that evening there was a feeling of freedom in the audience which affected Susy. In some places in the theatre men sat with their arms about their sweethearts or wives, frankly affectionate. At the time Susy did not know that this affected her at all except to disgust her. She said to herself, "Why was I brought here? Did my escort think that I am vulgar like these people who show their love in public places. And why did he bring me to a play about common workers?"

In spite of these objections the play and the whole atmosphere of the theatre affected her with that sense of freedom, though she did not acknowledge it, and complained to her friends about the play and even laughed about it and the audience, making fun of them.

And during the first days at home she had entirely forgotten about the whole matter. But that evening when she locked the door of her room and lay on the bed with her face burning she thought of the play and the young men and women who talked so freely and, as it seemed to her, so happily to each other in the foyer of the theatre during the intermissions.

She thought of that play and yet she had forgotten or almost forgotten what it was about. It was only the sense of freedom that she remembered. And as she felt that over again she thought of a man she had met some time before.

He was a fascinating man about forty years old and she had danced with him several times after her debut. He was one of those men who have never denied themselves anything, and who are especially attracted to young girls. He had been attentive to Susy, but though he was of good family, and had position and wealth, and was invited everywhere, Susy's father and mother had refused to allow him to come to the house. Among their friends it was whispered that he went to houses of prostitution, and that at one time he had had an unmentionable disease.

Susy did not know this, though at the time when her mother had refused to let him come to the house such things had been hinted about him.

While she was lying on the bed with her head half under the pillow Susy thought

of this man and she pictured herself, saw pictures of herself, doing certain things. She would go to this man and say, "I want to be free," and she would meet him in some mysterious place without the knowledge of her father and mother. She would "give herself to him." Susy whispered these words, though she did not know exactly what she meant by them. But the thought of giving herself made her feel wicked and free. "I will go to the devil," she said to herself painfully and joyfully, because for some reason the thought of "giving herself" of "going to the devil" made her feel sorrowful and joyfully free at the same time. But she knew in herself that she would never have the courage to get beyond the door of the house or her mother's opinions.

"What on earth do you want?" her mother asked Susy many times during the following weeks when Susy refused invitations to parties. During those long weeks she would not eat regularly and as the days went on she became pale and was nervous and continually complaining.

"What do you want?" her mother asked for the hundredth time. She stamped her foot at her daughter for she had lost all patience with her. "You have everything a girl could want, a loving father and mother, a beautiful home, exquisite clothes. What is it you want?"

#### LATE BUT STILL NEWS

An invitation was extended to THE WOMAN TODAY to attend a Union Label Exhibit in Washington, D. C., for Nov. 17 to 19, which was gladly accepted.

This exhibit was initiated by the women in the Washington Union Label League, who are staunch advocates of buying union made goods only, and booths carried displays of union made products.

Those who participated were the Washington Trade Union League, the Women's Auxiliary of the Bakers Union, the Women's Bureau of the Labor Department, many unions affiliated to the Central Trades and Labor Council and local merchants who sell union made merchandise only.

The purpose of the exhibit was to make men and women conscious of buying merchandise made by union help, as only under union conditions are workers guaranteed healthful surroundings and decent hours and wages. At the same time consumers are guaranteed a better quality of goods for their money.

The exhibit lasted three days and was very well attended by both men and women.

"To go to the . . ." Susy began but a look at her mother's face prevented her from finishing what she had begun to say. She had reached a place where she was completely different when alone, when she could imagine herself saying many wicked and defiant words. But with her mother present she was unable to speak. Yet her mother persisted in her efforts to find out the trouble. Susy was aware that her mother spoke to her friends complaining of her hard lot in having a daughter who was ill and indifferent to all social urges, and she resented those complaints.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Ellison asked Susy again.

This time Susy answered morosely, "I want to live."

"You do live," her mother insisted. Instantly after she had said those words she looked at Susy suspiciously. "Did you meet any fast men in New York?" she asked. "No," Susy answered vehemently.

