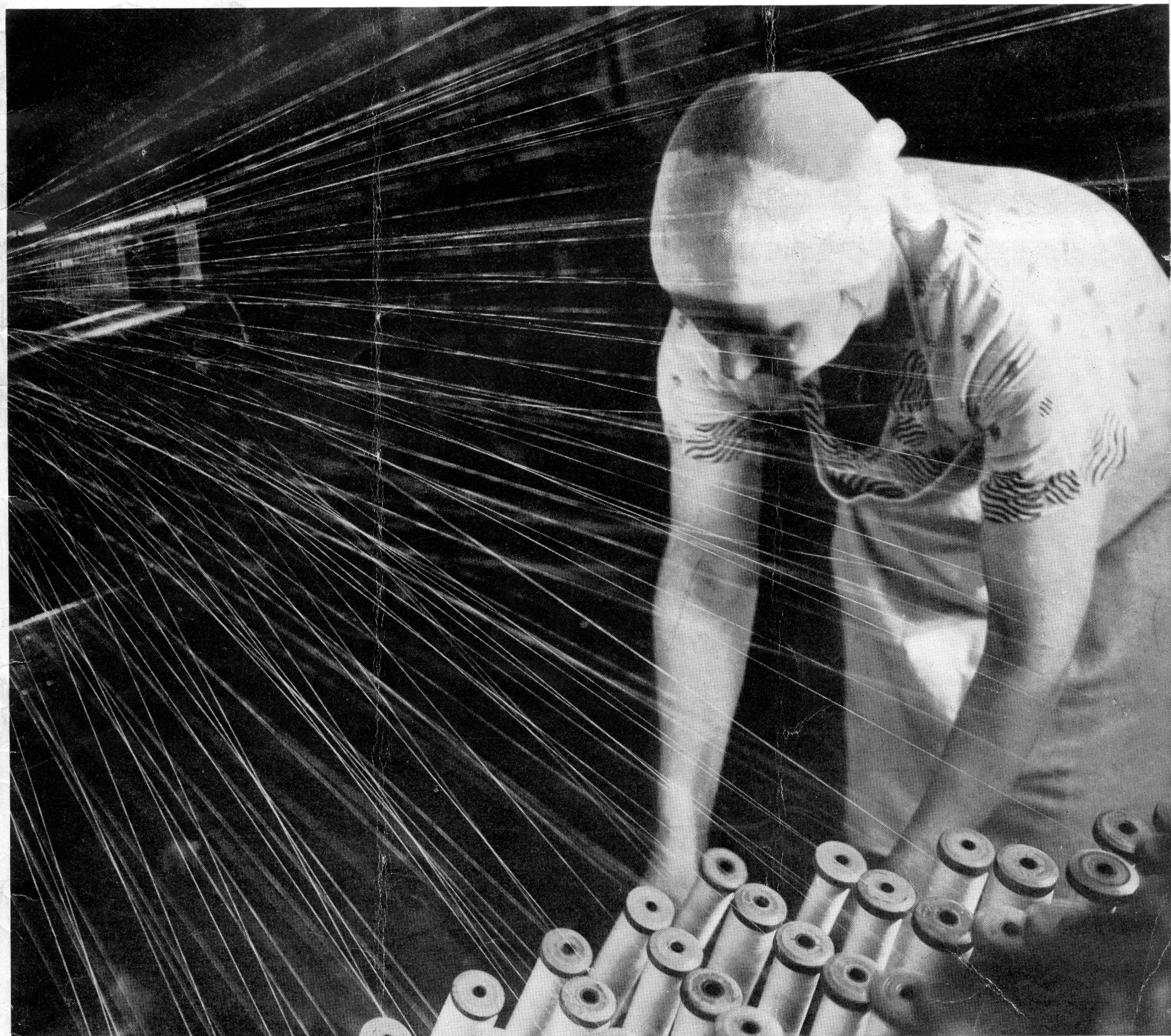


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Woman Today

May, 1937



Clarina Michelson

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F. J. Gorman

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Dorothy McConnell

The Woman Today

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AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Edith Kay went on strike in the General plant in Detroit, Michigan. She knew what was good to serve to 125 women sit-down strikers to keep their interest up, for she realized a strike often depends on its stomach, and volunteered her services as cook when she and her fellow union members went on strike.

Vera Boudin practices law in New York. She specializes in labor cases and is a graduate of Cornell University and St. John's College School of Law.

Dorothy McConnell is head of the woman's division of the American League Against War and Fascism. The best pamphlet written on women and war is her pamphlet entitled "Women, War and Fascism."

Margaret Larkin was secretary of the Theatre Union for four years, labor publicity, general publicity, published book as co-author of cowboy songs. Is now publicity director for American Society for Technical Aid to Spanish Democracy.

Mary Luciel McGorkey was born in a small town in Ohio, one of twelve children. Educated in parochial and public schools. Entered Dixmont Training School for Nurses in Dixmont, Pa., in 1921, Bellevue Allied Hospital in 1923. In February, 1936, Miss McGorkey read a news article about the Association of Hospital and Medical Professionals which was affiliated with the A. F. of L. She joined that night, became active in the union and in 1937 was elected president of the union.

William C. Irby is a member of the National Committee, Farmers Union. Brother Irby has devoted himself to textile workers and farmers in the South. By profession is both a lawyer and farmer. For several years he was a member of the South Carolina legislature and devoted himself to promoting legislation for shorter hours and the abolition of child labor.

At present Brother Irby is organizing the farmers in the South. As a member of the National Committee of the Farmers Union he is an outstanding progressive within his organization. One of the many contributions he has made toward cementing workers and farmers together is the manner in which he has promoted the union label campaign. Due largely to Brother Irby's work there are many parts of the South where farmers refuse to buy goods without the union label. At the same time labor buys only produce stamped with the Farmers Union label (the plow, hoe and rake). In supporting the Supreme Court reforms, Brother Irby represents the bulk of the membership of the Farmers Union.

Elizabeth Olds is a member of the Board of Control of the American Artists School. Won a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1927. Studied four years abroad. Helped organize Artist Congress. Member of An American Group.

A full description of Clarina Michelson's activities appears on page 10.

Francis J. Gorman is president of the United Textile Workers of America. He was born in England and came to the United States at the age of thirteen. His first job was secured at the Atlantic Mills in Providence, R. I. He has worked in cotton, wool and silk mills, and in both the North and the South. Was an organizer in the 1922 Lawrence, Mass., strike. In 1930 he was elected vice-president of the U.T.W.A. and in 1937, on the resignation of its president, Mr. Gorman became president of the union.

GOLD STARS

AND CARNATIONS

Do they make women forget war and the death of sons?
Mothers' Day is growing into Mothers' Day for Peace.

By Dorothy McConnell

MANY OF THE HUMAN LOSSES of the war have not been told. Death and injury and broken homes are the natural outcome of war and they have been told again and again in story and poetry and statistics. But there is something even worse than death and injury and broken homes. That is the loss of faith in the good of the cause.

Now, when the World War broke out, women were heartbroken to see their sons march off. All whom I have talked to

about those days did not have the feeling: "Danger cannot come to my boy." They all had the feeling that any day might bring bad news. They were afraid to go home after they had been out lest there be a message waiting for them. They couldn't

sleep at nights for wondering what was happening across the seas. They were afraid to buy the news extras that were a daily part of civilian life in those days and afraid not to buy them for fear of what they might miss.

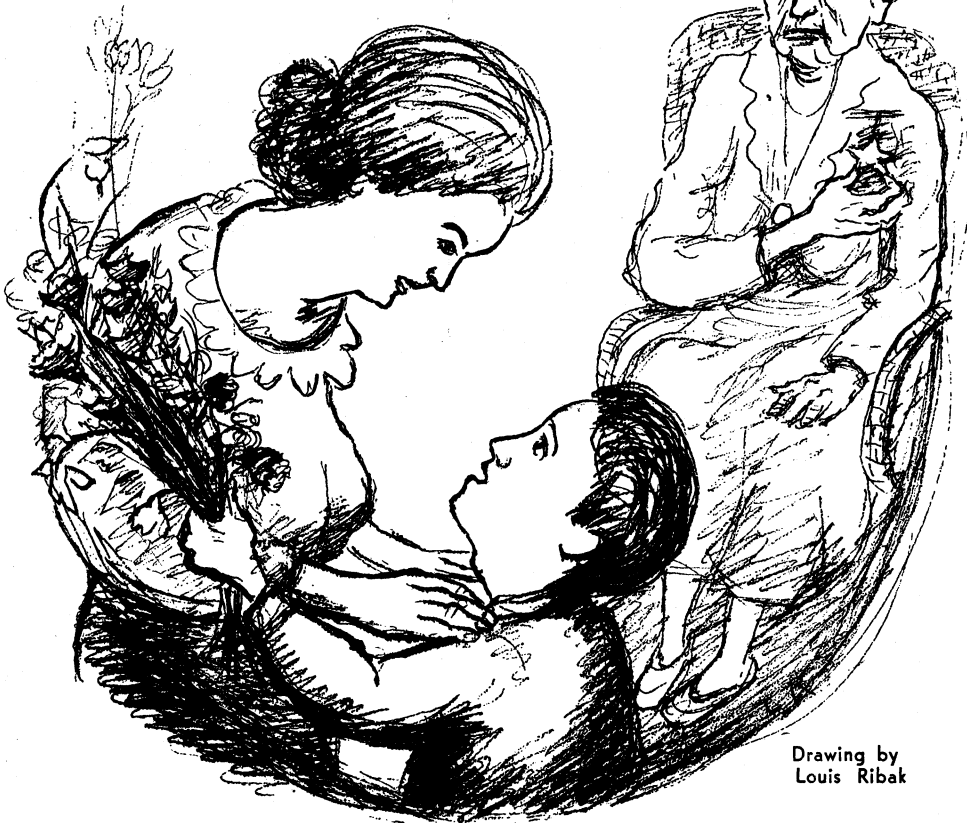
There was one thing that buoyed them up and that was that their sons were enlisted in a cause that would help the world. They were making the world safe for democracy and better for the children that were to come.

Then came the end of the war. The world was not better. They had given their sons for something that did not happen. The cause was no good. And they lost their faith.

All right. It sounds pretty sentimental to talk of the loss of faith as one of the great costs of war. But a disillusioned people is an impotent people. It is a people that can't do things because of the question forever in their minds: "What is the use?"

And with mothers there was the further feeling of "sold out" because during the greater part of their adult lives they had given themselves to the bearing and rearing of the children that had been so uselessly sacrificed. Not only had they lost their loved ones; they had lost the product of their labor. Their years of work and sacrifice had been made worthless.

ON MAY 9 we are celebrating Mother's Day. Mother's Day is perhaps the only day in our calendar, celebrated nationally, that has not been captured by the militarists. Armistice Day, Memorial Day, the birthdays of our national heroes, even St. Patrick's Day have been celebrated by



Drawing by
Louis Ribak

marching uniforms and the blare of bands. So far, the war-minded have ignored Mother's Day. It has been left to the merchants, the florists, the confectioners and the telegraph companies to see that the mothers get their proper due. Occasionally preachers have paid tribute to the brave women who have gone "down into the valley of the shadow" in order that we might live and the greeting card vendors have turned out the usual sickly sentiments. But in spite of all the bathos there is truth in the heroism of the mothers—so much truth that a day to pay tribute to them seems a natural thing. For instance, in the United States it is a dangerous thing to become a mother. And once having borne the child there is the economic worry of "How am I going to feed another mouth?" The manner in which women have accepted these burdens through the ages is one of the miracles of life.

Now on Mother's Day there are many topics that would be entirely appropriate. We could discuss mothers' pensions, better housing, maternity insurance, even better schools and still be within the scope of Mother's Day. But in the face of the disillusionment of women who were mothers twenty years ago the most important gift we can give to the mothers of this day is the assurance that they will not have to see their labor lost and their sacrifice made in vain. For the sake of the world's good they must not lose their faith.

We are getting around, slowly, to the fact that Mother's Day, to have any real significance, must be a day when people pay their tribute to mothers by making Mother's Day a day for the observance of peace.

There are many ways to make peace possible. I know that I am going to sound old fashioned to many when I begin to talk about public opinion for peace. We are so afraid of such slow moving methods. But the reasons that mothers gave up their sons for war twenty years ago was that paid propagandists made a public opinion for war. The nation recognized that they could not have people fight and give up their men for fighting unless they were convinced that they had something to fight for. You cannot have a successful war unless the people are for war. It follows that you cannot have peace unless people are for peace and they must not be left just to have their natural repugnance to war guide them. It is too dangerous, once the other side gets going. We need to utilize every type of propaganda to keep the peace opinion before the people of the United States.

THE OTHER NIGHT I sat at a dinner where a famous statesman spoke on peace. When he had finished a man came up and handed him a long document done up in ribbon. "This is a Peace Plan," he said. The speaker accepted the plan and turned to his dinner partner. "Do you

know how many of these things I have?" he asked. "I have nearly five thousand of them. There was a time I threw them away as the work of cranks. I do not do that any more. I realize it is a genuine desire for peace that cannot be ignored by any man in public life."

This genuine desire for peace must be made so plain that no one who goes about the streets of our country today can miss it.

That is why we applaud the city of Cleveland when it announces that it is having a great parade on Mother's Day for peace. That is why we are pleased when we read that all over the country peace groups are holding mass meetings on that day in the interests of peace. It is good that preachers are speaking from their pulpits on peace.

Of course, we like to see mothers get flowers and candy and messages on that day. For some of them it is the only time during the year that they are recognized as contributors to the wealth and good of the country. But this other observance must go along with the sentiments. It is one way of bringing back dignity to the mothers as laborers. It is one way of reassuring them that their labor is not going to be blown to bits because of some economic tangle that the world may have gotten into. It is one way of upholding, in a world which seems fast slipping into barbarism, the intrinsic worth of human life. And it is one way of bringing back the faith without which we can accomplish nothing.

WOMEN ANSWER BACK

How courageous and true were the words of Mrs. Stephen S. Wise, spoken before the Fourth Annual Women's Congress held in Chicago during the month of March! Representing the Jewish mothers and daughters, through the Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress, her words carry a message to all women. The subject of her address was *Women's Defense of Freedom and Democracy*, part of message follows:

"Emerson said, 'Civilization is the work of good women.' Never before in world history was civilization so threatened; never was the power for good needed as now to meet and overcome the growing power for evil. Let us have faith in ourselves and awake before these saddest of words, 'Too late,' burn themselves into our souls.

"We know what has happened to women in Nazi Germany. We know that Nazi Germany has discharged practically all the women employees in government

offices and institutions, and has given their positions to Hitler's henchmen. Women doctors have been deprived of the right to practice their profession. In the Universities the quota for women students has been fixed at 10%. No woman is permitted to inherit land which her father has willed her. Women have been reminded in sharp and coarse terms that they are to limit their activities to child-bearing and the kitchen; child-bearing is commanded, not as the rightful function of woman-kind but as the medium which is to supply Germany with warriors to kill and to be killed. This grows inevitably out of Fascist theories and there is only one aim and one glory for a Fascist State—the aim and glory of conquest which can come only through war.

"There is nothing more urgent in the world today than that women squarely face these problems and use their intelligence and foresight to meet the supreme need of our day. Let us work together,

strengthen the anti-war and anti-fascist groups and all organizations fighting these evils. Fascism makes war inevitable. Fascism can only hope to keep itself alive by waging wars. Wars always nominally in self-defense and for the honor of a country, actually for the safeguarding of imperialistic interests for which only criminals will make war, and for which only deluded men will die.

"As women who have everything to lose for ourselves and for our children if Democracy is destroyed, we have a task to perform.

"To the Nazi and Fascist leaders we must turn and say: Only when you have restored peace and freedom to the men and women of your own land will your words of peace and your plea for trade cooperation be welcomed. Only when you have restored civil and religious liberties to all your people, will you be entitled to invoke the spirit of comradeship from the men and women in free lands."

To Stand Together

A Short Story
By Olive Haskins



PATRICIA did her thinking as she worked in the office. So many problems confronted her, she picked certain keys in her brain and the solution was tabulated. And the answers, like the typewriter over which her mechanical fingers sped all day, did not belong to her. They were the stock equipment of the office, her boss, her clan. Worse than that, she knew that when her typewriter balked a brand new noiseless beauty was installed for her. But she did not realize that when her ideas went bad on her, she carried them along with her, even though they belonged to the era of the old balky typewriters.

Patricia opened her locker, one of those three hundred fireproof cabinets in which one files her personal effects. She had paid a dollar for this little dot of a hat that she was about to hang on its appro-

priate hook. It looked chic enough and she had bragged to her family about her bargain. But her mother had looked inside the crown for a little tag that proves that some employers treat workers like human beings by paying a living wage.

When her mother had found no such guarantee, she laid it down and remarked very quietly, "It is a cheap hat!" Her mother had been queer that way lately. Too much running off to that smelly old labor temple.

"Some other girl, possibly not yet sixteen, made it, working fifty hours a week for fifteen cents an hour or less. Some fly-by-night manufacturer perhaps, who absorbs the youth out of girls like you and Sue before you are thirty." Why did she always include her with Sue when she made such remarks. She never seemed to understand. Her mother didn't see that there was a wide gulf of social status between her and her sister. Sue was working down in the Plant.

Sue had been sarcastic too. But then Sue wasn't so well lately. Too many colds made her irritable. "Yes, you are just propping up an apprentice system that kept you in an office six months for six dollars a week while you were 'learning the business.' We must all stand together, Patricia."

But Patricia shrugged the idea off her shoulders. Working girls' problems were nothing about which she could do anything. She worked in an office for one of the executives, and he always complimented her when she sprouted something new. "That is fine, Miss Patricia. You know now we like to have our force well dressed, and prosperous in appearance. It keeps up the morale in the office and makes the right sort of impression on our public." Miss Patricia, Miss Emily, Miss Gertrude,

always that friendly and perhaps patronizing familiarity, but Patricia liked it. She wanted to feel that she belonged to his class.

She stepped into the rest room to touch up her lips and scan her enamelled finger nails. The other girls were in a heated discussion. A person's cosmetics bill averaged eighteen dollars a year, and it was a pair of silk stockings every week on the average, the best one could do! But it had to be, for the boss never missed a run in a girl's hose. And if her complexion wore off, well, he always mentioned it as if she had sinned in some way. Then there were those coat hangers in the wardrobe at home, as prolific as guinea pigs, and testimonials of a dry cleaning bill running into the thirty-dollar class every year. Almost a hundred dollars a year as personal overhead because one worked in the office instead of in the plant.

Sue had stated it rather roughly the other night. "A ninth of your year's salary as tribute to a state of mind. You think there is a difference between running a typewriter in an office with fifty other girls all doing the same thing and working on a punch press along with fifty other girls. I tell you there is no difference, except that you call your check a



salary and I call mine wages. The amounts are about the same except that mine is often a wee bit larger. And you pay and pay out of that little \$900 yearly wage for the privilege of being haughty."

But Sue was like that, especially lately. The factory was certainly making Sue difficult. She had too many new ideas. Patricia's boss would hear of it and the next thing she knew she would be fired. Patricia stopped punching her machine-made ideas at that point. Maybe she wouldn't be fired either, if she joined this office union they were all talking about. Sue would be safe. They couldn't fire her because she had some thoughts that were "different." She had lately joined a union and had joined it with everything she had in her!

Patricia's boss had talked to them just the other day about all this new agitation going through the plant. He had drawn them all up close to him, as was his way when he wanted to be fatherly, and his speech was so warm and cozy. It was all lovely wordy sentences about how much the corporation loved and cared for its own. And then he slid in a little sentence or two that was really the nut all surrounded by such sweetness. He had understood that certain outside agitators were coming into town and were even talking to office girls about joining unions. He laughed in a dry superior way. He just felt so sure, he said, that none of his girls would stoop to the tactics of "the laboring class" who knew no better than to listen to such "crazy ideas." After all, unions, he said, were not for professional people. And his office force must be kept sacred to its high standards. Patricia liked the way of stating it, for she did feel that she did not belong to that crowding throng that poured past the time clock like cogs on a wheel. In fact, she usually stayed a bit overtime at night, just so she could sweep out of the building by herself, as if she had an executive position like her boss.

