

The Woman Today

1937

APRIL

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1001 LAWS DISCRIMINATING
AGAINST WOMEN

by GRACE HUTCHINS

●
I HAVE NO REGRETS

by ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

●
BEFORE THE GREEN GRASS
GROWS AGAIN

by JOSEPHINE HERBST

●
FASHION WEARS A UNION
LABEL

By KAY HARRIS



ANDRÉ MALRAUX SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

The Woman Today

APRIL, 1937

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Jean Lyon, Agnes Karlin, Louis Ribak, Scheel.

WOODCUT by Helen West-Heller.

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FRANCISCO GOYA: WHAT COURAGE!

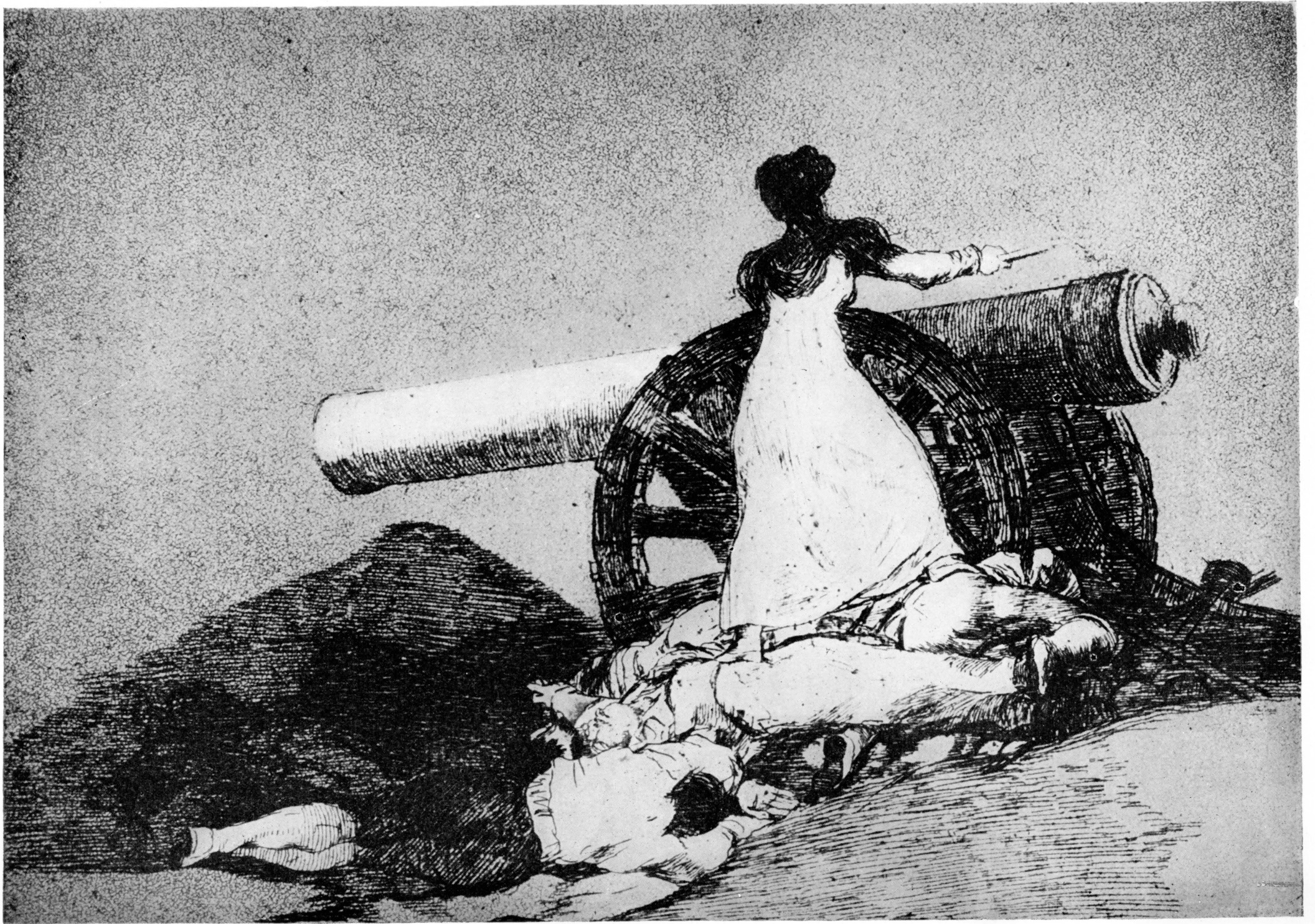
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Goya (1748-1828) was inspired to make the picture reproduced on the following page by the heroic resistance of the Spanish people to the invasion of Napoleon and his troops, a little over a hundred years ago. Then, as today, every man, woman and child rose to repel the foreign invader. The desperate street fighting, the savage reprisals and the "Year of Hunger" from 1811 to 1812, stimulated Goya to create the most poignant works of art that have come out of any modern war. These made up the famous series known as "Disasters of War."

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WHAT COURAGE, from "Disasters of War" by Francisco Goya, is the first of a series of works by master artists of today and of yesterday, to be presented by **THE WOMAN TODAY** to its readers.



ANDRÉ MALRAUX SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

BY THELMA NURENBERG

SEEKING PEACE by soaring into the sky and dropping bombs was not how Andre Malraux had hoped to attain it. Nor did the women of Spain think they would have to defend it with rifles in their hands. Yet resort to arms they did as the only means of conquering the enemy of peace and civilization—fascism.

When the fascist army rebelled against the lawfully elected government of Spain, the famous French author who won the Prix Goncourt for his novel *Man's Fate* left France to serve democracy in Spain. For seven months Mr. Malraux led the International Air Squadron in daily and twice daily flights. Badly wounded in action, the distinguished writer was forced to leave the scene of battle. But idleness is not in his blood, and during his period of convalescence he has travelled to this country on behalf of Spanish democracy.

So many women have enlisted in the Loyalist Army that there is widespread interest in these heroines who are fighting in defense of liberty. Andre Malraux was enthusiastic and spoke eagerly about them in a special interview arranged for *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

During the interview his tall, sparse frame kept bobbing from the chair to the telephone which was constantly interrupting us. It was obvious that the rigors of an overcrowded program of speaking engagements were exhausting him. Large, expressive eyes glowed and illumined his pale, handsome face which has the quality of being spiritual and yet intensely, even militantly realistic.

My first question was prompted by hundreds of thousands of women who were eager to know what caused the peace-loving women of Spain to take up arms against the rebels.

"In speaking of women of Spain, you must remember there is a very great and sharp division between the classes," began Mr. Malraux. "There are the bourgeois women who were distinctly oriental, whose main job in life is making themselves attractive to men. The working women were in the same position as the workers in your country.

"While many working women were class conscious, it was not until the abortive revolution in the Asturias in 1934 that the spark for freedom was enkindled. It was La Pas-

sionaria who fanned that flame into a conflagration. It was because of the influence of the fighting women of Asturias over all working and peasant women in Spain that today you find mothers and young girls on the firing line. Once class conscious, women were no longer content with feudal conditions, nor content to slave and starve. They were being awakened from their age-long apathy."

When we look back into the conditions under which the Spanish women lived, we can readily understand the force that drove them onto the battlefield. The peasants were crushed with starvation, toil and oppression. The lot of the women was infinitely worse, for they not only had to till the soil, but care for the home and children. More than a majority of the Spanish people are peasants, dependent on the land for bread. About one third of the cultivated land was under the tenant farmer system. The landlords expropriated from one-third to two-thirds of the produce raised. Tenant farmers and farm laborers worked under what is considered the lowest living standard in Europe. Only forty per cent of the soil was under cultivation. With the election of the People's Front government, agrarian reforms began to be put into effect. The new government did not confiscate land unless the landowners were proven fascists. This land was then distributed among the starving peasantry. The government demanded that landowners rent their uncultivated lands to peasants at a reasonable rental. No longer would hundreds of thousands of acres of soil go uncultivated while the peasants starved. The government guarantees payment for all lands thus rented. The slogan from one end of Spain to the other became "The land is for the man who works it." Small wonder that the peasants want to raise bread for the government which has done more for them in six months than had been done for them in all the history of Spain.

As for the industries, they were, for the most part, owned by foreign capital. The chief industries are the textile and the metal and mining. Factories owned by persons who directly or indirectly assisted the fascists have been confiscated and nationalized. Factories engaged in the manufacture of articles classified as war material are under state supervision. The workers feel that the intolerable conditions under which

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they formerly worked are things of the past. They are conscious of their great strength, and consider themselves the rulers of the land. Small wonder they are fighting the fascist army with invincible courage, for they know how in Italy and Germany fascism has reduced the workers to the status of slaves.

In the main, the present powerful anti-fascist army of workers and peasants had its inception and stimulus in the rebellion in Asturias, when, in October 1934, the miners rebelled against a government which was republic in name only, and which had systematically instituted a reign of terror among trade unionists, liberals and educators. The workers of this mining region hailed the government troops with a barrage of fire. For ten days they fought, forming a soviet which, they hoped, would be the beginning of the Spanish Soviet. It was then that the miners' women proved their metal. Mr. Malraux spoke of their heroism with emotion.

"The workers had built crenelated trenches," he said, drawing a scalloped line to illustrate the scene. "Women took their places with the men, but a little behind. It was suddenly discovered that ammunition was running low. Determined that their men would win, the women had to think quickly how to preserve ammunition. Every time shots were fired they took the caps from the bullets, collected them in a wire basket ordinarily used for salad, and carried them to a truck which stood waiting behind the lines. They were then rushed to the munitions factory to be recharged and used again. If it were not for the bravery of these women the rebellion would have been put down sooner."

Then as now La Passionaria (Dolores Ibarruri), Communist Deputy from Asturias, was everywhere, organizing, guiding, inspiring the masses to action. She is one of the most popular persons in Spain, and was long ago named La Passionaria because of her passionate love for people and for justice.

The rebellion in Asturias was quelled, by the Foreign Legion and the Moors. They pillaged shops, tortured men and women, invaded hospitals and committed unprintable atrocities. Six hundred bodies were piled into a heap, soaked with gas and burned. Hundreds were executed without trial for no other charge than having been found in the workers' district.

"Asturias became the rallying cry," said Mr. Malraux. "La Passionarias sprang up throughout the length and breadth of Spain."

"At the beginning of the present fascist uprising more than 50,000 women enlisted. But the Spanish anti-fascists do not encourage them since Moors fill the ranks of the fascists. The barbarism with which they torture prisoners cannot be described. We are encouraging women to gather food and clothing for the front and rear. But many thousands continue to join the front."

Working women have made it their business to ferret out the fascists among the population who, as spies, constitute a part of Franco's army, and disseminate false rumors and try to alienate the loyalties of the masses. Women organize demonstrations intended to inspire men to enlist. They can be seen frequently in groups, parading the streets and chanting,

"Every able-bodied man to the front."

Spanish women have just begun to fight. Their heroic action on the battlefield inspired the soldiers to greater effort. One of the fallen heroines about whom numerous stories of courage and daring are now coming to light was Leontina (Little Lioness) a fiery peasant woman who commanded one of the women's battalions. She was riddled by machine gun fire as she led her women troops over a hill. But other peasant and working women jump up to take the lead. And mainly they are young girls—for youth is determined that Spain shall not fall to the fascists and become the prison of liberty. Women know that when the fascists have been hurled back into Italy and Germany, the government they have helped create will give them the same complete equality and protective labor legislation that women enjoy in the Soviet Union. Already important reforms have been enacted, and numerous women are enjoying posts of great importance.

I asked Mr. Malraux how America could help the Spanish people in their struggle for democracy.

"We need clothing of course. Boys and girls were fighting this winter in the bitter cold dressed in light overalls, wearing rope sandals. But more than that—we are desperately in need of medicaments. In all Valencia there is no x-ray plate. There is hardly any anasthesia in Spain. Think of the tortures soldiers, many of them women, are put to when bullets have to be extracted without anasthesia. If you wish to relieve the suffering of these women and brave soldiers, send them x-ray plates and anasthesia. The fascists are getting bullets from Italy and Germany. We do not come to you Americans for ammunition. We ask for medical aid."



Andre Malraux
Drawn by Kerkam

"If you wish to relieve the suffering of men and women soldiers, contribute for anaesthetics. Bullets have to be extracted without its aid, as there is hardly any in Spain. Neither is there an X-ray plate in all Valencia," said Mr. Malraux. THE WOMAN TODAY asks its readers to show their solidarity against fascism by contributing to its fund for anaesthetics and X-ray plates for the loyalists of Spain.



BEFORE THE GREEN GRASS GROWS AGAIN

By Josephine Herbst

Drawing by Kruckman

soft manner. Her sister, Dorothea, is a fine big woman, with blond hair and blue eyes, who looks as if she had been brought up on a farm in the open. Their lives were different with the one common factor that they both worked hard. Dorothea has worked in three automobile factories in Detroit but her sister Bessie became a beauty parlor operator. Their father, a worker, owned a little property in Flint, Michigan and the lives of the two women, as this is being written, are unfolding in that city.

These two women have been living in factory towns, where automobiles are made, for the greater part of their lives. Bessie Garrison worked in beauty parlors in South Bend and Detroit and Dorothea worked in Ternstedt's, automobile accessories manufacturers, Buick's and Studebaker's. Bessie Garrison married an automobile worker in Buick's not very long ago. At the time of her marriage to John Garrison, Bessie thought her home would be the center of her existence. John Garrison thought so too.

THEY DETERMINED THEY would have a new bright start in life together. John Garrison had been working off and on for Buick for fifteen years but for all his work he never could count on Buick for a real dependable living. It was certainly not his fault. He had no control over the plant in which he worked and when they wanted to lay off men, men were laid off. John Garrison is resourceful; he managed in the dead season to find jobs to tide himself over. He took selling jobs; he found that he could just about get along with keeping constantly on his toes. Whatever he could lay by from steady work at Buick's got more or less completely chewed up during the layoff but when it came to marrying Bessie, John Garrison had a great deal of confidence in the future.

They bought some nice new things for their home. It was a rented home but they

got a new radio and an electric refrigerator on the installment plan. Their home was to be the center of their life and they wanted it to be as nice as they could make it. They figured that with business on the upswing, as all the papers said it was, they could foresee a little prosperity in their own direction. Anyhow they were marrying and if a couple begins with fears, where are they then? The Garrisons began with confidence.

The first pay day after the Garrisons had married was barely past when John Garrison had the accident that altered the course of life for himself, his wife, and Dorothea who makes her home with them. At the same time, the accident that ended in an amputation of the second finger on his left hand, came at a time in the history of Flint that was fortunate for this family. Without the loss of his finger and his resulting bitter awareness of his situation as an automobile worker, John Garrison might have continued as a neutral in the life of the town for some time to come. Without the General Motors sit-down strike which dominated the town about the time of the accident and eventually drew John Garrison into it, he might have become merely another worker who despairs and broods in his home over his wrongs without seeing a way out of his troubles.

That is not to say that John Garrison was satisfied up to the time of the accident. He was very dissatisfied and he saw that about the only men who got advanced were those fellows whose wives worked too, and were therefore in a position to spare money to treat the foreman and to hang around doing favors for him. John Garrison never could get money for that and he already had a gloomy outlook on his chances of advancement.

His marriage put him on his toes more than ever and he tried in every way to make the grade toward a better job. He was driving a light two-and-a-half ton truck the

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THIS IS MRS. GARRISON. Mrs. Garrison has been saved from death so many times she says that she thinks it must be for something besides sitting at home.

Until a very short time ago Mrs. Garrison had no idea that her home was not her complete destiny. Mrs. Garrison thinks of herself as only a home loving modest woman whose interests center around her home life. She had no idea that she had the stuff that makes her in an emergency the kind of woman other women look to. Her sister, Dorothea Mejia, has a different notion. She claims that her sister Bessie always was adaptable and willing to try anything. Dorothea Mejia, on the other hand, was distinctly a one-track, retiring type—who liked to sit on the sidelines and say very little. A few weeks ago she found herself on her feet making a speech, and to her surprise, it didn't bother her at all. She could have gone on and on. She may have thought of herself as a quiet person up to that moment, but when it came to making up her mind and acting, she worked fast.