"'I want to live,'" Susy's mother quoted satirically. "I can't understand what you mean. What is it you want? You know your father and I want to make you happy. We would give our lives to do that. But what is it you want?"

"I don't know," Susy answered. And what she said was the truth. She did not know.

**B**UT THIS SOMETHING in her which made her think these words she did not understand and which she could not say to her mother, nagged at her until she could scarcely swallow food. She became more nervous and had fits of screaming and laughing. Doctors were called in, but could do nothing for her. Finally, she went insane, imagining that she was a teapot. She insisted on discarding all her clothes, standing on one foot, bending her neck and curling her right arm forward for a spout, and her left arm backward for a handle for the teapot which in her disordered mind she sincerely thought herself to be.

The doctors said it was necessary to send her to a sanatorium. Susy's father and mother, bewildered, sorrowful, could think of nothing else to do. The doctors gave Susy an opiate and while she was under its influence her parents drove her the two hundred miles to the sanatorium and left her there.

On the way back, driving along the road which was cool and fragrant from the smell of new Spring leaves and new Spring flowers in the woods on either side, Susy's mother said to her husband, "When she gets well and comes home, we must have some young people in for supper. Perhaps you could ask that new young doctor who is so handsome. Is he of good family?"

Her husband answered, "Yes."

## CHINA'S JOAN OF ARC

(Continued from page 8)

In fluent English she describes the troubles of her country, the danger of extinction facing its people and culture if Japan gains control of China. She talks at length of the struggle to build a united national front excluding class lines for the defense of the country. Although much work still remains to be done in the forging of the national front, she believes that the greater part of it has been done and that it will be only a short time now until China presents a united opposition to Japan's encroachments.

But when it comes to talking of herself, it is a different matter. She cannot see that she is "news" in America, that people can be interested in her as a person apart from the Oriental situation. Personal questions give her great embarrassment, and she answers them only upon repeated assurances that the personal aspect is necessary to get her message into the press and to the public.

Upon her return to China, the twenty-two-year-old heroine will resume her college work. Afterwards, she hopes to be a journalist. "I've always dreamed of being a writer," she admits reluctantly. "I want to write about China's fight for liberation, the new ideals of Chinese young women, and literature."

When she reached America, she asked about getting American dresses and cold cream, although she uses no make-up, doesn't smoke and doesn't drink. But she was excited to learn that she could get silk stockings here for the same price she had been paying for lisle ones. In this country she wears the long, high-necked dress of China. Her parents, she admits, worry about her and, holding to the older traditions, do not approve of all her activities; but at the same time they, along with thousands of their countrymen, are very proud of her.

Having given out this much personal information, Loh Tsei is very apt indeed to rebel finally against the customs of the American press and return to her brilliant discourses on the Chinese situation. She has won the support of the American Student Union for the All-China Student Union, and various other American organizations are pledging their support. There are rumors that conservative Chinese are attempting to keep her from campaigning as thoroughly as she wishes in this country, but Loh Tsei is used to overcoming obstacles.

"I have to continue the work," she says earnestly, and that idea seems to dominate her every moment. American women would do well, in terms of their own coun-



try, to attempt duplication of the spirit and determination of China's fighting Joan of Arc.

## MRS. MAIN STREET STEPS OUT

(Continued from page 9)

enumerating all the nationalities and religions represented; she went into every detail of the decoration of the hall, a picture of "our founder, Mr. Barbusse, a French humanitarian," the inspiring effect of feeling that people all over the world were ready to protect the democratic ideals our own forefathers died for. . . . She started to ramble slightly in her talk . . . there was so much to tell.

"And all the wonderful leaders who spoke to us, and a wonderful little woman by the name of Bloor. Mrs. Bloor has been fighting all her life to better conditions of working people. Sometimes she has even been in jail because the authorities no doubt misunderstood her intentions.