BUT something was wrong in the office today. There was an air of uncertainty and the girls were touchy. So absorbed was she in trying to understand what was amiss that she almost failed to notice what card it was that she was memorandumizing for her boss. Sue's! Along with a group of others, there was Sue's health record. She read the dismal verdict—T.B. is suspect!

She knew what happened in such cases. The Corporation found such easy ways of letting girls out because of "inefficiency". Patricia had always thought it rather clever of them to get around compensation fees by such methods. But her Sue, her keen little sister, whose thinking shot through

to the heart of things like a bullet! If the Corporation only cared—tuberculosis and its dreadful result. But she dared not stop to think. Her speed-up, as Sue called it, was pushing her too. Maybe she could get a bonus this month and send Sue off to rest. Sometimes girls merited bonuses if they drove themselves hard enough. She received one once. But the other girls in the office had warned her never to try that again, for the Company had made her speed the base rate for the minimum pay that month and ever since the girls had been compelled to tear along at their work like fiends just to keep up.

This work was piece work, too. Something like the punch press to be sure. She could not stand out against the hostility of her companions by pushing them beyond the point of endurance. Nor could she again stand such utter weariness herself. For her bonus had sent her to bed a day or so to rest up, and its margin was used up to pay for her day off. Tuberculosis for Sue, nuts for herself perhaps.

The air of the office grew tense. Pat's boss was jittery until one of the girls couldn't stand it any longer and went to the rest room with a sick headache. The girl took four aspirins every day. It took that many to keep her going. For Patricia it was cigarettes. She dared not figure that yearly nick in the budget.

At eleven o'clock the boss came in, his face like paste. A strike! The workers in

the plant had sat down. He sat down at his desk and called a number on his plant phone but hung up before he was answered. He called another number, bellowed an order only to find he had the wrong division. Then the blow fell on the office, full of white collar girls who prided themselves that they were not of the working class.

"You are all fired! And get home quick. No loitering around the plant." It was a terrible oath that he flung at them, such a one as only a man caught with no escape would use. "We'll hire you back when the strike is over. But do not expect the same salary. It will be a 10% cut anyway. If we have to raise wages, we will have to cut your salaries. That is all—." And the girls marched out—out to unemployment, temporary or permanent, who knew? One of the girls summed it up.

"What good does it do you to fight? You're all alone when you do unless you are organized. It's only workers that dare protest. We have to swallow it."

Patricia picked her hat off the peg and looked inside once more. If that little tag were only there, hidden away some place, she would feel more at ease. But she knew before she looked that it wasn't. It couldn't be. Her thoughts flew to Sue and tuberculosis. She remembered something Sue had said.

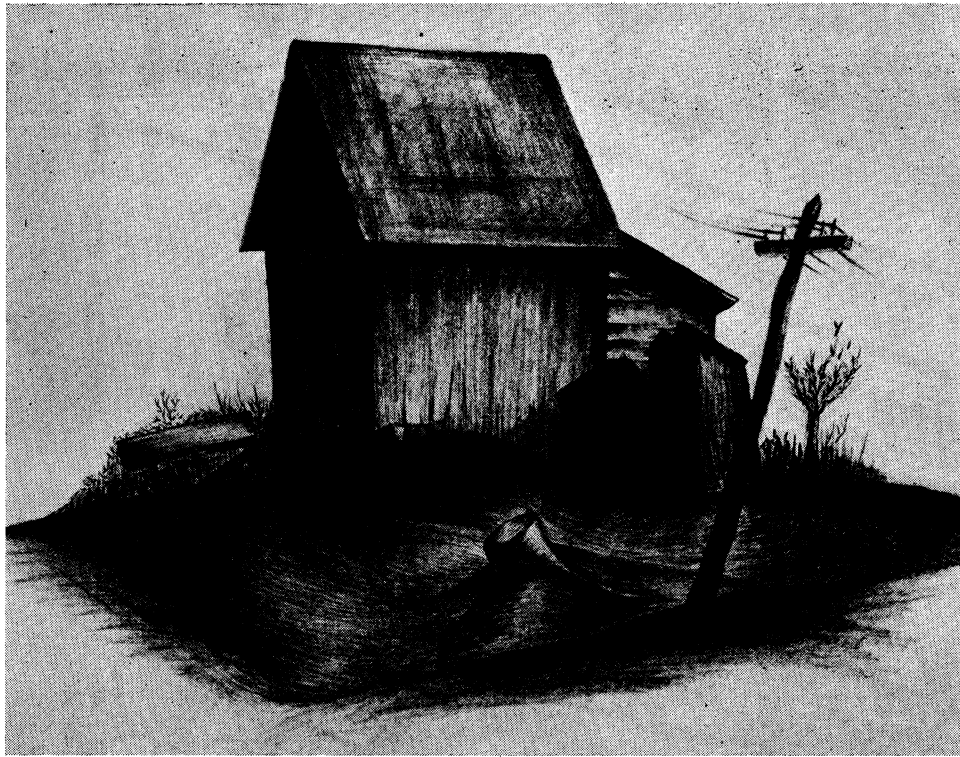
"When you have a cold and they won't do anything about ventilators, you don't just lie down and take it. You join the union. When the speed-up gets the best of you, you stand solid and organize. When you don't get enough pay to keep yourself looking respectable you think of the others in the same fix and you all join together. Some day you will see that, Patricia."

The crowds outside the building were enormous, but Patricia saw only two people. One was her mother, marching with perhaps two hundred other women, battering a path between the cops and the factory. The Women's Auxiliary! They were never afraid of anything. They stood like pyramids between their loved ones and the paid thugs of the company. Patricia had heard of them from Sue. Now she looked out on her own mother—gallant, valiant mother.

The other woman was little Sue. Her coat was held close around her tender throat. She was part of that mass protection for the sound car that was directing the movements of the strikers in such orderly fashion. The cold wind whipped at Patricia; it must whip still more at Sue. The cloak of false pride fell from her shoulders.

"Sue, Sue, go home, darling. I'll stand here in your stead. Whatever made me think we were different! Go home, but just tell me, where I can go to join the union?"





Lithographed by Karl Metzler
from AMERICA TODAY

Who Makes A Yard Of Cotton Cloth?

The farmer, the mill worker, they make the cloth. But when it's cut . . .

By William C. Irby

ONE DAY this winter I stopped at a filling station near a cotton mill village in South Carolina. A woman with seven children requested a ride to the nearest city. Not one of the children had shoes or stockings and it was bitter cold with ground frozen about three inches.

I learned that her husband had found a mill where he could make ten cents a day more wages and had written them to come to him. Their only way to get there was to beg a ride or walk.

Now every one knows, especially mothers, that a good woman would not have let her babies go barefoot and cold, if she could have gotten the shoes and stockings for them. But she and her husband had been working in a southern mill where they earned barely enough to feed their children.

Not long after that I visited the home of a small cotton farmer. His wife had been a school teacher and they had three beautiful little girls as bright as any children I have seen. What chance have those

little girls with father and mother struggling in the cotton fields producing \$300 to \$500 worth of farm products a year? They must pay out at least one third of that for rent, fertilizer, feed and farm implements.

This mill and farm mother, like millions of other mill and farm parents, have the same problems. They cannot feed and clothe their children on the wages they earn in the factory or the little money they make from the land.

NOW THAT THE C.I.O. has started its great drive to build unions in the textile mills, I am spending my time explaining to men and women on the farms of the South why they should support the textile workers in their fight for better living conditions and why they themselves should join the Farmers' Union.

Everyone knows that it does not help the farmer for workers to want to buy his

produce unless those workers have the money to buy it with.

Those responsible for conditions in the mills are the same group who dominate the living conditions of every farm family in America. They are the bankers and big industrialists.

For example, the cotton textile industry is enjoying a boom now. Who is getting the benefit? The mill owners are. The price of cotton goods has gone up. Today on a yard of unbleached cotton the increase in price is divided in the following way:

The worker gets one-fifth of a cent more a yard.

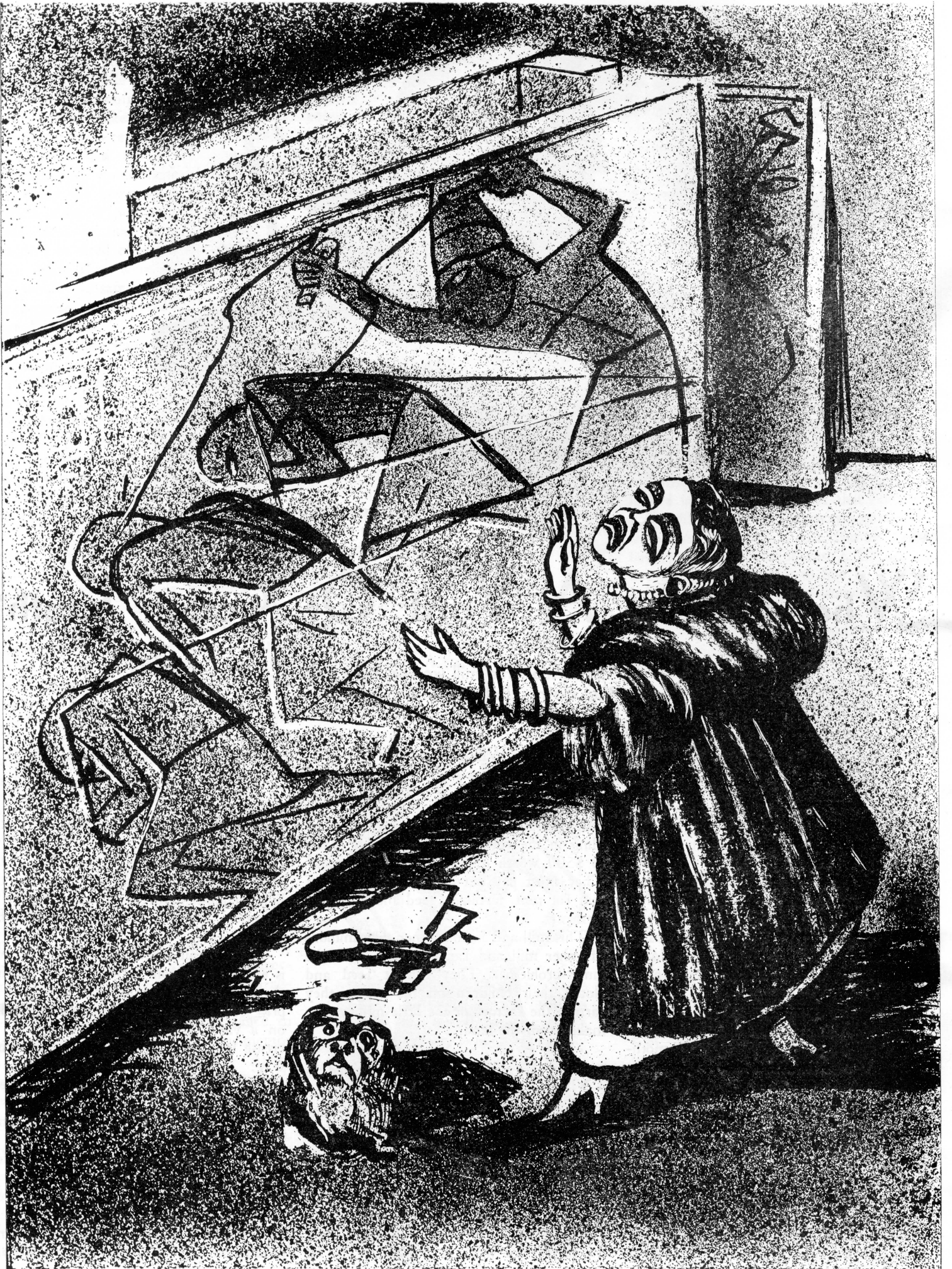
The farmer gets two-fifths a cent more a yard.

The mill-owner gets two and one-eighth cents more a yard.

The little increase received by workers and farmers is more than made up for by the rise in the cost of living and farm production. (Continued on page 28)



Lithographed by Karl Metzler
from AMERICA TODAY



FIVE-AND-DIME

By Clarina Michelson

A LITTLE BOY went into one of the Woolworth stores and bought a whistle. To try it out and see if he was getting his money's worth, he blew it. Over half of the store "sat down". This was during the recent New York City strikes of the Woolworth and F. W. Grand companies conducted by the Department Store Employees Union, Local 1250, American Federation of Labor, where blowing a whistle by a union organizer was the signal for that store to "sit". Although in the two chains, only 7 stores were struck, many more of the 124 Woolworth and 13 F. W. Grand stores (also called H. L. Green stores) were waiting, even asking to be called.

Everyone seemed interested in the strike. The first day, over \$100 was collected in nickels, pennies and dimes from passers-by who wanted to help the girls. When our organizer in the Columbus Avenue Grand store in New York City was thrown out by the manager and police force, the organizations in that section and the neighbors picketed the store all night long. They also saw that the strikers got the cots, blankets and food the manager had insisted would not be brought into the store.

BARBARA HUTTON IN EGYPT

From London, by Cable: THE COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW, THE FORMER BARBARA HUTTON, IS IN EGYPT ON A TRIP, STAYING IN CAIRO.

Elizabeth Olds, the artist who did the picture on the opposite page, has shown the countess making a study of Egyptian ruins. Is she trying to find out from the Pharaohs their secret of how they kept their slaves from sitting down?

At several other stores all night picketing went on, to protect the strikers and to see that they got what they needed.

FROM THE MOMENT the Woolworth strike was called, the company apparently decided to evict the strikers. An army of Burns detectives, swinging their clubs, policemen and store executives spent the evening in the West Fourteenth Street Woolworth store. A meeting of strikers was called and a store strike committee elected. The committee spoke to the superintendent asking that cots, blankets and food be allowed in. After a good deal of insistence on the part of the committee, backed by the strikers, he finally stated the food that was in the store could be bought by the strikers. "What!" exclaimed the pretty girl spokesman, in a horrified voice. "Why, none of us would think of buying anything in a store that's on strike."

While the store executives were insisting that the Fourteenth Street strikers would under no circumstances get any food, cots or blankets, from 500 to 1,000 people, members of the Retail Clerks Union, Artists Union and other unions, and passers-by, gathered at both the front and back entrances to the store. They marched and sang; they made up slogans as they went along—"Food and Bedding Must Get in. Burns Detectives Must Get Out." A cot was set up on the sidewalk.

"Barbara Hutton Eats Good Mutton;
Woolworth Workers They Get
Nuttin'."

The doors were blocked by Burns men and police. Finally someone suggested that

the stuff be put through the windows. In about seven minutes three carloads of food and bedding were passed in through some high windows by human chains and human ladders. The workers in the two Woolworth stores, although finally evicted and some arrested, kept the stores absolutely empty in one case, and shut down another by outside picketing.

MEMBERS of the Grocery Clerks Local 338, the seamen and dozens of other locals were ready at all times to help in the stores and on the picket line, getting the necessary food and bedding and raising money. It was everyone's strike. Representatives from the Catholic Association of Trade Unionists and the *Catholic Worker* helped to escort the Catholic strikers to Mass on Sunday, picketed and offered their services in other ways. The union didn't have to worry about food or much of anything for the Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, Grand strikers because of the International Workers Order. Bakery unions and other organizations in the neighborhood took care of everything from the first day, including an all-night picketing, because here, too, union organizers were thrown out by the management and police.

The parents picketed and parents' clubs were organized. One father, whose daughter was permitted by the Store Strike Committee to leave the store because of illness, offered to take her place. Boy friends came to say, "Hello!" and to tell the girls to stick it out. Mothers brought blankets, pillows and words of encouragement. The only mother who came to the union headquarters to ask to have her

daughter go home, had a sixteen-year old daughter. At 12 noon on Saturday she got her first job; at 2:30 she was "sitting". This mother soon agreed with her daughter that she should stay with the strikers.

The Newspaper Guild is one of the best things that ever happened; not only for newspaper men, but for all unions. In one store, when they were told by the management to leave, the twenty-odd reporters present went into a huddle and took a vote to "sit-down". They stayed. So did our organizer in one of the struck stores where the manager threatened to have him thrown out. A twenty-four-hour "Committee To Guard Nicky" was organized by the girls who watched over him day and night until the strike was settled.

SIX MONTH agreements were signed with both the Woolworth and F. W. Grand executives. Among the demands won were recognition of the union, the strikers to be put back with full seniority rights, no discrimination against union members and the right to post notices of union meetings in the rest rooms. Shop committees to take up grievances are being elected in all stores. A full hour for lunch and a fifteen-minute daily rest period were conceded as well as vacations with pay. No part-time employee can be hired for less than four consecutive hours and part-time workers are now put on a preferential list

for jobs as regulars. Wage concessions were won, the minimum wage now being \$15.60, a 7 per cent increase. There was a 10 per cent increase for those earning between \$15.60 and \$20, and a 5 per cent increase for those earning from \$20 to \$30. Male employees got a six-hour reduction in the working week—from 54 to 48; with time and a half for overtime in the Woolworth stores, and no overtime work at F. W. Grand. Hours for women remain at 48.

Before the signing of the F. W. Grand contract, which took place in the Mayor's office, the executives agreed to attend a conference to be called by him, within a week, of all the larger five-and-dime chains to discuss wages and hours for all the chains. The Woolworth executives have also agreed to attend this conference which should bring about still higher wages and shorter hours.

THESE TWO VICTORIES have been a tremendous stimulus to organization. Hundreds of five-and-dime and department store workers are joining the union. Eleven union organizers are in the Greater New York field taking care of approximately twenty stores apiece. The five-and-dime and department store heads are worried—and rightly. Mr. C. B. Van Dusen, president of the S. S. Kresge firm, which made over \$11,000,000 in profits last year,

is writing letters to all of his employees, addressing them as "My dear Fellow-Workers." Wage increases are given, and other King Canutes are nearly drowned in a desperate attempt to hold back the on-surfing tide.

Nothing can or will hold the workers back. The only problem is how to hasten and direct their progress. Readers of this magazine can play a decisive role. Shoppers who go into the five-and-dime and department stores are asking to be waited on by union members. In one store we learned that a union member had eight customers waiting in line for her because the other girl at the counter was not in the union. Every shopper should let the workers know she feels that they should join the union.

While the shoppers are helping us build the union, we have another invincible force. The Negro workers, who were on strike, wherever they were, were leaders in that store. They have agreed to help us organize the Negro and white workers throughout the city. The splendid spirit, courage and determination of all the strikers and their perfect discipline makes us realize that the wire sent us as soon as the strike was over by the strikers in the Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn store, new union members in their first strike, applies to all the strikers in all the stores. It read: "We are union organizers now."

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

WE ARE so proud of our contributing editor, Clarina Michelson, organizer of the Department Store Employees Union No. 1250, affiliated with the Retail Clerks Protective Association, American Federation of Labor. We feel like joining in a telegram she recently received: "Clarina dear, the fight has just begun. We are your organizers from now on. Bayridge Sit-Downers." Our heartiest congratulations to her and the valiant group of girls, who wrested a magnificent victory, in thirteen days, from F. W. Woolworth and H. L. Green Co. in 258 five-and-dime stores of New York City. The agreement signed by Mrs. Michelson for the local will benefit 8,000 employees; it recognizes the union as sole bargaining agency; guarantees no company union; no discrimination; pay for days on strike;

rest periods; vacations with pay; no charge for breakage or laundry; minimum wage of \$15.60 per week; a 48-hour week and improved sanitary conditions. Local No. 302, Cafeteria Workers, also won a victory.

It was a gay, spirited, determined sit-down. Few stores were affected at first but wholesale arrests caused it to spread. The threat by Mrs. Michelson of a general strike brought the companies to terms.

Store property was protected, commissaries organized. Fine strike discipline and a sense of resolute responsibility prevailed.

A telegram from 100 sit-downers in the 14th Street Woolworth's to Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, principal owner, "vacationing" at Cairo, Egypt, was ignored. She recently bewailed that she "did not understand why people don't like

her in America." If she had seen overworked and underfed young girls dragged out by her hired thugs, she might sense why. And why wholesome, hard-working, sympathetic Clarina Michelson is loved and respected by the five-and-dime girls and all others who admire her splendid accomplishments.

A rush to join up in the metropolitan area assures 100% unionization. We urge our readers elsewhere actively to cooperate in unionizing all the five-and-dime stores of America.

And to you, Clarina, we say in your own inimitable vernacular: "Kid, you and your gang sure did a swell job. More power to you!"