The two sisters do not look alike. Mrs. Garrison is slight and dark, with a pretty

day the accident occurred. He had been driving this truck, always overloaded, for some time and he had kept up a steady protest about handling a too heavy load. The foreman was so excited and in such a state that he wouldn't even listen to him. When Garrison said he ought to get a bigger truck for the ten ton load assigned him that day, the foreman bawled at him, "We haven't time. I tell you this is a rush order. Get going."

Garrison got the truck loaded, ten tons on a two-and-a-half ton truck. Then he tried to back. There was a big steel girder right behind and the heavy truck swung into it. The truck began slipping. It was so heavy that when Garrison jammed on the brakes, they didn't grab hold. The truck crashed and John Garrison's left hand, the hand he needed most to steer the wheel, got smashed.

He went to the hospital where they told him he should stay out until his hand was well. They put him on compensation for eighteen dollars a week. The company doctor and the foreman, too, came and consoled him and said when his hand was well they would fix him up at the plant with a better job and more money. After nine weeks they had to take the finger off.

When his hand was strong enough he went back for the job they promised him. As he could no longer operate a truck on account of the weakness in the hand, they put him on a crane. This same job was handled last year by two men, now they wanted Garrison to do it alone with a weak left hand.

When they saw he could operate the crane, they took him off, and put on a one armed man, although this is against the law. John Garrison says that if he had been a union man at that time, he might have seen some sense to the way they were treating him. But he was even dumb enough, so he puts it, to have signed up with a company union in 1934. He had then, no union record, he was an ambitious workman whose finger had been lost in the factory. He even had doubts about the good of unions at all. In spite of his record, John Garrison lost his crane job and was given a pick and shovel and told to dig frozen sand out of the bottom of cars that the crane won't pick up. He took it up with the superintendent, with the foreman, and the shop stewards.

AT THIS POINT something bigger than John Garrison, bigger than the foreman or the factories in Flint owned by General Motors or Buick, began to operate. Five thousand General Motors men sat down in factories in Flint determined to hold out until their right to collective bargaining was recognized.

John Garrison, his wife Bessie and her

sister Dorothea remained neutral for about three weeks. Garrison kept on working at Buick and Dorothea who was out of a job drove a jitney, around Flint. She listened to conversation of the passengers pro and con. She began to think that what was wrong for the workers out on strike was the same thing that had troubled her life and had haunted the lives of her sister and John Garrison. The speed-up was something she knew through her skin and bones.

As she drove the folks around, she began thinking hard. Her sister had worried herself sick when John got hurt and now the specter of his getting jobs further down the scale was like a skeleton grinning at you in the dark. She got to talking to her sister and the two of them went to a meeting at the union hall.

It seemed very simple. They understood every word. There was a lot of work to do, five thousand men to feed, pickets to provide for, children to be taken care of. There simply wasn't time to hem or haw. Dorothea forgot all about being timid and feeling alone in her troubles. She is such a big strong strapping woman that she couldn't see her way to go home to sleep. She slept anywhere she could find. The two sisters put on the red caps of the Emergency Brigade and they swore the oath to be ready for duty on call twenty-four hours a day.

Dorothea says that the women are there to back up the men and to boost them along. She says lots of men are convinced that their wives don't care how long they work or what they earn so long as they bring home the pay check. The women have to show they care every step of the way.

Bessie Garrison does not think this strike is anything unnatural. She wishes there was some way to show people who think strikers are bums that they are human beings who want a better life. She thinks the strike is just the evolution of events working away and bringing about the kind of life human beings must have. She says when she reads the papers trying to make out it is a diabolical plot or made up by outsiders for a racket, she wishes the people who write that stuff could work for a day with a pick and shovel.

THE WOMEN IN this home began to change the picture of their homelife. John Garrison could not stay out of the picture. The picture is no longer the home, you see. The picture is no longer even the



town. It isn't even one factory, here, as opposed to another group, there. The picture is a great big map by this time. Workers from other centers have poured in. Back of the men sitting down are the forces of the C.I.O. John Garrison sees those forces now. And he sees them so clearly that when it came to someone to operate the Sound Truck that directs the strikers from a car on the street, giving them the news, direction and encouragement, John Garrison was the man to drive. He is a Buick man, out on call, and he thinks he will not be called back now. He doesn't care. The C.I.O. is bigger than his job, he says. This is for all workers and they can only win if the union wins.

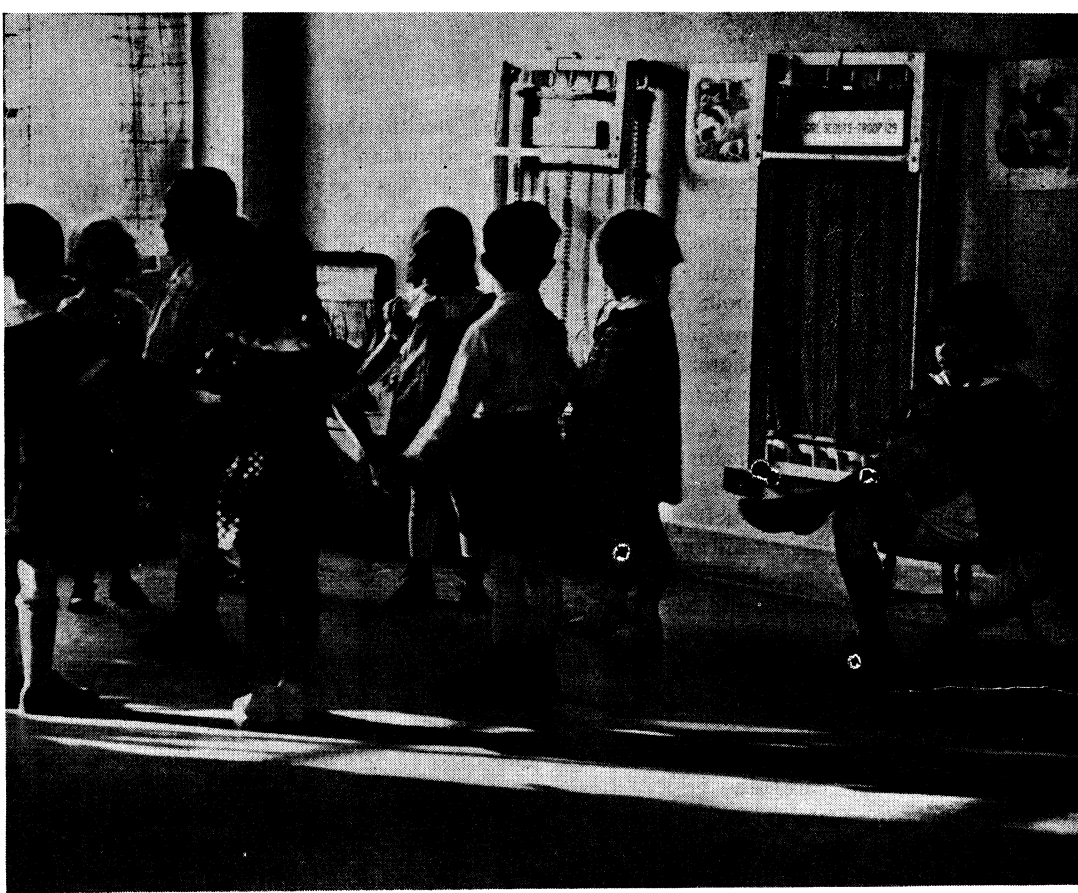
So you have the man who lost his finger on the job driving the car that directed the sit-down strike at Chevrolet plant 4. Here was John Garrison piloting the car with the steady loud speaker proclaiming so that it could be heard over the noise of running feet, cars, commotion on the streets, so that it carried to the strikers, "Everything quiet, sit-down a success, suggest you barricade windows, barricade bridge to plant, protection squads on guard, watch the roof, watch the tunnel between two and four, blockade all doors, watch your sound car." *And it is John Garrison driving, John Garrison who is arrested for driving, John Garrison who quietly says with certainty that the union will win.*

And while the sound truck was hard at it, the women were standing with locked arms before the gate just as the police came up. There they stood, a thick line of determined women, singing "Hold the Fort," and keeping back the police.

HERE ARE THREE people whose lives changed, were pushed out, drawn out, away from one roof into a very big exciting world. They were no longer just Bessie and John Garrison, husband and wife, or Dorothea Mejia, but brother and sisters to thousands. Mrs. Garrison and Dorothea represent all that has newly come into being in the automobile industry. Their connection with the sit-down strikers in Chevrolet 4 was not a blood tie. Their men were not inside. But other men were who wanted a good life, even as John Garrison. The men say they will sit down until hell freezes over or they win.

Mrs. Garrison and Dorothea say before the green grass grows again the men will be walking around again in free air. The sit-down will be over, says Mrs. Garrison, but the real work will be only beginning. The vision that was let loose by the strike, runs far ahead into an ever deepening, widening labor movement. The women are planning and thinking and dreaming of this future even as the pioneer women of other days thrilled to the opening of the west.

The Pre-School Project of the Works Progress Administration picks up the task of progressive education and continues training children before regular school work starts. They welcome children from four to six years. Have you such a project in your town? If not, THE WOMAN TODAY will be pleased to advise mothers on how to get such government services set up.



W.P.A. Federal Photographic Project.

After the Nursery School

By Marese Eliot

A WOMAN STOOD in the doorway of a sun-flooded room, her eyes intent upon a small boy crossing to the row of hooks on the corner wall.

"Look! See how well he knows! He can button and unbutton his clothes—even his shoes, he can lace!" exclaimed this East Side worker. "Better he does than my other children. He teaches them what he learns *here*." Proudly she moved away—back to her home duties, certain of the hands in whose care she had left her youngest child.

"Here" was the pre-school class at a lower Manhattan settlement where, five days a week, groups of boys and girls under six years are welcomed, fed and trained in the habits that will help them to reach happier childhood, balanced adolescence and self-reliant adult life.

The pre-school groups of the Works Progress Administration in New York City pick up the thread of progressive education beginning in the Nursery Schools with two to four-year olds and continue on a wider and more varied scale, the training of the child until he reaches the age for the public school. As established in New York City, the project functions in locations where overcrowding and heavy population pre-

vents the public school and settlement kindergartens from completely covering a field rich in possibilities.

Psychologists agree that these early years, when the habits are formed that enable children to grow up and live socially with other human beings, are the most important. Placed in groups of the same age level, children easily begin to adjust themselves. The group itself develops the patterns of behavior which serve as examples to the individuals. In formulating the policies of the project, emphasis has been laid upon the needs of the child for future life and the programs are planned to supply the experience which will aid the child to meet the world about him, make the necessary adjustments to its demands, and prepare him to take his place in the home, the school and the community.

In plans for the pre-school programs, flexibility is one of the main aims, differing in a marked fashion from the elementary schools for later years. Greater freedom and far more opportunity is found to adjust activities to the needs of particular groups and individuals.

Yet the pre-school groups are the bridge between the Nursery Schools and these same elementary programs set up to develop

within time limits certain necessary skills and knowledge. The pre-school program emphasizes more direction in occupation and play than the Nursery Schools, while it continues to develop individual responsibility. Through purposeful play the child finds it possible to control emotions and develop abilities leading to finer character and progressive citizenship.

Playing in groups stimulates life situations so that with proper guidance and direction, the child develops desirable standards of behavior. The opportunity to play is provided in both large and small groups, always keeping close to the level of the child's own age. Through play, the child tastes leadership and cooperation—learning both to give and to take direction, to follow as well to lead. He meets situations where he must face facts, where he must make decisions and to be compassionate as well as aggressive. His struggles through these small problems of play, gives him a sense of proportion and an ability to hold his own in a social world.

Like the case of the mother, proud of the ability of her youngster, not only to care for his own clothes, but to be an example to older brothers and sisters, so all

(Continued on next page)



W.P.A. Federal Photographic Project.

the pre-school children are trained to do as much as possible for themselves. In the development of independence, the satisfaction of small problems well settled breeds a confidence in the child of his ability to meet new, more complex and more difficult situations without fear.

The programs are planned to develop sense experience, motor skills, vocal expression, social experience and to foster creative effort.

Equipment and apparatus are part of the necessities of the project so that recognition and identification of sense experience is registered. Bigness and littleness, roughness and smoothness, hardness and lightness; color, size, shape and weight of objects is taught through organized play so that the child develops an early recognition, discrimination and understanding of the world of reality about him.

On ladders, large building blocks, slides and other carefully inspected apparatus under the watchful eye of a teacher, motor skills are gained through climbing, balancing, pushing, pulling and activities that engage the entire body. Coordination of mind, eye and hand is developed through such activities as sweeping, shoveling, serving at tables, setting tables for the noon-time meal, putting away toys, taking off and putting on hats, coats, shoes and stockings.

Control of smaller muscles is fostered by the kindergarten crafts, cutting with scissors, pasting, stringing beads, piling blocks and general toy manipulation.

Children in groups, particularly those coming directly from the home into pre-school groups without the development of earlier nursery school training, are apt to be either too voluble or too backward in vocal expression. Patterns of speech are given by the teacher's clear, unhurried, quiet tones and careful diction. Conversation about the occupations of the day, of happenings in the home, stories, poems, and repetitions in story form of experiences of the child, develop the vocal expression where a child is backward, and modulate volubility of over-responsive ones.

Group play with its lessons of cooperation and sportsmanship builds the social experience and consciousness of the child. Opportunity to choose occupation, especially in the art and craft fields, stimulates creative expression and lays patterns and opens opportunities for future vocation.

AMONG "PRE-SCHOOLERS" the day opens as it does in the Nursery School, with

health inspections. Play time is out-of-doors on the roof or in the playground, on all days when the weather permits. The noon-time lunches are served, hot and nourishing, often providing the main meal of the underprivileged child's day. Rest periods on individual cots with plenty of air for growing lungs are observed, and milk distribution during the day is another vital body-building part of the program.

There is decided emphasis placed by the policy of the pre-school groups upon the natural development of the child's individuality, coincident with the growing group cooperation. Teachers are trained to allow as much creative expression as is possible without endangering group rights. Imagination is fostered, distinctive gifts are encouraged. However, the definite leadership of the teacher prevents any individual monopolizing the opportunities during story hours, dramatization periods and music exercises.

The effectiveness of the pre-school program depends upon the recognition on the part of teachers, of differences in skills, interests, attitudes and stages of development. The tense, irritable child is guided to quiet play groups; the overly dependent child is taught trust in the teacher and assertion of his own ideas; encouragement and enthusiasm meet all responses from the timid and retiring child.

To increase the value of pre-school work throughout the entire twenty four hours of the child's day, the project has established mothers' groups in the various

centers where it operates. Meetings are usually held monthly with discussion groups on topics relating to the child and the home. Teachers and mothers together develop the spirit of cooperation which makes the work done by the project more effective both in the center and the home.

AND NOW THE SCHOOL DAY drew to an end. Mothers were coming in. One bright-eyed little woman eagerly grasped the hand of a boy of five. As she turned to leave I asked if the pre-school group had helped her.

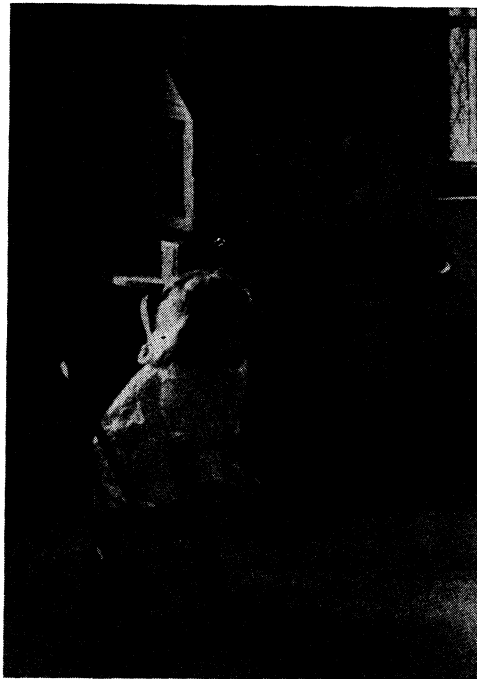
"Helped?" she asked. "Oh, much—very much. Our mothers' club is so glad to have this school. We worked nearly a year to have it opened. And it has made such a great difference to me!"

Her eyes grew even brighter as she told her story. She had six children. This little five-year old boy, four older children, and a baby. Her family of eight lived in a four room flat far over on the East Side.