"She isn't the kind to make trouble just for the sake of making trouble. She just wanted people to get their rights. She is a lovely little old lady, no higher than that," raising her hand to the level of her own bosom, "and she has the brightest twinkling eyes." Now the formal tone disappeared completely. She raced ahead, a little incoherent, as her voice rose with her own enthusiasm.

"It is incredible that a woman could go right into labor unions and then that in America anyone should dare to lay hands on a woman like that. They call her Mother Bloor, and that's what she is, a mother just like you, or you, or you, or me. She has even helped to organize men to strike, and her life has been in danger many times, *and*," Mrs. Bugbee leaned across the pulpit challengingly, almost

shouting at the little man in the back of the room, "she's perfectly lovely!"

THE MEN AND WOMEN in the audience listened with rapt attention. To some Mother Bloor was not an unknown figure. To most it was a revelation that a nice woman had helped to organize strikes.

From this day on, Mrs. Bugbee's usefulness to the Civic and Literary Club began to dwindle. Of course she organized a peace meeting there, and made a fine speech herself. And then, some of the people from the Civic and Literary Club came over to take a look at the League's meetings and a few of them stuck.

One time she took a batch of society women into a neighboring state to visit two women who were in prison for criminal syndicalism. She made a sensational report of conditions and again astounded her listeners by descriptions of the two women.

"Miss Drexel is a college girl, I'll have you know, and as cheerful and proud of being in prison as you or I would be if somebody gave us the Croix de Guerre. She could be just anything she wanted to be, but she's given it all up to fight for decent living standards for American workers."

A few months later Mrs. Bugbee rose spontaneously at a meeting and asked for contributions of food and clothing and money for forty-two P.W.A. workers who had been dismissed for a strike to protest a wage cut.

"One hundred and fifty-three individuals in these men's families are dependent on your aid." She told the story with her old statistical genius. Solemn and terrifying, she wagged her forefinger at the listening group as she swept on with new power:

"Remember, these men lost their jobs for trying to protect the wage levels and salary levels of all of us who work in any way for a living. No salaried employee, no school teacher, no clerk, no secretary, none of you is safe as long as those men's jobs are in danger."

## HAVE YOU A NURSERY IN YOUR TOWN?

(Continued from page 5)

book with bright pictures may allure him, a train of cars attract him, or a doll stimulate him to imitate the care of a younger baby at home. Some of the children gather around a teacher. Stories of the day, experiences repeated in the simplest words, are told. Some are put to tunes and sung.

Gradually the group playing or clustering about the teacher dwindles. Finally the last youngster buttons himself into his coat, and the nursery school day is over.

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## BEST SELLER

GONE WITH THE WIND.

By Margaret Mitchell.

Macmillan, \$3.

PEOPLE LOVE A good fairy story. The most popular one now going keeps two printing plants at work three 8-hour shifts a day, has used over 45 tons of board, 34,000 yards of cloth, 24 carloads of paper.

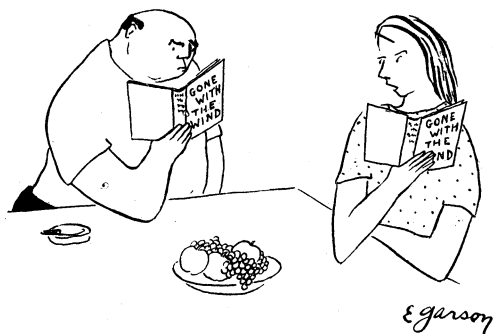
Imagine a time when practically everybody had at least ten dance dresses, servants, saddle horses, lived in a mansion where tables were always heavy with real silver, fried chicken and blackberry wine. Imagine this coming about easily, and everywhere.

Into such a dream world came Gerald O'Hara, poor and Irish. By playing a good game of poker, carrying his liquor well and making up his mind to it, he too got rich. Just like that! At the same time he was able to pay the gambling debts of all the young men in the neighborhood, and put out three thousand dollars so that one of his slaves could have the wife he wanted.