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

We Salute May First

THE WOMAN TODAY salutes Labor on May 1, 1937. We are proud that May Day, as a recognized international holiday, was born in the United States during the eight-hour day struggle of 1886. The natural origin of May Day goes back to antiquity, to all parts of the earth, where celebrations mark the end of winter and the coming of spring. In mythology Ceres, goddess of agriculture, was honored. In the middle ages it was the custom of the people to dance around the flower-bedecked May pole on the village green, and with music and song to celebrate the sowing of the seed, the warmth of the sun, the identity of labor with the productive forces of nature.

After 1886 this people's holiday took on a political significance. It became a day for labor to celebrate its solidarity and strength, against political tyranny and industrial exploitation. Autocratic tyrants in the old world and industrial overlords in the new, feared the approach of May Day as a signal for revolts, general strikes, and political insurrections. On this day labor celebrates its victories; remembers its martyrs; reaffirms its power; sums up the fights yet to be won; declares its objectives to build a new world.

Labor is on the march in 1937. May Day parades, this year in America, are particularly happy and triumphant. It is a year of great gains for labor. The open shop is defeated; the company union is junked. Tremendous victories in auto, steel, maritime and coal have been won. A great army of mass production workers have joined the ranks of organized labor, under the banner of the C.I.O. General Motors and U. S. Steel were forced to grant collective bargaining. The next big drive is in textile where half a million women work, forty per cent of the total employed. Thirty-five per cent of these women are married, carrying a double burden of shop and home. All women who work should join the union. Wives and mothers join auxiliaries which function bravely and effectively on the picket lines,

in the meetings and in the cooperative commissaries, feeding thousands. The sit-down strike has been successfully added to labor's weapons, by men and women, in auto, cigar, power house, five-and-dime store, transport and hosiery plants. For the first time "100 Per Cent Organization of American Labor" is a practical slogan.

Women, young and old, are in the vanguard this May Day, fighting to end child labor, unemployment, poverty. We salute these courageous marching women. They are marching to give each child a right to be well born; to give youth a future; to give all happiness and freedom.

We send greetings of sympathy and solidarity to our sorrowful sisters of Germany and Italy, crushed under the heels of Hitler and Mussolini, doomed to the age-old lot of women—the kitchen, the church and breeding war fodder.

We salute the battling women of Spain, sending their children out of the danger zone and fighting rifle in hand against fascism. Let us aid them to free German and Italian women from the bondage of fascism.

We salute our sisters of the Soviet Union with joy and pride. They have achieved "equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life" under the new constitution, plus adequate guarantees for care of mothers and children.

But beyond all other demands, women, workers, wives, mothers, march for peace—to keep war out of the world. On this

triumphant and hopeful May Day, we women of America must not be too complacent over victories won. We must realize full well the magnitude of the tasks ahead. Bound together, with ties of loyalty and understanding, devotion and determination, we must pledge to march forward every day, on all labor fronts, until fascism and war are but black memories and the sun of tomorrow's May Day shines on a free world.





Drawing by Frank Davidson

Do You Understand Your Children?

By Marese Eliot

WE CAME down the dingy elevated steps and headed south. Our objective was a settlement, one of the first established in the city. It was located far down on the east side of New York City amid the teeming foreign groups—Italian, Jewish, German, Czech, Slavic and Polish, which fill to overflowing that section of the city. We dodged in and out of crowds of shoppers hovering over the bright colored wares on push carts, redolent of foreign foods and fabrics. A little boy, howling loudly, dashed across our path. Down on the pavement, slimy with the slush of yesterday's winter sleet, he threw his small body, frantically beating his heels up and down in tempo with his howls. "I won't go home—I won't go home—I won't—I won't—I won't."

Distracted and distressed, his mother strove to lift him. First she tugged at the wildly flaying arms. She attempted to raise him bodily. The tantrum had stiffened him. Failing to lift the rigid body, she looked around her in dismay.

Then she threatened: "I'll tell the policeman."

The child stopped. He looked about. Not seeing the dread blue uniform he resumed his screams.

"If you come home with me, I'll buy you something!"

"What?"

"Oh, something."

"I want candy."

"Candy's not good for you," was his mother's weak rejoinder. "Come along, Tommy. We must get home and make dinner for your father."

"I want candy." Tommy's sobs were beginning again. His feet resumed their

tattoo on the pavement. "All right." At last the mother resigned herself and jerking the child to his feet, she stopped at a curb candy cart before turning her steps homeward.

THE reactions of a child endeavoring to get his own way are not novel. Nor are they infrequent and confined to the lower East Side where Tommy threw himself to the pavement in his tantrum. Well-to-do parents meet the problem as often as the poor. One certain factor only can be safely assumed. That mother stooping to threats and yielding to bribery, was not a member of the parent education groups which function in connection with the WPA Nursery Schools of New York City.

The field of parent education, so valuable to community development, is a necessary adjunct of all WPA nursery schools. At least one group is established in every school location and weekly meetings are held to attract the mothers and in many cases the fathers too. Adult contact with the nursery schools is established naturally. It continues day by day as one or the other parent guides the youngsters of the family to the nursery school for professional care by trained nurses, doctors, teachers and dieticians.

While the daily health inspection proceeds, the mother remains watching the skilled fingers of the nurse as she examines her child. In the very naturalness of this relation, mother and nurse learn to know each other. Hints can be passed to the mother—Johnny or Polly's teeth or hair or nails, need more care. Certain hygienic habits are instilled into the routine of the child for health protection. The nurse has

the ear, and gains the cooperation, of the mother or father. The parents learn how deeply the school is interested in the well-being of the entire family.

A FEW days later perchance, the Head Teacher speaks to the mother. Polly doesn't drink milk. The mother protests that Polly never did like milk; she has always been a "picky" eater. An individual conference is arranged between the mother and the nutritionist. Ways are discussed to arrange meals with diet variations which not only provide the nursery school child with the proper food but consider the need of the entire family.

The Head Teacher tells the mother about the meetings that are held after health inspection or just before the children go home. The other mothers (and fathers if available) are coming to talk over family problems. "Other mothers in our group have had the same difficulties," suggests the teacher. "Why don't you come in and talk it over with them? The group meets once a week."

The new mother accepts. She finds formality at a complete ebb. The nursery school teacher in charge of Parent Education has arranged for the use of a pleasant room in the community center in which the school is located. As the parents drift in, she is standing by the door to greet them and arranges that they find seats about a long table. When Polly's mother appears for her first meeting, the Parent Education leader welcomes her and introduces her to the group. Racial types probably are mixed in the group. The leader tries to seat the newcomer among those with whom she will feel more at home. Gradual under-

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.

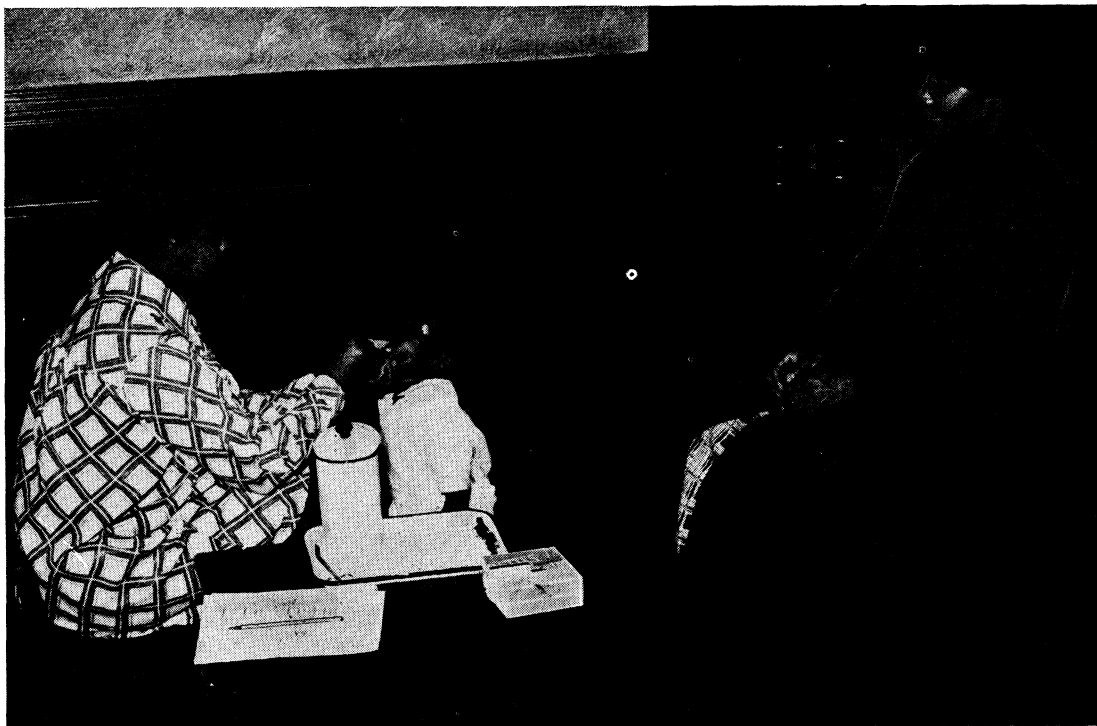


Photo by the Federal Art Project, Photographic Division.

standing and growing sympathy with mothers of other racial descent, come naturally in such a group as they discover that all have the same problems to meet. Childhood and adolescence bring the same trials to all, be they Jewish or Italian, Polish, Czech or German.

But for the beginning, ease is essential. The Jewish mother is most at home with Jewish mothers and the Italian one with those who stem from Italy. The Parent Education leader makes the effort to make newcomers feel at home.

More mothers come in and take places quietly. The chairs around the long table are filled. Then the leader takes her place in the circle where she becomes one of the group. Leaving the door unlatched for late comers, the leader opens the discussion. "What do you want to talk over today?" she asks in a conversational tone, keeping the meeting on an informal, friendly basis.

"My little boy Tommy sleeps better at nursery school than he does at home," complains one puzzled mother. "Why does he take so long to go to sleep when he takes a nap at home?"

Immediately Mrs. Green and her slow-sleeping Tommy bid fair to become the focus of the group's attention. At the hands of the skilled Parent Educator, however, this undesirable trend is checked with her instant question. She addresses not Tommy Green's mother but the entire group. "How many other parents have this same experience at home?" she asks.

Nodding heads and affirmatives that come from numerous parents swing the basis of discussion in a wide arc from Tommy to a group problem and his mother

is spared the embarrassment of being the focus of attention.

"Why do you have this problem?" probes the leader. Silence may greet her. "Have some of you noticed any difference between the school and the home at nap time?" She strives to direct the attention of the group toward general relationships in home and school between children and adults.

Answers again come from around the circle. The group is learning to think through its own problems. They grope toward solutions. The leader, trained and experienced in child reactions, waits silently but keenly alert, for the comments of the parents' group.

One ventures, "It's quieter at school." The leader nods. Another mother says, "The teachers are ready and so are the cots." Again the leader nods and smiles. "The teachers are quieter too. They don't get fussed," a third mother continues. "They make taking a nap seem natural. At home we get excited and hurry the children."

A young mother but recently attending the meetings, volunteers, "I promise Billy a piece of candy if he takes his nap." Heads are violently shaken about the circle. The leader who has been agreeing quietly with the comments, now as gently disagrees by questioning. A new participant in discussion must not be discouraged.

"What do you think of that, Mrs. Brown," picking a veteran come to the meeting.

"That's bribing, isn't it?" is the reply. "We shouldn't bribe the child to eat or sleep or be good."

"Why not?" asks the leader looking

about the group and pressing home the point that has plainly been under discussion at previous talks.

"They never do at school," says one mother.

"But why not?" persists the leader. The group is not being taught—it is being led to think through and back to original causes.

A bright, dark-eyed little mother leans forward eagerly. The leader smiles. Another first-time participant in the discussion must be encouraged. "My little girl used to whine and cry most of the time before I learned here to be natural. To say 'No' quietly and mean it. Not let her know she worried me."

"I used to promise my Bobby candy and movies to take a nap. Since I've come here and seen the nursery school ways, I act more naturally and he never thinks of getting out of his sleeping habits."

"Oh—," comments the leader. "Habits do help, do they?"

"Yes," comes in a chorus around the table. "They get good habits at nursery school and they keep that way if we grown-ups don't disturb them."

Thus, day after day, now in this section of the city, now in that, the parent education groups meet to talk out their own problems, to see trained teachers handling their children and by demonstration discovering the methods of child control through sympathy and understanding.

As THE discussion group breaks up, this mother or that father may have a special problem. They stop to speak to the leader. Many individual conferences are arranged and family adjustments made as a result.

(Continued on page 28)

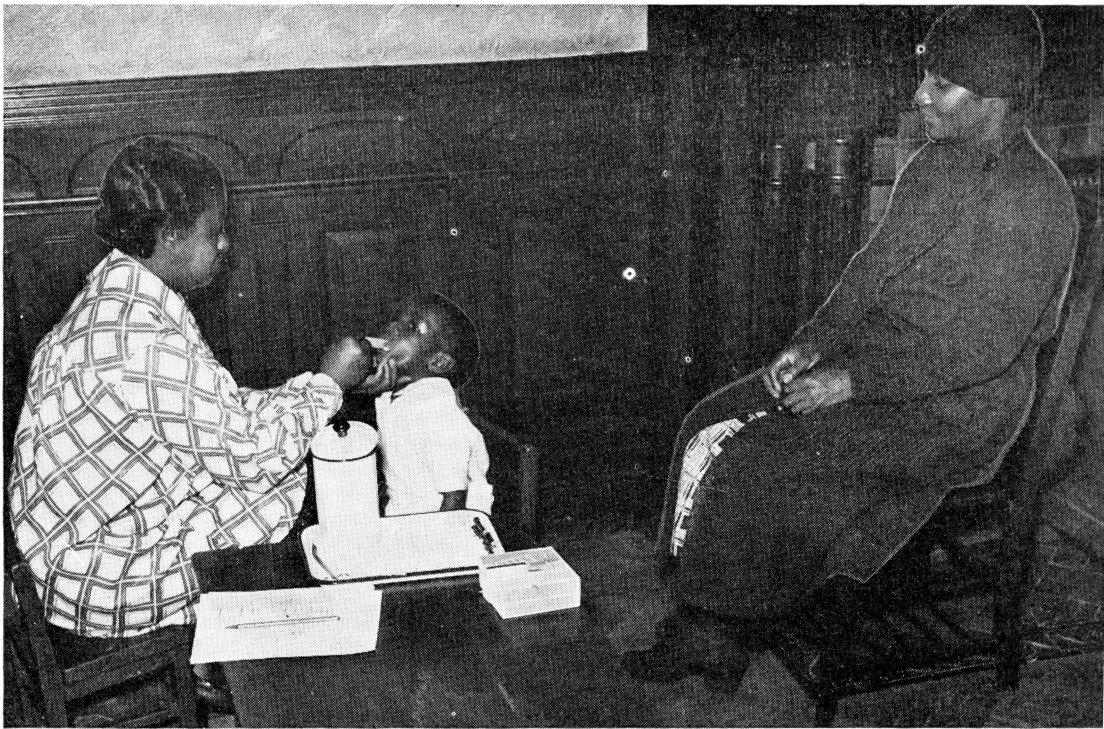
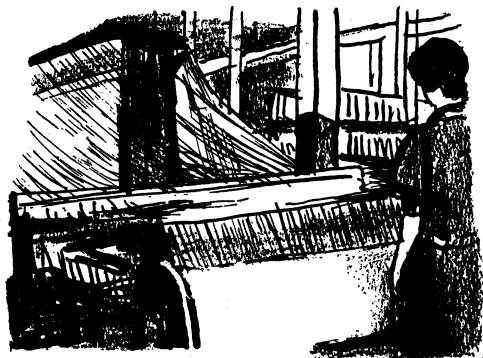


Photo by the Federal Art Project, Photographic Division.

WOMEN IN TEXTILE

By Francis J. Gorman



WELL OVER A CENTURY AGO the textile industry in this country began to develop. For thousands of years cloth was made by hand. It was tediously brought from the raw material stage through the spinning process and off the loom by women who worked with crude hand-spinning wheels and looms. It started out a "woman-industry".

It is no small wonder, then, that when the first cotton mill of any size in this country was established by Samuel Slater in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the productive employees were almost entirely women and children. Indeed, according to the annals of our early textile industry, several textile-producing states passed laws making it mandatory that women and children, when available, should work in the mills. Working from dawn to dusk in the mills, it was held, kept women away from "witchery" and children "out of mischief."

Today over half of the industry is composed of women, although the employment of children under sixteen has diminished considerably since the days of the N.R.A.

Textiles, then, constitute a special problem for women trade unionists. During the organization campaign of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee special attention must be paid to drawing the hitherto unorganized thousands of women into the union.

Over and over again it has been said that "women are hard to organize"; or that "women are impossible to organize"; or that "women don't make good trade unionists." These statements are, of course, born out of bad experiences in the past,

and a lack of foresight for our work in the future. History itself has proven that women make some of the most heroic trade unionists in our movement, once they become union-conscious and join the organization.

How could we recount the history of southern labor struggles, for example, without dwelling on the tragic and courageous story of Ella May Wiggins? She is the history of Gastonia, North Carolina, to many textile workers who do not live in the South. How could the early struggles of the miners and steel workers be retold without the name of Mother Jones coming again and again to our lips? It could not. Women, then, make some of our finest trade unionists and all of us now in the movement must forget the old ideas about women being "hard to organize" and so forth. All workers under some circumstances are "hard to organize" and the characterization does not belong to the women alone.

IN THE C.I.O. organization drives in steel and automobiles the question of bringing the women into the movement took a very different form than it does in the campaign of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee. In the two former industries women are not, for the most part, in the mills. They are not the productive workers. Therefore wives, relatives and sweethearts of steel and automobile workers were drawn into auxiliaries, and organized into "shock brigades" to aid the men inside the plants in their strike. They not only formed the backbone of the sympathetic picket lines

outside the plants; they performed much more useful and necessary work besides. They prepared the food for the strikers, in order that they might stay on strike until the demands were won.

In textiles, however, women are actually in productive work. They are the weavers, the spinners, the doffers, the speeder-tenders and so forth. Therefore their role in the union is a direct one, for they must *form* the union, along with the men in the mills. No union in the textile industry is a strong one, which does not have at least half its active membership among women workers.

It would not be right for us to say, therefore, that no special attention should be given to bringing the women textile workers into the union. It would not be right for us to feel that we do not need to give separate attention to the problem of bringing them into the trade union movement. If we did this, we would be blinking at facts, for actually the women are not at present in the union. This is not to say that the membership in the United Textile Workers of America is composed solely of men. It most certainly is not. I think I can say with perfect candor that the portion of our membership which is female is the most devoted and active part of the International. What I mean to say is that, proportionately speaking, fewer women are organized in textile than men.