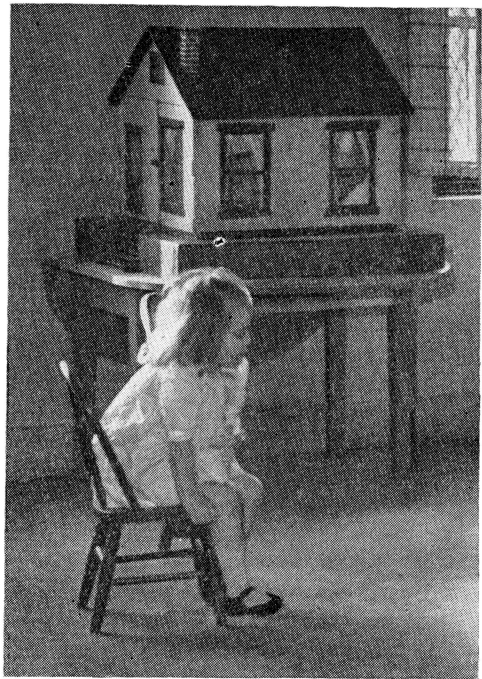
"We were crowded. I had so much work to do. Dickey," she said, looking down at her small son, "was always in mischief and getting in my way. Always I was tired and cross. Now that Dickey comes to the pre-school class, I can take care of my baby and have time to do my work. I'm never so tired out and I can enjoy my children when they come home from school." She started out the door but turned again. "How I wish I had been educated. I would like to go all over the city telling people how much this work has meant to East Side mothers."

Many years ago, Phillips Brooks, the eminent American preacher and educator, wrote "the future of the race marches forward on the feet of little children." The pre-school groups of the Works Progress Administration are aiding the little feet of today to become strong, steady and to point in the direction of a society more cooperative and socially minded.

NEXT MONTH MARESE ELIOT will talk about *Parent Education Groups*. Not alone is the nursery school child protected and aided in reaching robust health and self-reliance during school hours; the Nursery School Project fosters parent education groups aimed at increasing the sympathy and understanding between the child and the grown-ups of the family. The method of organization and action will be described.



THE WOMAN TODAY has presented a full scholarship in art instruction at the American Artists' School in New York City. It went to Pincus Markowitz, aged 14, for his painting of a demonstration against war. This painting was chosen from among many shown by the Junior Section of the International Workers' Order at its Exhibition of Children's Art.



I Have No Regrets

A CHAPTER FROM AMERICAN LABOR HISTORY

THE STORY OF the Industrial Workers of the World in the West, is one of the most colorful chapters of American labor history. Known first as I.W.W.'s, then adopting the term "wobblies", derisively applied to them, they staged industrial conflicts with high courage, grim determination and rare humor. Their appeal was peculiarly adapted to the last of the pioneers, the migratory worker, though they were astonishingly successful with foreign-born workers in the East, as well. The I.W.W. was a native growth. It sprang from American soil, it spoke a plain language. One big union with a fighting spirit, fitted the psychology of the fast vanishing frontier.

The rebellious unions of the East and West, under socialist initiative, united in 1905 at Chicago. The I.W.W. was born, with the challenging preamble: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. A struggle must go on until the workers of the world take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system." Instead of trade or craft unionism they planned an organization in which "all its members in any one industry or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making *an injury to one an injury to all.*"

Large numbers of unskilled foreigners, at that time "untouchables" to the American Federation of Labor," spasmodically flocked into the I.W.W. But the permanent membership remained western. At one time there was a "Bronco Busters and Range Riders Local" of the I.W.W., organized in Denver. Many eastern boys had followed Horace Greeley's advice to "Go west, young man!" but found no futures there. The country grew up and prospered on their labor. Adventurous, able-bodied, rollicking, they manned the basic industries. These men with muscles of iron, thrashed wheat, dug ore, built railroads, felled forests, loaded ships—and were dubbed "I Won't Works" by pencil pushers on newspapers. Native-born, many with Irish names, they were driven from place to place as "outside agitators". They were normal men; there were few neurasthenics or misfits among them. Those who lazed around the halls and spouted theories were soon dubbed "spittoon philosophers".

The labor conditions were rough. Wages were low, hours were long, their work was usually of a seasonal character. The harvest

By Elizabeth Gurley Flynn



Woodcut by Helen West-Haller

started in Oklahoma in the early Spring and finished in Canada in the late Fall. Men followed it by the hundreds in box cars. Villages which drew sustenance from their labor feared these strange hordes, and welcomed them only to jail. In the slack season, they swarmed the cheap lodging house districts of the cities, a prey to every exploitation. Overalls and blankets distinguished them from "the home guard," as they contemptuously dubbed the commonplace, urban workers with families. Their disparagement of political action was partially due to the fact that they possessed no legal residences or voting power. The I.W.W. hall was a haven of social life for these homeless wanderers, a substitute for home, church, saloon.

AT NINETEEN I was as safe among them "as if you were in God's pocket," as one of them phrased it. Their attitude towards women was simple. There were "good women" like their mothers and "bad women" who fleeced them on pay day. But all who joined the I.W.W. were necessarily good women and were treated accordingly. One song, sung with great sentiment, was about

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
Who worked every day in a laundry,
but who was lured into the red light district. The refrain was

Who is to blame? You know his name!

It's the boss who pays starvation wages!

In the halls, plans were made for membership drives, for decent conditions in camps and mines and against employment "sharks" and saloons. Street meetings were held to reach the uninitiated. The famous song book had its origin here. "Hallelujah—I'm a Bum" (recently broadcast and printed as sheet music by an ex-Wobbly singer) had for its theme unemployment. It has been misrepresented as a glorification of idleness, but it wailed, "How in hell can I work when there's no work to do?"

Joe Hill, the poet martyr of the I.W.W., who was executed in Utah, in 1915, wrote the most effective songs. *Casey Jones—the Union Scab*; *Mr. Block*—who thinks he may be President some day! *The Preacher and the Slave* with the refrain:

You will eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die!

Joe Hill wrote a will on the eve of his execution, as follows:

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss and moan,
Moss doesn't cling to a rolling stone.

My body—ah! if I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow.

They sang with gusto at the street gatherings, which swelled to huge proportions before the doors of the employment agencies. Men told of paying their last dollars to be shipped out to camps, only to be fired immediately. Often the foreman in charge divided the fees with the agency. It was a grim joke that perpetual motion had been discovered, "one gang on the job, one going to the job and one coming from the job!" When indignation menaced them, a few fees were refunded by oily but terrified agents.

Finally the agents appealed for public protection. City ordinances were invoked and regulations made. Meetings could be held in out-of-the-way parks or residential sections. The I.W.W. refused to retire from their habitat, "the slave market" and the free speech fights which made it famous, were precipitated. The first one, I believe, was in Missoula, Montana, in 1909, in which I participated.

(Continued on page 26)

YOUTH..

FARMS..

COOPERATIVES..

BY GLADYS TALBOTT EDWARDS

Director of the Farmers Union
Cooperative Education Service



Drawing by Sid Gotcliffe.

“**I**N WINTER they’re studying and making speeches so they’ll have enough points to go to Farmers Union Junior Camp next summer and as soon as camp is over, they’re planning to attend the Cooperative School next winter.”

These were the words of a farm mother in North Dakota, spoken recently, with a smile of hope.

“The Farmers Union Junior Encampment is an outstanding achievement in the state,” thus an instructor in the State Agriculture College.

“The Cooperative Institute is the best thing that ever happened in this town,” says the manager of a big cooperative creamery in Williston, North Dakota, the little town whose cooperative enterprises did a million dollar business in 1936.

The farm population of the middle west has been hard hit by depression and drouth these past years, but still the farm young folks come by hundreds each year to the

summer camps and winter schools. Whole county groups by bus, one or two by motorcycle, or by the good old thumb jerking method—just so they get there for their studies of the cooperative movement.

THE COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT is “something new under the sun.” Not new in years, but new as a hope to the millions of Americans who lost hope in the future, and faith in themselves during the years of depression.

It is not new in the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Montana, where hundreds of stores, creameries, grain elevators, poultry and livestock markets and oil companies—belonging to the people who use them—return an unusual dividend to their owners, running into millions of dollars.

But these businesses were not brought into being without a struggle. It took vision, loyalty, faith and courage to build

and operate cooperatives. Little attention was paid to the cooperatives while they were building. The people who clung to them through thick and thin were regarded with vague pity or active antagonism by their neighbors.

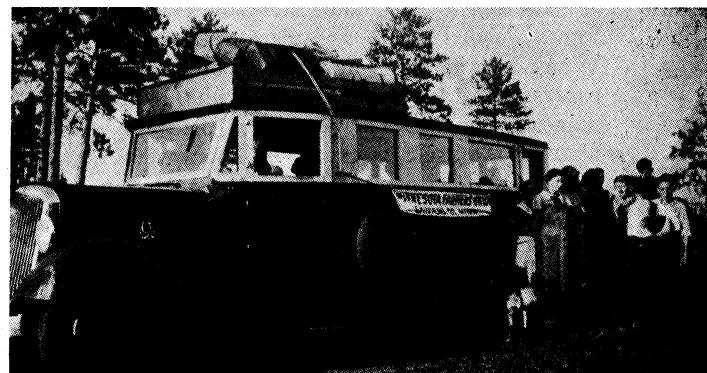
After the debacle brought about by the depression, everyone began noticing the cooperative businesses which kept on functioning and expanding. People turned their eyes with respect upon the neighbors who could buy coal and shoes with the dividend check from his groceries or gasoline.

Cooperation became the thing. Everyone wanted to know about it. Everyone wanted to be in on it. But the cooperative movement can’t be hurried nor carelessly used. You have to know something about it if you hope to make it work for you.

Nowhere was this better realized than in the states which had built cooperative businesses and made them successful. There had been many failures as well as successes in cooperatives. The failures had been due to lack of understanding and education.

The Farmers Educational and Cooperative Union of America, with state divisions set up in the states heretofore mentioned, set to work to educate the children of the membership in the aims and principles of the cooperative movement and in the mechanics which made these aims and principles a living thing.

Twenty-five Minnesota young people came four hundred miles to camp in this bus.



This education was begun by instituting classes in the local units of the Farmers Union. A Four-Minute Speech Project which later became a National Project, was initiated by North Dakota. Essay contests beginning in the local and finishing at the yearly convention of the national organization, coupled with the speech contests, were teaching these farm people to both write and speak upon the subject of Cooperation.

SUMMER ENCAMPMENTS where Junior Farmers Union members (between sixteen and twenty-one years) spend a week on class-work and cooperative recreational activities have done most to promote interest in the cooperative movement in the states where this educational work is carried on. No Junior may attend a summer camp without first having fulfilled the requirements as regards previous study and public speaking.

The camps are run on a schedule and this schedule is adhered to religiously.

The bugle blows at six thirty; flag salute at six fifty-five and woe betide any loiterer who doesn't appear at the flag-staff. Breakfast at seven; classes begin at eight-fifteen. (Let us mention here that the students at one camp, voted for classes to start at seven forty-five as they wanted longer class periods.)

Classes are conducted in cooperative history and principles, public speaking, parliamentary usage and social studies. Then it is noon and it is an inspiring sight to see the long line of one hundred or more young people line up for food, which is served cafeteria style. This is one soup line which doesn't give you a heartache.

Each washes his own dishes but sixteen K. P. (Kitchen Police) per day help the cooks prepare meals.

Afternoons are spent in studying community recreation or working at handicraft for an hour. Then there is swimming, hiking, volley ball, kitten ball and base ball, horse shoe games or a trip which

fills time until the bugle blows for supper.

Every evening is filled with a special program of one kind or another—for every minute of every day is planned in these camps. The Juniors entertain the staff, the staff entertains the Juniors, well-known speakers address the group and there is always music or folk dancing. All young people are invited to bring any musical instrument they may play, so there is always an orchestra, usually a quartette or two and sometimes a mixed chorus. The music made by these young people who have never met before is always amazing to me, as are the plays presented on the last night of camp by groups who have prepared them—under the direction of the recreational director—in a week's time.

These camps are run by a staff of trained people who are heart and soul in the cooperative movement. They are under the supervision of the Farmers Union Junior Department in each state.

More than a thousand young people each summer attend these camps. Those who have attained an *A* rating in class work and conduct at state camps are eligible to attend the All-State Camp held the last of August, where Juniors and Leaders from all the states meet and discuss the social problems which face youth today.

The Cooperative Institutes in the winter carry forward the same kind of work as do the camps in summer. They last longer, of course, three to four weeks, and the class work is more intensive. The student body organizes and operates actual cooperative businesses, such as furnishing themselves with meals; they carry out publicity projects of real merit, and the plays, handicraft and music produced by these schools make them worthy to be ranked as genuine folk schools.

THE STATES which carry on this education for cooperation through the Farmers Union have set up a central education unit called the Farmers Union Co-

operative Education Service. It is this office which works with the state offices to keep the camps running, prepares schedules and class outlines and provides reference material; directs the state institutes and provides texts, outlines and references for these and other states interested in educating people to the responsibilities, duties and benefits of the cooperative movement.

It is in the thousands of young farm people who have attended these camps and institutes that leaders of the cooperative movement place their hope of the future. These young people know that the movement initiated in England ninety-three years ago, by the destitute weavers of Rochdale, is more than a new business principle. They know that it is a quiet economic revolution, no less great and powerful because it moves without fanfare or blood shed. They know how it has moved across the Scandinavian countries bringing peaceful and joyful change in economic conditions there. And they know that it can do the same thing in America, if we study it as they have studied it in the older countries. The summer camps and the winter institutes are the fore-runners of the folk schools and colleges which have made the people of Denmark, Sweden, and Finland so sure in their building of the cooperative movement.

In times of great economic stress, people turn for relief to violence or politics. War, revolution or riot on the one hand—wild political panaceas on the other. Now, that cooperation shows on the horizon, people will turn to it for relief. But they must study and understand it, if it is to stand.

And that is what these young members of the Farmers Union are doing.

"The generation who can't run away," they call themselves. Their farmer fathers moved westward and established new frontiers when times were bad. There are no new frontiers left—no more western lands to exploit. This generation must make its stand here and now. They are doing it through their study and their work with the cooperative movement.

Washing dishes at Farmers Union Junior Camp. Leaders and Juniors work together and study together.



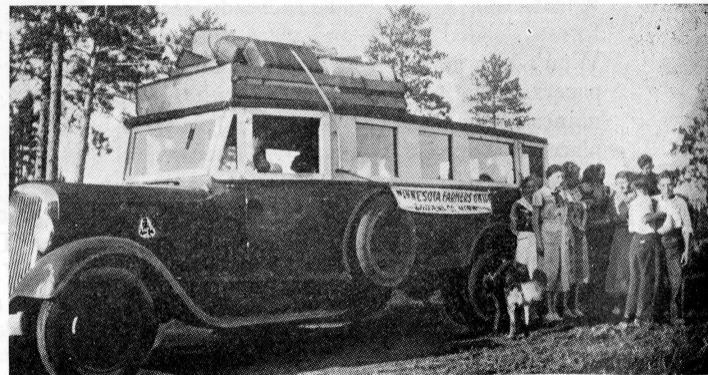
Camp Orchestra, drawn from the four corners of North Dakota.



In the right wing of this building, Williston, North Dakota, the 1937 Cooperative Institute was held.



Twenty-five Minnesota young people came four hundred miles to camp in this bus.



Washing dishes at Farmers Union Junior Camp. Leaders and Juniors work together and study together.



Camp Orchestra, drawn from the four corners of North Dakota.



In the right wing of this building, Williston, North Dakota, the 1937 Cooperative Institute was held.



Building With New Blocs

THE LIBERAL BLOC IN CONGRESS:

What is its function and what promise does it hold for labor?



BY LILLIAN GILLILAND

Secretary of the National
Farmer-Labor Service Bureau

ON THURSDAY EVENING, February 18, a group of about thirty members of Congress gathered at dinner around a long white table headed by chairman John A. Martin, silver-haired silver advocate, of the Silver State, Colorado. It was a well-represented meeting of the so-called "liberal bloc" in Congress. Each member was called upon and in turn responded favorably to the proposition that the Supreme Court's usurpation of legislative power must be curbed. Out of the smoke, oratory and discussion emerged a decision to support the president's proposal.