Gerald married a girl of 15. She had never so much as picked up her dirty clothes in her life, was ignorant (as ladies were) and helpless. Yet, when the care of Gerald's great but rundown mansion was suddenly hers, she put it to order with ease. Linens, silver, clothing, Winter food, gardens, servants were properly organized, all were well fed, well trained, doctored,

happy, on time, every emergency provided for—oh, it was marvelous what the little snip could do when she put her mind to it. P.S.—There was also a competent, unselfish, experienced and not at all ignorant "Mammy."

This fairy land existed before the civil war. Afterwards, all was different. The author then comes down to earth and the facts of the earth. Scarlet, the daughter of Gerald, is suddenly poor, and, gasping in her tight corset, she claws for a living. Not liking poverty, she decides to be rich. But she finds that she cannot get rich and remain a lady, nor even a decent woman. She must marry for the taxes, grab from her own kin, cheat the poor, use convict laborers, hire a man to starve and overwork them, and occasionally to whip one of them to death while she stops her ears and looks



"I TOLD YOU I'D BUY IT, DIDNT I?"

the other way. All this she finds necessary in order to get wealth.

Much of this part of the book is true. It is remarkable, though, that the author cannot see with the same clear eye how wealth was gotten *before* the war. The key to the resulting riddle of lies and truth is her blind spot about Negroes. She sees them as children, unable to build their own lives; she sees their owners as so kind they dared not breathe a word that might hurt the feelings of a slave; she sees it as good that colored babies went to the fields at the age of ten, schooling being unsuitable for them anyway.

Not one example of the mistreatment of slaves is shown; not one example of a slave, proud and wise, who wanted to be free. Negroes in the book sing "Go Down Moses" but the author seems not to understand what they mean. She evidently supposes they were singing about the Hebrews, and never suspects them of having their own Moses, and an underground railway into Canada and freedom.

She has heard, however, of overseers, and introduces two of them. They are not nice people, and she makes of one a villain to thicken the plot. But she never shows him at his job of getting wealth out of the backs of the field hands. In fact, we never see the field hands in action at all, only the results of their work decorating the tables and backs of their owners.

A million copies of *Gone With the Wind* were sold in six months. Of the uncounted millions who have read it, few probably recognize the novel as an argument for slavery. The old forms are safely gone, but new forms of slave labor are growing. Fascism will find many minds more friendly toward it because this book was read.

## Shoppers in Action

By Evelyn Preston

A MAJOR PORTION of the League of Women Shoppers' energies has been devoted to promoting the boycott on Berkshire hose. Committees were organized to call on department store executives who carried the hose. Only a few of these visits met with success. We soon discovered that the jobbers and the chain stores were the most important outlets for this hose. When Woolworth officials maintained the position that labor conditions at Berkshire were not of their responsibility, we embarked on an open campaign to inform the public of the kind of stocking Woolworth carries. Leaflets with the names of theatrical stars such as Helen Hays and Fanny Brice, who refused to "buy Berk-

shire," were distributed at the doors of Woolworth's at Fortieth Street and Fifth Avenue. A series of picket lines were organized in front of this store, as well as Gimbel's and Loeser's. Our members were all provided with penny cards to mail to Woolworth's informing the management we do not approve of their carrying Berkshire.

During this time Mrs. Roosevelt addressed one of our meetings. Her talk endorsed the idea behind the League of Women Shoppers, emphasized the need of accurate information on strikes, and the willingness of consumers to abide by recommendations from a trustworthy source. At the same meeting strikers from Cush-

man's, Ohrbach's, Borden's and the seamen's union spoke briefly. John Edelman, research director of the Federation of Hosiery Workers, introduced three young strikers from Berkshire who had participated in the lie-down strike in the sleet and snow and had only recently been released from jail. Company union representatives sent on from Reading by the management were in the audience, and provided some lively heckling.

And then there was the ever present Seamen's strike, with food and cars to be provided and "complimentary picket" tickets to be sold.



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