IN THE PAST, in many instances, it has been hard for women to come into the union and become active members. Many things militated against them, not the least important of which has been the unfortunate fact that most union organizers have been men. Women must be drawn into the organization force, so that the women workers will be made to feel that the union is as much theirs as it is the men's. We all know that in places where workers of a certain nationality are concentrated, the best organization job is usually done by an organizer of the same nationality as the majority of these workers. Why do we not feel the same thing with respect to women? I think the trade union movement *does* understand this now, and the Textile Workers Organizing Committee campaign gives the C.I.O. and progressive labor

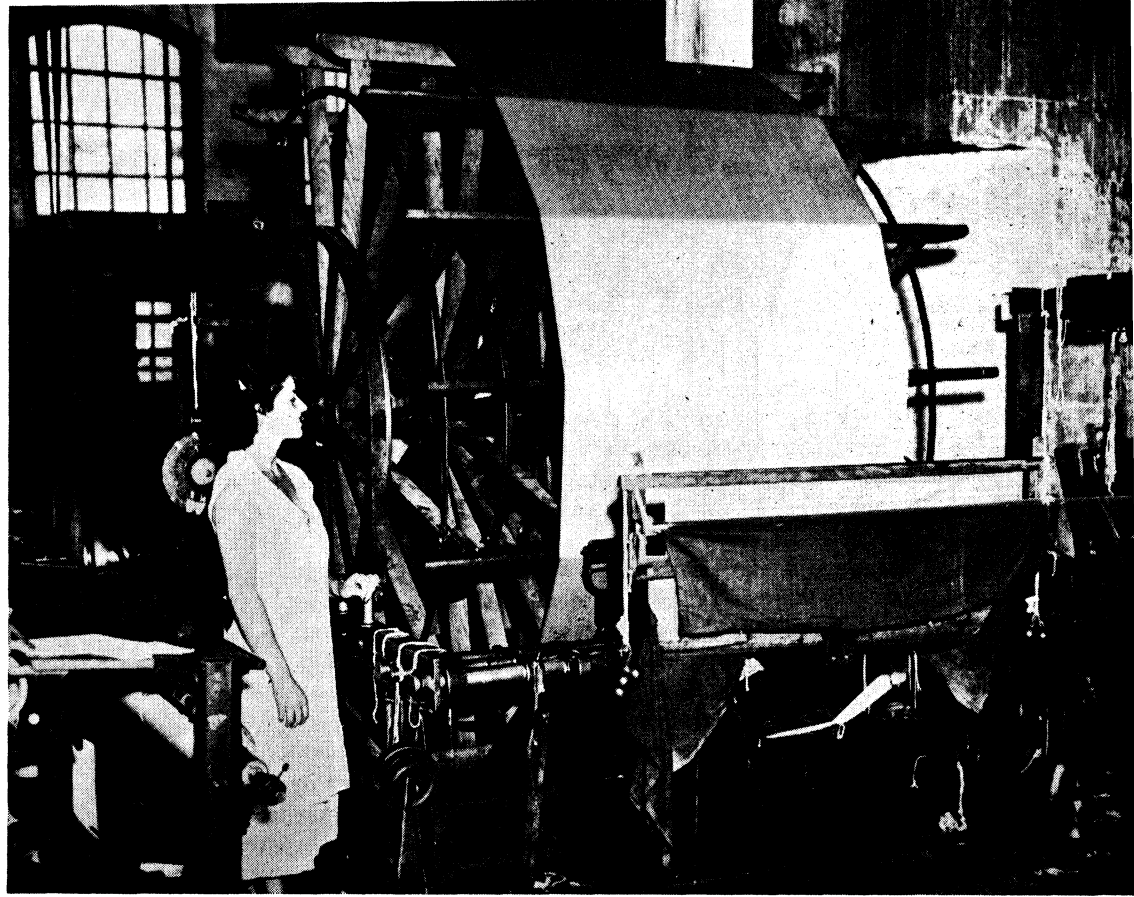
forces an excellent chance to develop some militant, capable women fighters in the union.

Another reason that women have not risen to the forefront in the textile union leadership is that the men workers themselves didn't make them feel as though they were a part of the union. Many men workers still cling to the idea that "woman's place is in the home." Well, the women mustn't let the men get by with this sort of thing. They must assert themselves and their right to a place in the union leadership alongside their menfolks, by proving themselves in activity and in the daily conduct of the union.

The burden of household duties makes it difficult for women to become active in the union. Many mothers feel that when their day's work is done, they should go home and look after the children. They are right. Children should not be neglected for any reason. But—can not the children of the mill workers also be drawn into the movement?

I know of a family of textile workers in New England, in which both the husband and the wife are very active union members. These two workers have a child who is not much over ten years old now. As long as I can remember, when we held long councils of war at night, when duty on the picket line brought us all out together, and when we sat crowded around the little stove in the union headquarters, these two people had their little child with them. She was brought right into the union activities, and she performs little duties to help her parents and the other union members whenever she is around the hall. Unfortunately, the other workers in this locality do not bring their children to the union hall much. Consequently, this little child is all alone.

Think of what fun the kids could have if all the active union members brought their children into active participation in union work. A children's auxiliary would give the boys and girls something to "keep them out of mischief" and at the same time train them in the meaning of trade unionism, while their mothers and fathers are busy mapping out the policy and work of the union. Women, then, do not have an



adequate excuse for remaining inactive because of their children.

It is curious that the problem of making the women textile workers more conscious of the union has not struck the men textile workers more forcibly before. It should have, because it is precisely because the textile industry is a "woman industry" that the wages of all the workers are so low. In other industries where the workers are for the most part men, the average weekly wage is much higher than in textile. The average weekly wage for all manufacturing, for instance, was \$22.75 in 1936, while the average weekly wage in textile for the same period was only \$16.12!

For years and years, since the development of the industry, the manufacturers have been permitted to believe that they can continue to pay women workers lower wages than men workers on the same job. The net result has been that competition between companies has forced the wages for both men and women down to the level of what was formerly only a "woman's wage." It is high time union-conscious workers understood this very important basic economic fact. Until they do and, by understanding it, begin to draw the women into active participation in the trade union movement, general wage levels will remain very low.

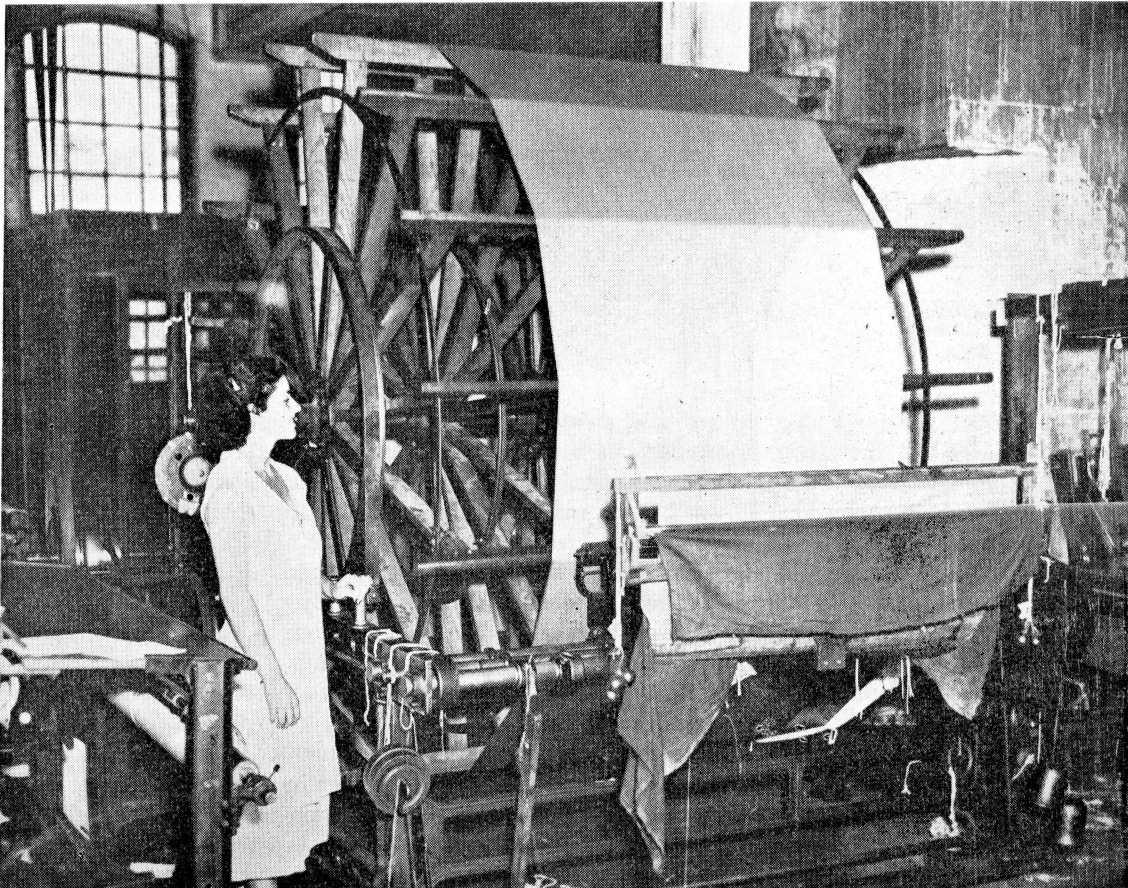
AT PRESENT there is a world conference on the textile industry going on in Washington, D. C. Workers' delegates from all over the world are meeting here, together with employers' delegates and representatives of the various world govern-

ments, to attempt to solve the question of *why* the textile industry is such a low-wage, long-hour industry; of *why* many manufacturers do not find it a profitable industry.

At this conference I look around and I see only one or two women delegates. In spite of this scarcity of women, delegate after delegate gets up on the rostrum and says, in effect, "The textile industry is a low-wage industry because over fifty per cent of the workers are women or children." Manufacturers admit this; government delegates admit this and workers' delegates admit this. Yet, there are only one or two women delegates at this conference!

It is this sort of situation which the Textile Workers Organizing Committee wishes to remedy. At the completion of this nation-wide organization drive, hundreds of thousands of women will have become members of the union, and these union members will have come to the front as able and militant union leaders!

Then, the textile industry in the United States will stop being a "low-wage" industry because it is a "woman-industry". The organized workers, men and women together, will lift their wage-levels, lower their hours, and make for themselves more leisure time in which to learn everyday facts about the world around them. This is the aim of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee. We call upon all active women trade unionists in textile centers to help us achieve this goal, by coming into the drive, and teaching unorganized women workers what the union means.



A Lawyer Looks at the Sit-Down

By Vera Boudin

THE most interesting development on the labor front in recent years is unquestionably the sit-down strike. It was so startling that it was almost reflex action on the part of press and employers flatly to denounce it as illegal, which was evidenced by the hysteria of ex-President Lowell of Harvard, who called the sit-down "armed insurrection . . . anarchy, mob rule, and ruthless dictatorship." Since the first violent reaction, however, calmer consideration has led many leaders of American thought, among them Senator Wagner of New York, Leon Green, Dean of the Law School of Northwestern University, James M. Landis, Dean of Harvard Law School, William Allen White, and many others, to defend the legality of the sit-down strike.

The first important fact to remember in this connection is that the law is not static, but dynamic, and that there is no such thing as *legality* in the abstract. That question is never decided until a specific issue arises and then it is decided at a particular time and place. And what is illegal in one place is legal in another. For example, picketing is illegal in Michigan, but it is the public policy of New York State that the right to picket must be protected.

Moreover, the question of *time* is of fundamental importance in regard to legality. In 1806, when a small group of shoemakers in Philadelphia went out on strike for higher wages, they were charged with and convicted of the crime of "*conspiracy to raise wages.*" And there were numerous similar prosecutions and convictions, the famous case of the Geneva Tailors, which arose in New York State in 1836, being the last of that line. The law was changed by the courts of Massachusetts, in the case of *Commonwealth vs. Hunt*, a few years later, when, in response to the force of public opinion, the court declared that these convictions had been improper, and that strikes were not conspiracies. There was no change in legislation, but *the dynamic force of public pressure* made legal what had been regarded as illegal the day before.

As late as 1921, Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of *American Steel Foundries vs. Tricity Central Trades and Labor Council*, said: "The name 'picket' indicated a mili-

tary purpose, inconsistent with peaceable persuasion." And, referring to a decision of another court, he said: "The phrase really recognizes as legal that which bears the sinister name of 'picketing.'" But only eleven years later, in 1932, the Federal Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed forbidding federal courts to issue injunctions prohibiting picketing. The law once more had responded to the will of the people.

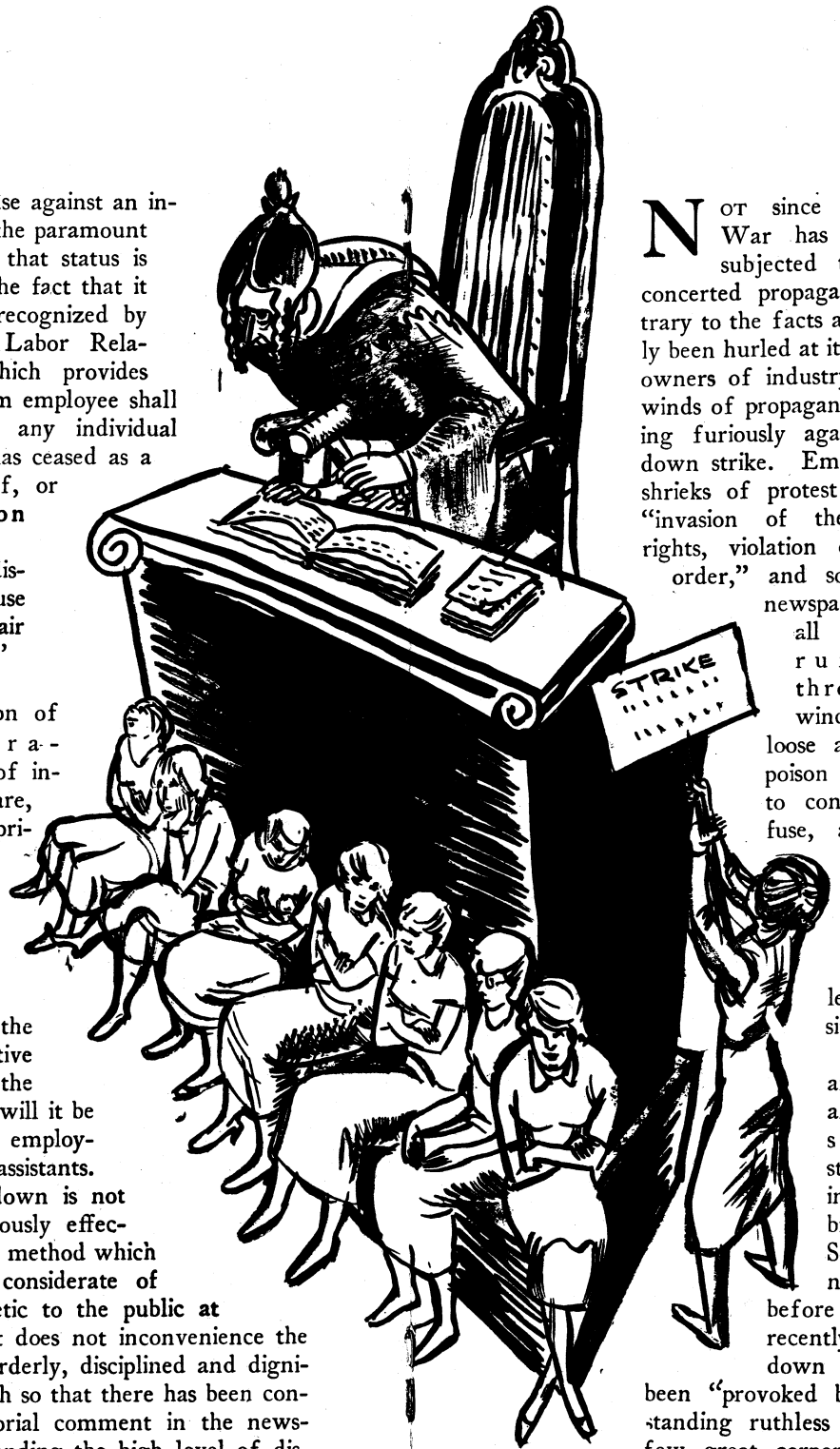
THERE is another aspect to the question of legality, however, and that is legality in relation to the *status* which the worker acquires as a result of the *relationship* of employer and employee, and the further question of the *means* used to combat the sit-down, in the light of that relationship.

For example, it is illegal for a tenant not to pay rent. But the landlord cannot call in a policeman to evict a tenant who is in arrears, nor can he get an injunction from a judge restraining the tenant from further occupying the premises, or threatening him with contempt proceedings if he continues to stay there. In other words, although he is legally bound to pay rent, he does not cease to be a tenant because he has ceased to pay. And since he was rightfully on the premises in the first place, there is nothing criminal in his remaining there. But if he had been a complete stranger, intruding on the landlord's premises, and with no previously acquired rights, the landlord could have had a policeman evict him.

The sit-down striker is in an analogous situation to the tenant. He is not a stranger to the employer, and is rightfully in the plant in the first place, since that is where he works. Does the fact that he is merely staying in the premises without working, doing no damage and creating no disturbance or disorder, until such time as the employer obeys the law of the land and agrees to enter into collective bargaining with him and his fellow-workers, give the employer the right to call in police and sheriffs to evict him, use tear-gas and machine-guns against him, and obtain injunctions against him from the courts? Does not his status as an employee give him some immunity from the methods that might be used against a stranger to the employer, exactly as his *status* protects a tenant from the force that a property-

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THE question of comparative methods of industrial warfare, however, is primarily not one of legal concepts but of practical realities, and the more effective the method the more bitterly will it be fought by the employers and their assistants. And the sit-down is not only tremendously effective, but it is a method which is unusually considerate of and sympathetic to the public at large. For it does not inconvenience the public; it is orderly, disciplined and dignified. So much so that there has been considerable editorial comment in the newspapers commending the high level of discipline which has prevailed in the numerous sit-down strikes which have already taken place. And a vital public service which will result from the use of this new method will be the abolition from the scene of the strike-breaking agencies which, as the LaFollette investigation has shown, have grown enormously wealthy in the business of first fomenting industrial strife and then selling strike-breakers and tear-gas to quell it.



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A Lawyer Looks at the Sit-Down

By Vera Boudin

THE most interesting development on the labor front in recent years is unquestionably the sit-down strike. It was so startling that it was almost reflex action on the part of press and employers flatly to denounce it as illegal, which was evidenced by the hysteria of ex-President Lowell of Harvard, who called the sit-down "armed insurrection . . . anarchy, mob rule, and ruthless dictatorship." Since the first violent reaction, however, calmer consideration has led many leaders of American thought, among them Senator Wagner of New York, Leon Green, Dean of the Law School of Northwestern University, James M. Landis, Dean of Harvard Law School, William Allen White, and many others, to defend the legality of the sit-down strike.

The first important fact to remember in this connection is that the law is not static, but dynamic, and that there is no such thing as *legality* in the abstract. That question is never decided until a specific issue arises and then it is decided at a particular time and place. And what is illegal in one place is legal in another. For example, picketing is illegal in Michigan, but it is the public policy of New York State that the right to picket must be protected.

Moreover, the question of *time* is of fundamental importance in regard to legality. In 1806, when a small group of shoemakers in Philadelphia went out on strike for higher wages, they were charged with and convicted of the crime of "*conspiracy to raise wages.*" And there were numerous similar prosecutions and convictions, the famous case of the Geneva Tailors, which arose in New York State in 1836, being the last of that line. The law was changed by the courts of Massachusetts, in the case of *Commonwealth vs. Hunt*, a few years later, when, in response to the force of public opinion, the court declared that these convictions had been improper, and that strikes were not conspiracies. There was no change in legislation, but *the dynamic force of public pressure* made legal what had been regarded as illegal the day before.

As late as 1921, Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of *American Steel Foundries vs. Tricity Central Trades and Labor Council*, said: "The name 'picket' indicated a mili-

tary purpose, inconsistent with peaceable persuasion." And, referring to a decision of another court, he said: "The phrase really recognizes as legal that which bears the sinister name of 'picketing.'" But only eleven years later, in 1932, the Federal Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed forbidding federal courts to issue injunctions prohibiting picketing. The law once more had responded to the will of the people.