David J. Lewis, Maryland Congressman, lawyer and scientist, acted as chairman of the delegation of nine (Congressmen Knute Hill, Democrat of Washington; Robert L. Ramsay, Democrat of West Virginia; Henry G. Teigan, Farmer-Labor of Minnesota; Maury Maverick, Democrat of Texas; Frank Hancock, Democrat of North Carolina; Thomas F. Ford, Democrat of California; John A. Martin, Democrat of Colorado; and Jerry Voorhis, Democrat of California) who called on the President a week later to inform him of action taken. By this action, the liberal bloc in Congress completed, for better or for worse, another indelibly written page in the unfinished history of the American progressive movement.

Fifty or so members of Congress compose the so-called "liberal bloc." There are some who qualify as members of the liberal bloc because of their participation with the group on only one issue. Most of these members are Democrats—old party members. Most of them are silent on the question of a new national party. They still hope to reform the old.

As far as political success is concerned, the small representation of bona fide new parties in the present Congress cannot hold a candle to the People's Party delegation forty years ago. In 1897 the fifty-fifth Congress included six Senators, twenty-three Congressmen and one delegate elected on the People's Party the same year.

The 1937 edition of the liberal bloc falls heir to platforms of progressive groups throughout American history. They adopt as their own, principles enunciated by early American Labor Parties as far back as 1828, when the Philadelphia Labor Party fought for and won the ten-hour day.

They continue the Grangers' war on private monopolies, the Greenbackers' fight for government issuance of currency and control of credit, the People's Party struggle against high interest rates, low farm prices and high farm taxes.

It is a continuing process, this emergence of the liberal bloc in Congress. Its slow progress and still firmly entrenched opposition have transformed some liberal theorists into practical Left-wing political leaders who prefer a definite goal in ownership and control by the producers of real wealth to the endless process of wringing concessions from those in power.

Blocs Within Blocs

The extent to which this definite goal has replaced in the mind of a member of the liberal bloc the more commonplace struggle for concessions determines his classification as Left-wing or Right-wing liberal. There is no definite, complete program upon which the entire liberal bloc is united. They are a loosely organized group, taking stands on certain specific issues as those issues arise. The membership of the group varies with the issue. Many of the same Congressmen have supported all three specific propositions so far advocated by the liberal bloc.

Issues of the Progressive bloc

The first issue upon which the liberal bloc caucused was neutrality.

After the Spanish Embargo Resolution passed with only the dissenting vote of Farmer-Labor Congressman John T. Bernard of Minnesota, Maury Maverick called the liberal bloc together to adopt a neutrality policy. Jerry Voorhis, Democrat of San Dimas, California, educator and head of a school for underprivileged boys, had much to do with drawing up the statement signed by thirty-one members of the liberal bloc in explanation of their vote to prohibit shipment of arms to Spain.

"Only as a means of recording our opposition to the sale by this country of the instruments of war, and because the chair-

man of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Mr. McReynolds, promised that a fair, complete neutrality bill would soon be presented with ample time for debate, did we vote for the Spanish embargo," said the thirty-one signers.

The statement demanded non-interference in internal affairs of any nation, a mandatory embargo on export of war materials to belligerent nations and nations engaged in civil war; a mandatory embargo on loans and credits; a cash and carry trade policy with all belligerents; prohibition of travel by American nationals in war zones or on belligerent vessels; and prohibition of American vessels from traveling in war zones. Two more points in the program—nationalization of essential parts of the munitions industry and a general embargo on the export of privately manufactured munitions to all foreign nations—are covered in a bill introduced by Senator Ernest Lundeen and Congressman Dewey W. Johnson, both Farmer-Labor, of Minnesota.

Deficiency Appropriation

The second caucus of the liberal bloc resulted in the offering of an amendment to the Administration \$790,000,000 W.P.A. deficiency appropriation bill, in compliance with the Workers' Alliance demand for \$1,040,000,000 to meet relief needs to June 30. As Congressman Dewey W. Johnson stated, the billion dollar appropriation would have come nearer than the President's request for \$790,000,000 to meeting the needs envisioned in the President's inaugural message. The \$1,040,000,000 requested by the liberal bloc was for W.P.A. only. Additional sums were included in the amendment for co-related activities.

Of course the amendment was defeated. It was never seriously considered. Practical progressives recognized that their most valuable function as Members of Congress is to act as agents of propaganda in an endeavor to influence legislation of the future.

Supreme Court Proposals

The third caucus of the bloc brought support of the proposal to increase the membership of the Supreme Court. On that issue debate will be hot for weeks to come.

(Continued on page 30)

In the Wake of the Flood

"Sister Katie," as this champion of the unemployed is affectionately known in the coal fields, is an executive officer of the Illinois Workers' Alliance. With characteristic energy, she rallied women for flood relief.

BY CATHERINE DE RORRE

YOU HEAR NOTHING more about the flood. The dark and muddy waters have gone back to their banks. Newspapers and radio have turned to other sensations. But in the wake of this greatest disaster of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, there has come a new flood. A flood of untold misery—homelessness, destitution, hunger, disease, death.

We of the Workers' Alliance of America are determined that the nation shall not forget. Quick to mobilize for action when our fellow workers and their families faced disaster in these river towns, we are now mobilizing against the Federal government's wage-slashing program on W.P.A. We are moving on to Washington.

Heroes! That's what they called our men when they were saving cities from being swept away. And what is their reward? Pay cuts, relief-slashing, to make the hungry hungrier, to deepen the despair of the poor who lost their pitiful possessions.

When these W.P.A. workers plunged into the rescue of life and property, many were not physically fit for the resistance it called for. How can you be physically fit when for years you have existed on a subsistence level? Exposure was sure to bring on sickness. The penalty of sickness is Order No. 44 which says, "No work, no pay."

It was pitiful, not thrilling, to see these men rushed away, many unable to notify their families. Around midnight the call came to W.P.A. headquarters in Du Quoin, where I live. Many men had to go in open trucks and only a few had proper shoes and boots. It would be an endurance test against cold and danger, and yet many were poorly clad.

The order had gone out for the evacuation of Mound City and Cairo. Women and children were fleeing from the raging river, their fathers and husbands left behind to save the town. It was heart-breaking to see mothers frantic because of children separated in the mad flight, mothers on the verge of insanity because of loved ones lost.

When the men reached Cairo, they were at first organized into twelve-hour shifts, from six to six, but some worked twenty-four hours at a stretch. The engineers said the only thing to do was to build a second levee on top of the old one.

The men were housed in a sugar refinery, a big tin building, where thousands of one-hundred pound sacks of sugar were stored. Exhausted after a dangerous twelve-hour shift, with only three sandwiches and an apple or banana, these men would try to lie down on the concrete floor or to make a bed on the sacks of sugar. How could they sleep with the roar of the mad river in their ears, with the rumor that the levee was softening? When the dam burst in Mound City, in one hour's time the water rushed in ten feet deep. Cots were later obtained, without mattresses, but a big relief from the concrete floor. With orders to be ready for instant call, the men had to keep on their water-soaked and mud-filled shoes. They knew what this exposure was sure to mean—it brought a haunting fear of Order 44.

THE WOMEN of the Workers' Alliance deserve high praise for their relief work. Halls and church basements were opened for the refugees. There was always the fear of what their men were facing. Again and again came word of lives lost. Thirty workers were sacrificed at one time, when their barge sank in the angry waters.

Harrisburg, one of our biggest Illinois mining towns, was terribly flooded. Workers' home by the hundreds are now almost beyond redemption. Furniture is falling to pieces, bedding ruined. The Women's Auxiliaries of the Progressive Miners "up north" generously sent financial aid to their stricken Auxiliary sisters.

When word was flashed that Cairo had been saved, there was great rejoicing. Men previously denounced as shiftless unem-

ployed had won the victory over the flood-maddened rivers. For a little while they were heroes.

But there was much discrimination in the midst of sacrifice. Workers' Alliance locals reported how some people had to stand in line for hours to secure food. Coal and coal oil were rationed out to workers, while police and wealthy citizens were under no restrictions. Towns were filled with police and National Guardsmen, housed in the best quarters and given the best food. No effort was made to make the homes of the workers livable. Instead, efforts were concentrated on pumping water from the main street business places.

The flood waters of January and February have gone down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, but the plight of disaster-stricken families remains. W.P.A. workers, relief clients, sharecroppers and poor farmers, small business men and home owners, have lost all their earthly belongings. As always, the Negro workers have been the worst sufferers.

Our people in these stricken valleys are in a fighting mood. They join the cry of the unemployed everywhere: "Stop the W.P.A. cuts! Fight for the 20 per cent increase in W.P.A. wages!"

From Paducah, Cairo, Louisville, Wheeling, Cincinnati and other points, the Workers' Alliance says to Congress and the President: "We demand an end to such disasters; we demand conservation of America's vast natural resources; we demand the protection and reclamation of lives and families; we demand that jobs be provided for millions of needy workers who are ready and willing to reclaim the heart of America, now being wasted away by floods and droughts."



SALLY

SITS DOWN

A Short Story

By Lucille Boehm

Drawings by Louis Ribak



"I hope you do get off tomorrow night," he said, "I want to take you to my union meeting. Like the one we went to last month, remember? The organizer of my local is speaking on militant unionism tomorrow. It ought to be good."

Sally was still ruminating over her day-offs, or lack of them.

"Not only that I shouldn't get off tomorrow," she said, "But there is extra work tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston are coming for dinner, which means I got to make a fancy salad und cocktails und walnut kiffels. Walnut kiffels!"

She dumped a head of lettuce out of its paper bag into the frigidaire.

"—Five hours extra work!"

"Why—" asked Joe, fingering the edge of a brown paper bag and biting his lips over a smile, "—don't you go on strike, Sally?"

Sally threw back her head and stared at him.

"You're crazy," she said, "und besides, what are you talking about?"

"Strike, strike—you know," and Joe began to march up and down the room, holding a paper bag aloft to illustrate what he meant.

"I think you're crazy," she said at length.

"Look, Sally, don't you know what a strike is?" Joe settled down astride a kitchen chair and started to explain. He had an irrepressible desire to lead Sally into the light. All the learning that he had acquired in union study circles, at closed meetings and in night school, he wanted to impart to Sally. Joe wanted to illustrate for her the thousand experiences and sufferings which joined her to the outside world of labor. He would draw her out of that narrow house-hold cell in which so many millions of Sallys are cloistered. He would instil courage in her, and dignity and pride in her labor.

"You see, that's all there is to it," he said after a brief description of the tactics and objectives of the industrial strike. "Just tell the boss, 'no tickee no washee,'—'no raisee, no workee,' and see how fast he'll come around. That is, if you have militant union solidarity behind you. You see what

I mean, don't you?"

"Uh," grunted Sally, who saw nothing but the reddish mixture of horse-radish, Chili sauce and French Dressing that she was stirring in a wooden bowl.

"Oh well," said Joe, sighing, "this is my lunch hour. What say we go out for a bite in Sherman's Cafeteria? How about it, Sally?"

"Yes, all right, in a minute." Sally was grateful that he had decided to speak ordinary English once more. She whipped the salad dressing into a miniature whirlpool, banged her wooden spoon vigorously against the side of the bowl and let it fall to the table with a clatter. She bounced off into her room and re-appeared almost immediately in a black cloth coat and a beret.

"Come on," she commanded, and they left the kitchen together.

In the narrow hallway amid greasy garbage cans, Joe rang for the service elevator. Sally pursed her lips tightly. She did not like having to use the service elevator. She was as good as any of those be-minked and be-sabled debutantes who rode down the front way. As good or better! *They'd* break their fingernails trying to open a can of soup! *They'd* probably faint at the smell of ammonia on wash-day. *They'd* undoubtedly melt into thin vapor over an ironing board! Yes, Sally was better than the best of them! Yet she had to ride down to the street in the smelly service elevator, as though she were a grocery crate or a piece of luggage! It wasn't right. With the air of a queenly martyr, she stepped into the service car and glared at Mr. Biddleman, its operator. Joe moved in silently behind her. The gate squeaked shut.

As they were passing the thirteenth floor, Sally's stocking caught on the splintery corner of a crate of apples. She felt a little catch, the pull of a drawn thread. She looked down cautiously and, sure enough, there was a rip in her stocking the size of a ladder!

"Tz, Tz, Tz, Tz, Tz!" she clicked menacingly in the direction of Mr. Biddleman.

Mr. Biddleman looked down at her and chewed his gum non-committally.

"Tz, tz!" Sally repeated with eloquence.

"All right, all right," whined Mr. Biddleman, "quit griping, will you? Who do you think you are, the Queen of Sheba?"

"No," Sally exploded, "I am not the Queen of Sheba! Und that Mrs. Gruberman who rides down the front elevator in a fur coat and orchids as big as cabbages, she is not the Queen of Sheba neither! Und so is Mrs. Lundy not the Queen of Sheba, und Miss Ahearn and Miss Ubermeyer! The Queen of Sheba wouldn't live in a house like this!"

The last statement seemed irrefutable. Mr. Biddleman remained silent.

When they reached the ground floor, Sally fired her last reserve of ammunition on the enemy fort.

"*Landstreicher!*" she hissed venomously just before she stepped out of the elevator. Mr. Biddleman was vanquished.

Across the table in Sherman's Cafeteria, Joe's face looked very white and very serious. His thick eye-brows knit above his heavy-rimmed glasses. He leaned forward on the table.

"It's all wrong, Sally," he said.

Sally threw back her head, tossing her black hair to the electric fan winds.

"What?" she challenged.

"The strange humiliation attached to being a servant. The inherent class snobishness of society toward its 'hirelings,' its errand boys, and waitresses and house-maids. We work as hard as anyone—harder than most! Are we the untouchables of labor or something? Are we supposed to live our lives alongside vegetable crates in service elevators? What right have they to

wipe their muddy rubbers on us? It's wrong!"

Joe settled back and the normal apple-red coloring returned to his cheeks. It deepened into beet-salad red and began to creep all the way down his neck. He carefully examined the edge of his paper napkin while he spoke to Sally.

"Did you ever read Edna Ferber's short stories?" he asked.

Sally could only shake her head.

"Read them. They're good. Especially 'Every Other Thursday' and 'Fraulein,' and the other ones that are about servants. They're good because they have an inherent respect for house-girls and governesses and such people. Ferber contrasts the mature, competent Fraulein to the impotent, parasitical 'lady' of the house. She appreciates the worth of the 'lower class' servants. She gives them life and character, and above all, a sense of dignity. That's most important. It's the first thing to be denied us by our 'masters'; it ought to be our first heritage as workers—a sense of dignity!"

"That's right!" said Sally with an energetic little purr at the back of her throat. She was convinced that Joe was right, although she didn't quite know what he was talking about. He *sounded* right. The words "sense of dignity" had a beautifully righteous roll to them. She would have to remember them. (Sally was always on the look-out for impressive words.) *Sense of dignity*. Beautiful!

"Some day when we're strong enough," Joe was saying, "we'll follow in the footsteps of the industrial workers. *We'll* have our social security and our collective bargaining and sit-down strikes too one of these days!"

"Sit-down strikes," Sally murmured to herself. "Sit-down strikes, 'sense of dignity', 'sit-down strikes'." They were wonderful words. You could always learn wonderful words from Joe.

(Continued on page 22)

You—you insolent thing . . . acting like this at the last minute, with company coming. . . .



You—you insolent thing . . . acting like this at the last minute, with company coming. . . .



5 and 10 Pyramids

ON THE EVENING of March 17, 1937, in the *New York World-Telegram* were headlines across the front page: **TWO WOOLWORTH STORES HERE STRIKE.** Halfway down the news column it said that Woolworth was coming out on strike to join the Grand 10-cent stores, and set in the middle of this news is what reporters call a special box, a dispatch in extra black type with a black line around the news forming a square. In the box was this report by United Press:

LONDON, March 17.—Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Barbara Hutton, who is in Egypt on a trip, is currently in Cairo, staying at the Menahouse Hotel, it was understood here today.

If the Countess should drive to the Pyramids some evening and see the ghost of the slaves of the Pharaohs building these great tombs, the Pyramids, do you suppose she would realize the simile of the slaves in the Woolworth dime stores having pyramided her fortune?

The employees of the five and ten cent stores have been unionizing not only in Woolworth's but other dime stores as well. These girls belong to the Department Store Employees' Union and their demands are: 40-hour week, \$20 minimum wage, 15-minute relief period, improved sanitary conditions, sufficient help, time and a half for overtime, a week's vacation with pay after one year, two weeks' vacation with pay after two years, no heavy lifting, legal holidays free and clear, pay for entire day if ill, a guarantee of four hours' work for extra help.

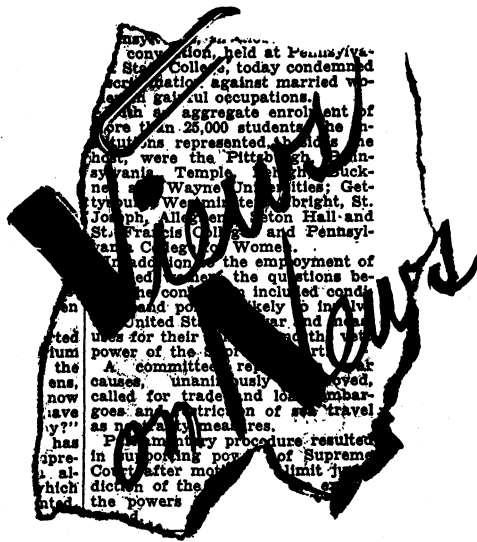
This strike, if not settled in a few days, may spread all over the country so that wherever these stores are, the girls will lift up their voices in singing "Solidarity Forever" and join the strike.

The Board of **THE WOMAN TODAY** is supporting this strike and hopes these girls win all their demands for their brave and intelligent effort and fight for a better life.

"Unneutral" Neutrality Legislation

GREAT SENTIMENT for peace exists in the United States today. Millions of people enrolled in the great peace organizations have exerted their collective influence on Congress and the President. Women's organizations have been particularly vocal and active in demanding that the government keep the country out of war.

But it can hardly be said that the "neutrality" legislation now pending before Congress to cover the present law expiring on May First will keep us neutral. A "neutrality" law which places an embargo on



nations at war but favors the aggressor nation against its victim is, to put it mildly, a sham. When fascist Italy invaded Ethiopia Congress hastily pressed an arms embargo on Ethiopia. Ethiopia's hope for obtaining means of defense in the United States against a powerful fascist aggressor was lost. But fascist Italy could buy oil, trucks and other articles for warfare freely.

Similarly, in regard to Spain, the United States denies the government of Spain's people the possibility of purchasing arms by present neutrality laws but fascist countries, aiding in the invasion of Spain, are not so prohibited. It appears that the United States is scrupulously neutral when it comes to a defense of democracy but decidedly unneutral towards the advance of fascism.

No lover of peace can be consistent and yet believe that peace will be maintained by aid and succor to fascist governments to conquer weaker nations and destroy democracy. We will hasten the end of war and keep peace in America by making it impossible for fascist warmakers anywhere to crush that which we hold dear and for which millions today are giving their lives—liberty and democracy.

Who Is Supreme?

LEON GREEN, dean of Northwestern Law School, in a hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee in Washington, D.C., spoke in behalf of the Roosevelt Court Bill. He said: "A majority of the Supreme Court has assumed an attitude of intolerance and has displayed an intemperance towards much of the legislation it has passed upon. . . . The Constitution is flexible and it should not be allowed to ossify under the gloss of any court so as to defeat the ends for which it was designed."

It seems that our wise forefathers, in drawing up the Constitution, made it flexible, as Mr. Green has testified, and it may be interpreted in different ways. But as a rule, a clause has been interpreted in one way so long that it becomes a tradition and is liable to "ossify." This is what has been

happening with some of the decisions of the Supreme Court—not only ossification, but stagnation—our most dangerous enemies.

The Supreme Court has had many changes since inception. The Constitution does not say what number of men is to sit as the Supreme Court, but that it is part of Congress's duty to decide the number of justices. Also, there is no mention in the Constitution of bestowal of power on the Supreme Court to declare the laws of our Congress unconstitutional. At different times, Congress has made our Supreme Court both larger and smaller.

President Roosevelt's idea is not original, but one of wise judgment. As the court now sits, it will be difficult for the worker, be he laborer of industry or of the farm, to feel secure in any legislation that may be passed in his favor.

We vote for our President, public officials and representatives. The judges are appointed by an individual. Is it right for the justices to perhaps cancel our votes?

Think it over.

A Message to You

IN ACCEPTING THE managing editorship of **THE WOMAN TODAY**, I am coming to you very humbly. Although I have been on the Editorial Board since the first issue of the magazine, I feel it difficult to follow in such luminous footsteps as those of my predecessor, my colleague and my friend, Elinor Curtis.

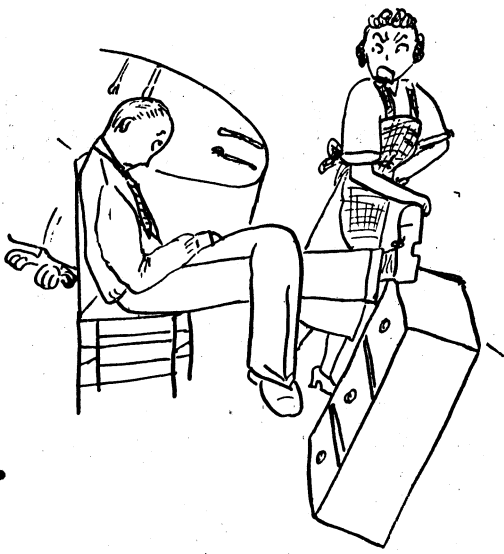
I realize it is a great honor and opportunity to be in this position on the magazine and I want you—all our friends—even if you are not subscribers, to feel that I am at your disposal. I want you to feel that as individuals as well as organizations, you may come to me if you are in New York, or write me if you live outside of New York.

Bring us your questions whether you are an office worker, housewife, union member, farmer or just an interested reader. Your problems will interest us, for this is the kind of magazine where we—you and I—need one another. I don't mean I need you only as subscribers but I need your wisdom, your experience and your advice, and you need me to give you what you want.

But you will have to make it plain to **THE WOMAN TODAY** what you want to read and what you like and what you don't like.

The quarry workers up in Vermont always call me "Ma Union," so look upon me in that manner, not someone with three names and the title of managing editor. Our office is located at 112 East 19th Street, New York City, and you will always find a welcome there by me or the Editorial Board of **THE WOMAN TODAY**.

ISOBEL WALKER SOULE



There's More Than One Way To Nag

By Jean Lyon
Drawings by the author

THE SHOUTING NAG

THERE'S MORE THAN one way to nag. And none of them is any good. Take it from an old reformed nagger.

The nagger who shouts is the most common type. When her husband puts his feet up on the sideboard, she stands over him and screeches at him that he'll get her only sideboard all scratched up, and that anyhow it isn't nice to put your feet on things, and that, what's more, he'll break the chair leaning it back on two legs. She's inclined to be rough. Likely as not she'll give his foot a yank, and knock him clear over.

This might be all right if it worked. At least there's life in the old girl. But it never does work. The husband in question will retort by putting his feet on the bread and butter. (He's apt to have spunk too.) As the years go by he turns sullen and sits around all day Sunday with his feet on clean tablecloths.

A woman ought to try to be logical about her husband's bad habits. She should try to figure out whether or not it's important to her husband to put his feet on the sideboard. Maybe there's no comfortable chair in the house, and that's the only way he can relax. If that's the case, she should let him alone. After all, it's better to have a scratched sideboard than an uncomfortable husband. Maybe, on the other hand, there is a comfortable chair in the house, and if she puts it where he likes to sit she might cure him of the feet-up habit without ever saying a word.

And if she doesn't cure him, why worry? She can comfort herself with the thought that at least he doesn't spit tobacco on the wall.

THE WHINING NAG

THE NAGGER WHO WHINES is more depressing. She always thinks she's being put upon. "I suppose," she whines, "that *P*ll have to pick up that paper you've thrown all over the place. *P*m the one who always has to do everything around here."

She's the kind who is always running

the ashes they drop on the floor and picking up the newspapers they scatter around



around after her men-folks sweeping up their feet. She never does it quietly. She always accompanies the act with a whining sing-song. And her husband develops a sort of worried look around the eyes. He either gets meek or very glum.

Probably the trouble with her is that she is too good a housekeeper. But after all, everybody needs time off from the job—even a housekeeper. So why couldn't she look at the evenings when her husband is at home as time off? Then she could let the house get messy with a clear conscience until it's time for her to go to work again. If he's a good union man, he'll understand.

THE WEeping NAG

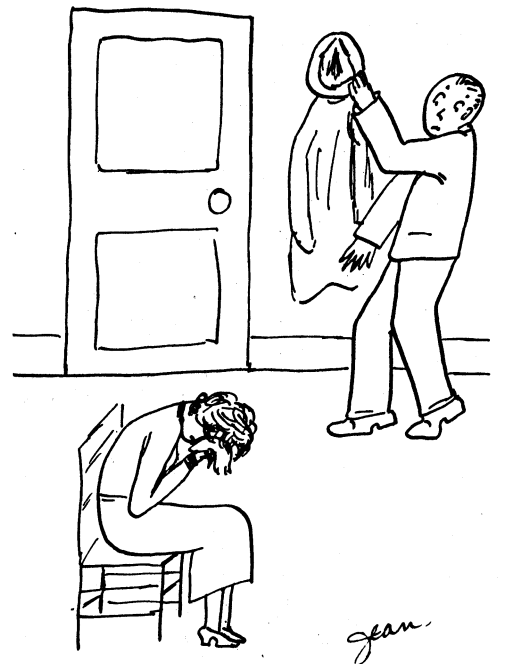
PROBABLY THE MOST pernicious type of nagger is the weeper. She really can get a man down. She weeps when he wants to go out for a beer, and she weeps when he wants to go out to a meeting.

She becomes quite an artist at weeping. Her idea is that by pulling the teary eye-

lashes on him she can keep her husband at home.

But she's just fooling herself. One fine day she wakes up to find that she's not the only artist in the family. She finds that her husband has become an expert toe dancer. He can toe in and out of the house without even waking the cat. He gets so good that he can slip right out in the middle of one of her weeps.

If she'd only think about it, she'd know better. Tears may keep her husband home the first time, but after that they don't mean much. She'd do much better if she made things so cheerful for him just before he went out that he wouldn't want to stay away any longer than he had to. She should be glad to see him when he does come home. She might even ask him if he had a good time, or what happened at the meeting. And she might even listen to his answers. Maybe, if she kept that up, he'd take her with him when he went out. It's worth trying, anyhow, and much more fun than spending your life weeping false tears into wet handkerchiefs.



1001 LAWS DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WOMEN

IN THE CAPITOL at Washington, there stands a portrait monument, white against a dark background, of three pioneers—leaders in the nineteenth century struggle for women's freedom.

Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott. There they are together, representing the battle of seventy-two years from women's first declaration of independence in 1848, down to 1920 when women of the United States first went to the polls in a presidential election as full voters.

In this monument the sculptor, Adelaide Johnson, has shown the large, striking, sharply chiseled nose and strong chin of Susan Anthony, outstanding fighter of them all, who dared to challenge the "God-ordained authority of men." All three of these pioneers started their work in the abolition movement against slavery and through it became involved in the movement to free women from "slavery" as established under the English common law. The story of what preceded the women's declaration of independence is of extraordinary interest today, especially to those who are working in trade unions and in organizations that are now discussing the Women's Charter.

Less than a hundred years ago, in 1840, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott went as delegates from the United States to a World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London. But after crossing the Atlantic—a long trip in those days—they were forced to sit with other women "fenced off from public gaze by a grating" separating them from the men delegates.

Meanwhile the men stormed up and down the hall in a shrieking debate as to whether or not the women delegates should be seated. It was unheard of in those days that women should participate in public meetings, and the vote went against them.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Stanton were stirred with a deep and lasting anger against such discrimination. They conferred together and decided a convention of women should be called in the United States to protest against their position under the law. It was eight years before the convention was finally held in Seneca Falls, New York on July 19 and 20, 1848. It marked the definite beginning of women's long struggle for recognition.

Frederick Douglass, ex-slave and prominent Negro leader in the abolition movement, was an outstanding speaker at this convention. Significantly enough, the gathering was held at a time when workers on the Continent were rising up in revolt against oppression, and shortly after Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels wrote the *Communist Manifesto*.

A Declaration of Independence

IN THEIR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, adopted at this 1848 convention, the women challenged the whole underlying principle of English common law, on which all

American laws (except Louisiana's) are based. Under the common law, women were made perpetual minors, subject to the father until marriage and then to the husband until death.

Since it was thus legally established that women were inferior to men, they were denied admission to institutions of higher learning. No profession was open to them. They could not own property in their own right nor hold guardianship over their children.

A first break in this legal subordination of women had just come in April 1848, when the New York State legislature passed the Married Woman's Property Act, allowing married women to hold property in their own right. Meeting shortly after this act was passed, the Seneca Falls gathering declared their views in militant terms:

"The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

"He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

"He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice. . . .

"He has made her, if married, in the eyes of the law, civilly dead.

"... the law, in all cases, going upon a false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands. . . . As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she (the woman) is not known. . . .

"He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and subject life."

Then came the storm. Newspapers of the country burst into ridicule and abuse of these courageous pioneers. They were held up to scorn as "atheists" and "hermaphrodites." Their conference was dubbed "the Hen Convention," a menace to the sanctity of the home, where man ruled as husband and dictator.

Undaunted, in defiance of jeers and taunts, Susan Anthony and a few valiant leaders carried on the fight year by year—journeying over the country, speaking at meetings, rousing the spirit of women themselves to demand the vote, to secure educational advantages and equal opportunity in other fields. Picketing the White House, arrested, put in jail, declaring hunger strikes and then fed by force, the Twentieth Century militant suffragists who followed them stuck together, as workers stick together in a strike, and won by the power of their solidarity.

Equal suffrage was established when the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution was passed by Congress and ratified by more than two-thirds of the states. In brief terms it declared that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

Left Over Laws

BUT THERE REMAIN upon the statute books of the various states and jurisdictions of the United States, even to this day, over a thousand laws—1041 to be exact—that still mark the dependent position of women. They are left-overs from the old English common law which condemned women to live as under the tutelage and control of father or husband.

These left-over discriminatory laws group themselves around the rights of citizenship and nationality; the right to hold public office; to serve on juries; to act as executor or administrator; to acquire and dispose of property; conditions of separation and divorce; and the guardianship of children.

In twenty-seven states, including the important states of New York, Illinois and Massachusetts, only men have the right to serve on juries.

To bring together information about all these remnants of laws, that still hold back women in their struggle for freedom, was a piece of work that very much needed doing. It has now been done by an able woman lawyer of Washington, D. C., Emma Wold, rapporteur for the Inter-American Commission of Women. Published by the United States government as Senate Document Number 270 of the 74th Congress (second session) this pamphlet is called *A Comparison of the Political and Civil Rights of Men and Women in the United States*.

Most unfortunately, however, the document confuses the labor legislation introduced during the past eighty-five years, with the discriminatory laws that are left over from the old English common law. To include laws beneficial to labor among laws that discriminate against women is a serious error that can be made only by persons unfamiliar with conditions under which workers must still toil.

Not one of these labor laws, aimed to improve working conditions for the lowest paid, most exploited women workers, was on the statute books of any state at the time when women of 1848 made their historic declaration of independence. (New Hampshire had passed a law in 1847 declaring that 10 hours work should be the legal work day for all workers.) These women pioneers were protesting against a whole system of laws that denied them the right to vote, the right to hold property, to go to college, to enter the professions.

Some of these degrading laws, over a thousand in all, still exist in certain states and should be changed as rapidly as possible. But it is a matter for sincere regret that the first attempt to compile and tabulate so carefully the laws still discriminating against women should have so confused the issue in relation to labor laws.

Working women know by first hand experience the great difference between an unbearable, impossibly long 10-hour day in a factory and the tolerable, though still too long 8-hour day. This writer has worked in a factory enough to know that difference. No one who has ever done factory

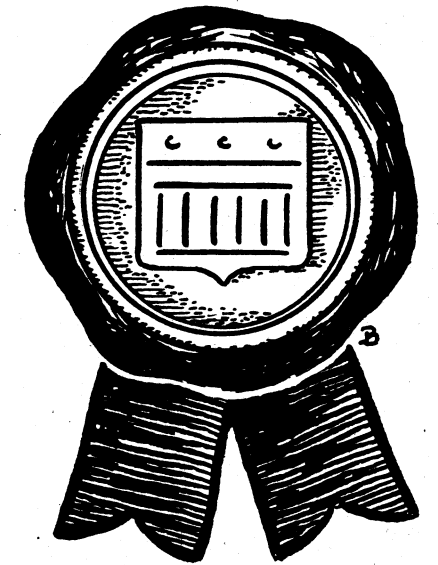
work can sincerely oppose legislation that shortens the working day—first for women and then, as usually follows, for men also in plants where both men and women are working. Advantages gained by one group of workers, experience shows, are soon extended to include other groups.