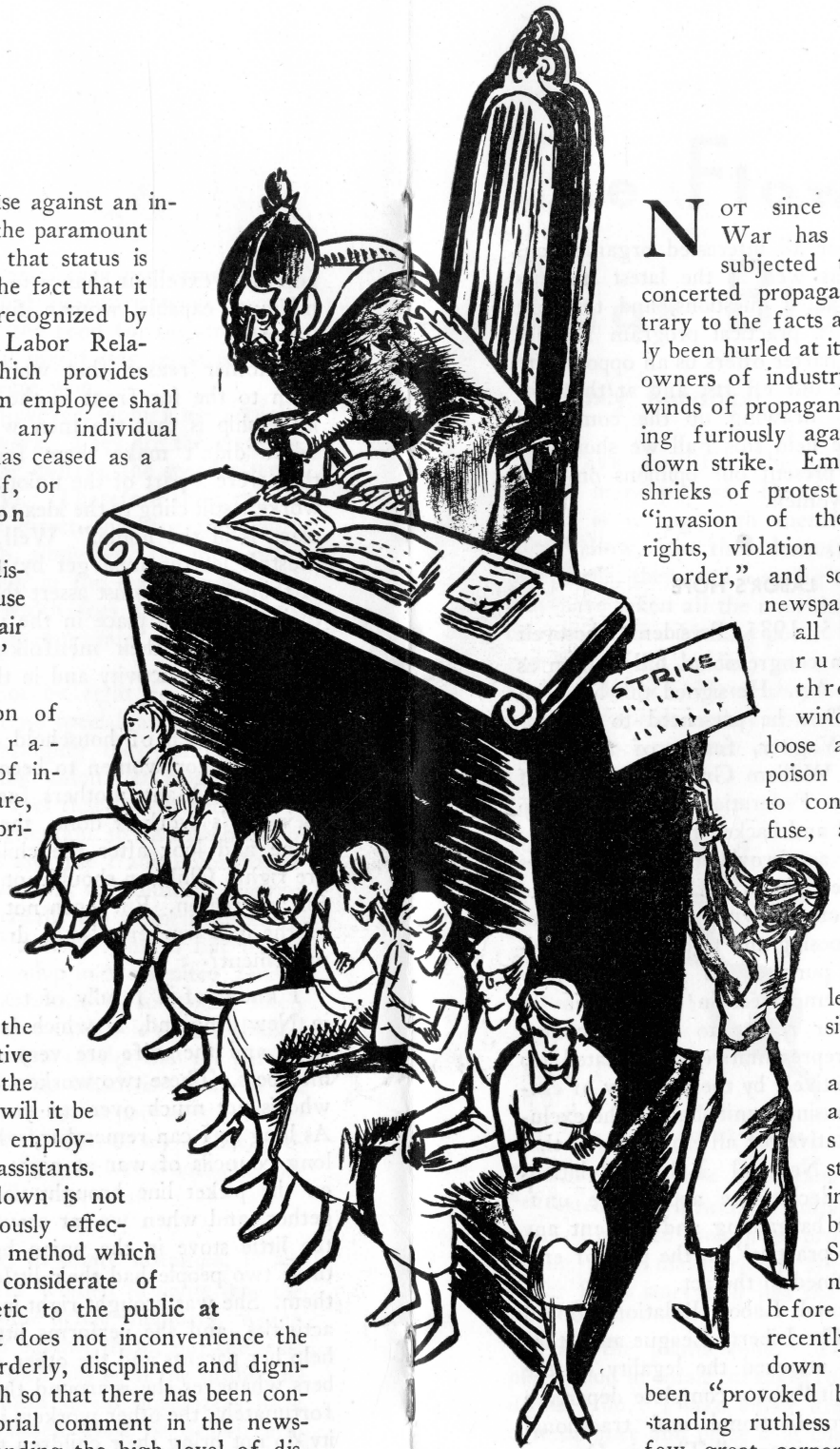
THERE is another aspect to the question of legality, however, and that is legality in relation to the *status* which the worker acquires as a result of the *relationship* of employer and employee, and the further question of the *means* used to combat the sit-down, in the light of that relationship.

For example, it is illegal for a tenant not to pay rent. But the landlord cannot call in a policeman to evict a tenant who is in arrears, nor can he get an injunction from a judge restraining the tenant from further occupying the premises, or threatening him with contempt proceedings if he continues to stay there. In other words, although he is legally bound to pay rent, he does not cease to be a tenant because he has ceased to pay. And since he was rightfully on the premises in the first place, there is nothing criminal in his remaining there. But if he had been a complete stranger, intruding on the landlord's premises, and with no previously acquired rights, the landlord could have had a policeman evict him.

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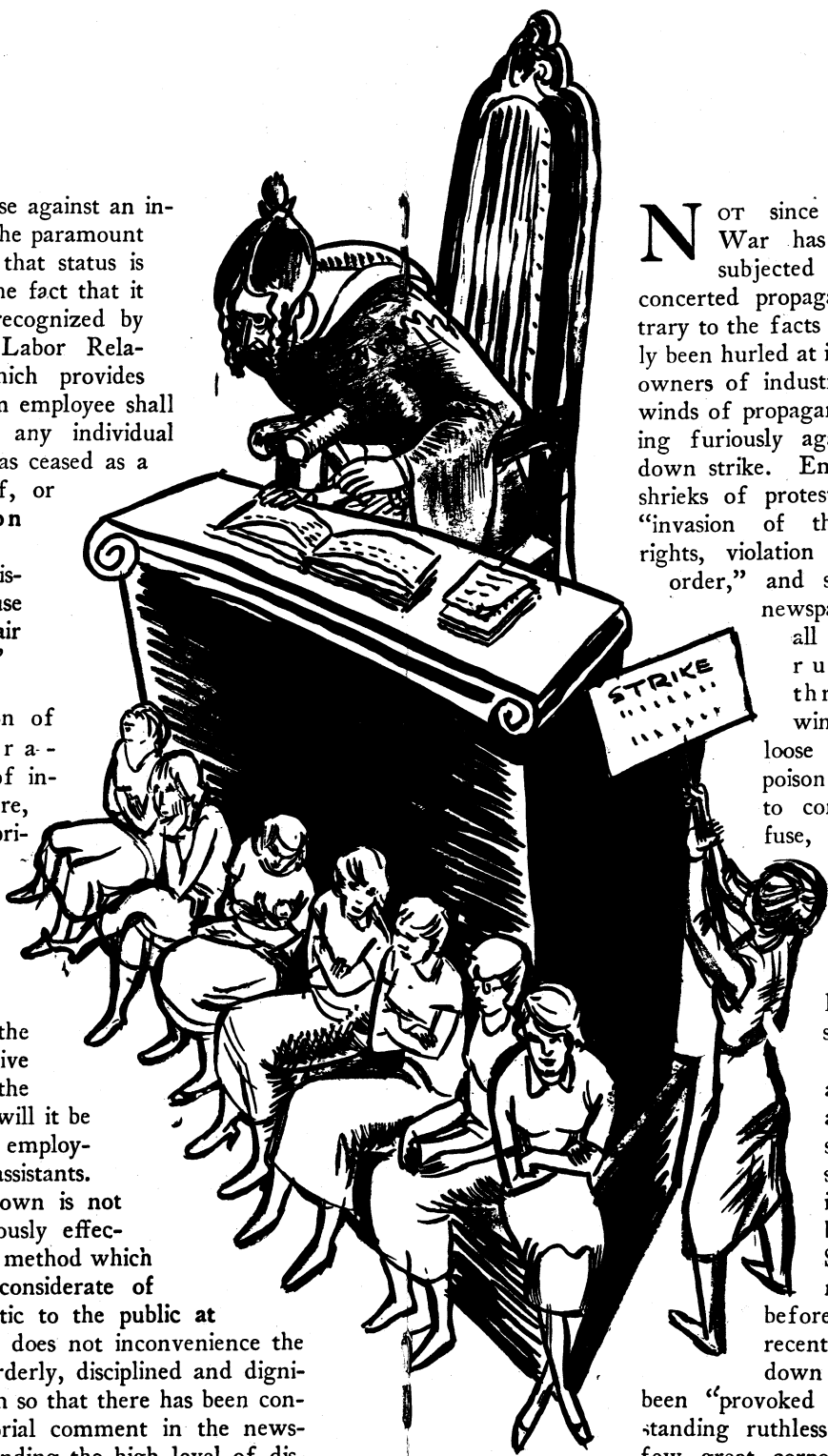
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In this country strikes and unions were declared legal in 1842 by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Before that date merely belonging to a union was a crime. Time was when picketing was illegal, but today even mass picketing is a recognized right. The sit-down strike is a modification of the "folded arms" tactic used by the Industrial Workers of the World in the lumber mills of the Pacific Northwest before the World War. It is not new. Why then has it caused such wide employer condemnation? The answer is simple.

The sit-down has proved very effective in keeping scabs out of the "struck" plants. It has prevented the employers from using the starved army of the unemployed against the strikers. Because of its effectiveness it has won the united support of American workers—even the most detached and backward workers are moving forward toward the main stream of labor. This greater effectiveness of strikes is very disconcerting to the employers. They prefer nice, ladylike strikes, where all the workers go singing and parading home, leaving a handful of unarmed pickets with placards. Then through the back door they bring in strikebreakers, and the strikers either weaken or, if the pickets offer any resistance, they are slugged, wounded, murdered by armed guards or "special" police; others are arrested, framed up and sent to prison. Throughout our country today in lonely prison cells are lingering the victims of many of these ladylike strikes.

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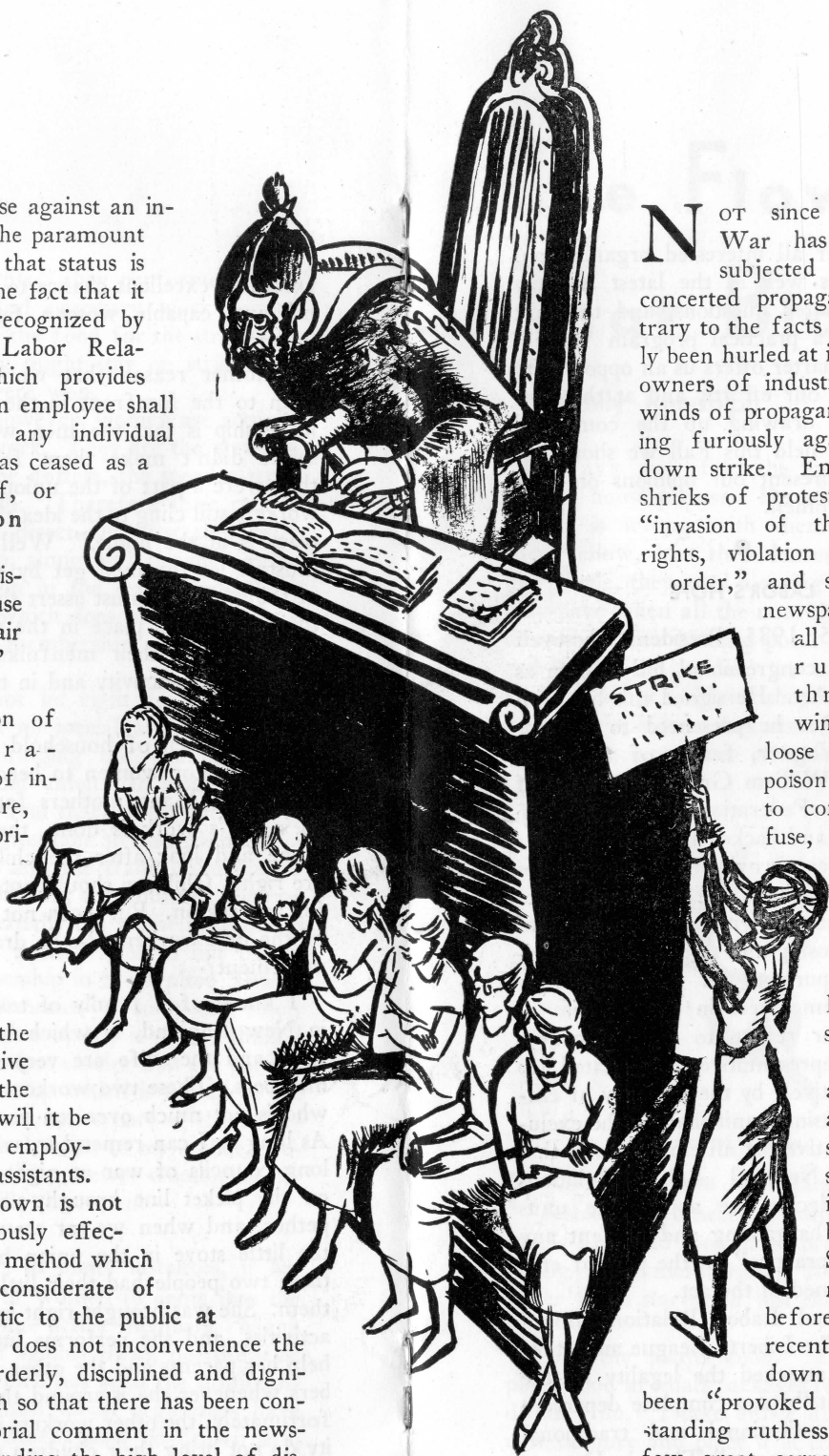
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WHILE I look with great admiration toward the mass production strikes and follow closely the development of the new unions, it is my hope that the new union members will now concentrate on a determined, united program for democracy in their unions. The fruits of their heroic struggles will soon vanish unless they secure complete and democratic control. In my own union, the Typographical Union—a union older than the A. F. of L. itself—we have a large measure of democracy. No strikes are called without a vote of the membership and no settlements are legal until approved by the membership. Organized groups in the union, running full tickets of members pledged to support definite policies, are accepted and established. Charles P. Howard, our international president, was elected on a ticket of the Progressive Party of the Typographical Union. No assessments are levied unless ordered by vote of the membership. Fullest discussion takes place on all questions concerning the union until decided by the vote, after which each member must rigidly obey the decision. Monthly shop meetings are mandatory under union law, and there future policy, wages, hours, etc., are debated and recommendations made to local unions. Religious and political opinions are recognized to be a member's own private business.

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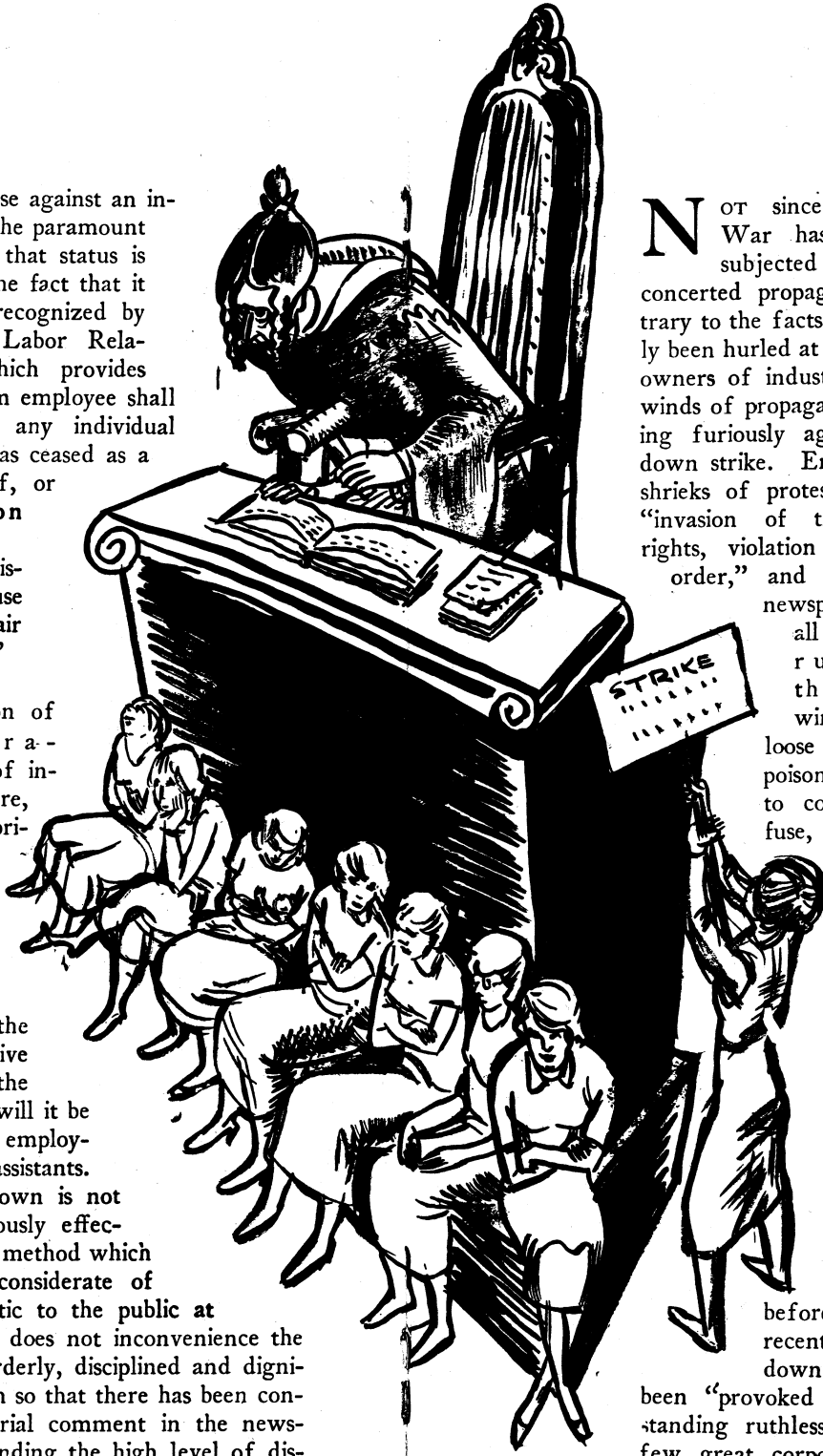
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As We Go To Press . . .

NEED FOR THE WOMEN'S CHARTER

AGAIN WE HAVE had brought to our attention the great need for a definite organization or machinery through which the women who work can express themselves as to the kind of protective legislation they want.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Washington Minimum Wage Law legal, two viewpoints have been expressed as to whether protective legislation should be confined to the "weaker sex" or should also include men. President Roosevelt has said that minimum wage laws should apply to men and women alike and that the most practical plan would be a federal law. Gov. Lehman has had introduced in the New York State Legislature a minimum wage bill which applies to women only. It was reported in the press that the Governor followed the advice of New York labor leaders, who believed that men should be left to shift for themselves.

But what do the women who work think about this disputed question? Where has protective legislation, confined to women only, been a decided advantage; and where a hindrance? And what kind of laws can we draft which will tend to keep the living standards of women socially healthful and yet not inflict a hardship on any woman?

Is it true that legislation by states is obsolete because industries move out of the state and thus evade the law? Would legislation covering particular industries, wherever they are, prove more effective? And how true is the statement that legislation can never be effective without a strong labor movement to act as an enforcing agent?

These and many other questions concerning the effect on women of protective legislation should be answered. It is time to knit closely together the organizations striving to improve conditions of women who work, and through them reach out for fresh, up-to-date evidence from both skilled and unskilled, organized and unorganized women as to their actual needs in post-depression days.

The Women's Charter movement launched this past Spring is an attempt to



To that veteran of countless labor battles, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, welcome to the Editorial Board of

THE WOMAN TODAY!

Born of Irish parentage in Concord, New Hampshire, she attended school in New York City. She left Morris High School in 1906 to join the Industrial Workers of the World which had been organized the year before. She spoke for the Socialist and Socialist Labor Parties. When arrested at 39th Street and Broadway in 1906, the judge said: "Young woman, you are wasting your time talking socialism on Broadway!"

First strike: American Tube and Stamping Co., in Bridgeport, Connecticut in 1906. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was identified with the western IWW free speech fights, and was arrested in Missoula, Montana, in 1909 and in Spokane, Washington, in 1910.

Eastern strikes: Shoe workers in Brooklyn, New York, in 1911; textile strikes in Lawrence, Lowell and New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1912; hotel workers in New York City in 1913; textile (silk) in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1913; Passaic textile strike in 1926.

Defense work: Case of Joe Hill, IWW poet in 1915; Everett massacre cases in Seattle, Washington, in 1917; organized the Workers Defense Union (1918-1919) to defend wartime prisoners; criminal syndicalist cases; aid to deportees and victims of the Palmer "Red Raids." She organized the first English-speaking meeting in New York City for the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti and was active in their defense for five years.

To our new Editorial Board member, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, we say: "Like an oak tree you stand solid on firm ground. It's an honor to have you with us. More power to you!"

bring together all interested organizations of women as well as the latest statistics on these disputed questions, and to work out together a practical program for action. The Charter offers us an opportunity to coordinate our efforts, and at the convention for drawing up the completed charter to be held this Fall we should be prepared to present our opinions on laws concerning women.

LABOR'S HOPE

ON JULY 5, 1935, President Roosevelt signed a congressional bill known as the Wagner Act. He signed this bill with two pens. One he presented to Senator Robert F. Wagner, father of the law; the other to William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who had endorsed and backed the bill.

The new act provided: 1. Employees shall have the right to self-organization, to bargain collectively with representatives of their own choosing and to engage in activities for this purpose; 2. employers may not restrain employees in the exercise of these rights or refuse to bargain collectively; 3. representatives designated to bargain collectively by the majority of employees in a business unit shall be the exclusive representatives of all employees in that unit; 4. a National Labor Relations Board shall decide the appropriate units for collective bargaining and prevent any "unfair labor practice" on the part of employers as defined in the act.