No one who has tried to live and support even one dependent on \$12 a week, or less, can possibly oppose a minimum wage law that raises wages as high as 31 cents an hour or \$12.40 a week for a forty hour week. This was the legal minimum wage in New York City laundries when the aged justices of the United States Supreme Court, on June 1, 1936, declared the law "unconstitutional."

Unorganized women no less than trade union women now have a special responsibility in clarifying this whole issue. Around the discussion of the new Women's Charter there has already developed considerable controversy between the relatively small group of feminist extremists and the masses of women, in the great majority of women's organizations, who recognize the need for labor legislation.

Our struggle for political and civil equality will include efforts to abolish those discriminatory laws still left on the statute books—89 years after the heroic women pioneers of the mid-Nineteenth Century first challenged those laws. But this effort to secure political and civil rights must not be confused by any attacks on labor's hard-won laws for shorter hours and better wages. Such attacks only play into the hands of those employers who always oppose labor legislation because they want freedom to exploit labor at the lowest possible wages for the longest possible working hours.

By Grace Hutchins



1001 LAWS DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WOMEN

SALLY SITS DOWN

(Continued from page 17)

Joe watched her for a moment and then began to laugh.

"Look, Sally," he reached across the table and took her hand, "don't take me too seriously. I mean, what I said about *your* going out on strike. You see, one person can't really strike by himself. You have to have a union behind you with organized picket lines and funds and—"

"Sh!" Sally commanded abruptly. A plan was slowly revolving through her mind—like turkey on a spit. She examined it mentally from every angle.

"Yes," she commented aloud, "I will go on a strike."

"Now listen, Sally," Joe's face grew serious; "I don't want you to get into trouble on my account. If you try to 'go on strike' you'll simply get yourself fired. You can't do it that way. . . ."

But Sally was not to be intimidated.

"You are wrong!" she snapped. "I know what I am speaking!"

"You're a little fool, Sally, and you don't know anything. Now I—"

"Mister Joe!" Sally rose to five feet and one-half inch of unadulterated rage. She pushed back her chair with such violence that it nearly toppled over. "I do not stand such talk!"

Joe wanted to kick himself for not being able to suppress a smile. This was really getting serious. If that silly kid was going to . . .

"Now Sally," he scolded, trying valiantly to force down the curves at the corners of his mouth, "You're not—"

"What's funny?" Sally demanded, stung to the core. "There is nothing I can see you should laugh about. I will go on a strike, und I don't need you to help me neither. So good-bye, *unvermogen!*"

She threw her coat across her shoulders and ran out of the cafeteria before Joe or the cashier could stop her.

BACK in the kitchen, she slumped onto a stool and felt very much like crying. It seemed as though she had been betrayed in her great hour of need. Joe had been the backbone of support and coherence to her rebellious instincts. Now that backbone had dissolved itself into spineless jelly.

"Never mind," she told herself bravely, "it will work out all right, no matter. Joe don't know everything. Besides, you know something that he don't know."

And she did. She knew that Sally Emilia Bauer was capable of making the most delicious, the most heavenly kiefels on this side of the Atlantic. She also knew that Mr. Gilchrist, head of an entire family of Gilchrights, was extraordinarily fond of

walnut kiefels. In fact he insisted upon having them for dinner at least once every week. What was even more important, he insisted that they be baked only by the magic hand of Sally Emilia Bauer. That was as potent a strike weapon as ever was wielded by organized labor on the industrial battlefield.

Sally jumped from her stool and rallied to the cause. She wiped the corners of her eyes with a dish-towel. Then, with the quick movements of suppressed excitement, she began to assemble her implements of war—five eggs, a bottle of cream, a cake of yeast, a jar of flour and a dish of butter. I cannot describe her procedure in exact detail for fear of divulging important secrets of strike strategy. But believe me that she concentrated her talents on preparing the most super-special, the most mouth-watering kiefels ever baked.

While she worked, she perfected her plan of action. Dinner would be on the stove and ready by the time Mrs. Gilchrist came home that evening. The kiefels would be in the oven. The kitchen would be immaculate, everything in its place. And Sally would be sitting on her stool,—refusing to budge. She would guard that stove and its precious contents with her life. If any of the Gilchrights ventured to touch it, she would tell them that she and her peerless walnut kiefels would disappear forever. Then she would put up her demands;—a day-off *every* Thursday without cancellations, and the privilege of riding in the front elevator. Mrs. Gilchrist might make a fuss, but *Mr.* Gilchrist—ah, Mr. Gilchrist was her trump card!

It was six o'clock sharp when Sally heard the key turn in the outside lock. Her heart turned a queer little pirouette of its own as she listened. She sat down on the kitchen stool with noiseless determination, and waited. Two voices entered through the hall door—the thin, nasal mosquito voice of Mrs. Gilchrist and the hoarse throatiness of Miss Beverly. The voices separated outside the door of the kitchen. Then the door opened.

"Sally?"

Mrs. Gilchrist poked her green-blond head through the crack.

"Oh, Sally. . . ."

She stepped into the kitchen with mincing, Spanish-heel steps.

"I want you to hurry up and finish everything you're doing because—"

"I am having a sit-down," Sally announced.

"Oh well, never mind that now. You know the Livingstons are coming tonight, so . . ."

"I am sit-downing," said Sally firmly.

Something brittle in her voice made Mrs. Gilchrist look up.

"What was that?" she asked uneasily.

"I am sit-downing," Sally repeated, "I am not going to serve on dinner tonight."

Mrs. Gilchrist was incredulous.

"What?" was all she could manage to say.

"No," said Sally, not unless I can have *every* Thursday off (und that means tomorrow, too), und also ride in the front elevator, und—und get five dollars extra a month!" That last clause came as a surprise. Sally was almost as amazed at her audacity as was Mrs. Gilchrist.

"Wha—" gasped Mrs. Gilchrist, growing pale, "What do you mea— oh dear— oh—," and she fairly ran out of the kitchen. Sally gripped the sides of her stool and awaited the onslaught. *Something* was coming—she was sure of that—and she was very much afraid that it was going to be Miss Beverly.

Sure enough, three minutes later the kitchen door opened again, and this time it banged against the opposite wall. Miss Beverly strode into the room with Mrs. Gilchrist trailing after—the tail at the end of the comet. They stood before Sally in the attitude of a Roman tribunal. Miss Beverly spoke.

"What is this all about!" she thundered.

Sally gave back as good as she got.

"I am not serving on dinner. Your mother knows why!" The words shot out like corks popping from toy guns.

"Is that so!" hurled Miss Beverly. "Is that so!"

Sally moved her head to indicate very clearly that it was so.

"Do you happen to know that Mr. and Mrs. Livingston are coming for dinner tonight, and that they are important business dealers with my father?" demanded Miss Beverly.

"That makes no difference!" said Sally.

"No difference!" cried Miss Beverly, and she and her mother exchanged a horrified glance. "Well, we'll see about that!"

She walked toward the stove and began to turn down the gas jets. Sally flew from her stool.

"Raus mit!" she shouted, shoving Miss Beverly aside not too gently. "If you even go near the stove I leave the house for good und do not come back again!"

Miss Beverly backed up against the table, pale and somewhat subdued in tone.

"Now you watch out," she faltered. "Don't you dare touch me. Suppose we were to tell you that we don't care if you never come back again? Suppose mother were to tell you you're fired?"

"Yes, you—you insolent thing," offered Mrs. Gilchrist half-heartedly, "I've a good mind to fire you at that. Acting like this at the last minute, with company coming,

(Continued on page 24)

The Furriers Celebrate A Birthday

The Fur Workers' Union, in its twenty-sixth year of existence, furnishes a glorious example of unity and activity. THE WOMAN TODAY, celebrating its first anniversary, says "Happy Birthday" to the furriers who have just rounded their first quarter century.

By Clara Meltzer

Member of the Educational Committee of
the Fur Workers' Union of the A. F. of L.

THE FUR WORKERS UNION is a glorious example to the labor movement of what a united front leadership means to its members. The Union is growing in strength and members through organizing the entire trade and through educating its members.

Women workers have played a very important role in the Furriers' Union. There are about 3,000 in the trade, many of whom are the sole support of their families.

The women were seen on the picket line at all times and in all weather. They resisted the brutality of the police who tried to break the strikes and disband the picket lines. A delegation of forty women went to Washington to protest to the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, and to Senator Wagner against police brutality.

Two months ago the fur workers celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary, and the formation of the United Front in their trade, with a grand concert in the Hippodrome. Numbering 15,000 members today, the Fur Workers Union has made history in the labor movement during its existence.

The first strike of the union, which took place in 1912, is still remembered for its militancy and the determination of the workers to form a union. It ended with a reduction in working hours from seventy a week to forty-nine.

Since then the fur workers have exhibited the same determination to maintain and strengthen the growth of their union. During these years of numerous struggles with the employers, the fur workers have learned important lessons in trade union tactics.

The forty-hour week was won during a seventeen week strike in 1926, with a substantial increase in wages for the workers in all branches of the trade. This strike clearly demonstrated that the union was unconquerable and that all efforts of the employers to demoralize the workers and weaken the union were in vain.

It was not the lot of the furriers to enjoy the fruits of this victory long. In 1927, when the power of the union as a factor in the trade was at its height, internal

strife within the union broke out, resulting in the establishment of two unions.

Viewed in its historical perspective, even this internal strife had a beneficial influence upon the fur workers. For a time, however, this was disastrous for them. The employers took advantage of the division in the ranks of the workers, and snatched away the gains previously won through great struggle and sacrifice.

Those eight years represent a most regrettable and unfortunate chapter in the history of the Fur Workers Union. However, even during this time the fur workers maintained and increased their class-consciousness and militancy. There were many strikes for better conditions, against piece work and against contracting. The thirty-five hour week was maintained in the trade by hard struggles on picket lines, at demonstrations in Washington, at N.R.A. hearings.

In the last two years, the two unions, having united into one powerful union, with a united leadership, have banished the

hatred and friction that existed for eight years.

The employers' associations have recognized this power, and have signed a collective agreement, granting a ten per cent increase without a strike.

Workers of both sexes enjoy the same rights, equal pay for equal work and the full protection of the union.

The New York Joint Council has endorsed the fight for industrial unionism, and has helped the militant automobile workers in their sit-down strike, both morally and financially.

It has helped the heroic Spanish workers in their fight against bloody fascism, sending thousands of dollars and thousands of fur jackets, caps, and coats for the Spanish brothers and sisters who are fighting in the trenches.

The fur workers are proud of their union, which the bosses fear and respect. It has become a symbol of unity and solidarity in the labor movement. We say: "Onward to further victories!"

At the headquarters of the Fur Workers' Union in New York City. Making and collecting fur clothes for the Spanish fighters against fascism.



At the headquarters of the Fur Workers' Union in New York City. Making and collecting fur clothes for the Spanish fighters against fascism.



SALLY SITS DOWN

(Continued from page 22)

and when it's too late to get another girl! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Here—move away from the stove and let Beverly finish the dinner if you won't. You can pack your things and leave in the morning, you—you—baggage!"

What could she do, Sally wondered. The whole thing was going off rather badly. She couldn't fight physically for her rights. She had relied on her own personal indispensability in the Gilchrist household to carry her plan through. Perhaps she wasn't as essential as she had thought. It looked as though she might be in for a beating. But never mind—her final hand was yet to be played! Just wait—wait till Mr. Gilchrist came home!

Miss Beverly was approaching the stove, this time somewhat gingerly. She eyed Sally cautiously, but Sally stepped aside and stood on the outer soles of her feet, sliding her hands vigorously in and out of her apron pockets. Miss Beverly walked up to the stove and grasped the oven handle, and at that moment two very startling things happened. Miss Beverly let out a shriek of pain and the doorbell began to ring furiously.

Mrs. Gilchrist fluttered about like a panicky moth amid the confusion. Leaving a trail of "oh dears" behind her, she flurried into the hall to open the door. Meanwhile Miss Beverly moaned and sobbed and sucked on her burnt fingers. The voice of Mr. Gilchrist boomed through the open door.

"... I forgot my key ... yeah, hello ... whatsa matter; what on earth was that ungodly noise I heard when I rang the bell? ..."

Still holding her fingers in her mouth, Miss Beverly ran out of the kitchen.

Sally dropped to the stool and caught her breath. What was going to happen now? She strained her ears toward the door, but all she could hear was subdued whispering and hissing, like the noises that come up with the first steam-heat in winter. Every once in a while, Mr. Gilchrist's voice roared forth amid the mewling of feminine whispers,

"... What! ... What! ... Why of all the ... well, she's got her nerve! ..."

Something knotted in Sally's throat. Her last hope began to sink slowly out of sight. Mr. Gilchrist was taking their side against her. There was no mistake about that.

"... this is a fine how do you do. ... I certainly will ... don't worry, she doesn't stay under my roof another day! ..."

Her last chance—her last, last hope was vanishing. Maybe Joe was right after all. Yes, Joe was always right. Suddenly Sally was stung with remorse and anguish for

what she had done. A salty wetness smarted the rims of her eyes. Quickly she lifted the hem of her apron to her face. She mustn't be seen crying. She must have—what was it Joe had said—a *sense of dignity*. Somehow there was comfort in those slow, wonderful words. *A sense of dignity*. Sally drew in a deep breath and squared her shoulders.

All at once the kitchen door flew open and Mr. Gilchrist raged into the room. His huge voice shook the air.

"Now see here, young woman, I don't stand for any nonsense around here, so you can take your monkeyshines somewhere else! Tomorrow morning you pack your belongings and—and—"

Suddenly his big moon-face began to soften. For a moment he seemed distracted. Then he drew himself up and scowled ferociously.

"... and get out of this house while the—while the—"

This time Mr. Gilchrist broke down completely.

"What is that smell?" he asked gently.

Amidst all the excitement Sally had forgotten that, just at the moment when her *kipfels* were turning brown, a most delicious aroma issued from the oven. Now, at the sudden thought, her heart leaped ahead six beats.

"What—" repeated Mr. Gilchrist, and there was faint note of rapture in his voice, "is that smell?"

Sally rushed up to the stove, seized a pot-holder, opened the oven and drew out its contents in a wide, flat tray.

"Walnut *kipfels*!" she exclaimed, but the sight before her was more eloquent than words.

There they lay, in three neatly arranged rows—round and soft, gleaming golden-brown and flecked with sugar-covered nuts—the most beautiful *kipfels* in the world! Mr. Gilchrist looked on with the air of one being slowly and delightfully seduced. He sighed. Then he turned on his heel and shouted in a terrible voice:

"Laura!"

Mrs. Gilchrist pattered into the room almost immediately, as though she had been waiting just outside the door.

"Laura," said Mr. Gilchrist sternly, "who is going to bake my walnut *kipfels* once a week when Sally is gone?"

Mrs. Gilchrist looked startled.

"Why I—I—"

"You!" boomed Mr. Gilchrist with awful irony. "You!"

"No, no—I mean—" Mrs. Gilchrist began, but Mr. Gilchrist interrupted her.

"Sally," he said, turning away, "exactly what is it that you want?"

Sally thought she had gone tongue-tied. She was surprised when the words came

out, boldly and clearly.

"Five dollars extra a month, und day-offs every Thursday, und that I should ride in the front elevator."

Mr. Gilchrist whirled upon his wife.

"Let her have the days off and the front elevator and a five dollar raise. Let her have a ten dollar raise and two mink coats! But *I want my kipfels!*" he roared.

THE following evening Sally sat alone in her room and watched the clock. She felt dismally anti-climactic. Now that she had won her day off, there was nothing to do with it. She had expected to go to Joe's union meeting, but she hadn't heard from Joe all day. Instead of coming at his usual hour that morning, he had left the groceries outside the door and gone away.

Then the buzzer sounded. Holding her breath, Sally flew to the door. Joe was standing behind it, blushing to the last freckle on his nose.

"Hello," he said with a feeble laugh, "I thought maybe if you weren't fired yet, you might like to go to the meeting tonight—"

"Joe!" cried Sally, and she grabbed his hand, "Joe! I sat down und I won!"

Joe looked at her and blinked.

"What?" he asked.

"I was sit-downing und I won!"

"Ten dollars extra a month I got, und day-offs every Thursday und—"

"Wheee!" cried Joe, really impressed, "that's marvelous, kid. C'mon! Get into your things and we'll celebrate!"

"Well—" gloated Sally as she bundled into her coat, "was I right or was I wrong?"

"Right—always right," laughed Joe as they stepped into the hall.

When he lifted his hand to ring the service car bell, Sally stopped him.

"Wait!" she commanded. Then she led him with great ceremony into the front hallway with its cream-colored stucco walls. Magnificently she pressed the ornate button for the passenger elevator.

When they left the fine French mirrors and indirect lighting of the front elevator, and emerged onto the street, Joe seized Sally by the hand.

"Hurry up!" he shouted, and he began to run. "Hurry up! I want to tell the union all about the first successful one-woman strike ever waged in the history of labor!"

"No, stop!" cried Sally, slowing him down to a walk. "Stop! We must walk slow like real people. Because now I have—" she drew herself and squared her hat on her upright little head—"I have a sense und dignity!"

And she had. Joe looked down at the proud, glowing face and understood. With slow, firm steps they walked toward the Union Hall together.

Hats Off to the Women

PAINTERS' WIVES TALK TURKEY

SOMETHING WAS WRONG at Public School 67, the Bronx. Anxious mothers, escorting their little tots through New York City's dangerous traffic, could see the commotion when they were still blocks away. What could it be?

A picket line! Men, with banners, picketing their school! Excitedly the mothers read: "Painters on Strike. This Shop is Unfair to Union Labor. District Council No. 9, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America."

What a shame for their school to be picketed! But you couldn't blame workingmen for fighting for higher wages. Look at the high cost of living. But the school was not like a factory. How could you punish the owner? Could it be that the principal was to blame? Or was it the Board of Education? New York City's public school system was a vast institution. The Board of Education was in a big office building, remote from the general public. Vaguely the women began to think of themselves as part owners of the schools.

Several of the mothers did more than sympathize. They began asking questions. They discovered that while school had been closed for the mid-winter holidays, painting had been started by a non-union contractor. To expose this attack upon living standards, the union decided to throw the picket line around the school.

"We women will take this right up!" One woman after another voiced this feeling. Not only were they members of the Parent-Teachers Association of that school, but some of them belonged to the Women's Auxiliaries of the Painters' Locals.

The picket line was greatly cheered. Folks had heard talk of these women's auxiliaries. Maybe they couldn't handle a situation like this one, but still it was encouraging to see their loyalty to the union.

The auxiliary women immediately had several thousand cards printed, demanding of the Board of Education and the City of New York that they give contracts to union contractors only, to insure the union scale of wages to painters. They then approached the Parent-Teachers Association and with their help, distributed the cards and arranged to visit the school principal.

The principal was a woman. A much surprised woman she was when into her office came a committee of twenty-five mothers. Clearly and definitely the committee pointed out to the principal the position she had put herself into, enabling the

boss to maintain conditions and wages to his liking, and undermining the standard of living for school children. To stop this practice, these mothers declared they would, if necessary, remove their children from this school.

Explaining that she had not realized the significance of what she had done, the principal arranged a meeting between the boss and the committee, in her office. She notified the Board of Education that if the contractor did not sign up with the union, he would have to leave the school.

Early next morning the women hurried to the school to talk to the non-union painters. When the boss arrived at ten o'clock, he was dumfounded to find his men on a sit-down strike! The women "talked turkey." The boss understood the language and promised to go to the District



Council office to sign up. To convince these women, and save his painting contract, he invited the committee to meet him at the District Council that very afternoon.

The union officials no doubt had good reasons to be skeptical about this boss, but he actually did come and signed up the next morning. This was the first step toward unionizing painting jobs that not only involved this Bronx school, but several schools throughout New York City.

Only a few months old at the time of this singular victory, this Women's Auxiliary of Local 261 of the Painters' District Council 9, soon scored a similar victory at another school in downtown Manhattan.

The Board of Education now under-

stands that workers and their wives will not tolerate non-union conditions in schools attended by their children and maintained by them.

The work of all auxiliaries is important to their respective trades and to the labor movement as a whole. More power to them!

NINA WASSERMAN.

Do You Need a Biscuit?

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, from one of our readers, should be of great interest:

Six hundred employees of the National Biscuit Co. have been locked out since January 8, 1935.

The National Biscuit Company was presented with a contract in March, 1936, for a closed shop, but as yet there has been no reply. For the past weeks we have been working overtime every night, even working on Lincoln's Birthday, while six hundred of our brothers and sisters are out starving.

In the name of humanity and Christianity I appeal to your many readers to flood the National Biscuit Company with thousands of protests and to refuse to buy its products.

Half of the employees at National Biscuit are women.

Address all protests to Mr. Worst, Manager, National Biscuit Co., 449 West 14th Street, New York City.

A CATHOLIC WORKER AND READER.

Round Table Discussion

GARY, INDIANA, is holding a Round Table discussion for steel workers' wives on April 14, at 7:30 P.M., at Moose Temple. Questions to be discussed are *How Will Organization of Labor Benefit Our Community?* and *The Housing Problem*. Prominent speakers will take part. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary, Lodge 1014, Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America. All steel workers' womenfolk invited.

ELIZABETH R. HALL,
Auxiliary Reporter.

Correspondence Courses

IF YOU ARE active, or eager for activity, in unions, auxiliaries, shoppers' leagues, housewives' councils, farm clubs, you will welcome the aid of our *Correspondence Courses*, designed for your practical needs. Write for full information. Be sure to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. THE WOMAN TODAY, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

I HAVE NO REGRETS

(Continued from page 11)

there were similar struggles in Spokane, Denver, San Diego, Sacramento, Fresno, Portland and Sioux City.

Missoula was a bleak little town, still savoring of pioneer days. We had a little shack on the river as a union headquarters. Our street meetings were undoubtedly augmented by the novelty of a young woman speaker, a rarity twenty-seven years ago in a western town.

Suddenly the police ordered us to stop. We defied them! We defended our constitutional rights! We sent telegrams for all foot-loose rebels around the country. Soon, to the horror of the townspeople, they poured in—on top, underneath and on the ends of every passenger, pullman and freight train. Dozens mounted the soap box and were arrested.

The speech, not the arrest, was an ordeal to many. After a few words, they'd look hopefully around for the "bull." Reading from the Declaration of Independence saved several six-footers from heart failure. One chap who had achieved arrest, trailed his captor into a drunken brawl, where several arrests were made. He tagged along to the jail, saying, "I made one speech and I'll be damned if I'll go back to make another!"

Finally, after sending the "ringleaders" to the county jail, the town officials hit upon the happy thought of turning the nightly haul out each morning. This put the burden of their keep upon the I.W.W. We saw our treasury of about \$700 fade away if we attempted to feed our army. A decision was made that the men should refuse to leave jail. Next day, the puzzled residents saw the spectacle of jail doors wide open and over a hundred men refusing to leave! The police pleaded and tried to shove them out but were outnumbered. Finally an untoward event "broke solidarity," to the general disgust.

A little Frenchman was the fortunate possessor of a wife. He was extremely jealous, so he sneaked out. The police clapped the door shut. At the office he discovered his wife was in the other jail. He rushed back to his dungeon. It was locked! He hammered and begged to get in. The exasperated jailer said: "Damn you, now you're out, stay out!" He sat down on the jail steps and wept, "The fellow-workers will call me a traitor! Please let me in!"

The sheriff, alarmed by a march on the county jail led by his brother, demanded reinforcements. The taxpayers resented the growing burden of expense. They admired the tenacity of the I.W.W. in those early days. Finally the arrests ceased, all were released and our meetings resumed.

But Montana doesn't conjure up pleasant memories today. The man who was with me on the street the day I was arrested, in Missoula, was a gaunt, dark man, with great courage and a gentle manner. He was part Indian—"a real American," he said with a smile. Today Montana brings to me the dreadful picture of my friend, Frank Little, a cripple, beaten, dragged tied to an automobile and lynched from a railroad bridge at Butte during the war madness of 1917.

I was arrested again on a charge of conspiracy. Blockading traffic, inciting to riot and conspiracy are still favorite charges against workers. My child was born six months later, so he had the strange record of being twice in jail for free speech before birth.

AN INTERESTING WOMAN character appeared about this time, Agnes Thecla Fair. A slight, delicate woman, very intense, she rushed frantically around on a self-appointed mission—to convert the farmers. She was the first woman hobo I met. A little volume written in Alaska, called "Songs of the Sourdoughs" was her means of livelihood. During hard times and strikes her slogan was, "Potatoes for the boys!" and she gathered up huge quantities of food from her converts. She sensed the strategic possibilities of a workers' and farmers alliance long before it became a political platform. She died at Portland, Oregon, and was buried by that good samaritan of the Pacific Coast, Dr. Marie Equi.

The doctor was arrested and cruelly abused during a cannery strike. Subsequently she served ten months in San Quentin Prison for her loyalty to the I.W.W. in war times. An excellent physician, she has signed few death certificates in her thirty-four years of practice but has paid for more funerals of penniless men and women than any one else I ever heard of. She would deliver a brilliant speech on the soap box and dash off to usher a newcomer into the world or to operate in the hospital.

The free speech fights of the I.W.W. were usually successful and paved the way for organization. Space forbids other than a brief reference to the strikes that followed: lumber workers in Montana and Louisiana, where black and white joined one union for the first time; the hop pickers of the Durst Ranch in California which resulted in the long imprisonment of Ford and Suhr. In Everett, Washington, five men were riddled with bullets when a group attempted to leave the steamship Verona, to hold a meeting. In the East there were strikes at McKees Rocks, Lawrence, Lowell, New Bedford,

Little Falls, Paterson and Akron. In the South at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Bisbee, Arizona, where a thousand men were deported into the desert. In 1919 at Centralia, Washington, the I.W.W. defended their hall against an American Legion attack. Wesley Everest, an ex-soldier, was lynched and eight men were sentenced to Walla Walla Prison. One, Roy Becker, is still there.

When the United States entered the war, the I.W.W. was a power to be reckoned with—its mighty shadow lay over the West. The Agricultural Workers Union had perfected a mobile delegate system that reached every harvest hand. It was adopted by other unions. They made and won demands steadily. May 1st, 1917, was "blanket burning" day. After that bedding had to be furnished in camp.

The employers were producing for war profits not patriotism. They raised their rates tremendously but resisted demands for wages. The wobbly slogan "Hit the boss in the pocketbook" worried them. They had long desired to "smash the I.W.W." The war furnished them with a convenient pretext. Lynchings, beatings, wholesale imprisonments under state syndicalist and federal sedition laws and deportations were applied ruthlessly. Sentences of twenty years were ordinary.

Yet the I.W.W. as an organization did not oppose conscription. If it had, with the number of native born in its membership, there would have been a memorable demonstration against war. Many felt that it should have done so—better, they argued, to go out in a blaze of glory than to be crushed piecemeal.

I HAVE NO REGRETS for the days of my youth. Unrepentantly, I glory in the company of those singing warriors, brave fighters for The Day.

Once I was traveling from Bellingham to Seattle with a lumberjack sent along to guard me. He was very shy and conversation was difficult. Finally I said, as we gazed out on Puget Sound and the Olympian Mountains, "Isn't the landscape beautiful?" He replied, "Ah—I can't enjoy the landscape under the capitalist system!"

There were nearly a half million people in the United States who were at some time members of the I.W.W. Though many are dead, others are old, many broken in health, some discouraged, I doubt if any of them "enjoy the landscape under capitalism." The seed has been scattered far and wide. In any acute labor crisis the ex-I.W.W.'s will respond. They have scars they do not forget. They think in terms of their bedrock convictions.



Minneapolis makes fashion news in this unique style show, with every model a union girl and every garment union made.

Left: Doris Polander wearing a Charles Perlman dress. Millie Korochetz and Loretta Wilson wearing Joyce Gould dresses, made by the Li Perl Dress Shop.

Below: Harriet Fisher (seated) and Goldie Hagen (standing) wearing spring coat and suit from the Paramount Coat Co.

Fashion Wears A Union Label

By Kay Harris

A STYLE SHOW is hardly news, especially at this time of year, when clothes are on every woman's mind and every window is a style show on its own, but a show put on by a union, with every model a union girl, and every garment bearing a union label is something new indeed.

The occasion was an International Rendezvous sponsored by the Womens International League for Peace and Freedom of Minneapolis. Brightly decorated booths filled the three floors of the Unitarian Center on Harmon Place. Each booth was sponsored and decorated by one of the dozens of cooperating organizations—cooperatives, trade unions, peace groups, women's clubs, youth groups and others—all directed toward the building of international peace.

The fashion show was only one feature of the varied program of international entertainment. While the visitors to the exhibits were dining on international foods, members of the International Ladies Garment Union, passed among the tables, modeled coats and dresses from their own union shops.

Women who have thought of union label clothes chiefly as overalls and canvas gloves, expressed surprise at the smartness of the frocks. And all were won over by the poise and charm of the union girls who modeled them.

Women, of course, have always been incurably interested in clothes. But they haven't thought enough of the human being who had to make them. The union label campaign of the International Ladies Garment Workers is trying to impress upon women buyers that their insistence on union label frocks will help eradicate sweat-shops, and raise the standards of living of workers in the garment industry.

The response of the audience to this first all-union style show indicated that this is an excellent method of bringing home to women the relation between their responsibility as consumers and the welfare of producing groups.

And, more than this, the style show and the entire *Rendezvous* brought out the fundamental relationship between economic welfare and international peace.

AMONG THE groups cooperating with the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in conducting

the International Rendezvous were the following:

League of Women Voters, Business Women's Club, Emergency Peace Campaign, Cosmopolitan Club of the University, Hennepin County Youth Council, Theosophical Society, the American League Against War and Fascism, the North American Committee for the Defense of Spanish Democracy, Progressive Bookshop and the Labor School.

Also the Central Labor Union, Typographical Union, Teachers' Federation, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, International Ladies Garment Workers, Artists' Union, Writers' Union, Newspaper Guild, League of Arts and Professions, and the Minneapolis Theatre Union.

Also the Midland Cooperative Oil, Minneapolis Cooperative Oil, Northern States Cooperative League, Franklin Cooperative Guild, and South Side Cooperative Guild.

UNION MEMBERS modeling coats and dresses included Doris Polander, Millie Korochetz, Loretta Wilson, Joyce Gould, Harriet Fisher, Goldie Hagen, Irene Hickman, Christine Cyr, Grace Douglas.





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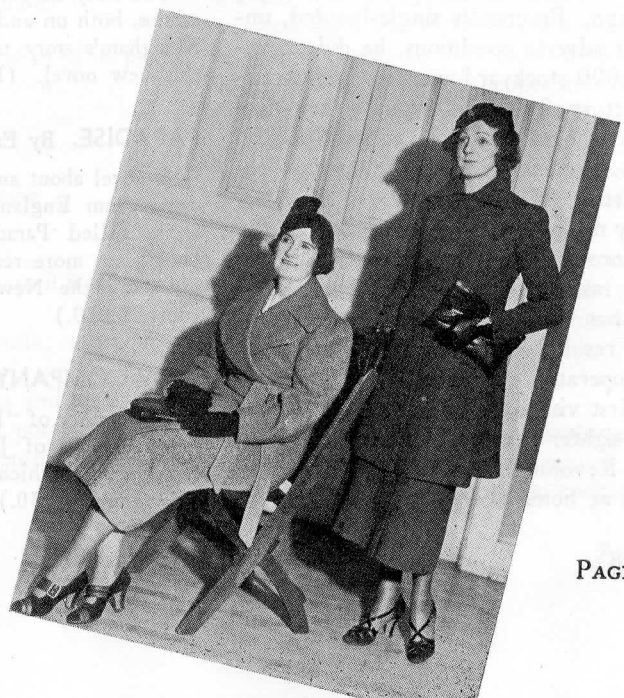
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BOOKS IN REVIEW

FROM BRYAN TO STALIN. By William Z. Foster.

HERE IS REAL autobiography, an illuminating account of the mental growth and manifold activities in the left wing movements of a great working class leader. William Z. Foster's story of a life of labor is the life story of labor—a forty-year cross section—unions, strikes, jails, hobo trips, political campaigns, theories, action, fulfillment. The C.I.O., industrial unionism in mass production, and Soviet Russia, a workers' country, are two dreams come true for Foster.