The National Labor Relations Board was set up. The Liberty League and other organizations attacked the legality of the Act and said it "was a complete departure from our constitutional and traditional theories of government." Then in December, 1935, Judge Merrill Otis of Kansas declared the law unconstitutional, ruling that manufacturing is not commerce and cannot be regulated by Congress.

The National Labor Relations Board continued to function and heard 2,072 cases affecting 750,000 workers. The case reached the Supreme Court last February. On April 12, 1937, the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the validity of the National Labor Relations Act. This has given great hope to labor.

The Flowers That Bloom In The Spring

By Emily Randolph

HAVE you felt the pulse of your house plants? Do you know what is wrong with them? Do they turn yellow, lose their leaves? Perhaps, like people, they need a spring tonic. They may have taken all the nourishment out of the soil in their binding pots. Have you a red rash (red spider) or a white rash (white flies)? Have they—don't blush—lice, or aphids as they are called? They may be black or green or white.



Loss of Leaves

FIRST make sure the plant is not infested with insects or improper drainage. They are then in all probability suffering from malnutrition, for plants can suffer from starvation just the way people can.

Give the plants food. You can buy plant food in small packages for ten cents or do as I do. I take either dried sheep or cow manure and place it in cheese cloth or any old material, tie it up and place it in a hot pail of water and let it drain. I water my plants with this about every two weeks. Be careful not to use too strong a food, so as to burn to roots.

This next treatment sounds drastic but I have had success with it. Red spider looks as if red pepper had been spilt over the leaves and stems. It is very difficult to rid the plant of this disease and as it eventually is fatal, it is worth trying the remedy. Heat a basin of water, 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and dip the plant for 25 to 40 seconds. Also give the plant a shower bath about every two weeks for the red spider lives only on a dry surface.

White Flies

WHITE flies as a rule mean the soil is too sour. Re-pot or use lime water shower bath, or both.

Aphids

WASH with soap and water solution or a nicotine solution, if aphids are very bad. Recipe for soapy water solution: 1 quart of luke-warm water and 1¼ teaspoonful of ivory soap flakes. Immerse plants for about one minute. For nicotine solution add to the above ¼ teaspoonful of Black Leaf 40.

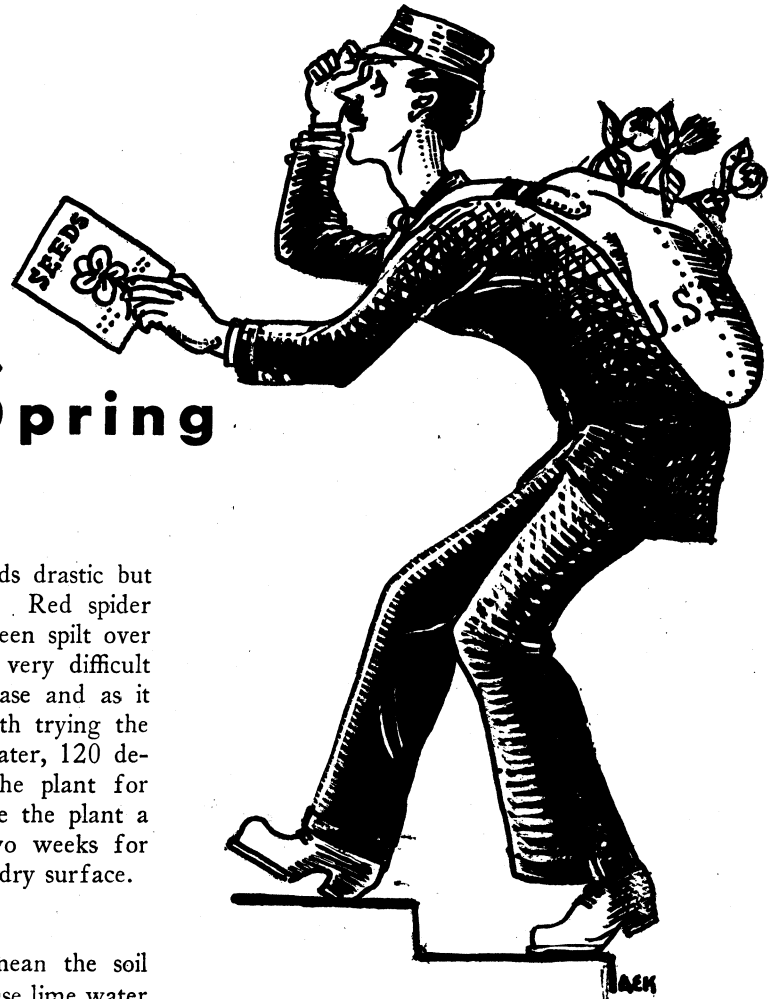
Window Gardens in the City

SOME people put their house plants out in a window box. Others buy an arrangement of flowers but that, I find, is too expensive. I prefer buying seeds and watching them grow. One pretty arrangement is balcony blue and white petunias and if you want a trailing vine from the box, this combination, with moonflower, heavenly blue, makes a lovely showing. Or you can use the new double nasturtiums with trailing nasturtiums.

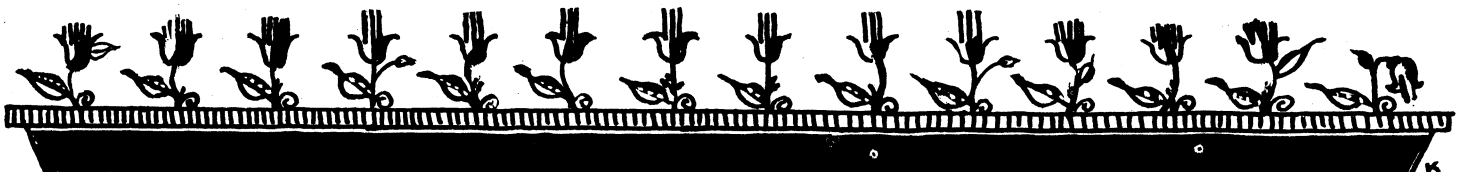
Then there is the kitchen window box.

Here are some suggestions: parsley, radishes, chives, garlic, lettuce, carrots. A friend of mine who had a young baby always had fresh vegetables for him by having two window boxes in the kitchen. One had New Zealand spinach and carrots. She planted so there was always some sequence that could be used and immediately replaced.

AND now to discuss the small plot of ground in the country, either for flowers or vegetables. First is it shady or is it sunny? Is the soil acid or sweet? What kind of trees grow near the spot? Is it dry or boggy? Is it on a hillside or flat? I wish I could answer all these questions now but my space is limited. If you are really interested, and if you want more garden pages, write me care of this magazine and I will be very glad to help you in your garden problems.



Drawings by Agnes Karlin



MOTHERS ... REALISTS

"Mother" to All ELLA REEVE BLOOR

AT seventy-four Ella Reeve Bloor laughs at old age, and makes plans to carry on more vigorously than ever. Her lively eyes twinkle as she recalls incidents in her more than forty-five years of militant activity—first in the fight for woman suffrage, and then side by side with women and men organizing and gathering their forces for a better life.

She recalls the time when she addressed a large meeting of women. A woman in the audience came up to express her admiration. "But—" she said, "but—haven't you ever thought you'd like to keep house?"

Yes, indeed. Mother Bloor *did* keep house. She kept house wherever there was work to be done for the betterment of workers. Yes, indeed. She kept house and bore eight children. She took her nursing children with her to the picket line. When they were older they sat on benches in mining camps, in strike halls, in large auditoriums—wherever their mother was called upon to speak and show the way.

And now Mother's eyes strike sparks. She is speaking about some of the insufferable conditions that exist today. In Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the welfare officials are recommending that families of farmers on relief be broken up and separated. Big Business and its allies are holding back the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment. In Spain, women and children are being slaughtered by fascists and foreign troops. No right-thinking woman can fail to be up in arms about these things, says Mother Bloor.

"If they do not care about other people's children, if they condone child labor and can bear to know that children are going to school shoeless and without a decent meal in their stomachs, they are not fit to be called women—not fit to be mothers," she exclaims.

July eighth of this year will mark Ella Reeve Bloor's seventy-fifth birthday. Men, women and children will be making a pilgrimage to her birthplace on Staten Island, New York, to do honor to this staunch fighter. There will be a festival and picnic to celebrate her achievements and to wish her good cheer in her future activities.

Exactly 150 years ago in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the Constitution was framed. Ella Reeve Bloor is fighting today to preserve the rights of free speech, press and assemblage which that Constitution guarantees. Her life is dedicated to that purpose for which her ancestors bore arms in the Revolutionary War—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for all workers.

LILLIAN HENRY

A Scottsboro Mother MRS. ADA WRIGHT

MRS. ADA WRIGHT, a widow, lived with her four children in a poor little cabin in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She earned six dollars a week at housework and it was hard going to fill the stomachs of her growing boys and girls. Her oldest son, Andrew, a lad of seventeen, had left school years before and had been employed from time to time at any job he could get. But in the winter of 1931 he was out of work. The mother's income of six dollars per week could not stretch. The children were hungry.

One day the boy Andrew begged permission to go to Memphis where he had heard there was work to be had. Mrs. Wright gave her consent. But when the younger brother Roy knew that his brother and pal was leaving him, he became inconsolable and pleaded to go along. Let Mrs. Wright tell the rest of the story. "I didn't want them to go," she said. "I was afraid. I knew the terrible things that happen to black boys in the South, but they promised to be very careful and not to get into any kind of trouble. Andrew said, 'Mother, you know we never got into any trouble yet and we don't intend to. Don't worry.' So," said the mother, "with a heavy heart I let them go. Their friend Heywood Patterson went along with them, also on the chance of finding work.

"The morning after they had gone, a friend came running to me with a newspaper with big headlines. It said, 'Nine Negroes arrested at Scottsboro, Alabama, for rape.' It gave all the names; and there were Heywood Patterson and my two boys. The whole world went black before my eyes and I fainted." That was in 1931. Today, after six years, all nine boys are still in jail.

When Mrs. Wright and I went about New York telling the story everywhere, I was amazed many times by her courage and fortitude. She never wept; never complained. The blow that had struck at thousands of poor Negro homes in the deep South had suddenly bolted out of the clear sky at the Scottsboro mothers. The mothers of the other seven, when I met them, appeared just as brave. Heaven knows what sustained them! Like most of the Negro people in the South they were deeply religious and had brought up their children to fear God and had taught them to be honest and kindly in their dealings.

But although the Scottsboro mothers are not seen to weep, the flood of their tears has kept their pillows wet for seven terrible years and their grief-stricken hearts hope for the freedom and safe return of their boys.

SADIE VAN VEEN

From a Concentration Camp OLGA PRESTES

THERE have been many requests from our readers as to recent knowledge of Olga Prestes' baby. We now for the first time have news direct from General Prestes' wife who was deported on September 23, 1936, from Brazil. The delegation to Brazil learned that the baby was born in Brazil and taken from its mother. The Brazilian authorities say it is now dead, but there is Olga's own letter to her mother-in-law proving the baby was born in Germany. This is the way that Germany treats its young mothers.

Dear Mother:

I have just received your letters of the 1st and 9th of January. You can imagine the joy they have given me.

First of all I want to tell you that you have become a grandmother. On the 27th of November I gave birth to little Anita Leocadia. She is a very healthy little girl and when she was born she weighed 3,800 grams (about nine pounds). She has black hair and big blue eyes. The child is getting along well and her smile makes my position less sad. I do everything I can to see that she doesn't lack anything. I feed her at the breast and shall continue to do so as long as possible.

Actually, I am in "protective custody" (Schutzhaft) and my place of detention is more an infirmary than a prison for women. After the birth there were some fairly bad complications, but I am all right now.

You ask me how many times a month you can write me. According to the rules of the prison I have a right to receive one letter every ten days. I am glad to be able to keep you in touch with the development of my little girl. I beg you in your turn to write me everything you can about Carlos' situation. I have not heard from or about him since September 23, the day I was expelled from Brazil. When I was there we were able to write to each other from time to time. After the birth of my little girl I wrote him but have not had a reply. I wish you would send me a picture of Carlos in one of your next letters because I haven't any here.

Dear mother, I await your reply with impatience. With my best wishes for your health, I embrace you. OLGA

AND here is the 'Brazilian method. This is an excerpt from a letter by Mrs. Prestes, Senior, the mother of General Prestes, who wishes to come to this country.

"As you can see from the letter of my daughter-in-law, copy of which I send you herewith, the child was born at the end of November in Berlin and my daughter-in-law refuses to separate herself from the child. The campaign at



Lithograph by Kaethe Kollwitz
Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

this moment must be directed to the liberation of this young mother, who has committed no crime, and is nevertheless placed in this painful dilemma: to separate herself from the child, so that the latter may not breathe the unwholesome air of the prison, or see it perish in her arms from lack of nourishment, because the food given in the jail is not sufficient to allow the mother to nourish the baby. I earnestly hope that you as well as all the mothers in the United States may be able to launch this new campaign with the same enthusiasm and devotion which has marked previous campaigns.

"About the present situation of my son, we know that it remains the same as it was at the moment of your visit to Brazil. He is kept in the strictest seclusion; he is not allowed to receive visitors; he cannot read anything whatsoever; and he may not even write to his mother. Besides, I think he lacks everything needful, and is living in the most complete state of privation. I recently read in an official newspaper of Brazil that my son, having been called before the Military Court of Justice, to be tried for the crime of desertion, appeared before the judges dressed in rags and without shoes; he was wearing wooden shoes. His state of weakness is extreme because (as the same newspaper reports) after uttering some words, he was forced to sit down because he suffered a fainting spell.

"I beg our friends in America to protest still more forcefully against all of these crimes of the Brazilian government, which have lasted for more than a year. There is no capital punishment in Brazil, but the Brazilian hangmen know of many other ways to kill.

"I continue awaiting news about my visa to go to your country but up to this writing I have obtained nothing from the American consul."
LEOCADIA PRESTES



Lithograph by Kaethe Kollwitz
Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

Behind the Lines

By Margaret Larkin

GO TO THE FRONT; we will take care of the city." In Madrid's darkest hour, when it seemed that Franco's fascist troops and his foreign tanks and airplanes must sweep into the city, thousands of Spanish women poured into the streets. Their slogan of confidence and courage did much to stiffen the morale of the hard pressed, inexperienced defenders of Madrid. To the rest of the world their great demonstration revealed the new women of democratic Spain, who have burst through a stifling, medieval tradition, and have achieved in a decade, the leadership and competence which women elsewhere have struggled after for a century.

Ernstina Gonzales y Fleischmann, one of the five women who guides the activities of the Women's Committee Against War and Fascism in Madrid, tells this story with all the Latin passion that romantic Americans might expect, and with the firm, sure phrases of a highly skilled executive. She tells of the vast, intricate organization the women have created, for manufacturing and distributing clothes, overseeing the distribution of food, giving hygienic training to the untrained, illiterate soldiers of the Republic.

In other days Ernstina Gonzales must have been a symbol of the liberated Spanish woman. A tiny, magnetic, and very feminine person, she was one of the first women in Spain to "break into the University". She took a doctor's degree at the Sorbonne, spent some adventurous years in America as an exchange professor and was head of the Library of Madrid's School of Fine Arts when the fascist revolt began. Today Ernestina Gonzales y Fleischmann is a symbol of Spain's determined resistance to Fascism.

She has been sent to this country for a few months to lecture for the Spanish cause, and is appearing under the auspices of the American Society for Technical Aid to Spanish Democracy, and other groups.

There is so much to tell that the small woman begins to sputter quick phrases on half a dozen topics; then quickly she disciplines herself and begins with the dramatic story of clothing the army.

"At first the boys had no uniforms; they went to the front in their overalls. But soon these must be replaced, and soon the cold weather threatened and other clothes must be found. There were great

stores of army uniforms in Madrid, but we could not get the boys to wear them. 'Be sensible,' we said. 'These are warm and you must have warm clothes.' But no. The boys would rather be cold than wear the hated military uniforms. So we used the uniforms where we could, but for the volunteers we designed a new uniform. Corduroy pants and boots, sweater, lumber jacket lined with fur or wool, and a poncho made out of the soldier's blanket. Not at all traditional, but the peasants and the workers in the trenches were comfortable and warm.

"But first of all came the task of opening factories. As soon as the revolt began it was found that many factory owners had withdrawn all the money they could and had quietly closed up. With the government's position we women went, two by two, to take over the closed factories. If we found the owner there, we said, 'We need this factory now to make clothes for the boys at the front.' No one resisted us. And we opened fifteen factories to make the materials for our clothing shops—fur linings, blankets, textiles, and other things.

"At the same time we established thirty-five large shops in different parts of the city. There, as well as in the factories, the women work eight hours a day. Meanwhile we care for their children; we give both mothers and children their noon lunch. And the women clothe the army.

We design even the cartridge belts. We produce what is needed. We administer everything ourselves, cooperating with the government, of course."

This professor of history, daughter of an old republican, who attended the first "free" school in Spain, who "broke into the university," who studied and taught abroad, who took a leading part in the organization of women all her adult life—this remarkable woman never says "I" when she talks of her work in Spain. "We" took the factories; "we" converted the fashionable dressmaking establishments into workrooms for democratic Spain; "we" enlisted thousands of women, and organized nurseries for their children and provided lunches for all; "we" established three newspapers for the cultural and political education of these same women.

Even her own deep sorrow at the loss of her husband, Leo Fleischmann, an American engineer who was killed by a saboteur's bomb in the first munitions factory in Madrid, is fused into the great collective effort. "We know it was sabotage that killed those seven engineers and twenty-five girls, for news of the explosions was published in the fascist papers in Burgos and Seville before it occurred. And my husband loved Spain so much; he wanted to build the new Spain. He used to say, 'What a marvelous country we will build here.'"

An hour for the story of clothing, with much left unsaid; then the story of food; then the story of hygiene. "We can lick the Germans and Italians but we must also lick the lice." And through each of these epic stories the constantly recurring theme of education of the people. The Women's Committee poured out newspapers, pamphlets, and books. The "Culturo Popular," which Mrs. Gonzales also serves as a member of the Executive Board, extends this work to actually teaching reading and writing in the trenches.

"And they all learn so fast. The soldiers ask for books as much as for arms. The women want the political news, they want to understand everything, to get the knowledge and education that always was denied to them before the Republic. Even in this time of terrible crisis, it is easy to see the people expanding, reaching out, developing their great potentialities that were smothered before. The women, especially, are

(Continued on page 24)

Drawing by
Margaret Lowengrund



Ry ~~24 hour day~~ 8-Hour Day

By Mary Luciel McGorkey

ARIGOROUS three-year course in a nurses' training school is accompanied by discipline stiffer than the starch in our uniforms. This period of scrubbing and studying under rigid rules develops submission to authority. Thus, a basis is established for an inarticulate acceptance of conditions of employment which the modern domestic worker would scorn.

The student nurse is imbued with the feeling that she is being equipped to engage in a most noble and worthwhile profession. This belief in the importance of her work persists after all other illusions are swept away.

During training, the future is not visioned in economic terms or decent standards of employment. Somehow one feels that after earning the right to wear a white uniform, independence and a fair income will automatically follow.

After the glow which culminates the ceremonial of receipt of the diploma and the solemn intonation of the Florence Nightingale Pledge—" . . . I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standards of my profession . . . and will endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care," the nurse is faced with the need of obtaining employment. She can either seek a position in a hospital as a staff nurse, do private duty nursing, or if she's lucky, she may succeed in securing a clinical job, social service or doctor's office. The last three groups usually mean shorter hours and the munificent sum of \$25 a week. However, the majority of nurses wind up doing staff or private duty nursing. The miserable life lead by this classification of nurses can best be pictured by the following:

Excerpt from a Staff Nurse's Diary Upon Entering a Hospital

WITH my bags in hand, I was shown to my quarters, a box-like affair with one window, two iron cots, a chest of drawers and two rickety chairs. My roommate welcomed me with an exhausted smile. It was indeed a dreary reception. With a sinking feeling went down to lunch. Down a long alley of garbage cans into a room cluttered with untidy tables. Lunch consisted of watery, mashed

potatoes, one hot-dog, bread, butter and three prunes. After lunch, which was hardly nutritious enough to sustain one for the arduous labor of nursing, ill-cooked, tasteless and a far cry from the teachings in dietetics which we received, I unpacked, still trying to believe it wasn't true. I am trying not to face the fact that my first job could be so disillusioning. . . .

Up at 5:45 A.M. Reported for duty at 6:45 A.M. Assigned to ward of twenty-two patients. Day began with taking of temperatures and pulses, setting up and serving trays for breakfast, bed baths, treatments, dressings and medications. Giving a complete bath and change of linen requires a minimum of thirty minutes at top speed; means that I had to run from one side of the bed to the other; means eleven hours to bathe a ward of twenty-two patients. Therefore many patients, quite ill, made the best of a short wash. I managed to splash a little alcohol on fevered, tired backs. No rest, back aching, feet swollen, I had to rush to get the lunch trays ready and served. 12:30 P.M. Lunch. Too tired to eat. Went to my room, eased my feet out of my shoes and threw myself on the cot and wept from fatigue, from disillusionment. Did I study for three years for this? I thought not. I believed that these conditions were true only of this

hospital, that elsewhere conditions must be better. Back on duty at 3:00 P.M. Again temperatures, pulses, evening care, medications, treatment and serving trays. Seven o'clock seems a million miles away. And constantly, the call of "Nurse! Nurse!" A plea which I often have to ignore. At last, off duty. My thoughts only on the relief of a foot bath. My feet bruised and swollen. The end of a twelve-hour day. Too tired to do anything.

It's intolerable. I have been here one month. It seems an eternity. I drew my salary which was eighty dollars. Eighty dollars for one month of the most cruelly hard work any human being could be called upon to do.

CONDITIONS described in this excerpt are unfortunately not the exception and only vaguely can the reader realize the tremendous speed-up to which hospital employees are subjected.

Exhausted nurses exposed to infections daily, become ill in alarming numbers. The tuberculosis rate among nurses is substantially higher than among women in any other occupation. Hospital records show that nurses are constantly off duty because of illness. Some hospitals provide care for their sick nurses; many do not. All too frequently calloused authorities disclaim any responsibility for their sick nurses. They will contend that an infectious disease like tuberculosis, was either hereditary or was contracted outside the hospital. Long hours, poor food, and constant fatigue are dismissed as primary causes for illness affecting nurses. A nurse must pass a rigid physical examination before entering training. Few could pass a similar examination after completion of their training. A recent survey in New York State showed that 51 per cent of hospital staff nurses average a loss of nearly three months annually because of illness. Private duty nurses whose tasks are not so arduous average a loss of nearly two months annually.

It is common for nurses to return to duty before recovering sufficiently to cope with hospital routine. Proper convalescence is out of the question as sick leave is granted only in rare instances. Her duties are not made lighter when she returns to work. She may readily be told, "If you



Drawing by
Margaret Lowengrund

can't do the work you'd better go elsewhere," or, "Get out of nursing."

Nurses' salaries allow no reserve for illness or other emergencies. A large percentage of nurses have dependents. In the survey, referred to above, the irregular employment of nurses was shown. Less than half the nurses employed on hospital staffs work a full year. Private duty nurses average less than six months' work annually. Staff nurses receive as little as forty-five dollars per month. The nurse in New York State averages about \$600 annually, with full or partial maintenance.

For many years the only concrete effort made by nurses to better their conditions was to shift their scene of employment. Such flight from unbearable conditions is the cause of the large and constant turnover in hospital personnel, which in many instances is as high as 65 per cent a month. The elusive hope prevailed that in some other hospital the hours might be shorter, the salary better, the case load lighter and the food fit to eat.

Nurses are not the only group of hospital professionals who are expected to accept sub-standard working conditions. Laboratory technicians many with scientific degrees are paid as little as forty dollars a month. Before reaching the status of a paid worker, a period of volunteer service ranging from six months to two years has been the established practice. Such free services are obtained on the grounds that the technician is being trained in laboratory procedures. Strangely enough after a few weeks the volunteer performs the same duties, makes the same tests without supervision as the paid technician.

Social service workers, clerks, medical secretaries, x-ray technicians, physiotherapists, etc., perform work which requires skill and specialized training. These highly trained men and women receive woefully inadequate pay. All who work within hospital walls excepting the top executives are exploited in the name of humanity. Modern hospitals are established out of concern for human welfare and human needs. Ironically enough, this concern does not include those whose services make it possible for hospitals to function.

A YEAR and a half ago, a small group of nurses and laboratory technicians reached the same conclusions as the school teachers and newspapermen regarding the method of solving their problems. The Association of Hospital and Medical Professionals was formed and received a charter from the American Federation of Labor. It was also affiliated to the Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater New York and the New York State Federation of Labor. We were confronted

with the same problem of other professionals who had joined the labor union movement, that is, overcoming the unfounded belief that joining a trade union affected one's professional status. As in other professional fields, increasing numbers realized that an effective trade union with the support of the labor movement was the only means of raising professional standards. Years of dependence upon the good will of hospital administrations in correcting flagrant evils became a more evident fallacy. The rapid growth of our membership is evidence of the increasing degree in which false sentimental values have been stripped from our profession.

The record of accomplishments of the Association of Hospital and Medical Professionals includes the passage of the Burke Bill which provides for the Eight Consecutive Hour Day for employees in the municipal hospitals with no reduction in salary. In June of 1936, this bill was finally introduced in the New York City Board of Aldermen, by Alderman James A. Burke. There followed an intense campaign to acquaint the public with the need for the Eight-Hour Day. Fifty thousand signatures were obtained on petitions. The Mayor, Comptroller and Board of Aldermen were deluged with postcards requesting the Eight-Hour Day. On June 17, 1936, 125 nurses in full uniform, appeared before the Board of Aldermen. It required considerable courage for us to appear in a public place in uniform. We wondered what would happen to us if our supervisors learned of this breach of ethics. (This appearance in uniform. It had never been done before.)

On March 11, 1937, climaxing months of arduous work on the part of our union members, in the presence of these members, Mayor LaGuardia signed the Eight-Hour Day Bill. This will affect approximately 9,000 employees and will take effect July 1, 1937.

Salary increases have been obtained for professionals in several hospitals. The Association has only recently signed an agreement with the Beth Israel Hospital which provides for salary increases for all classifications of employees; two-week vacations with pay for nurses employed for two years at the Israel Zion Hospital and one week with pay for those employed for one year. We defeated the fingerprinting of employees at the Beth Israel Hospital. We have forced the selection from competitive lists of technicians for city hospitals. Previously, the list was ignored and favoritism resulted.

At the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn, the Association won the nine-hour schedule for night nurses. We have prevented unjust dismissals, reinstated many employees un-

fairly dismissed and have been able to improve the food in many hospitals. In the past, it was not at all unusual for hospitals to dismiss an employee without any notice or valid reason after years of service.

We have introduced into the State Legislature a new Nurse Practice Act which will permit registration in this State without examination of nurses registered in other states or foreign countries. This bill will also provide for registration of qualified, graduate nurses who are not registered in any state. The Wojtkowiak-Austin Bill which is sponsored by the Association provides for the Eight Consecutive Hour Day for all hospital employees throughout New York State. The Feld-Austin Bill provides for state registration of clinical laboratory technicians. We have established a placement bureau for union members.

Our gains have served to develop a realistic approach of hospital professionals toward solving the problems in our field. It becomes clearer that our professional stature is heightened rather than lowered in striving for decent standards of employment.

Experience has proven that elimination of abuses have not only resulted in a fuller and happier professional life but also that the services we render are of greater value to those entrusted to our care.

BEHIND THE LINES

(Continued from page 22)

deeply conscious of the meaning of this struggle in Spain.

"Only since the Republic have there been free schools, a general opportunity for education for women, the franchise for women, and a thousand less tangible, but no less dear freedoms. They know too well that Franco and fascism would mean the end of the free, new life. This is why the women of Spain, who were always thought of as 'backward,' could cry so confidently: 'We will take care of the city!'

"Their spirit is invincible because they understand the issues so clearly. In the terms of their own lives and their children's, they understand the meaning of fascism. This is why democratic Spain will win. The strong will of all the people to win and to save Spain from fascism is her greatest armament. But we need help of all kinds—technical men, medical aid, food. And we count on the American spirit of freedom to aid us. That is why I am here, and not at my duties in Madrid—to ask Americans to help Spain now."

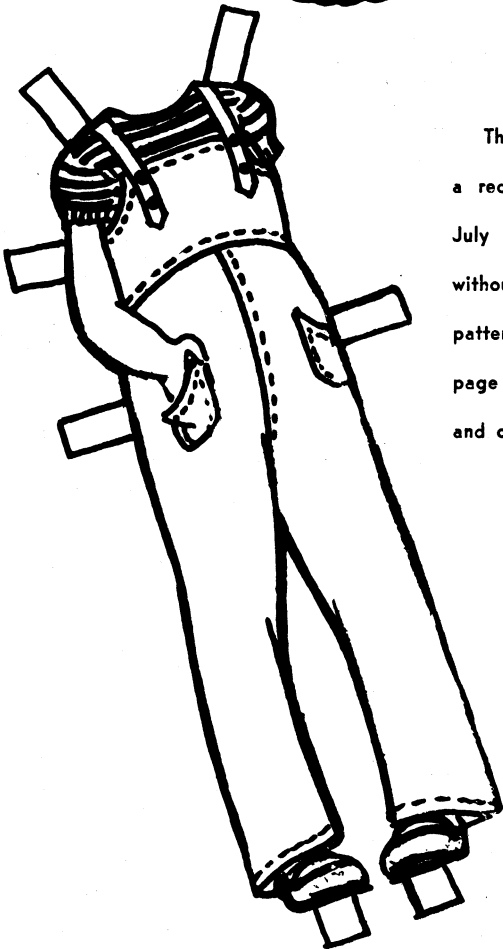
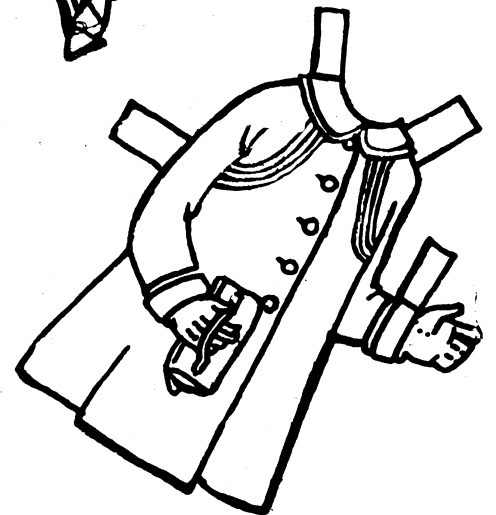
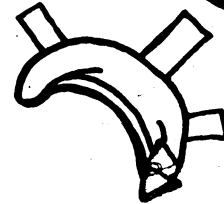
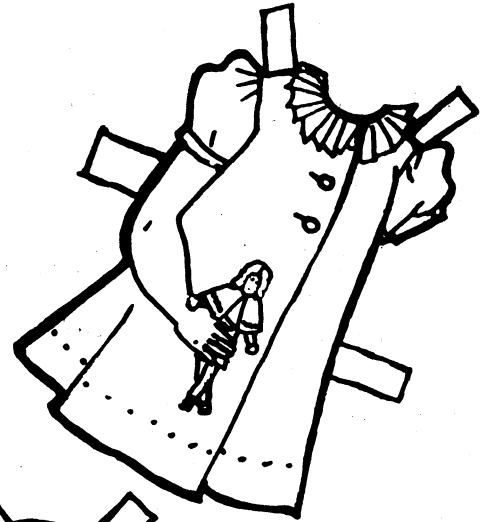
NOTE: Mrs. Gonzales y Fleischmann will accept speaking dates through the American Society for Technical Aid to Spanish Democracy, 245 Fifth Avenue, New York City, telephone LE 2-5439.

Kiddies'

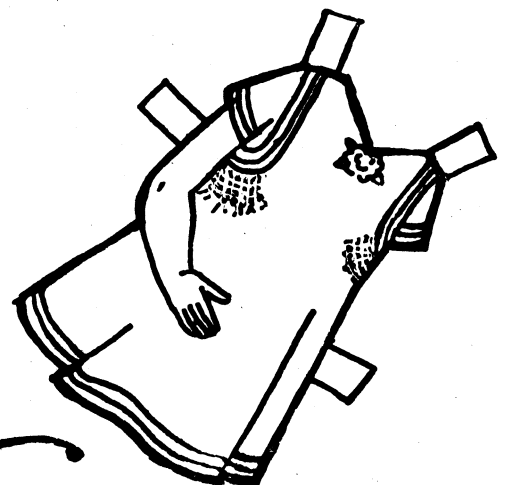
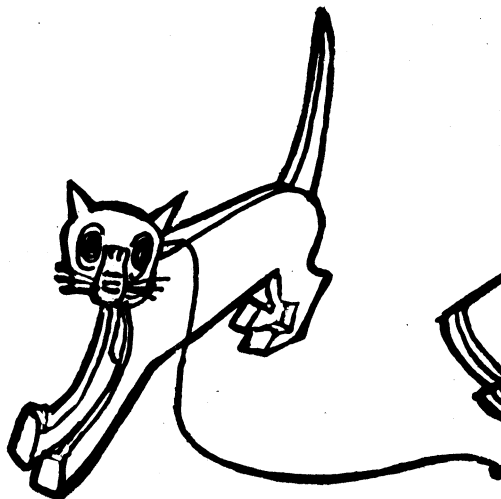
Drawn by Agnes Karlin

Cutouts

THAT MOTHER MAY SEW



The overalls on the left may be made of flag blue. With a red-and-white striped shirt, what could be better for the July Fourth outing? Maybe you can make the jumper above without a pattern. But if you want to know where to get patterns for any of these clothes, write us. And don't let this page fall into the hands of any little girl armed with scissors and crayons until you are quite through with it.



OUR READERS WRITE

GREETINGS ON OUR BIRTHDAY

To the Editors:

Hearty congratulations and best wishes on the first birthday of the best little magazine it has been my good fortune to read.

I am enclosing one dollar for a renewal of my subscription and one dollar as a donation with which, added to other donations, you may carry on the good work. I wish I could send you a larger donation, but that is the best I can do just now.

Frances Berlin
Galveston, Texas

To the Editors:

The April number of **THE WOMAN TODAY** is so fine, I must not keep my enthusiasm to myself.

At first (1936) there were things about the make-up of the magazine which made reading it difficult for me. I realized that the modern effects might please other readers; but I think the present magazine has retained freshness while discarding the bizarre.

The April **WOMAN TODAY** is packed with interesting and stirring articles. The reproduction of works of art will be something to look forward to.

The magazine is read by the two daughters of the family, aged twelve and fifteen, as well as the boys.

To those responsible—thank you!

Grace M. Jenkins
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

Just received the beautiful April number of the magazine. I was simply thrilled when I took it out of the cover—it is so beautifully gotten up. I'm hustling up my work so I can read it.

Can you give me information re graduate nurses? Are they unionized anywhere? This is just for club information.

Please accept our compliments on the splendid magazine.

Santa Cruz Woman Today Club
Santa Cruz, California
Gertrude Rowley, Secretary

A FINE EXAMPLE

To the Editors:

I was surprised to receive notice in today's mail that my subscription to **THE WOMAN TODAY** had expired. . . . I do not want to miss a single copy.



I am delighted to know **THE WOMAN TODAY** is making such wonderful progress and I feel confident it will be the outstanding magazine for women. I gave four subscriptions to my associate officers in the Machinists Auxiliary for Christmas. . . .

We have established a Union Label Department in the Ladies' Auxiliary of the International Association of Machinists. I am enclosing one dollar for a subscription to **THE WOMAN TODAY** for the chairman of our Union Label Department, starting with the April issue.

I enjoy the magazine very much. With best wishes for success, I am cordially,

May Peake
International President
Ladies' Auxiliary, I.A.M.
Sedalia, Colorado

WE REACH FLOOD AREA

To the Editors:

Please send me a few copies of the April issue of **THE WOMAN TODAY** in which my story of the flood appeared, in order to get one in each section where the flood occurred. This story, pertaining to them, might get our women folk as well as the men interested in our magazine.

Just returned from the Cairo district. The next District Meeting of the Illinois Workers Alliance is to be held in Cairo on the eleventh of April, and I will do the best I possibly can in advertising the magazine.

Extend my best wishes and good luck to the entire **WOMAN TODAY** staff.

Trusting that I will be of some assistance in the future,

Catherine De Rorre
Du Quoin, Illinois

WE AGREE

To the Editors:

We have read the Women's Charter appearing in the January issue of **THE WOMAN TODAY**, and plan as a committee to study it thoroughly in our subsequent meetings.

However, after a first casual reading we were unanimously agreed that either the charter be rephrased or an amendment should be added to provide the same measures of security to all women without discrimination because of race, color or creed.

Inasmuch as our committee is composed of representative women of various social groups who have reported to us that it is an important omission, we hope that this matter will be considered at your next meeting and that your next printed release of the Charter will be rephrased to overcome this objection.

In the meantime we have planned to study thoroughly this charter and when we have decided what action to take on it we will write you again.

Secretary, The Woman Today Club
Chicago, Illinois

AN INSPIRING LETTER FROM CHICAGO

To the Editors:

It was with great pleasure I read the note on the editorial page saying that from then on you were taking responsibility for **THE WOMAN TODAY**. You will be glad to know that we have here in Illinois a very healthy Woman Today Club and according to the literature distributors who handle the magazine here, we have had some good results in the way of increased bundles.

This club meets every week in a downtown Young Men's Christian Association building where we can meet at the same time as we eat dinner together—all of which we find extremely pleasant. Our club has as many Negro women as white and all nationalities and religions, as well as women from trade unions, parent-teacher groups, auxiliaries to trade unions, and other club groups. It would be too long a story to tell you all of the things that have happened since we got together

(Continued on page 28)

HATS OFF TO THE WOMEN

By Agnes Burns Wieck



WE START A "SCHOOL"

IT HAS BEEN in my mind a long time, this idea of a correspondence school for active women in the labor movement, launched in April by *THE WOMAN TODAY*. In our March issue the idea was set forth. It clicked. Responses began rolling in from women in unions, auxiliaries, farm clubs and the like—all eager for pointers in public speaking, writing and parliamentary procedure. Just those little things that mean so much in stiffening self-confidence.

Frankly an experiment, our correspondence school is off to a fine start. *THE WOMAN TODAY* staff thrilled to the idea, thrashed it out thoroughly, and accepted the responsibility with all the enthusiasm of the women, young and old, enrolling from one end of the country to the other—Canada included!

At the typewriter this spring, pounding the idea into form, my eye was caught by the scene outside my window. In nearby Van Cortlandt Park, winter browns were changing. Beyond the New York horizon my mind's eye caught the larger scene, the American labor movement surging with new life. In the forefront of the marching ranks of labor, I saw the determined, glowing faces of young girls and mothers. *THE WOMAN TODAY* had done much to inspire and inform such women. *It must do more.*

LETTERS pouring into *THE WOMAN TODAY* reflect this new flood of life and the special problems it brings to women. To whom can they turn with their many questions on organizational matters? Organizers come and go. The menfolk are deep in their own activities. No books give the answers. Manuals on parliamentary procedure are bewildering to the inexperienced. Workers' schools, with training in public speaking and labor journalism, are not accessible to all. *THE WOMAN TODAY* must meet this situation.

And we are doing it, not in any superior manner, but as co-workers of you women responding to our offer of free courses. Not all of you are without experience; some of you are already doing important things; others are eager to start. Letter after letter says, "I feel the need

of more self-confidence." The courage is there—on picket line and sit-down. Making the organization function, is the problem.

In drafting such a course, I delved into a rich experience, gained from years of organizing women in industry and wives of workers. I have answered hundreds of letters dealing with "what to do" questions. I know there is excellent talent among untrained women who, with more self-confidence, can develop into able writers and speakers.

Surrounding this magazine, here in New York City, are self-made women who through study and experience have become professional in their fields—writers, teachers, organizers. From them you will receive sympathetic and constructive criticism.