Born in Taunton, Massachusetts, where the red flag was first raised in 1776, compelled to work at ten, denied education, he suffered for his weaver mother, crushed by excessive childbearing and grinding poverty. He worked at various occupations for twenty-six years, a rich experience, which gives him an uncanny sense of the pulse of the rank and file. The first union he joined was on the Third Avenue Line in 1900 and he lost his job for trying to improve it.

He traces his evolution from Bryan, through the Socialist Party, the I.W.W., the Syndicalist League and the Trade Union Educational League to the Communist Party, of which he is now National Chairman. His analysis of his errors is refreshing; the objective conditions made them unavoidable.

A sense of time passing, a call to action, was a turning point in 1917. Walking toward his job as a car inspector, he suddenly decided to quit and organize the stockyards of Chicago. Practically single-handed, under most adverse conditions, he did organize 200,000 stockyard workers and wrested a victory for them from a war-time arbitration board. In 1919 he led 300,000 workers in their great battle against the Steel Trust. He was sabotaged and deserted by misleaders of the A. F. of L. But he demonstrated his belief that it is not a huge task to organize workers. The C.I.O. has followed his lead, with magnificent results. They have the resources and co-operation he lacked.

His first visit to Russia in 1921 showed his far-sighter vision. He understood the Russian Revolution in working class terms. He was at home there. It is a Workers'

Republic. It is a nation on strike against capitalism. It is building socialism. He has helped to cement solidarity between American and Russian workers by his interpretations.

His public work has been curtailed recently by serious heart trouble. But we are privileged to share the ripe fruits of his keen, mature mind in his writings. An understanding of the workers and their problems, a staunch faith in their intelligence and power, a singleness of purpose that has guided his life—the organization and emancipation of the workers—runs like a mother lode of pure gold through this splendid mine of material.

I recommend it for your education and as a personal inspiration. (International Publishers, \$2.50.)

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

SPAIN. Prepared and edited by John Gilmore, with an introduction by Hon. Fernando de los Rios, Spanish Ambassador to the United States.

Twenty-four pages of pictures telling the story of the Spanish people's struggle for democracy, their victory in the election and the current attempts of the old military clique to overthrow the democracy that the people voted into power. Many of the war pictures have never been published before. (United Youth Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 10c.)

THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham.

The story of a woman who is primarily an actress, both on and off the stage. If you like Maugham's story telling you'll probably like this new novel. (Doubleday Doran, \$2.50.)

PARADISE. By Esther Forbes.

A novel about an early Puritan family who came from England and built an impressive estate called Paradise. The people in the book seem more real than those in most novels about the New England settlers. (Harcourt, \$2.50.)

LOW COMPANY. By Daniel Fuchs.

The author of "Homage to Blenholt" writes another novel of Jewish people around Neptune Beach, which might be Coney Island. (Vanguard, \$2.50.)

OF MICE AND MEN. By John Steinbeck.

The author's best book to date and bound to be popular. It might well be compared to Erskine Caldwell's stories of the poor in the South. (Covici, \$2.00.)

MY FATHER'S HOUSE: An Oneida Boyhood. By Pierrepont B. Noyes.

Many books have been written about the Oneida Community, that idealistic experiment founded by John Humphrey Noyes. But this book has a special interest because it was written by his son, who was born when the colony was already twenty-two years old. It makes interesting reading and may be regarded as a chapter in social history. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.50.)

THE ANTIGUA STAMP. By Robert Graves.

A modern story by the author of "I, Claudius" and "Good-bye to All That." If you like the brand of satire or if you collect stamps this may amuse you. To us it seemed inconsequential. (Random House, \$2.50.)

LET ME LIVE. By Angelo Herndon.

The story of the young Negro Communist whose case, now pending in the Supreme Court, will decide whether the archaic Georgia law under which he was convicted will stand, and whether or not he will go back to the chain gang to which he was sentenced. His book is of great importance to all Americans who believe in free speech and other civil liberties. A full review of this book will appear in the May issue of THE WOMAN TODAY. (Random House, \$2.50.)

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STANDS FOR

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ay First: Labor's Holiday.
other's Day for Peace.
eet These Famous
others:

Angelo Herndon's Mother
Tom Mooney's Mother
The Scottsboro Mothers
Mother Bloor

A
rticle on Mothers and
Daughters in the Textile
Mills by Francis J. Gor-
man.

Y
ou—and You—and You
can't Miss THE WOMAN
TODAY for May, 1937.

ORDER NOW AND SUBSCRIBE

A Meal In Itself

Drawing by Agnes Karlin

SOUPS FOR SUPPER

By Lola Wyman

SOMETHING THAT IS guaranteed to put the joy of life into you in the dampest, rawest weather is a good, hot soup. I don't mean any thin soups either. But a large bowl of thick soup with a variety of delicious tid-bits floating in it. Of course, this is a meal in itself and that's the way I always serve such soup. Plan on enough for second helpings, a hearty dessert like baking powder biscuits on fresh or canned fruit, coffee—and you really have something to crow about.

Needless to say, this type of meal is inexpensive.

What about lentils? For those of you who never use lentils, let me explain that they are seeds from an herb-like plant called the vetch which is produced in the Orient. However, you can buy lentils at any grocery. The charm of this "vegetable" is that it is very cheap. They cost about ten cents a pound and have a flavor like peas and beans combined. They are tiny brown seeds, very hard before cooking but oh, so delicious in a steaming hot soup. There are nearly three cups in a pound.

LENTIL SOUP (to serve six)

- 1 cup lentils
- 6 cups cold water
- 6 slices bacon (or 1 ham bone)
- 1 small onion
- Salt, pepper to taste
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ cup tomato catsup or tomato sauce (or tomato soup)
- 6 small Vienna sausages (optional)

First of all, let me say, that no recipes appear in this column that I have not personally tested for accuracy, flavor and appearance. This promises you success. Now for directions: Pick over the lentils, removing any discolored ones and then wash them. Soak in cold water overnight, drain, place in a large kettle with either bacon or ham bone.

Add the six cups of cold water and let boil slowly about 2 hours until lentils are tender. Remove the bacon or the bone and skim off the fat from the top of the soup.

Now, heat 2 tablespoons of this fat in a frying pan, then brown the chopped onion in the fat and add the flour to the onion when browned.

Add a little of the soup to this mixture and gradually pour into the soup kettle. Stir well, add salt, pepper and catsup, tomato soup or tomato sauce.

Serve with or without Vienna sausages cut in thin slices. These sausages come in small tins at about 7 cents each. There are about 10 sausages in each tin. The leftover sausages can be sliced into rings and fried, mixed with scrambled eggs the next day. This soup must be served steaming hot.

If you are a hard-working girl and have no time for making dishes that take 2 hours that problem is easily solved—cook the soup at night and serve it the next day, warmed up. I find that this soup is even better when it's a few days old.

And what about a good, nourishing corn chowder?

CORN CHOWDER (to serve six)

- 4 tablespoons chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons fat or lard
- 3 cups cooked potatoes, cut in ¼ in. pieces
- 2 cups cooked or canned corn
- 4 cups milk
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Few grains cayenne pepper
- 6 small crackers

Fry the onion in the fat until it is a delicate brown.

Add the potatoes, corn, milk, salt, pepper and cayenne to the onion.

Bring to the boiling point and serve with a cracker floating on each portion.

Use the dry variety of canned corn, not the moist.



CREAM OF CARROT SOUP (to serve six)

- 6 raw carrots
- 2 raw potatoes
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- Pepper, salt
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoons butter

Carrots cost about 5 cents a bunch now and that's what you'll need for this amount of soup. Your most expensive item for this recipe is the milk—one pint.

Directions: Cut the carrots, onions, potatoes in small pieces.

Fry them until brown in drippings, lard or bacon fat. Then put the vegetables into a kettle with 4 cups of hot water.

Cook until the vegetables are soft. Add 2 whole cloves if you have them—they add a nice flavor—salt, pepper and the one tablespoon of shortening or butter.

Add the milk which you have heated first and thickened with 1 tablespoon of flour creamed with the other 2 tablespoons of butter or lard.

Bring to the boiling point, stirring and serve piping hot. This soup may be pressed through a sieve if you prefer; however, I prefer mine with everything in it, "as is."

These three soups have everything nourishing in them. They are appetizing in appearance and light on your pocket-book.

BUILDING WITH NEW BLOCS

(Continued from page 14)

Many of those who support the President's plan are more favorable to alternative means of accomplishing the same end. Many of them believe, from past experience, that they will not have an opportunity to vote on their own schemes for curbing the court, and are resigned to supporting the only practical measure which they believe will come to a vote this session. Many who would prefer to accomplish the end by constitutional amendment believe it would be a mistake to hold up progressive social legislation for several months or years until such an amendment might be enacted into law.

The Farmer-Labor-Progressive group, elected Gerald Boileau of Wisconsin, floor leader, and demanded recognition in the matter of committee assignments as an independent minority group. Never in history has the word *Farmer-Labor* been heard so often on the floor of the House. Talk is cheap. Committee assignments are more coveted. But as a propaganda group the 1937 Farmer-Labor-Progressive caucus is functioning admirably.

Farmer-Labor Group

There has been only one meeting so far this year of the straight Farmer-Labor group. It was the first time in history that

the house and Senate Farmer-Labor members had ever met together, as a Congressional group, to discuss the stand and strategy of their party in Congress.

The most pressing issue was the W.P.A. deficiency appropriation, and the billion dollar proposal was unanimously supported. Some consideration was given to the proposition that the Farmer-Labor plank on neutrality was not complete enough to guide the delegation in voting on the Spanish Embargo Act. The Farmer-Labor platform calls for strict neutrality, but no mention is made of foreign civil wars.

While liberal forces of all parties find points of agreement on specific issues like neutrality, W.P.A. appropriations, and the proposed increase in Supreme Court membership, individual members of the liberal bloc reach their conclusions by different methods of reasoning. There is a fundamental difference in the economic philosophy of these men. Only a small fraction of so-called liberals actually have a worker's rather than a middle-class slant on public issues.

The Function of a Liberal Bloc.

The liberal bloc in Congress is not the moving spirit of a new national party. The more labor-minded of its members recognize this fact and are content to act as sounding boards for the less articulate but more thoroughly grounded labor groups.

By reason of their high position in government, they lend some strength and respectability to a movement whose roots are firmly entrenched and whose ultimate maturity is inevitable.

The hope of a real workers and farmers party lies not so much in the present number of Liberal, Progressive, or Farmer-Labor representatives at Washington, as in the decision of organized labor to choose its own candidates from among its own ranks and place them in a position to carry out the program of thoroughly organized labor. It is when thoroughly organized labor as a body backs a complete program, not individual candidates who are "friendly to labor" that it will make fundamental and permanent gains.

It is with the hope of aiding groups interested in building a national Farmer-Labor Party that the National Farmer-Labor Service Bureau was established on January 7, 1937, at 945 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest, in Washington. The Service Bureau has contacts with Progressive, Farmer-Labor, and liberal groups in Congress. It aims to assist new party, labor, and farm organizations throughout the country in securing speakers, furnishing information on party platforms and principles, and on issues upon which most new party groups are agreed. It offers service to all groups without charge.



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Professor Colston E. Warne, of Amherst, is president of Consumers Union. Arthur Kallet, co-author of **100,000,000 Guinea Pigs**, is director, and D. H. Palmer, physicist, is technical supervisor. Among the board of directors and sponsors are many prominent educators, social workers, journalists, scientists, and labor and liberal leaders.

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AUTOMOBILES: Concluding the report on 1937 automobiles begun in the March issue, this report gives you automotive engineers' opinions on cars delivering in the \$1000—\$1500 price range—including the Buick, Packard, LaSalle and Lincoln Zephyr. Ratings are given by name. Men's shirts and other products are also reported upon.

GARDENING: Special knowledge and skill are required to raise vegetables which compare favorably with market produce. A report on **Gardening** in this issue tells you how you can acquire this knowledge; gives you valuable hints on such matters as when to start planting, and which soil conditions are most favorable to which kinds of vegetables and fertilizers, and rates several brands of fertilizers.

COLD CREAMS: "... a particularly blatant example of cosmetic quackery," says the American Medical Association's Bureau of Investigation of a widely advertised and grossly over-priced cold cream. Find out which brand this is in the April issue of **Consumers Union Reports**. Fifty-four brands of cold creams, ranging in price from 2.6c per ounce (dry weight) to \$1.53 per ounce, are rated.

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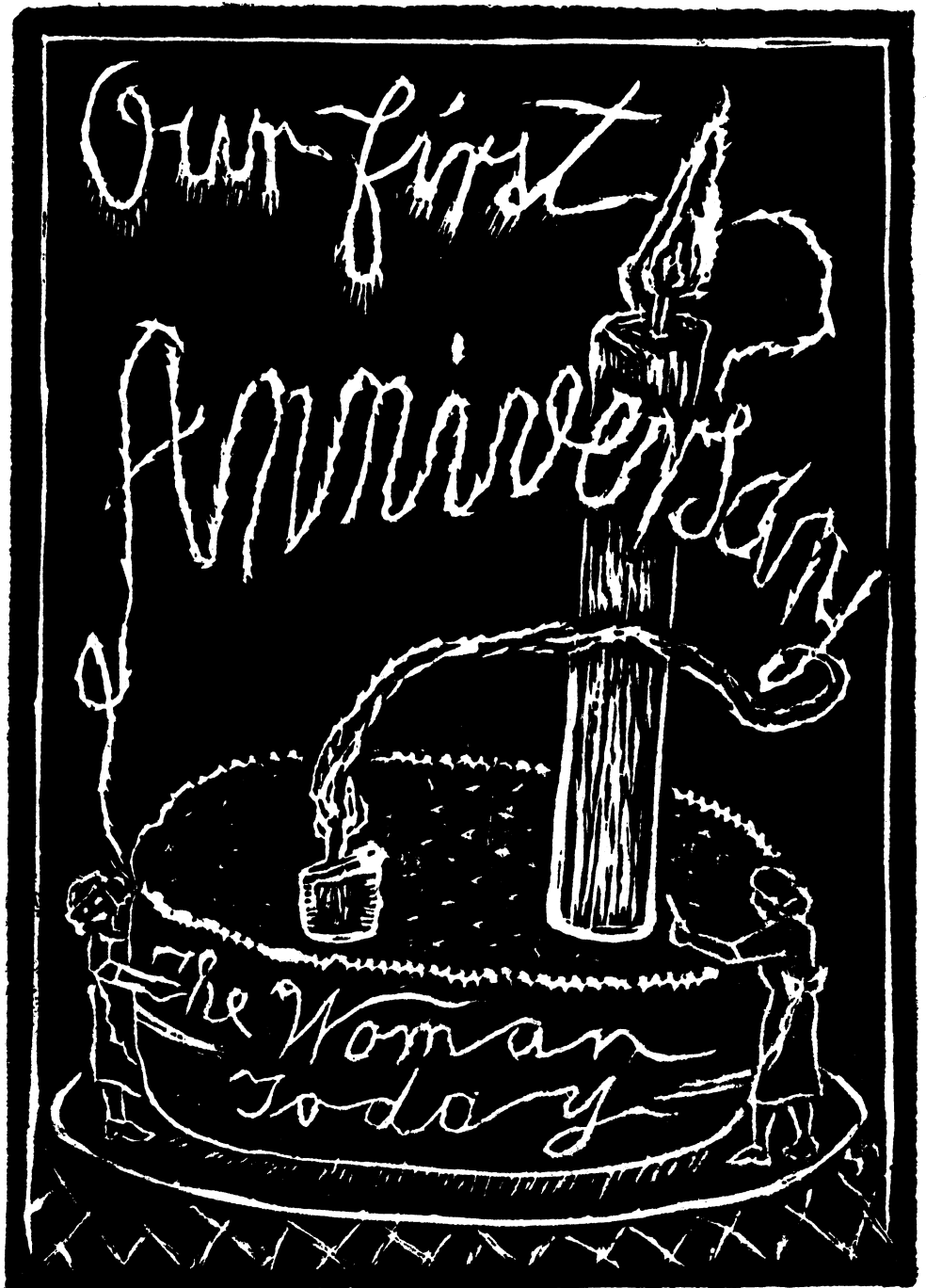
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