Here is an outline of the course:

1. How to express yourself convincingly, on paper or platform; gaining self-confidence; mistakes to be avoided; organizing your facts; speaking from notes.
2. How to secure publicity for your cause; differences to be observed in articles for the public press, labor and farm journals.
3. How to interview and be interviewed.
4. How to draft resolutions with an eye for publicity or quick action. Writing letters that click.
5. How to function in organizations, as presiding officer; secretary, on committees or from the floor; special problems of mass meetings.
6. How to start organizing unorganized women.
7. How to make the most of your personality, to gain members and win friends to your cause and to command respect from your opponents.

Students may suggest additional points to be covered.

WOMEN without organizational ties will be accepted. Students revealing distinct writing talents may take advantage of special opportunities. The best human interest stories will be published in *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

We are sure you will enjoy every minute of this training and you'll get a lot out of it. We make you no false promises, such as becoming successful authors. Our aim is to help develop your talents to make you more effective in your chosen work.

MORE MARITIME WOMEN

WE WOMEN of Auxiliary No. 7, International Longshoremen, look forward to *THE WOMAN TODAY* for news of other unions and auxiliaries. Here in Oakland, California, we have a fine bunch of women who have not lagged behind in the workers' fight for justice. During the big maritime strike, our members made sandwiches every day, helped with relief work, looked after the sick, covered court trials, visited imprisoned members and responded to every appeal. We have just put over a grand ball celebrating the successful end of the Pacific Coast strike.

Mrs. Clara Davis

WE ARE GLAD TO SAY

THERE was more than one auxiliary in action when union painters of New York City scored their victory over non-union painting in Public School 67, The Bronx, reported on this page last month. Women's Auxiliary, Local 905, was right on the job, together with their sisters of Women's Auxiliary, Local 261. No wonder results were so speedy and effective. When women display such solidarity, it gives them a sense of their power and proves that women are capable of sticking together.

With their men's unions working through a District Council, it was natural that the auxiliaries would quickly consolidate their power. The auxiliaries have a Central Committee of the Council whose secretary, Nina S. Wasserman, pays high praise to the militancy of these women.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR CHILDREN?

(Continued from page 13)

In the discussions, problems involving older members of the family group naturally crop up. The parent education leader accepts them as pertinent to the discussion. The project is seeking to train parents to take preventive measures rather than find the need to enforce corrective ones. From the baby too young to attend nursery school, to the older brother and sister wrestling with problems of adolescence, the parent education groups are concerned with the development of family relationship and the promotion of understanding and sympathy within the home circle.

One of the families in a nursery school group illustrated community value of cooperation between the school staff and the home. The mother, young and inexperienced, came one day to a nursery school seeking to register her twenty month old

son. Large for his age, full of energy and the spirit of play, the child was disturbing when the mother sought to do her housework or attend sewing groups at a neighborhood settlement.

So disturbed was the mother by the animal spirits of her child that she could hardly talk. We could not register the child until he had reached two years of age, so the mother observed the school and was given suggestions for play and play materials to use at home. Promptly on his next birthday she brought him to the school. Full of health and energy the child developed in his new school relationships, for he had few of the inhibitions shown by many of his playmates.

It was from the mother that the greatest reactions were observed. Shy, self-conscious and discouraged, she bloomed in the friendly atmosphere of the Parent Education groups. She discovered that the wild young son she had thought uncontrollable was really one of whom to be proud.

THE ASSOCIATION with other social agencies in the city is part of the community service of the project. Referrals to proper agencies for special attention to the needs of nursery school families happen every day in the various schools.

There are other ways too, in which the Parent Education groups function. Methods of budgeting and purchasing food and household supplies are developed. The construction of non-cost toys is an activity of the groups. From better understanding within the home, group members act as centers for cooperation with their immediate neighbors and their communities. They form groups among their neighbors, reducing the chances of misunderstanding and strife. Knowing others and attempting through sympathy to understand their children, their home, their neighborhood and their community, is the lesson which WPA Parent Education groups are learning. They are spreading this knowledge in a web of good will in ever widening circles.

WHO MAKES A YARD OF COTTON CLOTH?

(Continued from page 7)

Just as the mill and farm mother have common problems so have they a common enemy. That enemy is the mill owner who robs them both, together with the group of factory owners and bankers who determine what prices farmers and workers shall receive for their produce and labor.

What have bankers and factory owners done to the farmers? They have taken the ownership of the land away from almost half of them through foreclosures. Secretary Wallace testified before a committee of the United States Senate that farmers have never received more than half of their share of the national income and that they now receive less than one-third of their share.

WHAT CAN organized labor do for the farmer? The majority of our people are wage-earners. When they increase their wages through organization they buy more farm produce and can pay more for it.

Organized labor cooperates with organized farmers. In Alabama great steps forward have already been made through the use of the Farmers Union Label. Wage-earners are refusing to buy farm products unless they are stamped with the Farmers Union Label.

Through their representatives at the last Convention of the Union Label Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor textile workers agreed to use their organized power to help the farmers obtain fair prices for their products. The following is from the proceedings of the Convention:

"It means that when the members of the Farmers' Union become numerous enough to supply wool and cotton to the mills, union textile workers will refuse to spin a pound of wool or cotton unless the Farmers Union Label is stamped on the bale to show that the farm family that produced the wool or cotton has received a fair price for it."

It is evident therefore that to help the textile workers organize to protect themselves would be helping them to become stronger and more able to help the farmers.

Our ancestors whipped England and thought they had freed America from English domination. But we have been sold into bondage to the Wall Street and Liverpool bankers. Farmers and laborers of America have another battle to fight. To win their common cause they must stand shoulder to shoulder.

OUR READERS WRITE

(Continued from page 26)

for the first time, but you will be interested to know that now we pay dues of ten cents a month and have real interesting discussions as happened when Thyra Edwards led the discussion on the Women's Charter of which we have distributed quite a few.

Our latest activity is this: We are cooperating with the newly-organized union in the stock yards for a mass meeting of women. The women on our committee

are very satisfied with this sort of activity and feel as if they are doing something that THE WOMAN TODAY stands for. That is, organizing women.

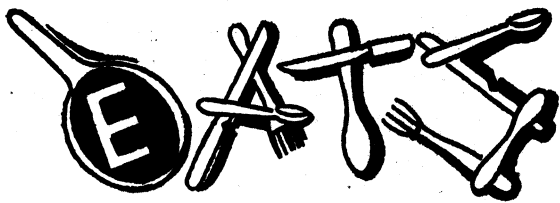
Our discussions have brought out many things that are real weaknesses in THE WOMAN TODAY, which I know will be welcomed by you all. For instance: we find it a great limitation that there is no mast-head on the magazine stating what the magazine stands for. We are sending you officially, from our club, a memo of about eight short slogans which we feel might be on the paper each month

and thereby save your readers a great deal of explaining, and make the paper stronger.

Another thing we have done is to set up an Illinois editorial committee to try to get some good articles of all the good work that is going on here.

Many local Woman Today clubs are being organized and they have had meetings, especially anti-war meetings. We would like to know through the paper what some other women are doing to spread the magazine.

Elizabeth Johnstone
Chicago, Illinois



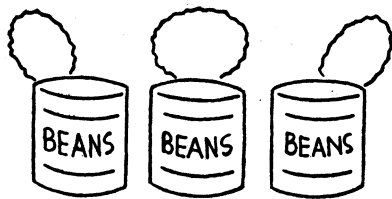
... For Mass Production

ON Easter morning, 1937, I went to the plant of the General Cigar factory in Detroit which was having a sit-down strike. One of the girls asked me to interview the strikers. I spent the day in the plant so as to express my sympathy and to let the women know how fine and courageous I thought them. I was asked to dinner and after dinner I said I should like to meet the cook, because I had never tasted better food. I was introduced to Edith Kay, a cigar striker who had taken over the task of feeding 125 striking women three times a day—not an easy job. There were good cooking facilities because previous to the strike there had been a restaurant in the factory. Mrs. Kay was a handsome blond woman whose very handclasp made you feel her executive ability and the realization that she was filling a very grave responsibility. She knew a strike is often won on its stomach for it helps to keep up the morale, particularly after thirty-seven days of sit-down.

I complimented Mrs. Kay on the dinner; she laughed and said, "Oh, today was an Easter party. Our food was donated. We had ninety pounds of chicken given us." The menu had consisted of fruit cup, chicken, mashed potatoes, green peas, creamed carrots, stuffing, gravy, cake, ice cream and colored Easter eggs, which added gayety to our plates.

I asked her how she managed. She replied, "For example, today we had chicken, so I saved all the chicken livers and hearts and gizzards and tomorrow we shall have Southern rice. Here is the recipe."

Take chicken livers, chopped fine, or one pound of meat put through the grinder. Fry one onion brown. Put in a small can of tomatoes, one chopped green pepper, one clove of garlic, 3 bay leaves. Let it simmer 2 hours. Add meat or livers and season to taste. Cook one cupful of rice. Drain the rice and pour sauce over it. This serves five people. It is easy to multiply this recipe. Another variation is to chop up bologna instead of chopped meat or chicken livers.



Drawings by Scheel

HERE is a recipe for 400 oatmeal cookies. They were gone two hours after Edith Kay had finished baking them.

- 1 quart of sour milk
- 1 tablespoon of mace
- 5 lbs. white flour
- 2 lbs. lard
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 lbs. oatmeal
- 5 lbs. brown sugar
- 2 ounces cooking soda

FRIDAY we have fish and if you dip fish in self-raising batter and fry in deep fat, the fish looks twice as large and kids the person that eats it. It looks more than



Scheel

it is. Here is a recipe for salmon cakes:

- 4 left-over potatoes, either boiled or mashed
- 1 can of salmon
- 1 green pepper chopped
- 2 onions
- ½ clove garlic

Season and mash together. Dip in flour, fry in deep fat.

MRS. KAY says there is an art in making gravy and that few people know how to make a gravy that is not lumpy.

After removing roast from pan, take 2 tablespoons of flour, salt, onion salt and pepper to taste and put in pan in meat dripping. Smooth by stirring and continue stirring until all lumps have been removed. Then gradually add boiling water, a little at a time each time, stirring until smooth. When it is the consistency you like stop adding water. This is the art of a smooth gravy.

WHEN we have green peppers in the garden and if we live near the sea coast and can get fresh shrimp cheaply, we can have stuffed pepper. (A ten-cent can of shrimp will do.)

Parboil six green peppers, cut tops off, scoop out seeds. Stuff with the following: 1 cup of shrimps, whole or chopped, 1 cup cooked rice and cup of carrot, but if mushrooms are in the fields, use instead of carrots. Either carrots or mushrooms should be chopped fine. Prepare baking dish with a little water in the bottom and place peppers in and sprinkle top of peppers with cheese. Bake 20 to 25 minutes.

Sometimes we have to make out with what we have in the house. We find we are without baking powder—what do we do? Well, we can use cream of tartar or soda. One teaspoon of baking powder equals one-third teaspoon of soda and one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar.

EDITH KAY seasons highly because she learned to cook in New Orleans. If you do not like garlic or tyme or bay leaves, they can be left out, but they won't be Mrs. Kay's excellent recipes.

EDITOR



THE STORY OF HUMAN BIRTH

UNLIKE the average popular book on human birth, *Into This Universe* covers the whole field in considerable detail without becoming tedious and involved. Furthermore, Dr. Guttmacher manages to be both simple and thorough in his presentation. Probably the main contribution of the book is the careful examination of both ancient and modern superstitions about pregnancy. In it the author makes clear exactly how unreliable such superstitions are and the trouble they can cause those who are either too unintelligent to consult a good doctor or who are unable to afford adequate medical care. For this reason alone Dr. Guttmacher's book is to be highly recommended. He does not intend, however, to have it replace the services of a qualified doctor. On the contrary, the whole point of the book is to emphasize the need for more and better maternal care in this country, where only the very rich who can afford medical attention and those poor who have access to the large clinics and hospitals ever receive the attention they need.

Dr. Guttmacher also presents whatever scientific information exists on each phase of pregnancy and child birth. He stresses especially the feelings and reactions of the mother and the differences between good and bad medical procedures. One of the most interesting sections deals with the weight of babies according to classifications based on economic classes, races and the numbers and spacing of children in a family. Although most of the evidence would indicate that the mother's diet does not greatly affect the weight of her baby, yet it is important to note that one study found the babies of white ward patients weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $15\frac{1}{2}$ ounces less than the babies of white private patients.

The various stages of labor and the uses of anæsthesia in child birth are subjects which are not often explained in such detail in popular books on this subject. The in-

formation which Dr. Guttmacher gives on this exceedingly important aspect of pregnancy is not only interesting but definitely practical. The course of normal convalescence after child birth, and how it should be managed, is another very important and useful section. Dr. Guttmacher also points out the need for birth control, particularly in the spacing of children.

Whereas the usual book on pregnancy, intended for the non-medical public, is prone to be somewhat frightening because of inadequately explained technical details, *Into This Universe* manages to give the maximum amount of information and to inspire confidence. In addition, the fact that it is an easy book to read adds to its value.

A. W. F.

INTO THE UNIVERSE: THE STORY OF HUMAN BIRTH—By Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher. Viking Press, New York, 1937. \$2.75

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANGELO HERNDON

Dear Angelo Herndon:

There is an old saying that by "the feel of a book" you can judge its contents and that is the way I feel about "Let Me Live." I feel as if we and you are having a friendly discussion and that you are telling me your history and even though I thought I knew it so well, it brings all the horror of your suffering back to me and also refreshes the memory of my childhood in Georgia.

I was brought up by, without exception, one of the most intelligent and one of the kindest women I have ever known. She had brought my mother up and my mother had such confidence in her that she put me in her care. Aunt Marya was her name. She was a Negro woman, the mother of thirteen children, but most of them had grown up and moved away before I was born. A little girl, one of her grandchildren, was about my age and was my only companion. I often went over to play with Bella.

I remember one day in particular. We had been playing quietly in the kitchen with our paper dolls when we became restless and wondered why Aunt Marya was going back and forth to the sitting room so often, so we peeked in through the half open door and saw a thin, handsome young Negro lying on the sofa. One trouser leg was rolled up and Aunt Marya was bathing his leg above the ankle, for there was a deep purple and white raw sore cut in his flesh.

The pain must have been intense, for

his face was contracted and his eyes closed. When he heard us whispering he opened his eyes and looked startled and I heard Aunt Marya say, "That's all right. It's just the children." And my eyes followed his eyes, for he was looking toward the fireplace and it was then I saw that a piece of cloth was smoldering and that it was black-and-white-striped material and I instinctively knew that I must never mention this incident. And to this day I never smell burning wool that I do not recall the scene.

I never knew who the young man was, but there was a great amount of discussion among our elders about another escape from a chain gang, and I realized that Aunt Marya had been very kind and had saved a man's life.

When we were naughty we were not spanked; we were threatened with the chain gang and all children in Georgia knew what that meant, for a great many roads were being built at that time and convict labor was being used—men dressed in their striped clothes with great ball and chains locked to their limbs. These chain gangs were guarded by groups of men with great rifles over their shoulders and with orders, "Shoot to kill," if there was an attempted break. As a child driving along the road, I witnessed beatings and at the age of six I saw a man shot. I never knew if he was killed because the coachman had a runaway to handle from the noise of the exploding shot.

I feel the process of fascism has been going on for a long time in this country and this feeling is emphasized in your book, for your story is not only a personal history but is a history of people who are in a difficult situation. You have become a symbol not only for your race but for an oppressed class, for this happens in the North as well as in the South, for only recently in Vermont five heroic white men were framed in the marble strike and sent to jail.

So after reading your book I feel we must not hang our heads in shame at what one race is doing to another, but must hold our heads high and fight to do away with these ugly and evil and destructive actions that lead to racial discrimination, the suppression of civil liberties and the oppression of minorities.

This has been a nice talk, Angelo, and I hope many people will read your book. It is of historical value and I admire your spirit.

Here is wishing a better life.


Isobel Walker Soule.

LET ME LIVE—By Angelo Herndon. Random House, New York, 1937.

SEE

SOVIET RUSSIA

with
JULIEN BRYAN
WALT CARMON
JULIA DORN
WILL GEER
NORRIS HOUGHTON
JOHN A. KINGSBURY
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COMPLIMENTS!!

COMPLIMENTS!!!



Each mail brings us enthusiastic letters from our readers.

They tell us how much they like the April issue of THE WOMAN TODAY.

Some like the new cover.

Some like the Goya picture.



One reader says, "When THE WOMAN TODAY arrives, it is a red letter day for the members of our union."



Write in and tell us how you like the May issue.

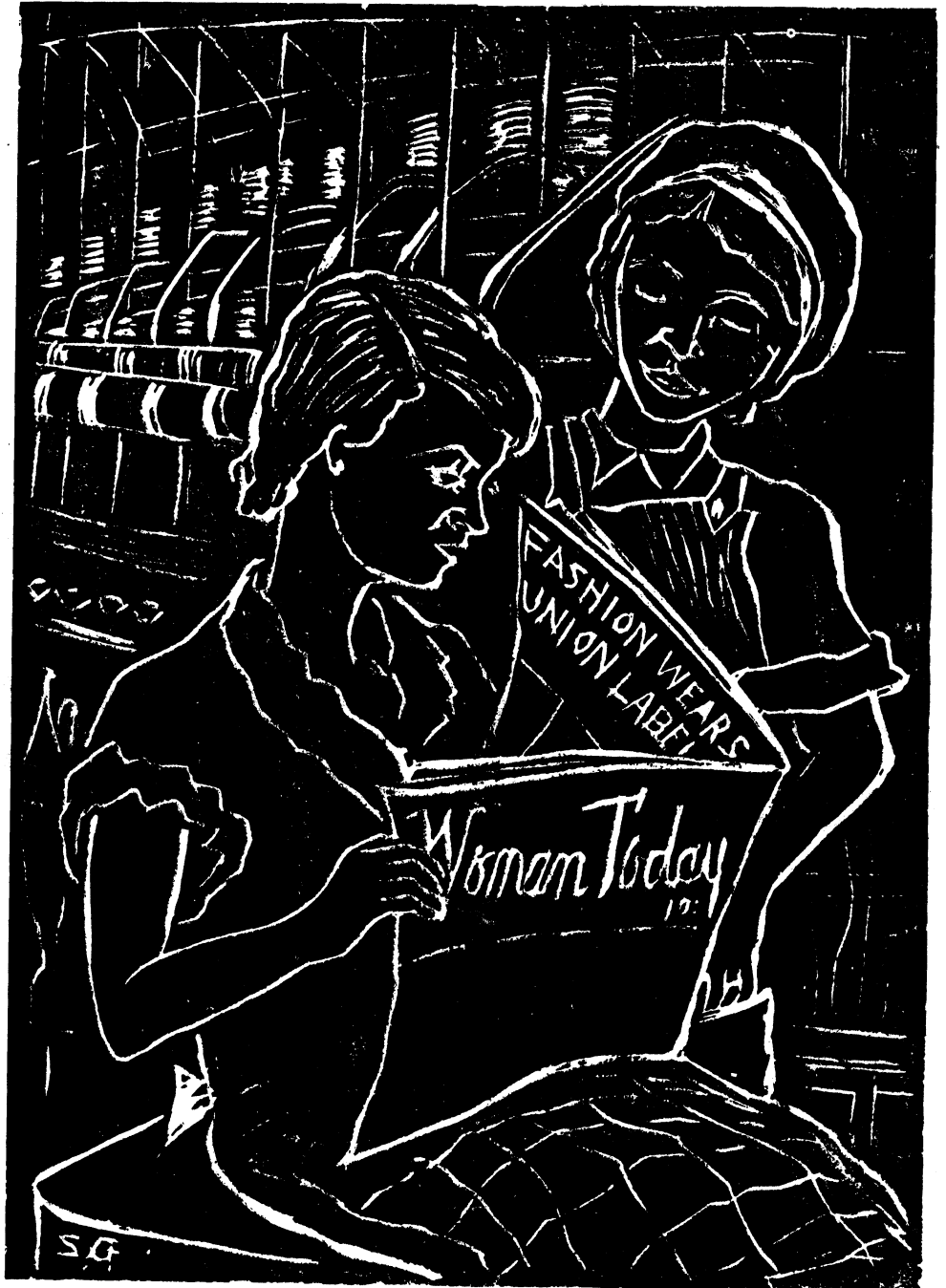
All over the United States Woman Today Discussion Clubs are being formed.

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Linoleum Cut by Sid Gotcliffe

THE WOMAN TODAY

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